

Chapter 590 Don't Be Angry Anymore, Okay

The night was as chilly as ice.

As Marcus swung the door ajar, there stood Melissa, steadfast in her position.

She stood against the wall, eyes closed, appearing as though she were asleep.

Illuminated by the crystal lamp overhead, her visage took on a gentle glow. The delicate hairs on her face were visible, lending her a youthful allure.

A veneer of innocence adorned her countenance.

Melissa remained undisturbed in her slumber.

Marcus lingered in contemplation, and then withdrew silently, closing the door behind him.

The sound roused Melissa from her repose. Blinking she gazed vacantly at the door, uncertain whether Marcus had emerged or if it was a trick of her perception.

She gazed at the door in a daze, attempting to make a sound, but not a single word could escape her lips.

Discomfort gnawed at her, compelling her to approach his door and tenderly rap upon it.

Her silent plea echoed in her desire for Marcus to open the door.

Behind the door, Marcus immersed himself in deafening music.

Wearing a bathrobe, he stood by the French window, sipping ice water, clearly in a sour mood.

After roughly thirty minutes, he retrieved his phone and dialed Sylvia's number. "There's a collaboration project in Livebop, correct? I'll handle it personally. Arrange the earliest flight for me."

Innocent of the unfolding events, Sylvia perched on the bed, clutching her phone.

She rubbed her eyes and questioned, "Mr. Fowler, are you certain? The project is intricate. It'll require a minimum of a year for full integration."

"Then I'll commit to a year there," Marcus affirmed without hesitation.

A sense of foreboding dawned on Sylvia. Boldly, she inquired, "Mr. Fowler, did Melissa upset you? Haha. The young lady holds significant sway. Are you wary of her?"

Marcus sneered. "Do you wish to accompany me abroad for the next year?"

"No, Mr. Fowler! I was only joking!"

Marcus, resolute in his decision, directed, "Organize the details. Assemble four individuals from finance department, another four from business department, plus the two of us."

Despite Sylvia's inclination to plead, Marcus terminated the call without mercy.

Sylvia found herself rendered speechless.

Marcus, grappling with a strained relationship, vented his frustrations on Sylvia, his capable subordinate.

Sylvia contemplated resigning.

Clutching her husband's collar, she demanded with intensity, "Tell me you earn ten million dollars annually. Say it!"

Her husband shifted, enveloping her in his embrace. After a while, he succumbed to snores.

Sylvia vigorously pinched his face.

He retorted, "I don't earn ten million dollars a year, but I can accompany

you to Livebop."

Satisfaction finally swept over Sylvia.

On the other side, Marcus, having discharged his pent-up frustration, experienced a newfound sense of ease.

Sipping his water gradually, he strolled to the bedroom, yet his gaze involuntarily flickered toward the door.

Marcus presumed Melissa had departed.

Marcus slumbered until the clock struck seven in the morning

After getting up, he consumed a glass of milk and headed to the gym for a thirty-minute run. Following a refreshing shower and a change of attire, he placed an order for breakfast from a nearby five-star hotel. He then sat at the table, patiently awaiting the arrival of his morning meal.

During the wait, he perused the previous evening's newspapers.

The articles date back two months, when Melissa still resided in Duefron. Gazing at the date in a stupor, Marcus abruptly pushed the chair aside, hastening to the door and flinging it open.

To his surprise Melissa lingered outside.

Seated on the floor, she leaned against the door. As Marcus opened the door, her body slumped gently.

Melissa succumbed to unconsciousness

A frown etched Marcus' features as he reached out to touch her. Her body radiated heat.

"Melissa?"

Gently patting her face, her eyelashes quivered, indicating a semblance of wakefulness.

Her face burned red.

Marcus muttered curses under his breath as he swiftly hoisted her limp form. Retrieving the car key from his room, he resolved to transport her

to the hospital.

Seated in the passenger seat, she regained some semblance of sobriety. Fixing him with her reddened gaze, she resisted shifting her focus. In a hoarse tone, she remarked, "You're finally willing to acknowledge my presence."

The sun ascended, casting a radiant glow.

Illuminated by the morning light, Marcus' profile appeared flawless. Gripping the steering wheel, he uttered with a tense undertone, "I simply can't bear witnessing someone succumb to death at my doorstep. Don't read too much into it."

A shadow fell over Melissa's eyes.

Regret enveloped her as she closed her eyes, yet reconciliation eluded her. Summoning courage, she seized his hand.

