

Chapter 593 Look At How Disgusting You Are

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In this instant, Jessie nearly nestled into Marcus' arms.

Almost instinctively, Marcus entertained the notion of pushing Jessie aside, yet he halted his movement midway.

The question lingered in Marcus' mind—why did he still concern himself with Melissa's emotions?

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Consequently, Marcus refrained from pushing Jessie away from his side.

Instead, he lowered his head, creating an illusion of an intimate moment that resembled a kiss.

Jessie was about to initiate a kiss when she caught a glimpse of Melissa... The car drifted away until Melissa vanished from their view.

Jessie rose, her expression devoid of emotion.

Jessie now grasped the reality—getting close to Marcus was an opportunity that eluded her.

Lightly joking she remarked, "It's quite pitiful for her to stand in the rain. Marcus, do you truly lack compassion?"

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Casually leaning against the leather seat, Jessie idly ran her fingers through her long hair. She then cast a glance at Marcus, questioning "Honestly, I'm a bit curious. Be it looks or family background I surpass Melissa in countless ways. Frankly, any woman in your vicinity is superior to her. Yet why is it only her you fancy?"

"Stop the car."

Abruptly, Marcus spoke with a frigid tone.

The driver shifted his gaze to Jessie's countenance.

Dignity was important to a proud woman like Jessie. Tonight, she had cast aside her dignity to follow Marcus, only to be rejected. Now stripped of her pride, she uttered coldly, "Levi, pull over."

Her driver, Levi Wright, brought the car to a gradual stop.

With grace, Marcus opened the car door and stepped out.

Jessie held deep affection for Marcus. Witnessing his resolute actions, her eyes welled up with tears. "Marcus, you heartless jerk."

Marcus closed the door calmly.

He smirked. "It's an improvement over discovering my flaws after we've been intimate."

Upon observing Marcus through the car window, Jessie's gaze lingered. Marcus signaled Levi with a reserved demeanor.

"Hit the road," Jessie snapped with irritation.

After covering some distance, Levi couldn't resist commenting, "The Fowler family's son is quite a charmer."

Jessie retorted, "He's not handsome. I must be blind to be into him."

In the pouring rain, Marcus stood without an umbrella.

Rich men like him seldom opted for taxis, hence, he decided on a leisurely walk back.

Rather than returning to the apartment, he chose to retrieve his car.

The rain poured relentlessly.

Marcus pondered the possibility of encountering Melissa along the way. Despite their separation, he considered offering her a ride, especially given her recent recovery. Moreover, with his imminent departure for Livebop, clarifying certain matters seemed prudent.

Admittedly, he had been compassionate in the past.

However, the day in the ward, when she uttered Ryan's name, marked a turningpoint.

Marcus couldn't find it within himself to forgive her.

In his inebriated and sour state tonight, Marcus, craving a cigarette, placed it in his mouth. However, dampened by the rain, it resisted ignition.

He casually rubbed it and tossed it into the trash can.

Ten minutes later, Marcus revisited the spot where Melissa had appeared. Surprisingly she was still there, yet not alone.

Someone accompanied her.

Though the figures were unclear in the rain, Marcus discerned that it was Ryan. The two engaged in a conversation amidst the rain. Melissa wore a slightly puzzled expression when, out of the blue, Ryan hugged her.

Across the street, Marcus observed their interaction in silence.

Notably, Melissa refrained from immediately rebuffing Ryan, her expression retaining a sense of bewilderment.

Yet Ryan clung to her steadfastly.

Observing them intently, Marcus grinned and remarked, "Fascinating. Despite her professed love for me, here she is embracing another." Marcus pondered whether he had grown too lenient on Melissa upon his return and if concerns about her still lingered.

It became evident that the reality unfolded beyond Marcus' sight.

Gazing at Melissa one final time, Marcus concluded that their chapter had reached its end.

Marcus departed in silence.


On the opposite side of the street, Melissa forcefully disengaged from Ryan.

Ryan fixed a pained gaze on Melissa, revealing, "My parents were fatally struck by a car. Melissa, don't you feel any remorse? We're now parentless."

Taking a step back, Melissa recalled the letter and diary she had received that day, along with Merry's assault and threats. Despite Merry being her adoptive mother, Melissa felt no sorrow.

In fact, she was relieved.

Unaware of the truth, Ryan remained in the dark. With Merry's passing the fact that Melissa was a love child of the Smith family was a secret.

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now known to no one in the world.

A subtle smile graced Melissa's lips.

