

## Chapter 432 Waylen, Every Bullet Has Its Billet

Cecilia stood still while Mark changed her shoes for her. When he was done, he stood up.

Then he gently placed his hand on her belly.

She was five months along, so he could feel the movement of the fetus.

This was the first time that Mark was feeling the movement of a baby in the mother's belly.

He wasn't with Cecilia when she was pregnant with Edwin.

"She's moving," he murmured, his eyes wide with surprise.

Cecilia's lips trembled. But she managed to blurt out a response, "It's a five-month baby. Of course there will be movement."

Mark could sense a hint of complaint in her tone.

He had failed in his responsibility towards her, so it was only normal that she complain about him.

"Why don't you stay for lunch? You need to eat on time. The baby needs nutrition, you know," he admonished.

Cecilia didn't say anything in response. She just walked over to the table and sat down. Then she took out a parenting book from her handbag and started reading.

"Why not sit on the sofa instead? It's softer," Mark advised her.

"No. It will put pressure on my lower abdomen and that's not good for the baby," she pointed out.

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Mark nodded in understanding and went straight to the kitchen without saying another word.

When he came back, he brought four dishes, in addition to a soup. All the dishes contained Cecilia's favorite meals. As he laid them before her, Cecilia stared blankly at them.

Mark carefully dished out the food and then he handed her the cutlery.

"Please try to eat more. You're eating for two now," he urged.

Cecilia began to eat quietly, without saying anything.

But after taking a few spoonfuls, she looked at him and said, "Mark, you don't have to do all this. We are no longer a couple. You've given me a lot of money, more than enough for me to raise another child. I don't intend to hold you to any further responsibility. You can rest easy."

Mark swallowed when he heard this.

Then he asked her, "What can I rest easy about?"

But Cecilia was already feeling bored. She put down her cutlery and said, "I want to go home now."

But Mark quickly held her hand. Even though he was slim, he was still a very strong man.

"Please eat some more. Remember that you're not eating for yourself alone. You're pregnant. You need to eat more for the baby's sake," he begged her.

Cecilia didn't want to argue, so she just sat back down and resumed eating in silence.

As she ate, Mark dished more food into her plate from time to time. "What are your plans for the future?" he suddenly asked her in a casual tone.

Plans? For the future?

Cecilia toyed with her fork for a moment, and then she broke into a faint smile and replied truthfully, "I will give birth to the baby, and maybe I'll get married if I find the right man. Though it's not a necessity for me to get married, not to mention the fact that it's not easy for a divorced woman with two kids to find Mr. Right nowadays, I just want my children to have a normal and happy family."

Mark's heart ached as he listened to her.

If he were in good health, he wouldn't have asked her such a question.

Henever would have let her go.

However, his condition was complicated, and even though he was eager to be with her, he wouldn't dare make any promises to her that would give her false hope.

So he simply nodded at her with a smile on his face.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Find a man that comes from a family that is on the same level as yours. Even if he's not very good-looking, he must be very nice to you and the children."

Cecilia nodded in agreement. But there were tears in her eyes.

Just then, the doorbell rang. The sound startled her, making her eyes become red.

Mark looked at her for a moment. Then he got up and went to open the door.

Standing at the door were Waylen and Peter. They both looked unhappy.

But Waylen was the worse of the two.

He had not come for Cecilia but to see Mark. He stared at both of them without a word. His gaze was fiery enough to make Peter shiver. Peter never thought that Waylen could behave

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Apart from the time he went to Czanch and had a fight with Mark, Waylen had never done anything out of line before.

But from what he had just seen of him, Peter was now dead sure that Waylen was a dangerous individual.

Instead of just stepping into the living room, Waylen said to his sister, "The car is waiting. Peter will accompany you downstairs."

Cecilia didn't argue with him.

She quietly stood up and went to change her shoes.

She was heavy with child, so it was inconvenient for her to squat for this purpose. So Waylen quickly stepped in to help her. Then he said to her, "Wait for me in the car."

As he said this, he helped her put on her coat and led her to the door.

"Mr. Fowler, that's so considerate of you," Peter said to him with a smile on his face in an effort to calm the tension in the air.

After saying that, he took Cecilia's hand and hurriedly led her towards the elevator.

When they were gone, Waylen walked in and closed the door behind him.

Then he took a seat across from Mark.

Mark sighed and asked him, "Do you happen to have any cigarettes on you?"

Waylen hesitated for a moment. Then without a word, he reached into his pocket and brought out a cigarette pack, pulled out a stick and gave it to Mark.

The last time Mark smoked was nearly six months ago.

His hands trembled as he lit the cigarette.

After taking his first drag, he looked at Waylen and asked, "The test result is not looking very good, is it?"

Waylen didn't say anything in response.

And it was impossible to fathom anything from his face either.

But his silence was enough for Mark to conclude that the result was really not good.

He took a long drag on his cigarette, and then stubbed it out. Looking at the silent man in front of him, he said in a hoarse voice, "Waylen, since I was a child, I've always believed that every bullet has its billet. But still, I can't bear to part with them."

The thought of parting with Cecilia, Edwin and his unborn child was too much for Mark to bear.

He just couldn't allow himself to die and leave them behind.

"Of course you won't die," Waylen calmly assured him.

His reason for saying this was because Mark hadn't paid Cecilia what he owed her. Whether or not they could be together, the children were his responsibility. Just because he gave her some money didn't mean he had finished fulfilling all of his responsibilities as a father.

Waylen was no sentimentalist.

After telling Mark what he had come to tell him, he simply stood up and left.

Mark sat there in silence all alone. After a while, he looked around the house and he couldn't help but shiver.

All the beautiful memories he and Cecilia shared were made here.

During that half a year they spent together, it was like they were in heaven.

But now, it seemed as if it all happened a lifetime ago.

The half-smoked cigarette on the table was quite tempting, but Mark was determined not to smoke it anymore.

He wanted to live long enough to see his baby born.

He wanted to live to see Edwin get married and have children of his own.

Even if he had to see all these while watching Cecilia stumble through life with another man, he wouldn't mind. But if she couldn't find the right person and he was in good health by then, he would try to see if she would be willing to accept him again.

Mark got up and began to touch all the furniture in the living room.

He caressed every piece of furniture as if it was a child. He was so attached to the house that he was reluctant to leave it.

But just then, Peter came back.

When he saw how Mark looked, he said nothing and just stood there in silence, until Mark asked him, "Has she gone?"

Peter wiped the sweat off his brow and nodded.

"Yes, she left with Mr. Fowler."

Mark made no comment. He quietly went into the master bedroom and stroked the two cute stuffed animal that he had gifted Cecilia on New Year's Day which were still here in the house.

Then he sat down and said in a low voice, "Peter, now I think it was not bad after all that the wedding failed to happen that day. Judging by the current state of my health, I think it's better for me to remain unmarried. If I got sick after marrying Cecilia, she would be very sad. Or if I... you know. How would she be able to move on with her life?"

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Peter felt sad seeing his boss being so pessimistic.

He was about to tell him to cheer up, but Mark suddenly smiled and said, "Don't be scared. I promise I won't give up."

Mark felt he had to live at all costs and witness the birth of the baby.

It was said that the baby she was carrying was a girl. Mark would have liked to name her Elva, but that was already taken by Waylen's and Rena's daughter. He chuckled and thought he needed to pick another one.