

Chapter 614 Your Lessons Would Not Be Forgotten

Melissa aired her concerns, prompting a stunned response from Julie.

"What's our next move, then? Shall we consider relocating to Heron?"

Melissa shook her head. "It's too late."

She resolved to go with the flow, contemplating a discussion with Violette should Marcus push things too far. She firmly believed no woman would tolerate her partner's infidelity.

With a heavy heart and restless mind, Melissa struggled to sleep that night.

In the early hours, she boarded the subway to the office. Upon arrival, the second secretary approached her discreetly. "Mr. Waston seems to have had another argument with Jessie. The poor man got scratched on the face again."

Forcing a smile, Melissa collected herself and organized the documents before knocking on the CEO's door. "Mr. Waston?"

With permission granted, she entered.

Albert was engrossed in a phone call. As Melissa entered the room, he briefly glanced up, acknowledging her presence with a nod before returning his focus to the conversation.

Melissa surmised that the person on the other end of the line must be Jessie.

Melissa deduced this because Albert had recently befriended a celebrity, which likely triggered jealousy and temper tantrums from Jessie.

After coaxing Jessie and hanging up, he lamented, touching his face. "I'm making a fool of myself."

Melissa smiled. "Not at all, Mr. Waston."

Albert leaned back in his leather chair, cigarette in hand, rubbing his temple with the other hand, a visible hint of annoyance on his face. "Melissa, what should a person do if they can't marry their lover?"

Caught off guard, Melissa met his gaze.

Albert said graciously, "Go ahead, speak your mind. I won't hold it against you."

Melissa spoke in a low voice. "One must first be loyal to their partner before discussing marriage."

Albert's expression darkened. "Why do I sense a hint of sarcasm in your words?"

"I assure you, there's none," Melissa replied respectfully. "As your subordinate, I wouldn't dare. I'm simply speaking the truth as you asked me to."

After hesitating for a moment, she added, "If you truly can't commit to marrying Miss Green and be faithful, it might be best to set her free. She hasn't really been happy with you these years."

Albert chuckled.

"Why defend her when you're not even on good terms?"

With a neutral tone, Melissa replied, "I'm not taking anyone's side. Just stating the facts."

Albert reclined in the plush leather chair, his demeanor relaxed as he closed his eyes.

He had always been a playboy, his heart once given to someone in his youth. While women like Jessie and the allure of stars and models brought him momentary excitement, Albert never contemplated surrendering his true affections or marrying.

Marriage was never in his plan.

"Melissa, you think I've done wrong, don't you?"

Albert's voice broke the silence. "I don't love Jessie, yet I've kept her waiting for years. I've tainted her innocence"

Melissa remained silent.

Opening his eyes, Albert sighed "I understand."

Unbeknownst to them, a slender figure lingered outside the slightly ajar door. Jessie, the focal point of their discussion was listening.

When Melissa entered, the door wasn't fully closed.

Every word exchanged between Melissa and Albert pierced her heart like icy daggers.

Despite waiting for Albert for several years, he hadn't shown any signs of softening his heart. He was constantly surrounded by new women, and Jessie had once naively believed she was the most special one to him.

But Albert's indifference to marriage shattered her illusions.

It became evident that Albert had never even considered whether Jessie was truly happy or not.

She never considered her own happiness. Her mind was consumed by thoughts of Melissa. Jessie never liked Melissa, yet it turned out she was the only one here that voiced out Jessie's own happiness did matter.

Tears streaming down her face, Jessie leaned against the wall.

As other secretaries passed by, Jessie uttered in a low, hoarse voice, "Please, don't mention that I've been here."

With a heavy heart, Jessie left.

Initially, when she arrived, she harbored thoughts of doing everything she could to compel Albert to end things with the star. However, now, she felt utterly disheartened and disillusioned.

The man with whom she shared her bed seemed to care less about her than he did about others outside their relationship.

Jessie's heart sank.

She hurried into the elevator, waiting until the doors closed and she was alone before allowing herself to cry freely, hands covering her face. Her sobs echoed in the confined space, reminiscent of a child's cries. It was as if she had suddenly matured; while she had once clung to Albert like a cherished toy, she now realized she no longer desired it, even if she were to obtain it.

She sat in the car, absent-minded.

She retrieved her phone and dialed Albert's number. After a brief pause, Albert answered, annoyance evident in his voice. On the other end, a girl's hoarse voice greeted him, lacking its usual softness.

She said, "Albert, let's end things."

Stunned, Albert stared at his phone but Jessie had already hung up.

Albert stared at his phone for a moment before setting it down with deliberation. Melissa surmised that the caller must be Jessie. Sensing Albert's foul mood, Melissa abandoned her documents and left the room.

Melissa spent some time in her office before heading to the secretariat.

Melissa held authority in this domain.

After a brief stroll, she approached Albert's second secretary with a hushed inquiry, "Did Miss Green visit earlier?"

The second secretary, blushing, nodded after a prolonged pause.

"Please keep it between us. Miss Green prefers discretion."

Melissa offered a reassuring pat on the woman's shoulder, encouraging her to go back to work. With that, Melissa returned to her office and resumed her seat.

When Melissa's thoughts drifted to Jessie, she couldn't help but feel a sense of assurance. Despite Jessie's privileged background, she still endured heartache in love. In contrast, Melissa, who had little in the past, now found herself with almost everything she desired.

