

Chapter 406 The Other Man

As soon as Mark laid eyes on Cathy, his expression soured.

He didn't expect to see her here, nor was he happy about it.

Mark thought he had made things clear to Cathy. Cathy wasn't stupid. She knew what she was doing. Still, she went to his house. Clearly, she wanted to make things difficult for Cecilia.

As a man of high status, he couldn't bring himself to drive Cathy away directly.

Thus, he decided to handle this situation with finesse.

Mark removed his coat, revealing the gray shirt and dark wool trousers hidden beneath it. His choice of clothes highlighted his gentle yet elegant nature.

The servant handed him a hot towel, which Mark used to wipe his hands.

"Peter, why don't you ask your wife to come and have dinner with us?" Mark said with a friendly smile.

Peter always knew when and how to cooperate with Mark.

With a smile, Peter took the towel from Mark and said, "Mr. Evans, thanks for your kind invitation. But I'll pass. It's Christmas Eve. I'd better go home. After all, my wife and children are waiting for me to come back so that we can celebrate the festival together."

Mark nodded, his smile lingering on his face.

He peeked his head into the living room and deliberately raised his voice. "Cecilia," he called her in a natural, casual tone. "Peter will go home later to celebrate the festival. Why don't you walk him out?"

Upon hearing this, Cecilia, who was in the living room, gritted her teeth.

She was convinced that Mark was doing this on purpose!

He knew very well that Cathy and she weren't on good terms, and yet, he still asked her to walk Peter out despite Cathy's presence.

But since Mark had made the request, she couldn't bring herself to say no. Besides, she didn't want to be deemed as a coward.

After taking a deep breath, Cecilia ran out with the ointment in her hand. She still had some ointment on her mouth, which made her look somewhat crude and unsophisticated.

As Cathy observed Cecilia, a strange feeling tugged at her heart. She knew Mark like the back of her hand. He was a perfectionist. Cathy guessed Mark wouldn't be able to stand Cecilia's indecency and would be embarrassed.

Just as Cathy had anticipated, Mark's expression crumpled into a frown as soon as he saw Cecilia.

He grabbed Cecilia by the arm and pulled her closer. Noticing her injured mouth, he asked her, "What's going on?"

They were standing so close that she could see the bite marks she had left on his neck last night. When she saw this, memories of their passion the previous night flashed before her eyes, making her cheeks blush. "I burned myself while I was eating turkey," she said in hushed tones.

Her mind raced as she racked her brain for a more sensible explanation that would make her look less like a fool. "The roasted turkey that Zoey cooked was really delicious."

With eyes still squinted, Mark took the ointment from Cecilia's hand and applied it to her mouth using his fingers. "You little foodie. You keep making excuses for yourself," he scolded her. "You can't even apply the ointment properly! You're just like a child."

Although he was scolding her, a tenderness in his eyes translated to how gently he applied the ointment to her mouth.

Despite his words, Cecilia knew he cared about her.

At this moment, she was so captivated by Mark's tenderness that she had totally forgotten about Cathy's presence. She placed her hand in his trouser pocket and acted like a spoiled child.

Mark felt her touch and shot her a glance. "What are you doing? You little rascal."

Cecilia flashed a coy smile.

Behind them, Cathy watched in a daze. She was frozen in place, as though her body had been plunged into the depths of an icy cave.

Why was Mark indulging Cecilia's every whim? She couldn't understand it!

Cecilia was pretty, but she wasn't suitable to be Mark's wife. After all, Mark was the backbone of the entire Evans family! That required a capable wife to assist him in every aspect.

In what world would a woman like Cecilia deserve a man like Mark?

Meanwhile, Peter produced a gift from his business bag.

"I gave something to Edwin last time. This one is for you," he said.

At first, Cecilia was embarrassed to accept Peter's present. After all, she didn't prepare anything for him.

"It's alright. Take it," Mark reassured her, patting her on the head. "He wishes us all a very Merry Christmas."

Hearing this, Peter smiled. "You're such a mind-reader."

Although Cecilia was still hesitant, she had no choice but to accept the gift.

Since she didn't have any pockets on her clothes, she had to put the gift

had totally forgotten about Cathy's presence. She placed her hand in his trouser pocket and acted like a spoiled child.

Mark felt her touch and shot her a glance. "What are you doing? You little rascal."

Cecilia flashed a coy smile.

Behind them, Cathy watched in a daze. She was frozen in place, as though her body had been plunged into the depths of an icy cave.

Why was Mark indulging Cecilia's every whim? She couldn't understand it!

Cecilia was pretty, but she wasn't suitable to be Mark's wife. After all, Mark was the backbone of the entire Evans family! That required a capable wife to assist him in every aspect.

