

Chapter 632 Let's Go Slow This Time (Part One)

Melissa glanced at Marcus, feeling a sudden urge to cry.

The sight of the diamond ring brought back painful memories, and she couldn't understand why Marcus had brought it out now.

Marcus seemed to read her thoughts.

He took her hand in his, his large hands enveloping hers completely. After a moment, he leaned in close and whispered, "I had this ring made just for you."

It was a one-of-a-kind piece, with engravings that signified its uniqueness.

It was never that Melissa had been desperately begging to stay by his side. The feelings were mutual from the beginning and Marcus had always wanted her too.

His voice, filled with emotion, softly urged, "Wear this for me. Let's go slowly this time."

He then took her hand, sliding the ring onto her middle finger instead of her ring finger. She had lost weight, making the ring fit her middle finger perfectly now. It seemed to suit her even better this way.

Following the gesture, he kissed her and wrapped his arms around her.

They had been through a rollercoaster relationship for five years, and only they truly understood the depth of their feelings at that moment.

In a quiet voice, Melissa brought up, "You mentioned going slow, but what about last night..."

Marcus responded with a light chuckle, soothingly rubbing her back as he asked, "Didn't you want that too? Despite being upset, you didn't say no, right?"

A woman couldn't win such an argument against him.

Despite her intelligence, she chose not to snap back. She redirected the conversation and asked, "Marcus, are you sure you want to start fresh with me?"

Marcus responded not with words but by wrapping her in a hug.

Suddenly, Melissa felt the urge to cry. She nestled her face into his chest and said with a softened voice, "But we need to agree on one thing. You have to respect me and see me as your equal. Marcus, it's comforting to be cared for by you, but I also value the person I've become."

She felt so distinct from him, and after being apart for so long, she wouldn't make the first move towards him unless he showed real commitment, even if he was available and there were no rivals.

Marcus felt touched by her honesty.

He nodded, still embracing her. She attempted to push him away gently, not managing to break free.

Just then, a servant came up and knocked on the door. "Mr. Fowler, there's a delivery here for Miss Brown."

Marcus looked down at Melissa.

She rested her hand on his shoulder and explained, "It's something I ordered."

He then released her, and she went to the door to open it. The servant greeted her with a smile, saying, "I've signed for it on your behalf, Miss Brown."

Melissa expressed her gratitude to the servant, accepted the package, and softly shut the door.

"What's in the box?"

Marcus took the package, sat on the sofa, and opened it. Inside, he found a delicate navy blue box. Upon opening it, he discovered an opal lapel pin. It wasn't from well-known fashion brands nor too costly, yet it was still exquisite.

He removed it and stood before the mirror, attaching the lapel pin to his tie and shirt collar.

After admiring it for a while, he murmured, "I really like this."

He was aware that Melissa tended to be quite economical. Her closet was hardly filled with clothes, yet she had purchased a lapel pin worth a fortune for him. Suddenly, Marcus grasped Melissa's intentions and what she really wanted from this relationship.

Without saying more, he embraced her tightly.

In the evening around six, Marcus drove Melissa to the Fowlers' mansion in a Rolls Royce.

Even though it was Marcus' birthday, Waylen, with Matthew present, didn't scold Marcus much for being late at his own birthday party. On Marcus' arrival, Waylen only grunted, "Finally decided to show up, huh? Nearly forgot your own birthday, didn't you?"

Marcus shut the car door, replying "Dad, you always know me too well."

Waylen just rubbed his nose.

The Fowler family was buzzing with activity. Despite it being mid-winter, they had set up a panoramic glass room in the courtyard for the party. Many of Duefron's elite had gathered.

The official reason was to celebrate Marcus' birthday, but their real motive was to network with the Fowler family.

Naturally, some were there just for the spectacle. Violette, Marcus' ex, and her family were among the attendees. Now that Marcus had a son, and it appeared the child's mother had returned to him, everyone was curious about how she'd manage the situation.

Marcus then opened the car door.

Melissa lifted her head slightly and met his gaze. She realized that stepping out of the car meant a major leap in their relationship.

"Come on out. My dad has been waiting for us for quite a while."

Marcus spoke so softly that it was almost a caress to everyone's ears.

Violette was there too, biting her lip.

She noticed Marcus had never used such a tone with her before.

Tears seemed imminent in Violette's eyes. Jessie, looking glamorous, casually held her drink and remarked, "Is this too much for you already? Remember how Marcus used to be so emotionally unsettled over Melissa?"

Emotionally unsettled...

Violette found it hard to believe. The thought of Marcus, typically so reserved, being overtaken by strong emotions seemed impossible to her.

Jessie, managing to keep her face neutral, added, "Marcus showered Melissa with love. How else do you explain them getting back together, given his pride?"

Violette felt a sting of jealousy. "I guess it's all because of their son."

Jessie couldn't help but mock Violette's naivety. "Seriously? Do you really think the Fowler family are desperate for heirs? Can't you bear children for him? Do you believe the Fowler family would welcome a woman back into Marcus' life after years apart just for the sake of a child? That child is cherished because it's Melissa's, because Marcus loves her. Without it, the kid would just be another faceless heir, rich but powerless."

Violette was on the verge of tears, struggling to keep them at bay as she gazed at Marcus, her eyes filled with sorrow.