

Chapter 439 Can We Go Back To The Past

Mark stared at Cecilia as the tears falling from her eyes.

They had been involved for so many years that he knew exactly what she was thinking.

Not to mention, she was also much younger than him.

She loved him, but at the same time, she also hated him.

This conflicting feeling of love and hate was the bane of her existence, torturing her to no end.

Mark caressed Cecilia's face and traced the outline of her jaw with his fingertips. He leaned closer to her ear and, in a gentle voice, he whispered, "Cecilia, don't cry."

He didn't force her.

When he lowered his hand, he closed his eyes as a wave of discomfort began to engulf him.

He wasn't pretending. The passionate kiss that he had just given her was all he could manage for now.

Even if she was willing to go on, he longer had any energy left.

Cecilia grabbed his wrist and guided him onto the sofa.

Then, she went to the kitchen and boiled some water for him. To her surprise, she found that there was already water in the kettle.

Not only that, but the fridge was also full of her favorite foods!

As soon as she saw them, she quickly looked away. She then

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poured him a glass of water and said, "Here, drink this. Peter will be bringing a doctor here soon. Just wait."

When Mark took the glass from her, their fingers happened to touch.

"Will you leave when he comes?" he asked her.

Cecilia nodded. "I have to go home."

Once Mark was holding the glass of water, she tried pulling her hand away, but at that moment, he felt his slender fingers tighten their grip on the glass. For a second, it seemed that he wanted to hold onto her for much longer, but in the end, he relented and pulled his arm back.

Mark drank half a glass of water.

He let out a tired sigh as he closed his eyes. His fatigue was evident from his demeanor.

Cecilia had already asked about his condition.

Although he had almost recovered, he still needed to preserve his health. As such, he wasn't allowed to smoke nor drink. He also couldn't catch a cold or develop a fever.

Noticing his slightly drenched coat, she urged softly, "Mark, take off your clothes."

Hearing this, Mark slightly opened his eyes.

Cecilia then helped him take off his coat.

She searched his coat pockets for the medicine bottle. Instead, what she found were a few candies, which were her favorites.

She stared at them for a long time as a million thoughts began racing in her mind.

Meanwhile, Mark felt as though the world around him was spinning.

He gave her hand a slight squeeze as he lethargically looked up at her. "Cecilia, is there a chance for us to go back in the past? You can call me Uncle Mark, like you used to, and I can treat you as my little girl."

Even now that Cecilia was a mature woman, Mark still treated her as a little girl.

After saying that, Mark no longer had the energy to listen to her answer. Although his mind was only half-lucid, he still stubbornly held on to her hand. It was as though he was afraid that the moment he let go, all the warmth that he had worked so hard to build would dissipate into thin air.

The light around them was dim.

Cecilia had chosen this crystal chandelier herself—one produced in Ypsila and worth two million dollars.

She liked it very much because of its shiny and gorgeous appearance. She thought it would look nice at home.

Although some things remained constant, the same could not be said about people.

She met his pleading eyes and stared at him in silence. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't bring herself to answer him.

After a while, Peter arrived with the doctor.

When Cecilia opened the door, she was somewhat embarrassed. Thankfully, Peter broke the awkwardness first by saying, "Thank you. He needs to preserve his health, but he's clearly not taking care of himself!"

Cecilia forced a smile.

It was obvious that this doctor was completely dedicated to Mark.

After taking Mark's temperature and performing a thorough

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physical exam, the doctor remarked, "It's not that serious. Two injections should be enough to bring down his fever. However, that doesn't change the fact he needs to be more careful in the future."

After that, Peter helped Mark up and led him to his bedroom.

There, the doctor gave Mark an injection.

Mark's body was flat on the bed. His throat bulged as a whisper escaped his lips, uttering a name in his sleep.

With a smile, the doctor said goodbye.

When Peter came back after walking the doctor out, he saw Cecilia standing in front of the French window of the bedroom. The sky outside was dark, and the rain had already subsided.

From behind, Cecilia's posture exhibited loneliness.

While she was only a simple girl, she was forced to grow up in her relationship with Mark.

Peter warily approached Cecilia, and after hesitating for a while, he said, "Cecilia, I'm not defending him. But I just want to tell you that if it weren't for you, Edwin, and Olivia, Mr. Evans wouldn't be alive.

He had narrowly escaped death so many times back in Rouemn.

But I think a lot of people would rather die than go through the pain of treatment."

