

Chapter 589 Do You Understand What A Breakup Is

Marcus bowed his head, his gaze falling to where Melissa's fingers clung to his arm.

Perhaps it was the chill in his eyes that made Melissa recoil.

Yet, gathering her courage, she spoke up again.

"Marcus, please. Can we talk? Just half an hour, or maybe just ten minutes."

Her voice laced with humility.

Marcus, however, was beyond patience.

With a gentle but firm motion, he freed his arm, stepping back to eye her with a frosty stare. "What then? I'm to believe you, plan our future, lay the path ahead... Only to be met with deceit and your confession of indifference towards me all over again?"

His voice was tinged with suppressed despair.

Finally, Marcus found his words. "I won't grant you forgiveness so easily all the time, Melissa."

Your regret, to me, is insignificant.

I'll marry, perhaps someone of equal standing. Maybe there'll be no love, no joy. But at least, I won't have to constantly decipher her thoughts or fear her leaving. My life is too full for such juvenileromances."

He spoke with a sense of finality. Once he finished, Marcus felt no reason to linger.

To Sylvia, he casually remarked, "Cater to her needs, if she has any."

With that, he strode out, sparing Melissa not a single backward glance.



In the quiet hall of the Fowler Group, a heavy silence reigned. The unspoken truth was clear to all: Melissa and Marcus were really done.

The female staff, once envious, now somehow felt sorry for Melissa.

After a prolonged silence, Sylvia softly broke the stillness.

"You haven't eaten, have you? Let's go for dinner," she whispered.

Melissa merely shook her head in response.

Gazing at the discarded sushi in the trash can, Melissa's thoughts drifted. Sylvia's voice broke her reverie. "Mr. Fowler's still angry, hence the harsh words. Talk to him later, Melissa."

Tears choked Melissa's voice as she whispered an agreement.

"I'm leaving now," she murmured.

Sylvia made a move to stop her, but Melissa was quick, vanishing from her sight in moments.

Sylvia lingered, the atmosphere gradually lightening around her. Employees were leaving, some gossiping, others speculating about Marcus and Melissa's relationship.

Sylvia surveyed the scene, her voice firm. "Want to lose your jobs? Mr. Fowler's anger today could turn to endearments tomorrow."

A dissenting voice argued, "That's not possible. He's done with her."

Sylvia's cold glance silenced further comments.

Meanwhile, Marcus drove, the cool evening breeze streaming through his rolled-down window.

The setting sun cast a warm glow on his face, highlighting his handsome features.

He tried to distract himself from thoughts of Melissa, turning on the stereo, but memories of their time in Warsaw persisted, both bitter and sweet.

His expression tensed as he accelerated.

Arriving at a villa half an hour later, Marcus paused outside.

Darkness was falling, and the villa's windows glowed invitingly.

He stood there, contemplating a different future, one where he and Melissa might have started a family in such a lovely home, surrounded by laughter and children.

"Uncle Marcus!"

Evelyn burst out of the house, her puppy Ollie bounding along behind her.

The early summer air embraced them. Evelyn was a picture of youthful charm in her floral dress with a round collar, white knee-length stockings and black leather shoes.

Her brown hair curled playfully around her face.

Marcus stooped to lift Evelyn, her presence a gentle fragrance in his arms. She leaned in to kiss him, and then wrapped her arms around his neck. "Mom said you'd come, and Dad's cooking" she announced with childlike excitement.

Balancing Evelyn on one hip, Marcus opened the car trunk with his free hand, retrieving several boxes of tonics.

"Is that so?" he asked.

Evelyn leaned closer, whispering conspiratorially, "Dad's making lamb chops. He talked about grilling Ollie if he misbehaves. Uncle Marcus, can you tell Dad not to?"

Ollie, who had been frolicking around, suddenly looked apprehensive, his tail tucked.

Marcus, a smile playing on his lips, carried Evelyn and guided Ollie into the house. The servants were off, leaving the family alone. In the kitchen, Leonel was busy cooking while Alexis lounged on the sofa, absorbed in a magazine.

Alexis looked up at their entrance. "No overtime today?"

Her question hinted at her knowledge of the recent events at Fowler.

Group and the situation with Melissa.

Setting the tonics aside, Marcus sat down opposite Alexis with Evelyn on his lap. He was tall enough that she perched there as if on a high stool.

