

Chapter 653 Being Jealous

Marcus paused for a moment.

He glanced at the female star beside him, Mina Wright. If Sylvia hadn't jogged his memory, he would have forgotten her name.

The vice president seemed quite fond of Mina and was keen on making her the face of the company. Since the vice president was senior to Marcus and he even brought Mina to meet them in person, Marcus found it hard to decline his suggestion.

Yet, the woman overstepped by meddling in Marcus's personal life.

Taking his time, Marcus approached the golf ball and expertly sent it rolling into the hole.

The people around him were quick to shower him with compliments.

Holding the golf club, Marcus responded to Mina's inquiry, "She's my son's mother. Oh, Miss Wright, are you perhaps expecting and looking for tips on how to be a good mother?"

Mina's cheeks turned red.

She was quick to pick up on the irritation in his tone. His feigned ignorance was a way to embarrass her. Used to praise, this was new territory for her. Despite the interest from her many wealthy suitors, none matched Marcus' allure.

His elusive nature only seemed to increase his appeal.

Annoyed yet resilient, Mina chose to play dumb. She ran her fingers through her hair flirtatiously and replied, "Mr. Fowler, stop teasing me. I'm still single."

It was clear to everyone she was attempting to charm him.

Marcus, however, simply acknowledged her words with a nod and went

back to his game, treating the golf ball as if it were the center of his universe. Mina's efforts to draw his attention were in vain.

After several unsuccessful attempts, Mina decided to back off.

Meanwhile, the coach took Melissa to a different court.

Melissa had never played golf before, so she was starting from the very beginning.

The coach was incredibly patient. He stood behind her, wrapping his arms around her, and gently guided her hands, covered in gloves, explaining the essential techniques and skills.

She took her lessons very seriously.

However, to onlookers, their stance seemed overly close.

Marcus, at least, saw it that way.

He approached them, holding a golf club, his tall and striking presence undeniable. The coach recognized him immediately and paused his instructions to say hello.

With a light smile, Marcus said, "Please, go on."

The coach then resumed the teaching.

Leaning on his club, Marcus mentioned in a relaxed tone, "My dad called to ask about Matthew. I mentioned Matthew's reading and spelling abilities. He then said he'd like to teach Matthew himself. He wanted me to ask what you think."

The coach released Melissa.

Surprised, he turned from Marcus to Melissa. "Miss Brown, you and Mr. Fowler..."

Marcus cut in, "We have a kid together."

Mina then joined them as well.

Dressed in a black silk dress and a white jacket, she looked stunning.

She couldn't fathom losing to Melissa.

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+165 Points at most

Despite Melissa's beauty, she didn't outshine Mina. Standing at only about 5'3", she was too slim and wore minimal makeup.

Yet, it was clear Marcus was jealous.

Without a word, Melissa turned to the coach. "Let's go on."

How could the coach keep going?

With a slight smile, he suggested, "Mr. Fowler is skilled at golf. Maybe he could give you some tips?"

Melissa didn't make it hard for the coach, but she wasn't about to let Marcus win... She then headed to the lounge and ordered a drink. Marcus watched her from afar but didn't approach.

Meanwhile, Mina took a seat beside her and inquired, "Do you mind if I join you?"

Melissa offered a small smile.

She wasn't interested in befriending Mina, so her response was lukewarm. Mina glanced towards where Marcus was and said in a low voice, "I guess every woman dreams of marrying someone like Mr. Fowler. Why don't you like him?"

Melissa wasn't taken aback by Mina's question.

Marcus had it all. He was born into wealth, was the executive director of the country's largest conglomerate, and was strikingly handsome. Despite his usual arrogance and coldness, women flocked to him.

But Melissa knew all too well what he was like in private and therefore wasn't as captivated.

Sipping her drink through the straw, she hinted, "He's single now."

When Mina was on the verge of replying, someone draped a towel over Melissa's head, its scent unmistakably masculine, filled with the aroma of men's cologne.

Melissa removed the towel only to see Marcus standing nearby.

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The man scoffed. "When did you start talking so much?"

Melissa shot back, "Probably around the time I started working as your secretary, making your meals and catering to you daily."

Everyone around them held their breath.

In the business world of Duefron, Melissa was likely the only one bold enough to challenge Marcus in such a manner.

Yet, Marcus didn't retaliate. He shifted his focus to Mina, remarking, "I've heard from Mr. Waston that you're quite the golfer."

Mina believed she had finally grabbed his attention.

She shed her jacket, eager to demonstrate her prowess.

But then Marcus gestured towards Melissa and declared, "Your new task is to teach her. If she picks up golf, we'll seal the endorsement deal and sign the contract tomorrow. If not, consider the deal over."

Mina was dumbfounded.

Melissa, regaining her composure, stood and demanded, "Marcus, what are you trying here?"