Slowly, Cecilia looked up.

Then, after a long silence, she let out a soft sigh and said, "I know."

She sank her head once again, mustering all her strength just to keep her emotions at bay. "Mark felt that he failed to do right by me, so he didn't want to drag me down when he became ill," she murmured. "He chose to face his illness alone and prepared for the worst. But Peter, he has thought and

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accounted for everything but my feeling! Did it ever occur to him that if he really couldn't make it, I would regret fighting with him and separating from him? Did he ever think that I would blame myself for the rest of my life?"

Peter remained silent, unable to deny it.

Cecilia flashed a faint smile and continued, "That day, he said that he wanted to accompany me for the prenatal checkups. When I heard that, I almost burst in joy because he wasn't there with me when I had Edwin. But then, when I went to see him, he had only left me a letter, telling me that I shouldn't wait for him anymore. From that day on, I took his words to heart and stopped waiting for him. Although I'm glad that he came back alive, there are some things in the past that you can no longer change."

To Cecilia, it wasn't that she no longer loved Mark. Rather, she didn't see any reason for her to be with him anymore.

Peter knew this as well.

The entire time, he just stayed quiet as he stood by her side and accompanied her.

After a while, Cecilia turned around and smiled. "Thank you for taking care of him. Because of you, Edwin and Olivia can still have their father."

When Cecilia left, she felt a hollowness in her chest that was hard to explain.

She was cold and unfeeling. She knew that she shouldn't get back together with him because if she did, her heart, which had been broken countless times already, might break again into a million pieces. And if that were to happen, she was afraid she could no longer recover from it.

Right now, all she wanted was for herself and Mark to be a family.

Peter walked her downstairs.

When he opened the car door for her, he hesitated for a moment before saying, "Lina and I adopted that child."

As Cecilia sat in the car, her body froze midway in shock.

Peter patted her on the shoulder and said, "Drive carefully, okay? Don't be so absent-minded."

Cecilia forced a smile.

She then slowly rolled up the window and gently stepped on the accelerator. As the engine revved to life, the red sports car drove away.

The rain had already stopped.

The road ahead of her was filled with puddles of water, which reflected the city's neon lights. At night, they looked strangely beautiful.

Cecilia turned on the music, and a soothing love song began to play.

As she drove to the Fowler's house, she couldn't stop the tears from rolling down her eyes.

Her family had not yet eaten and was waiting for her. Since the children were growing hungry, Rena had made some cookies for them.

Edwin was still sitting by the door, while Olivia bit her biscuit and ground it using her two front teeth.

When Cecilia arrived, she brought home with her a box of milk formula.

Waylen stepped forward and took the box from Cecilia's hands. Casually, he remarked, "It's so strange. After you went out with Mark, I found three jars of milk powder in the cabinet by accident! The date is actually quite new. Ha-ha! I really think Mark is old and has a bad eyesight. Maybe that's why he didn't find them."

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Rena coughed on her fist and cleared her throat.

For a moment, Cecilia was confused, but when she saw the milk powder, everything became clear to her.

She secretly gnashed her teeth and cursed in her mind.

Korbyn then came over and announced, "I'm so hungry! Let's have dinner already!"

Before Cecilia could leave, she felt her hand get yanked.

When she looked down to see who it was, she saw Edwin. The little boy looked up at his mother with pouted lips and asked awkwardly, "Where's my great-uncle?"

With a smile, Cecilia gently caressed his face and answered, "He's not feeling well and went home first."

Edwin pulled a long face and sighed. "He said he was going to have dinner with me. He lied to me again!"

Cecilia looked away, not knowing what to say.

Then, Edwin let go of her hand and ran away.

Out of the blue, Waylen appeared. With a light chuckle, he said, "Edwin is really in denial, isn't he? He has been thinking about Mark this whole time, and yet, he still calls Mark his great-uncle. From whom do you think he gets his personality from? I don't think it's from Mark. He's too shameless for that."

Cecilia scratched her head and let out an embarrassed laugh.

Sensing the awkward tension in the air, Rena elbowed her husband's side and scolded, "Stop teasing her already!"

Waylen ignored his wife's words and instead, wrapped his arms around her waist. He pulled her closer and whispered to her ear, "Fine, Mrs. Fowler. I'll only be teasing you. I love watching you cry and beg for mercy."

Hearing this, Rena rolled her eyes. She thought Waylen was

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being too crass!

During dinner, Rena sat beside Cecilia so she could keep a closer eye on her.