In what world would a woman like Cecilia deserve a man like Mark?

Meanwhile, Peter produced a gift from his business bag.

"I gave something to Edwin last time. This one is for you," he said.

At first, Cecilia was embarrassed to accept Peter's present. After all, she didn't prepare anything for him.

"It's alright. Take it," Mark reassured her, patting her on the head. "He wishes us all a very Merry Christmas."

Hearing this, Peter smiled. "You're such a mind-reader."

Although Cecilia was still hesitant, she had no choice but to accept the gift.

Since she didn't have any pockets on her clothes, she had to put the gift directly into Mark's pocket. As she did, Mark watched her quietly from the corner of his eye. After a while, he called the butler and ordered him to do something.

Being the hostess, Cecilia should be the one arranging everything for

Christmas. But she seemed clueless about these.

Not wanting to depress her with these tasks, Mark decided to take care of them by himself.

While Mark was giving orders to the butler, a thought occurred in his mind. He turned around and said to Cecilia, "Honey, why don't you walk Peter out? And walk Miss Wilson out as well."

Hearing this, Cathy's expression darkened.

With just a few words, Mark had clearly defined the respective standings of Cathy and Cecilia in his heart.

"Thanks, but no need for that," Cathy said, her lips contorted into an uncomfortable smile.

Cecilia took Mark's arm and fetched his coat from the sofa.

After putting it on, she said, "Mr. Garcia, let me walk you out."

"Ah, it's such a beautiful day," Peter replied with a smile. "Just thinking about walking with Miss Fowler is enough to put me in a good mood."

After saying that, Peter picked up his briefcase and headed out with Cecilia walking behind him.

Cathy, on the other hand, felt helpless. There was no reason for her to stay here any longer.

As she laid her eyes on Mark, an unspeakable sadness took over her heart.

While Mark had dated a lot of girls, Cathy was among them.

Although Mark never officially announced she was his girlfriend, Cathy was still willing to stay by his side, with the thought that he would come to love her one day. After all, she could be a good wife and take care of everything if he decided to settle down and start a family. ①

Cathy never expected that Mark would fall in love with a naive girl like

Cecilia and that he would love the latter so much to the point of letting go of something truly important to him just for her.

As this thought crossed her mind, the corner of Cathy's mouth twitched. "I heard that you're about to quit to do business?"

Mark ignored her at first and handed over his belongings to the butler.

After dismissing the butler, he looked at Zoey, who was seated on the sofa, and took out a cigarette. "How did you know about that?" he asked after taking a long drag.

Cathy looked away and hid her face from Mark. "I have my sources. Someone saw your resignation letter."

After the launch mission, Mark would be resigning from his post.

This news blindsided Cathy, leaving her feeling angry. How could Mark love Cecilia so much that he was willing to postpone his career just so he could make time to be with her and marry her?

"Mark! Your current role is perfect for you. Don't you think it's too late for you to do business for the sake of a naive girl? Do you think you can compete with the Fowler family when it comes to business? And do you think that woman still wants to stay by your side if you're no longer that man of high position?" ☹

Mark blew a cloud of smoke upwards and said beneath his breath, "It's none of your business. Cathy, move on. Although Cecilia is young, it doesn't mean she isn't sensible. She chooses to stay by my side more firmly than anyone else could do."

And Mark had decided to spend the rest of his life with Cecilia.

Cathy wanted to say some more, but at this moment, Cecilia had already returned.

Mark took Cecilia's hand and examined the wound at the corner of her mouth. Then, he said to Zoey, "Mom, please attend to Cathy. I'll take

Cecilia to change her clothes."

Zoey nodded in response.

Cecilia marched alongside Mark and asked, "Aren't you worried that you're snubbing your guest?"

Mark hadn't seen Cecilia for a day and missed her dearly.

He cornered her against the corridor wall and brushed his fingertips along her wound. "Does it still hurt?" he asked her.

Cecilia shook her head. "It doesn't hurt anymore."

With a smile, Mark leaned closer and whispered, "I mean there. Weren't you crying out of pain last night?"

At the mention of that, Cecilia turned red and playfully shoved his chest.

They were so immersed in their own little world that they had completely forgotten that Cathy was still there.

Ever so considerate, Mark helped Cecilia get changed.

By the time they emerged from the room, Cathy was already gone.

Meanwhile, Edwin continued following Zoey, who focused on cooking her signature dishes.

In the past, Zoey usually exerted very minimal effort. But this year, she seemed immersed in cooking.

Upon observing his mother's gentle demeanor, Mark's heart softened. He then picked up his son and said, "I'll take you to the yard. We can set off the fireworks there."

Cecilia also wanted to set off the fireworks.

She would like to have some fun, but she noticed Zoey could use a helping hand.

