

Chapter 319 I Have Nothing To Do With You

Two months had passed, and in the enchanting month of October, Cecilia was finally granted the joy of meeting Mark once again.

Juliette, a passionate soul, held a profound admiration for opera, its grandeur captivating her heart.

Flora Holt, her favorite theater actress, was featured in three splendid scenes this month.

Unfortunately, an illness befell Juliette all of a sudden, leading her to offer her ticket to Cecilia. Along with it, she entrusted Cecilia with the task of sending flowers to Flora and securing an autograph on her behalf.

Cecilia found herself overcome with boredom, precisely at that opportune moment.

In the afternoon, she earnestly implored Rena to accompany her, seeking solace in her friend's company.

Recent times had witnessed a significant improvement in the relationship between Rena and Waylen. Moreover, Rena always held deep affection for Cecilia, and thus, she entreated Vera to join them on their outing.

The famed Laurel Garden, situated in the northern expanse, stood unrivaled as an opera haven.

On this particular day, the remarkable Miss Holt graced the stage as Madama Butterfly, leaving the audience thundering with applause, mesmerized by her exceptional beauty and melodious voice.

Yet, amidst the ovation, Cecilia was the only one who stifled a yawn, unimpressed by the plot.

Had it not been for her mother's request to procure Flora's autograph, Cecilia might have drifted into slumber amidst the performance. She failed to comprehend the actress's ghostly makeup and uncomfortably tight wig cover...

Didn't she feel uncomfortable?

As the scene concluded, Flora departed with an air of theatricality.

However, upon reaching the backstage area, a noticeable transformation came over her countenance. As she removed her earrings, she spoke to her assistant, saying, "Today, I shan't receive any fans. Let them come another day."

Flora hailed from a prestigious opera lineage, which somewhat led to her displaying an air of arrogance. Regular fans found it challenging to encounter her but an exception was expected to be made today for the esteemed Fowler family who came to show their support.

Caught in a quandary, the assistant gently suggested, "Perhaps you can avoid meeting other fans but it seems inevitable that you must meet one."

Flora took off her costume and asked curiously, "Which person do I have to see?"

"Miss Fowler. Her mother is unwell and couldn't attend, so she has come to request your autograph on behalf of Mrs. Fowler."

Flora paused, contemplating the situation.

In the next moment, a wide grin spread across her face, and she exclaimed, "Miss Fowler? How delightful! Mrs. Fowler has always been a devoted patron of my performances. Kindly invite Miss Fowler to the backstage and I shall gladly sign an autograph for her."

With that, she drew back the curtain and entered the inner chamber.

From within, a refined masculine voice sounded.

Meanwhile, guided by Flora's assistant, Cecilia and her companions made their way backstage.

Flora had indeed become a household name, evident from the multitude of flower baskets with cards lining the long corridor, the majority being from a Mr. Evans, a staggering total of thirty-two.

Mr. Evans...

The name sent a sudden jolt through Cecilia's heart.

Could this be the same Mr. Evans she was thinking of?

The assistant, noting Cecilia's curiosity, smiled and shared, "Mr. Evans is an old friend of Miss Holt's. Whenever he was in Duefron, he would undoubtedly come to support her. It's known that Mr. Evans holds an esteemed status and reserves his admiration solely for Miss Holt, refraining from endorsing any other actress."

Silently, Cecilia absorbed the unfolding scene, a sudden urge to escape seizing her.

Upon reaching the dressing room door, the assistant ushered them in with a cheerful remark, "Miss Fowler has arrived."

The door swung open with a gentle push, revealing a tableau that took Cecilia's breath away.

Flora, adorned in a figure-hugging dress, exuded a mesmerizing charm with her hair elegantly coiled and delicate features akin to a work of art.

She leaned affectionately against a man dressed in a crisp white shirt and black suit pants, exuding an aura of gentleness and

refinement. In his hand, he held a golden hairpin embellished with a phoenix, tenderly brushing Flora's raven-black locks.

An air of indescribable romance enveloped them, leaving no room for doubt about their relationship.

Cecilia's limbs seemed to lock in place as she never anticipated stumbling upon such a sight.

Mark had kissed her before...

Yet, she had never witnessed him like this. It appeared that he was enamored by the stunning allure of Flora and, together, they seemed like a match made in heaven.

Not only was Cecilia taken aback but Mark also seemed slightly surprised.

Despite Rena's presence, he called out, "Cecilia!"

Her lips quivered and she was reluctant to respond to him.

Rena glanced between Mark and Cecilia, sensing that they hadn't interacted much, but she couldn't ignore the familiarity with which her uncle addressed Cecilia just now.

Peter, who had arrived just in the nick of time, acted as the catalyst to thaw the frozen atmosphere.

Upon witnessing the scene, he, too, was taken aback.

However, being an experienced confidant who had accompanied Mark for many years, he knew how to ease tensions. He greeted Rena first, "Miss Rena, you're here too! Mr. Evans has been talking about you lately and wishes to see you!"

Rena could only play along and greet Mark in response.

Vera, who shared the same boat with Rena, also sensed that something was amiss. She interjected, "What a coincidence!"

Flora, donning a smile, chimed in, "Indeed, what a coincidence



that you are Mr. Evans' juniors. How about I treat you to dinner at that nice restaurant nearby? Their food is exquisite!"

As she spoke, she unfurled a delicate folding fan, a sweet fragrance emanating in the air.

