

Chapter 405 The Visitor

Mark pressed his body against Cecilia's.

Despite wearing a coat, Cecilia could still feel his body temperature.

Mark's body was too scorching for her, especially his growing bulge in his crotch under his pants. Her knees buckled a little as she sensed his arousal.

When she looked up at him nervously, she saw lust in his eyes.

She was still mad at him, tears in her eyes. How could he still feel aroused?

Experiencing a mixture of shyness and anger, her cheeks were stained with a subtle hint of redness.

Noticing how rosy her cheeks were, Mark's Adam's apple rolled up and down, feeling more aroused.

Cecilia was an open book, and Mark knew exactly what she was thinking.

He did not bother to restrain himself and instead leaned forward. The heat that came from his body warmed Cecilia even more, causing her to feel as if she were going crazy. In a soft voice, she cried, "Don't... Don't do that!"

Mark ignored her and started to caress her, running his fingers on her neck.

Her skin was tender. When his fingers grazed her skin, she turned hot as he did.

"Aren't you hot?"

He took off her coat and threw it on the sofa.

Cecilia flustered and turned her head away. She did not want him to keep on touching her. "I'm still mad at you!"

Mark stopped. His gaze was intense and unfathomable.

He lifted his hand slowly and started gently caressing her face.

Then, he whispered, "Cecilia, it's true that Cathy and I were in a relationship when I was younger. I won't deny that I once had feelings for her, but those were all in the past. We had already split ways."

Cecilia's lips trembled, but she did not say a word.

Even though she believed that he was telling the truth, she was still upset upon seeing Cathy, Mark's first love, presenting him a gift in front of her.

Worse still, Cathy had worked by his side for four years. Now that they had reconciled, how come Cathy was still in the picture?

Cecilia was not articulate enough to argue with him.

Mark expertly coaxed her by expressing his unwavering feelings toward her. Then, he carried her to the sofa and pressed her down to gently kiss her.

He started to lick and kiss the tears that stained her face.

While doing so, he took off his own coat and wrapped her in his arms. His body covered her entirely, making her feel his warmth.

Their intense feelings for each other made both of them surrender into primal desire.

Not long after, Cecilia raised her head and surrendered into his passionate kiss.

The beautiful printed shirt was peeled off under her delicate shoulder, revealing her radiant skin that seemed to glow even more exquisitely under the dim light. Mark had been abstinent for years and knew he should have coaxed her more tonight, but he couldn't resist his burning desire for her.

As he continued to shower Cecilia in passionate kisses, his hands travelled down to his belt as he started to unbutton it with one hand.

His face was covered with lust as he continued to stare at her.

Cecilia blushed at his reaction.

Raising her body slightly, her spine met his lips in some sort of twisted position.

She touched his handsome face and murmured, "You are a... A polished scoundrel!"

Mark's eyes held an unfathomable depth, filled with

affection.

It was only natural for them to make love at this time, and Mark had almost lost control.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Then Zoey came in with tea.

"Is Cecilia feeling better? You should take good care of her when..."

Her words trailed off upon witnessing the scene before her.

At this moment, Mark had pressed Cecilia onto the sofa, and it was obvious their intimacy had been interrupted.

Zoey lost her cool.

Didn't Mark say Cecilia was on her period? How could Mark behave this way?

Normally speaking, Zoey would have walked away instantly upon witnessing what they were doing. However, given the fact that Mark had stated that Cecilia was on her period, Zoey felt the need to interfere.

"Cecilia is on her period. You can't do this to her. She should be taken good care of these days."

With her eyes averted, Zoey placed the tea on the table and scolded, "Mark, come to your senses! Stop it!"

Mark and Cecilia hadn't expected Zoey's sudden appearance.

Mark's Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he looked down at Cecilia.

Cecilia's face flushed crimson. She hastily adjusted her clothing, but it was impossible to tidy up properly in her disheveled state, which was even more enticing.

Mark collected his thoughts. Then he managed to regain his composure.

He patted Cecilia's behind and said, "Go to the bathroom and freshen up."

Cecilia was so embarrassed that she seized the opportunity to escape to the bathroom.

