

Chapter 429 Struggles Of Letting Go

Even though he was enduring excruciating pain, Mark tenderly stroked Edwin's head.

Subsequently, he directed his gaze towards Cecilia, and the two exchanged meaningful looks.

Their separation didn't diminish the strong connection between them, confirming Korbyn's words that they were indeed still family.

A hint of redness tinged Cecilia's eyes as she said, "Come in."

Mark nodded.

He entered the room, leaning on the wall for support as he walked, with Edwin carefully assisting him.

Mark settled onto the sofa, and Cecilia poured him a glass of water.

He said, "Edwin is well-mannered thanks to your guidance."

Cecilia responded with a faint smile.

Despite the outward appearance of calm, Cecilia was not as composed as Mark, and there was a noticeable strain in her demeanor and speech.

If Mark had been in better health, she might have considered asking him to leave already.

Mark was aware of her thoughts. While he had always been proud, he now hesitated to leave.

When Cecilia lowered her head, Mark's eyes drifted to her flat belly.

He estimated that she was about a month pregnant.

Cecilia caught his gaze. She saw his concentrated eyes and felt perplexed.

The atmosphere became awkward.

Mark felt a hint of embarrassment and coincidentally, he felt a pain in his abdomen, which brought his hand to his stomach.

His hand bore the marks of pinpricks.

Mark, who had once been gentle and handsome, now appeared haggard and much thinner. Cecilia's heart ached when she observed the pinpricks. Had they still been married, she would have cared for him during his days of hardship.

Even in her clumsiness, at least she could have made him happy by staying by his side.

But now, all she could do was ask politely, "Did you have surgery?"

Mark replied, "Yes."

His voice carried a subtle tenderness.

Mark didn't delve into details about his illness but called Edwin to his side. Edwin missed him dearly. He softly called out to him, "Daddy."

Mark retrieved two candies from his pocket, a treat that both Cecilia and Edwin liked.

Edwin peeled one candy and put it in his mouth.

Mark affectionately ruffled Edwin's hair and said, "You're such a sweet boy. Why don't you share one with your mom? She's quite fond of these as well."

Edwin obediently gave a candy to Cecilia.

A candy was placed in Cecilia's hand and she recognized the packaging immediately.

It was a familiar foreign brand.

In the past, Cecilia had constantly been on a diet and often experienced occasional hypoglycemia, so Mark always carried a few of these candies in his bag and would give them to her when they were alone.

This memory brought a wave of sadness to Cecilia.

Her eyes welled up. In a soft voice, she mumbled something before retreating to the bedroom.

Edwin felt uneasy and said, "Mommy seems to be crying."

Mark gazed at the bedroom, patted his son's head, and slowly made his way into the bedroom.

Cecilia stood by the window with her back to the door.

Mark approached her with caution. In fact, he was just a step away from her. Close enough to embrace her with an outstretched arm, but he refrained.

Now, he no longer possessed the privilege to do so.

In a raspy voice, he asked, "Why are you crying?"

Cecilia initially said nothing, but after a long pause, she choked out, "Mark, what are you doing? We've signed the divorce papers. Edwin and I are starting a new life..."

Suddenly, she turned to face him, tears staining her cheeks.

"So, what's the point of trying to win me over with a candy now? Do you realize how much I hate you?"

She didn't regret loving Mark.

She hated him for letting go of the happiness they could have had after all these years.

She didn't regret everything she sacrificed for him because she truly loved him that much. Mark would remain unforgettable in her life, surpassing anyone else. And that was exactly why she hated him equally.

As she finished speaking, Cecilia's nose turned red.

But she was still beautiful even in tears.

Mark wanted to hold her and embrace the child in her belly, their own flesh and blood.

However, he restrained himself and whispered, "Don't cry, okay?"

But Cecilia couldn't control her emotions.

If it were possible, she would rather not see him at all.

Seeing him filled her with sorrow. It reminded her that she would never be with her beloved Mark again. It was only now that Cecilia realized how complicated a person's feelings of love and hatred could be.

She attempted to calm herself down.

Mark extended his hand, attempting to wipe away her tears.

She looked up at him, and eventually, he withdrew his hand.

He asked, "How have you been these days?"

Feeling embarrassed, Cecilia averted her gaze.

What was the point of asking such a question?

Mark avidly observed her expressions, sensing her inner thoughts. As her former husband, he felt it might appear hypocritical to care about her this way at this moment.

He glanced at Cecilia and Edwin and figured there was no reason for him to stay.

Despite feeling a sharp pain in his body, Mark maintained his composure and softly said, "I'm heading back to the hospital."

Cecilia nodded.

