

## Chapter 437 He Is Back

Mark had returned.

He had indeed comeback.

Cecilia had frequently experienced abrupt awakenings from her dreams, fearing that Mark had died.

News had circulated that he had been improving over the past six months, leading her to expect contact from him. However, he had never reached out to her.

Now, out of the blue, he had reappeared.

It was just like that evening many years ago when several Audis suddenly showed up at the villa. She was all frustrated because of Harold. Hearing the noise downstairs, she went to check and saw Mark there.

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears.

She stood motionless, gazing at Mark, while everything around them seemed to grow quiet.

Her mind went blank.

The only thing she knew was that he had returned.

Mark, too, looked at her with longing in his eyes.

She looked as beautiful as ever but had also matured.

Finally, Cecilia snapped back to reality. Her lips quivered, and her face turned unusually red. She bent down to conceal her emotions and began to pick up the bread that had fallen to the ground.

"They're dirty. You can buy new ones next time." Mark bent

down to assist her.

Their hands grazed.

The simple touch of her skin elicited a strong reaction, and she suddenly stood up.

She left the baguettes on the ground and stumbled away.

Mark stood up and watched her retreating figure.

At the same time, Rena walked over slowly.

She held Edwin's hand. Edwin appeared composed, but his dark eyes were fixed on Mark.

It was as though Edwin feared that Mark might disappear again.

"Uncle Mark!" Rena's voice quivered slightly.

She looked up at Mark with admiration in her eyes. Her voice carried a hint of impending tears.

Over the past two years, she had visited Rouemn more than 20 times.

She had witnessed Mark's most painful moments.

She knew how hard it had been for him to stand here today.

Thankfully, it was all over, and the future looked promising.

Mark gently patted Rena and bent down to look at Edwin. He asked gently, "Can you take me to see your sister?"

Edwin still maintained his stoic expression.

Mark felt a pang in his heart. He extended his hand to touch the little boy's head, and said, "Silly boy."

Edwin pursed his lips.

He replied, "She is in mom's room."



Edwin led the way, moving briskly, his face displaying a touch of anger.

Mark felt a bit despondent.

Rena said softly, "He'll come around soon."

Mark handed the baguettes to Rena and followed Edwin. Edwin was still upset. He led Mark to the second floor before rushing off to find Leonel.

Mark knocked on the door and entered.

He had been in this feminine bedroom countless times, but the presence of a little baby seemed to infuse it with an extra sweet scent that hung in the air.

Cecilia was standing on the terrace, her back turned to the light, making it difficult for Mark to see her face clearly.

Mark quietly closed the bedroom door.

He approached a small pink wooden crib, where Olivia was peacefully asleep.

The baby was over a year old.

The spring sunlight filled the room, and the baby slumbered soundly.

The baby was tender, with brown curly hair.

Olivia resembled Alexis, though her features were bright and attractive, in contrast to Alexis' delicate beauty.


Mark adored Olivia.

Just then, Olivia woke up.

Her curious, bright eyes locked onto Mark.

He leaned down, scooped her up, and, instead of shying away, the little girl nuzzled closer to him. She softly babbled some

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words sounding like "Dad."

 +120 Points at most

Mark felt his eyes well up with tears.

He cradled Olivia, supporting her bottom with his hand, and tenderly kissed her.

"How did you know I'm your dad?"

Of course, Olivia couldn't answer.

She giggled merrily and snuggled her soft face against his.

He held Olivia for a while, savoring the sweet milky scent emanating from her body. He adjusted her dress, and then walked out to the terrace with her in his arms.

Cecilia was still standing there.

She wore a flowery dress with a loose long cardigan, her long black hair cascading down her back.

A gentle breeze rustled the air.

Her silhouette looked enchanting.

Mark approached with the child in his arms, and Cecilia seemed to sense his presence. She softly said, "I thought you wouldn't come back."

Mark remained silent.

Cecilia tilted her head slightly, turned around, and gazed at him with reddened eyes and nose, indicating that she had been crying.

Mark motioned for her not to cry.

Cecilia stifled her emotions and said in a hushed tone, "We were over, but you should consider Edwin. You should have at least said goodbye to him."

"I know." Mark admitted, his voice choked with emotion.



Despite his deep regret, his words felt inadequate.

He chose not to elaborate.

Mark placed Olivia in Cecilia's arms, softly brushed Olivia's face with his slender fingers, and then gave her a pair of exquisite bracelets he had purchased in Rouemn.

