

## Chapter 315 I'm Too Old For Little Girls Like You

In the elevator, several bodyguards surrounded Mark.

Cecilia had been pushed into a corner of the elevator. She had just taken sleeping pills and had a gastric lavage, so she was looking a bit pale and sickly.

She tried her best to get closer to Mark.

But all his bodyguards stopped her. She felt wronged.

Seeing this, Peter smiled.

Suddenly, Mark said, "Let her close to me."

The bodyguards then made way for Cecilia. Making a face at Mark's fierce-looking bodyguards, she squeezed her way toward Mark's side.

Mark couldn't help thinking about the little milk bottle in her bag.

He beamed and shook his head slightly.

His exhaustion had alleviated a lot. He wondered whether or not it was the miracle of young girls that gave him such relief.

Mark's hotel suite was very large.

It even had a small gym inside.

He was quite busy. After he went in and ordered some food, Peter went to prepare.

In less than half an hour, a cart full of scrumptious dishes was

delivered by the chef. Keeping his eyes on the documents he was reading, Mark asked, "Young girls nowadays all seem to like spicy food, so that's what I ordered. Is that okay for you?"

"Sure," Cecilia replied.

How could she say that it wasn't okay?

Mark, Cecilia, and Peter had dinner together. It was obvious that Peter was Mark's confidant, and he was good at maintaining conversation. He kept the air light by joking from time to time.

Cecilia wasn't accustomed to eating spicy food.

Because of the chili in all the dishes, her throat had started to burn, and her eyes had soon become watery.

Poking at the food in her plate, Cecilia finally whispered with dissatisfaction, "Why are we eating in a hotel suite? It will take forever to disperse the pungent odor."

Not all young girls liked spicy food. Mark was wrong.

Mark heard Cecilia's murmurs, but he chose not to say anything because he thought that watching her face turn red was quite enjoyable.

He signaled to Peter with his eyes.

Peter understood and explained, "Because it is not convenient for Mr. Evans to dine in a restaurant. It seems that you don't like the food. Let me order something else for you."

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes. "I want fried chicken and milk shakes."

She added, "Rena used to cook fried chicken for me all the time."

She mentioned Rena on purpose.

Mark chuckled and thought Cecilia was being rather clever.

He whispered to Peter, "Order what she wants for her."

Looking at his boss, Peter was quite surprised. Mr. Evans wasn't usually this good-tempered and accommodating. It was always others who accommodated him. How could he compromise with a young woman like this?

It was a little difficult to believe that he would order fried chicken and milk shakes for someone.

Nonetheless, Peter got Cecilia what she wanted.

Sitting on the sofa in front of the French window, Cecilia was very satisfied. Mark had been in the circle for nearly 20 years, but all this time, he had been able to maintain such a fit and healthy body. He didn't eat too much.

He sat there and stared at the beautiful young lady in his suite.

She had been raised very well by the Fowler family.

Yesterday, she had tried to take her own life, and just now, she had a run-in with her ex-fiance. But at the moment, she was happily eating some fried chicken and sipping her milk shake. She looked carefree.

Mark couldn't help feeling a little jealous.

The leftovers on the table had already been removed. Peter whispered in Mark's ear, "They've all arrived, Mr. Evans. Would you like to see them now?"

Mark nodded.

Peter inquired, "Shall we go to the study?"

Mark thought for a while and answered, "No need. The matter's not a very important thing anyway."

Hearing what they said, Cecilia dusted the crumbs off her shirt and smiled, "You go ahead with your work, Uncle Mark. We can

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talk about our business when you're done."

Peter tried to hold in his laughter and failed miserably.

What business could Cecilia and Mr. Evans possibly have?

Mark didn't say anything.

Later, he met with several members of the elite, their ages ranging from 30 to 40 years old.

They all looked very respectable.

However, there was an exceedingly fascinating woman among them. Before leaving, that woman noticed Cecilia and asked, "Mr. Evans, is she..."

Mark didn't appreciate it when others tried to probe into his private life, so he replied hastily, "Just my junior."

