

Chapter 332 Cecilia's Pregnancy

Mark halted his stride, contemplating the next course of action.

After a while, he instructed Peter, "Locate a suitable hotel and get her settled in."

Peter unfastened the rope on his own, ensuring Cecilia was unharmed. Witnessing her unscathed state, he felt a lump in his throat and comforted her, "Thank heavens you're alright."

However, Cecilia remained fixated on the spot where Mark had departed, utterly stunned.

His retreating figure filled her with disappointment.

At dawn, Mark stood by the window. Peter draped a coat over him and said in hushed tones, "Miss Wilson's right hand is disabled. She'll have to train her left hand for the future. How should we handle this?"

Mark lit a cigarette and contemplated the matter.

After a while, he murmured, "She can still be of use."

He intended to publicly declare Cathy as his intimate partner. This way, anyone attempting to harm those he valued would have to go through her first. She would serve as a shield for him and those he sought to protect.

And she could do nothing about it!

Peter remained silent.

Mark turned around, inquiring with a bitter smile, "Why are you

afraid? You always know me, don't you? What's the word on the street about me? They all call me a devil, a ruthless and merciless ruler!"

But even such a cruel man had his vulnerabilities.

Now, he was about to confront his weakness.

At the finest hotel in Czanch, several robust and responsible bodyguards guarded one of the suites.

In the hotel suite, Cecilia couldn't hold back her tears even as she ate.

Before she'd known Mark, tears were a rarity. Even during her breakup with Harold, she didn't really go to the extremes.

She had once believed that her infatuation with Harold constituted love. However, experiencing the bittersweet love with Mark made her realize how shallow her previous understanding of love had been.

She had lost her appetite and felt nauseous.

Eventually, she couldn't suppress the urge to vomit, especially when she caught the scent of greasy food. Hastily, she rushed to the bathroom and threw up everything she had just eaten. This was unusual for her, as she had always had a good appetite.

Cecilia placed a hand on her belly, reminiscing about the past.

She recalled their last intimate encounter a month ago, where passion had overtaken them and they had neglected the use of protection.

Could she be pregnant?

Cecilia lifted her head and saw her extremely pale reflection in the mirror.

Realizing the possibility of pregnancy, she decided she would

have to buy a pregnancy test. She yearned to know if she carried Mark's child. If she was indeed pregnant, she intended to ask him...

Did he want this child?

The vigilant bodyguard stationed at the door intercepted Cecilia, offering a polite warning, "Miss Fowler, Mr. Garcia has instructed that you are not allowed to leave."

Her lips quivering, Cecilia explained, "I'm feeling unwell. I need to go to the pharmacy."

The bodyguards found themselves in a predicament.

Ultimately, they allowed her to go downstairs but assigned two guards to accompany her.

Across from the hotel, there stood a 24-hour pharmacy. She rushed inside, discreetly purchased the pregnancy test kit and clandestinely tucked it into her pocket before hastening back to her room.

And then, just as she suspected, two crimson lines materialized on the pregnancy test.

Cecilia gazed blankly at the result, her expression a mix of shock and horror as she covered her mouth.

She was pregnant.

She was pregnant with Mark's child.

A knock echoed from outside, followed by faint footsteps. She knew Mark was approaching.

Gently caressing her belly, she stepped out slowly.

Though only two hours had passed since they last saw each other, she felt as though they were already strangers.

Her lips trembled, wanting to tell him about the pregnancy.

But Mark spoke first.

He bypassed her and settled onto the sofa, his slender fingers gently tracing the armrest. It seemed like he struggled to find the right words before finally saying, "You've seen it, Cecilia. It's dangerous to be with me."

She wanted to declare that she wasn't afraid of danger or challenges.

Mark looked at her, smiling, and inquired, "What can you do for me if you stay? Can you bleed for me like Cathy? Cecilia, what I desire is someone like Cathy, not a little baby like you who can only cry."

She mumbled, "Do you love her?"

"I admire her," Mark replied.

Adjusting the creases on his trousers, he calmly stated, "I disabled her right hand. And I'm the one responsible for it. Do you comprehend?"

With those words, he was urging her to return to Duefron immediately.

Her lips continued to tremble as she failed to grasp his underlying message.

Mark then said with a cruel smile slowly forming, "It appears you don't quite get it. Look, I admire women like her. Cecilia, you are undeniably charming but you can only be an amusement for me, a distraction. I'm destined to lead neither an easy nor tranquil life, do you understand?"

Then, in a harsh voice, he declared, "You know nothing!"

Hearing those words, Cecilia felt lost.

She thought she understood.

He did have feelings for her but his love wasn't enough for him to let go of what he already possessed. He valued fame and power and she wasn't the right woman for him.

Was Cathy the right one for him?

Cecilia refrained from asking that question. Instead, she slowly lowered her eyelashes.

He was a man of greatness and he had made that clear to her. How could she hold him back with a child?

As the dim light overwhelmed their last silhouettes, she refrained from telling him about her pregnancy.

Instead, she lifted her head and blessed him gently, "Then I wish Mr. Evans a brighter future."

Feeling Mark's gaze fixed on her, she averted her eyes and quivered her lips, "Please go now. Otherwise, I'll become a nuisance."

