

Chapter 661 It Was Just A One-Night Stand (Part One)

Marcus' voice over the phone caught Julie off guard.

So, Melissa was with him!

Melissa couldn't offer much explanation, simply replying, "Ran into a social engagement."

Having been there, Julie understood more than Melissa realized.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of Matthew. You two have a good chat!"

After the call ended, Melissa found herself drifting for a moment.

Marcus' arms enveloped her from behind, his lips brushing against her neck as he softly asked, "Having second thoughts?"

Gently gripping her phone, Melissa took a moment to collect herself before responding lightly, "Weren't you going to call the front desk?"

Marcus sidestepped her question, his touch lingering on her waist as he murmured, "Shall we shower together?"

But Melissa pushed him.

"Go take a shower."

Marcus couldn't help but chuckle lightly, unable to restrain himself.

"You've become more prudent than before," he remarked with a hint of amusement in his voice.

Their conversation was unguarded now, fueled by a bit of alcohol. Any pretense between them had dissipated entirely.

Their conversation had taken on a decidedly flirtatious tone.

He embraced her tightly, planting kisses along her neck and collarbone, his warm breath tickling her ear as he whispered, "A kiss used to be all it

took to overwhelm you."

Melissa enveloped him in a tight embrace, her arms winding around his neck.

Her long hair cascaded down, framing her delicate face, which glowed softly in the dim light. Her voice, tinged with raspiness, broke the silence. "So, are you going to take that shower or not?"

Marcus continued to kiss her fervently, his hand gently tracing her slim waist. Though he remained silent, his dark eyes spoke volumes, filled with the possessive desire of a man for his woman.

Finally, he went to shower while Melissa called for an extra bathrobe from the front desk.

When Marcus returned, Melissa was engrossed in her phone, attending to work matters.

Barefoot, he approached her from behind, wrapping his arms around her waist.

"Don't be a buzzkill."

Melissa turned her head to meet his lips in a kiss. After a lingering exchange, she murmured softly, "I thought you were showering!"

Melissa turned her head to meet his lips in a kiss.

Their meeting was very intense, possibly because they had both been alone for too long or because of all that they had been through together.

Melissa found herself surprisingly cooperative, swept up in the moment. When Marcus sought her affection, she willingly obliged, wrapping her arms around his neck, her eyes and brows aflame with passion. Occasionally, she took the initiative to kiss him...

"Melissa, you've never been like this before," Marcus murmured, his voice

tinged with surprise.

Her cheek rested against his shoulder as she replied, "Do you like it?"

At that moment, Marcus experienced a sensation he had never felt before, as if his blood was flowing in reverse. It overwhelmed him to the point where he did something he had never done before. Holding Melissa's slender waist tightly, he uttered a crude word in the midst of the exquisite sensation.

"You little slut... my pretty little slut! Mine!"

Melissa, undeterred, wrapped her arms around him, pressing seductively against his shoulder.

Everything felt chaotic, and even in hindsight, neither dared to meet the other's gaze...

In the early morning, Melissa awoke to find herself alone in bed.

Though her body felt slightly sore, it was a comfortable soreness.

The morning light gently filtered into the room, casting a soft, golden glow that was infinitely beautiful.

Across the room, Marcus stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, engrossed in a phone call with Sylvia.

"Cancel the 10 a.m. meeting, reschedule it for tomorrow... Nothing else changes."

After hanging up, he turned to see Melissa awake, hugging the duvet and somewhat dazed against the headboard.

"Good morning."

Marcus walked over, gently ruffling her fluffy black hair. "Hungry? I'll call room service," he offered warmly.

After a moment's consideration, she replied, "I want a light breakfast."

Marcus chuckled quietly as he took a seat next to the spacious bed,



reaching for the phone to dial the front desk. All the while, he maintained his comforting embrace around her shoulder, gently stroking it with his hand.

Even after placing the order, a warmth lingered in Marcus' heart, prompting him to desire to savor the moment a while longer.

Melissa gently pushed his shoulder away. "I'll take a shower."

In good spirits, Marcus shrugged off any concerns, saying, "Alright, just make it quick. Your blood sugar may drop since you haven't had breakfast!"

Picking up the bath towel at the foot of the bed, Melissa wrapped herself in it.

Unable to resist, Marcus enveloped her from behind, murmuring tender words that lovers often share. "You were absolutely irresistible last night."

Melissa offered a faint smile, but as she showered, her thoughts turned introspective. The steam fogged up the glass, and she lightly tapped her head.

The temptation of men had a way of leading one astray, Melissa thought.

Impulse seemed like the devil's plaything.

How had she felt so hollow last night, surrendering so easily to Marcus' allure? His motives were evident, yet Melissa harbored no wish to reconcile or begin anew. They really shouldn't have had sex!

After lingering in the bathroom, she emerged, wrapped in a soft white bathrobe, looking irresistibly tempting.

Breakfast had already been delivered, and Marcus sat at the dining table, casually flipping through the newspaper handed to him by the waiter. The front-page headline caught his attention. It was about the

CEO of Fowler Group spending the night with an unidentified woman.

The photo depicted them in the hotel lobby, Melissa draped in his coat, her face shielded from view by his protective stance.

As Melissa joined him at the table, her eyes fell upon the news.

Marcus glanced up, attempting to gauge her reaction. After a moment, he set the newspaper aside, intertwining his fingers. With a soft voice, he asked, "Do you want to make our relationship official?"

"What relationship?"

Melissa pretended ignorance as she took the newspaper, scanning its contents before nonchalantly remarking, "Scandals are merely scandals, after all. My face isn't even in the photo."

But Marcus persisted.

Despite being a little slow regarding matters of the heart, he was not completely oblivious, especially when it came to Melissa.

While she had been proactive the night before, this morning, alongside her compliance, there was a noticeable distance.

It was clear she had no intention of acknowledging what had happened between them last night.

"We've slept together. There should be some sense of responsibility," Marcus pressed, his tone firm.

Melissa took a sip of her milk, maintaining her composure as she replied with a smile, "I don't need you to be responsible for me. We're both adults here, no need for such melodrama."

Marcus' smile, however, held a cold edge.

He enunciated each word deliberately, "I mean, you should take responsibility for me!"

After the eventful night, Melissa didn't feel inclined to argue with him.

She took a sip of milk to alleviate any tension before acknowledging, "You did exert a lot of effort last night, I'll give you that. I'll whip up something nice to help replenish your strength."

Her words left no room for misunderstanding.

To her, the events of last night were nothing more than a one-time occurrence.

If it weren't for their child, it would have been akin to a one-night stand between consenting adults. Marcus reclined in his chair, observing her silently for a moment.

Even now, his body still desired her.

But, beneath it simmered genuine anger.

"Are you saying last night was an accident?" he challenged, his voice tinged with bitterness.

Melissa hummed lightly.

Ever the voice of reason, she added softly, "Marcus, sharing a bed once won't resolve our issues." Last night... truly meant nothing."