Mark was not as thin-skinned as Cecilia was.

After Cecilia left, he straightened up and buttoned up his shirt slowly. He even smiled at Zoey and said, "You've caught us at a bad time!"

Zoey sneered. "I'm ashamed of you!"

She glanced in the direction of the bathroom and said in a hushed voice, "You! Did you not treasure her that much after the engagement? How did you get along with those girlfriends before? Can't you learn how to treat your girl well? What's on your mind? How could you have sex with Cecilia when she's on her period?"

Mark felt a mix of irritation and amusement at her words.

He sat down next to Zoey and asked, "Are you mad at me?"

"Yeah!"

Mark patted Zoey's hand and explained gently, "You've misunderstood. I will never treat Cecilia like that. She's the woman I've longed for. I respect her. She was angry when we came back, and I just said it casually. She isn't on her period."

Zoey felt relieved. She pointed to the tea and said, "Then go ahead and drink it! Otherwise, she might be more embarrassed when she sees this."

Mark smiled and drank up the tea.

Zoey left soon, but Cecilia was still hiding in the bathroom.

Mark sat beneath the light.

Although their intimate moment was interrupted, he wasn't angry at all. Instead, he felt tender.

He tiptoed over to the bathroom.

Inside, he found her washing her face, bubbles all over her face.

Snaking his arms around her waist from behind, he pressed his lips against her back and whispered, "Zoey had scolded me. Ever since you and Edwin arrived, she has been harsh on me, urging me to treat both of you well."

Despite his words sounding as if he were complaining,

his voice was gentle.

Cecilia still felt embarrassed after being caught earlier. She cast her eyes downward and stared at his hands on her waist while biting her lower lip. "Let go of me! Can't you see that I'm washing my face?"

But Mark did not move an inch. He showed no intention of letting go of her.

Instead, he actually started caressing her body all over with his hands.

Because they had been apart for so long, what happened earlier wasn't enough for the couple to stop longing for each other.

In the end, Cecilia fell for his ministrations and ended up making love with him.

She appeared like a delicate flower, causing Mark to act gentle on her at first. However, that didn't last long. Not long after, he wasn't able to restrain his desires and his expression started looking primal.

Cecilia caressed his face and murmured in a broken voice, "Mark!"

As they were nearing orgasm, Cecilia was surprised that he had even managed to remember to use condoms for protection.

After their intense lovemaking, both of them felt sweaty all over. Cecilia nestled under his arms and gently caressed his chest with the tip of her soft fingers. The room fell silent for a moment before she started asking, "You... Don't you want to have another

child?"

While holding her in his embrace, Mark's eyes darted toward the trash bin where the used condom lay.

He kissed her and muttered, "Not for now. Let's have fun for a while after we get married. We can have another child after marriage."

After all, he planned to let Edwin live in Duefron for a period of time. He should be very busy at that time.

Given his tight schedule, Cecilia would be busy taking care of their baby if there were one more.

Cecilia didn't retort.

As she lay on the bed for a while, her eyelids started to feel heavy as if they were encouraging her to take a nap. However, Mark shook her awake and gently coaxed her to wash up and take a shower. Unable to refuse him, she went to take a shower but ended up having sex with him again in the bathroom.

Cecilia had reached a point of sheer exhaustion.

As she finally succumbed to sleep, her dreams danced with possibilities. She imagined Mark as a future teacher, guiding young minds with a wisdom she admired. She believed he possessed a unique talent for educating children, a talent she wasn't entirely sure she could match.

The soft rays of Christmas Eve's morning sun spilled into the room as Cecilia stirred from her slumber.

Mark, ever the diligent businessman, had been picked

up to the company to attend to pressing matters.

Cecilia, however, enjoyed the luxury of a later morning. Her day began at ten, as she rose from her cozy cocoon of blankets. With deliberate care, she attended to her personal grooming, preparing for the day ahead.

Just as she was about to step out, her phone rang, its chime breaking the stillness of the room. The caller's name was displayed on the screen: Rena.

Cecilia's heart skipped a beat. Rena's voice, gentle and kind, flowed through the phone's speaker. "Have you settled into life with Mark?"