She looked at him and said, "Let me drive you there."

Mark declined her offer.

He didn't want her to witness his deteriorated condition. Fortunately, the doorbell rang, and Peter arrived with concern.

Cecilia opened the door.

Peter being attentive, immediately noticed her red eyes.

He habitually asked, "What's wrong? Did you two have another disagreement?"

Cecilia, not wanting to be the subject of ridicule, said softly, "No. Peter, have you come to pick him up?"

Peter skillfully replied, "I promised Mr. Evans. He misses you and Edwin greatly. Did he make Edwin late for school?"

Cecilia forced a smile.

Peter hastily assisted Mark, who was feeling quite weak, and supported him. He said softly, "You need to take better care of yourself. Mrs. Evans is going to be upset with you."

Mark started to walk out with Peter.

He was still experiencing discomfort but still managing to pat Edwin's head and said, "Be a good boy and listen to your mom, okay?"

Edwin's eyes welled up with tears.

Cecilia silently watched them leave. Just as Mark was about to exit the door, she suddenly asked Peter, "What illness does he have?"

Peter, who had seen much, remained calm and responded, "It's just a common stomach ailment."

Cecilia trusted Peter.

As they left, Mark clutched his abdomen, breaking into a cold sweat from the pain.

Concerned, Peter asked, "Why go through the trouble? They're not going anyway, and you can visit them anytime. What matters most now is taking good care of your health."

They entered the elevator.

Mark immediately leaned against the wall.

In that moment, he yearned for a cigarette to refresh himself, but all his cigarettes had been taken away.

He smiled faintly.

He knew that although Cecilia was around, he no longer had the privilege to be close to her.

Upon Mark's return to the hospital, Zoey reprimanded him.

Cecilia didn't feel any better. She spent a long time in the bathroom before emerging.

Edwin watched her at the door and carefully hugged his mother.

Although Cecilia didn't say anything, Edwin could sense the presence of a baby in her belly.

Cecilia said gently, "I'll drive you to school."

During their car ride to school, Edwin hesitated for a while before he asked gently, "Mom, can I go to the hospital to see Dad? He's sick and appears to be in a lot of pain."

Edwin was such a sweet little boy.

Cecilia was not unreasonable.

She replied, "I'll take you to see him during the weekend."

Edwin leaned against her, smiling.

Truth be told, Edwin longed for his father.

On Saturday, Cecilia visited Rena at the hospital and brought Edwin along. He wanted to see Mark.

The young boy was filled with excitement early in the morning.

He had even prepared a gift for his father.

They soon arrived at the hospital.

Edwin immediately rushed to the ward with the gift in hand.

Cecilia, who was pregnant, couldn't move too quickly.

At the door of the ward, Edwin was about to rush inside to call his father when he suddenly stopped.

He appeared upset and frowned.

This piqued Cecilia's curiosity.

She peered into the ward and was slightly stunned to find Mark leaning against the headboard.

On the edge of the bed, a stranger was reading a fairy tale book to a little girl. Mark gazed at the child tenderly.

It was Laura, Cathy's daughter.

Laura was unable to speak, but she could hear. Mark felt sympathy for her.

He had taken her in but couldn't provide her with a complete home.

After a moment of silence, he noticed Cecilia and Edwin at the door.

Children couldn't hide their feelings well.

Edwin had been excited to finally see his father, but seeing Laura with him, he felt awkward and irritated. He placed the gift on the table, turned and ran away.

Cecilia glanced at Mark and followed Edwin, calling after him.

Edwin cried. His Uncle Waylen had told him that boys shouldn't cry easily, but he couldn't help it.

Mark was his father.

Cecilia felt sorry for her son.

Edwin had to bear the consequences of her relationship with Mark, even though he did nothing wrong.

She hugged Edwin, kissed him, and suggested, "We'll come again next time, okay?"

Edwin sobbed and replied, "I don't want to come back again."

Cecilia didn't blame him.

She wiped his tears and said, "How about we go to Rena's ward to see little Elva? You like your cousin a lot, don't you?"

Edwin mustered a weak smile.

His smile was more heartrending than his tears.

Cecilia kissed him once more and said, "Well, you're a little man."

They then left.

Mark slowly exited the ward, leaning against the wall as he silently watched them leave. He was well aware that both Edwin and Cecilia were hurting.

He yearned to explain, but it seemed futile.

He couldn't provide her with anything now.

Time had passed swiftly.

Mark reminisced about how energetic and full of life he used to be. However, he now couldn't even admit openly that he loved her.

The servant recognized her mistake ran over and blamed herself. "Mr. Evans, I'm sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have brought Laura to see you."

But Mark remained silent.

