

Chapter 585 Melissa Was A Child Of The Smith Family

Following Melissa's statement, a period of silence ensued between the two of them.

After a lengthy pause, Marcus playfully pinched her cheek, grinning "Dig into those noodles; they're getting soggy."

Melissa bowed her head, nibbling on the noodles in small, measured bites.

However, the man who urged her to eat noodles fixed a prolonged gaze on her countenance.

Once they had finished their meal, Melissa inquired about Marcus' flight scheduled for the following day.

Marcus drew her close, seating her on his lap. Extracting a cigarette from the table, he refrained from lighting it, cradling her in his embrace before remarking "Ten o'clock. You can steal a bit more sleep."

A surreal sensation enveloped Melissa.

In a matter of hours, she would depart from this place, heading back to Duefron. A realm of unfamiliarity awaited her, and truth be told, a twinge of fear gripped her. Navigating the role of a wealthy family's daughter-in-law was never a cakewalk for Melissa.

Despite the amiable nature of the Fowler family, Melissa couldn't confine herself to their homely confines.

She found herself obliged to go out with Marcus to attend social engagements. She wished to avoid causing him any embarrassment.

Simplicity and innocence adorned Melissa's demeanor, her emotions laid bare. Smirking gently, Marcus uttered, "We'll tackle that discussion later. For now, it's bedtime."

Clutching his sleeve, Melissa asserted, "I've got to pack. My ID card is still at the rented place. We also need to wrap up the lease."

Marcus pondered briefly and nodded in agreement.

"I'll arrange for a car to send you there tomorrow," Marcus informed, with an early morning meeting on his agenda.

"No need, I've got it covered." She planted a kiss on his chin, exuding a hint of reliance. Much like a puppyeager to please its master, she added, "It's not far. I can grab a taxi on my own."

Uttering those words, her face tinged with a blush, she rose and made her way to the cloakroom, eager to assist in packing his belongings.

Initially, the task was designated for his secretary, but with someone now in close proximity to Marcus, he no longer had to delegate orders. Furthermore, he preferred having Melissa handle these responsibilities for him.

Subsequently, Marcus attended to a few more matters on his laptop.

Melissa sensed the weariness in him and the perpetual stream of business demands he faced.

Bending down to pack his belongings she made a concerted effort to stay as quiet as she could and not to disrupt his workflow.


A smile graced Marcus' face. The suite spanned 700 square meters. How could possibly be disrupted by her presence?

As the night grew late, Marcus toiled away on his work until three o'clock in the morning.

Stretching, he noticed that Melissa was still occupied with her tasks. Approaching her quietly, he gently took her hand and pulled her into his embrace. "It's just a suitcase. Is it really so challenging to pack it up?" he remarked.

A faint blush adorned Melissa's cheeks.

In a hushed tone, she divulged, "I've laundered and dried the clothes you've worn. When you return, you can stow them directly in the

< Chapter 585 Melissa Was A Child Of Th...  +120 Points at most wardrobe. There is no need to send them to the cleaners anymore."

Marcus cast a glance at the neatly pressed garments.

The shirts, meticulously pressed, exuded a pristine appearance.

A tender sentiment washed over him. Caressing her head, he said softly, "I didn't marry you to turn you into a housekeeper. In time, we'll have servants to handle these tasks. There's no need for you to labor over them yourself."

Assisting Marcus, Melissa meticulously folded his clothes, appearing fully engrossed in the task.

After some time, she murmured, "But I enjoy doing these things for you."

A profound gaze lingered in Marcus' eyes.

Seated in an armchair, Marcus delved into his phone tending to business matters. Beside him, Melissa assumed the role of a dutiful wife.

Marcus relished the tranquility of the night, appreciating the simplicity it brought.

Upon completion, Marcus lauded her efforts, eliciting a mix of embarrassment and annoyance from Melissa.

Marcus lifted her and carried her to bed.

He displayed a certain assertiveness, cradling her entire body in his arms possessively.

In a subdued tone, Melissa resisted, "Marcus, I can hardly breathe."

Amidst the darkness, Marcus scrutinized her for a prolonged moment. Leaning in, he shamelessly kissed her, inquiring "Feeling more comfortable now?"

Blushing Melissa refrained from further banter, hesitant to engage in any more flirtation.

She delicately nestled her face against his shoulder, savoring his comforting scent.

In this very moment, the fragrance of happiness enveloped her.

Anticipating insomnia she was pleasantly surprised to find herself sound asleep until seven in the morning.

When Melissa opened her eyes, she discovered that Marcus was no longer beside her in bed. The sound of intermittent conversation emanated from outside, with one voice unmistakably belonging to Marcus and the other appearing to be Sylvia's.

In her momentary confusion, Marcus swung the door ajar and entered.

Observing her dazed state on the bed, he couldn't suppress a smile. "Hey, I was just about to wake you up."

Closing the distance, he approached.

