

Chapter 456 Are You Still Mad At Me

As Charlie, Flora and the others left, the spacious VIP ward turned quiet.

Olivia had gotten a lot of fun things. Since she had lots of sleep prior, she sat and played with them nonstop.

Edwin, on the other hand, was reading a book.

Mark pushed himself up and leaned against the head of the bed as he watched his daughter.

At the same time, he would catch a glimpse of Cecilia cleaning up the ward. Just now, lots of people were coming and going. She was the one responsible for sorting everything in order now.

"You're more efficient at housework than you used to be," he commented.

After putting away the last thing, Cecilia slightly fixed her ruffled hair and said, "I had no choice but to learn how to do these. After all, I have two children at home. I can't always rely on the nanny for everything."

As Mark studied her face, he could feel her calm and reserved spirit.

After a while, he couldn't help but ask, "What did you say to Flora?"

Cecilia pursed her lips and smiled.

"I don't want to tell you," she retorted.

Mark wanted to say something witty in response, but since there were two children in the ward—especially Edwin who already knew a lot—he decided to hold his tongue and restrain himself.

While this exchange was happening, the doctor arrived. After the check-up, he said with a smile, "Mr. Evans, it seems that you're recovering quickly!"

As he said this, Olivia crawled towards Mark.

It seemed that this doctor also liked children very much.

He had two sons of his own. He had always wanted to have a baby girl with

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It seemed that this doctor also liked children very much.

He had two sons of his own. He had always wanted to have a baby girl with his wife, but he couldn't get his wish.

Thus, the doctor looked at Olivia longingly.

He picked her up from the bed and looked at her up close.

Olivia grabbed the stethoscope around the doctor's neck and played with it. She put the other end of the stethoscope against the doctor's heart and murmured something.

At that moment, the doctor really wanted to take her home.

Anyone with eyes would want such a beautiful and cute girl for their own!

"This girl wants to be a doctor when she grows up," the doctor said to Mark.

In response, Mark smiled.

But in his mind, he didn't want Olivia to be a doctor. He knew how hard a doctor's job could be. Instead of going through all that, he wanted his daughter to live a spoiled life.

He wished the same for Alexis and Elva as well.

After talking to people, Mark felt much better.

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In the evening, Zoey came and brought him dinner in person.

It was a nutritious meal composed of meat and vegetables.

Although Zoey wanted to stay and take care of Mark, she left after spending some time with the family of four.

In the small dining room of the ward, Cecilia was busy setting the table and the food.

Once everything was ready, Mark sat down to eat.

As soon as he saw the food, his face instantly lit up. "This is a lot of food! I feel like even if I stay in the hospital for a month, I won't get bored. But it's a lot of trouble for my mom to make us food every day."

"Zoey is already so old. You still want to trouble her?" Cecilia muttered.

Mark pursed his lips and didn't say anything in response.

Meanwhile, Edwin stared at the food, almost salivating.

Mark picked up a meatball for Edwin.

After the meal, Mark was sweating all over.

While Cecilia was cleaning up, Mark went to the bathroom to take a shower.

As soon as he came out, the first person he saw was Cecilia.

"You're too weak to take a shower. What if you catch a cold again?" she admonished him with a frown.

"But I was so sweaty. If I told you I wanted to take a shower, you might not like the idea," he said. Once in a blue moon, Mark would act shamelessly. This was one of those moments.

"It's good that you're aware."

As she said that, Cecilia turned off the faucet.

She was about to leave when suddenly, Mark grabbed her by the arm.

He pulled her closer, and as he did, he locked the bathroom door.

"What are you doing?"

Cecilia's voice was being squished, the weight pressing on her from behind making it hard for her to speak.

Mark wrapped his arms around her waist.

He rested his chin on her shoulder and looked at her in the mirror.

"Mark, the kids are outside," Cecilia reminded him.

