

Chapter 674 I'm Getting Married, Jessie! (Part Two)

The maid, embarrassed, offered no answer.

Jessie was sprawled across the bed, her engagement-ready appearance marred by her condition, whispering Albert's name amidst her sobs and angry outbursts.

She lamented his absence and expressed her reluctance to marry another.

Upon watching this, Melissa's heart went out to Jessie.

She fetched a towel and gently began to wipe Jessie's face as she sat beside her. Slowly coming to, Jessie saw Melissa and burst into tears.

"What took you so long?"

"Why did you drink so much, huh? You know it's bad for you," Melissa softly chided.

Jessie's response was filled with despair. "I don't care! Nobody does."

Tears brimming, Jessie turned to lie on her back, a raw vulnerability in her voice. "My fiancé, he's seemingly perfect in every way. Yet, he envisions our marriage as an open relationship. Do you understand what that means, Melissa?"

A bitter smile crossed her face as she went on, "In plain terms, our marriage is nothing but a facade. We're allowed to be with others. Only he will be the father of our children. Beyond that, he's indifferent. Can you believe it? Talk about being 'progressive!'"

Tears kept streaming down Jessie's face as she lamented, "How is he any different from Albert? Melissa... Tell me, why is it so hard to find someone who genuinely cares about me? Why do men always treat me so harshly?"

Attempting to steer Jessie away from her painful ruminations, the servant interjected, but Melissa gently suggested, "Elsie, would you mind preparing some soup for Miss Green?"

With a moment's hesitation, Elsie nodded and left them alone.

Turning her attention back to Jessie, Melissa tenderly placed a hand on her shoulder, her heart aching for her friend. It was clear to Melissa that Jessie's heart still lingered with Albert, not her fiancé.

The continued presence of Elsie and the retention of the villa were telltale signs of her unresolved feelings.

Perhaps, Jessie hoped for one last encounter with Albert before she tied the knot.

With a soft, soothing tone, Melissa offered comfort. "Everyone faces their trials, some early in life, others later on... Putting aside your situation with Mr. Watson, are you truly ready to marry this man, Jessie?"

"Honestly, I don't know anymore,"

Jessie confessed, her voice breaking as tears gathered in her eyes. "These past years, I've just been drifting, feeling so utterly useless. I don't know what I'm supposed to do with my life, Melissa."

In that moment, Melissa couldn't help but see a parallel between Jessie and Minnie the innocent puppy both seemingly lost.

She responded with a gentle reassurance, "You're selling yourself short, Jessie. You're young vibrant, and full of potential."

Jessie's response was a mix of sorrow and sarcasm. "Please, Melissa, don't treat me like a child. I'm far from being your little boy."

Melissa offered a weak smile, her thoughts briefly touching her own complicated situation with Marcus.

How could she offer advice to someone about love when she couldn't even figure out her own relationship with Marcus. Melissa had always stayed out of Jessie and Albert's tumultuous relationship, but tonight felt different.

While Elsie watched over Jessie, Melissa made a decision to step in.

She found a quiet spot downstairs and dialed Albert's number.

He was in Heron, likely not expecting a call at this late hour.

Albert picked up, his tone laced with surprise. "Melissa? Is there a problem at the company?"

She shook her head, even though he couldn't see her gesture. "No, it's not about work. It's about Miss Green."

Melissa hesitated, her voice laced with concern as she finally said, "Miss Green is quite intoxicated, and frankly, she's not in a good state... She's having serious doubts about her engagement. Mr. Waston, do you truly have no concern for her wellbeing?"

The silence that followed weighed heavily on Melissa.

She was acutely aware that she was overstepping boundaries with Albert, her superior, and the anxiety of the potential repercussions gnawed at her.

When Albert finally spoke, his voice conveyed the gravity of his own circumstances. "Melissa, things here in Heron are complicated. I've recently entered an arrangement with that woman, agreeing to marry her niece. It seems to be the most viable solution for all involved at the moment."

"But Mr. Waston!"

Melissa interjected, taken aback by the revelation and its implications for Jessie.

She struggled to find the words, eventually managing to convey, "Miss Green... she might still be holding out hope for you."

Albert's response was dismissive, a stark contrast to the emotion swirling around the situation.

"The wedding is set for tomorrow. I haven't shared this with you or anyone else in Duefron for specific reasons. But if she is still waiting... let her know she shouldn't waste her time on me anymore."

Melissa could barely hide her shock, her voice a mix of dismay and urgency. "Mr. Weston!"

