

Chapter 422 Mark, How Did I Even Fall In Love With You

They were in the hospital ward, and someone, perhaps a nurse, could walk in at any moment. Hence, Cecilia was trying not to get into a quarrel with Mark.

But nonetheless, she understood the situation.

She already knew that it would not be easy at all for her to get a divorce.

"Well, let's stop this blame game," she said with a shrug as she played with a lock of her long hair. "I have something to deal with this afternoon. So let's just hurry up and finish Edwin's discharge procedures."

With that, she turned around and made to walk out of the ward.

But Mark grabbed her hand and looked into her eyes.

"At least, let me drive you guys home," he offered.

Cecilia looked back at him but said nothing in response.

Mark swallowed and went on in a gentle tone, "I admit I didn't do well and I know you don't want to talk to me anymore, but I'm Edwin's father. It's impossible for you to keep him away from me, you know."

Cecilia knew exactly what was on Mark's mind.

He just wanted to break down her walls and slowly soften her heart so that she would accept him again.

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But what he didn't know was that her heart was already dead.

"Whatever," she scoffed and shook off his hand.

Peter was the one who eventually went through the discharge formalities. When he was done, he came to Cecilia and said with a smile, "What a pity! I have something to deal with at the company. But I think Mr. Evans can drive you home."

In fact, Mark was already seated in the driver seat while Edwin was in the back seat.

Cecilia had no choice but to get in. She sat in the back seat with her son and told Mark the address of their destination.

But Mark turned to look at her and asked, "Don't you want to sit in the front?"

Cecilia turned her face away and said, "People change with time."

It was very clear what she meant.

Mark immediately understood it. His face darkened, but he said nothing in response.

Half an hour later, he rolled the car to a stop at their destination which was a high-end apartment.

It was actually a large duplex that spanned over an area of about 260 square meters.

It was beautifully decorated, with a wonderful view.

Holding Edwin's hand, Mark looked around the area and he couldn't help but think of their old apartment. It made him feel really sad and he leaned down and gave his son a kiss

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on the forehead.

Edwin had just recovered from a serious illness and was looking quite listless.

So Mark picked him up and carried him straight to his room, putting him down on the bed. Even though it was the end of April, Edwin's feet were quite cold.

After laying him down, Mark took off his coat and lay down beside the boy.

Then he put Edwin's feet on his belly.

The child would be warmer and more comfortable like this.

Edwin himself wanted to feel comfortable, but he was angry with his father, so he just lay there and said nothing.

Mark's heart melted when he saw his child lying so calmly and quietly.

He touched his feet to feel their temperature and found it to be improving.

Edwin, on the other hand, held on tightly to the pillow and soon drifted off to sleep.

As he slept, his body temperature rose and his feet became warmer.

Mark felt them from time to time to ensure that he stayed warm.

After a while, he sat up and looked at Edwin's closed eyes. Then he touched them gently and affectionately.

By now, Cecilia had come to stand at the door.

When Mark noticed her presence, he was sure that she had

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come to ask him to leave, so he said in a gentle tone, "Let
me be with him for a while longer, please."

He sounded very humble.

So, Cecilia said, "Okay. But don't take him outside."

Mark was astonished.

Cecilia had not blamed him outrightly, but her statement
hinted at it.

"I won't," Mark murmured after a moment of silence.

Since Cecilia had something else to do, she turned around
and left without saying another word. But Mark got up and
went after her. "Let me drive you," he offered when he
caught up with her.

Cecilia had previously changed her clothes and was now
putting on her shoes by the door. She looked up at him and
said, "I can drive myself. And if I want someone to drive me,
I'll simply hire a driver or call a cab."

Mark looked at her in silence, not knowing what to say.

After putting on her shoes, Cecilia straightened up and
added, "Mark, I only let you in because of Edwin. I don't
want him to have a negative impression of you at his age.
Instead, I want him to... to believe his dad still loves him.
But as for the two of us, it's over. Don't try to ask for
another chance."

Mark's face turned pale when he heard this.

