

## Chapter 475 We Are Really Getting Married

Cecilia rose and headed off to refresh herself.

Meanwhile, Mark stood up too, giving the bed sheet a quick dust-off before getting ready to make the bed.

His attention was drawn to the stains on the sheet, causing a hint of warmth to color his handsome face.

Deciding it needed changing, he whisked the old sheet away and fetched a clean one from the wardrobe.

Just as he finished tucking in the new sheet, the bedroom door swung open.

In walked a little girl, wordlessly wrapping her arms around Mark's leg.

He gazed down to find Olivia leaning against him, silent, her brow creased and eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Feeling a tug at his heart, Mark gently scooped her up in one arm and sat on the bed's edge, trying to soothe her.

Olivia, still haunted by the memory of the previous day, recalled the bitter medicine she'd taken and its unpleasant consequences.

Concerned that Mark might not like a smelly baby, Olivia stayed nestled in his arms, beyond soothing. Freshened up, Cecilia approached with a smile. "What's wrong, baby?"

Olivia snuggled closer into Mark's embrace, her head tilted back to gaze up at her mother with dark, expressive eyes.

Mark caressed her hair, smiling gently. "I think she's just a bit embarrassed."

Cecilia leaned in, planting a reassuring kiss on Olivia.

"You smell just fine," she whispered.

Olivia buried her face deeper into Mark's arms, comforted by her mother's words.

Cecilia, with a gentle voice, inquired if Olivia's tummy was hurting.

The little girl, comforted and secure, obediently shook her head no.

Looking up, Cecilia caught Mark's gaze.

They looked into each other's eyes, a connection forming that felt even more profound than their passionate encounter the night before.

The morning's quiet enveloped them, with Olivia content in Mark's arms, and the couple's gaze lingering on each other, sharing unspoken words of love.

Suddenly, Olivia's expression changed. She frowned and mumbled softly, "I need to poop again."

Mark's laughter filled the room, his amusement and affection for both mother and daughter evident in his joyful expression.

Mark lowered his head and kissed Olivia gently. "Let's go to the bathroom, sweetie."

With a hint of reluctance, Olivia finally forgave him.

After helping her and getting her cleaned up, Mark dressed her in a light wool dress, complementing it with thick stockings and cozy sheepskin shoes.

He playfully patted her bottom. "Off you go; find Edwin," he encouraged.

Olivia wobbled off in search of her brother.

Meanwhile, the kitchen filled with the familiar sound of Edwin preparing milk for his sister.

Finishing his parental duties, Mark felt a light sheen of sweat on his back.

He removed his shirt, ready for a refreshing shower.

Cecilia, having already changed, was seated at her dressing table, carefully selecting her jewelry for the day.

Her eyes caught Mark's reflection in the mirror. His rugged, shirtless figure adding a stark contrast to the elegant surroundings.

Cecilia, securing an ear stud, mused with a chuckle. "She's just a little one, but so aware of so many things already."

Hearing this, Mark couldn't help but smile at the innocence in her words.

He approached Cecilia, wrapping his arms around her from behind, and gently rested his chin on her shoulder. "You're so slender," he murmured softly.

Flushing, Cecilia playfully nudged him. "We should be heading to my parents' house, remember? Better get showered. You can't show up shirtless."

Mark responded with a peck on her cheek, his voice light, "Of course, anything you say, my love."

Releasing her, he made his way to the shower.

Fifteen minutes later, he emerged, looking refreshed and handsome as ever.

Cecilia, noticing his reappearance, gave him a soft kiss on the chin, her voice tinged with caution. "If Dad gives you a hard time later, just bear with it. He's really fond of Olivia."

Mark responded with a tender touch to her lips, not saying a word.

An hour later, the family's black Land Rover pulled up at the Fowlers' residence.

Korbyn, Cecilia's father, with a somber expression, swiftly opened the car door and gently lifted Olivia into his arms, checking her over with a grandfather's concern.

Korbyn, with a worried look, carefully inspected Olivia.



Satisfied that she was unharmed, his expression hardened as he lectured, "You're both too focused on yourselves, neglecting the child. If you're longing for romance on your birthday, go book a hotel, or even travel abroad. Just don't ignore your responsibilities as parents though. If you want some time alone, we're more than happy to help take care of them."

Mark, exiting the car, presented a polished, elegant demeanor.

With a note of humility, he acknowledged, "You're completely right, I've been careless."

Attempting to ease the tension, Mark offered a cigarette to Korbyn, who responded with a glare, holding Olivia, "How can I smoke while holding her?"

