

Chapter 438 Emotional Turmoil

As soon as the servant finished speaking, Cecilia entered the hall.

Following her was Thomas.

The atmosphere in the room became slightly tense.

Cecilia gazed at Mark and slowly asked, "Are you here to visit the children?"

Mark, still holding Olivia in his arms, glanced at Cecilia and Thomas, noting that they looked like a perfect couple.

His expression darkened a bit.

While Mark had visited the children frequently in the past few days, he hadn't seen Cecilia much due to her work and occasional dates. He didn't intentionally time his visits when she was at home.

Today, he happened to walk in on this scene.

If he were an ordinary person, he might have felt embarrassed.


However, Mark was quite accomplished a man. Instead of displaying any unhappiness, he stood up and extended his hand to shake Thomas'. "Hello," he said.

Thomas was a bit taken aback.

Mark then looked at Cecilia tenderly and said, "Your clothes are wet. You should change."

He continued in a caring tone, "Mr. Smith, if you'd like, you can also take a shower and get changed. Waylen's clothes should

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fit you."

 +120 Points at most

Thomas was in a dilemma.

He felt that something was off with Mark's words, but they also seemed reasonable.

After all, even though Mark had a history with Cecilia, he was still in-law to the Fowler family. And they were indeed drenched. Thus, his suggestion didn't seem entirely inappropriate.

But...

Cecilia saved Thomas from his dilemma and said gently, "You can leave for now."

Thomas nodded. "All right, I'll call you later."

He quickly left.

Cecilia glanced at Mark but remained silent.

She shook her hair and was about to head upstairs. Mark, following her, asked softly, "How was your date?"

Cecilia paused for a moment, and then replied casually, "We had a good time."

Mark smiled faintly. When Cecilia went upstairs, he continued to assist his daughter in walking. His expression was very tender, devoid of any trace of unhappiness.

Waylen, who had witnessed the entire scene, couldn't help but chuckle.

"I have to say, I didn't realize you had such patience."

Mark asked, "What do you mean?"

Olivia, weary from her attempts to walk, no longer wanted to continue and clamored Mark to hold her.

Mark, holding his daughter with one arm, prepared to get some

warm milk for her. However, he found only enough milk formula for one serving.

He summoned the servant.

The servant hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Evans, I'm sorry. I had a lot to do today and forgot."

Olivia understood the situation and leaned on her father's shoulder, appearing unhappy.

Mark didn't make an issue of it with the servant.

He held Olivia with one arm, prepared a fresh bottle of warm milk with the other, and sat down on the sofa to feed her.

Olivia enjoyed drinking milk and held the bottle with both hands.

While Olivia was drinking her milk, Mark watched her tenderly.

Waylen observed them quietly, feeling somewhat unsettled.

Mark had been back for some time, taking control of the company and making bold and decisive decisions, which contrasted with the gentle and loving demeanor he displayed at home.

It was a stark difference from the Mark Waylen knew.

Waylen couldn't help but think that Mark was quite accommodating.

Mark remained composed. He behaved like the perfect ex-husband around Cecilia and Thomas, which amazed the Fowlers.

Mark finished feeding Olivia who grew drowsy after drinking her milk.

She slept on Mark's shoulder, her skin flawless and her eyelashes long.

A truly adorable sight.

Mark carefully carried her upstairs.

Waylen watched without saying anything to stop Mark. He just shook his head slightly.

On the second floor, Cecilia had already taken a shower and changed into comfortable clothing.

She had also dried her long hair.

Mark entered with Olivia in his arms, and after observing Cecilia for a moment, he said softly, "She's asleep. Stay with her for a while. I'll go buy more milk powder. She's out of milk powder."

Cecilia took the baby and carefully placed Olivia in her crib.

It seemed that she had contemplated the situation because she said softly, "If you want to visit the children in the future, please come on Saturdays and Sundays. It's more convenient."

Mark appeared somewhat surprised.

He asked after a brief pause, "Are you concerned that Thomas might be upset if he sees me?"

Cecilia nodded. "Yes, it wouldn't be appropriate."

Unexpectedly, Mark agreed. "Alright, I'll do my best to visit on Saturdays and Sundays. If I do come during the weekdays, I'll leave before dinner. I'll try not to cause you any inconvenience."

Cecilia pursed her lips and remained silent, her gaze focused on her daughter.

Mark didn't leave immediately. He asked with a caring tone, as if he were her family, "How well do you get along with Thomas?"

Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed.

