

Chapter 440 If You Miss Me, I Will Come Pick You Up

Although Waylen was jealous, he trusted Rena.

Besides, he really did have something to do that day.

After thinking for a while, he patted her body lazily and said, "Let Cecilia go with you. It's a good chance for her to relax. Isn't she getting along well with Thomas?"

Hearing this, Rena frowned.

She went back to the bathroom to finish her morning routine as she said, "I don't think they get along well. They've already dated several times, but it seems like they're still not yet that comfortable with each other."

Waylen laughed as he made his way into the bathroom.

Rena had just bent down to wash her face.

As she did, Waylen's shirt on her body slid upward, revealing her thin waist line that curved beautifully against the wash basin.

Seeing this, Waylen licked his lips and grabbed her by the waist. Then, he buried his face onto her shoulder.

"What does it mean to be comfortable with each other?" he said in a sexy voice. "Is it when they take off their clothes just like we did last night?"

Rena blushed as she tried to push him away. "Waylen!" she scolded.

Waylen chuckled and didn't budge an inch as his slender fingers slid down Rena's waist.

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Knowing where this was going, Rena turned around and looked up at Waylen, who was dressed neatly.

His tie was knotted tidily, and his attire made him look sharp.

Back when they had first lived in this apartment, Rena remembered how they were young and full of lust. Every time before he went to the law office, she would do his tie for him.

Recalling them now, those days were indeed very sweet.

The nostalgia of the past seemed to have relaxed her. "Stop it. Let's have breakfast already. By the way, can you drive me to Gamous Road later?"

Waylen mussed her hair before walking out.

"I'm waiting for you in the dining room, Mrs. Fowler," he shouted from the bedroom door.

His voice alone was enough to make Rena smile.

After changing into a light green wool dress, she walked out.

Waylen pulled out a chair for her with one hand. As he did, he couldn't seem to keep his eyes off of her.

This color fitted her really well, he found.

Although he wasn't harsh on her appearance and figure, Rena was very strict with herself. She had already given birth to three children, and yet, she still took two hours to work out every day. Not only did that routine make her look more beautiful and sexy, it also pleased her husband very much.

Waylen thought that it must be the reason why they were so happy as a couple.

After breakfast, he drove her to Gamous Road.

Rena got off the car, and as she did, Waylen honked the horn and rolled down his window. His piercing black eyes stared at her for a while.

At first, Rena was confused, but she eventually understood what he was trying to say.

With a red face, she returned to the car and kissed him on the lips.

As they pulled apart, Waylen brushed her red lips with his thumb and whispered, "Once you're done visiting your uncle, come to the company and have lunch with me."

Originally, Rena was supposed to go to the Fowler's house.

However, whenever Waylen asked her to spend some time with him, she found it impossible to say no.

She nodded and agreed to his invite.

Waylen's eyes lingered on her for a while before he rolled up the window and drove away.

With her gift in hand, Rena went to see Mark.

By the time she had arrived, Mark's fever had already subsided. He also seemed much better this morning.

Peter was very busy taking care of Mark. When he saw Rena, he almost burst in joy and cried, "Rena, you're here!"

Mark was sitting up, his back resting against the head of the bed.

When he heard what Peter had said, Mark put on his coat and was about to get up.

But before he could leave the bed, Rena rushed to his side and gently pressed his shoulders down. "Just stay there," she said sternly.

Mark didn't treat Rena as an outsider. He obediently did as he was told and leaned back against the head of the bed. Once he was back in his original position, Rena settled on the nearby sofa and started peeling an apple for him while looking around.

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She had heard that there was a place where her uncle used to share with Cecilia.

However, this was the first time that she had ever come here.

Based on her initial impression, this place seemed really nice!

After cutting the apple into smaller pieces, she gave Mark a few of them.

"You look like a filial daughter right now," he said to her with a smile.