Realizing his misstep, Mark's smile wavered.

Korbyn, muttering under his breath, chided, "No sense of appropriateness. Don't worry, my dear; even if your father neglects you, Grandpa's here. I love you."

He then walked away with Olivia.

Cecilia, followed by Edwin, alighted from the vehicle, laughing.

"I guess I'm sidelined now, and so are you. Dad's heart belongs only to the kids."

Mark responded with a light smile, unfazed.

He understood that Korbyn's invitation meant acceptance into the family, despite any surface tensions.

Lost in thought, Mark barely registered Edwin's comment. "Dad, Grandpa seems to not really like you."

Before Mark could reply, Edwin darted off.

Holding hands with each other, the couple trailed behind.

Sensing her slight discomfort, Mark quipped playfully about their hand-holding, to which Cecilia didn't respond, merely letting her delicate fingers rest in his dry palm.



In the hall, Korbyn cradled Olivia, showcasing a large jewelry box filled with enormous, colorful diamonds, which Olivia toyed with like marbles.

Cecilia questioned, slightly bemused, "Dad, why give these to her when she's still so young?"

Korbyn's expression soured.

"She's just playing. Unlike you, who allowed her to eat a diamond ring. Thankfully it was small, or it could have harmed her delicate system. She's more fragile than most."

Mark suppressed a chuckle, playfully remarking, "I'll get Cecilia an even bigger ring when I marry her."

Korbyn's gaze turned icy at Mark's comment.

Juliette, seeing the tension, diverted the conversation towards a pile of gifts. Addressing Cecilia, she said, "Your dowry's right there. And Zoey brought those over earlier today."

Among the presents were numerous real estate certificates.

Mark was really giving every penny he owned to Cecilia.

With eyes shimmering with unshed tears, Cecilia softly confided, "These material things don't matter to me." Korbyn, with a snort, retorted, "To claim indifference towards Mark's money is one thing, but saying you don't care about him, now that'll be a real noble statement."

Her eyes brimming with tears, Cecilia whispered an apology.

Juliette, with a sharp glare at Korbyn, interjected, "What's with this attitude? They're young and in love. You seemed quite happy with them together. Why the sudden change of heart?"

Korbyn's scowl deepened as he recounted, "I was unaware of their neglect towards Olivia. The ordeal with the 12-carat diamond ring must have been distressing. I can't bear the thought of her suffering since she's always been so cherished."

Mark, attentive and understanding, gently wiped away Cecilia's tears and subtly shielded her.



relocation meant that if Korbyn wished to see them afterward, he would need to travel by private plane, a realization that filled him with a sense of melancholy.

Unable to hold back his emotions, Korbyn excused himself to smoke, a clear sign of his distress.

Juliette and Mark understood his need for solitude but didn't voice it.

Cecilia playfully called out, "Dad, you're not going off to cry alone, are you?" Korbyn, lighting a cigarette, half-jokingly urged Mark, "Marry her soon, and she'll be your problem. Such a troublesome little girl!"

Mark, embracing Cecilia tenderly, appreciated her attempt to lighten Korbyn's mood.

She might seem childish to others, but Mark saw her maturity, treasuring this insight into her character.

Later, Waylen returned, but Rena was absent.

The men delved into wedding discussions, with Cecilia, the bride-to-be, left out.

Unperturbed, she amused herself with the splendid diamonds.

In the bright sunshine, Olivia came to her, captivated by the sparkling stones.

Selecting a cinnamon-colored Padparadscha, Cecilia promised, "When you grow up, you can wear this."

Olivia looked up, not fully grasping the sentiment.

Cecilia tenderly kissed her cheek, and then, holding her hand, they strolled in the garden, with Edwin trailing. He suddenly announced, "I want to stay in Duefron to finish high school."

Cecilia was taken aback by Edwin's declaration.

"You can discuss it with your dad later. If he's okay with it, so am I," she responded, smiling and affectionately ruffling Edwin's hair.



He nodded in agreement.

Edwin, mature for his age, had his unique way of thinking, which Cecilia respected.

Rena often said that among the children, Edwin was most like his uncle Waylen, while Leonel strangely resembled Mark a lot in character even though they weren't even related by blood. Marcus shared Rena's easygoing nature.

Olivia and Elva, on the other hand, seemed to inherit more traits from Cecilia herself.

As she pondered this, Mark and Waylen emerged into the bright afternoon sunlight, both looking splendid.

