

## Chapter 466 I Miss You, So I Come Here

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Cecilia could sense his genuine remorse. Why hold on to this? She thought.

Still, her mild fever and general discomfort overshadowed the situation.

She focused on her meal instead.

After a few moments of silence, Mark hesitated, and then whispered, "I already called back home. You should stay over tonight."

Cecilia looked up sharply, determination in her eyes. "I want to go home."

He brushed a hand over her forehead, concern evident in his eyes. "You're still burning up. Just one night, okay?"

She huffed, annoyance flashing across her face. "I don't want to."

Mark pieced together the puzzle of her mood.

Earlier, he had overshared with Peter about their intimate moments. Given their fresh start, it was probably too much, too soon.

She might feel violated.

The depth in Mark's gaze intensified.

Feeling the heat rise in her cheeks, Cecilia distractedly said, "I'll watch some TV. You can clean up and then take me home."

Nodding, Mark set about tidying.

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Cecilia sank into the sofa, selecting a romantic movie to distract herself and tearing open a snack bag.

While Mark could've escorted her home after cleaning, he was reluctant to break the moment's fragile tranquility. He knew she was hurt by the day's events.

On a whim, he decided to bake some cookies.



animal shapes, mainly strawberry-flavored bunnies.

He also threw in some bear-shaped chocolate cookies that Edwin was fond of.

Thirty minutes later, the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked cookies wafted through the air. Mark placed a batch on a plate and stored the rest in two quaint jars.

As he entered the living room, he noticed Cecilia, engrossed in her film.

He slid onto the couch next to her, offering the plate. She was immediately tempted by the scent and tasted one.

After devouring a couple, she mused, "These are so good! Where'd you get them?"

Mark, drawing her closer, whispered, "Fresh out of the oven, made by yours truly."

She paused, savoring another bite. Its delightful taste evident on her face.

Post her shower, Cecilia's long raven hair was slightly damp. Mark, always attentive, fetched a towel and began to pat her hair dry. Drained from the day, she settled into a comfortable position on his lap.

He murmured, "There's my girl," and leaned down, their lips meeting in a gentle kiss that tasted faintly of the milk-laden cookies.

Drawing back slightly, Cecilia focused back on the screen. "We'll leave after this movie, okay?"

Mark just nodded in agreement.

She continued munching on her snacks, momentarily forgetting her dietary plans.

A comfortable fullness made her drowsy, and before she knew it, she dozed off.

She awoke to the movie credits rolling and the serene silence of the room.

Mark's gaze was fixed on her, a soft touch caressing her cheek, causing a warm blush to spread across her face.

Struggling to rise, she was gently held in place by Mark. "Look at the time," he whispered, glancing at a clock. "It's past two. Just stay."

She sighed, exasperated. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

He simply held her gaze, the weight of unspoken words between them.

Cecilia's defenses began to melt away.

Between work and life's demands, their moments together had grown infrequent.

And while opportunities to rekindle their spark existed, Cecilia often held back.

It wasn't a mystery to Mark; yet, he never voiced any complaints. His commitment shone through, especially when she wasn't around in Duefron. And Olivia's adoration for him only affirmed his unwavering presence.

Resting her head against his chest, Cecilia traced her fingers gently over the contours of his neck.

"Mark," she murmured, "have I been unfair to you?"

Cooking wasn't her strong suit, and her nurturing instincts weren't always on point.

She recalled times when she'd been absent in his moments of need, while he was perpetually there for her.

Mark decided to deflect; his voice, deep and rich, teased, "Worried about me now?"

She replied, her voice barely a whisper, "Maybe I should do more for you. Be better."

Mark chuckled, pulling a blanket over her.

"So, planning to rise early and whip up breakfast? Maybe even tackle the dishes after?"

She nestled closer, her words muffled by his warmth. "Maybe not, Uncle Mark."

Mark's heart swelled with affection. Lightly tugging a strand of her hair, he inquired playfully, "Teething, are we?"

His voice softening, he added, "Why does a grown woman like you remind me so much of little Olivia?"

In a rare moment, Cecilia's laughter bubbled up, carefree and infectious.

In a hushed tone, she shared, "We start shooting in two days. Thankfully, a lot of the scenes are set in the city; and many are indoors. Mark, maybe we could take the kids somewhere fun? There's this spot with beautiful maple leaves now."

Grinning, Mark replied, "Just admit you want to spend time with me."

She retorted, "Come on, Mark. Stand next to me and people might mistake us for father and daughter."

