

## Chapter 390 Get Back Together

After their intimate encounter, Mark changed the bed sheets.

He casually discarded the light blue shirt onto the floor, where it lay, wrinkled and soaked with sweat.

Cecilia retreated to the head of the bed, a faint trace of redness evident at the corner of her eyes, indicating that she had shed some tears.

Mark took charge of tidying up the room.

He collected the soiled sheets and placed them in the washing machine. He even took care of washing her underwear and ensured it was dried. Surprisingly, he also retrieved the light blue shirt from the floor. Cecilia had assumed he would simply throw it away, but he proved to be quite thrifty, stating that he could still wear it after a wash.

Cecilia couldn't help but wonder if that shirt could indeed be worn after what it had been through.

She felt that he was so shameless.

In the laundry room, Mark appeared gentle as he carried out these tasks.

He had been busy for the past few days and was tired, but being able to spend this time with her and

embracing her like this seemed to have washed away the tiredness from his body.

What remained was contentment.

Subsequently, he handed her the clean underwear.

In reality, there were other pairs of her underwear here, but she hadn't worn them in years, claiming she was afraid of little bugs.

Mark refrained from making any obscene remarks and handed her the clean underwear.

Cecilia accepted it and put it on beneath the covers.

It was late at night, and Mark gently touched her head, asking, "Do you want to chat for a while or go to sleep?"

Cecilia didn't respond and simply lay down.

Mark smiled, understanding her silence.

He leaned close to her ear and softly said, "I'll step outside for a cigarette. I'll be back to keep you company."

Cecilia paid him no attention.

He didn't become angry. As he was about to rise and leave, his arm was gently grasped.

In a soft voice, Cecilia said, "Don't go."

Mark looked at Cecilia's tender and slender arm. She was only draped in his shirt, and as she lifted her arm, a large expanse of skin was revealed.

It had been a while since he'd been intimate, and twice was not nearly enough to satisfy his desires.

So, he slipped back beneath the covers and resumed caressing her body.

Cecilia struggled briefly but was unsuccessful. She blushed profusely in his embrace and exclaimed, "That's sufficient. At your age, you ought to show some restraint."

Mark was particularly sensitive about his age, and yet she continued to bring it up.

So, he wasn't going to let her go that easily.

Cecilia had no idea just how many times he made love to her throughout the entire night.

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After a night of intimacy, their relationship seemed to revert to the past.

Mark had noticed that Cecilia was somewhat distant when he saw her last time, but now, she was much more compliant and affectionate.

In reality, Cecilia was easily swayed by Mark's gestures.

What she truly desired was a stable and loving home.

Mark took charge of making breakfast and then returned to the bedroom. Cecilia was still sound asleep.



Even though she was a mother, she had a habit of holding onto something when she slept. At night, it was Mark she held in her arms, and in the morning, he had placed a pillow in her embrace.

Mark leaned over and gently kissed her.

Cecilia blinked her eyes, gazing at him.

Suddenly, she thought of the passionate night they had shared, and her face blushed slightly. After all, their lovemaking had been particularly intense... She had been quite proactive as well.

Mark gently touched her face and said, "Let's go pick up Edwin after breakfast. I've already selected a kindergarten for him."

Cecilia, gazing at his handsome face, began to fully wake up.

Sitting up, she ruffled her hair and inquired. "Are you certain about Edwin attending school in Duefron?"

Mark replied calmly, "Do you want to take him to Czanch?"

Naturally, Cecilia couldn't be so straightforward in expressing her desires.

Mark affectionately smoothed her hair and smiled. "Let's have him stay in Duefron for now. There are several other children to play with him in Duefron, and it will be better for his development. When he's older, I'll consider enrolling him in a primary school in Czanch."

After some contemplation, Mark posed another question. "Cecilia, Czanch may not be as prosperous as Duefron, and job opportunities might be scarcer there. Are you willing to move to Czanch?"

They had been quite preoccupied with their passion the previous night, and this was the first time Mark had brought up such a topic.

Cecilia wanted to maintain some restraint, but she couldn't resist Mark's gentle touch.

She softly held his hand and whispered, "Rena gave up her career for my brother. I think I can too. Besides, I can open my own shop or commute to Duefron for work if needed."

Cecilia understood that Czanch held a special place in Mark's heart.

The Evans family was based there, and Mark couldn't easily sever his ties with them.

If she were to marry Mark, she would inevitably relocate to Czanch.

Having spoken her mind, Cecilia found Mark's response to be his warm embrace, their foreheads touching.

He knew that others might not comprehend his choice.

He hadn't been particularly interested in women who were beautiful, talented, and intelligent.

Instead, he had chosen a delicate woman like Cecilia.



However, nobody else truly understood Cecilia's worth.

Only he comprehended her true value.

Perhaps it was because they had confessed their feelings to each other, everything changed when they got along with each other now.

Both mentally and physically, they found each other rejuvenating, which left Mark feeling somewhat amorous. Before Cecilia could rise from bed, he playfully pulled her beneath the covers and kissed her passionately...

She softly uttered his name.

"If I don't get up now, Edwin might leave home with my parents."

Finally, Mark released her, but his gaze remained intense.

Cecilia sensed that he was filled with desire.

After breakfast, Mark took Cecilia to the Fowler family's house. They rarely spent daytime hours together so openly. As they sat in the car, Cecilia sighed deeply...

It happened to be the weekend.

Korbyn and his wife had plans to take their beloved grandson out to play golf.

Mark returned home with Cecilia.

When they opened the car door, Korbyn was taken

aback to see Mark and Cecilia.

Edwin ran to them joyfully.

Instinctively, Edwin addressed Mark as Great Uncle, but Mark playfully swatted his bottom. "Call me Daddy. From now on, at home or anywhere else, you're not allowed to call me Great Uncle."

Edwin blushed slightly.

Mark picked Edwin up and showered him with affectionate kisses, feeling a pang of sorrow.

Apart from Cecilia, Mark felt the greatest remorse for his son. Fortunately, those years were not remembered clearly by the child, and there were not many lasting psychological scars...

Mark gently ruffled Edwin's hair and said, "I'll take you to check out the kindergarten."

Instinctively, Edwin looked at Cecilia and asked, "Will Mom come with us?"

Mark also gazed at the woman he adored and said tenderly, "Of course, she'll come with us."