

## Chapter 249 Yes, We Have A Child

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In the grand hall of the Fowlers' elegant abode stood Korbyn, a man of immense generosity. He gestured towards Mark's mother and uttered, "Behold, this is your grandmother."

Edwin, though somewhat timid, approached Zoey and threw himself into her embrace. Zoey cradled the little boy in her arms, her emotions running deep and complex.

Happiness mingled with guilt within her heart.

Despite her age, she held Edwin up tenderly and showered him with affectionate kisses.

The gifts she had brought originally to propose a marriage for her son now found their new recipient in her grandson.

Seated beside Zoey, Mark's eyes blazed with intensity as he observed Edwin. He then turned his gaze towards Cecilia, who sat across the table...

Cecilia did not deny the truth. "Yes, we have a child."

With a gentle closure of his eyes, Mark began to recount the timeline. He deduced that the last time he visited Duefron was when he impregnated Cecilia.

By the time she reached Czanch, she must have been aware of her pregnancy.

Mark struggled to recall the emotions that accompanied their breakup back then.

Upon reflection, he came to the realization that their relationship was destined to fail.

With the wisdom of age, he understood that a woman who had not returned home in two years to raise a child alone did so not only out of love for the child but also due to her resentment towards the child's father.

A shadow of darkness passed over Mark's eyes.

Suddenly, Waylen's words resurfaced in his mind. Waylen had already hinted him, yet he failed to grasp it.

While Mark pondered, Waylen returned home with Rena in tow.

Waylen scanned the gathering with a cheerful grin. "What's the occasion today? Why is everyone gathered here?"

Gently caressing Edwin's face, Waylen exchanged greetings with Zoey.

Zoey held a strong fondness for Waylen, and she needed to have a conversation with him, which made her incline towards him even more.

Taking a seat alongside Rena, Waylen's gaze fell upon his own father, Korbyn, who reciprocated the look.

Neither of them wished to be the one to play the bad guy.

Finally, with tears welling up, Juliette urged her husband softly, "Korbyn."

Unwilling to reveal vulnerability in front of Juliette, Korbyn casually sipped his tea and addressed Zoey with a smile, "Kids will be kids. Let's see what they have to say."

Zoey rose from her seat, resolute in her decision.

Rena's role in the situation was the most delicate. She then held Edwin's hand and whisked him away for some playful

distraction.

With the child out of the picture, Zoey found herself in a better position to act.

In Zoey's presence, Mark acquiesced to her wishes.

In a stern tone, Zoey addressed her son, "Mark, the Fowler and Evans families are connected through marriage, and Cecilia is your junior. She used to address you as Uncle Mark... How could you treat her like this? Now that your child has grown up, we've only learnt of his existence. Is this how I taught you to behave since you were a child?"

With a face filled with shame, Mark replied, "I'm sorry, Mom."

Zoey waved her hand and said, "Your apology should be directed to their daughter. I shouldn't have to instruct you on what to do, should I?"

Mark hesitated for a moment.

Then, without hesitation, he softly knelt in front of Korbyn and Juliette.

Korbyn and Juliette were taken aback.

They hadn't expected Mark to be so direct.

Being a man of his stature, he rarely gave in. To see him kneeling down like this was an odd sight.

Korbyn wasn't unreasonable.

He knew his daughter well. If Cecilia didn't truly care for Mark, how could she endure the secrecy of giving birth to Edwin and raising him alone?

Moreover, Waylen had already fought with Mark.

Korbyn glanced at his wife, unsure of what to say, seeking her guidance.

Juliette didn't want to escalate things with Mark. She assisted him back up and said politely, "After all, you and Cecilia have Edwin now. As for the future, you can discuss it between yourselves."

Zoey felt even more ashamed.

Waylen turned to his sister and asked, "Cecilia, what do you think?"

Cecilia gazed at Mark with composure.

He returned her gaze.

She knew in her heart that with Edwin in the picture, he couldn't claim they were incompatible anymore... He seemed willing to marry her with the families' efforts combined.

But she didn't want that.

Why would she agree to such an arrangement?

Cecilia's lips moved slightly. Mark understood what she wanted to say, so he preemptively interjected, "Let's talk privately."

Cecilia glanced at her brother.

Waylen took a sip of tea and smirked, "Go ahead, talk with him. He won't do anything to harm you; after all, he's too old for that."

Waylen was indeed sharp-tongued.

Cecilia nodded in agreement.

Indeed, there were things they couldn't discuss in front of their elders...

The two of them retreated to a small parlor for their conversation.

Standing by the window, Cecilia turned her back to Mark and

whispered in a hushed voice, "I got pregnant after the last time we were together. I only found out after we broke up."

Mark's eyes fixated on her back.

He shook his head gently and said, "You're not being truthful, Cecilia. You knew about the pregnancy before we broke up, didn't you?"

