

## Chapter 320 She Had No Right To Be Mad At Him

In the confines of the private chamber, an unmistakably awkward atmosphere pervaded the air.

With elegance, Mark caressed the cards on the table with his striking fingers, his countenance shrouded in inscrutability, leaving everyone guessing his thoughts.

Cecilia stood resolute in the doorway, tears welling in her eyes, presenting a pitiful sight akin to a helpless puppy.

Gracefully rising from his seat, Mark sauntered towards the exit, seemingly oblivious to Flora's cry of "Mark!"

Unperturbed by Flora's attempt to capture his attention, he proceeded to the door, and in a tender, affectionate tone, he inquired, "What brings you here?"


Cecilia gazed at Mark and then turned her eyes to the occupants of the room, including Flora.

After a prolonged silence, she managed to utter, "I forgot to ask for Flora's autograph."

Yet, it was evident that Cecilia was not being truthful, though no one dared to confront her, as Mark's affection for her set her apart.

Undeterred, Mark offered a slow smile before addressing Flora, saying, "It appears you are at fault, Flora. Bestow upon her your autograph, so she may return home content."

Flora, showing wisdom, promptly extracted a fragrant photograph from her handbag and gracefully signed her name

Chapter 320 She Had No Right To Be Mad At Him  +120 Points at most upon it. She then handed it to Cecilia playfully, remarking, "Your Uncle Mark is absolutely right. It's my fault."

Cecilia expressed her gratitude softly, avoiding Mark's gaze, which remained fixed on her.

As Cecilia prepared to depart, Mark intended to arrange for someone to escort her home.

"No need," Cecilia declined with a shake of her head. "I drove here."

Mark offered no further words. He reached out as if to caress her hair, but eventually refrained, offering a gentle smile. "Drive safely."

Cecilia nodded, turned and made her exit.

Throughout the encounter, no accusations or resentments surfaced between them, for Cecilia and Mark were far from being a couple, and she had no right at all to be mad at him.

She had no right to even harbor romantic feelings for him.

The grand bronze gates glided shut slowly.

Mark found himself surrounded by numerous women.

Meanwhile, Cecilia stood alone, her figure elongated by the luminous crystal chandelier above the hallway.

Back in the box, merriment resumed.

Flora, ever devoted, continued to pamper and attend to Mark tenderly. Charlie and the others engaged in playful banter. "You should have kept the little girl with you. Mark, she's like your own daughter. How can you bear to let her go?"

Mark responded casually and jocularly to their comments.

Yet, inwardly, he felt perturbed, a sentiment he should not entertain.

Being single, he had every right to socialize but his actions were now witnessed by Cecilia. She wasn't his girlfriend and he should have felt unbound by her opinions. Nonetheless, a nagging unease persisted within him.

"I've had enough of this game."

With a decisive gesture, Mark brought the card game to a close.

The room fell silent.

Moments later, Flora forced a smile and tenderly suggested, "Feeling uneasy? Come to my place and I'll give you a massage... You're just working yourself too hard."

With haste, Charlie chimed in, "Indeed, let Flora attend to you."

Mark was mindful not to put Flora in an uncomfortable situation.

His demeanor remained indifferent.

Flora's private residence exuded a captivating elegance. A servant thoughtfully lit scented candles in the bedroom for them.

This particular style had always appealed to him.

Reclining against the sofa, he closed his eyes, savoring Flora's company.

Her form gently pressed against him as she softly sang. The contours of her slender waist, snugly embraced by her tight dress, along with the tender curves of her bosom, exuded an ineffable allure.

Yet, the more he listened, the more Mark grew irritated. He finally opened his eyes.

Flora leaned closer, sitting on his lap, and implored softly, "Can you stay tonight?"

A man might have succumbed to the allure of the woman in his

embrace.

But in Mark's mind, there was only a young girl, on the verge of tears, feigning indifference.

Gently pushing Flora away, he adjusted his clothes and said with a formal tone, "I have numerous matters to attend to tomorrow morning. My presence may not be as suitable as desired."

Flora felt disgruntled.

It was clear he was making excuses...

Mark playfully pinched her cheek and cajoled, "I'm truly occupied with tasks."

Flora fumed inwardly but dared not lose her temper.

Exiting the private abode, Mark found Peter already waiting by the car. Surprised to see Mark emerge so soon, Peter inquired, "Wouldn't you stay the night?"

Mark boarded the car without responding.

After a while, he asked unexpectedly, "Do you think that little one will be angry with me?"

Peter was taken aback.

Soon comprehending whom Mark referred to, he smiled and remarked, "She's just a young girl. She'll forget about it in a few days."


A faint smile touched Mark's lips.

Indeed, despite her age, that girl was practically still a child. How long could her infatuation with him endure?

He closed his eyes and murmured softly, "Take me to the Fowler's residence."

