

Chapter 317 Call Me Uncle Mark And We'll Stop This

Mark looked down at Cecilia's hands.

But Cecilia failed to notice this. She just held him and walked out of the cemetery.

Peter was quietly following behind Mark, holding an umbrella up for him. The former had fallen into deep thought.

Last night, Mark had remarked that Flora was "boring". Perhaps Flora wasn't actually boring, but that Mark had found someone better, so others paled in comparison.

On their way back, Mark asked the driver to take Cecilia's car home.

Sitting next to Mark in the backseat, Cecilia talked a lot, as though she was unfazed by what had happened the previous night.

Peter, who was driving the car, smiled. It's rare to see Mr. Evans so patient. He thought to himself.

On the way, Mark answered a private phone call from his college classmate in Duefron. It turned out that there was a party this afternoon, and his old classmate was inviting him.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Mark suddenly glanced at Cecilia.

He chuckled and spoke into the receiver, saying, "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? You know I'm single, yet you still ask me to bring a date. Are you deliberately trying to embarrass me?"

The person on the other end of the line said something...

Mark scratched his nose and shook his head wryly. "Fine, fine!"

Shortly after, Mark hung up the phone.

Under normal circumstances, Peter would arrange a date for Mark, making sure that the date would be obedient and sensible enough not to make trouble for Mark. But since there was a girl right in the car, and since Peter couldn't figure out what was on Mark's mind, he just kept silent.

As expected, when Mark dropped the phone, he looked at Cecilia.

"Come to the party with me, will you?"

Cecilia was a little hesitant. What if Mark's friends were all a bunch of older men?

Mark added lightly, "There'll be gifts waiting for you."

Cecilia's eyes lit up and she readily agreed...

Upon returning to the hotel, Mark changed his clothes.

He still wore his usual white shirt and black trousers, but the top two buttons were left unbuttoned, and he rolled the sleeves up to his elbows, revealing his well-defined and powerful forearms.

He was conventionally attractive, and any woman would swoon over him.

Driving the black Lotus sports car, he took Cecilia to a very secluded high-end club. It was so exclusive that ordinary people hadn't heard of it, let alone entered.

The Fowler family was rich, yet Cecilia had never been there before.

The manager dared not stare at Mark. He led them into the private room and said with respect, "Have a good time, Mr. Evans."

Mark nodded in a reserved manner.

The magnificent bronze gate was slowly closed behind them. Mark leaned against the door and lit a cigarette.

It seemed that he came here to have a lot of fun.

The room was at least 800 square meters, and the dining area was separate from the recreational ones. At this time, more than ten men and women were sitting at the table, waiting for Mark.

But Mark took his time, smoking his cigarette leisurely...

One of the men at the table came over with a glass of wine. "Mark, it's really hard to get you to come to these kinds of things, you know?"

The man was handsome, but the corners of his eyes were a little mischievous. Then, glancing at Cecilia, he smiled and asked, "Where'd you find this little girl? She's gorgeous!"

Mark slowly puffed out a smoke ring and answered briefly, "A junior."

The man rolled his eyes. Obviously, he didn't believe Mark.

No one would. After all, all the women these men brought were their lovers. Although Mark wasn't married, he had several girlfriends.

That morning, Flora had called Mark to subtly inquire about Cecilia.

The man couldn't help but talked to Cecilia a little flirtatiously. Mark then said, "I'm not lying. She's the daughter of the Fowler family; that is, Waylen Fowler's little sister."

All the men present were dumbfounded.

Waylen? Atty. Waylen Fowler?

Why would Mark bring her here?

Mark claimed to be Cecilia's senior. He touched Cecilia's head dotingly and explained, "Quit talking nonsense. She wants to expand her horizons, so I brought her here."

Then he introduced the man to Cecilia. "Cecilia, this is Charlie Jones."

At this time, a pretty woman strutted over. She was very young, probably no older than Cecilia.

She leaned against Charlie's arm intimately.

Cecilia didn't know the truth about their relationship, so she greeted them sweetly. "Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Jones."

Surprised, the woman burst into laughter.

Everyone in the room followed suit, laughing good-naturedly.

The men all wondered where Mark found such an innocent girl. The women were laughing on the surface, but deep down, they were touched. How many people nowadays were as simple and naive as Cecilia?

The atmosphere at the dinner was lively, and nobody held back.

This was not so much a dinner as a social interaction to maintain their connections. Most of them were prestigious figures, so they had to keep up a good relationship with each other.

Among them, Mark had the highest status.

He possessed the knowledge of a new energy source. By revealing just a little information about this new energy, he could alleviate the concerns of others about the future of society.

