

Chapter 713 Supporting Her (Part Two)

Marcus lowered the window. His handsome face remained cool and his tone was indifferent. "About thirty minutes. But Melissa said you needed space, so I didn't bother you."

Jessie remarked, "You're quite the gentleman."

"Please! Don't state the obvious!"

Marcus and Melissa offered to drive Jessie home, but she declined. "I'll grab a taxi. Melissa needs to rest since she's pregnant."

She pulled out a box from her bag and said, "Here's a little something for the baby-to-be! I want to be the godmother, alright?!"

Instead of turning it down, Melissa accepted it with a smile. "You better tie the knot before you can take on that role for my baby. Saving us the time finding a godfather altogether."

Jessie scrunched up her face.

Meanwhile, Marcus grinned. He held the door open for Melissa to hop in. After she was settled, he strolled back to the driver's seat. Instead of driving off, he watched Jessie climb into the taxi and quipped, "Having her as the godmother isn't such a bad idea!"

"Why's that?" Melissa inquired.

Slouching in his seat, Marcus turned to her and explained, "Think about it! If she's our kid's godmother, and her future husband will be the godfather... And I bet Albert's the one she'll end up with. Then, Albert's going to be on our level, and my folks will be his elders... Our family gatherings would be quite the spectacle!"

Melissa gazed at him silently.

After a moment, she leaned in, cupped his face in her hands, planted a kiss on his lips, and murmured, "You're such a troublemaker! Marcus, remember when you used to tease me like this? How'd I end up falling for you back then? When I was your secretary, I didn't have to do house chores for you! But I still waited on you hand and foot. I must've been out of my mind."

Marcus was feeling pretty good about himself.

He leaned in and planted a kiss on her cheek, grinning "That means you had a crush on me back then!"

Melissa didn't deny it. "Yes! I did kind of like you back then."

Marcus teased, "Well, I'll let it slide this time for crushing on me for so long. Oh, by the way, I'm starving. Let's grab a bite."

He figured she'd say no, seeing as she just ate.

But to his surprise, Melissa chirped "Sure thing! It's still early anyway. What do you fancy to eat?"

Feeling pleased with her agreeableness, he gave her a smooch as a reward.

Finally, they headed back home. Marcus whipped up a bowl of seafood noodles for himself. The delicious aroma made the kids' mouths water, so he whipped up a batch for them too.

He asked Melissa if she wanted some.

She fiddled with her phone and then looked up and said, "I'm good! I've had enough to eat today."

Marcus squatted down, giving her belly a gentle pat.

"No pressure. Eat if you're hungry!"

"Oh, alright, if you insist," Melissa relented.

Marcus chuckled at her game of saying no but meaning yes.

Linking arms with him, Melissa headed towards the dining room and

whispered, "Guess I'm picking up your habits."

Hearing this, Marcus glanced at her, desire flickering in his eyes.

As night fell, the lights in the villa gradually dimmed.

Marcus was in the shower.

Melissa, dressed in comfy PJs, lounged against the headboard, sorting through her phone. Eventually, she hesitated, chewing on her lip before shooting a message to Albert. "It looks like Jessie might be heading overseas."

After hitting send, she set the phone aside.

Opening a drawer, she glanced at the transfer letter from Albert. She'd made her decision to stay but hadn't discussed it with Marcus. Not that he'd asked.

Was he just confident she wouldn't leave, or...?

When the bathroom door creaked open, Marcus emerged, towel still draped around his waist. Spotting the lamp on and Melissa still awake, he dried his hair and settled beside her. "Why're you still up? Are you waiting for me? Honey, remember, we have to abstain for the first trimester of your pregnancy!"

"I'm not waiting for you," Melissa shot back, giving him a pointed look.

Marcus' heart melted at the sight of her flushed face.

He slipped his hand under the covers, his voice softening. "Really? I'll find out when we have your checkup."

Melissa pushed his hand away. "What do you think you're doing?"

At first, she wasn't feeling up for getting frisky, but he persisted. He had a way of putting her at ease. Eventually, she found herself disheveled and on the verge of tears as he held her close.

Lightly tugging at her thin pajamas, he murmured, "Are you going to challenge me again?"

Melissa nibbled her lip.

She lifted her head and planted a kiss on his chin. Even though she didn't speak, he knew what she meant.

Grinning he teased, "You're really craving me, huh?"

Resting against his shoulder, she scoffed, "Cut it out, you jerk!"

Then they went at it again. Afterward, she didn't dare provoke him anymore. She got up and headed to clean up...

When she returned, she found Marcus leaning against the bed.

He held the letter in his hand.

Melissa walked over, pulled back the covers, and snuggled into his arms. Looking down at her, he asked softly, "You still holding onto this. Are you thinking about taking the offer?"

She quipped "Yeah, I'm all in!"

He kissed her and inquired "What about us and our little one if you leave?"

She just smiled and said nothing.

After a moment of silence, Marcus suddenly spoke up again. "Hey, don't stress. If you want to take it, go for it! Bring some pals along. I'll fly out every weekend to see you. And when you're ready to quit, we'll tie the knot."

To her surprise he was all for her taking the offer.

But she kept her plan to herself, letting him believe she still fancied working in Heron.

It felt kind of nice to have a little control over him.

Feeling content, Melissa snuggled into bed and pulled him close. "I'm beat!"

Marcus joined her, gazing at her sleepy face. "Melissa, I'm serious! I mean it. If you're set on going I'm behind you all the way."

She switched off the light and planted a soft kiss on his cheek in the dark.

"I know."

As soon as they snuggled in bed, Albert rang.

Marcus declined his call three times.

Finally, unable to ignore it any longer, Marcus picked up, grumbling to Melissa, "I take back what I said! That old geezer just won't stop unless he's making trouble for everyone!"

On the other end, Albert's voice was frosty. "Marcus, I'm only forty! I'm not ancient!"

Marcus chuckled. "Mr. Waston, you're aware you're forty too, right? Then you should be old enough to know it's not cool to ring someone up in the dead of night! It's late, what's on your mind?"

Albert hesitated before querying "Is Jessie heading overseas? Did she spill the beans about where she's headed? How long's she planning to be away?"

With a faint smirk, Marcus replied, "Mr. Waston, shouldn't you be snuggled up next to your missus and kid? Why you so curious about a gal you've left high and dry? Who are you to be asking these questions anyway?"