

Chapter 612 You Were The One Who Didn't Want This

Marcus' voice was husky and slightly seductive on that winter evening.

As old lovers, there was still a lingering connection between him and Melissa.

However, Melissa was not in the mood to appreciate it. She softly closed the bedroom door and then asked in a low voice, "You're aware of it, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?" Marcus countered.

Melissa avoided voicing it out, and silence enveloped them for a while.

Eventually, Marcus suggested, "If you want to discuss Matthew, come out and let's talk. I'm at the apartment."

His indifferent tone left Melissa unable to discern his thoughts.

However, she had no desire to visit his apartment.

Upon hearing her decision, Marcus promptly ended the call after saying "We'll discuss it another time then."

Melissa glanced at her phone, biting her lip.

She perched at the foot of the bed, facing the window where twilight painted the winter landscape. Despite the coldness of the season, an inner fire raged within her, refusing to be quelled.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a friend request from Marcus on WhatsApp.

Melissa stared at the request for a while before finally accepting it.

She felt she had no other option.

After accepting Marcus' friend request, Melissa received no message from him. Ten minutes later, she dialed his number. "Marcus, we need to talk."

"I'll be waiting."

When Melissa grabbed her car keys and headed out, Julie was taken aback. "Where are you going? Dinner will be ready shortly."

Melissa evaded, "I forgot an important document at the office."

Julie reminded Melissa not to overexert herself and emphasized the importance of her health.

Melissa offered a faint smile.

To avoid causing any disruption to Julie and Matthew, Melissa refrained from disclosing the details of her conversation with Marcus to Julie. Sitting in the car, Melissa held the steering wheel for a moment, lost in thought, before starting the engine and driving off.

Melissa soon arrived at the building complex.

Standing before the door of the penthouse apartment, she adjusted her coat and rang the doorbell.

Marcus answered the door.

Although it was chilly outside, the apartment exuded warmth. Marcus stood there in a simple white shirt, his handsome face radiating maturity and charm, accentuated by his deep gaze.

Marcus cast a discerning gaze over Melissa.

She was draped in a dark brown high-necked overcoat, likely with a dress concealed beneath it. Black stockings enveloped her exposed calves.

Her long hair was elegantly coiled up, and her makeup was light yet flawlessly applied.

In truth, she appeared stunningly beautiful.

However, Marcus frowned. "Don't you have something warmer to wear?"

Melissa's complexion was somewhat pale, her recovery from the cold was not yet complete. She spoke softly. "I'm not here to discuss my attire with you. What I wear is none of your concern, Mr. Fowler."

Melissa's tone was sharp.

After a moment of silent contemplation, Marcus stepped aside to allow her entry. As she bent down to remove her shoes, he closed the door with one hand while encircling her waist with the other, swiftly pinning her against the door.

Melissa's black hair cascaded freely, unrestrained, and flowing.

The ambiance grew increasingly romantic.

However, Marcus deemed it insufficient. With one hand, he ensnared her, while the other deftly unbuttoned her coat.

Underneath, her figure was slender and enticing.

Leaning against the door, Melissa fixed him with an icy stare. "Mr. Fowler, I presume you have your checkbook ready again?"

Marcus disregarded her taunts.

Discarding her coat, he caressed her waist and whispered in her ear, "How can you claim it's none of my concern? How did I end up with a two-year-old son if it's not?"

Melissa's eyes reddened, considering Marcus despicable.

Before she could protest, Marcus enveloped her form and led her to the guest room, where they made love for the final time.

Melissa was gently pressed into the plush bed by him, her black hair splayed across the dark bed sheet, accentuating the luminosity of her skin and enhancing her beauty. Furthermore, her slender frame allowed her to sink completely into the bed under his weight.

"Marcus, what are you doing?"

Melissa pushed against his shoulder and whispered, but to no avail.

With her body in his grasp, Marcus kissed her passionately. Despite

knowing it wasn't the right time, he couldn't resist the urge.

He continued to kiss her fervently, unable to control himself and lost in the moment.

After a few minutes, Melissa transitioned from vigorous resistance to weakly wrapping her arms around his neck, yielding to his kisses with a sense of vulnerability. There was a subtle shift in her demeanor, altering the sensation of their kisses, prompting him to continue relentlessly.

Eventually, Marcus lifted his head, his dark eyes fixed on her intoxicated visage.

"Marcus..."

She murmured his name under her breath, seemingly discontent with his pause. The sight of her parted, ruby lips was irresistible to him.

Marcus couldn't help but lower his head, yearning to kiss her once more.

Suddenly, a sharp slap landed on his handsome face.

Regaining her senses, Melissa felt a mixture of embarrassment and anger. She hastily wrapped herself in the bed sheet and spat, "Marcus, you jerk."

Marcus' eyes betrayed no emotion.

Touching his cheek, he spoke slowly. "I haven't been slapped since childhood, let alone by a woman. Melissa, how many times have you slapped me so far?"

Melissa attempted to rise and speak, but he pushed her back down.

Their positions were awkward, yet he showed no embarrassment.

Unable to bear it any longer, Melissa turned her face away.

Her cheeks flushed, and her voice quivered as she protested in a delicate yet determined tone, "I'm here to discuss business with you."

Marcus reached out and handed her a receipt.

After glancing at it, she was taken aback.

