

Chapter 455 I Brought You Your Favorite Person

Upon hearing Peter's remark, Cecilia couldn't help but blush.

She responded in a soft tone, "You really have a way with words."

Peter breathed a sigh of relief, his usual playful demeanor returning.

He quipped, "Oh, you think I'm good? Well, compared to Mr. Evans, I'm just an amateur in the art of charming ladies."

Cecilia bit her lip and remarked, "Yes, he's quite skilled in that department."

Her words carried a tinge of jealousy.

It didn't go unnoticed by Peter. He awkwardly scratched his head, momentarily at a loss for words.

To his surprise, Cecilia added, "I'm just teasing. I'm going to go see him now."

Observing Cecilia's retreating figure, Peter couldn't dismiss the thought that her remark was far from casual; she was clearly feeling jealous.

However, he opted not to mention it, deciding to tread carefully.

Cecilia entered the VIP ward, where Mark was peacefully asleep.

She hadn't slept all night, unwilling to close her eyes even for a moment.

The thought that Mark might vanish in the blink of an eye haunted her.

She gently placed Mark's hand on her warm cheek and stared at him, her gaze unwavering.

Peter was on his way to the ward.

However, he changed his mind upon witnessing this intimate scene and quietly withdrew.

"Mark, please get better."

Cecilia's voice was almost a whisper.

Mark had been in deep slumber for a long time. An entire day had gone by, yet he showed no signs of waking up.

Cecilia's anxiety grew, and she persistently sought answers. The doctor, in a patient tone, explained, "He's been under an immense amount of stress, and it seems he hasn't had a proper rest in quite some time. This prolonged sleep is his way of catching up on that. He'll awaken when he's had enough."

While Cecilia felt some relief at the doctor's explanation, she remained worried.

Waylen came to visit Mark, accompanied by Rena.

Observing his sister's forlorn expression, Waylen couldn't help but sigh. "He really caught me off guard this time."

Mark had always been a meticulous and cautious individual.

In Cecilia's apartment, there was likely a supply of basic medications for the children. The servant, overwhelmed with anxiety, couldn't make a decision of what to do at that moment. However, she'd ultimately calm down and resort to administering the medicine herself.

Although Mark could issue instructions over the phone, he chose to take the risk himself.

Waylen whispered, "Turns out he can be quite impulsive at times."

While Waylen and Cecilia engaged in conversation, Rena attentively attended to Mark.

Rena tenderly wiped Mark's forehead, her expression filled with care and concern.

Waylen, observing Rena's actions, couldn't resist a teasing smile. "It

seems like you're taking care of your own father, Rena."

Rena shot Waylen a brief glare.

"You never have a kind word to say."

Waylen, with one hand still on Rena's shoulder, gently assessed Mark's condition by touching his forehead. "Let me check on our old man."

Rena felt an intense urge to scold Waylen but held back.

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes as she observed the scene, noting that despite his age, Waylen retained a certain childlike quality.

Waylen had other commitments for the afternoon, so he soon left with Rena.

Cecilia escorted them downstairs.

With the three adults gone, the atmosphere in the room shifted.

The servant arrived with both Edwin and Olivia.

Edwin requested that the servant wait outside.

Taking the initiative, Edwin opened the door and ushered his sister inside.

Lying on the bed, Mark remained in a serene repose, his face displaying a pallid complexion.

Olivia observed Mark attentively for an extended moment before affectionately addressing him.

Edwin cradled his sister gently, whispering to her not to make a sound. "Daddy is resting, okay?"

His gaze lingered on Mark.

Meanwhile, his thoughts drifted back to one particular rainy night when Mark had emerged from the downpour to comfort him.

On that evening, Edwin had been battling a fever and considerable discomfort.

Every time he woke up, Mark was there, a steadfast presence by his side.

Tears brimmed in Edwin's eyes.

He picked up Olivia without uttering a word before carefully tucking her into Mark's quilt and removing her sandals.

Olivia remained silent, her eyes fixed on her brother.

"It's noon now. You should take your nap," Edwin remarked in a gruff tone.

Olivia was uncertain of what to say.

Edwin gently tucked her in, allowing her to take a nap alongside Mark.

Olivia pouted.

Being an obedient little girl who cherished her sleep, she soon drifted off into slumber.

Her delicate face nestled comfortably in her father's arms.

Tears formed in Edwin's eyes as he watched them.

In a soft voice, he said, "You love Olivia the most. I brought her to you."

He prayed for Mark's swift recovery.

Upon Cecilia's return, she was taken aback to find the servant responsible for taking care of the kids there.

Cecilia inquired about the situation.

The servant explained, "Edwin mentioned that Olivia was missing her father, so he requested that I bring her here. Actually, I just peeked inside and noticed Olivia sleeping beside Mr. Evans."

Cecilia was at a loss for words.

She contemplated pushing the door open, but through the glass on the door, she saw her son. Edwin was seated there, gazing at Mark, who lay on the bed.

