

Chapter 660 She Wanted To Indulge Herself Tonight! (Part...

Perhaps the combination of his authoritative position and vast influence lent a tone of regret to his reflections on past romances. However, for Melissa, these musings rang with unmistakable irony.

Melissa held back her emotions. "Yet, you deceived her. You led her to believe you were unmarried, without a wife waiting at home. So, at just 20, she chose to follow you, a man on the verge of 40."

Weldon let out a soft sigh. "I did love her, truly."

Melissa's response was edged with scorn. "Your so-called love was nothing but a profound mistake. Perhaps there was love at the start. However, when she became pregnant with your child, when she became a threat to your family, you discarded her like something worthless. Are you aware of the hardships she faced giving birth alone? Can you even imagine the pain she endured afterward, or the struggle of the child she raised on her own? You know nothing. You remain oblivious, wallowing in self-pity only when it suits you."

Her voice faltered slightly. "Had I been given the chance for a normal family, Marcus and I wouldn't have had to break up in the first place. And now, you presume to act as a concerned father? Don't you find pointless?"

Weldon asked quietly, "Do you hate me?"

"I don't," Melissa replied, her voice steady. "It's my mother who had every reason to. You betrayed her trust, and she carried that betrayal to her grave. Now, with no ties binding us, I wish for no further contact. I refuse to bear the Smith name."

Weldon's laughter broke the heavy silence.

He regarded Melissa intently. "You still lack understanding. Whether it's marrying into the Scott or the Fowler family, do you really believe you can secure such a match without significant support?"

Melissa realized their worlds were irreconcilably different and there was nothing more to talk about.

Rising to her feet, she stated plainly, "Such aspirations hold no appeal for me. A home, a place to rest, a simple meal... A simple life is all I seek."

With those final words, she departed, leaving the conversation behind.

They spoke no further of her mother.

As Melissa reached for the door, Weldon called out with a heavy tone, "You'll come to regret this. Melissa, I'm sincere in wanting to make amends. Just call me Dad and everything will be alright."

Melissa halted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I... don't have a father." With those words, she exited.

Behind her, the sound of teacups shattering echoed, a testament to the conversation's impact.

Yet, Melissa moved on, unaffected.

Thomas attempted to offer solace. "These things take time. Perhaps what's needed is a period of adjustment."

Weldon, frustration evident, gestured towards the exit. "Three years have passed, and yet she remains unchanged! Her perspective is as limited as her mother's. What harm is there in being a mistress? Why stir up drama, accusing me of deceit—"

Thomas cut him off, "But the deceit was real."

Left without a response, Weldon fell silent.

Melissa stepped into the night alone, her spirits lower than before.

Marcus, now appearing more composed, was still in the lobby.

Upon noticing Melissa, he stood and offered, "Let me give you a lift."

Melissa gently refused, "A company car is waiting for me out there."

Under the glow of the streetlights, Marcus' features were striking. "I've asked your driver to depart earlier."

"Marcus... you..."

With a soft smile, Marcus placed his coat over her shoulders, suggesting, "Think of it as a walk for digestion. Besides, the Japanese cuisine tonight was disappointing."

Perhaps in need of companionship, Melissa found herself accepting his offer.

The club was situated near a river, the night view lending a serene backdrop to their silent promenade. Marcus, a cigarette between his lips, glanced at her to gauge if she minded.

Melissa offered a slight smile in response.

Marcus lit his cigarette, the smoke curling into the night air. Leaning against the railing, he broached the subject of Alan's son. "What are your thoughts on him?"

Melissa adjusted the coat draped around her, the fabric carrying the distinct aroma of tobacco as well as Marcus' cologne. As her cheek grazed the collar, a subtle expression of longing emerged...

Marcus regarded her in silence, taking in her delicate features, the fairness of her skin, and the grace of her neck.

He softly uttered her name, "Melissa."

Melissa gave a gentle "Hmm" in response, turning towards him to inquire, "Why did you come here today?"

Marcus chose not to answer directly.

Instead, he simply watched her, noting how vulnerable yet pretty she

looked wrapped in his coat.

After a moment, he moved closer, his hands finding their way inside the coat as he leaned in, their foreheads touching. His voice, soft and slightly rough, broke the silence. "Is the coat keeping you warm? You seem quite fond of it."

His hands gently circled her waist, the touch light through the fabric of her shirt.

When Melissa instinctively leaned back, he drew her closer again.

In that moment, Melissa acknowledged the turmoil within her.

Maybe it was her clouded mood or the lingering effects of the alcohol, but she found herself willing to surrender to the moment. Their kiss was fervent, a dance of lips and breath.

Marcus' voice was low as he looked into her eyes. "What's next for us?" Their understanding of one another's intentions, shaped by their shared history, needed no words. Melissa, without hesitation, embraced him, her voice a whisper, "Let's find somewhere private."

"Are you certain?"

Marcus sealed their intentions with another prolonged kiss, offering Melissa a moment to reconsider.

But tonight, Melissa sought solace in indulgence, never once asking him to halt their advance. Together, they made their way to a nearby luxury hotel, Melissa's form nestled against Marcus, concealed by the swath of his coat.

The receptionist, curious, tried to glimpse the woman by Marcus' side.

Yet, Marcus shielded her from view.

With the room key in hand, they entered the elevator, the tension palpable despite their mutual consent. Melissa rested her head on his shoulder, her breaths shallow.

Marcus, displaying a gentleness that was rare for him, inquired softly, "Should we head to my apartment or return to the villa?"

Melissa, her resolve clear, brushed a lock of hair from her face and murmured, "Let's stay here."

No further words were exchanged as Marcus tenderly kissed her cheek. The elevator reached their floor.

Marcus, supporting Melissa, navigated to their room. Upon unlocking the door, his earlier fervor gave way to caution. "Do you need to check in with Julie? I'm going to shower first."

Melissa agreed, watching him retreat to the bathroom.

Once alone, she reached for her phone to call Julie, crafting a tale of unexpected work demands instead of revealing her true whereabouts.

Julie's voice was laden with worry, advising Melissa to prioritize her well-being.

A flush crept over Melissa's cheeks at her friend's concern.

Marcus reappeared at the moment, noting the absence of a bathrobe. "It looks like we're short on bathrobes. I'll contact the front desk."



