

## Chapter 313 The Day When They First Met

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The extravagant bedroom was dimly lit.

Cecilia lay on the soft bed, but she was strapped down and blindfolded, unable to move or see.

The familiar, refreshing smell of a specific brand of aftershave filled her nose.

This was the third time Cecilia had been "kidnapped" this month.

And every single time she was brought here, the man would blindfold her, tie her wrists, and make her sleep next to him...

But he never touched her—not maliciously, at least.

He just held her in his arms all night long.

Cecilia heard the door opening, and then the faint sound of footsteps. The next moment, she felt the mattress next to her sinking deeply... Warm fingers gently stroked her face.

She was so gorgeous.

Finally, the man withdrew his fingers and just looked at her greedily...

Cecilia didn't struggle, but her blindfold was gradually stained with tears. She cried in a low voice, "Mark, aren't you getting married? Why do you keep bringing me here? No! I refuse to be your mistress!"

Mark was stunned. She knew it was him all along.

Then again, how could she not know it was him? She would've recognized his scent, no matter how long they had been apart.

Perhaps it was because the man didn't want to hurt her that he didn't tie down her wrists that tightly, but Cecilia managed to break free from her binds after struggling a little.

She ripped off her blindfold and met Mark's intent gaze.

Her chest heaved violently at the sight of the man she had loved for so many years...

Cecilia's lips trembled slightly as she said, "Mr. Evans, I might not be very smart, but you can't just play with me like a toy. I simply refuse to be any married man's mistress!"

Half a year ago, she had gotten drunk one night.

And that very night, they had sweet, passionate sex for hours...

Whenever Mark visited Duefron after that night, he would go see her, and sometimes they would spend the night together. After all, he was single, they had a child together, and he had asked her to wait for him for two years.

With joy, she entertained the thought of them getting married.

Later on, news that Mark was getting married made headlines—but his bride was not Cecilia.

Even so, he still wanted to share a bed with her...

Unable to look at her tearful eyes, Mark took out a cigarette and lit it irritably.

He was so tempted to tell her to wait for him for another six months.

He wanted to tell her that the news of his supposed marriage was fake, but he couldn't bring himself to make her wait for him any longer. After all, he had made her wait for too long.

Feeling conflicted, Mark didn't say anything for a long time.

Finally, he let out a heavy sigh. "Cecilia, I'm sorry."

He stretched out his arms towards her, intending to pulling her gently towards him.

But the woman recoiled from his touch, glaring at him stubbornly with red, puffy eyes.

He knew that Cecilia loved him.

Her kind of love was a mix of infatuation and admiration.

And this was exhibited in their countless, passionate love-making sessions in the past.

Mark gently touched Cecilia's head and said in a hoarse voice, "I made breakfast. Go wash up. Peter will have someone drive you home later."

His tone was gentle, but somewhat estranged.

Then without waiting for a response, Mark stood up and walked out of the bedroom.

He walked very fast, as though he was afraid that something would chase after him...

As soon as he closed the door behind him, the facade fell and Mark staggered.

He threw a hard punch at the wall, staining the white paint with blood.

He had too many restraints in his life.

He couldn't even be with the woman he loved. How could he call himself a man?

Once, he believed he could let it all go, leading to his breakup

with Cecilia a few years ago. However, upon their reunion, he was struck with the sudden realization that they had a son together. Thus, he contemplated giving up everything to be with Cecilia and their child within the next two years.

But two years came and went. He broke his promise to her...

In the en suite bathroom, Cecilia squatted next to the toilet and cried bitterly.

She knew that doing so meant that she had hit rock bottom.

But she couldn't control herself. This was the only way she could release her pent-up frustration, because the moment she walked out that door, she'd have to pretend that she was completely fine.

She still had to be a good daughter.

She still had to be a good mother.

She still had to be a glamorous model...

"Suck it up, Cecilia," she told herself through gritted teeth. She told herself she wasn't allowed to cry.

In a trance, her listless eyes landed on a stray pack of cigarettes. She lit one and fell into deep thought, recalling the first time she met Mark.

Back then, Cecilia was young and innocent.

And Mark was a man everyone admired.

She could never forget that evening when eight Audi cars abruptly pulled to a stop in front of her house, bringing along more than a dozen bodyguards dressed in black, escorting the noble man into her home.

He stood in the living room of the Fowler's house, looking handsome and almost god-like.

That day, Cecilia learned that the man was none other than Mark Evans from Czanch.

He was also Rena's uncle.

Cecilia descended the stairs gracefully, as her father requested her to greet Mark. When she looked at Mark's youthful and attractive face, she couldn't help but think that he appeared to only be in his early thirties. Why, then, should she, a full-grown adult, address him as "Uncle Mark" like he was an old man?

