

Chapter 706 Surreal

Melissa thought for a while and said, "Let's cook first!"

Marcus stared at her for a moment, and then gave her a peck on the cheek. "Go get changed. I'll be quick."

Melissa came out wearing comfortable home clothes.

Marcus was still in the kitchen. Her eyes lingered on the wine on the table before she entered.

"Why don't you just wait in the diningroom? I'll be done here soon."

Marcus turned around at the sound of her footsteps.

Melissa leaned against the counter beside him, watching him cook. Her face was calm, like the still waters of a lake on a day without wind. In a soft voice, she asked him, "About Shawn... Did you help him in the very beginning?"

His eyebrows arched at her question.

His movements slowed, a faint smile curving on his lips. "Did Ryan tell you that? Roger seems unable to keep his mouth shut."

Melissa went straight to the point. "Did you ask Roger to do it? And... That woman... Was that also your doing?"

Marcus continued cooking

Despite doing housework, he still managed to look elegant. His tone remained even as he answered, "Julie was a big help to us. I don't see anything wrong with me giving his son a better job. As for that woman, it was a test of Shawn's loyalty to his marriage. Unfortunately, it's clear that he can't resist temptation."

A low chuckle came from Melissa, her anger seeping out to her voice. "Was that really necessary? Do you know how heartbroken Janet is?"

Marcus' hands stopped their movements and he put down the kitchen knife.

His deep eyes turned to Melissa. "Then tell me one thing. Has Shawn always been loyal to Janet? Has he never betrayed her even once in all these years they were together? If you can tell me yes, then I'll apologize."

Melissa knew that Marcus was being unreasonable, but she couldn't find words to refute it.

A brief, tense silence passed, and then Marcus turned on the tap.

Amidst the gurgle of the water, his voice came gently, "Besides, I've made up for it, haven't I? I funded Shawn's new business. As long as he shows Janet that he's sincere about winning her back, they'll work things out."

Melissa let her weight rest against the counter, staring at him without a word.

After a long while, Marcus turned to look at her and asked softly, "Are you mad at me?"

"To be honest, a little bit," Melissa said lightly. "No matter how terrible Shawn was, you shouldn't have gotten involved."

The corner of Marcus' lips lifted at that. "You're talking as if you're not part of this too. If it weren't for you, he wouldn't have been able to leave Warsaw, remember? Most likely he would have been beaten to death by his creditors, and Yvonne would have lost her father then."

Melissa was slightly stunned.

He knew what she wanted to say even without asking. Marcus nodded and said, "When you left that year, I went to Warsaw once... And well... Anyway, Shawn and I have crossed paths long ago. And I also care about Janet. If Shawn doesn't change and straighten himself out, he would only cause his wife and daughter more pain. Things worked out well now, don't you think? Think of it like a business project. Once you recognize a problem, the most logical thing would be to eliminate it so that it doesn't get in the way of future developments."

Melissa couldn't argue with his eloquent reasoning.

She thought his words made sense, but something about it sounded a bit off... But then again, it was true that Marcus had spent a lot of money on Shawn, and he did care for Yvonne like she was his own...

She sighed, deciding to let it go for now. "Let's eat."

However, Marcus pulled her into his arms and said in a low voice. "Are you still mad?"

Janet glared at him and answered, "What do you think?"

He stared at her for a long time before speaking slowly. "What do I think? Well... I think that you love me very much..."

It was difficult to stay mad — not when his handsome face was so close, his eyes looking at her with affection as he spoke gently. Janet could only hold out for so long before she folded.

Marcus watched the anger leave her face, her expression softening. Pulling her closer, he lowered his head and kissed her before murmuring "Don't be mad anymore, okay? Things turned out for the best. Shawn won't likely do anything reckless in the future, and Janet has also found her own goal for herself. I heard from Julie that she got promoted recently. Shouldn't we be happy for them?"

Melissa nodded in acquiescence. The next moment, she bit his lip.

"Ouch! What was that for? My lips are bleeding!"

Marcus pressed her against the counter, kissing her hard and long. Even when they parted for air, Melissa's annoyance still lingered and she resisted him. She leaned against his shoulder and said, "You're supposed to be cooking"

Marcus' eyes were burning as he looked at her. Heat crept over Melissa's cheeks at his intense gaze.

She broke free and escaped to the living room, turning on the TV to watch the news before dinner was ready.

The report played. "Business giant, Weldon Smith, has died in the hospital this evening due to stomach cancer..."

There was no visible change in Melissa's expression, but her hands trembled as she gripped the remote.

Footages of Weldon were played on the screen. There was also one of Vanessa wearing sunglasses, hurriedly walking away from the cameras. The other members of the Smith family were also there. Some of them wore grave expressions while others looked angry, mostly because of the unequal distribution of the inheritance.

He's finally dead. It was the only thought running in Melissa's mind.

Now, she was truly orphaned.

Marcus walked over to her. He had also seen the news. He stood behind Melissa quietly for a long time before placing the mutton chop on the table. "Dinner is ready," he called gently.

It took her some time to snap out of her daze and look at him.

Her eyes were filled with unshed tears. Marcus smiled gently at her and reached out. "Come here."

Melissa stood up and walked over to him.

Gently holding the wine bottle, she said, "Go grab two glasses."

But Marcus stopped her. "You don't have to pretend to be calm in front of me. There's no need for that. And that man... I know you don't like him and even hate him, but it's completely understandable that you would be emotional after hearing his death. You don't have to pretend to be indifferent. It's just me here."

Melissa looked up at him, her chest tightening.

Gently, he pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her.

Marcus kissed her hair softly and whispered "I'm here for you, and I want you to always remember that."

Almost as if in a trance, Melissa said, "Somehow, I don't know, but... It feels so surreal..."

A crease appeared between Marcus' brows.

He suddenly picked her up, carrying her to their bedroom and pushing her down on the bed. Melissa didn't resist. Maybe they could both use an outlet, and this was the simplest way to get release.

She held him tight, answering his hot kisses. Her teeth sank on his shoulder when he got too rough.

Marcus lowered his head, his forehead lined in sweat as he panted.

His low and smooth voice echoed in her ears. "How about now? Does it still feel surreal?"

