

## Chapter 605 He Hadn't Decided How To Deal With Melissa!

When night fell, the moon shone with a coldness reminiscent of water.

The rainfall had ceased some time ago, leaving only a delicate glow from the moon.

Marcus quietly watched Melissa as she ascended the stairs.

He gazed over the surroundings and noted that it was decent. Despite the absence of elevators in the villa area, it boasted a charm of its own.

Given Melissa's circumstances, her residing here made sense.

Marcus leaned on his car and smoked half a cigarette before deciding to head upstairs to have a look.

Just then, he heard a gentle voice. "Marcus, were you and her once close?"

Marcus' brow creased slightly.

He glanced over and noticed Violette not too far away.

She wore a blouse and wool skirt, seemingly indifferent to the cold weather. Shivering, she pressed Marcus for answers. In Marcus's perspective, Violette didn't hold a significant place in his life. Despite the appearance of their relationship, he had yet to show her any gesture of affection, such as kisses or hugs.

Violette, for her part, tried not to come across as too demanding or forceful.

Her mother had advised her that being with a man as powerful as Marcus required overlooking certain things now and then, or else their marriage wouldn't stand the test of time.

But Violette felt that without a straightforward response from Marcus, their relationship had no real future to begin with.

While Violette was absorbed in her thoughts, Marcus shot her an indifferent gaze. He understood exactly what was going through her mind.



Meanwhile, he mused over the possibility that if Melissa hadn't returned, he and Violette might have ended up married. But such a union would lack genuine happiness for both of them.

But Melissa had indeed returned.

Despite his feelings of animosity towards her, he also knew that he still loved her.

Soon after, Marcus came to a decision. He opened the back door of the car and instructed Violette to enter.

"I'll take you home," he said in a firm voice.

In the brisk moonlit night, Violette hesitated only for a moment before she complied and got into the car.

Marcus drove very fast.

In under twenty minutes, he had the car stopped inside the Finch family's driveway. Given the late hour, it wasn't the best time for visits but Marcus still followed Violette into the mansion.

The Finch household staff quickly took notice of his arrival and discreetly informed Violette's parents.

Her parents were pleased to hear the news. They thought that Marcus had finally accepted Violette and he might spend the night there.

However, Violette sensed that something was wrong. Her face turned ashen and she braced herself for what she believed was the end of their relationship.

Sitting in the living room upstairs, hands clasped over her knees, Violette struggled to make her case. "I believe I'm a better match for you! Miss Brown, after all, doesn't come from a wealthy background like mine. Moreover, she... She is always around Mr. Waston, who has quite the reputation as a womanizer," Violette argued calmly.

Marcus shot her a sharp gaze which silenced Violette mid-sentence, and she remained quiet.

After what felt like an eternity, Marcus said in a cold voice, "You have two choices. The first is that we end things here and now! The second, I will bring two projects to the Finch family, and your father will know what to do. But this comes with a condition.."

When Violette heard his words, she found herself in a daze.

Such a situation was alien to her. She had been living a fairy-tale life.

Violette was taken aback at the moment. She had never imagined that the man she admired most would be bargaining with her, for another woman's sake.

How could Violette accept this calmly? She objected in low voice, "She's not worth it! You two ended things a long time ago."

However, Marcus remained silent.

Deep down, he was at a crossroads regarding Melissa's unexpected return, but he was certain that he needed to clarify his position to Violette. His lack of feelings towards her and his current disinterest in marriage led him to present her with those two options.

To anyone paying attention, the right decision would be clear.

Marcus' stay was brief. Upon his arrival, the Finch residence was ablaze with light, as if in broad daylight. But upon his departure ten minutes later, only small night lamp was left on since everyone believed he's stay the night. Thus, Violette parents were shocked when they found out he had left.

They hurried to Violette's room and asked, "What happened? Why did Marcus leave? Why didn't you persuade him to stay overnight?"

Violette's mother Luna voiced her concerns and confusion.

