+165 Points at most

Chapter 659 She Wanted To Indulge Herself Tonight! (Part...

In the private room, tension subtly filled the air.

Jaime, evidently fond of Melissa, silently offered her a glass of wine, his actions speaking volumes.

Alan, observant of his son's demeanor, wore a warm smile.

"It's a special occasion for us to be together. Let's set aside business for the evening and simply enjoy our meal," he proposed, shifting his attention to the Smith brothers with a playful nudge. "It's heartwarming to see the younger generation connecting so effortlessly!"

Thomas offered a smile in response.

Even Weldon, the typically stoic head of the Smith family, displayed a rare hint of warmth.

Over tea, Weldon's gaze lingered on Melissa, his estranged daughter, noting her resemblance to her mother.

Despite her delicate appearance, she had grown remarkably competent, a transformation he silently credited to Albert's influence.

Alan, ever enthusiastic, chimed in again, "The Japanese dishes here are exceptional! The salmon, sourced directly from the coast, is particularly fresh."

Weldon, maintaining his composure, nodded in agreement.

The group unanimously concurred.

Thus, Alan deferred to Jaime to oversee the meal arrangements. As Jaime gave instructions to a waiter, the room's entrance was graced by a striking presence.

Marcus, clad in a bespoke suit, stood under the spotlight, his nobility unmistakable.

Marcus' eyes quickly scanned the room, eventually settling on Jaime.

Marcus, clad in a bespoke suit, stood under the spotlight, his nobility unmistakable.

Marcus' eyes quickly scanned the room, eventually settling on Jaime. Despite his inherent confidence, Jaime appeared somewhat disconcerted by the comparison.

"What a party you have here!" Marcus announced, stepping inside with Sylvia, who offered Melissa a brief, polite smile.

The atmosphere turned notably awkward.

Alan was the first to address the elephant in the room. Despite having his own plans for Melissa, he had made sure to notify Rena in advance. Yet, Marcus' direct approach caught him off guard.

Assuming the role of the elder, Alan adopted a slightly patronizing tone. "Marcus, fancy seeing you here. We're simply enjoying a family dinner tonight, I'm afraid..."

"A family dinner, you say?"

Marcus inquired as he took a seat directly opposite Melissa, capturing her gaze with his own. "If this is indeed a family gathering, it's curious that Melissa's preferences seem overlooked. Japanese cuisine isn't to her taste; she's fond of grilled lamb chops. French-style, that is. Jaime, perhaps you could inquire if the kitchen prepares that dish."

He elegantly unfolded a pristine napkin before continuing with a smile, "Melissa has developed quite the discerning palate during our time together."

Sylvia, barely concealing her amusement, watched from behind him.

The atmosphere shifted as the others processed his words.

Melissa, present to seek investment from Alan and despite facing slim prospects, maintained her composure. "Let's proceed with the Japanese cuisine. I'm sure I can adapt," she stated, her eyes briefly meeting

Marcus'.

He returned her glance with a light smile. Despite Melissa's resolve to distance herself from him, his allure was undeniable.

She averted her eyes subtly.

Marcus then turned to Thomas, injecting a hint of intrigue into the conversation. "And why do you find yourselves at Alan's... family dinner? Is there a budding romance between Vanessa and Jaime?"

Thomas, caught mid-sip, nearly choked on his tea.

Weldon's patience waned.

The histories between the Smith and Fowler families were marked by rivalry. A past conflict nearly ruined the Smiths, and although tensions had eased, the Fowlers had offered little support over the issue with Melissa.

"Absolutely not," Weldon declared firmly.

Marcus nodded, seemingly relieved. "That's reassuring. I've always felt she and Jaime might not be the best match. Forcing such a connection could prove futile."

His words hung in the air, leaving room for interpretation.

Weldon regarded the young Fowler leader with a newfound intensity, pondering his next move.

Marcus' smile was telling, and Weldon's gaze sharpened in response. It was clear to him that Marcus' behavior was driven by jealousy—a youthful trait that Weldon hadn't anticipated would lead Marcus to openly support Melissa in such a manner.

This development complicated Weldon's hopes of reconciling with his daughter.

As these thoughts swirled, the waiter served the Japanese dishes they ordered. Jaime, eager to make a good impression on Melissa,

meticulously arranged the condiments for her. Marcus observed but didn't intervene.

Melissa then politely refused his help. "I can manage on my own."

Just like Marcus had pointed out, she wasn't really a fan of Japanese cuisine and therefore ate with reservation, while Marcus, without hesitation, finished what she left behind. Melissa watched him, her feelings mixed. Given their past, wasn't his action crossing a line?

She knew that Marcus was no fan of Japanese food either.

Jaime's disappointment was palpable, though his father offered a silent gesture of support.

The dinner, now overshadowed by Marcus' presence, concluded sooner than expected.

Melissa faced a dilemma regarding Alan's proposition.

In the car, her secretary couldn't hide her frustration. "Shouldn't we look for another investor? Alan's demands are unreasonable; he wants too much!"

Melissa remained silent for a moment before responding softly, "After careful consideration, Alan remains our best option. We cannot afford to pass up this chance."

The secretary expressed doubt, prompting Melissa to explain further.

"Alan recognizes the project's value. His success in amassing a billion-dollar fortune is no small feat; he wouldn't let personal matters interfere. For the project's future financial gains alone, he would likely stick to it."

The secretary expressed admiration, "Miss Brown, your dedication is remarkable!"

Just as they were about to drive away, Thomas made an unexpected appearance, forgoing formalities to open the car door. "Join me for a

cup of tea, just the two of us," he proposed to Melissa, who glanced up at him, leaving the secretary momentarily speechless.

Melissa then responded with a quiet, "Okay."

She had hoped to keep her distance from the Smith family, yet their insistence, now seemingly in collaboration with Alan, compelled her to seek clarity on certain matters.

Exiting the car, she followed Thomas into the club's grand lobby.

Marcus was there, appearing slightly unsettled from his drink, lounging on a sofa. At the sound of their approach, likely recognizing Melissa's footsteps, he opened his eyes.

Thomas, respecting Marcus' status, approached him with humility.

"Marcus, I'll be taking Melissa for tea. We won't be long," he explained, his tone respectful.

Melissa remained silent, observing the exchange.

Marcus offered a mild smile in response. "Of course."

Thomas gestured to Melissa, "Let's proceed."

They navigated through the club to a more opulent private room, where Weldon was seated, steeped in thought over his tea.

Upon their entry, Thomas announced softly, "Weldon, Melissa has arrived."

Weldon lifted his gaze to meet Melissa's, his look filled with a mixture of remorse and longing that he hadn't shown earlier. It was as if Melissa's presence brought someone else to his mind.

Melissa met his gaze without faltering.

After a moment, Weldon's voice, rough with emotion, broke the silence. "You bear such a striking resemblance to your mother... Please, take a seat."

As Melissa seated herself across from him, Weldon lapsed into

memories of her mother, recalling their first meeting with a tenderness that contrasted sharply with his usual demeanor. "When I first encountered her, she seemed like a gentle force, unexpectedly entering my life. You remind me of her, eliciting a similar sense of empathy."