

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Hold Olivia In His Arms

Waylen's eyes were heavy.

He held his sister's hand and nodded, "Okay. I won't call Mark."

The walls of the delivery room were totally white. There were also a pair of bright incandescent lamps in the ceiling above.

Cecilia was in excruciating pain.

But she bit down on her lip and looked up at the lights.

Tears streamed down the corner of her eyes, each tear reflecting the gleam of the light.

"Mark. Mark..."

She murmured the name over and over in her heart. It was not that she didn't want to hear his voice or hear him call her name, but she was just scared.

She was afraid that if Waylen called him, the call would be answered by someone else, instead of Mark himself.

Cecilia missed him very much, and she also hated him very much.

She said to him in her mind, "Mark. I really hate you, you know.

Do you know Edwin has been missing you?

Do you have any idea how happy I was when I came to you and waited for you to accompany me to my antenatal appointment the other day?

Of course you don't know.

"You know nothing."

Cecilia was feeling throbbing pain, making her feel so dizzy that she didn't even have the strength to miss and hate Mark anymore. With the series of contractions she was experiencing, it was clear that the child couldn't wait to come into the world.

Before long, a sharp cry could be heard coming from the delivery room.

This was the first day of the new year, and the Fowler family had just welcomed a new member.

Olivia Evans was born at 3:10 a.m.

Waylen was the one who picked the name for his niece.

In Rouemn, there was a simple building with windows that had a light green wooden frame.

It was currently snowy, so anyone here would feel comfortable drinking a cup of hot cocoa in a warm house while looking at the snow white world outside.

But if an individual was trapped in a room all year round, no matter how beautiful the scenery was, it would still be very boring.

Mark stood by the window, looking outside. His thin stature made the hospital gown look large.

The doctor had almost given up on him.

But Mark was still alive. He had lived two months longer than the doctor predicted.

Peter was standing behind him with a glass of water and medicine in his hand.

"It's time for you to take the medicine," Peter reminded him in a low voice.

But Mark seemed like he had not heard him.

He just stood there staring at the snow outside. After a while, he murmured, "Today is the New Year's Day. It must be very lively at home."

Peter's nose twitched when he heard this.

He immediately broke into a smile and said, "Yes, during this time of the year, the Evans Garden would always be beautifully decorated, and Mrs. Evans would cook your favorite meat balls."

"It's also her favorite food," Mark whispered.

Peter didn't know what to say in response to this. But after a moment of silence, he cautiously suggested, "How about you call Rena and ask about Cecilia and the baby? The baby should have been born by now."

When Mark heard this, he began to fumble in his pocket for his phone. But then, he stopped and shook his head.

Throughout yesterday, he had thought about calling her, but he never did. It seemed it was better if he never called her at all. He knew she hated her.

"No, I better not call her," he said to Peter.

He didn't have to give Cecilia too much hope.

Peter was very sad to hear this. Nevertheless, he stepped forward and handed him the glass of water and drugs. "Please take your medicine. Afterwards, you can go to bed. I'll buy you some pumpkin pies. You can have a taste when you wake up."

Mark took the medicines from him and swallowed them without a word.

Then he lay on the bed, and a nurse came in to help put on the medical equipment.

After she was done, Mark looked sideways at the tubes.

Slowly, his grip on his phone got weaker and weaker until he

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Ho 🎁 +120 Points at most
finally fell asleep.

It was rare for Mark to fall asleep nowadays. This time, he had a dream and it was about Cecilia.

He dreamed of the hospital where Rena gave birth to Alexis. He dreamed that he was still strong and that Cecilia was still young.

Cecilia's behavior was much like that of Alexis.

She would look at him secretly for a while and call him "Uncle Mark" when she got caught staring.

In fact, this Cecilia in his dream was so lively.

She nestled in his arms and gently stroked his face, saying, "Mark, I don't blame you anymore."

At this point, Mark woke up.

The walls of the hospital room were white, just like the snowy environment outside.

Mark gently closed his eyes again.

He felt he needed to have more sleep.

It was warm in the ward, but he felt cold all over his body. He felt life without Cecilia was a hopeless one.

Peter had probably gone to buy the pumpkin pies by now.

