

Chapter 327 Chance Of A More Open Relationship

The sun's noon rays caressed Cecilia awake, casting a warm glow upon her room.

Slowly, she blinked her eyes open, and there it was—the house that Mark had bestowed upon her.

A gift that filled her heart with joy, she held the rabbit doll he had given her close to her chest and playfully rolled around in bed, overwhelmed with affection for Mark.

As the sun ascended higher in the sky, she got up and found the breakfast Mark had prepared for her.

The fruits were also meticulously washed and cut into bite-size, a testament to his caring nature. Cecilia couldn't help but feel spoiled by him, grateful for the tender gestures that came from his elevated position in life, gestures any woman would find endearing.

Eager to reciprocate his kindness, Cecilia had the intention of cooking dinner for him. However, her culinary skills proved to be less than perfect and, despite her best efforts, she ended up burning the food in the frying pan. Defeated, she decided to opt for take-out instead.

Later in the day, as the clock struck four, Mark returned from a meeting.

Observing the table set for dinner, he playfully teased her about ordering take-out instead cooking something herself.

Cecilia then showed him her nicked finger and tears welled up in her eyes.

Mark's heart softened as he scolded her gently and he carefully bandaged her wound before joining her for dinner.

Post-dinner, he settled onto the sofa, exuding an air of elegance as he quietly smoked. The way he carried himself was akin to an exquisite painting, an embodiment of both intellect and charm.

His mind drifted to the meeting earlier that day, where he had turned down an opportunity related to the development of a groundbreaking new metal, a project that could revolutionize aerospace technology and advance the country's military capabilities significantly.

Many people were desperate to take on the position.

If it was successful over four years, his future would be bright indeed.

Despite the tempting offer, he recommended a junior for the position, unswayed by the allure of wealth and power.

He felt no regrets, for his priorities had shifted—he now yearned for a life with Cecilia, a life of family and love.

Cecilia snuggled up close to Mark.

As the last wisp of smoke from Mark's extinguished cigarette dissipated, he cast a contemplative gaze at her. "Will you grace us with your cooking next time?"

With a tender grace, she bent down, seeking refuge in his loving arms, and in a soft, hushed tone, she revealed her heartfelt desire to learn the culinary arts for his sake.

Witnessing her earnestness, a faint yet affectionate smile graced Mark's lips.

Though a hint of melancholy danced in the depths of his eyes, he welcomed the opportunity to engage in conversations about their shared dreams and aspirations, especially when it came to building a beautiful future as a family.

Having spent a considerable time in Mark's company, Cecilia couldn't help but feel a pang of shame over her lack of a job. Seeking solace, she nuzzled her face against his sturdy abdomen, her delicate fingers gently toying with the buttons of his shirt. In a soft, almost timid whisper, she revealed a recent development, "A few days ago, a magazine approached me to become their cover model."

With grace, Cecilia extended a few fingers, proudly stating, "It's paid work."

Mark playfully lowered his head, pinching her cheek affectionately, and admiringly praised, "My Cecilia is so capable. Not everyone gets such an opportunity, right?"

Overwhelmed with joy, Cecilia's heart soared.

However, Mark had his reservations. Considering their impending marriage, he felt it wouldn't be appropriate for her to be in the public eye as a commercial model.

Hence, he praised her discreetly before inquiring about the job.

Nervously, the young girl hesitated, "How about I decline the job?"

While money wasn't an issue for her, she simply yearned for Mark's kind words.

"Then will you take care of me?" she asked tenderly.

Mark lovingly kissed her forehead, assuring her, "Yes, I will always take care of you."

And so, they lived as a couple in the lap of luxury within their beautiful apartment.

Mark visited almost every week and their time together was filled with moments of intimacy and affection. He cooked for her and she lovingly massaged his back and legs. At night, she found comfort in wearing his shirt and snuggling into his arms.

Occasionally, Mark received private calls but he declined any social engagements with friends like Charlie. If any were necessary, his assistant Peter would handle them. Mark seldom attended such events, especially with Cecilia, as he deemed them unsuitable for her.

Cecilia inquired about these gatherings, to which Mark would simply say it was not appropriate for a young girl.

However, he gave her freedom in dealing with her own friends, trusting her judgment.

During their free time, Mark took Cecilia skiing and to witness the mesmerizing aurora, making that period the sweetest time of their lives.

As the year end approached, Mark's schedule became busier and they hadn't seen each other for several days.

Despite the distance, Cecilia laid on her bed, talking to him on the phone, playfully coqueting like a little girl.

In the background, a faint sound reached Mark's ears—the sound of Juliette crying.

Concerned, Mark couldn't help but inquire, "What's wrong?"

Hushing her mother's voice, Cecilia replied, "I'll go downstairs to check."

