

## Chapter 591 I Don't Want To See You Again

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Suddenly, a sense of bewilderment swept over Melissa.

Should Marcus truly venture abroad, would he remain within her sight? Could a new romance blossom in a year or two?

Such scenarios were plausible.

In fact, Melissa was well aware of Marcus' privileged background and handsome allure. Given his willingness, he could easily attract any woman, but Melissa believed she fell short.

Regardless of how Marcus treated her, Melissa was prepared to endure it; all she sought was an opportunity.

Sylvia showed kindness to Melissa.

Placing a tray before Melissa, Sylvia spoke with gentleness. "Indulge in some light fare for now; richer delights can grace your palate in a couple of days. The doctor noted your malnourished state."

Being a mother herself and exhibiting maternal concern, Sylvia remarked, "Even if you harbor aspirations for Mr. Fowler, prioritize self-care. A well-nurtured woman is universally appealing."

Gratefully, Melissa accepted the tray and nodded, expressing her thanks to Sylvia.

Observing Melissa partake in her meal, Sylvia sighed in relief. "Take as much time as you need. There's a caregiver stationed outside; summon her for any requirements. I have pressing matters at the company, but I'll visit you tomorrow."

As Melissa rose, intending to escort Sylvia out, Sylvia intervened. "No need. Your recovery takes precedence. Focus on recuperating. I'm taking my leave now."

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Once more, Melissa expressed her gratitude to Sylvia in a hushed tone.

Following Sylvia's departure, Melissa bowed her head, savoring the five-star hotel's culinary creation. Despite the discomfort in her stomach, she consumed a substantial portion of the food.

After eating, Melissa entered a brief reverie.

Reflecting, she recalled Marcus as the one who transported her to the hospital. Despite his anger, he lingered by her side.

Did this suggest a lingering soft spot for her?

Following a moment of contemplation, Melissa grabbed the phone and dialed Marcus' number.

A beep emitted from her phone momentarily leaving her bewildered.

After an extended pause, she dialed him once more. Upon answering, he adopted an icy tone. "What's the matter? If it's not urgent, spare me further calls."

A pang of pain gripped Melissa's heart.

She bit her lip and uttered, "I appreciate you bringing me to the hospital."

His response was devoid of emotion. He stated, "I would do the same for even a stranger. No gratitude is necessary."

Having spoken, he lapsed into silence for a few moments, as if anticipating her response.

Desiring his presence and aware of his reluctance, Melissa humbly implored, "Could you come visit me, please?"

A moment of astonishment gripped Marcus.

Melissa's tone betrayed both hurt and a touch of coquetry, a rare

occurrence even during their time together. Despite her influence on him, Marcus, a highly disciplined individual, maintained self-control.

Melissa was his addiction, yet he possessed the will to break free.

Regaining composure, his tone turned even more stern. "I won't come over. Stop calling."

With that, he promptly ended the call.

Clutching the phone, Melissa seated herself on the bed, lost in contemplation.

With a cheerful smile, the nurse wheeled in the trolley and remarked, "Miss Brown, another IV bottle is in order."

Melissa extended her arm wearily as the nurse secured it with a tourniquet. The slender needle penetrated her skin, releasing a small stream of deep red blood from her vein.

Approaching the nurse offered gentle words of comfort to Melissa.

Despite everything appearing fine, Melissa struggled to find calm within herself.

An intense desire to see Marcus overwhelmed Melissa. She recognized the shame in persistently seeking him out, yet her yearning to reclaim him prevailed.

"Sorry, but I wish to leave the hospital."

Without waiting for the nurse's response, Melissa swiftly removed the needle.

Neglecting a change of attire, Melissa hastily exited, clutching her phone and sporting only indoor slippers.

"Miss Brown!"

Startled, the nurse and nursing worker pursued Melissa, but the elevator doors shut before they could reach her. Observing the diminishing number on the elevator display, the nursing worker urgently dialed Sylvia.

"Miss Ramos, Miss Brown has left."

She was still connected to the drip when she removed the needle and fled."

As a seasoned professional in the workplace, Sylvia adeptly handled the situation.

She promptly reassured, "Stay at the hospital. I'll coordinate efforts to locate her."

The nursingworker expressed gratitude to Sylvia before endingthe call.

Sylvia sighed, and then entered the conference room by pushingthe door open.

Marcus presided over a general shareholder's meeting, with top Fowler Group executives such as Korbyn and Waylen present, alongside Rena, a five percent shareholder in the Fowler Group.

Amidst the intense quarrels among shareholders over the Livebop project, unanimousdisagreement persisted regarding Marcus relocating for over a year.

