

Chapter 446 So You Can Sleep With Me When You Are Drunk

At this moment, Mark really wanted to hug Cecilia.

Thankfully, he was able to restrain himself.

"You won't forget about it," he whispered in her ear.

After all, this apartment housed their most precious memories. He truly believed that she would never forget it.

Cecilia put down her hand and gazed ahead, as though looking at something far away.

After a while, a smile broke on her face, which quickly disappeared as she let out a forlorn sigh.

"What's the point of remembering any of it?" she muttered to herself.

She said it again, and this time, her voice almost cracked.

Mark couldn't help but feel saddened whenever he saw that pitiful look on her face. He got off the car, opened the door on her side, and bent down to pick her up. At this point, she wasn't completely inebriated yet and still had some energy to resist. "No! I won't go! I don't want to go in!"

A gust of chilly wind blew past them.

Mark leaned closer, his face almost touching hers, and said in a hoarse voice, "Where can you go while looking like this?"

Then, with a strong kick, he shut the car door and headed towards the elevator.

Cecilia had no more strength left after drinking. Afraid that she would fall, she wrapped her arms around Mark's neck and clung

Chapter 446 So You Can Sleep With Me +120 Points at most to him like a koala.

While the elevator made its ascent, a glassy look once again pervaded her eyes.

Mark's familiar and pleasant smell wafted up her nose. They had been in this elevator countless of times already, and it seemed like it was just yesterday when they were still a sweet couple who snuck out and dated in secret every week.

As the memories flashed before her eyes, Cecilia's eyes began to moisten.

There were times where she felt completely wasted, but there were also times she felt like she was sober.

The common denominator between those two states was the great discomfort she felt right now.

Only when she had alcohol in her system could she dare to bury her face in Mark's shoulder.

Tears began to roll down her eyes.

"Uncle Mark," she murmured. Then, she pressed her head on his shoulder even more, feeling embarrassed as she sobbed like a lost child.

All this was more than enough to make Mark's heart crack.

The elevator doors opened. As they arrived at their apartment, he took out the key and opened the door.

Everything inside had remained the same. Although Mark didn't live here anymore, he still had someone clean it once in a while.

Mark carried Cecilia into the bedroom and gently lay her on the bed.

Although the bed was soft, her body was much softer.

Seeing her almost unconscious body in the bed, Mark didn't want to leave yet. He bent over the bed and gently brushed

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aside a stray lock of her long hair from her forehead.

Cecilia's eyes were closed, and her breathing was even.

There was something adorable with the way her chest rose and fell.

Mark hadn't held her for a long time. Of course he wanted to hold her. After all, he was a man who had needs.

"Cecilia," he gently called her name.

Slowly, Cecilia opened her eyes and was greeted by the sight of this large man whose eyes were burning with lust.

The look on his face was hard to decipher.

The next second, their lips were locked in a gentle kiss.

Her eyes widened, shocked by the suddenness of it all.

But at this point, Mark was already completely turned on. Before she could even resist, he already had her wrists pinned above her head, while the weight of his body pressed her down, trapping her.

He kissed her eagerly, almost losing control as memories of their past flashed in his mind.

Both of them remembered how they had sex on this very bed. At that time, she was still an innocent girl. She had always liked to wrap herself around his arms and beg him in a trembling voice.

At this time, as his hand roamed her body, tears couldn't stop rolling down from Cecilia's eyes, wetting the pillow case.

Noticing this, Mark stopped.

He turned over and lay beside her as he gently pulled her into his arms.

"Shhh... Don't cry," he coaxed her.

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Cecilia tried to struggle and refuse to be held in his arms, but Mark used an appropriate amount of strength to keep her in place.

His tall frame and powerful arms were no match for her tiny physique.

Next to him, she was like a stick—slender and petite.

Still, she kept crying. Her tears rolled down her cheek, pooled on her chin, and then fell on his shirt, leaving wet marks.

Mark continued to coax her while rubbing her back. Once she had calmed down, he pulled up the quilt and covered both of them with it.

He knew that the reason why she became relaxed was because of the alcohol.

If not for it, she would've never agreed to be in the same bed as him. She wouldn't even agree to an intimate embrace.

Right now, Mark craved for Cecilia's body. He licked his lips, his lust coursing throughout his body.