He was still very much unwilling to put an end to their
marriage.

And Cecilia wasn't even pressuring him to change his mind.
She just lived on with her own life and kept taking care of

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Edwin.

She had even hired a nanny to help her look after the child whenever she was at work.

But there was no doubt whatsoever that his relationship with Cecilia had frozen over.

Nowadays, whenever he sent her messages, usually to talk about Edwin, Cecilia rarely replied.

So he resorted to calling her until she got tired of ignoring him and would be forced to pick up the phone. Their conversations usually consisted of only a few words, but he kept calling her every night, and this made Cecilia feel sad.

She felt he was just acting like he loved her very much.

Yet, at critical moments, he always abandoned her.

On one particularly cold night, she was sitting on her sofa when she suddenly felt the urge to drink.

The nanny had gotten off work and Edwin had already fallen asleep. Left to her own devices, Cecilia brought out a bottle of red wine and poured herself a glass. Then she stood by the window and drank it silently.

She was born into a rich family, so she never really developed any bad habits or addictions.

The most rebellious thing she ever did in her life was to fall in love with Mark.

As she thought of Mark, the mellow red wine suddenly tasted bitter on her tongue. She felt heartbroken.

Before long, Cecilia had lost count of how much she had drunk. She just felt a little tipsy, and strangely enough, it

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made her feel good.

After a while, her phone started ringing continuously.

It was Mark calling.

He always sought for an opportunity to talk to Cecilia, but tonight, Cecilia did not want to talk to him at all. He kept calling nonstop for several minutes, until she could not bear it anymore.

Perhaps it was because she was drunk and it was late at night. Nevertheless, her voice sounded more gentle than usual as she answered the phone and said, "Mark, must you call me every day? Can't you leave me alone for a day?"

"You're drinking," Mark said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, I am. So what? Can't I drink? Mark, do you still think I'm that poor little Cecilia who used to look up to you and was so desperate to be with you? No, I'm no longer who I used to be. I'm a different woman now."

Mark stayed silent as she said all these.

When she was done speaking, he simply said, "Since you are drunk, I'll come over to take care of Edwin."

"He's asleep," Cecilia told him.

But he didn't listen to her. He just hung up.

Cecilia threw away her phone and leaned back on the sofa, lost in thought.

But all of a sudden, she saw a small figure in the darkness approaching her.

It looked delicate.

"Edwin?" Cecilia gasped in shock.

She quickly put down the glass in her hand because she didn't want him to see her drinking.

But Edwin quietly knelt beside her and touched her head. "Mom, do you have a headache?" he asked in concern.

Cecilia felt sad to hear this question.

"I don't have a headache," she said in a tearful and hoarse voice.

What she had was a failed marriage. The man didn't even value them that much. But it was not supposed to be a big deal. After all, they still had each other, and things were much better now than they were many years ago.

At least, she could give Edwin the best quality of life and education he deserved.

They lived in a 260-square-meter duplex that was comfortable enough.

Nothing and no one else mattered.

But Edwin felt his mother was lying. He believed she must have developed a headache after drinking.

So he ran into the bathroom and put a towel in hot water. Then after squeezing out the water, he ran back and carefully placed the hot towel on Cecilia's forehead.

This made Cecilia feel much more comfortable.

Then Edwin leaned against her chest and began to talk to her. "Are you really going to divorce dad?" he asked her.

Even though Cecilia was a bit drunk, she still had the

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presence of mind to know that she should not speak ill of
Mark to Edwin.

So she replied vaguely, "I'm just not suitable to be with
your father, but he loves you."

Edwin snuggled deeper into her arms and murmured, "Dad
loves Mom too. But he did something wrong."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel sorry for her son.

Maybe it was because of the hardship they had suffered,
Edwin was more mature than children his age. She
couldn't help but remember when he ran back to where
they used to live because he was unhappy and this made
her feel even more sorry for him.

She wanted to carry him back to his room, but she was
feeling dizzy.