Cecilia took a shallow breath.

After regaining her composure, she replied, "I can't hide anything from you, Mr. Evans. Yes, I found out the night we broke up. I wanted to tell you but you then said we were not meant to be."

In truth, he didn't have to remind her of that. She knew deep down that their relationship wouldn't work out.

She had her own pride and dignity.

Mark had a multitude of captivating girlfriends, leaving Cecilia to wonder how stupid she was to believe she could actually hold his heart.

It was all her wishful thinking!

Cecilia turned around and graced them with a smile. "Rena once said that if she couldn't have my brother completely, she wouldn't want him at all. She was now with him for Alexis' sake, as she needed care, and both her parents... But Mr. Evans, Edwin has grown up without a father and is in good health. We don't need to force ourselves into a relationship for Edwin's sake."

Her rationality had grown significantly. "If you wish to see him, you can come to Duefron anytime. I won't stop you."

However, taking Edwin to Czanch was out of the question.

She had vowed never to return there for the rest of her life.

She expressed her thoughts extensively.

Mark remained silent, seated on the sofa, smoking...

Unlike his mother, he knew that having a child wasn't enough. He was aware that Cecilia's resentment toward him only intensified because of Edwin and that forgiveness was beyond reach.

Mark was no impulsive man; his current position was a testament to that.

Even in the face of love, the woman he deeply admired and his own flesh and blood, he retained his composure.

There were just too many aspects to consider.

After finishing his cigarette, he seemed to have weighed all possibilities and asked her softly, "Have you made your decision?"

Cecilia confirmed her decision.

Mark approached her, raising his hand with the intention of caressing her hair as he had done before. Yet, he hesitated and his hand remained suspended in the air...

After a prolonged moment, in a husky voice, he inquired, "Was it difficult for you out there on your own for two years?"

She nodded. "Yes."

Mark didn't say another word; he simply enveloped her in his arms.

It was a hug with no sexual desire. He held her tenderly, consoling her silently, much like an elder concerned for a younger one...

Such tenderness acted as a poison to her heart.

Cecilia didn't want to be entranced by this affection, so she



gently pushed him away and asserted, "From now on, we are only Edwin's parents."

Mark didn't press the matter.

Under the shadow of the curtain, he said in a hushed tone, "Cecilia, when I was with you, there was no one else."

Cecilia appeared visibly surprised but then a smile graced her lips. "It doesn't matter anymore."

Mark and Cecilia voiced their decision.

Zoey was furious and deemed her son irresponsible.

However, the atmosphere within the Fowler family remained tranquil.

Korbyn gracefully accepted the compensation offered by Mark for Cecilia and the alimony for Edwin, deeming it as what a responsible man should provide.

Speaking to Zoey, Korbyn expressed, "It's their lives, and their decision to make. Besides, I don't believe they harbor any lingering feelings for each other after all this time... We're still family. If you wish to see Edwin, we won't stand in your way."

Zoey felt somewhat disheartened.

Juliette exhibited her warmth and hospitality by inviting Zoey to stay at the Fowlers' house for a few more days.

As for Mark, he found himself entangled in a busy schedule and had to hasten back to Czanch in the afternoon.

That was the current state of affairs.

In the afternoon, Rena and Waylen set out to pick up Alexis. Sitting in the passenger seat, Rena couldn't shake her thoughts.

Waylen grinned. "Isn't this outcome expected? Cecilia has always had a gentle nature. If it weren't for her broken heart,



she would have embraced him two years ago."

Waylen added, "She has undergone significant changes in the past two years."

Rena's heart softened.

She playfully turned her head and teased Waylen, "Cecilia possesses an unwavering determination. It appears that we, too, should not reconcile solely for the sake of our child..."

Waylen glanced at her.

He stepped on the gas, driving for a while before smiling. "Have we truly reconciled? We haven't been intimate for two months. Rena... can you call it reconciliation?"

Rena chose not to argue with this cheeky man.

It wouldn't lead to anything positive.

They fell into a brief silence, feeling somewhat upset about the past.

At a red light, Waylen gently held her hand and whispered, "Dress up for the anniversary celebration, will you?"

Rena agreed.

She could sense that Waylen had undergone significant changes.

His behavior towards her and their child had evolved...

Moreover, he displayed remarkable restraint in the matter concerning her uncle and Cecilia.

Rena and Waylen now resided together with their child. She was willing to treat him better, which led her to agree when he hinted his desire for intimacy on the night of the anniversary party.

As for the past, she made a conscious decision to let time heal



the wounds slowly.

Rena didn't realize how much her simple "okay" meant to Waylen.

It wasn't that he couldn't endure it. He hadn't been with any woman in the past three years, and he was content with that. Now, he got to see Rena every day... But what truly mattered to him was that she willingly wanted to be with him, that she opened her heart and entrusted him with her love.