

Chapter 424 Let Her Go

Cecilia arrived back at her apartment.

Needing a respite, she allowed herself and two nannies a break.

Seated alone in the living room, she was lost in thought, her arms wrapped around her knees, shedding tears that she gently wiped away.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

She stiffened and approached the door, hastily wiping her face.

Through the peephole, she saw Peter and a stranger who resembled a lawyer holding a briefcase.

Cecilia was slightly surprised by their presence.

She then realized that they were there to deliver the divorce agreement.

With a deep breath, she opened the door.

Peter, noticing her red eyes, couldn't help but ask, "Why are your eyes red? Are you crying? If you cry, Mr. Evans will..."

Cecilia interjected, "He won't feel sorry for me. If I sign it, we will be strangers."

Peter considered expressing his thoughts but, in the end, chose not to.

He found himself in a dilemma as he genuinely wished to

inform Cecilia about Mark's illness. He believed that this revelation might soften her heart, especially considering their deep feelings for each other.

However, he was well aware of Mark's temperament.

Mark didn't permit him to disclose it to her.

Cecilia allowed them inside, and they took their seats.

Peter looked around and said, "The environment is good. Did Edwin go to school?"

Cecilia served them ice water.

Nevertheless, Peter was not in the right state of mind. Mark was still in the hospital, waiting for him.

After careful consideration, he couldn't bring himself to give up, so he cautiously asked, "Cecilia, is there any possibility and you and Mr. Evan could talk this out? You've overcome all these hardships throughout these years. Do you really want things to end like this?"

Cecilia lowered her eyes, pondering the question.

After a brief silence, she softly asked, "Where is the agreement?"

Peter's eyes glistened with tears.

What was happening was utterly baffling. Mark awaited surgery in the hospital, while Cecilia clearly still cared about him. It was such a perplexing situation.

If a couple as deeply in love as they were had to part ways, it would cast doubt on the existence of true love in the world.

Despite Peter's deep sadness, he still instructed the man

beside him, "Milo, please proceed."

Milo, sensing the heavy atmosphere in the room, promptly retrieved the document and began reading it aloud.

As Cecilia listened, she found herself in a bewildered state. The only part she clearly grasped was that Mark had bequeathed the house on Gamous Road to her.

What did he mean?

At that very moment, Peter said resolutely, "Mr. Evans regrets the actions he took regarding Cathy's matters. He fully deserves any anger you may harbor toward him. But Cecilia... For the sake of your shared past, even if you can no longer be a couple, you shouldn't become enemies, because... Because..."

Peter couldn't bring himself to continue, nor could he reveal the complete truth. It wasn't her secret to tell after all.

Unfortunately, Cecilia couldn't fully grasp the meaning behind his words.

Instead, she took the document and carefully reviewed its contents.

Mark had been quite generous in granting her various assets. However, she made a deliberate choice not to claim everything.

She decided against accepting the house on Gamous Road and declined to receive Evans Gardon on behalf of Edwin.

She considered the possibility that Mark might remarry and have more children in the future, and Edwin might not be the sole heir to the property.

She carefully examined the terms of the agreement and

then affixed her signature at the end of the document.

After she signed, her gaze remained fixed on the papers, and her eyes welled up with emotion.

It was finally the end of their relationship.

Peter knew her well enough to understand that if she knew the truth about Mark's illness, she might not have signed the agreement. He felt a pang of guilt for not giving her the opportunity to know. It was unfair to Cecilia.

But Mark was right. How could he keep holding her back?

As they left, Peter pat Cecilia on her shoulder and said, "He wanted me to tell you not to cry, so please don't cry, okay?"

However, Cecilia couldn't hold back her tears.

After sending them away, she was overwhelmed with remorse, her mind a whirlwind.

It wasn't until she felt the pangs of hunger intensifying as twilight settled in that Cecilia snapped out of her reverie. She stumbled into the kitchen in a daze, mechanically opened the cabinet door, and impulsively discarded all her favorite instant noodles.

Then she called the nanny.

"I want beefsteaks and mashed potatoes for dinner."

She had no appetite, but her unborn child needed nourishment.

Meanwhile, Peter hurried back to the hospital, where Mark awaited his surgery.

Peter passed the agreement to Mark, who was propped against the head of his hospital bed. He gazed at Cecilia's

signature for an extended period, and a faint smile slowly graced his parched lips.

