

## Chapter 631 Marcus, Can You Give Me Some Time (Part...

The project with Summit Ltd was her decisive point.

She needed to ace this project. It would be a testament to her capabilities wherever she went.

Moreover, it was her way of repaying Albert for recognizing her talents.

Melissa began to feel a bit more at ease after making up her mind.

Marcus opened his eyes and looked at her without saying a word. Feeling a bit embarrassed, she quickly looked for a way out. "I should get up now."

He wrapped her up in the quilt, holding her close. "Stay in bed with me a little longer."

"Aren't you supposed to be at the office?"

"It's my birthday today. I'm not going to work, and you should take the day off too."

As he said this, his gaze intensified.

Melissa realized that he would insist on her staying unless she agreed to take a leave of absence. They had argued the night before, and she didn't want to prolong the conflict, so she consented. "I'll just grab my phone."

Marcus reached out for her phone and handed it to her.

Then, he leaned in and kissed her ear, murmuring "Call Albert and let him know you're spending the day with me."

Melissa, finding his behavior somewhat childish, gently pushed him away. "Let me handle this properly."

Marcus propped himself up on one arm, his eyes clear and focused.

Melissa's tone softened. "Remember, we agreed not to fight for now. Let me take care of it, okay?"

He released her.

Melissa wrapped herself in the bathrobe, made her way to the French window, and called Albert. She started with a hello to him, and then inquired about how things were going with the Summit Ltd case. She wrapped up the conversation by mentioning she needed the day off.

Albert, guessing why she might want the break, didn't pry further.

He encouraged her to enjoy her time off, promising to handle the Summit Ltd situation himself.

After ending the call, Melissa turned to Marcus and said, "I've got the day off. What would you like for your birthday? I'll get it for you."

Marcus approached her, gave her a kiss, and playfully began to take off her bathrobe.

Meanwhile, Albert rubbed his forehead, suffering from a terrible headache after getting drunk last night.

When he woke up, the surroundings were eerily familiar to him. To his surprise, he had ended up at the villa he once shared with Jessie, sleeping in the very bed they had used together.

But Jessie was nowhere to be found.

As Albert considered reaching for a cigarette, the door opened.

Jessie walked in, braving the cold in a striking golden slip dress that clung to her form. Her skin tone contrasted with the dress, and she looked stunning. The dress had a slit that teasingly revealed glimpses of her legs, a sight that was hard for any man to ignore.

Albert glanced down, lighting his cigarette. He took a puff and blew out smoke rings.

"Dressing up like that in this cold winter. What? Trying to mess around with guys?"

Jessie rolled her eyes. "Mr. Watson, that's none of your concern. If you've had your fill of sleep, please leave. And try not to make a scene here when you're drunk in the future. We're done. I'm not here to cater to you anymore."

Albert raised his eyes, his gaze deepening.

He thought back to what Melissa had told him. Could Melissa be right? Did he really care a lot about Jessie without him knowing?

He struggled to accept that. To him, Jessie was just another girl, no different from his other girlfriends except for their chemistry in bed.

Albert turned away and stubbed out his cigarette. "If you're single, why not consider giving us another chance?"

Jessie looked at him sharply.

After a moment, she scoffed, "I'm sorry, Mr. Watson. But I have a boyfriend now."

Albert paused, taken aback, and then replied softly, "Is that so? My apologies for being forward."

He straightened up, regained his composure, and walked out with dignity.

The driver had been waiting for Albert for quite some time. As Albert descended the stairs, the driver promptly opened the door for him. "Mr. Watson, Miss Brown mentioned there's an important meeting at nine o'clock in the morning."

Albert sat in the car, securing his cufflink. "I see."

After Albert stepped out, he glanced upstairs. Jessie was on the second floor, watching them in silence. The driver noticed her too and remarked, "It looks like Miss Green has a soft spot for you."

Albert simply smiled in response.

How could he be oblivious to what was going through the young girl's mind?

Just moments before, had Albert declared his intention to marry Jessie,

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he was certain she would have joyfully run into his arms. Her request for him to leave stemmed from his hesitation to make such a commitment.

This was for the best. Over time, she would find someone truly meant for her.

And he would be nothing more than a brief chapter in her life.

The birthday celebration for Marcus was organized at the Fowler family's grand mansion.

Initially, Melissa had no interest in attending. Despite them having a child together and rekindling their intimacy, her connection with Marcus felt distant.

However, after receiving a call from Julie informing her that the Fowler family had arranged for her and Matthew to be brought to their home that morning Melissa's concern for Matthew compelled her to attend.

Yet, Melissa found herself confined to bed by Marcus for an extended period, not freed until four in the afternoon. Reflecting on the events left Melissa with a flush of embarrassment.

A man in his thirties could indeed be overwhelming in bed.

Sylvia had arranged for a selection of dresses from famous designer brands and coordinating jewelry for Melissa to pick from.

Given her role as Marcus' girlfriend at the party, it was clear Melissa couldn't opt for a casual look tonight. She ended up choosing a gown adorned with blue feathers and complemented it with a diamond necklace.

Her black hair cascaded down, lightly curled and draped around her waist, enhancing her delicate and feminine aura.

After changing Marcus came to check on Melissa, catching her reflection in the mirror. After a moment, he approached and embraced her from behind slipping something cold onto her middle finger.

It was a diamond ring.

"Let's just put this on for now, okay?" Marcus suggested softly.

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Melissa glanced down at the diamond ring her heart racing before she removed it to have a better look.

It was the same ring she had seen previously in the apartment, the one engraved with initials.

With a gentle hold, Marcus' voice, low and raspy, filled the air. "Melissa, let's start over."