

Chapter 578 He Met Melissa At The Team Building

Alexis couldn't shake off her concern for Evelyn, despite knowing that Ollie was with her.

This distracted her.

As sweat trickled down Leonel's skin, he gently licked the tender area behind Alexis' ear and made a sound of dissatisfaction. "What's on your mind? Still worried about Evelyn?"

Leonel was about to cum. He barely finished speaking and resumed his focus on Alexis.

His actions slightly diverted Alexis' attention.

It was a while before she could recover. She placed her hands on his shoulders.

Alexis didn't say a word but gazed at him.

It seemed like she hadn't really taken a good look at him since they met again.

Leonel had grown and matured. Now in his early thirties, he was at an age many consider prime for men... Alexis found herself wondering if he'd been with other women in the recent years during her absence.

The last time he visited her law firm, Leonel arrived with a celebrity. Did he sleep with her?

This question had always lingered in her mind.

As she wrapped her arms around Leonel's neck and endured his movement, she asked in a raspy voice, "Leonel, what if I never came back?"

Leonel had never pondered this possibility.

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He always believed that Alexis, being deeply connected to her hometown of Duefron, would inevitably return. If she didn't return, he thought he would go crazy.

If she hadn't returned by the time he was 35, he would have to make her come back.

Leonel would consider taking over the Exceed Group and deal with Marcus and Edwin. He would do all the terrible things to force Alexis to come back. Even if it meant being despised and shameless, he couldn't care less. That was the kind of person he really was.

But now, Alexis was back.

He was in a good mood and pushed away all those darker thoughts.

Words said by men during intimate moments shouldn't be taken seriously. When Alexis posed her question to Leonel, he kissed her softly and whispered, "I would come looking for you, however long it took."

A subtle smile graced Alexis' face.

Her eyes and expression were filled with a deep, romantic allure. She wasn't like the little girl he remembered. He was overwhelmed by this and couldn't resist intensifying their lovemaking.

He was immersed in the sex and still found himself craving more.

He leaned closer to Alexis and spoke in a rough seductive tone. "Alexis, tell me you love me."

Alexis thought he was greedy.

Previously, he wanted her to call him 'honey,' and now he sought a declaration of her love. She felt hesitant to say it and was somewhat uncomfortable.

Alexis thought that Leonel might press her to voice her feelings, as he had done before.

However, he chose not to.

He just continued their intimate moment and kept whispering into her ear that he loved her.

Perhaps all women loved hearing that.

When Alexis heard that, she was intensely drawn to him. This night seemed to be best since they had reunited.

After the sex, Leonel turned over.

He embraced her, tenderly held her leg, and lifted it.

Then, his lips met hers.

Alexis was too exhausted and didn't move, allowing Leonel to continue kissing her.

They cuddled and kissed for about ten minutes, after which Leonel gently lifted her and carried her to the bath. The water temperature was not set very high.. Alexis was soaked in warm water and she knew that he was trying to increase the chance of her pregnancy.

Leonel seemed adept at it.

Meanwhile, in the Fowler residence, it was already late at night.

Marcus was smoking on the balcony. This was unusual for him, as he didn't normally smoke.

Ever since Leonel showed Marcus that photograph, his mind had been preoccupied.

It had been a long time. Marcus had been on numerous blind dates with impressive women. He had encountered many who were incredibly captivating.

He believed he should have moved on from that chapter of his life.

But he hadn't.

With a self-deprecating smile, Marcus realized he was just an ordinary person. Like many others, once he developed feelings for someone, he too became as stupid and overly confident.

He extinguished the cigarette with his long fingers.

He then grabbed his coat and hurried down the stairs. But as he arrived on the first floor, his path was obstructed.

Waylen sipped his tea in the dark.

The light was then turned on and Waylen scoffed. "It's quite late, isn't it? Where are you going?"

"I've got an early meeting tomorrow. Just going to check things out ahead of time."

Waylen said in a mocking voice, "You really are a standard worker, aren't you?"

Marcus just gave a casual shrug and continued on his way. Left in his wake, Waylen continued drinking his tea and mumbled under his breath, "Spring is nearly over. Why is everyone still so unsettled?"

Marcus walked to his black Cullinan and drove away.

