

Chapter 453 Edwin Thinks That You Don't Love Him

Mark was rendered speechless.

The white sports car pulled over in front of him.

Holding Olivia in one arm, Mark stepped forward and opened the car door.

Cecilia got out of the car and asked anxiously, "Is Edwin back home?"

Mark only nodded his response.

"Where is he?" Eager to see her son, Cecilia proceeded to the house and was about to enter the hall.

At this time, Olivia blurted out, "Eddie down. Daddy down, too."

Cecilia shot Mark a suspicious look. "What happened? What is Olivia talking about?"

Mark had no idea how to answer Cecilia's series of questions correctly.

After glancing at Mark one more time, Cecilia quickly marched into the hall. The first thing she saw was her son, and the poor little thing was on his knees.

Edwin had beads of sweat all over his face, and he had begun to tremble.

To say that he looked pitiful was an understatement.

Cecilia rushed over, squatted beside him, and asked softly, "What's wrong, dear?"

Edwin was a little embarrassed and reluctant to speak.

Mark came in with Olivia in his arms. He knew exactly what had

happened, but he didn't want to say it in front of Cecilia.

Zoey chimed in, "The kids were just having a little disagreement. It was nothing serious."

Zoey was perceptive enough to see that Edwin had repented.

She didn't want Cecilia and Mark to teach the boy a lesson again, so she said bluntly, "Edwin has taken his punishment. You two can't reprimand him anymore. He's already quite beaten himself up."

Indeed, Edwin's eyes were wet and brimming with guilt.

Cecilia guessed what might have happened.

She turned to Mark who flashed her a helpless smile.

He had thought that Cecilia would defend Edwin. After all, Cecilia didn't like Laura, and she spoiled Edwin every chance she could.

To Mark's surprise, Cecilia neither blamed Edwin nor made an excuse for him.

She just gently stroked her son's head.

She said in a gentle voice, "You think you're in the wrong. When you think you've shown enough remorse, get up and have your meal, okay?"

More tears welled up in Edwin's eyes.

Looking at Cecilia and then at his son, Mark felt his heart melt.

Both Cecilia and Edwin had indeed grown up, all while he was completely oblivious.

And they had grown up very well.

Mark put Olivia down and patted her on the bottom.

Olivia staggered forward.

She sat on the small stool near Edwin and gave Edwin a feeding bottle. "Water, Eddie."

Edwin loved Olivia very much.

He was angry, but he didn't want to be rude to his sister.

"Go and play there. It's cooler over there."

Olivia didn't understand what Edwin meant. She just held the feeding bottle and asked him to drink water, which melted his heart.

Edwin moved his sister's stool over.

The two siblings leaned together.

Zoey gave Olivia a fan and asked her to fan Edwin.

Then, she stood up, knitted her brows, and narrowed her eyes at her son. She spat, "Didn't you say you were going to go cook? What are you still standing around there for? Cecilia and the children haven't eaten anything. You would've discerned that if you were a good husband and father. You deserve to be a single man."

Mark glanced at Cecilia.

Then, he smiled sheepishly at Zoey and said, "Thank you, mom. I'll try to be more sensitive next time."

Then, Mark went to the kitchen to prepare lunch for Cecilia and the kids.

Cecilia wanted to help Mark and talk about Edwin with him, but Zoey stopped her and said, "No, leave him. You don't have to care about a man like my son. He's always out doing other people favors and things. He can strap on a pair for once and cook for his wife and children."

Cecilia had to give up.

Zoey then taught Cecilia many other things about the secret of marriage.

Edwin and Olivia were listening carefully.

Olivia's face was covered with sweat. Edwin wiped her face with his sleeve and said gruffly, "It's cool over there."

Olivia simply put her arms around Edwin's neck.

Mark cooked as fast as he could.

Within half an hour, the food was ready.

He brought the dishes to the table.

He took a look at Edwin who was still on his knees.

Mark put down the tray and wiped his hands. "Lunch is ready. You might not be hungry, but your sister might be. Do you want her to starve while keeping you company?"

Edwin glanced at his sister.

Olivia pointed at her open mouth and said, "Hungry."

Edwin pursed his lips and then got up from the floor. He took Olivia by the hand and led her to the dining table.

He didn't say a word, but he obviously wanted to hoist his sister up onto one of the chairs.

But the eight-year-old Edwin wasn't strong enough to give little Olivia a boost.

With one hand, Mark lifted Olivia onto a seat. Then, he put a bib around her neck and began piling food onto the children's plates.

Zoey came over and commented with a smile, "Wow. You're like a real father now."

Mark chanced a glance at Cecilia. She didn't show any expression on her face. Mark muttered, "That's not up to you, Mom. That's for the mother of my children to decide."

Ignoring Mark's words, Cecilia ate silently.

It was already half past two in the afternoon when they finished eating.

Zoey took Edwin and Olivia away.

Mark went upstairs to have a talk with Cecilia.

About today's incident, to be more specific, it was a conflict between the two children and Edwin's one-sided roughness.

