

Chapter 457 There's Nothing I Can't Get

Mark completed tasks on his phone.

His recovery journey persisted.

Amidst the storm, Mark ventured out to tend to his son. Despite Mark's remarkable efforts, his son would resent him during his usual bouts of sickness.

Mark spent a week in the hospital.

Cecilia stood by his side for that entire week, but the Fowler family collected the two kids just forty-eight hours later.

Waylen cradled Olivia and Edwin tenderly when he took them away.

"Edwin must attend school. For now, Rena will assume responsibility for him."

Mark let out a weary sigh.

He conferred with Waylen, "Edwin must attend school, but Olivia doesn't need to."

Waylen replied with a grin, "Rena has enrolled Elva in an elite preschool. I can take Olivia along and have her audit the class. If Olivia likes it, perhaps she can join too."

Mark was left speechless.

He wondered if Waylen had said it on purpose.

Hadn't Waylen promised to cherish Elva? Why had he enrolled her in preschool at the tender age of two?

Mark harbored doubts, but Waylen remained indifferent.

With both kids in tow, Waylen descended the stairs.

Lina was pushing a young girl in a wheelchair.

The girl wore a pristine white dress, and her long, straight black hair cascaded over her shoulders.

Edwin remained perplexed.

Yet, he couldn't deny the allure of such grace and beauty.

The little girl happened to be Laura.

"What has caught your eye, Edwin?" Rena gently inquired as she tousled his hair.

Edwin snapped back to reality and shook his head.

The adults remained oblivious to Edwin's momentary distraction and the profound effect that scene had on him.

Edwin felt a tinge of embarrassment and irritation.

Once again, it was Laura. Was she still confined to the hospital?

Alexis cradled Olivia as she said, "Edwin must've been ogling at a pretty girl. Our teacher mentioned that boys his age can't resist beautiful girls, especially those in white dresses."

A blush tinged Edwin's cheeks.

His face reddening, he countered, "I wasn't."

Alexis grinned. "Then why the blush, huh?"

Edwin thought Alexis was too perceptive, and he didn't find her cute at all.

Alexis was in high spirits. She delighted in teasing Edwin, relishing the sight of his flustered silence.

The two children were escorted away.

With that, only Mark and Cecilia remained. Mark wasn't in a hurry to strengthen his bond with her; he simply sought a tranquil recovery.

As evening fell, Cecilia answered a phone call.

After a brief exchange of words, she cast a glance at Mark.

Mark leaned back against the headboard, engrossed in a magazine.

Finally, Cecilia stepped out with her phone in hand to talk with Simon. In the corridor, she observed Simon's frustration, witnessing his usual composure slipping away.

Simon remained resolute in his stance.

Cecilia was aware that someone had recently recommended a young and attractive graduate to Simon.

The graduate had completed her studies at a junior college.

Though Cecilia had no strong objections, she wasn't quick to grant Simon's request.

To her surprise, Mark had exerted pressure on Simon without her knowledge.

Despite her irritation with Mark, she felt compelled to save his dignity. After all, Mark had taken a stand in her favor. If she were to advocate for Simon instead, it would seem ungrateful.

Cecilia politely declined.

Simon was taken aback.

After a brief silence, he said softly, "Cecilia, do you have faith in my ability to keep you away from the entertainment industry for good?"

Cecilia blinked in response.

"I do believe in you.

But what difference would it make?"

Simon was left flabbergasted.

Cecilia continued in hushed tones, "Even if I never act in television dramas again, the financial support from my father, brother, and even just Mark would suffice for a carefree life. But, Simon, your career as a director might tread on a bumpy road. It's best to have a conversation with Mark soon. However, I must caution you he's unwell and can have quite a temper. I don't

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even dare to provoke him these days."

Cecilia then ended the call.

A faint flush tinged her cheeks.

She had never uttered such words before, and a sense of embarrassment washed over her.

Putting the phone aside, Cecilia pushed the matter from her mind.

She made her way back to the hospital room.

