

## Chapter 403 Mark's Love Prattle

Cecilia was pleasantly surprised.

Despite the abundance of servants in the Evans family, offering her the best care, she had been yearning for the omelet from this particular breakfast shop for years.

Her craving had been especially intense when Edwin was still in her belly, a time when she often felt deprived and hungry, wiping away tears and viewing Mark as a heartless man.

Cecilia's eyes held a mix of joy and caution as she extended her hand from under the quilt and asked in a soft voice, "Did you buy this when you ran moments earlier?"

Mark nodded in confirmation.

He then gently patted her head and said, "At least brush your teeth and tidy yourself up before eating!"

He has a fetish about cleanliness.

Cecilia had grown used to being casual but didn't want Mark to look down on her, so she hurriedly got up, regretting it the moment she stretched out one of her legs.

Like a spoiled child, she said, "Mark, bring me some

inscrutable depth.

Blushing, she urged him, "Come on, hurry up!"

Mark leaned over and planted a passionate kiss on her cheek before saying in a husky voice, "Wear my shirt."

He then went to the cloakroom and fetched a white shirt for her.

Taking the shirt, she noticed a faint fragrance still lingering on it. She put it on gently, pulling her long hair out from under the collar.

As she raised her head, she met Mark's gaze, her cheeks blushing.

She rushed to the bathroom to freshen up.

Upon emerging, she found that Mark had already set the breakfast on the small round table in the living room. A servant had brought some cakes, clearly Mark's favorite.

Cecilia eagerly took a bite of her omelet.

The flavors burst in her mouth, satisfying her taste buds.

Perhaps it was the passionate lovemaking from the previous night, she looked relaxed and content.

After devouring half of her omelet, she glanced up at Mark.

He was sipping his coffee while reading the morning newspaper.

Sipping her milk, Cecilia delicately remarked, "Shouldn't you be watching your figure and staying healthy at your age? Like keep a diet or something. Waylen would also drink coffee with these cakes at



breakfast."

Mark lowered the newspaper, his gaze resting on her for a moment before he chuckled.

"Oh? You're not satisfied with my figure?"

Cecilia sensed that he was teasing her and wisely refrained from provoking him further. Instead, she sipped her milk quietly.

Mark was nearly done with his breakfast.

He said gently, "If you want to sleep a little longer, go ahead. Zoey will look after Edwin. They might even be at the supermarket shopping for groceries at this hour. Zoey will likely show Edwin around."

Cecilia voiced her unease, "I don't think it's appropriate for her to take care of Edwin. She needs more rest."

"Why not?" Mark smiled. "Easy. She's more than willing to take care of Edwin."

Recalling their intimacy from the previous night, he couldn't resist giving her a parting kiss when he stood up. Finally, he said, "I'll be back for lunch with you at noon."

Of course, Cecilia longed for Mark to accompany her, but she was well aware of his busy schedule. She wrapped her arms around his neck and spoke softly. "Zoey will keep me company. You can take a break in the office at noon and join us for dinner tonight."

"Alright," Mark agreed, holding her slender waist.

Rare moments like these when they could be together tended to ignite his desires easily. Mark brushed her face with his prominent nose and whispered, full of desires, "I wish I could have more days off to stay

with you."

Cecilia's cheeks flushed and her heart raced.

Playing with the buttons of his shirt with one hand, she whispered, "Christmas day is around the corner. Won't that be enough for you?"

Mark chuckled.

"You're right, we can make the most of the holiday to relax and have fun."

Despite their intimacy, he still had to attend to his work.

Outside, Peter had been waiting for him next to the car.

Peter used to be quite smooth-talking. When he saw Mark come out, he couldn't help but tease, "You're positively glowing today."

Mark got into the car and adjusted his tie before asking, "Really?"

A grin spread across Peter's face. "Absolutely! You seem to be in high spirits."

Mark glanced at him. He indeed felt both physically and mentally invigorated.

When they arrived at the office, Mark's subordinates were already aware that he had picked up his girlfriend and son. Seeing that he was in such a good mood, they jokingly asked him to invite them to his wedding.



Peter playfully scolded them. "You rascals! Are you teasing Mr. Evans?"

Mark waved his hand dismissively and ordered his subordinates, "Get back to work! After work, ask Peter for some money to have fun. As for the wedding, I promise you won't miss it."

His subordinates expressed their gratitude with words of appreciation.

Mark led Peter into the office, where young engineers and civil servants had gathered, deeply engrossed in their discussions.

"I heard that Mr. Evans's girlfriend is a model."

"Are you serious? Would Mr. Evans really go for a model?"

"You guys don't get it! I heard that Mr. Evans' girlfriend comes from a prominent family in Duefron, and her foray into the entertainment industry is just for fun. Mr. Evans, at his age, has only just decided to start his family. His girlfriend must be the most beautiful and accomplished woman. Otherwise, do you think he'd settle down now?"

The room fell silent suddenly upon catching a woman's appearance.

