

Chapter 569 Marcus, We Are Not From The Same World

Melissa was taken aback upon hearing Marcus' voice.

The question echoed in her mind—Why was he here?

Lost in thought, Melissa was jolted when Marcus declared from outside, "If you don't open the door, I'll kick it open. This door's not gonna hold anyway!"

Faced with little choice, Melissa reluctantly rose and opened the door for him.

As the door swung open, she immediately noticed the somber expression on Marcus' face. Although it swiftly reverted to his usual arrogance.

"There's not much room in here," Melissa said in a low murmur.

Marcus peered into the attic, discovering its confined space, measuring less than 40 square meters.

However, despite its size, the area was impeccably clean and orderly.

Unfazed by the modest surroundings, he brought the bag inside. His upscale, tailored attire stood in stark contrast to her humble place, yet he seemed entirely at ease. Within the attic, Marcus retrieved a medicine box from the bag, declaring, "Painkillers. You know how to take them, right?"

Melissa, still bewildered, gazed at him without comprehension.

The perplexity lingered as she questioned why someone of his stature insisted on visiting and why he paid no mind to their differing worlds.

Quietly, her eyes welled with redness.

"You seem surprised?" he inquired as Melissa struggled to grasp the unexpected situation.

Wearing a condescending expression, Marcus quipped, "Need your boss to fetch you some water?"

Shaking her head, Melissa replied, "Of course not, Mr. Fowler. Besides, you don't have to be so considerate."

"I'm just concerned there won't be anyone to cook for me," Marcus retorted, his tone more amiable.

Despite his duplicitous nature, he poured her a glass of water and urged, "Take the medicine."

While Marcus enjoyed teasing her under normal circumstances, he felt a responsibility to care for her in sickness.

Despite the small and aged surroundings, Melissa maintained her self-esteem.

As she silently took the medicine, her eyes grew even redder.

When she looked up, Marcus revealed two takeout boxes, evidently delivered from a five-star hotel.

The question lingered—Was he planning to have dinner here?

Observing her trance, Marcus lifted his chin and remarked, "Aren't you hungry? I am."

Finally snapping out of her reverie, Melissa hastily pulled a chair for him and wiped the table.

A sudden wave of embarrassment washed over her.

Silently, Marcus observed her, his eyes bearing a gentle expression.

Melissa settled into her seat, took a bite, and spoke up softly. "Don't trouble yourself. Besides, this place is not suitable for someone of your taste and distinction."

Marcus continued to gaze at her, his expression unwavering.

Her heart raced unexpectedly, leaving her almost bewildered as she gazed at him.

Out of the blue, Marcus drew near.

Gently, he kissed her crimson lips and uttered in a husky, seductive tone, "If you don't feel like eating, we can find something else to do."

Melissa found herself almost paralyzed, unable to move.

Her eyes remained fixed on the man before her, and in comparison to her own unease, he appeared dazzling.

To her, he was like an unattainable luxury displayed in a shop window.

Yet, in this moment, she couldn't resist the fluttering in her heart.

Perhaps the prolonged challenges had taken their toll on her, making her yearn for warmth when someone cared.

Marcus kissed her once more.

He carried her to the small bed, and Melissa felt a sense of unease. Pressing against his shoulder, her voice quivered. "Marcus!"

It was the first time she addressed him in such a way, a rebellious act that felt fitting in the current circumstances.

With one hand gently cradling her head, Marcus bent his knees, leaning against the bed's edge. While kissing her, he reassured, "Don't be afraid. I won't do anything."

Despite his intentions being limited to comforting gestures, Melissa was still bleeding. Yet, all Marcus wanted was to share a tender moment through a kiss.

However, Melissa continued to tremble visibly, a clear sign that she had never been intimate with any man before.

Similarly, Marcus had maintained his chastity, refraining from engaging in physical relationships to satisfy his needs.

While he might have been considered inexperienced, exposure to adult content had equipped him with the knowledge of making women feel at ease. Although their interaction was limited to kisses and touches, it was sufficient to make her gradually melt in his arms.

Soon, she took the initiative, encircling her arms around his neck.

Marcus, feeling aroused, guided her hand, heightening the intimate atmosphere in the confined space, causing both to blush and their hearts to race.

The planned dinner was postponed by an hour.

Eventually, in the small kitchen, they reheated the food before partaking in the meal.

Throughout the dinner, silence prevailed, with Melissa keeping her head down.

Her face burned with embarrassment.

She couldn't shake the feeling that, regardless of appearance or status, the intimacy shared today seemed like her taking advantage of him.

The shame lingered.

After dinner, Marcus observed her lowered head and smiled, teasing, "Why are you still so shy around me?"