Cecilia was a sentimental girl after all. As such, she couldn't share some things to Waylen or even her parents. However, with Rena, she could tell her anything.

After hearing her out, Rena comforted Cecilia.

As Rena went downstairs and was about to leave, Waylen shot his wife a glance.

He saw her gentle nature emanating from her expression. Her eyes were soft, and her face was serene. Perhaps she had been a mother for such a long time now that all this was now second nature to her.

As Waylen stepped forward, he draped his coat over his wife's shoulders and asked, "Cecilia didn't cry, did she?"

Rena didn't say anything and simply nodded.

It wasn't until they got in the car that Rena finally spilled the beans to her husband. "It seems that My uncle has a fever. Although Cecilia called Peter to look after him, I think she still worries about him."

Waylen smiled and replied, "Looks like your uncle's willing to do anything just to have her back."

At the mention of this, Rena thought of Mark's condition. He shouldn't be this reckless with his own health no matter what.

In her heart, she couldn't help but chastise Mark for it.

Meanwhile, Waylen was deep in thought as he drove. After a while, he said, "The kids aren't here with us. Why don't we stop by and see your uncle?"

Rena shook her head. "It's too late now. He's probably already asleep."

With a snicker, Waylen looked at his wife and asked, "Mrs. Fowler, shall we have a drink then?"

Rena frowned. "Aren't you driving?"

Waylen's smile widened even further. "I can watch you drink. It's so rare for us not to take care of the kids for a change. Mrs. Fowler, why don't we relax a little bit?"

In the past two years, it wasn't only Cecilia and Mark who were having a hard time. Waylen and Rena also had their fair share of issues.

Waylen knew his sister very well. The thing he was afraid the most was that Mark might really die.

When that happened, Cecilia would be so depressed that she might end up crying her entire life.

Fortunately, Mark came back alive.

Waylen rubbed the back of his neck and said softly, "I really want to relax."

Rena agreed.

She thought they would go to a bar and enjoy some nice music while sipping on a glass of wine.

However, Waylen had a different idea. He took her to the apartment where they used to live before. No one had lived there for a long time. As such, the air inside felt stale and chilly.

As soon as Rena entered, she found herself silenced by Waylen's lips.

He grabbed her waist and pressed his body against hers until her back was against the wall. He kissed her like he was devouring her, trying to satisfy an unquenchable hunger.

Rena cupped Waylen's face with both hands as their breaths mingled with each other. Up close, he looked even more

Chapter 439 Can We Go Back To Th. 🎁 +120 Points at most handsome. "Mr. Fowler, don't you want a drink?"

Waylen didn't say anything.

Instead, he combed her long brown hair with his slender fingers until his hand reached the small of her back.

In response, Rena wrapped her arms around his neck.

With cheeks flushed pink, she asked, "How do you want to celebrate?"

Waylen could only chuckle.

He gently took off her coat and carried her to the bedroom. From time to time, he would shower her with kisses. The lights along the way were already turned on as well as the heating.

When Rena fell on the soft bed, she immediately felt the toasty warmth of the room.

Waylen climbed up the bed and got on top of her. He grabbed the back of her head and thoroughly kissed her while taking off his thin wool coat.

She could feel his heat through his light blue shirt.

The deeper their kiss got, the redder Rena's face became.

She immersed herself in his tenderness as she placed her hand on his arm, gently stroking it back and forth.

This only made Waylen kiss her even more. After a while, he momentarily pulled away and said, "Help me unbutton my shirt."

Rena slightly repositioned her body and, with one hand, unfastened his belt. She then yanked the hem of his shirt from his pants and started undoing his shirt one button at a time.

As she did, Waylen kept showering her with kisses, trailing her lips all the way to the back of her ear.

He leaned even closer, his body weight pressing her down. "Mrs.

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Fowler, you bad, naughty girl."

Rena gasped as she placed her arms around his shoulders. It took her a while to finally regain her strength. She pulled him closer and whispered, "Don't you like me like this?"

"Of course I like you like this. I like it very much. I especially like it when you take the initiative."

At that moment, Waylen was as stiff as a rock.

Even though they had been together for a long time already, the fire between them had been kept alive and burning, never once flickering. Throughout their relationship, their hunger for each other's bodies never wavered.

Waylen kept staring at Rena.

He liked to see her get so turned on that she would lose all semblance of reason and fully give herself to him. The only one capable of doing that to her was him.

