

## Chapter 441 He Missed Her So Much In The Dead Of Nig...

When Mark was done talking, his secretary wanted to comfort him. However, she didn't feel it was appropriate for her to do so.

After that, Mark asked her to get off work.

One by one, the secretaries all left. As they leave, the lights in the office of the building started to dwindle.

Once they had all left, the place was filled with silence.

Holding the delicate takeout box, Mark strolled towards his office and gently closed the door. He leaned his back against it as he heaved a tired sigh. For a long time, he didn't move. The weight in his heart felt so heavy that it was dragging down his entire being.

Right now, all Mark could think about was Cecilia being with that other man.

At the same time, he also thought of Edwin, who looked disappointed at the back of the car.

As a father, how could he not understand what was going on in his son's mind? Edwin blamed Mark, but he also wanted Mark to accompany him. And yet, Mark was unable to take their children from Cecilia just like that.

While Mark wanted Cecilia back, he didn't want her to feel uncomfortable.

That was the last thing he wanted to do.

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Those children belong to Cecilia. As such, he wouldn't fight her over them.

When it came to love, Mark believed that he could wait until that day.

As to what day he was waiting for, he himself didn't know. The only thing he could do was watch Cecilia quietly from a distance as she got herself a boyfriend and got along with other people.

Fear started to encroach Mark's heart.

If the Fowler family had approved of this man going out with Cecilia, then it must mean that he was good enough.

Sometimes, a woman's feelings could go any direction without rhyme or reason. At the snap of a finger, she could give them away if she chose to do so.

"Cecilia," he uttered her name beneath his breath.

Then, he slowly walked towards the sofa and sat down.

As he did, he noticed a pair of pants lying on the sofa.

They belonged to Olivia.

Carefully, Mark picked them up and folded them away.

Alone, he ate, savoring every bite as though the children had still been around.

No matter how delicious the food tasted, he couldn't enjoy it. Right now, all he craved for was the warmth of a family.

He wanted so badly to have his children around him and to hold chubby Olivia in his arms. Even though she had not yet learned how to speak, listening to her coo was still music to his ears.

Edwin, on the other hand, might stand around keep an eye on his sister.

As the melancholia brewed in his chest, Mark closed his eyes and heaved a sigh.

Then, the door gently opened. Peter was supposed to pick up Mark and the children, but when he got there, the office was already quiet. A somber feeling lingered in the air. "Have the two kids been picked up?" he asked.

"Yes, they left with their mother," Mark replied with a faint smile.

Judging from the forlorn look on Mark's face, Peter guessed that Thomas had also showed up. He flashed a comforting smile and said to Mark, "Next time, you should take the two kids back to the villa. Mrs. Evans misses them a lot."

Mark looked up at him and grinned. "You really are good at cheering me up."

After that, Peter waited until Mark finished his dinner. Then, they went back to the villa by car.

After taking a shower, Mark changed into a black bathrobe and lay on the bed—the same bed that he and Cecilia used to sleep on at night.

In this cold, lonely hour, he longed for her presence.

He missed her and her body so badly.

For two years, he had been sick, and during that time, he had remained celibate.

Mark sat up and leaned his back against the headboard. Then, he opened the drawer and took out a photo frame.

Inside it was Cecilia's photo.

This photo was taken in Evans Garden. Back then, the weather was good, and the wisteria flowers were at full bloom. He was sitting behind the stone table, drinking tea, while she had her arms wrapped around his neck, her face as radiant as the sun.

Everything was great between the two of them back then.

The more he reminisced, the more Mark missed her.

He guessed that she must be lying on the bed right now, so he called her.

After a few rings, Cecilia answered the phone.

"What's up?" she answered, her voice sounding hoarse and cold in the night.

"Is Olivia asleep?" Mark asked gently, his voice almost a whisper.

"Yes," Cecilia answered as she looked at Olivia who was beside her. As she did, she patted Olivia's back, and her eyes softened with tenderness.

After a pause, Mark asked, "Is she usually obedient?"

"Yes," Cecilia answered succinctly.

Then, after thinking for a while, she asked, "Why are you calling?"

In an instant, the atmosphere between them became awkward.

Mark kept quiet for a while and then said, "What? You don't want me asking about the children?"

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Cecilia pursed her lips and didn't make a sound.

The sounds of their breaths mingled with each other on both ends of the phone.

Mark was the first to break the silence as he said in a low, manly voice, "You and him... How are the two of you getting along?"

The question took Cecilia by surprise. After a short silence, she said softly, "Not bad."

As soon as she said that, she hung up the phone, not waiting for Mark's response.

But when Cecilia lay on the bed, her eyes were wide open. Sleep was now completely eluding her.

Her mind was filled with memories of her past with Mark. No matter how much she tried, she couldn't stop herself from thinking about it.

The same could be said about Mark.

When the call ended, his longing for her intensified even more.

But what could he do? Cecilia seemed to hate him to the core. Even if she vented her anger, she would probably never forgive him. Even if she did, she would be too proud to start over with him.

Thus, all he could do was be patient and continue waiting for her.

With this thought, Mark gently closed his eyes.

In the next few days, he didn't show his face in front of Cecilia. He even stopped going to the Fowler residence

Chapter 441 He Missed Her So Much 📺 +120 Points at most every day. He would just call Edwin every day and listened to Olivia's voice whenever he had the chance.

