

Chapter 468 She Took The Day Off

Under the dim ambiance, Cecilia's eyes locked onto Mark.

Propping himself up, he allowed her gaze to roam over him. Curiously, she traced the contours of his face, her fingers gently brushing against his nose.

Sensing a hint of tension in him, Cecilia quipped, "Who knew a man's nose was off-limits?"

Mark, with eyes that seemed to carry the weight of a thousand tales, said, "Well, now you do."

Seeing the playful rebuke in his eyes, she restrained her mischief. As she started to rise, an unexpected pain in her stomach caused her to gasp.

Concern immediately clouded Mark's face. "Are you having menstrual pains?" he asked gently.

"It's the second day today," she admitted, "It's been a bit more intense this month."

Without a word, Mark fetched a cushion for her, readied a bath with just the right temperature, and laid out her pajamas.

Effortlessly, he scooped her up and carried her toward the bathroom.

The tenderness of his actions tugged at her heartstrings. "I can walk, you know," she teased, her voice a melodious whisper against his ear.

Mark chuckled. "You're full of surprises, aren't you?"

Resting her head on his chest, Cecilia tuned in to the steady rhythm of his heart.

Setting her down, Mark looked into her eyes. "I won't help you take off

your clothes then, or you will probably say that I take advantage of you."

With a playful wink, he stepped outside.

Grateful for the privacy, especially during such a personal time, Cecilia showered, feeling revitalized afterward.

As she stepped out, a distinct aroma filled the room.

On a nearby table sat a cup filled with a dark brew.

Engrossed in his phone, Mark looked up as she approached, motioning towards the cup, "It's best if you drink it warm."

She hesitated, eyeing the concoction suspiciously. "What is it?"

"It helps with menstrual pains," he explained softly.

However, the dark liquid seemed anything but appealing.

"It looks like it might taste terrible," she protested.

With a teasing glint in his eyes, Mark tried to coax her into taking a sip. A playful struggle ensued; her hair, dark as the night, brushed against his face. With a mix of gentle persuasion and firmness, he succeeded in making her drink.

By the end, her eyes shimmered with the traces of tears.

"You shouldn't have come," Cecilia said, her voice layered with mixed emotions. "Every time you're here, you always keep nagging me to do things."

Mark reached into his pocket and produced a wrapped candy.

As he unwrapped it, Cecilia's eyes lit up with anticipation.

Leaning in, she took it eagerly, the sweetness melting on her tongue.

Gently brushing her hair back, Mark murmured, "It wasn't like I was forcing you. I missed intimacy, but I respected your boundaries."

Feeling a blush creep up her cheeks, Cecilia retorted, "You have quite the audacity."



Mark leaned in, sealing his words with a gentle kiss, and then carefully covered her with a blanket. "Stay warm," he said. "I'm off to shower."

After a few moments, the gentle hiss of the shower echoed through the apartment.

Cecilia grabbed her iPad, diving into the latest drama episode. With a sidelong glance toward the bathroom, she mumbled to herself, "Two showers a day; he's so fussy."

Drifting into her thoughts, she lifted her hand, admiring the gleam of the diamond ring on her finger.

She wondered about the sacrifices they both made for their relationship, but feeling the warmth around her, she concluded their happiness was worth every bit of it.

The morning sun streamed in.

Cecilia nestled against Mark, the years hadn't changed her favorite sleeping spot.

Her hand rested on his stomach.

Just then, a knock interrupted the serenity.

Startled, she exclaimed, "Who could that be?"

Teasingly nipping her neck, Mark mumbled, "It's probably Peter."

He began to sit up, his movement causing Cecilia to raise an eyebrow in surprise.

As Mark dressed, Cecilia wrapped her arms around his waist, her voice soft with curiosity, "Why's he here? Is there actually a project in Yarmose?"

He gently patted her hand, voice slightly husky. "The project's in Zameau. I'll take a look today and be back by tonight."

Sensing her rising concern, he added, "It's just one day. I promise to spend the next few days with you and the kids."

She feigned offense. "So, you didn't come just for me?"

