

Chapter 602 They Had A Child

Melissa wasn't by herself.

She stood beside a sleek black limousine while Albert sat inside one long leg casually hanging out.

Inside the car, another presence was felt.

A fierce female voice was heard, engaged in a heated argument with Albert.

"Albert, you old scoundrel," the voice lashed out.

"I'm nearly twenty years younger than you, yet I gave you my virginity only to find you chasing after other women now.

You enjoy playing around, don't you? I'll kick you where it hurts and see if you still act so recklessly."

Albert attempted to placate her with a hint of impatience, though he mostly endured her tirade.

Marcus found the voice oddly familiar but chose to focus on Melissa, whose face came into view.

Melissa noticed him too.

Melissa offered a faint smile, straightened her overcoat, and then leaned in to exchange a few words with Albert. Despite bearing scratches on his face from the woman's outburst, Albert remained composed as the woman continued to vent her frustrations. "Melissa, you always take his side."

The woman was Jessie.

Two years prior, Albert and Jessie first crossed paths at the airport. Over time, their relationship blossomed into something more.

However, Albert's unfaithfulness posed a significant challenge. Despite

Jessie's efforts, she struggled to capture his heart fully. Despite being together for two years, their relationship was characterized by sweet moments overshadowed by frequent conflicts.

Melissa, having served as Albert's secretary for some time, encountered few women as irrational as Jessie, perhaps bolstered by her affluent background.

Despite Jessie's accusations, Melissa merely smiled.

Melissa served as Albert's secretary, and he showed her a certain degree of favoritism. He gently reprimanded Jessie, pressing her on the issue. "I simply gifted a dress to a model, and Melissa was just carrying out my instructions. Why are you holding it against her?"

Jessie seethed with anger. "Melissa is on your side."

While others might have been oblivious to the truth, Jessie was acutely aware of Albert's history with various women. Yet, despite the multitude of fleeting romances, none held as much significance as Melissa. Over the past two years, Melissa had gradually evolved into an indispensable figure in Albert's life, becoming more than just an employee.

Jessie harbored doubts about Albert's claim of having no romantic feelings for Melissa whatsoever.

Yet, she dared not vocalize her suspicions, fearing it might jeopardize her relationship with Albert.

Just the mere thought of it left Jessie feeling deeply aggrieved. She sat there in silence, sulking silently. Observing that Jessie had begun to calm down, Albert, willing to pacify his upset lover, looked up tenderly and addressed Melissa, "I'll drive her home, and you can take a taxi."

Then, Albert caught sight of Marcus and promptly stepped out of the car.

"Marcus."

Jessie remained hidden in the car, refusing to be seen. She had initially pursued Marcus, but her efforts had proven futile. And now, she found herself entangled in a dalliance with Albert, a realization that filled her with shame.

Albert emerged from the vehicle and approached Marcus.

This time, Albert spoke politely, addressing Marcus. "Marcus, I'll take my girlfriend home. Would you mind giving Melissa a ride? Oh, I forgot you have your girlfriend with you. It wouldn't be convenient"

Albert feigned troubled. "Melissa, it's chilly tonight. How about I call you a Uber?"

Melissa didn't expect Albert to say these to Marcus.

She immediately smiled. "I'm good. I can..."

Before she could finish, Marcus interjected, his tone gentle yet compelling. "Get in the car." His tone carried a gentle air, yet beneath it lay an undeniable force, compelling and impossible to resist.

Melissa, slightly stunned, remembered seeing Marcus adopt such a demeanor during their professional interactions, but it was unusual in private.

Just as Melissa was sighing with emotion, Violette reached out and gently took hold of her arm, her sweet smile radiating warmth. "It would be our pleasure to assist Uncle Albert."

Albert, with a mature charm, remarked, "It's not proper for a young lady to make decisions for a man before she's married to him."

Blushing Violette glanced at Marcus, who maintained his poker face.

Eventually, Melissa reluctantly complied and entered Marcus' car, surprised to find Ross behind the wheel.

Ross gasped in surprise at the sight of Melissa entering the car, followed by Marcus. The vehicle, a luxurious and expansive lengthened black limo, exuded an aura of grandeur. Marcus retrieved a bottle of red wine and two glasses from the mini-fridge, pouring half a glass for Melissa. He then turned to Ross and remarked, "She's Albert's secretary."

Ross gasped once more, his understanding evident as he remarked, "Ah, that explains it."

