Chapter 581 I Can Be Responsible For You

Melissa gazed at the breakfast in her hand with a look of surprise on her face.

She was well aware of who was staying in the presidential suite of the hotel across the street. It was Marcus.

The thought puzzled her. Why hadn't Marcus ordered breakfast in the five-star hotel he was staying? Why opt for takeout instead?

"The wonton soup from our place is famously delicious in town," the proprietress boasted with pride.

Melissa considered asking the proprietress to find someone else to deliver the breakfast. But before she could speak, the proprietress hurried off to attend to other matters. Left with no other choice, Melissa found herself heading across the street to the hotel with the breakfast bag in hand.

The receptionist at the hotel recognized Melissa and greeted her with a smile. "Delivering breakfast for a guest? You can leave it here."

Melissa really didn't want to encounter Marcus at the moment.

So she readily nodded in response and said, "Please, could you give this to Mr. Fowler on the top floor?"

Mr. Fowler was in the presidential suite?

The receptionist's eyes sparkled with recognition and she promptly agreed.

Just then, Sylvia appeared, descending the stairs with a laundry bag. She was surprised to see Melissa there so early in the morning. It took her a moment to gather her thoughts. "Melissa? Is that really you?"

Melissa was equally taken aback.

After a few seconds, she managed to utter, "Sylvia?"

Sylvia, seasoned in workplace dynamics, quickly regained her composure.

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She placed the bag on the front desk, exchanged a few words with the receptionist, and then turned to Melissa, speaking softly. "Come with me. Mr. Fowler must be waiting for his breakfast."

Melissa bit her lip, feeling a bit hesitant.

She passed the bag to Sylvia and requested, "Could you... please take it up for me? I don't think Mr. Fowler wants to see me."

Last night had been rough between Marcus and Melissa.

She wondered if he might never want to see her again.

Sylvia, though not privy to the specifics of their situation, had a good idea about what had transpired. She knew Marcus all too well. He was a man of wealth and pride, now deeply humiliated by almost being deceived and rejected by a young girl.

But it was clear he wasn't over Melissa.

If Marcus had truly moved on from Melissa, why would he be up there, smoking all night and battling a fever?

Sylvia wore a gentle smile and patted Melissa's shoulder. "Look, Mr. Fowler and I are two different people. Hey, we haven't caught up in so long. Don't you have any stories for me? I've been driving all night and now I have to attend to Mr. Fowler during the day. Melissa, you seem to know this place well. Could you give me some advice?"

Melissa found it hard to say no.

Talking wasn't her strong suit, especially with someone as experienced in the workplace as Sylvia.

Before she knew it, Sylvia had guided her towards the elevator.

They chatted and laughed on the way up. Sylvia, being a mother, could tell Melissa was struggling To her, Melissa seemed naively adorable.

Sylvia thought that if only Melissa were a bit savvier, she could have a much better life, especially with someone like Marcus.

She then heaved a quiet sigh.

Soon, they were at the top floor. Melissa hesitated at the door, whispering to Sylvia, "The wonton soup is $12. With packaging and delivery, it's $15."

Within seconds, Sylvia was already using her room key card.

She responded casually, "Oh, I left my phone and wallet inside. Come in with me to get the money."

Melissa's voice was low as she replied, "I'll just wait here at the door."

Sylvia grinned "You're avoiding Mr. Fowler, right? He's sick, running a high fever. I touched his forehead. His body temp must be at least 39 degrees. The medical facilities here aren't great. What if the fever affects his brain? He's not married and doesn't have kids yet."

Melissa was at a loss for words at this point.

"Just come in. He's asleep."

With little choice, Melissa followed Sylvia inside. The suite was as opulent as she had imagined. But upon entering, she was greeted by the smell of cigarettes laced with a masculine scent.

It was unmistakably Marcus.

The familiar scent stirred something in Melissa, making her want to cry.

Melissa felt a wave of embarrassment. Sylvia handed her some change and said, "Don't you want to see Mr. Fowler? If I'm not mistaken, you have feelings for him too. Even if you don't, you're kind-hearted. He's always shown kindness to you. I've never seen him care for any girl as much as he does for you."

