

Chapter 584 If You Get Pregnant, We'll Have The Baby

Melissa found herself pushed against the door, and Marcus uttered words resembling a proposal.

Marcus declared his intention to take her back to Duefron to meet his family.

She trusted in the truth of his words; he had thoroughly contemplated the matter.

Amidst the chaos of her thoughts, Melissa crystallized her desire in a simple sentence—She wanted to marry Marcus.

Despite her naivety, she carried an air of reserve.

Nestling in his embrace, Melissa refrained from making any sudden moves. She avoided meeting his intense gaze and instead playfully reached out with a delicate finger to caress his nose. "Indeed, it's quite elevated."

Marcus' breath quickened.

Moving closer, he whispered in a husky tone, "I'm discussing something important, and here you are, flirting with me. Do you not feel any discomfort?"

His demeanor suggested a desire for intimate moments with her.

Melissa refrained from teasing him further.

Unabashedly snuggling against his shoulder, she enveloped his neck with her arms and playfully remarked, "You're always teasing me."

"What? You want me to go find some other woman?"

Their close proximity allowed Marcus to tenderly kiss her.



Subsequently, he swept her off her feet and placed her on the master bedroom's bed.

Concerned about causing discomfort, he refrained from more intimate activities, opting instead to share comforting kisses.

Resting against the pillow, Melissa gazed at him with affection. It seemed that Marcus' heightened arousal had caused a subtle distortion in his typically composed visage, yet this distortion added a touch of rugged masculinity to his appearance.

Her heart raced.

She wriggled beneath him, cupping his face, and initiated a passionate kiss.

Marcus remained still, his intense eyes fixed on hers.

Blushing Melissa confessed, "I want to bring you pleasure."

He smiled tenderly, considering her youth and usual timidity. Did she possess the knowledge to please a man?

Abruptly, his laughter ceased.

Compelled by an irresistible urge, he gently tugged at her soft locks, his voice tinged with tremors. "Melissa?"

Her face flushed with redness, as she had never engaged in such audacious behavior before.

Ultimately, Marcus yielded to the impulse and shared an intimate moment with her.

After the intimate encounter, he showed no haste in rising or taking a shower.

Cradling her with one hand, he retrieved a small velvet box from his trousers on the floor. Upon opening it, a dazzling diamond necklace, seemingly of substantial value, was revealed.

"Is this for me?"

Melissa exclaimed joyfully, reaching for the necklace. "When did you

acquire it?"

Yet Marcus nonchalantly remarked, "It's intended for Sylvia."

Melissa's countenance fell.

Not due to the jewelry itself, but because her hopeful anticipation was doused by Marcus, and she suspected it was deliberate.

With a pout, she turned away, declaring, "If it's not meant for me, why flaunt it in front of me?"

Amusement flickered in Marcus' eyes.

Toying with the necklace, he embraced her with one arm. "Are you upset? Your temper flares up effortlessly. What are you, if not a little firecracker?"

"No, I'm not."

Marcus casually set the box down.

He spun her around, pinning her beneath his body, and shamelessly whispered in her ear, "You adore my carrot so much, and yet you claim not to be a rabbit?"

Uttering these words, his fingers traced over her.

Her form was tender and petite.

Confidence waned in Melissa, prompting her to bury her face in his arms, hesitant to emerge.

He proved mischievous.

A sense of satisfaction washed over Marcus.

In truth, he was teasing her. It was just a casual thank-you gift for Sylvia. Exquisite indeed, but not enough for someone as important as his little bunny. Naturally, he had to be meticulous in selecting Melissa's present. Enlisting a renowned designer seemed the prudent choice.

Marcus couldn't hastily buy their engagement rings.

He hugged the woman tightly, feeling happier than he had in the past

twenty years. His heart brimmed with so much happiness that it almost overwhelmed him, yet this intense emotion transformed into a serene peace following their intimate connection.

Subsequently, they lay together in tranquility.

Despite the less-than-ideal time and setting, he cradled her in his arms on the bed and softly uttered those three words.

His demeanor exuded utmost sincerity.

Melissa shivered slightly, sniffing as she clung tightly to him.

In a soft tone, Marcus inquired "You've shared my bed with me. Will you now come home with me?"

Before she could respond, he burst into laughter and playfully pinched her cheek. "What's the plan now? We skipped contraceptives today. If you're expecting there's no escaping is there?"

Melissa sat upright.

Unaware of her allure, she remained in that provocative posture.

Her lengthy, damp hair cascaded over her slender shoulders.

She possessed a captivating allure that would ensnare any man who laid eyes on her.

Half-kneeling she grasped his hand. "Could you get me the morning-after pills?"

Marcus leisurely rested one hand behind his head.

He silently admired her for a moment. After a while, he grinned and said, "If you get pregnant, we'll have the baby. My father is looking forward to having a grandson anyway, or perhaps another granddaughter."

While speaking he gently traced her face with his fingers. "You're quite something. Already bossing me around now."

Blushing Melissa attempted to feign innocence. "It's your fault. You initiated it."

"Indeed, I did."

Marcus chuckled, sitting upright. Subsequently, he embraced her and sealed the moment with a kiss.

Following an extended kiss, he whispered, "There is no need for medication. Melissa, I want us to be married."

He had long surpassed the age suitable for marriage.

His earnest desire to be with Melissa rendered contraceptives unnecessary. Moreover, he was concerned about the potential health impact of the pill on her.

Marcus went on, "Aren't you apprehensive about taking medication? I'd have to persuade you to use the pill if I purchased it. What if I lose control during the persuasion? You'd have taken the pill for no reason."

