

Chapter 637 She Had Never Taken The Initiative Like That....

She could only wrap her arms around his neck and murmur, "Happy birthday, Marcus."

Marcus tightened his grip on her waist, then kissed her gently. "I hope that this time next year, you'll be saying these words as my wife."

Melissa playfully nibbled on his lips and teased, "Are you the only one celebrating a birthday?"

Her tone carried a hint of flirtation, something Marcus always found irresistible.

He couldn't resist. He scooped her up into his arms and carried her towards the bed. He then set her down, leaned in close to her lips, and whispered "I thought you were too tired and wasn't gonna do anything to you, but now you're just asking for it."

Initially, Melissa had resisted.

She had only been intimate with Marcus. Despite her limited experiences, she knew he reveled in sensual pleasures and always found ways to entice her into lovemaking.

When Melissa woke up the next morning she felt sore all over like she had been run over by a truck.

Unable to get up for a while, she just lay still, grappling with the discomfort.

The pursuit of momentary pleasures had dampened her lofty ambitions. The thought of going to work now seemed unbearable.

Marcus had already left the bed. He appeared at the doorway of the master's bedroom, looking fresh and noble as he fastened his cufflinks. "I'll drive you to the office," he offered.

Melissa stared at him for a moment before sinking back into the bed.

She simply couldn't muster the strength to get up.

With a smile, Marcus approached and sat on the edge of the bed. His hand slipped under the covers, but Melissa quickly covered it, preventing him from touching her. She groaned softly, "I can't do it anymore. There is a meeting in the company this morning. All the materials are with me."

When she said this, her face flushed.

Marcus gently brushed her eyebrows with his slender fingers and suggested, "If you're feeling too exhausted, you could resign. I'll provide you with a sum of money, and you can pursue whatever you desire with it."

However, Melissa had different plans.

For the past six months, she had been diligently working on a partnership proposal with Summit Ltd, and it was nearing completion. Once the contract was signed, she would become a partner at the Waston Group. This would not only enhance her worthiness to Marcus but also boost her confidence when standing by his side.

But she also understood that Marcus didn't want her to remain at the Waston Group.

Melissa reclined against the headboard and said softly, "Mr. Waston will return to Heron to oversee operations next year. I'll remain in Duefron and likely take charge of the local branch company. Marcus, perhaps it's best not to intertwine business and personal affairs."

She understood that the more she gained, the more she had to sacrifice.

Melissa was unlike Marcus' mother, Rena. Rena came from a prominent family and had supported the Fowler family significantly in Waylen's absence. Melissa, on the other hand, had nothing. How could she convince herself that she could peacefully coexist with Marcus?

Simply because of his affection?

Or the child she bore for him?

In reality, these factors were unreliable. Only by establishing her own

career could she truly assert independence from him. She wanted to stand by his side as his equal.

Once Melissa finished talking, Marcus clearly didn't want to argue.

He gently touched her cheek and said, "Alright, we'll discuss this next year."

It was rare for him to be so open and communicative, which made her heart sing. Since they reconnected, he had been more proactive. While she usually didn't take the lead in getting close to him, now she felt a desire to be intimate.

As she sat on his lap, his dark eyes clouded. "Melissa, do you realize what you're doing?"

He whispered in her ear and his breath tickled her skin. "You're treading on thin ice."

She wrapped her arms around his neck, lifted her head, and kissed his smooth chin. He smelled of aftershave.

Marcus didn't respond but glanced down at her.

Melissa's cheeks were flushed. Shy but determined, she continued to kiss him deeply. Eventually, he gently removed the thin blanket covering her, cupped her face, and deepened the kiss. His voice was soft. "We'll leave at half past eight. That means we still have thirty minutes. Melissa, where did you pick up these skills?"

After the make-out session, her face was as red as a ripe apple.

After showering and getting dressed, Melissa had breakfast. Then she sat in Marcus' car.

After two days of closeness, Marcus wasn't just energetic but also in high spirits. He leaned over to fasten Melissa's seatbelt and whispered, "My dad called. He wants to keep Matthew for two more days. How about I take Julie over to stay with Matthew as well?"

Melissa shook her head and expressed her concerns. "I don't think it's a good idea. Julie might not feel comfortable staying there."

Marcus respected her decision and kissed Melissa.

He dropped Melissa off at the Waston Group first. As she exited the car, he drove to his own company. While Melissa was in the elevator, Albert's second secretary arrived. Something seemed off about her so Melissa inquired "Is everything alright?"

After hesitating for a moment, the second secretary finally spoke up. "There's been an incident at the head office. Mr. Waston's father had a heart attack and passed away last night. He flew back to Heron immediately."

Melissa was taken aback and quickly pulled out her phone to check the news.

The headlines indeed covered the news of Albert's father's passing in Heron. The accompanying picture showed Albert standing with his father's wife, portraying a solemn and harmonious scene.

However, Melissa was aware of the long-standing conflicts within the Waston family.

It hadn't been easy for Albert to inherit the company. His father's wife, unwilling to yield and surrender to a love child, had been fighting for control behind the scenes. Now, with Albert's father gone, even with a will in place, it would be challenging for Albert to ascend to power.

Melissa dialed Albert's number.

After three rings, Albert answered, his voice hoarse. "You've heard?"

"Mr. Waston, I'm sorry for your loss," Melissa said, trying to comfort him.

Albert nodded solemnly. "Thank you."

After a pause, he continued slowly, "Melissa, I might not be able to return to Duefron for the time being. I signed a letter of intent with Summit Ltd last night so that will do for now. But the head office requires support, and I need my own team by my side. Melissa, you understand what I'm asking, don't you?"

Melissa was keenly aware of the harsh reality of battling for assets worth billions of dollars.

Albert wasn't driven by greed for wealth; he valued freedom. However,

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after more than 20 years leading the Waston Group, he felt a responsibility toward the employees and subordinates who had grown alongside him.

He couldn't simply abandon them.

Albert knew that convincing Melissa to agree to his request would be challenging at this moment.

But he had no other option. He needed a trusted ally by his side, and Melissa was his only choice.

Melissa took only ten seconds to make up her mind.

She held the phone steadily and said calmly, "Mr. Waston, I'll catch a flight to Heron this afternoon."

Albert was deeply touched. As long as Melissa remained in Duefron and by Marcus' side, she would have everything she needed. She wouldn't have to work hard at the Waston Group anymore.

He wanted to express his gratitude, but he struggled to find the right words.

Melissa said gently, "I'll speak with Julie. Mr. Waston, I'll see you at five o'clock this afternoon."

On the other end of the line, Albert felt a twinge of dispirited. He had trained Melissa to be his confidant. While he appreciated her professionalism and composure, sometimes he wished she weren't always so composed.