Those words came from the bottom of her heart.

Melissa felt that ignoring Marcus now would be cold-hearted and ungrateful.

After much hesitation, she finally stepped inside.

There, she found that Marcus was fast asleep.

He did appear ill, his usually handsome face flushed with fever.

Melissa rarely had the chance to observe him so closely.

He was undeniably attractive, but she usually avoided staring at him, for his gaze had the power to make her knees go weak.

Now, she seized the opportunity.

Feeling compelled, she half-knelt beside him, captivated by his face resting against the pillow. He had such a strikingly captivating face, even in the simple bathrobe.

It was then that Melissa became acutely aware of her own appearance.

She was still in her simple white T-shirt from the breakfast shop.

She felt like Cinderella to his prince, as if everything about their time together was borrowed and would vanish after midnight.

The room was enveloped in silence.

Melissa couldn't resist. She gently traced her fingers over Marcus' lips, recalling their softness and the intense kisses they shared.

Despite everything, she still harbored feelings for him.

Her eyes welled up with emotion. She longed to kiss him, even just a light peck.

Leaning forward, Melissa's lips brushed against his ever so lightly. She intended to pull back immediately. But as she started to move away, she felt his hand on the back of her head, and suddenly she was beneath him.

Marcus' feverish body radiated heat.

His bathrobe had fallen open, revealing his chiseled physique.

Melissa turned her face aside, too overwhelmed to look at him directly.

Her voice quivered as she muttered, "Let me go."

"Let you go? Didn't you come here by yourself?" Marcus' voice was raspy, his eyes burning with intensity as he gazed at Melissa beneath him, almost devouring her with his look. He reminded her, "What did I say? We weren't supposed to see each other again, remember?"

Fear slowly overcame Melissa.

The memories of the previous night haunted her, causing her to tremble.

With hesitation, she placed her hand on his shoulder, attempting to push him away.

However, her efforts were in vain. Instead of moving him, he pressed closer, their bodies entwined. Her clothes soon found their way to the floor.

"Melissa, you're asking for this."

Marcus leaned in, kissed her passionately, and their fingers entwined.

He was dominant in his actions.

He had let her go the night before, never expecting her to seek him out again.

His body was a mix of anger and desire. He couldn't hold back, regardless of her pleas. Now mattered how hard she tried, he still refused to let her go.

To stop her from crying, he pressed his lips against hers.

Time seemed to stand still.

His gaze was intense, fixed solely on her. He claimed her slowly, yet with certainty.

This was the first time that Melissa had ever been physical with someone.

This revelation stirred them both.

It was Marcus' first time too. In that luxurious suite, amid his sickness and her discomfort, they gave themselves to each other in a heated, hurried manner.

Melissa's tears flowed, her nose reddened. Eventually, she wrapped her arms around his neck, calling out his name.

Marcus kept his eyes on her, his look a complex mix of love, hatred, and confusion. He hesitated, prolonging their intimacy.

Neither of them focused on the pleasure.

Their only concern at this moment was them being together.

Eventually, Marcus regained his composure. He cradled Melissa's face in his hands and kissed her deeply.

He didn't just kiss her; he drew her into a reciprocal embrace.

One by one, her remaining clothes joined the others on the floor. Soon, they were entwined, their passion escalating.

Outside, Sylvia quietly shut the door upon initially hearing Marcus' voice

inside.

She stood there for a moment longer and discreetly listened in.

What happened inside the room next had her utterly astonished.

Her concern for Marcus grew. His fever made strenuous activity risky. If anything happened to him, she'd be responsible. Yet, intervening seemed like a dangerous option too.

In the end, she decided to wait outside.

Soon after, the doctor from the hotel infirmary arrived, intending to check on Marcus.

The sounds from the master bedroom left him stunned.

Sylvia, cheeks flushed, managed a professional smile. "Mr. Fowler hasn't seen his girlfriend in a while. Their enthusiasm is understandable. Could you perhaps leave some fever-reducing medicine? I'll make sure Mr. Fowler gets it later."

