

Chapter 689 Do You Still Love Me, Melissa

Marcus mentioned it, and suddenly it hit Melissa—They forgot to use protection last night

Plus, it was her fertile time, so the chances of her getting pregnant were high

Was it intentional?

Meeting his eyes, Marcus gave her a look loaded with meaning. But Melissa couldn't quite read him...

Her body ached from their wild night, so she opted to stay put in bed.

Normally, Yvonne was chauffeured to school by their driver but Marcus volunteered to do it today.

Then, he headed back to the villa.

Instead of getting up, Melissa lounged against the headboard, flipping through a fashion magazine casually. Marcus rarely saw her this chilled out.

He lingered at the bedroom door before finally stepping in.

Putting down the magazine, Melissa looked up and said, "Yvonne told me. Thanks, Marcus."

Sitting beside her, Marcus ran his fingers through her hair and asked softly, "Are you skipping work today?"

"A half day sounds good!" Melissa admitted.

Leaning in close, Marcus murmured, "Chances are, we made a baby last night"

Melissa said nothing back to him.

She rested her head on his lap.

In his shirt and her long black hair cascading lazily, she murmured, "When you took Yvonne to school, I thought about grabbing contraceptives but I couldn't be bothered."

Melissa wasn't clueless.

She understood Marcus wasn't just after sex.

He wanted her commitment. Simply put, he wanted to know she still cared.

On the night Weldon was set to whisk Matthew away, Marcus had shown up like a guardian angel.

Melissa admitted to herself she still had feelings for him, even with the possibility of another pregnancy looming. She decided to face the music and accept the situation. Truth was, she didn't refuse the medication out of distaste, but rather out of reluctance.

Marcus, being no fool, sensed her inner turmoil.

What a stubborn woman!

He chuckled to himself, opting not to call her out on her lie. He'd learned to navigate her moods.

"Why did you keep me out of the loop on selling the apartment? Why not turn to me for help first when things happened? Don't you trust me?" he prodded gently.

Before she could respond, he teased, "I guess you're homeless now with your apartment gone!"

He planted another kiss on her lips, teasing, "Poor thing homeless and all!"

Melissa sometimes wondered if Marcus saw her as a delicate little creature, like a rabbit or a lamb.

Taking her hand, she asked softly, "What's the plan with Shawn?"

Melissa's tone was soft and her eyes were full of trust as she spoke.

Marcus glanced at her, nonchalantly. "Let him stew for a bit. Don't worry. If Julie and you bail him out now, he'll just do it again. Janet will suffer more in the long run."

Listening to Marcus, Melissa nodded, saying, "It's Janet's call. If she wants to leave Shawn, I won't hold her back."

Marcus stared at her, absorbing her words.

Melissa continued, "I just feel for Janet. Sometimes it's just that simple. Money really doesn't matter that much, and a woman simply marries for a loyal husband and his love for her. I know that's what Janet wants, but Shawn let her down."

Suddenly, Marcus asked, "What about you, Melissa? What do you want in marriage?"

Her heart raced at his question.

Usually, she wouldn't share this with Marcus but it felt right in this quiet moment between them.

She shifted, resting against Marcus' shoulder, feeling the softness of his shirt against her face.

Enjoying her closeness, Marcus' expression softened.

Nestled against him, Melissa whispered, "If I marry you, I want a simple life, your love, and most importantly, enduring care for each other. Happiness to me means waking up happy every day, right?"

She didn't just say she'd marry anyone. She meant him.

Holding her close, Marcus stayed silent for a while.

Melissa leaned in, giving him a soft kiss on the cheek, and then whispered, "You've been to my office, right? Actually, Marcus..."

Out of the blue, Marcus pulled the quilt over her head.

Then, with a hint of arrogance, he declared, "It's time for me to head to work!"

Melissa was left speechless.

Three days later, Shawn emerged, his face a map of bruises.

He knelt before Julie, begging for forgiveness. But Julie, unmoved, remarked coolly, "You owe Janet an apology, not me! If she won't forgive you, neither will I. You brought this on yourself after all!"

In a fit of anger, Julie even slapped Shawn with her shoe.

