

Chapter 708 You Are Really Good At It, Marcus! (Part One)

Elsie smiled softly.

Melissa tensed up a bit while Marcus tilted his head, giving her an intriguing look.

Elsie, accustomed to Albert and Jessie's flirtations while she was still working for them, read the room and exited the spacious washroom silently, leaving the couple alone.

Suddenly, the air between them shifted.

During Melissa's first pregnancy, Marcus had been absent and was unfamiliar with the whole ordeal.

With a touch of concern, he inquired "How are you feeling now? Still sick?"

Melissa placed a hand over her chest, shaking her head. "I'm fine. Just feeling a bit off," she said. There was a brief silence before she added, "Relax, I might not be pregnant. Maybe it's just something I ate."

It seemed Melissa's sudden yearning for Marcus' presence was spurred by an emotional impulse.

Bathed in soft light, she pressed herself against him, encircling his waist with her arms.

Marcus felt his heart soften at the gesture.

He bent down, his hand resting gently on Melissa's still-flat stomach, considering the possibility of new life. Gazing at her lovingly, he whispered "You've had quite the appetite lately. Could it be because we're expecting?"

Melissa, feeling a rush of embarrassment, hid her face in his embrace.

Marcus looked at her gently, a softness in his eyes.

New to the situation, he suggested with urgency, "We should head to the hospital now!"

"The doctors have probably finished their shifts. Perhaps we could try tomorrow?" she proposed.

Without a word, Marcus fetched his phone and rang Sylvia. Sylvia, her hair damp from a recent shower, was taken aback by Marcus' sudden request on the other end.

"I need you to book me the first available slot with Duefron's top obstetrician. It's urgent," he insisted.

Sylvia, taken aback, wondered if her boss just lost his senses.

Even though the summer air was warm, Marcus draped his jacket over Melissa. She protested, "It's not chilly, and for all we know, I might not be pregnant. It's quite the spectacle you're making in the middle of the night if I'm not."

Marcus, settling into the driver's seat, reached across to secure her seatbelt. He gently patted her abdomen, saying hopefully, "Perhaps not just yet. But I have a strong feeling it won't be long."

Melissa's cheeks warmed as she replied with hesitation, "You seem awfully eager, don't you?"

Clasping the steering wheel, Marcus fell into silence. After a moment, he shared, "I witnessed Daniel and Scott get ushered out of the delivery room, yet I wasn't there for Matthew's birth— I want to be there with you if we have another."

His words carried a solemn weight, his face etched with remorse.

Sensing the heaviness in his voice, Melissa reassured him softly, "Haven't we settled this already? There's no need for guilt."

She rested her hand atop his, her voice a gentle murmur.

"Weren't we on our way to confirm the pregnancy? Do I need to keep reassuring you?"

Her words caught Marcus off guard, his gaze turning shadowy.

He responded not with words but with a tender kiss, murmuring against her lips, "I love you, Melissa."

His yearning for another child was deeply rooted in his love for her.

He longed to rectify past regrets, to envelop her in care and devotion, to ensure she felt utterly loved.

Touched by his sincerity, Melissa felt a swell of emotion.

In a moment of raw sentiment, Marcus captured her lips, his urgency clear. "Talk to me, please."

With feigned innocence, Melissa challenged, "What would you like me to say?"

"Tell me you love me as well," Marcus' voice came, rough around the edges.

Melissa initially thought to tease him, but as she met his gaze, she found herself lost in it. It took her a moment before she whispered, "I love you too, Marcus."

He then queried, "Do you think I'm handsome?"

A bit lost for words, Melissa shifted gears abruptly. "Shouldn't we be on our way to the hospital?"

Arriving at the hospital, Melissa did a blood test, and then they eagerly waited for the results. The test confirmed her pregnancy.

Marcus examined the results intently before turning to Melissa with conviction. "It's going to be a girl! We're having a daughter!"

"The baby is too young to determine its sex," the doctor corrected him with a smile.

Undeterred, Marcus pocketed the printout, asserting, "She will be a girl."

As they rode the elevator, Marcus was already pondering names for their child while Melissa gently touched her belly, her face a canvas of

< Chapter 708 You Are Really Good At It, Marcus. 🎁 +120 Points at most contemplation. Previously, Melissa had endeavored to establish herself as competent and capable, seeking Marcus' approval. Yet, as their bond deepened, her perspective shifted. Mutual sacrifice became their testament to family.

Releasing the Fowler Group from his grip was unthinkable for Marcus.

Thus, Melissa resolved to prioritize their family's wellbeing above all.

Once, Albert's offer had been alluring, promising a radically different life in Heron. Now, those prospects held no allure for Melissa.

She kept these reflections to herself, not wishing to burden Marcus.

As the elevator reached the lobby, they prepared to exit.

There, in the doorway, stood Thomas, the man they'd spoken with earlier. His suit hung on a frame thinned by recent stress, a visible toll of his responsibilities within the Smith family.

Their eyes connected as the elevator doors glided open.

Thomas parted his lips to speak, but Marcus greeted him first. "Quite the surprise to see you, Mr. Smith!"

Thomas, masking his emotions, stated plainly, "Before my brother's death, he declared Melissa would steward the Smith family business. So, she attends the funeral not just as his daughter but as his heir as well."

Thomas's gaze held Melissa's as he added softly, "Your ambition is clear in the way you've worked for Albert, proving yourself. Now, an opportunity stands before you. I'm confident you'll choose wisely." He paused, gathering his thoughts, before continuing "Weldon's last message for you was to release the past once he's gone. It's better to grasp the future that's now in your hands."

Visibly touched by sadness, Thomas collected himself before adding, "Weldon never expected you to see him as a father. His wish was simply for you to—"

Melissa cut in quietly, "I must apologize, Mr. Smith. I have no desire or claim to the Smith legacy. Vanessa should be your focus, not me."

Thomas seemed eager to say more, but Marcus interjected with a gentle

< Chapter 708 You Are Really Good At It, Marcus. 🎁 +120 Points at most suggestion to the woman, "Why not wait for me in the car?"

Melissa lingered momentarily, but then complied.

After her departure, Marcus shared a few words with Thomas.

When he rejoined Melissa in the car minutes later, she caught Thomas's retreat to his black limousine from the corner of her eye. Turning to Marcus, curiosity piqued, she inquired "What words were exchanged between you two?"

Starting the car with a subtle grin, Marcus replied, "Nothing important!"



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