

Chapter 662 It Was Just A One-Night Stand (Part Two)

His bitter laugh hung in the air as he rose from his seat, walking up behind her and whispering in her ear, "What about sleeping together a few more times then?"

Melissa wanted to say there would be no next time.

But he let go of her.

Despite his anger, Marcus retained his composure, finishing breakfast alongside her before dialing Sylvia to arrange for a car. He glanced at Melissa as he spoke into the phone. "Yes, I'm with Melissa. Bring over a set of clothes for her," Marcus instructed Sylvia. "Hers are too wrinkled to wear."

Frustrated, Melissa threw a pillow at him.

How shameless could he be?

Was this his idea of retaliation?

On the other end of the line, Sylvia hung up the phone, pondering Marcus' mood from the previous night. Was he happy or unhappy?

Half an hour later, Sylvia arrived with two sets of clothes.

Marcus and Melissa changed before heading downstairs. She was ready to hail a cab, but Marcus surprised her by opening the car door. "Get in! I'll take you to the company."

Melissa glanced up at Marcus' expressionless face, noting that his demeanor still betrayed lingering anger.

Yet, Melissa sensed a change in him.

In the past, he would have turned up his nose and walked away with pride.

Melissa felt her heart soften slightly as she hummed in agreement and settled into the backseat, Marcus following suit.

Sylvia couldn't contain her laughter as she sat beside Ross.

In the rear of the car, Marcus and Melissa sat in silence as Sylvia conversed with Ross about the weather. "Looks like we're approaching thunderstorm season. The weather can be quite unpredictable, sunny one moment and pouring rain the next."

Sylvia smiled in agreement. "Isn't that the truth!"

Ross offered his advice, saying, "That's why it's essential to check the weather forecast before heading out, unless you want to end up soaked! Getting drenched can easily lead to sickness, and when you're under the weather, you're bound to feel grumpy and look as sour as my wife going through menopause. So annoying!"

Sylvia fell silent, slightly uncomfortable with Ross' choice of words.

The composed young CEO, Marcus, calmly suggested, "The transportation department could greatly benefit from someone like Ross."

Ross immediately closed his mouth!

In approximately 10 minutes, they reached the entrance of Watson Group. Marcus made no move to open the door for Melissa.

She was familiar with his temperament.

Years had gone by, yet becoming a father hadn't altered him in the slightest.

Melissa bowed her head slightly. "This is me. Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

Without looking at her, Marcus made a blunt remark. "Are you thanking me for fulfilling your physical needs last night?"

Melissa felt a mix of embarrassment and anger.

Ross and Sylvia, being familiar with Marcus' ways, pretended not to

hear the exchange.

The car door closed.

Sylvia sighed softly. "Mr. Fowler, by doing this..."

Marcus patted his leg. "I'm furious!"

Despite Marcus' declaration, Sylvia couldn't help but chuckle. There was something oddly sweet in his anger.

Indeed, Marcus was truly angry.

As delightful as his night together with Melissa had been, the morning brought an equal measure of disappointment.

The atmosphere during the morning meeting at Fowler Group was tense, with shareholders barely daring to make a sound.

In the afternoon, Marcus received a call from his father, Waylen, who, after teasing his son bluntly, inquired softly, "Marcus, how are things between you and Melissa?"

Marcus' tone remained indifferent. "It's what it is."

Waylen had seen the newspaper and surmised from his son's grumpy tone that they had slept together, but Melissa hadn't acknowledged their relationship afterward.

The father experienced a mix of satisfaction and slight offense.

Marcus was really useless in matters of love and relationships!

Marcus didn't have time for this, ending the call abruptly before Sylvia entered to announce, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Finch is here! Looks like she brought you some... sweet treats."

Violette?

Marcus frowned. "Tell her I don't like sweets."

Sylvia was about to head out and relay the message but stopped when Marcus changed his mind. "Never mind, let her in!"

Sylvia was taken aback by Marcus' sudden shift.

Summoning her courage, she said, "Mr. Fowler, I know you might be feeling a bit down, but..."

