

## Chapter 325 Stay In My Room Tonight

As the sun dipped below the horizon, a warm, autumnal glow was cast through the French window, bathing the couple locked in an embrace in the golden light.

Mark, rising early, leaned over to bestow a tender kiss upon Cecilia, reassuringly murmuring, "You can rest a while longer. I'll wake you at dinner time."

While dressing, he engaged in conversation with Cecilia, reluctant to leave her side despite the pressing matters and Peter's waiting presence in the study. His concern stemmed from the fear that she might feel adrift upon awakening alone.

His affection for her knew no bounds. Even when separated, he vowed to do all within his power to care for her.

Cecilia blushed, pulling the quilt up to nestle against her pillow, gazing affectionately at him.

Once he was dressed, Mark bent down to kiss her once more, his smile radiating warmth.

After he departed, sleep eluded her.

Instead, she sought out Rena and engaged in a pleasant chat with Zoey, an understanding elder who cherished Cecilia deeply due to the scarcity of girls in the younger generation of the Evans family.

When night fell and Mark returned from work, he found Cecilia with his mother, tending to the beans.

Zoey playfully claimed, "These are my own pesticide-free plants."

Mark playfully teased back, "My mother takes great pride in her organic green food. It's a rare treat for others to partake."

Zoey snorted.

She said to Cecilia, "Don't listen to his nonsense! As long as he is being a good son and brings that girl home, I will dig out all the vegetables in this garden to treat her."

"What girl?"

Cecilia was confused.

In a casual tone, Zoey revealed to her the details of Mark's drunken dream, leaving Cecilia understanding the situation and feeling her cheeks flush.

Looking at her, Mark wore an enigmatic smile that only deepened her embarrassment.

However, despite that, Cecilia couldn't deny the sweet feeling that arose within her. It seemed that when Mark was inebriated, he would call out her name.

Outside, the darkness was steadily thickening.

Zoey took charge of cooking for all of them, and Cecilia offered to help. Although Mark rarely took on the role of chef himself, he also remained in the kitchen.

After their dinner, they were supposed to retire to their respective bedrooms.

However, Mark gallantly led Cecilia into his lavishly appointed bedroom.

Mark's bedroom boasted a generous size and was adorned with elegant and refined furniture and decorations. An adjacent study added a touch of antiquity to the room, and the window seat provided a cozy spot for savoring tea.

Cecilia found herself stunned by the sight.

Mark playfully nudged her nose and inquired, "Surprised by my bedroom?"

Blushing, she responded with a touch of shyness, "I never imagined my boyfriend's room to be like this..."

Her words were laced with tact and understatement.

In reality, she meant that the style of his bedroom was somewhat old-fashioned; suitable for middle-aged men, but certainly not for younger ones her own age.

Could Mark not discern the subtle undertones in her response? Unperturbed, he proceeded to brew a pot of tea, handing her a cup with thoughtful consideration.

As she accepted the teacup and took a sip, he adopted an enigmatic tone, asking, "Shall we continue tonight?"

Cecilia's spirits immediately dampened.

Mark, a playful rogue, was considerably older and smarter than her, but she was skilled at playing the role of the innocent victim.

Sneaking up behind him, she tenderly embraced him, playfully calling him "Uncle Mark" to beg for mercy. Mark, reciprocating the affection, held her delicate hand with one hand while savoring the tea she had offered him.

In truth, he had a mountain of work to tackle, leaving him with scarce free time to hang out with her.

Despite the circumstances, Cecilia never voiced a complaint.

Instead, she obediently kept him company in the study.

Occasionally, Mark would raise his head and request her assistance with fetching something, and his little girl would gleefully scurry around to fulfill his wishes.

He remained engrossed in work until the late hours of the night.

Finally, he found a moment to playfully tease his little girl, intending to make good on his earlier promise.

Just as they were about to engage in intimacy, an unexpected knock at the door disrupted their plans. Zoey's voice then carried from outside. "Mark, you're still awake, aren't you? I've brought you some late night snack!"

The atmosphere in the room tensed as she started twisting the doorknob.

The two people on the bed were slightly stiff.

Wide-eyed, Cecilia whispered, "What should we do?"

Thinking quickly, Mark tucked her into the quilt, discreetly hiding her slippers under the bed. He then positioned himself on the bed, feigning sleep.

Zoey entered the room, addressing her son, "Are you going to bed?"

Mark smiled and replied, "Yes, I've had a busy day!"

Zoey took a seat.

The prolonged conversation with the mother and son left Cecilia feeling stifled beneath the quilt, her breaths shallow. Whenever she attempted to move, Mark gently secured her head between his legs and even playfully caressed her, much like petting a puppy.

Eventually, Zoey departed.

As the door closed, Cecilia emerged from the quilt, her eyes glistening with tears.

"Uncle Mark, I couldn't breathe!"

Mark tenderly pulled her into his arms, and after a while, he inquired softly, "Do you enjoy being here?"

Blushing, Cecilia refused to respond to his question.

What was he implying?

Mark ceased his inquiry, opting to share the food with Cecilia, who eagerly consumed it all.

Still hungry, she insisted on having more.

