

Chapter 676 Jessie, I Am So Sorry (Part One)

Albert's gaze bore into Melissa's, his eyes holding depths of emotion.

"I'm not marrying for love. It's a connection through marriage with another family, Melissa," he articulated each word deliberately. "You're intimately familiar with the Waston Group. This union could preemptively quell internal discord. Why shouldn't I pursue it?"

"But, Mr. Watson, are you happy?"

The Waston Group, the influence... Are those truly your desires?

Do you find yourself longing for that version of yourself on the racetrack when you are alone on your own?"

Albert's eyes never wavered from Melissa's. He regarded this young woman as both a subordinate, a partner in crime, and a family of sorts. His eyes were bloodshot from a sleepless night, their intensity now heightened lending a more ominous aura.

"Melissa, are you fully aware of what you're saying?"

Melissa's lips pressed together firmly, but she mustered the courage to reply, "I merely wish for you not to overlook your chance at genuine happiness. You're not getting any younger, and opportunities to find your true love in the future are scarce. It's not too late to reconsider this."

Her voice quivered as she spoke the final words.

Albert's stare bore into her, an intensity she had never experienced before.

He glared at her as if wanting to devour her. Yet, Melissa remained steadfast. She said what she had to say and it felt as though she had unburdened herself, regardless of the consequences.

However, in the end, Albert murmured slowly, "Melissa, what you see is

just a fraction of who I am. The man I once was on the racetrack is long gone. People grow, and so have I."

With that, he turned and strode past Melissa, leaving her standing in silence.

"Melissa," a gentle voice called out.

Startled, Melissa looked up to see Helen, Albert's mother, approaching

Albert's wedding had taken place that day, and Helen, despite in her 60s, exuded grace and elegance.

"Thank you for coming," Helen began softly. "As a mother, my greatest wish is for my son's happiness. Even though he's well into his 40s and capable of making his own decisions, he's always my boy. Would it be possible for me to meet Jessie?"

Melissa regained her composure and whispered, "She might be in tears."

Afterward, Melissa added a pertinent observation, "Mr. Waston has shown her kindness over the past few years, almost spoiling her. Please don't take offense if she behaves rudely."

Helen smiled warmly. "Of course not. I haven't had the opportunity to meet her yet. Albert has kept her well-hidden."

Melissa rapped lightly on the door. "Jessie, it's me."

After a moment's delay, Jessie cracked the door open.

She appeared disheveled, far from the beauty she exuded earlier. Her hair resembled a tangled bird's nest, and her makeup was smeared beyond recognition. Yet, despite her disarray, the remnants of her beauty were still evident in the contours of her face.

Instead of displaying irritation, Helen greeted her with a gentle smile. "I can sense that you've had your fair share of arguments with Albert."

Jessie's eyes widened in surprise.

Though they had never formally met, she recognized Helen immediately.

Helen, renowned as a celebrated writer, also happened to be Albert's

mother.

Many times, Jessie had fantasized about Albert introducing her to Helen, envisioning a future beyond their physical encounters. However, Albert seemed solely focused on the present, with little regard for anything beyond their sexual relationship. Jessie hadn't anticipated encountering Helen on Albert's wedding day.

How ironic

Lost in thought, Jessie allowed Melissa to usher Helen into the suite, while she busied herself preparing tea.

After tidying herself up, Jessie observed Melissa pouring tea for Helen. A pang of realization struck her. Melissa embodied the ideal daughter-in-law Helen would admire, while Jessie felt she had only played the role of a shrew, constantly bickering with Albert.

In the aftermath of their breakup, Jessie found clarity. She resolved to approach this encounter with grace.

Jessie offered a sincere apology to Helen, her remorse evident in her earnest demeanor.

Helen beckoned Jessie closer, prompting a lump to form in her throat. Her fair complexion flushed with emotion, Jessie's voice quivered as she asked, "Don't you blame me?"

Helen shook her head gently, a pang of sympathy evident in her eyes.

Jessie's youthfulness and three-year relationship with Albert weighed heavily on her mind. Jessie hailed from a respectable family background yet she was willing to compromise. Even Helen couldn't help but feel that it wasn't fair.

Seated beside Helen, Jessie was taken aback when Helen removed a jade bracelet from her wrist, offering it to her. The bracelet, valued at millions, held sentimental significance far beyond its monetary worth.

But despite any reservations, Helen remained adamant about giving it to Jessie.

Helen explained, "This bracelet has adorned my wrist for many years,



maintaining its flawless beauty throughout Jessie, may your future be as perfect as this bracelet."

Overwhelmed with emotion, Jessie couldn't contain her tears.

Helen enveloped her in a comforting embrace, whispering "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. It's Albert's fault."

Jessie wept for an extended period, and Helen remained patient and tender throughout her emotional release.

Meanwhile, Melissa observed the tender exchange, her thoughts drifting to Marcus and Matthew.

Later that night, Albert stood on the villa's second-floor balcony, clad in a crisp white shirt and black suit pants, silently puffing on a cigarette.

Despite his handsome appearance, there was a distinct absence of joy reflected in his demeanor.

As he smoked, his thoughts lingered on Jessie. Earlier that evening, Melissa's text informed him of their return to Duefron, with no mention of Jessie. Yet, he couldn't shake the notion that Jessie must have shed tears for a long time.

Then, a pair of delicate arms enveloped Albert's waist, drawing him from his reverie.

Daisy, his new wife, rested her head against his back, her voice soft as she asked, "Do you miss her?"

Albert offered a reassuring pat to her hand, his voice strained as he replied, "No."

When men lied, smart women had a sense of propriety.

Daisy, perceptive as ever, detected the falsehood in his words. She gently extinguished his cigarette. "Go to take a shower. It's getting late."

Albert knew what she meant.

This was their wedding night, and he was aware of their matrimonial duties awaiting behind closed doors.



They weren't young lovers anymore. They were obligated to produce an heir for the Waston Group.

This was the agreement between Albert and his father's widow, who was also Daisy's aunt.

If he and Daisy desired to conceive a child, they were obligated to engage in sexual intercourse.

Despite his annoyance, Albert complied, disposing of the cigarette and sharing a perfunctory kiss with his wife. "Okay."