

Chapter 568 He'd Never Felt Such A Strong Liking For...

Marcus shot a piercing look in Melissa's direction.

Eventually, Melissa caved in. "Fine, I'm the eccentric here."

Strolling towards the apartment, Marcus inquired in measured tones, "Give me the lowdown on your peculiarities."

"I compelled you to consume a cheap slice of pie against your will, even though you had no desire to eat it. That makes me the oddball."

Marcus halted in his tracks.

Her lack of caution led to a collision with his back, resulting in a reddened nose.

"Ah..." she exclaimed in pain.

Marcus pivoted and, rather than inquiring about her pain, fixated on her red nose. After a prolonged silence, he uttered unexpectedly, "The most peculiar aspect about you isn't making me eat; it's having a date with your boss. Now wouldn't you agree?"

Melissa shielded her nose, gazing at him.

Marcus adopted a self-righteous demeanor. "Didn't you mention having 300 bucks?"

She did.

So Melissa remained silent.

She attempted to grab the bags stealthily, but Marcus promptly thrust them into her hands.

The bags weighed a ton, and her waist nearly buckled under the strain.

Marcus enjoyed the struggling expression on her face and let out a snort. "If you're aware you're at fault here, strive for better behavior."

With that, he stepped into the elevator, an air of reserve about him.

As Melissa followed him, she pondered what exactly he meant.

She grasped the situation as soon as they reached the apartment though.

Remaining stationary, Marcus poured himself a glass of water, downing it swiftly. Extracting two carrots from the shopping bag, he declared, "These are for your consumption."

Carrots... the very item least favored by Melissa.

She hesitated to eat and mumbled, "Me finishing these now means no carrots for the mutton stew."

Marcus anticipated her reluctance.

After a brief contemplation, he cleared his throat and proposed, "You can indulge in one. Save the other for the mutton stew."

To keep her well-paid job, Melissa rinsed the carrot and prepared to take a bite.

Generously, Marcus instructed, "Take a seat and enjoy."

Displaying kindness, he even poured her a glass of water.

Melissa wasn't naive. Extended exposure to him had unveiled some of his peculiar habits.

To Marcus, she was nothing more than an exhibition piece.

Having finished the carrot, tears welled up in her eyes, a tinge of embarrassment lingering.

Yet she had to maintain composure, pretending all was well. In a hushed tone, she informed Marcus she had finished. His guilty pleasure satiated, he raised his hand, checking his watch. "I need a nap. Wake me when dinner's ready."

The clock had barely struck four, and he was already preparing for a nap.

Destiny, as unpredictable as it was, spun diverse tales for each soul.

Suppressing her frustration, Melissa refrained from uttering a word. Silently, she carried the bags to the kitchen, immersing herself in preparing dinner dishes.

Marcus directed his gaze towards the kitchen, a subtle smile playing on his lips.

Raising his hand, Marcus leisurely unfastened two shirt buttons, removed his wristwatch, and stretched his neck.

Ever since assuming control of the Fowler Group, relaxation had become a rare luxury for Marcus.

He had no need for relaxation anyway. Work served as his companion, and he held little interest in romantic involvement with women. However, with Melissa joining the secretarial department, Marcus found life to become more intriguing.

While Melissa diligently took care of household chores and prepared meals for him, Marcus found it insufficient.

His desire extended to wanting to cradle her in his arms every night, savoring the comforting fragrance of her presence.

As Marcus contemplated a shower, the doorbell disrupted his plans with an insistent ring.

Curious, he approached the door, finding a delivery person standing with a sizable bag in hand.

A perplexed frown was etched across Marcus' face.

He hadn't placed any orders, yet the address on the package matched his. It turned out the order was from his father, Waylen.

Upon reflection, Marcus realized that Ross was the one who disclosed the secret.

However, being in a positive mood at the moment, Marcus chose not to make a big deal out of it. Curiosity piqued, he opened the bag, revealing an assortment of items inside.

