

## Chapter 469 Let Me Help You

Mark stared at the door.

"It should be room service," he told Cecilia over the phone. "I just asked for some cold medicine."

"I see," Cecilia replied. "Go to bed early tonight."

There was a softness in the way she talked to Mark—a softness he missed very much. "I'll go back tomorrow morning," he replied in a hoarse voice.

After some hesitation from both sides, the two hung up the phone.

As Mark opened the door, a waiter pushed a small dining cart inside the room.

Aside from cold medicine, there was also a meal.

Seeing this, Mark frowned. "I didn't order any food."

"Mr. Garcia ordered it for you," the waiter replied with a smile.

Mark moved aside to let the waiter in. Then, he let out a helpless sigh and shook his head. Mark thought Peter would never allow him to be hungry.

After that, the waiter left.

Mark took a shower before taking the cold medicine.

His laptop was on the coffee table. There, he was concocting a business proposal.

Since Mark wasn't hungry, he only took a few bites casually as he read.

Then he abruptly stopped eating. Somehow, these dishes tasted familiar to him.



They tasted like dishes he had for lunch the past few days, cooked by his domestic servants.

Mark was a sensitive man and easily sensed that something was wrong. These dishes weren't cooked by a five-star hotel chef. Rather, they tasted like they were cooked from home.

He looked at the dishes and studied them carefully.

Then, he took out his phone and dialed the landline number of the villa in Duefron. After a few rings, a servant answered the call.

"Is my mom asleep?" Mark asked in a deep voice.

Immediately, the servant recognized Mark's voice and responded gleefully, "She just fell asleep. You've been on business trips these days, and she could relaxed a little. Just this morning, she mentioned that she didn't need to buy groceries to cook a lot of different dishes every day."

Mark swallowed as his throat grew parched.

"This entire time, she's been cooking for me and having it delivered to my office?" he asked.

"Yes, she wouldn't even let anyone else help. That's how much Mrs. Evans loves you."

Mark was rendered speechless.

The silence on the other line made the servant feel uneasy. "Mr. Evans, is there any problem?"

"Nothing," Mark replied. "Don't disturb my mom. It's late, so just let her sleep."

After saying that, he hung up the phone.

At this point, Mark's body was already feeling slightly warm.

He knew something had been added to these dishes.

Immediately, he called Peter and told him, "Call a reliable doctor for me."

"Is your cold getting worse?" Peter asked with concern.

"I think I took something bad," Mark answered through the receiver in hushed tones.

Peter had worked for Mark for many years and had seen all kinds of things. When he heard this, Peter immediately understood that someone had put something in Mark's food or drink that made him burn with lust.

Without wasting another second, Peter arranged for a doctor.

The moment Mark hung up the phone, he felt his symptoms began to worsen.

His body felt like it was on fire.

He was in heat, as though a wild beast was trapped inside him, wanting to be set free.

Or perhaps he only needed to take a cold shower.

As soon as Mark walked into the bathroom, someone tapped the room key card, causing the door of the suite to swing open. A woman wearing a sexy lingerie walked past the door barefoot and locked it.

It was none other than Elaine.

She could hear the sound of flowing water as well as Mark's husky and sexy gasps coming from the bathroom. The sound fueled her imagination, making her even more feverish.

She had suffered a lot for so long to get here. Finally, she had an opportunity.

Mark must be very uncomfortable right now, eager to find a woman to release his sexual urges. All she needed to do was to trick him into having sex with her. She was at the stage where she could easily be impregnated. If they had sex tonight, she would definitely have his child.

Once that happened, she would soon be Mrs. Evans.

In the bathroom, Mark turned on the cold water and desperately washed his body.

Even though his body temperature had dropped slightly, he knew that a simple cold shower wouldn't be enough.

Either a woman would show up to take advantage of his vulnerability or he needed a medicine to alleviate his current state.

With the typhoon raging outside, it would take some time for the doctors to arrive. Going to the hospital was also not an option.