"Zoey, let me help you with the dinner," Cecilia volunteered.

Zoey chuckled and playfully nudged Cecilia away. "Thanks, dear. But, please, join Mark. I can handle the cooking perfectly. Go ahead and play with Mark."

With Zoey's words, Cecilia darted out of the kitchen and headed for the yard.

Once she was gone, Zoey turned to Mark and let out a hearty laugh. "You married a girl who's a child at heart. That's a good thing. She's lively and adorable."

A smile formed on Mark's lips.

Aside from what his mother had mentioned, Cecilia was exceedingly gorgeous.

He then took Edwin to the warehouse, brought out more than ten fireworks, and laid them out in a single file.

The sky was getting dark, with only the faint light of the moon illuminating it.

Aside from that, there were a few small lights littered across the yard.

Mark was wearing black trousers paired with a dark blue cashmere shirt, which highlighted his slender frame.

The dim light cast a soft glow on his profile.

Compared to Waylen, Mark's facial features weren't as sharply defined. Rather, they had a softness in them that made him look gentle.

Words could never capture how truly handsome Mark was.

Edwin was gleefully clapping his hands as he watched the firework spectacle unfolding above him. This was the first time that he had celebrated Christmas with his father.

Cecilia was just as happy as him. She quietly watched the fireworks display for a few seconds before turning her eyes to the man whom she deeply loved.

However, the moment she looked at Mark, she found Mark was also staring at her.

Their eyes were locked in a tender, intense, and yet gentle gaze.

Cecilia's throat was starting to feel parched as heat rose up her cheeks.

Despite that, she couldn't tear her eyes off him.

Mark smiled at her and took another drag of his cigarette before lighting up the other fireworks.

At that moment, the sky came to life with vibrant colors. He did all of this just for her. To make her smile.

After a while, he stood closer to her and picked Edwin up.

With his free hand, he encircled his hand around her waist and pulled her closer.

Cecilia rested her head on his shoulder. In her mind, all she could think about was how happy and satisfied she was currently. Truly, in the past thirty years, this was the best celebration she had ever experienced.

She wanted to say something, but Mark beat her to punch. He turned his head and leaned closer until his lips were almost touching her ear.

"I hope we will be together like this every single year," he whispered to her.

Although he didn't explicitly say that he loved her, his words implied that he wanted to be with her for the rest of his life.

A warmth surged in Cecilia's heart.

Deeply moved by the moment, she placed her arms around his waist and enjoyed the time they had together.

On Christmas Eve, the Evans family had a wonderful time celebrating.

On Christmas, however, Mark didn't have the luxury of rest.

He was still busy entertaining guests as they all came to the Evans'

house in droves. Usually, it was Zoey who greeted the guests, but this year, she refused to see them.

This change in behavior struck Cecilia as odd.

Sensing this, Zoey explained, "These visitors want nothing more than being given a leg up by Mark. But Mark will resign after the holiday. No need to entertain them."

Cecilia had heard of it from Mark, and now she heard it from Zoey, leaving her a bit uneasy.

She couldn't shake off the feelings that Mark decided to resign because of her.

She sucked at hiding her true thoughts and feelings from others.

Zoey, who had changed into new clothes, took a sip of the soup and smiled. "Actually, I want him to resign badly. I rarely see him whenever he is occupied with work. He probably entertained the idea of quitting his job for a while, although he claimed he wanted to spend more time with you and your son."

Hearing this, Cecilia giggled. "Zoey, you excel at offering comfort."

Cecilia looked adorable whenever she gave a shy smile.

Seeing her smile, Zoey liked her even more and chuckled. "Oh, I can't beat Mark on that. I've been keeping an eye on the interaction between you two. I suppose he's determined to make advances to you with his arts of words."

Cecilia blushed even more at Zoey's words.

Just as Cecilia was about to say something in response, the butler came over and performed a respectful bow. "Merry Christmas, madams. Sorry for interrupting you. There's a Mr. Watson who wants to see you. He's with his son."

Mr. Waston? This name didn't ring a bell to Zoey. More strangely, he

brought his son with him.

Annoyed, Zoey rubbed her temples and shook her head, saying, "There are no available ladies in this house. Rena had already married into the Fowler family. Why did this man bring his son here? What does this man look like?"

"He appears to be a respectable individual," the butler said with a smile. Then, he looked around before whispering, "This gentleman is the wealthiest businessman only second to Brandon in Heron. I've inquired about it and learned that his son has some connections with Rena."

While Zoey didn't know about Albert, Cecilia did.

"The young man is probably Albert. He used to present roses to Rena. But Rena wasn't interested in him. Whenever he did, Rena would only throw them away. If you ask me, I think he's just flattering himself."