Mark affectionately pinched her cheek, jesting, "Shall I wake mom and ask her to make some more for my little wife?"

Annoyed yet amused, she playfully jumped on him and lightly pummeled him with her fists.

Having played for quite some time, she still clung affectionately to his neck, whispering about her hunger.

Mark kissed her tenderly and playfully remarked, "I've never encountered anyone as vocal as you! I will cook something for you then!"

"Do you know how to cook?"

She obediently embraced him.

Mark grinned, slipped on his slippers, and headed to the kitchen. To his surprise, he found Zoey there.

Zoey was also taken aback by her son's presence.

Mark casually lit a cigarette and rummaged through the fridge, declaring, "I'm still hungry."

Zoey, however, was not about to let her son cook for himself.

She took out slices of frozen pizza from the fridge and carefully placed them in the oven. As she chided her son, she chatted,

"You're not so young anymore. You should pay attention to your figure. How will you find a wife otherwise?"

Mark was left speechless.

Once the pizza was ready, Zoey arranged it on a delicate plate and sprinkled a handful of fresh basil, believing that it would cater to the taste of young girls these days.

Mark took the plate and departed, suddenly realizing something and breaking into laughter.

He didn't particularly care for basil but Zoey had used it. It appeared that Zoey had realized the snack wasn't for him after all.

The feeling of being in love was always sweet.

Their relationship had yet to be revealed to the world. Mark intended for Cecilia to spend one more weekend at the Evans mansion and then accompany her back to Duefron.

As for the future, he planned to take it one step at a time.

Cecilia had been staying at the Evans mansion for a couple of days now. She desired to go out and buy gifts for Rena and Zoey. She had also heard about some famous cake shops in Czanch and wanted to try them.

Due to Mark's special status, Cecilia could only go shopping with Peter as her companion, while Mark himself read documents in the car.

Unexpectedly, they bumped into an acquaintance on the street.

It was Jenna Vaughn.

Jenna was a colleague of Mark's, holding a prestigious position; but she always knew he would soon outshine her and as a result, she valued their friendship greatly.

She recognized Mark's car parked on the roadside, strolled over and tapped on the window.

Mark stepped out of the car gracefully.

Jenna greeted him with a smile, "I thought that was your car from a distance. It's really you!"

As Mark was about to respond, his little girl hurried over with several shopping bags, her face flushed.

Jenna couldn't help but steal a few more glances.

She thought the beautiful girl appeared to be around her son's age, so she coughed and inquired, "Mark, this is..."

Not wanting his personal life to be exposed to colleagues, Mark merely smiled and said, "A junior from my family."

Merely a junior...

Cecilia's heart skipped a beat, and a sense of discomfort washed over her.

Couldn't he introduce her as his girlfriend even within his territory?

Her inner thoughts seemed to reflect on her face.

On the way back, Mark tried to console her, but deep down, he wrestled with the idea of sending her back to Duefron first. After all, with his status, openly showing up with her before their relationship was officially confirmed to the public posed risks that could greatly impact Cecilia.

He always kept his emotions hidden.

However, Cecilia could discern what he was contemplating. That night, as they lay in bed together, she nestled softly in his arms and whispered, "I won't go anywhere! Please don't send me back to Duefron, okay?"

Mark lowered his gaze and looked at her wordlessly.

Cecilia wrapped her arms around his neck and murmured, "I want to stay here."

Above all else, this was a precious opportunity for them to spend time together.

He couldn't be away in Duefron forever. They had known each other for over a year, yet they hadn't been able to really be together for more than a few days.

Mark's heart softened.

He lowered his head and kissed her tenderly.

His slender fingers gently traced the contours of her skin beneath the quilt, igniting an immediate surge of desire.

Perhaps unintentionally, he was a bit more intense tonight.

Afterward, she rested softly against him.

Their bodies basked in the lingering warmth of their lovemaking...

Mark gently patted her, as tenderly as if handling a baby.

Neither of them wanted to sleep.

She caressed his face and asked in a hushed tone, "Uncle Mark, why haven't you gotten married yet?"

Mark smiled and said, "What do you think?"

Then, he pulled her closer into his embrace.

Nestling against his heart, her pulse quickened. Without reservation, she confessed, "I believe you're waiting for me to grow up. When I'm all grown, you'll marry me."

It seemed she truly longed for marriage.



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She, too, had grown fond of this little girl.

Zoey was now sure Cecilia was the "Cecile" girl she heard Mark call out in his dream.

Zoey pondered that perhaps they would soon tie the knot. Despite the disparity in age, familial and social status, she was convinced that love could transcend these societal barriers because her son held such deep affection for Cecilia.

In the end, Zoey simply stated, "It's good."

Mark contemplated her words and couldn't help but smile faintly. Zoey's attitude towards their relationship was intriguing indeed.

His intention was to propose to the Fowler family once little Alexis regained her health.

He envisioned keeping Cecilia by his side, allowing her to be a constant companion to both him and Zoey. Each day, upon returning from work, he would be greeted by the heartwarming scene of Cecilia and Zoey together, immersed in the rays of sunlight while picking beans.

Mark acknowledged that he was no longer young and he began to entertain the idea of having children of his own after marriage.