

Chapter 645 Happy New Year, Mr. Fowler (Part Two)

Then Albert responded, his voice rough, "I'll be there in thirty minutes. Please look after her until then. And Melissa, my apologies for the inconvenience"

He was well aware of Jessie's fiery spirit.

He knew Jessie's thoughts, yet he recognized he wasn't the one for her.

Melissa was taken aback, not having expected Albert to be in town.

After a moment's hesitation, she acknowledged, "Alright. And by the way, Happy New Year, Mr. Waston!" Melissa then ended the call.

On his end, Albert set down his phone.

He stood in front of the villa he gave Jessie. His trip to Duefron was spontaneous. He just wanted to check on Jessie and see if she was alright. If he did get to meet her, he'd hand her the present.

In that scenario, they could part ways amicably.

But it was clear Jessie hadn't moved on despite her tough facade earlier.

Resting against his car, Albert lit a cigarette, and then got into his vehicle with a heavy heart, pondering over Jessie's future happiness. She deserved a loving and kind partner, something he felt he couldn't provide.

Thirty minutes later, Albert reached Melissa's place.

Melissa greeted him at the door and stepped aside, "Mr. Waston..."

Albert understood what she was getting at.

He strolled over to the sofa and took a seat beside Jessie. Tenderly, he placed his hand on her forehead.



Stirring, Jessie slowly opened her eyes.

She gazed at Albert before croaking out, "What brings you here? Weren't you busy battling for your family's wealth? Didn't you tell me to find someone else to marry? Albert, I've followed your advice. So why aren't you letting me go? And why do you still haunt my dreams?"

Albert swallowed.

He said gently, "I'll take you home. You need to rest properly."

But Jessie wasn't ready to leave just yet.

Slowly regaining her composure, she rested her head against the sofa, her eyes reflecting a deep melancholy. "You're taking me back? To that villa? Albert, my feelings for this new person may not be deep, but I won't dishonor our agreement. I'm set to be engaged to him, with marriage planned for the end of the year, barring any unforeseen events. I thought you didn't care for me anymore. So why visit Duefron now, of all time? Why reach out to me? Did you want to see me struggle? Was this all to torment me? Albert, you're such a bastard!"

Her anger unleashed. She hit him with a force fueled by a mix of emotions.

Albert absorbed her blows without complaint. Reaching into his coat pocket, he presented her with a gift box and said, "I just wanted to see you, Jessie. Happy New Year."

Jessie looked at the gift, overwhelmed.

She shed tears, but silently. She just held the gift in her arms. After three years with Albert, how could she not feel sad?

Melissa stepped aside to give them privacy.

She stood on her bedroom's tiny balcony, peering out.

As midnight approached, the night sky lit up with fireworks, and the air was filled with the sound of celebrations, a stark contrast to Melissa's solitude.

It was very lively.

While people were exchanging New Year's wishes, Melissa was alone. And with her only family, Matthew, at the Fowler family place.

Melissa pondered over dealing with work to distract herself from the emptiness.

As she pondered, her phone lying on the bed started ringing.

Melissa wrapped herself in her scarf and returned to the bedroom to answer her phone expecting a call from Julie. However, it was Marcus on the line.

As the new year approached, Marcus's voice was devoid of warmth, saying, "Matthew can't sleep without his pillow. I'm waiting downstairs. Please bring it."

Caught off guard, Melissa hesitated.

She stepped onto the terrace and immediately noticed Marcus' car at the entrance. He was casually leaning against it, phone in hand, visibly under the weather even from afar.

Parked nearby was Albert's vehicle.

For a brief moment, Melissa was at a loss for words. Finally, she managed to say, "Marcus, Mr. Weston..."

Marcus cut her off, his tone icy, "Miss Brown, you are single. You're free to see whomever you please without my input. What do we have between us aside from Matthew? The times we had sex last month were just flings. Why? Still dwelling on it?"

His words stung.

Melissa, no longer inclined to justify herself, responded quietly, "I'll bring it down now."

The phone call ended. She grabbed Matthew's favorite pillow, switched her footwear, and stepped outside.

The night wind was strong.

Marcus leaned against his black Land Rover, puffing away on a cigarette.



His dark coat merged with the night's shadows.

Melissa walked up to him.

Worried about Marcus' foul mood's potential impact on Matthew, she clarified to him, "I'm not with Mr. Waston. Jessie's at my place."

But Marcus showed no interest in her explanations.

He took the pillow and said lightly, "No need to explain. Your life is none of my concern. Melissa, I won't pry into your personal stuff. Who you're seeing where you went to, Heron or Tashkao, has nothing to do with me. We're just old flames, nothing more."

Melissa cast her gaze downwards, forcing a smile.

After a brief silence, she said softly, "Mr. Fowler, have a happy new year."

Marcus fixed his gaze on her before entering his vehicle. The Land Rover then executed a swift turn and vanished into the night.

Melissa paused, not rushing back inside.

She decided to leave Albert and Jessie alone for a bit and found herself a nice spot, surrounded by wisteria vines.

When Melissa was still with Marcus, he mentioned that the wisteria blooms were best at his great-uncle's place in Czanch.

Marcus also mentioned he'd take her there to check it out sometime.

Gently touching the faded vines, Melissa realized she might never get the chance to witness those wisteria flowers firsthand.