Melissa didn't think she had anything to be upset about.

She composed herself and prepared to dive into work when the second secretary approached cautiously. "Melissa, there are people downstairs for you. It appears they've brought a car for you."

Melissa's lips curved into a smile. "Ah, my car broke down yesterday. They must have fixed it and brought it here. I'll handle it."

The second secretary shook her head, adding, "Actually... it's not your usual BMW. It's a white Bentley, worth over ten million dollars. It seems to belong to the CEO of Fowler Group."

Melissa stood there, momentarily stunned by the unexpected news.

She made her way to the blinds and tugged them open, peering downstairs for a better view.

As expected, a white Bentley was stationed in front of the Waston Group entrance, the very same vehicle Marcus occasionally drove.

Melissa wondered about Marcus' intentions behind giving her his car.

Was he trying to publicize their relationship?

Fuming, Melissa dialed Marcus' number. "Marcus, what's the meaning of this?"

Marcus, anticipating her reaction, responded casually, "You're overthinking things again, Melissa. I accidentally damaged your car, and since it can't be repaired immediately, I've sent you a replacement for the time being. Should I have bought you a new car instead?"

Through gritted teeth, Melissa replied, "That won't be necessary."

Marcus chuckled. "I thought as much. So, I'll leave my Bentley with you until your car is fixed. They've sent the car over already. Have you retrieved the key yet?"

Melissa, feeling a sense of control slipping away, maintained her composure. "Not yet."

With an easygoing demeanor, Marcus reminded her, "Don't forget to pick it up. It's a nice car. Oh, and I've also installed a car seat. You can take Matthew for a ride."

Melissa sensed Marcus exerting his influence over her, but she refused to falter.

With a steely smile, she replied, "Thank you for your consideration, Mr. Fowler. I'll take good care of your car."

Marcus, pleased with himself, was in high spirits.

In a smooth, persuasive tone, Marcus chimed in, "Everything I do, Melissa, it's for Matthew's sake. No need to read too much into it or inflate your own importance. Let's avoid unnecessary misunderstandings."

His words dripped with insincerity and a hint of reproach.

Melissa's lips curled into a sneer. "Your lessons won't be forgotten. I won't overestimate myself," she retorted before ending the call abruptly.

Determined to reclaim a sense of control, Melissa made her way downstairs to retrieve the car key.

As she entered the lobby of the Waston Group, whispers swirled around her, hinting at the gossip surrounding her and the CEO of Fowler Group. However, no one dared to approach her directly.

After securing the key, Melissa approached the car.

Yet, as she swung open the door, her anger turned to shock.

The once elegant gray interior had been transformed into a garish display of light pink. From the leather seats to the steering wheel cover, everything screamed a sickly shade of pink.

Only the small rug under the seat remained white.

For the car accessory hanging from the rearview mirror, there was a crystal carrot with a small rabbit figurine nibbling on it.

Staring at the absurd sight, Melissa found her mind raced with bitter thoughts. It seemed like a cruel joke.

Her reverie was interrupted by a smiling attendant from the dealership, presenting her with a hefty bill. "Miss Brown, here's the invoice. Mr. Fowler requested a complete overhaul of the car's interior. The total

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comes to 2.6 million dollars. How would you like to settle the payment?"

2.6 million dollars?

And she had to pay the bill? Why?

Melissa's heart sank. Why was she being saddled with this expense? Her earlier resolve crumbled as she reached for her phone, dialing Marcus with trembling hands. After all, she didn't have 2.6 million dollars in total.

Melissa confronted Marcus with growing anger.

However, Marcus' response surprised her. In a calm, almost soothing tone he said, "There is a platinum card in the console, with 20 million dollars in it. The PIN number is Matthew's birthday. You can swipe it first. Handle it yourself, Melissa. I'm in a meeting," he instructed before abruptly ending the call.

Staring at her phone in disbelief, Melissa felt a surge of frustration.

The sky had darkened considerably since she first arrived at the scene, and the attendant from the dealership still waited expectantly.

Realizing she couldn't afford to make a bigger scene than this, Melissa reluctantly retrieved the card from the car and settled the bill.

The attendant's gaze lingered on her, filled with assumptions about her relationship with Marcus. To them, she was probably merely another woman kept by the wealthy CEO.

She was so favored, though.

It wasn't uncommon for a man to spend money on a woman. If he was willing to gift her his car though, it must mean he truly liked her.

Other colleagues cast longing glances at Melissa, their eyes filled with anticipation.

Feeling cornered, Melissa slid into the driver's seat and drove towards the Fowler Group.

Meanwhile, in Marcus's office at the Fowler Group, he worked quietly as Sylvia stood beside him. "Mr. Fowler, you have a lunch appointment this noon."

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"Cancel it. I have a lunch date," he announced leaving Sylvia momentarily puzzled.

A date?

Sylvia, unaware of the situation, blinked but refrained from asking. Marcus then spoke calmly. "Melissa will be here soon."

As Marcus mentioned Melissa's impending arrival, Sylvia pieced together the situation.

Melissa's unexpected visit indicated her displeasure with Marcus, and Sylvia couldn't help but feel sympathy for her colleague. The fact that Melissa was coming right now meant she was really pissed off at Marcus.



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