Mark, clad in a white hospital gown, regarded her with a slight tilt of his head.

She approached the table and began peeling an apple.

After a moment, she spoke up softly. "Mark, you don't have to do this."

"But I want to," he replied.

"I can't bear to see you being mistreated."

Cecilia fixed her gaze on the apple and murmured, "Who else could mistreat me more than you? I'll be honest. Acting is merely a hobby for me. It's not that significant."

Mark recognized that Cecilia wasn't being entirely truthful.

If she truly didn't care about it, she could have chosen to stay with the two children more instead of pursuing her acting career.

She had continued acting in dramas for several years, and it was evident she had developed a liking for it.

Mark chose not to press the matter further.

Cecilia refrained from broaching the topic again; she didn't want to impose any pressure on him. Consequently, neither of them raised it in the following two days. When Simon called Cecilia again, she chose not to answer.

Two more days went by.

Following the doctor's rounds, someone appeared at the door.

Cold sweat formed on Simon's forehead.

Mark's tone softened. "To be honest, I don't pry into Cecilia's career. I simply can't stand to see my wife being mistreated." He took a deep breath. "I'm overstepping my bounds. Sort out your work matters amongst yourselves. I won't offer any more advice. Otherwise, Cecilia might accuse me of meddling too much, which could strain our relationship as a couple."

Mark struck a balance between wisdom and compassion.

He was truly something.

Cecilia grumbled inwardly. She was reluctant to acknowledge any romantic involvement with Mark.

But Cecilia felt immensely grateful that Mark had given her room to maneuver. She needed to preserve his dignity especially with an outsider in the mix.

Cecilia approached and adjusted the drip rate, deliberately slowing it down.

Mark glanced up at her with profound eyes.

The look in his eyes brought to mind the bathroom encounter from a few days ago, and Cecilia felt her cheeks burn up.

Her voice quivered a bit as she said, "I'm going downstairs to speak with Simon. I'll be back shortly. If you require anything, just ring for the nurse."

Mark offered a gentle smile.

Simon preferred to avoid facing such a formidable presence.

Given the choice, he'd rather converse with Cecilia.

They went to the coffee shop downstairs.

The waiter delivered two steaming cups of coffee, and Cecilia expressed her gratitude before nudging one toward Simon.

Simon took a hearty sip.

He felt considerably refreshed. After some hesitation, he began, "Cecilia, I didn't intend to oppose you."

Cecilia regarded him in silence.

She paused for a bit and then said softly, "I've already informed you that I can cover the studio rent myself, as well as any other losses incurred. I've completed two-thirds of this film, and all I asked was a few days off to take care of someone very important to me in the hospital, but you've never given me a chance."

Simon was taken aback.

Cecilia offered a serene smile and remarked, "Regarding Mr. Evans' withdrawal and the backlash, I believe it's his right as an investor. It doesn't directly concern me. If you wish to discuss it, you should approach him."

Simon grasped the situation.

It appeared that Cecilia was no pushover at all!

Being a member of the Fowler family, Cecilia shared the challenging disposition characteristic of the Fowler clan.

Simon wiped his brow with a tissue and finally divulged, "Another investor enlisted an art school student to act in the play. Otherwise, they wouldn't invest the forty million dollars the promised."

Cecilia's grin widened. "Ah, I understand now."

Simon resorted to playing the sympathy card.

"I'm left with no choice. Consider it, Cecilia. I can't afford to upset that investor, nor do I want to antagonize Mr. Evans."

"So, you seized the chance to remove me from the project and assign the role I secured to some rich man's paramour?"

Simon hesitated.

After a while, he finally managed to say, "That's Mr. Kent we're talking about!"

Cecilia requested Chandler Kent's phone number from Simon.

After some contemplation, Simon eventually yielded and provided it.

Cecilia paused and found the name familiar. She promptly dialed Peter's

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number.

Peter listened to Cecilia's inquiry.

