

## Chapter 462 It Might Even Invigorate Their Relationship

Mark turned his gaze to Cecilia after posing his question.

A hint of red colored Cecilia's cheeks.

She moved closer, gently patting Olivia's plump bottom.

Olivia, clutching her pillow, was deep in slumber.

Cecilia's eyes softened. She took a moment before responding to Mark, "Why do you ask this?"

"What do you think prompted my question?" Mark replied with a smile.

A romantic mood filled the room, lightened only by the presence of their child.

Feeling the conversation was enough, Cecilia decided to leave. As she turned to walk away, Mark grasped her waist, drawing her into his embrace.

Their bodies pressed together closely.

The looks they exchanged were intense, private.

Cecilia, who had once been bold and free-spirited, would wrap her arms around Mark's neck each night, whispering sweetly. Now, as a mother of two, she became more reserved, sometimes finding even Mark's gaze too overwhelming.

Cecilia gripped Mark's arm tightly.

Beneath his shirt, his skin felt like a furnace.

A tremor ran through her as she pleaded, "Mark, let go of me."

"Feeling shy?" he murmured softly into her ear, his breath warm against her skin. Eventually, he released her.

Once free, Cecilia straightened her dress, urging in a soft voice, "Now, please, control yourself."

Initially, Mark just wanted to playfully tease her.

However, noticing the redness in her eyes, his playful mood faded, replaced by a tone of concern.

"Are you worried about me?" he whispered.

Expecting her to deny it, he was surprised when she nodded, her honesty clear.

"I'm scared you might just drop dead."

Her statement, though born of frustration, betrayed her deep concerns. They had enjoyed tender moments recently, but his health was a constant worry for her.

Gently pulling her close, Mark said nothing. He tenderly wiped the tears from her eyes, acknowledging her unspoken fears.

"I'll be alright," he reassured her softly.

Right then, Edwin appeared at the doorway, his schoolbag perched on his shoulder. "Dad, I'm going to be late for school."

Startled back to reality, Mark and Cecilia exchanged a quick glance.

Mark stood, gently patting her shoulder. "Rest up. I'll fetch Edwin from school later."

Cecilia remained silent.

Edwin, eyes wide in the doorway, caught their attention.

Mark walked over, playfully shielding Edwin's eyes, before lifting him into his arms.

Edwin wrapped his arms around Mark's neck, feeling a sense of security. He thought his father still held deep affection for him.

Mark sensed Edwin's relief and understanding.

Heading downstairs, Mark secured Edwin in the backseat, fastening the seat belt for him.

Edwin's cheeks turned pink.

Mark gently ruffled his son's hair, saying, "If you ever want to join your mom and me in bed, just let me know."

Edwin's response was a mix of surprise and embarrassment.

"I'm not like Olivia. I tend to wake up during the night."

Mark, initially puzzled, then chuckled, realizing Edwin's indirect way of speaking. "You're quite the character," he said with an affectionate chuckle.

Driving towards school, Mark was in high spirits, casually chatting with Edwin about his homework.

He was amazed by Edwin's sharp intellect.

After dropping Edwin off, Mark headed to his office, swamped with work.

Time flew by until it was nearly time to pick up Edwin from school.

As Mark was checking his watch, planning to leave early, his secretary entered with a smile. "Mr. Evans, there's a lady here to see you."

Mark closed the office blinds and asked nonchalantly, "A client?"

"No, I don't think so," his secretary replied, shaking her head. "She mentioned her surname is Shaw."

Was it Elaine?

Mark's brow creased. He hadn't expected Elaine to be so persistent, especially after he'd given no encouragement.

Preferring not to meet her, he instructed his secretary, "Please tell her I'm unavailable."

The secretary, noticing an unusual hint of aversion on Mark's typically composed face, pondered for a moment. She remembered Elaine being a well-known actress.



She speculated that perhaps Elaine was trying to get close to Mark for personal gains.

Peter, overhearing the exchange, joined them, wiping sweat from his brow.

He had just seen Elaine waiting outside in a thinning white dress, despite the chilly weather, and couldn't believe her boldness.

Rubbing his temple, Peter commented, "I really underestimated her."

