

Chapter 668 How About Moving To My Place

When the water gun's spray hit her, Melissa instinctively turned away only to bump into Marcus' chest behind her.

Soon after, she tried to move away, but Marcus quickly grabbed her waist.

He then leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Are you up for more?"

Melissa's cheeks turned a deep shade of red at his words.

Marcus wasn't ready to stop as he was still craving more. However, he didn't want to push her too hard, so he complimented her, "I told you before. You've gotten so much better."

"Enough"

Melissa turned around and said softly, "Drop it, Marcus."

Under the thin quilt, they snuggled close. Their closeness created a warm and intimate atmosphere.

Marcus gently nudged his nose against hers, prompting Melissa to hide her face in his arms... After a moment, he whispered, "Is it a spontaneous act this time?"

Melissa felt embarrassed at his question.

Unexpectedly, Marcus didn't press her further. Instead, he caressed her waist tenderly and showered her with kisses.

He then said in a raspy tone, "Move in with me!"

Resting against him, Melissa listened to the steady rhythm of Marcus' heart. Despite her exhaustion, sleep eluded her. Her mind was clouded with concerns for Matthew's well-being.

The thought of the Smith family not backing down filled her with dread as she feared for Matthew's safety in the days ahead.

The possibility of the Fowler family stepping in to protect him brought her a glimmer of hope, yet also sadness.

Tears welled up in Melissa's eyes as she contemplated being away from her little boy. She held Matthew in her arms tenderly.

In truth, Matthew had been her pillar over the recent years.

She had always dreamed of providing him with the world's finest.

Following the accident, she recognized Marcus as a good father.

The next day, Melissa awoke to find it was already half past eight.

Surprised at herself for sleeping in, she quickly sat up and touched her head. This was a rare occurrence.

Marcus and Matthew were nowhere to be seen.

The aroma of toasted bread filled the air from the dining room, as well as Matthew's chatter. Occasionally, Marcus' deep voice could be heard too...

Feeling a rush of embarrassment, Melissa lay back down and covered her face.

She had no regrets about the previous night, but she found herself unsure of how to interact with Marcus now.

Just then, she heard the sound of footsteps approaching the door.

There stood Marcus, impeccably dressed. Noticing Melissa hiding her face, he offered a gentle smile and cheerfully announced, "Morning! Breakfast is ready!"

At the sound of his voice, Melissa sat up and playfully complained, "Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

"I thought you must be exhausted from last night," Marcus replied slowly.

Melissa found herself at a loss for words.

"I've informed your assistant. You won't need to head to the office until afternoon," Marcus added in a soft voice.

Melissa paused to look at Marcus, and then lay back. Her gaze fixed on the ceiling and she showed no interest in leaving the bed. She was indeed feeling the aftereffects of their night together. She felt so sore.

Marcus entered and took a seat next to her. He gently pulled the blanket off Melissa's face and said softly, "It's important to have breakfast, even if you're not working this morning. Later, we will go to your apartment to bring your things here. This place has plenty of room and is very comfortable, and you know how much Matthew enjoys being here."

In the past, Melissa would have flatly refused such an offer from him.

This time, however, she didn't argue or say anything in response. Instead, she simply gazed at Marcus.

He softly stroked her cheek and urged, "Go get ready for the day. You'll find your clothes in the dressing room."

Attempting to get up, Melissa realized she was only wearing Marcus' shirt.

The thought made her shy.

With a gentle smile, Marcus touched her cheek and teased, "What? It's not like I haven't gotten a chance to see you like this before."

"That's not the same thing," Melissa protested.

Just then, Matthew's voice from another room interrupted them. Marcus reassured her with a gentle pat and excused himself, "Alright, I'll check on Matthew."

Concerned about Matthew, Melissa quickly followed Marcus out of the bedroom.

In the guest room, they found Matthew sitting on the large bed with a small box resting beside him.

Inside the box was a sparkling diamond ring next to which lay an old receipt.

Matthew, too young to understand the writing simply stared at the receipt with curious eyes... He was even about to fold it into a paper airplane.

Marcus approached the little boy.

That was a slip that showed where Melissa purchased birth control, a piece of paper he'd held onto for quite some time.

With his little legs apart, Matthew was busy trying to craft a paper airplane from the slip. Upon noticing Marcus, he lifted his gaze and inquired with curiosity, "Daddy, what is this?"

The moment Melissa caught sight of the slip, her eyes met Marcus', and suddenly, the air around them felt tense.

Marcus let out a sigh.

He couldn't possibly explain to Matthew what the slip meant!

However, stumbling upon it wasn't entirely bad.

It was time to let it go!

Glancing towards Melissa, Marcus said in a gentle tone, "Go freshen up. I'll take care of him."

Before she walked away, Melissa couldn't help but give the receipt one last look. She was rather speechless.

Marcus Fowler, what a weirdo!

As they sat down for breakfast, Julie's call came through. Melissa chose not to share the events of the previous night and instead fabricated a different story. Then she ended the call.

Marcus fixed his gaze on her and inquired "So? You prefer Julie stays in the dark about us?"

"It's not that! I just don't want her fretting over me," Melissa explained.

Without another word, Marcus poured her a glass of milk. As Melissa sipped it slowly, she mentioned "I have something crucial to attend to this morning. Could we sort out the movement of my stuff later in the evening?"

Marcus felt a surge of happiness knowing Melissa was willing to move in with him.

With a soft smile, he responded, "Okay, it's your call."

Following those words, Melissa went back to finishing her breakfast. Afterwards, she assisted Matthew in setting his plate on the table and patiently showed him how to use a fork. Matthew was clever and well-behaved. Melissa found herself captivated by the young boy for a long while.

The thought of separating from Matthew was something she still couldn't bear...



🎁 Congratulations! You've won
30 minutes of free reading time!

Claim Now