

Chapter 630 Marcus, Can You Give Me Some Time (Part One)

"He helped me," Melissa said, looking at the man next to her. "Marcus, you'll never get how kind Mr. Weston is for recognizing my worth. You've had it too easy. You've never felt the pressure of being cornered, never understood desperation like I have..."

She trailed off, unable to finish her thought, when Marcus cut her off, "That's enough"

In the car, the only sound was their breathing.

Melissa, her voice raspy, touched her forehead and said, "I need to get out of the car."

Marcus, without looking away from the road, replied coldly, "I haven't lost all my manners. I'll take you home."

He then started the car.

The ride was silent. About ten minutes later, Melissa realized they weren't going to her place. She looked over and asked, "Where are we going?"

Marcus didn't respond.

Instead, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number with one hand. Once connected, he said as if it were the most natural thing "Julie, Melissa's had too much to drink. I'm bringing her to my place to stay the night."

After hearing Julie's response, Marcus ended the call.

Melissa's voice grew tense. "I'm not going to your place."

Marcus kept his eyes on the road, ignoring her comment. They drove through the city streets until they reached a gated villa community. The car stopped in front of a villa, its headlights flashing as the elaborate

black gate slowly opened.

They drove the white Bentley inside.

After parking Marcus and Melissa sat in silence for a couple of minutes before Marcus turned to look at her.

Melissa gazed at the villa before her in silence.

It was a sight to behold, sprawling and opulent.

She knew that such a villa was a rarity in Duefron. Even the wealthy seldom had the means to afford such luxury. All she had to do was soften her stance with Marcus and leave the Waston Group. She could then enjoy a comfortable life in this villa for years to come.

The idea was tempting.

But Albert's words echoed in her mind. What she earned by herself was truly and rightfully hers.

The distance between her and Marcus was vast. If her lifestyle depended on him, her future wouldn't look bright. She'd find herself living in the shadow of his moods, especially without her parents' backing.

Melissa turned slightly, her voice soft but firm. "Mr. Waston is returning to Heron next year. He's assured me that I'll receive one percent of the Waston Group shares if I manage to secure the deal with Summit Ltd. Marcus, this means everything to me."

In saying so, she left a window open for negotiation.

Albert had recognized her value and taught her so much.

Yet, her heart belonged to Marcus, a fact she never hid.

All she wished for was Marcus' understanding of her predicament.

Gently caressing the steering wheel, Marcus said tenderly, "I can offer you everything he does, and more. Melissa, I'm only asking you to quit your job, not to betray him or anything. Is that so hard?"

Melissa remained silent.

In their current situation, she wouldn't make such a choice just for Marcus.

It was late, and she had no desire to argue.

She softened her tone and said, "Please, open the door. I'm quite tired."

Marcus looked at her, noticing how the alcohol made her seem even more appealing than usual. He couldn't resist and gently caressed her face.

She pushed his hand away, irritated. "Weren't you just calling yourself a casual fling of mine?"

Marcus let out a cold laugh.

He leaned in closer and pressed his lips to hers more forcefully. "You're so tempting right now. I could almost kill you for it."

Melissa scoffed, "Feeling's mutual."

Marcus stepped out of the car, circled around to the other side, and gently lifted her from the seat.

Melissa had been drinking leading to an argument between them.

He was visibly upset.

Yet, beneath the surface, their desire was undeniable. After three years without intimacy, their encounter last night was a revelation. So, when Marcus carried Melissa to the main bedroom upstairs, her surprise was evident, yet she offered little resistance, merely clinging to him and softly saying, "I'm not on the pill."

Looking into her eyes, Marcus paused, his gaze intense.

He then opened a drawer of the nightstand and retrieved something causing Melissa to close her eyes in embarrassment.

Marcus' kiss was passionate, leaving her gasping for air.

In the midst of their embrace, the old bell downstairs chimed twelve times, signaling the start of a new day, which was Marcus' birthday.

He kissed her gently, whispering "Melissa, it's my birthday today. Let's put our disagreements aside, just for now."

In response, Melissa embraced him tightly, her silence speaking volumes. They had sex several times before Marcus finally relaxed, yet he continued to hold her close.

After cooling off from their exertion, he whispered in her ear with a kiss, "Let's go take a shower together."

"I'd rather have a bath," she responded.

Marcus gently disagreed, "You've had some drinks. It's not a good idea to take a bath now."

Melissa didn't argue.

Once they showered and slipped into bathrobes, they found a cart in the bedroom loaded with a cake, a champagne bottle, and two glasses.

"I've got everything set up."

Wrapping his arms around Melissa, Marcus said softly, "You're not fond of the idea of moving into that apartment, so I arranged this place for us. Move in with me, Melissa. We can make arrangements for Julie and Shawn as well. Besides, Matthew and Daniel can attend the same nursery. Oh, Daniel is my nephew, my sister's youngest."

Marcus left out any mention of Albert.

However, Melissa sensed that moving in meant stepping away from the Waston Group.

She replied softly, "You promised we wouldn't talk about this today."

Marcus paused for a moment, and then without another word, pulled her close and lit three candles. While making his wish, he whispered his year's desire into Melissa's ear—to marry her.

Melissa's heart raced.

She felt moved. The thought that a man could be so overwhelmingly interested in a woman was enough to soften anyone's feelings a bit.

Turning her head, she whispered to Marcus, "Can you give me some time?"

He gave her a soft smile. "Of course, take all the time you need."

After that, they shared some cake and sipped on a bit of champagne.

In the chilly night, they had sex once more.

When Melissa woke up the next morning she was greeted by his handsome face, looking even more striking up close.

She snuggled into his strong arms and gazed up at him.

The Fowler family was blessed with good looks, and Marcus was no exception. Melissa couldn't resist tracing his sharp features with her fingers, wishing they could avoid arguments.

Julie had advised Melissa to think things over with Marcus.

Melissa wanted to give Marcus a chance, but it was clear they were on different pages. He was ready for her to drop everything to be with him, but she had commitments she couldn't abandon.