Only a plump foreign nurse was in the ward.

Mark really wanted to return home. He missed his home so much.

He missed those wisteria flowers in the Evans Garden, the food Zoey cooked, and the apartment on Gamous Road, which was where he used to live with Cecilia.

But he knew he couldn't change anything for now.

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Ho 🎁 +120 Points at most

Nevertheless, he would never give up as long as he was breathing.

Even if Cecilia still continued to hate him, even if he wouldn't survive and have her back... He would never regret.

He was determined to stay strong and fight his fate.

Right now, he was finding it difficult to go back to sleep.

So he sat up on the bed and started to make paper planes. He knew how much Edwin liked them.

In fact, Edwin once told Mark that he would invent a plane when he grew up. The plane would be so fast that it would get to Czanch in a blink of an eye.

Edwin said he wanted to go there because he missed him.

That silly boy. Mark's pale fingers trembled as he thought of his son.

Eventually, Peter came back to the hospital room.

He had run into a snowstorm on his way, so he was practically shivering. "Seems like I'm just in time. The pumpkin pies are still warm," he said to his boss with a smile.

But just then, he saw the paper planes Mark had been making and he pursed his lips.

Mark neatly arranged the paper planes and smiled at him, "Okay then. I'll have some of your pumpkin pies."

But Mark only actually took a little bite.

It was not more than a spoonful.

After putting it in his mouth, he put down the spoon because he felt sick.

He narrowed his eyes and looked outside. "I really want to go back home and have a family reunion," he said wistfully.

"Of course you will," Peter cheerfully assured him. But he could see that Mark was somehow uncomfortable.

But before he could ask him about it, Mark's phone rang. It was a call from Waylen.

By now, it was around 4 a.m. in Duefron.

Mark was somehow a little upset when he looked at the caller ID. For a long time, he didn't say or do anything.

"Answer it. Maybe Edwin misses you," Peter urged in a low voice.

Mark broke into a smile. "That silly boy," he chuckled.

Since it might concern Edwin, he decided to answer the phone. It was an international call, so the signal was a little bad.

Waylen's voice sounded a little tired.

But Mark heard him when he said, "Cecilia gave birth to a girl. Her name is Olivia. Olivia Evans."

Cecilia had given birth to a girl that had been named Olivia?

The hand in which Mark held the phone trembled so violently that he couldn't say anything for some time.

After a brief silence, Waylen said, "Mark, Edwin misses you so much."

Mark closed his eyes.

But Waylen continued, "Rena will take a flight to come see you next week. I'll ask her to take photos of the baby along."

"Okay," Mark said softly.

After another brief silence, Waylen said, "Mark, no matter what, I hope you survive and thrive."

He knew that except for the emotional entanglement with

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To He 🎁 +120 Points at most
Cecilia, Mark was a good man.

He had sacrificed too much in the first half of his life. He didn't deserve to end up like this.

Meanwhile, Mark sniffed and put down the phone.

Throughout the duration of the call, he never even dared to ask to speak to Cecilia.

Peter, who had been standing in the room all along, was eager to hear what had been discussed since all he'd heard were the one or two words that Mark had uttered.

"What happened?" he asked.

Mark sat on the edge of the bed in silence. After a while, he looked up at Peter and said, "Cecilia has given birth to a baby girl. She's been named Olivia."

Peter was happy to hear this and he did a fist pump in joy.

"That's great," he said with a grin. "This is a good sign on the first day of the new year. And Olivia is a very pretty name."

Mark nodded in agreement and began to stroke one of the paper planes he had made.

He really wanted to fly back home to see Cecilia and their children.

Even a glance would be okay.

"You miss Cecilia, don't you?" Peter asked cautiously.

Mark nodded slightly.

He hadn't seen Cecilia for a long time. It had been almost half a year since he last heard her voice. She must hate him for leaving like that. That silly boy of his, Edwin, must hate him as well.

At this point, Peter left to get a glass of water.

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To He 🎁 +120 Points at most

When he came back, he handed it to his boss and said with a smile, "Mr. Evans, today is really a very happy day. And I also have something to share with you."

"What's making you so happy?" Mark asked with a faint smile.

