

Chapter 434 Emotional Turmoil

Waylen didn't say it directly.

He leaned in, retrieved a document from the storage cabinet before him, and handed it over to Cecilia.

It happened to be a medical report.

Cecilia cast a skeptical glance at him and cautiously opened the document.

As she scanned just one page, her expression shifted from surprise to shock, her face draining of color. The pathology report indicated that Mark's estimated life expectancy was less than six months.

Less than six months?

Mark... How could this be possible?

Cecilia's voice trembled as she asked, "Waylen. Is it true?"

Waylen nodded and replied, "Yes, it's true. Mark has been in the hospital for four months now. Dad brought in experts from both home and abroad to examine him, but his body had been severely depleted before that."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia lifted her head slightly.

Her eyes welled up with tears that threatened to fall.

She did her best to hold them back.

Waylen offered her a tissue and said, "Wipe your face. Tears don't suit young ladies like you."

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Cecilia managed a smile, but it looked more pained than crying.

Waylen hadn't informed Mark or Peter. So Mark had no idea that Waylen would be visiting. Mark was propped up against the head of the bed, engrossed in reading documents.

The room was silent, and there were stacks of thick folders on the nightstand.

Mark still kept his focus on the documents.

He said, "He's always been a bit of a nag. Handle him for me. I need to review these documents. The company is just starting, and there are many challenges ahead."

Suddenly, Mark's expression changed.

He said softly, "Cecilia has been by my side for so long, and now we have two children. I can't leave without leaving anything behind."

Peter felt a deep sadness hearing this.

At the door, Cecilia was even more heartbroken.

She knew that Mark was conveying his final wishes, with no hope for the future.

Peter noticed Cecilia's presence.

After a brief pause, he quickly composed himself and said, "Cecilia, what brings you here? Come inside and take a seat. Mr. Evans was just talking about you."

Cecilia's gaze remained fixed on Mark.

He knew that he could no longer hide the truth.

Waylen, standing at the door, said, "Mark, I told her. She deserves to know."

Mark's gaze was profound.

After a while, he said, "Peter, why don't you go have a cup of coffee with Waylen?"

Peter smiled faintly and agreed, "Okay."

He left the room and gently closed the door.

The ward fell into silence. The autumn sun streamed in through the window, illuminating everything.


Mark slowly got out of bed, wearing a loose blue and white hospital gown.

He had lost much of the muscular build he once had and appeared considerably thinner.

Nevertheless, he retained his handsome appearance.

His skin was flawless, his eyes had deep sockets, and his

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eyelashes were long.

 +120 Points at most

All his features were still striking.

Mark said gently, "Why are you just standing by the door? Come and sit down. Let's talk."

Cecilia, however, continued to stand at the door, biting her lip as she softly inquired, "Why didn't you tell me?"

This took Mark by surprise.

He gave her a faint smile. He made a motion as if he were reaching for a cigarette box out of habit, but he realized he couldn't have one in his hospital gown.

He lowered his hand, gazed at Cecilia, and replied, "I let you down back then, and I'm suffering from this illness. How could I have told you? I would never have done that to you."

Tears rolled down Cecilia's cheeks.

In a hushed tone, she whispered, "You concealed it from me for four months, and you're planning to die secretly, leaving behind a struggling company for Edwin?"

Mark corrected her, "I'm not planning to leave secretly."

Cecilia's gaze shifted to the documents on the bedside table.

For some reason, she suddenly lost her temper.

She walked over and angrily pushed the documents to the floor.

The papers scattered with a splash.

Mark allowed her to vent her anger.

Cecilia looked at Mark. With a trembling voice, she said, "Mark, you think you're doing what's best for me, and you're taking responsibility for our two children. But have you ever asked me what I truly want? You make all the decisions! I never get to say anything!"

Cecilia felt a deep sadness.

Mark felt a sense of guilt and regret.

Cecilia wiped her tears, raised her head, and asked, "Do you think that I'll forgive you just because you're leaving behind billions of dollars? No, I won't. The only thing I'll always remember is that you left me behind time and time again."

Mark couldn't control his emotions.

He stepped forward to embrace her, even though he knew he had no right to.

"Cecilia, stop crying. I haven't given up. I'm in therapy. I still want to see our daughter born, Edwin growing up, getting married, and having children of his own."

Cecilia wasn't having it.

She pushed him away and sneered. "Mark, do you think I'm foolish?"

Everything he said was meant to console her.

But deep down, he had already given up.

The two of them remained emotionally distant, despite being just a step away.