Coaxing her, he suggested, "Imagine having to take one pill for each time we make love. It would add up quite a bit."

Melissa was genuinely perplexed by this statement.

After a moment of bewilderment, she hesitantly inquired "Is that true?"

So, she'd have to take... six pills?

Marcus affirmed, "Indeed. I've heard women should only take two pills a year, at most. Taking six might be an overdose, and there's concern about potential effects on the baby's development."

After deciding against taking the pills, Melissa resigned herself.

She reasoned that if she were pregnant, she could proceed with giving birth to the baby.

After playfully teasing her, Marcus gently lured her into a short nap. Later, he engaged in a nighttime video conference with an international group. Silently rising from the bed, he refrained from disturbing Melissa's slumber.

Standing beside the bed, dressing himself, Marcus couldn't resist tenderly caressing her face.

He marveled at her goodness.

Melissa rolled over, perhaps feeling warm, and adjusted the quilt downward.

Leaning in, Marcus ensured she was snug under the covers.

As he placed her hand under the quilt, his fingers brushed over the wound. His gaze grew intense. After a brief pause, he fetched hand cream and delicately applied it to her injured hand.

Upon his silent departure, Melissa opened her eyes.

Gazing at her hand, she lifted it quietly. She had been awake when he applied the hand cream.

Previously, she had admired Marcus for numerous reasons.

But at this moment, her heart raced due to his affection.

Acknowledging the disparity between them, she was aware she didn't measure up to him.

However, he harbored feelings for her.

Melissa closed her eyes, but after a while, she couldn't resist the urge to open them again. She raised the quilt and hurried in the direction of the study.

Simultaneously, Marcus had just stepped into the study.

Being punctual was his accustomed practice.

The camera was activated, yet the conference room on the other end remained unoccupied.

Positioning himself by the French window, he opened it, contemplating a cigarette to invigorate himself. Despite a young man's vigor, a touch of fatigue lingered after intense passionate encounters. However, before he could indulge in even a brief smoke, he found himself embraced.

Marcus was momentarily taken aback.

Subsequently, he extinguished the cigarette and gently inquired "Why are

you awake?"

Unaware of his ongoing meeting, Melissa hugged him tenderly, aiming to bring him joy. She tightened her fingers around his waist.

Marcus was astute.

Discerning that she had recently awakened and was stirring, he turned around and gently tousled her hair.

It was then that he noticed she was clad in his black shirt. Due to her petite frame, she wore it as if it were a nightgown.

"Head to bed first. I have a meeting to attend."

Reluctant to part, Melissa lifted her head and asked in a hushed tone, "Will it take a long time? Can I stay with you?"

Marcus sighed. "You needy little girl."

The meeting was expected to last for four hours. The young girl truly needed an early bedtime, especially considering her challenging past two months. She had noticeably shed weight. Although she felt delicate and light in his arms, Marcus contemplated that she should gain a bit of weight.

Nonetheless, Melissa was determined to keep him company.

Failing to receive his approval, she persisted, almost clinging to him.

Just as Marcus was on the verge of giving in, a familiar voice echoed from the meeting's other end—none other than his father, Waylen.

"Marcus, what's going on?"

Your cross-country meeting has turned into a love broadcast. In the middle of the night, your partner called me directly, urging me to join the live broadcast. Haha. And, by the way, your grandfather is also here online, watching you."

The situation had spiraled out of control.

Marcus turned to the screen and observed a group of elderly men. His father was the most prominent figure among them.

Without a hint of emotion, Marcus deactivated the camera.

Subsequently, Marcus glanced at Melissa. Fortunately, she hadn't unwittingly revealed herself.

Equally startled, she gazed at him in bewilderment, apprehensive of his potential anger.

"You silly girl."

Marcus affectionately patted her head, and then lifted her to the sofa. Before resuming the meeting, he discreetly warmed her a glass of milk away from the camera's view.

The study's light was soft, and Marcus remained quiet most of the time.

His attention was primarily on the reports from the other end.

Melissa struggled to comprehend the discussions but found solace in them as a lullaby.

Despite her desire to keep Marcus company, fatigue set in after half an hour, prompting her to gently close her eyes.

Marcus rose, draping a blanket over her, and lingered, studying her sleeping face.

Upon Marcus' return to the meeting, Waylen cleared his throat and inquired "Where were you, Marcus?"

Marcus replied earnestly, "Melissa is sleeping. I covered her with a blanket."

"Ah, yes. She shouldn't catch a cold."

The father and son then engaged in a five-minute discussion all about Melissa.

Others were now aware that the girl in Marcus' study was his girlfriend, one that his family had approved.

Despite receiving congratulatory remarks, Waylen remained modest, remarking "I have nothing to be ecstatic about. At his age, he should have tied the knot long ago. Look at the Green family's son. He's two years

younger than Marcus and already has a son and a daughter."

"Dad, I'll do my utmost," Marcus affirmed in a serious tone.

Satisfied, Waylen exited the video conference.

Several hours later, Marcus concluded the meeting. Walking over to the sofa, he gently caressed Melissa's face, waking her.

"Feeling hungry? How about something to eat?"

Almost instinctively, Melissa offered, "Shall I whip up something for you?"

Marcus affectionately touched her head and remarked, "You silly girl, we're in a hotel. Do you think it's our apartment?"

Cradling her in his arms, he transported her back to the bedroom. Subsequently, he summoned room service, ordering two bowls of noodles.

Midway through their noodles, he abruptly looked up and announced "There's an issue with a company merger case. I have to return tomorrow, Melissa..."

Melissa nibbled on the noodles, her gaze lowered.

After a moment, she softly uttered, "I'll accompany you back."