

Chapter 389 Spend A Night In The Old Apartment

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While Cecilia was elated, as she grew older, she also retained some of her female reserve.

So, she responded vaguely, "What does it have to do with me if you go to propose marriage?"

After saying this, Cecilia felt a little embarrassed and lowered her head, pretending to play with her phone.

Mark gazed at her silently for a moment.

Then, he whispered, "You're the only daughter in your family. Don't you think it's your concern when I propose marriage?"

Cecilia's fingers halted over her phone's screen.

She stared at it for a while and asked softly, "Mark, is this for real?"

"Yes. Cecilia, in the future, we can be together openly and honestly. You can tell anyone that you're my wife. When Edwin starts kindergarten, I can accompany you to pick him up and drop him off."

As Mark said these words, his tone was tender, but there was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

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These were the simple routines of ordinary people's lives, but for him, it meant a lot.

He held Cecilia's hand and whispered, "Once this project is completed, I will spend all my time accompanying you."

Mark embraced Cecilia, and her face rested against his abdomen. Despite his age, he maintained an excellent physique, with a flat and firm stomach, devoid of any signs of middle-aged weight gain.

Cecilia closed her eyes.

They held each other for a long while, and in a soft voice, she said, "Even if... Even if I marry you, I'll still need to work."

Mark agreed, assuring her that he wouldn't confine her at home.

He recognized how much she had grown and matured, and he had no intention of reverting her to her former self.

Cecilia was content with his response.

She playfully extended her finger and glanced at the diamond ring on it.

In a soft voice, she added, "You're getting older now. It doesn't matter even if you are unable to pay a hefty bride price. Waylen and Rena will provide me with plenty of financial support. You won't have to bear the burden of taking care of Edwin and me."

Mark was both amused and a little annoyed.

He playfully pinched Cecilia's cheek, as if to say, he couldn't even afford to provide for his own family?

He then suggested, "Shall we visit the old apartment later?"

Cecilia was keen to go shopping.

After years of being with him, they hadn't gone out together openly, and she longed for it.

This feeling was refreshing.

It wasn't that Mark didn't want to accompany her to go shopping. Rather, he preferred to be alone with her.

Besides, he was somewhat turned on by her earlier comment about him getting old.

After leaving the restaurant, Mark drove by himself.

Cecilia wasn't a young girl anymore, and she had more or less guessed Mark's intentions when he mentioned being alone with her in the apartment. However, he didn't explicitly say it, and she was too embarrassed to bring it up.

As the black sports car passed by Fortune Square, Mark recalled that in the past, he had liked Cecilia but had concerns about their age and social status.

However, several years had passed, and they were still together.

Cecilia, sitting beside him, sensed that something was on his mind.

She asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Mark smiled faintly, held her hand, and remained silent for a while.

Soon, they arrived at the small mansion on Gamous

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Road.

After getting out of the car and going upstairs, they opened the door. Since the heating wasn't on inside, it was a bit chilly.

Perhaps it was because they hadn't been together for a while, they felt a bit awkward in such situations. To be honest, they were both a little embarrassed.

Mark turned on the lights and took off his woolen coat. "I'll turn on the heat. You can take off your clothes once it's warm."

Cecilia nestled on the sofa and continued playing her game, replying softly, "I don't intend to take off my clothes."

Mark smiled quietly. "What mother is glued to her phone all day like you?"

Cecilia was afraid he'd take her phone away, so she asked, "What mother raises her son alone like me?"

Mark was momentarily speechless. He chuckled, touched his nose, turned on the heat, boiled water, and ordered some food. It was evident that he had made a spontaneous decision to come here tonight.

After a while, the delivery arrived, and Mark was busy in the kitchen.

Cecilia sneaked glances at him. He was tall and slender, and from behind, he looked quite youthful.

She wrinkled her nose, thinking that he was so composed.

After all, Mark was a mature man with a high social status, and he still had self-control.