After ending the call, Cecilia hurried downstairs, only to find her brother, Waylen, standing in the hall, comforted by their weeping mother and father.

The scene left Cecilia stunned.

Juliette, amidst her tears, called out to Cecilia, pointing at a photo. "Come and have a look!"

Cecilia ran downstairs, her heart pounding.

Waylen revealed the photo to Cecilia.

It was a picture of six-month-old Alexis, whose brown hair and flawless skin made her utterly adorable like a baby doll.

Enthralled by the image, Cecilia covered her mouth in awe, whispering, "She looks just like Rena!"

Overcome with joy, Juliette continued to cry, touched by the fact that her granddaughter was safe and sound and so pretty.

Korbyn, though teary-eyed, maintained his pride, asserting, "She's better off looking like her mother. If she resembled your brother, she'd be destined for hardship. No man would dare marry her when she grows up."

Juliette cast a gentle yet reproachful glance at her husband.

Korbyn's voice softened, attempting to console her. "Look, our granddaughter is perfectly fine. You don't need to cry every day. Let us look forward to the future with optimism. I'm sure Waylen, with his capabilities, will provide us with a troop of grandchildren."

Cecilia couldn't help but express her disapproval, "Dad, are you comparing my brother to a mere breeding pig?"

Her words elicited a laugh from Korbyn.

However, even amid the laughter, a tinge of sadness lingered. Alexis was recovering, but someone vital was still absent from the family—the thought of Rena weighed on Korbyn's mind.

It was well past midnight when Cecilia finally returned to her room.

She sent the photo of Alexis to Mark and, after a while, she received a call from him. The night was hushed, and all he whispered was her name.

She responded him.

In that moment, words were unnecessary. Their feelings for each other were understood and Alexis' recovery brought them renewed hope for a future together.

Perhaps they no longer needed to hide their love in secrecy.

Cecilia held her phone close and drifted off to sleep...

The early morning brought a call from Mark, informing Cecilia that he would arrive at the apartment in an hour.

His voice was slightly hoarse, a testament to his overnight work and the early hour of his visit. Cecilia was both elated and worried for him. In a soft tone, she insisted, "I'll drive there myself. Don't come to pick me up."

Furthermore, she was mindful of her brother's presence at home, knowing he had a keen eye.

Mark agreed, his concern evident in his gentle request for her to drive safely.

Almost simultaneously, they reached the apartment entrance, serendipitously encountering each other. Peter greeted Cecilia warmly, carrying bags of groceries upstairs ahead of them.

It was a cold winter morning.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Cecilia rushed into his arms, playfully pushing him against the car. Mark held her close, his head lowering to kiss her tenderly.

Age was not a barrier to his irrational yearnings in this moment.

After a lingering kiss, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you miss me?"

Her response was a resounding "Yes."

Peter arrived at the entrance with a smile. "Everything is put away. I'll pick you up at two o'clock in the afternoon."

Feeling a touch of bashfulness, Cecilia held Mark's hand as they ascended the stairs together.

Upon entering the house, Mark couldn't contain his desire, immediately removing her coat and tenderly caressing her body with one hand while stealing more kisses. Sex outside the bedroom was something rare for them, but today was different—his eagerness led him to carry her to the sofa in an embrace...

In the embrace of their love, they took their time to intimately connect, savoring every moment.

For Cecilia, it was an unparalleled experience, a profound and passionate intimacy she had never encountered before. Wrapped in his strong arms, her eyes sparkled with infatuation for him.

Mark's body glistened with sweat as he began to kiss her with ardor...

His physical prowess and skills were evident, effortlessly leading her to the peak of pleasure, leaving her overwhelmed with ecstasy.

Finally, satiated, he held her close, their bodies intertwined, as they showered together and sought rest.

Cradled in Mark's embrace, Cecilia couldn't shake off a slight unease. The heat of the moment made them forget about protection but she reassured herself that it was the safe period, and thus, she dismissed any worries.

Nestled against Mark's shoulder, she playfully chided him for his amorous advances, seemingly having been at the receiving end many times.

Mark leaned in, planting another tender kiss on her lips. In the aftermath of their passionate exchange, he softly inquired, "Aren't you happy?"

Cecilia blinked, her realization dawning upon her.

Alexis' recovery had opened the door to a more open relationship—they could now be together without hiding.

Yet, despite her excitement, she hesitated to broach the topic of marriage.

Mark, sensing her unspoken desire, understood her predicament.

As long as his spirits were high, his longing for her knew no bounds.

Exhausted, Cecilia eventually succumbed to sleep, her body at rest.

In stark contrast, Mark was brimming with joy. Preparing a hearty meal and a plate of luscious fruits for her, he delighted in serving her needs.

As he left, he gently touched the velvet box concealed in his pocket.