

## Chapter 415 Mark, I Forgive You Only Once

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Edwin sneaked a peek at Cecilia.

Wrapping his hands gently around Mark's neck, Edwin whispered, "Mom didn't say that."

A slight smile appeared on Mark's face. He believed Edwin was a smart boy, given his proper answer.

Mark ran his fingers through Edwin's hair. Edwin's soft, brown hair and gentle features were endearing. Mark's affection for Edwin was undeniable.

Mark held Edwin with one hand while the other carried the baggage. Mark didn't want to burden Cecilia with the labor work.

Cecilia shut the car door with a steely gaze aimed at Mark.

Mark felt a sting of disappointment.

Over the years, every time they met, she was ecstatic.

Despite feeling down, Mark forced a smile and walked into the villa with Edwin in his arms.

This villa spanned an impressive 0.2 acres. To maintain such a vast space, Peter employed two landscapers and four housekeepers, ensuring the home was fully furnished and equipped for daily necessities.

Cecilia found every aspect of the villa to her liking.

Mark carried Edwin into the children's room.

Mark gently placed Edwin on the little bed and removed Edwin's coat. It



was a rare occasion for Edwin to be in such proximity to Mark.

A hint of shyness crept over Edwin.

Bending down, Mark said softly, "Allow me to check your wound."

The white sweater was lifted, revealing a 0.7-inch wound on Edwin's slender abdomen. It might have been small, but it was still a concern for Mark.

As Mark probed the wound with his delicate fingers, he inquired, "Are you upset with me?"

Edwin shook his head.

Yet, under Mark's earnest look, Edwin gave a soft nod though tears were absent.

Waylen had once told him that a true man shouldn't shed tears easily.

Mark drew closer, their foreheads touching, and murmured with a raspy voice, "From now on, I'm here for you."

Edwin's arms found their way around Mark's neck, his demeanor compliant.

Mark's phone buzzed in his pocket.

He checked his phone and found it was Cathy.

Mark picked up the phone, thinking it might be related to Laura.

Cathy sounded anxious as she spoke. "Mark, how could you let the Thomas family compete with me over the custody of Laura? You even let Waylen handle this matter!"

Mark fell into a brief moment of quiet.

He said in a low voice, "If you treat Laura well, nobody will meddle in your affairs. Laura was never meant to be born then, and she should never have been made a pawn in your hands. You know how she caught

pneumonia the last time. Cathy, stop it. Give both you and your daughter a slack."

A soft smile crept onto Cathy's face.

"With Waylen being the lawyer, I know I can't win this case. Mark, I'm surprised to know the Fowler family should value you this much! Waylen quit pursuing his legal career for Rena's sake. However, he returned to his previous job because of you! That's really something."

After uttering hysterical words, Cathy ended the call before Mark could reply.

Mark stared at his phone.

Edwin's expression changed. He had heard the conversation.

Once again, it involved Laura.

Edwin silently vowed to himself that when he grew up and had the strength, he would make things difficult for Laura.

Snapping back to reality, Mark turned his attention back to Edwin.

He affectionately tousled Edwin's hair and said, "Well, there's a kid of my colleague. Her name is Laura Thomas."

Edwin leaned his head against Mark's shoulder.

Edwin appeared lost in thought.

Cecilia climbed the stairs and gently pushed open the bedroom door on the second floor.

The room's French-inspired decoration was a vision of beauty and romance, with airy lace curtains draping the expansive windows. Cecilia's gaze fell upon them, everything to her liking.

Cecilia surveyed the room in tranquil silence.

A misty veil covered her eyes.

The setting sun cast a crimson hue through the lace-curtained French windows, captivating her.

Her gaze dropped to the diamond ring Mark had given her, sparkling on her finger.

After soothing Edwin to sleep, Mark entered the room and found Cecilia, her head down, absently twirling her diamond ring, deep in her world of thoughts.

