

Chapter 586 Marcus, I Have Never Loved You

Marcus gazed at the note left by Melissa, his eyes lingering on it for what felt like an eternity.

In the business world, he was known for his decisiveness, never one to dither or delay.

Yet, this note seemed to press heavily on his heart.

Finally, he mustered the resolve to read it.

The handwriting was rushed, almost frantic.

"Sorry, Marcus. I've deceived you once more.

I've never loved you. My heart has always belonged to someone else.

Consider our time together a transaction. You got what you wanted, and so did I.

Forget about me. Don't try to find me."

Marcus read the terse lines over and over.

A part of him wanted to confront Melissa, to demand answers.

He couldn't accept that her feelings were a facade. Their closeness, their intimate moments – were they all a lie?

In a distracted motion, he unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt.

Just then, Sylvia entered. "Mr. Fowler, the car's ready downstairs. Is Melissa back? Should we pack her things and go get her?"

Her words trailed off as she noticed the disarray.

Melissa was meticulous; something was amiss.

Seeing Marcus' grim expression, Sylvia realized something was seriously wrong.

In a cold voice, Marcus commanded, "Cancel the Duefron meeting indefinitely. I need you to find Melissa's location."

Sylvia stood there, taken aback.

Had there been a fallout? But they seemed so happy together recently.

Two hours later, at Warsew train station.

Melissa stood in the security check line, lost in thought. The queue stretched endlessly before her, her gaze fixed on the ticket she held.

She stood there, anticipating someone's arrival.

Melissa was certain Marcus would find her before her train departure.

Suddenly, chaos broke out behind her.

She tensed, hypersensitive to her surroundings. Amid the noise, she could almost discern Marcus' breathing.

A familiar scent of wood enveloped her.

It was unmistakably his fragrance.

Melissa lifted her gaze, her eyes reddened from tears.

Now Marcus', her once innocent face now bore a hint of womanly allure.

The hustle of the station quieted.

Passersby watched as the imposing man fixed his gaze on a petite woman.

"Marcus," Melissa whispered faintly.

Her arm was seized with such force that it reddened instantly.

No one intervened.

Marcus was accompanied by ten formidable bodyguards in black.

Outside, Marcus' vehicle awaited, an eight seater with tinted windows, shielding the interior from prying eyes.

Melissa was ushered into the back row, Marcus taking a seat beside her, his demeanor icy.

Despite her preparation, Melissa struggled with the tension.

The vehicle started, and she leaned back, withdrawn and contemplative.

She didn't question him, the reason was mutually understood.

Marcus remained aloof, methodically unfastening his cufflinks, and then staring silently out the window, deep in thought.

The car made its way back to the five-star hotel.

At the hotel entrance, Fowler Group employees were boarding a bus to Duefron. Their attention was drawn to the abrupt arrival of Marcus' car, from which he emerged, escorting Melissa.

The mood was palpably tense.

The female staff of Fowler Group were taken aback. Just days earlier, Marcus had seemed so gentle to Melissa. What had prompted such a stark change in his demeanor?

Their eyes fell on the luggage the bodyguards carried, and they realized the situation.

Marcus had been left once again.

Unconcerned with the onlookers, he led Melissa straight to the hotel room. The bodyguards delivered the luggage and then stationed themselves outside the door.

The door clicked shut softly.

That faint sound seemed to mark the end of a chapter in Melissa's life.

She stood there, unmoving.

After a moment, she regained her composure and spoke up in a hushed voice.

"I'll return your watch. Please forgive me. I promise I won't cross your path again."

Her voice was barely audible, irritating Marcus further.

He fixed his gaze on her for a moment before walking to the counter. He poured himself a glass of ice water, drinking most of it in an attempt to calm down. He then gazed at the glass, almost expecting an explanation from her. "So, that's all you wanna say to me?"

Melissa looked up slightly, struggling to keep her tears at bay.

Marcus turned towards her, his handsome profile silently observing her.

Suddenly, the glass in his hand was hurled against the wall.

The sound of it shattering seemed to echo the breakdown of their relationship.

He strode over, pushing her onto the sofa. Leaning over her, he pulled out the note from his pocket and flung it at her, his sneer cutting. "You say you don't like me now. But what about when you were with me? Why didn't you mention your feelings for that Ryan then?"

Melissa was in agony.

Her life had been difficult, but today was the pinnacle of her pain.

Nothing was more excruciating than being scorned by someone she cared for.

Marcus looked deep into her eyes.