The driveway was brightly lit.

But even the bright lights did little to lift Marcus' spirits. He drove in silence with a blank face, all the way to the apartment.

He stopped the car and sat quietly in it.

His gaze drifted to the top floor.

It had been ages since his last visit here. Ever since he learned about Melissa's background he hadn't returned.

Marcus lit a cigarette.

Eventually, he stepped out and made his way to the elevator.

After a while, he unlocked the apartment door and entered. Everything looked as it always had, but the apartment was empty.

The fridge had been cleared out by the cleaning lady.

In fact, there were originally some of Melissa's belongings here. Items like her hand soap, hand cream, and a few miscellaneous girly things could be found here and there.

All those items had since been removed.

Marcus had told Sylvia back then, "I don't want to see anything that reminds me of Melissa."

Sylvia had always been very efficient.

As Marcus ran his fingers over the table's edge, the back of the sofa, and everything Melissa had once touched... memories of that night resurfaced.

He didn't really have sex with her.

But to be precise, they had shared a passionate moment.

He had tenderly caressed her, to make her feel good.

And he had felt the same.

As Marcus grew up, he had observed the love shared by his parents, and the bond between Alexis and Leonel. He believed that if a woman allowed a man to share her bed, it signified her affection for him.

But now he realized that wasn't really true!

Marcus lifted his head and his face turned cold. He suddenly pulled his hand back.

He took his leave suddenly.

He spent the entire night in his car, and then drove straight to the office early in the morning.

It was nine o'clock in the morning.

When Sylvia entered to update him on work matters, she didn't notice that Marcus had hardly slept at all the previous night. She placed the documents needing his signature on the desk. Then she said with a smile,

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"Mr. Fowler, regarding the team-building activity you mentioned, the executive department has made arrangements. It's set to be in Warsew, known for its clean air and pleasant surroundings. It is ideal for team-building activities."

Marcus didn't quite catch the location's name as he busied himself reading the document.

He held his forehead and replied nonchalantly, "Just email me the details of the time and place once they're finalized."

"Alright."

Sylvia nodded slightly and left.

In the afternoon, Marcus got an email. The gathering time was scheduled for eight in the morning on the following day. The staff would then be transported to their destination by bus.

Marcus didn't usually participate in these sorts of events.

However, he thought it might be good to change his routine and unwind a little.

As word got out that the CEO would also be at the team-building event, the women working at Fowler Group were excited.

Marcus was still single.

The female employees were keen on flirting with him. They thought, if Melissa once caught his eye, why couldn't they?

At least 18 different rumors circulated about Melissa in the company.

But none of it was true. No one knew that it was Marcus who was dumped, and that he had lost both money and Melissa.

The team-building event was planned for two days. Marcus packed just a light travel bag for it.

He didn't have an assistant with him.

Sylvia had organized for a new secretary to manage Marcus' tasks.

By chance, this new secretary's last name was also Brown.

The new secretary was Sophia Brown. She had a charming appearance. After a brief glance, Marcus nonchalantly passed his luggage to her.

Sophia offered a smile. "Mr. Fowler, just have some restaurant. And don't worry. I'll let you know once we reach."

Her demeanor was composed and self-assured.

Sophia have a completely opposite personality to Melissa, who was quite shy and timid.

Marcus closed his eyes and reflected on how distinctly different the two were.

Marcus carried himself with an air of dignity. As he settled into a seat at the back of the bus, he promptly shut his eyes. The other passengers were almost too nervous to even breathe loudly, much less sing or make merry. They were cautious even while drinking water, fearing any disturbance.

However, the women on the bus occasionally touched up their makeup and wished for Marcus to notice them.

Four hours passed and they arrived in Warsaw.

The Fowler Group organized their team-building in groups. This particular group had Marcus with them so they arranged for their stay at the finest five-star hotel in Warsaw.

The hotel lobby glittered with crystal lights.

None of the people were as elegant as the Fowler Group's CEO. The receptionists at the hotel were already aware of who Marcus was. Some discreetly snapped pictures of him on their phones.

"Mr. Fowler is so attractive."

"I'd be thrilled to spend a night with him."

Even patrons in the cafe connected to the ground floor found their gaze drawn towards Marcus. The Fowler Group was a prominent company in

Duefron.