She had gone out with Thomas a few times and had shared a few meals with him, but she hadn't really given much thought to their relationship.

However, she didn't want to appear frustrated to Mark.

So she casually replied, "We get along well."

Mark smiled. "That's good. If you two end up together in the future, I can take care of the two children. You young people always enjoy spending time together."

Cecilia couldn't bear Mark's words anymore.

Her eyes welled up with tears.

Mark didn't say anything further and said in a hushed voice, "I'm going to buy the milk powder."

Cecilia didn't feel at ease until he left.

She sat down in a daze. She couldn't quite decipher her feelings for Mark at this point, but she knew that seeing him alive was enough.

She didn't want to think about anything else.

So, she had no objections to her family arranging her date with Thomas.

Mark had returned.

Thus, Cecilia thought she needed to find something to occupy herself.

Mark decided to drive out by himself.

Waylen had offered to go instead due to the heavy rain.

Mark put on his coat and replied, "It's alright."

With an umbrella in hand, he walked to the car and got in.

Edwin had just finished school and saw Mark.

Mark said to him, "I'm going to buy some milk powder for your sister. Would you like to come with me? We can have dinner

outside."

Edwin hesitated.

While it used to be exciting for him to drive with his father and dine alone with him, things were different now.

Edwin felt torn.

He finally said, "I need to do my homework."

Mark looked disappointed.

The driver, Ross, had also stepped out of the car and saw their interaction. He consoled Mark, saying, "If Edwin doesn't finish his homework, his teacher will scold him."

Mark said politely, "Thank you for looking out for Edwin."

Ross looked at Mark's car as he got in.

He sensed that something was different about Mark this time.

When Mark drove out, it was nearly 6 p.m.. He couldn't find the milk powder at any of the stores. Unfortunately, the milk powder they needed was in high demand, and there were recent import issues, causing it to be sold out everywhere.

The rain continued to intensify.

By half past nine in the evening, Mark still hadn't returned.

Edwin had moved a small desk to the door, working on his homework while keeping an eye on the door.

Olivia wanted milk again.

She looked at Cecilia expectantly.

Cecilia called Mark, who told her what happened.

"Just come back then," she said softly, looking at the rain outside.

She decided to feed Olivia some baby food instead.

At that moment, Mark was exiting a baby store. By the time he opened the car door, half of his body was drenched.

Sitting inside his car and drying himself with a towel, he said, "I'll check a few more stores to see if they have this milk powder."

Cecilia, her tone strained, asked, "Do you know what time it is now? Do you realize how heavy the rain is?"

Mark was seated in the car, holding the phone.

He replied softly, "But Olivia needs milk tonight. I'm her father. Going to a few more stores to get her milk powder isn't a big deal."

Cecilia couldn't hold back her tears.

"Really? Now you remember that she is your daughter? What have you been doing for the past two years? You... Yes, you were unwell and had to stay away. But what are you doing now? Do you want to get soaked in the rain, catch a high fever, and engage in self-destructive behavior?"

After Cecilia's outburst, there was silence on both ends.

Mark gently touched the steering wheel and asked softly, "If I were to do that, would you worry about me?"

"No!"

She should have hung up the phone after saying that, but she didn't.

"Where are you right now?"

He shared his location, checked the weather, and added, "Don't come out."

Cecilia had already grabbed her car keys and headed outside. "Wait right there. I'm more familiar with Duefron than you are. I

know where to buy the milk powder."

Mark held onto his phone.

He sat silently in his car. The rain continued to pour, and the windshield wipers swayed back and forth.

He had heard the most heartwarming words.

She said she would come to him.

After being away for so long, he could finally see her alone.

Yes, he was a scheming man.

He knew that Cecilia still loved him and couldn't move on, and he took advantage of it.

Half an hour later, Cecilia's car slowly pulled up next to Mark's and stopped.

She got out of her car and entered Mark's vehicle.

Mark turned to look at her.

Cecilia stared straight ahead and said softly, "There's an alley near the main road ahead and there's this store. They should have milk powder from this brand we need."

Mark reclined in his seat.

He stared at her and whispered, "Can you drive?"

Then he gently held her hand and added, "I might have a fever."

Cecilia furrowed her brow.

She touched his forehead and found that it was indeed a little warm.

She couldn't help but scold, "Are you out of your mind? You're not in good health, and yet you ventured out in the rain like this. Aren't you afraid that... that..."

Cecilia choked on her words.

She couldn't bring herself to say them.