Cecilia stood to greet them, and Mark tenderly touched her head, his eyes filled with warmth.

Pulling Cecilia aside, Waylen shared a few words with her and then made to leave. Cecilia's curiosity piqued. "Where's Rena?"

Taking a long drag from his cigarette, Waylen replied with a half-smile, "She's mentoring a young one."

He was actually talking about Kyle's son, Albert, from Heron.

He was such a free spirit, only ever listening to Rena.

Over the past two years, Albert had been under Rena's guidance, honing his temperament and capabilities.

His training was nearing its completion, and he was due to return to take over his family business, the Moore Group, in Heron. Waylen wanted to celebrate so bad, yet he hesitated, not wanting to disturb Rena.

His life as her husband sometimes left him feeling morose, a sentiment he chose not to share with Cecilia.

Cecilia, not delving too deeply, simply nodded, understanding the challenges Rena faced with the many children, including Leonel.

Waylen offered a gentle smile, waved farewell, and drove off in his black



Maybach.

Left in contemplation, Cecilia was interrupted by Mark's gentle query. "What's on your mind?"

"Waylen seems odd today," Cecilia remarked with an air of concern.

Mark chuckled.

Waylen was known for his devotion to Rena, often returning home early from social functions, a practice some interpreted as maintaining his integrity.

However, Mark knew Waylen was simply attentive and devoted to his wife.

Pondering Waylen's relationship, Mark gazed at Cecilia. "You always seem to trust me a lot; you never get jealous, do you?"

Cecilia gave him a meaningful look, clearing her throat.

"You've probably had your fill of adventures by now. I trust in your self-control."

Playfully pinching her cheek, Mark teased, "I'll demonstrate my self-control to you tonight."

Cecilia, feigning indignation, protested, "But I thought you were unwell. Stop bothering me all the time."

They were alone in the garden. Mark drew her close, his touch tender. "Who else should I go to when you're the only one in my mind?" he whispered.

She blushed, lost for words but not for feelings.

She adored Mark, and loved how he cooked for her, his seriousness, and the vulnerability he showed only to her.

Cecilia embraced him. "We're really going to get married, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are," he confirmed, sealing the promise with a gentle kiss.

Nearby, Edwin quietly observed them with Olivia in his arms.



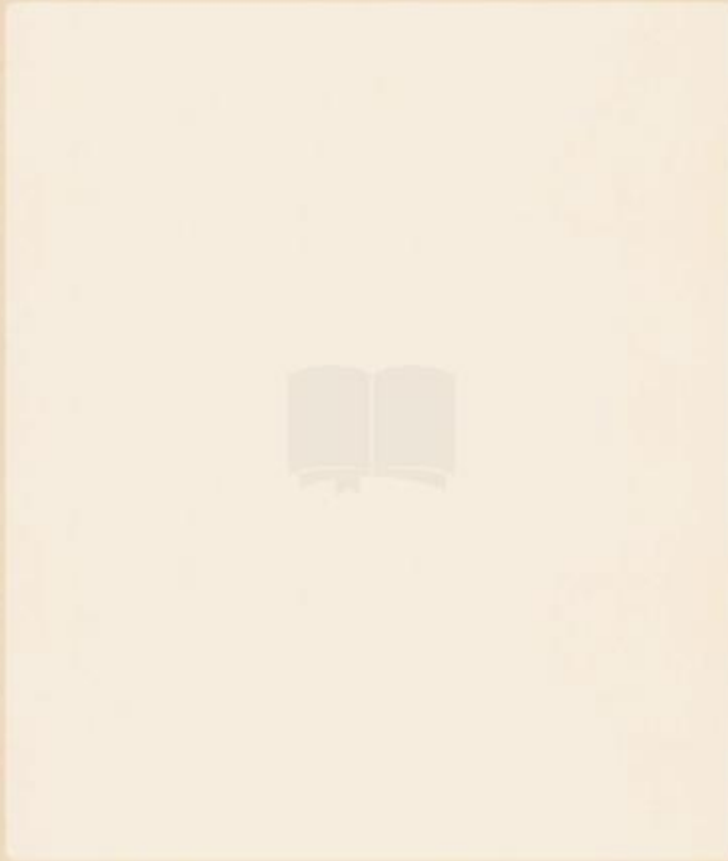
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 +120 Points at most

"The sun's too strong; you'll tan," Edwin remarked, but Olivia, flashing her white teeth, insisted, "Kiss. Daddy and Mommy are kissing!"



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