

Chapter 601 It's Mr. Fowler's Big Day, I'll Be There For Sure!

Marcus was lost in thought for quite some time after sending the message.

Even as Violette donned another dress and presented herself shyly, he barely gave her a glance. Violette felt a sting of neglect, yet her fondness for Marcus tempered her irritation.

She whispered to herself, resolving to keep her frustration at bay.

"Marcus, look at me! Do you like this dress?"

At her voice, Marcus snapped back to reality and fixed his gaze on her. Truth be told, he bore no ill will towards Violette.

Yet, his feelings were ambivalent.

Marrying Violette meant a life of beauty and success, possibly with children to brighten their days. But in the solitude of night, memories of what once was might haunt him.

These thoughts weighed on Marcus.

Eventually, he remarked with a lack of enthusiasm, "You look great in it."

His response was half-hearted, yet it filled Violette with joy. She twirled, her fingers grazing the dress's hem, and murmured, "You probably don't even know the dress' color."

"Isn't it pink?" Marcus replied absent-mindedly, not even looking her direction.

The shop assistant stifled a laugh at his words.

Violette, crestfallen, corrected him gently, "It's white."

"White suits you well too," Marcus replied, dismissively.

At his words, disappointment shadowed Violette's expression.

Before she could respond, Marcus excused himself to the corridor for a smoke, leaving her eyes brimming with tears. The shop assistant quickly consoled her, "No tears now, miss. It's tough for men to grasp what really matters to us girls. Mr. Fowler is actually already quite patient, more so than most."

Drying her eyes, Violette remarked, "You're right. Looks like Miss Brown once worked closely with Marcus. It's hard to fathom how she managed."

The shop assistant fell silent at Violette's words, sensing a complex history between Mr. Fowler and Miss Brown—a history Violette seemed unaware of.

Just as the shop assistant was about to add more, Marcus returned from his smoke break.

Violette's tears ceased immediately upon seeing him; her gaze filled with adoration for the man who held her heart.

In the back of the sleek black limousine, Marcus busied himself with his laptop, barely acknowledging Violette. Noticing his indifference, she leaned in and whispered, "I'm sorry for the interruption, Marcus. When will you have a moment?"

Marcus didn't look up as he replied, "If you're bored, I can have the driver take you home."

Her heart sank at his words, and she fought back tears, insisting "No, I'm not bored at all. Please, continue with your work."

Touched by her thoughtfulness, Marcus ceased his work and finally looked up to meet her gaze.

Violette was indeed caring, yet he struggled to reciprocate her feelings, finding their moments together lacking spark.

He acknowledged internally that his treatment of her was unfair.

Marriage was a possibility, and conventionally, he should devote time to nurturing their relationship, ensuring Violette felt cherished and ultimately, deeply in love.

A happy procession down the aisle seemed within reach if he just invested the necessary time and effort, aiming to fully satisfy Violette's expectations.

Reflecting on his thoughts, Marcus closed his laptop and turned to gaze deeply at Violette.

Under his intense scrutiny, she became visibly uneasy, her cheeks flushing as she averted her gaze. Marcus reached out, his fingers brushing against her hair with a gentleness that belied his stoic facade.

However, the stiffness from the hair gel made him pause, and with a slight frown, he withdrew his hand, remarking "We're almost there," in a tone that masked his inner turmoil.

The air in the car thickened with unspoken tension, a sensation Violette mistakenly believed was shared. Unbeknownst to her, her feelings of anticipation were not reciprocated.

Meanwhile, Marcus' thoughts drifted to the upcoming party, specifically to the unexpected presence of Melissa.

The event was an intimate gathering allowing only a select few attendees.

Melissa, stepping in for Albert's absent date, radiated elegance in a black dress that accentuated her silhouette, complemented by a minimalist pearl necklace, that lent her an air of sophistication.

As she mingled, wine glass in hand and arm linked with Albert's, she drew the admiring glances of many, a testament to her allure.

Marcus, no stranger to the nuances of desire, recognized the intent behind those gazes.

They reflected a longing for possession, a desire to captivate Melissa's attention.

Observing Melissa, now exuding confidence and allure, Marcus pondered the changes time had wrought upon her.

The attention she garnered made him wonder about her life in recent years — the pursuits, the admirers.

Yet, despite his curiosity, Marcus knew better than to pry into such personal matters, especially given their past relationship.

Suddenly, he heard a cheerful voice beside him. "Look, it's Miss Brown!"

Violette's eyes sparkled with excitement upon spotting Melissa. She turned to Marcus, her voice tinged with envy and admiration. "Can we go over and say hello? Her dress is breathtaking, and she looks incredible. I wish I had her figure!"

Her words were accompanied by a bashful smile.

Marcus, holding a wine glass, cast a steady gaze in Melissa's direction, his attention fixed on her.

He couldn't deny that she appeared more captivating than ever.

As Melissa caught sight of Marcus and Violette, her smile wavered momentarily before she offered them a polite nod as greeting.

Albert, noticing Melissa's brief change in expression, scanned the room and recognized Marcus.