Mark stared at Cecilia, who regained her composure and said, "Mark, there's too much going on between us. If you die, it won't just be me who's saddened. Think about Zoey and Rena. Think about who they can rely on. If you're a man, you'll keep on living. And I don't owe you my affection. I won't promise to be with you when you recover. The only promise I can make is that our daughter will call you 'Dad,' and her last name will be Evans. We can discuss her first name after she's born. So you better start thinking of a name now."

This marked the first time Cecilia had been so assertive.

But then she grew apprehensive, fearing Mark's reaction. She opened the door and fled after making her declaration.

Waylen and Peter, who were smoking by the door, immediately extinguished their cigarettes upon seeing Cecilia.

Both looked taken aback.

Peter smiled awkwardly and went inside, while Waylen grinned and said, "You were quite assertive. I didn't see that coming."

Cecilia blushed.

She mumbled, "I was just speaking out of turn."

Feeling fragile, she leaned on her brother's shoulder, overwhelmed by a profound sadness.

Waylen comforted her by patting her head and said, "It's good that you spoke up. You need to express your feelings once in a while. Rena also says things to put me in my place from time to time."

Cecilia was about to respond when Rena approached and overheard their conversation. She had brought soup to Mark.

Rena glanced at Waylen.


Then she looked at Cecilia's red eyes, assuming that Cecilia had learned the truth. Rena suggested to Waylen, "You should take Cecilia home first. You can arrange for the driver to pick me up later."

Waylen had some business to attend to at the company and agreed with a nod.

Rena pushed the door open and entered the room.

Mark was seated on the sofa, and Peter was picking up the scattered documents. Peter advised, "Cecilia is still young. You should try to be more patient with her. You didn't tell her about something so crucial. She must be upset now that she found

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 +120 Points at most

out. She's just venting her emotions. You love each other deeply. It's just you haven't handled this matter well."

In a hushed tone, Mark asked, "Peter, do I still have a chance with her?"

"Of course," Rena chimed in.

She placed the soup on the table and filled a bowl.

She brought it to Mark and asked, "Did Cecilia cry?"

Mark asked, "Was it your idea to tell Cecilia about this? Or was it Waylen's?"

Rena hugged Mark gently and replied, "It's our idea."

Mark struggled to contain his emotions.

He took a few sips from the bowl of soup, but his appetite had vanished. He said, "I don't want her to worry about me. I know her temperament the best."

Rena replied gently, "Then you should be strong for her."

Mark remained in a daze, taking some time to grasp the meaning behind Waylen's actions.

Waylen had been concerned that Mark might lose hope and gave up on himself, so he decided to confide in Cecilia about Mark's condition.

Mark found himself on the verge of tears.

He ate the chicken soup methodically, even if he had little appetite, just to make an effort. Rena informed him that Zoey had prepared the soup herself.

Mark, lowering his gaze, admitted, "I failed my mom."

Rena left the hospital with a heavy mood.

Waylen worked late into the night.

When Waylen returned, Rena knew that he had taken on most of the responsibilities for Mark's company. She was worried about Waylen and personally cooked a bowl of noodles for him.

Waylen was hungry and devoured the noodles.

Rena whispered, "I'll take over my uncle's company."

Waylen raised his eyebrow, puzzled.

Rena gently stroked Waylen's gaunt face and murmured, "You've been taking care of the Fowler Group and the Exceed Group. Now you're handling my uncle's company. I'm concerned that you'll work yourself too hard, Waylen. I worry about you."

Waylen held her hand gently.

Rena continued, "Leonel and Alexis go to school during the day. Marcus is quite well-behaved. I can spend half a day at the company and return to feed Elva."

Waylen played with her hand while eating the noodles and said, "Mrs. Fowler, you're quite considerate."

Rena looked at him and said firmly, "I'm serious."

Once he had finished the noodles, Waylen dabbed his lips and explained, "I've informed my father that he'll oversee the Fowler Group temporarily. I have the capacity to manage your uncle's company. Besides, it's already quite challenging for you to look after these children. And... Rena, I don't want Marcus and Elva to lose their mother's company. Additionally, you can attend to your uncle when you have some free time."


Waylen had meticulously arranged everything.

Rena replied obediently, "Okay."

Waylen gazed at the children in the distance as they earnestly painted ceramic dolls.

He affectionately rubbed Rena's nose and asked, "You seem

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quite preoccupied today."

 +120 Points at most

Rena smiled faintly.

She said in a low voice, "Waylen, I'm concerned about my uncle. I'm worried that he won't be able to make Cecilia happy even after he recovers."

Waylen's eyes held depth as he scrutinized her for a while before breaking into a smile.

He walked to the window, opened it, and lit a cigarette. He stood by the window, smoking. After finishing half of the cigarette, he asked slowly, "Are you afraid that your uncle won't be able to get it up again?"

Rena blushed.

