

Chapter 615 Melissa, Do You Still Love Me (Part One)

Ten minutes passed before Melissa pulled up in front of the Fowler Group building.

Pausing before stepping out of the car, she found herself gazing at the crystal pendant hanging from the rearview mirror. It was Marcus' subtle attempt to evoke memories of their shared past.

However, Melissa couldn't help but feel that those memories were now distant echoes, lost to the passage of time.

Since returning to Duefron, Marcus had been unpredictable. One moment, he would be kind and affectionate, and the next, distant and aloof. Melissa couldn't decipher his thoughts or feelings anymore.

With a sigh, Melissa retrieved her phone and dialed Marcus' number.

His brisk response came through the line. "Are you here? Come straight to my office."

Leaning back in her seat, Melissa hesitated before speaking.

Her voice was low and strained as she asked, "Marcus, I didn't want to discuss this over the phone, but I need to know... After all these years, do you still harbor feelings for me, or have you grown to despise me?"

Silence greeted her question, stretching out uncomfortably.

Melissa pressed on with a faint, resigned smile. "You can't deceive yourself, Marcus."

Perhaps, deep down, Marcus might regret his actions once he realized the truth.

Maybe he would seek her out.

Yet, as time passed, Melissa understood that Marcus had closed himself off to love. He had chosen Violette as his companion, fueled by bitterness towards Melissa for disrupting his perfect life after breaking up with him.

But who would mend the fractures in her own life?

All Melissa desired was a semblance of a normal life, to raise her son, Matthew, without sacrificing herself for anyone else's happiness.

Another prolonged silence filled the airwaves.

Finally, Marcus spoke up. "Let's discuss this in person."

Suppressing her emotions, Melissa replied coolly, "That won't be necessary, Mr. Fowler. I'll leave the key at the front desk. You can retrieve it at your convenience. As for my car, kindly have your driver bring it to me once it's fixed."

Without waiting for his response, Melissa ended the call abruptly.

Inside the Fowler Group lobby, she placed the key on the front desk, preparing to hail a taxi.

Suddenly, a sleek sports car pulled up before her. The window rolled down to reveal Jessie's familiar face behind a pair of sunglasses.

"I'll give you a ride."

Without hesitation, Melissa accepted the invitation.

As they drove in silence, Melissa stole a glance at Jessie, mustering the courage to ask, "Mr. Watson and you..."

"We broke up!" Jessie responded bluntly.

Hearing Jessie's candid words, Melissa found herself at a loss for a response. Any words she could muster felt hypocritical, given her employment under Albert.

However, Jessie's self-mockery broke the tension. "You must think I'm foolish. If Albert truly wanted to marry me, he would have done so by now. What's the point in wasting my time with him? And why should I feel

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jealous of those other women, right? Melissa, when your opponent is...*

Melissa interrupted her, speaking softly.

"Since you two have parted ways, I hope you find happiness from now on."

With a sharp screech, Jessie pulled the car over to the side of the road.
Turning to Melissa, she examined her closely.

"You're not as naive as I thought, Melissa. You understand Albert better
than you let on, don't you? Despite everything you pretend and continue
to assist him with handling those women. He treats you well. Don't you
have any feelings for him?"

Melissa's smile was gentle but firm.

A crush on Albert?

Impossible!

She had loved a man once before, and paid dearly for it. In any case, how
could she possibly fall in love with Albert now simply because he was
being nice to her? Put simply, she understood that Albert was out of her
league.

Judging by Melissa's expression, Jessie grasped her thoughts.

Through gritted teeth, she exclaimed, "You're quite something, Melissa!"

"If you say so," Melissa retorted, brushing off the comment.

She had no desire to explain herself to Jessie.

Lost in thought, Jessie bit her delicate nails before abruptly asking, "What
about Marcus and you? After all, he's Matthew's father, isn't he?"

Melissa responded with a faint smile, choosing not to answer the
question directly.

Jessie pressed Melissa to treat her to a meal in return for the ride.

Melissa glanced at the time and confirmed that it was indeed lunch time,
prompting her to agree.

It seemed inconsequential.

By the end of their meal, Jessie was drunk, requiring Melissa's assistance to return home.

The winter sun cast a warm and cozy glow.

The small villa where Jessie resided was remarkably quiet. As soon as Melissa pulled up in the car, a servant hurried over to greet her. Glancing at the inebriated Jessie, the servant expressed concern, "Mr. Watson has arrived. Will he be upset if he sees Miss Green in this state?"

Melissa surmised that Jessie wouldn't likely care about how Albert saw her anyway.

"Don't worry, just help her inside," she reassured the servant, untroubled by the potential consequences.

As Melissa and the servant assisted Jessie into the house and settled her on the sofa, Albert descended the stairs, clad in a white bathrobe, indicating he had just showered.

Jessie's muttered words cut through the air. "Why are you still here? I'm done with you. Understand? I won't sleep with you anymore."

Blushing furiously, the servant hastily withdrew, and Melissa, feeling the awkward tension, murmured, "Well, Mr. Watson, I'll take my leave."

"Wait a moment,"

Albert commanded, halting her. "I'll be attending a party at the Fowler family's house this weekend. You're coming with me."

The Fowler family's house?

After being stunned for a while, Melissa refused it by instinct. However, Albert said seriously, "The representative of Summit Ltd will also attend the party. You know we have been trying to establish business partnership with them for a while. So that's an order, Melissa."

"Understood, Mr. Watson," she acquiesced before heading out.

Meanwhile, Jessie began to sober up slightly.

In her search for Melissa, she mistakenly grabbed hold of Albert.

He draped a warm towel over her and seated her on his lap, gently wiping away the sweat from her face and body.

Jessie rolled over and reclined on the sofa, kicking off her high-heeled shoes. Gazing at her beloved man with a dazed expression, she smiled softly and murmured, "You seem so affectionate, Mr. Watson! If you're really so kind to me, why would you spend time with other women, huh?"

Then, she traced her finger along his face and sighed, "Did you ever truly care about me?"

In her inebriated state, Jessie unleashed words she wouldn't dare utter when sober.

"I suppose I rank third in your affections," she continued, her voice tinged with bitterness. "First, there's that woman. Fine, I won't compete with her. But at second place? Rena's daughter-in-law, who has Marcus' child! How could you desire her, Albert? It baffles me."

Albert's response was cold. "You're drunk. What nonsense are you spouting?"

Sneering, Jessie retorted, "You know exactly what I'm talking about. Well? Are you angry because I've seen through you? Stop pretending!"

Throwing aside the towel, Albert lifted her up and carried her upstairs, his demeanor turning harsh.

"You asked for this," he spat.

Jessie struggled, kicking out with her legs, but she was no match for Albert's strength.

Soon, she found herself thrown onto the bed as Albert discarded his bathrobe and descended upon her.

Their encounter was fueled by anger and intensity, the daylight offering no respite as their actions grew rough and heated. In the aftermath, Jessie wept bitterly, hurling curses at Albert.

"You dare say that again!" Albert whispered in Jessie's ear, a snort

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escapinghim.

They had been together long enough for Albert to know how to assert dominance and teach Jessie a lesson. Their intimacy lasted for hours, but as with all things, the passion eventually waned. Once they cooled down, Jessie sat up on the bed, retrieving a cigarette from the bedside table.



"I love both men, how should I choose?"

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