Cecilia wanted to plead her brother's case with Mark.

But Mark was busy meeting groups of people. Wouldn't he be tired by the time he was finished?

Later, she couldn't hold on any longer and fell asleep on the sofa. She held one of the throw pillows tightly.

It was already nightfall when Mark sent away the last group of people with whom he met.

He was tired, and drinking a glass of wine always helped relieve some of his fatigue.

The suite was dimly light.

Mark had changed into a black formal suit, looking quite calm.

Holding a glass of red wine, he stared at Cecilia who was sound asleep on the sofa. The light from outside the French window shone in, bathing her delicate face in a warm glow. He was so fascinated by her that he couldn't help beaming.



He wondered how he ended up with such a sweetheart on his couch.

She was so simple and so innocent, and she threw caution to the wind.

Maybe it was because of his scorching gaze that Cecilia's eyelids suddenly flew open. She rubbed her eyes, got up, and knelt on the sofa.

She had a slender figure and long inky hair.

She was wearing a long white dress.

She was quite ravishing, not like a child at all.

Seeing Mark staring at her, Cecilia called to him softly, "Uncle Mark."

"I'm sorry. Did I wake you?"

Mark put down his glass and asked, "Aren't you afraid of sleeping in a strange man's hotel suite?"

Realizing that she had slept for a long time, Cecilia couldn't help blushing a little.

She scratched her head and replied, "You're not a stranger to me. You're my sister-in-law's uncle, so you're family. That's why I call you Uncle Mark."

Mark took a step forward.

He could reach out and touch her long jet black hair.

But he kept his hands to himself.

Still kneeling on the sofa, Cecilia started smoothing out her messy bed head. After a few moments, she looked at Mark and asked, "How old are you, Uncle Mark?"

Looking at her kneeling in front of him, Mark thought of something.

Instead of answering her question, he just smiled lightly.

Cecilia found his smile captivating. All her life, she had always been pursued by attractive men, and on those men, she had seen many gorgeous smiles. Her brother also had what could be considered a million-dollar beam, but Mark's was entirely different. His smile was very mature and manly.

Suddenly, her heart was racing.

Had she just fallen in love with Rena's uncle?

No! That was ridiculous!

The possibility knocked the air right out of Cecilia's lungs. All of a sudden, the words she had prepared to beg Mark for mercy for her brother's sake were all flying out the window.

Mark buttoned up his cufflinks and said, "It's late. Let me drive you home."

She would be shameless to say another word, so she just obediently followed him.

Mark and Cecilia took the private elevator and arrived at the underground parking lot of the hotel. He opened the door of a black sports car and gestured her to get in.

Sitting next to Mark, Cecilia asked in a low voice, "Where is your assistant? And your bodyguards, where are they? Why aren't they with you?"

Mark lowered his head and lit a cigarette.

When he smoked, the corners of his eyes turned a little red, which gave him the temperament of a slick-haired barbarian.

Exhaling a big cloud of smoke, he smiled faintly and said, "I

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don't take them with me on private trips."

Private trips.

Driving her home was a private trip?

Cecilia felt restless once again. She couldn't even lay her hands on her knees decorously.

Mark drove his black sports car speedily on the road.

Around nine o'clock in the evening, they arrived at the Fowler family's house.

Preparing to open the car door, Cecilia felt her legs go weak. She turned toward Mark and whispered, "Thank you for giving me a ride home, Uncle Mark."

Mark rested his elbow on the window and smoked quietly.

After a while, he threw the cigarette butt away and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm too old for little girls like you."

Cecilia bit her lip and muttered, "I'm 27 years old. I'm no longer a little girl."

Mark wrapped his long, lean fingers around the steering wheel.

He smiled, a little in an amused way and a little in a mocking way. "You carry around those plushies and a small milk bottle with you. Only little girls do that."

## Chapter 316 How Did She End Up Here

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Being teased like that, Cecilia ran away.

Mark didn't leave immediately.

He sat in the car and smoked, watching Cecilia's slender figure disappear behind the black carved door.

He couldn't help thinking of someone to whom he'd once been close.