Marcus, drying his neck with the towel, gave her a look. "What, still clinging to that guy? You're not exactly young anymore. It's time you act a bit more mature."

Melissa was so furious that she ended up kicking him.

She just couldn't get it today. Frustrated, she headed back to the dressing room to change, ready to head out.

At that moment, the door to the private dressing room swung open.

A figure entered and shut the door behind him.

In the silence of the room, only his footsteps were audible.

Melissa had just removed her clothes and was about to shower when suddenly, she found herself pinned against the wall... She declared sharply, "You know, I could sue you for harassment."

Marcus paid no attention to her protest. He softly caressed her cheek and murmured, "I don't ever want to see that again."

"See what?" She pretended not to understand.

A shadow crossed Marcus's face.

He gripped her waist tightly, pulling her close to make her aware of him, though his tone remained icy. "Didn't it seem to you like you were a bit too cozy with that guy, Miss Brown? Have you forgotten you're Matthew's mom?"

The fabric of his outfit brushed against her skin.

They were in a compromising position.

Yet, she retorted sharply, "And what exactly are we to each other, Mr. Fowler? In case you're not up to speed, let me spell it out for you. We're over. That means you're free to get close to any woman you like, be it Miss Finch or that actress. I have no say in it. And who I choose to spend my time with is none of your business. Got it?"

"Melissa!"

Suddenly, Marcus once again pushed her against the wall hard.

Her back ached from the impact.

Yet, she felt no regret or fear.

Marcus kissed her cheek, his voice light but laced with frustration. "I really feel like killing you now!"

She allowed the kiss without protest.

Melissa, far from being upset, laughed weakly. Once the pain subsided, she leaned back against the wall and whispered, "Marcus, remember when you stole my client and backed me into a corner? You should've known better than anyone that this was coming our way."

She paused, and then went on with a raspy voice, "You always do whatever you want, without sparing a thought for anyone else's feelings. Yes, you're the noble Marcus Fowler! You don't have to consider me,

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+165 Points at most

because without me, there are plenty of women ready to fall into your arms! And you can use them to get under my skin. But Marcus, that doesn't affect me anymore."

Melissa calmly indicated their dispute was pointless.

She nudged him gently. "Let me go!"

Marcus released her but didn't leave. Instead, he took a seat on the sofa and lit a cigarette...

Melissa lost the desire to shower. She grabbed her clothes and began to dress.

As she was leaving, he murmured, "You're right! You are your own person. I really had no right to interfere. I'm sorry, and I won't intrude into your life again."

After pausing for a moment, Melissa opened the door and stepped out.

On her drive back, she rolled down the window, letting the chilly breeze help soothe her frustration and disappointment. This helped her shake off some of her sadness.

She made it back home without any issues.

As soon as she walked in, she noticed a pair of men's leather shoes that looked very expensive.

She was taken aback for a second, and then looked up to see Thomas.

Julie was in the kitchen making tea for Thomas. When she saw Melissa, she cheerfully said, "Mr. Smith mentioned he was an old friend of your mom. He stopped by to visit you and Matthew, and even brought a bunch of presents."

Julie was clueless about the real situation. She just thought Thomas was a sophisticated and attractive man.

Trying to keep her cool, Melissa took off her coat and slipped into her house shoes.

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She didn't want to drag Julie into this mess, so she fixed her gaze on Thomas and said calmly, "Yes, he was a friend of my mother."

At that moment, Thomas was holding Matthew close.

He really adored the boy.

After marrying, Vanessa had two children, but due to their father's genetics, both kids had mental disabilities and couldn't take over the family business.

Matthew appeared gentle and intelligent, yet there was a frailty to him that was endearing.

Thomas was quite fond of him.

He also held a deep respect for Melissa. Understanding her challenging past, he admired her courage and determination. Not many had the guts to walk away from a man like Marcus as she had.

With a respectful tone, Thomas looked at Melissa and said, "Are things at the company giving you a hard time? I've heard there were some issues with the funding. I know a few people who might be able to assist."

Melissa preferred to keep her distance from anything related to the Smith family.

While setting the table alongside Julie, she responded in a low voice, "I'll handle it on my own."

Julie, arranging the plates, offered a warm smile and said, "Mr. Smith, that's very generous of you. Melissa is fortunate to have your support. Why don't you join us for dinner? I've prepared something special. Let's enjoy the meal together."

Then, Julie was quick to bring Matthew's food, ready to feed him, when he clung to Thomas, declaring, "I want Grandpa Thomas to hold me."

Melissa cast a glance at the boy, advising, "Don't refer to him that way."

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Thomas, with a smile, replied, "It's alright. Matthew has taken a liking to me, and he's quite adorable. If—"

Melissa cut him off smoothly, "Let's start our dinner!"

Julie, wiping her hands on her apron, was puzzled by Melissa's cold demeanor towards Thomas, who seemed so kind and refined.

She wondered if there was a hidden conflict between them.