Accustomed to playful teasing, he pinched her cheek, adopting a domineering tone. "You drooled quite a bit last night, Melissa. Are you aware that you're a drooler in your sleep?"

A blush colored Melissa's cheeks.

Leaning in, he gently rubbed his nose against hers and smiled. "You're like a little; an unweaned one that is," he remarked affectionately.

"You... You're the one who hasn't weaned."

Retorting with a reddened face, Melissa pondered the hopelessness of her situation. How had she developed feelings for someone who enjoyed teasing her?

A brief moment of contention ensued.

Sealing his words with a kiss, Marcus instructed, "Rise and shine. You're heading back to fetch your ID, aren't you?"

Pausing, he added, "Give it to me once you have it in hand."

"Why?"

Gazing at her momentarily, Marcus lightly tapped her head, remarking "Silly."

Of course, they would proceed to get married.

Mutual affection and shared intimacy left Marcus with no reason to abstain from marrying this woman.

The wedding on the other hand, could be deferred.

Confusion clouded Melissa's gaze as she beheld his handsome features. She had no idea what Marcus was planning for their future.

Raising his hand, Marcus checked the time on his watch.

Declaring, "I'm heading to the 12th-floor conference center. Your breakfast is set. Take the hotel car after you've eaten. Sylvia will arrange it for you."

Marcus prepared to depart.

Facing a temporary separation, Melissa hesitated to let Marcus go. Tilting her head, she sought a parting kiss from him.

Initiating such gestures was an uncommon occurrence for her.

Responding with a subtle smile, Marcus leaned down, engaging in a prolonged kiss. Finally, in a husky voice, he inquired "Feeling better?"

Melissa blushed.

Certainly, Marcus had pressing matters to attend to, prompting him to leave promptly.

Melissa didn't sleep in.

Rising from bed, she underwent a quick freshening and meticulously applied hand cream, a sense of sweetness enveloping her heart.

She was not accustomed to a life of luxury or indulgence.

The idea of wealth had never crossed her mind.

Despite this, she earnestly desired Marcus, yearning for him to be exclusively hers.

Playfully tapping her own face, she couldn't help but feel a sense of

audacity, much like Marcus.

Yet on another note, she reveled in joy, contemplating the future she would share with Marcus. Every upcoming day filled her mind. She believed she had found genuine happiness, vowing to treat him with unparalleled devotion.

Amidst her breakfast, the doorbell chimed.

Answering the door, she was met by a waiter holding a parcel box.

"Miss Brown?" Your delivery has arrived."

Accepting the package with a frown, she remarked, "No one should be aware of my presence here."

Could it be a surprise from Marcus?

Expressing gratitude to the waiter, she closed the door and eagerly unpacked the box. Revealed within were an old journal and a birth certificate, accompanied by a photograph.

Examining the birth certificate, she was taken aback.

It bore her own name.

In a prolonged trance, Melissa cautiously unfolded the yellowed diary. The pages were filled with a woman's musings inked in deep blue, chronicling her love affair with a married man and the birth of their child.

The narrative was laden with the woman's agony and torment.

The tale unfolded with the birth of the child, culminating in the woman's tragic demise by her own hand. The newborn, named Melissa Brown, was the sole survivor.

Melissa shut the diary firmly.

Clutching the diary close, she lifted her head and closed her eyes, tears welling within.

It felt like inadvertently unlocking Pandora's box, with no possibility of retracing her steps.

After a prolonged pause, Melissa shifted her attention to the birth certificate and the photograph depicting the woman cradling her.

The woman appeared exceedingly young, likely in her early twenties.

Gently tracing the image of the woman with her fingertips, Melissa seemed to be confronting another facet of herself. Abruptly, a shiver overcame her, and chills ran down her spine.

Why was she bestowed with this revelation?

The diary revealed that the married man, bearing the surname Smith, held considerable influence in Duefron.

The revelation unfolded that Melissa's father was none other than the same man as Vanessa's father.

Melissa entered a world devoid of those privileges.

Normalcy in parental relationships eluded Melissa.

The stark truth revealed Melissa as an illegitimate child.

Her mother, entangled with a married man, found herself ensnared in a complicated affair.

The sound of Melissa's phone disrupted the silence.

An involuntary tremor coursed through Melissa's frame as she recognized the caller. After a prolonged pause, she finally picked up the phone. The woman on the other end unleashed a venomous tirade. "Melissa, forsaking Ryan for riches, you're no different from your wretched mother. Given your heartlessness, I'll be ruthless. Do you know where the man with the surname Smith encountered your mother? A club! Your mother was once just a woman of frivolity, drinking with others to get tips. Does the offspring of such a woman aspire to infiltrate high society?"

Melissa continued to listen in silence.

The intricacies of her birth and true lineage held little significance for her.

The sole concern gripping Melissa's heart was the impending loss of

Marcus.

The opulence of the Fowler family starkly contrasted with her status as an illegitimate child. How could she stand beside someone like Marcus? She understood that Ryan's mother's intent was to see her suffer.

