

Chapter 328 Don't Wait For Me Again

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Peter arrived to pick Mark up.

Once in the car, Peter playfully remarked, "You look rather energetic today."

With a restrained smile, Mark replied, "She's been pestering me, and it's been draining my spirits."

Peter smirked in an ambiguous manner, understanding the source of Mark's frustration.

After their meeting, Mark emerged with a glum expression.

Concerned, Peter asked in a hushed tone, "What happened?"

"Let's get in the car first," Mark replied grimly.

Once inside, Mark closed the window curtain and sighed softly, "Do you recall the project from half a year ago?"

Peter's eyes sparked with interest as he recollected the event.

Mark slowly unbuttoned the first two buttons of his shirt, his voice low and suppressed. "I recommended Paul to take over that project. But today's news from the meeting revealed that both Paul and his wife died in a freak car accident."

Peter fell into a daze, trying to process the shocking news.

Mark lowered his head and lit a cigarette, his fingers trembling slightly.

Finally, he took a drag, but he concealed the most important

detail from Peter—the visible injuries on Paul and his wife's bodies, evidence they paid the ultimate price to safeguard sensitive information.

Now, someone had to take over the project.

Mark was chosen for the task. He had no choice but to accept the responsibility, even though it was a dangerous undertaking.

Then he slowly reached into his pocket and took out the velvet box. He had planned to propose to Cecilia today, and the wedding would've taken place in the spring...

But now, this didn't seem possible.

Mark continued to smoke, the image of Paul's wife's tragic death lingering in his mind.

Although Mark didn't say anything more, Peter was a sensitive observer. He guessed what was on his boss' mind.

But he kept silent.

Just then, their black Audi suddenly collided with another vehicle, causing Mark to be flung forward from the impact.

When the car came to a stop, a man in black on the motorcycle in front of them turned around to look at them. He seemed to scrutinize them intently.

The driver cursed. Before he could get out of the car and confront the biker, Mark stopped him, wincing in pain.

"Don't get out of the car.

Things could be more dangerous than they look."

As expected, the man observing them zoomed off when he saw that they weren't going to do anything.

Peter climbed to the back seat and inquired worriedly, "Mr. Evans, are you alright?"

Mark clutched his waist and abdomen, suspecting that one of his ribs was broken.

Still, he maintained expressionless and replied, "They probably received the news when I was still in the meeting. This overseas company is truly audacious."

Gritting his teeth, Mark was determined to find these people and avenge Paul and his wife, but right now, Mark had to focus on protecting himself first.

As he was pondering his next move, his phone rang.

It was Cecilia calling. After a moment of hesitation, Mark answered and said softly, "Cecilia, there's an emergency in Czanch. I have to go back."

Cecilia felt disappointed, and Mark sensed it.

But he couldn't risk returning to their apartment.

Too many people were watching him, and he had to ensure her safety.

He gently coaxed her, but it couldn't ease her disappointment.

After hanging up, he ordered Peter, "Keep an eye on her until she's back home, safe and sound."

Peter nodded.

Later, Mark was admitted to a private hospital in Czanch. His injuries included a broken rib and a concussion. Despite the doctor's orders to rest, Mark found sleep elusive. He stood by the window, smoking and lost in thought.

At four o'clock in the morning, Peter returned after finishing his work.

When Peter saw Mark smoking, he scolded, "You're severely injured! Why are you smoking? Lie down and rest. The doctor

said you need at least a week of bed rest!"

Peter helped Mark lie down, but Mark dismissed the concern, murmuring, "How can I really rest?"

Only then did Peter notice the delicate diamond ring on the palm of Mark's hand. He sensibly shut his mouth and fell silent.

Mark leaned against the bed's headrest and smiled bitterly. "Peter, I'm getting old, yet I'm still dating a little girl. How embarrassing! Four years. Just imagine what I'll be in four more years. Although I always say Cecilia is young, she's 28 now. In four years, she'll be in her early thirties. How can she waste her time with me?"

Mark sighed in frustration. He couldn't dare to imagine a future with Cecilia, given how much danger he was in. If those people found out about Cecilia...

He just couldn't take the risk.

Peter didn't dare to say anything. He knew that Mark was caught between a rock and a hard place.

Three days later, Mark discharged himself from the hospital.

Cecilia tried calling him on that day, but he just silently looked at his ringing phone for a long time. In the end, he hung up on her.

His heart ached as he tapped the "end call" button.

His little girl was blissfully unaware that her Uncle Mark was going to leave her.

Would she cry for him?

Mark began to distance himself from Cecilia.

It should've been easy to let go of women, as he was a well-seasoned player. But with Cecilia, torturing her was torturing

himself. He didn't ghost her completely; instead, he gradually gave her the cold shoulder.

Came the new year, and he returned to his previous busy life.

He contacted Charlie and other friends, one after another.

Mark had returned to his old self.

By springtime, it was as though he had never changed.

Cecilia had lost a lot of weight. She couldn't get in touch with Mark, and even if the call was picked up, it was always Peter who would answer the phone for him.

And he always sounded so apologetic.

No matter how obtuse Cecilia was, she could feel Mark's alienation, but she didn't have the courage to go up to Mark and question him. She could only wait for him at the apartment, hoping to catch him.

Sometimes, she'd forget to eat after waiting for him all day.

On Valentine's Day, she saw Mark on the news.

He was in Laurel Garden, supporting Flora. After her performance, she changed into a beautiful dress for the reporters and fans. Mark was standing next to her with his arm around her waist. In the pictures, they looked like the perfect couple.

