

Chapter 595 Mr. Fowler, I Broke Up With Melissa A Long Time...

A solemn silence swept over the large office.

Sitting alone, Marcus stared at the piles of document in front of him, thinking about what Sylvia had just told him.

She said that Melissa had left, and that Melissa didn't go back to Warsaw.

Rather, she went somewhere they didn't know.

Perhaps the reason why Sylvia couldn't find Melissa was because she didn't want to be found.

Marcus then recalled what he had said to Melissa last night. He had asked her to accompany him for three days, and for each night he would give her two million dollars.

He had doted on her.

Naturally, she couldn't stand the way he treated her last night.

He was successful in driving Melissa away. However, he didn't expect her to go to a place that he couldn't find. In his mind, he had the means to find her as long as he wanted to, but this turned out to be not the case.

The orange hues of the setting sun passed through the glass, its golden rays falling on the side of Marcus' face, highlighting his handsome and noble appearance.

For a long time, he stood there alone. It wasn't until the evening that Sylvia knocked on his office door again. "Mr. Fowler, it's time to get off work," she reminded.

Marcus stood in front of the window and didn't say anything or even turn around.

His gaze was fixed outside the French window where he could see most of the city. The sky had turned dark, and all the street lights below had been turned on.

Where was Melissa now?

Marcus remembered that she had said she liked him. By disappearing did that mean she also didn't want Ryan?

Marcus' mind was in complete shambles. He had thought of finding Melissa, but even if he did, could they still go back to the way things were?

Besides, Marcus had to go to Livebop.

He couldn't allow himself put his emotions above the company's interest.

When Marcus didn't say anything Sylvia delivered another news. "The marketing department's recruitment is expanding I hear that Ryan passed the interview. Mr. Fowler, do you need me to cancel his application?"

The news made Marcus' brows furrow. Ryan came to the Fowler Group?

But after a short pause, Marcus said flatly, "No need. Let him stay. The marketing department could use some young employees."

When she first heard this, Sylvia couldn't believe it.

But gradually, she understood where he was coming from. Marcus was going to Livebop. As such, he couldn't pursue Melissa.

The best thing he could do was to keep Ryan within arm's reach.

Marcus didn't say anything more. After packing up, he took the car key and was about to leave. However, upon arriving at the underground parkinglot, he happened to meet Ryan there.

He was standing beside Marcus' car with a friendly yet jealous smile on his face.

"Mr. Fowler, can we talk," he said.

Marcus hated Ryan to the core. He glanced at Ryan before opening the car to get in.

Then, he took out a cigarette pack from the glove compartment, lit it up, and took a deep drag.

With his back leaning against the car window, Ryan said humbly, "Mr. Fowler, don't worry. It's been a while since Melissa and I broke up. It won't affect your relationship with her. I promise to work hard."

When Marcus didn't say anything in reply, Ryan continued, "In fact, we grew up together; and she and I are just like kids who are playing house. There's no love between us."

What Ryan meant by this was that he and Melissa never had sex.

Since Marcus had slept with Melissa before, he must have been aware of this.

When he heard this, Marcus' slender fingers trembled, almost dropping the cigarette. From Ryan's words, he could tell that Ryan and Melissa had indeed broken up a long time ago.

Indeed, the person whom Melissa liked was Marcus.

After another bout of silence, Ryan added, "I didn't even bother Melissa too much back when my parents passed away a few days ago. Don't worry, Mr. Fowler. I won't be bothering her in the future."

"Enough" Marcus cried, his deep voice reverberating across the parking lot.

He stubbed out the cigarette and slowly rolled up the window, signifying that he was about to leave.

Before Ryan could say anything more, Sylvia stopped him. "Sir, please behave yourself," she scolded sternly.

Ryan's jaw slacked, and before he knew it, the black Cullinan had already driven away.

Marcus couldn't stop his hands from shaking. As memories of last night flashed in his mind, he came to realize something. Was the reason why Melissa and Ryan were hugging because Ryan's parents had just died?

All this time, Marcus just presumed that they had rekindled their love.

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