

Chapter 471 | Only Treat My Sister Well

As soon as Mark said that, the entire ward turned quiet.

Although they had been together for so many years already, Cecilia still couldn't bear to hear such sweet words coming out of his mouth.

She stood up to hide her embarrassment as she casually flipped her long black hair. "I'll get you a glass of water," she offered.

"I'm not thirsty," Mark responded, his voice sounding low and husky.

He then grabbed her hand and pulled her into his arms.

"Mark!" she gasped.

Then, he placed his hand at the back of her head and kissed her passionately.

Since the ward was as quiet as a crypt, the sound of their kissing was clearly heard, making Cecilia feel shy.

It sounded like kittens licking paste.

Although he was still ill, Mark's behavior was audacious. His palms kept roaming Cecilia's body, and no matter how many times she tried to remove them, she couldn't really stop him.

Once he was finally satisfied with the kiss, he let her lean on his shoulder so that she could breathe.

After a while, Cecilia rested her face on the side of his neck. There, his skin was scalding. She could smell his unique, manly breath, which stirred her even more.

"The effect of that thing you took should've been long worn off already," she complained.



Mark lowered his head and stared at her.

After a while, he gently brushed her nose with his thumb and said, "I'm not that old yet. I don't need that thing to help me get it up, you know."

Cecilia wanted to change the topic so badly. She leaned on his shoulder and gently bit him, which only turned on Mark even more.

"In maybe like two years, you may have to rely on something like Viagra to maintain your sexual function," Cecilia quipped.

Mark pinched her nose in turn and replied, "Then try me again in two years."

"Ouch! That hurts!" Cecilia cried.

Mark smiled and said nothing. Then, he pulled Cecilia closer to his arms. He loved this woman and always treated her like his own little girl.

Drowning in his affection, Cecilia couldn't help but feel shy. At the same time, she loved how he treated her like his baby girl. She leaned against him, enjoying it and feeling embarrassed at the same time. After that, she lay on the bed as the two of them continued to talk.

When Cecilia asked Mark how he would deal with Elaine, his expression turned sullen. He kept quiet and refused to answer her question.

Cecilia was well aware of the situation.

She didn't want to know the details. No matter how cruel her punishment was, Elaine was the one who had asked for it.

Cecilia stayed with Mark in the hospital for another day.

When he was about to be discharged from the hospital, she thought of going back to Duefron directly, but he had other plans--He took her out on a trip. For an entire week that followed, they had each other only for themselves.

The private plane landed at the airport of Duefron as they finally returned.

Mark drove back by himself. Holding the steering wheel, he asked her, "Where are you going?"



Cecilia, who sat next to him, thought hard before answering, "I want to go back to my parents' place first. Olivia has been there for the past few days. We can then pick up Edwin from school together and then go to your place. I haven't seen your mother for a long time and I miss her."

Mark thought it was a good idea.

As he started the car, he stole a glimpse of her from the corner of his eye.

After relaxing for a few days, Cecilia looked rejuvenated. Her skin had its best glow yet.

Their trip seemed to have taken off years from her appearance.

The sight of her made Mark's heart skip a beat. It was a feeling of restlessness that he was very familiar with. He blew through his mouth and calmed himself down.

Finally, they arrived at the Fowler residence.

There, Juliette had already prepared Olivia's luggage in advance. As a kid who was only two and a half years old, Olivia liked dragging her little pink suitcase wherever she went. Whenever she got tired, she would sit on it.

Juliette saw Mark and Cecilia from a distance.

Mark was dressed in a black shirt and black casual pants, with a thin coat draped over his shoulders. He had a mature yet gentle air around him.

Cecilia was also just as remarkable.

Juliette was pleased to see them. She handed Olivia back to them and gave Cecilia some tonics. Delighted, Cecilia nodded and said, "It's good for the health. Perfect for Mark."

Juliette frowned and crossed her arms. "That's for Zoey."

She then pretended to scold her daughter by saying, "You can't keep saying things like that! Be careful. Otherwise, Mark might get mad at you."

Cecilia was used to acting like a spoiled child with her mother. She lovingly held her arm and said, "Don't worry. He won't be mad at me."



After chatting with Juliette for a while, Mark got into the car with his hands full. One held the gifts, while the other held Olivia. Cecilia was the one dragging their daughter's pink suitcase.

Slowly, the black Maybach drove away.

Korbyn then walked out of the house.

When he saw that the parking lot was empty, he let out a forlorn sigh. "My dear Olivia is no longer home."

Juliette's heart melted as she placed a comforting hand on Korbyn's shoulder.

With his arms akimbo, he looked up at the sky and asked his wife, "Do remind me. Is there something special happening today?"

Juliette sank her head and thought for a while before answering, "No, I don't think so. It's no one's birthday, and there's no anniversary either."

Korbyn was quite disappointed with her answer.

After standing at the door for a long time, he finally managed to say, "It's a nice day today, though. And I think it's perfect for a family reunion. Call Waylen and ask him to bring his wife and children back for dinner. If he's busy, then he doesn't have to come. But Rena and the children must!"

