

Chapter 635 None Of Your Business (Part Two)

After some time, he finally stood up and apologized again in a low voice.

Violette still felt sad, but she tried her best to hold back her tears. After all, Marcus had repeatedly made it very clear to her, had he not? So what was the point of pestering him again?

What really hurt Violette the most was that Marcus' nice and gentle treatment of her just now was also because of Melissa! If Melissa had not asked him to be nice to her, he probably would have behaved very differently.

Meanwhile, while all these were going on, Jessie watched from a distance with a glass of wine in her hand.

For some reason, she was quite envious of Melissa.

But all of a sudden, Albert walked up to her. Standing beside her, he followed her gaze and saw what she was staring at. "Are you envious? Then why did you insist on breaking up with me, huh?" he asked with a sneer.

Jessie tilted her head to one side and looked at Albert for a moment. He seemed to be well-dressed for the party.

He had on a grey three-piece suit.

His tall and slender figure looked rather sexy in the expensive suit.

"What a fancy outfit you have on. Did you dress to impress your sweetheart?" she asked, her voice filled with contempt.

The sweetheart she was referring to was obviously Rena.

But Albert decided to play dumb. Without answering her question, he took a sip of his wine and asked, "Do you need me to give you a ride home

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after the party?"

"No, thanks," Jessie refused. "I can take care of myself. Look, Mr. Waston, if you don't mind, I have something else I need to do, so please excuse me."

Albert didn't say anything in response. He just raised his glass to her with a faint smile on his face.

Jessie turned around and left without another word. She felt rather disappointed, but she knew she did the right thing by leaving him. After over two years, she still couldn't warm Albert's heart. Perhaps, Albert just had way too many women in his life, and that was why he didn't really care about Jessie.

Albert, on the other hand, was having mixed feelings as he stared at Jessie's retreating figure.

He had just heard from one of the guests who said that Jessie was going to marry a promising young man from a wealthy family. And that the two of them had gone out a few times now.

Albert was planning to go back to Heron.

Hence, he wanted to have a word with Jessie before leaving. He followed her to the parking lot and was about to stop her, but all of a sudden, he saw a slender figure come down from a black limo. It was a young man and he looked really handsome.

He said a few words to Jessie and then he got into the car with her.

Albert just stood there, quietly watching everything.

After some time, he pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it up and took a drag. By the time he raised his head again, the black limousine had gone past him with the duo in it.

As they drove past, Jessie was looking out the window and her eyes met Albert's.

They looked at each other briefly with complicated feelings in their hearts.

Unfortunately, this look only lasted a few seconds.

After the car had gone out of sight, Albert stood alone on the same spot he had been standing.

Meanwhile, Jessie was thinking in her heart that perhaps when Albert had finally had enough of this sort of life, he would settle down and get married. But not to her!

The man seated right next to her was her new boyfriend.

He was handsome, gentle and considerate!

Jessie saw herself as just an ordinary girl who was not getting any younger. How many years could she afford to waste on an older man like Albert who refused to reciprocate her feelings? As the car drove out of the Fowler mansion, she grabbed her phone and deleted Albert's number from her contacts.

After that, she turned to look at the lake through the window.

But tears had welled up in her eyes.

The man she was with quietly put his black coat around her and patted her on the shoulder without a word.

He was from a rich family and was also in the business circle. So he certainly heard something about Jessie and Albert. But as far as he was concerned, Jessie's past wouldn't matter to him as long as she would be loyal to him after they got married.

As for anything else, he didn't give a damn.

Back at the Fowler family house, Marcus, after seeing off the guests, unbuttoned his suit and went up the stairs tiredly.

"It's late, and Matthew is already sound asleep. Why don't you just stay for the night?" Waylen called after him from downstairs.

Marcus thought for a while and then said, "Well, Matthew can stay here. I'll take Melissa back with me."

Waylen knew what was on Marcus' mind.

He walked up to him and said in a teasing tone, "Well, you guys already

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have a son. Still so shy, huh? Do you need me to clear up the place for
the two of you?"

"Come on, Dad!" Marcus groaned in embarrassment.

"Fine, fine," Waylen surrendered. "I get it. Bring Matthew to our room, so
you can have some privacy and a lovely evening with your girl. But you'd
better hurry up and get married as soon as possible."

Marcus smiled when he heard this.

Waylen, who was also in a good mood, then turned and went back to his
room.

Marcus himself went upstairs and straight to his bedroom. It was warm
and cozy inside, and he could even smell the sweet milkscent of his son.

This melted his heart and the expression on his face softened.

Melissa had fallen asleep by now. In her beautiful dress, she looked
particularly appealing in his eyes. Marcus couldn't help but bend down to
give her a kiss.

This woke her up immediately. "Is the party over?" she asked with a yawn.

He nodded and kept kissing her affectionately.

She was still in a bit of a daze. So she turned her head slightly and let
Marcus continue to kiss her. But as he became more and more
aggressive, she leaned against his shoulder and whispered, "Don't! You'll
wake Matthew up."

Marcus pulled back a little but kept staring at her.

"Where's Julie?" Melissa asked, blushing shyly.

"I asked the driver to take her back when it was around ten o'clock,"
Marcus replied, tucking a stray strand of hair behind Melissa's ear. "My
father said they would take care of Matthew tonight so that we can...
have some privacy. Do you want to stay here overnight?"

"I have to go to work tomorrow," Melissa pointed out as she turned her
face away.

"How about we go back to the villa, so it would be two of us alone," Marcus suggested.

Melissa wanted to say no, but she didn't want to disappoint Marcus since it was his birthday. So she replied softly, "Let's go back to the apartment then. It's close to the company."

"Roger that," Marcus said and kissed her hand.

Melissa blushed even more.

Leaving Matthew in the care of Waylen and Rena, Marcus eventually left the house with Melissa.

Both of them occupied the back seat of the car. Since he was feeling tired, Marcus leaned back on the leather seat and closed his eyes to get some rest.

Melissa had taken a nap earlier in the bedroom, so she was not feeling sleepy at the moment.

When they finally arrived at their destination, Marcus asked the driver to leave. Then he took Melissa into the building and began to kiss her as soon as they stepped into the elevator.

Melissa put her hands against his shoulder and whispered in alarm, "Control yourself!"

Marcus stopped and looked at her for a while. Then he said in a low and hoarse voice, "Melissa, I have needs. There's no other woman in my life except you. How can I hold it any longer after being without sex for three years?"

Melissa was stunned to hear this.

Frankly, both of them had been avoiding the topic all along ever since they met each other again.

Melissa knew that Marcus had been seeing Violette for a while, but she never asked him whether he had gotten intimate with her or not.