Interrupting her, Marcus focused on his documents. "What are you thinking? Just let her in."

Sylvia went to call Violette.

When she arrived, Violette, dressed in a demure and sweet dress, presented the treats with a gentle smile. They weren't the extravagant desserts, but slices of a simple pie.

"Marcus, I know you love these."

Violette said sweetly as she arranged the treats on the table, laying out the treats as if planning a picnic.

The newspaper from this morning instilled a sense of crisis within the Finch family.

Though the woman who spent the night with Marcus remained unidentified, everyone assumed it was Melissa.

Despite her concerns, Violette desperately wished to become Marcus' wife.

Wiping away her tears, Violette approached Marcus with a facade of happiness.

Setting aside his paperwork, Marcus observed the sweets, realizing that Violette must have looked into him and assumed he liked such treats. However, he recalled that he had only indulged in them that time in that simple cafe because he was with Melissa.

Years had passed, and Marcus no longer indulged in these desserts with Melissa. Instead, his craving had shifted to the passionate activities of the previous night. Violette, however, remained oblivious to this.

Marcus toyed with the sweet treats but ultimately settled beside Violette.

Finally, he spoke. "I like Melissa."

Violette couldn't maintain her composure any longer, her eyes reddening. "But you broke up with her, didn't you? You even had me visit your home several times."

"That was your parents asking me for favors!" Marcus retorted firmly. Violette's lips trembled. "You dare say you didn't use me to make Melissa jealous?"

Marcus regarded her calmly before offering a faint smile.

"You know I used you to provoke her, why still hold onto it? These... I never actually liked them, but Melissa did years ago! Violette, find someone else to love."

He paused, contemplating his next words, words he had never spoken to Melissa before.

"I've found my match in her in this lifetime," he admitted.

Violette cried out loud, her emotions overwhelming her.

Marcus remained patient, allowing her to cry until she had exhausted herself. "Go home, and don't come back! It's better for you, and... Melissa really doesn't appreciate me provoking her like this."

Despite his anger towards her, Marcus was willing to change for Melissa.

At the core of it all, his actions were driven by love.

Violette, overcome with emotion like a child whose favorite toy had been taken away, swept the treats onto the floor, tears streaming down her face as she accused him.

Marcus remained unfazed, realizing that he felt too lenient towards her because he didn't truly care for her. Her emotional outbursts didn't

affect him.

Once Violette calmed down, Sylvia escorted her away.

As Sylvia returned to Marcus' office, he positioned himself by the floor-to-ceiling window and directed, "Arrange for the carpet to be replaced."

Marcus shook his head, his thoughts consumed by the events of the day.

Sylvia offered a comforting smile. "It's normal for a young girl to be a bit willful."

Suddenly, Marcus found himself thinking of Melissa. Had she ever had the opportunity to express her emotions freely, to throw a tantrum when she was sad or angry? He imagined her living a restrained life, always holding back.

As the workers replaced the carpet, Marcus continued to mull over his thoughts.

He didn't reach out to Melissa all day, pondering the idea of giving her the space to grow and make her own decisions, much like what Albert did. Perhaps by granting her the freedom to choose, she might reconsider and love him again.

After all, their night together meant more to him than just a one-night stand.

Keeping his thoughts to himself, Marcus refrained from contacting Melissa. However, when she returned home from work, she was surprised to find the man she had spent the night with helping Julie cook in the kitchen.

Frozen in the doorway, Melissa forgot to change her shoes as she observed the scene.

Julie spotted her and welcomed her with a smile. "Mr. Fowler arrived early and has been lending a hand in the kitchen. Can you imagine? A

CEO helping me cook! Wash your hands and go check on Matthew. He's asleep. Dinner will be ready soon."

Marcus smiled warmly, addressing Julie, "You can just call me Marcus." Julie hesitated, feeling unsure about using such an intimate form of address given Marcus' prestigious status.

Marcus didn't insist.

Turning to Melissa, he seemed at ease. "Matthew played until he wore himself out! I'll bathe him when he wakes up, and then I'll head out. Is that alright?"

