

## Chapter 477 Congratulations, Mrs. Evans

Mark and Cecilia's wedding banquet took place at a renowned hotel in Duefron.

The hotel was a refurbished palace.

It was well-preserved for quite an old structure.

The reception consisted of eight tables, each intimately arranged for the two families, with a harmonious atmosphere.

It was a serene and enchanting affair.

Their wedding night was spent in a luxurious hotel suite. The room was adorned with lush red roses, and a collection of gifts graced the center.

Cecilia, in a crimson wedding gown, delicately removed her shoes, revealing her rosy soles.

Seated on the carpet, she began to unwrap the boxes.

After seeing the guests off, Mark returned to the suite, where he discovered a pair of dainty feet.

His eyes smoldered with desire as he reached to unbutton two shirt buttons. He approached her from behind, leaning in to whisper, "Did anything catch your eye?"

Cecilia rested against his shoulder, her voice soft as she replied, "You startled me."

Mark chuckled.

He settled beside her and accepted the gift from her hand, recognizing it was from a client.

It was undeniably extravagant.

However, having encountered many opulent items before, Cecilia's enthusiasm waned. She soon abandoned the unwrapping of gifts and turned her attention to Mark.

His white shirt remained impeccably crisp and smooth.

As he drew nearer, a subtle hint of aftershave clung to his body.

His skin radiated warmth.

Cecilia observed him for a moment, and Mark was well aware of her gaze. He embraced her, positioned her feet on his legs, and tenderly massaged them while asking in a gentle tone, "Are you tired?"

"I'm not too tired."

Cecilia locked her eyes onto his.

She couldn't help but admire his handsome features.

After all, he had always been exceptionally good-looking.

Mark looked around and said in a low, husky voice, "I'll run some hot water. Let's take a bath together then."

Cecilia rested her head on his broad shoulder.

Mark caressed her head, placing it gently in his arms. He didn't mention about the bath anymore. All that mattered to him was enjoying their first night together as a married couple.

Cecilia snuggled his waist quietly.

She whispered in a soft tone, "We've been together for years, haven't we, Uncle Mark?"

Mark gazed down at her, gulping at the thought of what she said. "Almost ten years."

On that peaceful night, a sudden question crossed his mind.

"Cecilia, have you ever regretted it?"

Cecilia pondered for a moment and then nodded. "Yes, I have. But I can't get over you."

Mark smiled softly, letting her long hair cascade around her, and whispered in a hushed tone, "Let's go take a bath, Mrs. Evans."

Cecilia playfully requested to be carried.

Mark effortlessly lifted her, planted a kiss on her lips, and whispered, "I'll pamper you while I still can carry you."

It was their wedding night, after all.

Just like most lovers did, they passionately made love all night. As they indulged in pleasure, their moans echoed through the walls of their room.

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Two years quickly went by.

It was the star awards ceremony in Duefron.

Cecilia was on the stage, clutching the "best actress" award in her hand.

The host extended congratulations and then inquired with a grin, "Mrs. Evans, you've achieved such a significant award in such a short span. What are your plans for the future?"

Cecilia stood before the microphone, the trophy still in her hand.

She gathered her emotions and met Mark's eyes.

Sitting below the stage in a dapper suit were Mark and their two adorable children. Seeing them, Cecilia felt an instant wave of tranquility wash over her.

Gazing at Mark, her beloved, Cecilia spoke in a hushed tone, "First and foremost, I'd like to express my gratitude to the entire crew, the jury, and all the viewers who have supported me. As for my future plans, perhaps I'll be moving to a new house and residing in a different place, cherishing moments with my family."



Her eyes radiated love.

It was far more intense, outshining even the dazzling stage lights.

Because in her eyes, there was someone she held ever so dearly.

Following a brief pause, the host warmly welcomed Mark to join them on stage.

Mark gracefully rose from his seat and made his way to the stage.

With a gentle hold on Cecilia's hand, he whispered softly, "Congratulations, Mrs. Evans."