He smiled faintly and said, "I just got off the plane and came here. I haven't seen my mom yet. She's been in tears for the past two years. I heard you've been bringing Olivia to see her. Cecilia, thank you." His words were both affectionate and courteous.

Cecilia wasn't sure what he really meant by saying all that.

She simply restrained her emotions and murmured, "I care about her, despite what happened between us."

"I know."

Mark spent some time playing with Olivia. Despite his recent illness, he appeared much calmer.

After a while, Mark was about to bid Cecilia farewell.

Waylen entered the room and noticed the two of them engaged in a conversation.

He took Olivia over and kissed her. He then turned to them and asked, "What are you standing here? Let's go downstairs for dinner. Today, we're celebrating two joyful occasions simultaneously. My parents are in high spirits, so they've requested the chef to prepare several of Mark's preferred dishes to extend him a warm welcome."

Two joyful occasions?

Upon hearing this, Mark detected something amiss and smiled faintly.

"I don't think I'll join you. I haven't seen my mom yet, and I'd like

to visit her first. Let's have dinner another day."

Waylen's keen eyes didn't miss the subtlety. "What a pity! The gentleman joining us today is from the Smith family, and he's quite pleasant."

Cecilia appeared slightly taken aback.

She had met the man once but hadn't given it much thought.

Mark smiled gently. "That's truly a pity."

Glancing at Cecilia, he whispered, "I'll come to visit the children on another day."

With that, Mark descended the stairs.

Two more black limousines had arrived at the Fowler family's villa. The car doors opened, and a man in his early thirties stepped out.

He exuded an air of handsomeness and elegance.

The man recognized Mark and greeted him respectfully.

"Mr. Evans."

Mark also stopped and appraised the man for a moment before smiling.

Korbyn arrived at that moment.

After greeting Mark, Korbyn signaled for the young man, Thomas Smith, to sit down and enjoy the meal.

Thomas' assigned seat happened to be next to Cecilia.

Mark turned and noticed Cecilia sitting next to Thomas.

Cecilia looked lovely, though her eyes were slightly red.

The atmosphere at the table was somewhat tense.



Rena approached, gently taking Mark's arm, and whispered to the others, "I'll see my uncle off."

Mark didn't decline.

The two walked slowly toward the parking area.

Rena said slowly, "Uncle Mark, Cecilia hasn't had an easy time these past two years. She's been on several blind dates, but hasn't met anyone she liked. This time..."

As they reached the car, Rena's brows furrowed.

"Cecilia is in a difficult situation."

Mark's gaze was tender.

He helped Rena adjust her disheveled hair, patting her shoulder gently. "I understand. I let her down."

Cecilia's marriage had fallen apart.

She had children and often relied on her parents for help.

They had arranged for her to meet someone, and naturally she felt she couldn't refuse.

On the other hand, Rena seemed more at ease.

She opened the car door for Mark and said, "Please give my regards to Grandma, and I'll visit her in a couple of days."

Mark nodded.

As he settled inside the car, he noticed Edwin hiding behind the garden fountain, discreetly following them.

Mark's heart softened.

He exited the car, opened the trunk, and retrieved a large box.

There were thousands of paper planes inside.

Edwin cautiously approached, his eyes fixed on the paper planes.

Mark gently touched Edwin's head and said, "I missed you too. Whenever I longed for you, I would fold a paper plane. At night, I could take a paper plane and imagine seeing my Edwin."

Edwin remained silent.

He then dragged the box away.

Mark continued to squat there, his gentle and handsome face revealing a faint twitch.

Rena whispered, "He hasn't spoken much in the past two years. He often sits on the terrace, waiting for an airplane to appear in the sky."

Mark raised his head slightly to blink away his tears and said, "Rena, please don't."

He stood up, opened the car door, and got inside.

Several black Audis began to drive away, leaving Rena standing there for a long while.

Waylen approached her, noting that her eyes were slightly red, and he said softly, "Your eyes aren't red because you got something in them, right? I don't think Mrs. Gordon is such a sentimental person."

Rena held onto Waylen's arm as they walked slowly towards the mansion.

There was nothing they couldn't discuss as a couple. Rena asked softly, "Why did you invite the young man from the Smith family today of all days? I can see that both Uncle Mark and Cecilia are uncomfortable."

Waylen smiled faintly.

He replied with a question, "Are you concerned about them?"



"Yes, I am worried about them. One is my uncle and the other is like a sister to me."

Waylen stopped and lit a cigarette, wrapping his arm around Rena.