The warmth of her palm against his hand nearly elicited a tremor from Marcus.

His gaze lingered on her.

Abruptly, Melissa's voice quivered as she whispered, "Stop being angry, alright?"

The night had been cold, and she felt wretched.

Marcus was poised to speak, but Melissa's endurance waned. Her hand slipped away gradually. Resulting in a further darkening of his countenance.

An hour later, Melissa's pathology report was issued.

The doctor scrutinized the report, remarking after a prolonged examination, "The patient is suffering from acute gastritis, coupled with prolonged malnourishment."

Gastritis? Malnourishment?

Was Melissa intentionally subjecting herself to this state, hoping to elicit Marcus' compassion?

Marcus pressed his lips together, commanding "Admit her to the hospital."

Promptly, the doctor instructed the nurse to carry out the order.

Daunted by Marcus' authority, they refrained from inquiring or upsetting him, given that 52 percent of the hospital's shares were under the Fowler Group's ownership.

Eventually, Melissa lay in the serene confines of the ward.

A transfusion bottle dangled from her slender arm, the skin around the needle puncture taking on a faint greenish-blue tint.

Her state remained unconscious.

Despite the presence of a sofa in the ward, Marcus refrained from sitting. He stood by the window, peering downstairs. He dialed Sylvia, entrusting her with the handling of affairs at the hospital.

Marcus had firmly decided to end his relationship with Melissa, and this decision remained steadfast.

He wouldn't reconsider due to her illness.

Sylvia arrived promptly. Gazing into the room, she seemed momentarily lost. After a brief pause, she called out softly, "Mr. Fowler."

At the sound of her voice, Marcus pivoted.

Passing a medical record to Sylvia, Marcus issued a direct command. "I've covered her hospitalization costs. Arrange for someone to attend to her until her discharge."

Contemplating for a moment, Sylvia inquired "Mr. Fowler, won't you be personally looking after her?"

Marcus' gaze shifted to the bed where Melissa lay, a picture of fragility.

He offered a faint smile. "I ended things with her." With that, he proceeded to exit the ward.

Simultaneously, a murmur emanated from the bed. "Ryan..."

Upon hearing this, Marcus' countenance grew somber. Sylvia, too, held her breath.

Following a prolonged silence, Marcus pushed the door ajar and left with a sardonic expression.

Sylvia trailed after him to pose her inquiries. In the tranquility of the ward, Melissa's soft voice uttered, "Ryan, I don't love you. I've grown fond of him."

Melissa continued to murmur repeatedly, yet Marcus wasn't there to hear her out.

He failed to grasp the intended message.

Reaching the end of the corridor, Marcus sought a cigarette in his pocket but came up empty-handed.

Abandoning the pursuit, he lowered his hand.

Recognizing his sour mood, Sylvia summoned the courage to console him. "They've known each other since childhood. There's bound to be a connection. It doesn't necessarily mean..."

"It doesn't necessarily mean anything significant."

Marcus offered a faint smile. "I won't let it get to me."

Inclining his head, Marcus inquired about the upcoming business trip. Sylvia, internally sighing, responded, "The soonest flight to Livebop is in three days. However, I've secured a ticket for next Friday. Considering the remote location, we need to address the company matters properly before setting off."

Marcus offered no objection. He stood there for approximately two minutes before departing.

Sylvia could only sigh.

Melissa awoke to find it was already four in the afternoon.

The ward carried a subtle aroma of food. While pleasant, Melissa found herself devoid of any appetite. Her longing to see Marcus intensified.

Sylvia remained in attendance, presenting the food with a smile. "Feeling any better?"

Melissa gazed at Sylvia with a distant expression.

Eventually, she inquired softly, "Where is Marcus?"

Sylvia responded, "Mr. Fowler has gone to the company."

After contemplating for a moment, Sylvia opted to share the news with Melissa. "Mr. Fowler has resolved to spend at least a year at Livebop. The flight's on next Friday. Melissa, if you truly care for him, you can't let him depart for Livebop without you; or maybe you should consider going along with him."

Numerous variables would come into play over the course of a year.

The future remained uncertain.

Melissa, taken aback, mumbled, "Is he going there because of me?"

Sylvia sighed. "Not entirely. Mr. Fowler has harbored a desire to assume control of that company for a while, but he hasn't identified a suitable candidate to take charge of things there. This opportunity presented itself, prompting his decision."

Melissa cast her gaze downward and uttered, "There are still six days until next Friday."

