

Chapter 705 He Stopped At Nothing To Get Her

Marcus wasn't one to give in easily, especially not on the night of his big engagement.

Plus, he'd promised four times over, so he was sticking to his word.

Even though Melissa was sobbing her heart out, he didn't bat an eye.

Early morning Melissa woke up.

Marcus was still lounging in bed, topless, hiding under a thin blanket.

"Morning Mrs. Fowler," he chimed, teasing her as usual with a hint of laughter in his voice. Propped up on one elbow, he casually ran his hand over her, his rugged charm in full swing.

Blushing Melissa gently pushed him away. "Cut it out."

But Marcus just grinned and kept at it, his deep, dark eyes twinkling mischievously. "Are you feeling frisky?"

Melissa wasn't about to confess.

Grabbing his discarded robe, she covered herself and headed to the bathroom. "We're running late. It's time to rise and shine."

As much as she longed for alone time with him, they had two kids at home.

So, it was a bit tricky.

While Melissa showered, a familiar pair of hands wrapped around her from behind. He was just lending a hand, nothing more. Melissa hesitated but did not protest.

Afterward, he dried her off and suggested, "When the wedding rolls

around, we'll leave the kids with my folks and jet off for our honeymoon."

Melissa inquired softly, "What about the company?"

Grumbling, Marcus nipped at her skin, remarking, "You're killing the romance."

Melissa grinned.

Marcus was at that age where he could easily lose control.

So, naturally, when he held her like that, she couldn't resist letting him cuddle and kiss her once more.

Both had the day off.

After breakfast, Melissa took the kids to a nearby park. Meanwhile, Marcus had an urgent project to tackle and a morning video conference.

In the park, Yvonne and Matthew were having a blast, while Minnie bounced around joyfully.

Melissa was bundled up in a lot of clothing.

Her white shirt was buttoned up tight. Waking up to Marcus' love bites, she spotted them all over her neck in the mirror. She made a mental note to ask him to ease up next time.

Gazing at the kids tenderly, Melissa noticed their intertwined hands.

She absentmindedly rubbed her belly, excited at the thought of another child.

Marcus seemed to adore girls. He treated Yvonne exceptionally well even though they weren't really related. If they had their own daughter, he'd surely spoil her rotten.

With Marcus and Melissa's impending marriage, welcoming another child seemed just right.

Right then, Yvonne dashed to Melissa with Matthew in tow. She flung herself into Melissa's arms, her eyes brimming with silent tears.

Melissa felt a pang of unease as she glanced up and spotted Shawn.

Shawn, looking rather comical, carried a live rabbit in a pink cage and a bag of rabbit food in the other hand.

Ignoring her father, Yvonne clung to Melissa, leaving him no choice but to approach. He scratched his head, flashing an awkward smile at Melissa. "I tracked you down after stopping by your place. I figured I'd find you here."

Squatting down, he coaxed Yvonne. "You always wanted a bunny, right, sweetie? I got one for you. It cost me eighty seven bucks. Not cheap. It'll be yours now!"

But Yvonne remained silent, holding onto Melissa's hand tightly.

Melissa let out a soft sigh. "She's still young and sensitive, Shawn. Don't push her too hard."

Shawn dared not defy Melissa's words.

Patting Matthew's shoulder, Melissa said, "Go play with Yvonne over there."

Matthew called out to Yvonne affectionately. Though young, Yvonne sensed her father wouldn't do anything with Melissa around, so she relaxed a bit and joined Matthew to play. Yet, she still avoided looking at the rabbit.

As the kids wandered off, Shawn settled on the rockery beside Melissa.

Rubbing his hands nervously, he asked, "What do I do? Yvonne's completely ignoring me. She's as stubborn as her mother, that one."

Melissa eyed the rabbit and spoke up. "It's not Yvonne and her mom's fault. It's on you, Shawn. Janet's letting you see Yvonne all because of her respect for Julie. Otherwise, she'd have taken Yvonne and left."

Shawn rushed to defend. "Janet's more swayed by my mom."

Ignoring him, Melissa dropped another bomb. "Marcus mentioned he lent you twenty million for a dealership. Shawn, I'm all for your business working out but isn't that a hefty chunk to invest all at once?"

Shawn blushed.

With his head lowered, he mumbled, "Marcus was the one pushing for it."

Melissa found it odd. Why was Marcus so keen on bankrolling Shawn? She smelled something fishy.

Seeing Melissa's puzzled look, Shawn hurriedly changed the topic.

Melissa let it slide.

Whatever was between Shawn and Marcus wasn't her business to pry into, after all.

Heading back with the kids, Shawn shamelessly tagged along, hoping to cozy up to Yvonne over lunch. But when they reached the villa, Marcus casually strolled downstairs.