"That's not exactly the kind of thing I enjoy hearing," he mused.

Laughter bubbled from Cecilia.

Mark stood, pulling her to him and dimmed the room lights.

Misinterpreting his intentions, Cecilia began to protest, thinking of her health.

But all Mark did was whisper, "You seemed upset earlier. Was it because you remembered what I have done to you with my tongue?"

Cecilia's response was a playful shove.

Mark chuckled softly, teasing her earlobe with his teeth. "You're acting shy. Peter probably didn't even notice. Your quick exit only led him to the point."

The room settled into darkness.

Cecilia, wrapped in a cozy blanket, nestled into Mark's embrace. Their closeness sparked a familiar warmth within her.

As she tilted her face to speak, Mark silenced her with a tender kiss.

There was no rush, no urgency, just the desire to make her feel cherished.

As their closeness intensified, Cecilia, with a mix of affection and annoyance, tugged at his raven-colored hair. "Mark, sometimes you can



be insufferable."

She reclined on the sofa, and Mark gently pressed his lips to hers.

Softly, he murmured, "You want this just as bad as I do. Cecilia, it's not just about emotional connection. You deserve the fiery passion of youth too; it shouldn't be absent in our relationship."

Lost in the intensity of the moment, she couldn't help but think about his intentions.

However, with Mark being so considerate, who could resist?

Their bond deepened that night.

Afterwards, marriage wasn't a frequent topic. Mark devoted his time to the kids and planned outings with Cecilia when possible.

On one such date, they admired the crimson maple leaves.

Later, under a neon-lit sky, they shared intimate moments in their hotel room.

Mark ensured she felt treasured in every way.

While on set in Yarmose, Cecilia examined her reflection and gave her cheek a slight smack. "Feels like I've added a few pounds."

Her assistant, observing her, remarked, "It's not about weight; you just seem... radiant. Plus, your makeup's lighter than most."

"Really?" A quick scale check showed Cecilia still at 105 pounds.

Chuckling, the assistant teased, "Must be love! I've seen you and Mr. Evans looking quite cozy. Some of the girls here are quite envious."

With playful annoyance, Cecilia swatted her assistant's hand. "Mark and I aren't an item."

"Sure seems like it," the assistant responded with a grin, genuinely pleased for Cecilia.

After a pause, she leaned in and whispered, "Just watch out. Your bond with Mr. Evans is strong, but some might not like it."



Cecilia realized she was hinting at Elaine.

Ever since an encounter with Chandler's spouse, Elaine seemed to have toned down.

Cecilia didn't want to think the worst of others, but it paid to be cautious.

Cecilia gave a nod just as her phone buzzed; it was Mark.

She answered, casting a glance at her assistant. "Mark? What's up? It's a bit unusual for you to call at this hour."

Mark's voice, slightly raspy, informed her, "I've got work in Yarmose, so I'll be here for three days."

"Work in Yarmose, huh?" Trying to sound indifferent, she added, "I've got shoots, so I won't have much free time for you, Mr. Evans."

There was warmth in Mark's response. "It's been a week. Don't you miss Olivia and Edwin? I'm thinking of bringing them over during Edwin's school break. Sound good?"

She missed the kids, and truth be told, she missed Mark too. But sometimes, a little distance made things more interesting.

Softly, she whispered, "You know, it's that time of the month for me."

Her assistant's cheeks reddened, and she quickly made her exit. Mark chuckled. "What's on your mind? Did you think I was just coming for that? Honestly, with all the mergers I'm handling, even if you were up for it, I'd be out of steam."

With a hint of playfulness, she teased, "Maybe it's just age catching up to you."

He countered, "Oh, Cecilia, we could always see about that."

"Challenge accepted."

Feeling uplifted, Cecilia scanned Yarmose hotels, securing a suite in a plush one. She jotted down some essentials, texting them to her housekeeper, emphasizing the importance of packing everything. After all, the kids were coming.

He countered, "Oh, Cecilia, we could always see about that."

"Challenge accepted."

Feeling uplifted, Cecilia scanned Yarmose hotels, securing a suite in a plush one. She jotted down some essentials, texting them to her housekeeper, emphasizing the importance of packing everything. After all, the kids were coming.

Later, on set, Simon greeted her, not missing a beat, "You seem... brighter. Someone special visiting?"

With a subtle smile, Cecilia gave nothing away.

Simon's probing got him nowhere.

Elaine, observing the exchange, couldn't help the sour twist of her lips.