It was evident that it was Edwin who had a strong desire to be there to visit his father.

Cecilia's eyes welled up with emotion.

She instructed the servant to return home, and she, herself, waited on a nearby bench.

An hour had gone by.

Mark stirred, possibly due to the presence of someone nearby.

Upon awakening, he felt warmth on his face and glanced down.

Olivia was sleeping soundly.

Her small body lay atop his, her legs straddling his sides. Her face was nestled near his chin, a small trail of drool escaping her lips.

No wonder he felt out of breath.

Mark raised his head and found Edwin.

His own little boy.

Edwin blushed and looked away shyly under Mark's gaze. He mumbled softly, "Olivia missed you."

Mark had been quite the charmer in his younger days.

He knew how to comfort both girls and children.

With a keen sense, Mark asked, "Don't you miss your dad?"

Boys often cared about their pride.

Edwin was reluctant to confess.

He scoffed, "Even if I miss someone, it would only be my great uncle."

Mark turned his head and pressed with a tender tone, "Aren't I your great uncle?"

Edwin grew even more embarrassed.

He grumbled softly, "You've been asleep for so long. Do you need to use the restroom? If you wet the bed, Mommy won't be happy. You know, people are saying you're getting old."

Mark was left speechless.

He almost felt like tossing Edwin out for his cheekiness.

Mark glanced down at Olivia, noticing that she had shifted her position.

She lay horizontally across Mark's stomach.

Her head and feet nestled into the sheets.

Her adorable floral dress fluttered as she snored softly.

Mark quipped, "You tucked her into my blanket. How am I supposed to get to the bathroom?"

Edwin blushed.

He was torn between not wanting to disturb his peacefully sleeping sister and helping Mark.

Mark did look visibly better.

He raised himself slightly and carefully placed Olivia's head on the pillow.

Mark had truly missed Olivia.

He grabbed a coat and gently covered her belly with it.

Mark carefully removed the IV and tried to stand up, but he immediately felt a wave of dizziness.

Edwin rushed to Mark's side and offered support.

With a smirk, Edwin couldn't resist a playful jab. "I always knew you were getting old."

Mark glanced down at Edwin, thinking that perhaps Edwin had spent too



much time with Waylen and Korbyn. Edwin now also had quite a sharp tongue!

Mark wasn't one to be outwitted by his son.

He smirked and replied, "As long as your mom doesn't hate me."

Edwin mumbled, "Girls always say one thing and mean another."

Mark offered a weak smile. "You seem to know a lot."

He didn't feel the need to be bashful in front of his son when he did his business.

Edwin, however, blushed and turned his head away.

Mark, due to his age, had long shed any embarrassment.

After washing his hands, Mark exited the bathroom. Cecilia was already in the ward, eyeing the remaining half of the IV drip. She inquired, "Why did you remove it yourself?"

Mark leaned against the bed, his voice soft as he explained, "My body is swelling. I'd prefer something light to eat."

Cecilia nodded in understanding.

She went to the table and opened the thermos.

It had soup inside, and several side dishes were served as well.

"Rena brought these. She said you could have these when you woke up."

Cecilia placed the dishes on the table and assisted Mark in shifting over. It took a few moments before Mark finally settled into his seat.

He began to eat, making his way through half a bowl of soup.

He paused, gazing at Cecilia with gentleness in his eyes as he inquired, "Isn't the film you were shooting out of town still unfinished?"

Cecilia hesitated to share the truth with him.

She replied vaguely, "I'll go back to work once you've recovered."

Mark was skeptical. "There's a time limit for renting locations, Cecilia. I'm really fine."

Cecilia bit her lip, torn between her desire to stay with him and her professional commitments.

After a moment, she feigned resolve and declared, "I can put a pause on the shooting for a few days as I still have that influence. They'll understand."

In the past, Mark might have believed her words.

However, he knew Cecilia had changed and valued her career dearly now.

Mark, ever the perceptive man, understood that there might not even be a crew for her to return to at the moment, so he chose not to press the matter further.

Cecilia ladled more soup into his bowl, urging, "Have some more. You need it."

Mark fixed his gaze on her.

Cecilia's cheeks flushed crimson in his presence, especially with Edwin at her side. She found it challenging to withstand Mark's intense scrutiny.

Mark offered a warm smile and dutifully consumed more soup.

It seemed to reinvigorate him.

Though he was still somewhat limited in his movements, his fever had subsided. He leaned against the bed and played with Olivia, who was now awake and lively.

The bed was quite spacious.

Olivia cheerfully explored all four corners of it, treating the space like her own personal playground. Mark, in good spirits, allowed the little girl to roam freely.

Eventually, Olivia flung herself into her father's welcoming arms.

Edwin handed her a bottle filled with milk.

Olivia settled in comfortably for her feed.

Mark tenderly caressed Olivia's face, a warm feeling swelling in his heart.