Meanwhile, Cecilia's long eyelashes quivered, her face looking subservient while she was asleep. The sight of her lips was so tantalizing that he couldn't help but lean in for a taste.

As his lips descended, Cecilia opened her mouth as though it had a mind of its own.

At this moment, the only thing Mark wanted in this world was Cecilia.

The lump on his throat bobbed up and down. Eventually, he gently pressed his body against hers, subduing any attempted struggle.

His mind was filled with lustful thoughts as he leaned on his side with one hand to support himself, while the other he used to hold her cheek and kiss her.

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Outside the window, the sky was fully dark.

She kept whimpering the entire time they were doing it.

Mark kissed away her tears as he gently coaxed her. At this point, he no longer cared about himself. He just wanted to make her feel good.

"Mark! Mark..."

As the climax washed over Cecilia, she wrapped her arms around his shoulder and pulled him even closer.

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The next day, Cecilia woke up earlier than usual.

Her entire body was sore, and although she had just woken up, she already felt tired.

She struggled to sit up as she took in her environment.

Everything around her felt strange and familiar at the same time as she instantly recognized this place: the apartment on Gamous Road.

She pulled back the quilt and looked at herself.

Right now, she was wearing a man's shirt. It was light blue and had a faint, manly smell.


She tried rolling off the bed but ended up falling instead, groaning in pain as she did.

Although her mind was a bit hazy, she could still recall everything that had happened last night.

After getting drunk, she cried and she cried. Then, she and Mark had passionate sex.

The scenes flashed in her mind as though she was watching it in front of her. Her body craved for Mark's touch. She could still remember how delicately he held her.

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Then, they had sex again.

Cecilia clenched her fists and hit her head twice.

All of a sudden, the bedroom door was pushed open.

Mark emerged from the door, looking well-dressed and not showing any signs of indulgence from last night.

He looked at her with a quiet intensity and said, "Your assistant called and said that you had plans to participate in a recording of a program this morning. Get up and have breakfast. I'll drive you there later."

As Cecilia stared at him, she could see the lust still burning in his eyes.

In her heart, she knew that his sexual desire wasn't satisfied last night. He still wanted more.

However, Cecilia wasn't a little girl anymore. She threw the quilt off her body and jumped out of the bed without any cover. When she stood up, her feet slightly cramped.

She gnashed her teeth and called him an asshole in her mind.

Mark tried to carry her in his arms, but she pushed him away before he could touch her.

"I can walk by myself," she insisted.

With a faint smile, Mark sat on the sofa by the window. Then, he grabbed a nearby newspaper and began reading. "Your clothes are in the cloakroom," he told her while reading. "Change your clothes and freshen up."

Cecilia nodded and went into the bathroom.

After a while, Mark could hear the sound of her brushing her teeth from inside.

He then put down his newspaper and perked his ears, listening intently to the sound.

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He hadn't enjoyed the mundane aspects of life this much for a very long time.

Cecilia quickly freshened up and went to the cloakroom to change her clothes.

She hadn't taken away her clothes when she moved out. Although they might be out of style, now she had no choice but to make do with them.

However, when she opened the door, she was stunned by what she saw.

To her surprise, the whole closet was filled with new clothes. Not only were they new, they were also from her favorite brands. On top of that, these clothes were fitted for her age.

One by one, she started sifting them, feeling their fabric between her fingertips.

As she did, a warm feeling spread in her chest that made her eyes moist.

Mark must have had prepared these for her in advance. But why? What was the point?

Cecilia changed her clothes silently and walked out.

When she got out, Mark was still sat on the sofa, looking at her.

A shaft of sunlight pierced the glass window behind Mark, bathing him in a golden light. Although she could not see his expression, she thought that at this particular moment, he looked absolutely dashing.

"Let's go have breakfast," he told her before standing up.

Before he could take another step, Cecilia stopped him and said, "Mark, there's something I want to talk to you about."

Mark already had an idea what she was going to say. After thinking for a while, he returned to the sofa and sat down.

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Cecilia, on the other hand, remained standing by the door of the cloakroom.