But on second thought, she could see that both her father and brother were intimidated by Mark.

So she figured that if she was humble and obedient, Mark might agree to let Rena be with Waylen.

That day, Cecilia had worn a simple white dress.

It almost looked like a nightgown...

In this way, she descended the stairs and looked down at the nobleman in their house, calling him "Uncle Mark".

Mark turned around at the mention of his name.

Upon seeing his face, she couldn't deny that her heart began to beat faster. She had never imagined that Rena would have such a handsome and influential uncle. However, Mark just casually nodded at her and then continued chatting with her father.

She had never seen anyone who could talk to her father so casually.

Later, after Mark left, Cecilia overheard her father saying that Mark was a cunning fox. Waylen, on the other hand, didn't say anything.

Cecilia disagreed with her father's remark. In her eyes, Mark was very gentle and polite, exuding an inexplicable air of confidence whenever he spoke.

At that time, she wondered how there could be such a good-looking man in this world.

She had to admit that she was attracted to him.

It was infatuation at first sight.

## Chapter 314 She's Cute Like A Little Bunny

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Cecilia didn't think that she'd cross paths with Mark again so soon.

Let alone, that their second encounter would take place in such an unusual setting.

The day after Mark had visited the Fowler's house, Cecilia had coffee with her friend in a cafe.

The coffee shop was in the lobby of a five-star hotel, and thus, it had quite a nice ambience.

Cecilia's childhood friend, Shelly Johnson, sat opposite her. Shelly asked her anxiously, "Cece, are you alright? Man, what a jerk! I can't believe you took three sleeping pills because of him. He's not worth it!"

Cecilia lowered her head and said weakly, "I had no idea he was pining for my sister-in-law. I wanted to kill him as soon as I realized that he had cheated on Rena."

Sniffing, Cecilia continued, "Fortunately, my sister-in-law didn't let him trick her into sleeping with him."

With a shake of her head, Shelly laughed angrily.

Her friend was such a sweet and innocent girl.

The two girls continued to chat over their coffee. They didn't notice that a few tables away from them sat several decent-looking men. It was Mark, Peter, and a retinue of bodyguards.

It was Peter who seemed to notice Cecilia first.

He lowered his voice and said, "Mr. Evans, it's the daughter of the Fowler family."

Mark sipped his coffee leisurely, seemingly unbothered.

He had noticed Cecilia's presence earlier and had eavesdropped on the girls' conversation just now... What a little fool!

Mark was a very busy man, and there was no shortage of women who chased after him.

Thus, he had no intention of getting involved with the girl from the Fowler family. He was about to stand up to leave, and seeing this, the bodyguards immediately stood up first.

"Cecilia!"

Suddenly, a decent-looking man showed up and grabbed Cecilia's wrist.

It was Harold.

As soon as word got out that Harold had a mistress, Cecilia blocked him and refused to listen to whatever excuse he might have.

Cecilia had even resorted to taking sleeping pills to get him off her mind.

Harold hadn't gotten a hold of her until now...

Cecilia shook off his hand and frowned unhappily. "You hurt me."

Harold gritted his teeth and swallowed back his frustration. After all, he was determined to get Cecilia back.

But he wasn't doing it out of love. He was doing it because Cecilia's family was rich, and Cecilia was a simple-minded girl. In Harold's eyes, Cecilia was the ideal wife.

He lowered his posture to make himself less intimidating and



said, "Can we talk?"

Shelly couldn't help herself. She butted in and snapped, "There's no need to talk, Harold. You slept with another woman, and now, the cat is out of the bag. Cecilia might be a kind girl, but do you really think she'll forgive you after you cheated on her?"

Despite their high-end surroundings, Shelly flipped Harold off without hesitation.

Mark was about to leave just now, but then he suddenly sat back down and watched them with interest. To Peter, he remarked, "Look. Young people these days, am I right?"

Peter was the best at buttering up to his boss, so he acted accordingly and pretended to be unhappy.

"You're barely over 40. You're still young."

Sure enough, this made Mark smile.

Enraged, Harold couldn't help but get into a physical altercation with Cecilia.

Cecilia was fine, but the bag she left on the chair was knocked over, its contents scattering all over the floor.

Eight lipsticks rolled across the marble tiles.

There were also several adorable mini plushies; the one shaped like a lamb was especially cute.

And there was a small feeding bottle.

The atmosphere became quite awkward for a moment.

Mark's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

He knew that Cecilia was two years older than Rena, but... Why would she keep a feeding bottle and cute little plushies in her bag?