In the end, Edwin went to bring a blanket and covered her
with it. Then he got under the blanket with her to help her
stay warm.

The night was far gone. But all of a sudden, the door knob
was turned gently.

Then a slender figure came into the room. The person
didn't turn on the lights, but was instead able to move
around in the darkness.

The house was full of the smell of red wine, with a hint of
sweetness in it.

On the sofa, Cecilia and Edwin were in each other's arms.
Cecilia had fallen asleep and her relaxed face looked lovely.

As Mark looked at her, he suddenly realized how much he
had missed her.

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He looked at the both of them quietly for a moment. Then he took Edwin out of Cecilia's arms.

Immediately, Edwin woke up.

He rubbed his eyes and looked up, only to find himself in his father's arms.

He wanted to stay awake, but he was just too sleepy. He could only lean on Mark's shoulder and murmur inaudibly.

Mark patted him on the back, encouraging him to go back to sleep.

Then he put him on the bed and came back to take care of the drunk mother.

Till now, Cecilia had no idea that her son had been taken away from her.

Perhaps because she felt a little hot after consuming alcohol, she kicked off the blanket from her body and Mark could now see that she was wearing a burgundy shirt and a silk skirt. But even though it reached down to her knees, it still didn't hide her wonderful figure.

She looked very attractive.

Nevertheless, Mark picked her up in his arms and made for the stairs immediately.

She had lost a lot of weight recently. Her waist was so slim and he couldn't help but caress it lovingly. In fact, they had not been on speaking terms for a long time, so he had not been able to touch her for ages.

But now, she was drunk and passed out. So her body was almost limp as Mark carried her into the bedroom.

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He dropped her on the soft bed and stepped back. She made a little moan, perhaps because she now felt very comfortable.

Mark felt her voice was nice and sexy and he wished he could hear more of it.

He knelt down on the edge of the bed and began to unbutton her shirt in a bid to make her feel better.

But after he had unbuttoned three buttons, he stopped in astonishment.

The bra she was wearing was red, which made her skin appear more delicious, and her cheeks were blazing red.

Mark was very much in love with what he saw.

And he was finding it difficult to control himself. Besides, he loved her very much. She was the only woman he had been with all these years.

He couldn't help but lean down and give her a soft kiss.

She was drunk, so there was no chance of her putting up any resistance. But she seemed to know that he was the one kissing her.

"Mark," she snorted drowsily.

But Mark was insatiable. A kiss wasn't enough for him anymore.

Initially, he only wanted to make Cecilia feel better.

But now, he had deepened the kiss and began to touch her body. But the drunk woman seemed to enjoy it.

As Mark got increasingly turned on, he kept calling her

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name, "Cecilia... Cecilia..."

By now, Cecilia had slowly regained consciousness.

She turned her head and saw his face in the dim light. Then she fell back into a daze again.

Nevertheless, she now knew for sure that it was Mark.

But why was he here? She wondered.

Had they not split up? How on Earth did he get into her house?

Cecilia tried to shake her head, but she still couldn't think straight at the moment. She only knew that she didn't want Mark to hold her the way he was holding her. No, she didn't want to have such level of intimacy with him again.

She pushed him away from her, but she was unable to sit up or even get off the bed.

Mark was still hovering above her, unable to control himself.

She was too irresistible for him. And it was easy for him to do whatever he wanted with her.

Cecilia turned her head aside and covered her face in embarrassment. "Mark, how did I even fall in love with you?" she murmured.

Mark's body stiffened immediately.

All the lust had gone out of him in an instant.

The only thing left was guilt.

He looked up at the girl he had always loved. But unfortunately, now she only had resentment felt for him.

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There was just no affection at all.

But Mark was not willing to give up so easily.

He pulled her hands away from her face and began to kiss her all over her face.

Cecilia burst into tears.

The tears streamed down her face, wetting his face too.

Mark too had tears in his eyes.

He could see that Cecilia was now sufficiently sober, but she still didn't want to look at him.