After saying that, Korbyn finally felt better.

As he walked back inside the house, he muttered to himself, "I haven't seen my dear grandkids for a few days already. Leonel, Alexis, Marcus, and even Elva. I don't even remember what they look like anymore! Kids nowadays grow really fast!"

Juliette shook her head and smiled.

Back in the car, Mark was driving, while Cecilia sat in the back seat with Olivia in her arms.

Olivia was supposed to sit in the child car seat, but she clung on to Cecilia and never let go, perhaps because she hadn't seen her mother for such a long time.



Mark glanced at them through the rearview mirror and said, "You shouldn't spoil her so much. She has to sit in the child seat. It's for safety's sake."

As the traffic light on the intersection turned red, Mark slowly pressed the brake pedal.

Once the car was still, Cecilia put Olivia in the child seat. At first, Olivia cried as her face soured, her arms outstretched, clamoring for Cecilia to hold her.

"When you get out of the car, your mother will hold you," Mark said in a low voice.

Amazingly, as soon as he said that, Olivia lowered her arms and behaved at once.

Cecilia wasn't too pleased by this. She had been taking care of Olivia before Mark came back months ago.

What's more, he wasn't even with Olivia all the time!

Cecilia crossed her arms and pouted her lips like an aggrieved child.

Mark looked at himself through the rearview mirror and adjusted his shirt. There, he met Cecilia's eyes and smiled at her, making her blush.

As the traffic light turned green, Mark stepped on the gas pedal and continued driving. After a while, they arrived at the entrance where Edwin was studying.

Cecilia and Mark seldom picked up Edwin together.

Once school was finished, Edwin went out with some of his classmates with a schoolbag on his back. Then, he caught a glimpse of Mark leaning against the car.

Compared to other parents, Mark was really one of a kind.

Upon recognizing that Mark was Edwin's father, they chuckled. "Hey, Edwin, your father is picking you up!"

After Edwin said something to his friends, they ran away.



As Edwin came over, Mark mussed his hair and took his schoolbag. "Get in the car. Your mom and sister are also inside."

Edwin had just had his PE class.

His shirt was drenched in sweat, and his hair was wet all over.

He got into the car and called Cecilia mom. He then touched his sister's face and asked her if she was hungry.

When Mark got into the car, he smiled and said, "Isn't our Edwin a caring man? At such a young age, he seems to already know how to take care of his sister already!"

Edwin snorted. "I'm not a caring man. I only care about my sister."

Mark let out a small chuckle.

He looked at Cecilia, but she was pretending not to be listening.

Mark didn't get mad at her. He simply rubbed his nose and smiled. "Fine, fine. I'm afraid of my son. My son is afraid of Olivia. So in this family, Olivia has the final say."

As Olivia held the feeding bottle and sucked its teat, her face lit up in satisfaction.

The car drove all the way to Mark's villa. When they arrived, Peter and his wife Lina were already there. The moment Cecilia saw them, her jaw almost fell to the floor.

She began looking around but found no trace of Laura.

Cecilia secretly despised herself and told herself not to be so mean.

At this time, Zoey was furious with Peter because a servant who had been working for her for decades was now missing. Peter told her that the servant had resigned and returned to Czanch, which Zoey didn't believe at all.

Normally, Zoey seemed frail, but in this occasion, she seemed to be in high spirits as she interrogated Peter.



"Peter, if you don't tell me, I'll go to Czanch myself and ask Tracy myself. Her children are unreliable. I'm going to ask her what was she thinking leaving me here and going back to them."

Hearing this, Peter flashed a bitter smile.

He rubbed his thigh and lied, "Mrs. Evans, you have no idea how loving her son is now. He took her back so that she could finally enjoy her retirement!"

All of a sudden, Zoey's face darkened.

"Really?" She shook the thing in her hand and added, "Then what's this?"

She was holding a bankbook.

There was an unwritten rule in the household wherein servants tended to trust their money with Zoey, who could help them make some investment with the money. In that case, it made no sense that Tracy had left but didn't take her own money with her.

Thus, Zoey insisted for an explanation.

Peter scratched his head as he found himself in a dilemma. He and Lina stared at each other for a while before Peter finally speak up again.

"Look at you. How do you run the house?" Peter began to put up a show as he pretended to be mad at his wife. "What am I supposed to tell Mrs. Evans when something like this has happened in her household?"

Aggrieved, Lina wiped a tear with the back of her hand. "How does that have anything to do with me? It's Tracy's fault. She did something shameful just for a little money."

Zoey slowly stood up, leaning against the table and chair for support.

"What did she do?"

Both Peter and Lina kept quiet, neither of them daring to say a word.

At this time, Mark and Cecilia had just arrived with the children. Seeing them, Peter exhaled a relieved sigh as he found himself a savior. "You're finally back! Thank god. If you hadn't come, Mrs. Evans would've skinned



me alive already! Can you help me out here?"

Mark closed the car door.

He had overheard the situation from the yard and knew that Zoey was pissed off.

He walked over and said with a smile, "Don't be so angry, Mom. It's not good for your health."

