

Chapter 460 They Hadn't Had This Feeling For A Long Time

The following day, Waylen headed to Mark's office.

Waylen ended up bringing home to a deal that wasn't in Mark's favor at all.

After this, Peter spoke to Mark, his emotions aflame.

It wasn't that Mark hesitated about the money.

Actually, he didn't mind whether the money was with him or Waylen.

Yet, there's this age-old tension between guys; always trying to one-up each other.

Waylen managed to swindle a hefty sum from Mark just over a few dinners. The more Mark thought about it, the angrier he became.

He found himself gloomy for days.

Cecilia noticed the change when she visited; Mark's gaze seemed off. Touching her face, she questioned, "Is there something on my face?"

After a moment, Mark inquired, "Do you remember all of your childhood?"

She thought he was just in a weird mood.

Cecilia returned to her script, answering casually, "Every bit of it."

Scratching his chin, Mark remarked, "Then how come your intelligence seems so different from his? It shouldn't be this way."

Cecilia wasn't dense.

Recalling a conversation from the previous night, she put the pieces together.

Mark was obviously calling her silly!

Closing her script, she offered a faux grin. "Looks like you're feeling better. The filmcrew is waiting for me; I should be heading to the set this afternoon."

As she moved towards the exit, her demeanor was serious.

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Her fingers grazed the doorknob, but before she could turn it, a warm hand overlaid hers.

She could sense Mark right behind her.

He gently secured the door, and the room, spacious as it was, echoed only with the soft rhythm of their breaths.

After what felt like hours, Cecilia murmured, "Mark, please release me. We can't just be physical to mend what's broken between us."

Mark gave a soft scoff.

His fingers, light and nimble, traced her waist. "What makes you think that?" he whispered, a hint of mischief in his voice.

Feeling flushed, she was all too aware of his intentions.

Mark leaned in, planting a tender kiss behind her ear before speaking softly, "Stay tonight. Once I'm discharged, I'll accompany you to Warsew. We'll return after your shoot."

It wasn't like his words didn't touch her heart; they did.

However, she felt like a puppet in his hands whenever he was like this. She had already decided against Warsew, and she had no plans to stay the night either. With the mood so intimate, she was wary of what might happen if she stayed.

She decided to linger a bit before heading to her place.

Her children were at the Fowler family's mansion, leaving her with a rare evening alone. She wanted to unwind.

Cecilia ordered some grub, uncorked a bottle of red, and put on a track from her favorite Flirean artist.

As she sipped, it dawned on her—she hadn't truly relaxed in ages.

Her life revolved around Mark and their children.

She pondered, wondering if her commitment to acting was a way to distract herself from thinking of Mark.

Time had swiftly passed.

Turning, she took in the city view from her large window, mesmerized by the vibrant lights.

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Suddenly, her heart felt lighter, realizing that Mark's survival was a gift in itself.

It allowed her moments like these, to sit back and cherish life.

Tears formed in her eyes.

She realized how pivotal Mark was to her existence.

Never had she felt so clear-headed.

With age, she'd become more reserved, curbing her true desires.

Her doorbell chimed.

Cecilia, expecting her delivery, opened the door only to find Mark.

The sharp contrast of his white shirt against his black pants gave him an undeniably debonair look; yet his complexion hinted at fatigue.

He held a bouquet of vivid red roses in one hand and a chilled bottle of vintage wine in the other.

Catching a whiff of the wine she'd been drinking, Mark teased, "How about trying this one?"

A few beats passed before Cecilia gathered her wits. Taking the roses, she stepped aside, allowing Mark to enter.

Over the years, Mark hadn't been one for grand gestures, seldom surprising her with flowers.

In their earlier days, he'd doted on her like she was a fragile doll.

Later, he'd taken to the kitchen, preparing meals for her in their shared apartment.

However, flowers held their own magic.

Inhaling their fragrance, she playfully said, "Didn't the doctors want to keep you a bit longer?"

He grinned. "I sneaked out."

Setting down the wine, Mark's gaze rested on the remnants of her meal and wine.

His gaze was thoughtful, almost piercing.

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Clearing a spot for the roses, Cecilia asked, "Hungry?"

Sampling her food, Mark noted its decent taste.

"Got any ingredients in the fridge? I could whip up something."

She brushed the rose petals, a gentle smile on her face. "So you're here as my chef now?"

Returning her smile, Mark made his way to the kitchen.

The hum of the fridge broke the silence.

