

Chapter 699 Melissa, Let's Get Married (Part One)

On the phone, Jessie's voice was all choked up, like she had been bawling her eyes out.

Melissa's heart was all twisted up about Weldon but now her focus shifted back to Jessie. Speaking softly, she asked, "Where are you? I can swing by and keep you company."

Jessie had a habit of throwing fits around Melissa.

"I don't need your company. I'm fine."

Melissa grinned and let out a sigh of relief. "It's me who wants to hang out with you, alright?"

Finally, Jessie cracked a smile.

Jessie's voice was all stuffed up. "You're the one offering to hang, not me begging"

Melissa sighed "Yes, I just want to be nice to you. So can you tell me where you are right now?"

Melissa ended the call after getting the information she needed. Before revving up her car, she glanced towards the hospital wing.

Eventually, she hit the gas and took off.

She grabbed some medicines on the way and made a beeline for Jessie's family hotel.

Melissa strolled into the office. Jessie's assistant whispered, "Miss Green has been sobbing for ages. Mrs. Waston's being totally unfair. Miss Green's a decent soul."

The assistant had a point. Jessie was a looker. Even when the Green

family had been down in the dumps, Jessie had never traded herself to save the business. That was why the assistant said this with such confidence.

Melissa nodded and sent the assistant away.

Jessie was huddled up in her chair, still in a daze, with papers strewn everywhere.

It was a real mess.

When Melissa entered, Jessie barely lifted her eyes before drooping them again. Clearly, Jessie was still out of it. Without pushing her, Melissa quietly tidied up the desk.

Jessie shifted in her seat, sounding like a kitten. "You're quite the neat freak. Are you secretly digging being Albert's secretary, huh?"

After straightening up, Melissa perched herself on the edge of the desk facing Jessie.

Jessie gazed at her figure and remarked, "You do look so inviting"

Melissa gave Jessie's hand a comforting pat. "Just be a good girl, alright?"

Melissa's words did the trick. As expected, Jessie murmured, "I'm not a kid. You're always treating me like Matthew to get me to comply."

Melissa responded, "I'm not about to argue with a child."

Jessie silently protested that she was actually older than Melissa.

But being pampered felt darn good. Jessie didn't protest as Melissa applied medicine to her face, though she let out a little yelp when Melissa touched her cheek.

"Does it sting?" Melissa inquired

Jessie clenched her lips. "Yes, it hurts. I didn't dare retaliate. If I had made her miscarry, I couldn't handle the blame."

Melissa hesitated, but then disclosed, "They had a spat earlier, and Mr. Weston laid his hands on her."

Melissa didn't say anything more to console Jessie.

After a pause, Jessie lifted her gaze to Melissa and said softly, "Truth is, whether they're on good terms or not doesn't concern me anymore. No matter how rocky it gets, they're legally married with a kid, while I have got nothing."

As Jessie spoke, she felt a pang of insignificance.

She went on, "It's all in the past. I need to steer clear of Albert. Melissa... I know he's helped me a bunch these past months. Albert's the one who roped in Marcus to invest, right? I owe him but this time I'm cutting ties. After all, Albert's the one who let me down first."

With a gentle smile, Melissa said, "Fair enough Mr. Waston won't hold it against you."

Jessie flared up instantly. "You're always taking his side."

However, Melissa didn't argue. She just stayed patient with Jessie. A bit sheepishly, Jessie insisted, "You have to stick around today. We're still having dinner together. Marcus can't have an issue with it."

Melissa agreed.

Truth be told, after seeing Weldon, Melissa needed some time to get her head straight too.

It was already eight in the evening when Melissa got back to the villa.

The place was all lit up and Marcus' Rolls-Royce Phantom was parked in the lot, indicating he was back.

Melissa lingered in the car for a moment.

The villa door swung open. Out came Matthew, followed by Yvonne.

Matthew wasn't exactly steady on his feet and took a tumble on the lawn. Yvonne hurried over, scooping him up and patting his backside. Matthew clung to her, playing the spoiled little brother.

Melissa's heart melted at the sight. She stepped out of the car and approached.

Matthew's rear end was probably still sore but, when he caught sight of his mom, he stumbled over, craving her embrace.

He threw himself into Melissa's arms.

Melissa crouched down, wrapping him up. His warmth had a soothing effect on her.

Yvonne joined in, hugging Melissa too.

Yvonne was close with Melissa and she immediately informed her, "Dad came over earlier with a load of seafood. Uncle Marcus is whipping up a feast right now."

Melissa was taken aback.

After Shawn's accident last time, Marcus kind of had a beef with him. So why was he interested in Shawn's stuff now?

But Melissa didn't want to discuss grown-up stuff in front of the kids. She ushered Matthew and Yvonne inside the villa, and then headed upstairs to change before hitting the kitchen.

Marcus was whipping up some shrimp.

Spotting Melissa, he offered her some, saying, "It's fresh. Want to try some?"

She sauntered over and asked softly, "Why are you cooking?"

Marcus dodged her question.

Instead, he glanced at her red eyes. After a beat, he inquired "Did you run into Weldon at the hospital today?"

Her eyes widened. After a moment, she exclaimed, "You had someone tailing me?"

Marcus didn't deny it.

He carried on cooking and casually mentioned, "Even if Weldon's on his last legs, I still worry if he's not six feet under. What? I'm just looking out for you and Matthew. Did I screw up?"

Melissa just couldn't stay mad at him!

She replied, "You didn't screw up."

Marcus grinned focusing on his culinary skills.

Only then did Melissa notice he was still decked out in a crisp white shirt and suit pants. Even while cooking he exuded an air of nobility.

He was so effortlessly handsome!

After a while, he finally said, "It's delicious. Try some."

Melissa nibbled on a shrimp. It was tasty, with juicy meat.

Once done, she requested, "Pass me a tissue, will you?"

Marcus gazed at her for what felt like ages. Eventually, he shut off the stove, lifted her chin gently, leaned in, and planted a kiss on her lips. Their mouths and teeth danced together. At first, Melissa hesitated. After all, people could pop in at any moment, and Marcus had a knack for this kind of thing.

But after a while, she melted into it and hugged him tight.

His touch thrilled her. After their smooch, she nestled into his embrace.

Marcus lowered his voice and murmured, "This meal's to cheer you up. Have you been shedding tears?"

"No."

"You've been crying and still running Albert's errands..."

Marcus felt for her.

Melissa couldn't bear to hear those teasing words he had for her. She found an excuse to slip away. Marcus just let her go, watching her back for a long while.

Marcus was onto Weldon's scheme.

He also knew the Smith family was gunning for Melissa to take the reins, but she refused.

It was late.

Both Matthew and Yvonne were deep asleep. As Melissa finished her shower and prepared for bed, she found Marcus lounging on her bed, tousling Matthew's hair every now and then.

When Marcus spotted Melissa, his gaze was intense.

Lately, Marcus had been staying over occasionally, mainly to keep Matthew company.

Melissa didn't think Marcus would try anything if they all slept together with their son in the same bed, so she didn't dwell on it. She quietly snuggled up behind Marcus, wrapping her arms around his waist and murmured, "Are you staying here tonight?"