Cecilia was overwhelmed with emotion.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

Mark affectionately caressed her head and reassured her, "This is a joyful occasion. No need to cry."

"I'm not crying."

She scoffed in a hushed tone, her gaze steadfastly fixed on Mark.

The audience in the auditorium remained silent. The entire hall was hushed.

Many onlookers couldn't help but feel envious of Cecilia.

They envied her, for Mark gave his heart to her.

However, they were unaware of the immense perseverance Cecilia had displayed and the deep love she had held onto throughout their journey to reach that point.

During their most uncertain years, she tried to open her heart to others.

But after she had encountered that extraordinary person, everyone else just faded into insignificance.

A familiar face was in the last row of the hall.



Seated there was Thomas, accompanied by his wife.

After enduring numerous blind dates, Thomas had finally tied the knot. His new wife hailed from an affluent family and possessed striking beauty.

She exuded gentleness and wisdom.

A character that contrasted with Cecilia's.

Thomas gazed silently at the radiant figure on the stage, observing her captivating presence.

His infatuation with Cecilia had spanned four long years.

Their initial meeting through a blind date was no mere coincidence.

At one point, he had contemplated marriage with her, but being a member of the Smith family had kept him grounded. He found that Cecilia could never fall in love with him and always had someone else in her heart.

Choosing to withdraw was the most dignified course of action.

Thomas wore a faint smile tinged with a hint of disappointment and regret.

His wife leaned in and asked softly, "Thomas, how about we go eat something later? I'd like some steak."

Thomas snapped back to reality.

Observing her attire, he pondered for a moment before suggesting, "I have an apartment nearby. You can change your outfit later. Then we can head to the restaurant we visited last time."

Thomas' wife wasn't one to make decisions.

She turned and fixed her gaze back on the stage.

As she observed Cecilia's serene profile, Thomas reflected silently, "This is a happy ending for everyone."

After a pause, he added silently, "Cecilia, I wish you happiness."

Following the award ceremony, Mark departed with Cecilia and their children in tow.

As they reached the last row, Cecilia caught sight of Thomas.

He had a beautiful wife by his side.

Momentarily taken aback, Cecilia offered a nod to Thomas before continuing to follow Mark out.

Thomas's wife inquired, "Thomas, do you know her?"

He smiled and replied, "Just a high school classmate."

His wife nodded without pressing further. Thomas then suggested in a gentle tone, "You mentioned wanting steak, didn't you? Let's head out now. Otherwise, we'll have to wait for quite a while for a table."

Certainly, his wife would be thrilled.

In the parking lot, two sleek black limousines were parked, their trunks loaded with luggage.

After the award ceremony, Mark and Cecilia were headed back to Czanch.

Mark had a discussion with Waylen earlier.

With everything taken into consideration, Mark consented to allow Edwin to stay with the Fowlers and finish his study in Duefron. Edwin would return to Czanch for winter and summer vacations, as well as spending one weekend a month there regularly.

Although Cecilia was hesitant to part with Edwin, she respected his decision.

Edwin accompanied them on their return to Czanch first.

The two black limousines drove off in succession. An hour later, they reached the airport and boarded a private plane bound for Evans Gardon in Czanch.

Once the car came to a halt, Cecilia stepped out.

She walked over to the wisteria tree and took in a deep breath. "The air here feels more humid than Duefron."

Mark took a moment to look at Cecilia.

Then he instructed the servants to handle the luggage and hoisted Olivia into his arms. Lately, Olivia had complained of a peculiar ailment.

She claimed that her legs had lost strength.

While Mark carried her everywhere they went, she willingly let him.

Mark was usually stern with his son, but when it came to his daughter, he indulged her to no end. It was almost as if he was doting on a young Cecilia. Cecilia worried that Mark might be spoiling Olivia too much.

Mark retorted, "My daughter can't be spoiled too much."

Olivia's bedroom was adjacent to Mark and Cecilia's. It was decorated like a royal's room, fitting for daddy's little princess.

