

Chapter 709 You Are Really Good At It, Marcus! (Part Two)

Despite his casual dismissal, Melissa remained skeptical.

Under the cloak of night, Thomas approached the Smith family's hall of mourning.

His black limousine came to a halt, its door opening to let him emerge.

He advanced toward the hall, his footsteps deliberate.

Surrounding him, white candles burned in silent tribute to the lost.

Without hesitation, Thomas made his way to the forefront and knelt, lighting incense in a solemn gesture.

He whispered into the stillness, "Melissa carries new life, Weldon. She'll soon bring another child into the Fowler fold. Be it a boy or girl, they're destined for joy, cradled in Marcus' love. I'm contemplating perhaps we ought not to burden her with the Smith legacy. Claims of her ambition have been made, yet Marcus contends that her aspirations lie in the joys of home life—cooking, caring for pets, nurturing her children— Marcus, it seems, understands Melissa's heart with clarity. Should guilt weigh upon us, we must allow her the freedom to choose her own path."

He then paid his respects to Weldon's image with three solemn bows.

With Vanessa's spirits waning, Thomas accepted his inevitable role at the helm of the Smiths, ready to embrace duties long evaded.

The candles cast a flickering glow as dawn's light began to promise a new day.

Marcus and Melissa arrived at the villa as midnight was nigh.

Once the car was parked, Marcus eagerly phoned his parents to share the update.

Waylen's enthusiasm bubbled over. He was set on dashing to Marcus' home for a celebration. Rena interjected with a pointed remark, though. "Melissa's his wife. What's the celebration for you?"

Waylen snapped back, attributing her comment to envy.

"If it weren't for me, how would Marcus have come into this world, let alone Melissa carrying his child?"

Rena merely gave an eye roll in response and ascended the staircase with poise. Waylen, perplexed, hurried after her to probe, "What was that look for? I need the truth, Rena."

Her response was nonchalant. "If you've figured it out, why press for an answer?"

Waylen, frustrated, demanded, "Rena, I want a straight answer!"

Rena paused, a slight smile gracing her lips, and as Waylen joined her, she straightened his shirt, speaking softly, "I'm off to find a present for Melissa. And we might need to consider a new date for their wedding."

The thoughtfulness in her gesture warmed Waylen.

He tenderly held her face, planting a fervent kiss before murmuring "Darling, that's incredibly thoughtful."

When Marcus and Melissa returned, the household staff greeted them, bubbling with congratulations.

In high spirits, Marcus generously rewarded each with a bonus.

Ascending the stairs, they were met with a surprise. The two children and Minnie the puppy were all wide-eyed and waiting.

The three little ones converged in the master bedroom, the children and Minnie aligning themselves in an orderly queue.

The moment the door swung open, Matthew's excitement couldn't be contained. "Hooray! A baby sister is on the way!" he cheered.

Marcus swiftly scooped him up, ensuring a careful distance from Melissa.

"Gentle now, buddy! Mommy's carrying a little one."

Cradled in his father's arms, Matthew peered at Melissa's tummy, a blush coloring his cheeks. "When will the baby sister arrive?" he inquired with caution.

Marcus replied with gravity, "She'll be here in about eight and a half months."

Matthew's gaze lingered full of wonder.

With a comforting hand, Marcus smoothed back Matthew's hair. "You and I will be bunkmates for now, letting Mommy and your sister get the rest they need, alright?"

Contemplating the arrival of his new sister, Matthew gave an earnest nod.

He was so taken with the idea that he offered his beloved Minnie to keep Melissa company. "At night, when sleep evades me, I find comfort in the buttons on Minnie's belly. She's such good company," he confided.

Melissa, puzzled by his remark, looked to Marcus for clarification. "Buttons?"

Marcus, cheeks tinged with a sudden flush, clarified quickly. "He's referring to Minnie's dress!"

But Matthew persisted, adamant. "No! She has two rows of buttons on her belly, maybe six or eight."

Realization dawned on Melissa about the innocent observation.

The explanation, however, was not forthcoming to Matthew.

Yet, the confusion was short-lived as the topic soon slipped from the young boy's mind.

Once the children were nestled in their beds, Marcus checked in on Melissa.

Fresh from the shower, Melissa donned comfortable pajamas and was absorbed in a pregnancy guide. Marcus, seating himself beside her, eyed the manual curiously. "When did this come into our home? I never noticed

it before."

Melissa's voice was soft as she answered, "It's been with me for quite some time."

Marcus playfully feigned shock, teasing, "Have you been scheming our future for that long, Mrs. Fowler?"

Melissa couldn't help but roll her eyes at his remark.

She countered, "You're the one who leaps at every chance, and now you dare to play the accuser?"

Marcus cast the book aside and leaned in, pressing his brow to hers, whispering "Indeed, you've got me there, Mrs. Fowler. Yet, it's your guileless gaze that undoes my restraint each time. Challenging for any man, wouldn't you agree?"

Melissa responded by tenderly caressing his cheek.

Her voice was light with jest. "Well, to become a worthy partner of Mr. Fowler, I must devote myself to work. I should claim my role in Heron swiftly, lest the dowry slips through our fingers."

Marcus met her tease with an unexpected earnestness.

He drew her close, sealing his pledge with a kiss. "Worry not. Embrace your ambitions, honey. Post-delivery, I'll hold down the fort and rear our little ones. Should you wish, you can be the one to sustain us while chasing your dreams."

Melissa, taken aback by his words, questioned with a mix of surprise and skepticism, "Really? I can hardly believe it!"

Marcus responded with a light-hearted laugh, "What do you propose I do instead? Should I escort you to Heron myself?"

After holding his gaze for a moment, Melissa playfully nipped his chin, emphasizing each word. "Mr. Fowler, your craftiness seems to know no bounds. But don't think I'm falling for it."

Amidst their playful banter, they both knew it was all in jest.

As sleepiness crept up on her, Melissa's mind wandered to Minnie, who

was nowhere to be found.

Leaning into Marcus' embrace, she asked softly, "I can't seem to drift off. Do you think it'll work, the button trick Matthew brought up?"

Marcus let out a soft laugh and replied with a hint of teasing in his tone, "Tempting as it may be, I'd wager the buttons won't help with sleep tonight. Remember, Mrs. Fowler, now is the time for rest, especially in your condition."

At his teasing admonition, Melissa could only roll her eyes once more.