

Chapter 604 Believe It Or Not, I Once Hated Your Guts!

After her declaration, Melissa grabbed her coat, ready to depart.

She hastened her pace, unable to bear another moment there. The man before her had shattered her heart, and his recent words obliterated what little beauty remained in her recollections.

Meanwhile, Marcus cleaned the juice from his face, and rose to his feet.

Just as Melissa reached for the doorknob, she felt a warmth envelop her; Marcus' body pressed against hers, his hand gently covering hers. In a raspy tone, he inquired "Are you upset?"

In that moment, Melissa realized resistance was futile.

Resigned, she replied icily, "What are you doing Mr. Fowler? If you require assistance so urgently, I actually have some girls on call."

At her words, Marcus drew closer, their bodies almost merging the warmth of his breath on her skin. Within his embrace, Melissa could sense the strength of his chest.

Eventually, Marcus released her.

His voice tinged with a chill as he said, "Your years as Albert's secretary have made you quite attentive, Miss Brown. But don't fret; I'm perfectly capable of looking after myself."

"That's reassuring," Melissa responded, turning to face him. "Now that we've shared a meal, may I take my leave, Mr. Fowler?"

Marcus responded not with words but with a gesture signaling she could go.

Melissa grabbed her briefcase, opened the door, and hurried out.

She made her way to the elevator and descended to the ground floor.

A security guard stationed at the building's entrance noticed her arrival and approached with a polite greeting. "Hello, Miss Brown!"



At his greeting, Melissa paused in her tracks.

The security guard, who had shared a smoke with Marcus, greeted Melissa with excitement. "Miss Brown, have you and Mr. Fowler reconciled? After you left, Mr. Fowler specifically asked about you. You had just vanished though! Seeing you together again is wonderful. I'm really happy for both of you!"

Melissa was taken aback by his words.

After a moment, she replied coolly, "We haven't reconciled."

The security guard was taken aback by her response. If they weren't together, why was she here? He wanted to say more, but Melissa had already left the building.

"Wait, it's raining outside!" he called after her.

Melissa was well aware of the rain and knew hailing a cab in this weather would be difficult, but she was determined to leave.

She had managed to leave once before, three years ago; she was confident she could do it again.

Meanwhile, the rain showed no signs of stopping.

It was getting late, and the streetlights cast their glow on the wet pavement.

Melissa walked on, her coat and handbag soaked through. Her pace quickened and although her high heels were causing her feet to bleed, she felt numb to the pain.

Suddenly, a white Bentley pulled up quietly beside her and stopped.

Marcus stepped out and looked at her silently for a moment before swiftly walking over.

Draping a black overcoat over her shoulders, he said firmly, "Get in the car."

Melissa, however, paid him no mind.

Slowly, she lifted her face, her wet hair making her features seem even more striking.

Her eyes were resolute.

She met Marcus' gaze and whispered, "Marcus, we're over. Even if this rain spells my end, it's none of your concern. Please, just let me be. Alright? I'm content with my life now. Can't you give me a break?"

With those words, she removed the black coat he'd placed on her shoulders and handed it back to him.

Marcus simply watched her, silent as the rain obscured their view.

Once, there had been love between them; now, it seemed there were only bitter resentment, each unwilling to yield or bid farewell.

Marcus closed the distance slightly.

With a gentle touch, he lifted her chin, his voice cool as he leaned in. "You think I'm here to shame you. But let's not forget, Melissa, who betrayed whom first? Who was unfaithful with Ryan?"

Then, Marcus' lips met hers, as chilly as his gaze.

"Could you deny your feelings for Ryan during our time together?" he accused.

Melissa's anger surged, and she moved to slap him.

Marcus caught her wrist, pulling her closer despite their proximity, and enveloped her in his embrace.

The rain's chill was no match for the warmth radiating from him. Marcus' kiss overwhelmed Melissa, rendering her powerless.

His assertiveness was more pronounced than before, drawing her tightly against him with a firm grip on her waist.

Such interactions, complex and intense, were not uncommon among adults.

Suddenly, Melissa sensed a change in Marcus.

"Stop, Marcus!"

Struggling, she pushed against him. Her protest was drowned out by the rain, which embarrassed and pained her.

Yet, this discomfort was minor compared to past hurts.

"We ended things long ago, Marcus!"

"I'm aware," Marcus replied, stepping back. "Get in the car! I don't want you falling ill because of this. I'd only feel worse."

Without waiting for her consent, he guided her into the car.

Inside, Marcus removed his jacket, increased the AC's temperature, and handed Melissa a towel. "You should change out of your dress to avoid catching a cold."