Blushing at the thought of her newfound life, Cecilia replied, "I'd say it's going pretty well."

Rena then shared her plans, her words igniting a spark of excitement in Cecilia's eyes. Rena was planning to pay a visit to them in just a couple of days, and she would be bringing her children along.

Cecilia couldn't contain her joy, and her playful spirits surfaced.

"Well, Rena," she teased, "I have a special Christmas gift for you. I can't wait to see you!"

Rena, momentarily taken aback by Cecilia's unexpected enthusiasm, replied with a soft smile, "Then I'll have Waylen have a good talk with you by then."

Cecilia turned timid when she heard the name of Waylen.

Meanwhile, in Duefron, Rena ended the call and turned to Waylen, who was lounging on the sofa. "Cecilia says she has prepared a Christmas gift for me," Rena announced with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "She mentioned it was a special one."

With a sly smile, Waylen swiftly sent a message to Cecilia, asking, "Is there any gifts for me? I mean, special ones."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel a pang of nervousness.

Waylen, his phone tucked away, offered a fond smile to Rena. "She's quite audacious, isn't she? Come here, let me see if our little one has been giving you a hard time."

As Rena began preparing for her trip, Juliette arrived at their doorstep with an array of baby clothes in soft, delicate shades of pink.

Rena was visibly pleased and went up to check on those clothes, not wanting to come to Waylen's side momentarily.

"Who else would torment me except you?" Rena blurted out.

Waylen stared at her. Clad in a wool skirt, Rena exuded a gentle aura.

He reached out, drawing her into his embrace.

After a moment of contemplation, he gently remarked, "Mark won't require your presence on Christmas. He knows you're pregnant. Why do you have to go and

visit him? We could pay a visit when Mark holds a wedding or their baby arrives."

Waylen's concern touched Rena, and she lowered her head to caress her burgeoning belly.

A soft smile graced her lips as she reassured him, "I've told you, the journey is nothing more than a plane ride. Don't worry, my love. See how nervous you've become? Besides, the private plane is fully equipped with medical staff. There won't be any issues."

Waylen, respecting her decision, refrained from pressing further.

Instead, he gently ran his fingers through her long, chestnut hair. "You should rest now. You've been tirelessly working on these clothes," he suggested.

Rena's gaze, brimming with tenderness, met Waylen's.

She had a penchant for tinkering with the little garments and accessories, her curiosity fueling her excitement as she prepared for the arrival of their child.

Waylen placed a tender kiss on her forehead and said lovingly, "You're already a remarkable mother."

Rena smiled.

At this time, a servant downstairs showed them an invitation.

It turned out to be an invitation from Kyle, saying he and Albert would come to Duefron to celebrate Christmas, and asked if they could gather for a dinner

that day.

Rena's eyes lingered on the invitation.

She put it down with a smile and remarked to Waylen, "I believe Kyle wants me to consider Albert as my little brother and treat him well. Kyle's quite shrewd, you know. He's not merely interested in making Albert my brother. He's using this as an opportunity to connect with our family. I've heard he has plans to expand his business in Duefron."

Waylen welcomed the idea of expanding their circle of friends.

Rena smiled thoughtfully as she continued, "His plan got me thinking, you know."

Rena had made a deal with Albert, but she hadn't yet fulfilled her promise.

She had been struggling with how to justify Albert and his mother's place within the Moore family.

However, Rena now had a plan.

She summoned a servant and instructed, "Please call Kyle and let him know that Waylen and I will be heading to Czanch to celebrate Christmas. It's not convenient for us to receive him that day. We can arrange to meet on another day."

The servant nodded and promptly left the room, closing the door behind them.

With a casual air, Waylen leaned against the sofa, his curiosity piqued. "What's your plan?" he inquired lazily.

Rena shared her ideas with Waylen.

She couldn't help but sigh as she said, "Albert's mother was also deceived by Kyle. Upon learning that Kyle already had a family, Albert's mother left him and raised their son alone. It hasn't been easy for her all these years. She had never seen Kyle these years."