Enraged, Ryan exclaimed, "My mother was correct. You're utterly ungrateful. I've grossly misjudged you. I intended to look after you for the sake of my parents, but your heartlessness has caught me off guard. Let's be clear – we'll evenly divide the funeral expenses for Mom and Dad."

Melissa, composed, inquired, "I can cover the expenses. However, what about the house in our hometown? Am I entitled to a share?"

Ryan's gaze bore into her.

After a prolonged silence, he uttered softly, "Are you out of your mind? I can't fathom why you'd covet the house they left behind. I'm their sole heir. Do you genuinely believe you deserve a portion of that property?"

"In that case, I won't contribute to the funeral expenses. Moreover, we have no ties."

With those words, Melissa pivoted and walked away.

Initially, Ryan considered catching up with Melissa, but then he concluded that since she wouldn't comply, she was no longer useful, and he saw no reason to engage with her. Having amassed considerable wealth recently and having a house in his hometown, he could be deemed quite successful.

Melissa was abandoned by Marcus.

In Ryan's eyes, she appeared as nothing more than a spiteful woman.

In a fit of anger, Ryan spat and stormed away.

Melissa wandered through the rainy night.

Directionless and uncertain, Melissa trudged on. Witnessing Marcus with another, she concluded it was best to cease bothering him.

On one hand, it promised to be an awkward situation. On the other hand, what right did Melissa have to fight for Marcus?

However, she still desired to visit the apartment and see it once more.

Even if she couldn't enter, gazing at it from a distance would allow her to revisit some of her cherished memories.

Unforgiven by Marcus, she knew he had opted for another. Yet Melissa resolved never to forget him throughout her life.

Melissa pondered that finding someone else to be with would be challenging after she had someone like Marcus.

Typically frugal, Melissa splurged on a cab that night instructing the driver to take her to the building. Observing her drenched state, the driver quipped "It's late. Trouble in paradise with your boyfriend?"

Melissa sniffled and admitted, "Yes, he ignored me."

The driver smiled, offering sagely, "Young folks, they're all the same. Say harsh things in a quarrel, but regret it afterward. It's good if one can extend an olive branch."

Melissa, lowering her gaze, remained silent.

Convinced Marcus would never grant forgiveness, Melissa imagined him spending the night with the other woman—perhaps in a hotel or at her place, but never returning here.

Thirty minutes later, Melissa alighted from the car.

Initially planning to linger at the building's entrance, she glanced up and noticed the illuminated lights above. Gently covering her mouth, she pondered if Marcus had returned.

Upon closer inspection his car was parked nearby.

Melissa experienced conflicting emotions. Marcus hadn't spent the night with anyone, he had returned.

Melissa swiftly entered the elevator and reached Marcus' apartment door. As her slender fingers hovered over the doorbell, hesitation gripped her. She pondered what to say to Marcus and questioned whether she should reveal the threats from Ryan's mother.

Merry's demise lingered in Melissa's thoughts. If she revealed the truth to Marcus, they would be the sole bearers of Melissa's identity.

Perhaps he would find it in himself to forgive and embrace her.

Melissa pressed the doorbell gently.

Inside the apartment, Marcus, having just showered, donned a bathrobe and dried his lustrous black hair.

The doorbell's sound elicited a frown from Marcus.

Marcus considered that no one aside from Melissa would visit. However, witnessing her recent embrace with Ryan fueled confusion. Why did she seek him out now?

Did she perceive him as a doormat?

Discarding the bath towel, Marcus approached the door and opened it. Upon seeing Melissa outside, he regarded her with a cold stare.

Melissa, clad in soaked attire, exhibited a pallid complexion.

Clutching herself, she gazed at Marcus with a plea in her eyes. "Marcus, I have something to confess."

Summoning her courage, she intended to divulge the truth to him.

However, Marcus was no longer willing to hear those sweet words and lies. Melissa had lost her credibility a while ago.

The prospect of continuity seemed implausible without trust.

Uttering coldly, he stated, "Save your words."

Despite his coldness, he refrained from dismissing her. The influence of alcohol tonight sparked a desire for indulgence and Melissa presented herself. Though devoid of emotions, he found solace in her physical presence.

Marcus gestured for her to enter, turning to the side.

Hesitant, Melissa sensed an anomaly but couldn't pinpoint it.

Upon entering mindful of staining his carpet, Melissa removed her shoes at the entrance, proceeding barefoot. Intent on locating slippers, she found herself embraced from behind. "Forget the slippers. You'll be taking

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everything off later, anyway."

Marcus was the only man Melissa had been with, and she could discern his desires.

He wanted her, but only physically.

