+120 Points at most

Chapter 657 Regrets (Part One)

James' mockery almost made Marcus hang up in anger. But before he could end the call, James stopped him with an apology.

Late that night, they met at a bar they frequented.

They sat at one of the tables in the corner. Despite choosing a low-key place, several women quickly took notice and sent flirtatious glances at them, with some going as far as accosting them.

Marcus was unimpressed and ignored every single one of them.

James held a cigarette between their slender fingers, showing his ring. "I'm married."

With a chuckle, the beauties left them alone.

James narrowed his eyes and took a drag of the cigarette. As he slowly blew out smoke, he gently knocked on the table and said, "Since you can't get over her, your only option is to get her back. You've been together for so long. You just need to rekindle the feelings that are already there. Don't forget, there are many other men pursuing Melissa even now. If she wanted to, she would have plenty of options."

Without saying a word, Marcus clinked his cup with James's.

James let out a sigh. "And stop acting like you don't care."

The two drank until two in the morning. When they finished, James felt tired and drunk. He had work early the next day, so he left first.

Marcus sat there for a moment, alone with his thoughts.

Ross grew sleepy in the car.

When Marcus sat in the car, Ross shivered and asked, "Are we going back to your parents' now?"

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Marcus leaned back against his seat and answered, "Let's go back to my apartment."

Ross wiped his face, spunkup and drove.

After a while, he said, "No one uses that place. It'd be perfect if Melissa moves in with your son. It's near your company, so you would be able to have lunch with them even on weekdays."

Marcus turned his head and stared at the night outside the window.

Ross didn't press the matter anymore.

The car rolled to a stop in front of the apartment building Marcus asked Ross to leave first, and then went upstairs.

The apartment had been cleaned regularly. Everything looked the same as before.

However, the place had been vacant for a long time, so it seemed empty and desolate.

Marcus had drunk too much tonight, and he was starting to feel uncomfortable. Still, he didn't want to go to bed yet. A lonesomeness took hold of him as he thought about life. He had a thriving career, but what good did that do him? At the end of the day, he was still alone.

He walked to the guest room.

Then, he sat on the edge of the bed and lay down.

The heating in the apartment was off, but Marcus didn't want to get up and turn it on. He lay outstretched on the bed for a long time before taking something from his pocket.

It was a diamond ring for Melissa.

She had casually put it aside in the drawer when they broke up. He took it back and never told her.

They didn't need words to understand what it meant.

Until now, Marcus had never regretted a single decision he had made in

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his life... But now he was just miserable. There were plenty of beautiful women surrounding him, but he had no interest in any of them.

Now, he was lying on the bed, feeling hollow and dejected.

His eyes were fixed on the diamond ring for a long time before gently putting it back into the drawer.

Melissa...

In the dark night, Marcus quietly stared at the ceiling.

Thoughts came rushing into his head, his memories with Melissa filling his mind.

Marcus couldn't really say that he regretted nothing at that moment.

The only thing he knew was that his chest was tight with the yearning to see her.

Early in the morning Melissa left home quietly and was about to go to the company.

As she was about to get in the car, she spotted a white Bentley parked nearby. The door to the driver's seat was half-open, and a man's leg stretched out from inside. From the gap in the opening Melissa caught a glimpse of the pink decorative interior.

No doubt about it. It was Marcus's car.

Melissa looked at the car for a while, and then decided to just ignore him. She opened the door and got in her own car to drive off.

"Melissa."

Just then, Marcus called from the other vehicle. His voice was raspy from his hangover.

Melissa froze for a moment, gently closing her car door and turning around to face him. "What are you doing here?"

Marcus got out of the car and came to her. He raised his hand, glancing at his watch. "It's still early. How does breakfast sound? I know a good place nearby. They make that sandwich you're so fond of."

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Melissa digested his words slowly.

If her guess was right, he was here trying to salvage whatever was left from the wreck of their relationship. But why? After everything that had happened, was getting back together still possible?

She answered tactfully, "No, thank you."

But Marcus was already retrieving his wallet from the car. "It's still early. Keep me company."

Melissa almost laughed in her exasperation.

At this moment, Julie came downstairs with the lovely Matthew. As soon as she came down, she heard them. She brightened at the sight of them and said, "Matthew didn't eat much earlier. With you here, Mr. Fowler, I'm sure Matthew would cheer up."

Marcus was always nice to his son.

But now, he came here with another purpose. Picking up the little boy, he said, "Let's go. Would you like Mommy to come with us?"

His strategy worked instantly. Marcus looked at Melissa and said in a clear voice, "I want to eat breakfast with Mom and Dad."

Melissa got up early that morning. She could clear out in half an hour.

She didn't have the heart to refuse Matthew, so she silently locked the car.

Not wanting to be the third wheel, Julie made up an excuse and left.

It was another busy morning for the diner. White-collar workers and nearby residents made up most of the customers inside. The aroma of food and the low hum of chatter filled the space with life. Marcus, who was always dressed sharply in suits, was a little out of place.

Matthew sat beside his father obediently. Marcus' hangover was yet to subside, but he endured the throbbing in his head in favor of helping his son eat.

He also took a few bites of his sandwich and commented, "It's alright,

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but it's not as good as Julie's."

Melissa had ordered a soy latte for herself and drank it slowly. "You've barely tasted her cooking. Did you drink last night and drive here?"

Marcus smiled faintly.

Matthew was visibly in a good mood today. He tugged at his father's arm to get his attention and said softly, "Dad, last night, I got up to go to the bathroom. It was already three o'clock, but Mommy was still working. Can't you support me and Mom? If you do, she wouldn't have to work so hard."

Marcus knew that Matthew had learnt that line from some TV show again.

He didn't answer but looked at Melissa. The dark circles under her eyes were still visible despite her make-up.

Marcus said, "You're working too hard. Is that really necessary? You'll wear yourself out if you keep that up."

Melissa didn't want to talk about it in front of Matthew.

Marcus knew that. Neither did he want to argue while they were with their son, so he held back and didn't press when she ignored his question.

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