His body ached, but his heart hurt even more.

He had been too focused on his career for decades, and later he actually wanted to offer Cecilia a lifetime of happiness, but sadly he couldn't make it happen.

Meanwhile, there were visitors in Rena's ward.

Albert and his mother Helen came to see Rena.

Helen had recovered and expressed great affection for Elva, purchasing many baby gifts for her.

As Albert sat on the sofa, he had mixed feelings.

Elva was very adorable.

However, knowing that she was Waylen's child, he couldn't help but feel uneasy.

Helen, being perceptive, noticed her son's inner turmoil and with a smile, asked, "Don't you want to hold the baby?"

Before Albert could respond, Helen placed the baby in his arms.

Albert was hesitant, but Elva's cuteness won him over.

Elva fixed her bright black eyes on Albert, and inexplicably, Albert's heart skipped a beat. In a hushed tone, he asked, "Why are you gazing at me like that, little one?"

Rena smiled and explained, "She can't see clearly. Newborns can only see things within 20 centimeters."

Albert teased the baby.

Elva's sweet demeanor melted his heart.

Albert replied casually, "Well, maybe she can see me."

Helen said, "Albert, you're being silly." But his actions warmed her heart.

Albert obviously grew fond of Elva.

When Cecilia arrived with Edwin, Albert was still holding the baby. When

he noticed her, he quipped, "Miss Fowler, the fearless love warrior, has arrived."

Usually, Cecilia was reserved.

But because she didn't care about Albert, she casually replied, "I'm certainly not like you, with your flourishing personal life."

Following this exchange, Cecilia eagerly turned her attention to Rena.

Rena sensed that it had something to do with her uncle.

Helen, being perceptive, decided to leave with her son.

Albert, however, didn't want to leave and held the baby firmly and said, "I'm in no rush."

This provoked an angry blush from Cecilia.

Rena hugged Cecilia and asked gently, "Have you visited my uncle?"

Unwilling to mention Laura, Cecilia kept silent.

Edwin, on the other hand, couldn't resist explaining the situation. As he mentioned Laura's presence, he clung to Rena's leg, overcome with sadness.

Both Edwin and Cecilia felt a deep sense of sadness.

Rena sensed that Cecilia still held feelings for Mark, or else she wouldn't be so distressed.

Unable to find the right words to comfort Cecilia, Rena's door swung open, and Waylen entered the room.

Observing his sister on the brink of tears, he knew exactly what was going on, thanks to Rena's silent signal. Waylen picked up Edwin and kissed him. He asked, "Are you here to see your little cousin?"

Edwin replied eagerly, "Yes!"

At this point, Edwin could only find solace by spending time with Elva.

Naturally, Waylen took Elva from Albert and prepared her bottle as Edwin looked on with envy.

Albert, in turn, was jealous of Waylen.

Once Helen took her son and left, only Cecilia's family remained in the room. Cecilia shed tears, but her dignity prevented her from complaining.

Waylen, while caring for the baby, conversed with Cecilia.

Rena observed them quietly, recognizing that, despite her close relationship with Cecilia, she could never match the bond between Waylen and his sister.

Waylen and Cecilia were siblings, and there were certain words that only he could say to comfort her. When Cecilia was about to leave, Rena suggested, "Waylen, walk Cecilia out. I'm not hungry right now. You two can have a meal at her place before returning."

Waylen placed the sleeping baby in the crib.

He couldn't help kissing the baby again.

"Alright, I'll follow Mrs. Fowler's orders."

Rena looked at Waylen.

He added gently, "Honey, have a good rest."

Unable to stand him any longer, Cecilia said, "Waylen, that's enough."

Waylen took the car keys and picked up Edwin. "I'll take you two out for a meal."

As they got into the car, he turned to his sister and softly asked, "Have you visited Rena's uncle?"

Cecilia nodded.

Waylen extended his hand to gently touch her head. "You should take a page from your sister-in-law's book and toughen up. Mark is not as important as the baby you're carrying. Edwin is also eagerly waiting to be a big brother. Look at how much he wants a sister."

Cecilia felt the urge to cry.

Only in front of her brother could she fully let her guard down and stop pretending to be strong.

She rested her head on Waylen's shoulder and confided, "Waylen, these past few days have been so surreal. I've been having dreams. When I wake up, I can't tell whether I'm in the past or the present. I always feel like I'm still with him."

Cecilia found it hard to let go of Mark.

But she forced herself to do so.

Waylen felt a sense of sadness. If Cecilia knew about Mark's serious illness, she would surely reconsider.

However, that would be too cruel to her.

As her brother, Waylen couldn't bring himself to do it.