

## Chapter 608 Confession

Aloys sat silently, his chin cradled in his hand. His handsome profile exuded the maturity and charm of a grown man.

"Hey, Aloys," Melissa called out as she approached.

Aloys turned toward her, flashing a warm smile. "Come and join me. I got you a latte, although I don't know if you'll like it or not."

"My taste didn't change," Melissa replied.

Taking a sip of her coffee, she asked, "Why the rush on your business trip?"

"I'm not exactly in a hurry, but my grandfather has been pestering me about handling matters at the company overseas," he explained.

"Ah, I see," Melissa replied, understanding it was an order directed by Milford Brustin.

When she was abroad, Milford was very supportive of her and even regarded her as his granddaughter-in-law. Likewise, Melissa also considered him as her honorary grandfather, though she hadn't seen him since her return.

It seemed that Aloys' presence was very important to the company overseas.

"Remember to send my regards when you're back abroad," she said.

"Of course, I will. Grandpa has been talking about you a lot lately. Honestly, this time, you're my only worry," Aloys confessed, his gaze filled with affection.

"Me?" She chuckled at his concern. "What's there to worry about when it comes to me?"

"Then, how about you go abroad with me?"

Aloys' voice trembled with anxiety, his eyes locked on Melissa. He was

hoping for a positive response.

Melissa's expression turned serious, her demeanor shifted. After a moment, she shook her head and said, "I'm not going back this time. This is my home."

"But you're not happy here," Aloys asserted, placing his hand gently on the back of her hand, his gaze unwavering.

"Come back with me. I'll protect you. I'll make you the happiest person in the world," he urged, as the music in the coffee shop slowed, seemingly matching the pace of their conversation. Time felt suspended in that moment.

The dark clouds in the sky dispersed, allowing the sun to emerge from behind the thick veil. A beam of sunlight bathed Aloys' profile, softening his features, making them appear gentler.

Melissa found herself captivated by his face and finally spoke after a while. "What are you saying? Don't tease me. You've always been like a family to me."

She took a sip of her coffee, attempting to steady herself, aware that she was once again seeking an escape. However, just as she thought she could slip away, Aloys suddenly grasped her delicate wrist, his grip firm.

He stared straight into her eyes. "Melissa, I truly consider us a family. Lindsey, Merrick, you, and I can be a family of four," he expressed.

Startled by his statement, Melissa hastily pulled her hand back, causing her to accidentally knock over the cup. The remaining coffee spilled onto Aloys' suit pants.

Panicking she swiftly grabbed some tissues to blot the stains.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized, her voice laced with regret.

Aloys lowered his head, glancing at the soiled portion of his trousers. After a moment, a wry grin spread across his face, masking his true emotions.

"Melissa, I really don't understand. Why can't I measure up to Everett? Despite how poorly he treated you, you still can't let go of him. But here I am, I've always treated you well, yet I can't seem to find a place in your

< Chapter 608 Confession

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heart. Can't you give me a chance?" Aloys said, his words were tinged with a mix of frustration and longing



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