Marcus pressed her body against his and whispered "You took the pill. How did you conceive Matthew?"

Melissa continued to study the receipt.

After a moment, she regained her composure and comprehended Marcus' questioning.

With all her might, she pushed him away and tore the receipt to shreds. Her voice turned icy as she declared, "It was all a ruse. I didn't really take the pill. I intentionally make myself conceive your child, aiming to seize the Fowler family's assets one day, which will be my revenge on you. Does that satisfy you, Mr. Fowler?"

Melissa scrambled out of bed, intending to flee.

Tonight was truly not the appropriate time for such discussions.

However, after just a few steps, he captured her and flung her back onto the bed. It was evident he intended to interrogate her right then and there.

She couldn't shake the feeling that something was seriously wrong with him.

She attempted to kick him, but he swiftly grabbed her foot and twisted it painfully. The agony nearly brought tears to her eyes.

Marcus showed no remorse whatsoever.

Closing in on her, he locked eyes with her tear-filled gaze, sneering "You're as stubborn as ever."

Through teary eyes and trembling lips, Melissa retorted defiantly, "Mr. Fowler, you're no better."

Marcus fixed his gaze on her.

Men and women often differed in their approaches to situations. While men might appear rational, they could also be prone to impulsivity.

For instance, although Marcus should have been addressing the matter of Matthew and his future custody, all he could think about in that moment was holding the woman in his arms, kissing her passionately.



and indulging in potentially more intimate actions.

Tenderly tracing her lips, he murmured huskily, "I've missed you terribly all these years."

Melissa, being experienced, comprehended the depth of Marcus' intentions. His words didn't merely convey longing they also hinted at the primal desire between men and women.

Her anger flared, prompting her to avert her gaze. "Is this the reason for summoning me here?"

Recognizing her genuine anger, Marcus realized he couldn't persist, yet he couldn't resist murmuring in her ear, "I yearn for it so deeply. Will you indulge me?"

They were both adults and had engaged in it numerous times.

Yet his desire remained unquenched.

However, Melissa couldn't shake Violette out of her mind. Knowing Violette had declared herself Marcus' girlfriend, Melissa felt a twinge of revulsion at his sudden advances.

Meeting his gaze, Melissa inquired calmly, "Isn't Violette enough for you? What's with your sudden lust?"

Marcus queried with a gentle smile, "Feeling jealous?"

He released Melissa.

He rose from the bed, expecting Melissa to follow suit. Despite their intimate interaction, both remained fully clothed, having maintained their neat appearance throughout.

As Melissa straightened her silk stockings, her hands trembled.

Marcus' gaze remained fixed.

Once she finished, he suggested, "Let's dine first. I've prepared a spread of your favorite dishes."

Without hesitation, Melissa declined, "I have no appetite. Let's discuss matters that's really important here, and then I'll take my leave."

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Leaving the room to get her handbag, she retrieved a banknote containing half a million dollars.

Marcus had entrusted it to Julie earlier.

Glancing at the bankbook that had been handed to him, Marcus flipped through its pages before querying "What? I can't even spend some money on my own son? In that case, I'll take him to the Fowlers' house and raise him myself."

Clenching her fists, Melissa demanded, "Marcus, what do you want from me?"

Gesturing to the table, Marcus replied, "I'll explain over dinner."

Melissa fixed him with a stare.

When she remained still, Marcus retrieved his phone and began dialing his secretary. "Tell the legal team to..."

Melissa immediately stepped forward and knocked off Marcus' phone, which tumbled onto the table with a clatter.

The phone's screen's display didn't indicate an ongoing call.

Marcus' bluff was evident, and Melissa's face flushed with anger in response. However, he simply smiled and tenderly brushed her nose with his slender index finger. "I've never seen you get angry so quickly before. How many times have you been upset since you walked in?"

Melissa swatted his hand away, retorting, "Mr. Fowler, show some respect, please."

Marcus leisurely sipped his soup, and then lifted his head abruptly, chuckling. "You seemed quite willing when I kissed you earlier. Why the sudden call for boundary now?"

Melissa grew exasperated. Just as she prepared to depart, Marcus interjected sternly, "Sit down and eat. We'll discuss matters after dinner."

After a prolonged stare, Melissa relented. Her son was her priority, and she dared not antagonize the influential Marcus.

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+120 Points at most

Marcus appeared content.

They ate in silence, but Melissa lacked appetite and soon ceased eating altogether. Marcus observed her and remarked, "Is that all you're having? No wonder you're so slender."

Serving her a bowl of soup, he commented, "My mom's recipe. It's beneficial for women."

Frustrated by his oscillating behavior and apparent attempt at control, she exploded, "Marcus, what's your game here? I just gave birth to our child. Big deal! If it weren't for the pill mishap, we wouldn't be in this situation. By the time I discovered it, the baby was four months along. Do you even know what that means? I could feel the baby move!"

Marcus delicately laid down his utensils.

Softly, he inquired "If you had found out about the pregnancy sooner, would you have considered an abortion?"

Melissa's eyes welled with tears.

After a moment, she replied softly, "Mr. Fowler, your memory seems short. Allow me to remind you. You were the one who opposed my pregnancy and insisted I use contraception."

Marcus fell silent momentarily.

He queried, "So, Melissa, do you intend to hold a grudge against me forever because of that?"



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