The contents included a bottle of fine red wine, a box of renowned brand ice cream, and two boxes of condoms.

Marcus held one in his hand, studying it in silence for a while before breaking into a smile.

Just as he was about to set it aside, Melissa approached.

Intending to inquire about his preferences, her eyes fell upon the box of condoms in his hand, causing her face, ears, and all to blush spontaneously.

Marcus' gaze held a certain depth. After a brief pause, he extended the

< Chapter 568 He'd Never Felt Such A Strong ... +120 Points at most
box of ice cream towards her, stating, "Old Mr. Fowler ordered this for
you."

Old Mr. Fowler? As in Waylen Fowler?

Wasn't he Marcus' father?

Melissa couldn't fathom why Waylen would order ice cream for her.

Lost in thought, Melissa's gaze involuntarily shifted to the box in Marcus
' hand. Marcus, noticing her gaze, lowered his head and chuckled. "Don't
worry. It's not meant for you."

Clutching the ice cream, Melissa contemplated making a hasty exit.

However, one of Marcus' arms tenderly restrained her, his warm breath
caressing her ear. "Although, I wouldn't mind sharing if you're interested."

Before Melissa could protest, he strolled into the main bedroom,
condoms in hand.

Left to her own devices, Melissa stood there, a sense of unease settling
upon her.

The precarious nature of her relationship with him was palpable.

Necessity drove her to push through, for she needed the money.

Yet in moments of reflection, she questioned whether her daily
commitment to chores and his demands stemmed solely from the
paychecks and bonuses.

Indeed, she was well aware that this apartment offered a comforting
warmth, providing her with a complete sense of relaxation.

She enjoyed the best of it, even though it would never be truly hers.

Following a prolonged silence, a figure appeared at the bedroom door.
Marcus, having just concluded his shower, nonchalantly donned a white
bathrobe. Leaning against the door, he observed her and remarked, "The
ice cream is on the verge of melting."

Snapping back to reality, she whispered, "I'll head to the kitchen to indulge."

"Sit in the dining room. After savoring your treat, you can resume cooking."

Thankfully, once he concluded his instructions, he retreated to the main
bedroom. Subsequently, the muffled sounds of music and dialogue

< Chapter 568 He'd Never Felt Such A Strong ... +120 Points at most
emanated from within, indicating his choice of movie.

Melissa inhaled audibly.

Clutching the ice cream, she ambled to the table, took a seat, and meticulously unfolded the box.

The smooth and creamy flavor deviated from her accustomed experience.

She savored it in small, deliberate spoonfuls, ensuring none of it went to waste.

The ice cream proved substantial and was meant to be shared by two.

Melissa devoured it entirely though.

As she prepared the mutton, a sudden wave of pain gripped her stomach. Unable to endure any longer, she made her way to the bedroom door and uttered weakly, "Mr. Fowler, I'm not feeling well. Can I leave early?"

Marcus, reclining against the headboard while engrossed in a movie, lifted his head upon hearing her.

His brows furrowed as he queried, "What's the matter?"

A flush adorned her face. She vaguely mentioned needing rest, but concealing it from Marcus proved futile. He rose from the bed, scrutinized her, and noticed bloodstains on the back of her dress.

"Is it that time of the month for you?"

His tone softened and became gentler than ever before.

However, Melissa was in too much pain to register it.

Overwhelmed with embarrassment, she clutched her canvas bag, attempting to conceal herself as she sought to leave.

Thunder echoed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, followed by a torrential downpour.

Melissa glanced out the window, and upon turning back, she resembled a bewildered rabbit. Marcus relieved her of the canvas bag.

Guiding her to the guest room's bathroom, he instructed, "Clean yourself up here."

Although the door was shut, Melissa hesitated to make a move.

Stained with blood, Melissa couldn't fathom if Marcus would be bothered by it.

