

Chapter 677 Jessie, I Am So Sorry (Part Two)

But after kissing he was stunned.

Despite having taken a shower, Daisy still wore a hint of light makeup on her face. Though she appeared beautiful, tension lingered between them.

He felt like he was kissing a lifeless dummy.

"What's wrong?" Daisy smiled.

Albert gazed at her momentarily before responding "Nothing. Your makeup looks great."

He went to take a shower and readied himself for sex.

Albert had always possessed vigor, and while he was willing to engage, his physical strength faltered that night. Despite his willingness, his body betrayed him. After several failed attempts, he withdrew and exhaled gently. "I'm sorry. I'm too exhausted today."

It was Daisy's first experience with intercourse, and she didn't express many demands. Considerately, she leaned against his neck and softly murmured, "Perhaps you've been under a lot of stress lately. Let's try again tomorrow."

Albert reclined for a moment, and then pulled back the duvet, announcing "I'm going to take a shower."

In the bathroom, he remained puzzled as to why such a situation had occurred.

This had never happened before.

Despite being over forty years old, he had always possessed abundant energy. At the peak of his vitality, he engaged in lovemaking with Jessie for most of the night. They shared six passionate encounters, leaving



Jessie in tears and begging for mercy in the end.

Now, he couldn't even satisfy the basic needs of his wife.

The pressure weighed heavily on Albert's mind. Every man cared about his virility, and this sudden impotence troubled him deeply.

Initially dismissing it as an anomaly, Albert's frustration grew with each subsequent failed attempt.

After a month of intermittent efforts, all ending in disappointment, Daisy remained untouched a virgin. Albert, disheartened and resigned, no longer wished to pursue the matter further.

Three months passed, and Albert began to notice Daisy's flirtatious behavior with someone on the phone.

Soon after, he discovered a telltale hickey adorning Daisy's body. Then came the unexpected news. Daisy was pregnant.

Distraught, Daisy knelt before Albert, tearfully confessing her infidelity with a bartender. She pleaded for forgiveness, vowing to undergo an abortion and devote herself to being a faithful wife to Albert.

Seated on the sofa, Albert gazed down at his wife, the lamplight casting shadows across her beautiful and sensible demeanor.

Despite her beauty and charm, Albert harbored no love for her, nor had they shared intimacy. In her early thirties, Daisy sought solace outside their marriage, oblivious to the implications of her actions.

It seemed too cruel to subject her to an abortion.

With a soft tone, Albert uttered, "Keep the baby, and this stays between us."

Flicking the end of his cigarette, he continued, "End things with that man. If you seek companionship in the future, I'll find you a suitable partner, one who is loyal and attentive to your needs."

At that moment, Daisy wept, declaring, "Albert, I love you."

Albert offered a smile as he gently caressed her face and responded, "What you love is simply your role as Mrs. Weston. I don't love you, but



"I'm obligated to rectify the situation because I married you. Besides, we do need a child."

That night, he relocated from the main bedroom, a symbolic gesture of their fractured relationship.

Despite Albert's tolerance and generosity, Daisy failed to restrain herself. After giving birth to their daughter, she betrayed Albert once more, this time engaging with a promiscuous individual. Her actions portrayed her as lacking in decency, and she showed no concern for her child.

When her child was only six months old, Daisy tragically passed away in a car accident.

Her lover was also in the car at the time of the accident.

As Daisy lay dying in the hospital, she turned to Albert and whispered softly, "Albert, I love you."

Albert didn't shed a tear.

He cradled their six-month-old daughter in his arms and presented her to Daisy one last time. With a solemn vow, he declared, "I will ensure she is well cared for. She will always be a cherished member of the Waston family, living a life free from worry."

What could be considered carefree?

Suddenly, he pondered that Jessie's state of being appeared genuinely carefree.

The child was named Jeslyn. Every day after work, Albert would cradle the child in his arms and affectionately called out to the little girl.

Meanwhile, Melissa returned to Duefron late in the evening.

Matthew had already retired to bed, while Marcus attended to business matters downstairs, steadfastly guarding the entrance.

As the car pulled in, Marcus stood up and walked out.

Two figures emerged from the darkness.

Marcus, known for his sharp tongue, slipped his hands into his pockets,



lowered his head, and lit a cigarette. "Well, well! Melissa, you went out and brought back dead weight? Planning to give Matthew a stepmom?"

Melissa seethed with anger but remained silent.

Jessie's eyes were swollen, resembling walnuts. She glared at Marcus and retorted, "If I had anywhere else to go, do you think I'd willingly come here? Do you think I enjoy staring at your annoying face?"

Marcus glanced at Jessie and then shifted his gaze to Melissa.

Melissa's eyes were also red, likely from shedding tears with Jessie.

Marcus snorted. "I'll let you stay for a week. Then you're out."

Unimpressed by Marcus's attitude, Jessie turned to Melissa. "How can you tolerate him? He acts like he doesn't care about you, but it's obvious he's obsessed with you. He's such a fake."

"This is my property you're standing on," Marcus retorted, kicking the lawn.

Ignoring his remark, Jessie headed towards the villa. "Which room does Matthew sleep in? I want to stay with him."

Marcus yelled after her. "With that appearance, you'll scare him off. Choose any room on the third floor."

As Jessie distanced herself, Melissa moved to follow, but Marcus halted her. "You've been gone for two days. Care to explain?"

Melissa bit her lip, retorting, "Explain? What do I owe you an explanation for?"

Marcus remained silent, his gaze piercing as he stared at her with his dark eyes. Suddenly, he extended his arm and pulled her into an embrace. Her slender waist seemed almost engulfed by his arms as he gently stroked it, a mixture of frustration and flirtation evident in his demeanor. "Isn't it a bit extravagant to dress like this for Mr. Waston's wedding?"

Melissa glanced down at her dress.

Her dress did indeed accentuate her figure.

She admitted softly, "It's Jessie's dress."

Marcus pressed Melissa against the car, slipping his hand into her dress as he remarked, "So, it turns out to be someone else's dress. Well, I can't resist the urge to take it off now."

Melissa found his behavior overly flirtatious.