In the earlier part of his life, Mark had amassed fame and fortune.

However, he then suffered an illness that nearly cost him his life.

In those trying times, he had never envisioned such a day.

The thought of having a wife and children around him had never crossed his mind.

Mark raised his gaze and locked eyes with Cecilia.

He whispered tenderly, "Cecilia, thank you."

A sudden knock at the door interrupted their moment.

Cecilia went to answer the door.

As it swung open, she found herself momentarily stunned. Standing before her were Charlie and several of Mark's other friends.

To her surprise, Flora was also among them.

Cecilia appeared somewhat uneasy, and Flora mirrored her discomfort. Charlie, however, wore a friendly smile as he began, "I heard that Mark isn't feeling well, so we decided to pay him a visit. I expected to find him in a sorry state, but instead, I see him with a beautiful lady and two adorable kids by his side. What more could a man ask for?"

Cecilia was taken aback by Charlie's words, unsure of how to react.

She wished Peter was there; he was better equipped to handle the situation.

Despite the tension, she reminded herself that she was no longer young and needed to maintain her composure.

With a polite smile, Cecilia said, "Please, come in. He's a little better now."

Charlie carried several bags, leading a small group of people into the

room.

His knack for lightening the mood ensured that there was no awkward silence in the room.

Flora, however, seemed the most uncomfortable among them. She hadn't originally wanted to come that day, but Charlie had convinced her, saying, "This is a good opportunity for you. Once you get through this, you can be regular friends. Think about your career! Your future still depends on Mark's niece, Rena. Rena might have a close relationship with you, but I've heard she treats Cecilia like her own sister. Can Rena bear to see her upset?"

So Flora reluctantly agreed to join them.

She would have never agreed otherwise.

Cecilia decided to put Flora at ease, stopping her abruptly and saying, "The men are occupied with their conversation. Let's find a place to sit."

Flora was seemingly skilled in social interactions.

She suspected that Cecilia might not like her and wanted to separate her from Mark.

But Cecilia remained composed and fair.

Once they reached the coffee shop downstairs, Cecilia and Flora each ordered an iced coffee. Cecilia, her fingers delicately wrapped around the cup, broke the silence first after a while, speaking in a hushed tone. "Flora, I need to apologize for what happened last time."

Flora was taken aback by Cecilia's words.

She took a sip of her coffee and replied, "Please don't blame yourself. I lost my sense of propriety."

After pondering for a moment, Cecilia continued, "Even if I didn't trust Mark completely, I should have trusted you. You're a close friend of my sister-in-law, Rena, and she wouldn't have connected with you if she had doubts about your character. So, I must admit that I overreacted last time. I apologize for not handling it more gracefully when I argued with Mark."

Flora remained poised.

She smoothed her hair and replied with grace, "Please don't say that. You're also like a little sister to me."

Cecilia offered a warm smile.

They decided to change the topic.

Flora observed Cecilia and noticed how much more mature and composed she had become.

Cecilia lowered her head and smiled.

"I still remember the night you accompanied me to the airport. Flora, you're a genuinely kind person."

Flora didn't hold back in her response.

She raised her head and let out a sigh. "Cecilia, you can't imagine just how popular Mark was."

Many women sought to marry him, all of them carrying their own fame and prestige.

Mark, in his youth, possessed both good looks and gentleness, not to mention his elevated status.

And he's always been sensible."

Flora's smile grew as she continued, "I'm sure he's different now. Married men are always distinct from their single selves. Cecilia, you've changed him. I bet he didn't take you too seriously in the beginning, but fate has its way. He hadn't settled down before because he hadn't met the right person. Then, he found you."

After expressing her true feelings, Flora felt a sense of relief.

She smiled once more. "It's liberating to admit one's own shortcomings."

Cecilia was deeply touched by Flora's words.

She replied earnestly, "Flora, I'm not as wonderful as you."

Flora gently patted Cecilia's hand and reassured her, "But he loves you."

Cecilia and Flora returned to the hospital ward after their little chat.

The atmosphere was light and cheerful.

Charlie held Olivia in his arms. The jolly kid now wore a few delicate gold necklaces around her neck--all of them gifts from Mark's friends.

Olivia looked absolutely adorable.

Charlie was quite taken with Olivia and couldn't help but express his admiration. "I'll have to convince my wife to have a girl of our own. Just look at Olivia! She's absolutely adorable."

Flora couldn't contain her laughter as she teased him. "Which wife of yours are you referring to?"

Charlie pretended to be annoyed. "Flora, you're being unreasonable. If any of you dare to say such things in front of my wife, I'll cut off all ties with you." A brief silence hung in the air. He then added, "By the way, I'm extremely faithful to my wife."

It brought laughter from the group.

However, Mark's eyes were focused on Cecilia the whole time.

His gaze was intense.

As he searched her face, he was eager to discern something, perhaps an indication of whether she was upset.