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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1436

Looks like Marcus' business is thriving.

"That's fine. It's not urgent." I was just acting on a whim. If Marcus was busy, I could always talk to him later.

The receptionist raised a brow as she kept the visitor log. She said indifferently, "Have a nice day."

Just as I turned around, the elevator doors opened with a ding. Marcus exited with a few men. An older man in the group appeared to be his client.

I guess he has a business meeting.

Marcus saw me immediately. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before talking to the assistant standing beside him. He arranged for the client to be brought to a meeting room. Thereafter, he approached me. "Why didn't you tell me you were dropping by? I could send someone to drive you here."

The receptionist probably didn't expect us to have such a close relationship. Her face soured.

Before I could reply, Marcus had slung his arm around my waist. He dragged me with him as he said, "Let's go to my office."

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I shivered involuntarily at his sudden and intimate gesture. Once the doors of his office closed, I stepped away to put some distance between us.

Marcus seemed to be used to this. He merely fetched a glass of water for me.

After taking a small sip, I explained, "I had a spot of free time, so I decided to come and check out your office since I was in the area."

"Why did you suddenly feel like leaving the house today?"

"I went to meet a friend." I decided it would be prudent to keep some information to myself.

Maybe it was because I didn't know many people here, but Marcus immediately guessed, "Ms. Moore?"

"Yes." There was no point in hiding this.

The atmosphere became awkward after that conversation. I held on to my cup as I mulled over the suspicions in my head.

Marcus was observing me closely. His relaxed attitude told me that he had an inkling of my thoughts.

He sat down in the chair behind his desk. Nonchalantly, he asked, "Did you two meet for a chat? You didn't bump into the paparazzi, did you?"

I had mentioned our old run-in with the paparazzi to Marcus in passing.

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Marcus' question had opened up a Pandora box. I couldn't rid myself of the thoughts in my mind. I blurted, "Marcus, you've known Mr. Fuller for a while, right?"

Marcus schooled his expression into a neutral one before asking, "Who's been spreading rumors?"

His reply put me at a loss of words.

Meanwhile, he didn't look guilty at all.

Now I was the awkward one. How can I question a man who's been by my side for the past six years over a stranger I've merely known for a few days? That's too much.

Observing my hesitation, Marcus asked seriously, "Is it Emery?"

I pursed my lips. "Emery only wants me to regain my memories ASAP."

This didn't surprise Marcus, who opted not to interrogate me about our conversation topics. "Do you think she's telling the truth?"

"She has nothing to gain from lying to me." My trust in Emery was unshaken.

"That's good." Marcus smiled gently. "As long as you believe that she's not lying to you, then she's telling the truth."

Marcus' cryptic statement unnerved me.

Marcus had never felt like a fiancé to me, let alone someone I had loved romantically in the past. He felt more like a platonic, male confidant who wasn't petty or jealous of my relationships.

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Even though we lived together, we seemed to live our separate lives in that house. We didn't flirt or behave romantically toward each other.

This thought had been weighing on my mind for a long time. This time, I couldn't hold in my curiosity. "Am I really your fiancée?"

Marcus' expression changed at my question. In an unusually playful mood, he asked, "What do you think?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

Suddenly he laughed. He took out his phone before addressing me casually, "It's getting late. Do you want to wait for me, or shall I arrange for someone to send you home?"

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