Despite that, Mark persisted, his hands encircled Cecilia's waist, eliciting a reaction from her. Since Cecilia was like any other woman, it was only natural for her to feel something when touched by a man.

Mark began peppering her neck with small kisses.

He kissed her like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Cecilia tried to move away, but Mark had such a tight grasp that locked her in place. Besides, he really knew how to turn her on.

Slowly, Mark lifted her dress as his slender fingers made their way to her body, doing whatever he wanted.

"Mark! Let go of me..."

She patted the back of his hand as she tried to move away from him once again.

But Mark didn't stop. He kept gnawing at her neck as he said in a hoarse, sexy voice, "Just enjoy it."

A few minutes later, Cecilia collapsed in his arms, her hands holding onto the basin for support.

At this point, her eyes was already glassy, drowning in pleasurable sensations.

Mark patiently waited for her to come back to her senses.

After a long time, she finally snapped out of her daze. Embarrassed and annoyed, she pushed him in the chest and cried, "Let go of me."

Mark held her waist with one hand, while turning on the faucet with the other.

As the water flowed, he squeezed some hand sanitizer and washed his hand. He made sure to take his time, staring at Cecilia until she melted.

She knew that he was doing this on purpose.

She tried wrestling out of his grasp, but all her attempts were unsuccessful.

As Mark turned off the faucet, he lowered his head and looked at her.

Their faces were so close to each other that Cecilia could feel his warm breath on her nose. Suddenly, she felt shy. She looked away as her face became more flushed.

With his arms wrapped around her waist again, Mark asked softly, "What did you say to Flora?"

Cecilia was adamant on not telling him.

Mark didn't insist anymore. Instead, he rethought his approach and asked, "Are you still mad at me?"

Cecilia pretended not to understand. "I'm not mad at you."

Mark chuckled.

"Oh, really? I disappointed our son. You care about him, so you are blaming me. How can I not feel that you've been treating me so coldly these past few days?" he said softly.

He had such a way with words that rendered Cecilia speechless.

Within that moment of silence, Mark pulled her even closer, tightening his embrace.

After a long time, he whispered, "Cecilia, you can blame me and even hit me for it. Just don't disappear out of the blue and alienate me. I'm willing to do anything for you and the kids."

His words touched Cecilia's heart.

After a while, she patted the back of his hand and said, "Okay. I don't blame you anymore."

Slowly, Mark's lips curled upwards.

He knew that Cecilia was softhearted. At the same time, she didn't blame him only because she was being magnanimous.

She wasn't the same person as before after all.

For a moment, he missed the past. Back then, they were able to communicate openly with each other.

It was all his fault.

When Cecilia was in her youth, he didn't give her a home.

"Sleep here tonight," he told her as he checked the time. "There's a small bed inside. It should be big enough for Edwin and Olivia to sleep."

Since Cecilia knew Edwin wanted to say, she nodded and agreed.

Mark then pulled her closer and nibbled the back of her ear. "You sleep beside me."

Cecilia pushed him away and shook her head. "I will sleep on the sofa. It's much more spacious there."

Since Mark didn't want to force her, he had no choice but to let her go.

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The two of them stayed in the bathroom for about twenty minutes. When they went out, Edwin stared at them for a while. It was hard to tell what was going on in his mind.

Mark felt a bit awkward.

To make up for it, he cleared his throat and said, "I talked to your mother, and both you and your sister can stay here tonight."

Edwin kept his eyes on Mark, not blinking a single time.

For a second, Mark thought he wouldn't agree.

But after a while, Edwin took out a small backpack, opened it, and poured out all of its contents.

Inside were Olivia's dress and pajamas as well as her milk powder and diapers.

There was also the bedtime picture book that Olivia liked to read.

Mark couldn't believe it.

The incandescent lamp beside him cast a light that softened Edwin's features. He bit his lower lip before saying, "Olivia keeps crying and insists on coming here. I have no choice. If it weren't for her, I would have gone home to sleep tonight."