The concern stemmed from the anticipated chaos within the Fowler Group duringthat period in his absence.

Undeterred, Marcus had firmly resolved to personally pursue the Livebop project. His task now was to garner support from all shareholders, though the Fowler family, in particular, voiced the strongest opposition.

Approaching the age of 30, Marcus remained unmarried, prompting speculation about his intentions regarding marriage.

Despite external inquiries about his son's marital status, Waylen refrained from openly challenging Marcus' stance. Outwardly, Waylen maintained a neutral demeanor, revealing his true sentiments only to Rena, who was privy to his thoughts.

In the midst of the meeting, Sylvia discreetly approached Marcus, whispering "Mr. Fowler, Melissa left the hospital. Shall we dispatch someone to locate her, or would you prefer me to handle it?"

Marcus was taken aback.

Clearing his throat, he inquired sotto voce, "Why did she leave the hospital?"

Sylvia, instead of responding maintained eye contact with him.

A realization dawned on Marcus.

His unwillingnessto face Melissa prompted her to venture out in search of him. His emotions were complex, but ultimately, he declared coldly, "If

she chose to leave, let her be."

Sylvia blinked, sensing Marcus' waning patience.

"You may leave," he instructed tersely.

Sylvia acknowledged it with a nod as she departed at a measured pace. As the meeting room door gently closed behind her, she couldn't shake the notion that Melissa and Marcus had probably really reached a point of no return. While not exactly hard-hearted, Marcus appeared deeply disheartened.

Returning to her office, Sylvia engaged in work for a spell. Unable to remain still, she eventually ventured to the first-floor hall.

Melissa occupied a seat in the hall.

Aware of Melissa's identity, the receptionist hesitated to notify her superior about Melissa's presence.

Seated alone on a corner sofa, Melissa cradled herself, adorned in a hospital gown. Her slender frame accentuated the oversized appearance of the garment.

Sympathy welled within Sylvia as she approached Melissa.

Taking a seat beside her, Sylvia tenderly brushed Melissa's hair, offering consoling words. "Mr. Fowler is likely preoccupied. Time may not always be on his side."

Despite Sylvia's tactful expression, Melissa grasped the underlying message.

Softly, she admitted, "You believe I'm shameless, don't you? Truth be told, I harbor the same sentiment, but I can't bring myself to surrender."

Sylvia sighed. "Melissa, the timing is not ideal."

Expanding on her point, she added, "Mr. Fowler, truth be told, is not known for his amiable temperament. Anyone who's interacted with him can attest to his challenging nature. I believe he's resolved in his decision."

Considering their shared womanhood, Sylvia desired the best for Melissa. Offering a pragmatic suggestion, she stated, "Mr. Fowler is open to

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compensation. I believe, within reasonable limits, he would acknowledge it."

Sylvia implied monetary recompense.

For instance, if Melissa sought tens or even hundreds of millions of dollars, Marcus would likely comply.

It was Sylvia's way of extending kindness.

Melissa comprehended the situation well, recognizing the chaos in her life. Despite her affinity for wealth, accepting money from Marcus meant she could no longer appear before him. Uttering the words, "Marcus, I want to be with you," would become an impossibility for her.

Melissa's nose twitched, betraying her emotions.

Grateful, she murmured her thanks to Sylvia before rising. The hospital gown still draped loosely on Melissa's slender frame.

Sylvia discerned Melissa's decision.

A soft sigh escaped Sylvia's lips as she considered Melissa a bit naive. Despite recognizing the odds, Melissa neglected to strategize for herself.

If not love, what drove her actions?

Despite seeing it as regrettable, Sylvia respected Melissa's autonomy.

"I'm heading back to the hospital," Melissa announced in a hushed tone.

Sylvia suggested arranging a car for Melissa, but she declined, asserting, "I'll take a bus back."

Concerned for Melissa, Sylvia offered, "I'll get you a cab."

Amidst their conversation, a soft female voice inquired, "Sylvia. Is this Melissa?"

Sylvia pivoted to face Rena, who was there for the shareholders' meeting.

Rena, impeccably attired in a knee-length black business dress, had her long brown hair elegantly tied up.

An emerald ring adorned her fingers, a token of love from Waylen on their 30th anniversary, acquired at auction the previous year.

Rena met Melissa's gaze.

Uneasiness settled over Melissa; after all, Rena was Marcus' mother.

The hospital gown added to her discomfort.

Detecting Melissa's discomfort, Rena redirected her attention and spoke up with a smile. "Melissa, I'd like a moment with you. Are you available?"

Melissa felt a subtle tremor.