"My wife has always wanted a daughter. Fortunately, Laura is now here with us. We've decided to go through the procedures for adopting Laura soon. Then we'll have two things to celebrate," Peter proposed.

Tears gathered in Mark's eyes when he heard this.

He knew that he was the reason Peter was planning to adopt Laura.

He couldn't help but feel sorry for this loyal subordinate of his.

If Peter had remained back at the office, he would be living a comfortable life right now. But instead, he had followed Mark to such a cold foreign country and even spent the New Year's Day here, away from his family and friends. Now, he wanted to adopt Laura, just to share his burden.

Meanwhile, Peter, after waiting patiently and not getting any response from his boss, asked anxiously, "Why can't I adopt Laura? Can't I care about Paul's child? Laura was pinched black and blue by the nanny. Such a poor little girl! I'm very worried about her."

Mark smiled bitterly as he listened to him.

His lips were dry, but since he was required to drink only a certain amount of water, he could only take a little sip to moisten his lips.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Okay."

Peter smiled gratefully and then helped him lie back down.

"You just need to take good care of your health. When you get better, you can go back to Duefron to see Cecilia, as well as

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Ho 🎁 +120 Points at most
Edwin and Olivia. Don't think about anything else. I'm always here with you," he said comfortingly to his boss.

Mark lay quietly and closed his eyes.

He was so thin that he looked almost like a piece of paper.

He smiled at Peter and nodded.

He believed in Peter's words. After his recovery, he would go back to see his family.

Yes, he would definitely recover.

After half an hour, Mark was still awake. He tossed and turned restlessly, but sleep refused to come. The doctor often sedated him, but today, he had refused to be sedated. After a while, he just lay on his side, staring at the phone.

He hoped the phone would ring.

He wanted to call Cecilia, but the doctor's assessment flashed through his mind again.

After some time, he stretched out his hand and rang the bell at his bedside to summon the doctor. When the doctor came, he said to him calmly, "Give me a sedative."

Back in Duefron, it was afternoon and Cecilia had just woken up.

The snow had stopped falling and the weather was now sunny. The sunlight filtered through the window and shone on the bed, making the room feel warm.

There was a pink baby cot beside Cecilia's bed.

A baby girl was sleeping soundly in it.

Olivia had inherited the genes of the Evans family. Her skin was tender and her hair was brown.

She looked very beautiful.

Korbyn, who was seated right next to the cot, said to the baby teasingly, "Among so many children, only Elva inherited the genes of the Fowler family. As for the other children... Alexis, Edwin, Marcus, and you... all of you take after the Evans family."

As he spoke, he turned to look at Waylen with a frown.

But Waylen simply bent down and looked at the baby with a wide smile.

Perhaps because he had several young children himself, he was a lot more open minded about the whole thing than his father was. He touched the baby's face and casually asked his father, "Regardless of who they look like, don't you still like them?"

Korbyn rubbed his nose and huffed.

How dare Waylen ask him such a question? Of course he loved all his grandchildren. If he ever dared to say that he didn't like them, Alexis would be the first one who would give him a hard time.

Cecilia, on her part, was lying quietly on her bed.

Just then, the door was pushed open and Rena came in with a thermo food container, with Edwin following closely behind her.

She brought fish soup.

It was a highly recommended meal for new mothers.

Cecilia smiled when she saw it. "It smells good. I can even drink two bowls of it," she said eagerly.

Rena smoothed her hair and nodded, "Good to hear that. Drink slowly though. You can have it every day."

Cecilia promptly lowered her head and took a sip.

But just as she finished eating the soup, Olivia began to cry.

The nurse carried the baby and brought her to Cecilia.

At this point, the others had to go out so Cecilia would have the privacy to feed her baby. Korbyn had something he needed to see to at the company, so he left the hospital altogether.

As for Waylen, he wanted to smoke a cigarette.

But when he looked at Rena, he gave up the idea of smoking. Then he held her in his arms and sat with her on the bench. "Thank you for waking up early to make soup for Cecilia," he said gratefully. "By the way, how is Elva? Is she obedient?"

Rena nodded and leaned on his shoulder. "Olivia is very cute," she remarked.

