

Chapter 463 Olivia Will Be Mama's Girl

Mark stepped into Cecilia's line of sight.

Bathed in the light from the club's crystal chandelier, his face gained a noble air.

He halted two meters from Cecilia and proposed, "Let's go home."

Cecilia, not wanting any drama with Elaine, moved towards him naturally. Mark, placing his hand on Cecilia's shoulder, gently inquired, "Did you have anything to drink?"

"Just a glass of red wine. I wanted to enjoy it myself."

With a smile, Mark and Cecilia left the club together.

He seemed utterly oblivious to Elaine, not even sparing her a single glance.

Elaine, frustrated and agitated, clenched her fists until her nails bit into her skin.

Then, a slender figure walked past.

It was Rena followed by Wendy. Rena had come to meet Amelia and, by chance, ended up leaving behind Cecilia.

Elaine recognized Rena.

Despite being retired, Rena had considerable clout and could lift many aspiring stars.

Moreover, she was Mark's niece.

Elaine, thinking Rena might be an ally, cautiously approached. "Are you Mrs. Fowler?"

Rena, familiar with Elaine since Peter had recently spoken of her, paused and

After a moment, Rena acknowledged with a smile, "Yes. What's on your mind?"

Elaine, skilled in flattery from her time serving Chandler, launched into her spiel while Rena listened passively.

Eventually, Elaine cautiously broached the subject of Mark. Nervously biting her lip, she confessed, "Mrs. Fowler, I have deep feelings for Mr. Evans. I'm considering pursuing him and would like your perspective."

Rena, with a polite but distant smile, responded, "I can't dictate my uncle's choices. But I doubt my grandmother would welcome anyone but Cecilia into the Evans family. Perhaps, Miss Shaw, you should consider other prospects."

Elaine wasn't naive.

She sensed Rena's disapproval but dared not provoke her.

After sharing a few words with Wendy, Rena left the club. She noticed Mark and Cecilia having an argument near their car, with Mark appearing to be appeasing Cecilia.

Wendy, amused, asked, "Mrs. Fowler, shall we greet them?"

Rena, running her fingers through her hair, settled into the car and replied with a faint smile, "No need to stir the pot. Also, Wendy, even though Cecilia can handle herself, keep an eye on Miss Shaw. Young girls can be impulsive and might act disgracefully."

"Okay, don't worry."

As the black Rolls-Royce pulled away, Rena settled back into her seat, her thoughts drifting.

Her life with Waylen was smooth sailing, perhaps even a bit too mundane compared to her uncle's and Cecilia's. Yet, in this simplicity, she found a sense of joy.

The contentment of a disciplined life often escaped others' understanding.

Meanwhile, Mark was still trying to cheer up Cecilia in their car.

The sight of Elaine had soured Cecilia's mood. Although she wasn't openly hostile to Mark, her displeasure was evident.



"Of course we'll set aside funds for him, but I think Edwin's got a bright future ahead. He probably won't need much from us when he's older."

Cecilia remained quiet, her thoughts drifting to another child.

Laura.

Currently, Laura was being raised by Peter and his wife.

Since Peter had a son of their own, most of their wealth would likely go to him in the future.

Laura...

Cecilia paused before delicately bringing up the subject. "Has... has she received medical attention?"

Mark, initially taken aback, soon understood Cecilia was inquiring about Laura.

After a brief silence, he softly explained, "I've arranged for a doctor. Once her leg's better, she'll head overseas for treatment. It's a four-year process, but Peter's wife will accompany her to provide care."

This news saddened Cecilia.

Laura, as well as Peter and his wife, were innocents in this situation.

Mark, deeply attuned to Cecilia's feelings, could sense the weight on her heart.

He stopped the car at a red light, reaching over to gently hold her hand. "Don't worry too much. Peter and Lina adore Laura and treat her as if she were their own."

Cecilia managed a weak smile.

Mark hesitated, wanting to add more but eventually held back.

Cathy, Laura... these names echoed the sensitive history shared between him and Cecilia.

Back at home, they found the kids well-behaved.

Edwin, having completed his homework, was busy teaching himself programming on the computer.

Olivia, in her typical fashion, toddled around him.

Occasionally, as a caring older brother, Edwin would even change Olivia's diaper.

When Mark and Cecilia arrived, they saw Edwin in the midst of diaper duty. Olivia, diaperless, waddled over calling Mark "Dad." He scooped her up, quickly and adeptly putting on a fresh diaper.

Cecilia murmured, "Olivia's over a year old now. Maybe it's time for training pants."

Mark pondered the idea, eventually nodding in agreement.

