

## Chapter 318 The Kiss Meant Nothing

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Mark was an adept kisser, skillful in the art of tender embraces as he held Cecilia close, allowing her to melt into his comforting presence.

Though Cecilia had experienced past relationships, the allure of the moment with Mark was simply irresistible.

As he released her from their embrace, her legs turned to jelly, and she would have stumbled if not for his steady support. She clung to his shoulder, momentarily uncertain of her next move.

In a surprising twist, she had just shared a kiss with Rena's uncle, leaving her mind buzzing with conflicting emotions.

There were instances where the ambient sounds seemed to mimic the rhythm of their intimacy, in sync with Mark's heartbeat.

Mark's thoughts cleared up slightly, unsure of how to proceed in this situation with Cecilia.

In this secluded setting, Cecilia couldn't help but feel nervous, her shyness palpable as they shared their intimate moments.

She possessed beauty that captivated Mark but he realized she might not fit into his world seamlessly.

Tenderly, Mark gently touched her head and said softly, "Cecilia, I've mentioned before that I'm too old for a young girl like you. To me, even socializing serves a purpose – I can't simply relax."

Suddenly, his voice turned hoarse as he uttered, "Don't have feelings for me."

Despite the moment's warmth, Mark's words came across as a rejection, causing unintentional pain.

Refusing to lose face, Cecilia fought back tears and feigned strength, retorting, "I don't have feelings for you."

In truth, she just tried to tell herself that the kiss meant little to her.

Mark, though relieved, felt a twinge of disappointment but he quickly masked it with his experienced demeanor.

After saying farewell to his classmates, Mark's decision to leave surprised Charlie, who questioned, "Are you leaving already? We're waiting for you to draw a card. The game is set."

Politely but firmly, Mark declined the invitation and departed with Cecilia.

As they sat together in the car, both were troubled and a heavy silence hung between them.

Finally, Mark lit a cigarette, seeking some solace for his troubled state of mind.

In a soft voice, Cecilia offered, "Let me drive. I'll take you back to the hotel."

Mark was taken aback.

In his dating experience, especially with women from well-off families, most tended to have a certain temper and would often take advantage of situations to demand things from him.

Cecilia's simplicity and innocence were truly a rare treasure in Mark's eyes.

The two of them changed their seats.

In a serene manner, Cecilia skillfully guided the car into the hotel's underground parking lot. Waiting there was Peter, who

had patiently anticipated their arrival. As the car halted, the scent of alcohol reached his nose, and he greeted them with a smile. "Ah, you've had quite a bit to drink. Thank you, Miss Fowler."

The wine Mark had consumed started to take its toll with a delayed effect.

Although he didn't notice it before, now his feet felt a bit unsteady.

Peter sought Cecilia's help, requesting her to avoid any unwanted photographs.

Agreeing to his request, Cecilia contemplated that there would likely be minimal interaction between them in the future, considering their imminent familial ties.

The elevator ride was marked by a palpable silence, leaving Peter to sense that something might go awry during dinner.

As Peter pondered the situation, the elevator doors opened on the first floor and, to his surprise, Harold stood there, eyeing Cecilia with disdain.

"So, you ignored my calls and messages because you've found yourself a new boyfriend, huh, Cecilia? How old is he? At least 35, I suppose. Can such an old man satisfy your needs?"

Furious tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Her feelings for Harold had been genuine and she had broken up with him because he cheated on her.

How dare he question her now?

Struggling to find words to refute him, Cecilia felt her anger boiling over.

Before Harold could continue his tirade, Mark nonchalantly struck a match and spoke up. "Regardless of my age, any woman

with me would undoubtedly find satisfaction. But I can't say the same for you, Mr. Moore. It seems you've been too busy with other women to tend to your home life. I wonder if you still can perform in the bedroom."

Harold's temper flared, and Mark simply straightened his shirt calmly. "By the way, my name is Mark Evans, and I'm Rena's uncle."

Harold was dumbfounded.

Mark Evans?

He couldn't fathom that Rena's uncle was Mark.

In that moment, Harold's mind raced, recalling how he had deceived Rena for four years, how he had orchestrated Darren's imprisonment, and how he had connived to connect with the Fowler family.

Unbeknownst to him, the legendary Mark Evans from Czanch was Rena's uncle all along.

Harold instantly knew he probably wouldn't get away with it.

He felt disoriented, his thoughts spiraling.

Concerned for Cecilia's well-being, Mark insisted she join him in the suite for safety.

Upon entering the room, Mark instructed Peter, "Conduct an investigation into the Moore Group. If there's anything even just slightly suspicious, have the team look into it tomorrow."

