

## Chapter 326 He Bought A House In Duefron To Be...

Cecilia had returned to Duefron, thinking that it would be a long time before she could see Mark again.

But to her surprise, just one week later, Mark came back.

Late one night, Cecilia's phone rang, and it was Mark on the other end. "Come to the door," he said.

What?!

Her heart raced with excitement. Was he really in Duefron?

She didn't want to waste any time, so she quickly changed into a dress and hurried downstairs. Korbyn, her father, was still reading the newspaper. He casually asked, "It's so late. Why are you going out?"

"Shelly asked me to meet up with her," Cecilia replied, making up an excuse before dashing out of the house.

Korbyn sighed helplessly as he watched his daughter leave.

Outside, a black Lotus sports car was parked near the Fowler's house.

Mark, dressed in a sleek black suit, leaned against the car door while smoking. He blended in with the night, and as soon as he saw Cecilia running towards him, he opened his arms invitingly. She gladly embraced him, resting her head on his shoulder, inhaling his intoxicating scent.

"You almost burned me," she teased playfully.

Mark smiled, extinguishing his cigarette.

He leaned in to kiss her on the lips, but they both knew they couldn't get too intimate here, right at the entrance of her house.

Clearly understanding the situation, Mark kissed her briefly and then gestured for her to get into the car.

Cecilia fastened her seat belt, her eyes shining with curiosity. "Where are we going?"

She wanted to ask if they were heading to a hotel, but she didn't want to appear too forward, as if she was eager for a physical relationship with him.

Mark turned to look at her, and the sight of her made his heart skip a beat.

He had missed her immensely during the past week, and today, he had finally made some time to see her.

Holding her hand, he said in a hoarse voice, "You'll find out when we get there."

Cecilia nodded with a smile, trusting him completely.

The black sports car sped down the road for about an hour before coming to a stop in front of a luxurious apartment on Gamous Road.

This area was renowned for its high prices and extreme privacy, attracting business tycoons and celebrities who could afford the lavish homes.

Mark led Cecilia upstairs, and as she pushed open the door, she was greeted with a sight of opulence.

The apartment spanned approximately 120 square meters, exquisitely decorated with a touch of elegance. Some soft jazz music was on, adding to the stylish ambiance.

Cecilia took off her coat and glanced around, impressed by the grandeur.

Mark went to the kitchen to pour some milk for her.

She followed him, wrapped her arms around his waist from behind. "Mark, what does this mean?"

She was worried about becoming his mistress.

Even if he wasn't married, any woman he kept outside the public eye would be considered his mistress.

In a soft voice, Mark replied, "Drink your milk."

She shook her head stubbornly, insisting on an explanation.

Mark gently touched her hand and spoke with a hint of bitterness. "Cecilia, for now, I can't offer you a legitimate marriage. I can't even walk with you openly on the streets. We can't keep meeting only in hotels. It's too humiliating for you. I understand what you're thinking, but I've never seen it that way... Here, you can consider this place as your home, and me as your husband. I'm all yours here."

This was the best he could provide at the moment.

A private sanctuary where he would do his best to spend time with her.

When Alexis' condition stabilized, they could be together publicly.

Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed after hearing his explanation, her emotions shifting.

She felt a mix of shyness and happiness.

This was the home Mark had given her.

Knowing that the little girl had been coaxed, Mark said in a soft

voice, "I also put two rabbit dolls in the bedroom. Peter asked someone to line up to buy them for you. Go see if you like them."

She still held him said softly, "I like you more."

Mark pulled her to face him, enveloping her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly. After their sweet moment, she mentioned that she was feeling hungry. He playfully patted her on the butt and teased, "You eat like a horse, but you never seem to gain weight."

In truth, she had a lovely figure, with a slender waist and ample curves.

Mark admired and appreciated it very much.

She wondered why Peter wasn't around, and Mark replied with a mischievous smile, "Do you want him to be here all the time? Are you suggesting he should be watching us while we make love?"

Cecilia was about to cry with anger.

Mark's teasing ways sometimes got under her skin, and she felt he only did it because he was a little older than her.

Later on, Mark took Cecilia to the counter and sat her down to watch him cook for her.

Despite not being skilled in housework, he felt elated to spend this time with Cecilia. Doing this simple task together brought him immense joy, far more than his usual activities at the club with friends or listening to Flora sing.

He recalled the time Cecilia had asked him why he hadn't married yet.

Mark realized it wasn't because of his busy schedule or his social status.