Recently, Mark and Cecilia seemed closer than ever. Elaine didn't need to pry into details; Cecilia's glowing demeanor said it all, she got that after-sex glow about her.

Elaine was taken aback by Mark's vitality despite his age.

There was a general belief that as men aged, they lost some of their... vigor. So, what kept their relationship so vibrant?

Elaine was filled with envy and longing.

Though she'd connected with someone after parting ways with Chandler, she hadn't been intimate with anyone for quite some time.

Occasionally, her thoughts would wander to Mark during the night, and such fantasies stirred deep emotions within her.

On the set, the dynamics between Cecilia and Elaine were evident.

While Elaine had formal training, Cecilia never felt inferior. True growth, Cecilia believed, came from challenging oneself against the best, not by comparing oneself to those lagging behind.

After a series of scenes, Cecilia retreated to her van to relax.





She hadn't anticipated Mark's surprise for the evening; he'd flown the children to Yarmose. She was relieved the hotel she'd chosen wasn't crowded; it allowed for last-minute accommodations.

Arriving at the airport, Cecilia waited with anticipation.

It wasn't long before Mark emerged, one child in his embrace and the other holding his hand.

Two familiar staff members, who often assisted Cecilia taking care of her kids, trailed behind with the luggage.

Edwin greeted his mother with a modicum of restraint, while Olivia, unrestrained in her joy, lunged into Cecilia's arms, showering her with drooly kisses.

It was a good thing Cecilia had removed her makeup before leaving the film set.

As Mark approached, holding Edwin's hand, his gaze lingered on Cecilia. "You look even more beautiful without makeup," he commented softly.

Flustered, Cecilia tried to divert the attention.

"I've made hotel arrangements. Should we dine there or find someplace else?"

Turning to Edwin, Mark inquired, "What's your preference, champ?"

This was Edwin's first visit to Yarmose.

Although it was late autumn, Yarmose's weather was still quite warm. Edwin had read about the diverse culinary delights the city had to offer, especially the street food.

"I'm not too tired," Edwin responded slowly to Mark's inquiry about dinner.

Mark chuckled. "He has a way of beating around the bush with his words. I wonder who he gets that from."

Edwin responded with a slight purse of his lips, maintaining his reserved demeanor.

Once they reached the car, Mark gently assisted his son inside, suggesting, "Why don't we relax a bit at the hotel and then head out to explore?"

Cecilia found the idea appealing; it wasn't often the four of them got to spend quality time together.

Inside the car, Mark sat beside Cecilia.

When he thought no one was watching, he planted a soft kiss on her cheek, murmuring, "I missed you, that's why I came."

Cecilia, astute as she was, understood his sentiments.

However, with the children and the servants in the car as well, she felt it best to keep things discreet. She simply intertwined her fingers with his.

Mark responded by tightening his grip, showing his reluctance to let her go.

Olivia, young and innocent, watched them, not entirely grasping the depth of their connection.

Edwin observed the exchange and understood the undertones of the moment, his cheeks warming with a blush. Despite the slight embarrassment, there was a glint of happiness in his eyes.

An hour's drive later, they arrived at the hotel.

As they stepped out, Cecilia, holding Olivia, remarked softly, "The film set is just a 5-minute drive from here. It's very convenient."

Mark, slipping an arm around Cecilia's waist, chose to remain silent.

Once in their suite, he continued, drawing her close from behind, "Stay with us. I'll drive you to the set each day."

Flushing at the sentiment, Cecilia demurred, "We'll see."

This gentle pushback wasn't a firm denial, but rather a flirtatious dance between them, adding depth to Mark's fond memories.

After a demanding day at the company, Mark felt the weight of fatigue



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and opted for a refreshing shower.

Meanwhile, Cecilia assisted the kids with unpacking.

Olivia playfully presented her diaper, seeking attention, while Edwin efficiently organized his belongings. Cecilia, despite being a mother of two, struggled to keep pace with everything.

Fresh from his shower and changed into comfortable clothes, Mark approached Cecilia. Noticing her slight struggle with the clothes, he gently took them from her, hanging them with care.

Having been apart for a week, Cecilia's yearning for Mark became evident when she saw him step out, looking renewed. Overwhelmed with emotion, she playfully embraced him from behind, whispering, "What would I do without you, Uncle Mark?"

Chuckling, Mark quipped, "I should probably pray for a longer life tomorrow at church."

Feigning annoyance, Cecilia retorted, "Oh, stop it!" But before she could say more, Mark gently shut the closet door, cupped her face, and pulled her into a passionate kiss.