After a moment of silence, he finally said, "I'm done."

Alexis smiled, about to respond, when Leonel emerged from the kitchen bearing a tray laden with culinary delights, grilled lamb chops, red wine, and foie gras.

A lavish spread, accompanied by Evelyn's more child-friendly meal, both appealing and elegantly presented.

Leonel removed his oven gloves, a subtle smile playing on his lips. "Marcus, come! I hope you enjoy the lamb chops tonight."

Marcus and Leonel weren't known for their camaraderie.

Seating Evelyn at the table, Marcus took his own seat, eyeing the sumptuous French cuisine. "Leonel, you've outdone yourself with the cooking. You never used to be so hands-on in the kitchen."

Leonel's smile was easy and natural. "Just a small gesture to please my wife," he replied.

Assuming the role of the elder brother, Leonel advised, "Marcus, don't be too aloof with the one you fancy. Girls are sensitive; there's no harm in indulging them a bit."

Marcus could only snort in response.

Alexis, meanwhile, seemed to wish she could banish Leonel to the oven, irked by his knack for provoking Marcus.

She shot Leonel a glare.

Leonel, unfazed, raised his glass. "Let's enjoy our meal," he proposed.

Dinner was an uneasy affair for Marcus, though Evelyn seemed blissfully happy.

She even tried to share her lamb chop with Ollie under the table.

But the dog, sensing something amiss, scurried away, tail between his legs.

Leonel chuckled. "What a coward!"

Marcus shot Leonel a glance, sensing the jibe was aimed at him, but held his tongue, his mood still soured.

After dinner, Marcus spent some time playing with Evelyn.

She was absorbed in her building blocks on the carpet, and Marcus watched her, his mind seemingly elsewhere.

When Alexis entered the living room, Marcus looked up.

Noticing the glass of water and medicine in her hand, he realized it was time for Evelyn's medication and bedtime routine. Standing, he announced, "I should be going then."

Alexis halted Marcus. "Let me walk you out."

Just then, Leonel entered. With a warm smile, he offered, "I'll take care of Evelyn's medication. You walk Marcus out."

After a brief glance at Leonel, Marcus stepped out ahead.

The night air was brisk. Leonel gently placed a shawl over Alexis' shoulders, his voice soft. "It's cold out there."

He exuded the air of a caring husband.

Alexis nodded and caught up with Marcus, who waited outside the living room. They descended the stairs together, reaching the parking lot where Marcus paused, turning to face her. "I'm alright, Alexis."

Alexis stepped closer, adjusting Marcus' collar.

"It's hard to believe you're fine. You haven't smiled all evening. Are you certain Melissa doesn't care for you? She seemed straightforward to me, not the manipulative type."

Getting to the heart of the matter, she asked, "Have you thought about giving her another chance?"

Marcus' response was tinged with dryness. "Did Sylvia mention something?"

"Sylvia's just concerned. She was worried about how you drove over."

Sighing she added, "Don't dwell on Leonel's comments. He cares about you, just in his own way."

The gentle night seemed to ease Marcus' spirit.

He gazed at his sister, and then embraced her softly. "I understand," he murmured.

Alexis returned the gesture, her voice comforting. "Drive safely. Mom and Dad may not say much, but they're worried about you too."

Yesterday, Waylen had gone to the airport to meet the young couple, but only found Marcus alone.

Concerned Waylen repeatedly asked, "Where's Melissa?"

Under the weight of the situation, Sylvia had to admit, "Mr. Fowight ended things with her."

Waylen, troubled, spent a restless night turning to Rena in bewilderment. "Our son is handsome, comes from a good family. Why is finding a wife so difficult for him?"

Waylen, after a long pause, finally mustered a question, laden with concern, "Could it be that Marcus has some... intimate issues?"

Rena's response was a mix of sadness and amusement.

As Alexis softly broached the topic, Marcus replied in a flat tone, "I'm planning to get married soon."

Alexis sighed, watching him enter his car in the darkness. His movements were both dignified and captivating.

Driving back, Marcus was unusually slow.

One hand on the steering wheel, the other supporting his chin, his expression was one of detachment.

He longed to move on quickly.

To him, being ensnared by a woman, breaking his own rules for her, was folly and he vowed not to repeat.

So, Marcus remained indifferent, even if Melissa sought to talk, to explain herself.