Although the servants and children were all present at home, Waylen voiced his thoughts loudly.

Noticing her embarrassment, he looked around the hall.

He chuckled. "They can't hear us."

Rena approached, intending to discuss something serious with him. Waylen gently caressed her face and asked, "If I were to become ill and couldn't do it again, would you leave me because of it?"

Rena replied firmly, "I wouldn't!"

Waylen chuckled again.

Rena blushed and was about to walk away, but he grasped her waist.

He extinguished his cigarette, pressed his thin lips against the nape of her neck, and said, "Your uncle's illness won't affect his sexual function."

Rena was left speechless.

In the hospital, Mark endured an arduous period.

During this time, Cecilia's visits provided him with solace. She visited for prenatal check-ups once every two weeks, and she would stop by and visit. Her interactions with Mark were brief, as she typically spent only a short while sitting with him before leaving.

Nevertheless, this was more than enough for Mark.

One day, Cecilia brought Edwin to visit Mark.

While she went for her prenatal check-up, Edwin was brought to the ward by the nanny. The little boy gently pushed open the door and peeked inside.

Mark looked up and noticed Edwin's presence.

In a gentle, hushed tone, he asked, "Why don't you come in?"

Edwin softly closed the door behind him and made his way to the bedside. He crawled onto the bed and nestled against Mark, resting his head on Mark's shoulder.

Mark felt a pang of sadness.

Perhaps Edwin had sensed something was wrong.

Mark gently stroked his son's head and asked, "You don't call me 'great-uncle' anymore?"

Edwin was on the brink of tears and sniffled.

In a hoarse voice, he exclaimed, "Dad!"

Mark mustered a faint smile and scolded, "Silly boy."

As children often did, Edwin wore his heart on his sleeve. He held Mark's hand and whispered, "Dad... I don't blame you anymore. Get better soon, okay?"

Even if it meant giving up his dad for Laura, Edwin was willing to do it.

He couldn't bear the thought of his father's death.

Tears welled up in Mark's eyes. In the latter half of his life, Mark, who had enjoyed a carefree existence in his earlier years, had failed many people.

Edwin was the person Mark had wronged the most.

Holding back his tears, Mark hugged his son and assured him, "I promise you."

Edwin nestled closer to Mark, possibly exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

Mark gazed at his son's face for a while.

A voice emanated from the door, presumably Cecilia's.

Mark got out of bed and walked to the door. He was taken aback.

In the corridor, not only Cecilia but also Albert stood there.

Helen had asked Albert to accompany Cecilia to the hospital.

Albert and Cecilia often quarreled, and she obviously got him riled up again this time.

He cornered her in the corridor as though he intended to settle scores with her.

However, he meant no harm.

Albert was a young and handsome man. Even in late autumn, he only wore a T-shirt, which displayed his smooth and muscular arms.

Mark had always been self-assured.

He hailed from a noble family and was quite good-looking.

In his youth, Mark had been the object of admiration for everyone. But now he couldn't help but feel inferior in the

presence of the young man's strong physique. Mark's gaze dropped to his oversized hospital gown, deepening his sense of inadequacy.

Mark was overwhelmed with a sense of shame about himself.

He had never experienced such a feeling before.

He stepped back into his ward.

He leaned against the door and chuckled at his own predicament.

He signed in resignation. He knew that he had no right to expect Cecilia to choose him. Now, any young man could easily overshadow his ill and weak self.

What right did he have to love her?

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

After regaining his composure, Mark opened it and saw Cecilia and Albert waiting outside.

Mark asked politely, "Are you here to pick up Edwin? He's sleeping."

Cecilia observed Mark.

She wasn't naive. She could discern his shifting emotions. He had been happier during her previous visits. She attributed this shift to Albert.

However, she didn't feel the need to provide any explanations.

After all, she didn't owe Mark anything.

So she simply nodded coolly and replied, "Yes. Then..."

She glanced at Albert and said, "You can help me carry Edwin."

Albert rubbed his nose and inwardly cursed his situation. Why was she putting him in this situation? Mark was evidently

jealous, which was why he had been acting like this. Even though he was currently unwell, Albert anticipated that Mark's recovery would not bode well for him.

Albert met Cecilia's gaze and silently sought her confirmation.

Cecilia managed a faint smile and proposed, "I'm going to have dinner at my brother's place later. Would you like to join me?"

He hurriedly replied, "Yes!"

Of course he wouldn't pass on that offer.

He also picked up Edwin affectionately. "Let me carry you, Edwin."

Albert even kissed Edwin's forehead, seemingly intending to see if he could provoke Mark even more.

Sure enough, there was a disapproving expression on Mark's face.

He glanced at Cecilia and asked, "Is this your new boyfriend?"