

## Chapter 582 If You Kiss Me, I Will Let You Go

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Melissa felt a deep sense of emotion.

She probably harbored feelings for Marcus for quite some time, yet the thought of them being together had always seemed out of reach.

She pondered if her kindness could bring joy to Marcus.

To her, his happiness mattered above all else.

Melissa even considered enduring her least favorite food, carrots, every day if it meant his happiness.

Tears unknowingly filled her eyes, and her lips quivered.

Softly, she began, "Marcus, we... We..."

Marcus, resting against the bed's headboard, watched her in silence. She was undressed under the sheet, but despite their recent intimacy, they appeared composed.

He caressed her hair tenderly, and then her face, and finally, her hand. The touch seemed to ease the pain from her wounded hand.

This kind of gentle touch was new to them.

He had never expressed his love verbally before, and their previous physical encounters were mostly driven by desire. But now, his touch was filled with warmth and affection.

He found he liked this tenderness very much.

Marcus refrained from asking about Ryan, his pride evident in his silence.

He was convinced Melissa's affections were for him, and he chose to forgive her.

Determined to never bring up that disappointing name again, he resolved to avoid causing her any unhappiness even in future arguments. His desire for her was clear.

He wanted her to lead a carefree life.

Marcus's wish was to look after Melissa, to ensure she had no worries. Her days should be simple, deciding what to cook and enjoying leisurely shopping trips, though he hoped she would spend most of her time with him.

He enjoyed her company immensely.

He tenderly rested her head on his shoulder as she wept in his embrace.

Saying nothing he was indifferent to the tears staining his shirt, gently patting her back as one would soothe a cherished pet.

The doorbell interrupted the moment. It was a waiter delivering their meal.

"It's okay," Marcus whispered softly, kissing her lips. She avoided his gaze.

"I'll get the food. You should get up and freshen up," he suggested, a hint of blush on his face. "You can find my clothes in the dressing room. Choose something to wear. I'll have Sylvia bring you some of your own clothes later."

Melissa felt too shy to show herself.

Marcus, smiling slightly, walked over to open the door.

Once he was gone, Melissa quickly wrapped herself in a bathrobe and hurried to the bathroom.

She hesitated to shower for too long, worried he might return and enter the bathroom, possibly unable to hold back... Melissa was in pain. Earlier, with Marcus there, she had disregarded her discomfort. Now, just standing made her back ache.

Her reflection in the foggy mirror showed her face.

Gently touching her face, she was in disbelief, yet she couldn't deny the

truth. She felt a mix of physical and emotional joy.

She had feelings for Marcus.

Marcus wheeled in the dining cart. Unable to wait any longer, he followed her in after just two minutes.

He took out a dark gray shirt and stood by the bathroom door, waiting for Melissa.

She soon emerged from the bathroom, her face warm and her hair wet.

Then, she found herself enveloped in his embrace.

Marcus held her with one arm, drying her with the other, and then carefully dressed her in the shirt, buttoning it up for her. This was new for her. She was usually the one taking care of him.

She hadn't really dressed him, but she had tied his tie.

Marcus gently lowered his head and kissed her chin, playfully remarking, "I never realized you were so petite."

Standing next to him, she barely reached his shoulder, her stature probably not exceeding 5.2 feet.

That morning as he held her beneath him, she seemed to sink into the softness of the bed, light as a feather.

A flicker of desire crossed Marcus' eyes, but he refrained from pursuing it further.

Instead, he led her to the dining room, where a lot of food awaited, including even a bottle of red wine, suggesting a celebratory mood.

Melissa, accustomed to attending to Marcus during meals, gently pushed a plate with tenderly cut steak towards him.

Marcus speared a small piece of steak and offered it to her, saying, "Back then, I was just joking with you, asking you cut my steak and everything. But now everything's out in the open, how could I possibly still be harsh to you?"

Her voice low, she responded, "I haven't made up my mind yet."

Marcus replied with a smile, "Then, take all the time you need."

Noticing the box of antipyretics, Melissa softly asked if he needed one. After a brief pause and a smile, he declined. With her presence, he felt no need for medicine.

He caressed her head, stating, "This afternoon, I'll have Sylvia arrange your resignation. Please, stay with me."

Marcus planned to take Melissa back to Duefron.

However, spending a few more days in Warsew also seemed appealing, a brief respite from his father's constant reminders and the distractions of everyday life.

