

Chapter 717 Albert's Love (Part Two)

Melissa wore a slight frown. Marcus reached out, tenderly patting her hand.

"My dear, consider yourself lucky to have a steadfast man like me by your side!"

Melissa seized his hand, giving it a playful nip. "I might need to rethink that assessment!"

Marcus erupted in laughter.

Once discharged from the hospital, Marcus required some time to recuperate at home.

Eager to pitch in, Melissa offered to assist him, but Waylen and Rena refused to let her overexert herself, fearing she'd strain herself.

Thus, Waylen had to step in and overlook the Fowler Group in Marcus' absence, while Rena made frequent visits to Marcus and Melissa, occasionally bringing along supplements for them. They found reliable assistance in managing the household and caring for the children.

Initially, Melissa anticipated challenges during Marcus' temporary blindness, but to her astonishment, his vision fully returned in less than two weeks.

On that particular night, as the moon descended slowly, Melissa tucked the children into bed. Marcus had drifted off to sleep in the rocking chair. Upon awakening he was met with a clear sight.

In disbelief, he reached out, finding everything startlingly sharp.

Relaxing in his chair, Marcus felt an overwhelming sense of contentment. Footsteps approached the master bedroom door, his heightened hearing picking up the voices of Melissa and Minnie.

Minnie bounded in first, eager for affection.

Marcus scooped up the furry companion, stroking her belly.

Turning his attention to the door, he inquired softly, "Did you feed her?"

Melissa paused, gazing at Marcus before squatting beside him, her touch gentle as she caressed his knee. "Feeling better today? Any improvement in your sight?"

Marcus fixed his gaze ahead, slowly shaking his head.

Melissa studied him for a moment before resting her head against his lap, whispering softly, "I truly hope your vision returns soon."

Marcus bowed his head, tenderly running his fingers through her hair.

In a raspy tone, he murmured, "I just woke from a nap, feeling a bit sweaty. Could you assist me with a shower?"

Throughout his period of blindness, Melissa had been aiding him in bathing and everything so she readily agreed to his request. With a nod, she replied, "I'll fetch the bathrobe."

Yet, as she began to rise, her wrist was gently grasped.

In a husky voice, Marcus insisted, "No need! I'll manage once I'm done."

Melissa offered a faint smile. "Alright."

Still seated in the chair, Marcus watched as she knelt beside him, unbuttoning his garments. She started with his white shirt, deftly undoing each button before loosening the fabric from his waistband. As she worked, she remarked softly, "You don't seem like you exercise much. How do you have abs? Aren't office-bound men supposed to sport paunches?"

With a light touch, she grazed his abdomen.

Marcus' breath hitched. He met Melissa's gaze, his voice huskier now. "Abs come from managing body fat."

Melissa withdrew her hand, continuing to assist him with his attire.

Slender and agile, her touch lingered, whether intentionally or not. As she helped him remove his pants, her fingers grazed sensitive areas, causing him to break into a sweat. Unable to contain himself any longer, Marcus called out, "Melissa!"

"What's the matter?" she feigned innocence, her hands deftly guiding his trousers off.

Marcus abandoned the pretense, unable to endure it any longer. He seized her hand, pulling her onto his lap, whispering "When did you figure it out?"

Melissa grinned mischievously.

Teasingly, she inquired, "You mean when did I realize you could see?"

Marcus snorted. "I haven't slipped up, have I?"

Melissa wrapped her arms around his waist, tracing a slender finger along his V-line, chuckling softly. "Probably when you were holding Minnie. Your movements were too precise for a blind man."

Amused and irked, Marcus found himself at a loss.

He planted a kiss on her forehead, murmuring with a hint of reluctance, "Who would've thought a little dog would be the one to give me away."

Melissa reciprocated his kiss, aware of his patience over the past few weeks. He often yearned to be close to her, yet always restrained himself in the end. Lifting her head to meet his lips, she mumbled, "You've been on your best behavior lately. Perhaps I should reward you."

A flush spread across Marcus' cheeks, adding to his allure.

As Melissa trailed kisses down his neck, he scooped her up gently, leading her towards the bed.

Considering Melissa's pregnancy, Marcus decided doing it on the chair would be too uncomfortable for her.

Placing her at the foot of the bed, he nuzzled her with his prominent nose.

Drawing close to her ear, he whispered seductively, "It's been a while. How

would you like to do it?"

Melissa blushed.

Flirting, especially in bed, always made her feel a bit bashful. Tilting her head back, she whispered softly, "Just be gentle, okay?"

Marcus playfully nipped at her nose.

"Don't worry. I'll take care you, and our baby."

Melissa trusted him implicitly. Though discussing such matters had once been challenging now they could openly share their desires. With marriage on the horizon, she saw him as her future husband, someone she could confide in.

During moments of passion, she would timidly voice her desires to him.

With a tender kiss, Marcus assured her, "I know what you like."

Together, they savored the sweetness of the moment.

Lying back, Marcus turned to Melissa with satisfaction, declaring, "Let's go dress shopping tomorrow. We can't put off the wedding any longer."

He caressed her belly, adding, "Our baby deserves a stable home."

Melissa couldn't help but find him a tad shameless.

She composed herself, her voice softening. "Your parents are adamant about keeping the original wedding date if you could get better. Now that your sight has returned, let's stick with that day."

Cradling his face, she continued, "But honestly, any time works for me. What matters is that we'll be together."

Having already completed their marriage registration, Melissa wasn't too concerned about the formalities.

Marcus' gaze softened. He understood Melissa's indifference towards such matters, but he yearned to give her the grand wedding she deserved. While it might not hold much significance for others, Marcus believed the wedding meant a great deal to Melissa.

After all, it symbolized her integration into the Fowler family.

He wanted to publicly proclaim her as his wife.

He wanted everyone to see that Melissa was no longer alone but had a loving family.

As they conversed, Marcus dialed Waylen, breaking the news of his regained eyesight. Waylen remained composed, simply stating, "If you can see, then come back to work tomorrow!"

Marcus glanced at his phone, a smile gracing his lips before turning to plant a kiss on Melissa's cheek. "Melissa, we'll have our wedding as planned."

On an early autumn day, Marcus and Melissa exchanged vows.

The ceremony drew many attendees, including business elites and numerous friends of the groom. However, there was a notable absence of relatives from the bride's side.

Originally, Melissa was to walk down the aisle alone, but unexpectedly, Albert made an appearance.

He took Melissa's hand and presented her to Marcus.

Daisy couldn't hide her displeasure. "Does Melissa hold that much importance? Is it necessary for you to play the role of her father on her wedding day?"

