

Chapter 638 I'm Nothing More Than An Accessory To You

With a sigh, Melissa ended the call.

She sat in the office with a blank expression, pondering for a moment. Afterward, she booked a flight to Heron scheduled to depart in the afternoon.

Just then, there was a gentle knock on the door, and her colleague entered the room.

Melissa retrieved several folders and remarked, "Here's the information for the key projects over the next few months. You can hand them over to Mr. Reed. Mr. Weston mentioned that Mr. Reed will be overseeing everything here going forward."

Her colleague nodded cautiously and inquired "Are you really going to Heron?"

Melissa paused briefly, and then nodded with a subdued smile.

Her colleague seemed about to speak further but thought better of it, opting instead to exit with the files.

Once she departed, Melissa casually leaned back against the chair, lost in thought about Marcus. With only a month remaining before the end of this year, and given that they had only recently reconciled, Marcus certainly wouldn't like her departure from Duefron. Conversely, Melissa was uncertain if she could return before the holiday.

Given Mr. Weston's significant support to her in the past, Melissa couldn't disappoint him, especially not at this critical juncture.

With resolve, Melissa dialed Marcus' number.

Meanwhile, at the Fowler Group...

Marcus, positioned on the top floor of the building stood by the French window, gazing out at the vista of Duefron.

He surveyed the scene below through the glass pane.

Meanwhile, his phone continued to ring insistently on the desk.

Assuming it was Melissa, Marcus chose to ignore the call.

Moments later, there was a hesitant knock on the door, and Sylvia inquired "Mr. Fowler, Melissa is on the line."

As Sylvia entered, she noticed Marcus standing silently by the window.

Sylvia couldn't fathom why Marcus unexpectedly canceled the morning's crucial meeting and then met with a mysterious guest. Following that, he appeared to be anticipating something in his office.

Marcus pivoted to glance at the phone Sylvia held.

Indifferently, he instructed, "I'll return her call at a later time."

Baffled, Sylvia relayed Marcus' message to Melissa in a hushed tone before ending the call and exiting the office.

Once alone, Marcus wandered absently to his desk.

Retrieving his phone, Marcus noticed five missed calls from Melissa. Without hesitation, he dialed her number. Much to his surprise, Melissa promptly answered, "Were you in a meeting?"

"Yes," Marcus confirmed tersely.

After a brief silence, Melissa resumed speaking in a hushed tone. "I might need to embark on a business trip for some time."

"To Heron?" Marcus inquired.

It wasn't surprising that Marcus was aware of the situation, considering the recent prominence of the news regarding the president of Watson Group's passing, a topic widely discussed within their circle. Melissa, concerned about potentially upsetting Marcus, spoke softly. "I'll return as soon as everything is settled."

Marcus suggested with a faint smile, "Are you available now? If you've finished packing let's have a chat in my office."

With that, he ended the call.

Holding the phone, Melissa remained stunned for a moment. She wasn't naive. It was clear that Marcus was dissatisfied. In essence, he wasn't thrilled about her trip to Heron.

Nevertheless, she had to go.

It wasn't just for Albert's sake; she had obligations to fulfill as a member of the Watson Group.

Regardless, Melissa held genuine concern for Marcus. After gathering her belongings she hailed a taxi to reach the Fowler Group. Upon arrival, she spotted Sylvia waiting for her in the lobby. They strolled towards the elevator together, and Sylvia, speaking in a subdued tone, inquired "Mr. Fowler appears rather somber today. Have you two had another disagreement?"

"Not really," Melissa said, shaking her head in response.

But it seems we might be heading for an argument soon. She thought.

Sylvia let out a sigh of relief and guided Melissa to the president's office. After ushering her inside, Sylvia quickly excused herself, leaving the office without hesitation.

Observing this, Melissa closed the door quietly behind her.

Seated on the sofa, Marcus appeared lost in thought, his attention focused on the laptop before him. Upon hearing the sound of the door, he glanced up, noticing Melissa's arrival, and inquired "Do you really have to go to Heron?"

Melissa leaned against the door, pondering for a moment before softly questioning "You don't want me to go?"

Marcus continued to gaze at her before shutting down his laptop. He then placed a file bag on the tea table and spoke casually. "Before you decide anything take a look at this."

Confusion clouded Melissa's expression as she looked at him.

Nonetheless, she seated herself across from him and opened the file. What she found inside left her eyes wide with shock.

It contained the cooperation contract between Fowler Group and Summit Ltd.

She quickly scanned through the document before fixing her disbelieving gaze on Marcus. Her voice trembled as she questioned him, "When did you sign this contract with Summit Ltd?"

Marcus responded calmly, "Just an hour ago. Melissa, the Fowler Group values the contract with Summit Ltd. greatly. We require someone to spearhead the team. If you resign from the Watson Group, this project will be handed to you. You will oversee the entire program. With that, you'll have everything—both the career and the social standing."

Melissa remained stunned.

Her gaze remained fixed on the document cover. Melissa understood that such business dealings were typical for Marcus. As a businessman, he would pursue his objectives relentlessly, especially for a project worth tens of billions. However, a thought lingered in her mind.

Her voice trembled as she spoke. "Mr. Weston has done me a huge favor when I had nothing. He needs me now, but you're asking me to betray him and the Watson Group. Isn't that selfish, Marcus?"