It was his younger sister Reina.

Reina passed away way before her time, and she didn't get the chance to see her family again before she was gone, a fact that had since become a thorn in Mark's heart.

He thought of Rena, his sister's daughter and his niece.

Rena inherited the Evans family's distinguishing physical features and brown hair.

In terms of personality though, Mark thought that Cecilia was more like Reina.

No. Cecilia was clumsier than Reina.

Lost in his own reverie, Mark forgot about the lit cigarette he had between his fingers. He didn't notice that it had burned out until its ashes fell on his trousers.

What was wrong with him today? He just saw a naughty child.

Why was he suddenly so sad?



After sitting around in his car for a long time, Mark drove back to the hotel and returned to his suite. Inside, he found Peter pacing around like an ant on a hot plate. Seeing that Mark was back, Peter quickly walked over to him and asked, "Where have you been? Why did you go out alone? If something happens..."

Mark sat on the sofa.

He was exhausted, but still, he maintained impeccable posture. He was never one to slouch no matter how awful he felt.

He casually picked up a throw pillow and was about to put it behind his back, but then, he caught a whiff of its smell.

There was a faint fragrance on it.

It wasn't perfume, but it was a girlish scent.

It was sweet and citrusy.

Mark knitted his eyebrows and grinned. "If something happens, I can just leave this big mess here. You have no idea how tired I am. It's draining and annoying seeing so many people every day."

Peter poured Mark a glass of water and patiently listened to his rants as always.

Peter knew that Mark would only say something like this in front of him.

Mark was always nice and polite in front of outsiders.

After dumping some of his complaints on Peter, Mark prepared to take a shower.

Peter helped Mark put away his shirt and said, "Would you like me to invite Miss Holt to accompany you?"

Flora Holt was a famous theater actress.

She has a gorgeous face and an excellent physique. She got

along well with Mark. When Mark was in Duefron, he sometimes called her and told her to come over and keep him company.

Mark was walking to the bathroom. Hearing this, he thought for a few seconds and then told Peter, "I'll pass this time. I'm not in the mood."

Peter followed Mark and pressed, "You just get too repressed sometimes."

Mark couldn't believe Peter just said that.

He turned around and teased, "Did she ask you to lobby for her? I admit that she's good in many things. She just has that very unattractive tendency to be clingy. She's stunning, but she's also exhausting. I feel like I'm dealing with all the nations of the world when I'm with her."

Peter stopped talking.

It was true that Flora asked Peter to put in some good words for her. In fact, she pleaded with him, but even though he thought that Flora was beautiful, he couldn't do anything about the fact that Mark had grown tired of her. It was obvious that Mark didn't want to pay much attention to her anymore.

The sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Judiciously, Peter left. He thought a man in his early 40s like Mark had some affairs to deal with by himself.

And Mark did need to do something personal.

He masturbated in the shower. When his lust finally subsided, he proceeded to clean himself.

He was feeling particularly randy, and there was a beautiful woman that would've loved to quench his sexual thirst. Unfortunately, he just didn't feel like sleeping with anyone at the moment. While he was gratifying himself earlier, the image of Cecilia kneeling on the sofa was glued to the back of his

eyelids.

She looked so innocent, as if she knew nothing about men.

At the Fowlers' house.

Cecilia slept in.

When she woke up, she found her elder brother, Waylen, sitting beside her bed.

She moved a little closer and leaned her head on her brother's legs. She called to him like a purring kitten, "Hey, big bro. How are things going between you and Rena?"

Pinching his little sister's face, Waylen answered, "Don't you worry about it."

The truth was, after Rena's relationship with Harold came to light, Korbyn no longer wanted Rena to be with Waylen. However, even though he was Waylen's father, Korbyn couldn't decide what happened in his son's love life.

He could only hope that both Waylen and Cecilia would break up with their respective partners.

But Rena's uncle, Mark, showed up to the Fowlers' house to show off his power and ruthlessness, which hit a nerve in Korbyn. Korbyn thought the Evans family was made up of arrogant men and women.

