

Chapter 423 A Painful Decision

Cecilia called the nanny.

The nanny, filled with anxiety, feared Cecilia's disappointment.

Cecilia reassured her, "Don't worry. You don't have to follow Mr. Evans' orders anymore. You can return to work now."

Thirty minutes later, two household servants arrived to handle the chores.

Cecilia got Edwin ready for the morning.

He noticed that his breakfast tasted different and asked, "Dad was here last night, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He also made us breakfast."

Cecilia gently patted Edwin's head.

She couldn't bring herself to eat Mark's breakfast. Just a bite would stir up painful emotions.

Her love for Mark, spanning many years, wouldn't wane easily.

Cecilia settled for some instant noodles.

Her work was scheduled for ten in the morning. She had enough time to drop Edwin at school before heading to the gym.

After a few mouthfuls, she felt sick.

A familiar and unsettling sensation hit her.

Cecilia's face grew pale.

Concerned, a servant approached and asked, "Miss Fowler, are you alright?"

Edwin looked anxious.

Cecilia held her chest and forced a smile. "Maybe these instant noodles have gone bad. I need to use the bathroom."

She hurriedly left.

The servant checked the instant noodles' production date, muttering, "Strange. They aren't expired."

In the master bedroom's bathroom, Cecilia retched but couldn't vomit anything. A heavy weight pressed on her chest.

She splashed cold water on her face but couldn't find relief.

The events from the other day replayed in her mind. She had told Mark about wanting a daughter.

They had sex without protection.

Cecilia placed her hand on her belly and gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

Water dripped from her face.

Her eyes mirrored her confusion.

She might be pregnant.

Edwin's footsteps neared.

The little boy embraced her from behind and whispered, "Mommy, did you drink too much last night? Do you have a headache?"

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Though her thoughts were a mess, she turned to hug Edwin gently. "I'm fine, sweetheart. Just a little discomfort."

"Mom, you should rest more," Edwin advised, wrapping his arms around her.

Cecilia mustered a smile, enduring her stomach's discomfort.

She placed Edwin's bag on his shoulder and drove him to school.

Edwin happily trotted off to school.

Cecilia returned to her car, lost in thought.

She had drunk wine last night. Could it affect her potential pregnancy?

Should she even keep this baby?

The more she pondered, the more unease filled her. Finally, she decided to visit the hospital for a check-up.

She went there discreetly for she didn't want to disturb anyone.

An hour later, her test report came back positive.

She had been pregnant for almost five weeks, and the doctor assured her the fetus was healthy.

However, Cecilia couldn't find happiness in this news.

She left the examination room slowly. The corridor was filled with couples, joy painted on their faces as they awaited their prenatal check-ups.

She felt like the only person who didn't know where to go.

Despite her fragility, she couldn't bring herself to call Mark, as she was determined to end their relationship.

If he knew she was pregnant, he wouldn't let her go.

Cecilia bit her lips slightly and was about to leave the hospital.

As she reached the elevator, her phone rang.

It was a call from Mark.

She hesitated, then answered. "What do you want?"

On the other end, Mark remained silent for a long time. Just when she thought of hanging up, he said softly, "I heard from the servant that you weren't feeling well. Did you go to the hospital?"

Cecilia wanted to cry.

She lowered her head and gently covered her belly. "I'm feeling much better now."

Mark said gently, "That's good. Take care of yourself and remember to eat properly, okay?"

Mark's tone sounded as though he was saying goodbye.

Cecilia hesitated for a moment and asked, "When will we sign the divorce papers?"

Mark was taken aback, his voice shaking. After a while, he

replied quietly, "I'm on a business trip. We can sign them when I return."

She felt he was stalling and asked, "When are you coming back?"

"At least four months."

Was he on an expedition to the North Pole?

By the time he returned, she would be heavily pregnant.

Cecilia fell silent.

Mark sighed softly, his voice trembling. "Are you so eager to break up with me? Is being my wife unbearable for one more day? Or are you looking for a younger boyfriend?"

Cecilia held back tears and replied, "Yes."

On the other end of the phone, Mark emitted a small chuckle.

Following their fallout, laughter was a rare occurrence for both of them.

It appeared as though they hadn't shared such laughter for quite a while.

Mark sighed.

He then said in a trembling voice, "I'm boarding my flight soon. I'll have Peter send you the divorce papers. I've already signed them."

At last, their relationship had reached this point.

Mark agreed. Cecilia had longed for this, but she couldn't help crying. In just a few seconds, it felt like they had wrapped up their years of love...

She agreed and abruptly ended the call.

Rushing to the staircase, she slammed the door behind her.

She covered her mouth, slumping against the wall, feeling drained.

A wall separated them.

A mobile hospital bed was wheeled into the elevator, with Mark lying on it.

He appeared pale as he held the phone.

For a while, he muttered, "Cecilia, don't cry."

But she couldn't hear.

Peter accompanied Mark, and even Peter's wife, Lina, joined them. Lina consoled Mark, "Why did you have to do this? There was still hope. Why did you have to push Cecilia away? It's hard to take back what you've said."

Mark lay there, his hand placed gently on his abdomen.

He had a severe stomach issue.

Even if the surgery was successful, there was no guarantee of the problem not recurring.

Mark was considerably older than Cecilia. He realized he couldn't provide much to her. Despite his efforts, the only thing he could offer was wealth, which was the last thing the Fowler family needed.

Setting her free was the best thing he could do for her.

Peter was sad. "Why didn't you wait a bit longer? Maybe your perspective would change after you recover. Why are

you so negative?"

"No, I can't wait. Peter, Cecilia was only 29 years old when we got together. And look at her; she's not as young now. If I delay her for a few more years, it will be tough for her to find a suitable partner."

When Mark spoke these words, he had no idea that Cecilia was just a wall away from him.

More so, she was carrying his child.

She had chosen to bear this burden alone while he granted her wish.

Sometimes, letting go could be cruel.

When they set each other free, she would welcome a new life, while he might end up alone.

But Mark had no regrets about his decision.

In the hospital room, the doctors urged Mark to undergo an operation as soon as possible.

However, he summoned a lawyer and drafted a divorce agreement in Cecilia's favor.

Mark gave Cecilia full custody of Edwin.

He offered cash and property, and even named Edwin as the sole successor to the Evans Gardon in Czanch.

He also specifically bequeathed the house on Gamous Road to Cecilia.

The paperwork was extensive, and even with a high fever of 39.5 degrees, Mark insisted on reading through each clause.

Finally, he signed his name.

After that, he clutched his abdomen, lost in thought for a while.

Peter hesitated to deliver the divorce papers to Cecilia.

Once Cecilia signed the papers and completed the necessary formalities, their marriage would officially end.

Mark lay on the bed, his body covered in sweat due to the pain he was experiencing.

He firmly said, "If you don't go, I won't undergo the surgery."

Peter wanted to convince Mark otherwise, but the doctor warned, "Mr. Evans' condition is more critical than anything now. Further delay could prove fatal."

With tears in her eyes, Lina said, "Peter, please go and give the divorce papers to Cecilia."

Peter begrudgingly left with the documents.

Mark mumbled, "Tell her not to cry. She always loves to cry."

Hearing that, Lina couldn't help burst into tears again.