

## Chapter 420 She Is The Only Person He Loves

Mark kept quiet for more than ten seconds.

Then he said, "I didn't agree to that. Cecilia, if I don't sign the divorce papers, we will still be husband and wife."

Cecilia suddenly felt tired and frustrated.

She remembered the first time she saw Mark. She felt he was amazing and she loved him passionately. Never did she imagine that one day his feelings for her would burden and bore her.

Yes, his feelings really made her feel very annoyed now.

She sighed and leaned back against the car seat.

Then she asked him in a low voice, "Mark, who's the reason why we are where we are today? Is it me?"

"No, it's me," he said sincerely.

Cecilia covered her face with her hands and took a deep breath.

Her face was still a little pale and her body had not stopped trembling.

But after a while, she managed to calm herself down and then she said to Mark, "You're Edwin's father. Of course, you can always see him whenever you want. Since he's now with you, you should take him to the kindergarten tomorrow morning."

With this, Cecilia hung up the phone.

Then she bent over the steering wheel and cried her heart out.

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She hated Mark so much right now.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Mark had put down his phone and let out a deep sigh.

Edwin raised his head and looked at his father. Initially, his eyes had been full of anticipation, but now, all he had was a long face with a moody expression.

He was not happy about the fact that his mother didn't want to come.

Mark was also disappointed, but he didn't want to make Edwin feel sad.

So he picked up the little boy and said to him, "Your mom needs to work. You'll stay at my place today."

There was a cake on the table.

It was Mark's birthday today and he had just been celebrating it with his son.

He felt Cecilia might have forgotten about his birthday. Even if she remembered, he didn't think she would care about it.

Suddenly, Edwin looked around and said with a frown, "Dad's birthday is too cold and cheerless."

The poor child didn't feel happy staying in this place.

He was also a little scared of Mark, which was not a surprise since they were not very close because they hardly ever spent much time together.

Mark was sad to hear his son say this.

He rubbed the little boy's hair and asked him, "Don't I have you with me?"

"Happy birthday," Edwin reluctantly murmured.

Then he kept quiet.

Mark cut a piece of cake for him, but Edwin was not in the mood to eat. After holding the cake in his hand for a while, he said to his father, "All the kids are picked up and dropped off at school by their parents. Dad, is Mom going to divorce you? Is that why you don't come to pick me up together anymore?"

Mark didn't answer at first. Instead, he quietly cut a piece of cake for himself.

Usually, he didn't eat these things, but today, he felt like having a bite.

But his son's words had him thinking.

Clearly, the boy had learned that his parents were going to be separated.

So Mark told him in a hoarse voice, "No. We won't divorce."

Edwin was not very happy to hear this because he felt it was a lie. He could already see that his parents were not together. His mother had even moved out with him.

Feeling depressed, Edwin lowered his head and began to nibble at the cake listlessly.

When Mark saw this, he relented and touched Edwin's head affectionately. He could see that the boy was stubborn just like his mother.

Truly, Mark's birthday celebration, if it could be called a celebration, was especially quiet due to the fact that only two people were involved.

This was one of the things that saddened Edwin the most and made him so quiet and cold.

After sharing the cake, Mark left Edwin so the boy could do his homework. He then went straight to his study and sat down. He had so many business decisions to make, but when he opened his laptop and turned it on, he couldn't read a word.

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In fact, he was anxious.

He knew how determined Cecilia was in her plan to leave him. She did not quarrel with him but simply treated him coldly; she had clearly made up her mind to break up with him this time.

Mark didn't want to divorce her, and she wasn't even pressuring him to do so.

He knew that all she wanted was to avoid seeing him.

Mark closed his eyes sadly as he imagined how his life would be without her.

Already, he had missed her so much.

In fact, he had also thought several times over the last few days if he had made the right decision to leave the wedding that day.

But the truth was that he just couldn't regret it, because he had no choice at the time but to go.

