

Chapter 688 Are You Fed Up With Me, Melissa

Melissa was fully aware that Marcus expected her to plead with him.

She didn't intend to keep anything from him. So she sat down in her chair and spoke softly. "Shawn's in a fix!"

Then, she spilled all the details to him.

Marcus glanced at the staircase.

After confirming Yvonne had retreated to her room, he shifted his gaze, poured a glass of red wine, and remarked to Melissa, "Isn't Mr. Waston in Duefron? Why not reach out to him for a hand? They say he's got connections!"

Taking a sip, he added with a laugh, "But Shawn's got guts, huh? Messing around with his boss' girl! What's he thinking? Is he fed up with Janet, huh?"

The more Marcus rambled, the sillier he sounded. Melissa frowned, worried Yvonne might overhear them.

As if he could sense her concern, Marcus assured, "The walls here are thick. Yvonne won't catch a thing."

Before Melissa could respond, he gestured towards the dishes, saying, "Let's dig in before they get cold!"

Knowing Marcus' temper, even though she had no appetite, Melissa forced down a few bites. When she finally set her fork down, Marcus asked, "Have you had enough to eat?"

Beneath the table, Melissa grasped his hand and murmured, "I'm not hungry."

This wasn't her usual tone with him.

Marcus couldn't tear his eyes away from her, enchanted by her lovely face.

At the same time, Melissa stared right back at him, unwavering.

With one hand holding her delicate fingers, Marcus swirled his wine glass gently and suggested, "Let's chat in my room later."

Melissa understood it as Marcus offering his support.

She should've felt grateful but a heaviness lingered in her heart.

Things had been smooth sailing between them but this situation made it feel like they were striking a deal, somehow making their relationship less genuine.

As Marcus headed upstairs, he brought Matthew along.

"Time for bed, buddy!" he told the little boy.

Minnie trailed after them.

Alone at the table, Melissa gazed at the wine left in her glass, Marcus' favorite.

She drained it slowly, and then poured herself another glass.

Soon, she felt a pleasant buzz.

Checking on Yvonne in her room, Melissa found the girl lying with teary eyes. "Will Dad be okay?" Yvonne asked the same question again.

Turning down the bedside lamp, Melissa sat beside her, gently stroking her face.

"Yes, honey, your dad will be just fine," she reassured.

Yvonne bit her lip, firing off another question, "Are Mom and Dad going to divorce? Will Mom take me away like before?"

Melissa was taken aback and felt a pang of sympathy for the little one.

Truth be told, Shawn had crossed a line. If she were Janet, she'd find it hard to forgive him.

Yet, Melissa gently patted Yvonne's head and assured, "You don't have to leave here!"

At her tender age, Yvonne couldn't grasp Melissa's words fully.

But she trusted Melissa and found comfort in her presence.

Melissa stayed until Yvonne drifted into slumber. Returning to her bedroom, she found Marcus soothing Matthew. The little tyke was out like a light in Marcus' embrace.

Marcus, being a big guy, made Matthew look tiny.

Catching the sound of footsteps, Marcus looked up and murmured, "Is Yvonne asleep?"

"Yep," Melissa replied succinctly.

She joined Marcus, casting an affectionate gaze at the sleeping boy.

"Why do you reckon Shawn strayed?" Marcus inquired casually, though his expression was serious.

Melissa couldn't lie to him. She spoke softly. "Maybe he's curious or tired of marriage... Regardless, he shouldn't betray Janet."

As Melissa spoke, Marcus scrutinized her with intense eyes, as if trying to decipher her thoughts.

Once she finished speaking he threw another curveball. "What about you, Melissa? How do you feel about me? Have you still got a thing for me? Do you ever think about calling it quits?"

Melissa gazed at him, mulling over her response.

Reaching out to caress her cheek, Marcus rasped, "Tell me, are you fed up with me?"

Melissa couldn't handle this behavior.

She figured Marcus might simply want her to engage more in their relationship and maybe take the lead in their intimate moments, but these questions caught her off guard, making her feel awkward.

Yet Marcus wasn't letting her off the hook easily.

After tucking Matthew in, Marcus scooped up Melissa and headed for his room. Worried she might stumble, Melissa clung to his neck, pleading softly, "Easy there, Marcus!"

Once inside, Marcus shut the door with his foot.

Placing Melissa on the couch, he hovered over her, tracing her features, and whispered in her ear, "Answer me! Are you sick of me, Melissa?"

With that, he began to kiss her, his voice deep and husky.

"Do you like this?"

Have you ever fantasized about anyone else?

Do I turn you on when I kiss you?"

His approach was soft yet assertive. Melissa collapsed onto the couch, feeling her legs turn to jelly and her body floating.

Marcus' forehead glistened with sweat, and his face...

His face looked irresistibly sexy to her.

Locking eyes with Marcus, Melissa wondered how she could ever grow tired of him or imagine being with someone else.

But she felt embarrassed to voice it. So Marcus kept prodding, driving her crazy... Finally, Melissa grasped his neck and stammered, "No! I never—"

She blurted, "I never think about anyone else!"

"Is that the truth?"

Marcus nibbled her chin gently, pressing her, "Have you ever thought of leaving me?"

"No... I haven't..."

Marcus, you jerk!"

Dropping his gaze, Marcus stared at her intensely.

Then he brought his nose close to hers and uttered each word slowly, "You better not lie to me!"

The next morning Melissa awoke to find Marcus gone.

As she tried to rise, she felt sore all over.

Clutching the pillow tightly, Melissa gritted her teeth and cursed, "Damn it, Marcus!"

Her waist felt like it was about to snap!

Just then, the door swung open.

Yvonne peeked in, her two pigtails making her look adorable. Racing to the bedside, she beamed at Melissa. "Guess what? Uncle Marcus said Dad's coming back in a few days! And he assured me Mom and Dad aren't splitting and I can still be with Grandma!"

Hearing the news, Melissa couldn't help but share the girl's joy.

Yet, the cost had been high indeed.

Resting on the bed's edge, Yvonne reached out, touching Melissa's flushed face, and asked with concern. "Are you okay, Aunt Melissa? Your face is all red. Need a doctor?"

Melissa blushed even more at Yvonne's worry. "I'm fine! Don't fret over me."

But Yvonne didn't seem convinced. Just then, Marcus strolled in, chirping "Maybe Mel's expecting. That's why her temp's up!"

Melissa was pregnant?

Yvonne's eyes widened, fixated on Melissa's belly. Meanwhile, Melissa shot Marcus a look that could freeze lava.

Marcus gave Yvonne's shoulder a pat. "Off to school, kiddo. I'll drive you."

Turning to Melissa, he gently touched her shoulder. "You get some more rest."

Melissa couldn't hold back anymore. "I'm not pregnant!"

With a sly grin, Marcus shot back, "Who knows? I did put in some serious work last night!"



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