Mark couldn't resist touching her hand again. He said gently, "I can't go back like this. My mother will be upset if she finds out. Take me to a hotel and book a room for me. I'll be fine after a good night's rest."

Cecilia couldn't go to a hotel with him.

It was inappropriate.

Also, he needed a doctor.

Cecilia looked the surroundings and found that they were only a five-minute drive from Gamous Road.

She said, "I'll take you to Gamous Road. And I'll have Peter come over and look after you."

Mark didn't oppose. But he insisted on buying the milk powder for Olivia first. They eventually purchased a box of milk powder.

Cecilia drove her own car.

Upon their arrival at the Gamous Road residence, Mark's condition had deteriorated. She was concerned for him and didn't want him to go upstairs on his own, so she helped him into the elevator.

Mark was behaved.

Since his return, he hadn't overstepped any boundaries or made any flirtatious comments.

They were behaving like a typical divorced couple.

Their shared connection was their children.

When the elevator doors opened, Mark took a few steps toward the door and said, "The keys are in my pocket. Get them for me."

Cecilia reached into his upper pocket.

They were in close proximity.

He could smell her body wash's fragrance and the distinct scent of a mature woman on her.

He remembered that scent very well.

Cecilia tried to retrieve the keys from his pocket, but her hand couldn't find them. She looked up and said, "There are no keys in there."

Mark was likely feeling dizzy.

He raised his head slightly, and his Adam's apple bobbed subtly. It was quite captivating.

He gazed down at her.

After a while, he said, "They're in the pocket of my trousers."

Cecilia held him with one hand and reached into his trouser pocket, finding a set of keys.

However, she had barely touched the keys when he held her hand down.

"What are you doing?" Cecilia looked up and asked in a hushed tone, as if she was afraid of disturbing the neighbors.

Mark held her hand firmly through the thin layer of fabric.

He even caressed her hand gently, running his fingers along it slowly and affectionately.

He had a fever.

His eyes were red, yet he appeared somewhat attractive.

"Cecilia, I haven't touched any woman in the past few years. Have you... Been with any other men?"

Her eyes welled up with tears upon hearing that.

She gently pulled her hand away and opened the door with the key.

She replied in a hoarse voice, "That's none of your business."

Mark hugged her from behind.

She resisted and struggled, but even though Mark was ill, he had the strength to control her at this moment.

He held her tightly and whispered, "Was there someone else? Tell me, Cecilia."

Cecilia's eyes were tinged with a profound shade of red.

She raised her head slightly and replied, "What's the point, Mark? Is this your plan for tonight? We broke up a long time ago. More so, I'm in a relationship now."

"Do you really like him? I can tell that you don't."

Cecilia felt remorseful, annoyed, and increasingly resentful of Mark.

She opened the door and entered the house.

As she was about to push Mark away, her face was firmly held.

Her body was pushed against the door, and his actions were somewhat forceful. It caused her some discomfort.

But soon, his feverish body pressed closer to hers.

She rejected his advances, but her chin was grasped, and her mouth was forced to open partially.

He leaned down and kissed her passionately.

Mark changed his angle, kissing her more passionately.

"Mark!"

Cecilia attempted to push him, thinking he was acting irrationally. He not only kissed her but also caressed her body.

It had been years since she'd been intimate.

Her body was very sensitive.

Cecilia resisted and bit him hard on the side of his neck when he was highly aroused.

Mark regained some composure.

He stopped kissing her and ceased his advances. Instead, he breathed heavily against her neck and said softly, "I'm sorry, Cecilia. I lost control."

She turned her head away with red eyes, feeling deeply embarrassed.

Mark hugged her gently.

She struggled for a while but ultimately gave in.

In his arms, she could feel that his body had become somewhat leaner but still had some muscle tone.

Cecilia shut her eyes and asked, "Mark, have you truly returned?"

He held the back of her head.

"I'm back. Cecilia, I'm here to stay."

Cecilia's expression was somber.

She suddenly pushed him away and delivered a hard slap to his face.

The previous romantic atmosphere had dissipated.

Mark didn't appear annoyed by the slap. Instead, he held her hand and gently caressed it.

Cecilia shook off his hand again.

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+120 Points at most

With tears in her eyes, she took a step back.

This man was someone she deeply loved, yet she also hate him just as much that she couldn't fathom how to treat him.

She had thought that if he didn't make advances on her, she could lead a peaceful life.

However, he had clearly demonstrated otherwise. He still obviously... wanted her.