

## Chapter 646 Come Here To Pick Up Matthew

After Melissa had remained downstairs for quite a long time, she finally decided to go back. That was when she saw Albert emerge from the building.

When he saw her, he said in a whisper, "Jessie's asleep now, but she doesn't sleep soundly. So you'd better be as quiet as possible."

Melissa nodded in understanding.

Jessie was about to be engaged to another man, so it was really inappropriate for her to have too much contact with Albert.

Albert didn't stick around for long. He only had a brief talk with Melissa about the company. Then he patted her on the shoulder and said, "If you ever need anything just give me a call. Duefron is very important to the company. We can't afford to lose this market at all."

"I understand, Mr. Waston." Melissa nodded again. Being his subordinate, she naturally cared about Albert's future in the company.

Albert stubbed out his cigarette and went on. "The situation in Heron is tense, but I can still manage. By the way, I need to take a family photo with that woman tomorrow morning."

This sudden thought instantly plunged him into a bad mood.

Frankly, Waston Group was not what he truly wanted. What he wanted for himself was freedom, but he was now trapped by this so-called responsibility for the rest of his life.

After their brief conversation, Melissa walked him to his car and saw him drive off.

Melissa, on her part, returned to her apartment and walked into the bedroom.

Jessie was fast asleep on the bed.

Her shoes and socks had been taken off and one of Matthew's plushies was in her arms. Suddenly, Melissa's eyes caught sight of the small gift box lying right next to the pillow. Sitting quietly on the edge of the bed, she reached out to brush aside Jessie's hair gently.

Melissa thought to herself that perhaps Albert was also reluctant to part with Jessie.

Albert perhaps actually cared a lot about Jessie. But when he was younger, he met a stunning woman and fell in love with her. No one had seemed as good as her ever since. Unfortunately for him, he forgot that the most important thing in a marriage was mutual love and affection.

The next morning when Jessie woke up, the first thing she saw was the small gift box.

As usual, Albert was being very generous. He always sent her something nice as new year's gift.

When Jessie held the box, she became dazed. When she finally recovered herself, she jumped out of the bed and ran straight to the living room.

Melissa was in the kitchen cooking and didn't notice Jessie standing right behind her.

"He... Did he come last night?" Jessie asked with a stutter. Though she had gotten drunk last night, she was not badly hungover.

She racked her brain, trying to recall something about last night. It seemed she had hugged Albert, even kissed him and said a lot of nonsense. This thought made her feel highly embarrassed.

"Yes, Mr. Weston stopped by yesterday," Melissa answered, stopping everything she was doing to focus on Jessie.

Jessie's eyes widened when she heard this.

"Did I do anything inappropriate?" she asked anxiously.

"Yup!" Melissa said briefly.

Holding her head in both hands, Jessie howled for almost a minute. Then she looked up and glared at Melissa, "Why didn't you stop me?!"

"I tried, but you were too inebriated," Melissa replied with a shrug.

Jessie quietly turned around and went back to the room. A moment later, she reappeared with her handbag and said to Melissa, "Thank you for the dinner. See ya."

By now, Melissa knew Jessie almost as much as she knew herself.

So, she didn't bother to stop her at all.

"Won't you try to stop me?!" Jessie shouted, stamping her feet indignantly, "Melissa, don't you have a heart?! How could you just let me go like this? I thought we were friends! I was even planning to introduce you to a guy during my engagement! Humph! It seems I was wrong about you!"

But Melissa didn't even respond to her tirade. Instead, she calmly went over to the table and put down a plate of beef dumplings along with some black vinegar.

Jessie stared at the delicacy for a moment. Then she put down her handbag and began to gulp down the food. "I always knew it was your cooking skills you used to lure Marcus back then! After all, someone like him could have had any woman he wanted," she grumbled.

Melissa only broke into a faint smile and said nothing.