When he said that, the first person that came to Rena's mind was Cecilia. "I'm only a year younger than Cecilia. Do you think she's old enough to be your child?"

The look on Mark's eyes communicated a myriad of emotions.

After a while, he pretended to act cool and asked, "How's she getting along with Thomas? I've seen him come to the Fowler's house twice. They're getting along pretty well, aren't they?"

Rena looked away and said nothing.

After all, she had promised to Waylen that neither of them would favor either Mark or Cecilia.

She simply gave a small smile.

While Mark remained silent, Peter blurted, "Oh, Rena! Don't keep us guessing! If you don't tell the truth, it will make Mr. Evans more anxious! It's not good for his condition!"

With her smile still intact, Rena tucked Mark in.

Then, with a smile, she said, "Uncle Mark, you're so smart. I don't think you need me to answer that question. You know what you should do. You've been so magnanimous that even Waylen is surprised."

Peter understood what she had meant by that.

Mark, on the other hand, simply smiled.

Suddenly, Rena's face turned serious. She said softly, "The most important thing right now is for you to take good care of your body. Otherwise, you might end up hurting Cecilia again. Do you want that to happen?"

Rena's tone carried a slight hint of reproach.

She chastised him for going out of his way just for a moment of alone with her last night.

Mark swallowed hard as he looked away and uttered, "I... I won't do that again."

Rena pouted her lips and didn't say anything more. Both of them were smart people—they didn't need to be explicit with their words for them to understand each other.

Rena stayed for two hours and cooked lunch for Mark.

After she left, Mark had lunch and felt much better.

He sat quietly on the sofa in the living room and read the newspaper. After taking a nap at noon, his phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at the screen and saw an unknown number flashing.

With furrowed brows, Mark answered the phone.

"This is Mark," he said.

No one was speaking on the other line. All Mark could hear was the sound of someone hyperventilating.

Mark patiently waited for the other person to speak.

After a while, he figured out who it was. His tone softened as he asked, "Edwin, is that you?"

Indeed, it was Edwin who was on the phone.

Edwin was still cross and had a mean face on. After a while, he

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finally said, "You said you were going to come back!"

Upon hearing this, Mark's heart twitched. "It's my fault," he apologized sincerely. "Are you at home now? I'll go and pick you up, okay?"

Edwin didn't say anything.

Mark further coaxed, "How about I take you out with your little sister? Let's go eat your favorite fried chicken!"

Edwin bit his lip before saying, "She can't eat that."

"Then I will bring her bottle," Mark responded.

Edwin didn't say anything, which Mark took as him agreeing to his invite.

"I'll be there soon," he told him.

"Great-uncle," Edwin awkwardly called him before hanging up the phone.

Mark was surprised to hear the call suddenly drop. But after a while, he smiled and turned to Peter. "It's okay. As long as he's happy. Peter, I'm going to pick up Edwin and Olivia. The three of us will go out. Get me a car quickly."

Hearing this, Peter flashed a wide grin. "This is such a nice plan!"

After saying that, he called the driver and then began ironing Mark's clothes.

When Mark arrived at the Fowler's house, several happy children ran out to him, happily calling him their great uncle.

Mark brought them cupcakes.

Alexis, who received one of the cupcakes, beckoned to Edwin, who was standing far away from them.

"Edwin, your great uncle is here!" she told him.

Edwin was squatting in the doorway of the villa with his hands on his cheeks. Olivia was right by his side.

Edwin had prepared a feeding bottle in advance and put it inside Olivia's pocket. It was so cute!

Mark looked at both of his children, especially that silly boy of his with tender eyes. The mere sight of them made his eyes water.

Before he came back, Mark didn't feel a shred of regret about all this.

At the time, he felt this arrangement was best for Cecilia and the children. This way, they would never have to face his death nor see him withered away as he was about to reach the end of his life.

But now he realized that Edwin had actually been waiting for him the whole time.

Edwin never gave up.