Waylen knew that Rena missed Mark. After all, Mark was her uncle. It was normal for her to miss him and worry about him. "Don't worry. I'll take you to Mark next week," he said comfortingly.

"Okay," Rena nodded.

Then Waylen took out his phone and showed her some photos.

They were all photos of Olivia.

After showing her, he sent them to her phone.

"Send them to Mark. Maybe he will be in a better mood after seeing Olivia's photos," he whispered in her ear as he smoothed her long brown hair.

Rena didn't say anything in response.

She just wrapped her arms around her husband's waist and took a deep breath.

Waylen had been a perfect husband and good father nowadays. And she loved him for it.

After a while, Waylen got up and went to smoke.

Now that she was alone, Rena carefully selected a few of the photos of Olivia Waylen had sent her, along with some of Edwin,

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Ho 🎁 +120 Points at most
and then she sent them all to Mark.

"Uncle Mark, happy New Year," she wrote in the message.

Rena hoped he would feel better after seeing the photos of his lovely children.

When Mark woke up, he checked his phone and saw that there was a message from Rena containing photos of his family.

In one of the photos, Cecilia was asleep.

There was a baby lying next to her. The baby's eyes and eyebrows were just like those of members of the Evans family. Mark looked at all the photos quietly, including those of Edwin.

"Silly boy," he chuckled as he stared at the photos of his son.

But even though he was smiling, his eyes were full of tears.

"How cute Olivia is!" Peter said with a grin, looking over his shoulder at the photo. "She looks just like you."

Mark smiled and touched the screen lovingly. "The child is still young. Maybe she'll grow up to look more like her mother," he shrugged.

But Peter suddenly suggested, "How about you call Cecilia? She just gave birth. She must be looking forward to hear from you."

When Mark heard this, he looked at his phone.

After some time, he smiled and said, "Okay."

Just then, the door was pushed open and a young doctor with blonde hair and blue eyes walked in. "Mr. Evans, I want to talk to you about your condition," he said to Mark.

Peter cursed the doctor in his mind.

Why did he choose to come at this particular time?

Nevertheless, Peter watched as Mark took the report from the

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To He 🎁 +120 Points at most
doctor and read it. But all of a sudden, the originally happy
smile on Mark's face froze.

Peter's heart skipped a beat when he noticed this.

"We have a new plan," the young doctor said. "But the course
of treatment will be longer. It will take a year. The process will
be very painful, but the chance of success could be increased
from five percent to thirty percent. I just want to ask for your
personal opinion, Mr. Evans. And of course, it will cost a lot of
money."

Thirty percent chance to live?

"I agree," Mark said without hesitation.

The young doctor then handed him a document and asked him
to read and sign it.

Mark no longer had any energy to read another document, so
he asked Peter to read it for him. Peter obeyed. After reading it,
he kept quiet.

The treatment was indeed aggressive and painful. Any ordinary
person would definitely give up, but Peter knew how much
Mark wanted to live, so he said to his boss, "No problem. I'll be
there with you."

Mark then took the pen and signed the form.

After signing, he slowly put down the pen and said, "I hope we
can return home this time next year for a much-needed family
reunion."

He was hoping that he would still be alive by then.

Fourteen months soon came and went.

During spring, all things came back to life and the weather
became warm again.

After Cecilia finished her work for the day, she drove back
home. The only thing on her mind was Olivia.

Chapter 436 He Really Wanted To Ho 🎁 +120 Points at most

The 14-month-old baby hadn't been completely weaned yet.

When she got home, she stepped down from the car with a bag of baguettes in her hand as usual.

It was Marcus' favorite food.

But Cecilia was moving slower than usual today. The reason was right in front of her--The Fowler residence was different today. There were several black Audis parked at the gate of the villa, and the fountain that hadn't been working in a long time was now working.

At some point, she came to a complete halt.

She had just seen a handsome figure standing in the garden.

He was still thin, but he looked a lot better than he was the last time she saw him.

It was spring and he was wearing a dark brown sweater and a thin wool coat.

The bag of baguettes in Cecilia's hand fell to the ground as she recognized the man she had been staring at.

"Mark," she whispered with a gasp.