Rena continued, "But in my opinion, Albert's desire to reunite his parents might be one-sided. His mother might not be interested in rekindling her relationship with Kyle."

Waylen couldn't help but sympathize with Albert's mother, and he felt pity for Albert.

However, he kept his thoughts to himself and didn't voice them to Rena.

After their discussion, Rena decided to pay a visit to Harrison that afternoon.

Waylen didn't mind that and readily agreed to accompany her.

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In Czanch, on Christmas Eve, the Evans' house buzzed with activity.

Servants bustled about, ensuring that everything was perfect for the family reunion. The dining table was adorned with more exquisite dishes than usual, and everyone eagerly anticipated Rena's return in a couple of days. Her presence would undoubtedly make the celebration even more joyous.

Zoey, in particular, took the opportunity to showcase her culinary prowess.

She had mastered the art of preparing Christmas turkey with a touch of her own magic.

She meticulously seasoned the turkey, then generously applied her homemade herb butter both beneath and over the skin.

Chunks of vegetables, including onions, carrots, celery, and garlic, were lovingly placed alongside the turkey to roast. The result was a mouthwatering turkey with golden, crispy skin.

Zoey just took it out from the oven.

Unable to resist, Cecilia took a bite, only to accidentally burn her mouth in the process.

Zoey, a mix of worries and amusement, gently chastised her, "Quickly, ask the butler for some burn ointment. Or when Mark returns tonight, he will notice it and call you a little foodie."

Cecilia felt a touch embarrassed as she hurried to follow Zoey's advice.

Zoey's mood darkened when a servant interrupted their culinary bonding.

"Miss Wilson has come to visit," the servant announced.

Zoey narrowed her eyes, not liking what she heard.

Her irritation was palpable as she halted her tasks,

expressing her discontent. "Haven't I repeatedly told her to keep away from us? Mark has plenty of subordinates, and if they all come to our house, how am I supposed to handle them?"

The servant, recognizing Zoey's frustration, adjusted his tone and explained that Cathy was insistent and refused to leave.

Zoey couldn't bring herself to be too harsh during Christmas, especially to her son's first love.

She turned to look at Cecilia, who was bad at disguising her unhappiness.

With a sigh, Zoey reassured, "No worries. I'll deal with her. You don't have to see her if you don't want to."

She added before leaving, "I heard that she is leaving Czanch soon."

Not wanting to embarrass Zoey, Cecilia timidly nodded and went to apply some ointment.

The Evans family was the most influential family in Czanch, and Zoey had won a high reputation. She reluctantly agreed to see Cathy, asking the servant to fetch a shawl for her to maintain an air of nobility.

Once prepared, she instructed the servants to lead Cathy into the drawing room.

Cathy looked at Zoey and greeted her politely.

Zoey asked her to sit down.

Cathy handed the gifts to the butler and said, "It's the

latest black truffle and caviar. It's best to eat them in your family party."

The butler received her gifts with a smile.

Zoey discreetly winked at him and asked him to serve tea.

Zoey began, "Cathy, I will be frank with you. I should have left the responsibility of entertaining you to Mark's future wife. However, you know it's uncomfortable for both of you to see each other. Perhaps you should refrain from meeting her in the future.

Well, I have to say you're quite thoughtful when it comes to gifts, unlike Mark's young and inexperienced wife. Just earlier, she was burnt while tasting the turkey I made. If Mark comes home later and knows this, he might be worried sickly. But I suppose that's the way of young couples getting along, right?"

Zoey's remark hinted at something, causing Cathy's expression to shift slightly.


It appeared as if Zoey was praising Cathy while subtly expressing her dissatisfaction with Cecilia.

However, Cathy could discern the underlying message in Zoey's words. Despite what Zoey had said about Cecilia, Zoey still held a great deal of affection for Cecilia.

Slightly uncomfortable, Cathy adjusted herself in her seat.

Zoey held a high reputation within the social circles


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 +120 Points at most

and wouldn't utter harsh words directly at Cathy. She opted to express her messages to Cathy subtly.

Just as Zoey thought Cathy would take her leave after catching the hints, Mark arrived home at this moment.

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