

Chapter 656 Be A Man (Part Three)

Melissa froze. She hadn't even seen him the entire time she was in the auction hall.

Marcus looked at her through the mirror as he walked over and turned off the tap. "Are you going to get Alan Scott to invest in your project? Why didn't you consider my proposal?"

Melissa broke eye contact and turned the tap on again.

"Do you really think that's appropriate?" she asked through the sound of running water.

Marcus turned to face her, his expression serious. "Why the hell would it be inappropriate? There are no permanent allies or enemies in the business world, Melissa, only endless opportunities that you need to seize."

She knew this, of course.

She ducked her head and tried to sound indifferent. "I have no intention of mixing my personal life with my career."

After a brief pause, Marcus tried again. "You may not know this, but Alan and my mother... They are friends! And he is quite notorious for not having any boundaries when it comes to public and private matters. It's one of the biggest factors why his company's growth is stunted."

There was an underlying meaning to his words.

Staying silent for a while, Melissa raised her head and said in a low voice, "So, Alan has to ask you for advice in business?"

As she walked past him to the door, Marcus grabbed her arm to stop her.

"My father wants to see Matthew. When is a convenient time for you? He



thinks I'm mistreating you by letting you stay in that small apartment of yours."

"I'll send him over on Saturday," Melissa said in a hushed voice. "As for the house, I'll explain the matter to him myself."

All things considered, she really made an excellent ex. She was straightforward and rarely made any fuss.

However, it irritated Marcus to no end.

He wanted to say something else, but could not find the right words. He had no choice but to let her go.

They crossed paths again later, this time in the parking lot.

Melissa was walking to her car when she spotted Marcus' vehicle.

She also noticed the beautiful, young woman in his backseat. If Melissa remembered correctly, the girl was the daughter of one of Marcus' elders.

Melissa turned away and sighed to herself.

So much for separating work and personal matters. Marcus himself had dated a lot of beautiful women while working on the clock.

On the drive home, Melissa rolled the window down to enjoy the night air.

Aware of their whole situation, the driver cleared his throat and tried to comfort her. "Don't take it to heart, Miss Brown. Being married to a rich man does not guarantee happiness in life. You have a thriving career and a smart and healthy son. You don't lack anything."

Melissa smiled. "I don't take it to heart at all."

But she did wonder why they always had to run into each other in such a big city. They had parted ways, and that should be that. Every time she saw Marcus, she would be reminded of the things she wanted to forget, all the sufferings she had endured in the past.

Meanwhile, inside Marcus' car...

The woman leaned close to him, undeterred by his glum expression.



She had schemed to be there, claiming that her car had broken down before asking him to give her a ride home.

Marcus hadn't refused out of respect for her father, but he wasn't expecting to be seen by Melissa, of all people.

Not that he should be bothered by this—they had broken up, after all. The problem was, he did feel bothered. He was flustered and angry and even a little regretful.

As soon as Melissa's car disappeared in the distance, Marcus got out of the car and slammed the door closed behind him.

He turned to his driver, instructing him to drive the girl home. Feeling aggrieved, she also got out of the car and demanded, "Is it because of her?"

Marcus stood tall and brooding in his black suit.

He lit a cigarette and took a couple of drags before asking "Her, who?"

"Melissa! From the Watson Group.

I heard that she got her position through Mr. Watson's help. She wouldn't have been promoted so fast if there was nothing going on between them.

So, are you rejecting me because of her? You can't possibly be unaware that I'm trying to pursue you. Do you honestly think that woman is worth more than I am?"

She was shaking with emotion, and her tone turned aggressive with every word she spoke.

Instead of answering her, Marcus put his cigarette out and got back inside the car. The girl tried to do the same, but he stopped her.

"She is the mother of my son," he said, his tone icy. "While you are a nobody to me. What made you think you can insult her to my face?"

He pulled the door closed, forcing her to back away, and then snapped at Ross, "Drive!"

Ross had overheard every bit of their conversation, and couldn't be more

pleased with its result. Still, he wasn't as cruel as his master. "It may not be a good idea, Mr. Fowler," he said as he started the engine "What if she runs into some hooligans if we leave her all by herself?"

"I don't care!"

Marcus glanced at the rearview mirror and saw the girl stamping her feet, no doubt throwing a tantrum.

Ross grinned. "Well, it's not her fault. This is on you, really, you ladykiller. Despite being a father, you still have a flock of women constantly chasing after you. If I were Melissa, I'd be furious, too. Ah, where are we headed, by the way?"

Marcus clicked his tongue and leaned back in his seat. He didn't care for Ross' words, either.

He fiddled with his phone for a while before asking James out for a drink. It was cold, and it was late. James dragged himself out of bed and did not hesitate to give Marcus a piece of his mind. "Look here, you may be single, but I have a wife and children to keep me company in my nice, warm home. Seriously, if you weren't helping with my business, I would never go out in the middle of the night just to drink and listen to your woes. Tell me, did you have another fight with Melissa? Why don't you just go straight to her and ask her if she still loves you, huh? Be a man and beg on your knees!"