Ross discreetly glanced at Melissa.

Melissa hesitated to accept the wine. She saw no reason to indulge in

alcohol with Marcus present.

Appearing to anticipate Melissa's thoughts, Marcus offered a faint smile and remarked, "Violette doesn't drink red wine."

Marcus explained in an intimate tone.

Violette, with a flushed face, retorted softly, "Who said I don't drink?"

She took the glass from Marcus, taking a sip provocatively. Marcus, displaying patience, allowed Violette to have her way.

Melissa knew he did it on purpose.

Unfazed, she took a sip of her own.

Marcus, observing her, remarked, "It's been a few years. I thought you'd become more accustomed to drinking. Why only just one sip? Are you feeling unsafe?"

Melissa shifted slightly, contemplating the glass in her hand.

She smiled. "How could your car be unsafe, Mr. Fowler? You must be joking."

Marcus remained silent.

Violette sensed a subtle shift in the atmosphere between them. Was it because they hadn't been getting along well at work? Why did tension always arise whenever Marcus and Melissa crossed paths? But based on Violette's understanding of Marcus, he wasn't the type to impose himself on others. If he truly harbored animosity toward Melissa, why would he agree to offer her a ride home?

It must be for Albert's sake.

The atmosphere in the car grew awkward, with silence prevailing. Fortunately, they reached Melissa's destination swiftly.

Melissa stepped out of the car gracefully, leaning against the door with a smile. "Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

Marcus met her gaze, his eyes brimming with intense emotions. Glancing around, he smirked. "You certainly know how to pick a location. It's well-

connected, easy to find a taxi."

Melissa understood his implication, blinking innocently.

"Thanks, Mr. Fowler. I'll leave you and Miss Finch alone then. Good night."

Before Marcus could respond, Melissa closed the door.

However, as soon as Melissa closed the door and turned away, she felt a sudden wave of exhaustion wash over her, and her heart ached with an inexplicable heaviness. Melissa's encounters with Marcus in Due From seemed inevitable. Despite being aware of his relationship status, she couldn't shake off the weariness of constantly dealing with him.

Three years had passed, and while she had moved on, it seemed Marcus hadn't.

His evident hostility and disdain lingered.

Under the neon lights, Melissa blinked.

It was hard to determine who was at fault at this point. Neither of them could be blamed.

Her phone rang, interrupting her thoughts and a childish voice echoed through the line. "Mommy, when are you coming back? Julie and I have been waiting. The cake is almost melted."

With a tender smile, Melissa assured, "I'll be home soon."

After hanging up the phone, Melissa hailed a taxi.

Marcus was right. Finding a cab here was effortless.

When Melissa finally arrived home, it was already quite late. Upon opening the door, she discovered her son Matthew seated at the table. He appeared exhausted, his head nodding from drowsiness. Meanwhile, Julie was also on the verge of dozing off.

Melissa silently set down her handbag and proceeded to change her shoes.

She had purchased this apartment earlier in the year. The down payment for the 80-square-meter apartment was a big chunk and she had also



taken out a loan. Though not exceedingly wealthy because of the mortgage, she managed to lead a comfortable life.

Approaching Matthew, she gently covered his eyes.

"Guess who's back?"

The little boy stirred awake immediately, grasping Melissa's hand and murmuring "Mommy," his voice still laden with sleep.

Melissa kissed him tenderly. "I'll come home earlier from now on."

At this time, Julie also woke up.

"You're back so late, and you're wearing such thin clothes. It's cold outside." Julie empathized with Melissa's situation and rose from her seat. "Thankfully, it's not yet midnight. Let me warm up the food. You can light the candles with Matt. He's been eagerly awaiting your return for most of the evening."

"Thank you," Melissa said.

Melissa settled into her seat, cradling her son in her lap. Julie, mindful of Melissa's attire, remarked, "Your outfit is expensive. Why don't you change first before holding him?"

"It's fine. The company paid for my clothes for such events."

Julie smiled. "Mr. Watson is generous. Your annual salary for this position is very good already."

Efficient as ever, Julie heated the food quickly.

Melissa and Matthew blew out the candles together, and Matthew handed Melissa a paper airplane. "Happy birthday, Mommy."

Melissa kissed him warmly.

Matthew, feeling a bit shy, nestled comfortably in Melissa's arms.

Julie handed Melissa a bowl of soup. "Drink some hot soup to warm up. The night's cold."

