

Chapter 707 You Married A Solid Man

After their sex, both of them were sweating buckets. Marcus, with his arm snug around Melissa's waist, pulled the thin blanket over her.

Their breathing slowly eased.

Whispering behind her, Marcus asked, "Are you feeling any better now?"

Melissa nestled her face into a white pillow, giving it a gentle rub. Noticing her silence, Marcus pressed on, "Are you perhaps feeling shy now?"

"Why should I be? This is comfy," Melissa retorted.

Marcus nodded, satisfied with her honesty.

They cuddled in silence for a bit before Melissa turned around. "I'm famished."

He asked, cool as a cucumber, "Are you still hungry?"

Their gazes locked. After a lingering moment, Melissa broke away first. "Let's hit the shower and grab a bite to eat, okay?"

She snuggled into his embrace. "We have to head back home later."

Even though things that happened recently rattled Melissa a bit, she figured they shouldn't mess with her life. Matthew was at home waiting for her, and she had to keep an eye on Yvonne's piano class tonight.

Marcus ran his fingers through Melissa's hair. "Hey, you don't need to stress. Matthew's a good kid. Julie can handle him at bedtime. And if Yvonne slacks off once in a while, it won't ruin her lessons."

"I want to go home," Melissa murmured. Her voice barely above a whisper, she added, "Our home."

Marcus grinned "So... You're not mad at me anymore?"

Marcus was talking about the Shawn situation. Melissa was actually pass that. But once he brought it up again himself, it all flooded back to her.

She pondered for a second before saying, "Well, it all depends on how you handle things later. Consider yourself under scrutiny."

Leaning in, Marcus whispered in her ear, "But you did let me share your bed."

Pushing him away, she got up. Without dodging him, she simply headed into the bathroom. Seeing her beautiful figure, Marcus felt a lump form in his throat.

Her voice then drifted from the bathroom. "From now on, you might find it hard to share my bed again."

Marcus grinned casually slipping on his pants. Instead of joining her in the bathroom, he strolled over to the French window, lit a smoke, and stood there puffing away.

With one hand, he grabbed his phone and shot a message to Sylvia. "Tell HR to give Roger the boot and send him abroad with Ryan to expand the business"

Roger raked in cash but he blabbered too much for Marcus' liking

Generosity wasn't Marcus' strong suit.

After sending the message, he tossed his phone aside. After finishing his smoke, he returned to the bed, grabbed his shirt, and began buttoning it up at a leisurely pace.

When Melissa emerged, she spotted him dressing. She couldn't resist asking, "Why not take a shower?"

He replied, "I already cleaned up."

Melissa didn't push him. She smoothed his shirt and said softly, "Let's head back after dinner."

Marcus eyed the tousled bed and grinned "Is this our spot for our secret rendezvous from now on?"

She shot him a glance.

During dinner, she seemed preoccupied and barely touched her food.

Marcus lifted his gaze. "That won't do. You have to eat more."

Melissa shook her head. "I just can't."

He studied her for a moment, and then decided not to push it but he also lost his appetite. As they got into the car, Melissa asked, "Aren't you hungry? Marcus, you don't need to eat as little as I do."

Gazing ahead, Marcus smiled and replied, "When you're not hungry, it kills my appetite too."

Melissa felt a twinge of emotion.

Throughout the drive, Marcus received several calls. The first few were from Thomas, urging Melissa to attend Weldon's funeral but Marcus intercepted them.

In a cold, distant tone, Marcus told Thomas, "Melissa and I aren't married yet, so she won't attend the Smith family's condolences. Plus, she's too fragile to handle such things. Please, Mr. Smith, don't push her."

Despite Thomas' persistence, Marcus stood firm.

The final call came from Waylen, who got straight to the point. "Marcus, what's up with you? You can't handle even Thomas? He just called me. Listen, Melissa has nothing to do with the Smith family. We can support her and Matthew on our own. We won't take a dime from the Smiths. Your mom's right. The Smiths didn't raise Melissa, so why should she go to Weldon's funeral? This is just ridiculous!"

"I already told Thomas. Yeah, Melissa isn't going" Marcus said into the phone.

He hung up, glancing at Melissa. The traffic light ahead turned red.

Giving her hand a squeeze, he said, "My dad and I are on the same page."

"You're staying put. Don't sweat it. As long as we stand firm, the Smiths won't dare to stir trouble."

Melissa nodded silently.

Even though she seemed composed, Marcus sensed she needed space. Back home, he bathed Minnie and checked Yvonne's homework.

Minnie was so chubby that she now looked like a little French bulldog.

As Marcus bathed Minnie, she behaved well. The kids stood by, fascinated.

"Dad, why does Minnie have these buttons on her belly? Can I poke them?" Matthew asked.

Marcus chuckled, letting Matthew touch Minnie's belly.

Minnie's expression was priceless.

Yvonne, sensing the scene, giggled.

Marcus encouraged her to go back to her piano practice while he dried Minnie's fur, drowning out the noise.

Upstairs in the bedroom, Melissa sat on the balcony, gazing at the stars in the night sky.

She could hear the sounds from downstairs.

A shooting star streaked across the sky.

Warm arms enveloped her from behind. She tensed slightly, and then turned to see Marcus. He spoke softly. "I thought I'd find a moment to come up and see you."

Melissa caressed his handsome face gently. "I'm okay. Hey Marcus, did you catch that shooting star just now?"

"I didn't see it."

He moved closer, resting her head on his belly. They both gazed up at the sky.

After a while, he murmured, "That was probably your mom, coming to check up on you. So only you can see her."

Melissa had grown independent.

Though she rarely leaned on Marcus, now she felt like a kid seeking comfort in his arms. Her voice held a hint of innocence "Really?"

"Yep. She pops by to see her kid living the good life, married to a solid guy," Marcus assured.

Melissa wrinkled her nose but smiled. "You've got some nerve saying that."

"Why wouldn't I? You were feeling great with me in the apartment earlier, weren't you?"

Blushing Melissa didn't argue.

They sat quietly for a bit. Elsie seemed to sense Melissa's mood and brought her a glass of cranberry juice "Mrs. Fowler, try this."

Not wanting to disappoint Elsie, Melissa took it. The scent appealed to her.

She took a sip but the taste made her stomach churn.

Rushing to the bathroom, she retched. She retched for a long time.

Marcus followed. "Let's get you to the hospital. You might've caught something."

Melissa knew her body well. She shook her head. Maybe she...

Behind them, Elsie stuttered, "Is Mrs. Fowler... expecting?"