Melissa raised her eyes to meet his gaze.

Marcus, wearing a smile, said earnestly, "I mean it."

He paused, reflecting, and then added, "You've been with me for more than a year. By now, you should understand who I am. I don't waste time on things or people that don't matter. What I want, I go after. I'll only commit to you if I'm certain we're a perfect match. And yes, marriage is in consideration, unless something changes or if you're no longer on board."

Melissa looked down, focusing on her steak. After a moment, she murmured softly, "Isn't this moving too quickly?"

"Too quickly? I don't see it that way." His words carried a hint of playfulness.

A blush crept over Melissa's cheeks as she clarified, "I'm not talking about that."

"Then what?"

Ignoring his question, she continued eating her steak in small bites. She had to be quite hungry finishing a whole serving of steak and even a bowl of soup.

Pointing to the last carrot on her plate, Marcus remarked, "You shouldn't leave that behind."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked up.

He had teased her again.

He had promised not to.

His expression softened slightly, and he spoke in a more gentle tone, almost coaxing. "If you give me a kiss, you can skip the carrots. And if you kiss me every day, I'll make sure you get to eat something else."

Melissa felt overwhelmed.

He... Was he serious about that?

Marcus, in Melissa's view, was the epitome of nobility and grace. She couldn't imagine him ever uttering such shameless words, yet he did so with ease. Was he experienced in matters like these?

Like someone who could read thoughts, Marcus responded with a laugh. "I've never been in a relationship before. This is all new to me."

Melissa, feeling a bit shy, didn't press further, but Marcus wasn't ready to let the moment pass. He gently pulled her onto his lap... Moments later, a subtle spark ignited between them.

Resting against his shoulder, she reminded him, "You haven't finished your meal."

He replied playfully, "I'm craving something different now."

With those words, he tenderly held her face and kissed her softly, whispering huskily, "Close your eyes and embrace me."

A shiver ran through Melissa.

Though they had been intimate before, it was a whirlwind of passion, not exactly a typical relationship. They had merely shared a fleeting romance. This was the first time they were this close, physically.

She had never experienced anything like it.

With closed eyes, Melissa felt Marcus' breath on her ear as he murmured, "I didn't get a proper look at you this morning. Let me admire your body, okay?"

"No," Melissa pleaded, clutching her gray shirt tightly, her voice low and urgent

The room was bathed in bright lights, making her feel uncomfortably exposed. She wished they were on the bed instead, even if it meant enduring pain.

But resisting him was futile.

She was Marcus' first, a fact he took great pride in, especially considering his lack of experience in his younger, more vivacious days.

Marcus wasn't typically interested in exploring a woman's body, but Melissa was an exception.

Despite her cries and his soothing words, he insisted on having his way.

In the lavish suite, their figures were disheveled.

Melissa, her arms wrapped around his neck, whispered urgently, urging him to hasten their encounter. She feared Sylvia's arrival since she had the key card to the suite. The thought of Sylvia catching them filled Melissa with unbearable embarrassment.

Marcus found Melissa's fear amusing.

He wasn't unkind just fond of teasing her.

The feast on the table was forgotten as Melissa lay on the dark green tablecloth, her delicate form contrasting sharply with its rich hue.

Marcus kissed her gently, his voice a comforting murmur. "Don't worry. I just want to see."

Melissa's tears flowed freely. She knew Marcus wasn't perfect, and his request bothered her, yet she couldn't help but still feel drawn to him. She berated herself, feeling inadequate. In those moments of embarrassment, her tears would break through as she exclaimed, "I can't do this with you anymore. Marcus, you jerk. You pervert."

In the heat of the moment, these words were spoken in anger.

They were meant to spice things up.

Most men wouldn't take them seriously enough to stop.

An hour later, her crying became so intense that Marcus had to carry her to the bedroom and they continued their intimate encounter... The afternoon sunlight streamed into the bedroom, casting a warm glow.

As evening approached, Sylvia, with a gentle tap of the room key card, entered.

She brought a change of clothes for Marcus and several outfits for women, along with some health tonics.

Melissa appeared delicate, and Sylvia worried about her ability to withstand Marcus' intensity.

Upon entering the suite, Sylvia noticed its eerie silence.

The dining area was a mess.