Before she could respond, Sylvia intervened, pushing Melissa gently. "Absolutely, she's available. Quite free, actually. She currently has no tasks or responsibilities. Allow me to escort you to the reception room, Mrs. Fowler."

Rena maintained her smile. "I'll accompany her. Sylvia, can you fetch a suit for Melissa? You're familiar with her size, I presume. Marcus tends to be quite demanding."

Sylvia recalled that tumultuous day.

Gazing respectfully at the elegant lady before her, she refrained from any disregard.

Though Marcus was undoubtedly accomplished, Rena held an even more distinct allure.


Sylvia promptly attended to the task.

Rena placed a gentle hand on Melissa's arm, urging "Shall we?"

A small marvel unfolded before the eyes of Fowler Group's first-floor occupants. Initially losing Marcus' favor, Melissa was now accompanied by Marcus' mother, who appeared notably content with the situation.

Melissa, seemingly unremarkable, left observers questioning whether she had cast a spell over the Fowler family.

Time passed, and Rena guided Melissa into an exquisitely decorated reception room, clearly reserved from public access. The attentive

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secretary promptly presented tea tailored to Rena's preferences.

Rena offered a gentle smile. "Prepare a cup of warm milk for Melissa, please," she requested.

The secretary cast a second glance at Melissa.

She grappled with a mix of unease and flattery and a desire to elucidate her situation.

As a woman persistently seeking Marcus' attention, being summoned for a talk by his mother left her feeling somewhat ashamed.

It wasn't until she received her glass of milk, feeling its warmth in her hands, that she mustered the courage.

She had something she wanted to express.

However, Rena raised her hand, signaling Melissa to pause.

Gazing out of the window in contemplative silence, Rena began sharing details of her own past. She spoke about her marriage, recounting the time when she was pregnant with Marcus and narrating personal anecdotes with a casual tone.

Throughout, Melissa listened attentively.

She wanted to say something several times, but she held back. Rena smiled and said, "There are several kids in the house. Except for Edwin, who is my uncle's son, Marcus resembles Waylen most. But Melissa, Marcus has never had an ex-girlfriend. His affection for you is so genuine it's evident to everyone."

Melissa's lips quivered.

Reflecting on her history, especially her prior involvement with Ryan, she considered it a blemish.

Rena, however, dismissed such concerns with a gentle reassurance. "Having had past relationships is not your fault," she conveyed tenderly.

Rena hesitated, expressing "I don't wish to conceal anything from you. I desire for you and Marcus to be together. However, Marcus' temperament... If I openly assist you, it might inadvertently distance you

from him. Do you grasp my intention, Melissa?"

After a prolonged moment of contemplation, Melissa offered a slight nod.

Rena said tenderly, "The initiative to reclaim Marcus lies with you. Marcus' father and I can merely refrain from introducing new girls to him in the next two years. Melissa, I desire genuine happiness for my son. It's apparent that you are the key to his happiness."

Melissa found herself in a state of shock.

Recognizing the challenge of processing this information, Rena opted for silence. In the interim, Sylvia returned, holding a bag.

Rena asserted, "Arrange for a car to take Melissa back."

Sipping her tea, Rena directed Sylvia, "Visit me later. I have matters to discuss with you."

Sylvia acknowledged.

Despite not being privy to the recent conversation, Sylvia's seasoned workplace acumen and perceptiveness prompted her to promptly organize transportation for Melissa.

Upon Sylvia's return, Rena had made significant progress with her tea.

Locking eyes with Sylvia, she conveyed, "Marcus' departure to Livebop is inevitable. Not even Waylen and I can deter him. I understand you'll be accompanying him. Before your departure, attend to one more matter."

Sylvia presumed it was business-related.

Surprisingly Rena asserted, "Prior to your Livebop assignment, arrange for Melissa to join the Fowler Group's branch company."

Sylvia was taken aback. Rena cast her gaze downward, offering a smile. "If Melissa's devotion to Marcus is deep enough, she can reach the head office within a year. Upon Marcus' return, Melissa might find herself working under him, affording them regular encounters."

Rena adjusted her dress and added with gentleness, "Consider it a gift for Marcus."

Rena exited the room.

Sylvia sank back into her chair with a sense of dejection. She pondered the potential backlash from Marcus if he discovered she had orchestrated this. Yet Sylvia couldn't defy Rena's directive, and she certainly couldn't attribute it to Rena.

Every one of the Fowlers was a handful!

Sylvia sighed heavily in her heart.

Melissa remained elusive in Marcus' world for three days.

In three days, Marcus was set to depart for Livebop. Having successfully persuaded the Fowler Group shareholders, he was ready for the journey.