She took a deep breath and gathered her thoughts. Then, she finally said, "Last night, I was drunk. No matter what I did, that shouldn't have given you an excuse to take off your clothes and lie down with me. Mark, we're both adults. We both know that what happened last night doesn't change a single thing."

"So what are you trying to say?" Mark asked coldly.

"I'm saying what happened last night can only happen once. It can never, and will never happen again," Cecilia answered definitively.

Mark pouted his lips and looked away.

He closed his eyes, and then, after a while, he said softly, "If this had happened before, you would cry and ask me to take responsibility."

Cecilia was about to retort when he suddenly stood up.

"I see your point. Anyway, go have breakfast."

Although his demeanor was still gentle, Cecilia could feel that his tone wasn't the same as before.

At the same time, she wouldn't compromise her stance no matter how mad Mark got.

While they were having breakfast, she looked up at him and said, "We'll stop at the pharmacy on the way later."

Mark glanced at her before replying, "You're on your safe period."

"Still, I'm worried."

After saying that, Cecilia grabbed her glass of milk and swiveled it gently. "Our relationship as it stands is already very complicated. We have two kids, and our fates, whether we like it or not, are intertwined. I don't want to complicate that even more by bringing in another life."

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She had already given birth to two children and raised them herself. There was no need to add another one to that.

Upon hearing this, Mark's face softened.

Indeed, he had no intention of impregnating her. After all, they already had two children. Not to mention, his health was also not good.

Despite that, he knew that she didn't need to take morning after pills.

Still, Cecilia insisted. She was afraid of being pregnant again.

In the end, as Mark sent her to the film set, he stopped by the roadside with a nearby pharmacy in sight. Cecilia wanted to go out and buy the pills herself, but Mark grabbed her hand before she could leave, thinking otherwise.

As a traditional man, he believed that it would be better if a man were to purchase such things.

So, he walked into the pharmacy in her stead.

He took a box of morning after pills from the pharmacy clerk. As he paid the bill, his eyes fell on the small square boxes on the shelf beside the counter and bought two boxes of large-sized condoms.

Once everything had been paid, Mark returned to the car.

As a habit, he always had hot water with him. He unscrewed his vacuum bottle and took out a pill for her.

After taking the pill, a frown formed on Cecilia's face.

Out of instinct, Mark patted her on the shoulder, which rendered Cecilia stunned. Once again, her eyes started to redden.

As Mark fastened his seatbelt, his mind wandered while his hand picked up the two boxes of condoms from his pocket and put them inside the glove compartment. The big, thorny logo

Chapter 446 So You Can Sleep With Me+120 Points at most were hard to ignore, and as soon as Cecilia saw it, her cheeks turned pink.

She bit her lower lip before saying, "Mark, I already told you that we won't have sex again."

Mark looked at her and nodded.

After a while, he asked her, "Did you feel good last night?"

Both of them haven't had sex in a long time.

They knew how good both of them felt last night.

Of course, Cecilia didn't answer. Instead, she sank her head and fiddled with her fingers. Then, with a snort, she said, "As long as it's a man..."

"Cecilia Fowler," he cut her off. He rarely called her by her full name.

When Cecilia looked up, Mark gently caressed her face and added, "Don't say that."

She wanted to say something in response, but he had already put down his hand and started the car.

After that, he didn't say anything more.

Judging from his demeanor, Cecilia guessed that Mark was angry. She couldn't believe that he got angry with her before she got angry with him!

So, in response to that, Cecilia crossed her arms and didn't say anything either.

When she got off the car, she slammed the door and didn't look back as she walked away.

At noon, Mark gave in first. He called her to invite her to lunch.

However, when her phone rang, Cecilia didn't answer it.

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Instead, she sent him a message later on, reminding him that what had happened last night was a one-time thing only.

Mark was so infuriated by the message that he ended up throwing his phone away.

Her words earlier inside the car echoed in his mind. "As long as it's a man..."

In the office, Peter noticed that his boss was in anguish. He gently picked up Mark's phone and placed it on his desk. Then, he began acting like a peacemaker by saying, "Last night, the two of you were so sweet. You have to be more patient with her! You see, the situation is different now. You used to be young and handsome. But now..."

Mark threw a stamp across the room before Peter could finish talking.

"What's wrong with me now?" he snapped.

