

Chapter 583 She's My Wife

Warsaw stood as a diminutive city on the map.

Apart from the occasional tourists seeking luxurious accommodations and willing to spend money at such high-class hotels, the usual clientele for this type of establishment was quite limited.

Aside from the couple, the bar housed now only a handful of Fowler Group employees.

Hushed conversations sparked in the air.

"Mr. Fowler is quite something."

"Mr. Fowler possesses quite the adeptness in kissing their passion was palpable."

Sylvia, in her role as Marcus' chief secretary, deemed it prudent to offer a subtle reminder. Without such caution, Marcus risked being captured in photographs that could find their way onto the Internet. Sylvia approached and discreetly cleared her throat, asking, "Mr. Fowler, would you like me to take care of signing the bill for you?"

Marcus looked up, spotting his secretary.

Female employees behind her discreetly glanced around, feigning ignorance of Marcus' presence.

"There's no need," Marcus responded calmly. "I'll take care of the bill myself."

Sylvia nodded and retreated.

After a brief pause, Marcus collected himself, sat for a moment, and then ushered Melissa away.

Gently, he draped his coat over Melissa's shoulders.

Preempting any commentary from the female staff, Sylvia remarked

coolly, "Fate, my friends. Envy has no place here."

Sylvia, too, harbored a desire to be with a wealthy man, envisioning a life where she wouldn't have to wake up in the middle of the night and endure hours of driving simply because her boss said so.

She envisioned herself joyfully counting diamond rings on a luxurious bed.

A twinge of melancholy crept over Sylvia.

Skipping the return to the suite, Marcus and Melissa headed directly to the parking lot.

The vestibule cradled a sleek black sports car.

Marcus opened the car door and raised his chin slightly. His handsome features stood out, exuding a noticeable air of nobility, especially in the dimness of the night.

"Take a seat inside."

Noticing Melissa's hesitation, he delicately seized her slender arm, coaxing her into the car with a gentle nudge.

Despite his close proximity, an air of unreality lingered as she sat beside him.

Leaning in, Marcus secured her seat belt and inquired softly, "What's on your mind?"

Melissa cast her gaze downward.

Yielding to an impulse, she looked up again at him, extended her hand and tenderly traced his face, from eyebrows to nose. Fear had restrained her in the past, making this bold touch a significant departure.

"What's our destination?"

Marcus lifted his head as her fingers departed from the bridge of his nose.

However, he seized her hand and allowed her to persist in caressing it. Not only did he permit her touch, but he also inquired in a hushed tone, "Is it high?"

Melissa's face warmed slightly.

His audacity knew no bounds. He had evolved from the serious demeanor of the past, where even teasing held a hint of gravity. Presently, his words consistently left her flustered and bewildered.

An impulse to retract her hand surged within her, yet Marcus thwarted any such attempt.

He not only retained her hand but also guided her in the subtle art of tactile exploration.

She gently touched his nose, moving back and forth. He playfully teased her once more in a soft voice, asking "Is it high?"

Melissa refused to answer with a subtle shake of her head.

She embraced him tenderly, resting against his shoulder in silence.

Marcus' body exuded a fresh scent, and the distinctive woody fragrance, coupled with his masculine essence, captivated Melissa. She sensed that her attraction to him was largely influenced by his appearance.

Disregarding his looks was out of the question. No, she couldn't.

A blush crept onto her cheeks.

Marcus' expression softened. He recognized that he had pushed boundaries, yet her newfound shyness and coquettish demeanor stirred a sense of emotion within him.

He gently ran his hand over her shoulder and soothingly expressed, "You'll become accustomed to it."

Boldly, she whispered, "I can't adapt."

She withheld the explanation. It was his sheer handsomeness that unsettled her.

A single glance at him quickened her heartbeat.

Marcus chuckled, affectionately tousling her hair. "Let's take a stroll."

Warsew was a tourist town with a sizable duty-free store featuring

The place bustled with people coming and going

Marcus escorted Melissa into the store. Despite his lack of prior romantic experiences, he understood that many girls enjoyed purchasing skincare products and daily accessories. Recognizing that Melissa wasn't in a good position and hadn't invested in major brands, he had previously gifted her a variety of such items.

Marcus didn't hesitate.

He guided her to a specific brand and requested the most luxurious skincare products, encompassing items for the face, hands, and body.

Melissa found this skincare set a tad pricey.

She gestured towards another set, remarking "Let's go with this one."

Marcus took a sample and delicately applied it to her hand. Then, with a meaningful tone, he remarked, "You have normal skin. This set is designed for dry skin. If you use it, you might get pimples. It could affect your complexion and, well, the feel of my hands."

The mention of the impact on the feel of his hands caused Melissa's face to blush once again.

Marcus cast a glance at Melissa before addressing the saleslady.