Without uttering a word, she allowed him to take control. As his touch intensified and he turned her around for a kiss, she couldn't help but lean on his shoulder and whisper, "You and... You and her..."

Eager for immediate gratification, Marcus nonchalantly declared, "It's not happening"

Unwilling to engage in conversation, Marcus lifted her and led the way to the guest room. Melissa, yearning to express herself, found her attempts thwarted repeatedly.

Marcus, deviating from his usual demeanor, exhibited wild and brusque behavior tonight.

Despite not feeling entirely well, Melissa yielded to him tenderly.

Following multiple intimate encounters, the clock neared half past three in the morning.

Marcus released the woman in his arms, donned his bathrobe, and headed for a shower. Melissa felt almost drained from his advances. As she listened to the water running in the bathroom, she sensed a hint of rudeness and neglect of her feelings today. Yet she considered that it might be attributed to his long absence from intimacy.

Wrapped in a thin quilt, Melissa rose, her flushed face betraying a hint of joy. Her gaze fell upon a velvet box at the bed's head—a small, exquisite container.

Melissa refrained from touching others' belongings under normal circumstances.

However, in this moment, driven by curiosity, she hesitated and opened it. Inside was an emerald ring with a remarkably well-designed six-carat diamond. Surprisingly, the ring had a small inscription inside the band.

'MY LOVE.'

66.2%

11:33

Here rested Marcus' engagement ring.

In a trance, Melissa fixed her gaze on the ring before delicately sliding it onto her ring finger.

It fit flawlessly.

Amid her elation and hopeful sentiments, Marcus emerged from the bathroom, catching sight of her putting on the ring.

Briefly taken aback, Marcus recalled the forgotten engagement ring he had stashed here after the breakup. The casual placement had backfired, caught unawares by Melissa's discovery.

A shadow crossed Marcus' eyes.

Advancing to the window-side sofa, Marcus seated himself. Retrieving a cigarette, he leisurely lit it and indulged in a slow drag.

Fixing his gaze on her, a hint of mockery played in Marcus' eyes.

Overcome with embarrassment, Melissa swiftly removed the ring, stuttering, "I... I just wanted to see how it looks."

Marcus displayed a lack of concern.

Indifferently, he remarked, "It's not overly costly. If you like it, keep it. If not, and you prefer cash over jewelry, I can write you a check."

Accompanied by a waft of smoke, he proposed, "How about two million dollars per encounter? I'll be departing overseas in three days. If you're inclined to earn some extra cash, show up here at eight every night. There is no need to bother with cooking. After the intimacy, I'll arrange for a driver to take you back."

The delivery remained nonchalant.

Melissa paled, beads of cold sweat forming on her body. The realization dawned on her slowly. Tonight was a transactional affair.

He engaged with her not out of affection, not because he had forgiven her, but for his physical needs.

He sought her out because he refused to settle for less. For each

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encounter, he would compensate her with two million dollars .

She was undeniably costly. In monetary terms, her body commanded a hefty price.

However, Melissa was aware that, in Marcus' eyes, she held no value.

She could be disposed of with money, deemed even more expendable than the woman in the car that night.

He didn't touch the other woman probably out of affection; he touched Melissa because she was deemed worthless. He had no intention of taking responsibility for Melissa; all he needed to do was pay her to have sex with him.

Melissa's lips quivered as she uttered, "I don't want your money."

He jeered. "Fancy some jewelry instead?"

Marcus chuckled and continued, "Melissa, you're aware of its value. This trinket alone is worth around 20 million dollars. A truly valuable possession. Keep it. Stay with me for the next three days."

Abruptly, Melissa burst out, "I told you, I don't want your money."

He stared at her.

Disregarding her partially dressed state, she attempted to elucidate to Marcus, "I left you in Warsaw because of Ryan's..."

Marcus interjected, sneering "I have no interest in hearing your love story with him. I should have realized you're just like him. Willing to sell everything for money. By the way, you've witnessed his repulsiveness for money, haven't you? What sets you apart from him now?"

Melissa's complexion was drained of color.

The smirk faded from Marcus' face. "If money or jewelry isn't your preference, do you aspire to be Mrs. Fowler?"

He rose and approached her, delicately pinching her chin.

Whispers brushed her ear. "Just take a look at yourself. You're repulsive. Do you truly believe you merit the title of my wife?"

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Melissa's complexion paled further.

A sudden reluctance to explain gripped her, sensing Marcus' profound disgust and disdain.

What purpose would explanations serve?

In Marcus' perception, Melissa amounted to nothing more than a swindler bartering her body and emotions for money. In his eyes, she paralleled Ryan.



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