Within the Fowler residence, the servants had diligently assisted Marcus in packing

Four sizable suitcases, brimming with clothes and accessories, awaited. Marcus, concluding his workday, returned to the villa. Ascending the stairs, he spotted a servant ferrying suitcases into the living room.

Noticing Marcus, the servant offered, "Mr. Fowler, check if there's anything else you typically use. I can prepare another suitcase if you wish to take more with you."

Marcus complied, entering the dressing room.

He swung open the wardrobe door and rifled through the accessories drawer.

Numerous accessories already found their place in the suitcase.

Yet his eyes caught the silent presence of the Patek Philippe watch nestled in its box.

The watch in question was the one Melissa had originally claimed.

Hadn't he gifted it to her? Why was it still in his possession?

Marcus took out the watch, contemplating it silently for an extended period of time. Despite briefly adorning it, he eventually removed it, sensing an incongruity.

As he contemplated, his phone interrupted his thoughts.

James, son of Roscoe and Vera, reached out to Marcus.

Despite the Figueroa family's lacking of major success in their business ventures, Marcus maintained a close relationship with their younger generation. Their parents' friendship contributed to the young Figueroa children's relatively comfortable life.

Having been married for a while, James remained a cheerful and easy-going soul.

"Marcus, what's up? My dad mentioned your plan to mine in Livebop. We've reserved a private space in the club and are waiting for you. Tell me, are you joining us or not? Don't even think about refusing though. It's been ages since we last met."

Marcus nonchalantly placed the watch back, responding casually, "I'll be there."

James chuckled, cracking a few jokes, while Marcus just smiled faintly.

Marcus had always been indifferent to casual flings, considering them optional.

Amidst the social revelry, Marcus, uninterested, chose not to partake. Otherwise, he wouldn't have saved it until he met Melissa.

The mere thought of that name wiped the smile off his face.

Marcus changed into different attire, grabbing the car keys as he prepared to head out. Descending the stairs, he encountered Waylen.

Setting aside his coffee, Waylen appraised his son and teased, "Are you dressing up for a date?"

Marcus pursed his lips and said, "It's James."

Waylen, a bit disappointed, quipped "He's married. Why does he still gallivant around? Shouldn't he be with his wife?"

Marcus adjusted his collar, retorting, "Dad, not everyone wants to spend all their time with their spouse like you do."

Waylen wasn't pleased.

"I can't believe you're sassing me. Marcus, you're something. Why don't you find a wife?"

Marcus' demeanor shifted. "Fine. Find one for me. I can marry her tomorrow."

With that, Marcus departed.

Waylen muttered to himself, "He's playing hardball with me."

Gracefully, Rena descended the stairs.

Waylen gestured towards the outdoors, commenting, "That's our admirable son. It's astonishing that he casually mentioned marrying a random woman. He just ended things with his girlfriend, and it's no big deal. Oh, look at him!"

Disregarding Waylen, Rena proceeded to organize the dinner.

Waylen, unable to resist, grasped his wife's hand and remarked, "Rena, we're his parents, and we have to do something! What do you think is going on with him? Is he not interested in women anymore?"

Rena couldn't tolerate Waylen.

"He's only going to Livebop for a year. The world isn't ending. You're overreacting."

Waylen, holding Rena's waist, whispered, "What if, when Marcus returns, Melissa is married to someone else? Perhaps she'll also have children. How will Marcus handle that situation? Don't shed tears in front of me at that time."

Rena glanced at Waylen and remarked, "So should I incapacitate Melissa and place her in Marcus' bed right away?"

Waylen was genuinely considering it. "That's actually an option!"

Rena rolled her eyes and said no more to her husband, who was clearly being unreasonable at the moment.

Marcus headed to the club, where James and the rest awaited him.

Alongside some childhood friends, a couple of debutantes from the social circle were present. One of them, Jessie Green, had been showing interest in Marcus.

James invited Jessie to join them, but was then concerned that Marcus might not be pleased.

However, upon Marcus opening the door, James didn't encounter his usual stern expression. This eased James' apprehension.

During their enjoyment, Jessie positioned herself beside Marcus. Despite his lack of response, he didn't reject her. Given their shared social circle, he avoided causing embarrassment to the girl.

Furthermore, he was currently unattached.

However, when Jessie intimately clung to Marcus' arm, her affection failed to stir any reaction from him. With a subtle frown, he rose and stated, "I'm heading to the bathroom."

In reality, he desired a cigarette.

After a while, he planned to return. The monotony had set in after half an hour of sitting.

Unforeseen by him, Melissa was there when he stepped out.

Positioned at the bathroom door, Melissa stood two meters away from Marcus. Gazing up at him, she observed him smoking. Her attention then shifted to the lipstick stain on his shirt.