Late into the night, as Korbyn settled into bed, a servant



Chapter 320 She Had No Right To Be Mad At Him  +120 Points at most  
ascended the stairs and knocked on the door, informing him of Mark's presence outside with his car.

Having heard it repeated, Korbyn straightened up.

Juliette moved to put on a coat but her husband halted her. Korbyn clenched his teeth and asserted, "Mark must have faced some difficulties himself, prompting him to trouble us in the middle of the night."

Nevertheless, Korbyn knew he had to handle the situation diplomatically.

Waylen and Rena's marriage hadn't been settled yet, so Korbyn had to flatter Mark.

With a change of attire, Korbyn put on a gracious facade as he descended the stairs. He greeted affectionately, "Hello, Mr. Evans. Why didn't you inform me earlier of your visit to Duefron? I would have prepared a sumptuous feast to welcome you."

Mark stood in the grand hall, emanating elegance.

He smiled. "It's never too late to share a meal with me now."

Korbyn's countenance froze. Now?

He pondered if Mark was merely jesting.

With the hour approaching ten o'clock, preparing dinner seemed implausible.

While conversing, a woman descended the stairs at a deliberate pace. She donned a long white lace dress, her striking black tresses cascading down, and her eyes appeared reddened.

It was Cecilia.

Guided by the voice, she had made her way downstairs, utterly surprised to see Mark.

Why was he here?

What could he want?

Mark met her gaze with a seemingly ordinary smile, observing her as though she were just a junior acquaintance.

Beneath the illuminating light, her face turned pale.

Yet, Korbyn remained oblivious to this, instructing the butler to arrange for the meal and advising his daughter, "Greet Mr. Evans here."

Though Cecilia's lips quivered, no words escaped her.

Turning on her heels, she dashed back upstairs.

Shaking his head, Korbyn spoke to Mark, "She's a bit spoiled. Don't take it to heart."

Mark looked towards the upper floor and smiled. "She's still young; it doesn't matter."

The butler set the table with wine and dishes. Korbyn had spent hours dining and talking with Mark, yet he still couldn't fathom the reason for Mark's unexpected visit...

Peter assisted Mark into the car when it was well past midnight.

Having consumed a bit too much, Mark leaned against the back seat, contemplating his plan to return to Czanch the next morning. However, the little girl seemed clearly upset with him.

He felt a pang of guilt and thought he should do something.

He tried calling her but she didn't answer. After seven rings, he gently ended the call.

A dull ache resided in Mark's heart.

In truth, individuals like him should steer clear of romantic entanglements, especially with someone so young.

Despite his desperate denial, and his insistence to others that she was merely a junior, he couldn't deny the different way he treated her.

He couldn't offer her love, yet he still yearned for her...

Mark rolled down the window, letting the breeze sober him up. After a prolonged silence, he feigned composure and remarked to Peter, "How embarrassing!"

Numerous women were drawn to Mark.

Some enamored by his family background, others captivated by his appearance...

Some of their names even escaped his memory.

But only Cecilia truly mattered to him.

They never engaged in any intimate relations or established a formal relationship.

They had merely had lunch together and she had dozed off in his hotel suite. Their lips had met in a single kiss.

But the way she called him Uncle Mark, it was so... hard to forget.

Mark had not heard from Cecilia in a long while.

When Rena got pregnant, the Fowler family approached with a marriage proposal. Mark assumed Cecilia would accompany them. After all, she also cared for Rena.

Yet, she did not come...

Mark felt a twinge of disappointment. Amidst the lively atmosphere, he sat alone and smoked half a pack of cigarettes.

At Rena's wedding, Mark's eyes finally fell upon Cecilia, adorned in a resplendent blue gown that he believed to be the purest hue

Chapter 320 She Had No Right To Be Mad At Him 🎁 +120 Points at most

he had ever beheld. She was accompanied by a group of girls, maintaining an air of indifference towards him, forcing him to admire her from afar.

Perhaps it was for the best.

Even if they were to meet, he could utter nothing to her.

He had nothing to offer her.

Their differing positions and ages imposed insurmountable barriers.

He dared not ponder whether a young girl, who harbored affection for him, could withstand such trials.

The love deeply rooted in his heart had to be abandoned before it could ever be confessed.

Nonetheless, he continued to long for her.

He refrained from contacting his female companions for an extended period...

To Charlie and others, his actions remained enigmatic. They believed he was cultivating his character. Only Mark himself knew that, unintentionally, he had fallen in love with a young girl.

During one of Mark's business trips to Heron, he took the time to personally stand in line and procure two rabbit dolls.

The name was StellaLou.

He heard that young girls these days adored it.

Upon returning to his office with the dolls, Peter couldn't help but chuckle. "How adorable they are! You're heading to Duefron for a business trip next week. If you gift these to Cecilia, she'll surely adore them."

Mark lit a cigarette and glanced at Peter. "Who said I was going



