

Chapter 671 Melissa, This Is My Biggest Concession! (Part...)

"I want to have my own puppy too!" Matthew immediately piped in. "I want one like Ollie. He has the same pattern like the milk cow."

"He's a Dalmatian," Marcus pointed out with a smile, patting the boy's head affectionately.

But this explanation only made Matthew feel lost and confused. He frowned and blinked his eyes innocently as he tried to process what his father had just said.

Eventually, the men went to the study for their private conversation. It was at this point that Marcus told Waylen what happened the previous night.

"Damn it!" Waylen cursed beneath his breath. "I never expected that Weldon would be so desperate."

At this point, Marcus pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Waylen. When Waylen looked through it, he couldn't help but gasp.

After a moment of silence, he said in a low voice, "You know, back then when the Smith family was beginning to decline, Weldon decided to sacrifice Vanessa. He should have reasoned that this day would come. After all, he was so cruel to the poor girl."

The man they had chosen for Vanessa had a family history of mental illness.

As a result, the two children both became the victims of the marriage.

After a brief moment of silence, Waylen went on, "No wonder Melissa made up her mind to send Matthew here. It seems she had no choice. If Albert was in Duefron, he might have been able to protect Melissa and Matthew, but now, he's not around."

Marcus frowned when he heard his father say this.

"Whether you admit it or not, this is the plain fact," Waylen said with a sneer.

"Why would Melissa refuse to be with you? Don't you realize that it's entirely your fault that she doesn't want to marry you? Not only did you steal her business, you also ruined her reputation. Shame on you!"

This rebuke left Marcus speechless.

Putting the piece of paper in the shredder, Waylen added in a somber voice, "You just focus on taking care of Melissa and Matthew. I'll deal with the Smith family."

Marcus nodded in obedience.

Now that they had finished talking about the Smith family, Waylen returned to Melissa. "I told you back then to be more gentle to Melissa. You're a man, yet you can't even handle your wife. How can you be so useless?" he complained.

Marcus couldn't help but blush in embarrassment.

But after a brief moment, he chuckled, "Well, let's live together first."

With that, Marcus left, going straight downstairs to look for Melissa. He then found her having tea with Rena in the garden. Matthew was also with them, having a good time.

Marcus picked up the boy in his arms and said to Rena, "Mom, we're leaving."

Rena was quite reluctant to let them go, so she asked him, "Won't you guys stay for dinner?"

"Unfortunately, no," Marcus replied. "We have some moving work to deal with, so maybe next time. I'll bring them over for dinner this Saturday."

Rena had no choice but to give in.

Melissa remained silent throughout the entire journey. While driving, Marcus kept glancing at her through the rearview mirror. Eventually, he



asked her, "I guess you didn't want to leave with me. You would have liked my mother to keep you a bit longer, wouldn't you?"

But Melissa didn't say anything in response.

Seeing the expression on her face, Marcus decided to change the topic. "Those servants in the villa used to work at my parents' place, so you don't need to worry. They'll take good care of you and Matthew."

Melissa whispered her thanks. In her heart, she was very grateful to the Fowler family.

But Marcus responded with just a dismissive snort.

After this, they didn't exchange any other word. Eventually, they arrived at Marcus' villa, and Melissa and Matthew moved in.

The villa had three floors. There were two large bedrooms on the east side of the second floor. Melissa and Matthew had to stay in one room while Marcus occupied another alone, so Matthew would be able to spend the night with his father at any time.

Now that they were at the villa, Melissa began to sort out her things and that of her son.

Children usually grew fast, so their clothes were required to be replaced regularly. As a result, Matthew didn't have many too clothes.

Before long, Melissa had unpacked everything for her son.

But as she opened the closet to put in her clothes, she was stunned at what she saw.

She saw Marcus' clothes hanging in the closet. Obviously, this room used to be his bedroom.

So she shut the door quietly and opened another one in which she put her clothes. But Marcus had already gotten clothes for her and they were neatly arranged in the wardrobe.

At this point, she suddenly heard Matthew's cheerful voice downstairs.

She felt somehow relieved to hear him sounding so happy. But all of a sudden, someone with a familiar scent grabbed her from behind.

It was Marcus. With his lips on her neck, he asked her in a low voice, "Since you don't want to marry me, does it also mean that you don't want me to touch you?"

"What are you talking about?" Melissa asked in surprise, thinking that she had heard him wrongly.

But to her surprise, Marcus repeated his statement.

"If you agree," he added in a whisper, "I'll go get the condoms. But if you don't want to have sex with me, I won't force you. But I know you want me. Just say it."

"Stop. Leave me alone," Melissa scolded him even though her face was red and her heart was pounding.

Marcus had only been teasing her. Since she had rejected his advances, he let her go.

But the moment he took his hands off her, Melissa's legs went weak and she almost fell to the ground.

Marcus had planned to let her go. But seeing her current situation, he felt the urge to hold her.

Frankly, he was still quite mad at Melissa, but at the same time, he also longed for her.

Before Melissa could say 'Jack', Marcus shut the door and stretched out his hand to gently hold Melissa by her waist.