Involuntarily, Cecilia declined the invitation. "Thank you, but I have a headache. I'm afraid I can't join you."

An intricate tension lingered in the air.

Peter tried to ease the situation, saying, "A headache? I'll get you some medicine then, Miss Fowler."

Flora's attention was piqued by his attentiveness, leading her to speak up in a coquettish tone. "Peter, I often have headaches. I don't recall you caring for me this much."

Though directed at Peter, her words carried an undertone of discontent, revealing her inner complaint that Mark didn't show enough concern for her.

Mark responded with a smile, "Don't you have enough people around you who can buy you medicine?"

Gently, Flora linked her arm with his and softly uttered, "As long as you are by my side, I will be fine..."

Cecilia's complexion turned pallid.

Peter continued to handle the situation until, finally, they settled into a private room at the restaurant.

Flora deeply cared for Rena, as she aspired to be a part of the Evans family.

However, Rena remained indifferent throughout.

Later, Flora attempted to shift her attention to Cecilia and served a piece of spareribs into her plate, but to her surprise, Mark did the same simultaneously.



Disgust filled Cecilia's gaze as she looked at the two pieces of spareribs.

Noticing her displeasure, Mark comforted, "Eat more and you'll grow stronger."

Flora snuggled up to him, her eyes filled with gentle affection, "Yes! Kids need to eat more to grow better!"

Flora seemed to hold no doubts about the relationship between Mark and Cecilia.

In her mind, Cecilia remained a junior. She'd even heard Cecilia refer to Mark as "uncle."

Cecilia could no longer bear it.

Apologizing, she swiftly walked to the bathroom, and once inside, she turned on the tap, splashing water on her face.

Her emotions overwhelmed her and tears streamed down her cheeks.

Two months ago, Mark left without a proper goodbye, and though she felt a tinge of melancholy, she knew she had no right to be angry. But today, witnessing that scene, a profound discomfort washed over her.

How could she accept such humiliation?

Her most intense feelings of resentment were now directed at Mark.

The bathroom door opened gently, only to be softly locked again.

Cecilia continued to cry, her face turning pale and her nose reddening.

After a while, she realized Mark had entered and closed the door behind him. With teary eyes, she met his gaze in the mirror.

"Are you angry?" Mark inquired with a gentle, affectionate tone.

Cecilia stared back at him.

She couldn't forget the glint of attraction in his eyes when he was with Flora. While he didn't cross any boundaries at the time, it was evident that he was flirting.

He was nothing but a womanizer!

Suddenly, she turned around, her eyes red with emotion.

"I have nothing to do with you to begin with, Mr. Evans. Why should I be angry? Why would anyone like a 'kid' like me anyway? You can find a woman with a good figure!"

Her words resonated with pique, carrying the weight of hurt and disappointment.

Even though Mark had no desire to be with her, he still sought to pacify her, not wanting her to delve into his private life.

With a genial smile, he said, "We're just friends!"

Cecilia knew he was trying to placate her, and he didn't wish to cause a scene and make things difficult for everyone due to their family's connections. Consequently, she composed herself and lowered her gaze, suggesting, "You go out first. I'll wash my face."

Mark felt a sense of injustice as well.

Cecilia was merely a young girl and he had resolved not to get involved with her.

But somehow, fate kept bringing them together.

Gently, he touched her head and said, "Listen to me. Wash your face and then join us for dinner."

Silently, he left without making a fuss. Cecilia collected herself

and followed suit, but her mood was tainted, leaving her with little appetite.

Rena observed her abnormal behavior with keen eyes.

She looked at Cecilia and then at her uncle, deep in thought.

After dinner, they bid farewell to each other.

Mark stood alongside Flora, the two appearing like a picture-perfect couple.

Cecilia got into her car.

Gripping the steering wheel, she slowly lowered her head. Since the day she broke up with Harold, she never thought she'd find herself crying for a man again.

She could sense that Mark had some feelings for her.

However, he treated her like a child, seemingly more inclined to spend time with women like Flora.

Was it because those women were more mature and understood him better?

Just then, the door of the Audi car in front opened and Peter got in alone, driving off.

Cecilia's heart skipped a beat.

She speculated that Mark might have other social engagements, maybe at that exclusive club.

Would he bring Flora along as well? Would he hold her in his arms and kiss her in the bathroom like he did with her? Perhaps they would even be intimate?

In an odd way, seeing such a sight with her own eyes might actually help her let go and alleviate her pain.

An hour later, she parked her car.

The club's security staff recognized her, aware that she had been here with Mark before. Coupled with her limited edition sports car that showed her status, they let her in without any hassle.

The waiter courteously opened the door for her, smiling as he said, "Mr. Evans just arrived!"

With that, the door was pushed open.

As expected, Mark was engrossed in a card game with a group of people.

Amidst the revelry, he remained graceful and refined.

His white shirt was casually rolled up to his elbows, and a slight flush adorned his face from a cigarette held between his lips.

Flora leaned against him, her soft bosom gently pressing against his arm. She appeared to be advising him on the game, her eyes filled with tenderness that could drown any man.

Cecilia could bear it no longer.

Without a second thought, she turned around, intending to leave. However, the other men in the room recognized her, including Charlie. "Isn't it Miss Fowler? Have you come to see Mark?"

Mark paused upon hearing the inquiry.

Slowly, he set his cards down and shifted his gaze in her direction...