

Chapter 700 Melissa, Let's Get Married (Part Two)

Marcus took her hand and guided it downward...

Melissa's cheeks flushed red like a ripe apple. She squirmed gently. "We'll wake up Matthew."

Marcus pivoted, now face to face with Melissa. His nose almost touching hers, their breaths mingled. His masculine scent enveloped her, sending shivers down her spine.

Locking eyes with her, Marcus murmured, "I want this. Melissa, don't you want it too?"

Melissa was torn.

In hushed tones, Marcus confessed, "Seeing you like this makes me want to share a bed every night."

Melissa couldn't handle those words but she sensed his desire. With their relationship blossoming lately, and her being a sensible person, she wanted to fulfill his wishes. So she tenderly wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered, "Let's go to your room."

Marcus' gaze was intense.

He leaned in, pressing his warm face against hers, enveloping her in his heat.

Melissa trembled involuntarily, her voice almost a whimper, "Marcus..."

His lips grazed her neck gently.

He smiled softly.

As Marcus carried Melissa into the adjacent bedroom, her robe was nearly slipping off. He pinned her to the bed and gave in to his desires.

In those moments, her eyes were fixed on him, clear and focused.

"Does that feel good?"

Marcus bit his lip, his face flushed, exuding a magnetic allure.

Melissa couldn't help but be aroused just by looking at him.

It was pushing midnight after their intercourse.

Feeling weary, Melissa headed for a bath. Meanwhile, Marcus lounged against the bed's headboard, puffing on a cigarette. As she entered, he quickly stubbed it out and motioned for her to join him.

Melissa melted into his embrace, her body relaxed.

They lay in silence for a spell, reveling in post-coital closeness. Eventually, he ran his fingers through her soft locks and murmured, "My old man called this afternoon, asking when I'd pop the question."

Marcus grinned, adding, "He thinks I'm dragging my feet and that I'm useless."

Melissa lifted her head, softly querying "Do you want to tie the knot? But I haven't saved up enough for a fancy wedding."

Marcus smirked. "Isn't Matthew your dowry?"

Blushing, Melissa pinched his side, earning a wince. He teased, "Are you ready for another round?"

Melissa sighed, "Most guys aren't like you, Marcus. Have you got extra stamina?"

He rolled over, planting a kiss. Breathless, he asked, "Have you been with anyone else?"

Of course, Melissa had not.

She traced his features, brushing aside his tousled hair, teasing, "I'm kind of curious to find out."

Instead of getting mad, Marcus chuckled.

He whispered in her ear, "You dirty little slut."

Melissa's eyes sparkled.

Marcus sensed her excitement. He tossed the quilt aside and initiated another round. "Does it get you going when I talk dirty? Do you want me to make you feel good every day? Do you want me to fuck you all the time?"

She turned away, mumbling "Quit it."

Ignoring her protest, Marcus kissed her, continuing to say things that made her blush. "You say you don't want it, but your actions speak otherwise. You're getting turned on again, aren't you?"

Maybe guys liked this approach. This time, Marcus was rougher.

Eventually, Melissa grew drowsy in his arms, not even bothering to clean herself up.

She gave his shoulder a pat. "Go sleep with Matthew. He kicks off the covers and we don't want him to catch a cold."

Marcus scooped Melissa up and carried her to the master bedroom. As she drifted off, a cool object slipped onto her finger.

She woke up, inspecting her hand.

It was a diamond ring.

Marcus embraced her from behind. His voice was husky as he said, "Let's tie the knot, alright?"

How could Melissa refuse him?

Feeling shy, she melted into his arms. Marcus spoke gently. "Matthew's starting school soon. We've just had a wild night. Melissa, isn't it a bit late to talk about being reserved now?"

Melissa turned to face him in his embrace.

He towered over her, slender and tall, while she nestled in his arms, petite and snug. She rested on his shoulder silently before murmuring

"I'll get you a ring too, but I'm afraid the diamond won't be as flashy."

Marcus gently entwined his fingers with hers.

He grinned "Men don't compete over that."

Melissa blushed, snuggling against his neck, feeling his pulse thump.

She felt both touched and at ease.

Early next morning she woke to sounds from downstairs.

Listening closely, she recognized Shawn's voice.

Occasionally, Marcus chimed in with his smooth tones. It sounded like they were having a decent chat. Melissa was puzzled. Marcus shouldn't be on good terms with Shawn right now.

Matthew wasn't in bed and was likely already up.

Melissa rolled over, eyeing the ring on her finger. Remembering last night's events, she felt a surge of sweetness.

She didn't know what had come over her. She wasn't like this before. It seemed like her body had new needs now.

Marcus had expressed his desire to make love every night

Truth be told, Melissa often entertained the idea herself. She wouldn't be so eager if Marcus wasn't around. Just his presence in bed could set her off. But she was too bashful to admit it. He always took the lead, not her.

After freshening up, Melissa changed her attire and headed downstairs.

The kids had already eaten.

Shawn and Marcus sat at the table. Marcus sipped black coffee, casually reading the newspaper.

Shawn rambled on about his business, hoping to secure Marcus' investment.

The sum wasn't hefty, maxing out at two million dollars.

He insisted it would be profitable.

Marcus glanced up politely. "Shawn, why not chat with Melissa?"

Shawn's spirits sank instantly. "Marcus, truth is, ever since I messed up with Janet, Melissa and Yvonne have been giving me the cold shoulder. There are four women in the house and yet none want to talk to me. Maybe I'm overthinking but even Minnie barks at me."

Marcus almost choked on his coffee but he kept his cool.

Raised amongst wealth, he knew how to keep his composure.

Upon spotting Melissa descending the stairs, Marcus' expression softened and his eyes brimmed with affection. "Why are you up so early? Shouldn't you be getting some more rest?"

Jealousy sparked in Shawn's eyes which were tinged with envy.

Melissa sauntered to the table and settled in. After gulping down some milk, she queried, "Shawn, have you got business plans?"

Ever since their last encounter, Shawn trembled at the thought of Melissa. He stuttered, unable to answer her. Witnessing Shawn's discomfort, Marcus felt a twinge of satisfaction, though he kept up his facade. "If you need anything, Melissa's the go-to. She's a whiz in this field and has tons of connections."

Shawn was actually scared of Melissa now.

Julie sauntered over with a bowl of cereal, giving her son a pointed look. "Once you're done munching hop in the truck and get back to work. Quit daydreaming about riches all day. Try it again, and I won't guarantee your safety."

Shawn skulked off without a word, feeling defeated.

Melissa chimed in to Julie, "It's good that Shawn's got drive."

Julie hesitated, biting back her words.

She didn't want to burden Melissa anymore. With Melissa doing well and about to tie the knot with Marcus, it didn't feel right for Shawn to be

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dependent. Julie contemplated sending her rebellious son back to their
hometown to make his own living.

Right then, Marcus interjected casually, "Melissa's spot on. Ambition's a
good thing"

Marcus dabbed his lips with a napkin grinning as he rose from his seat.
Leaning in, he planted a kiss on Melissa's cheek. "I'll be waiting in the car.
Are you ready to get married?"