

Chapter 719 Jessie Was The Maid Of Honor (Part Two)

"A facade? Then let's divorce."

Daisy fell silent, eyes locked on the man before her.

She sensed his seriousness.

He truly wanted out. Besides harboring feelings for someone else, there was another reason he couldn't stand her anymore. But she wasn't always like this. When they wed, she was pure and sweet. It was him who drove her to this madness and ruined her.

Daisy burst into laughter as tears of devastation streamed down her cheeks.

In a low voice, she murmured, "Albert, I won't divorce you. You won't ditch me for her. I won't let you go for the rest of my life."

Albert brushed her off. "Whatever!"

Daisy believed Albert wanted a divorce to be with Jessie. She was unaware his disgust for her ran deeper. He pushed her aside, ready to leave.

But Daisy relented. Wrapping her arms around Albert from behind, she croaked, "Albert, I just love you. I can't bear seeing you look at her."

Albert berated Daisy, accusing her of being crazy.

He shoved her aside and left the suite, leaving her seething with rage.

Why? Why couldn't she hold onto him?

She'd just made common mistakes women make. Why couldn't he forgive her?

Back then, she was just lonely. The one she truly loved was always him.

Daisy's face twisted in anger. Despite being pregnant and due in a few months, she reached for a cigarette from her purse and lit it with trembling hands.

She had to calm down or drown in sorrow.

She loathed Albert at that moment.

On their wedding night, Melissa felt weary. After a shower in the hotel, she slouched on the sofa, waiting for Marcus. He was seeing off the guests and hadn't returned.

Melissa dozed off until a faint sound at the door stirred her.

Knowing it was Marcus, she kept her eyes shut. Leaning against the soft sofa, her damp hair cascaded over her pillow, adding to her allure in her loosely tied bathrobe.

As Marcus entered, he closed the door slowly.

He shrugged off his suit jacket, unbuttoned his shirt slightly, and glanced at his wife. Then he smiled. "Why not dry your hair? Or get a blanket? What if you catch a cold?"

As he spoke, Marcus settled beside Melissa.

"You're pregnant, yet you can't even seem to take care of yourself."

His hand gently caressed her fuller buttocks due to pregnancy. Though a mundane gesture between spouses, it felt intimate at the moment.

Melissa remained lethargic. Her jet-black hair fanned out over the pillow, accentuating her delicate features.

Marcus leaned in for a kiss. His lips lingered and he whispered, "Without the makeup, you look just as you did years ago. It's hard to believe you're a mom of two."

Melissa wrapped her arms around his neck, addressing his earlier concern.

"Since being pregnant, I've been feeling hot and sweating a lot."

With a mischievous glint, Marcus grinned "Let me check."

Melissa knew him too well. His checking usually led to mischief. She considered stopping him but it was their wedding night. Whatever he did seemed alright.

So she allowed him to proceed. His hand slipped beneath her white robe.

After a while, Melissa blushed.

An unfamiliar desire gleamed in Marcus' eyes. He lowered his voice. "Have you been waiting for me?"

He wanted to do it but he also had to voice it.

Melissa couldn't handle his teasing.

She simply arched towards him, murmuring softly, "Marcus, no more talk."

He dipped down to kiss her. Afterwards, he asked, "Should I carry you to bed?"

Melissa remained silent.

Instead, she looped her arms around his slender waist and loosened his belt, leaving him breathless.

Marriage had its perks, and Marcus had one of the best nights in his life.

After their intimacy, even though Marcus wasn't entirely satisfied, he stopped, considering Melissa's comfort.

They stayed put, lounging on the sofa and chatting occasionally.

In a hushed tone, Melissa remarked, "I think Jessie won't be back in the next couple of years. It seems like she's avoiding Mr. Waston."

Marcus had been moping but, at this, he managed a faint smile.

He said, "What's up with Albert? He obviously cares for Jessie. Why tie the knot with another woman? Even after marriage, he's still hung up on Jessie, and his wife keeps stirring the pot. Poor Jessie, what can she do

As Marcus spoke, he playfully tweaked Melissa's nose and went on, saying, "Jessie's definitely avoiding Albert. Truth is, she hasn't forgotten him. After all, they shared a bed for three years. You can't just erase feelings like that."

His tone grew somber.

"The two of us don't even sleep together as much as they did."

Damn!

The more Marcus dwelled on it, the more uneasy he felt. He wanted to engage again but Melissa pushed against his shoulder, signaling she wasn't up for it. She quipped "Who's to blame, huh? Weren't you the one who dumped me before, saying I wasn't up to par? Have you forgotten already?"

Marcus felt a pang of regret.

He cupped her face, planting a kiss, and murmured, "You said we should let bygones be bygones."

Melissa returned the kiss. "Okay. Let's drop it. We're together now. Isn't the novelty nice? But Marcus, I'm having second thoughts. Maybe I should go to Heron. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, right?"

"Keep dreaming. You're my wife now. You have to listen to me."

"Really? Who are you to decide that?"

"Your husband of course."

Melissa leaned in for a gentle kiss. "So, are you going to listen to me then?"

Marcus gazed at her.

After a brief pause, he grinned and said, "You follow my lead outside and I'll follow yours at home. Does that sound good, Mrs. Fowler?"

He was used to being in charge and Melissa didn't mind.

Plus, she didn't want to stress about big decisions in life that not really

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concerned her.

It felt nice having someone by her side, taking care of things for her.

The two exchanged sweet words. Their wedding night was cozy and romantic. As Melissa drifted off, she still wore that smile.

She was married and finally had a place to call home.

Marcus planted a kiss on her cheek.

He switched off the light and whispered softly, "Goodnight, Mrs. Fowler. And... I love you."

Come autumn, Matthew started nursery school.

Melissa's belly grew a bit larger. She only went to the office twice a week. By winter, she quit her job, preparing for the baby's arrival.

The following spring Melissa and Marcus welcomed their second child.

Just as Marcus had predicted, it was a girl.

They happily named her Kiana Fowler.