This was exactly what the doctor hoped for.

He quickly set down the medicine and hurried off.

After seeing the doctor out, Sylvia placed the medicine on the coffee table, left a note, and departed.

Melissa was there, after all.

Back in the bedroom, the mood was intensely romantic.

Marcus and Melissa had been intimate twice. Afterwards, Marcus felt his fever receding, and he no longer felt unwell. All he wanted now was something to eat.

Marcus wrapped his arms around Melissa from behind, planting a kiss on her slender shoulder.

Men often harbored a bit of mischief, and Marcus was no exception. Although he was upset with Melissa, the fact that it was her first time softened his anger significantly.

In a raspy voice, he suggested, "If you want, I'll take responsibility."

He was implying that they should get married.

Melissa understood his meaning. Her thoughts were jumbled, but a part of her wanted to say yes.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to be with me?"

His demeanor had shifted entirely. Gone was the toughness of last night, and the playful teasing he usually indulged in. Now, he was exceptionally gentle.

Marcus was convinced of Melissa's feelings for him.

Her responses during their intimate moments were telltale signs.

This was why he was patient with her.

He turned her to face to him, cradled her neck with one hand, and kissed her deeply.

A man's desires often heightened after having sex for the first time.

He whispered to her ear, asking if she was in pain.

Melissa bit her lip, a gesture he found irresistible. Without a second thought, he embraced her and made love to her gently.

She spent the entire morning in his bed.

Thankfully, Sylvia had been considerate, asked for a day off on Melissa's behalf, and even spent some time chatting with the proprietress.

By noon, when Melissa woke up, she heard the sound of typing.

She sat up quietly and saw Marcus, already dressed and sitting on the sofa. He was working on his laptop placed on the coffee table.

Noticing that she was awake, he looked up and asked, "Did you sleep well?"

Melissa met his gaze, knowing he was awaiting her answer to his big question from earlier.

Marcus had extended remarkable patience to Melissa.

She found it hard to outright refuse him.

After a moment's hesitation, she replied, "I need to think about it."

Marcus responded with a smile, "Alright, take your time. It's already noon.

How about I order room service and we have lunch together?"

"No, I should go back to work."

"Sylvia has already taken a leave for you. Besides, are you sure you can even get out of bed today?"

He chuckled after saying this, and then stood up and approached the bed. Leaning over with his hands on either side of her, he gently rubbed his nose against hers.

His good looks caused Melissa's face to flush and her heart to race.

In a quiet voice, Melissa confessed, "I feel unworthy."

She didn't see herself as good enough for him. After their intimacy, she even said, "You don't have to feel obligated towards me. We're both adults. You really don't need to take responsibility."

Marcus' eyes held a significant gaze.

Melissa was already 22 years of age; not too old or too young.

She and Ryan had been childhood friends and then lovers, yet she had saved her first time for now, indicating her conservative values.

But now, she was telling Marcus they were adults and he didn't need to feel responsible.

Was she being naive?

Marcus typically enjoyed teasing Melissa and seeing her in a state of confusion, but not this time. He wanted to be clear and earnest with her. He was serious about her and wanted to treat her as an equal.

The thought of teasing and guilty pleasures, Marcus decided, could wait until after marriage.

In truth, he was puzzled by his own readiness to forgive her.

Maybe it was love's inexplicable nature.

He chose not to delve deeper into it.

Marcus was a man who believed in action. His role was to take care of Melissa, while Sylvia would manage everything else about her.

He reclined against the headboard, pulling Melissa into his embrace.

Dialing the internal line, he ordered an array of dishes. Melissa's cheeks were tinged with red. He leaned in, whispering in her ear, "I'm hungry."

His proximity was overwhelming.

She found herself leaning against his shoulder and neck. A simple glance upward revealed his perfect chin. The pleasant scent of his body filled her senses. Marcus looked so striking he almost seemed to glow.

Melissa felt like she was in a dream.

Could she truly be with this man?

She wondered if being braver, accepting her difficult past, ignoring judgmental stares, and simply being kind to him would make her worthy of Marcus.

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