He approached her and gently encircled his arms around her waist from behind.

Cecilia didn't pull away or react. Instead, she softly inquired, "Is Edwin asleep?"

Mark confirmed with a simple "Yes."

He remarked, "I'm planning to bring him back to the hospital for another check-up tomorrow. I can't help but worry about him."

Cecilia didn't voice any objections.

Edwin's fondness for Mark was evident, which meant Cecilia had no grounds to object if Mark chose to engage more with their son.

Cecilia maintained a frosty demeanor.

Mark's heart felt heavy with uncertainty. He had several approaches to comfort her, yet he found them not helpful to the situation. He kissed her gently and softly said, "I'm going to prepare dinner."

Cecilia halted him and asked, "Aren't there servants available?"

Mark stepped back.

Standing before her, he tenderly ran his fingers through her hair and asked in a raspy voice, "Do you empathize with me?"

Cecilia looked away as she replied, "No, I do not."



A profound look settled in Mark's eyes.

He finally lowered his hand and announced softly, "I'll head down then. Please assess what else should be included here."

Cecilia called out to him once more.

She stood there, with the entire sunset as her backdrop, casting a soft, glowing light around her.

"Mark, betrayal is something I can't tolerate. I will give you just one chance."

She approached him with resolve and declared, "After all this is finished, we will decide when to have our wedding."

Mark agreed.

They gazed at each other, their eyes filled with mutual fascination.

Mark's affection for Cecilia was nostalgic. He cherished her youthful innocence, fragility, and the way she sought comfort in his embrace, calling him in an affectionate tone in their intimate moments.

As a grown woman now, this sensation was even more captivating.

Mark headed down to prepare the dinner.

Cecilia quickly tidied the room and then delved into reading the script.

This particular drama, suggested by Rena for its match to Cecilia's act, cast her as a sophisticated lady, a role Cecilia was eager to embody.

Cecilia found the role appealing. The script held her in its enchanting grip.

When Mark ascended the stairs to invite her for dinner, she glanced up and experienced a twinge in her neck.

Mark grabbed the script and flipped through a few pages. He couldn't contain his laughter.

Cecilia felt a touch of frustration due to embarrassment. The script seemed somewhat childish, but as a newcomer, she couldn't jump into a serious drama at once.

She reached for the script, inadvertently brushing against him. But by accident, she bumped into him.

Their bodies tumbled onto the couch, entwining as they overlapped, creating a romantic scene.

Despite their many intimate encounters, the unexpected excitement still left them breathless, especially Mark, who cherished holding Cecilia close.

Cecilia felt a bit uncomfortable and tucked her hair behind her ear. "Stand up from me."

Mark chose not to rise but instead cradled her close, planting a soft kiss on her lips. "Are you still upset with me?"

Her nod was unguarded and sincere. Edwin got this very expression from her.

Mark felt a surge of warmth, a blend of desire and affection.

His cheek pressed against hers, their warm skin melding together. He whispered gently, "Can I offer myself as amends to you? Is that acceptable? Don't be upset. You're such a lovely girl. Frowning might cause wrinkles."


Cecilia found herself pinned beneath him. She was unable to move away.

Her eyes, rimmed with red, conveyed frustration. "If not for Waylen, I would never have returned to your side."

Waylen had once advised her, "You won't know if the path ahead is right or wrong until you reach its end. If the path ahead seems rough, turn back. I'll always be here waiting for you."

Cecilia cherished the assurance of having a family that supported her

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unconditionally.

 +120 Points at most

She gave Mark an angry thump.

It could be seen as an outlet, providing some little relief in their relationship.

Mark responded with another kiss, tenderly tracing the contours of her grown figure.

They had to have dinner, so Mark refrained from being overly hasty.

The days that followed were filled with tranquility.

The influence of the Evans and Fowler families was far-reaching and formidable.

Waylen stood as the top lawyer in law and politics, effortlessly prevailing in any legal battle.