His good looks were undeniable. Engaging with the saleslady, he exuded a discerning air, as if the entire counter were at his exclusive service.

The salesladies, captivated, regarded him with glistening eyes.

One of them ventured, "Sir, are you purchasing skincare for your younger sister? She seems quite youthful."

Marcus declared in a flat tone, "She's my wife. We tied the knot a while back."

The saleswomen stood in collective astonishment.

It caught them off guard.

With a flush coloring her cheeks, Melissa lacked the courage to challenge Marcus. He, in turn, confidently retrieved his platinum card and instructed, "Settle the bill. The PIN number is identical to the lock password of the apartment."

In a hushed tone, Melissa questioned, "Why not pay the bill yourself?"

"Didn't I purchase it for you?"

Reluctantly, Melissa took the card and settled the bill. Returning she presented the receipt to Marcus, as if offering it to a guardian. Pleased, Marcus affectionately patted her head, commending "Well done."

The saleswoman remained in a state of shock.

Melissa harbored a sense of embarrassment.

As Marcus carried the items and guided her to another store, she suddenly whispered "Can you please show me more respect when we're out in public in the future?"

"Did I offend you?" Marcus casually inquired

Melissa, feeling anxious, hastened her pace to catch up with him.

She lifted her head and said earnestly, "You constantly tease me even in public. It gives the impression that I'm your pet or something."

Marcus offered a faint smile.

Thankfully, she wasn't foolish.

He inquired earnestly, "But I really like teasing you. How should I proceed?"

Melissa nibbled her lips, rendering her speechless for a prolonged moment.

Eventually, she pivoted and strolled ahead without saying anything.

Trailing behind Marcus tenderly enveloped her shoulder with his arm, questioning "Are you upset?"

"No," she replied, her voice slightly nasal and subdued. "But can you refrain from doing this in public? Teasing me at home is fine."

Abruptly, Marcus pulled her towards him, and Melissa found herself enveloped in his embrace.

Her face nestled in his chest, attuned to his rhythmic heartbeat. She waited in silence, only to receive a soft press of his lips on her forehead.

Melissa's face flushed once again, but this blush held a distinct quality compared to the previous one.

"I see," Marcus uttered in a husky voice.

The surrounding crowd faded into insignificance, their presence irrelevant.

Gently embracing his waist, Melissa rose on tiptoes, planting a kiss on his chin. A blush painted her cheeks as she murmured, "That's good."

Marcus yearned for a kiss, but with the bustling crowd around, he settled for intertwining their hands instead.

Two hours of shopping ensued, with Marcus consistently treating her to various purchases.

Her most cherished item was a pair of pearl stud earrings.

She immediately adorned herself with them the moment she saw them, reluctant to part with them. Marcus, too, found them exquisite.

Subsequently, she pulled him towards a store specializing in leather goods.

She intended to select a wallet for him, although he already possessed a variety of wallets, numbering at least a couple of dozen. Despite his lack of enthusiasm, she insisted on choosing one for him.

Deliberately selecting the most affordable option, she ultimately footed the bill.

As she settled the payment, Marcus stood behind her. While she counted the money with a touch of dismay, he reveled in delight. Leaning down, he rested his chin on her head, tenderly embracing her.

Seated in the car, Melissa grumbled softly, "Being with you is quite costly."

Earning that much money would require her to toil for several days.

Meanwhile, Marcus busied himself switching wallets. Smirking he remarked, "You haven't had a good time? Melissa, you can't be with a guy like me without spending tens of thousands of dollars each time. You can calculate how much you've benefited from me each day. How can you bring up money with me?"

He playfully tapped her head with his old wallet.

"Consider this yours."

Crafted from crocodile skin, his wallet was of designer brand and carried a hefty price tag.

Its dimensions perfectly suited her needs as well.

He took pleasure in her using his possessions.

Despite knowing the opulence of his belongings, Melissa playfully lamented, "Why do you get the new one while I'm stuck with the old?"

Marcus secured his seat belt and cast a sly glance at her. "I'm completely brand new, and you know it."

Melissa fell silent.

A suspicion lingered in her mind—he seemed too skillful to be a virgin but she refrained from questioning him.

Leaning in, Marcus pressed a kiss against her lips.

Uttering in a hushed tone, he proposed, "Let's head back to the hotel, Melissa. I'm eager for some intimacy."

His bluntness was too much for Melissa to handle.

They had been intimate multiple times throughout the day.

Fearful of discomfort, she hesitated.

Observing her embarrassment and unease, Marcus grinned. He contemplated the delightful prospect of teasing her upon their return.

Just as Marcus prepared to start the car, a call from Duefron interrupted.

It was Marcus' mother, Rena.

Marcus responded, his tone gentle, "Mom, what's going on?"

Rena's demeanor remained composed.