Of course, Mark could see through his flimsy excuse.

He stared at his son for a while before saying, "You're throwing your sister under the bus just because she can't speak yet, right? At such a young age, you already say things that you don't mean. You're just like your mother back when she was young."

Edwin scratched his head in embarrassment. True enough, he was exposed.

Slowly, his shame turned into anger. "You took a fancy to my mom when she was still very young."

"Your mother was already 28 or 29 years old back then," Mark explained.

"Then you must've been very old by then," Edwin muttered.

Upon hearing this, Mark's jaw slacked.

Cecilia overheard this entire exchange and also blushed a little. At that moment, she only considered Olivia to be her child.

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After a while, the three of them settled in the ward.

Edwin picked Olivia up and walked towards the inner room. "I'll take care of Olivia. You don't have to worry about us."

With this, Mark smiled.

As Edwin closed the door, Mark patted the spot beside him and beckoned Cecilia to come over. "Are you really going to sleep on the sofa? Isn't a double bed much more comfortable?"

Cecilia ignored him and continued covering the sofa with a blanket.

When his words had no effect, Mark decided to come over.

He wrapped his arms around her thin waist from behind and whispered in her ear, "I can feel your horniness from afar. Why don't we sleep together so I can satisfy you sexually?"

Cecilia gnashed her teeth in anger. At the same time, her face felt so hot as though it was burning.

"What are you talking about? You're sick! Why are you still thinking about such things?"

Although she was saying this, in reality, his words stirred something inside her. Women were always concerned about saving face. As such, Cecilia would never openly admit to being turned on.

But all of this was a moot point anyway. Mark was not in good health, so there wasn't anything that he could do even if he wanted to.

Nevertheless, he still made fun of her.

Cecilia lay on the sofa and covered her face with a blanket, pretending as though he was no longer there.

Mark frowned and pulled the blanket off her face. "Are you angry?"

Cecilia didn't react.

Mark then sat down on the sofa and leaned closer to her ear. "It's because I miss you. Is that okay?"

Even then, Cecilia didn't say anything.

Mark chuckled, resigning to the fact that nothing was going to happen tonight.

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He returned to his bed and turned the light off.

Cecilia as well as his children were not far away from him.

Thinking of this, Mark relaxed and slept until dawn.

When he woke up, he felt that someone was in his arms.

As his vision began to clear, Olivia's body began to take shape.

Olivia wanted to drink milk at midnight. However, Edwin didn't care for it and continued sleeping soundly.

Hungry, Olivia opened the door and ran to her father barefoot. Right now, her face was buried in her father's arms. She was fast asleep, her feet on top of Mark's belly.

Although Mark wasn't strong, he had a low body fat.

As such, his abdominal muscles were quite prominent.

Whenever Olivia's sole itched, she would rub her foot against his belly.

Mark looked at his daughter and studied her face.

Although the two of them looked alike, her eyes were unmistakably Cecilia's.

With a smile, Mark couldn't help but lean over and kiss Olivia's face.

As Cecilia came out of the bathroom after freshening up, the first thing she saw was Mark and Olivia sharing an intimate moment together. With a smile, Cecilia approached them to pick Olivia up.

"Let her sleep a little longer," Mark said, not wanting his daughter to leave his arms.

Despite his request, Cecilia picked up Olivia and began singing her a lullaby. After a while, she said, "The nurse will come to give you an IV drip later. Mark, don't spoil the child too much."

Mark smiled.

After a while, he replied, "I can also be a strict father, you know. If you spoil them, then I will be more strict with them."

Cecilia rolled her eyes and ignored what he was saying.

After soothing her daughter, she went to fetch the milk powder.

While Cecilia was waiting for the milk to cool, she brushed Olivia's baby teeth until they sparkled.

Shortly after that, a nurse arrived to put on an intravenous drip on Mark.

Once she was done, she couldn't help but see Olivia up close.