A smile graced Peter's lips as he responded, "Chandler Kent? Yes, I know this guy. He used to receive resources from Mr. Evans, but I had no idea he'd turn into this kind of person after making some money. To think he'd keep a lover and attempt to woo her like this. I'll handle it. No need to trouble Mr. Evans; I can teach this guy a lesson. I'll make sure he suffers plenty. He won't even be able to get his mother a role in the play, let alone his lover."

Cecilia smiled. "I still want Mr. Kent's investment. Furthermore, do this for me. Grant his companion a supporting role. A minor one will do. We should offer the newcomer a fair chance."

Peter acknowledged her directive.

He grinned and assured, "I may not be the most resourceful person usually, but I promise to bring you satisfaction with this matter. Cecilia, stay tuned for the results."

Cecilia found Peter's chattiness reminiscent of Mark's.

She ended the call.

Simon's jaw dropped.

He inquired eagerly, "Can the forty-million investment be secured? And is that woman willing to take on a supporting role?"

Cecilia replied nonchalantly, "She has no choice, even if she's unwilling."

Cecilia had no intention of making a scene in the first place.

Yet, because of Mark's interference, she felt obliged to assume responsibility.

Simon suddenly felt the gravity of it all.

He finally understood who he absolutely could not afford to offend in the entertainment industry: Cecilia.

No wonder Flora had warned him.

He had been skeptical.

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Cecilia settled the bill and stood up.

Simon hurriedly rose from his seat and said breathlessly, "Cecilia, please wait for me." He almost choked. "I came to see Mr. Evans, but I came empty-handed. There's a fruit store nearby; I'll quickly purchase some fruits. Please wait for me."

Cecilia declined the offer.

She offered a faint smile, remarking, "Actually, Mark places significant importance on a person's appearance."

With those words, Cecilia departed.

Simon couldn't help but touch his face and then his oily hair, feeling rather self-conscious.

Cecilia returned to the ward.

She found Mark engrossed in a morning newspaper. Recognizing her footsteps, he inquired casually, "How did the conversation go?"

Cecilia closed the door behind her.

She leaned against it and recounted the recent events to Mark.

Mark found himself rather taken aback.

Knowing Cecilia's disposition, he understood that she wasn't inclined to engage in cutthroat competition, let alone having chosen an art student with a junior college background as her supporting cast.

Cecilia gazed at his surprised expression and offered a reassuring smile.

"Why the surprised look?"

"I belong to the Fowler family and I'm your girlfriend. If I were to lose to the lover of some casual rich man, it would invite ridicule not only upon the Fowler family but also upon you. Such matters are commonplace in the world of appearances."

That girl might intent on exploiting the prominence of both the families of Fowler and Evans.

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Cecilia had no intention of affording her that opportunity.

Should the girl fail to conduct herself appropriately, Cecilia had no qualms about putting an end to her ambitions.

Mark observed Cecilia silently, as though reevaluating her. She exhibited a poised and seasoned demeanor.

She had been in the showbiz for a considerable amount of time.

How could she remain simple and naive?

Cecilia hadn't made a fuss about it before simply because Mark had been gravely ill.

After a significant pause, Mark offered a gentle smile and said, "That's good to know."

Cecilia didn't delve too deeply into Mark's thoughts.

During Mark's recovery, in addition to looking after him, Cecilia tended to her own matters.

Both of them seemed content with the arrangement.

Two days later, Mark's condition had significantly improved. He approached the doctor, inquiring about the possibility of being discharged.

"I believe I could be discharged today.

This place feels stifling."

The doctor smiled. "You've made remarkable progress since your admission, Mr. Evans. Trust me."

Mark sweetly added, "My Cecilia shares the same sentiment."

The doctor was delighted. "You two share a wonderful bond. It's quite sweet for Miss Fowler to set aside her career and prioritize taking care of you."

As they talked, a series of knocks echoed at the door.

Mark glanced over and spotted two unfamiliar individuals.

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The man had a chiseled face and prominent ears, while the woman beside him appeared rather young.

Mark had a hunch about their identities.