Melissa, however, dismissed his concern.

"If I get sick, it's your fault. You've got everything, even a new girlfriend. Why keep bothering me, Marcus?"

Marcus was now gripping the steering wheel tightly.

That was when Melissa noticed the watch on his wrist – the one she had taken.

He caught her looking.

After a pause, Marcus' voice softened. "Believe it or not, there was a time I truly despised you."

"Really? And you feel you have the right to?" Melissa retorted with a sneer.

Marcus responded with a weary smile, lighting a cigarette. "It started the first year after you left."

He had tried to find her but to no avail.

The thought of giving up often crossed his mind, yet every time he saw someone resembling Melissa, hope flickered anew.

Marcus harbored deep resentment towards her during those days!

During his years in Livebop, Marcus hadn't been involved with any woman. When he moved back to Duefron, thinking his past was behind him, he planned to start a new chapter with Violette. But then, Melissa reappeared unexpectedly.

This reignited his mixed feelings towards her.

Looking up, Marcus exhaled smoke and asked, "If you were gone, why return?"

Melissa responded with a scoff, "How amusing! Duefron's vast; the



Fowler family doesn't own it. If Mr. Fowler prefers, our paths need never cross."

"You're correct."

Marcus shot Melissa a glance, extinguished his cigarette, and prepared to drive her back to her workplace.

This was at Melissa's request.

She mentioned she had unfinished business to attend to and there were spare clothes at the office. Marcus agreed without further question.

As he prepared to drive off, a group of children crossed the road at the intersection.

About twenty in total, they made their way cautiously, each clutching a tiny umbrella.

Marcus watched in silence.

After the last child had crossed, he murmured, "If... we had a child, they'd be starting kindergarten by now."

Melissa remained silent, her emotions stirred.

She realized she had been mistaken; she had once believed their past could remain just that, and any chance encounters could be brushed aside as if they never happened. Three years had passed, after all; surely, the past was irrelevant now.

Yet, Marcus seemed incapable of moving on.

If this continued sooner or later, he would find out about Matthew. At that point, how would she manage to keep her son with her?

Decisively, Melissa resolved to take action.

She planned to request Albert for an early transfer back to Heron. This move would sever her ties with Marcus for good.

The ride was enveloped in silence.

The rhythmic motion of the windshield wipers was the only sound. Occasionally, Melissa glanced at Marcus, noticing his indifferent demeanor, a stark contrast to earlier emotions.

Eventually, the white Bentley halted outside the Waston Group building

Opening the car door, Melissa offered, "Thanks for the lift, Mr. Fowler."

Marcus responded with a faint smile and leaned in to close the door after her. He watched her for a moment but Melissa, avoiding his look, walked away without a backward glance.

As Marcus prepared to leave, his eye caught a small bloodstain on the white rug beneath the passenger seat – Melissa's blood.

He paused, and then dialed Melissa's number. "You're hurt?"

Melissa, standing by the elevator, answered evenly, "It's nothing. Thanks for asking Mr. Fowler. And please, no more calls."

With those words, she hung up and blocked Marcus' number.

Upon reaching her office, Melissa found Albert occupying her chair, appearing to have been waiting some time.

Albert, noting Melissa's rain-drenched appearance, laughed. "Marcus really did you no favors!"

He expressed his disdain with a tsk.

Melissa grabbed tissues from her desk to dry her face. She then retrieved a velvet box from her bag, intended for Jessie.

Albert took the box, rising to leave.

Pausing at the door, he remarked, "I had Chloe pick out a new dress for you. It's under the desk. Change before you head home, or Julie will have words for you again."

Melissa muttered a thanks.

Albert offered a smile, his response unspoken.

Before Melissa could add anything Albert mentioned, "You can leave early today. I've got a date later. Anything else can wait until tomorrow."

Melissa bit back her words.

She appreciated Albert's kindness but remembered her place; she was his secretary, nothing more.

With a composed smile, she said, "Enjoy your date, Mr. Waston!"

As he exited, Albert's voice floated back. "Melissa, sometimes... I just

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+120 Points at most

don't know how to handle you!"

He had trained Melissa himself, shaping her into a replica of that woman he couldn't have. Yet, their similarities sometimes made things challenging for him.

It gave him a raging headache every time!

After Albert's departure, Melissa showered and changed. Working late was not unusual for her, justified by her salary.

She didn't wrap up until eleven that night.

Stepping outside to hail a cab, Melissa pondered the practicality of buying her own car, especially for outings with her son.

She reached home close to midnight, paid the taxi, and vanished into the corridor under the moon's glow, unaware a white Bentley had trailed her all the way.

For you