After all, Rena only belonged to him.

Never in Waylen's wildest imagination did he think he would end up only loving one woman and wanting to share a bed with only her for the rest of his life. He couldn't believe that this woman and this woman alone was capable of arousing such a powerful lust inside him.

To him, this was the most romantic thing, the best example of a perfect marriage.

They had sex for a few rounds.

Once they were done, Waylen and Rena showered together before laying down in the soft mattress. The bed was so comfortable that they no longer wanted to move.

While they were in bed together, Waylen turned to look at Rena, wanting to talk to her.

He liked this woman.

Not only did he enjoy having sex with her, he also enjoyed talking to her.

His hand gently grabbed hers and gave it a squeeze. Then, he asked her how she felt.

Trapped in his arms, Rena sunk her beautiful chin into his arm and kissed him on the lips. "Do you want to take stock of this kind of thing?"

Waylen laughed before quickly gnashing his teeth. He pinched her chin and leaned in to kiss her.

At that moment, lust was starting to burn in his loins once again.

But before anything could happen, Rena stopped him, "You have a meeting tomorrow morning," she reminded.

Waylen let out a disappointed sigh and pulled away. Rena then leaned closer to him and whispered to his ear, "I notice you like taking me back here very much. Why is that? Is it because all guys care so much about being a girl's first?"

This was the place where they first had sex, and that was also Rena's first time being with a man. Was that the reason?

Waylen stared at her with his deep eyes and said confidently, "I don't know about other guys, but I surely do. But come and think about it, if it's any other woman, I don't think I care about being her first. I only feel this way about you. Is this what they call possessiveness?"

Because of you, I care about such things for the first time in my life."

He was neither a rigid nor a conservative man.

All he wanted was for them to only make love with each other.

Rena gently patted his cheek and sighed with a smile. "Mr. Fowler, you're already 37 years old."

Waylen said nothing and flashed a smile of his own, which made Rena blush.

Although he was already 37, he was still so strong in bed and she had to beg for mercy.

Knowing what it could lead to, Rena didn't dare to provoke him again. Instead, she wrapped her arms around his neck and muttered, "Let's sleep. You have to go to the company tomorrow morning, while I'll go and see my uncle."

With that, Waylen turned off the light.

Now covered in darkness, Rena said in a low voice, "I really hope that Cecilia can also experience this kind of happiness we're having now."

Waylen stared at the ceiling for a long time.

After a while, he said, "If that was possible, she would've already found her Mr. Right a long time ago."

He believed this was how love worked.

If Cecilia had never met the love of her life, then she could be with anyone and live a happy life.

After she met the right guy, everyone else just seemed so plain and boring.

"What about you? Are you simply settling for me?" Rena retorted into his ear.

In response, Waylen wrapped his arms around her waist. He wanted to whisper something cheeky to her, but in the end, he just said gently, "Rena, you are my wife and the mother of my children. I deeply cherish what I have now."

After they reconciled, he rarely promised her anything.

However, he was so considerate that since then, he had never done anything that would hurt her.

For Rena, this was the best compensation.

Although she rarely talked about forgiveness, slowly, she found that the cracks in their relationship were healing as they got along better each day.

Truly, they loved each other.

The next day, Rena woke up to the smell of breakfast.

When she got up, she found that Waylen had prepared her most favorite foods.

He bent over and kissed her on the forehead. Then, he let out a disappointed sigh and complained, "While I was running, I saw that the rose garden outside was now gone. Because of that, I couldn't bring you flowers."

Rena smiled and kissed him.

"You can still run?" she teased.

"Do you think I'm Mark?" he joked back. "He's old and fragile, which isn't like me at all!"

Rena gently patted Waylen's handsome face. "You really are a sharp-tongued devil, aren't you?"

Waylen chuckled, flashing his beautiful teeth. "Are you talking about this same tongue that pleased you last night, Mrs. Fowler?"

Rena didn't want to hear him behaving like a hoodlum. Otherwise, he might postpone his morning meeting. With this in mind, she threw the quilt off her body and stood up. Once she was done brushing her teeth, she said to him, "By the way, will you go to the banquet of the Smith family next week?"

Upon hearing this, Waylen's face crumpled.

When he remembered that Albert would also be there, he couldn't help but feel jealous. "Is Albert going to follow you

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again?" he asked.

Rena chuckled and cupped Waylen's face with both hands.
"That's why I'm asking you if you're going or not."

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