Was she still a baby?

Peter, who had been quietly observing Mark, saw that the man who seldom smiled all year round was now smiling very faintly. It could be seen that Mark was actually happy.

Cecilia, on the other hand, felt very aggrieved.

Cheeks burning with shame, she bit her lip and murmured, "Harold, we already called off the engagement."

Harold was about to say something when a low, masculine voice interrupted him.

"Peter, pick up her things," Mark ordered domineeringly.

The contents of a girl's purse, especially that feeding bottle, were exposed for the world to see, which was not appropriate.

Smiling, Peter nodded obediently and proceeded to pick up the scattered things, even going so far as to considerately put them back inside Cecilia's purse and zip it up before putting the purse back.

In a daze, Cecilia looked up and met Mark's intent gaze.

Shelly, on the other hand, was stunned. Who was this guy? And why did he look so cool and confident?

He looked like a perfect gentleman, but there was also an oppressive aura about him.

After a long pause, Cecilia finally managed to say, "Uncle Mark?"

Mark was sitting amidst several other men...

He wasn't planning to stand up, but when Cecilia called him "Uncle Mark", he somehow found himself standing up and walking towards her. She raised her head slightly, tears glistening in her beautiful eyes.

She looked so pitiful that Mark's heart skipped a beat.

She reminded him of a wounded animal.

Mark suddenly felt the impulse to touch Cecilia's head, but he controlled himself and instead asked, "You're very lively today."

Cecilia's throat made a sound, halfway between a gasp and a grunt.

She still maintained eye contact with Mark.

Shelly felt like she was about to faint. The man standing before her was undeniably good-looking, but she hoped Cecilia would exercise restraint and play it cool...

Mark, on the other hand, didn't mind.

He hadn't seen such pure eyes in a long time. Cecilia almost looked like an innocent little bunny in front of him.

Even her petite figure resembled a bunny's.

Cecilia was indeed so cute in his eyes.

As Cecilia and Mark looked at each other, Harold couldn't help but feel pressured by the man in front of him. He demanded, "Cecilia, who is this guy? Your new boyfriend, huh? Cecilia, didn't you try to kill yourself for me?"

This statement revealed how reluctant Harold was to let go of Cecilia.

After all, he was a proud man, and he had always been the dominant person in his relationship with Cecilia. He knew that Cecilia loved him very much and always obeyed him, so he wasn't worried when the news of his affair was exposed.

He thought that Cecilia would come crawling back to him after he broke up with his mistress.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that one day, Cecilia would look at someone else the way she used to look at him.

Yes, it was a look of infatuation.

Mark ignored Harold, as though he was nothing but a pest. In his eyes, Harold was just as bad as Lyndon.

Mark glanced over his shoulder and ordered, "Take him out of my sight."

Harold was stunned.

Suddenly, eight tall and robust bodyguards dressed in black surrounded him. They each wore wireless earphones, exuding a highly professional aura. The leader of the guards politely conveyed, "Mr. Evans requests your leave."

Mr. Evans?

Harold didn't know Mark, but he felt that the silver fox looked familiar.

Still, he decided not to offend this mysterious man. Patting the invisible dust off his suit, he said to Cecilia, "Let's talk about this some other time."

However, Cecilia turned her head away and ignored him.

She refused to ever talk to Harold again, deciding to let the matter go.

But her eyes were still teary.

After all, she used to love Harold...

Looking at the young girl's tearful eyes, Mark smiled and was about to leave.

But all of a sudden, he felt a small hand grab his sleeve.

"Uncle Mark, can we talk? I'll treat you to a meal..."

Mark frowned slightly.

Truth be told, he was a very busy man and didn't have time to deviate from his schedule. He had a few more meetings lined up that day.

But maybe because he had been lonely for a long time, he found himself unable to resist such a cute girl. "Okay, let's go."

Then he walked out of the cafe decisively.

More than a dozen bodyguards followed Mark. Even though he was dressed casually, anyone could tell at a glance that he was a big shot.

Cecilia picked up her things and followed Mark out.

Eyes wide in disbelief, Shelly stopped Cecilia. "Are you crazy? You can't just mess with a guy like him!"

Cecilia blushed and said shyly, "He's my sister-in-law's uncle, Mark Evans from Czanch. You know, the guy who's often on the news? Anyway..."

Then, biting her lip, Cecilia walked away, leaving Shelly no chance to protest.

Shelly watched her leave in a daze.

Mark Evans was one of the top figures in the south who had seized a hold of the most advanced technology in the country. He wasn't just a big shot, but a big shot among big shots.

Shelly couldn't believe that such a man would be her friend's acquaintance!