He figured Elaine must have done her homework on Mark's marital status to dare such a bold move.

Peter sighed at her naivety.

Although Mark had a reputation as a ladies' man in his youth, he had always associated with respectable women. He wouldn't entertain the advances of someone like Elaine, who was known to be kept by some rich men.

Besides, everything about Elaine paled in comparison to Cecilia's grace.

Peter, trailing behind Mark, closed the office door and joined him in the elevator.

Breaking the silence, Peter suggested, "I still need to handle Chandler. Perhaps I could apply some pressure?"

Mark, straightening his shirt in front of the mirror-like wall, remained expressionless.

After a pause, he replied, "Chandler's issues have indeed been problematic. Handle it as you see fit, Peter, but ensure it doesn't upset Cecilia."

He recalled Cecilia's evident displeasure at the previous night's dinner and resolved to be more circumspect in the future.

"Understood," Peter assured with a smile.

Meanwhile, Elaine was waiting outside the company. Spotting Mark, she hurriedly approached him.

"Mr. Evans, I'm truly sorry for what happened last night. Please accept my apology."

Mark, however, disregarded her and headed straight for his car.

As the driver moved to shut the door, Elaine impulsively grabbed it, pleading, "I'm sorry if I caused any inconvenience with my feelings for you. Could I perhaps invite you to dinner as an apology?"

Mark, glancing up at her, responded icily, "Miss Shaw, your actions last night did not offend me, nor were they of any significance. You, like the others at that dinner, mean nothing to me. And frankly, I've no interest in rescuing a damsel in distress. Please let go; I need to fetch my son from school now."

Elaine interjected, "I've studied child psychology and excel at childcare."

"We have no need for additional nannies," Mark retorted before sharply closing the car door.

The door slammed shut, trapping Elaine's fingers momentarily. She winced, biting her lip to suppress the pain.

Mark didn't spare her another glance as the car pulled away.

Peter approached, offering a sympathetic thousand dollars. "Please get your hand treated. And remember, Mr. Evans values his privacy. It would be wise to withdraw now."

Elaine remained silent, head bowed.

Peter continued, "Mr. Evans is deeply devoted to Miss Fowler. It's futile for you to interfere."

Tears welling up, Elaine retorted, "She doesn't even love him."

Peter, both irritated and bemused, replied firmly, "Whether she loves him or not isn't your concern. Your persistence is unwelcome. If you continue, I'm afraid the consequences won't be in your favor."

Defiant, Elaine whispered, "I won't give up," before turning to leave.

Shaking his head, Peter dialed Chandler's number, speaking bluntly, "Chandler, let's be clear. I can surely help you, but you need to control your woman. Elaine showed up here at Mr. Evans' workplace. Be warned: if she continues to harass Mr. Evans, it'll be the end of any opportunities for you."

Chandler, sweating profusely, admitted to Peter, "I've parted ways with

Chapter 462 It Might Even Invigorate Their ...



+120 Points at most

Elaine. You've no idea, Peter. That woman harbors grand ambitions. She appeared deeply in love when she was still with me. But she didn't hesitate to discard me upon finding someone better. She's now scheming to forge ties with Mr. Evans. Peter..."

Before Chandler could continue, Peter ended the call.

Peter had initially planned to disregard Chandler's predicament, but Elaine's boldness was concerning.

Her determination reminded him of a gambler, staking everything on a single roll.

Deciding to seek advice, Peter dialed Rena's number.

Her voice, soft and calming, soon greeted him. "Peter, what can I do for you?"

After a brief hesitation, Peter inquired, "Mrs. Fowler, I need information on a certain woman called Elaine Shaw, a minor celebrity now trying to get close to Mr. Evans."

Rena chuckled lightly.

"Do you think Uncle Mark might lose Cecilia's trust because of this woman?" she asked, half-teasingly.

Peter's reply was tinged with concern. "Exactly. You're aware of Cecilia's sensitivity towards Mr. Evans' past indiscretions. He really can't afford another romantic entanglement."