While Mark was in heat, all he wanted to hear was Cecilia's voice.

If only he could hear it, he would feel much better.

He leaned his back against the corner of the bathroom wall as cold water poured over him. He took his phone from the wash basin and dialed Cecilia's number.

The phone rang several times.

After a while, Cecilia picked up the phone and asked in a soft tone, "Mark? Why are you calling me again? Do you want to talk to the children?"

Mark closed his eyes and listened intently to her voice.

After a while, he replied in a hoarse voice, "I just want to hear your voice."

Cecilia's brows furrowed. Since she didn't know how unwell he was, she agreed to his request and talked about what had just happened to Olivia earlier.

As she spoke, Mark listened like he was in a trance.

Slowly, the pain eased and slipped away from his body.

Finally, he took a deep breath and said in a hoarse voice, "Cecilia, I miss you so much."

Hearing this, Cecilia smiled. "I miss you, too."

Mark didn't want her to worry. Just before he could hang up the phone, the bathroom door swung open.

There, a scantily clad woman stood.



It was none other than Elaine.

Although Mark still felt hot all over his body, he had a better control of his mind. With narrowed eyes, he asked, "Were you the one who did it? Get out! If you don't, I'll make you regret ever being born in this world!"

Elaine was unfazed. After all, she just wanted him. Slowly, she approached him and wrapped him around her arms.

Although his body was burning hot, his treatment towards her was as cold as ice.

Elaine peppered his skin with kisses as she said, "You're in heat. Let me help you."

Slowly, her hand started to roam his body.

But before she could go any further, Mark slapped her hand away and shouted, "Get out!"

The call was still connected, so Cecilia could clearly hear everything that was happening on the other end. She started to connect the dots and figured that it was Elaine who had turned Mark into this. It was an exceptionally bold move!

"Mark!" she shouted, hoping her voice would reach him at the other end of the phone.

Mark shook his head and reached out for the phone. But then, the phone was drenched with water, and soon, its screen turned black.

"Damn it," he cursed in a low voice.

Once again, the soft body began to press against his. At this time, his will as a man was almost non-existent.

Mark was not a saint. He was desperate for a woman right now.

At the same time, he didn't forget that Cecilia was waiting for him as well as their two children.

When Elaine made another move, he grabbed the shower head and directly threw it at her.

The metal hit the top of her head, causing Elaine to clutch that spot in pain.

Before she knew it, blood started to trickle down her forehead. She gasped and looked at the man in front of him in disbelief.

How was this possible?

How?!

How could he still resist her even in such a situation?!

Mark kicked her away, took off his shirt, and tied up her hands. Then, he threw her in the corner of the bathroom, turned on the cold water, and aimed the shower head towards her.

After that, he staggered his way out of the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Peter was banging his fist against door.

He had been at it for a few minutes already. He had a room key card, but the door was locked from the inside.

When Mark opened the door, it almost gave Peter a heart attack.

Mark's face was flushed, which made him look unusually sexy.

Struggling to catch his breath, Mark looked at the doctor beside Peter and said to him, "Inject me with the antidote."

Indeed, this doctor was reliable. As soon as he spotted the cold medicine on the table, nervous sweat began beading out of his forehead. "Who did this?! The drug might have a potentially lethal interaction with cold medicine! People could die!"

Mark leaned against the door, panting, "I just had a little."

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief. He put down the medicine kit and gave him an injection.

As soon as the doctor pushed down the syringe, Mark immediately felt better.

But in the interim, his body had suffered a lot and was now out of strength. "This will only temporarily relieve your discomfort," the doctor explained. "You must go to the hospital after daybreak. This is ridiculous!"

Peter wanted to ask what happened but hesitated.

After a while, Mark looked up and pointed to the bathroom. "She's in there. Peter, give me your phone. I'll call Cecilia. She heard everything over the phone. She must be so anxious right now."

Without a second thought, Peter gave his phone to Mark. "Do call her quickly. I'll go and check this woman."

