

Chapter 675 Albert, I'm Finally Seeing Things Clearly

After the ceremony, Albert spun around with his wife's arm looped through his own and then spotted Jessie and Melissa.

Obviously, Jessie had been shedding tears.

Albert fixed his gaze on Jessie. Wasn't she supposed to be at her own engagement party? What was she doing at his wedding?

Then his eyes shifted to Melissa.

Melissa didn't mince words. Balancing Jessie's slumped form with one hand, she flashed a grin at Albert and his wife. "Happy wedding, Mr. Watson. Mrs. Watson, congrats!"

Albert glanced between Melissa and Jessie.

Jessie's makeup was a bit smeared but she managed, her lips quivering to say, "Congrats on your big day."

Perplexed, Albert's new wife Daisy whispered, "Albert, who's she?"

Women's intuition was always on point.

Instead of questioning about Melissa, she simply asked about Jessie.

Before Albert could interject, Jessie beamed and chirped, "I'm like Uncle Albert's little sidekick. He's a real jokester. He—"

"Jessie!"

Albert's tone was firm. "You better head back to Duefron."

Jessie's defiance was clear in her expression as she lifted her chin. "And who says you can boss me around?"

She tossed a small gift box from her purse, landing it right at Albert's feet. He recognized it instantly as the New Year's gift he'd given her. Now she was returning it.

He still remembered saying, "Happy New Year, Jessie."

But now, she was using it to mark the end between them.

Albert stared at the box on the ground, choosing not to pick it up.

The wedding crowd was buzzing with whispers and glances. Even the bride's expression turned pale, but Albert didn't console her. Instead, he focused on Jessie.

But Jessie avoided his gaze.

She turned away, her lips quivering. Speaking to Melissa, she said, "Why should I settle? Melissa, three years... And in the end, he married someone else. You know what, Melissa? I actually wish it was you he married."

Melissa gently embraced Jessie.

Jessie sobbed and chuckled. "If he fires you after today, I'll hand over that villa to you. It's worth at least a cool hundred million."

But the humor faded for Jessie.

She refused to pity Albert. He owed her. If he didn't love her, why did he keep coming back? Why did he give her false hope only to leave her behind?

Before Jessie departed, Albert did something reckless. He grabbed her arm and motioned to his right-hand man, saying, "You, come along."

The wedding descended into chaos.

Albert whisked Jessie away to a presidential suite. Before Melissa could react, the door slammed shut in her face.

Melissa wrinkled her nose.

Inside, Albert pushed Jessie aside. He loosened his expensive suit jacket

and paced back and forth. Finally, he faced her and said, "Do you even know what you're doing? Running away from your engagement party like this, you're something else. What's your plan once you're back?"

Jessie threw caution to the wind.

She was dressed to the nines, leaning against the sofa with an air of allure. Catching Albert's frustrated expression, she quipped "Mr. Waston, do you ever think about how you'll explain this to Mrs. Watson later?"

Albert seethed at Jessie's audacity.

But he held back any rash reactions. Despite the chaos outside, he remained seated across from her, seemingly intent on reasoning with her.

But how could Jessie lend an ear?

She retorted icily, "Albert, I'm finally seeing things clearly. I won't expect anything from you in the future, nor will I bother you. Whether you tie the knot or keep a harem, it's none of my business"

Albert felt a throbbing ache behind his temples.

His tumultuous past made him averse to settling down.

The only woman he'd ever truly loved was now married to another.

Jessie was different, though. In his mind, she was his lover and cherished junior as she was considerably younger. She'd devoted three precious years of her youth to him. How could he feel nothing for her?

She'd even wanted to marry him, crying and pleading for this in the past.

In the end, she chose to end things.

Albert had hoped for an amicable split but it had still come to this. He lit a cigarette in irritation, smoking it halfway before turning to her. "Fine. I'll ask Melissa to take you back later."

Their encounter was far from what he'd anticipated, leaving him with a heavy heart as he murmured, "Find someone decent to marry in the future."

Jessie's eyes welled up with tears once more.

But she remained silent. He was married, and their chance was gone.

She wasn't going to stoop to those lows again.

Albert instructed her to wait inside while he stepped out. Melissa stood outside, lost in thought.

"Miss Brown."

His tone betrayed his anger.

Melissa turned, her demeanor composed. "Mr. Watson, I accompanied Jessie here as a friend, not in my professional capacity."

Albert glared at Melissa.

Despite the chaos outside, he directed his frustration at his former secretary. He fixed her with a stern gaze. "What's the deal with Jessie's fiancé? Why is the engagement off?"

Melissa revealed the truth. "Her fiancé proposed an open marriage, which Jessie couldn't accept."

"Open marriage?! An open marriage?!"

Albert repeated, his voice escalating with each utterance. Finally, he exploded, "What nonsense! Who does he think he is?"

Melissa retorted defensively, "Honestly, you weren't any better to Jessie. At least her fiancé was upfront about his intentions before the wedding and she had a chance to break it off."

Albert glared at Melissa, his anger palpable. "You seem determined to make matters worse. Aren't you worried I'll send you packing?"

Melissa replied respectfully, "Jessie mentioned that if you took it out on me, she'd transfer ownership of the villa to me."

Albert was incensed. "Since when did you two become so chummy?"

Melissa remained silent.

After a prolonged silence, she spoke softly. "Mr. Watson, why not do



right by her and yourself? It's clear you're fond of her."

Albert didn't directly address Melissa's suggestion.

Instead, he retrieved a cigarette, lighting it with deliberate slowness. He smoked more than half of it in silence.

How could he explain this to Melissa? He was almost two decades older than Jessie. Despite his current appearance of youth and success, he feared he might become a regretful old man in the near future.

Truth be told, Albert had once entertained thoughts of marrying Jessie.

Yet, every time he contemplated her youthful, sleeping visage, he hesitated.

Melissa averted her gaze, murmuring "Mr. Watson, it's just your insecurities talking. It's not your age that makes you feel undeserving but her superiority. She's got a top-notch background, stunning looks, and an Ivy League education. Even without a job, she has everything you once lacked, leaving you feeling inferior..."

Albert's hand holding the cigarette twitched from the heat.

He stared at Melissa intently.

With a wry smile, Melissa continued, "Perhaps I can relate because I come from a similar background just as yours."

Having once been his secretary, she was well acquainted with his circle and felt entitled to speak her mind.

In a hushed tone, Melissa added, "You haven't signed any legal documents yet, Mr. Watson. You still have a chance to back out. You might disappoint her, but if you marry her without love, you'll hurt her even more."