The case proceeded without a hitch.

After the initial trial, the court ruled in favor of granting custody of Laura to Paul's parents.

Paul's parents' joy was uncontainable.

They travel north with Laura, arriving in Duefron to express their gratitude to Mark.

They decided not to give Mark advance notice of their visit. Upon reaching Mark's villa gate, they informed the doorman that they had come to see Mark.

Meanwhile, Mark was engaged with Edwin.

A servant approached Mark with a look of ambivalence, reporting, "Mr. Evans, you have visitors at the gate. Additionally, they were accompanied by an adorable young girl."

Mark guessed the identity of the guests, and he found himself in a

18:10

46,7%



100%

difficult situation.

His gaze shifted to Cecilia.

Cecilia's eyes were a bit teary, but she remained composed. "They have arrived. Go ahead and greet them."

Mark's hand rested on her shoulder, offering a comforting caress.

Cecilia, preferring to avoid the visitors, went upstairs.

Mark watched her depart before instructing the servant, "Please, let them in."

Edwin raised his head proudly and inquired innocently, "Is that Laura?"

Mark was taken aback.

At that moment, Paul's parents arrived, Laura in tow, bearing an array of unique goods from Czanch. Among these, Paul's mother had selected some items specifically for children.

Paul's mother gazed at Edwin with warmth in her eyes.

"You must be Edwin, right? Peter mentioned how adorable you are."

Edwin's innocence was unmistakable.

Yet, out of the younger generation, Edwin was known for being the most mischievous one as he grew up.

The compliment to Edwin lifted Mark's spirits.

While Mark was fond of Laura, he refrained from embracing her, considering Cecilia's feelings.

Laura appeared somewhat let down.

At this time, Edwin stepped forward and embraced Laura, saying, "My dad's occupied now, so let me hug you."

Mark was even more astonished.



Paul's parents thought the two kids got along, so they allowed them to play together. However, when no one was around them, Edwin frightened Laura to tears, leaving her too scared to speak up.

When Laura returned to the living room, she eagerly wanted to depart.

Paul's parents had many things they wanted to discuss with Mark.

For instance, they were considering letting Laura live in Duefron with Mark by her side.

Laura, however, denied the idea immediately. She glanced at Edwin and nervously bit her lower lip.

Paul's parents had to depart with disappointment without even getting the chance to enjoy a proper meal.

Mark saw his guests off, out of the villa.

Mark spun around and caught sight of Edwin, who tended to blush easily, engrossed in reading a fairy tale book while sitting upright and looking poised.

Mark felt a swell of pride.

He went upstairs to console Cecilia, knowing that she might have some complaints regarding Laura's appearance.

On the second floor.

Cecilia rested against the French window, silently savoring the view.

Approaching her, Mark murmured, "Are you upset?"

Cecilia shifted her gaze toward him.

Her facial lines appeared gentle, and the soft lighting featured her smooth complexion.

Drawn by her softness, Mark reached out to caress her cheek.



Cecilia whispered, "They've come all the way here. Why didn't you invite them to stay for dinner? Wouldn't that be a bit rude?"

A smile graced Mark's lips.

"Laura insisted on leaving. This isn't her usual self. She's typically well-behaved, but today she's rebellious."

Cecilia raised an eyebrow.

Mark sensed he had spoken too much.

In a low voice, he inquired, "Are you still upset with me? Everything's resolved now. Paul's parents will look after Laura from now on. There's nothing to fret about."

Cecilia gave a nod. But she was noncommittal.

Mark, who had shared his life with Cecilia for some time, could read her thoughts like an open book. The air between them felt lighter. They hadn't spoken this freely in ages.

Mark unfastened the top two buttons of his shirt.

He paused and asked, "Should I close the door?"

Cecilia seemed hesitant. "Edwin is still downstairs."

But Mark had already risen to secure the door. Returning to her, he lifted her in his arms, pressing her against the French window.