But when Jessie didn't hear any response from her, she quickly added, "Don't be mad at me, I'm just speaking my mind. But I have to say that the way Marcus stares at you is the same way I'm looking at these dumplings! Don't tell me he has no other woman apart from you. Is that true? It seems to me he and Violette never even made out."

"Eat your dumplings and stop talking nonsense!" Melissa swiftly rebuked her.

This annoyed Jessie and she retorted angrily, "I treat you as a true friend, but you only take care of me because I have a history with Albert! How can you be so heartless, Melissa?"



Melissa smiled when she heard this.

"Who do you want to take care of you? Mr. Waston or me?" she asked calmly.

Jessie was stunned by this question. After a moment of silence, she eventually murmured, "Does it matter now? That son of a bitch will never marry me anyway."

Melissa said nothing in response.

She couldn't say what exactly was on Albert's mind, nor did she have any plans to persuade Jessie. After all, Jessie couldn't afford to waste the rest of her life on Albert. But would she ever be happy, marrying someone else?

By now, Jessie had finished eating half the plate of dumplings. She belched and leaned back to rest.

After some time, she said to Melissa, "Let's not talk about that bastard anymore, okay? It's all in the past. Let's just let bygones be bygones."

Despite having said this, when she eventually went back home, she still took the gift box out and caress it carefully, because she knew that this was the last time she would ever receive anything from Albert.

After her marriage, she would be someone else's wife and would no longer be able to interact with Albert.

After Jessie left, Melissa watched some movies.

When it was dusk, she decided that she would go out for a walk.

But to her surprise, she got a call from Marcus. She had thought that after what had happened last night, Marcus wouldn't contact her for the time being even if it was about Matthew.

After pondering for a while, she answered the call.

Immediately, she heard Marcus saying in a cold voice, "Matthew wants to go back! You can come pick him up at eight o'clock."

When Melissa heard this, she became a bit worried about her son.



She wanted to ask some questions, but Marcus hung up before she could even speak. Melissa felt really depressed. Were things so strained between she and Marcus that they couldn't even pretend to be polite to each other?

A deal was a deal. She couldn't go pick up Matthew right now, no matter how worried she was.

He was in his grandparents' house, far out of her jurisdiction and she wasn't involved with Marcus anymore. She wouldn't do anything inappropriate, especially when her little boy was involved.

So she waited until 7 p.m. before changing into a thin red dress and a beige overcoat. Then she tied her long hair up and pinned it with a simple hairpin. This made her look mature and feminine.

Though she was going to pick up Matthew, Melissa knew that she couldn't just pay his grandparents a visit empty-handed.

So she bought some expensive tonics and fruits on her way to the Fowler family mansion.

By the time she arrived at her destination, it was 8 p.m.

Since it was holiday period, the Fowler family house was crowded. Apart from the Fowlers, Mark and Cecilia also came with their kids to celebrate the holiday. As a result, Waylen and Rena prepared a big feast.

After Melissa drove into the front yard of the mansion, she opened the door and was about to step out when she heard some noise and then saw a black limo.

She recognized the vehicle instantly. It was a car belonging to the Finch family.

Was Violette inside? She wondered.

If she was, then it was not very convenient for Melissa to go in. Just then, a domestic staff happened to walk past, so Melissa opened the trunk and asked her to take the gifts and help deliver them on her behalf. The woman had been working for the Fowler family for many years, so she knew exactly what Melissa meant.

Since Violette was in the compound it would be awkward if Melissa showed up right now.

So the woman nodded in understanding and helped her carry the things she had brought. Then she went to Marcus and asked him, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Brown is here to pick Matthew up. Should I take him out right now?"

Marcus was in the large hall, seated on a sofa and browsing through a magazine while Matthew played by his side.

Indeed, the Finch family had come to the mansion, but it was not the way Melissa thought. In fact, they only spent half an hour in the place. Their purpose for coming had been very obvious and it was to cotton up to Waylen and Rena.

"Where is she now?" Marcus asked the servant in an indifferent tone.