Of course, Mark also needed their help with other things.

One of the men present wanted to make a connection with Waylen and the Fowler family, so he approached Cecilia for a toast. However, Mark stopped him, saying straightforwardly, "She doesn't understand those kinds of things."

So no one dared to propose a toast to Cecilia again.

When Mark went to the washroom, Cecilia followed him there. Truth be told, everyone in the room sensed that something deeper was going on, but when Mark said that Cecilia was his junior, they had no choice but to believe him.

Mark was washing his hands when Cecilia inched towards him.

She whispered, "Uncle Mark, they all seem to be a little scared of you."

Mark turned off the golden faucet.

He had drunk a little too much, so he took out a cigarette and smoked to sober up a little.

Smoke gradually filled the small bathroom.

Mark thought about what Cecilia said. She was right. Although these were his old classmates and they all had connections, they all undoubtedly wanted to ride on his coattails.


It was lonely at the top.

Today, people were scared of him and showed him respect. But if he faced a setback someday, he might end up being pushed down and unable to bounce back, leading to a miserable failure.

Only this little girl was as simple and innocent as a puppy.

He looked at Cecilia, regretting having brought her here...

At that moment, a faint noise emanated from the stall in the washroom. It seemed like the occupants were experiencing a mix of misery and delight. Later, perhaps driven by their

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heightened emotions, they engaged in passionate intimacy.

The door to the cubicle shook violently.

The woman's pleased moans and the man's satisfied panting filled the air.

Cecilia was stunned.

No matter how naive she was, she could tell that the man and the woman were definitely not a couple. If they were a couple, they wouldn't be so eager to have sex in a bathroom cubicle during a dinner party, not to mention that the man was a prestigious figure.

Then Cecilia thought about how young those woman in the room looked...

All of a sudden, she felt wronged.

These men must've brought their lovers here, so why did Mark bring her?

Cecilia looked at Mark with tearful eyes.

Mark was still smoking. On his usual gentle face, there was a touch of unfathomable depth in his eyes that even a naive girl like Cecilia recognized...

Furious, she kicked Mark on the leg.

She had thought that Mark was an upright man.



With a cigarette clamped between his fingers, Mark grabbed her by the wrist and asked in a low voice, "How can you blame me for something you heard another man do?"

She still glared at him. She knew that he understood why she was angry.

But... Her wrist, which was held by him, felt a little tingling.

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Mark snuffed out the cigarette and was about to take Cecilia out of the bathroom.

Just then, the couple in the stall finished up. They got dressed terrifyingly fast and barged out of the cubicle, whispering, "Let's go to the hotel after the party. I still want more."

Cecilia was at a loss.

The couple would notice Cecilia's and Mark's presence when they emerged from the bathroom. They would know that their little escapade in the cubicle had been heard by them.

Mark's eyes deep and unfathomable.

All of a sudden, he wrapped his arm around Cecilia's waist and pulled her into the ladies' room on the other side.

The door was slammed shut behind them...

Cecilia's heart thumped in her chest. Eyes darting around anxiously, she bit her lip and asked, "What if they find out?"

Mark pressed her against the door, his breathing heavy.

This little fool didn't realize the real danger at all...

Mark lowered his head, his chin rubbing against her ear. "Are you afraid of being misunderstood?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Cecilia nodded stupidly.

Mark smiled. In fact, it didn't matter even if others saw them. No one would make a fuss about whatever went down inside this private room.

Having drank a lot, Mark felt that the little girl in his arms was very soft.

As his breath sprayed against her face, Cecilia's heartbeat quickened.

She didn't dare to move, lest she touch him. Only now did she notice that this man wasn't as thin as she thought—he wasn't that strong, but he had firm, well-defined muscles.

Standing this close to each other, she felt his warmth.

Mark knew women well. He felt her uneasiness, so he gently touched her head.

"Scared?" he asked gently.

Cecilia whimpered in response.

Cupping her face with both hands, Mark ordered in a low voice, "Call me 'Uncle Mark', and we'll stop this."

"U-Uncle... Mark... Uncle Mark!"

Her lips were trembling, and her legs almost couldn't stand on their own.

She didn't know what was wrong with her.

She felt ashamed.

But she couldn't lied to herself. She liked him, despite denying it by calling him "Uncle Mark".

Mark's face inched closer and closer to hers.

"I... I called you 'Uncle Mark'!" Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Mark nodded. Then he gently held the back of her head and pressed his lips against hers... She was a little resistant, but then he whispered, "Be a good girl for me."

Cecilia stopped fighting and let him do what he wanted with her.