"Ah, the young Fowler heir! What a pleasant surprise!" he exclaimed, approaching with Melissa in tow. "Is this your new partner? You two seem like a good match."

Albert commented, turning to Melissa for her opinion. "Am I right?"

Violette responded modestly to Albert's compliment, "That's very kind of you, Mr. Weston."

Meanwhile, Marcus' gaze lingered on Melissa, silently questioning how she might react. Once, such a situation might have reduced her to tears given how timid she was, but she had grown stronger.

With a poised smile, Melissa replied, "Mr. Fowler has a knack for making the right choices."

Before Albert could further stir the pot, Marcus intervened, "Is that so, Miss Brown? Perhaps I've made errors in judgment before."

"Success and failure are two sides of the same coin, wouldn't you agree,

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Mr. Fowler?" Melissa responded with equanimity.

At her words, Marcus sneered, "It seems you're really good at looking at the bright side, Miss Brown."

Melissa responded promptly, "We must move forward, no matter what."

The air between them grew charged in an instant.

Violette, puzzled by the tension, inquired "Were you and Marcus colleagues before, Miss Brown?"

With a gracious smile, Melissa explained, "Yes, during my time at Fowler Group, Mr. Fowler and I had our differences. Leaving the company left me quite upset, but I imagine Mr. Fowler has long since forgotten those minor disputes. Such matters seem trivial to him, I'd presume."

Violette quickly came to Marcus' defense, asserting, "Of course. Marcus is anything but petty."

Albert, unable to contain his amusement at the exchange, laughed heartily.

It was hard to believe that Melissa, once seen as meek and gentle, had grown so assertive and independent. He looked at Marcus, his expression a mix of admiration and jest, "Mr. Fowler, you're fortunate. Melissa and I eagerly anticipate your wedding invitation."

Marcus' response was a disdainful snort as his demeanor shifted.

He fixed a steady gaze on Melissa, emphasizing each word, "Rest assured, Mr. Weston, Miss Brown, you'll receive your invitation in due time."

With a chuckle, Albert led Melissa away to mingle with the rest of the guests.

Left alone, Marcus emptied his glass of whisky in one gulp.

The liquor burned, its bitterness reminiscent of past memories. His eyes followed Melissa's departing figure, her image blending with memories of a more innocent time, creating a complex portrait of the woman she had become.

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Meanwhile, Melissa appeared calm despite everything that had happened.

It was clear she had moved on from her history with Marcus, treating him as a chapter from her past. Upon encountering him again, her acknowledgment was nothing more than a polite nod, free from any lingering attachment.

As they bumped into each other later outside the restroom, the atmosphere shifted subtly.

Marcus, leaning casually against the wall with a cigarette in hand, watched Melissa emerge from the ladies' room, adjusting her dress with an effortless grace. Her gaze held a hint of warmth and allure, yet Marcus was aware of the strength she had cultivated over the years.

"When did you return to Duefron?" he asked, breaking the silence that hung between them. His voice carried a rough edge, betraying a mix of emotions.

Melissa paused, caught off guard, but then approached the sink with a practiced smile. As she washed her hands under the gleaming faucet, she replied without haste, "I've been back for two years."

Marcus watched her, his feelings a whirlwind of contradiction.

"Does Albert frequently include you in these gatherings?" he inquired, a hint of curiosity in his tone.

At his question, Melissa momentarily hesitated.

She shut off the water and faced him, her smile unwavering. "Is participating in social events a crime now? Or is it that you disapprove, Mr. Fowler? Remember, you were the one who deemed me unfit to join the Fowler family. Such questions are absurd. Besides... you have someone now— a beautiful and wealthy partner."

As she spoke, leaning against the sink, the opulence of the private club's restroom, highlighted by the glow of a crystal chandelier, lent an extra layer of elegance to her appearance.

Marcus, drawn in by her poise and beauty, stepped closer, their proximity forcing Melissa to edge back slightly, though she offered no verbal

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With a scoff, Marcus remarked, "You sound almost jealous of her."

Melissa's response was laced with disdain. "Please, Mr. Fowler, don't flatter yourself. I was naive and inexperienced back then, but I've since learned my place. It's best for someone ordinary like me to keep a distance from the likes of Mr. Fowler. You're beyond my reach."

With those words, Melissa pushed Marcus aside, and walked past him, leaving a trace of her scent in the air—a reminder of what once was, yet different, stirring something within Marcus.

His heart momentarily skipped a beat, betraying his emotions.

Soon after, he noticed another man engaging Melissa in conversation before she returned to Albert's side.

The event was brimming with famous celebrities from wealthy backgrounds yet Melissa stood out—not just for her allure but for her graciousness to all.

Marcus snuffed out his cigarette, turning only to find Melissa had left the hall.

Though part of him wanted to follow, he decided to stay back, understanding the need to clear his thoughts.

The night stretched on, and by the time they left the club around eleven, Marcus was introspective, whereas Violette bubbled with excitement from her first experience of such a gathering, eagerly sharing her thoughts with Marcus in the elevator.

Stepping out to the club, Marcus' gaze fell upon Melissa once more.



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