She was eager for her daughter to be in a committed relationship with Marcus, hoping this would bring the Fowler family's support their way. That way, the Finch family's future would be bright and successful!

When Violette heard all those questions, she couldn't hold back her tears.

"Marcus wants to end our relationship!"

This news left Violette's parents in disbelief, and they were even more surprised when they found out why. They couldn't believe that their daughter could be outmatched by an ordinary secretary...

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Initially, Marcus intended to head back to his apartment, but after some thought, he changed his mind and made his way to the Fowler family's mansion.

It was already deep into the night.



Waylen, Marcus' father, was enjoying a cigarette. Upon noticing Marcus' return, he extinguished his cigarette and scoffed, "Look at how pathetic you are, coming home this early. Back in my day, I would never be home at this hour. It's embarrassing!"

Meanwhile, Marcus casually loosened his tie.

Resting against the couch, he said in a cold voice, "I'd prefer not to fool around and have kids out of wedlock!"

At this, Waylen sneered. "Oh, is that so? You prefer not to, or it is because you are useless?!"

Disinterested in continuing the conversation with Marcus, Waylen got up and started to ascend the stairs. He paused and looked back to say, "You're in your thirties now. Your mother and I aren't trying to meddle, but we do wonder when we might expect a grandchild from you."

"Aren't Alexis and Leonel parents to two children? And Edwin has two as well. Isn't that enough?"

Waylen scoffed, "Is that supposed to be the same?"

None of those kids but Evelyn bore the Fowler surname! Waylen had been eagerly expecting a grandson to continue the Fowler family's legacy. He scolded Marcus presently not just because of his expectations but also from his father's daily reminders over the phone.

Taking a moment to think, Waylen inquired about Marcus' relationship with Violette.

"Nothing noteworthy," Marcus replied indifferently.

Hearing this, Waylen scoffed again. "If things are fine between you, why not bring her to visit? Your birthday is coming up, isn't it? And we haven't met her properly. Also, we need to assess if she's fit to join the Fowler family! You bastard! Don't be a constant worry to your mother and me!"

With those words, Waylen climbed up the stairs.

Marcus remained seated alone.

Marcus poured himself a cup of tea, taking a moment to reflect on his father's words. He felt his parents were being overly critical of Violette.

He remembered Melissa, who was simpler and more innocent than Violette.

However, Waylen had welcomed her with open arms, even showing a fondness for her. Marcus was aware of the reason behind his father's acceptance of Melissa. It wasn't about her family background; it was because Marcus truly loved her.

However, the situation with Violette was different. Waylen was aware that Marcus didn't really care for her, which explained his scrutiny.

Marcus couldn't help but smile ruefully, wondering if his lack of affection for Violette was so apparent that even his parents could see it.

The following day.

As Marcus fastened his cufflinks, he made his way downstairs at a leisurely pace.

Waylen was already seated at the breakfast table, with a newspaper in his hand. His voice was laden with sarcasm as he read out a headline, "Fowler Group CEO pays a late-night visit to Miss Finch..."

Marcus joined him at the table.

After Waylen set aside the newspaper, he asked, "Do you think the Finch family released this story on purpose?"

A servant handed Marcus his breakfast. He took a bite and replied softly, "Likely!"

Waylen's expression turned serious. "If that's the case, you'll need to be extra cautious around the Finch family!"

At the Waston Group, Melissa found herself battling a cold after getting drenched in the rain. When she arrived at work, she pulled out some cold medicine from her bag and mixed it with hot water to drink.

Just as she took a few sips, her office door swung open.

To her surprise, Jessie was standing there.

Jessie was adorned with the diamond ring Melissa had picked out for her. With her folded arms and her striking figure, she looked captivating.

After taking a moment to take in the scene, Melissa raised an eyebrow and asked, "What brings you here?"

Instead of just cutting straight to the point, Jessie said, "Did you read the newspaper this morning? Marcus... He visited Violette last night. It seems a wedding between the Fowler and Finch families might be on the horizon."