Mark slowly stood up, pausing as if he wanted to pat her head, but eventually thought better of it. It wasn't until he held the doorknob that he finally spoke, "I'm sorry, Cecilia!"

His apology encompassed their love that had now perished.

He apologized for the failure of their relationship.

Her little girl would eventually find the right man, while someone like him deserved to be consumed by the power struggle. He considered it punishment for his selfish choices.

Mark departed.

The door creaked open and closed slightly.

Cecilia collapsed onto the soft carpet, her face buried in her hands as she cried sorrowfully.

Upon returning to Duefron, she didn't dare to go home.

Instead, she went to their apartment on Gamous Road and survived on the food in the fridge.

Unable to cook, she could only toss all the ingredients into boiling water.

Each night, she would wake up from dreams where her 'Uncle Mark' had returned. In her dreams, he would gently carry her to bed and playfully scold her for being disobedient.

Upon waking, her cheeks were wet with cold tears.

But he never came back.

Two months later, she woke up from a nightmare and found her belly had started to show.

Fear of her family finding out about the child kept her from going home.

She didn't dare to let her family know she was pregnant, let alone with Mark's child. She hid wherever she could, with no credit cards or cash to her name.

Her clothes grew plainer by the day.

She moved into a tiny rental house, barely twenty square meters in size. Learning to support herself with low-paying part-time jobs, she even taught herself to cook simple meals.

Gradually, she began to haggle over the price of a cup of milk shake she used to enjoy.

Occasionally, she caught glimpses of Mark in the news.

He remained as spirited and vigorous as ever. His expensive attire stood in sharp contrast to her cheap shirts. It felt like an insurmountable barrier had arisen between them.

Their memories together seemed more and more like vivid daydreams.

After leaving Cecilia, Mark had developed a bad habit. He often checked his phone but her messages were nowhere to be found, even on special occasions.

He had visited the Fowler family several times during holidays but his status prevented him from inquiring about her.

Peter asked around about her whereabouts and was told that she had gone on trips to unwind.

At home, Zoey would serve late night snacks to Mark whenever he was home. He didn't particularly enjoy it but he ate it all, as if he was doing it for Cecilia.

He reverted to his former self, the Mr. Evans whom everyone admired and feared.

Yet, he felt a sense of incompleteness in his heart.

He began to enjoy spending time with Charlie and Flora because they remembered Cecilia. Whenever they had fun together, they would inquire about her.

During those moments, he would mask his emotions with jests, saying, "A little girl's whims won't last long. Perhaps she's traveling the world with her friends, chasing the aurora. How could she possibly remember me?"

His friends would echo his remarks.

In the end, their conversations about Cecilia would culminate with his warm and composed smile.

Afterward, he would be the only one to taste the pain.

As time passed, Flora was about to get married and her fans organized an event for her.

Mark showed up to show his support.

In the company of her fiance, Flora walked and conversed with Mark casually. However, she sensed that he seemed absent-minded.

With a faint smile, Flora was about to inquire but her attention was caught by a familiar figure in the distance.

The figure was tall and looked like someone she knew from behind.

She quickly stopped Mark and asked, "Mr. Evans, look, is that Cecilia?"

At the mention of this long-lost name, Mark was taken aback.

Following the direction indicated by Flora, he spotted a woman whose back bore a resemblance to Cecilia. However, she was dressed plainly and appeared to be six months pregnant. How could she be his Cecilia?

At that moment, the woman was carrying a substantial stack of documents.

Observing her rush to the second floor, Mark inquired of Peter, "Is the elevator not available here?"

Peter responded softly, "The elevator is for guests. The staff usually can't use it."

Mark nodded.

Yet, as he watched the woman, he couldn't help but think of his little girl. He didn't know where she was at that moment, so he couldn't resist calling her.

On the theater's second floor.

Startled by the sudden ring of her phone, the woman carrying the documents dropped her things to the ground.

Witnessing this, the labor contractor began to hurl curses.

Cecilia whispered an apology and hid in the bathroom to answer the phone. From the other end, she heard Mark asking her, "Are you still travelling around? Do you have a good time?"

Her hand covered her mouth as she slowly slid down the wall, nodding vigorously, "Yes, I have a good time."

After a prolonged silence, Mark's voice softened as he replied, "That's for the best! It proves that breaking up was the right decision."

She closed her eyes, silently agreeing with him.

Slowly, Mark hung up the phone. Simultaneously, the device slipped from Cecilia's limp hand. Alone in the bathroom, she cried for an extended period.

In the adjacent bathroom, Mark washed his hands quietly.

Merely a wall now separated them.

The memories felt like sharp needles, piercing Mark's heart.

Although Cecilia returned to her family two years later, the bitterness she had endured still haunted her dreams.

On the journey back home, Cecilia remained silent.

Peter attempted to alleviate the tension in the air but he couldn't find the right words.

The car came to a stop in front of the Fowler family's house. Waiting eagerly for her return, the family members gathered around as soon as they saw Cecilia.

Edwin, with his soft skin and short brown hair inherited from Mark, hugged her and called her "mommy" softly.

Cecilia embraced her son tightly.

Feeling a comforting pat on her shoulder, Cecilia turned around to see Waylen and Rena. Her elder brother reassured her gently, "Don't cry. I'll always take care of you."

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