She played with Olivia for a while and then said in hushed tones, "They said that this little girl is the cutest one in the world! All the nurses in the in-patient department want to come and see her. But since this is a VIP ward, they can't come in. They couldn't even sneak in because of Mr. Evans' bodyguards."

As she spoke, Cecilia didn't like her tone.

When the nurse left, Cecilia said to Mark, "Maybe we should take Olivia out less."

Mark narrowed his eyes at her. "Are you afraid that everyone's going to like her?"

Cecilia scratched her head and looked away. Then, after a while, she said softly, "I was just like this when I was a child. Everyone liked me, and so I was raised to be... that way."

Mark flashed a gentle smile and placed his hand atop hers. "You're fine the way you are," he told her. "I like you very much."

Her words made Cecilia blush, rendering her speechless.

Her entire life, she had only been in two relationships: one with Harold, and the other with Mark.

Harold had explicitly told her that he didn't like her.

The only reason he was with her was because of the Fowler family's connections and resources.

Mark on the other hand... What did he like about her exactly?

As Cecilia pondered this thought, Mark quietly watched her.

"Cecilia, don't underestimate yourself. You're good—no, you're much better than you give yourself credit. I've seen a lot of people within the power circle, but none of them are as simple and lovely as you. On top of that, you are also kind and generous."

Perhaps it was this rare quality that had compelled him to like her.

As Cecilia listened to his words, she couldn't help but feel moved.

Of course, she didn't want to show it. She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. "You're sick, and yet, you're still quite glib."

Mark grinned.

He looked particularly handsome whenever he smiled.

As they stared into each other's eyes, the atmosphere around them began to feel romantic.

With flushed cheeks, Cecilia lowered her head and fed the baby.

Mark was an emotionally intelligent man. He could easily tell that this woman really liked him. As he quietly observed her, something inside him began to stir.

Just then, Cecilia's phone rang.

It was from Simon's assistant.

Cecilia had owed Simon a debt of gratitude for all the things he had done for her early on in her career. This time, however, for some reason, he was mad at her.

Simon's assistant was quite familiar with Cecilia so she called to tip her off. "I don't know what's wrong with Mr. Lewis this time," she informed her. "Not only does he want you replaced, but he also wants to sue you for liquidated damages!"

After a short pause, she continued, "And about the next TV play, Mr. Evans has invested 80 million dollars in it for your sake. But now, he wants to have you replaced from that show as well."

As she listened to the assistant, Cecilia felt a lump in her throat.

She didn't want to alert Mark that something was amiss, so she whispered to the receiver, "Okay."

After that, she quickly hung up the phone.

Mark frowned as he asked, "Trouble with work?"

"No," Cecilia denied.

To distract herself, Cecilia continued to feed Olivia. Thankfully, Olivia wasn't mad that she hadn't been able to drink milk while her mother was on the phone and patiently waited in her mother's arms.

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Finally, Cecilia put the teat of the bottle on Olivia's lips.

In response, Olivia opened her mouth and sucked it thirstily.

Since Mark was on an IV, it was hard for him to move around. He pushed himself up and sat up, his back leaning against the head of the bed. "Don't think that I will let you go apologize," he told her.

This might be a common occurrence in the workplace, particularly within the entertainment circle.

There, the weak was preyed on by the strong.

As member of the Fowler family and Mark's wife, Cecilia had shown nothing but kindness to Simon. However, Simon was being very unreasonable now. He shouldn't have done this!

Mark made a mental note to take over the matter.

On the surface, he still looked calm and composed. "There will be more chances in the future," he said.

Cecilia nodded.

In his mind, Mark thought that Cecilia was being silly. At the same time, he couldn't help but feel bad for her. Cecilia must have gone to great lengths just to achieve her current position in the circle, and yet, for his sake, she was willing to offend a senior director.

Mark took out his phone and sent a message to Peter.

"I need you to find out where Simon is shooting his new film in Warsaw."



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