

Chapter 248 You Used To Call Me Uncle Mark

Mark's gaze fixated upon Cecilia, his eyes filled with a mixture of curiosity and nostalgia.

A remarkable transformation had overtaken Cecilia, altering her appearance significantly.

Once a stunning beauty, she had now acquired a slender figure, while exuding an air of maturity and charm through her tasteful attire.

The metamorphosis she had undergone signified her transition from a girl into a woman.

In this very moment, Mark was hit with a profound realization that his longing for her still persisted.

His eyes remained locked on her visage as he softly uttered, "It has been a while, Cecilia."

Cecilia, however, seemed to be more overwhelmed than Mark himself.

Struggling to find her voice, she managed to summon her strength and responded, "Mr. Evans, indeed, it has been quite some time."

The two exchanged greetings, acknowledging each other's presence.

Rena found herself caught in an awkward position. She carefully scooped up Alexis, her daughter, and requested the assistance of the trustworthy driver and maid to escort Alexis to

kindergarten. Alexis, displaying obedience, planted a kiss on Rena's cheek and bid her farewell, saying, "Goodbye, Mom!"

Returning the affectionate gesture, Rena reciprocated the kiss and reassured Alexis, "I'll be there to pick you up in the afternoon, my love."

Alexis detached herself from Rena's embrace, firmly clutching the maid's hand, and obediently proceeded towards school.

As Rena turned around, she discreetly cleared her throat and declared, "I shall prepare some fragrant tea for us."

Cecilia, somewhat dependent on Rena, grasped her arm and appealed, "Rena."

Rena offered a gentle smile and responded, "You two carry on with your conversation."

Mark directed his gaze towards Cecilia, his voice barely above a whisper as he suggested, "Shall we step inside?"

Bowing her head, Cecilia silently complied, entering the house. But as soon as she crossed the threshold, he firmly grasped her wrist, compelling her into the confines of the bathroom.

The door closed, enclosing them in a small space.

Pressed against the wall, her back against its surface, Cecilia found herself cornered by Mark, who positioned his arm above her head. The faint scent of tobacco emanating from him momentarily distracted her, causing a lapse in her concentration...

A prolonged silence ensued, both parties lost in their own thoughts.

After what seemed like an eternity, Cecilia, her voice quivering, finally broke the stillness, pleading, "Please release me."

Mark continued to scrutinize her, lowering his voice as he responded, "I waited for you throughout the entire night

yesterday."

Cecilia abruptly met his gaze.

Her eyes welled up with tears, poised to cascade down her cheeks with every blink.

Thus, she dared not blink.

She was determined not to shed tears in his presence. The aftermath of their breakup had inflicted immense suffering upon her and crying in front of him now felt inconsequential.

Mark, too, bore his own hardships.

His eyes shifted briefly towards the door before returning to lock onto her face. Softly, he inquired, "Why haven't you returned home for two years?"

A faint smile graced Cecilia's lips as she responded, "What concern is it of you, Mr. Evans? If I had chosen not to return, surely I must have been occupied elsewhere... What right do you have to meddle in my affairs?"

Occupied...

Mark's eyes revealed an enigmatic depth.

His hand reached out, tenderly grazing her face, evoking a shudder throughout her entire being.

Even her teeth chattered involuntarily.

"Do my touches repulse you? Have you found someone else?" he queried in a subdued tone.

A pallor swept across Cecilia's face.

Gazing intently at him, she clenched her teeth and replied, her words tinged with defiance, "Yes."

In that instant, Mark's eyes darkened.

He loosened his grip on her.

Cecilia struggled to maintain her composure. "Could you please release me now? Mr. Evans, you are a man of charm and I'm certain there is no shortage of women vying for your attention."

"Mr. Evans? Cecilia... Once upon a time, you used to call me Uncle Mark."

"In my youthful naivety, I failed to understand things better."

Cecilia placed her hand on his chest, exerting gentle pressure as she pleaded, "Rena will be here soon. Release me, I implore you. Let us maintain a modicum of decency in parting ways."

Mark relinquished his hold on her.

With a firm grip on the doorknob, she clenched her teeth, summoning her strength to open the door. Behind her, in a raspy voice, he murmured, "Cecilia, are you truly forsaking me? We can resurrect our former bond. You may refer to me as Uncle Mark once again, and I will watch over you."