She conveyed, "Your father and I got wind of your involvement with a girl in Warsew. He's overly thrilled, contemplating arranging a special flight to Warsew. He even urged me to prepare for a wedding. Marcus, if you prefer not to have your father land in Warsew, enjoy your stay for a couple of days there, and then bring Melissa back. I'd like to meet her as well. Your grandparents are equally eager."

Marcus rubbed his forehead, pleading, "Mom."

Rena chuckled. "I've done my utmost to dissuade your father. I nearly considered having a doctor sedate him."

With a gentle touch, Marcus released the buckle of Melissa's seat belt.

Cradling Melissa in his embrace, Marcus shared Rena's words with her.

Rena's gentle voice echoed, "Marcus, you're aware of your father's temperament. If it weren't for Alexis, you might have been pressured to have a child at your age."

Marcus inclined his head to meet Melissa's gaze.

A blush graced Melissa's cheeks, given their recent intimate encounter. Despite the impulse to touch her, Marcus spoke earnestly, "Mom, I understand. I'll bring Melissa back soon."

Rena concluded the call with a sense of contentment.

Waylen, holding a pill, inquired "How did it go?"

Gracefully settling into a chair, Rena took a sip of tea and remarked, "Didn't I have it on speaker just now?"

Waylen draped his arm around her shoulder, suggesting "Can't you repeat it for me?"

Lifting her head, Rena kissed him, her smile radiating warmth as she shared, "I think we're about to become grandparents again."

Waylen promptly rose from his seat.

Pacing around the room, Waylen couldn't contain himself. "We need to make a grand celebration of it. Alexis and Leonel had their baby, but they haven't had a proper wedding yet. It's absurd. We can't afford any missteps on Marcus' marriage this time."

Rena remarked nonchalantly, "We've been married for decades, and we never had a formal wedding either."

Waylen was taken aback.

Displaying his usual shamelessness and charm, he leaned in and whispered, "I've been keeping you quite satisfied every night recently. Isn't that a better deal than a wedding? How many women your age are still so radiant?"

Rena couldn't tolerate his teasing.

His insatiable sexual appetite was apparent, leaving him restless.

Fixing her gaze on him, she declared, "You're sleeping in the study tonight."

Waylen lifted Rena off the ground, prompting her to clutch his neck in fear. "What's your plan? The servants might catch us."

Asserting his position, Waylen asserted, "You'll sleep in the study with me tonight."

Accustomed to their bedroom routine, the change of locale added a sense of novelty.

Upon reaching the second floor, Rena reprimanded Waylen for his shameless behavior.

Waylen pushed her against the sofa, planting a kiss. "Which noblewoman compares to you? Your entire body goes soft when I kiss you. Don't you want me to hold you?"

Placing her hand on his shoulder, Rena halted his advances.

Despite her attempt to intervene, he managed to proceed.

Her hair was slightly disheveled, lending her an indescribable charm. Rena



Amidst these youngsters, my greatest concern is actually for Marcus.'

Elva was just sweet and innocent.

Alexis and Leonel were inseparable for the entirety of their lives.

Marcus, on the other hand, experienced being the last to fall in love and
faced rejection.

Now, Marcus had finally found his beloved.

Rena whispered, 'Are you concerned that Marcus won't find a wife?'

Waylen gazed at Rena in silence.

After a prolonged moment, he initiated a kiss. In a seductive tone, he
murmured, 'It's not a challenge for Marcus to find a wife. Many women
are drawn to him. Every woman likes him. Yet I wish for Marcus to find
someone he genuinely likes. It's the one he truly cares for that brings him
happiness.'

It resembled the way Waylen felt about Rena.

Her mere presence brought him joy, regardless of her actions.

Rena was deeply moved.

She encircled her arms around his neck. Though he often urged her to
express her love, she usually refrained from saying the words.
Nevertheless, he frequently professed his love for her. As time passed,
her heart gradually melted.

Whatever concerned she had in her youth had long dissipated.

All that remained was the tranquility that accompanies age.

On the other side, Marcus escorted Melissa back to the hotel.

Upon entering, he gently set down the bags, leaned her against the door,
and kissed her. 'I'll bring you back to Duefron in two days, alright?'



He had resolved to have Melissa reside in their former apartment initially, and she would continue as his secretary.

She didn't have to do anything specific. Just being there with him was enough. Once they were married, she could choose to either work at the company or stay at home.

Marcus harbored dreams of preparing a villa and starting a family with Melissa.

However, they deemed it more fitting to indulge in the pleasures of life alone with her for at least another two years.

Melissa, leaning against the door, felt weakened. She had overheard Marcus' conversation with his mother, and she greatly admired the easy-going nature of Marcus' mother.

Aware of the formidable influence wielded by Marcus' family, she felt that things were moving at an unexpectedly swift pace.

Yet in this very moment, Melissa found herself genuinely yearning to marry Marcus.