It was also the second time that Edwin had run away from home.

Mark was very worried.

Upstairs, Cecilia was sitting on the sofa by the window.

Obviously, she also wanted to talk to Mark.

Mark wanted to relax himself first, so he took a shower to get rid of the smell of the curry.

He changed into fresh clothes after taking a shower.

Cecilia looked at him.

Mark walked over, sat opposite her, and asked softly, "Are you still blaming me?"

Cecilia shook her head slightly in response.

After that, silence reigned between the two of them. After a while, Mark was the first to speak up. "Cecilia, about the matter of Cathy... Maybe both you and I have already let it go, but Edwin still remembers."

That was why Edwin was so rebellious today.

Cecilia didn't know how to talk to Mark.

However, Mark had already thought about it. He stood up, half squatted in front of Cecilia, and said in a low, hoarse voice, "There are two plans now. The first is that I never see that child again, and the second is that... We take Edwin to a therapist."

Cecilia looked at Mark with wide eyes.

A small cry escaped her throat as tears flowed down her cheeks.

Mark held her hand.

He didn't try to comfort her or stop her. He knew that she needed to have

her reaction.

As Edwin's parents, it would be difficult for them to accept that their son might be mentally ill.

A long time passed.

The sun had begun setting. Its orange rays shone through the floor-to-ceiling windows and gave the bedroom a golden glow, which brought out the gentleness in Cecilia's face. She asked calmly, "What's your decision, Mark?"

On one side was Mark's own son, and on the other side was Paul's daughter.

What would Mark's choice be?

When Cecilia asked, she had an idea in her mind.

If Mark chose Laura this time, no matter how much Cecilia loved Mark, Cecilia would leave with Edwin and Olivia.

Cecilia wasn't that magnanimous.

Mark squeezed her hand and answered softly, "I will never go there again."

Sad and embarrassed, Cecilia turned away.

Cecilia didn't want to target Laura. She knew that Laura was innocent, but life just sucked.

Cecilia also didn't want Edwin to see a therapist at such a young age.

After saying that, Mark felt bad.

He stood up and went to the terrace to call Peter. After a few simple words, Mark hung up the phone.

When Mark came back, he found Cecilia leaning against the sofa and in a daze.

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Mark walked over and held Cecilia. He gently moved her so that her head was resting on his abdomen.

He asked in a tentative tone, "Do you regret making up with me?"

Cecilia didn't say anything.

She and Mark both knew that Edwin wasn't well.

Edwin felt that Mark didn't love him. He also thought that, in Mark's heart, he was never as important as Laura.

This matter affected the atmosphere at home.

At night, Cecilia didn't want to sleep in the same bed as Mark, so she took the children back to the Fowlers' house on that very Saturday night.

Unexpectedly...

Waylen was in the Fowlers' house, but Rena and her children weren't there.

Seeing Waylen, Cecilia felt a little scared.

Crossing his long legs, Waylen looked at Cecilia and snorted, "What happened? Did you two fight again?"

Cecilia was too abashed to say it.

She carried Olivia to the sofa and grunted, "No."

Waylen held Olivia in his arms and lightly pinched her chubby face. He replied casually, "I knew you two would fight about the same thing again. Cecilia, you already have a son and a daughter. Broaden your perspective. Don't think about getting married. You two can live together and separate when necessary. It's actually perfect."

Descending the staircase, Korbyn happened to hear this.

Korbyn's face darkened. "What the hell are you teaching your sister, Waylen? Keep your misguided ideals to yourself. You don't need to spew them all over Cecilia."

Waylen didn't get angry. Instead, he chuckled.

"I think she agrees with me, though."

Korbyn couldn't believe it.

But at this time, Cecilia said gently, "I think Waylen is right, Dad."

Waylen smirked and shrugged with satisfaction.

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes. She said, "I care too much, and it's just hurting me."

Waylen handed over Olivia to Korbyn, stood up, and drawled, "I should go. Otherwise, your sister-in-law will think I'm attending to some monkey business. You know how suspicious she gets. Remember, Cecilia, you have to make a man pursue you. Stop making all the effort. Mark has hands and feet, and he's not too old to run. Make him."

Waylen believed this was all Mark's fault.

He didn't have Alzheimer's.

He didn't forget that he went to the hospital to visit Laura a few years ago and lost Edwin for the first time.

Despite everything, Mark still went to see Laura this time.

There were things Mark just couldn't do even if Cecilia said yes. Besides, did he tell Edwin about that?

Waylen clearly remembered that year.

It was New Year's Eve.

It was snowing.

Edwin had been sitting on the porch.

Watching the snow fall outside, Edwin had waited patiently for Mark. Edwin just wanted to hear Mark call him a silly boy again.

Edwin was only eight years old, but Mark had already put the poor little boy through enough heartbreak to last a lifetime.

Mark wasn't a good father, and he had to make it up to not only just Cecilia but also Edwin.

Waylen had said enough.

He came here without telling Rena so he had to leave now.

