

## Chapter 588 Marcus, Do You Still Want Me

Merry found herself nursing a concussion after an unfortunate collision with a wall.

Initially contemplating legal action against Melissa, Merry's plans took an unexpected turn when surveillance footage in the restaurant revealed it was a civil dispute instigated by Merry herself.

Melissa, on the other hand, underwent a brief educational stint at the police station.

After coming out, she promptly made her way to the hospital.

It was already evening and the dusk in Warsew carried a captivating yet somewhat lonely atmosphere.

As Melissa entered the ward, she found Merry in tears, conversing with her husband and son.

"Melissa is heartless.

She used excessive force; she wanted to end me," lamented Merry.

The Jenkins family, consisting of the father and son, attempted to console Merry, projecting an aura of peace. Observing from the doorway, Melissa hesitated for a moment before stepping in.

Spotting Melissa, Merry's emotions flared.

"Beat her to death," Merry shouted at her husband and son.

The two men remained still, refusing to engage in violence.

Undeterred, Merry, fueled by anger, was ready to confront Melissa despite her own physical condition. Melissa, cool-headed, intervened. "This is to cover your medical expenses. Our ties are severed. If you ever

approach me or him again, I won't hesitate to take drastic measures."

Merry pointed at Melissa, scornful laughter escaping her lips.

A disdainful sneer adorned Merry's face as she remarked, "Are you threatening us? Keep dreaming! Ryan, give her a reality check with a good slap."

Unmoved, both Ryan and his father remained steadfast.

Melissa's eyes reflected a newfound intensity, something fiercer than anything they'd ever seen in her before.

There was a conviction that if Merry dared to make a move, Melissa wouldn't hesitate to take extreme measures.

Calmly, Melissa tossed \$5000 on the table before making a composed exit from the ward.

Stepping outside, Melissa was followed by Ryan's hesitant voice. "Melissa."

Turning around, Melissa met his gaze in silence. Their scarce encounters over the past two years have rendered them strangers.

Ryan appeared unwell, and his health had not seemed to improve at all.

Melissa, indifferent to the cause of his deteriorating health, remained unfazed.

Breaking the prolonged silence, he questioned, "Do you genuinely have feelings for Marcus?"

In Ryan's view, it seemed implausible. What did Marcus possess other than wealth?

Melissa had been raised in the Jenkins family, and one would expect her to have a strong attachment to them, but surprisingly she favored Marcus. Ryan's mother had conveyed to him that Melissa was always a restless individual.

Melissa responded with a bitter smile, countering "Does it really matter?"

It didn't matter anymore. The crucial point was that, regardless of whom

Melissa chose to love, the Jenkins family wouldn't allow her to leave them behind and live a peaceful life. They were driven by greed, and at the same time, they stifled any attempt for her to stand out. Their efforts to suppress her had persisted for a long time.

Her naivety became evident; the fleeting joy of those days with Marcus deceived her into believing she could really attain lasting happiness this time.

Ryan found himself unsettled by Melissa's composed and indifferent demeanor.

Jealousy consumed Ryan, fueled by Marcus' wealth and family background which seemed to rob Melissa of her true self.

Ryan faced a grim fate.

His health was deteriorating, and he acknowledged his inability to find a suitable match. He had resolved to marry Melissa, counting on her Jenkins family ties to secure her affection.

After a moment of contemplation, Ryan revealed, "I've earned some money and was considering upgrading to a larger house. Melissa, you understand the challenges of acquiring a 120-square-meter house in a prime location in Duefron."

Getting to the crux, he proposed, "Marry me, and I'll contemplate including your name on the real estate license."

Melissa fixed a prolonged gaze on him before offering a subtle, knowing smile.

She stated plainly, "Ryan, I don't love you."

It dawned on her that maybe she had never truly loved him. Instead, it was a sense of gratitude.

Since his illness, her predominant emotion had been the weight of responsibility.

Free from the shackles of owing anything to the Jenkins family, Melissa dismissed Ryan, walking away without a backward glance.

Ryan's gaze lingered on her retreating figure.

Finally, breaking the silence, he shouted, "I will achieve more success than he ever will."

Unmoved, Melissa paid little heed.

Her concerns were never centered on wealth but only on Marcus himself.

While wealth may contribute to Marcus' allure, it was an inherent aspect of his being.

Exiting the hospital, Melissa strolled leisurely toward the bus stop.

Contrary to assumptions, Melissa hadn't terminated her lease.

Her plan was to retrieve her belongings and return to her old job in Warsaw. Whether her former employer welcomed her back or not, she was prepared to seek alternative employment.

Indifferent to the scrutinizing eyes around her, Melissa's only desire was to lead a simple life.

Luckily, the breakfast shop proprietress harbored no judgment.

Expressing compassion, she remarked, "That woman, what's her name again? Sylvia? She mentioned your boyfriend is both handsome and wealthy. Oh, Melissa! Finding someone like him again isn't that easy, especially someone who doesn't hold any disdain for you."

The breakfast shop owner spoke bluntly, but Melissa brushed off her words without much consideration.

Engrossed in her work, Melissa silently carried on.

Leaning in, the proprietress whispered, "Sylvia mentioned her boss felt melancholic when you left without a farewell. Despite numerous blind dates arranged by his family, none appealed to him. Do you believe it's fate? You, my dear, let him slip away instead of holding on."

Why?

Just look at him. I'd give him everything I own."

Melissa listened with a dull expression.

The proprietress continued speaking saying things like, "If a man like that loves me, I'd be willing to even give 20 years of my life."