The truth was, he hadn't met the right person until he found

Cecilia.

Previously, he had imagined his future wife to be a capable and polished woman. But when he found his true love, she was nothing like his initial expectations. She couldn't do much in terms of life skills, but it didn't matter to him.

He adored her for who she was. The woman who called him "Uncle Mark" and could be both clingy and coy, yet ignore him when she was upset.

For him, it made perfect sense to love a woman like her.

Mark cherished Cecilia deeply. He treated her not just as his wife but also as a precious innocent little girl. Despite occasionally taking advantage of her in playful banter, he always gave in to her wishes and desires.

After their late-night snack, Cecilia noticed that Mark was quite tired, so she insisted on washing the dishes herself.

However, Mark didn't want her to get wet and quickly took over the task.

He was significantly older than Cecilia, and he felt the need to compensate for her in other ways. Mark doted on her immensely, believing that when she was with him, she should experience a better life than she had at the Fowler's house. If not, he considered himself an inadequate husband.

As the night passed, Cecilia now saw this place as her true home.

But not going back for the night meant she had to explain things to her family. Luckily, Shelly came to her rescue, helping her sort things out.

In the middle of the night, Cecilia finished her phone call with her friend and returned to her bedroom.

Mark had already taken a shower and was now in a bathrobe as he lay against the headboard, seemingly asleep.

Seeing the tiredness on his face, Cecilia felt a pang of guilt. She decided to lie down beside him quietly, but he woke up as she lay down and gently pulled her into his arms.

He softly touched her waist and inquired, "You finished the phone call?"

Cecilia confirmed it, and he held her closer, their faces now inches apart.

Their rapid breaths and closeness seemed to stir their emotions.

He huskily whispered, "Shall we... do it?"

With those words, Mark opened the bedside drawer and placed a small box beside the pillow.

Without delay, he pressed her against the pillow and kissed her passionately.

Although Cecilia was not opposed to the idea, she worried about his fatigue. She didn't want him to waste any more energy pleasing her, so she wrapped her arms around his waist and lied, "I'm on my period right now."

Mark was momentarily taken aback, but then playfully rubbed his nose against hers and chuckled.

He realized she wasn't serious about it. There wasn't any smell of blood at all.

Cecilia, feeling a bit embarrassed, held onto his hair and whispered, "Let's just cuddle and talk. We don't have to do it."

Mark didn't force her.

Mark didn't insist and pulled her close to him when they settled in bed, pretending to complain, "Don't pull my hair anymore. I won't look good if I go bald."

He playfully expressed his concern for his age.

With a smile, Cecilia held him tightly and softly asked, "How long can you stay?"

Mark gently caressed her head and replied, "I have to leave tomorrow afternoon.

I have a full day of meetings ahead."

This being their only night together, he cherished every moment they had.

Although she felt a tinge of disappointment, Cecilia understood and appreciated his efforts. Mark showed her how much she meant to him, dedicating all his spare time to her.

As she drifted off to sleep, she snuggled her face against his neck, feeling safe and content.

Uncle Mark.

In fact, he was already doing so well in being a loving husband...

Before dawn, Mark woke her up and they made love twice, leaving her feeling sleepy and content.

Mark, however, was full of energy. He took a shower, prepared breakfast and lunch for her, instructing her to just heat the meals later.

Finally, he sat at the edge of the bed, looking at Cecilia, who was still asleep.

He pinched her cheek gently and whispered in a low, tender voice, "I'll have dinner with you tonight before heading back to Czanch. You can spend the day here and wait for me."

Half-awake, Cecilia nodded and replied sleepily, "Okay."

Mark kissed her softly before leaving.

As he settled into the car, Peter couldn't help but tease Mark,

"Cooking and doing laundry for a young girl, and you're so delighted?"

Mark adjusted his straight suit pants and played it off casually. "She was in a bit of a mood, and I just coaxed her. There's nothing to be thrilled about."

Peter's smile lingered on his face.

He genuinely felt happy for Mark who finally finding a girl he like. How could Peter not share in his joy?

In fact, Peter was a bit envious of Mark's happiness, secretly wishing he could find someone special too.

After a moment of contemplation, Mark generously gifted Peter a house in Czanch. It was a precious gift, as many people couldn't afford properties in that area.

Additionally, Mark also arranged a job for the driver's child.

These gestures demonstrated Mark's deep affection and protectiveness for Cecilia.

Mark knew that keeping Cecilia safe depended on those around him staying discreet and trustworthy. He valued her safety above all else.