Mark went back to the bedroom, took off his drenched clothes, and changed into his bathrobe.

Then, he called Cecilia.

After a single ring, the call connected. "Peter..." The worry in her voice immediately stood out.

"It's me," Mark said in a hoarse voice.

After a moment of silence, Cecilia's voice broke as she uttered, "Mark..."

"I'm fine," Mark replied in a soft tone. "Don't be afraid."

Cecilia was so worried about Mark that she wanted to come over. Even inside the hotel room, Mark could hear the roaring winds outside. He didn't want her to risk her life just for his sake. "I'm fine," he assured her. "Peter will take care of it and I'll go to the hospital first thing in the morning. Have a good sleep. There's nothing wrong with me."

Despite her reassurance, Cecilia couldn't shake off her worry.

She wanted to go there right away.

Mark felt chills all over his body while feeling feverish at the same time. He lay under the quilt and whispered, "Talk to me. It's almost dawn."

Cecilia knew that he was uncomfortable, which made her even more anxious.

But since there was a raging typhoon outside, she couldn't go out.

She talked to him through the phone for a long time until he fell asleep. By then, Peter took over the phone.

"Elaine had been taken away by the police," Peter said to her. Although he was tired, his voice remained gentle. "They'll take a statement from our side, but the odds of a case being filed don't look too good. This will certainly be categorized as a civil dispute."

Cecilia nodded. "I see. Peter, please take care of him."

"Of course. It's my duty," he replied.

After that, Cecilia hung up the phone. She sat in silence as the darkness of the night engulfed her.

She recalled what Mark had said the other day. He said that she would win the award and be a big star.

She didn't want that.

The most important thing in her life right now was Mark.

What Elaine had done was indeed despicable, but it wasn't appropriate for Cecilia to expose what Elaine had done to the public. Although Elaine was shameless, Mark wasn't. On top of that, they had two children to think of. Once these things spread, all kinds of public opinion would proliferate.

Cecilia closed her eyes and thought hard.

Only until the crack of dawn did she decide to call Waylen.

"I want to ask you for a favor," she told him.

After a few words, Waylen said gently, "Cecilia, the most important thing right now is your attitude. If you say that you can't tolerate Elaine, then I think Mark will handle it for you."

Cecilia took a deep breath.

When he heard no response from her, Waylen asked gently, "Are you



worried about Mark? It's good that you're worried about him. That means that your relationship with him has deepened. Mark has a strong will. It was very difficult back then, but he still made it back, for you. Don't be afraid."

Cecilia let his words sink in her head.

"Okay," she said after a while.

Once the call had been ended, she looked outside the window and gazed at the sky outside.

The sun was starting to rise from the horizon.

The whole world was bathed in a soft yellow light, signaling a new day.

The storm that had been raging all night was gone. Cecilia's assistant knocked on the door and said, "Miss Fowler, it's time for us to go to the film set."

With a calm expression, Cecilia looked up and replied, "I'm going to Zameau."

The assistant stared at Cecilia, blinking in surprise.

Cecilia stood up and went to the children's room to wake up the two children. She wasn't kidding when she said she was going to Zameau now. She fully intended in following up her words.

She was going to take the two children to see Mark.

Mark probably missed the kids as well.

After an hour, the private plane arrived at Zameau.

Cecilia took her two children to the hospital where Mark was.

Once they arrived, Peter met them by the door.

Seeing the look on Cecilia's face, Peter quickly said, "Fortunately, Mr. Evans was able to catch it early and sense that something was wrong. Otherwise, who knows what could've happened to him?"

Cecilia pursed her lips.

Peter softened his tone and continued, "Don't worry. Mr. Evans is fine now. He just needs to be on a drip for a few days."

Cecilia balled her hand into a fist and asked, "Where's Elaine?"

At this point, Peter's tone turned cold. "She's in the detention center right now. I've reminded the officers there to show her no mercy."