Seeing the children with his own eyes, Mark felt a pang of regret gnaw at his heart. It was the kind of regret that was hard to describe.

Mark slowly walked over to his son as Alexis grabbed Marcus' hand and giggled. After a while, Alexis and Marcus left.

Mark reached out his hand and patted Edwin's head.

Feeling awkward, Edwin didn't know how to react to his father's presence.

Meanwhile, Olivia slowly crawled her way up to Mark's arms and called him "daddy". Mark thought she looked cute in her little dress. The pocket with the feeding bottle in it was also a nice touch.

Mark secured Olivia in his arms while holding Edwin's hand.

After a while, Alexis ran back to him and said, "Aunt Cecilia has gone out on a date! When Grandpa comes back, I'll tell him that Great-uncle Mark has taken Edwin and Olivia out."

With a smile, Mark patted Alexis' head.

Indeed, this kid was a lot like Waylen.

Leonel then grabbed Alexis' wrist and dragged her away.

The sudden gesture surprised the girl, who seemed to have more to say.

Meanwhile, Mark had just entered the car with Edwin and Olivia, with Olivia secured in a child's seat at the back. Since Mark had just recovered from a serious illness, he had a driver do all the driving for him.

On the backseat, Mark was sat in the middle, with the two kids flanking both his sides.

From time to time, Edwin would steal a glance of Mark, but as soon as Mark turned to him, Edwin would look away and pretend not to have seen anything.

This made Mark smile.

At this moment, Olivia had just wetted her pants. Fortunately, she was wearing a diaper when they went out.

Mark proceeded to pick up Olivia.

He held her with one hand and then changed her diaper with the other.

As a father, Mark was very gentle with the one-year-old. Every time his finger would brush her soft skin, the baby girl would giggle.

As this happened, Edwin couldn't help but feel jealous towards his little sister.

"Help me seal it with a bag," Mark instructed him.

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Only when Edwin heard this did he finally came to his senses.

Edwin wrapped his sister's wet diaper and threw it into the trash can. As he did, he remembered the times back when his uncle would take Snowball for a walk. Whenever Snowball pooped outside, his uncle would also deal with the dog's poop in the same way.

After helping the little girl change her diaper, Mark had second thoughts of putting her down.

He held her for a little while longer and showered her with kisses. After that, he reluctantly parted ways with her and returned her to the baby chair.

Edwin watched their interaction with a slacked jaw.

Today was a Saturday, and as such, there were many people outside.

Fortunately, Edwin was already old enough to be independent. Mark ordered a set meal for Edwin.

Olivia stretched her chubby little arms as though she also wanted to try.

Instead of the fried chicken, Mark made her some milk and let her hold the bottle herself.

But in the end, he bought Olivia a portion of mashed potatoes.

As Mark carefully fed Olivia as though she was a precious treasure, the corner of Edwin's mouth twitched.

From the corner of his eyes, Mark could see Edwin's expression change, which made him smile.

When he asked Edwin about his homework, Edwin didn't readily answer. While they got along just fine, they weren't as intimate as before. After all, they were effectively estranged.

Among the three of them, the happiest was Olivia.

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Mark wanted to spend more time with his children, but something had happened in the company that he needed to deal with.

So, wistfully, he had no choice but to send the children back.

However, Edwin, who had been eavesdropping in Mark's phone call, suggested, "Olivia and I can go to the company with you. I can take care of her!"

Mark turned his eyes to Edwin and studied his face.

The weight of his stare made Edwin look away and blush. "I... I think Olivia likes you very much."

Hearing this, Mark smiled.

He then agreed to bring the two kids to the company.

Mark's company was located in the elite section of Duefron. All in all, it took up 10 floors of the 32-story building.

As soon as Mark entered the company, the secretary was stunned to find two beautiful children with him, one of whom was nestled securely in his arms. That little girl in particular looked very delicate!