He had always owed her.

He believed that if she found her true love, he would offer his blessings. But before that, he wanted to look after her.

He would be prepared to grant her every desire.

Cecilia raised her head ever so slightly, her restraint palpable, before finally uttering in a hushed tone, "No. I have no need for it."

She would never forget the events of the past.

She had embarked on a secret journey to Czanch, intending to surprise him, only to be ensnared by kidnappers.

Alone in a darkened room for 36 agonizing hours, she endured thirst and denied even the simplest bodily needs. Bound to a

chair, she suffered in such a manner...

The kidnappers had demanded the chip in Mark's possession.

Fear had gripped her.

She had believed he would spare no effort to rescue her.

However, when she had heard his calm voice over the phone, he'd merely uttered, "Sorry, I do not know her."

And then she had finally been saved...

She had anticipated his arrival, hoping she would still hold a place in his heart. But as she emerged from the dilapidated cottage, it was not his embrace that awaited her. Instead, she witnessed a picturesque tableau of him standing side by side with another woman.

It then dawned upon her that she was not the sole victim of abduction.

He claimed not to know her, showing no concern for her well-being, yet he had utilized the chip to save another woman.

She beheld him cradling that woman in his arms, his gaze filled with tenderness.

Only then did she realize that the woman was... one of his lovers.

In Czanch, numerous women worshipped Mark. And those women possessed a sensuality and sweetness surpassing her own.

She stood before him, her dignity in tatters...

She could barely bring herself to say anything.

He arranged for her accommodation, only entering her room late at night. The first words he uttered upon seeing her were, "Cecilia, let us put an end to our relationship."

She raised her gaze, still filled with lingering questions... Why?

Seated on the sofa, he had quietly observed her for a prolonged moment before stating, "We are not compatible."

Tears had welled up in her eyes.

She did not try to make him stay.

She had wept, her voice filled with sorrow, as she softly uttered, "Alright. Farewell, Uncle Mark."

That marked the final time she referred to him as Uncle Mark, as well as the last time she had laid eyes on him.

Mark couldn't bear it any longer.

He yearned to embrace the innocent girl who held affection for him, but she evaded his grasp and uttered in a restrained tone, "Tomorrow morning... I'll be gone."

Mark stood there, stunned, his gaze fixed upon her before eventually departing.

As soon as the door closed, she continued to weep.

On the bathroom counter, a used pregnancy test stick lay, two lines distinctly marking its surface.

Prior to his arrival, she had contemplated informing him of her pregnancy.

But he had declared that they were ill-suited for one another...

The pain in her heart still lingered as she recollected the past.

When Cecilia emerged, Rena sat gracefully upon the sofa in the living room, two cups of fragrant tea adorning the table before her.

Observing the tears welling up in Cecilia's eyes, Rena gently

smiled and asked, "Have you concluded your conversation? Come, have some tea."

Cecilia let out a sob and cried out, "Rena."

She settled beside Rena, her countenance bearing the weight of despair.

Cecilia had harbored an ardent love for Mark all along, but he had merely toyed with her emotions.

The most pitiable aspect was that she still harbored affection for this man, and she could not forgive herself or him exactly because of that love.

Rena allowed Cecilia to lean against her shoulder.

An awkward atmosphere permeated the air as Mark emerged.

There were certain matters he could not explain to Cecilia, let alone to Rena... In any case, he had failed Cecilia.

Mark whispered, "Take good care of her. I will return to Czanch first."

He prepared to depart...

Rena gently inquired, "Uncle, the last time I asked if you had considered starting a family. Now... I wish to pose the question once more."

Mark halted in his tracks.

In truth, he had pondered the prospect of starting a family.

During the six months he had spent with Cecilia, he had entertained the idea, for it had been a blissful period in his life.

But what did it matter now?

He could not voice those thoughts.

Softly, Mark responded, "No."

Rena nodded, her expression understanding. "I understand. By the way... Grandma is here. She is en route to the Fowlers' residence."

Mark turned around.

Cecilia's face grew pallid.

Rena took a sip of her tea and smiled as she remarked, "I did not extend the invitation. She insisted on coming over to offer her apologies... Uncle, the older generation tends to be more conservative."

