

Chapter 667 Let's Go To My Place, Okay

Upon hearing Matthew's question, Marcus was struck speechless, his body freezing in place for a prolonged moment.

Sensing Marcus' unease, Matthew reached out, grasping Marcus' hand reassuringly. "Don't worry. I'll keep you safe, Daddy."

A faint chuckle escaped Marcus' lips, causing a slight tremor in his body.

Even though he was feeling ticklish, the little boy showed no signs of letting go.

Despite his tender age, Matthew understood the depth of Marcus' affection for him.

In turn, Matthew loved his father dearly.

After a lengthy pause, Marcus finally spoke up, his voice deep and husky. "I was so worried about you just now!"

In response, Matthew held him tighter, pressing his weight against Marcus' shoulder. Despite his own fear, Matthew comforted him. "Don't be scared, Daddy. Matthew will protect you."

With resolve, he picked up the water gun, aiming it at Weldon once more.

Meanwhile, Melissa watched the father and son, tears welling in her eyes.

Defeated, Weldon approached Melissa, asking in a subdued tone, "Are you certain you won't return to the Smith family? If you do, I'll give you everything."

Melissa shook her head firmly.

Facing the chilly wind, she met Weldon's gaze, her tone indifferent. "My mother believed your sweet words, and look where it got her. Weldon,

there will never be peace between us. I want nothing from you, not your wealth or your fame!"

Weldon regarded her with a pensive expression.

Eventually, he instructed Thomas to clean up the mess before retreating to his vehicle. Seated inside, Weldon pondered Melissa's indifference and Matthew's hostility. He couldn't comprehend their animosity toward him. After all, he was wealthy and influential. Why couldn't Melissa be as amiable as her mother?

He couldn't fathom why Melissa harbored such disdain for him despite her mother's adoration. Why?!

Weldon was extremely disheartened by it.

Thomas turned to look at Melissa.

Matthew, exhausted, had drifted off to sleep in Melissa's arms. Resting her cheek against his, Melissa gently patted his back.

Thomas remained courteous, even when interacting with someone from the Fowler family.

With a heavy sigh he addressed Marcus. "I apologize for today's events. My brother was desperate. He felt he had no other options."

However, Marcus wasn't swayed.

Responding in a chilly tone, he countered, "So because the Smith family lacks an heir, you feel entitled to seize someone else's child?"

Thomas was taken aback, touching his nose in embarrassment.

Marcus had no desire to engage further with Thomas. Both Melissa and Matthew were visibly shaken, prompting Marcus to expedite their departure.

Approaching Melissa, who still cradled Matthew, Marcus found the boy resting on her shoulder.

Matthew's eyes were teary as he gazed at him. Seeing this, Marcus gently tousled his hair, murmuring softly, "Let's go home, alright?"

Melissa bit her lip, while Matthew, suddenly wrapping his arms around her neck, whimpered.

"I'm scared there'll be more bad guys!

Mommy, I'm scared."

Despite Melissa's attempts at reassurance, Matthew remained inconsolable.

Finally, Marcus lifted the boy into his arms, and then turned to Melissa, his gaze deep as he proposed, "Why don't we go to my place?"

Initially, Melissa pondered questioning Marcus about where he was taking them.

On second thought, she deemed it unnecessary.

Observing Matthew nestled against Marcus like a trusting kitten, Melissa's heart softened. She found herself mimicking Marcus' tender gesture toward the child.

Handing her the car keys, Marcus asked, "Are you able to drive now?"

Melissa nodded confidently, affirming, "I'll be fine!"

Their eyes met fleetingly, and Melissa felt a flutter in her heart.

It was an emotion stronger than any physical touch. For the first time, she found herself yearning to lean on this man.

Time seemed to stop as Melissa fell in a trance.

Lost in thought, Melissa was roused only by Marcus' gentle pat on her shoulder and his slightly hoarse voice. "Let's get going."

With Matthew in his arms, Marcus and Melissa walked side by side into the tranquil night.

Meanwhile, Thomas remained silent, watching the couple and the adorable boy walk away, his emotions mixed with a tinge of envy.

Recalling Marcus' defense of Melissa, Thomas regretted not having



fought for someone he loved in the past. Back then, he had underestimated her significance. Now, he realized he had probably made a big mistake.

