

Chapter 664 What The Hell Do You Want, Marcus (Part Two)

She looked sharp, but he thought it was too formal for a date.

As Melissa sat down, the waiter started bringing out the dishes.

Jaime had ordered up big time—all specialties of the house. Melissa seemed to be enjoying them all.

As Melissa dug into her meal, Jaime refilled her glass of water. "I didn't expect you were into spicy food," he remarked.

"These dishes remind me of home. I grew up having lots of spicy food," Melissa replied with a faint smile.

Jaime cautiously asked, "What about the Smith family..."

Jaime had a crush on Melissa but he also had his own concerns. If Melissa could take over the Smith family, then marrying her would be an even better deal for him.

As soon as Jaime mentioned the Smith family, Melissa felt disgusted.

But she kept her cool. "I have nothing to do with them," she said calmly.

Jaime was taken aback, unsure how to respond.

Seizing the moment, Melissa made it clear. "I appreciate your interest, Mr. Scott. But I'm not looking to tie the knot or get involved romantically right now. So, aside from business, there's not much else for us to discuss."

Hearing that, Jaime felt awkward.

Taking a sip of his water, he tried another angle. "Aren't you worried that rejecting me will affect Waston Group's financing?"

"I work for Waston Group. I do my best and they pay me for it. It is that

simple," Melissa replied firmly.

Jaime nodded with a tight smile.

Not ready to give up, he pushed, "What about Marcus? Are you still into him?"

Melissa kept it brief. "That's my personal business, not yours." Her expression was stern.

Throughout the encounter, Melissa maintained a balance between confidence and restraint.

Jaime realized there was no room to negotiate. Disappointed but still fond of Melissa, he sighed. "I guess we're just not meant to be."

Melissa simply offered a faint smile in response.

After being turned down, Jaime lost his appetite and left.

Meanwhile, Melissa found the food here delightful. Just as she was about to have some more, someone suddenly took a seat beside her.

It was Marcus.

And he wasn't alone. He had brought along some colleagues from his company, none of whom dared to sit down though.

Eyeing Melissa, Marcus asked, "On a date with Jaime?"

Melissa glanced around suspiciously. "Did you have me followed?" she questioned.

Marcus scoffed. "I'm not that creepy! I just happened to run into you. Plus, Alan's been spreading rumors. He called my folks this morning, saying you were dining with his son. That's hard to ignore," he explained.

Melissa was speechless.

She wanted to leave but Marcus insisted they stay. In a surprisingly good mood, he invited his colleagues to join. "We're dining here! It's Miss Brown's treat."

The brown-nosers eagerly praised Melissa.

"I heard the food's amazing here. I've been dying to try it," one said.

"Exactly! How generous of you, Miss Brown," chimed in another.

Upon hearing this, Marcus signaled the waiter to clear the table and ordered more food.

Rolling her eyes, Melissa thought Marcus had no shame.

She handed him several bills and said, "Here you go! Enjoy your meal!"

About to leave, Melissa was surprised when Marcus didn't stop her.

Instead, he spoke gently. "I'll check on Matthew tonight. You had spicy food for lunch, so tell Julie to make something light for dinner."

Melissa wished she could throttle Marcus.

She didn't return until eight p.m. She expected Marcus to still be there but found only Julie, Matthew, and Yvonne at home.

Confused, Melissa searched the house.

Julie, noticing her confusion, asked, "What's up? Have you had dinner? I saved you some food."

Shaking her head, Melissa asked, "Julie... Did Marcus come by?"

Julie was surprised. "Nope! He called this morning, said he's off on a week-long business trip. His flight was this afternoon. Matthew also knew this. Didn't you? Men always act like that. They don't even care to tell the loved ones about their schedules," Julie mumbled.

Meanwhile, Melissa couldn't reveal she'd been fooled by Marcus. She changed the subject, played with Matthew and Yvonne, and got ready for bed.

Late at night, still seething with anger, Melissa messaged Marcus. "Finding it fun to pull my leg?!"

Five minutes later, Marcus finally replied.

"It would be even more fun to pull your pants. Don't you agree?"

Receiving Marcus' message, Melissa felt a mix of embarrassment and anger. She hadn't expected him to be so shameless.

Tossing her phone aside, she headed for a shower. When she returned, there was another message from Marcus. "Missing me already?"

What a jerk!

Melissa ignored him and retired to her bed.

The next day, she went about her usual routine at the office. The secretary asked, "Need me to schedule a meeting with Mr. Scott?"

Lounging in her chair, Melissa paused, and then replied, "Not right now! Alan's probably still fuming. I doubt he's in any mood to invest. Check out what projects Hosan Union Ltd. is up to lately. See if we've got any tough competition."

She added after a moment's thought, "If so, we'll definitely need new sponsors."

The assistant nodded and left the office.

Once alone, Melissa reviewed a document carefully.

Marcus' offer to invest in Waston Group then crossed her mind. Despite their rivalry, Melissa had to admit it was tempting. All she had to do was ask.

But then she hesitated.

In her current role, it fell on Melissa to take down Alan herself, without Marcus' help.

As days passed, Alan continued to ignore Melissa.

Undeterred, Melissa handled him the same way.

Then, one day, they ran into each other at a private club's golf course.

Weldon happened to be there too.

Ignoring Weldon, Melissa greeted Alan.

Alan returned the greeting with a smile. "It's been a while, Miss Brown!"

With a smile of her own, Melissa replied, "Indeed. Fancy meeting you here, Mr. Scott."

Swinging his club, Alan chatted, "Aren't you a sweetheart? Since you turned down Jaime, he's been living on takeout. What should I do with him, Miss Brown?"

Melissa replied with a faint smile. "Actually, I owe you an apology, Mr. Scott."

She signaled to her assistant, who promptly presented the project contract. Alan was visibly surprised.

With a sneer, he retorted, "I don't recall agreeing to invest in anything!"

Pausing briefly, Melissa continued softly, "Whether you invest in Waston Group or not, it's your call, Mr. Scott. But I'm here sincerely. You're my last shot. You know the history between me and the Fowlers, and you also know how important this project is to me. If you don't invest, I'll have to make some tough choices. Either I quit or I team up with the Fowlers."

Alan narrowed his eyes, contemplating her words.

Melissa pressed on, "Joining the Fowlers could bring more than just funds. I'd gain access to projects like the new energy program, which your company's been handling for years, right? Mr. Scott... Mr. Waston always taught me to never push your partners too far. Don't you agree?"

Alan was fuming, reaching for his phone to call Rena...

Upon seeing this, Melissa's assistant grew anxious.

If Alan really talked to the Fowlers and discovered the truth, Melissa would become the town joke. But Melissa remained calm, smiling. "Go ahead, Mr. Scott!"

In fact, she was banking on Alan not taking the risk, especially in public.

