

Chapter 663 What The Hell Do You Want, Marcus (Part One)

Marcus had a sensible request, so Melissa couldn't say no.

They just had sex last night, though.

And that left her feeling kind of awkward.

Putting on her indoor shoes, Melissa headed for the bedroom. "I'll go check on Matthew," she said.

Passing the dining table, she avoided eye contact with Marcus.

Inside the bedroom, she realized her heart was racing with anxiety.

Meanwhile, Matthew was out cold asleep on the bed.

Sitting beside him, Melissa started to relax a little.

Then, Marcus opened the door and barged in.

Melissa wanted to speak up but stayed quiet, fearing another argument. She did not want this especially in front of Julie and Matthew.

Marcus approached her.

He leaned in close, almost touching her. But instead, he gently stroked Matthew's face.

Occasionally, his slender fingers would brush against hers.

Surprised, Melissa thought about pulling away.

But Marcus didn't resist. Whispering in her ear, he said, "Last night was fun, right? Why are you looking so timid now?"

Melissa was speechless. "And you definitely weren't shy last night!" Marcus added.

Instantly, Melissa blushed.

She wasn't backing down. "It was just a one night thing; adults do it all

the time! Right, Mr. Fowler?" she shot back.

To her surprise, Marcus agreed, "You're spot on! I miss it already."

Getting closer, Marcus breathed by her ear, saying boldly, "Adults satisfying their needs, it's natural. Don't you think?"

His frankness caught Melissa off guard.

She scoffed, "We'll see about that!"

She expected Marcus to get mad.

But he remained cool. Stepping back, he said, "I'm at your service anytime, Miss Brown!"

Melissa was speechless. "You're indeed not like before; you're less thirsty now," Marcus added.

That ticked her off, so she hurled a pillow at him.

Marcus effortlessly caught it, locking eyes with her.

Ignoring him, Melissa turned away.

Setting the pillow down, Marcus backed off. Julie interrupted, saying dinner was ready. Melissa hesitated, wanting to stay with Matthew. Marcus reassured her, "He's out cold. Let's eat first. Matthew's fine."

Exiting the room, Melissa felt dizzy.

She expected Marcus to be in a foul mood after their spat.

So why was he still here, even joining for dinner?

Julie was thrilled Marcus stuck around for dinner.

She bustled around, serving soup and dishes. She even singled out a juicy lamb chop for Marcus.

Marcus glanced at Melissa, and then told Julie with a grin, "Feeling a bit worn out lately. Lamb chop's just what I need!"

Julie chimed in, "Absolutely! Winter or spring, lamb's always a great choice! Mr. Fowler, please do enjoy it!"

Marcus smiled back. "Thanks, Julie. You're too kind."

Julie beamed. As a married woman, she could sense Marcus still had feelings for Melissa. She'd thought they split but now, maybe there was hope.

Meanwhile, Melissa stayed composed.

After dinner, Matthew was still out, nearing nine o'clock.

Melissa sat on the couch, working on her laptop. She glanced at Marcus who was engrossed in a cartoon on TV.

She gently reminded him, "It's getting late. You should head out."

Without hesitation, Marcus checked on Matthew once more before leaving. He grabbed his coat, ready to go. But Melissa stopped him, "I have something to discuss. Meet me downstairs."

While Melissa changed her shoes, Marcus headed downstairs first.

As she joined him, Marcus leaned against the car, puffing on a cigarette. He looked tall and fit, his coat tossed aside, rocking a dark gray shirt and casual pants, giving off some serious sexy vibes.

In the dim light, he squinted at her. "What's on your mind?" he asked.

Melissa subconsciously tightened her coat. After a moment's pause, she said, "Could you visit Matthew on weekends? Or you call in advance and I'll send him to your place?"

With a smirk, Marcus replied, "You don't want me here too often? Scared I'll get in your way?"

Melissa didn't want to argue.

So she relented, "Fine, come whenever. Happy now?"

Marcus stubbed out his cigarette, opened the car door to get in. Melissa couldn't help asking, "What the hell do you really want, Marcus?"

With a thoughtful look, Marcus held the door. "You really don't know?" he countered.

Then, with a pause, he added, "I really enjoyed last night, Melissa."

With that, he hopped in the car and drove off.

Melissa lingered outside for a moment. Matthew was still asleep when she returned.

Sitting beside her, Julie spoke softly. "I think Mr. Fowler's still into you. But if he wants to reconcile, make sure he's not seeing someone else. Did he break up with his girlfriend, that Finch girl?"

Melissa shook her head. "How could I possibly know?"

After a brief silence, she added, "I haven't had time to think about the future. Marcus and I..."

Melissa wanted to explain that she and Marcus weren't meant to be together but Julie already knew what had gone down last night, so she paused.

Julie, of course, understood Melissa's dilemma.

She gave Melissa's hand a gentle pat and said with a smile, "It's all up to you! Oh, by the way, Shawn's been on a roll lately. The person who helped him out before thinks highly of him. Today, Shawn just locked down another project that's going to rake in big bucks. He's saying it could bring in seven figures.... It might be stretching the truth a bit, but it's still a major deal."

After a few more questions to know the situation better, Melissa felt genuinely happy for Shawn.

Meanwhile, she'd expected Marcus to bug her for a while longer. But to her surprise, he didn't show up over the next few days. Slowly, he slipped from her mind as she focused on work.

Her main goal now was securing the investment. Two days later, Melissa was about to call Alan.

But before she could dial, Jaime showed up out of the blue.

Melissa's assistant went into her office and whispered, "Miss Brown, you have a visitor. He says his name is Scott and wants to take you out for a meal."

A Scott?

Melissa pondered a moment, and then realized who her visitor was. She set aside her folder and said, "Show him to the reception room. I'll be there shortly."

The assistant nodded and left.

Melissa quickly searched Jaime's info online, preparing herself for the meeting. Sure enough, it was Alan's son waiting in the reception area. He'd ditched the formal wear this time, making him seem even younger than before.

With a professional smile, Melissa greeted him. "Mr. Scott, pleasure to have you here. But why no heads-up?"

Jaime stood up, responding with a faint smile. "I didn't want to risk you avoiding me with an appointment."

He skipped the formalities, talking to Melissa like an old friend, which felt pretty chill—maybe even a little too much.

Melissa smiled back. "No way! You and your dad are VIPs at Waston Group. Anytime you swing by, it's an honor."

Seeing Melissa dodging the topic, Jaime got down to business.

In a soft tone, he said, "Melissa, I'm not here for work, or to represent my dad. I just want to take you out for dinner, as friends. So, can we skip the business talk?"

Internally, Melissa cursed, "Ugh! Even if you're not working for Alan, you're still his kid!"

But on the surface, she stayed cool. "Sounds good! How about that nice spot across the street?" she suggested.

Jaime happily agreed with a nod.

Half an hour later, Melissa arrived at the restaurant. Jaime had already ordered food for them. Melissa was dressed in a suit, catching his eye for a moment.



