

Chapter 672 I've Been Remaining Chaste For You

The villa was as silent as a tomb. Not even their kid playing made a peep.

Marcus cornered Melissa by the closet and planted a kiss on her.

His hand, warm as toast, rested on her waist.

Melissa melted against his touch just like butter.

Marcus halted, leaning his forehead against hers, and murmured, "Are you feeling good?"

Melissa snapped out of it, blushing like mad.

When he went for her cheek, she turned away. Instead of flipping out, he chuckled. "Your body is obviously more straight-up honest."

He let her go after saying that and rummaged in the closet for his usual getup.

Melissa eyed him.

Marcus, all serious, said, "There are some lines we shouldn't cross just yet. You'd better keep that in mind."

He grabbed his clothes and left. As the door closed behind him, Melissa seethed on the sofa.

Marcus had some nerve!

Alone, she mulled it over.

She knew she didn't really hate Marcus but their relationship had been a rollercoaster. Jumping back in now would be reckless.

While she was lost in thought, Matthew barged in.

"Mom, dad's taking me to get a puppy!

Isn't that awesome?!

I'll get a better puppy than Ollie."

Melissa snapped back to reality. Matthew was already in her arms, beaming.

"Mom, are you even listening?"

Melissa apologized, "Sorry, baby. I didn't catch that. What were you saying?"

Matthew, the sweetheart, repeated himself and then held her hand, adding, "I want you to come with us. You'll put on a pretty dress and join us, right?"

A pretty dress?

Matthew enthusiastically nodded. "Dad's the one who said it. He thinks I should have what the other kids do. And he says you have to dress nice like other moms do."

Melissa sighed, thinking Matthew was oblivious to being manipulated.

But she was willing to indulge her son. She slipped into a spring lilac wool dress paired with white stilettos. She looked stunning.

Taking Matthew downstairs, they found Marcus lounging on the sofa, puffing on a cigarette mid-phone call.

Melissa sensed something was up since Marcus' brow furrowed slightly, adding a touch of rugged charm.

Spotting Melissa and Matthew, Marcus stubbed out his cigarette.

After a few words on the phone, he hung up and stood. "Ready to roll?"

Melissa hesitated. "If you're busy, I can take Matthew myself."

Marcus eyed her. "What, don't you want to be seen with me? Are you worried I'll embarrass you or that you won't be able to find a new

boyfriend with me around?"

Melissa was at a loss for words.

Matthew gripped Melissa's hand, disappointment clouding his face.

Melissa tousled his hair.

She then looked up and met Marcus' gaze. "Stop saying that in front of Matthew. It's not what I meant."

"Oh?"

Marcus drawled, "So you're saying you won't find another guy? Fine, for Matthew's sake, I won't get involved with anyone new either. But can you hold out?"

Melissa wasn't naive.

He was pushing her to make a choice in front of Matthew.

Normally, she'd brush off Marcus' antics but, with Matthew watching her eagerly, afraid she was going to replace his dad, she couldn't ignore it.

Melissa let out a soft sigh. "Okay."

Marcus, all serious, said, "I expect you to stick to your word, Miss Brown."

Then, grabbing Matthew's hand, Marcus announced, "Hop in the car. We're off to pick up a pup."

With the excitement of the puppy Matthew quickly forgot about everything else, settling into the back seat with glee. Marcus grabbed the car door but not before giving Melissa's dress a lingering glance, murmuring "You look great in that."

Melissa brushed him off, slipping into the car, but Marcus' touch sent a jolt through her.

She glanced back. Marcus flashed a charming smile.

Blushing, she turned away, joining Matthew. Oblivious to the tension between the adults, Matthew chattered away about the puppy.

Marcus shut the door and hopped in.

As he buckled up, he suggested softly, "Let's go for a poodle."

But Melissa worried a poodle would be too big once grown.

Marcus showed Matthew a picture of a white, adorable poodle.

"Let's pick a girl. She'll be as lovely as your mom when she's grown."

Marcus was a smooth talker. Matthew was sold on the picture-perfect poodle.

"I want her."

Marcus glanced at Melissa and asked, "What do you think?"

Melissa seethed, refusing to engage with Marcus.

His tone softened. "Wouldn't it be nice to have her play with him? Or actually ... How about another kid? I've been itching for a daughter."

Matthew clung to Melissa, pleading, "I want a sister. Even Evelyn's got one."

"Evelyn's got Daniel as her brother."

"He's cute though"

"No matter how cute he is, he's still a boy..."

"Oh," Matthew replied. His eyes shifted downwards, fixating on Melissa's belly, as if hoping a baby would pop out any second.

