

Chapter 658 Regrets (Part Two)

After breakfast, Julie came and took Matthew away, and Marcus got into the passenger seat of Melissa's car.

Melissa narrowed her eyes at him and said, "I have to go to work!"

Looking at her face, Marcus asked her softly, "Is Albert that important to you? Is that why you're working so hard for him?"

She turned away.

She sat straight and looked in front. After a long while, she said flatly, "I don't know how you got to that conclusion, but whatever it is you've convinced yourself of, you're wrong. I'm not doing this for Albert or for the Watson Group. I have a kid, and I have to put food on the table. I won't be getting as much as I am now if I'm just taking things easy. A high salary comes with a lot of responsibilities too."

When she finished, Melissa's shoulders slumped, as if it had taken a lot for her to say all that out loud.

Marcus' eyes softened, feeling guilty. "Melissa..." he called.

She turned away, not wanting him to see the tears glistening in her eyes. "I know what you want, coming here at midnight, but... I don't think it's gonna work out between us."

She paused for a moment, letting her words sink in, and then said indifferently, "You've always disliked my work. Then, you went and invited Violette into your house. You let any woman sit in your car because each one of them is just as replaceable as the next. They don't mean anything to you. I'm scared, Marcus. One day, if you got upset, I'd be just like them to you. You'd flirt with other women to get back at me and push me away without a second thought."

"Don't you get it? I'd rather work myself to death than have to rely on you."

After a long while, Marcus said softly, "You do mind those women, don't you?"

"Get out!" Melissa said angrily, getting a catch in her throat. "I'm going to be late."

This time, Marcus didn't make things difficult for her. He exited the car without another word, and then closed the door. The next moment, Melissa was driving away.

Loneliness lingered all over the space now that she was alone.

They had parted ways with a firm resolve, but that didn't mean that the separation didn't affect her. She grieved the relationship, but no matter how sad she was, she wouldn't go back on her decision, especially when Marcus didn't respect her. There would be no point in being with him again when they would just end up separating later on.

Half an hour later, Melissa arrived at the company.

She had a lot of work to do. At 10 AM, she asked her secretary to make an appointment with Alan so they could discuss financing.

Her secretary arranged things according to her instructions.

On the other side, Alan hung up and devised a plan.

It was true that Rena was an old friend, and she had helped him a lot. But after meeting Melissa, he grew to admire her and thought that she would be a good match for his son.

He knew about her background but that didn't matter. So what if Melissa had a child. As far as he knew, she was still unmarried.

And Alan really wanted her for a daughter-in-law.

He hesitated for a while, but ultimately decided to do things right and make things clear with Rena. He dialed her number and waited for her to pick up. When she did, he explained everything to her.

The main point was that he wanted Melissa to marry his son.

Rena was shocked. She almost couldn't believe her own ears. "Alan, are

you sure about this?"

He chuckled. "I think she would make a great wife! Melissa is capable, and my son is absorbed in his research. She can manage the family business in his place. Don't you think they'll make for an excellent match?"

Rena reminded him, "She has a child with my son."

That fact didn't bother Alan one bit. "Then I guess I'll gain a cute grandson after she marries my son. I've seen the boy's photos. He's adorable. Don't worry, Mrs. Fowler. The boy will be treated as my own. If Melissa agrees, I would be willing to change his last name to Scott. Matthew Scott. It has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

Rena hung up.

Waylen, who had been listening to them, couldn't help but curse, "What a shameless person! Rena, you made a terrible mistake by introducing him to Melissa."

There was no one more upset than Rena herself.

She just wanted to help Melissa, but she had never foreseen Alan taking things this far.

To make matters worse, Alan's son was indeed an excellent prospect—handsome, well-mannered and from a good family. Thinking of her own arrogant son, Rena felt her temples throb with the beginnings of a headache.

Coincidentally, Marcus arrived for a change of clothes.

Rena eyed him as he entered, and then asked, "Have you been drinking?"

Marcus nodded. "I had a drink with James last night. Then I went to get breakfast with Matthew this morning."

A mix of complicated feelings filled her chest. "Why didn't you bring Matthew back here?"

There was a pause before Marcus answered, "I have to go to the company later."

He was about to go upstairs when Waylen, unable to help himself,

sneered at him. "Your wife is going to be taken away by other men, and here you are still obsessed with that damned work. If you insist on being stubborn, it'll be too late for regret."

"What are you talking about?"

Marcus turned around and looked at his father.

Waylen told him everything. "Alan Scott. That's what I'm talking about! He wants Melissa for his son. There are countless rich men in Duefron. You think you're so special? There are many others who can do what you can and even better, especially when you're not even putting up a fight."

"Melissa's not that kind of woman," Marcus argued.

Rena cut in. "If you know that, then why couldn't you be more understanding when she went to Heron? You went as far as stealing her client and putting her in a tight spot. If she doesn't work for the Watson Group and make up for it, she wouldn't be able to survive here."

Marcus listened quietly.

It was Waylen who spoke next. "We have to find a way to get her back. He dares go up against us? Teach him a lesson. That's what you do best, right?"

Waylen's words were both praise and mockery.

But Marcus was unaffected. Unbuttoning his shirt, he said indifferently, "Good idea."

His response took Waylen aback.

Looking at his son, he turned to his wife and said, "Is he really our son? Since when had he been so cold-blooded?"

Rena sipped her tea and calmly answered, "What did you expect?"

Waylen gaped at her, speechless.

After a while, Marcus went downstairs. After freshening up, he seemed more energetic, which made his father jealous. "His youth makes me envious. It's such a pity he's wasting it away, with no wife beside him."

Marcus lowered his head, buttoning his jacket. "I'll have one soon."

"Bullshit!"

With a faint smile, Marcus walked out. Ross was already waiting by the car.

Melissa made an appointment with Alan tonight.

At eight in the evening she arrived at the restaurant on time. However, when she opened the door, she was stunned.

Alan and his secretary were there, along with a young man who was about thirty years old. He had a strong resemblance to Alan. He must be Alan's son.

Other than them, Thomas and Weldon were also there.

If it had been in the past, she would have left immediately. Just because she didn't have any contact with the Smith family didn't mean that she didn't mind what Weldon had done.

If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have been regarded as an illegitimate child.

Above all, her mother wouldn't have ended up the way she did.

Her secretary whispered in her ear, "This looks like a set-up."

Melissa stared at Weldon for a long time and said lightly, "Mr. Smith. What a surprise! And you're here with your brother too."

After saying that, she walked in and sat down.

Alan liked her very much. To his surprise, she was from the Smith family. Everyone knew how things had turned out for Vanessa. When Weldon came to Alan, Alan knew that the Smiths thought highly of Melissa.

Alan immediately agreed to the alliance.

If the Scotts and the Smiths were to unify by marriage, it would make for a powerful alliance.

Alan smiled. "Don't be so distant. No one here is an outsider. Mr. Smith is your uncle, right? Oh, by the way, let me introduce you. This is my son, Jaime Scott."

Right then and there, Melissa understood what was going on.

She smiled and said, "So this is your son. This project must really be important, seeing how you brought him for inspection. I'm flattered, Mr. Scott."

She shifted the focus of the situation to entirely business-related matters.

Alan was stunned, but then inwardly smiled. He knew what she was doing and instead of being offended, his admiration for her grew. Pouring her a glass of wine, he said, "Not really. You're both young. I just thought the two of you would have a lot of common interests."

A faint smile appeared on Melissa's lips. She guessed that the prospects about financing might not be a sure thing.

If she wanted to get Alan's investment, she would probably have to marry his son first.