Hearing Cecilia's words, Zoey was amused and sniggered. She now understood why her arrogant son only had eyes for Cecilia. Indeed, Cecilia was a lovely girl.

Zoey kept her thoughts to herself and put on a poker face. "Let them come in," she said to the butler.

The butler nodded and left shortly after.

"Choose your words carefully when talking to them," Zoey warned.

Cecilia wasn't displeased at Zoey's words. Instead, she playfully elbowed Zoey's side and answered, "I know."

Previously, Zoey was a bit annoyed since she had no mood to deal with any visitors. But now, her heart was overflowing with so much joy Cecilia had brought to her.

Cecilia was young and lovely. This alone was enough to bring a smile to Zoey's face since Cecilia often reminded her of her daughter.

While they were chatting, Kyle came in with Albert. Behind them were

servants who were carrying gifts and luggage.

As soon as Kyle entered, he took off his scarf and put on a grin that stretched from ear to ear. "Merry Christmas, madams!" he greeted.

He then turned to Albert and told him, "Over there is Rena's grandma. You can also call her grandma."

Albert scratched his head and shyly looked away.

Seeing the embarrassed expression on Albert's face, Zoey hurriedly stepped in. She called Albert over and placed her hand atop his. "You're such a good-looking boy," she said to him.

Then, Zoey looked up to Kyle, her face turning serious. "You just asked him to call me grandma, right? Does Darren have any other children? I've never heard of it from Eloise."

Kyle was stunned momentarily. From Zoey's trick of playing dumb, he instantly knew Zoey was not an easy woman to deal with.

Zoey then pointed at the luggage and added, "If you're Darren's son, I will ask someone to clean up the guest room immediately. I saw your luggage. How could I let my grandchildren stay in the hotel instead of the cozy rooms in my house?"

After saying that, she then asked Cecilia to give orders to those servants.

Catching Zoey's hints, Cecilia reacted quickly and said, "Zoey, this young man is Albert Watson. He's not Darren's son. He's this gentleman's son."

After a while, the servant served the tea.

Zoey offered the guests a cup before taking a sip from her own. With a smile, she said, "Oh, look at me. Maybe my head isn't working well. The moment I heard that this gentleman asked this young man to call me grandma, I thought he was Darren's son, Rena's younger brother. If that's not the case, then perhaps it's best to call Rena and hear what

she has to say about this."

Unfazed, Kyle forced a smile. He gently squeezed Zoey's hand and took the gift from his servant.

It was an emerald green bracelet. Given its refined look, it must cost an arm and a leg.

Presenting it to Zoey, Kyle smiled and explained, "Thank you. You're so kind to offer us to live here. But you don't have to. Albert and I are here to pay you a visit. We'll stay in a hotel."

Zoey nodded. "Oh, I see. When I saw you arrive with luggage in tow, I thought you were going to stay in my house."

Kyle twitched his lips, embarrassed.

He failed to outwit Zoey.

Although Zoey had no intention of letting Kyle and Albert stay, she did offer them to have a meal. She ordered someone to cook some dishes and asked Mark to come back early so that he could entertain the guests.

As for the valuable gift Kyle presented, Zoey decided not to accept it until Rena returned and remarked on it.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon.

The garden of the Evans' residence was quite a renowned one in Czanch. As such, Kyle and Albert decided to stroll around there and have a look. With nothing else to do, Cecilia followed them out of boredom.

Zoey and Kyle took the lead as the two of them chatted, while Cecilia and Albert were trailing from behind. The entire time, Cecilia kept glancing at Albert.

"It's Christmas. Why are you here?" she asked with a snort. "Don't think I don't know what's running in your mind. My brother and sister-in-law are

very much in love. You can't break them apart by being the shameless home wrecker."

Albert already knew Cecilia was Waylen's younger sister.

Although he was fond of Rena and enjoyed teasing the latter, he had no intention of becoming the other man.

Yet, he didn't want to explain this to Cecilia.

Since Cecilia was Waylen's younger sister, Albert thought it might be a good idea to anger her.

With this in mind, he flashed a cheeky grin and retorted, "But I do all those things for love. I'm not ashamed of my doings."

Cecilia gnashed her teeth and lashed out, "Shame on you! Rena would never like you!"

Albert snorted and crossed his arms. "Want a bet?"

"Bet on what?" A voice suddenly rang out from the garden's entrance.

When they turned around, they saw Waylen standing there.

Dressed in an exquisite overcoat, Waylen exuded the aura of a bona fide elite, further accentuating his regal and charming looks.

Given the forecast of a snowy day in Duefron tomorrow, Waylen decided to bring his wife and children to Czanch and visit the Evans family ahead of time. However, when he got here, the last thing he expected to see was Albert talking nonsense.