Unfazed by his outburst, Peter picked up the stamp and returned it to his desk. As he did, he looked candidly at Mark and continued, "You're not as good in bed as before as time goes by. This happens to all men. I mean, just think about it. You didn't make her happy last night, did you?"

Mark leaned back in his chair and sank his head, looking deep in contemplation.

As a man, he really did care about this sort of thing.

But last night was good. He was certain that Cecilia climaxed and received immense sexual pleasure.

After all, he could tell if a woman was faking it, and last night, he was sure that Cecilia's reaction to him was genuine.

He snorted confidently and said nothing.

In response, Peter smiled and said, "Then you must be doing something else wrong. Think about it. All the people that Cecilia comes into contact with cherish her very much. But instead of

Chapter 446 So You Can Sleep With Me +120 Points at most coaxing her, you're stuck here, sulking. If you keep that up, you'll have no chance of winning! Remember, the streets are full of men."

These words really pushed Mark's button.

"Get out!" he snapped.

With a smile, Peter left, leaving Mark alone with his thoughts.

Once his emotions had stabilized, he thought that what Peter had said was actually reasonable.

With this in mind, he then took out his phone and called Cecilia's assistant. There, he learned that Cecilia had gone to a restaurant for lunch.

After searching the restaurant's location, he found that it wasn't far from where he was.

So, he grabbed his car keys and coat and walked out of the office to find her.

Meanwhile, Peter was still outside. When he saw Mark, his face lit up. "There you go! You were so in love in love past. I'm sure that her heart has softened towards you after you two shared another intimate night together."

Mark looked at him and squinted in his eyes.

How could Peter be so sure with his words?

Nevertheless, Mark didn't dispute him. He found Peter's comforting words soothing.

Ten minutes later, Mark parked his car in front of the restaurant. But as he unfastened his seatbelt, he looked up and saw something that made his jaw slack.

Behind the restaurant's French window, Cecilia having lunch with someone else.

It was a young man who had a gentle air around him. He also

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had good taste in clothes.

By the looks of it, it seemed that the two of them were in a blind date.

They were talking with each other with smiles on their faces, sharing a laughter from time to time.

Seeing this, Mark loosened his grip on his seatbelt and slowly leaned back in the chair.

At this point, he really needed a long drag of a cigarette to calm his racing heart.

Unfortunately, he didn't have one with him.

From inside his car, he watched as Cecilia continued talking to that man. From time to time, her smile would widen. They seemed to be getting along really well.

At the very least, Mark could tell that she didn't hate the man.

He remained frozen inside his car and didn't get off. He just sat there, staring at her like a statue.

After a while, Cecilia turned her head and saw Mark.

As soon as she saw him, her eyes narrowed.

Then, she immediately looked away and continued eating and chatting with the man she was with.

Mark had no idea how long he had been watching this date before his eyes. Even though it tortured him, he kept waiting for her, waiting for their blind date to end.

Finally, Cecilia said goodbye to that man.

They seemed to have just traded phone numbers.

When Cecilia was about to leave, she didn't avoid Mark. She even opened the car door and sat next to him.

"Mark, let's talk," she said in a serious tone.

Mark turned to her, his face devoid of any emotion.

"What should we talk about?" he asked her in reply. "Do you want to talk about how you got out of my bed in the morning, and as soon as noon, you're already in a blind date with someone else? Cecilia, is that what you want to talk about with me?"

Cecilia stared at Mark with a quiet intensity.

After a while, she closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and said, "I think I have made it clear to you this morning. What happened last night was nothing more than a one night stand. Besides, it was just an accident. I didn't beg you to do it with me. You dragged me into the apartment by yourself.

Mark, the reason why I want to talk to you now is because you are Edwin and Olivia's father."

Mark looked away and crossed his arms.

After a long silence, he asked, "Was that a blind date a while ago? Cecilia, are you really never going to get back together with me?"

The question made Cecilia's nose twitch.

She really didn't want to be in this situation. If possible, she didn't want to have anything to do with Mark anymore.

She didn't want to love him, nor did she want to hurt him.

The two of them stared at each other for a while, with Mark waiting for her answer with bated breath.

Finally, Cecilia opened her mouth. "Yes. I don't want to get back with you now or in the future. Two years ago, we were over. I want us to remain over."