Zoey sneered. "Don't try to fool me. Mark, I may be old, but I'm not yet senile. If Tracey did something wrong, then you can deal with her however you like. But you shouldn't be hiding it from me!"

Mark forced himself to smile.

He looked around and saw several servants watching them with curious eyes. He waved his hand and motioned for them to leave.

Zoey then knew there was something big going on.

Mark turned around and saw Cecilia and the two children still standing by the car.

He went to Cecilia and told her, "There's something here that I have to deal with. Take the children inside first. I don't want them to hear this."

Mark wanted to protect Zoey for what was about to come.

After all, Tracy had been serving Zoey even before she got married.

Despite that, Zoey didn't agree.

She straightened her back and insisted, "Cecilia is your future wife. One day, she'll be in charge of the family. You shouldn't hide these things from her as well."

At this moment, Mark was at the end of his rope.

Zoey was a smart woman. She kicked Peter in the shin and said, "Bring her here. How long are you going to lock her up?"

Peter winced in pain.



With a bitter grin, he said, "Mrs. Evans, you really are shrewd! Fine. I'll bring her here right now."

Sure enough, Tracy was soon brought in.

She had been locked up for several days already. Judging from her appearance, it seemed that Peter hadn't gone easy on her.

The entire time, Tracy avoided looking at Zoey's eyes.

Because this situation was too embarrassing, Mark asked Lina to take the two children away first.

Once there were less people, Mark, in a low voice, told Zoey everything that had happened in Zameau and how Elaine had bribed Tracy to switch the food Zoey had cooked for Mark every day with her own.

When she heard that, Zoey almost fainted.

With a trembling finger, she pointed at the servant who had been with her for decades and said sadly, "You are indeed lost."

Tracy threw herself to the floor and knelt in front of Zoey, begging for her forgiveness as tears streamed down her face.

"I... I just thought that lady looked decent, and she seemed to admire Mr. Evans very much. I had no idea she would do anything that horrible! I had no idea that she would drug Mr. Evans!"

Tracy's voice trailed off before she burst into another crying spell filled with shame.

Zoey raised her walking stick and pointed at Tracy. "You of all people should've known better! You know how hard exactly it was for me to give birth to Mark and Reina. Reina passed away early, and Mark survived narrowly. Not only is he a descendant of the Evans family, he is also the husband of Cecilia and the father of their two children! If you kill him in exchange for just a few bucks, how can I defend you to the Fowler family? How am I supposed to face my two grandkids? Do you want Cecilia to be a widow?"

Tracy continued to cry bitterly, never once moving from her kneeling position.



Cecilia's lips moved, while Mark gently pulled her back.

After wiping away her tears, Zoey finally arrived at a decision. She raised her chin and declared, "You must've suffered a lot these past few days. From now on, you can no longer stay in the Evans household. This is final! When you look for a new job, don't ever mention the Evans family. Tracy, you know my temper."

After saying that, Zoey calmed herself and sat down.

She then looked through the bankbook in her hand and asked Peter to give it back to Tracy.

Meanwhile, Tracy kept crying and didn't want to leave.

With a sniffle, Zoey said, "Although you work here as servants, I've saved all your retirement money for you. You have a total of 680,000 dollars, but I have asked Lina to save another 400,000 dollars for each of you in the first half of the year."

Crestfallen, Zoey waved her hand and motioned to let Tracy go.

With face wet with tears, Tracy held the bankbook in her hand and profusely apologized to Zoey and Mark.

"Please don't kick me out!" she continued to beg.

Although Zoey's heart was aching, she stood her ground and continued waving her hand.

Once the yard was quiet, Zoey cast her eyes downward. The events of the day had exhausted her.

After a while, she called Cecilia over and told her, "I didn't discipline my people well. Because of me, you had to suffer."

Cecilia held Zoey's hand. Although she could see the hurt in Zoey's face, she didn't know how to comfort her.

Mark wanted to ease the tension and make Zoey feel better, so he told Cecilia, "Looks like Mom still needs to make decisions about important family matters. Whenever something like this happens to you, Cecilia, you just start crying." He then turned to his mother and added, "You have to



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live a long life and guide Cecilia more."

Zoey chuckled a bit and smiled.

She then hit Mark with her walking stick and scolded, "You have such a glib tongue! Cecilia is too young to be experienced. How about this? You have to prepare tonight's dinner. I'll be giving the servants a day off."

At the mention of this, Mark's eyes deepened. "I can cook every day in the future, as long as Cecilia will stay and eat here every day."

Zoey's face soured. "How could she refuse if you are nice to her?"

Hearing this, Cecilia clung to Zoey lovingly.

Zoey had just lost someone whom she thought she could trust. Cecilia's mere presence brought some comfort to her.

With a smile, Mark looked at Cecilia and proceeded to cook.

Around this time, the sun was starting to set.

Zoey was sitting on a deck chair and appeared to have calmed down. Despite everything, she still couldn't shake off the fear in her heart. Mark almost had an accident. It was only natural for her to feel this way.

With this in mind, Zoey patted the back of Cecilia's hand and said, "I need you to go somewhere with me tomorrow."