

Chapter 324 There Has Been No One Else Since I...

Cecilia's visage turned rosy, a subtle display of her emotions.

It had been days since they had sex. Besides, she was not a totally inexperienced virgin. How could it still hurt?

Mark's countenance bore a serene smile.

On that particular night, he might have been a bit rough. Cecilia repeatedly expressed her discomfort...

After all, she was a delicate soul.

At that very moment, the waiter entered, gracefully serving the array of dishes.

Despite being just two people, the table was adorned with an abundance of delicacies. Unable to contain herself, Cecilia remarked, "We can't possibly consume all this. It's wasteful."

With an enigmatic smile playing on his lips, Mark inquired, "Are you trying to save me money now?"

As he served her a helping of food, he quipped, "If you can somehow reduce my energy expenditure in bed, that would be quite considerate of you."

Crimson flushed Cecilia's cheeks even deeper. How audacious he could be!

Observing her reaction, Mark decided to stop teasing her.

He carefully scooped a bowl of chicken soup for her, tenderly remarking, "It's highly nourishing and beneficial especially for

Silently, Cecilia sipped the soup.

Yet, she felt a certain restraint, unsure of how he planned to orchestrate her future.

After the meal, Mark made sure his beloved was satiated.

Then, with contentment in his gaze, he produced something from his briefcase.

It was an amulet necklace.

Gently, Mark fastened the necklace around her neck, his eyes imbued with depth. "I got one for Rena as well. Promise me you'll wear it throughout this month."

Unable to resist, Cecilia delicately caressed the talisman.

Mark affectionately patted her head and whispered, "I wish for both you and Rena to stay safe."

Cecilia murmured, "I want to give it to Lexi."

The one who needed protection the most was her little niece Alexis.

Upon hearing this, Mark's expression saddened. He was unsure if Alexis was fortunate or not, given that Waylen had descended into madness and no longer cared if he had to destroy mankind just to save Alexis.

From his wallet, Mark produced an additional card linked to his account and placed it in Cecilia's hand.

Cecilia was taken aback.

What...

What did he mean by this gesture?

Stammering, she asked, "We... We..."

Mark didn't provide a straightforward answer but spoke tenderly, "It's an additional card to my account. Use it to buy whatever you desire."

Overwhelmed with emotion, Cecilia appeared on the verge of tears.

Though he was about to leave, his concern for her compelled him to console, "I'll come to see you later. Cecilia, please take good care of Rena for me..."

Cecilia nodded obediently.

However, as he rose to depart, she couldn't help but grasp the hem of his attire, her voice trembling, "Mark."

He gazed back at her with gentleness.

Holding the centurion card, Cecilia felt uneasy. Summoning her courage, she asked with trepidation, "What do you mean by all of this?"

Mark smiled warmly.


He playfully replied with a question of his own, "What do you think I mean?"

Her lips quivered as she responded, "I don't know. Mark, please clarify it for me."

With a tender embrace, Mark cradled Cecilia's head against his waist. Due to the age difference, he couldn't help but always treat her like a cherished child. After a significant pause, he uttered, "Isn't it natural for a boyfriend to spend money on his girlfriend?"

Cecilia's quivering lips betrayed her emotions.

Clutching onto him tightly, she cried out, "Then, can I ask my

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boyfriend not to engage with other women? Can I request that
you only have eyes for me?"

The future remained uncertain in Cecilia's mind but when he claimed they were together, it felt like a love untainted by any external forces.

It was just the two of them.

Mark lowered his gaze to his little girl and she looked up at him.

He leaned in and kissed her.

Aware that he had a flight to catch, time was short for them to be together. With a brief kiss, he softly stated, "Since I met you, there has been no one else."

Cecilia clung to his waist, her face turning a delicate shade of red.

Recollections of moments when jealousy gripped her resurfaced.

Yet, Mark refrained from teasing her. He knew how much she cared for him, and he wouldn't dare to mock her feelings.

Tenderly, he caressed her face and murmured, "You're not allowed to be with anyone else. If I ever see someone confessing their love to you again, I might just have to break their legs."

She obediently nodded, unable to tear her gaze away from him.

Mark lowered his head, kissed her and, in a husky voice, said, "I'm leaving."

As he pulled away, Cecilia rose from the chair, straightened his shirt, and handed him his briefcase. Part of Mark wished he could tuck her into it and take her with him.