"These are my children," Mark introduced.

The secretary didn't dare to ask any further questions. She simply walked Mark in as they began talking about business.

With the man preoccupied, Edwin took care of Olivia.

By the time Mark was done with his work, it was already six o'clock in the evening. The two children hadn't eaten yet. Olivia, in particular, seemed to be hungry as she was crying for a bottle of milk.

Seeing that he had neglected his children, Mark felt guilty.

He walked over, squatted in front of the children, and mussed their heads in turn.

"I'll ask someone to bring the food here," he said to them.

Edwin pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

With a faint smile, Mark walked back to his desk and pressed the internal line. "Please help me order two five-star hotel meals. And make it quick! Yes, ask for something light."

After that, Mark began preparing Olivia's milk.

Thankfully, he had brought enough milk powder with him.

Olivia ended up enjoying her drink very much.

Feeding Olivia was one of Mark's favorite thing to do nowadays. With the little girl in his arms, it made him believe for a second that he still had Cecilia by his side, and the four of them had never separated.

After all, Edwin was still a kid.

Despite that he had been sulking the whole day, now he could no longer stay mad at Mark anymore and decided to lean against his arm and watch Olivia drink her milk.

As he looked at his sister, Edwin's eyes widened with affection.

When Mark saw Edwin leaning over, he didn't move.

After a while, Edwin rested his head on Mark's shoulder.

When the atmosphere among the three was almost perfect, Mark's phone suddenly rang.

Cecilia's name was flashing on the screen.

Not wanting to break the atmosphere he had created, he stealthily bent over and took his phone from the table. Gently, he squeezed the phone between his ear and his shoulder and said, "Hello. Yes, Edwin and Olivia are here with me. They're in my company. What? You're downstairs?"

As Cecilia talked more, Mark's eyes slowly began to darken.

Meanwhile, Edwin's face tightened as he forced himself to keep quiet.

After a while, Mark hung up the phone, and an eerie silence swept over them.

"Your mom is already downstairs. I'll walk you there," he said after a while.

With wide eyes, Edwin stared at Mark and asked, "Aren't you going back with us?"

Mark smiled and mussed Edwin's hair, teasing, "You silly boy."

After that, Edwin didn't ask anymore.

He quickly tidied himself up, patted his sister's back, and then carried his little backpack.

Mark was the one who held Olivia up.

As they alighted the elevator, Edwin asked out of the blue, "When will you pick us up again?"

The question caught Mark by surprise.

"If you miss me, just call me and I'll come pick you up," he answered softly.

Edwin crossed his arms and said nothing.

After a while, the elevator arrived at the first floor.

At night, a chilly wind swept across the city. It made Mark, who was only wearing a shirt, feel cold.

A black limousine stopped in front of the building.

Then, the car door was opened, and Cecilia came out, with Thomas just behind her.

He was a young and handsome man and behaved considerably around Cecilia. From the looks of it, he had a

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very composed demeanor.

As Edwin got into the back seat, he didn't say a single word.

He simply turned to the window and silently gazed at Mark through the tinted glass.

Looking at the couple in front of him, Mark smiled and handed Olivia to Cecilia. In a low voice, he said, "She has just drunk milk. She should sleep soon. Don't let her catch a cold, okay?"

After what had happened last night, Cecilia couldn't bring herself to look at Mark in the eyes.

She nodded and took her daughter from him.

As the black limo slowly drove into the distance, Mark remained standing in the darkness.

At this moment, he badly wanted to smoke a cigarette.

However, his body wouldn't allow him.

It took Mark a while for him to return to his office. By the time he got back, his secretary came over with the takeout box from the five-star hotel. "Mr. Evans, I specially picked something that the children would enjoy eating."

Mark looked at the meal and replied, "You eat this one."

Hearing this, his secretary's eyes widened in disbelief.

A faint smile flashed on Mark's lips as he said, "Their mother has already come and picked them up."