However, Mark felt it wasn't enough.

He allocated a separate area within their own bedroom, furnishing it with a set of dainty pink sofas along with a princess bed.

They were draped in soft white wool blankets.

Even more extravagant was the small pink abode Mark had constructed for Olivia within his study.

A hectic day came to an end.

At midnight, Olivia was steadfast in her refusal to return to her own room.

She slept soundly on her pink bed.

After taking a shower, Cecilia planted a loving kiss on Olivia's tender face and retreated to her own quarters. Mark, immersed in reading a report, seemed preoccupied.

"Are you still busy?"

Cecilia, playing the part of a coddled wife, embraced him from behind.

Mark held her hand and replied, "The head office has relocated to Czanch. I'll be busy for a while. You'll have to look after Olivia before things get back to tracks."

Cecilia reclined against his back, concern evident in her voice. "She's very well-behaved."

After a moment of contemplation, she added, "But why did you place a small bed for her in our bedroom? What if she wakes up in the middle of the night and sees us?"

Mark let out a light chuckle. "Are you suggesting something?"

Cecilia blushed and countered, "I didn't mean that."

Mark set aside the document he was holding.

After pulling her onto his lap, he gently caressed her face and gave her a tender kiss on the tip of her nose. "I've been swamped with work lately and neglected you."

Cecilia tugged coyly with the buttons on his shirt.

"We're not running out of money, you know. You don't have to work so tirelessly," Cecilia suggested.

Mark gazed at her, the soft radiance of her skin illuminated by the light.

He responded in a gentler tone, "I can't stay idle. Plus, at my age, if I spend my free time playing chess and sipping tea, wouldn't I really come across as an old man?"

He playfully pinched her nose and continued, "I'm afraid I'd lose my charm in your eyes."

Cecilia winced in mock pain.

She then swatted his hand away. "Clearly, you're the ambitious one, insistent on discussing it with me."



Mark leaned closer to her, his voice a soft murmur. "You've grown even smarter, Cecilia. But don't you want to create some unforgettable memories here? Making love in this place would be our true wedding night."

Cecilia blushed at his teasing words.

She almost shouted, "We've made love countless times already. How many wedding nights do we actually have?"

"Do you find it boring, my dear?"

Mark feigned disappointment, beginning to unbutton his shirt as if preparing for a shower.

Cecilia resisted leaving the embrace of his arms.

She tilted her head closer to his and tenderly kissed his lips before whispering softly, "No, it's not that. I enjoy it when you hold me like this."

Without letting her move from their current position, Mark gently guided her onto the bed and put his weight on her.

On their way, he switched off the lights as well.

The tranquil darkness of the night shrouded over them. Their bodies pressed close, and both of them panted breathlessly.

Their hands explored each other.

Mark passionately kissed the woman in his embrace.

Cecilia and Mark were in the midst of an intense moment, their clothes scattered at the foot of the bed, ready for some action.

However, a slight movement on the small princess bed caught their attention.

Olivia had been having a bad dream, and upon waking up, she cried out for her father. With bare feet, she climbed into the big bed and wrapped her tiny arms around Mark's neck, her cries filled with sadness.

Despite his strong desire at that moment, Mark had to suppress it.

He gently rolled over and held Olivia in his protective arms, soothing her with tender words.

The room remained dim.

He comforted Olivia until she was on the verge of falling asleep. Then, he turned his head to glance at Cecilia, who was curled up in the blankets. She bit her lip and whispered in complaint, "I told you, didn't it? It's not good for the child."

Mark put a blanket over his daughter.

In the darkness of the night, his eyes glimmered. He playfully nibbled the tip of Cecilia's nose and whispered, "I can't let her sleep alone tonight. Let's do it in the bathroom instead. I promise I can bring you to heaven."

Cecilia kicked him and retorted, "I don't want to do it anymore."

Mark reached under the covers as he planted kisses on her.

A few seconds went by. She couldn't resist his charms, so she wrapped her arms around his neck. "Let's go to the cloakroom instead."