Jessie looked at Melissa in silence, as though she was attempting to read her thoughts.

Actually, Melissa had seen the news earlier that day.

Initially, she felt slightly uneasy, but she quickly regained her composure. Given that she and Marcus had not been together for quite some time and he was now with Violette, it made sense that Marcus would spend the night at her place sometimes.

It would be foolish of her not to realize something so obvious.

So, Melissa kept her cool.

Upon noticing Melissa's calm demeanor, Jessie felt a mix of disappointment and resolve not to concede. She pressed on, "You truly don't care about him anymore? You were head over heels for Marcus back in the day. What happened to you? Have your feelings for him vanished? Or are you just scared you can't compete with Violette? Don't forget, you and Marcus share a child."

As Melissa powered up her computer and started sorting through her work, she responded, "I was under the impression that you had eyes for Mr. Waston now. Why this sudden interest in Marcus? Moreover, wouldn't Mr. Waston be a bit upset to find you so captivated by another man?"

Melissa didn't seem bothered.

Jessie's expression changed at Melissa's reply, and she retorted sharply, "How could you bring Albert into this to threaten me! Others might not see through you, but I do, Melissa. You're a bastard of the Smith family, and your child is no different. They say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, right?"

Right after Jessie's words, Melissa delivered a slap across her face.

The sound of the slap echoed sharply.

Jessie stood there, completely shocked.

Holding her cheek, she looked at Melissa in disbelief and exclaimed, "You had the nerve to slap me? Aren't you scared I'll get Albert to fire you? You and your bastard child will end up begging on the streets!"

"What gibberish are you even saying, Jessie?"

Suddenly, Albert entered the room, moved Jessie aside, and said in a





cold voice, "Enough with this nonsense!"

Jessie clenched her teeth and asked defiantly, "Was I wrong in what I said?"

Albert gave Jessie a stern look and was about to slap her as well.

But Melissa intervened before Albert could act.

Her face drained of color as she fixed Jessie with a cold glare and said, "Yes, I'm the child born out of wedlock. Did I have a say in it? And now I'm indeed raising Matthew alone, but so what? I've never got into other people's relationships or forsaken my child. What gives you the right to see us as less than you?"

Jessie, being one of Mr. Weston's lovers, do you really see yourself as my superior?"

Ordinarily, Melissa avoided confrontations.

But Jessie's insult towards Matthew was something she couldn't tolerate. Her son was still young and so innocent, so she wouldn't let anyone denigrate him.

Jessie seethed with fury upon hearing Melissa's retort.

Meanwhile, Albert was visibly embarrassed and urged Jessie to leave. He cast a significant glance at Melissa before they left.

In that moment, Melissa realized she might have gone too far.

With a voice roughened by emotion, she offered an apology. To her astonishment, Albert responded with a detached tone, "Actually, I'm also an illegitimate child!"

This confession silenced Jessie's fury.

She was scared that Albert would be angry at her.

Once inside Albert's office, she attempted to mollify him with affection. She climbed into his lap to seek a kiss as she was aware of his penchant for thrills such as making out in the office.

But Albert was not in the mood.

Seeing his disinterest, Jessie reluctantly moved to occupy herself with her phone, leaving a tense silence hanging between them. Eventually, unable to bear the silence, Jessie said, "Fine! I won't bother Melissa again!"



She's just a secretary, after all. Why does she matter so much to you?"

But Albert paid no attention to her words.

Soon, the receptionist called the internal line.

She said in a pleasant voice, "Mr. Waston, the president of Fowler Group is here. Are you ready to meet him now?"

Marcus was paying him a visit?

Albert couldn't help but smile. "Yes, please bring Mr. Fowler to my office."

In just a couple of minutes, Marcus took a private elevator to come up.

He was good-looking and held a prestigious position, making him the dream of many women working at Waston Group. However, none dared to approach him, because they were aware that he was already in a relationship.