Mark secured his belt and pivoted, pressing Cecilia gently against the pristine pillow.

She seemed momentarily lost, eyes glazed.

When his lips met hers, it was a brief yet fiery exchange, leaving her slightly flushed.

Pushing him away playfully, she said, "Peter's right outside, you know."

Grinning, Mark pressed a light kiss to her neck before stepping away to address Peter in the living room.

Since her call time wasn't until 10 a.m., Cecilia savored the extra moments in bed.

After a brief conversation, Mark and Peter moved to an adjoining room.

Returning alone, Mark presented breakfast along with the familiar medicine from the night before. Pulling a face, Cecilia protested, "I haven't even brushed my teeth."

"Drink first, then brush," he countered.

She continued her playful defiance, which made Mark chuckle.

He set the medicine aside, drawing her close and brushing strands of her long black hair from her face.

As their lips met once more, he murmured, "I've already taken care of brushing your teeth."

Shaking her head, Cecilia thought he was such a charmer.

A flicker of jealousy passed through her as she wondered about the other women in his life.

Without voicing her thoughts, she playfully nipped at his neck.

Before leaving, Mark checked on the kids and issued some instructions to the helps.

There was a contradictory emotion within Cecilia; she felt a certain



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frustration when he was around, yet a hollow longing in his absence. Flopping onto the pillow, she snapped a selfie and sent it his way, captioning it, "Missing you already."

Elsewhere, Mark had just settled into his car when his phone buzzed into life with a message.

Gazing at Cecilia's message, a contented smile formed on his lips before he pocketed the device.

Trying to catch a glimpse, Peter saw nothing and quipped, "Must be from Cecilia, right?"

Mark leaned back, his demeanor unruffled.

Raising an eyebrow, Peter probed, "What happened after your last fight? How did you make up?"

Mark's eyes met Peter's as he answered firmly, "That's between Cecilia and me."

Peter chuckled, thinking Mark had a penchant for public displays of affection.

Rising around 9:30, Cecilia prepared for her day and headed to the set.

As soon as she stepped on, her assistant leaned in, murmuring, "Elaine's acting high and mighty today. She's slated for several scenes, some with you. Yet, out of the blue, she's taken two days off. It's not even that time of the month for her. Who does she think she is, just taking time off without prior notice?"

Cecilia's brow furrowed.

Elaine, taking unexpected leave?

The timing struck her as oddly coincidental, aligning with Mark's trip to Zameau.

Lost in thought, Cecilia resisted the urge to message Mark. She had faith in him, believing he'd uphold his integrity.

Yet, a nagging suspicion persisted.

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If Elaine had indeed traveled to Zameau, Cecilia was prepared to do something.

For her, the bond with Mark held more weight than any accolade or stardom.

She couldn't bear the thought of Elaine keeping pestering him.

Having reached her decision, a weight seemed to lift off Cecilia's shoulders.

In the evening, the weather forecast issued a warning of a category 10 typhoon approaching several nearby cities.

Concern for Mark gripped Cecilia.

She decided to take the initiative and called him, saying, "The wind's getting dangerously strong. It's not safe out there. Mark, maybe you should come back tomorrow."

Mark wasn't one to risk his life needlessly.

Having just returned from the construction site, he and Peter had already booked two rooms in a hotel.

Standing by the window, gazing at the fierce wind outside, Mark replied softly, "Alright; take care of yourself while I'm not there for you. Keep an eye on Edwin and Olivia as well; Olivia has a habit of kicking off her blanket."

Cecilia agreed, though the phone signal wasn't the best.

Despite the frequent separations, she missed him intensely at this moment.

In a hushed voice, she added, "I'm hanging up now. You should also get some rest."

Mark couldn't resist one last quip, "I'll head back tomorrow morning once the winds settle."

He wanted to get back to her before she head to the set just to steal a few alone time with her.

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Cecilia understood his intentions and blushed slightly. "No, it's not like we're newly in love. We've been together for so long; the novelty has faded."

Mark teased, "What? Are you saying you're not fond of me anymore?"

As they continued their playful banter, an unexpected knock echoed at the door of his hotel room.

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