Rena's tone remained gentle. "If Uncle Mark isn't interested in Elaine, there's no real issue. Cecilia's acquainted with Elaine's type. I doubt she's at any disadvantage. Elaine's presence might even invigorate their relationship, which might actually be a good thing. They need to reinforce their trust."

Peter was momentarily speechless.

Rena continued, "Elaine's unlikely to be a significant threat. The main challenge for Cecilia and Uncle Mark lies in their prolonged estrangement. Their issues are internal, not caused by external parties."

Grinning, Peter complimented, "You're quite the relationship guru."

On the other end, Rena wryly shook her head.

Chapter 462 It Might Even Invigorate Their ...  +120 Points at most

Mark, always her champion, would have risen to her defense.

But now, in her thirties, Cecilia found it demeaning to feel threatened by a woman barely in her twenties.

She remained composed for a while before eventually breaking the silence. "I'll leave the party early, around nine," she informed Mark.

Hearing this, warmth flooded Mark's heart, dissolving the unpleasant memories of his earlier encounter with Elaine.

"Okay," he agreed gently.

Though the servant had prepared dinner, Mark chose to cook something special for his children himself, wanting to be more involved in their upbringing, a period he had largely missed.

It was also convenient, given that Cecilia was mostly focusing on her career. So, he had the opportunity to step in.

As the kids relished the meal he'd prepared, Mark later cradled Olivia while overseeing Edwin's homework.

Though Edwin was a top student, he intentionally made errors in his homework, subtly seeking his father's guidance. Mark played along, feigning ignorance of the act.

Olivia, nestled against him, occasionally clapped and praised, "Daddy... Great."

Edwin would softly pat her head in affection.

Later, entrusting Edwin to care for Olivia, Mark left to pick Cecilia up.

He felt a sense of ease, noting Edwin's growing responsibility.

Reflecting on the past, Mark remembered how he had once tended to every need of Cecilia's, even to the extent of washing her undergarments.

These memories floated through his mind as he drove to fetch Cecilia.

At the club, Cecilia departed precisely at nine, her affluent background granting her the autonomy to leave without objection or pressure.

However, in a quiet corridor, Elaine caught up with her, mockingly addressing



her as "Miss Fowler."

Cecilia faced her calmly.

Her gaze fixed on the extravagantly dressed young woman before her, silent and unyielding.

Elaine, with a sneer, said, "Do you know why I refrain from calling you Mrs. Evans? Because you're not truly a couple. You might have two children together, but what of it? You've been divorced for ages. I've done my homework. You two split up right at your wedding years ago."

Cecilia, lowering her gaze, let out a muted chuckle.

Lifting her eyes, she met Elaine's with a touch of scorn. "Clearly, you've delved deep into Mark's history."

And Cecilia was correct.

Elaine had indeed invested heavily in digging up Mark's past. She discovered his once-lauded history, his sacrifices made for Cecilia, and yet Cecilia seemed to have taken him for granted.

In Elaine's eyes, Cecilia was utterly unworthy of Mark.

Elaine's eyes welled up slightly. "I can have his child too. I could even give him more children. I'm young, healthy, and able."

Cecilia laughed lightly.

She tossed her long black hair and said softly, "Miss Shaw, do you really think Mark is just looking for someone to bear his children? You've done your research, so you must know about his numerous past girlfriends. Take Flora for instance. Do you believe you can match her status in society? And about Cathy, are you aware of her educational background? Or that her artwork has received international acclaim?"

Mark's exes are all remarkable women.

What makes you think you stand out among them?"

Elaine, feeling humiliated, eventually managed a response, "But you're the least impressive of them all."

Cecilia nonchalantly replied, "True, I might be the worst. Indeed, I don't claim



Chapter 462 It Might Even Invigorate Their ...  
to know much."

 +120 Points at most

Gazing icily at Elaine, Cecilia continued.

"However, I come from an influential family. I am the most linguistically gifted among his past loves. Plus, I'm arguably the most beautiful, capable of overshadowing young women like yourself.

Moreover, while Mark has his flaws, he's never been involved with someone else's kept woman before."

Fully mortified, Elaine was at a loss for words.

At that moment, the echoing sound of footsteps in leather shoes filled the hallway.