"You've really outdone yourself this time, huh? All this trouble for some other woman? If it weren't for Melissa helping out, Janet and Yvonne might be on the streets! And yes, she's seeing Mr. Fowler now and he was so generous to help, but you're not her problem in the first place. Imagine what the Fowlers would think of her if they found out!" she scolded.

Shawn hung his head, too ashamed to argue.

After venting her frustration, Julie broke down in tears. She wasn't just mad at Shawn; she felt sorry for Melissa, who had to sell her apartment because of him.

When they were alone, Shawn gazed at Janet, silently pleading.

But Janet remained silent, busying herself packing a small suitcase.

Finally, she spoke calmly: "Since you're back, I've got nothing left to worry about. Let's get a divorce tomorrow."

Stunned, Shawn grabbed her luggage, asking "What are you saying? Why divorce?"

"I'm done with you, Shawn," she replied firmly.

Janet struggled to contain her anger. She couldn't stand the sight of Shawn anymore; he disgusted her.

With disdain, she continued, "I thought you'd quit gambling and treat Yvonne and me right. That's why I gave you a second chance. But you're



cheating with someone else. Shawn... I may not be educated or come from much, but I do have some self-respect. I'm done with you."

But Shawn wouldn't agree to divorce.

He knew he had messed up. Groveling on the floor, he begged, but Janet was resolute.

Janet was determined. She found a job at a factory and didn't mind the cramped dorms. Her friend who introduced her to the job said if they'd work ten-hour shifts, they'd make eight grand a month. She planned to give six grand to Melissa every month.

She knew it wouldn't cover Yvonne's expenses, but she didn't want her daughter to suffer.

So, she worked hard to repay Melissa's kindness.

When Melissa got the money from Janet after she received her first paycheck, she felt a mixed feeling surging inside.

Marcus walked in and spotted the envelope on the desk. He raised an eyebrow, asking, "Is this from Janet?"

Glancing at him, Melissa nodded. "Yeah, she and Shawn are done."

Lounging on the sofa, legs crossed, Marcus remarked with a smirk, "You can't solve all their problems, Miss Brown. That's their life, after all. Janet's doing the right thing. She's as hardworking as Julie. I reckon she can handle herself just fine. Don't go offering her some easy gig just because you feel bad for her. It'd only make her uncomfortable."

With a wry smile, Melissa quipped, "Are you reading my mind now?"

Marcus gazed at her intently. "How could I not know what's on your mind?" he said meaningfully.

Melissa put the envelope into the drawer.

"I'll stash this away for Yvonne. A little nest egg for her future. You're right, Marcus. I shouldn't beat myself up. Maybe it's for the best."

Marcus waved her off nonchalantly.

As Melissa approached, he sat properly, inviting her to sit on his lap.

As she perched on his lap, Marcus caressed her cheek. "Rare to see you being so obedient. So, what's the reward for my good girl?" he whispered.

But Melissa switched gears abruptly. "I heard Shawn landed a gig at Fowler Group as a truck driver?"

Marcus pinched her chin, planting a passionate kiss.

He did this in order to punish her for destroying the moment of course.

After a moment, he nuzzled her and said softly, "He came to me, repenting his mistakes. I gave him a job for your sake. What's wrong with that?"

Melissa mumbled, "It feels like you're obsessing over it too much. That's not your style."

Marcus' breath grew shallow as he whispered in Melissa's ear, "I did it for you. That guy got lucky!"

Marcus had just returned from a business trip the night before. Matthew had greeted him with such enthusiasm, clinging to him tightly all night.

Now both kids were fast asleep.

And Marcus wasn't about to pass up the chance to spend time with Melissa.

With her in his arms, he rose, locking the study door. They were about to get cozy on the sofa.

But the bright light made Melissa feel uneasy about making love there.

She whispered, "Let's head to your room."

Impatiently, Marcus sucked her red lips. "No, I want to do it here! Now focus..."

Whenever Melissa was distracted or nervous, Marcus had a knack for easing her tension.

Soon, they were both lost in desire.

Melissa struggled to contain herself.

As they neared climax, Marcus' hot breath tickled her neck. Trembling he asked, "Do you still love me, Melissa?"



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