Out of the blue, Melissa inquired "Will he always suffer if he despises me?"

The proprietress affirmed, "Naturally. He's human, not a machine."

Melissa pressed further. "What if I'm undeserving of him? What would he do?"

The proprietress chuckled. "Well, all I can say is that that's his decision to make, not yours. If he likes you, you're worthy of him. Think about all those girls from rich families he had blind dates with! They should be considered 'worthy of his love', but then what? He still wouldn't choose them if they didn't capture his heart, now would he?"

Melissa's heart raced.

Locking eyes with the proprietress, she declared, "I need some time off. I want to go to Duefron."

The proprietress, though surprised, patted Melissa reassuringly.

"Freshen up and change before you head out."

"Alright," Melissa responded, tears glistening in her eyes. She aimed to be courageous this time. After all, she had confronted Ryan's mother, causing her a concussion. What else couldn't she face?

Melissa's intention was clear—to seek out Marcus in Duefron.

She yearned to confess the truth and question his feelings. Did he still desire her?

Three hours later, Melissa flagged down a taxi from Duefron Airport to the Fowler Group. Serendipitously, it was lunchtime. During the journey, she grabbed onigiri, a favorite of Marcus, from a sushi restaurant.

The atmosphere in the Fowler Group's lobby shifted noticeably when Melissa entered.

There were now at least 36 different versions circulating about the relationship between Marcus and Melissa, but the outcome of each



version was grim—they had broken up.

Marcus returned from Warsew in a sour mood.

The employees of the Fowler Group had worked overtime until one o'clock in the morning the previous night and were still recovering from the strain.

The last thing they anticipated was the entrance of the story's protagonist.

Melissa approached the front desk, whispering "I'd like to see Mr. Fowler."

Of course, the receptionist was privy to the rumors about Marcus despising Melissa. Reluctant to allow Melissa upstairs, the receptionist suggested, "You could try reaching Mr. Fowler on his private line," wearing a hesitant smile.

Despite Melissa's attempts to reach Marcus by phone, he remained unresponsive.

The receptionist grasped the situation and whispered, "I fear Mr. Fowler prefers solitude. If you're determined to meet him, wait here. He usually won't leave for lunch, and he'll finish work in the evening."

Melissa expressed her gratitude to the receptionist in hushed tones.

Seated in a corner, clutching the takeout bag, Melissa's gaze remained fixed on the elevator entrance.

Fearing to miss Marcus, anxiety gripped Melissa.

Skipping lunch, Melissa patiently waited until around six in the evening. Even after the receptionist had left for the day, she remained steadfast in her seat.

Within the Fowler Group, the workforce tirelessly put in overtime each day among the thousands of employees.

The first-floor hall remained illuminated throughout the night.

At the top-floor office of the Fowler Group, Marcus concluded the final task of the day. Securing the pen cap, he casually remarked, "That wraps up today. Time to call it a day."

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

Sylvia seamlessly handed Marcus his coat.

Opting not to wear it, Marcus draped it over his arm, intending to visit Alexis and Leonel afterward. Alexis was pregnant, and their mother had placed some tonics in his trunk that morning instructing him to deliver them to his sister after work.

Concerning Melissa, Marcus' family likely received the news beforehand, so they didn't inquire with Marcus.

However, Marcus' father, Waylen, was in a somber mood.

Contemplating Melissa brought tension to Marcus' expression. Avoiding overthinking he retrieved his car key, prepared to descend.

Sylvia intervened.

"Mr. Fowler, Melissa has been patiently waiting for you downstairs all day."

Marcus' body was subtly tensed. After a prolonged pause, he turned, inquiring with a cold tone, "What did you just say?"

Summoning her courage, Sylvia reiterated.

After an extended gaze at Sylvia, Marcus exited the office in silence.

Sylvia trailed behind him.

Sylvia's heart raced as she entered the elevator. No longer young she struggled to endure the tension. Averse to witnessing the scene unfold, worry gripped her.

Marcus appeared troubled.

His gaze remained fixed on the descending red numbers on the elevator wall.

The elevator reached the first floor, yet Marcus avoided eye contact with Melissa.

Striding out, he made his way to the parking lot.

"Marcus."

A soft voice reached his ear.

Marcus gradually slowed his pace, eventually coming to a halt. He turned around, casting a cold glance at Melissa.

Clutching the takeout bag, Melissa felt a sense of unease.

Stepping forward, she positioned herself in front of him, her complexion pallid.

Marcus broke the silence, his gaze treating her as a stranger. However, his words were directed at Sylvia. "This individual is no longer associated with me or the Fowler Group. Don't allow her entry moving forward."

Sylvia sighed heavily inside.

Before she could utter a word, Melissa spoke up.

Summoning immense courage, Melissa seized Marcus' arm and pleaded, "Marcus, do you still want me?"

Marcus fixed his gaze on Melissa.

Eventually, a chuckle escaped him, as if he found a joke amusing.

He countered, "Why should I desire someone so fickle? Why would I want someone harboring feelings for another man? Am I that unpretentious? Or are you in financial straits again, Miss Brown?"

Sporting a refined smile, he added, "Apologies, but I'm not in the mood today. I have no interest in purchasing a woman."

Nonchalantly glancing at with the takeout bag she was holding containing his favorite food, he maintained a placid demeanor. He remarked, "You excel at charming others, but you're misdirecting your efforts this time."

He proceeded to take the bag and casually discard it into a nearby trash can.

Refusing to release him, Melissa gripped his arm firmly, pleading cautiously, "Can we talk, please?"