

Chapter 623 Mr. Fowler Finally Claims Ownership! (Part One)

All of a sudden, Marcus stopped what he was doing.

Steam filled the cramped bathroom, and the sounds of the two panting filled the air... Although they hadn't taken the final step, there was still thick sexual tension in the atmosphere.

Melissa was so embarrassed that she couldn't even bear to take a look at herself in the mirror.

Neither of them said a word for quite a while. Finally, she came to her senses and snorted, "There, satisfied? Now, let me go!"

Instead of complying Marcus planted his palm on the wall beside her head.

Then, he lowered his gaze, and kissed the back of Melissa's ear gently. His voice was so hoarse and sexy when he whispered "Satisfied? Are you seriously asking me that? Just look down and you'll get your answer."

"I don't care! Get off of me!"

Melissa stopped him from taking things any further and shouted, "Get out of my way! I'm leaving."

Only then did Marcus let go of her, but just as she was about to open the door, he suddenly wrapped his arms around her waist and whispered "Since we're both already drenched, why not take a shower with me?"

Before Melissa could say protest, Marcus pulled her back into the shower enclosure.

If they didn't have a child together, and if they weren't both single right now... What a rogue!

Marcus cranked the shower to full blast.

The warm water washed over their bodies, blurring their visions. Marcus didn't do anything else, but Melissa could feel her body temperature rising and her legs going weak... In the end, Marcus had to carry her out of the shower enclosure and drape a bathrobe around her.

She was so lost in her daze that he had to lend her a hand in putting on her clothes.

Marcus helped her slip on a night dress.

With a meaningful look, he said in a low voice, "You seem to have lost a lot of weight post childbirth."

Truth be told, the two were intimate for only a few times back when they were still a couple.

But over the past three years, Marcus couldn't stop thinking about Melissa, as though she had left an indelible mark on his heart.

Even when he was with other women, he never felt attracted to any of them—including Violette, the woman he was supposed to marry.

However, whenever he was with Melissa, a primal desire would take hold of him.

Fortunately for Melissa, Marcus was keenly aware that this wasn't the right time to strike. After all, their son was still in the next room, so it wasn't appropriate for them to do anything steamy.

Besides, Melissa was rather resistant.

Because she didn't respond, Marcus put his hand on her waist and softened his expression, adding, "Go and check on Matthew. I'll stay here for a little while longer."

Melissa wasn't a young naïve girl anymore.

So she knew what Marcus meant by that.

Only after she stepped out of the bathroom did Melissa realize that she never agreed to let Marcus stay here for the night, but it seemed that he had already made the decision for her.

Inside the room, she found that Matthew had fallen fast sleep, various toys strewn all over the bed.

She put away the toys and then carefully tucked the little boy under the blanket, staring dotingly at his sleeping face for a while.

Ten minutes later, Marcus came out of the bathroom, his hair still dripping wet.

Melissa glanced at him and chastised, "You should leave now."

With nothing but a bath towel wrapped around his waist, Marcus held up his sopping wet suit pants and said, "My clothes are still soaked. Do you seriously want me to leave like this?"

"Then dump the clothes in the drier—" Melissa replied matter-of-factly.

But before she could finish her sentence, Marcus suddenly bent over and silenced her with a kiss—but this time, he was rather gentle. Instead of being aggressive like he was in the bathroom earlier, he just softly pressed his lips against hers. Somehow, such a gentle kiss put Melissa into a deeper trance, and she didn't dare to say anything more. Seeing that he had successfully tamed her, Marcus said with a faint smile, "Are we good now? Relax! I just want to get some sleep. Besides, the little guy's already snoring. What else can I do?"

At this point, Melissa was too exhausted to argue with him.

So she just turned around and ignored him.

After staring at her back for a few seconds, Marcus shrugged and got in bed next to Matthew, careful not to wake the little boy up. When he wrapped his big arms around the little boy, he was surprised to find that he was so soft and fragile.

The playful look in Marcus' eye vanished instantly, replaced by one of affection and tenderness.

He gently brushed Matthew's cheek, and a warm sensation surged up in his heart. Indeed, this child was his flesh and blood—the result of the efforts and love shared between him and Melissa.

Just then, Matthew stirred ever so slightly in his slumber, nestling his

face against Marcus' chest.

Stunned, Marcus couldn't help but nudge Melissa on the shoulder and ask in a soft voice, "Did it hurt when you gave birth to Matthew?"

Melissa, whose back was to him, was still wide awake. After all, how could she fall asleep with Marcus lying right next to her?

But she chose not to respond and pretended to be asleep.

Being ignored, Marcus stretched out his free hand and touched Melissa's belly. It seemed that he wanted to confirm something. At last, she couldn't help but groan, "Fine! It hurt like hell, okay? Satisfied?"

Hearing that, Marcus immediately withdrew his hand.

Melissa sighed, thinking she was off the hook. But the next moment, Marcus' voice sounded from behind her. "Next time, I'll be right by your side."

Melissa snarled through gritted teeth, "Next time"? There won't be a 'next time'!"

However, instead of getting angry, Marcus chuckled softly and rested his big palm on her belly... Then he smiled with satisfaction.

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The following day, Melissa woke up early.

As soon as she peeled her eyes open, she met Marcus' tender gaze. She didn't know how long he had been staring at her like this, and she felt somewhat creeped out.

"Did you sleep well?"

Marcus' voice was hoarse, as though he too had just woken up.

Thinking of his wet clothes from last night, Melissa got out of the bed and said, "I'll put your clothes in the dryer so that you can leave before Julie gets up!"

But Marcus stopped her and said lazily, "Sylvia will send me new clothes later."

Melissa was dumbfounded. "Sylvia's coming over?"

Lying in bed, Marcus gently patted Matthew, who was sleeping soundly on his chest.

He looked at the little boy dotingly and answered, "Yeah, she'll drop by to deliver the clothes. Got a problem with that?"

That certainly wasn't what she meant.

Melissa just didn't want others to know about their relationship.

As these thoughts whirled around in her mind, Melissa kept silent. Marcus stared at her for a while before finally sighing "Melissa, you can reject me all you want, but I don't want people to think that Matthew's fatherless! I have to let everyone know that Matthew's my son!" Hearing this, Melissa didn't know what to say. Then he broke into a grin and added in a teasing tone, "Why the long face? Don't you want your son to have a father in his life? Or are you worried that this'll affect your chances with other men?"

Melissa's expression instantly darkened, but she was too pissed to come back with a proper retort.