There was a soft couch in there.

Mark picked Cecilia up and carried her into the cloakroom. He instructed her to leave the door unlocked in case Olivia needed them. At that moment, waves of pleasure would overcome Cecilia, even if she was on the edge of sweet pain.

She gently bit his broad shoulder, grazing her teeth slightly on his back.

Mark's voice was a tender murmur in her ear, "Just a bit longer."

Cecilia responded by capturing his lips in a passionate kiss.

The room was bathed in the gentle glow of moonlight.

It illuminated the intimate embrace of the man and woman, their silhouettes casting a loving shadow on the wall. The small room had been a silent witness to their countless moments of love and happiness.

During Olivia's early childhood, she spent most of her time with her



Chapter 477 Congratulations, Mrs. Evans  
devoted father.

 +120 Points at most

Cecilia was granted a bit more freedom.

With Zoey's growing strength due to a relaxed retired life, Cecilia could occasionally take on work responsibilities.

Cecilia's work mainly took her to Duefron, allowing her to visit her son when she was away from Czanch. Mark would often pretend to complain about missing her whenever she wasn't around, and Cecilia would always respond with laughter.

In truth, a little distance between them had a way of strengthening their bond.

When someone was plagued by longing, a simple phone call or a few sweet words could provide lasting satisfaction.

Cecilia understood that Mark enjoyed those moments just as much as she did.

Time swiftly passed.

A few years went by, and Edwin returned to Evans Gardon during his summer vacation as a high school freshman.

At sixteen, Edwin had shot up to a towering six feet. He wasn't just tall and handsome; he was also one of the most popular kids in his school.

From his early years into adolescence, Edwin had received a plethora of love letters, enough to fill a bookcase.


Yet, he showed no interest in pursuing romantic relationships.

One day, Cecilia overheard Mark mentioning that the Smith family had expressed an interest in a union with the Fowler family. However, since Leonel wasn't Waylen's biological son and Marcus was younger than the Smith family's daughter, they had eventually turned their attention to Edwin.

Cecilia had met the young lady from the Smith family, who was an outstanding individual.

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But considering Edwin's young age, Cecilia believed it was too early for him to engage in a relationship.

Cecilia decided to consult Mark about the matter. Mark informed her that he had already spoken to Edwin, who didn't express any objections.

On the surface, it appeared that the arrangement was settled.

However, the idea of a marital connection between the two families was just something to be considered.

Edwin and the daughter of the Smith family had no interactions, and the adults had to wait for them to mature enough to bring it up again. Edwin's reason for returning to Czanch this time was to discuss his desire to study abroad.

"You wish to study abroad?"

Within the study, Mark was seated behind an imposing dark wood desk, his brows slightly furrowed.

Time had treated Mark kindly, and he hadn't aged significantly; instead, he had grown more refined as time went by.

Edwin nodded, affirming his intentions. "Yes, both Leonel and I wish to study abroad."

Mark squinted his eyes inquisitively. "Even Leonel wants to study abroad, huh? Do you think your uncle will agree to this? What about Alexis? Is she planning to tag along as well? You're all becoming quite independent, aren't you?"

Edwin went to fetch a cup of tea for Mark.

He placed it gently on the table and replied thoughtfully, "No, Alexis won't be going. She has her heart set on studying law in Masrea. It's just Leonel and me this time."

Mark sipped his tea thoughtfully, taking his time to savor the flavor.

After a while, he fixed his gaze on his son and spoke with significance. "The allure of the outside world is undeniable. You and Leonel are still in the process of discovering yourselves. You may venture abroad. But





always remember, relationships should be off-limits for now.\*

Edwin flashed a smile.

The handsome sixteen-year-old casually slipped his hands into his pockets and replied, "Dad, don't worry. Love isn't my top priority right now."

Both Edwin and Leonel were majoring in finance, and they hardly had the time or interest for girlfriends.

Besides, they were not particularly drawn to ordinary girls.