He propped himself up slightly, retrieving his phone with a cold, unyielding voice. "You like Ryan, don't you? I'll show you who he really is. Watch this, and if you still claim to like him, then you're just worthless as he is."

Marcus had previously deleted the video in a moment of disdain, but Melissa's actions had provoked him.

Retrieving the video from the recycle bin, he placed his phone before Melissa, turning the volume up, forcing her to confront Ryan's true character.

Melissa, however, wasn't interested in Ryan. She simply felt debased by Marcus' behavior.

Refusing to watch, she shut her eyes. "No, I don't want to see it."

"Don't you like him? Don't you accept all aspects of someone you like? Or are you afraid to see him with someone else, afraid it'll shatter your ideal image of him?"

Marcus taunted. "After all, you've been with me."

Tears streamed down Melissa's face as she collapsed under the weight of Marcus' scorn, pleading for her freedom.

Marcus watched her, seeing her tremble.

He had genuinely cared for her, had envisioned a future with her.

He hadn't asked for much – just happiness, a family with her.

But now, he felt bested by a man he considered unworthy, his feelings used as leverage.

He didn't want to believe it.

He had hoped for an explanation, for her to plead. Instead, all he got were apologies.

With shaky hands, Melissa retrieved the expensive watch.

"Marcus, I'm returning this. Please, let me go."

Marcus looked at her, his sneer bitter. "Why would I need a watch?"

Suddenly, Marcus stood and began rummaging through Melissa's luggage. She hurried over, trying to restrain him. "What are you searching for? Marcus, can't we end this amicably? Please, let me go."

He held her ID card, featuring a simple yet beautiful Melissa with clear, bright eyes.

Marcus studied it intently. When he finally looked up at her, his eyes were unreadable. "Let's go get married," he declared.

Melissa was taken aback.

"You don't want to?" he asked, his voice flat.

Releasing his hand, Melissa stepped back until she was against the French window. Behind her sprawled the vibrant city of Warsew, but her heart felt ice cold.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

She wasn't sure if her tears were for herself or out of pity for Marcus.

A man of Marcus' stature could have anything he desired; he didn't need her. Her background would only bring him shame and endless complications.

The Jenkins family wouldn't let her go.

They would likely do anything and everything to make sure she married their son.

Melissa sobbed. "Marcus, I don't love you."

Gathering her strength, she shouted, "I don't love you! Do you hear me? Do you think you can have everything you want just because you're powerful? Your arrogance is suffocating. I've never liked you. Even if Ryan is flawed, I believe he's been forced, and I will love him. Marcus, we're worlds apart. How could there be love between us? Are you delusional, or am I just exploiting your feelings?"

After her outburst, Melissa was panting, her chest heaving with emotion.

Her heart ached with the words she had just spoken.

She half-expected Marcus to strike her, to turn and then walk away, leaving her behind.

That might be for the best. At least then, he wouldn't be tainted by her.

But Marcus just stared at her, silent and inscrutable.

Melissa stood her ground, her voice barely a whisper. "Yes, I never liked you. It was all a facade. Your affection never moved me. Each time we had sex, I felt nothing yet I pretended otherwise.

From my first day at the company, I've been deceiving you.

Even my virginity I saved it, not because it was meaningless, but for a price. I took your watch, worth 20 million dollars. But sadly, you caught on."

Tears hung delicately on her lashes, betraying the pain behind her harsh words.

Marcus approached her slowly, stopping just a step away.

Melissa's reflection blurred against the cold glass window.

Gently, he caressed her face, his voice detached.

The watch slipped into her pocket.

His face pressed close to hers, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "Since you've sold yourself once, why not do it again? You may not enjoy it, but I do. I've always liked your body."

Melissa shuddered.

Then, standing tall, Marcus commanded coldly, "Go clean yourself and get on the bed!"

She felt stripped of the right to refuse.

Willing to do anything to repulse him, even at the cost of her dignity, Melissa remained silent, moving towards the room. But she was halted.

Marcus gripped her arm, his sneer cutting. "Strip here. I want to see how low you can stoop."

"Marcus," Melissa began, tears threatening to spill again.

He shook off her hand, extracting a cigarette from his pocket. Lighting it, he inhaled deeply. "Don't call me that. You've lost that right."

Melissa trembled, barely able to stand, yet he showed no mercy, expectantly awaiting her next move.

With resignation, she began to unbutton her shirt under his watchful gaze.

< Chapter 586 Marcus, I Have Never Loved You 🎁 +120 Points at most

The sweetness of the past contrasted sharply with her current humiliation..



🎉 Congratulations! You've won
30 minutes of free reading time!

Claim Now

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