After cutting the cake with Matthew and giving him a slice to enjoy,

Melissa turned to Julie.

"Time does fly. Next fall, Matt will be starting kindergarten. Melissa, I've been thinking I want to start a mobile breakfast cart instead of a real diner. I might not make much that way, but my hours would be flexible. Matt is still young and needs someone to take care of him."

Melissa sipped her soup thoughtfully.

She looked at Julie for a while and said softly, "That sounds like a lot of work for you, taking care of Matt and running a business. Let's wait a couple more years. When he starts primary school, I'll be able to save up enough to open a proper diner for you."

Julie was unafraid of putting in hard work.

But Melissa didn't want Julie to endure unnecessary hardships. Recognizing Julie's contributions and support, Melissa wished for Julie to lead a joyful and fulfilling life.

Since Melissa insisted, Julie decided to broach the topic another time.

After a quiet dinner, Melissa gave Matthew a bath.

The night settled in peacefully.

Julie lovingly tucked Matthew in. Melissa said behind Julie in a low voice, "I met him today."

Julie's hand gently patting Matthew froze for a second.

After a while, she looked back and motioned for Melissa to step outside to speak privately by raising her chin.

She brewed a cup of fruit tea for Melissa, providing warmth both physically and emotionally.

"What happened?" Julie asked gently after they settled in.

Melissa recounted the events of the day, and Julie listened intently.

After a moment of silence, Julie reached out, holding Melissa's as if she had been her daughter. "What are you gonna do now? You have a son, and I believe Mr. Fowler has feelings for you. If you want..."

"I don't want to," Melissa interjected lightly and indifferently. "I'm not suited for Marcus. His girlfriend comes from a good background. Both their families would be pleased with their union. Besides, Marcus doesn't know about Matthew. Since I didn't tell him before, it's still unnecessary now. I can raise my child well without him."

Julie nodded in agreement.

"It's good that you've thought this through. We're capable of providing for ourselves. We're not afraid of being unable to raise the child."

"Thank you, Julie," Melissa expressed gratitude gently.

Julie playfully tapped Melissa's head. "Don't thank me, silly girl. Drink your tea and get some rest. You have work tomorrow morning."

Upon hearing this, Melissa couldn't resist voicing her complaint.

"Jessie had another spat with Mr. Waston today."

Julie feigned surprise. "Really? Then his face will be scratched again."

Melissa smiled and didn't say anything more.

However, Julie was lost in contemplation. She recalled meeting Albert previously. He had often escorted Melissa home from various social gatherings. On one occasion, he had even visited their home, though he only stayed for a cup of tea.

Albert's gaze towards Melissa seemed strange.

According to Julie's observation, it wasn't really about Melissa. It was more like Albert was looking at someone else through Melissa.

Julie had heard the rumors circulating in Duefron since she moved here.

In his youth, the debauched Albert harbored a crush on Marcus' mother. When Melissa faced her lowest point, Albert took her in. Over the next two years, Melissa gradually resembled Rena more and more.

Julie didn't know what to make of it.

However, Melissa had undoubtedly improved compared to before.

Julie refrained from expressing these thoughts in Melissa's presence, as it wasn't really appropriate to do so.

The following day, Melissa went to work, noticing the fresh scratches on Albert's face and bruises on his neck.

It's quite intense! She mused to herself.

However, Melissa maintained a faint smile as she reported her work to Albert diligently. Despite her efforts, Albert seemed preoccupied.

After several attempts, Melissa couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Watson, do you need to see a doctor?"

Albert straightened up immediately. "I'm perfectly fine."

Melissa only smiled lightly.

Albert then tossed her a pamphlet. "Jessie wants a piece of jewelry. Pick something out for her."

With a polite smile, Melissa suggested, "I believe Miss Green would appreciate it more if you accompanied her to choose something."

Albert reclined in his chair, eyeing Melissa.

"You don't understand. Women are never satisfied. Take her jewelry shopping today, and tomorrow she'll demand a ring. Such a headache."

Melissa held back a response, simply nodding.

She picked up the pamphlet and said, "Alright, I'll handle it."

As she made to leave, Albert halted her. "Wait a moment."

He retrieved a card from his drawer and handed it to Melissa. "This is a gift card for the finest French restaurant in the city. Consider it a birthday gift from me. Take Matthew and Julie there for a meal when you have the chance."

