

Chapter 639 Feeling Sad (Part One)

When Julie voiced her concern, Matthew also glanced up at his mother.

Despite his youth, the gravity of the situation wasn't lost on him. Clutching Melissa's hand, he whispered "Mommy" with the innocence of a child, his gesture tender and seeking reassurance.

Tears welled up in Melissa's eyes as she bent down to envelop him in a gentle embrace, murmuring "I'm okay."

Matthew, momentarily comforted, scampered off to his room, his spirits lifted enough to engage in his toys. Meanwhile, Julie continued with her task of making dumplings but paused to address Melissa after the little boy had left. She whispered, concern lacing her tone, "Did something happen between you and Mr. Fowler?"

Melissa opened up, sparing no detail.

A heavy silence fell between them before Julie finally spoke up, her voice still a whisper. "He seems like a decent person who truly cares for you. But the decision about whether he's the right one for you can only be made by you. I won't pretend to offer advice on such matters. Just know, I'm always here to support you and Matthew."

Melissa then hugged Julie.

With a heavy heart, Julie broached the subject of departure. "You're leaving this afternoon? Get your things ready. I'll let you know when the dumplings are done."

Acknowledging with a nod, Melissa recognized her need for solitude at that moment.

Facing at least a month away, she meticulously packed her belongings. During the process, her gaze fell on the diamond ring Marcus had given her, adorning her finger.

She caressed it gently.

Despite her lingering feelings for Marcus, she conceded they were fundamentally mismatched.

After a moment's contemplation, she removed the ring, placing it with care in the drawer, symbolizing the closure of a chapter in their lives...

The thought of bringing Matthew along to Heron crossed her mind, but after weighing her options, she decided against it, choosing to face the journey ahead on her own.

Amidst the flurry of her trip, Melissa knew her attention would be spread too thin to properly care for him.

Leaving him in Julie's capable hands seemed the best decision for now.

Journeying to the airport alone, she hailed a cab. After nearing the security checkpoint a familiar voice halted her, "Melissa."

Turning she saw Jessie, clad in a brown overcoat, behind sunglasses, her face set with makeup.

Jessie stepped closer, removing her sunglasses to impart, "I'll be brief, so you won't miss your flight."

Melissa offered a small smile.

Jessie, pausing upon seeing Melissa's eyes brimming with unshed tears, questioned, "Is it truly worth it? To forsake all you have for Albert? I don't get it, Melissa. If your heart leans towards Albert, then..."

"Mr. Weston is merely my boss. There's nothing more," Melissa cut in, her voice serene yet firm.

Jessie's gaze lingered, torn and questioning

After a moment, Melissa added softly, "You're concerned for him. Why not a visit to Heron? He might need more than just professional assistance; maybe the comfort of company too."

This suggestion seemed to unsettle Jessie, who retorted, "I'm involved with someone else now."

Nodding, Melissa then decided to drop the subject and stay silent.

Melissa then thought about her own relationship with Marcus.

Her affection for him was undeniable. But so what?

She would probably never fully open up to him and make that commitment again.

Glancing at her watch, Melissa asked, "Should I pass along any message to Mr. Waston from you?"

Jessie's eyes lingered on Melissa, a mix of emotions playing across her face before she declined, "No! Melissa... Knowing you're there is comforting. It's confusing really. I ought to despise him, envy you, yet I find solace in your presence by his side. I think I'm going crazy."

As Melissa adjusted her scarf and turned to leave, a thought lingered in her mind— True freedom, the kind that allowed one to act on whim, was a luxury not everyone could afford.

She reminded herself to remain cautious, not to fall too deeply or too quickly in love, until she could confidently claim the liberty to choose love on her own terms.

The recent days had been a whirlwind of passion and sweetness with Marcus, yet their reconciliation seemed premature, failing to address the underlying issues. This realization brought a sense of sorrow, pondering how swiftly their reconciliation had turned to parting once more.

Melissa couldn't place the blame solely on Marcus or herself, rather, she simply felt a tinge of disappointment.

At two in the afternoon, her plane took off, charting a course towards Heron.

Upon her arrival, Albert had arranged for his driver to collect Melissa. Directly from the airport, she headed straight for the Waston Group's headquarters.

Exiting the car in front of the towering building, Melissa was met with familiar faces.

Acknowledging their greetings with a nod, she made her way to the elevator, unmoved by the murmurs that followed her ascent.

"She's Mr. Waston's trusted advisor! With his rise to power, her promotion is inevitable."

"You're right!"

Their gossip meant nothing to her. The elevator's slow climb ended at the top floor, ushering her into the tense atmosphere of the meeting room.

Inside the spacious meeting room, Albert sat at the head of the table, his expression unreadable.

With the Waston Group's former president's passing the shareholders were embroiled in a fierce fight for power. Melissa entered, breaking the tension with a simple, "Mr. Waston!"

Albert's response was a quiet nod, a brief acknowledgment before he instructed, "Sit down."

The meeting stretched from the late afternoon into the night, ending at ten. Despite the physical discomfort, the attendees departed swiftly, leaving Albert alone, massaging his temples in the now-quiet conference room.

Melissa brewed a cup of coffee for Albert and set it before him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Waston. The deal with Summit Ltd. didn't go through."

Albert, already aware of the news from the morning looked up.

Melissa's admission confirmed his suspicions about the deal's failure. He took the coffee and whispered, "Any regrets?"

She merely shook her head in response.

He offered a slight smile. "That's good to hear."



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