

Chapter 592 How Dare You Say That You Like Me

The atmosphere seemed to drop several hundred degrees.

Marcus' eyes seemed to carry some sort of emotion as he stared at Melissa, but only for a moment.

Soon, the almost-tender look in his eye disappeared.

He stood up straight, elongating his slender body.

Then he slowly turned his head and stubbed out the cigarette between his fingers. In an emotionless voice, he asked, "Why are you here? How many times do I have to tell you not to look for me? Melissa, no matter what you do, it's useless. We had our share of good times, but those days are over. Besides, I already told you that if you have a request, just say it."

The dying embers on the cigarette butt sputtered feebly before going out.

Marcus turned around, and there was no emotion on his handsome face.

"I've told you that you can have anything you want—except me."

He had done all the talking up until this point. Melissa said nothing but she kept staring at him. After a long time, she finally opened her mouth and asked in a hoarse voice, "Marcus, do you have someone else?"

Marcus was stunned.

Then he followed her gaze and saw the lipstick mark on the collar of his shirt.

Jessie must've left it there on purpose.

Marcus forced a smile and said casually, "That shouldn't concern you. And you shouldn't be here."

As he spoke, Marcus started to walk towards the private room.

As he brushed past Melissa, she grabbed his arm tightly and pleaded, "Don't do this, Marcus."

There was silence.

She raised her head, and their eyes met. Hers were welling up with tears as she said, "Please don't love someone else."

Marcus laughed, half-bitter, half-incredulous.

He pried her hand off his arm and sneered. "Why do you care so much? Who do you think you are to tell me what to do? Miss Brown, do you seriously think that I took you to the hospital because I can't forget about you? If so, you're sorely mistaken. I would've done it for a stray dog on the road, let alone you, a human being."

"Marcus, you're wrong about that," Melissa said stubbornly.

"Seriously? What makes you think so? Is it because of our ridiculous relationship? Melissa, when you rejected me before, you always said that it was because we weren't in the same league, but do you really understand what kind of world I live in? Obviously, you don't, or you wouldn't have said such a ridiculous thing."

All of a sudden, Marcus grabbed her by the waist.

His hand happened to land right on the needle puncture on the back of her hand, which hurt her a lot.

But Melissa didn't even wince, let alone scream out in pain.

Marcus dragged her into the private room. The moment he opened the door, deafening music and laughter blasted their eardrums.

"No..."

Melissa didn't know what he was planning but she didn't want to go inside the sketchy, dark private room.

She tried to resist, but Marcus pulled her inside and pressed her against the door.

She was trapped; the man was much taller than her, and both his hands were planted on either side of her head. His face was so close to hers that she felt his warm breath on her nose.

And it was intoxicating.

All of a sudden, Melissa was reminded of those nights he trapped her beneath him just like this.

But those encounters always happened in private, when it was just the two of them.

Now, there were at least seven or eight other people in the private room, watching them intently.

James and the others were stunned. When they came to their senses and saw who was trapped in Marcus' arms, James played dumb and said lightheartedly, "Oh, look who's here! Melissa probably came to check on Marcus. Don't worry. We were just having fun."

After saying that, James felt bored and looked away.

Jessie, on the other hand, didn't get angry. Holding a cocktail glass elegantly, she fixed her gaze on Melissa and looked her up and down.

On the surface, Melissa looked just like any other girl.

And right now, as Marcus towered over Melissa, she looked like a frightened bunny.

Jessie smiled lightly.

Marcus ignored them and focused on Melissa. If he moved just one inch closer, then their lips would touch... Truth be told, Marcus was so tempted to kiss Melissa, but he didn't drink that much and was still sober.

His voice hoarse, he asked, "Are you leaving or not?"

"No..." Melissa whimpered softly.

She sounded like a helpless bunny being bullied by a big bad wolf.

With a sneer, Marcus let go of her and took two steps back.

He looked down at her while pulling a cigarette and a lighter out of his pocket.

He lowered his head, lit the cigarette, took a long drag and slowly blew out a thin cloud of smoke.

"Fine."

After saying that, he turned around and walked back to his seat, ignoring Melissa.

Jessie thoughtfully handed him a glass of whisky. It was James who looked up at Melissa, who was still frozen in place by the door, and asked if she wanted to come over and join them.

Marcus glanced at James, his expression unreadable.

James immediately shut his mouth for the sake of the Figueroa family's business. Looking at Melissa, he shot her a helpless smile before going back to whatever he was doing.

"Let's play cards," Marcus suggested in an indifferent tone.

As soon as he said this, the private room became lively again. It could be seen that, although all the people here were wealthy heirs, he enjoyed an even higher status.

They all played together, but Marcus was different from them.

Marcus was good at this game, but the girl next to him wasn't so lucky. She wrapped her arms around his neck and said coquettishly, "Marcus, take it easy on me, okay?"

She leaned in so closely that her red lips rubbed against his neck. They seemed very close.

Marcus didn't push her away. On the contrary, he rubbed her shoulder reassuringly.

There was a touch of pampering in his subtle movement.

Standing against the door, Melissa watched this scene unfold before her in silence.

She knew that Marcus was doing this on purpose; he just wanted her to see what "his world" was like. Despite this, she still couldn't stand it.

Tears in her eyes, she turned around and reached for the door knob with trembling hands.

Just as the door swung open, Marcus' voice came from behind her. "Once you walk out that door, don't ever come to me ever again, Melissa."