The reasons that she walked away didn't matter anymore; he just no longer desired the relationship.

Fatigue was setting in, even he had his limits.

Lost in thought, Marcus realized he had unconsciously driven to his old apartment. Staring at the familiar road sign in the dark, he made no move to turn back.

It was deep into the night

He parked at the building's entrance, taking a moment in his car to smoke a cigarette before heading to the elevator.

As the elevator doors opened, he was met with the sight of Melissa, huddled at his doorstep, embracing herself, evidently waiting.

Marcus stared at her intensely.

At the sound, she looked up, her eyes brimming with tears.

Marcus felt a lump form in his throat.

Yet, he remained inside the elevator, watching as the doors closed again, leaving Melissa outside.

The brightness of the lights caused a momentary mutual squint.

Melissa's voice was soft, almost pleading as she called out, "Marcus."

Stepping from the elevator, Marcus fished out his key, his voice icy, "Miss Brown, you seem to be at the wrong door."

As he opened the door, about to enter, Melissa sprang up, clutching his arm. "I need to talk to you. The other day, I said what I did because... because..."

"You thought it was amusing right? You assumed I'd always tolerate and forgive you, didn't you?"

Marcus interjected, his tone biting as he shook off her grasp.

"Look, Melissa, it's over.

This is what you wanted, isn't it?

Do you find it amusing to deceive me time and again?"

Melissa's voice quivered with anxiety. "I didn't... deceive you. Marcus, I do care for you."

His gaze on her was piercing devoid of the warmth and playfulness once there. He withdrew a cigarette, lighting it with his head bowed.

A long stream of smoke curled from his lips as he replied with chilling calm, "I don't care about what you feel. If you feel being with me was a loss, I can compensate."

He took a drag on his cigarette, pulling out his checkbook.

Leaning it against the wall, he glanced at her sideways. "Would ten million suffice? If not, let's say thirty million, or fifty."

He ultimately scribbled down eighty million, tore the check, and flung it at her.

Melissa stood frozen, her eyes blinking in disbelief. "So, no matter what I say, you just don't want me back anymore?"

"Yes," Marcus confirmed unyieldingly. "So stop bothering me. I might soon have a wife. Your persistence could complicate things for me."

His words were harsh, reflecting a desire to sever all ties with her.

Melissa's expression betrayed pain, yet to Marcus, this brought a sense of satisfaction.

Did her pain run deep, or was it merely a facade? Perhaps she would soon claim affection for someone else, like Ryan.

With a newfound indifference, Marcus stated, "We're even now."

As he moved to enter, Melissa clutched his hand, wedging hers in the door's gap, her dignity sacrificed in a plea for another chance. "Marcus, I won't leave again," she sobbed, her words trailing off into tears.

Deep down, she sensed the futility; he was clearly done with her, underscored by his tossing of the check.

Yet, hope spurred her to beg. Might he soften, and reconsider?

But Marcus erupted. "What do you mean by not leaving? Melissa, we're finished. Do you understand what a breakup is? It means no more 'us.' Your life, your concerns, they're irrelevant to me now. And mine to you. This is a breakup. It's not a child's game of playing house."

After his outburst, Marcus' anger subsided, leaving a calm in its wake.

His tone softened as he added, "We're not right for each other. You were right. We're in different worlds. It shouldn't have gone this far. I pushed it. So, take this 80 million as compensation. Please, Melissa, don't come back. Don't cause trouble for me, and don't put yourself through this again."

Gently, he placed the check in her hand.

"This is goodbye."

With that, he eased her hand away, opened the door, and disappeared inside.

Melissa remained at the door, immobile until her legs grew numb. Slowly, she squatted, clutching her aching stomach, yet refusing to seek medical help.

Her heart ached more than her body.

His words had cut deep, but she lingered, hoping against hope.

Was there a chance Marcus' feelings might soften overnight? Could he still like her?

Cradling her arms, Melissa wept silently.

Inside, Marcus was restless.

Pouring himself a glass of ice water, he gulped it down, but it did little to quell his frustration. He was tempted to open the door and cast Melissa far away.

To rid himself of this turmoil.

Irritated, he headed to the home gym, venting his anger for hours.

Exhausted, he hoped sleep would come quickly.

But at three in the morning, he lay awake, staring into the darkness. Unable to resist, he rose to check if Melissa had left. He opened the door with a racing heart...