

Chapter 644 Happy New Year, Mr. Fowler (Part One)

After voicing her sentiment, Jessie found herself regretting.

To her surprise, Melissa responded without a hint of irritation, "No matter how skilled I am in the kitchen, I can't compare to the Fowler family's chef."

Jessie felt a bit awkward.

But she wasn't deterred. "So, you're basically saying you have your allure."

Melissa paused her chopping, a self-mockery in her tone, saying, "Perhaps his eyes just weren't too sharp back then. Let's not dwell on it. That chapter is closed."

Jessie snagged her favorite fruit with a toothpick.

She then leaned against the sofa, eyes fixed on Melissa. "But you have a son together. Consider this: with a kid in the picture, cutting off Marcus entirely isn't easy. If Marcus swings by to see Matthew and it's nasty weather, you could offer him to crash for the night. Freshen up after a shower and see how he reacts. I bet he won't resist you in his thirties. If he sleeps with you, he should take responsibility."

Melissa cracked a slight smile. "You do have quite the imagination."

Jessie's interest piqued. "Naturally. I've learned a thing or two. Melissa, when I was with Albert, it was a constant game of cat and mouse. He had a knack for courting women, juggling several in a single week. A real charmer."

"And yet, you're still drawn to him?"

"He's a big spender and doesn't mind splashing the cash."

"You're not exactly struggling financially, though, are you?"

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This remark left Jessie less than pleased.

She snorted. "Then why not reconcile with Marcus if it's all about the money? As long as you say something nice, Marcus will swallow his pride for you. He just needs a little nudge. A man of his standing values his pride highly."

Melissa kept on chopping the vegetables.

Since Marcus had initiated the partnership with Summit Ltd, there seemed to be no turning back for him and Melissa.

When Melissa visited the Fowler Group before she set off for Heron, she proposed to Marcus that she could exit the Waston Group once she finished assisting Albert, but Marcus didn't entertain the idea.

That was when Melissa realized Marcus' intentions were genuine

How could he just quit a multi-billion dollar partnership anyway?

Melissa chose to stay quiet.

Jessie continued, "Are you seriously considering leaving Marcus for Albert? Let me tell you, Melissa. Albert has no plans to marry. All you'll end up with from him is some cash."

In response, Melissa asked, "Is that what happened to you?"

Jessie was furious.

Munching on crisps, she snapped, "What's that supposed to mean, Melissa? You throw your attitude around with me but turn into a lamb around Marcus, acting all innocent and sweet."

Melissa set down a plate of mutton.

After tasting it, Jessie admitted, "This is delicious."

Melissa replied with a modest smile, "I don't play the innocent or sweet role around Marcus. Let's not bring him up again. I'll focus on cooking. Dinner will be ready in thirty minutes."

Jessie nodded happily.

In half an hour, Melissa prepared several delightful dishes.

She then brought out a bottle of wine, suggesting "It's chilly. How about a little wine?"

Jessie was taken aback and said, "That bottle's worth a fortune, isn't it? Melissa, aren't you being a bit extravagant?"

Caressing the wine bottle, Melissa smiled and said, "It's from Mr. Waston's preferred winery. They gave me as a gift."

Seeing Melissa in a new light, Jessie said, "You're using Albert as your ATM, aren't you?"

Melissa didn't keep it from Jessie and said, "Sticking around Mr. Waston did have its perks."

"Opportunist," Jessie commented, pouring herself a glass of wine and downing half in a single gulp.

Melissa intervened, "That's not how you're supposed to enjoy it."

But Jessie was undeterred. "Doesn't matter. I'm crashing here tonight. We're both in the same boat of loneliness. Stop the act, Melissa. You're just pretending. You were much more endearing back then, chasing after Marcus with nothing but courage in your pocket. You might not have been his choice, but you had guts. Now, that charm seems lost."

Melissa remained unfazed, her face a mask of tranquility.

Recalling old times, she also poured herself a glass of wine and had a sip.

She aimed to enjoy the wine without overindulging

On the other hand, Jessie was intent on not leaving Melissa's side. She drowned her sorrows in alcohol, becoming thoroughly drunk before midnight struck. Slumped over the table, she started muttering Albert's name.

Observing Jessie's intoxicated state, Melissa couldn't help but shake her head.

It was clear that Jessie still had feelings for Albert.

Melissa fetched a damp towel from the bathroom and gently wiped Jessie's forehead as she lay there.

Suddenly, Jessie clutched Melissa's hand.

Jessie blinked, her flushed face wearing a tipsy expression. She murmured, "What brings you here? I'm about to get married. I don't need your pity. Albert, it's over. From now on, our paths won't cross again."

Melissa felt a mix of pity and frustration.

After trying to soothe Jessie, Melissa attempted to move her to the bedroom, hoping she'd calm down in her sleep. Yet, Jessie became agitated, clinging to the table, clamoring for more drinks.

Just as Melissa was at a loss, Jessie's phone began to ring.

It was Albert calling.

Struggling and failing to grasp her phone, Jessie implored, "Melissa, that's Albert on the line. Answer the phone for me. I want to know if he's begging ready to grovel for a second chance if he's having second thoughts about me marrying someone else... But his ego won't let him. Ask on my behalf."

Tears streamed down Jessie's face as she pleaded.



Melissa's heart sank a bit, too.

She gently tapped Jessie on the back before picking up the call, saying, "Hello, Mr. Waston."

Albert paused, checking his phone to confirm he'd dialed Jessie.

Melissa cut straight to the point, her voice soft, saying, "Jessie's here with me, quite drunk and a bit over the top."

There was a quiet moment on the other end of the line.