Marcus, the wealthiest individual in Acgenia, was young and handsome.

Everyone's attention seemed to be captivated by him.

Amidst the murmuring crowd, Melissa was caught in a daze. Her focus was so lost that she even forgot the plate she was holding.

She saw Marcus.

She had always imagined they might cross paths again. In her mind, that would likely be the day when she returned the money she owed him. And by then, he'd likely be a husband and father with his beautiful wife and children by his side.

But not now. This encounter was too soon. She hadn't even gathered fifty thousand dollars.

Then the plates crashed to the floor and shattered into pieces.

The abrupt noise startled many, including the man at the center of everyone's attention.

Marcus sat on the sofa, reading an email on his phone.

When he heard the noise, he frowned and wondered which careless waiter made that sound.

He had always disliked careless people.

But when he raised his head, he saw the person who had let him down.

Their eyes met.

Melissa was so humble, while Marcus remained as mighty and noble as ever.

The difference in their stature was stark.

Melissa's face was pale.

Her lips quivered. She yearned to apologize to Marcus or say something more, but Marcus quickly averted his gaze.

His eyes were cold. It was as if he didn't know her.

He appeared utterly indifferent.

Melissa looked downward, feeling a burning sensation in her eyes.

The manager on duty also heard the noise and hurried over. He had always held Melissa in high regard.

Melissa stood out from other girls. She was known for her honesty and for not creating unnecessary drama at work.

Today, however, was different due to the presence of an esteemed guest. Melissa's significant error had displeased the manager. He said sternly in a low voice, "Pick them up quickly. If a complaint reaches headquarters, even I will face criticism."

Tears welled up in Melissa's eyes as she apologized, saying "I'll clean them up right away."

Without delay, she crouched down and scooped up the fragments with her hands. She then discarded them into the trash can.

The sharp edges of the pieces cut her hand, causing it to bleed. But she didn't care about the injury.

She just focused on cleaning the mess up as soon as possible.

Melissa wished she wasn't involved in this situation, especially in front of Marcus. Even if they didn't have anything to do with each other, she owed him 800 thousand dollars.

As she lowered her head to clean the scattered pieces, she was unaware that Marcus had turned to look at her.

He noticed the blood on her fingertips.

His gaze took in her slender frame, noticeably thinner than before, and her pale, almost colorless face...

Marcus frowned.

Was this how she was living these days?



Did she choose this?

If she were living well, he could simply resent her. But why did she look so pitiful now?

This left him with conflicting emotions.

Melissa picked up all the broken pieces.

She reached for a mop to clean the floor. However, the manager quickly intervened and said, "There's a guest here. You can't use a mop. Get down on your knees and use a rag, and try not to bother the guest."

He added, "If you can't handle this properly, you might as well resign."

Melissa said in a low voice, "I can do it well."

She quickly got the rag. Ignoring the curious stares from those around her, she knelt on the floor and wiped the stains until the floor tiles were clean.

Afterwards, Melissa washed her hands and resumed taking orders and serving coffee to the guests.

She avoided looking in Marcus' direction, acutely aware of the different worlds they inhabited. Their encounter today was coincidental. If he demanded the money she owed, she would try and pool fifty thousand dollars as a start.

But despite her resolve, she found herself unable to resist glancing his way.

Marcus had moved to the smoking area. He leaned on the back of a sofa as he smoked, looking so hot.

He gazed in Melissa's direction with deep eyes.

There was a mix of mockery and indifference in his eyes.

Soon after, a petite, secretary-like woman approached him and said softly, "Mr. Fowler, your presidential suite is ready. It spans 700 square meters. I'll be staying in the outermost room."

Marcus extinguished his cigarette and remained silent.

As he strode forward, a voice from behind called out, "Miss Brown." Melissa was suddenly shocked... However, when she looked up, she saw the petite secretary responding to the call.

It turned out the secretary also bore the last name Brown.

Marcus wanted to send a message to Melissa that she had been replaced and meant little to him now...

Marcus stepped into the elevator.

Sophia followed him and was about to say something. But Marcus pressed the elevator button and said coldly, "Get yourself a different room. I don't share living space with my secretary."