After Waylen left, Korbyn looked at his beloved daughter.

Korbyn cleared his throat and started, "It seems that... It seems that your brother is right."

Cecilia nodded in response.

She and Mark got back together too soon, and the feeling of falling in love all over again was so sweet that they forgot about Edwin.

Now she felt even more upset than ever.

Cecilia wanted to think for herself.

On Sunday, she spent the whole day with the kids. The following week, Mark came to see them every other day. But he didn't talk much with Cecilia, which only widened the rift between them even more.

It was the weekend again. Mark drove to the Fowlers' house.

The moment Olivia saw him, she ran to him.

Edwin was sitting at the door and doing his homework.

Mark entered the house with Olivia in his arms, sat beside Edwin, and asked softly, "Where's your mom?"

Edwin didn't respond.

One of the servants who was watching the children said, "She is out of town filming. She will be gone for a week."

Hearing this, Mark was a little stunned.

"Cecilia went out of town to shoot a film and wouldn't be back for a whole week?"

She had never told him about it.

The servant smiled. "Yes, sir. When her mother left, little Olivia cried and cried. She was sad to see her mother go. You've come just in time. You can keep the children company."

Mark could only nod.

He asked the servant to make Olivia a cup of chamomile tea.

Then, Mark helped Edwin with his homework.

Since everything that happened, Edwin had only gone colder and colder to his father.

Staring at Edwin in silence, Mark said, "I should apologize to you for what happened that day."

Edwin just kept scribbling on his notebook with his pencil.

After a short pause, he replied, "It doesn't matter. I'm used to it."

When he heard his son's words, Mark's heart sank.

He didn't say anything more. He just sat there and silently accompanied Edwin.

But there was something that couldn't be redeemed no matter how hard he tried.

Edwin seemed to have developed a psychological defense against Mark.

Edwin cared about Mark.

But he would no longer open his heart to him easily.

Mark was disappointed, but at this point, he could only swallow his bitterness and endure the cold shoulder Edwin was giving him. His kindness to Edwin didn't seem to have any effect anymore.

For the whole weekend, Edwin didn't take the initiative to speak to Mark.

Then, it was Monday night.

Standing alone in front of the French window of his office, Mark thought

Chapter 453 Edwin Thinks That You Don't L...
about Edwin and Cecilia.

 +120 Points at most

For over a week, Mark had very little contact with Cecilia.

Mark wasn't a dense man. He could feel Cecilia's coldness toward him, which really wasn't born out of dislike. It was just that they'd been having too many problems in life.

He didn't know how to make things up to her, and she didn't know how to get over her disappointment.

Zoey said that Mark was too smooth.

He thought for a while and found that she was right.

In the sultry summer, there were many thunderstorms.

Outside, lightning flashed and thunder clapped, and the entire city was set alight on and off for a heartbeat.

The night seemed to be as lively as the day.

Rain poured down endlessly.

Looking at the dark sky, Mark decided to spend the night in his office instead of taking the risky drive home.

While millions of things were racing in his mind, his phone rang.

His phone screen showed Cecilia's landline number.

Mark answered the phone in a hurry.

The servant on the other end of the line said in a panicked tone, "Mr. Evans, are you in Duefron? Edwin and Olivia are here in Miss Fowler's apartment. Edwin has spiked a fever, but because of the weather, I can't get a doctor to come and check on him. Can you help? I can't get through to the Fowler villa as well. They might not be getting a signal."

Clenching his fists, Mark said immediately, "I'll be right there."

The servant said nervously, "Please drive carefully, sir. It's raining cats and dogs."

But Mark had hung up the phone.

He grabbed his car keys and made his way out of the office building. His car was parked in the open parking lot outside. The wind and rain whipped at him relentlessly, rendering his umbrella virtually useless. When he finally reached his car, he was already soaking wet.

But Mark couldn't care less.

When he opened his car door, the rain poured into his mouth.

The inside of his car also got wet.

He slid into the driver's seat and shut the door. Then, he gunned the engine and turned on the windshield wipers. Even at the highest setting, his wipers were no match against the pouring rain. Everything ahead appeared blurry to him.

It was not safe to drive out in this kind of weather.

The heavy rain and strong wind swept through every inch of the city, blowing all kinds of rubbish into the air and felling trees left and right on the road. The sky was so dark that everything underneath it appeared pitch black.

Mark was already halfway through to Cecilia's place.

Then, a metal rod smashed down onto the car out of nowhere.

It hit the back side.

Startled, Mark lost control of the wheel, and the slippery road sent the car reeling for more than ten meters before Mark managed to pump the brakes. He subsequently hit his head on the steering wheel.

Blood oozed from his forehead.

He felt dizzy, but still, he wiped the blood off his face and carefully stepped on the accelerator again.

His phone rang two times before it went dead.

Anxious, Cecilia called Mark again.

But she couldn't get a hold of Mark.

She heard from the servant that Mark had ventured into the inclement weather to attend to Edwin, and he wasn't picking up any of her calls. Now she was worried sick about him.

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