

Chapter 627 Am I Just Your Cusual Fling (Part Two)

With his tie secured, Marcus approached Melissa, tenderly caressing her face as he spoke in hushed tones.

"Just let me know, and I can assist Shawn. You want Julie to be happy too, don't you, Melissa?"

Melissa responded with a restrained smile. "Marcus, you always have conditions for being nice to others, don't you?"

He offered no denial.

Business was in Marcus' blood. At the tender age of 18, his father sent him overseas, expecting him to become self-reliant. Marcus knew he couldn't reclaim control of the Fowler Group unless he proved himself worthy.

The same applied to Leonel and Edwin.

Scott and even Marcus' son, Matthew, were destined to tread the same path.

However, Marcus refrained from alarming Melissa, recognizing that their parenting philosophies differed significantly. While Melissa viewed Matthew as gentle, innocent and endearing, Marcus understood that Matthew carried the legacy of the Fowler family in his veins. Regardless of his charming demeanor, Marcus believed that elite education would inevitably shape Matthew differently from ordinary children.

Marcus avoided confrontation with Melissa, opting instead to lean in for a kiss. "The snowfall is heavy. I'll chauffeur you to the office."

After expressing his thoughts, Marcus frowned, likely reflecting on Albert's situation.

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He had learned from James that Albert had recently ended his three-year relationship with Jessie. Being astute, Marcus could sense the underlying reason for Melissa's change, likely influenced by Albert.

Any man in his position would feel uneasy, yet Marcus opted to remain silent on the matter.

As Melissa retrieved a coat from the wardrobe, she noticed Marcus' clothes entwined with hers. She couldn't help but pause, momentarily stunned by the sight. Putting on the coat, she whispered softly, "You don't have to move in here."

Marcus mulled over her words.

He wasn't naive. Melissa had declined his diamond ring, resisted moving in with him, and showed no genuine desire to be with him.

Her acceptance of him remained surface-level.

Their encounter last night seemed to be nothing more than a passing moment. She likely regretted it, yet her reserved demeanor prevented her from admitting it outright.

Marcus offered a faint smile before leaning in to brush her lips with a kiss.

"Driver safe. Return home early, and we'll share a meal together," he suggested softly.

Melissa mustered a forced smile.

Matthew, just awakened, found solace in Marcus' company, clinging to him affectionately as they played together.

At eight o'clock sharp, Melissa departed, leaving Marcus engrossed in play with Matthew.

Melissa descended the stairs, unlatched the door, and settled into the driver's seat of her car. Gazing quietly at the snowfall through the window, she remained lost in thought for quite some time. Eventually, she ignited the engine but only drove a short distance before pulling over. Stepping into a nearby pharmacy, she purchased a box of medicine.

Back in the car, she unscrewed the lid of the thermos mug and swallowed a pill.

It was a morning-after pill.

Memories of her encounter with Marcus flooded back; however, doubts plagued her mind regarding the authenticity of the pills she took back then.

The pill was a tad bitter, leaving a lingering taste in her mouth. After swallowing it down, she sat in contemplation for a while before driving off.

Not too far away, a sleek white Bentley sat parked.

With his slender fingers resting on the steering wheel, Marcus observed silently as Melissa entered and exited the pharmacy. She lingered in her car for about ten minutes before departing. Marcus could hazard a guess at what she had purchased and consumed.

It was likely birth control pills.

They had spent considerable time together since their intimate encounter last night. She hadn't mentioned anything but had opted to take the pill without telling him. Marcus could infer her thoughts.

Lowering his gaze, Marcus speculated that Melissa saw him merely as a fleeting dalliance. He had hoped she harbored some desire to rekindle their relationship, but it seemed he was mistaken. In reality, he was insignificant.

He yearned to understand his place in Melissa's heart.

He desired clarity on how she defined their connection.

Melissa embarked on an hour-long drive to reach her workplace, nearly running late.

Upon entering the office, Melissa was promptly summoned by Albert through the internal line. Hastening to his office, she pushed the door open and stepped inside. Albert uttered a few brief words before

abruptly ending the call upon her arrival.

He took out a cigarette and lit it. "The Summit Ltd representatives arrived early. Their partner choice in Duefron isn't just limited to our company. Numerous contenders vie for the same opportunity. There's a dinner event tonight. You'll accompany me."

Albert took a couple of drags from his cigarette before continuing "This deal needs to be sealed. I'm planning to return to Heron's head office next year, but we need someone overseeing operations here."

Rising from his seat, Albert approached Melissa and gave her shoulder a reassuring pat.

Melissa grasped the implication.

Albert drew deeply from his cigarette and added, "Once it's concluded, I'll grant you one percent of Waston Group's shares as a gesture of goodwill."

Albert's appreciation and investment in Melissa weren't solely driven by personal sentiment.

Coming from modest beginnings, Albert had faced hurdles in establishing himself within the Waston family. He required a confidant, and Melissa was the one he groomed for the role. Naturally, he was aware of Melissa's evolving relationship with Marcus.

Snuffing out the cigarette, Albert remarked, "Melissa, at the end of the day, what you hold in your hands is truly yours."

Melissa comprehended the significance.

Three years prior, Albert's proposition wouldn't have held much appeal for Melissa. However, circumstances had changed, and she now needed to support Matthew. She also couldn't forget Marcus' assertion that she was undeserving.

If she possessed nothing, did she deserve a relationship?

Melissa nodded and replied, "I understand, Mr. Waston."

Albert examined her for a moment, but then simply smiled and said, "Very well. Get back to work."

Melissa exited the office.

Leaning against the desk, Albert lit another cigarette. As he smoked, thoughts of Jessie crossed his mind.

Yet he only smiled and waved it off.

At five o'clock in the evening Marcus sent Melissa a message, saying, "When will you finish work?"