Someone greeted timidly, "Good morning, Mrs. Wilson!"

It was Cathy, Mark's first love. Everyone knew that Mark held a special place in her heart.

They were worried that Cathy might overhear their discussion about Mark's sweet girlfriend.

Yet, Cathy's injured hand served as a stark reminder of the consequence of her wrongdoings. She should behave herself.

Cathy did hear them, but she chose to ignore it, greeting them with a smile. "Why are you all here? Mr. Evans will scold you if he catches you slack off."

She still seized every moment to mention Mark in her interactions with the employees, attempting to maintain her status as the office hostess.

As others dispersed, the smile on Cathy's face vanished instantly.

She raised her right hand, though it was challenging with her prosthetic limb.

Mark hadn't dismissed her, possibly due to their prior relationship, allowing her to remain as a civil servant. However, she could no longer access confidential documents and had lost her significance.

Cathy stood there for a moment, her brows furrowed.

She entered the elevator slowly and reached Mark's office.

Mark was preparing for a meeting.

Upon seeing her, he asked nonchalantly, "Mrs. Wilson, what brings you here?"

Dressed in an elegant silk blouse, an overcoat, and



sheepskin boots, complemented by a classic Dior pearl necklace, she exuded a captivating charm.

However, Mark didn't seem to appreciate her finely-tuned appearance.

With a forced smile, Cathy replied, "Words have it that Miss Fowler has reached Czanch. You must be delighted, right?"

Over the past few years, Mark had largely ignored her, only displaying a reaction when Cecilia was mentioned.

Mark gestured for Peter to leave the room first. After they were alone, he took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a drag. His gaze was deep. "Cathy, I forgave you largely because Cecilia is fine. And yes, partly because of our past. I thought you would understand that after facing the music."

"Mark, are you this heartless?" Cathy retorted, her voice deep with mixed feelings.

After all, they had once been in a relationship. But now, Cecilia was the only one who could attract Mark's attention. What about her injured hand? Couldn't it even draw some sympathy from him?

Mark took another deep drag on his cigarette before stubbing it out. He then unfolded a document.

Looking into Cathy's eyes, he declared, "Cathy, I don't think you are suitable to work here anymore. I've made arrangements to transfer you to a subsidiary company. You'll receive a good salary there, and I believe you'll be happier in a new place."

He signed the document decisively, which would transferred her to the company in Tashkao.

Cathy emitted a brief gasp, standing where she was. "So, I have to step aside just because she's here, right? Mark, you can't even let me stay in Czanch, correct?"

Mark replied coolly, "It's for the best for both of us."

He had made up his mind, and Cathy couldn't do anything about it.

After taking the transfer document, Cathy stormed out. Peter was still waiting at the door. Seeing that she seemed upset, he showed his concerns by asking her.

However, Cathy didn't respond at all and simply bypassed him.

As Peter stood there, somewhat puzzled, Mark emerged from his office.

Dealing with Cathy could be quite vexing.

Although Mark didn't say anything, Peter could guess the nature of their conversation. Attempting to console Mark, Peter offered a faint smile. "She'll come to terms with it."

Mark paused and spoke in a low tone to Peter. "You know, Peter, what I regret most is having had too many girlfriends before I met Cecilia. If I had known that one day I would spend my life with her, I wouldn't have indulged in such a carefree life."



For someone like him, physical needs weren't of paramount importance.

He hung out with those women to kill time. In truth, he didn't truly care for them.

However, he understood that most of the women would mind his history, including Cecilia.

Peter tried to provide solace.

In the afternoon, Cathy packed her belongings and quickly left for Tashkao.

Her colleagues were surprised but surmised that it was Mark who had arranged this. As a result, they dared not discuss Cathy any further.

Mark remained occupied until the end of his workday.

Just before leaving, he called Cecilia, "What are you up to?"

Cecilia had just finished her work on the other end of the phone.

She had been assisting Zoey in preparing ingredients for the Christmas Day party. She had received several boxes of asparagus and decided to send one to her family in Duefron.

While taking a break, Mark called her.

She playfully complained, "I'm exhausted from housework!"

Mark guessed that she might have been helping Zoey

in the kitchen, so he teased her, "More exhausted than last night's activities? Well, it could be. You barely exerted much energy last night."

Cecilia blushed at his flirtatious words.

Mark unbuttoned his shirt and said gently, "Well, I'd intended to take you out for shopping, dinner, and a movie tonight. Since you're tired, maybe I should reschedule."

"No, I'm not tired," Cecilia quickly interjected, her voice anxious. "I'm not tired at all!"

Mark chuckled, hinting at the previous night's activities. "Even after last night?"

Clearly, he was flirting with her.

Shy as she was, Cecilia could only stammer in response.

Sensing her fluster, Mark paused and spoke in a tender tone. "I'll send a driver to pick you up."

Cecilia was a bit annoyed at him. Before hanging up, she snorted. "You're bullying me!"

Mark's demeanor grew gentler.

