

Chapter 640 Feeling Sad (Part Two)

After sipping his coffee, he broached the subject of damage control, "The main office hasn't been informed yet. We need to manage the situation discreetly before they make any announcements. The loss of this contract isn't favorable for us."

Melissa's instinct was to apologize, but Albert reassured her, emphasizing her value over the contract.

"Given the circumstances, you're more crucial than this deal."

Standing, he proposed, "Let's have dinner and then go pay your respect. He... liked you a lot when he was still alive."

His voice carried a note of sorrow.

Melissa agreed.

The visit to the Waston family's mansion was followed by her return to the hotel around midnight.

Checking in, she was momentarily distracted by the silent snowfall outside the window, almost missing the receptionist's call to collect her room key.

Later, as she lay in bed after freshening up, the day's events, particularly the argument with Marcus, replayed in her mind. The emotional turmoil wasn't easy; convincing herself to reconcile with Marcus had been hard enough, leaving her heartache in his absence palpable.

As adults, Melissa and Marcus had ceased contact following her decision to end their relationship.

By seven in the morning, Melissa had already started her day, leaving after breakfast.

Her schedule was packed, meetings, late nights at work, and social commitments left her drained, with little bandwidth for personal reflections.

Her only respite was the daily calls to Matthew and Julie, providing brief moments of connection amidst her hectic routine. Marcus, and the brief interlude of warmth they shared, gradually receded into the backdrop of her memory, their time together seeming more like a fleeting dream.

In the bustling environment of the Fowler Group as the new year approached, Marcus stood by the window, his gaze lost in the heavy snowfall. Sylvia entered, breaking the silence. "Mr. Fowler, the press conference is about to start. Are we really proceeding with the announcement of our collaboration with Summit Ltd?"

Marcus remained still, his back to her, responding softly, "I'll join shortly."

Sylvia hesitated before broaching a more personal subject. "Have you considered reaching out to Melissa? With the New Year upon us, she might be heading back to Duefron for the celebrations."

The room fell into a heavy silence following her suggestion.

Marcus opened his hand to reveal a diamond ring, a symbol of promises and plans now uncertain.

The last visit to see Matthew had led to an accidental discovery: the ring he had given Melissa was found in a drawer. Since flying to Heron, she had never reached out to him, her intentions clear.

She clearly meant it when she said they were through.

Despite the pain, Marcus' love persisted. Gazing at the ring he whispered, "No, don't call her. Let's proceed with the press conference."

With a heavy heart, Sylvia withdrew.

Minutes later, the Fowler Group made headlines, announcing a monumental partnership with Summit Ltd, a venture initially slated for the Waston Group, now marked by a significant turning point in their corporate narrative.

His strategic move to outmaneuver the Waston Group for a crucial

contract disrupted the equilibrium between the two corporations.

This shift presented significant challenges for the Waston Group's operations in Duefron, magnifying the hurdles they already faced.

The ripple effect of this development stirred a buzz within the Waston Group.

Despite the setback, Albert and Melissa's foresight in securing a crucial contract from a major foreign enterprise provided a timely cushion. However, the aftermath of this strategic loss left them grappling with ongoing issues. With the New Year approaching, Albert suggested Melissa return to Duefron to spend time with her family and simultaneously tackle the challenges rising in the branch company.

"Mr. Waston."

Melissa began, her observation of Albert revealing the physical toll of their efforts — notably, the emergence of grey hairs, which seemed of little concern to him.

Albert completed the formalities of an important document—an appointment letter naming Melissa as the new acting CEO for the Waston Group's Duefron branch.

With this position, she was entrusted with full authority over its operations. Laying the letter before her, he acknowledged the pressing issues. "Our quarterly sales have dipped by 12 percent. I've dedicated two years to revitalizing the branch office. It's not something I can simply abandon. For now, the situation at headquarters remains manageable."

Melissa's new role came with an annual compensation of 8 million, supplemented by a two percent bonus at the year end.

The job did pay well.

It was a testament to her dedication and the exhaustive hours she had invested. The toll of working tirelessly, often with less than five hours of sleep a night, was a burden known only to her.

Melissa's expression was one of determination. "I won't disappoint you."

Albert then retrieved two small gift boxes from his drawer, extending



them to Melissa. "Please give these to Julie and Matthew. I won't be able to visit them this year," he said.

Melissa accepted them without hesitation.

Albert's gaze lingered on a larger box still in the drawer. In previous years, he had always prepared a big gift for Jessie.

This year, however, it remained undelivered.

Though he seemed on the verge of speaking no words came; nevertheless, Melissa intuited his thoughts. Quietly, she mentioned, "Jessie might be getting engaged on Valentine's Day."

Albert appeared taken aback. "Engaged? That quickly?"

Realizing that his reaction wasn't really appropriate, he composed himself with a slight smile. "It's actually natural for her to move on at her age."

The conversation ended there.

Melissa returned to her hotel, quickly packed her belongings and headed for the airport.

With the new year just days away, it wasn't until she was safely aboard the plane that the reality of her journey settled in.

She was on her way back to Duefron, eager to reunite with Matthew after a month apart.

Choosing not to call ahead, she hoped to surprise her son. Arriving at the apartment at 5:30 pm, she quietly unlocked the door, only to collide with someone as she stepped inside.

Looking up, she found herself face-to-face with Marcus.

