

## Chapter 692 I'll Sell Myself To You! (Part One)

Melissa noticed Marcus' jealousy bubbling up once again.

But instead of getting mad, she gently touched his arm and asked, "Aren't we here to chill? What's eating you up now?"

Marcus replied honestly, "Can't I feel a little jealous?"

Beneath the city lights, Melissa's face glowed softly. Since it was just a night out with friends, she dressed more casually and leaned against him without a fuss.

She gave his waist a light squeeze and whispered, "Marcus, let's leave the past behind alright? No blaming each other."

The night air felt cool against their skin.

Marcus' heart melted at her words. He took her hands and locked eyes with her, their noses almost touching.

"Alright, no more of the blame game," he agreed.

Melissa couldn't resist planting a kiss on him. Being shorter, she had to stand on tiptoe. But when a woman was in love, she just couldn't help herself. Marcus stayed still, his dark eyes fixed on her.

With a hint of a blush, Melissa leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

Still, he didn't budge.

She hesitated but then deepened the kiss.

When women took the lead, it changed everything. Melissa felt her heart racing with excitement.

But he remained unresponsive.

Blushing she thought about pulling away but he held her waist firmly. Then Marcus embraced her and kissed her passionately, right there in the busy parking lot. Melissa had never felt so bold.

James stepped out for a smoke and caught sight of the scene.

Well, damn!

Marcus usually played it cool, acting all serious and aloof, but then he'd suddenly lay a passionate kiss on his partner!

But...

Didn't they have a son already? How did they still keep that fire burning?

It seemed so amazing!

With his cigarette in hand, James took a drag, soaking in the gorgeous view.

Man, it was stunning

Marcus must be a damn good kisser!

His wife must've been on cloud nine kissing him!

After finishing his smoke, James suggested, "Hey Marcus, why don't you two head upstairs?"

Compared to Melissa, Marcus appeared much more composed. He wrapped his arms around her, her face nestled into his chest, and casually told James, "Melissa wants some alone time with me here first!"

James shot him a knowing look.

Being a few years older than Marcus, he couldn't help but murmured, "Man, this boy's surely shameless."

James didn't want to go against Marcus, so he turned to Melissa and said, "Sorry, Melissa, I tend to speak my mind. Didn't mean anything by it."

"It's fine. Let's get upstairs together," Melissa said to Marcus.

Melissa wasn't one to hold grudges.

But in private, she was far from formal, always snuggling up to Marcus.

Watching them, James couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. "Damn, they're so into each other!"

Upstairs in the VIP room, the vibe was lively.

The gang was mostly childhood buddies who had grown up teasing one another and cracking jokes, but they all knew their boundaries. With their families' business ties, stepping out of line was a no-go.

There was one exception, however.

Marcus stood out from the rest. The Fowler family was a cut above the rest.

Jessie sat there, sipping her drink quietly. She seemed way more downcast than she was just six months ago.

That vibrant energy she used to have was nowhere to be found.

The Green family's hotel business was holding steady, neither booming nor busting thanks in large part to Marcus' support.

Otherwise, Jessie wouldn't even have the chance to sit here and drink with her friends.

Lost in her thoughts, a guy around her age approached.

Patrick Wayne was his name and he was a rich kid from a well-to-do family in their social circle.

He had once chased after Jessie fervently but she had been wrapped up with Marcus back then and had not given him the time of day.

Now that the Green family was facing tough times, Patrick saw his opening.

He slid in next to Jessie, poured her a glass of wine, and said generously, "Hey, I just got back from overseas and heard about your situation! Jessie, for old time's sake, if you down this glass, I'll throw a project your way."

He leaned in closer and whispered, "And afterward, how about we head to the hotel?"

With a glass of wine in hand, Jessie slowly turned her head to look at him. After a long pause, she asked softly, "Are you aiming to marry me or just looking for a fling?"

The man chuckled awkwardly. "I'd love to marry you but, let's face it, reality bites! Remember, I've got a wife already. She's pretty strict. So, let's keep it casual, just a few rendezvous here and there. If it happens too often, she'll catch on. How about it? A multi-million dollar deal in exchange for a couple of outings. Seems like a fair trade, doesn't it?"

In reality, Jessie had encountered plenty of guys like him before.

It was just surprising that even folks from the same social circle were pulling stunts like this.

She raised an eyebrow and grinned. "Sure thing! But I'm going to have to pass. Find someone else!"

Patrick didn't expect to get shut down like this.

Instantly, he got ticked off. "Jessie, quit acting all high and mighty! You think you're still some noble lady? How deep in the red is the Green family, huh? And you're no angel! You've been with Albert for ages, haven't you? You ran off to Heron with him. But guess what? He didn't want you and marry someone else! Do you really still think you're something special?"

Well, tonight you're drinking that wine, whether you like it or not!

Get off your high horse!"

Jessie splashed the red wine right in his face. "Watch your mouth!"

Patrick wiped his face.

He glared at her and snickered. "Haha! Who do you think you are? You're just some cheap thing Albert played and tossed aside!"

Coincidentally, James, Marcus, and Melissa were heading upstairs together when they bumped into Albert.

He had some business here tonight, and as they exchanged pleasantries, they overheard the commotion from the room...

Albert winced as he heard someone else talking about Jessie like some disposable fling!

He'd never thought of her that way.

Even now, he wanted to take care of her, afraid of tarnishing her reputation.

Melissa shifted but Marcus held her back.

Melissa glanced at Albert's stern face, and then back at Marcus, who reached out, gently patting her head.

James stepped forward, taking charge.

He had organized tonight's event but who would've guessed Patrick would start causing trouble the moment he showed up? Already married, yet he still couldn't leave Jessie alone. What a total jerk!

James shoved Patrick away, saying, "You've had enough to drink, buddy! Get your wife to pick you up!"

Patrick sneered.

He retorted, "James, why stick up for her? What's she got going for her now? Nothing. Failed with Marcus, couldn't even lock down an old player like Albert. Ask around in town about her, besides me, who'd want her? Even if she turned to the oldest profession in the world, she'd still be looked down on. Just mark my words."

James clenched his fists and shut his eyes.

Damn it!

Patrick was really asking for trouble.