So Korbyn then became determined to make Rena his daughter-in-law.

Waylen missed Rena and didn't want her to get along with Zack. Besides, Tyrone was also in Heron.

But Cecilia was also very important to him.

Waylen smoothed Cecilia's long hair and asked, "Have you really made up your mind?"

Cecilia leaned against him and said yes softly.

Waylen wanted to ask his sister a few more things but decided against it. Shelly called him, and he found out what happened yesterday. He thought that with Mark's identity and status, he might just pamper Cecilia like a daughter figure.

Mark was a very elegant gentleman after all.

Besides, if Cecilia got a few more things on her plate, she would forget about Harold sooner.

As siblings, Waylen and Cecilia were on very good terms. After having lunch with Cecilia, Waylen went to the law office.

Cecilia was 27 years old, and being the rich princess that she was, she had never worked a day in her life.

In the afternoon, she wandered around the house, and when boredom finally got the better of her, she got into her car and went for a drive. After driving around aimlessly for a while, she found herself pulling over in front of Mark's hotel.

How did she end up here?

Blushing a little, Cecilia felt confused.

Last night, Mark said that he wasn't suitable for a little girl like her. Who wanted to be with him anyway? She was being nice to him just because he was Rena's uncle.

And maybe a little bit because he was handsome.

A few moments later, a black Audi slowly drove out of the building. She recognized the license plate.

It was Mark's car.

Cecilia squinted, shifted gears, and followed Mark's car, keeping a safe distance.



In the Audi.

Peter looked at the rearview mirror and said, "Miss Fowler's car is behind us."

Mark was just closing his eyes to rest them.

Hearing this, he opened his eyes and replied, "Don't mind her."

About an hour later, the Audi pulled over in a cemetery.

Mark was just here two days ago. But today was the anniversary of Darren's death, so Mark came to honor Darren. Mark was deeply grateful to Darren, who not only took Reina in and took good care of her but also treated Rena like his own daughter.

Mark brought good wine for Darren and a bunch of lilies for Reina.

It was a hot day.

Mark stood still despite the fact that he was sweating bullets under his white shirt.

Peter held an umbrella over Mark and accompanied him silently.

Cecilia followed them all the way, but she made sure that she wasn't seen. A little tired of her high-heeled shoes, she decided to take them off and crouched in the bushes like a creepy stalker.

She had never seen a man so sad.

Mark didn't shed a tear, but he exuded a sorrowful aura that Cecilia could sense from where she was huddling.

After a long time, Mark suddenly asked loudly, "Why are you hiding? Come over here."

Was he calling her?

Confused, Cecilia rose slowly, walked over, and called Mark

"Uncle Mark" in a low voice. Mark reached out, took her arm, and pulled her to his side.

Standing by Mark's side, Cecilia realized how tall he was.

Without her high-heeled shoes, she was 5.5 ft tall, and she stood up to Mark's ear. That should make him around 6 ft tall.

Mark touched the photo on the tombstone.

In the photo, Reina was still young. She had a pretty, magnetic smile.

Beaming, Mark said, "Darren, Reina, this is Cecilia, the spoiled brat of the Fowler family and Waylen's little sister. If you two had been alive today, you would've seen Rena build her own family. Don't worry. I will watch Rena like a hawk and keep an eye on the guys that she dates."

Then, he turned to Cecilia and told her, "Say hello to Rena's parents."

A bit nervous, Cecilia stuttered for a few moments. After a while, she finally blurted out, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. I didn't mean to bother you. My brother will be good to Rena, and if he doesn't treat Rena well, then our father will beat the hell out of him, you can be assured of that."

Hearing this, Mark couldn't help chuckling.

His gloomy mood suddenly turned bright.

Cecilia turned to look at Mark and asked under her breath, "Uncle Mark, are you okay now with Rena and Waylen getting together?"

Mark started walking away and retorted, "Did I say that?"

"Yes, you did. You can't deny it."


Cecilia followed Mark. She grabbed onto his arm and shook it

Chapter 316 How Did She End Up Here  
lightly.

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