

Chapter 616 Melissa, Do You Still Love Me (Part Two)

Though she rarely smoked, today seemed to warrant an exception.

Her delicate features were now as cold as ice as she addressed Albert, "Leave my place now! I don't want to see you again! I'm tired of playing games with you, Mr. Watson!"

Meeting her gaze, Albert asked, "Are you certain?"

He had come prepared to coax her, but he hadn't expected such determination from Jessie this time.

Albert, however, was not one to linger.

He quickly adjusted his demeanor, offering a faint smile. "Very well. If that's your decision, let's part ways amicably."

After all, Albert was open-minded.

Jessie was different from others. She hailed from a respectable family and had spent over two years with Albert. He had gifted her a villa worth over two hundred million dollars and two top-of-the-line sports cars, which she had accepted without reservation.

She wasn't lacking in such luxuries, but given that they were gifts from Albert, she accepted his kindness graciously.

Anyway, it was not a big deal.

She thought it was childish and foolish to shed any tears and leave with nothing when breaking up with a man. And Melissa was that kind of foolish woman!

As Albert prepared to depart after their encounter, Jessie raised her chin, asking pointedly, "Aren't you going to take your things with you?"

Albert straightened his shirt in front of the mirror, nonchalantly replying "No. If you don't want them, toss them out."

With a curt nod, Jessie agreed. "Fine."

Before leaving, Albert approached the bed and planted a gentle kiss on her lips.

Internally, Jessie cursed under her breath, frustrated by the situation.

Meanwhile, Melissa didn't return to work.

Instead, she spent the afternoon in a park, only heading home as the moon ascended in the sky.

The aroma of cooking filled the winter evening making it feel cozy.

After stepping out of the taxi, Melissa made her way to the gate to the entrance of her apartment building.

Simultaneously, she saw a white Bentley parked in front of the building the same one Melissa had returned to the Fowler Group. At the sight of the car, Melissa paused for a moment, her thoughts racing. Approaching the vehicle, she peered inside but found it empty.

A sinking feeling settled in her chest as she speculated that Marcus might be at her place.

Standing in the fading twilight, Melissa deliberated for a while before finally ascending the stairs. As she pushed open the door, the sound of Matthew's laughter and Marcus' comforting voice drifted out from the main bedroom.

Julie emerged from the kitchen, a spatula in hand, her expression awkward.

"Mr. Fowler has been here since noon," Julie informed her. "He's been playing with Matthew this whole time."

Nodding, Melissa changed into her indoor shoes and Julie, sensing something amiss, asked, "What's wrong, Melissa? Did you and Mr. Fowler have a quarrel?"

Melissa didn't shy away from the truth. "Yes, we had some disagreements," she admitted.

With a reassuring smile, Julie offered, "It's normal for couples to argue, especially young ones like you two. Mr. Fowler must care deeply for you to leave his work and wait for you for so long."

Melissa wasn't surprised by Julie's reaction.

With his social status, Marcus' gesture might have moved other women, but Melissa wasn't swayed.

She had been in love with Marcus before and knew his behavior patterns all too well.

In a hushed tone, Melissa confided in Julie. "Marcus is involved with someone else."

Hearing that, Julie was taken aback.

After a moment of silence, she questioned, "Hasn't he broken up with that girl? What's he playing at, having a foot in both camps?"

With a gentle smile, Melissa replied, "It doesn't matter. I'll go in and see what's going on."

Concerned that Melissa might confront Marcus again, Julie urged, "Anyway, he's still Matthew's father. For the sake of the boy, try not to argue in front of him."

Melissa gave Julie her promise.

She wasn't one to fly off the handle easily. Over the years, she had learned to control her emotions. How could she argue with Marcus in front of Matthew?

With determination, Melissa entered the main bedroom, where the warmth of the heater enveloped her.

Matthew, clad in a light blue onesie, sat on the floor, engrossed in building blocks. Marcus leaned against the bed, patiently engaging with his son.

Melissa stood silently, watching them for a moment, before Marcus' gaze met hers.

His tone was tinged with accusation as he spoke. "How long are you going to stand there? Didn't you say you didn't want to see me again? Didn't you run away from Fowler Group without even seeing me?"

Melissa approached and knelt beside Matthew, choosing to remain silent for the moment.

As Matthew raised his head, planting a kiss on Melissa's cheek and calling her softly, Melissa responded by gently caressing his head.

Matthew then turned towards Marcus, grinning as he called out to him as Daddy.

Melissa was taken aback.

She hadn't expected Marcus to reveal his identity to Matthew. Regaining her composure, she questioned Marcus in a low voice, "What's the meaning of this, Marcus?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

Marcus retorted, his tone laced with provocation. "I'm his father, after all. It's only natural for Matthew to call me Daddy, isn't it?"

Melissa realized Marcus was deliberately trying to upset her.

She had returned the car and refused to meet him, so this was his way of getting back at her. How petty and irritating he could be!

Suppressing her temper, she responded, "I don't want your car!"

Meanwhile, Julie, who had been listening at the door, beckoned to Matthew with a small bowl in her hand.

Matthew eagerly abandoned his toys and scampered towards her like an excited puppy.

Melissa intended to follow him, but Marcus grabbed her hand.

Before she could react, Marcus pulled her close, ensnaring her in an awkward embrace.

Lowering his head, he seemed poised to kiss her.

