

Chapter 636 She Had Never Taken The Initiative Like That.....

If Marcus hadn't shared it with Melissa, she probably wouldn't have asked for the rest of her life. But no woman ignored such matters.

He now mentioned it seemingly casually.

Melissa simply leaned against the elevator wall. With tears in her eyes, she looked up at him.

Marcus could sense her thoughts.

Regardless of Melissa's changes over the years and her abilities, whether it was her body or her words, it was all genuine when she was turned on in his arms.

Though Marcus was aroused, he controlled himself due to the elevator's surveillance camera.

He stroked her red lips and muttered, "What? You think I had sex with someone else? Melissa, that bothers you, right?"

Melissa stayed silent.

Her slim arms wrapped around him silently.

Marcus felt a twinge of sadness. He held her waist and she was draped in his suit jacket. When the elevator door opened, he whispered in her ear, "Don't be mad at me anymore, okay?"

Melissa gazed up at him.

The elevator door opened and closed repeatedly. After a while, she said, "Then you don't be mad at me either. Let's leave the past behind"

Marcus looked at her with his piercing eyes.

Melissa thought he would kiss her, but instead, he touched her forehead with his and pulled her out of the elevator.

As she returned to the apartment, Melissa felt a shift in her mood.

Marcus switched on the light, filling the room with warmth. He turned to her and said, "Go change your clothes and join me for a meal."

Melissa wanted to decline, but he held her waist and whispered in a seductive tone, "I didn't get to eat much tonight. Just indulge me a little bit."

She couldn't bear his closeness and her cheeks flushed slightly.

She attempted to go to the guest room, but he pulled her back. "Go to the master bedroom. Sylvia put your clothes there," he instructed.

Melissa found herself trapped in Marcus' arms.

Though he hadn't done anything, she couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze. Her eyes dropped, and her lips trembled. "It's too soon," she murmured.

"It's not," he countered.

With his slender fingers tracing her lips, Marcus whispered, "Matthew has grown up."

In a soft voice, he said in her ear, "Melissa, let's have another child, okay?"

He desired both a son and a daughter, though he'd be content if the second child was still a boy.

Melissa's face grew hotter. She pushed him away quietly and said, "Didn't you mention getting food? I'll go change and remove my makeup."

Upon entering the dressing room in the master bedroom, Melissa noticed a change in its layout.

She had organized this space before.

Originally, it looked different. There used to be two large closets, but now they were corner cabinets, possibly to accommodate more items. It was

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evident that the master and mistress sections were separate, with the latter beingslightly larger.

Melissa's heart raced as she gently opened the cabinet.

The cabinet was filled with women's clothing. There were dresses and gowns for both special occasions and everyday wear. Several large drawers held accessories, among which was a watch that caught her eye.

It was a Patek Philippe women's watch.

This and the watch Marcus used to wear was a set for couples. Melissa recalled that this particular one wasn't available on the market anymore, but he had purchased one and kept it here.

Melissa's emotions were mixed as she gazed down at the ring on her finger. Although it was a gesture from him, she couldn't muster the same surprise and excitement as before. It wasn't about love; perhaps it was because she had been through so much.

Deciding not to try on the watch, she carefully placed it back.

Marcus stood by the door, watching her.

Removing his tie and rolling up his shirt sleeves, he exposed his strong forearms, adding to his mature and charming demeanor.

After a moment of silence, he walked over to pick up the watch.

"You don't like it?" he inquired.

"It's too expensive. I can't wear it to work," she responded.

Marcus tapped her head and smiled. "There will always be occasions. When we get married, my mother will probably take you to all sorts of gatherings. And don't worry; I'll take care of Matthew at home."

"Do I have to attend those parties?" Melissa asked, a smile playing on her lips.

He leaned in and kissed her. He sounded somewhat distant. "Possibly." After he said that, he patted her and gestured for her to change clothes.

After taking off her makeup, Melissa took a quick shower, and then wore some comfortable clothes. Upon returning to the living room, she found Marcus had already prepared two bowls of noodles, which smelled really good.

Melissa sat down and glanced up at Marcus. "When did you learn to cook?"

"Do you really want to know?"

She nodded, her gaze fixed on him.

After a moment, Marcus casually remarked, "During my time at Livebop, I was swamped with work every day. I couldn't get accustomed to the local food there, and since I didn't have a personal chef, I taught myself to cook."

He was intelligent, and his culinary skills surpassed Melissa's.

Even the plain noodles tasted delicious. When Melissa took a bite, her hand was grabbed. She glanced up to see Marcus gazing at her intently. "Do you like it?"

With a gentle smile, she replied, "Yes."

After watching her for a moment, Marcus grinned and suggested, "Have more since you like it."

Concerned about her figure, she only ate half of the noodles.

Once she finished, she tidied up the table while Marcus headed for a shower. Whenever she entered the main bedroom, she felt a twinge of unease. They had a child together, but she had never slept in this bed before.

And Marcus had a strong sexual desire.

Just the thought made Melissa's face flush. To distract herself, she pulled out her phone to sort out some tasks for the next day.

Lost in her work, she didn't notice Marcus emerging from the bathroom.

He hugged her, one hand holding her close while the other gently took

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away her phone. "Why are you still working so late?" he inquired.

She felt helpless.

He sat on the sofa, pulled her onto his lap, and handed her a towel. "Help me dry my hair," he requested.

It was late at night.

And they were alone. There seemed to be no limits to what could be said or done. Melissa's heart softened a bit. Tenderly, she wrapped the towel around his damp hair and muttered, "You haven't changed a bit over the years."

"Is that so?"

Marcus held her waist with one hand and stroked it back and forth, hinting at something.

Melissa didn't dare to flirt with him. She concentrated on drying his hair. After a while, she whispered, "I'm done. Go to bed. You need to wake up early tomorrow."

However, he held her waist firmly, preventing her from getting up. "Melissa, you haven't wished me a happy birthday yet," he reminded her.

He hadn't cared much about birthdays in the past.

But this year was different. He had Melissa and Matthew with him for his birthday this time.

Sitting sideways on his lap, Melissa could feel the heat emanating from his body. She was actually afraid that he might act impulsively again, so she obediently submitted to him and leaned against his shoulder. "Haven't I already given you a gift?" she asked softly.

She was so close to him that she could see his angular jaw lifting slightly, making him look very attractive.

Her body was starting to respond.

Marcus tenderly stroked the back of her neck, as if caressing a small animal. "I want to hear you say it," he insisted.