He liked her body and having intimate encounters with her, but he also liked to take care of her. Every time she ate the food cooked by him and looked satisfied, he would be very happy.

She didn't eat much in the restaurant just now.

He made her a bowl of noodles with beef bone soup.

Cecilia paid attention to her figure and always said that she should cut down on carbs.

So he also paid attention to it.

Mark put the bowl of noodles on a tray and brought it into the dining room.

Cecilia caught a whiff of the delicious aroma and approached. However, when she saw only one bowl of noodles, she asked, "Why aren't you eating?"

Sitting beside her, Mark took out a cigarette but didn't light it.

With a faint smile, he said, "I don't have much of an appetite."

Cecilia recalled that Mark rarely ate midnight snacks, controlled his main meal portions, and was meticulous about his appearance. She scoffed and said, "Why do you pay so much attention to your appearance? Are you trying to seduce those young girls?"

Mark didn't get upset with Cecilia's teasing.

Instead, he looked at her and said, "I seduced you and won you over, didn't I?"

Cecilia blushed a little and couldn't help but recall the first time she saw him at the Fowler family's house.

She thought he was incredibly charming then, and he still looked good now.

He appeared so gentle, and she didn't expect him to be passionate in bed.

She couldn't bring herself to say it out.

Mark knew her very well, and he examined her from head to toe with a smile.

His eyes held a hint of desire, but he didn't make any advances.

Cecilia found it hard to endure.

She ate the noodles very slowly, but when she finished, she looked at the empty bowl and then back at him.

Mark remained calm, playing with his cigarette between his slender fingers while observing her. This made her blush.

His hand gently traced her delicate face and then moved down, lightly brushing her neck, causing her heart to race.

Cecilia let out a soft cry. "Don't do that."

He seemed to be teasing her.

Mark put the cigarette to his lips and lit it, taking a drag before asking with a smirk, "Don't you like it?"

It wasn't that she didn't like it; she just couldn't handle it. Her self-control was nowhere near as strong as his, and he had a way of making her feel teased.

Cecilia could hardly look at him.

Mark stood up and lifted her...

Cecilia was taken aback and felt a little shy. She hesitated for a moment before she held onto his shirt sleeve and said, "Put me down."

Mark didn't stop in his tracks.

He looked down at her and spoke in a husky voice. "You've eaten your fill. Isn't it my turn?"

What... What was he talking about?

She blushed even more.

They hadn't been intimate in a long time...

No matter how nervous she was, she found herself placed at the edge of the bed by Mark. Her body sank into the soft mattress, and her nose was greeted by a faint scent of dust. After all, it had been a while since anyone had used this bed.

Mark kissed her for a while.

Looking at her flushed face, he uttered words of love

Chapter 389 Spend A Night In The ... 🎁 +120 Points at most directly for the first time. "Cecilia, you're so beautiful."

Although they were words of love, they were also true.

Waylen and Cecilia were both stunning and eye-catching.

At this moment, Cecilia's long hair cascaded like seaweed on the white sheets, paired with her delicate face, which made her truly enchanting.

She was much younger than him, and Mark loved her deeply.

He kissed her on the cheek before straightening up.

He removed his light blue shirt and spread it on the bedsheet.

Then, he gently placed her on top of the shirt.

"No one has slept in this bed for a long time, and I'm afraid there might be bugs," he explained.

Cecilia's face turned even redder.

Mark bent his knees and looked down at her, starting to have sex with her.

Their clothes fell to the floor one by one...

She reached out to hug his neck and whispered, "Are there really bugs?"

Mark smiled.

At this point, she was worried about that...

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When she was on the verge of tears due to his teasing, he whispered harshly in her ear, "Are you still afraid of bugs?"

Cecilia playfully pushed him and protested.

Mark didn't show any mercy at all. After all, she had said something wrong...

She had said he was getting old.

But Mark was full of energy in bed.



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