Melissa's office was located right beside the CEO's office.

The office had walls made of glass that stretched from the floor to the ceiling. This allowed anyone to see inside when the blinds were lifted.

As Marcus walked through the hallway, he saw Melissa inside her office.

She had caught a cold from being out in the rain and had felt unwell since the morning. Now, she was running a fever.

She had fallen asleep on her desk.

Her face looked delicate and slightly pale, but there was a hint of blush on her cheeks. Her dark hair draped over her shoulders which added to her charm.

From where Marcus stood, he could even glimpse her collarbones.

She looked especially slender at that moment.

He couldn't help but recall how gentle and soft Melissa felt when she was on top of him, and the way she looked when she was glistening with sweat...

These thoughts made Marcus stir unintentionally.

He was uncertain about how to interact with Melissa in the days ahead, but he couldn't shake off his deep yearning for her. Marcus hadn't been





intimate with any woman other than Melissa.

His desire made him feel tense all over.

Eventually, he made his way into her office.

Melissa's desk was cluttered with various items, including business cards from car dealerships, booklets from jewelry stores, and brochures from day care facilities and kindergartens.

Marcus touched her desk lightly.

It was like he was taking a glimpse into Melissa's world.

Suddenly, Melissa snapped awake.

But she was still groggy, unsure if it was morning or afternoon, or if the figure before her was real or just a figment of her imagination. She stared at him and whispered his name, "Marcus?"

Marcus was leisurely looking at the brochures scattered on her desk.

He then turned to her and asked, "Albert has a child? Are you telling me you even pick out diapers for his child?"

Confused, Melissa looked where he was pointing.

She had been sorting through options for a school for Matthew, but now those efforts felt pointless. As she had resolved to return to Heron soon.

She tapped her cheeks lightly to clear her mind, then asked, "Did you come to see Mr. Waston?"

Marcus didn't reply right away but just stared at her quietly.

After a moment, he simply nodded and left her office...

Melissa was still trying to gather her thoughts when her desk phone rang. She answered immediately and heard Albert's voice. "Melissa, could you bring two cups of coffee to my office? It's been a while since I've caught up with Marcus. Why don't you join us as well?"

Albert had put her on speaker.

Feeling unwell and now irritated by Jessie and Albert's actions, Melissa was far from pleased.

She wished she could settle the score with them.

But she knew she couldn't risk losing her job. Arguing with Jessie was one thing but crossing Albert was out of the question. So, she entered the office with the coffee and gently requested, "Mr. Waston, can I take the afternoon off? I think I should probably see a doctor."

Before Albert could respond, Marcus got up and said, "This is an invitation. Please come if you're available!"

With that, he took his leave.

Albert didn't insist on Melissa escorting Marcus out. After Marcus left, he sipped his coffee and said, "Marcus is celebrating his birthday soon and has invited me to the party! How about joining me? The Fowler's place is something to see, truly impressive."

However, Melissa replied in a cold voice, "No, thank you. Maybe Jessie would like to go with you, Mr. Waston?"

Albert fiddled with a golden pen and was silent for a moment. He had no intentions of getting married in his life and felt somewhat guilty about his relationship with Jessie, considering the age gap between them.

It was not that he didn't want to end things with her.

However, they found themselves reuniting after only a few days apart, so he decided to just go with the flow.

He convinced himself to live in the present and enjoy it.

Melissa was aware of Albert's thoughts. Even though she wasn't fond of Jessie, she couldn't help but feel sorry for her... Jessie was beautiful. It was puzzling why she got involved with Albert, a man known for not committing and his flirtatious ways. And it was clear he wouldn't make Jessie his wife. With Marcus popping up unexpectedly, Jessie found herself hiding in the lounge.

Melissa kept out of the drama, filled out a sick leave form, and was ready to head to the hospital.

But as she was leaving Waston Group's building a white Bentley pulled up.

The driver's window slid down, revealing Marcus again. "Come in. I'll drive you to the hospital!"