Outside the bathroom door, Marcus dialed his chief secretary, Sylvia Ramos, a married woman in her early forties. His directive was concise. "Fetch some tampons and deliver them to my apartment in ten minutes. Choose the style and brand as you see fit. Yes, thank you."

Having concluded the call, Marcus severed the connection.

Sylvia, glancing at the rain-laden window, sighed with a mix of emotions.

She didn't need to inquire, and she just knew who was in Marcus' apartment. Today, Marcus dismissed several secretaries and took Melissa away.

Sylvia considered Melissa tender, though not exceptionally beautiful.

The question of why Marcus favored Melissa lingered in her mind.

Nevertheless, Sylvia was committed to flawlessly executing the CEO's instructions. Regardless of the pouring rain outside, she had to reach Marcus' apartment within the stipulated ten minutes.

Undeterred by the rain, Sylvia entered her car and braved the weather to procure a pack of tampons.

She thoughtfully included disposable underwear.

Nine minutes and nine seconds later, Sylvia reached Marcus' apartment.

Marcus personally accepted the tampons as he opened the door. Subsequently, he dismissed Sylvia, preventing her from encountering Melissa.

With the front door sealed shut, Marcus approached the guest room's bathroom. Tenderly tapping on the door, he spoke, "The tampons have arrived. Crack the door open a bit."

Eventually, the door creaked open, revealing an arm extending through the narrow gap.

She looked so timid yet so adorable.

Marcus placed the tampons in her hand, took a step back, and retreated to the main bedroom.

Commented [Ma1]:

Condoms, a gift from his father, still adorned the bedside table.

Marcus retrieved them, toying with them as a subtle smile played on his lips.

The truth was, men desired intimacy with the women they fancied.

Despite never having been in a relationship, Marcus wasn't naive. Formerly a man of simple wants, the daily presence of Melissa inevitably stirred something within him. It was inconceivable for him not to feel things.

Yet he wanted to take things nice and slow.

He wasn't in a rush.

Disposing of the condom boxes on the nightstand, Marcus closed the drawer. Upon raising his gaze, he noticed Melissa tapping at the door. Her pallid appearance indicated she wasn't feeling well. She had come to bid him farewell.

Clutched in her hand was a bag, likely containing her change of clothes.

Marcus inquired, "Has the pain subsided?"

Despite the lingering pain, the current situation made it untenable for her to remain.

Her dress was soiled, and it could stain his expensive furniture too.

She nodded appreciatively, expressing her gratitude in a hushed tone.

A thoughtful silence enveloped Marcus. Naturally, he could coerce her into staying, but what authority did he have to do so?

As her boss?

That would undoubtedly cast him in an unsavory light.

As her boyfriend?

In truth, there was no formal relationship between them.

Eventually, he rose from his seat and proposed, "Allow me to drive you home."

Once he chauffeured her home, he could procure painkillers for her and order some food for her. Regardless, leaving her unattended was out of

< Chapter 568 He'd Never Felt Such A Strong ... +120 Points at most
the question.

Melissa hastily declined, "No, I'll manage. There's no need to trouble you. I can take a taxi."

Marcus scoffed. "You don't have any cash with you. How do you intend to hail a taxi? With your charm?"

Rarely did he adopt a brusque tone.

Melissa found herself at a loss for how to respond.

As she hesitated, he proceeded to shed his bathrobe, retrieving the clothes at the foot of the bed and dressing himself.

Melissa's gaze fell upon his physique, revealing a commendable figure.

His body emanated health and vitality.

Exuding robust masculinity, every inch of skin and muscle appeared flawless, rendering her hesitant to meet his gaze directly.

She left in a hurry.

After a brief interval, Marcus emerged, holding a jacket.

Nonchalantly, he tossed it over her, enveloping her in its warmth.

The jacket provided Melissa with considerable warmth.

However, she hesitated, rejecting it with, "It might become soiled as well."

