

Chapter 681 Shall We Go On Tonight (Part One)

The darkness still enveloped the car, a silent witness to the moments just passed. Their breaths, once ragged, now found a tranquil rhythm, as both Marcus and Melissa found solace in the quiet.

Words were unnecessary between them. Despite having Matthew and sharing intimacy before, the confines of the car were a first for them. The adventure had been thrilling, yet in its wake, an awkward silence took hold.

Marcus' voice, rough from the night's escapades, broke the silence. "I'll go and take a quick smoke, and then we'll go home!"

Melissa's response was terse. "All right."

Her words belied her true feelings, coming out more like a sigh than speech.

Marcus cast a glance back at her.

Melissa, in a flurry, attempted to button her blouse, her fingers trembling with each attempt.

Observing her struggle, Marcus drew her close and took over the task with a finesse that belied his masculine hands, buttoning her blouse with ease.

Melissa, unable to resist a jest, remarked, "Your fingers seem quite adept."

"Didn't you enjoy them?" Marcus retorted, his smile barely visible in the dim light as he cracked the window open and lit a cigarette.

The soft glow briefly illuminated his features, highlighting the handsome contours of his face that Melissa had once found irresistible. Now, as she reflected on their repeated intimate encounters since her return, a wave of shame washed over her. The complexity of their relationship

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was something she struggled to voice.

Marcus, mindful of Melissa in the car, took a few quick drags of his cigarette before putting it out.

Then, he stepped out into the night pausing to offer a gentle reminder over his shoulder. "Just stay in the back seat. Tidy up a bit. Let's not give anyone anything to talk about."

Melissa, her cheeks warming at his words, could only nod, the flush of embarrassment spreading across her face.

Marcus slid into the driver's seat, casting a quick glance at his watch before igniting the engine. It was nearing nine o'clock in the evening marking nearly an hour since he and Melissa had retreated to the car for their private interlude.

The thought of their time together lingered sweetly in his mind, leaving him yearning for more. If circumstances had been different, he wouldn't have parted from Melissa so swiftly. After all, satisfaction didn't come easily, especially for a man like himself in his thirties.

The ride back was enveloped in silence, each lost in their thoughts.

Upon arriving at the villa, they were greeted by the sight of Matthew on the porch, clutching Minnie in his arms, the puppy's head resting quietly on his lap.

Matthew's face, streaked with mud, was marred by tears.

Upon noticing his parents, Matthew's sorrow deepened. "Mommy, Daddy — Minnie — Minnie was bitten by Jessie — Will she die?"

Melissa stood frozen, while Marcus carefully inspected Minnie, noticing a bite on the puppy's rear. "Are you certain Jessie did this, Matthew?" Marcus' eyebrow arched in question.

Matthew's nod was heavy with sorrow.

Marcus' glance towards Melissa carried an unspoken commentary on the day's events before he inquired about Jessie's whereabouts.

Their conversation was interrupted as Shawn and Janet arrived, Jessie in tow, looking notably downcast.

Shawn launched into an explanation. "I came by earlier and saw Jessie and the puppy in a scuffle. Jessie got bitten, so we rushed her to the hospital."

Shawn's recounting carried a mix of excitement and disbelief.

"The doctor ordered seven shots right away!

She's still pale.

I doubt she'll mess with a puppy again."

Janet's elbow nudged Shawn gently, her whisper meant to temper his enthusiasm. "Remember, Jessie comes from a wealthy family and is an important friend to Melissa. Let's not cause any discomfort."

Shawn's sheepish grin acknowledged the reprimand.

Meanwhile, Jessie, nursing a sore arm from her vaccinations, sensed an undercurrent of tension.

Despite Melissa's effort to maintain normalcy, Jessie picked up on subtle changes in Marcus.

His shirt collar lay undone, and there was an unmistakable glow about him, a clear indication of the couple's recent escapades.

Jessie's mood soured further upon her realization.

Her voice was instantly laced with bitterness as she accused, "I'm here in pain, and you two are off enjoying yourselves, huh? Marcus, you've always played the role of the gentleman, but pouncing on Melissa the first chance you get—I never saw that coming."

Marcus met her challenge with a steady gaze, his belief firm that anyone who crossed him, regardless of gender, deserved correction.

His reply was cool, almost detached. "Perhaps you'd prefer returning to the Greens?"

Jessie's defiance melted away at his words. Seeking refuge behind Melissa, her voice dropped to a whisper. "No, I don't want to go back. I'd rather stay here."

With Minnie securely in his arms, Marcus stroked the puppy's head, offering a gentle admonition. "Then let's avoid any further trouble, shall we?"

His concern for Minnie was unspoken yet Melissa sensed his worry. Marcus rarely let his emotions show, yet his actions spoke volumes of his protective nature.

Jessie's gaze shifted to Minnie, her envy unmistakable.

To think she was now second to a dog!

Yvonne burst from the house then, her childlike fascination with beauty drawing her to Jessie. "Jessie, are you okay? I've been so worried!" she said, her eyes reflecting genuine concern.

Jessie's spirits lifted at the kindness in Yvonne's words.

"Thank you, Yvonne. That's really sweet. Don't worry. I'm fine."

With dinner announced by Julie, the group moved toward the dining room, leaving Melissa to quietly ascend the stairs, seeking a moment to herself.

In the sanctuary of the bathroom, Melissa freshened up, her gaze meeting her own in the mirror.

Her cheeks still held the warmth of their recent closeness, a radiant afterglow from their encounter in the car.

Leaning on the wash basin, she felt a lingering weakness in her legs, a testament to the intensity of their connection.

Marcus' voice, soft yet insistent, broke the silence.

"What's on your mind?"

He was closer than she realized, his presence almost enveloping her.

The faint aroma of tobacco clung to his clothes, mingling with a more intimate scent of their recent session. These nuances, coupled with his inherent gentleness and nobility, rendered Melissa momentarily weak.

Attempting to escape the intensity of the moment, she whispered

"Nothing," her voice barely audible.

Marcus moved closer, wrapping her in his embrace, his whisper tickling her ear.

"Why are you blushing then?"

Overwhelmed and lost for words, Melissa's voice shook as she diverted the conversation.

"Julie's calling us for dinner."

She sought an escape, fearing another advance from Marcus.

Yet, as she tried to pull away, Marcus' hold tightened, drawing her back into his arms. His lips met hers briefly, a gentle assertion of his desire.

He gazed at her intensely, undeterred by her attempt to look away.

Gently coaxing her face back towards his, he whispered, "Shall we continue tonight? I'm far from satisfied, Melissa."

The flirtation in his tone nearly undid her.

Melissa's resolve faltered under the weight of his words. Marcus continued, his lips grazing her ear before lingering on her neck, leaving a trail of fleeting kisses.

Eventually, he steadied her, his voice rough with emotion. "Freshen up and get ready for dinner."

Flushed and flustered, Melissa hurried to compose herself.

Marcus lingered for a moment longer, his gaze fixed on Melissa with a soft smile.

Meanwhile, Melissa made her escape down the stairs, Marcus' laughter echoing behind her as she hurried away.

At dinner, Jessie's demeanor shifted between moods, at times acting petulantly while Shawn's wife attentively served her.