Before departing, he added in a hushed tone, "I'll take Rena back to Czanch in a few days. You should come with me."

Cecilia was surprised by this.

The future of her brother and Rena remained uncertain. Was it appropriate for her to go to Czanch?

Mark recalled his mother mentioning that he called out a girl's name during his dream. He smiled and reassured her, "It's alright. I'll be there with you."

After lingering in a passionate embrace with Cecilia for a prolonged moment, Mark finally bid his farewell.

In another private dining room, Peter was having his meal. Spotting Mark as he emerged, Peter playfully quipped, "Mr. Evans, you seem to be in good spirits."

"How can I be in a good mood with so many matters to attend to?" Mark retorted, yet a smile betrayed his words.

He knew deep down that Cecilia brought him immense joy.

Inside the room, Cecilia scrutinized the card Mark had given her over and over again. It was a gift from her beloved.

Then, she delicately sniffed the amulet necklace. It bore Mark's scent, for he had taken it out from his pocket, leaving it slightly warm.

Blushing, she immersed herself in the aroma, evoking memories of that unforgettable night.

She found it hard to fathom that Mark was considerably older than her but his prowess in bed was undeniable.

Despite his occasional brusqueness, he made her climax several times that night.

Trying to redirect her thoughts, Cecilia pinched her thigh, wondering why she entertained such notions during daylight hours.

No, no, no.

She needed to focus on their relationship...

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Two weeks later, Rena finalized her divorce from Waylen.

During this period, Alexis turned one month old. After completing the necessary formalities, Mark arrived to pick up Rena and take her to Czanch, with Cecilia in tow.

Rena was immersed in her pain and didn't delve into many thoughts.

In the Evans residence in Czanch, Zoey expressed her concern for Rena, holding her granddaughter while reprimanding Waylen.

Cecilia felt a twinge of embarrassment.

After glancing at Cecilia, Mark instructed the butler, "Rena will stay in her usual room. Clean up the guest room across from the east side and have Miss Fowler stay there."

The butler was momentarily taken aback.

Wasn't the guest room across from the east side situated right opposite Mark's bedroom?

Hesitating for a moment, the butler inquired, "Will she disturb you?"

Mark gently waved his hand and replied, "Do as I say."

Once the butler left, Zoey approached Mark, her eyes filled with curiosity and asked, "Is this girl named Cecile?"

Although Zoey was old, she had heard it clearly last time when her son called the girl's name.

Mark didn't know whether to laugh or cry, and his face flushed slightly. Given his age, if he were to be romantically involved with a girl much younger than him, no one would believe him,

and he might be subjected to ridicule.

His had too many things to take into considerations except for his own feelings.

Mark skillfully evaded his mother's inquiry and said, "Mom, you're mistaken. This is Waylen's little sister, Cecilia, not Cecile."

Zoey gazed at her son and trusted his explanation.

Considering that Waylen's sister was around the same age as Rena, it was inconceivable for Mark to have engaged in a cradle-snatching affair.

Zoey's hope was more or less dashed.

In her eyes, Cecilia possessed an exquisite beauty.

After their lengthy journey, they retired to their respective rooms to rest following a delightful dinner.

Cecilia's stay was planned for a week.

Traveling light, she had packed merely about three sets of clothes. As she unpacked her belongings, she eagerly anticipated going to check on Rena later.

Unbeknownst to her, an intruder entered the room soundlessly, proceeding to lock the door.

A firm hold on Cecilia's slender waist, accompanied by the man's warm breath caressing her neck, sent waves of pleasure, rendering her weak and helpless. In the throes of ecstasy, she couldn't resist whimpering.

Mark's gentle touch traced her thin waist.

In a passionate exchange of kisses and affectionate caresses that seemed to linger for an eternity, he lifted her tenderly and gently placed her on the grand bed.

Despite the intimate moment, a sense of trepidation settled over

Could they possibly engage in such an intimate act here?

She felt a flutter of anxiety, especially considering that their relationship had only just blossomed. Pondering the implications, they had engaged in passionate acts without fully exploring other aspects of their connection. Moreover, she couldn't help but worry about the lack of protection.

Was he wearing a condom? What if an unintended pregnancy were to occur?

With one hand supporting himself, Mark deftly unbuttoned her attire with the other.

Their mutual attraction had sparked easily, and despite their affection for each other, except for that very night, they had refrained from indulging in such intimacy for over six months.

In this moment, a trace of impatience seemed to sweep over him...