"I wanted to share a meal, but since you had other plans, I thought I'd join you here."

Cecilia chuckled. She wasn't exactly a star in the kitchen.

Her fridge was well-stocked though, thanks to diligent house staff.

She heard the rustle of ingredients.

Before she fully realized it, she found herself wrapping her arms around Mark, surprising even him.

Cecilia whispered softly from behind him, "Forgive my impulsiveness. Must be the wine talking."

Mark tried to gauge her sincerity, pondering if she'd use the wine as an excuse come morning.

But the air between them felt delicate; neither wanted to ruin the mood.

Considering their storied history—from a disrupted wedding to his illness, and finally to his return—they hadn't truly found solitude together. It seemed almost poetic that their private reunion would be in her apartment.

But they were grown-ups now, understanding that not everything needed to be laid bare.

With Cecilia murmuring occasional sweet nothings, Mark prepared a modest but thoughtful meal.

Three dishes, each thoughtfully crafted. As they sat down, she sipped on the wine he'd brought, her cheeks tinting a rosy hue.

After their dinner, Mark led her to the bedroom, her protests absent.

Tonight marked their first intimate encounter at her place.

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Every touch and glance was filled with a gentle restraint.

Beneath the soft glow of the room, she traced the contours of his face, eyes brimming with emotion. Then the world around them dissolving into the background.

For Mark, this night was a warm embrace.

As the first light of dawn peeked through, warmth spread across Mark's face.

He instinctively reached out for the familiar presence beside him, only to find emptiness.

Shifting in his bed, the quilt cascaded down, unveiling his sculpted physique.

Beside him, a delicately colored card caught his eye.

Picking it up, Mark couldn't suppress a smile as he read, "Uncle Mark, I've left for my shoot in Warsew.

I've ordered breakfast for you. Once you're done, head back to the hospital. You're probably on the doctor's naughty list by now—"

Uncle Mark—

The endearment tugged at his heartstrings.

Shaking off his nostalgia, he swiftly dressed in last night's attire.

Upon exiting the bedroom, he was met with a startled servant, who had just begun her morning shift.

Her eyes widened in surprise upon seeing him. "Mr. Evans, shouldn't you be in the hospital?"

Her gaze flitted to an overturned wine bottle on the sofa, realization dawning.

Flushing a deep red, she attempted to recompose herself.

Unfazed, Mark remarked, "I'll be heading back shortly. Cecilia is away in Warsew for a few days, so there's no need for her meals."

Finishing his breakfast with an air of elegance, he bid the servant farewell.

She watched, a mix of concern and curiosity, as he left the apartment.

Upon his return to the hospital, Mark's phone was flooded with 112 missed

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calls, primarily from the hospital and Peter.

Settling back into his room with an IV drip, he was soon joined by Zoey.

Her eyes held a blend of anger and concern. "You might be ill, but that doesn't stop your escapades, does it? I swear I'll ground you the next time."

Mark's gaze shifted to Peter, their shared look hinting at an unspoken camaraderie.

Peter, however, seemed disinclined to come to Mark's defense.

Observing their silent exchange, Zoey's ire increased. "Running around irresponsibly and expecting Peter to cover for you?"

Mark, engrossed in his phone, replied nonchalantly, "I just visited Cecilia, and cooked for her."

Zoey's demeanor shifted instantly at the mention of Cecilia.

Gracefully positioning herself on the sofa, Zoey beamed at her son. "It seems you've finally learned to cherish your wife. Where's Cecilia? Why isn't she with you?"

Mark's lips curved upward. "She's in Warsew."

Zoey's smile faltered.

She studied Mark intently for a moment, before ushering Peter outside the room.

The silence between Zoey and Peter was palpable.

Finally, Peter probed, "What's on your mind?"

Zoey, tapping her walking stick lightly, cheeks flushed, shared her concern. "Given the age gap between Mark and Cecilia, coupled with his health, do you think it might strain their relationship?"

Understanding her worries, Peter assisted her to a seat, offering soothing words. "Do you genuinely believe Cecilia's trip to Warsew stems from discontent?"

Zoey's cheeks tinted with embarrassment, gently swatting Peter's arm.

Peter's smile held a hint of mischief.

"Rest assured. Their sporadic moments together over the years mean that nights like the one they shared yesterday have a profound impact. Cecilia is

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introspective. Women often need their moments of reflection.*

Feeling comforted, Zoey quipped, "Peter, when did you become an expert on women?"

Peter responded with a chuckle, scratching his head in mock perplexity.