A light gray shirt lay crumpled on the carpet, its fine fabric now resembling a rag. Sylvia recognized it as a high-end brand, now reduced to a wrinkled state.

And the tablecloth didn't look good either.

Sylvia gazed at the bedroom door, which was shut, yet there was a faintly sweet scent in the air.

"It's so intense," she remarked, setting down her bags to tidy up the room.

She then called someone to collect the food, and arranged a late-night snack for Marcus, scheduled for 9 p.m. delivery.

Just as Sylvia made all the arrangements and was about to leave, the bedroom door swung open.

Marcus emerged, looking invigorated. Dressed in black casual trousers and a white shirt, he seemed remarkably unaffected by the indulgent day he had.

Unfazed by Sylvia's presence, he examined the bags she brought. "These will be perfect for Melissa," he noted.

With a sigh, Sylvia advised, "Mr. Fowler, maybe ease up on the

indulgences a bit."

Marcus gave her a brief, embarrassed look but soon responded nonchalantly, "Arrange for Melissa to leave her job. After a few days in Warsew, I'll bring her back to Duefron. And get me a private plane the day after tomorrow; I'm not taking the company bus."

Sylvia wasn't surprised by his plans.

"Where will you be going in Warsew, Mr. Fowler? Should I hire you a tour guide?" she asked, intrigued.

Marcus hesitated, his fingers pausing momentarily. "No. We're just staying at the hotel," he replied calmly.

Sylvia was momentarily at a loss for words. His audacity was astounding.

But she quickly recomposed herself, smiling as she said, "Enjoy your trip, Mr. Fowler."

Marcus picked up on Sylvia's sarcasm but he was feeling pretty good at the moment. Instead of arguing he simply gestured for her to leave.

Sylvia headed downstairs and decided to grab dinner at the hotel restaurant. As luck would have it, she bumped into some coworkers returning from a company trip. They occupied 20 tables on the restaurant's second floor. The main gossip among the female staff was about why Marcus hadn't joined them today.

They cut their conversation short when they noticed Sylvia approaching.

Curiosity soon got the better of them, and they couldn't resist asking about Marcus.

Sylvia, respecting Marcus' privacy, replied vaguely, "Mr. Fowler isn't well. He needs some rest."

The thought of Marcus being sick sparked a buzz.

One of them, eager to gain favor with Marcus, suggested, "Maybe we should send someone to check on Mr. Fowler?"

Another, a hint of envy in her voice, commented, "I think Mr. Fowler

already has company. That new secretary, what's her name, Brown? She resembles Melissa and is always by his side."

"Yeah, she's probably taking care of him," agreed another.

Sylvia just smiled and stayed silent, sipping her drink and eating at her own pace.

After dinner, Sylvia was invited to join her colleagues at a bar on the 26th floor. "There's a fantastic singer there, Sylvia. Come on, let's have some fun. You can help us with the expense report later."

Having rested all afternoon, Sylvia was up for some relaxation and agreed.

By nine over thirty elegantly dressed Fowler Group employees arrived at the bar. The bar was somewhat dimly lit and not very crowded, except for a couple in the corner.

The employees didn't mind. They settled in, ordering drinks and snacks.

Then, the topic shifted back to Marcus. They speculated freely, increasingly convinced that Marcus was involved with the new secretary.

As they chatted with excitement, someone abruptly pointed to a corner, hesitatingly saying, "That looks like Mr. Fowler. And the person next to him... might be Melissa."

Ah...

How could Marcus be with Melissa?

That was impossible

Yet, turning their gaze, they spotted Marcus. Tucked away in a quiet corner, Marcus sat, partially turned away, with a petite girl beside him. His profile was very gentle, and he leaned in to kiss her.

The kiss was tender, perfectly paced, as if time stood still.

The girl seemed hesitant at first. He turned her face towards him, whispered something and kissed her again.

On a closer look, they confirmed it was indeed Melissa.

Really, it didn't matter who she was. What struck them was seeing Marcus in a light they never imagined. They had no clue how he acted in love or showed tenderness to a woman.

But now, they witnessed it.

Marcus, too, could fall deeply for someone.

He was genuinely serious about Melissa.

Everyone watched in silence. After a moment, someone murmured, "It looks like Mr. Fowler is quite fond of Melissa. He really cares for her."

That explained why Marcus was so eager to reunite with Melissa after their separation.