Caught off guard, Shawn stuttered at the sight of Marcus.

Shawn hesitated for a moment before finally blurting out, "Melissa, I'll swing by another time. I have to jet."

With that, he handed Melissa the rabbit cage and bolted.

Confused, Melissa turned to Marcus.

"Why's Shawn so skittish around you?"

Rolling his sleeves, Marcus mused, "Guess I'm his loan shark, huh?"

Melissa pondered. "But Shawn doesn't strike me as thin-skinned."

Marcus grinned.

He took the cage from Melissa, examining it closely before meeting her gaze. "It's not as cute as you, though."

Melissa was left speechless.

Two days later, after wrapping up work, Melissa headed to her car.

Before she could hop in, a familiar face emerged from another car—Ryan.

Straight to the point, Ryan said, "Melissa, can we talk for a sec?"

After all that had transpired, Melissa wanted nothing to do with him. She declined promptly, "No need. There's nothing left between us. Oh, and I'll be donating the gift you gave me."

Ryan's eyes held a depth of emotion.

After a long pause, he murmured, "You still blame me for what happened don't you? But Melissa, it was my backing off that led you to Marcus. If I hadn't let go of us, what would you have done?"

"This is pointless."

Melissa tossed her briefcase into the white Bentley and moved to get in.

But Ryan grasped her hand suddenly, leaving her stunned.

He released her hand quickly, a bitter smile on his lips. "I'm leaving the country and will be transferred to some remote place. I heard it was Marcus' idea and that it was arranged through HR. I think it's because of that wedding gift I gave you. Melissa, I'm not out to cause trouble. I just need a chat. There's stuff you might not know, like what went down with Shawn last time. Doesn't it seem fishy? How'd he score that gig and cash? And hooking up with his boss' girl? Plus, who'd go for him with that mug?"

Melissa asked icily, "What's your point?"

Finally seated in a cafe across from her workplace, Ryan passed her a recorder pen. He grinned saying, "Got a good rapport with Mr. Roger Hill from Fowler Group. I recorded him blabbing while he was sloshed. Turns out, Marcus set Shawn up from the get-go. Even arranged for Shawn's fling with that woman. And when Shawn got busted, Marcus bailed him out big time."

Melissa gazed at Ryan in silence for a moment, and then flicked on the recorder pen.

She recognized Roger's voice, though it came in bits and pieces. Yet, the message was clear.

Finally, Roger stuttered, "Shawn's like a puppet in front of Marcus Fowler. Marcus handed him twenty million as hush money but Shawn kept tight-lipped. He tried crawling back to his wife but she wouldn't have a bar of it."

Ryan smirked, remarking "Do you hear that, Melissa? Your man isn't what he seems. He's just a slimy snake, willing to do anything for your forgiveness."

With a sigh, Melissa switched off the recorder and slid it across to Ryan.

Ryan looked stunned. "Aren't you mad? Don't you want to grill him on this?"

Melissa replied calmly. "This is between us. None of your business."

She rose to leave but Ryan's voice stopped her in her tracks. "If I swapped places with Marcus, would you still love him? You wouldn't, right?"

Melissa hesitated.

Then she answered. "The truth is, I never loved you."

Ryan's face paled, his body seemingly crumbling. He didn't know why he'd done this. Even if he could play dumb, he'd still angered Marcus. He had no clue what repercussions awaited him.

Perhaps he wasn't ready to let go just yet.

He envied Marcus' seemingly perfect life. Ryan wondered, if he had it all, would Melissa choose him instead?

Melissa slid into her car.

After a moment of silence, her phone buzzed. It was Marcus calling. "You had coffee with Ryan?"

"Yeah. I see you've still got your guys tailing me. No one likes being watched, Marcus."

There was a pause before Marcus asked, "What did he say?"

Thinking for a beat, Melissa replied, "Let's head to the apartment. I'm craving your lamb chops."

Marcus, ever perceptive, sensed the underlying tension. "Are you mad?"

"Why would you think that?" Melissa countered.

Silence lingered on the line.

Eventually, Marcus spoke softly. "Let's talk later, alright? Take it easy on the road."

Melissa agreed and ended the call.

She realized her calmness wasn't from lack of anger but rather her growing feelings for Marcus overriding her logic.

Starting the car, she made her way to their old apartment.

Unlocking the door, Marcus stood waiting, a quiet intensity in his gaze. The scent of lamb chops filled the air. "I've got a bottle of fine wine too," he announced.

As Melissa dropped her bag and bent to change her shoes, she mused, "Your words sound like you're seeking forgiveness."

Marcus pulled her close, his nose brushing hers.

In a husky voice, he teased, "Really? Did Ryan suggest I did something and need to make amends?"

