

## Chapter 570 His First Relationship Ended I...

Exactly one minute later, Marcus received a message.

The message contained an address located in a small town next to Duefron, along with information detailing Melissa's experiences and social connections.

At the very end of the message was a photo of Melissa with a slim young man.

The young man seemed to be around 23 or 24 years-old, with a somewhat pale complexion and a melancholic gaze.

Ah, the boyfriend suffering from an illness!

She had sold the bracelet he gave to her for \$800, 000, possibly to pay for her boyfriend's treatment. Did this mean that in her eyes, Marcus meant nothing to her?

The care and companionship she provided him with were merely an act?

Marcus, born into nobility, never really took women seriously. Now, the first time he developed genuine feelings for a woman, it turned out she had only been stringing him along. How could someone as proud as him endure such a betrayal?

He sat in his room in pensive silence.

The phone was thrown aside, and the bracelet was tossed into the trash can.

He thought he'd never find her again.

But if fate ever brought them together again, he would definitely make her regret for the way she treated him.

Just then, a light knock on the door broke the silence. "Marcus?"

Marcus looked up, only to find that it was his father, Waylen, at the door. "Hey, Dad."

Waylen smiled at his son faintly.

Sitting down across from his son, he observed the latter's unhappy expression and mentioned lightheartedly, "You moved out a while back. Why do you keep coming home so often this week?"

Marcus pretended to be unfazed and retorted, "Dad, didn't you want me to visit often?"

Waylen chuckled and casually teased, "I'm just worried you haven't found a girlfriend yet! What about that secretary of yours from before? Ross told me you were interested in her. What? Did you scare her away?"

Marcus really didn't want to talk about it, so he grabbed a magazine from the coffee table and said briskly, "We weren't a good match."

"Is that so?"

Waylen felt somewhat disappointed. From what he had heard from Ross, things were going well between the young couple, but it turned out that his information was wrong.

His son, despite being such an excellent young man, couldn't even have the woman he liked. What a pity!

Trying to keep the mood light, Waylen said with a smile, "Marcus, did you know that at your age, I was about to meet your mother?"

Marcus pointed out, "You said it yourself that you were 'about to' meet her!"

That meant that they hadn't met yet at his age!

Unable to do anything about his son, Waylen sighed in defeat. "Okay, okay. Let's go downstairs for dinner. Alexis and Leonel just arrived, and Evelyn's also here!"

With that, he briskly stood up and headed downstairs, fully expecting his son to follow.

Marcus sat alone in the room for a moment longer, as though mourning a bygone era. Eventually, he stood up, but before he left, he plucked the bracelet out of the trash can and tossed it into a drawer.

Descending the stairs at a leisurely pace, he exuded a lazy demeanor.

The well-informed Alexis had already heard about the secretary's departure and Marcus' heartbreak.

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During dinner, she avoided mentioning Melissa and only said to Marcus in a seemingly lighthearted tone, 'A few days ago, Grand-uncle Mark mentioned this girl to Mom and Dad. She was quite nice and her family background is on par with ours.'

At this, Marcus raised his head.

He silently gazed at Alexis...

Both Waylen and Rena fixed their eyes on their son expectantly. After a moment of silence, Marcus opened his mouth and casually responded, 'Sounds good. You can set us up on a blind date.'

Despite going through such a painful break up, he didn't feel the need for emotional consolation.

He just thought that since things with Melissa didn't pan out the way he expected, he might as well find another suitable woman to marry.

Waylen heaved a sigh of relief, but his heart still felt heavy.

Truth be told, he was actually hoping that Marcus would refuse.

But because his son agreed to the blind date so readily, his heartbreak became more painfully obvious.

Marcus picked at his food. Once the meal was over, he excused himself and retired to his bedroom upstairs.

Evelyn followed him upstairs, hoping her uncle would read her a story. Marcus lifted her onto his lap, casually shared colorful tales, but after a while, he found himself staring absentmindedly at Evelyn's innocent little face.

Somehow, she reminded him of that woman...

He then scoffed at himself, realizing he was dwelling on nothing more than an illusion.

In the days that followed, Marcus started attending blind dates.

But none of the blind dates went well; either he was dissatisfied with the girls or the girls couldn't handle his picky nature.

Photos of him dining and meeting with socialites were regularly featured in various financial and entertainment magazines, painting Marcus as the playboy of the Fowler family.

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In a small cafe, Melissa, dressed as a waitress, quietly looked at the man plastered on the big screen.

It was Marcus, the president of Fowler Group.

The news featured him having a dinner date with the granddaughter of a renowned chip magnate, and he still exuded the same refined elegance as before. The untimely end to their relationship seemed to have left no trace on him.

She knew he had tried and looked for her.

She presumed he knew about her secrets now. If so, then it was only natural that he despised her.

Melissa withdrew her gaze from the TV, reassuring herself that she should be happy that things turned out the way she expected.

"Excuse me! Could you please clean the table?" Someone called her over.

Melissa immediately came to her senses and meticulously wiped the table. She was diligent and thorough in her work, and the owner of the cafe really appreciated her, paying her a decent wage.

But no matter how decent the pay was, it wasn't enough. She took on two jobs, working a total of 16 hours a day, sometimes even more.

After all, she needed to repay that \$800,000.

Melissa didn't know why she was so insistent on returning the money to Marcus. Would repaying him ease her conscience? At least, she hoped it make her seem less like a deceiver.

That night in the attic wouldn't seem as unbearable if she could pay back her debt.

Later that night, an exhausted Melissa sat on a bench by the bus stop.

The night bus came every 30 minutes.

In the cool, rainy night, she tightly hugged herself, concealing her form in the shadows... She tried to numb herself and think happy thoughts, shoving that image of that person to the back of her mind.

But more painful than exhaustion was the longing.

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She smiled bitterly. How dare she pine for Marcus when they were the most unlikely pair in the world?

Besides, she had already broken things off with her ex-boyfriend.

She was the one who suggested the separation. Before parting ways, she covered his \$800,000 medical bills.

It rained heavily that night.

Melissa broke up with her boyfriend and walked into the rain, her tears intermingling with the heavy raindrops. She wasn't really sure why she was crying, but the tears just wouldn't stop flowing down.

Until now, she still hadn't figured it out.

She spent her days working hard to earn money, afraid to spend even a penny. Her daily living expenses never exceeded \$15.

Only when the cafe played news about him did she allow herself to look at his face on the TV screen.

Just like other ordinary people, she caught a glimpse of a world to which she didn't belong.

After two whole years of slaving at multiple jobs, she managed to save up \$800,000. She finally had enough money to pay him back...