

Chapter 626 Am I Just Your Cusual Fling (Part One)

The 12-carat pear-shaped blue diamond was exceptionally stunning and its high price was evident at first sight.

Melissa gazed at it, her mind drifting in a trance-like state.

Memories of another ring flooded her mind as she absentmindedly flipped it over, inspecting its inner side.

There were no engravings to be found.

Exhaling softly, she muttered, "This is all happening too quickly."

"Too quickly? I beg to differ."

As Marcus whispered these words, his mouth grazed the corner of hers. They stood under the cascading hot water, rendering Melissa unable to even grasp the diamond ring in her hand. Yet in that moment, what truly mattered was the passionate connection between them.

Despite the heavy winter snowfall outside, the inside of the bathroom felt as inviting as a spring day.

Marcus controlled his desires, tending to Melissa after their passionate encounter. He tenderly cleansed her, and then gently placed her on the plush bed, wrapping her in a bathrobe as if she were his most precious treasure. Just like he would care for Matthew.

Donning his trousers and shirt, he planted a tender kiss on her lips.

"I'll fetch something from the car," he announced before leaving.

He hitched a ride back to Duefron when his car broke down, and then returned to his apartment to retrieve his belongings first.

Confused by Marcus' actions, Melissa observed as he carried the

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suitcase into the bedroom and then proceeded to take it into the
dressingroom.

She promptly sat up in bed and followed him.

Marcus unpacked his luggage with gentle movements, mindful not to
disturb Matthew's slumber.

Despite the limited space in the small L-shaped wardrobe, Melissa's
clothing collection was modest, consisting of no more than five outfits
per season. Marcus observed this with a hint of concern, though he chose
to remain silent.

Melissa stood behind him, her presence comforting yet poignant.

He towered over her, his height making it so she could only reach his
shoulder. Taking a step forward, she could now wrap her arms around
his waist. Fresh from their intimate moment, a hug between them would
radiate warmth.

Leaning against the wall instead, Melissa bit her lip nervously before
asking "Are you really moving in?"

"Yes, since you're reluctant to relocate to my place, I'll have to settle in
here," Marcus affirmed.

After hanging up the final shirt, he pivoted towards her, enveloping her in
a tender embrace.

Melissa's delicate form nestled in his embrace, making her seem small
and fragile. After a gentle kiss, he whispered, "I'll provide for our family."

She gently pushed him away, asserting, "I'm perfectly capable of
supporting myself and my son."

Marcus gazed at her intently, his expression unreadable.

Melissa's voice was hoarse as she voiced her hesitation. "This is all
happening too quickly, Marcus. I need time to think."

Sensitive to not exerting too much pressure on her, especially considering
they shared a son and she couldn't easily escape the situation, he
graciously acquiesced, saying, "Alright, I'll come over to be with Matthew
when I don't have work. Will that work for you?"

Melissa nodded in agreement, her mind still mulling over their situation.

She refrained from expressing her reluctance towards further intimacy with Marcus.

Marcus interpreted their interaction as progress in their relationship. Playfully, he wrapped his arms around her waist, adopting a playful demeanor reminiscent of that of a spoiled child. "I'm feeling a bit peckish. Any snacks available?"

"There are dumplings in the fridge. I can cook some for you," Melissa offered.

Marcus intervened, "No need. I'll take care of it."

Gently, he lifted her back into bed, positioning her beside Matthew. With a tender gaze at the two, he proceeded to the kitchen. Despite the chilly winter night and his lack of proper attire, Marcus felt no discomfort.

He prepared a bowl of dumplings for himself, savoring each bite and then indulged in a cigarette before returning to the bedroom.

The space felt cramped and unfamiliar to him.

Naturally, he wasn't accustomed to staying in such humble surroundings. However, he recognized that sometimes a man had to make sacrifices if he wanted to pursue a woman he loved.

He reclined on the bed, his gaze falling upon the velvet box resting on the bedside table.

Melissa declined the ring her decision echoing in the silence of the room.

In the dark night, he softly grasped her hand, questioning "Not to your liking?"

Melissa understood him too well; feigning slumber in his presence was a challenge.

Her whisper conveyed the weight of her thoughts. "It's just too extravagant."

Marcus remained silent, opting not to say anything further. Exhausted

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from hours of driving and expending his energy earlier, he soon drifted off to sleep. When Marcus eventually awoke, it was already early in the morning.

Marcus stirred, realizing Melissa was not in bed beside him. Instead, he found Matthew nestled in his arms.

Matthew's body emanated warmth, nestled close to Marcus' heart, with one of his tiny hands resting gently on Marcus' shoulder. Soundly asleep, Matthew seemed peaceful in his slumber.

Marcus gazed at Matthew longingly, a mix of emotions stirring within him.

Rising and preparing for the day, Marcus ventured out, only to be met with an unexpected presence in the living room.

At the table, Shawn, Julie's son, engaged in an animated conversation with Melissa about his business.

His excitement faltered upon witnessing Marcus' emergence from Melissa's room, leaving him momentarily speechless.

A few moments passed before Shawn regained his composure, promptly rising to his feet. "Hi, there. You must be Matthew's dad. I'm Shawn. Melissa and I are like brother and sister," he introduced himself.

Julie, serving breakfast, overheard the exchange.

She discreetly pinched Shawn, shooting him a warning glance, before addressing Marcus with a smile. "He tends to speak out of turn. Please, pay no mind."

Marcus harbored reservations.

He wasn't keen on other men growing too familiar with Melissa, particularly if they lacked familial ties.

Nevertheless, Marcus excelled at concealing his true feelings.

Seating himself, Marcus maintained a composed facade. "No worries, Julie."

Marcus and Shawn engaged in a casual business discussion. Shawn appeared buoyant, as if he had stumbled upon a treasure. He chatted

< Chapter 626 Am I Just Your Casual Fling (Pa. 🎁 +120 Points at most animatedly while attending to Marcus. Notably, both Julie and Melissa found Shawn's obsequious behavior hard to tolerate.

Marcus offered Shawn insight on a few stock options.

Pouring Marcus a cup of coffee, Shawn addressed him with affection.

Julie experienced a mix of concern and joy, her maternal instincts tinged with guilt for potentially influencing Melissa's dynamics with Marcus.

Melissa's perspective differed.

Returning to the bedroom to change into his work attire, Marcus reached into the closet to retrieve a tie. As he did so, Melissa entered the room quietly. Sensing her presence, he smiled and teasingly asked, "What's this? Do you want to lend a hand with my tie?"

Melissa's lips formed a tight line as she spoke softly.

"What were you doing just now?"

Marcus meticulously adjusted his tie, his gaze fixed on her as he questioned, "Are you concerned I might harm him? He's Julie's son, after all. How could I do him any harm? And those stocks will indeed rise next week, provided he exercises restraint and doesn't succumb to greed. Melissa, have I erred in some way?"

Melissa found herself at a loss for words.

She remained silent. Her gaze lingered on Marcus, a silent witness to his presence in her life and her inability to resist him. With the arrival of his parents, Melissa sensed a shift in their relationship dynamics.

No, it actually happened with Marcus' revelation about him ending things with Violette.

Self-doubt crept into Melissa's thoughts.

Melissa acknowledged that their current situation stemmed largely from lust. In blunt terms, Marcus wasn't hesitate to seduce her with his physical charm, and with their past relationship, a flame easily reignited.