

Chapter 607 It Turned Out That Melissa Had A Baby (Part Two)

Since they met again, she had numerous opportunities to tell him about their son. She could also have informed him about her pregnancy, but she remained tight-lipped. She was bent on parting ways with him back then. His position as her son's father held no importance to her.

But he was also well aware that he was the one who had asked her to take the birth control pills.

Marcus went to the smoking area and puffed on seven cigarettes successively before making his way to the transfusion room.

Since it was winter, more people were down with the flu, leaving the room crowded.

The adults, children, and the elderly were all huddled together. It was a little chaotic, but that hadn't stopped Melissa from falling asleep. She had gently burrowed into the chair, her face buried in her coat. She looked to be sound asleep.

Marcus' eyelids fluttered as he silently gazed at her.

At this moment, the person beside Melissa was done with their infusion and they left. Marcus walked over and settled in next to her.

He didn't disturb her.

He simply took off his woolen coat and tucked it in around her. Then he watched her.

Marcus had inherited his parents' excellent genes, and his appearance was very sophisticated. Moreover, his expensive clothes made him look even more high bred. He just didn't fit in here.

A woman holding a baby kept furtively glancing at him and blushing

When Melissa woke up, a familiar scent wafted up to her nostrils.

She felt jarred. When she opened her eyes, she was met with the sight of Marcus sitting next to her and staring intently at her.

"What are you doing here?"

Marcus' gaze remained fixed on her.

After a long pause, he slowly replied, "I had come here to pick up the prescription for my father and dropped by to check on you on the way."

Melissa took off the coat and returned it to Marcus.

The nurse came to remove the needle from Melissa's arm. Perhaps Marcus' presence intimidated her, because her hand trembled a little and Melissa bled. The nurse instantly broke out into an apology.

Melissa shook her head in forgiveness and put pressure on the wound with a cotton swab.

Melissa left the room after the bleeding stopped. Marcus followed her. When she reached a secluded area, she turned to him and said in an even voice, "Marcus, this is meaningless. If you're so eager to hear an answer, I'll give it to you. I used to like you a lot, but I don't anymore. There is nothing left between us."

"I know."

Melissa, I'm not interested in rekindling your feelings. I have a girlfriend."

Melissa glared at him and pushed down her raging emotions. "Then stop following me. Just don't appear in front of me. Is that so difficult?"

"It's not."

Marcus stepped forward and lifted his hand, as if he was going to brush away the strands of hair that were falling into her eyes, but he eventually withdrew it. His lips curved up into a soft smile as he said, "It's just that you owe me something and you need to repay me for it."

She couldn't take it anymore and shot back, "What do I owe you?"

Her emotions abruptly exploded and she launched into a tirade. "I only owe you for that bracelet. Yes, it was more expensive than eight hundred thousand dollars. I sold it for. But didn't you tell me that sleeping with you once was worth two million dollars? I've slept with you so many times. It must be more than enough to pay for a bracelet. If you believe it's not enough and still want to have sex with me, I'm willing to sleep with you till you're sick of me."

Melissa began taking off her coat, her lips curled up in disdain. "In fact, we can do it right now. But Mr. Fowler, don't forget to use a condom."

The air around them froze.

After a long while, Marcus smirked.

He leaned in close to her ear, his fingers buttoning up her coat, and said condescendingly "I said I have a girlfriend."

"Then stop pestering me."

Her eyes turned watery as she spat out, "People from a privileged background like yours will never understand how hard life is for others. You will only ever notice your difficulties. What about others? Does someone else's pride and pain have no importance?"

Melissa couldn't stand to look at him anymore.

She whirled around and was about to leave, but his arms wrapped around her from behind.

Since they had been outside for a while, he was also cold, but he warmed up after a few moments.

Melissa gruffly demanded, "Let go of me. What are you doing? No matter what you offer me, I won't be the other woman in your relationship."

Marcus whispered into her ear, "But you made me the other man three years ago."

Melissa kicked him angrily.

That was not her intention. That night at her place, things just happened and they had hugged and kissed. He even touched her.

She didn't mean any of that.

She didn't even want to like him.

As these visions flashed through her mind, her body sagged, and her spirits fell.

Noticing her changed mood, Marcus didn't push her anymore. He just tightened his arms around her, pressed his thin lips against her ear, and whispered "Melissa, after you left, I searched for you."

Melissa was still desolate.

She was aware that he had searched for her, but so what? His hurtful words had shattered the last of her feelings and hopes. He hadn't bothered to listen to her, and had called her worthless... He was the one who showed her the drastic difference between when he liked her and when he didn't.

She suddenly snapped back to her senses.

Melissa, why are you still wallowing in his arms? Have you forgotten the condition in which you left him? Have you forgotten how you swallowed the morning-after pill, leaving your self-respect on the floor? Don't you remember how he tossed the check at you? Do you forget that he has a girlfriend now? How can you still hold on to any hope when it comes to this man? How can you still allow yourself to be seduced by him? If nothing else, think of all the years you've spent uprooted. She thought to herself.

Melissa gently grabbed his slender fingers and unwrapped his arms from around her waist little by little.

She remarked, "Mr. Fowler, please behave yourself."



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