Melissa accepted graciously. "Thank you, Mr. Watson."

Albert smiled. "Now, back to work."

Melissa returned to her office, where she enjoyed the comforts of her private workspace as the chief secretary, boasting an area of 15 square meters and a pleasant environment.

After taking a moment to inspect the gift card, Melissa eventually placed it inside her desk drawer.

Melissa carefully perused the jewelry booklet, studying each description intently. Eventually, she found a necklace that she thought would be perfect for Jessie. Melissa snapped a photo of it and promptly sent it to Jessie. "Do you like this one?"

Meanwhile, Jessie, in the midst of applying nail polish at her villa, received Melissa's message.

She hesitated, grappling with her complex feelings toward Melissa.

In truth, Jessie harbored no real animosity towards Melissa. However, their relationship was complex. Previously, Jessie had pursued Marcus, who had favored Melissa. Now, Jessie was involved with Albert, while Melissa appeared to hold a special place in Albert's heart, although he had never openly admitted it.

Yet, the dynamics between them were undeniably tense.

Jessie was privy to all of Melissa's secrets, including her whereabouts and the existence of her child. However, for the past two years, Jessie had chosen not to reveal anything to Marcus.

Jessie believed that her feelings towards Melissa were driven by jealousy.

Melissa's outward appearance didn't suggest that she possessed much, but in reality, she had everything. If she so desired, Albert would likely be eager to marry her without hesitation.

Jessie, feeling disgruntled, decided to take it out on Melissa. She dialed Melissa's number with the intention of making things difficult. "I don't want the necklace. I want a ring. Ask Albert if he would consider giving me a ring."

If Albert didn't have to deliver the ring to Jessie personally, there might be a possibility of him fulfilling her request.

Maintaining a composed expression, Melissa inquired "What's your ring size?"

"Size 11. Melissa, could you possibly make the decision for Albert?"

Remaining professional, Melissa informed, "Mr. Watson has set a monthly spending limit of \$20 million for you."

Jessie erupted in anger, hurling her phone against the wall.

She couldn't fathom how Melissa, once timid, had become so assertive.

In the afternoon, Melissa went to get the diamond ring.

Opting for a two-carat diamond ring, she deemed it ideal for Jessie, fitting for a young woman and likely to be popular among ladies.

Utilizing the company's car for her errand, Melissa encountered Kevin Lane, the driver, who always treated her with utmost politeness knowing her favor with Albert.

Upon exiting the vehicle, she handed Kevin a box of Swiss roll from a famous pastry shop in town, much to his delight. "My daughter adores this brand, but it's quite pricey and we can't indulge in it often. Miss Brown, you're being too generous."

Melissa offered a warm smile. "Consider it a company perk. If I come across more, I'll get you something else."

With Kevin happily driving away, Melissa proceeded to contact the jewelry store manager, confirming that everything was in order.

She strode confidently in her heels.

The well-fitted dress accentuated her figure perfectly, enhancing her already graceful aura. Coupled with her gentle visage, her overall presence exuded an air of superiority. Melissa was a regular patron of the jewelry store, and the manager consistently treated her with the utmost respect.

"Miss Brown, my team's performance this month hinges on your order," the manager remarked earnestly.

Melissa smiled. "You should thank Mr. Watson."

The manager, pragmatic as ever, acknowledged, "Your endorsement in front of Mr. Watson brings attention to our products. You have impeccable taste, and ensuring Mr. Watson's girlfriends are pleased is paramount."

Melissa merely smiled in response.

Just then, a group descended from the second-floor elevator, led by Marcus.

His gaze fell upon Melissa at the jewelry counter, inspecting a diamond ring before her.

What? Was she getting married?

Marcus' expression darkened at the thought.

Sylvia, noticing Marcus' reaction, followed his gaze and was equally surprised to see Melissa.

Sylvia gazed at Melissa for a prolonged moment, unable to refrain from remarking "She's changed a lot."

Melissa appeared even more beautiful than before, yet there was a subtle air of sophistication about her. Sylvia couldn't deny Melissa's attractiveness, but she pondered which type Marcus preferred more.

Marcus didn't respond.

Sylvia, adept at reading her boss' expressions, contemplated for a moment before suggesting to Marcus, "Why don't I invite Melissa over so you two can catch up?"

Marcus remained silent, his focus fixed on the diamond ring, his expression grim.

After a long while, he finally spoke up.