

Chapter 655 Be A Man (Part Two)

His musings were interrupted when Waylen pushed through the door.

"Staying up so late?" he said with a scoff as he plopped down on the seat across from Marcus. "It is said that single men are prone to have problems sleeping. Seems true enough to me."

Marcus didn't bother to look up from his phone. "You have a wife, Dad, why are you up so late?"

Waylen chortled. "Well, I'm way too happy to fall asleep! And your mother likes to indulge me from time to time. You would do well to learn a thing or two from us!"

Marcus finally looked up, only to raise a sardonic brow.

"I heard you played golf with a female celebrity yesterday," Waylen plowed on. "As you may know, golf is actually a lovely chapter of the love story of your mom and me. However... The Fowler family shall not have a starlet with a vulgar mouth as a daughter-in-law."

Marcus couldn't care less about his father's issue, and dismissed it by saying, "The vice-president was the one who invited her. They are eyeing her to be the next brand ambassador, but if you dislike her that much, I'll tell them not pursue a contract with her."

Waylen scoffed and rolled her eyes. He knew what his son was thinking.

"So, you don't like her, either, but you don't want to reject her outright for fear of offending the shareholders. I see how it is. You want to use me to get rid of her, once and for all. Ha! You may be able to fool others with your little narrative, but that's not going to fly with me."

Marcus just shrugged, completely unperturbed at being found out.

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+165 Points at most

Waylen chose that moment to get to his main purpose for coming. "Anyway, why didn't you tell us that Matthew was sick? You should speak to Melissa. Tell her that Matthew is more than welcome to come and live with us for a while. Or your mother and I can stay over at their place, at least for a few days. Julie is meticulous, but it can't be easy for her to do chores and take care of a child at the same time."

His tone was confident, as though his proposition was only a matter of course.

"Melissa's place is too small to accommodate two additional people," Marcus said wryly.

"Then buy her a big house! Marcus... Matthew is my precious grandson. How can you let him grow up in such a shabby place huh? Why, your bedroom alone is bigger than Melissa's entire apartment. How can you be so stingy toward the woman who gave birth to your son? Can you honestly call yourself a man?"

Without waiting for a response, Waylen stomped out of the room.

Marcus didn't stop or refute him. It would be better to talk to his father once the latter had calmed down.

The truth of the matter was that he wanted to take care of his small family and give them everything they could ever want. But Melissa would not allow it. She was different from the woman she used to be. She was perfectly capable of supporting herself and their son without his help. She told him her plan and he knew that she would be buying a more spacious house on her own sooner or later.

Two days later, the biggest auction of the year was held.

Melissa had done her research and was fully-prepared. She was planning to bid on a pair of antique plates and give them to Alan as a token of sincerity.

At eight o'clock that evening, she arrived at the venue with her secretary.

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Almost all the seats were occupied at that point, but she managed to pull some strings and secured a seat right next to Alan himself.

As she approached, Alan greeted her with a bow. "Miss Brown! I have heard so much about you from your boss. I wasn't expecting you to get promoted so quickly. Your skills must be very promising, indeed."

"You flatter me, Mr. Scott," she replied politely as she sat down.

She had done her homework and was now well-versed with his hobbies and personality. Needless to say, she honed in on their common interests and carried the conversation with ease. It was a pleasant exchange over all.

When the time finally came, she presented the antique plates to Alan.

"This is very kind of you," he said, chuckling in delight. "But we've only just met; how can I accept such a valuable gift?"

But they both knew the unspoken rules that governed these social circles. If Alan had the intention to do business with her, he would accept her gift regardless of the norms. And so, they exchanged a few more pleasantries, and then Alan accepted the gift. He leaned closer and whispered, "I am actually very impressed with that project proposal, you know! My company shall respond once the preliminary assessment is done."

Melissa smiled and raised her wineglass in a toast. "Thank you, Mr. Scott."

Alan stared at her for a moment as an idea formed in his mind.

He happened to have a son.

This aforementioned son was in his thirties, and was of excellent character and commendable intelligence. The young man had lost his wife in an accident two years ago, and he had been single ever since.

As it was, none of the ladies of the upper society would ever waste their

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time on a man who had been married, not to mention that he was now a widower.

And Alan himself would rather not have a divorced woman for a future daughter-in-law.

But as he studied Melissa now, he found that he was quite satisfied with her. Not only was she shrewd and capable, but she was very good-looking as well. She knew how to carry herself in the vicious world of business, all while maintaining her grace and gentility. She would make someone a very good wife, indeed.

Alan made up his mind there and then. He was going to make her his son's wife.

With his plan in place, he began to let his guard down around her, and proceeded to steer their conversations from business to some personal matters, like their hobbies and interesting family trivia. Melissa's brows furrowed slightly. She was confused by Alan's sudden and unexpected zeal.

Even so, she was glad to have secured a solution to the financing problem.

Eventually, Alan said his farewells and left. Melissa finished her glass of champagne and thought she should freshen up before taking her leave as well. She was in the bathroom when Marcus suddenly barged in and locked the door behind him.



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