Mark glanced at Cecilia and she returned his gaze.

Neither of them had anticipated that the folly of those six months would persist until this day.

Finally, Mark said softly, "Let us depart."

Cecilia refused to share a car with him. She insisted on traveling in her own vehicle. Rena mentioned that she would change her attire and join them later...

After the two cars departed, Rena made a call to Waylen, instructing him to proceed to the Fowlers' residence.

Thirty minutes later, Mark's car arrived, coincidentally encountering Zoey at the entrance of the Fowlers' grand abode.

Zoey made quite an entrance. A convoy of 18 sleek black vehicles accompanied her, along with a dozen attendants bearing lavish gifts. While the intention was to offer an apology, it seemed more like a marriage proposal.

Despite Mark's remarkable achievements in his professional life, he remained deeply respectful towards his mother.

Helpless, he could only endure Zoey's piercing glare.

The Fowler residence was an expansive estate, capable of accommodating twenty cars without issue. Suddenly, the premises were filled with a fleet of vehicles.

As the butler made his report, Korbyn found amusement in playing with Edwin on the lawn.

Edwin gleefully chased after a ball, seemingly immune to the concept of weariness.

Upon hearing the butler's words, Korbyn lit a cigarette, leisurely releasing smoke rings into the air. "Allow them to enter."

Korbyn believed it was time for them to meet this little boy.

The butler promptly went to invite Zoey and Mark, wearing a smile as he addressed them, "Mr. Fowler is currently engaged in play with young Mr. Fowler. Over there is a pavilion, Mrs. Evans and Mr. Evans. You may find them there."

Zoey immediately led her son towards the designated area.

With a cigarette dangling from his lips, Korbyn observed their approach from a distance.

Humph!

He still recalled the first time Mark set foot in the Fowler residence, exuding an aura as if he intended to raze it to the ground. Yet today... Mark trailed behind his mother, adopting a more subservient demeanor.

Zoey drew nearer with each step.

The butler escorted them to the pavilion and served them tea.

Korbyn, holding Edwin in his arms, approached. The little boy's face glistened with perspiration, engrossed in his playful antics. Korbyn retrieved a towel from a servant's hand and gently wiped the sweat from Edwin's forehead, cherishing the child in his embrace.

Initially, Zoey paid little mind to the scene, preoccupied with how to approach Korbyn in conversation.

However, upon casting a glance...

No.

Edwin's cherubic countenance and his hair color bore a striking resemblance to Rena's. Upon closer inspection, he bore a striking resemblance of about 70% to Mark, particularly the subtle expressions etched between his eyebrows.

Zoey's composure shattered in an instant...

Mark mirrored her reaction.

His gaze fell upon the child and a chill surged through his veins, rendering him almost incapable of believing his own eyes.

This was the offspring of the Evans lineage.

Yet, Mark was certain that the little boy was not Rena's child.

Mark, over 40 years of age, harbored no aversion to the notion of family or children of his own. However, his demanding schedule had left him with little time for such contemplations.

Yet here stood a child, manifest before him.

He lowered himself to Edwin's eye level, his voice tinged with a slight tremor, as he inquired, "Who is your mother?"

Korbyn forthrightly informed Mark, "Cecilia."

Mark's fists clenched.

Cecilia had given birth to their child.

An overwhelming desire surged within Mark, compelling him to reach out and touch his own flesh and blood. However, Edwin regarded him with a mixture of apprehension and wariness. In

truth, the boy even felt a certain level of fear...

Suppressing his emotions, Mark rose to his feet, a gradual and deliberate motion.

At that very moment, Cecilia's car arrived. She stumbled towards them and scooped up Edwin in her arms.

Everything... became painfully clear.

Zoey, finally snapping out of it, opened her mouth and uttered a single sentence, "Is this Mark and Cecilia's child?"

Zoey had arrived to offer an apology, recognizing that her son had toyed with that young girl.

But now, inexplicably, Zoey found herself a grandmother, again.

Zoey, nearing 70 years of age, had resigned herself to the notion of never experiencing the joys of grandmotherhood. Yet suddenly, Alexis came into her life. And now, another sweet, tender, and remarkably handsome grandson appeared before her eyes...

In that moment, she felt that 18 cars of gifts were simply insufficient.

It was not sincere enough!