He smiled and said, "Well, I don't mind bullying you tonight on the bed. What do you say?"

Such a shameless question left Cecilia at a loss for words.

She hung up the phone, her heart racing. She felt she



was in a dream.

Now, she lived with Mark. She could talk to him every single passing day and share a bed with him each night. She was so delighted that she woke up with a bright smile.

However, she pinched herself to regain her composure. She urged herself to stay calm and not to be easily won over by his sweet words.

She planned to indulge in shopping later using his money!

Women attached great importance to dates and strived to look good.

Cecilia was no exception. That was why she had carefully chosen a shirt, a skirt, and a camel overcoat that accentuated her curvaceous figure and glamorous face.

Coincidentally, Zoey returned with Edwin, catching sight of Cecilia's happy face.

With a teasing smile, Zoey remarked, "Oh, look at you! You're so adorable! Dating could be good for a relationship. Don't hasten to come back for the night. I heard that there are several new hotels in Czanch. Ask Mark to try them out with you."

Cecilia was taken aback by Zoey's words.

As they chatted, a car pulled up at the front lawn. It turned out to be Peter who had come to pick her up.

Peter greeted Zoey, who presented him with a box of

asparagus.

Peter liked asparagus and replied, "Oh, I love it. Thank you, Zoey! I can't wait to have a taste of this delicious asparagus with my wife tonight."

Zoey playfully remarked, "Don't have too much at one time!"

Peter responded with a few lighthearted remarks and invited Cecilia to get in the car.

Although Cecilia was familiar with him, they didn't talk much due to the generation gap between them.

Peter broke the silence. "I've been working for Mr. Evans for almost twenty years, and Mrs. Evans treats me well. She is a real angel. More than a decade ago, my wife was seriously ill. This kind lady had located an expert doctor for me."

Hearing his words, Cecilia felt they got on really well.

She had expected to meet Mark outside, but to her surprise, the car drove directly into the office building.

It was already six o'clock, and most employees had left.

Those who were still in the company and saw Cecilia accompanied by Peter guessed she must be Mark's girlfriend.

They all thought Cecilia looked even more attractive in person than in her magazine photos.

She was young and had exceptionally radiant skin.



They wondered how Mark had managed to win her over.

Meanwhile, Mark was still in his office, engrossed in reading documents with an engineer standing before him. Mark furrowed his brows and said, "Roy, we need to keep a close watch on this data set. We can't afford any more mistakes. Time is running out. Do you understand?"

Roy, one of Mark's employees, was in his forties.

His face turned red as he replied, "Yes, I'll work overtime tonight!"

However, Mark stood up and patted Roy on the shoulder, saying, "Go home now. Today is your daughter's birthday, isn't it? Buy her a cake after work and celebrate her birthday. You haven't been able to spend much time with her in the past few years, have you?"

Tears welled up in Roy's eyes, and he nodded, saying, "Yes, sir! I'll get off work right away!"

Mark patted Roy's shoulder again. His employees had worked hard over these years.

As they were talking, Peter brought Cecilia into the office.

When Peter saw Roy, he smiled and greeted, "Roy!"

Roy, a workaholic, didn't usually pay much attention to women. Seeing Cecilia, who appeared stunning as if she were a celestial being, his face turned crimson

instantly.

Peter seemed to recall something and exclaimed, "Roy, do you know this young lady? Let's Mr. Evans make an introduction!"

Mark's gaze fixated on Cecilia. She looked exceptionally glamorous today.

Mark took out two cigarettes and tossed one to Roy, who was in a daze. Mark smiled and said, "Don't be nervous, man. Peter has a habit of talking too much. Roy, this young lady is my significant other, Cecilia Fowler."

Roy held the cigarette between his fingers and extended his other hand, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

"Hello, Mrs. Evans!" Roy greeted earnestly.

Cecilia blushed. Roy seemed more nervous than she did.

She was impressed by his earnestness. She felt a mix of shyness and happiness the way Mark introduced her.

She hesitated for a moment without extending her hand immediately, which made Roy think his hands were too rough and dirty to shake hands with.

Roy quickly wiped his palms on his work clothes.

Cecilia rushed to clarify, "No, please. That's not what I meant!"



Finally, she extended her slender, delicate hand, which Roy took, his own hand sweating from nervousness.

As an honest man, Roy scratched his head and said, "You're so beautiful!"

Cecilia's face turned even redder.

After tidying up the table, Mark stood up and said, "Roy has been working with me for a long time. He's a really good guy. Well, let's not keep Roy from his daughter's birthday party. Let's leave work!"

Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed for not bringing a gift for Roy's daughter.

"Oh, no, please. You don't have to." Roy quickly waved his hand.

Mark took out his wallet and pulled out a stack of bills totaling five thousand dollars. "Buy something for your beloved daughter."

Roy hesitated for a moment but eventually accepted the money.

After Roy left, Mark returned to his work.

Cecilia bit her lower lip and approached him, complaining, "You tricked me into coming here."