As Thomas searched for a cigarette in his pocket, he remembered his promise to his wife to quit smoking. With a bitter smile, he ambled toward the car.

On the other side, Marcus settled into the backseat, holding Matthew in his arms.

It was the same Bentley.

As Melissa assumed the driver's seat, she glanced back at Matthew, now nestled contentedly in Marcus' embrace. Seeing that the boy was growing calm, Melissa felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Simultaneously, Marcus fixed his gaze on her.

"Let's head to the apartment near my company," he suggested.

Without hesitation, Melissa nodded and started the engine.

Twenty minutes later, she parked in front of the building. Exiting the car, Melissa followed Marcus in silence. Matthew played with the water gun in Marcus' arms, but his exhaustion was evident.

Melissa gently stroked his face.

Sensing her touch, Matthew stirred and softly called out to her. Melissa removed her coat and draped it over him, whispering "Good night, little pumpkin."

Marcus continued to observe her. With Matthew asleep, only the two of them remained.

Feeling his gaze, Melissa grew uneasy.

With a gentle smile, Marcus reached out and touched the back of Melissa's neck, as if petting a kitten...

Melissa couldn't help but shiver slightly.

She wanted to retreat, but there was nowhere to hide in the elevator. As



the warm palm made contact with her skin, Melissa felt a tingling sensation... Damn him! He was doing it on purpose!

In the end, she couldn't help but let out a soft moan.

Her voice was barely audible...

Meeting her gaze, Marcus regarded her with an inscrutable expression.

Finally, the elevator reached the top floor. Melissa immediately averted her gaze.

Marcus withdrew his hand and exited the elevator with Matthew.

Unlocking the door and switching on the lights, Marcus revealed a bright and inviting space.

In a daze, Matthew opened his eyes and wrapped his arms around Marcus' neck. "Wow, it's so big here!"

Marcus offered the little boy a gentle smile.

Then, he looked at Melissa and asked softly, "What do you think? Do you like this place?"

Melissa averted her gaze and disregarded him.

Marcus gave her a pat and instructed, "Go and put the kettle on. I'll take Matthew to the room first."

Melissa nodded and made her way to the kitchen.

Carrying Matthew in his arms, Marcus entered the main bedroom, where a king-size bed awaited. Matthew, lying on the bed, appeared so fragile and vulnerable.

Despite his lack of experience with children, Marcus displayed skill in caring for Matthew.

After removing Matthew's coat and shoes, Marcus embraced the little boy, soothing him until he drifted off to sleep in his arms. The little thing looked even more adorable when he was fast asleep.

Standing beside the bed for a moment, Marcus tenderly tucked Matthew

in, unable to resist planting several kisses on the little boy's forehead.

Just then, Melissa entered the room with a glass of water.

"Is he asleep?"

Her voice was low and soft, her gaze fixed on Matthew's face.

Marcus responded with a nod.

After the small talk, he extended his arms to pull Melissa close. She could even feel his breath... Marcus must have attended some party. There was a faint smell of alcohol on his breath, mingling with his pleasant body scent.

Melissa attempted to struggle, but as soon as she moved...

Marcus encircled her waist with his broad hand.

In a low, deep voice, he remarked, "It's all right now!"

Suddenly, Melissa began to tremble. It wasn't that she hadn't been scared just moments ago. She was simply trying hard to restrain herself... Had Marcus not arrived in time, both she and Matthew would have been taken away and grounded by Weldon.

"Marcus..." She lifted her head but found herself at a loss for words.

Marcus remained silent, his eyes fixed on her.

After gently holding her waist for a while, he lifted her and headed to the bathroom... They had shared intimacy in the bathroom before, but this time felt different. They were overcome with a newfound eagerness for each other.

The moment they touched and made love, they couldn't help but moan with pleasure.

Passionately, they locked eyes and exchanged kisses...

Melissa tightly wrapped her arms around Marcus' neck, tilting her head to kiss his chin gently. In that moment, she was captivated by his ardor and felt no regrets.

However, their passion eventually ebbed away.

After only two rounds, Marcus withdrew from Melissa's body, but he didn't release her. Instead, he held her tightly.

Lying together on the bed, he held her tightly, casting an affectionate gaze at their sleeping son.

The little boy, still clutching the water gun in his sleep...

From time to time in his sleep, the boy accidentally fired it, spraying water onto the bed...