Glancing around, he eventually suggested, "I want you to move in with me."

With a casual tone, he continued, "You can opt for the guest room or the master bedroom."

Melissa hesitated before whispering softly, "Mr. Fowler, we... aren't right for each other."

The smile on Marcus' face froze, and after a prolonged silence, he inquired, "So, you're refusing to give us a chance? Why? Because our families come from different social backgrounds?"

Marcus' parents weren't really concerned about such matters, and he himself also understood that his partner's prominent family background wasn't necessary for his success.

Perhaps, without meeting Melissa, he might eventually form a strategic alliance through marriage with whoever that was suitable.

However, Marcus genuinely liked Melissa; she brought happiness into his life. Despite his usual demeanor of an unattainable nobleman, children raised by affluent parents often knew their hearts better than others.

Marcus knew he wanted to be with Melissa.

Even if she struggled to adapt to his world, he believed she could just be herself and still make it work.

She didn't have to be Mrs. Fowler; she could be his secretary or simply his companion at home.

They could build a life together, even have children.

As long as Melissa wished, she could home-school the children, with Marcus selecting one to personally mentor for inheriting the family

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business one day. The others could live as happily as Melissa did.

Melissa's lips moved quivered.

She was on the verge of expressing her true thoughts but ultimately held back.

"I... I'm not going to your place tomorrow." Summoning her courage, she conveyed her decision.

Marcus gazed at her silently for a prolonged moment. It was evident that she had declined his proposal.

In the past, he might not have been patient with such matters, but this time, he remained composed.

He didn't push her or insist, simply responding, "Okay."

Gracefully, he stood up, bid farewell to Melissa, and reminded her not to be late for work tomorrow.

The creaky old door closed behind him.

Marcus stood in the dim corridor, while Melissa quietly leaned against the closed door.

Tears trickled down from the corners of her eyes.

She wasn't heartless. Someone who treated her so well and was willing to tolerate her actions— of course, she would be touched.

Yet, she couldn't commit to being with him.

After all, their worlds were too different.

The following day, at the Fowler Group, Marcus occupied the CEO's office.

Seated in a leather chair, he leaned back and tapped the desk with his slender fingers.

As the clock struck ten, there was no sign of Melissa.

Marcus leaned over and pressed the intercom button, inquiring, "Has Melissa arrived?"

His chief secretary responded, "Not yet. Mr. Fowler, do you want me to call her and check?"

Marcus casually remarked, "No."

He had attempted to contact Melissa, but her phone was switched off.

Concern crossed his mind. Was she unwell?

He regretted leaving her alone the previous night, considering the cold and somber atmosphere. Could she truly be sick?

Without a moment's hesitation, Marcus stood up, grabbed his car key, and left the office.

Sylvia approached him, stating, "Mr. Fowler, the meeting is about to commence."

"Postpone it," Marcus declared without hesitation.

Sylvia, having worked for Marcus for several years, sensed that the situation might be related to Melissa. She considered Melissa to be a formidable presence in Marcus' life.

As Marcus descended the stairs, he made another attempt to call Melissa, but her phone remained off.

Frustrated, he tossed the phone aside, put on a serious expression, and drove to Melissa's residence.

Fifteen minutes later, he parked the car and ascended the stairs.

Upon opening the door, he found a middle-aged woman there tidying up the room. Startled by the noise from the door, she froze before regaining her composure. After a moment of silence, she asked, "You must be Mr. Fowler, right? Miss Brown left this letter for you."

A letter?

Marcus had a premonition as he took it, unfolding it to discover its contents.

The letter from Melissa contained only a few brief words—just two lines.

"Mr. Fowler, we do not belong together!

Please, do not come looking for me."

Marcus read these two lines repeatedly, finally accepting the reality that Melissa had truly departed.

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After expressing his love, sharing kisses, and crossing all boundaries, she chose to leave. In the aftermath of everything, she left him with just two lines.

Marcus stood in silence for an extended period.

The woman, observing his demeanor, cautiously remarked, "You seem like a respectable person. Are you Miss Brown's boyfriend? Miss Brown shouldn't have let you get away."

Without offering a response, Marcus walked away, clutching the letter.

A week later, he received a package containing a small, familiar velvet box.

Upon opening it, he discovered a diamond bracelet— a piece he had given Melissa earlier.

Although he had claimed it to be a sample from a partner, it was, in fact, a unique creation by a renowned designer he had personally commissioned. Valued at 12 million dollars, Melissa had sold it for a mere 800 thousand.

Marcus stared at it for a prolonged moment, and then dialed a number, demanding, "Where is she?"



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