Fear surged within Melissa, but she spoke softly, her voice trembling with emotion. "Marcus, are you planning to have an affair with me? What are you doing? Have you even considered Matthew's feeling?"

Meeting her gaze, Marcus posed a question of his own. "Why didn't you come back to me when you found out you were pregnant?"

Melissa knew Marcus had searched for her at that time.

However, she had chosen to bear the child alone, never returning to resolve the situation. It wasn't until three years later, when Marcus was involved with Violette, that she reappeared.

Perhaps Melissa was right.

Marcus harbored a deep-seated resentment towards her.

He hated her so much that he... Even if he still harbored feelings, he was unwilling to acknowledge them.

Melissa didn't want to argue any further.

Since their breakup, their encounters had been fraught with quarrels.

She struggled against Marcus' grasp, retorting, "Did I have a choice, Marcus? How could I face you after what you said? You claimed I didn't deserve to marry into the Fowler family. Do you not remember?"

After uttering those words, Melissa found herself lost in a trance.

Regardless, she didn't want to upset Marcus.

With a sigh, Melissa attempted to diffuse the tension. "Enough, Marcus. Let's let go of each other, shall we? You can continue living your lavish lifestyle, and I'll raise Matthew on my own. I promise, we'll never cross paths again."

Hearing Melissa's response, Marcus fell into a contemplative silence.

As Melissa struggled against his touch once more, he wrapped his arm around her waist, soothingly stroking her back.

Perhaps, he had gained wisdom over the years.

Melissa felt a flush of embarrassment and turned her face away, but Marcus' gaze remained fixed on her.

Evidently, Melissa's body responded to his touch, sparking a familiar longing.

After all, the body wouldn't lie. But was it merely desire? What about love?

Did Melissa still harbor feelings for him?

Gently caressing her face, Marcus posed the question. "Do you still love me, Melissa? Please, be honest with me."

Melissa shook her head.

In the past few years, thoughts of Marcus had crossed her mind every now and then, both positive and negative, but whether she loved him or not... it no longer seemed significant to her.

As darkness settled outside, the warm glow of the bedroom cast Marcus in a handsome light.

Observing Melissa's reaction, Marcus remained composed.

"Okay, I understand," he murmured softly.

Suddenly, his expression shifted. Rising to his feet, he extended his hand towards her, saying, "Dinner should be ready by now. You must be starving!"

Melissa anticipated Marcus would stay for dinner, but to her surprise, he donned his overcoat after exiting the bedroom. He went to hug Matthew and said softly, "Daddy has to leave!"

Matthew wrapped his arms around Marcus' neck, clearly reluctant to let go of him.

"Why not stay for dinner?" Julie suggested.

With a faint smile, Marcus declined, citing urgent matters. "I wish I could, but I have something urgent to attend to. Perhaps next time," he

< Chapter 616 Melissa, Do You Still Love Me ... +120 Points at most promised, kissing Matthew once more. "I'll come to see you another day."

After saying that, he handed Matthew over to Melissa, changed his shoes, and left.

After Marcus left, Matthew seemed to lose his appetite.

Handing a bowl of soup to Melissa, Julie remarked, "What did you say? Mr. Fowler seems rather depressed."

Silently sipping the soup, Melissa couldn't shake off her somber mood.

Sensing her distress, Julie offered reassurance. "If you're not up for it, don't force yourself."

Melissa managed a bitter smile.

As night descended, Melissa found herself unable to sleep, despite Matthew's peaceful slumber beside her.

Rising quietly, she ventured into the living room for a drink of water. Upon her return, she noticed the white Bentley still parked outside the building.

Peeking through the curtains, Melissa observed the car, lost in thought.

Leaning against the car, Marcus took a drag from his cigarette, the flickering ember casting an alluring glow on his handsome features.

Melissa couldn't resist the urge to call him.

Her voice barely above a whisper as she asked, "Why haven't you left yet?"

In a husky tone, Marcus responded, "Are you worried about me? Didn't you want to draw a line with me? You made it clear you don't want anything from me, preferring Mr. Watson's offerings over mine. It's none of your business whether I leave or not, Miss Brown."

Marcus' words were laced with bitterness and jealousy, particularly when he referred to her by her last name through gritted teeth.

Melissa couldn't help but find his behavior childish at times.

As Melissa moved to end the call, Marcus interjected suddenly, "Put on some clothes and come downstairs. I forgot to give you a document."

Melissa insisted she could retrieve it the next day, but Marcus revealed he'd be leaving on a business trip.

Reluctantly, Melissa agreed to retrieve the documents. She assumed they were related to Matthew.

Approaching Marcus downstairs, she found him still leaning against the car, his intense gaze locking onto hers.

There was a fiery passion in his eyes that sent shivers down her spine.

"Marcus," Melissa began, but before she could say another word, she found herself enveloped in his embrace.

His lips descended upon hers, gentle at first, then increasingly fervent.

Melissa struggled against his forceful advances, bewildered by his sudden aggression. Was this man out of his mind?

Marcus' griptightened, his kiss growing more intense, causing her lips to ache.

"Mar- Marcus!"

Melissa managed to gasp amidst the onslaught of kisses.

In the chilly night air, Marcus' kisses became more fervent until Melissa's lips swelled. With a whisper, he confessed, "I wish I could fuck you now."