He picked up Edwin from school, took him home for dinner, and then sent him back.

During that time, Mark never saw Cecilia.

A week passed in a flash.

The Smith family was holding a banquet. Although people called it a "banquet", in reality, it was actually a premiere of an art film.

The Smith family had invested in this movie, and its main character was Flora—one of Mark's female friends from the past.

When Rena invited Cecilia to come, she told her that Flora would also be there. Rena was afraid that Cecilia might decline because of it, but instead, Cecilia smiled and said, "He and I aren't together anymore. Why would I avoid Miss Holt? Besides, she's a nice person."

When Rena and Waylen were alone, she told him what Cecilia had said and commented she had really matured as a person.

In response, Waylen sneered. "I think Cecilia will mind if Miss Holt is not married and has no children."

Rena turned around and began putting on her jewelry.

From behind, Waylen wrapped his arms around her waist. The tip of his straight nose brushed against the back of Rena's ear. "I really don't want to let you go."

Rena looked at Waylen through the mirror.

"You have time to drive me to the event, but you don't have

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the time to attend it with me?" she said softly with a hint of  
complaint, which came across as coquettish.

And on Waylen, it worked.

His palm gently slid on her waist as he nibbled the soft  
flesh behind her ear. He pressed his mouth against her ear  
and whispered, "I don't want to give others the chance to  
be your knight. After the party, I'll pick you up, okay?"

Rena's hand groped for his face and patted his cheek  
gently.

"I can't say no to that."

"Good girl," Waylen said in her ear. "I'll show you my  
gratitude when you come back tonight."

At that moment, Rena could feel the depth of Waylen's  
affection for her that it became a bit too overwhelming.

They had known each other for nearly ten years and had  
been a couple for a long time. Despite that, Waylen was  
still hungry for her body and wanted to have sex with her  
every chance he got. It baffled her why Waylen always  
wanted her so badly.

On their way to the party, Rena's face was as red as a  
tomato the entire time.

The car stopped, and Waylen opened the car door for her  
like a proper gentleman.

Rena kissed him on the lips and leaned closer to his ear.  
"Don't worry. We'll be together for the rest of our lives," she  
whispered.

A deep emotion welled in Waylen's eyes.

At that moment, a voice sounded from behind them. "Rena!"

This voice sounded familiar.

Both Waylen and Rena turned around. All of a sudden, Rena's eyes moistened with tears. It was Harrison.

Under the pale moonlight of spring, Harrison's tall and firm frame stood like a pillar, the outline of his body accentuated by his black suit.

His face had been repaired very well, making him look more mature than before.

Rena nodded at him in acknowledgement.

Meanwhile, Waylen's heart was in shambles. However, he had to appear magnanimous. After all, Harrison had saved Rena in the past.

Waylen half-raised his hand and glanced at his watch. With a smile, he said, "I have to go back to the company now for a meeting. Harrison, take care of Rena for me, okay?"

His words rendered Rena speechless.

Harrison, on the other hand, simply smiled in response.

Waylen cast another glance at Rena. Then, he returned gracefully to the side of the car and got in.

The way Waylen moved and the manner he carried himself was very attractive.

Rena stood there in awe as she watched Waylen move.

As the car left and disappeared into the distance, Harrison stood beside Rena and smiled. "You two do love each other so much, don't you?"

Rena gently wrapped her shawl around her shoulders and flashed a smile of her own. "Harrison, don't worry. One day,



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you'll also meet your own Miss Right."

Harrison nodded.

They walked in side by side. As soon as they arrived, Flora came over.

Flora threw herself to Harrison and pinched his face. Then, she turned to Rena and said, "Oh my god! You called Cecilia over?! Why didn't you tell me that your uncle would also be here? You see, Thomas is kind of the host of this party. Now with Mark here... Looks like this is going to be an interesting night."

Rena was a bit confused. Why would her uncle come here?

A gust of wind blew past them, causing Flora's high-end slit dress to billow against her body, highlighting her curves and making her look even more stunning.

Flora would have been the best looking woman at the party if Cecilia weren't around.

Cecilia was wearing a long black lace gown, which accentuated her good figure.

Her hair was tied in a bun, showing off her pair of pearl earrings as well as the priceless diamond bracelet on her wrist.

"Cecilia really is breathtaking, isn't she?" Flora blurted out.

At then, she couldn't help but look back at Rena, thinking that she was just as pretty as Cecilia.

Rena smiled and was about to say something but stopped when she saw Mark from a distance. He was talking with other people in a corner while holding a glass of champagne.

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Under the crystal chandelier, his gentle face was flawless.

He was wearing a black and white classic suit that made him look extremely regal.

Looking at his physique, Rena couldn't help but think how rare it was for people from the political and business field to keep such a good figure for so many years.

On the other side, Mark had also seen Rena.

With a glass in his hand, he approached her.

But before he could come close, a couple happened to pass by, and the three of them bumped into one another.

"Mark," Cecilia uttered, her voice almost inaudible.

Mark was holding up Cecilia's body as he helped her regain her balance. Then, he turned to Thomas and said, "She's still as careless as a child."

Thomas coughed at his fist and forced himself to smile.

What could he say?

At that moment, Cecilia became nervous. She knew Mark like the back of her hand. She knew he said those words with a purpose in mind.

The more magnanimous Mark acted, the more irritated Cecilia became.

Why was Mark doing this? Why did he appear in front of her and act so calm and composed?