He said, "She comes from a wealthy family and is beautiful. It's not too late for her to find someone else in her early thirties."

Upon hearing Mark's words, Peter was overcome with emotion, and tears welled up in his eyes.

Lina, wiping the sweat from Mark's forehead with a towel, was also in tears. She said, "Mrs. Evans will be here soon. You have to come out of the operating table well, or she will be sad."

Mark replied with a reassuring smile, "Of course."

Peter asked once more, "Should I inform Rena and Waylen?"

Mark shook his head, declining to involve them further in the situation.

Rena was still residing with the Fowler family. Mark didn't want to burden her with the complications of his situation. Moreover, at that moment, his most profound longing was for Cecilia and Edwin, but regrettably, he couldn't see them.

All he had before him was the divorce agreement.

Mark closed his eyes slightly and said to the doctor, "I'm ready for the surgery."

The operation lasted eight hours, and half of his stomach was removed.

Fortunately, it was a success.

However, he still needed to be vigilant about his health.

Upon waking up in his hospital room, Mark saw Zoey sitting

at the edge of his bed, looking utterly distraught.

To his surprise, Rena was also present.

Also, Waylen stood by the door.

Despite his weakness, Mark turned his face and gently touched Zoey's hands. Zoey, a mix of anger and distress, wiped her eyes and quietly scolded him, "You should have at least informed Cecilia."

Wasn't he concerned that he might not survive the surgery?

It would be unfortunate if they couldn't have a final meeting:

With a faint smile, Mark replied in a hushed tone, "Isn't she already angry with me? I didn't want to add to her anxieties."

Zoey hesitated and asked, "Did you really sign the divorce agreement?"

Mark remained silent but fixed his gaze on Zoey.

Zoey held her son's hand with her wrinkled ones and couldn't find it in her heart to blame him any longer.

Afflicted by this illness, even though the surgery had been successful, there was no guarantee that he would fully recover in the future.

She understood Cecilia's situation and was unwilling to witness her getting entangled in any more trouble. After all, Cecilia was still young, and there was no reason to forgive Mark after all he had done to hurt her solely because of his illness.

After their conversation, Mark shifted his attention to Rena.

Rena's heart ached inexplicably upon learning about Mark and Cecilia's divorce, but she found it difficult to express

her feelings.

Instead, she simply encouraged Mark to rest.

Gazing at the ceiling, Mark said gently, "If someone suitable comes along, introduce him to her. She's a kind-hearted girl, so be sure to look out for her. Waylen knows many people, so he can help."

Upon hearing Mark's request, Rena was overwhelmed with deep sadness.

"Uncle Mark, please don't say that," she implored.

Mark forced a smile.

But Rena's sorrow lingered even after leaving the hospital.

Once in the car, she leaned against the back seat and silently cried.

Waylen sympathized with her.

He held her shoulder, offering comfort while carefully wiping her tears with a tissue. "Don't cry. This only means that they weren't meant for each other. It's better to part ways now."

Gazing at Waylen's handsome face, Rena mumbled, "No, not at all. Cecilia must be heartbroken."

Waylen leaned in and planted a kiss on her, whispering in a husky voice, "Pregnancy has made our dear Ms. Gordon more sentimental."

He then gently rubbed her belly and playfully suggested, "You might probably feel better once this little one is born."

Rena, however, pulled his hand away and softly said, "Waylen, we're discussing something serious here."

But before Waylen could tease her further, his phone rang.

He picked up and found it was Korbyn. He asked, "Where are you, Waylen? Come home now."

Waylen replied, "Okay, I'm on my way."

He then hung up the phone. Turning to Rena, he said, "Dad asked us to go home. It seems that something urgent has happened."

Rena speculated, "Then it must be about Uncle Mark and Cecilia's divorce. Waylen, he doesn't want us to talk about his illness. When we get back home..."

Waylen snorted, "I won't take that old man's side!"

Rena turned her head, and Waylen gently pinched her cheek.

He coaxed, "Are you angry now? I'll make it up to you in bed tonight."

It was evident that he was the one looking forward to the service.

However, Rena declined immediately. "I'm not in the mood."

Waylen smiled, sat up straight, and started the car.

Half an hour later, the black Maybach arrived at the Fowler's villa's parking lot.

Despite the late hour, Edwin came running toward them, followed by Cecilia.

Waylen closed the car door and furrowed his brow.

He wondered why Cecilia had returned as well.