Having been Mark's assistant for a considerable time, Peter possessed keen discernment.

Recognizing Mark's sour mood, Peter deduced it wasn't solely due to Harold's provocation. He sensed it might also be related to Cecilia. Trying to lift the atmosphere, Peter smiled and assured, "Rest assured, I'll conduct a thorough investigation. I'll find



whatever there is to find."

Gradually, Mark's temper subsided.

Unbuttoning his shirt, a moment of recollection crossed his mind, and he mentioned casually, "Arrange for a driver to take her home."

Peter now understood there must be a conflict between Mark and Cecilia.

He sensed something was amiss and decided to be more considerate towards Cecilia.

While Cecilia had fallen under Mark's influence, he had also been her savior.

She wasn't the type to incessantly pester a man. Besides, even she herself wasn't sure about her feelings for Mark; it was just difficult to explain clearly.

Deciding they shouldn't meet again, Cecilia couldn't resist looking back when she left.

Similarly, with a bathrobe in hand, Mark gazed at her with profound eyes.

"Uncle Mark," she uttered softly, her eyes slightly teary. Cecilia knew someone like Mark wouldn't fancy a young girl like her.

With a lowered head, she departed with Peter.

Mark gently placed the bathrobe down and sank into the sofa.

During their encounter, he couldn't take his eyes off Cecilia.

He thought he always preferred a woman who exhibited sensibility, even if she was a tad artificial, as long as she wasn't intrusive and could respond to others' cues.

Cecilia was definitely not his type, but... Perhaps it was because he hadn't been with a woman for a long time...

Just as he was wallowing in a perturbed mood, his phone rang, with his mother on the line from Czanch.

Zoey was worried.

Mark had found Rena, so why hadn't he brought her home yet?

After offering reassurance to Zoey, Mark smiled and said, "Rena is on a business trip in Heron. Once she's done, she'll come to Czanch to see you."

Zoey brought up the topic of Mark's marriage once more.

With an awkward smile, Mark replied, "Mom, marriage is a matter of fate. Do you want me to marry just anyone and bicker with you every day?"

Zoey snorted, "Don't try to fool me. I know you too well."

Peter returned during the conversation and overheard Zoey's remarks.

After ending the call, Mark inquired, "Has she been safely sent back?"

Peter nodded in understanding. After a brief moment of contemplation, he suggested, "If you truly have feelings for her, why not consider it? There isn't a significant age difference between you two, and she's both attractive and innocent."

Mark's mind drifted away, replaying the memory of their kiss in the club's bathroom, evoking a sense of pleasure.

After a while, he snapped back to reality, a bitter smile forming on his lips. "We're not compatible. Her brother is with my niece. No, and she's too pure. I don't think she should get involved with me."

With those words, Mark took the bathrobe and headed for a shower.

The following day, Cecilia descended the stairs at a leisurely pace.

Voices of conversation drifted from the living room, revealing Korbyn and Waylen engrossed in a discussion.

Korbyn, sipping his tea, said with cunning insight, "I heard the tax bureau is targeting Harold again. The whole investigation team paid him an early morning visit. It looks like he's in for some tough times."

Clearing his throat, Korbyn inquired, "Waylen, was that your doing?"

Waylen, well aware of the situation, replied in a reserved manner, "It seems to be the work of another party. I suspect Harold has offended someone."

Korbyn nodded, knowing exactly who that someone was. Who else but that individual possessed such power and held a grudge against Harold?

Unbeknownst to them, Cecilia's heart raced with anticipation.

Did Mark have something to do with this?

Did he truly take action against Harold because of his disrespectful words?

Suddenly, Cecilia felt a strong urge to see Mark.

Skipping breakfast, she drove to the hotel where Mark was staying. She hadn't yet decided what to say when they met but she simply longed to be in his presence.

Arriving at the top floor of the hotel, she rang the doorbell.

However, there was no response for quite some time.

Coincidentally, the hotel manager passed by, recognizing Cecilia as Mark's guest.

He informed her, "Mr. Evans has checked out."

He'd left...

Utterly stunned, Cecilia couldn't believe her ears.

Observing her crestfallen expression, the manager kindly suggested, "This suite is reserved by Mr. Evans throughout the year. You can try contacting him the next time he visits."

Cecilia nodded quietly, not knowing how she managed to leave the hotel.

Sitting in her car, she clutched her phone, hesitating for a long while. Ultimately, she couldn't bring herself to dial his number.

He had left without a word, perhaps indicating that he didn't take her seriously at all.

Overwhelmed with shame for trailing a man almost like a creepy stalker, Cecilia concluded that it was best to let it go.