Melissa's body kept trembling uncontrollably. She wanted more than anything to whirl around and shout at him to come with her and to not love any other woman...

But she couldn't.

Seeing her hesitate, Marcus sneered. "How dare you say that you like me, or that you deserve me?"

No, it was not like that...

It really wasn't!

The environment she had been raised in didn't nurture confidence or boldness, and she never acquired the courage to fight for what she wanted. And, of course, someone as privileged as Marcus could never comprehend that.

Marcus knew just how beautiful and qualified the girl next to him was.

Moreover, the girl's family background was also excellent.

Melissa, on the other hand, had nothing. How could she fight for someone like Marcus?

Melissa stood frozen in place for what felt like an eternity. Finally, she gritted her teeth and bolted out the door, hell-bent on escaping Marcus' world. She wanted to flee to a remote island, free of Marcus' perfume and the lipstick stain on his shirt...

As long as she got out of here now, she'd be fine.

She could always look at him from afar...

The door to the private room was slammed shut behind her.

And the girl that looked like a frightened bunny just now was gone, leaving no trace.

"Marcus, why the hell did you do that?" James asked with a pout.

But before James could get a response, a crystal cup was thrown to the wall beside the door, shattering into a thousand pieces.

The private room fell silent. No one dared to make a sound.

It was the first time they had seen Marcus go crazy over a woman.

"Sorry, I lost my cool for a second." Marcus stood up, emotionless. "I'll invite you all to dinner once I come back from Livebop. I'm leaving now."

James tried to stop Marcus, but failed.

Afraid that something bad would happen, he gave Jessie a look. Jessie understood and walked over to Marcus, saying softly, "Marcus, you're drunk. I have a driver. Let me send you back."

Marcus had already walked to the door.

Jessie was gentle around Marcus. In fact, given her status, there was no need to please a man like this.

But she liked him.

And she made it obvious, because she knew that if she continued to be reserved, she'd have no chance with him.

Obviously, the woman named Melissa had left a hugemark on Marcus.

Marcus wasn't an inexperienced man; he knew that whenever a woman said that she wanted to send a man home, she actually wanted to spend the night with him.

Given Jessie's identity, Marcus would probably have to take responsibility if he agreed to take her home.

Leaning against the wall, he lit a cigarette and silently surveyed the woman in front of him.

After a while, he acquiesced. "Let's go."

He figured it wouldn't hurt to at least try things with Jessie. After all, they had grown up together; maybe he'd realize that they were right for each other all along if they gave it a shot.

Jessie smiled triumphantly.

With her arm wrapped around Marcus', she said goodbye to James and the others. She acted as though she was already his woman, which made James and the others sigh to themselves; Melissa ended up being Jessie's wing-woman.

Normally, Marcus wouldn't be so easy to land.

Soon, he and Jessie were seated in the back of a black limousine.

The ever-so-thoughtful Jessie fetched him an ice-cold bottle of water and even unscrewed the cap for him.

The driver drove steadily. Marcus, who was actually completely sober, couldn't help but compare Jessie with Melissa. Jessie knew how to please a man, whereas Melissa was completely clueless when it came to those things.

However, Marcus was never interested in those things to begin with.

It was undeniable that Jessie had a better figure and a better family background compared to Melissa, but so what? Jessie was indeed alluring and sexy, but even with her hot body pressed against his, he didn't feel the least bit aroused.

It turned out that he didn't have a thing for her at all.

Suddenly, Marcus felt extremely bored.

Jessie failed to notice this and kept trying to strike up a conversation with him, asking where he wanted to spend the night.

"Take me back to my company," Marcus said flatly.

Jessie was stunned.

Not wanting to lead her on, he said bluntly, "Jessie, since we grew up together, I won't beat around the bush. I wanted to give us a chance, but

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now I don't think anything will come out of it. I don't want to give you any false hope."

Jessie's blood ran cold.

She looked up at him and asked incredulously, "Are you still thinking about her? Marcus, she's in a different world from us. Are you sure you want to choose her?"

"I'm not choosing anyone."

Marcus rolled down the window and said, "I'm going to Livebop soon. I can't get into a relationship for the time being"

"Then I'll go with you."

Cupping his cheek, Jessie locked eyes with him, unwilling to give up such a chance. Red lips parted slightly, she said very gently, "Marcus, let's at least try it, okay?"

Marcus narrowed his eyes slightly.

He was about to push Jessie away when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Melissa standing across the street.

Melissa was wearing light clothes. After the rain, she stood there and hugged herself, soaked to the bone.

The black limo slowly passed by, and she saw what was going on in the backseat.


Marcus was there, and the beautiful girl from earlier was clinging to him, leaning in for a kiss... Melissa looked at them dully. She was able to convince herself that what Marcus did in the private room was just an act to provoke her.

But now, the spectacle of Marcus being intimate with Jessie sobered Melissa up in a heartbeat.

Perhaps Marcus really wanted to end this relationship.

Perhaps she had overindulged in her own wishful thinking all along.

Her insistence in his eyes, only pestered him.

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She pondered what led her to believe she held a special place in Marcus' heart, that he would forgive her repeatedly. She questioned why she believed he would choose her over the beautiful, noble woman in the car with him.

Melissa looked at them quietly, feeling as though she had just been stabbed in the heart.

Her bright eyes reflected Marcus' entanglement with another woman.

Soon, the limo passed her by and disappeared into the night..

A quiet settled over her surroundings



"Help me, and I'll give you a special reward!"

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