

Chapter 402 Reset

Mark lifted his eyes and replied with a faint smile, "I have a meeting tomorrow morning."

Otherwise, he wouldn't willingly part with Cecilia and Edwin.

Waylen nodded, understanding Mark's situation as a man.

Seeing Rena's reluctance to let Mark leave, Waylen comforted her gently, "Go upstairs and change into warmer clothes. Let's see him off."

Tears glistened in Rena's eyes.

She loved Waylen deeply, with all his strengths and weaknesses.

She had never expected him to be so considerate one day.

She nodded and went upstairs.

Waylen patted Alexis' butt and said, "Go upstairs and stay by your mom's side. Don't let her cry."

Hearing this, Alexis gave a nod and hurriedly caught up with Rena. Alexis' curly hair shimmered under the crystal chandelier.

Mark adored Alexis very much and couldn't help but envy Waylen.

He envied Waylen had four children in his prime, and could bring so much joy to Rena. On the contrary, he had been busy all his life and had only fallen in love with a woman late in life, with limited time he could spend with her.

Waylen glanced at Mark's lonely expression and smiled, saying, "I never view you as a sentimental soul."

Mark somehow found solace in his words.

Rena, now wearing a thick coat, descended the stairs.

As she reached the bottom, Waylen approached and helped her put on her scarf.

He had bought her a new LV scarf the previous week, a soft and delicately colored piece that he thought suited Rena perfectly.

Rena gently touched his hand and said, "That's enough, or it'll be too tight."

Waylen playfully complained to Mark, "She's quite picky."

Alexis, the most cherished kid in the family, joined their way to see Cecilia and Edwin off. As they drove late into the night in the luxurious limousines, Waylen asked Rena to lean on his shoulder to avoid fatigue.

Sitting next to them, Alexis gazed at her mother with anticipation.

With Rena around, Alexis wasn't the family's center of

attention.

Rena whispered as she leaned on Waylen's shoulder, "Waylen, Cecilia is one year older than me. How can I be in the mood to marry off a daughter?"

Waylen gently touched her face and responded, "Oh, honey. Look at you."

Rena suddenly blushed.

Sometimes, during their intimate moments when Waylen was in a good mood, he would lean in and call her "baby," which made Rena feel shy.

Waylen seemed to have thought of this and pursed his lips, not doing anything in the presence of Alexis.

Half an hour later, the car stopped.

Despite the late hour, the Fowler family mansion was brightly lit.

Cecilia and Edwin stood at the door, bathed in the warm, gentle glow of yellow light.

Mark hesitated as he got out of the car, staring at his beloved Cecilia.

Cecilia fixed her eyes on Mark. At this moment, she almost forgot her previous discomfiture, focusing only on her anticipation of their shared future.

With others present and considering his status, Mark had to restrain himself.

Sensing the atmosphere, Peter promptly presented

Edwin with a Christmas gift, which was quite expensive.

Cecilia softly reminded Edwin, "Edwin, what should you say when receiving gifts?"

Edwin flashed a smile and expressed his gratitude softly, "Thank you, Peter."

Peter patted Edwin's head and smiled. "Your father has an even bigger gift for you."

Edwin didn't see Mark often and felt a little shy.

At this time, Mark picked Edwin up and spoke softly to him. "Daddy will give it to you when we reach home! Your grandma is waiting up for you, Edwin."

In fact, Edwin admired Mark. Alexis had told him how awesome Mark was.

Edwin leaned against Mark, his little face turning slightly red.

Mark patted Edwin's head and then looked at Cecilia.

Emotions surged between them as their eyes met.

Korbyn couldn't tolerate the intimate atmosphere between them any longer, waving his hand, and said, "Alright. Pack up your things and head to Czanch to celebrate Christmas. You've endured so much over these years."

Cecilia felt a little embarrassed by her father's words. Juliette just continued to give her some soft reminders.

Though Cecilia and Mark weren't officially married, one day, Cecilia would move to Czanch to settle down.

Juliette carried a hint of sadness in her voice. Rena comforted her.

Waylen approached them and removed his leather gloves, gently stroking Cecilia's face.

"Waylen!" Cecilia and Waylen got on well, so Cecilia couldn't help calling him emotionally.

Waylen gave a nod, trying to suppress his emotions and speaking seemingly indifferently. "Finally, you've found your happiness. I'm so relieved. Get along well with others. If you encounter any difficulties, don't cry. Just come back here. We'll always be there for you."

Moved by his words, tears threatened to flow down, and Cecilia lowered her head to conceal her feelings, looking pitiful.

Rena glanced at Waylen and chided softly, "You're her elder brother. Can't you say some warmer words in a more comforting way?"

Waylen didn't say anything but simply stared at his little sister.