Overwhelmed by the weight of the conversation, Melissa couldn't suppress her outrage. "Don't you think that's too cruel to her?"

Albert's silence stretched painfully long.

Just as Melissa thought he wouldn't respond, he finally said, "Perhaps this is for the best."

With that, he ended the call, leaving Melissa standing alone, grappling with the harshness of the situation.

Reflecting on the cruelty of Albert's decision—to marry another for the sake of consolidating his position within the company—Melissa's sympathy for Jessie deepened. It was a stark reminder of the ruthlessness that sometimes lay behind the facades people maintained.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she noticed Jessie on the staircase, her expression eerily calm and devoid of the turmoil Melissa had expected.

"Jessie?"

Melissa's voice was tinged with concern, her body frozen, unsure how to approach her.

Jessie, however, seemed to have arrived at a serene acceptance.

"Thank you for making that call, Melissa. But there's no need to plead with that man on my behalf," she said, her tone light but firm. "So, he's chosen to marry on the same day, hasn't he?"

Melissa was at a loss, unsure of what to say.

With a dismissive flip of her hair and a carefree smile, Jessie declared, "Don't worry about me. I've made up my mind. I'm going to live for myself from now on. The engagement is off."

Jessie's voice, shaky and raw, broke through the tense silence. "I'm going to Heron."

"Jessie," Melissa began, her voice trailing off into uncertainty, unsure of how to articulate her swirling thoughts.

With a resigned yet defiant smile, Jessie assured her, "Don't worry. I have no intentions of causing a scene at his wedding. I just need to see it for myself—close this chapter, so to speak. After that, even if Albert were to beg for my forgiveness someday, I wouldn't spare him a second glance."

Her voice softened, vulnerable. "Would you... could you come with me, Melissa?"

It was clear, in that moment, that Melissa was Jessie's anchor in the storm.

Torn, Melissa felt the weight of the decision. Going could mean risking her job, not to mention the promise she made to Marcus about returning before midnight.

Yet, how could she refuse Jessie, her friend in need?

With no other option, Melissa called Marcus, her voice tight with concern. His immediate understanding of the situation took her by surprise. "You want to go to Heron? To witness Albert's wedding?" he asked, almost as if he'd expected the call.

"You knew?" Melissa was stunned.

Marcus' response was light, almost playful. "Seems like you're just catching up, Miss Brown. Maybe it shows where you stand with Mr. Waston."

In that moment, Melissa wasn't in the mood for jests or jabs at her professional standing.

Cutting straight to the chase, she asked, "Are you okay with it or not?"

"Of course I am," Marcus replied, his tone unexpectedly supportive. "What better way to put this behind you than to see it through to the end?" Marcus extended his support further by offering the necessary invitations to the ceremony. "I'll do you one better and provide the invitations for the ceremony. Without them, you wouldn't be able to access the hotel," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Fowler," Melissa responded with an eye-roll.

"You're welcome," Marcus replied, his tone laced with irony, marking the end of their conversation.

The night before the wedding, Melissa remained in the villa with Jessie, caught in a whirlwind of emotions and preparations.

Bright and early, Marcus arranged for the delivery of the invitation letters and went the extra mile by organizing a private plane for their journey. This thoughtful gesture highlighted his considerate and kind-hearted nature.

Jessie's engagement situation quickly descended into chaos.

Jessie's absence left everyone scrambling, ultimately leading to a fallout between the two families.

At noon, the scene was set in a luxurious hotel in Heron.

Albert's wedding venue was adorned in shades of blue, setting a serene backdrop. His bride-to-be, a woman in her thirties, radiated a gentle grace and elegance.

During the wedding, Jessie made her entrance at the venue.

Clad in a vibrant dark purple dress, Jessie radiated an energy and youthfulness distinctly at odds with the demure elegance of Mrs. Weston-to-be...

Despite the layers of makeup, they were insufficient to mask the signs of exhaustion etched across Jessie's face.

As Jessie observed the couple making their way down the aisle, she harbored no intentions of disrupting the ceremony. Instead, she was there merely to witness the man she once deeply loved commit to someone else...

Three years...

After spending three years by this man's side, it became painfully clear that he harbored no real concern for her.

Listening to his vows, Jessie's smile was tinged with tears. "Melissa, I feel so foolish. All this time, I knew he had someone else in his heart, which was why he wouldn't marry. I didn't really care because I knew he would never be with that woman in this lifetime, and I was so ready to spend my life with him even not as his legal partner, believing in a future that never was. But the truth is, it's not that he's unable to marry; he simply chose not to marry me."

At last, Jessie saw the man for who he truly was.