But, the protective father in him surfaced. "I'll keep an eye on her for now. I'll take her to work with me during the day and teach her how to use the potty. She'll learn quickly."

Cecilia teased that Mark was overindulging Olivia.

Cradling Olivia in his arms, Mark playfully retorted, "Why so harsh on the little girl? When you were in your twenties, I washed your panties all the time. Weren't you supposed to be independent by then?"

Cecilia wouldn't concede.

She cited Waylen's approach to child-rearing, emphasizing, "Waylen's children are all raised to be quite independent."

Mark disagreed.

He playfully argued, "Really? Olivia's destined to be both a mama's girl and a daddy's girl."

Eager to persuade Cecilia, Mark cheekily added, "And think about Elva. Does Waylen genuinely encourage her independence? He simply has numerous kids but also wants to spend more time with Rena. His 'parenting techniques' are just an excuse to have the kids grow up quickly."

Cecilia found herself at a loss for words.

Edwin chimed in, supporting his dad, "I think Dad has a point."

Edwin had stayed with his uncle, who had four children but never seemed overwhelmed.

Noticing Edwin's opinion, Mark affectionately ruffled his son's hair, and then agreed. "Actually, maybe there's merit to Waylen's methods."

Edwin, clutching a book, retreated to his room.

Mark chuckled to himself, suspecting Edwin feared the prospect of another sibling.

Olivia scampered off too.

After a busy day, Cecilia relaxed on the sofa, flipping through a new script.

Mark prepared some snacks for her.

Though Cecilia protested about gaining weight, she couldn't resist enjoying the treats.

While tidying up, Mark mentioned, "If she's making you unhappy, I can have her removed from the cast."

Cecilia carefully set down the script.

Under the soft light, her beauty was striking. She had flawless skin, delicate features.

She looked earnestly at Mark, her voice soft but firm. "I despise her, but Mark... I've been in a few productions, none very successful. Partly, it's my acting skills; partly, it's the lack of talented actors in the cast. Despite Elaine's flaws, she's a skilled actress who fills a void in our crew."

Cecilia paused before confessing, "I am aiming for an award with this play."

Mark was taken aback.

When he first met Cecilia, she was just a naive young girl.

Now, she displayed a cunning strategic mind.

The apple wouldn't fall far from the tree, indeed.

been eight years since we've known each other. Times change, and so do we. I'm no longer that little girl. If I were, I wouldn't be here with you. Gains always come at a cost, right?"

Mark's face softened into a smile. "Are you trying to console or persuade me?"

Cecilia playfully nibbled at his Adam's apple. "Maybe a bit of both."

"You can do better than this, then."

Mark firmly grasped the back of her head, not allowing her to move away. Leaning her against the ornate balcony railing, he kissed her deeply, savoring the moment amidst the night wind.

Their passionate embrace offered him a sense of relief. He whispered hoarsely, "Cecilia, you're incredibly alluring like this."

It was her essence he cherished, not just a fixed image.

A deep sigh escaped him, filled with mixed emotions.

Cecilia, nestled in his arms, looked up and asked softly, "Are you leaving tonight?"

Mark, lost in her charm and not intending to leave at all, let the moment linger. The house was quiet, all the staff gone, leaving only the intense, fiery connection between them.

He dipped his head, brushing his lips against hers once more...

His fingers, slender and gentle, traced the contours of her silhouette beneath her bathrobe.

But just as their passion was about to ignite, Edwin burst in abruptly.

"Olivia pooped her pants," Edwin blurted out, his eyes quickly covered by his hands.

"Let me wash her buttocks," he said, and before Mark could respond, Edwin had already dashed off.

Inside the children's room, Olivia's clothing was changed quickly.

Being only a year old, her proportions was still all over the place. Big head,

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and small, fragile torso.

 +120 Points at most

Her short neck barely supported the weight of her head as she sniffled, her big eyes brimming with tears.

The room was filled with an unpleasant odor, stemming unmistakably from her.

Olivia, usually so sweet-smelling, was in stark contrast now, overwhelmed by the pungent scent.

Edwin carried Olivia to the bathroom, carefully adjusting the water temperature before gently washing her. As he cleaned her, he softly rubbed her with soap, murmuring to himself, "I'll teach you to be independent."

Edwin then recalled everything he just witnessed.

He saw his dad passionately kiss his mom, and was even on the brink of taking over her completely.

Edwin's thoughts wandered, and he briefly pondered whether he and his sister came into being following moments like the one he had just witnessed between his parents.

Imagining himself grown up with a wife of his own, he quickly blushed at his own musings, covering his face in embarrassment.