"Okay, I will," Cecilia replied. She took a few slow steps away, but she couldn't help but turn around and call Waylen. At that moment, she still seemed like the little girl who had always been under Waylen's protection. No matter what mistakes she had made or what occasion it was, Waylen loved her just the same.

Waylen knew his little sister well, so he walked over and affectionately patted her head. "After Christmas, Rena and I will come to visit you."

Cecilia felt better with his promise.

At the foot of the stairs, Mark was waiting for her with Edwin in his arms. They bore a striking resemblance and both gazed at her. Cecilia was impressed by this sight.

She walked to Mark and said, "Let's go."

Several sleek black Audi cars slowly drove out of the Fowler family's villa.

The Fowler family members stood there, watching them depart for a long while. Then, Korbyn forced a smile and remarked, "This Christmas will be a quiet one. Honey, I'm afraid you will have to prepare most of the things."

With Rena in his arms, Waylen chimed in, "Dad, did you forget that we have two more members this year?"

There was Leonel and the baby in Rena's belly.

Korbyn was momentarily stunned but soon understood.

He smiled and responded, "Yeah, you're right! With two more members, it'll be livelier! Waylen, it deserves a grand celebration!"

He stretched out and added, "After so many years, we finally come to a happy end."

After those words escaped his lips, he smiled at his wife.

Waylen, still holding Rena, stood in the night, his expression even gentler than the night itself.

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It was past midnight when Mark and others arrived in Czanch.

Mark had thought that Zoey was too old to stay up all night. However, as soon as the cars entered the yard, Zoey came forward.

Accompanied by a gust of cold wind, Zoey stood beneath the light, watching as the car doors opened and a little boy emerged.

The wrinkles on Zoey's face smoothed out.

"Grandma!" Edwin threw himself into Zoey's arms. Edwin had grown up. He was still a bit shy but sweet and gentle, just like Mark in his childhood.

Zoey lovingly caressed Edwin's little face. Her gaze, however, was fixed on Cecilia, who stood beside Mark. With concern, Zoey asked, "It's so late. How's your journey, dear? I made your favorite midnight snacks."

At her words, tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Even though it was already late in the evening, Zoey still showed her delight at their arrival with her homemade snacks.

Cecilia hugged Zoey and whispered, "Thanks, Zoey."

It's so nice to see you."

Zoey patted Cecilia's hand, turned around, and said to Mark, "Take Cecilia to the dining room. Dinner is still in the microwave. I'll give Edwin something yummy."

With a smile on his face, Mark teased, "Yes, madam!"

He asked Peter to go back first.

Peter, accustomed to jesting, made a few witty remarks before saying, "What a loving family. I'd love to stay and propose a toast to you, but it seems I can't. I better go back and get some sleep. I have work tomorrow."

Mark playfully scolded, "You little brat!"

Soon after, Peter left.

Zoey took Edwin to the room. Edwin seemed to fall asleep there.

Now, only Mark and Cecilia were left.

Mark still looked handsome, and Cecilia was young and beautiful.

Despite the wisteria vine above them withering in winter, it still exuded a sense of aesthetic beauty. Mark held her hand and walked slowly.

Returning to this place, both of them were inundated with emotions.

A feeling of unease nagged at Cecilia.

Mark suddenly stopped, held her in his arms, and pressed her gently against a tree.

"What's wrong?" Cecilia asked.

"Honey, our son has grown up, but you're still so shy. My mother had deliberately left and made room for us. Now that we're alone, what about making good use of this meaningful night?"

Mark's voice was gentle and seductive.

Cecilia turned her head shyly.

Though she loved him, after what they had gone through, she found their happiness now too overwhelming to believe and relish.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Don't cry," Mark implored. Lowering his head, he kissed the tear off her face.

He vowed earnestly, "Cecilia, I won't let you cry again. I'm here for you. I will be a good father and a good husband, as long as you don't mind the age gap."

Cecilia protested in a quivering voice, "Don't say that!"

To her, he wasn't old at all. He was still handsome.

Mark's heart felt heavy as he leaned over gently, nuzzling his face against her neck and whispering, "Cecilia, when you were driven away by me back then, my mother was really mad at me. She cried a lot behind my back."

As he spoke, he couldn't resist kissing her.

Surrounded by a faint, lingering fragrance, the trees bore witness to a beloved couple's passionate kiss under the gentle moonlight.

After some time, he finally stopped kissing her.

Cecilia said between sobs, "Mark, you're so cunning. You said those words on purpose."

He nodded. "Indeed. You're such a smart girl. Well, I just want to let you know that my mother misses you, and so do I. Finally, we are together."

Cecilia's nose was red. She turned her face and exclaimed, "You!"

Mark glanced at her. Cecilia was stunning. Her shyness now added to her charm and made his heart skip a beat.

Although he looked gentle, he was far from a gentle fellow.

He held her by the neck with his big hands and forced her into a passionate kiss.