Marcus silently observed Melissa, his gaze unwavering.

Then he countered coolly, "So, tell me, what's your idea of appropriateness? Comforting Albert about his father's death, spending endless days and nights with him, or being at his beck and call every time he's in trouble, all for some supposed gratitude?"

Melissa stared at Marcus in disbelief at his words.

"What exactly are you implying?" she asked softly.

Marcus leaned in, gripping Melissa's wrist, and whispered into her ear, "You're well aware that Albert has feelings for you. You know he... He once had feelings for my mother. As my girlfriend, do you think it's

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appropriate for you to maintain contact with him?"

Melissa felt a pang of hurt at Marcus' words.

She lifted her gaze to meet Marcus' handsome face. Yes, he was undeniably attractive and influential, but he was also despicable! How could he utter such cruelty? Three years had passed, yet he remained unchanged. Simply because she worked for Albert, he branded her as dependent on men.

Deep down, he harbored doubts about her ability to succeed independently.

Marcus probably believed that her accomplishments were solely due to Albert's assistance, leading him to forbid any contact between them, even during challenging times.

"It's just work, Marcus... If my assisting Albert makes you uncomfortable, I'll resign from Watson Group after securing what's due. But I can't abandon my commitment now," Melissa expressed with difficulty.

Marcus released Melissa upon hearing her words.

He casually flipped through the contract, his slender fingers tracing its pages as he remarked, "Are you certain? I thought you valued power and social status. The Watson Group's affairs won't be resolved swiftly, Melissa."

Marcus' words left Melissa astounded.

Before arriving, Melissa had anticipated Marcus' anger and objections to her decision. During her journey, she even contemplated making compromises. However, she was taken aback by Marcus' ruthlessness. It finally dawned on her that Marcus was really pissed by Albert's words at the club that night. Perhaps she had been too swayed by his smooth talk to notice it sooner, or maybe Marcus never truly believed in her. Instead, he assumed an ambiguous relationship existed between her and Albert.

With her eyes cast downward, Melissa deliberated deeply on her true desires.

She also weighed the potential consequences of breaking up with

Marcus and how it might impact Matthew. Lost in these thoughts, she was unaware that Marcus was steadfastly watching her, his gaze unwavering.

Marcus presumed sensible individuals would make the right choice.

Finally, Melissa lifted her head and stared into his eyes.

Desperation tinged her gaze as she spoke hoarsely. "I've dedicated six months to this project, investing a significant amount of time and effort. Yet, you simply snatch it away. Have you ever considered my feelings, Marcus? You may have strong feelings for me, but I've made it clear that if we're together, you must respect me and treat me as an equal. You're bothered by Albert's presence. But do you think I'm unaffected by the presence of Jessie and Violette?"

Marcus pursed his lips, saying, "At the very least, consider it."

Melissa shook her head firmly. "That's unnecessary! Mr. Fowler, you're still the same. In your eyes, I'm nothing more than an accessory. You don't care about my feelings or my aspirations. All you want is to be in control. You envision me as staying at home, playing the role of the dutiful wife, and bearing your children, all so you can portray yourself as the perfect father and husband to the outside world."

But that's not what I desire, Marcus.

I don't need you to survive. And I'll always remember that Mr. Waston was the one who extended a helping hand to me when I was at my lowest."

Marcus gazed at her and inquired, "So, have you made your decision?"

Melissa rose to her feet confidently. "Yes! I have to go for him. And... I believe we're not right for each other, Marcus." With those words, she headed for the door.

As her hand reached for the doorknob, Marcus' voice stopped her in her tracks.

"Are you sure about this, Melissa?"

With a firm grip on the doorknob, Melissa lifted her chin defiantly,

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suppressing the urge to cry. With a gentle tone, she asserted, "I'm serious, Marcus. We're just not compatible."

She was aware of Marcus' disappointment and she shared the sentiment.

If only he could understand her perspective, he wouldn't treat her so oppressively. At times, Melissa didn't want to let go, but then she questioned the value of continuing such a relationship.

With tears welling up, she declared, "I'll go get Matthew. We'll discuss this later, after I return from Heron."

Ultimately, Melissa opted to depart.

She rejected his plans and decided to return to Albert.

Marcus remained seated on the sofa, his expression grave.

Meanwhile, Melissa made her way to the Fowler family mansion.

Waylen and Rena saw no reason to prevent her from retrieving Matthew.

Later, Waylen dialed Marcus and reprimanded him, "What's happening? You two were fine yesterday. Why does Melissa seem distressed today? She's visibly upset. What did you do, Marcus?"

In a sour mood, Marcus fabricated an excuse and abruptly ended the call.

No one realized the extent of his animosity toward Albert.

If it weren't for that man's confession at the club, Marcus wouldn't harbor such resentment towards Albert. But Albert's declaration about Melissa had fueled his animosity. Now, Melissa's rush to Heron and her breakup with him seemed to also be for Albert's sake.

Melissa remarked that he hadn't changed, and she was correct.

He remained unchanged while she had evolved.

Melissa returned to her apartment with Matthew.

Julie, who was making dumplings, was taken aback by Melissa's return.

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with Matthew . "What's happening Melissa? Is Matthew feeling uneasy in his new surrounding?"

After posing her questions, Julie studied Melissa's expression and inquired "Are you okay? Have you been crying?"



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