The newspaper slipped out of Cecilia's hand, falling to the floor with a gentle thud...

It turned out that Mark was in Duefron. He never told her.

Cecilia lowered her tearful eyes, but she still tried dialing Mark's number... She wanted an explanation.

Mark was in the club when his phone started ringing.

He stopped playing cards and looked at the caller ID quietly.

"Cecilia Fowler".

Seeing this, Charlie joked, "What? Your little girl's chasing after you again?"

After a while, Mark smiled playfully and said, "She's just a kid and I think she is a three-minute-passion person."

Mark continued to play cards, saying indifferently, "Miss Holt, kindly answer it for me."

Flora frowned in confusion. She couldn't figure out what Mark was up to. As sensitive woman, she keenly sensed that Mark had a deep relationship with this Cecilia. For a while, Mark even neglected her...

Then, out of the blue, Mark reached out to her again.

But he only ever showed her affection when they were in front of people. In private, he wouldn't so much as touch her.

When she didn't move, Mark urged, "I said, answer it."

Flora had no choice. She picked up his phone and said in a soft, charming voice, "Hi, Miss Fowler. Your Uncle Mark is playing a game of poker in the club. Why don't you come over and join us?"

As soon as she heard the woman's enchanting voice, Cecilia's breath quickened.

She couldn't say anything. After a while, she could only hang up helplessly.

Mark was about to play a card when his hand stopped...

Then he smiled and said, "See, the girl can't hold on for long, but she always call me. It's so annoying."

He was smiling, but his eyes were filled with unfathomable

coldness.

Mark played late into the night before finally getting in the car with Peter. The latter asked, "Where to, Mr. Evans?"

Looking out the window, Mark was lost in thought.

After a while, he ordered in a low voice, "The apartment."

At the end of the day, he couldn't resist returning to the place filled with bittersweet memories, and as expected, Cecilia was still there.

She had fallen asleep at the dining table.

There were still tear stains on her cheeks...

Standing at the door, Mark felt so guilty. He thought Cecilia was so silly. How long did this girl wait for him? She didn't even wait in her room and had fallen asleep leaning on the dining table. Did she like him that much?

He went over and gently scooped her up, but she awoke as soon as he touched her.

Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of him.

She wanted to call him "Uncle Mark", tears rolling down her cheeks, but she didn't dare to make a sound. She just looked at him, silently begging him for an explanation.

Mark's heart ached.

He carried her to the sofa, squatted down, and stroked her head. He said gently, "Cecilia, don't wait for me anymore."

She was confused, as though she didn't understand what he meant.

Mark hardened his heart and continued to force a smile. "I'm old. I'm can't keep up a stable relationship, and I'm not a good man."

Now, she completely understood.

But she didn't want to believe her ears.

Once upon a time, this man loved her dearly. He even took her back to Czanch to meet his mother, and they even slept together in his bedroom.

Her lips trembled as she whispered softly, "I don't believe you."

Mark sat down next to Cecilia, lit a cigarette, and took a long drag.

He exhaled the smoke, enshrouding them in a haze.

He smiled and said, "We've been together for, like, six months, right? I'm tired. Cecilia, this is real life. A man and a woman date for a few months, and then they get tired of each other. What were you expecting? Marriage? Look at our backgrounds, our social circles... Do you think we're suitable for marriage?"

Cecilia's face was as pale as a sheet.

It took all her willpower not to faint on the spot.

She just looked at this man, the man who used to love her so deeply.

At this moment, Mark looked the same as when he was with Flora.

It turned out that he just viewed her as a fling—a plaything. No... Cecilia felt she was even inferior to Flora. At least Mark went back to Flora... While Cecilia, on the other hand, couldn't even get him to answer her calls.

Cecilia sat there, as motionless as a porcelain doll.

She was too inarticulate to argue with others.

And she loved Mark so much that she couldn't do anything to

fight for him.

She couldn't go back to taking three sleeping pills again and pretending to try and take her own life so her brother would come and shower her with concern, not this time.

There was nothing she could do this time.

Mark stood up, walked to the window, and smoked silently.

He muttered something about compensating her for her companionship over the past six months.

Cecilia didn't respond, but the tears rolling down her cheeks spoke volumes. Still, she sat there stubbornly, hoping that Mark would suddenly turn around, hug her, and tell her that he was just joking...

That everything was just one big joke...

She waited for what felt like an eternity, but he didn't hug her. He didn't even look back at her.

The atmosphere in the room was freezing cold...

Finally, her lips parted and she said softly, "Don't worry, Mr. Evans. I won't badger you."

Mark slowly turned his head.

Under the dim light, their eyes met, and there was no trace of sweetness in their gazes.

Not long ago, he used to hold her in his arms while she bit him playfully. She used to call him "Uncle Mark" in a sweet voice. He pulled her hair, trying to stop her from biting him...

Cecilia weakly stood up from the sofa and left.

She burst into sobs as soon as she closed the door behind her. She was a very simple girl and didn't feel the need to hide her sadness.

In the end, she didn't get to ask for an explanation. It seemed that she had simply accepted the reality that Mark abandoned her...

The door was slammed shut.

As soon as Mark turned around, it could be seen that there were tears in his eyes. His fingers trembled, but he bravely finished off the last of his cigarette.

Later, he sat slumped at the table.

There was a bowl of noodles on it. It didn't look appetizing. Cecilia must've cooked it.

He picked up the fork and spoon and slurped up the noodles. Soon, the bowl was empty.

Then...

He didn't know what to do.

Because there was no Cecilia in this apartment. He even regretted ever coming here...