

Chapter 587 I'm Not At The Point Where I Can't Find A...

Melissa's buttons were halfway undone.

Overwhelmed by shame, her body trembled, making it difficult to proceed with undressing.

Marcus stood a step apart from Melissa, his eyes devoid of warmth, as if gazing at a stranger who had betrayed him, tinged with a hint of contempt.

Given his background if he hadn't maintained his chastity, scenes like this might have unfolded countless times before.

However, it didn't. He wasn't the kind to sleep around.

Apart from Melissa, no one had ever captivated his attention.

Yet, here she was, unbuttoning and shedding tears before him.

She seemed more willing to exchange her body for money than to marry him and bear his children.

"Enough"

Marcus suddenly spoke, looking at Melissa. She was still trembling as she gently wrapped her arms around herself.

After a prolonged gaze, he remarked, "I haven't reached a point where I can't find a woman to share my bed."

Turning away, he leisurely extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray.

He moved with deliberate slowness, appearing lost in thought.

Eventually, he stood upright, delivering in a solemn tone, "I'll gift you this watch as a token of our time together. As for anything else, let it go."

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With those words, he offered a faint smile.

His smile radiated charm, even in moments of intense anger or composure.

Greedily, Melissa fixated her gaze on him.

Yet Marcus turned away, whispering "Leave. Don't let me encounter you again. I can't predict my actions if our paths cross once more."

Melissa remained motionless for an extended period of time.

It wasn't a lack of desire to move; rather, she felt unable to do so.

After a brief pause, Marcus, without turning around, reiterated, "Leave. Do you understand?"

"Fine."

Melissa's voice carried a subdued tone. After an extended pause, she gathered the scattered clothes from the floor, dressing herself one piece at a time.

Her hands trembled even more than when she removed her clothes.

She recognized that their connection had come to an end.

He would soon depart from Warsaw, vanishing from her world.

There was a possibility she would never lay eyes on him again for the remainder of her life.

Several minutes later, she completed dressing and approached him slowly. In a hoarse voice, she uttered, "Thank you."

Marcus averted his gaze from her.

Adjusting his shirt, he opened the door before she could. Sylvia stood on the other side.

Observing the door opening Sylvia appeared relieved.

"Mr. Fowler."

Exiting the hotel suite, Marcus directed, "We depart at once. Reschedule the meeting for 3:00 p.m."

Sylvia gave a silent nod.

Observing Melissa, it was unclear what Sylvia intended to convey.

Sylvia, with a career marked by few errors, found herself in a rare blunder this time. Even after Marcus left, she lingered, entering the suite with a sigh.

Sylvia questioned Melissa, "What caused Mr. Fowler to be so upset? He may have a quick temper, but he genuinely cares about you."

Sylvia sensed that Melissa might be hiding something.

Otherwise, how could this situation unfold?

Melissa gently shook her head, confessing, "It's me who can't seem to get along with him."

With trembling hands, Melissa presented the watch.

Though she initially wanted to keep it as a memento, its value made her hesitate. Addressing Sylvia, she said, "Please return it to him. If I hold onto it, I fear he might retaliate."

Sylvia grew even more perplexed.

Eventually, she accepted the watch with a sigh. "If you encounter any challenges in the future, don't hesitate to reach out to me."

Melissa's nose twitched, and she nodded before slowly making her way out.

As she departed, she couldn't resist glancing back at the spot where she had experienced several sweetest days in her life with the man she loved.

The memory of Marcus would remain etched in her heart.

Melissa exited the hotel, feeling lost with no destination in mind.

As she stood there in a daze, a woman emerged from a blue taxi and called out upon spotting Melissa.

Turning around, Melissa recognized Ryan's mother, Merry Jenkins.

Merry, who had also been Melissa's adoptive mother, regarded her with resentment, though she refrained from causing a scene in public.

Eventually, they convened at a modest restaurant.

The table was sticky, and the teacup lacked cleanliness, but neither really had any interest in eating anything anyway.

Merry got straight to the point, stating, "Ryan's health is fragile, and he requires care. His father and I would be at ease if you stay by his side and looked after him."

Melissa remained silent, her complexion pallid.

Observing Melissa's silence, Merry couldn't contain her frustration. "Melissa, did you hear what I just told you? If we hadn't taken you in, where would you be today? Understand this, you're bound to the Jenkins family as a servant for your entire life. You can't abandon Ryan to pursue ties with Marcus."

Merry sneered. "I bet you've made quite a fortune sleeping with Marcus lately. Hand it over. We're going to upgrade to a larger house for Ryan. Consider the money well spent."

"I don't possess any money."

Merry, you adopted me, and I've already settled the debt with that \$800,000.

Regarding Ryan, there's no love from my side."

Melissa received a slap on her face, yet she displayed neither anger nor sadness.

Merry had subjected her to countless beatings since childhood. When Melissa was young, Ryan would actually secretly apply medicine to her wounds, but as they grew older, he turned into one of the individuals causing her harm.

There was no room for sentiments in this tumultuous history.

Merry raised her voice, stating, "Do you believe sleeping with a wealthy man makes you noble? Melissa, you're just like your mom, a cheap whore!"

Merry commenced searching through Melissa's belongings but discovered minimal money in her luggage—just tens of thousands of dollars.

The most valuable items included a set of skincare products and a handful of insignificant pieces of jewelry. Even if these were sold, their combined worth wouldn't exceed \$100,000.

Merry's frustration grew evident. "You acquired only these just by sleeping with that man?"

Merry extracted the most unassuming hand cream, discarding it in the trash can.

"It's worthless."

Merry, seemingly mad, aggressively tugged at Melissa's hair, attempting to forcefully collide her head with the wall.

Over the course of two decades, this woman deserved punishment in Merry's eyes.

Melissa had grown accustomed to enduring it for a significant period of time.

However, this time, Merry didn't achieve her desired outcome. Melissa forcefully pushed Merry away, exhibiting a more intense reaction. In a fit of frenzy, Melissa seized Merry's hair and forcefully slammed her head against the wall, all the while crying in a hoarse voice.

"What's my fault?"

Could I choose my birth? What's the harm in falling in love with someone? He's a thousand times better than you all."

Despite Marcus' intense disdain for Melissa, he ultimately refrained from causing her harm.

Tears welled up in Melissa's eyes.

Merry became disoriented due to the impact, with blood staining her forehead. Gradually, she sank to her knees.

Melissa paid no heed to Merry.

Trembling, she crouched down, retrieved the discarded hand cream from the trash, and meticulously wiped it with her clothes.

She wept in sorrow.

Throughout the past two decades, no matter the injustices she faced, she never rebelled because Ryan would tend to her injuries.

It later dawned on Melissa that this kindness came at a cost. As Merry had stated, Melissa's entire existence was beholden to the Jenkins family. Every penny Melissa earned was meant for Ryan.

It was always asserted to be her fate—a life deemed worthless, with the final straw that could break her being a hand cream gifted by Marcus.

Until the blare of sirens commenced, Melissa remained in a daze, clutching the hand cream.