His touches and kisses were tender, his words a soft murmur, "Edwin is busy with his book. I believe it would be beneficial for him to spend some time with Waylen. After all, he is skilled at teaching and guiding children."

Mark was consumed with a strong desire for intimacy with Cecilia.

Cecilia tilted her head slightly and offered a faint nod of agreement.

They had been arguing for a whole month. Even though they lived under the same roof, they hadn't been intimate during this period.

In this instant, Mark found himself unable to resist any longer.

In the heat of the moment, he lowered the curtain, and they engaged in an intimate moment.

She had a slender figure.

Mark struggled to restrain his desires, fearing that he might inadvertently cause her discomfort or harm...

Their intimate moment kept on until 8:00 p.m.

The servant had to come and call them for dinner twice.

There was no sound from inside, and since the door remained closed, the servant took the hint and headed downstairs to attend to Edwin.

The room was enveloped in darkness.

Cecilia rolled over and nestled in Mark's embrace, his arms damp with sweat.

As she shifted, Mark's fingers grazed her lips, questioning, "Are you hungry?"

A blush tinged Cecilia's cheeks.

She pulled the blanket over herself and nodded with a soft smile. "Sure. Go and check on Edwin once more. His wound is bothering him. Put some ointment on it."

Mark leaned in and planted a kiss on her.

He still had plenty of energy and a desire for another round, but he restrained himself and whispered, "Have you been holding back for a while?"

Cecilia's anger flared, and she responded by kicking him.

At that point, Mark rose to dress himself. Clutching his wrinkled shirt, he suggested, "If you're feeling off, a shower might help."

He descended the stairs and fetched some food for her beforehand.

Then, he attended to Edwin.

Upon his return, Cecilia had already freshened up with a shower, and she was now multitasking, reading the script while enjoying her meal.

Mark sat beside her, took a bite, and asked, "So, you're serious about joining the entertainment industry?"

Cecilia didn't even lift her gaze. "I'm just looking for something to keep me busy."

Mark gently caressed her head and remarked, "It's nice to have something to occupy your time."

After a thoughtful pause, Cecilia met his gaze and ventured, "Doesn't it worry you?"

After all, the things within the entertainment industry were complicated.

His lack of concern caught her off guard.

Mark grinned. "It could be drawn into two main aspects. One involves money, and the other pertains to desire."

Cecilia felt no need to do something for money. She was born into a wealthy family, after all.

Mark believed if she desired pleasure during their intimacy, he could fulfill her needs in that regard. There was no need for her to seek others. This gave Mark peace of mind.

Cecilia skimmed through the script and softly exclaimed, "Waylen is consistently quite possessive. Whenever Rena exchanged a few words with someone else, he got jealous, especially when she was conversing with Tyrone."

Mark's expression deepened.

"Do you expect the same from me?"



In truth, many years ago, Mark used to be quite jealous.

Now, he was confident that he and Cecilia were the perfect match for each other, so he was generous and didn't fret as much about it.

However, now Cecilia had reverted to her previous self.

He had a strong fondness for it.

Mark affectionately tousled her hair and expressed, "I'll stand by your side in the days to come."

Cecilia's heart warmed at his words.

She quipped, "You might need to earn a bit more. Sustaining a fresh look can be costly. However, I don't think it would be a big deal to you."

Mark flashed a smile. She still harbored jealousy over the events from years past. She was so cute.

The issue regarding Laura had ultimately been resolved.

Cecilia invited Rena to join her for a shopping trip. At this point, Rena was nearing her seventh month of pregnancy.

Waylen felt quite anxious regarding Rena's well-being.

Rena rarely ventured outside unless necessary, and when she did, she was flanked by four bodyguards.

The bond between Rena and Cecilia was strong, and together, they browsed through baby clothes, enjoying each other's company.

"Will you and Mark hold the wedding soon?"



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