Melissa was adopted into the Jenkins family, yet the familial bonds were far from ideal.

Strangely, they harbored mutual animosity in the end.

A faint smile graced Melissa's lips as she inquired in a choked voice, "What is it that you truly desire?"

In an ominous tone, Ryan's mother proposed, "End your relationship with Marcus, return to Ryan, and bear him a child."

Firmly, Melissa asserted, "I cannot comply.

I do not love Ryan."

The audacity of Melissa, who was typically obedient, caught Ryan's mother off guard.

Adopting a harsh tone, Ryan's mother retorted, "Refusing to marry Ryan, do you fancy marrying Marcus? Know this, you should feel grateful that we didn't cast you aside and still want to take you back now!"

A torrent of curses poured from Ryan's mother for an extended period of time.

As a culmination, she warned, "Should you dare to board that plane with Marcus? Your true parentage will be exposed upon your arrival in Duefron. The world will learn that the mother of Marcus' prospective wife was a stripper, and the woman herself was a Smith family bastard."

Ryan's mother chuckled joyfully, expressing her belief that Melissa was ungrateful despite her efforts to be kind.

She harbored reservations about Melissa, especially considering Ryan's delicate health. In her view, under different circumstances, she wouldn't have allowed her son to marry someone she perceived as taking advantage.



Melissa listened in a daze.

Following a prolonged silence, Melissa reiterated, "I refuse to marry Ryan."

Sensing Ryan's mother nearing a burst of anger, Melissa averted her gaze and uttered, "However, I'll part ways with Marcus."

Seemingly content, Ryan's mother appended, "Yet you shall funnel your future earnings to me."

Melissa remained silent.

Her phone slipped from her grasp, her hand descending gently. Tears streamed unabatedly from the beginning to the end.

It appeared as if Melissa had matured in a heartbeat.

Her past was marked by significant hardships. At her lowest point, she toiled at four jobs daily, reaching the brink of exhaustion. Yet the anguish of those times paled in comparison to her present turmoil.

Once, she had glimpsed the finest aspects of life. However, after acquiring Marcus, it seemed as if God had played a cruel joke on her.

In this tragic twist, it was as if God declared her undeserving.

Lifting her head, Melissa offered a wry smile.

Hatred swirled within her, yet she found herself incapable of despising the one who birthed her. That individual was already engulfed in their own wretchedness.

Similarly, she couldn't harbor resentment for her father, for he probably remained oblivious to her existence. What purpose would her hatred serve?

Initially, Melissa had nothing

Suddenly, she found herself with Marcus, yet in this particular moment, she felt as if she had nothing once again.

Utterly lost, she had no clue about the path ahead or the actions to undertake. She was clueless about what to convey to Marcus, ensuring he wouldn't endure excessive anguish and fostering a quicker recovery

from his pain.

In her thoughts, Melissa had been offering apologies to Marcus.

Veiling her face with her hands, Melissa descended into a crouched position. She wept quietly, stifling any audible expression of her grief.

But her tears couldn't flow indefinitely.

These possessions were no longer hers to claim. Departure was inevitable, and Marcus had to be left behind.

Contemplating the impossibility of being the one with Marcus, Melissa resolved to become the one he despised.

In her reasoning it was preferable for Marcus to harbor hatred than to be consumed by constant thoughts of her.

The agony of missing someone surpassed the pain of hatred.

Hatred might dissipate with time, but the repercussions of missing someone yield no positive outcome, like her mother's fate.

Melissa entered the cloakroom, moving as though a walking corpse.

Unlocking the suitcase, she discovered the items Marcus had bestowed upon her. Among them, a Patek Philippe diamond watch gleamed.

Clutching the watch, Melissa meticulously wiped it clean, repeatedly uttering apologies. Tears trickled down, landing on the watch in succession.


The most valuable possession, the watch, found its way into her possession.

She also left a note bearing the words, "Sorry, Marcus. I've deceived you once more."

She concluded with a final word.

Surveying her surroundings she took it all in.

Over the brief span of two days and nights, an abundance of memories had accumulated. These memories, sufficient to last a lifetime, now

< Chapter 585 Melissa Was A Child Of Th...  +120 Points at most foretold the impending burden of Marcus' wrath.

Departing without a farewell, reminiscent of her previous departure.

She was aware that Marcus would locate her, unleashing a torrent of furious retaliation.

After Marcus finished his work, he returned to the hotel room. Silence pervaded, yet disorderly disarray characterized the surroundings. Alarmed by this anomaly, he urgently called out, "Melissa? Melissa!"

Regrettably, no response met his calls.

Swiftly entering the cloakroom, he found a disarrayed suitcase. The impeccably ironed shirt Melissa had packed for him the previous night lay in disarray.

An opened watch box revealed the absence of the expensive timepiece.

Marcus, overcome with a surge of emotion, closed his eyes.

Exiting hastily, Marcus noticed a piece of paper on the table as he passed by.

It was a note left by Melissa.