His affection seemed to penetrate deep into her body and even reach the depths of her soul.

She couldn't help but tremble in this fervent kiss. Worried about being seen by passing servants, she tightly clung to his shoulder and softly protested.

After a long, passionate kiss, Mark finally let her go.

However, he couldn't resist giving her another gentle peck on her rosy lips and said in a softer tone, "Let's eat something, okay?"

Cecilia loved Zoey's midnight snacks and couldn't wait to savor them.

She nodded and was about to walk in the house.

Mark turned his head and said, "Honey, allow me to carry you inside."

Taken aback, she was stunned momentarily. A blush crept up into her cheeks.

She could walk perfectly, but being treated by a man with care like this would tempt any woman.

Therefore, she wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, burying her face against the warmth of his neck. The masculine scent he exuded made her blush even more, and her heart raced.

From now on, she would spend her life with this man.

Cecilia couldn't help calling him, "Mark."

Mark replied warmly.

After a while, Cecilia sat at the table, with the midnight snacks prepared by Zoey in front of her.

She was both satisfied and worried.

She picked up the food in her bowl and asked, "Should I learn to cook in the future? I can't always rely on Zoey to cook for me. Waylen might scold me on this."

Hearing this, Mark smiled. He pinched her cheek and said softly, "Zoey cooks for you because she loves you. You don't have to do the housework. There are plenty of servants at home."

Relieved, Cecilia continued to enjoy her snacks happily.

But she also couldn't help but criticize Mark in her heart, "There are only a few family members at home, yet there are more than ten servants. Mark, you're something."

Noting that she had nearly finished her meal, Mark reached out and unbuttoned her coat, gently touching her belly.

Men always said dirty words, and Mark was no exception.

"You are my greatest pleasure," he whispered.

Cecilia was taken aback by his sudden affectionate gesture, feeling her face flush crimson. She instinctively leaned down and stammered, "What are you doing? I haven't finished eating yet!"

Mark's eyes were filled with affection.

He didn't stop his caresses and replied, "My mother suggested you stay in the room you used to occupy. I'll take you there."

As he spoke, he carried Cecilia in his arms and headed toward their bedroom.

She knew clearly what he desired to do.

Cecilia was afraid of being seen by anyone. She clung to him tightly and buried her face in his arms, pleading softly, "Please, not now. Someone might see us!"

Mark lowered his head and kissed her gently.

His voice was husky and filled with desire as he reassured her, "We're a couple. The servants will understand what to do if they happen to see us."

Cecilia was still quite young, and she couldn't match his audacity.

All she could do was urge him. "Hurry up!"

Mark chuckled and quickened his pace. Soon, they arrived at the room where he lived.

Once inside the room, he pressed her against the door and kissed her passionately.

Their intimacy tonight was different from their previous encounters. It was the first time they had made love after confirming their relationship, and it happened in his bedroom, making it even more exhilarating.

He even couldn't wait to carry her to the bed, but claim her midway.

Although Cecilia had been intimate with him many times before, she had never seen him so eager. Mark, consumed by desire, resembled an ordinary man, making her feel even closer to him.

She loved him even more.

She trembled, and her hands gently traced his handsome face. In a soft, seductive voice, she muttered, "Mark."

Mark's heart skipped a beat.

He lowered his head and passionately kissed her rosy lips.

He loved it when she called him by his first name in this tone.

"Call me like that one more time," he urged.

Cecilia playfully bit his shoulder but refused to repeat his name. He was quite the flirt.

Not wanting to push her further, he gazed at her with eyes full of desire, as if he wanted to etch her flushed skin and captivating expressions into his memory for eternity.

This night was one they would never forget, and Mark didn't want to end their passionate lovemaking.

Overwhelmed by pleasure, Cecilia whispered with a trembling voice, "Peter said... There's a meeting tomorrow morning."

Cupping her chin with one hand, he kissed her lips again, causing her to whimper.

He whispered seductively, "You can still think about that right now?"

Cecilia slowly opened her eyes, glistening with lingering pleasure.

Mark had indulged himself in this night.

The following morning, Cecilia awoke to find it was just seven o'clock. She was alone in bed.

She turned to gaze at the sky outside her window, touching her forehead and contemplating whether she needed to get up.

Just then, the door creaked open.

A slender figure entered and closed the door quietly.

Mark, who had led them into a night of passionate intimacy, looked dashing in his sportswear. He sat down beside her and grabbed the quilt. "I usually run five kilometers, but because I spent my energy on you last night, I only managed three kilometers this morning."

Overwhelmed by shyness, Cecilia covered her face with quilt.

She had no intention of moving. How could he even think about running this morning?

She lowered the quilt slightly and glanced at him, her voice as soft as a kitten. "Can't I just sleep a little longer?"

Mark smiled and produced a bag of breakfast from behind him, containing milk and an omelet.