

Chapter 701 We Are A Couple Now

Get married? Seriously? Melissa blinked, taken aback.

Seeing her reaction, Marcus grinned asking, "What's up? Did you forget agreeing to marry me last night?"

Melissa glanced at the glittering ring on her finger, unsure.

Marcus, always knowing how to push her buttons, smirked. "Are you regretting it already?"

Wary of his manipulative ways, Melissa hesitated before conceding "Fine, okay!"

With a scoff, Marcus teased, "You're saying that because you're under duress, I bet?"

Melissa, avoiding his gaze, continued with her breakfast, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Marcus studied her intently as he tried to read her thoughts.

Finally, he said casually, "Get changed after breakfast."

With that, Marcus left the room, presumably heading to the car.

Finishing her milk, Melissa pondered Marcus' question.

Despite their past animosity, time had seemed to soften their edges.

And it was all because they did care about each other after all.

Soon, Melissa was dressed and she descended the stairs. Downstairs, Marcus leaned against the driver's seat with the passenger door open.

Hearing her approach, he looked up and froze.

Then he was stunned by the scene.

Melissa stood there in a crisp white blouse paired with a black tasseled skirt.

With her slim frame, Melissa could pass for someone in her twenties. Who would even believe she was a mom?

Silently, Melissa settled into the passenger seat.

Marcus couldn't resist ruffling her hair as he said, "People might think you're underage for marriage."

Melissa flashed her ID in response.

Marcus just stared, silent. Finally, Melissa murmured, "You don't like it? I can wear something else instead."

"You look amazing," Marcus said in a husky voice.

He leaned over to buckle her seatbelt, stealing a kiss while doing so...

Melissa felt a tug at her heartstrings.

After the kiss, Marcus rested against her shoulder. "Would you still come back if it weren't for Matthew?"

"I honestly don't know, Marcus."

Melissa's voice was soft. "But Matthew's here. We're back and getting married. Maybe even having another kid."

Lately, they'd never bother with protection. And Melissa wasn't opposed to another child.

Marcus didn't ask any more questions. He tenderly caressed Melissa's face before starting the car.

At their destination, Sylvia awaited them.

Within thirty minutes, they were officially and legally husband and wife.

As they stepped out, Marcus swiftly took Melissa's marriage certificate. Sylvia kept quiet, watching. Melissa, sliding into the car, protested, "Hey,

Glancing at the certificate, Marcus replied coolly, "Relax. I'll keep it safe."

Helplessly, Melissa imagined Marcus' future bossiness.

He seemed intent on controlling everything.

Oddly, Melissa didn't find it repulsive. Instead, she felt a sense of belonging.

She gazed at Marcus with trust and affection in her eyes.

Catching her glance, Marcus grinned and then started up the car.

In a cheery mood, he cranked up the music.

Grabbing Melissa's hand, he teased, "Mrs. Fowler, it's time to get me a ring."

Melissa sighed softly. "But I only have around a hundred grand in my account!"

Marcus glanced at her. "That's plenty for a ring."

He whisked Melissa off to a shopping mall, where he seemed to have a ring already picked out. Simple yet classy, it was surprisingly affordable, just around ten grand.

After Melissa paid, Marcus eagerly handed it over.

"Come on, put it on for me!"

Indulging Marcus had become Melissa's habit. She glanced at him before gently sliding the ring onto his finger, feeling a wave of emotion.

This moment brought back memories of their past.

Once deeply in love, they had drifted apart due to misunderstandings. But now, they were married!

Melissa's eyes brimmed with affection, unmistakable to him.

Marcus pulled her close, kissing her passionately, oblivious to the stares.

around them.

He held her tenderly throughout the kiss.

But they had to cut it short. Their presence, dignified and refined, drew too much attention in the bustling hall.

Melissa's cheeks stayed flushed until they reached the car.

For some reason, Marcus had a strong urge to kiss Melissa all day. Making sure they were alone in the parking lot, he leaned in, planting soft kisses on her slender neck, whispering "I didn't expect you to agree so fast... you surprised me and I honestly didn't have enough time to plan everything! How about a celebration at the hotel tonight? Just you and me."

Melissa caught Marcus' hint loud and clear.

With a flushed face, she interrupted, "Hey, slow down! From now on, we need to—"

But Marcus cut her off, gazing at her deeply. "Baby, I just couldn't get enough of you."

Stunned, Melissa found herself unable to resist.

Marcus leaned in, pulling her onto his lap for another kiss.

Grown-ups don't just stop at kissing during a make-out session.

But getting too wild in the car wasn't an option either.

In the end, Melissa gave in and helped him with her hand, much to Marcus' satisfaction.

When it was over, she leaned against his shoulder, avoiding his gaze, the air thick with tension.

Yet Marcus teased her. "Mrs. Fowler, we're a couple now. Why are you still so shy about getting intimate with me?"

It was normal for newlyweds to act on impulse.

So Marcus whisked Melissa away to their apartment, spending the whole

morninglost in each other's embrace.

Caught up in Marcus' passion, Melissa couldn't resist his bedroom prowess.

When Melissa finally snapped out of it, the clock showed three in the afternoon. Her phonejolted her awake.

It was Albert, asking her to pick someone up at the airport.

After the call, Melissa felt dazed for a moment.

She groaned inwardly. The person she was fetching was Paulina Waston, Albert's father's legal wife.

Albert had probably chosen Melissa for this mission for a reason. It'd be awkward for him to show up himself, but as his right-hand woman as well as the acting CEO of the Waston Group's Duefron branch, Melissa was the perfect fit.

Melissa braced herself, knowing Paulina probably wasn't coming with good intentions.

With a sigh, she got up and headed to the shower.

Gazing at the marks on her skin in the mirror, she muttered, "Damn it, Marcus!"

As she finished showering a towel-wrapped figure enveloped her.

Marcus hugged her from behind nuzzling her neck as he asked, "Why are you up so early?"

As Melissa dried off, Marcus playfully teased her.

Turning around, she wrapped her arms around him. "I've got a pick-up at the airport. Work stuff, you know."

Marcus snickered.

"Is this Albert's bright idea, huh? Seriously, His family mess shouldn't be your problem."

Melissa leaned in, planting a kiss on Marcus' chin.

Was she trying to appease him perhaps?

Marcus relented. "Alright, alright. But let's grab a bite first. Then I'll chauffeur you to the airport!"

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