Nevertheless, he knew Cecilia was right. He had chosen to be kind and moral, and ended up leaving her and Edwin behind.

By now, it was late night.

After Edwin had gone to sleep, Mark called Cecilia.

He had to call her several times before she finally answered. Her voice was slightly hoarse as she asked him what he wanted.

"Edwin is asleep," Mark whispered. "What are you doing?"

His tone was somewhat intimate, and there was a trace of gentleness that one would expect from a husband. This was what Cecilia felt when she heard his voice.

But she didn't answer the question.

Instead, she just told him to take Edwin to school the next morning.

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Though she spoke in a formal and distant tone, Mark listened to her intently. Nowadays, it was a luxury for him to just hear her voice.

After telling him their son's morning routine, she sighed and said, "That's all."

But just as she was about to hang up the phone, Mark quickly said, "Today is my birthday."

She was surprised to hear this. She had forgotten about his birthday. Nevertheless, now that he had told her, she wished him a happy birthday.

But Mark decided to push his luck by asking her, "Cecilia, in what capacity are you wishing me a happy birthday? My wife or Edwin's mother?"

"How about ex-wife?" Cecilia promptly replied.

"Mark, there's too much going on between the two of us. Edwin and Rena are caught in the middle. So, for their sake, we should maintain a non-romantic relationship. And by the way, when will you sign the divorce papers?"

"Are you in a hurry to get a new man?" Mark sneered.

"Yes," Cecilia instantly replied.

Mark's heart skipped a beat when he heard this and his breath became rapid.

Cecilia thought he would get mad at her, but he didn't. He just hung up the phone.

She stared at the phone in surprise when she heard the beep that signified the end of the connection.

For the next few days, Mark stuck to playing the good father.

He took Edwin to school every morning and brought him back home in the evening.

Edwin didn't really like it, but he didn't object.

Every time he got into his father's car, he would remain silent throughout the journey. Sometimes, Mark thought his son was simple, and at other times, he felt that he was hiding too many things in his heart.

Nevertheless, since Edwin was now with him, Mark could call Cecilia regularly and she usually answered the phone.

Mark would talk to her about Edwin and even some mundane things like what they both did throughout the day. Such conversations pleased him a lot.

In his mind, he strongly believed that Cecilia would relent after some time.

As time went on, Edwin seemed to be getting used to living with Mark.

One day, while they were having dinner, Mark tried to spark up a conversation. But Edwin kept eating and didn't say anything in response.

After a while, he raised his head and said, "If I'm with Dad, Mom will have time to go on a date with others."

Mark's face froze when he heard this.

His gentle and handsome face was looking very sullen at the moment.

The boy had spoken impulsively and then gone silent again.

But after eating in silence for a while, Edwin added, "Mom is still going to remarry anyway."

At this point, Mark had lost all his appetite.

He got up and walked over to the window. Then he lit a cigarette and stood there, smoking in silence.

Edwin looked up at Mark and he couldn't help but feel that his

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father was very pitiful at this moment.

After a moment, Mark seemed to have sensed that Edwin was looking at him, so he said in a gentle voice, "Edwin, do you blame me?"

"Yes," Edwin nodded.

It also seemed as if he had a question of his own to ask.

But Mark, looking down at the burning cigarette in his hand, said in a soft tone, "Your mother is the only person I love. And she's the only one I will love till the end. I will never be separated from her."

As Edwin listened to this, his nose twitched and it looked as if he might cry.

This evening was clearly a rough one for both the father and son.

Early the next morning, while Mark was preparing to drive Edwin to school, he got a call from the villa. It was from one of the servants. She sounded very anxious.

She was calling to report that, last night, Laura had a fever.

The doctor that was called in had said that Laura might never be able to speak again.

Cold sweat broke out on Mark's back when he heard this.

After hanging 'up, he asked the driver to take Edwin to the kindergarten and then he drove to the hospital by himself.

An hour later, Cecilia called him and said, "Mark, Edwin is missing!"



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