Melissa wished she'd stayed home instead of tagging along with the father and son.

With a slight grin, Marcus hit the gas and told Matthew, "You'll only get a little sister once your mom and I tie the knot officially."

Matthew was desperate for a sister. "Then hurry up and get married!"

The car fell silent.

Melissa glanced out the window, avoiding the tension. Eventually, Marcus spoke softly. "Let's wait until your mom's on board with it."

They pulled up at the pet store.

Thanks to Sylvia's arrangements, six poodle puppies awaited them. They were all so adorable and Matthew wanted them all.

But Marcus stood firm. "We're only taking one home."

Matthew sulked briefly.

But soon, he perked up, eagerly eyeing the poodles before finally settling on a white one. The shop assistant handed the puppy over, and Matthew cradled her carefully.

The assistant beamed. "It looks like he's taken a liking to her."

As the paperwork commenced, they learned the puppy—Minnie—was only three months old.

Matthew adored Minnie and was already planning a wardrobe for her. Marcus intervened. "It's spring she'll be uncomfortable in clothes. Plus, her white fur's perfect as is, don't you think?"

Matthew cuddled Minnie, proclaiming "She's not as beautiful as Mom though"

Marcus grinned.

Melissa didn't want to quarrel with Marcus anymore. She was supposed to be mad but, gazing at the tender puppy, she couldn't help but feel drawn to it too. Maybe it was because Melissa had never had a doll growing up. Touching the soft puppy made her uneasy, stirring up memories from her childhood.

Marcus observed Melissa petting Minnie's fur.

Out of the blue, he offered, "If you fancy, pick another one for yourself."

Melissa was lost in thought.

When she snapped out of it, she declined with a smile, "No, one's plenty."

Matthew glanced at his dad, and then at his mom, muttering under his breath, "Didn't dad say we could only have one?"

Marcus playfully tapped Matthew's head. "Each person gets one. You've got Minnie."

Though it was a bit of a fib, Matthew bought it.

He even thought his dad was being super fair!

Melissa stole a glance at Marcus. When he swiped his card, he added an extra \$20,000. "Get the other pupstop-notch food. If you can't find them homes, give me a shout."

The shop assistant was taken aback. She hadn't pegged Marcus as a big-hearted guy.

But soon it clicked.

Melissa had a soft spot for these pups. Even though they didn't take them all, she still cared. The assistant envied Melissa.

Back home, Matthew was strapped into his seat, unable to hold the puppy.

So Melissa cradled Minnie.

Matthew leaned in and they both showered Minnie with affection. Minnie was exceptionally gentle, always nuzzling Melissa's fingers. It seemed Minnie fancied her new owner too.

Behind the wheel, Marcus stole a glance at Melissa through the rearview mirror. "If you're so keen on pups, why not bring home one more?"

Melissa didn't look up but her eyes softened a tad.

"I've got work and Matthew to tend to. I'm stretched thin as it is."

Marcus dropped the subject, steering them back home. Meanwhile, the cook was busy whipping up a feast in the kitchen.

Hearing the car, the housekeeper dashed out, fussing over Matthew's new furry friend before announcing "Dinner will be ready in half an hour,

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler."

Marcus nodded.

Once the housekeeper left, Matthew darted to the lawn with Minnie.

Melissa glanced at Marcus.

Twilight blanketed the sky, the sun dipping low.

Leaning against the car, Marcus lit a smoke.

In the dimming light, his silhouette stretched, his profile striking against the dusk. Melissa spoke softly. "Could you tell the staff not to use that title?"

Marcus' gaze flicked to Matthew briefly.

Then, shifting his focus back to Melissa, he replied, "If they don't call you that, what should they call you? 'Miss Brown'? Do you want everyone knowing we're living in sin?"

Suddenly, he pulled Melissa close, whispering "Miss Brown, you surprise me with your candor. I never saw it coming."

Today, Marcus had been needling Melissa non-stop. She had a temper too. She clenched her jaw and retorted, "You're no saint either. You acted like it's been ages since you last touched a woman."

Marcus released her grip.

With a cigarette dangling from his slim fingers, he took a slow drag, looking suave and debonair.

After a moment, he smirked. "I haven't been with any woman in years. I've been remaining chaste for you."

Melissa thought he had some nerve.

Marcus stubbed out the cigarette and headed off to find his son.

Watching him go, Melissa felt a twinge of confusion.

Marcus seemed possessive, yet his pace was deliberate. He didn't even

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insist sharing her bed when she moved in. It was like he was slowly melting her, and she really felt vulnerable.

Melissa felt trapped, like there was no way out.

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