So he put his mouth to her ear and said in a low and hoarse whisper, "Cecilia, can you talk to me? We haven't had a nice conversation in a very long time. Whenever I call you, you always claim to be too busy to talk. I always want to see you, but I don't want to upset you. Tell me, how can I make you forgive me?"

His heart was aching badly, desperately seeking for her love.

Cecilia listened to his words in complete silence.

But she didn't want to give him a response because she felt it was too late to talk about forgiveness or anything else.

As far as she was concerned, there was so much that could not be fixed anymore.

She pushed him away from her again and pulled up the quilt. It was clear that she was rejecting him.

Mark's heart ached when she did this. He put his hand under the quilt and tried to finish unbuttoning her shirt.

But Cecilia shouted at him angrily, "Mark!"

"You need to take your clothes off before you sleep," Mark pointed out.

His voice was very gentle, but she didn't want to listen to it anymore. She just wanted to go back to sleep.

Eventually, the next morning arrived.

Cecilia woke up with a headache.

She sat up on the bed and discovered that she was wearing a pure cotton nightgown. All of a sudden, the memories of the previous night rushed into her head.

Mark had come into her house.

The situation had quickly escalated into hot kisses and warm caresses.

Her body told her that they didn't really do more than that, but the thought of the kisses and touches alone made her uncomfortable.

At this point, she began to perceive the sweet aroma of food.

Cecilia promptly put on a coat and left the room.

But she couldn't see any sign of the nanny she had hired.

Mark was the one in the kitchen making breakfast. He looked fit and handsome for someone his age.

He had on a light blue shirt and a pair of black suit pants.

Just looking at him from behind made Cecilia feel good.

She stood there, staring at him with tears in her eyes.

Seeing him like this in the kitchen reminded her of the past.

Several years ago, when their relationship was still a secret, they had a small home on Garbon Road. Every time he came home, they would make out and have sex.

After that, she would fall asleep from exhaustion.

But he would go into the kitchen and cook all kinds of delicious meals for her.

The amount of sweetness they had in their relationship back then was equal to the degree of hatred she had for him now.

Just then, Mark turned around and saw her looking at him.

Cecilia quickly acted as if she had not been staring at him. "Do you have a headache?" Mark asked.

But Cecilia ignored his question and walked closer to him.

"Why do you have the key to my apartment?" she asked calmly.

"I have a duplicate key. It's convenient in case I need to take care of Edwin," Mark replied.

Cecilia was furious and she retorted, "Take care of him? Like abandoning him for someone else's child and not even realizing he was missing?"

Mark's face turned pale.

But he didn't say anything in response. He just continued to make breakfast.

Yet, Cecilia went on, "Give me the key now. In the future, anytime you wish to see your son, call me in advance.

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Don't come here anytime you like just like this. It's very inappropriate and not respectful at all."

But Mark didn't want to surrender the key.

So she reached into his pocket to search for it. Immediately, Mark's body stiffened.

He grabbed her hand and pinned her to the kitchen counter. He was trying his best to control himself. "Stop touching me. Or I won't be responsible for what happens next," he warned her.

But Cecilia snapped at him, "Were you not satisfied last night?"

"You should know that," Mark said as he let go of her, turning his attention back to making breakfast.

Cecilia scoffed and walked out of the kitchen without saying another word. When Mark was done cooking, he invited her to have breakfast. But she said, "I don't want to eat anything you cook. For crying out loud, Mark, do you really not understand or are you pretending not to understand? It's over between us. I want a divorce. No matter how nice and considerate you try to be right now, it's all a waste of time."

She paused and then added, "Don't make me hate you."

Mark froze.

His face was as white as a sheet.

After what seemed like an eternity, he slowly dished the breakfast out on the plates. He had prepared the kind of food that he knew Cecilia and Edwin liked.

"Enjoy your meal. I'm leaving," he said and made for the door. After putting on his shoes, he left the house.

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As the door closed behind him, Cecilia burst into tears.

Why?

Why didn't he just set her free now that she had already given up on him and wanted to move on?

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