Meanwhile, Mark found solace in the quiet of the hospital room, his thoughts inevitably drifting to the memorable evening with Cecilia.

Over the years, their relationship had seen its ebbs and flows.

Mark had shared numerous intimate moments with Cecilia, but the depth and maturity Cecilia exuded last night were unparalleled.

He longed for her presence, yet he chose patience.

Cecilia's trip to Warsew lasted a mere few days, aligning with Mark's hospital discharge.

Over those days, their communication was sparse, limited to sporadic messages primarily discussing the children, carefully avoiding the topic of their recent evening together.

On Mark's discharge day, with Cecilia still in Warsew, he reached out to her with a message.

Her succinct reply, "I see," lingered in Mark's thoughts for days.

Upon her return, while Mark's hectic schedule prevented their reunion, he made sure to spend time with their children.

Subsequently, Cecilia's talent was recognized with an award for a short film, leading her to Hondoae for the award ceremony.

By early autumn, when she returned, a month had elapsed since their last meeting.

The moment she landed, an influential figure from the entertainment world sought Cecilia's assistance over dinner.

Recognizing the potential opportunity, Cecilia promptly readied herself, heading directly to the club, bypassing time with her children.

This industry magnate, known for her vast network, expressed interest in recruiting Harrison from Rena's firm and hoped to leverage Cecilia's connections.

In the dimly lit private room, Cecilia listened carefully to the agent's request.

After pondering for a moment, she responded with a smile, "Amelia, it's not that I'm unwilling to assist. However, you might need to discuss this directly with my sister-in-law or perhaps even my brother. You see, Harrison— he's unique in certain ways."

She hesitated, unable to divulge the entirety of Harrison's significance.

After saving Rena, he had earned Waylen's profound gratitude. Such was Waylen's appreciation that he recently, and wholeheartedly, welcomed Harrison as his sworn son, even though Rena was against the idea.

Outside family circles, Waylen had taken on an almost patriarchal role towards Harrison.

Observing this, Cecilia sympathized with her sister-in-law.

It was evident to many that Waylen had a complex motive. By converting a potential rival into his sworn son, he seemingly neutralized any competition. Although everyone in the family had their suspicions, Waylen neither confirmed nor denied them.

Yet, his actions spoke louder, and the Moore family remained thankful for his tact.

Amelia, sensing the ambiguity in Cecilia's answers, realized she might not get the help she sought.

However, she still gleaned some tidbits of information.

Meanwhile, Cecilia's thoughts drifted towards her children, and after some brief pleasantries, she excused herself from Amelia.

Walking through the corridor, Cecilia clutched her phone, contemplating reaching out to Mark, especially given their long hiatus since their poignant night together. Was it time to let him know of her return?

But as she deliberated, a door opposite her opened, revealing Mark, a hint of tobacco on him, mingled with a delicate women's fragrance.

Peering inside, Cecilia observed a mixed gathering, among whom was Elaine, with an unoccupied seat beside her — presumably Mark's.

Their eyes met, and in a hushed tone, Cecilia inquired, "Did someone seat you there on purpose?"

Without waiting for a response, she continued to the restroom.

She turned on the faucet, letting the water run over her hands in contemplative silence.

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Behind her, Mark emerged from one of the bathroom stalls.

He, too, approached the sink, allowing the water to cascade over his fingers.

After a seemingly interminable moment, he finally glanced at Cecilia, noticing the reddened skin of her hand from excessive rubbing. He whispered, "I wasn't expecting her to be here tonight. Still, it's rude to just leave. I assure you, I didn't even share a handshake with her. If you need proof, Peter can vouch for me."

Cecilia's gaze remained downwards, her lips catching between her teeth in contemplation.

"Peter's loyalty lies with you. How can he be impartial in this?"

Her tone suggested a mix of skepticism and mild frustration with Mark's reasoning, though she refrained from outwardly expressing her discontent.

In social settings, men often had to navigate tricky dynamics, and not playing along could label them as party-poopers.

Yet, as a woman, Cecilia couldn't suppress her emotions entirely.

She struggled with her feelings, unsure of how to communicate her discomfort.

Mark, yearning for Cecilia after their month-long separation, tried to caress her hair. However, she swiftly dodged his advance.

"You stink," she remarked.

With a soft chuckle, Mark responded, "You're being a tad dramatic."

Gently drying his hands, he playfully pinched her cheek. "Come, greet them with me, and afterward, we can head home together."



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