Disregarding her concerns, Marcus asserted, "A simple wash will restore its cleanliness. Moreover, this jacket seems a bit snug for me. You keep it. You can wear it to keep you warm during evening overtime."

Inside the elevator, he observed her wrapped in his jacket.

Her petite frame portrayed an image of fragility and vulnerability.

A peculiar sensation overcame him once more. Gazing at the descending red number on the elevator wall, he murmured, "I possess numerous unworn clothes. I can share them with you."

His duplicity was not lost on Melissa.

She remained silent, lowering her head. His unwarranted kindness left her hesitant to embrace it fully.

Seated in the car, Marcus activated the heating.

Melissa experienced a notable improvement in her comfort.

Out of consideration for his car's cleanliness, she gingerly placed a tissue on the seat.

With his attention on the road, Marcus nonchalantly remarked, "Ever heard of a place called the car wash?"

A faint blush tinted Melissa's cheeks.

In reality, Marcus never grasped the distinction between his world and hers.

What he regarded as commonplace, she accepted with the utmost caution.

After a twenty-minute drive, the car halted before an antiquated building. Marcus furrowed his brow, eyeing the dim lights within. "Didn't I instruct you to rent a place near my apartment? This residence is five miles away from mine. How is this considered close? Even mice would shun this place! What's with the \$20,000 allowance?"

In a hushed tone, Melissa defended herself. "I've never been tardy."

Following a prolonged, scrutinizing gaze, Marcus mumbled, "Indeed, you've never been late, but..."

A subtle romantic ambiance permeated the car.

Melissa lowered her head and kept quiet. Mercifully, he halted and grinned. "I've never encountered someone as fond of money as you."

Tossing his phone to her, he instructed, "Input your precise address."

After a brief pause, she entered her address. Subsequently, she opened the door and disembarked. Bending slightly, she expressed her gratitude.

Marcus turned his head, offering a reserved nod.

The black Rolls-Royce departed, gradually fading into the night. Along with its departure, Melissa's smile waned.

Clutching her belly, she ascended the stairs at a leisurely pace.

The staircase was devoid of light, so she stooped to activate her phone's flashlight.

After a considerable amount of time, she eventually reached the attic on the highest floor. Upon opening the door, she poured herself a glass of hot water, taking small sips in an attempt to alleviate the persistent dull pain in her lower abdomen.

She leaned against the bed and took a rest, her gaze directed towards the small window in that direction.

The sky exhibited a faint white hue due to the rain.

Marcus crossed her mind. He was likely heading home by now.

A call from the hospital interrupted her thoughts. The familiar voice on the other end uttered, "Melissa, let's abandon this. I no longer desire further therapy. I can't endure waiting for the operation. I wish to return."

Clutching the phone tightly, Melissa responded tersely, "Just endure a bit longer. I'll find a way."

The individual on the other end abruptly terminated the call.

A wave of despair engulfed Melissa. Familiar feelings of hopelessness resurfaced.

The warmth she once relished in the apartment had vanished, leaving behind only fear and a sense of helplessness about the future.

Recently graduated, Melissa lacked the means to cover the 800,000 dollars required for the surgery.

Gradually sinking onto the bed, Melissa's lips quivered. She embraced herself tenderly.

Over two years, she questioned if the love she once knew persisted. During this time, she grappled with the daily dread of fundraising. They hadn't enjoyed a decent meal together, and their conversations revolved around therapy, even during phone calls.

Their most recent encounter took place a month ago.

Ironically, the person she communicated with the most in her life was Marcus.

In a fetal position, Melissa experienced a sudden surge of regret. Marcus had been subtly expressing his fondness for her.

Entertaining the notion of allowing him to have her, she wondered if it would resolve everything.

< Chapter 568 He'd Never Felt Such A Strong ... 🎁 +120 Points at most

She would attain her desires, and Marcus would achieve his.

Yet the contemplation alone left her feeling contemptible.

A soft knock resonated on the door, accompanied by Marcus' voice, urging, "Open the door."