

Chapter 628 Am I Just Your Cusual Fling (Part Three)

It was then that Melissa recalled Marcus' invitation.

Fearing he might show up at her place again tonight, she pondered for a moment before responding "I have a dinner event that I can't skip."

Marcus didn't press the matter.

Seated in his leather chair, Marcus idly scrolled through his phone. Sylvia reminded him in hushed tones, "The Summit Ltd case is rather significant. The potential profit is around \$20 billion. Albert is placing great importance on it."

Marcus remained silent, his chair swiveling without a word escaping his lips.

Sylvia refrained from speaking sensing Marcus' silent jealousy.

Marcus felt jealousy toward Albert?

Melissa, almost two decades younger than Albert, made their relationship seem improbable. Moreover, recent rumors circulated about Albert and Jessie.

At the Cloud Club, Albert brought Melissa to the dinner appointment, resolute in securing the deal, which pleased the other party with favorable terms.

Besides, few companies in the nation could match the reliability of the Waston Group.

Following a lengthy dinner spanning four hours, the business negotiations neared completion, with the signing of the intent contract imminent.

Albert drank a lot.

As the project lead and Albert's secretary, Melissa indulged in alcohol alongside him. By midnight, after bidding farewell to the Summit Ltd representatives, Melissa found herself sprawled over the wash basin, struggling to regain composure.

While others recognized Melissa as Albert's favorite, only she comprehended the extent of her efforts to reach this position.

Her journey had been fraught with hardships.

Leaning against the wall, Albert studied Melissa's slender shoulders and delicate neck before exhaling a wisp of smoke.

Perhaps fueled by alcohol, Albert eventually uttered something heartfelt.

Melissa had been under his employ for three years.

In a husky voice, he parted his lips and uttered, "Melissa, this is not what I had in mind for you when I took you in."

Melissa wasn't notably intoxicated.

"Mr. Waston, you're drunk," she remarked.

Attempting to intervene, Melissa turned around, but Albert waved her off, insisting "Let me speak."

He drew deeply from his cigarette.

He confessed, "I find myself in a conflicting position. Part of me wishes for your reconciliation with Marcus, especially considering your son. Yet, on the other hand, I hope he swiftly ties the knot upon his return, ensuring you two never reconnect. Even if Marcus learns about Matthew down the line, the Fowler family won't permit him to divorce and marry you due to their concern for appearances. However, Marcus encountered you again upon his return, before any marriage arrangements were made."

"Mr. Waston," Melissa interjected.

Albert smiled wryly. "That's a relief, actually. It will spare me the anguish."

Approaching her, he extended his hand as if to caress her hair.

His nostrils flared slightly, a sign of agitation. Despite his past kindness towards Melissa, he now regards her highly for her hard-earned achievements.

Melissa attempted to evade him but she hesitated momentarily before relenting.

She held a deep admiration for Albert.

He was the one who had rescued her from the depths of despair, providing her with everything she needed and breathing new life into her once more.

To Melissa, Albert represented a mentor figure. Observing his melancholy, she recognized it wasn't only directed at her. Despite her desire to speak, she found herself momentarily transfixed.

Marcus stood in silence opposite the bathroom.

He observed Melissa and Albert silently, noting their interaction.

Their relationship wasn't particularly intimate.

It seemed to be an emotional connection between a man and a woman.

Thus far, Melissa has not reciprocated such sentiment towards Marcus, yet Albert seemed to have garnered it effortlessly.

In that moment, Marcus perceived that Melissa held Albert in higher regard than him.

As the Fowler family heir, Marcus deemed it beneath his dignity to engage in conflict with Albert. Calmly, Marcus informed Melissa, "I'll be waiting in the car."

Melissa met Marcus' gaze.

Albert pressed his fingers to his temple, addressing the young man, "Marcus, please hear me out..."

Marcus' tone remained cool as he remarked, "I must thank you for looking after Melissa all these years, Uncle Albert."

With that, Marcus departed.

Albert glanced back at Melissa, exhaling softly. "I've put you in a difficult position, haven't I? You're free to resign if you wish," he offered.

Whatever she needed, he would provide it.

Melissa shook her head resolutely. "I won't resign," she declared.

Observing Albert's unease from excessive drinking, Melissa spoke gently, "Mr. Watson, you've misunderstood something. You believe you'll worry about me once you return to Heron, but let me pose a question for you. If Jessie were in my shoes, would you feel concerned for her? Would you allow her to drink this much?"

Albert was taken aback.

Turning the faucet on, Melissa splashed cold water on her face, composedly remarking, "You wouldn't. Mr. Watson, do you need me to point out who holds a more significant place in your heart? You, Jessie, and many others in the company might assume that I made it this far simply because you held me in high regard. However, the truth is quite different. I've remained by your side because of Jessie. Of course, you haven't treated her well either.

Mr. Watson, you took me here because I am just a secretary after all.

But for someone you genuinely care about, you'd keep them locked away at home and away from prying eyes."

Albert remained silent, his gaze fixed on Melissa.

In that moment, he struggled to discern his emotions. Had he been too demanding of her?

Regaining her composure, Melissa offered, "I'll arrange for the driver to take you home."

However, Albert replied casually, "I'd prefer to be alone for a bit."

Melissa stepped aside to summon the driver for Albert before departing.

Melissa had arrived in the company car. Now she wondered if she could

get a taxi here in the middle of the night.

Stepping out of the club, she spotted a white Bentley parked by the roadside.

After pondering briefly, Melissa approached the passenger door and climbed in, finding Marcus inside, smoking quietly. She remained silent. Eventually, Marcus broke the silence. "Melissa, am I nothing more than your casual fling now?"