He exhaled the smoke slowly and smiled. "It's not entirely my doing. Dad arranged it. Besides... Didn't we agree not to push things between them? Don't worry. I think your uncle can handle this."

Rena contemplated for a moment and said, "Then we won't favor either of them. Just let them sort things out by themselves."

Waylen gazed at Rena.

She seemed serious, which he found endearing.

He extinguished the cigarette, ran his warm palm over her waist, and said softly, "I don't care about them. You're the only one that matters to me. Why do you still have such a slender waist? How about we add another member to the family and make it livelier?"

Rena pushed his hand away.

"Nonsense. Besides, where are we right now?"

Waylen chuckled. "We're a couple. Besides, our household staff are discerning and won't gossip."

Rena wasn't as brazen as him.

The two exchanged playful banter and proceeded to enter the mansion.

On the other hand, Mark returned to his villa.

It was his first visit in two years, and everyone at home was busy preparing.

Lina had personally prepared a variety of dishes, all looking

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delectable.

+120 Points at most

Zoey, on the other hand, had fried the meatballs herself.

As the car pulled up, Peter rushed to open the door and uttered some words of good fortune.

Zoey also rushed out.

Mark approached and softly called Zoey, "Mom!"

Zoey's eyes were not as bright as before. She gently caressed her son's face. Mark appeared healthier than before.

He half-crouched down to allow her to touch him.

Zoey managed to contain her emotions and said, "It's good that you've come back."

Peter set off some firecrackers.

Amid the commotion, he ran back to cover his ears and said, "From now on, only good things will happen."

Mark smiled silently.

Zoey asked, "Where are Cecilia, Edwin and Olivia? Weren't you at the Fowler's house earlier? Why didn't you bring them along?"

Mark helped Zoey inside.

He smiled and replied, "Edwin is still not on good terms with me. I'll bring him over to see you in a few days."

Zoey's mood lightened a bit.

She looked at Mark and reprimanded, "I believe they simply don't wish to see you. Cecilia visits me quite frequently with the kids."

Mark just smiled.

Even Zoey couldn't fathom Mark's thoughts.



At that moment, a timid young girl approached.

It was Laura, who unfortunately still refused to speak.

She had made a small cake for Mark, which was somewhat unattractive. She ran away in embarrassment after setting it down.

Lina smiled and said to Mark, "She missed you very much."

Mark just smiled.

The dinner was lively. After the meal, Mark took a couple of pills and sat in his bedroom, lost in thought.

Despite his outward composure, Mark was deeply affected.

He couldn't help but feel uneasy about the man sitting next to Cecilia.

Mark and Cecilia had missed their chance to rekindle their relationship two years ago. He had left resolutely, and there was no reason for her to wait for him.

But now that he had survived, he couldn't help but feel the yearning to be with her.

Mark wanted to smoke a cigarette, but his body wouldn't allow it. Instead, he retrieved a candy from his pocket, which happened to be Cecilia's favorite.

He unwrapped it and placed it in his mouth.

The candy was sweet, reminiscent of Cecilia.

Mark had assumed control of the company.

Under Waylen's management, the company had seen steady growth in the past two years. But Waylen's energy had limitations, preventing him from initiating major reforms. Consequently, Mark spent three months reorganizing the company.

During those three months, Mark visited Olivia and Edwin every week.

Olivia had grown fond of Mark.

She consistently insisted on being held by Mark.

Mark noticed a divide between Edwin and himself. Edwin rarely addressed him as 'dad' and seldom engaged in conversation.

Mark knew he couldn't rush things.

One day, Mark was at the Fowler residence with his two children, and Waylen happened to return.

Waylen took off his coat and comfortably settled on the sofa, observing Mark.

He thought that Mark appeared incredibly calm.

Mark was teaching his daughter to walk, but she was still unsteady on her feet.

Olivia tumbled to the floor after taking merely one step.

She frowned and softly murmured for Mark to pick her up.

Mark lifted her, kissed her, and encouraged, "Let's try again."

Olivia, in her delicate manner, leaned in for another kiss before attempting to walk.

Mark smiled and said, "You're so delicate. Just like your mother."


He gently set Olivia down and took a few steps away, holding out his arms. Olivia made her way toward her father, stumbling along the way, but Mark refrained from helping her.

She stood up, found her balance, and walked more confidently.

She looked at Mark in surprise.



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 +120 Points at most

Eventually, she reached her father and Mark showered kisses on her.

At that moment, the sound of a car engine and rain was heard at the door. The servant opened the door and said, "Miss Fowler, you're all wet. Oh, hello, Mr. Smith."

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