

Chapter 683 No Matter How Tough It Gets, I'll Never Ask...

When night fell, Matthew hit the hay early.

He couldn't shake thoughts of Jessie. He wandered around clutching his pillow, lost in a haze. Seeing him like that made Melissa a tad sad.

It felt like everyone was used to having Jessie around.

Melissa tucked Matthew in with care.

Out of the blue, the door swung open. Yvonne strolled in, clad in her pajamas and whispered, "Is Matthew asleep?"

Being close pals, the little girl snuggled up to Melissa's lap naturally.

Melissa stroked her head softly and murmured, "Almost there."

Not wanting to disturb Matthew, Yvonne kept quiet and waited patiently.

After what seemed like ages, Matthew finally dozed off.

Melissa ushered Yvonne out who then whipped out her homework.

But math wasn't Melissa's forte. She wrestled with it for ages, ending up shaking her head in defeat.

Melissa felt quite embarrassed.

With wide innocent eyes, Yvonne asked, "Aunt Melissa? Do you know how to solve this math problem?"

Melissa, of course, wasn't about to reveal the truth.

Just then, Marcus strolled in. Seeing Melissa awkwardly handling Yvonne's math book, he caught on. With a subtle grin, he plopped onto the couch, snatched the book, and explained the solution in the simplest

< Chapter 683 No Matter How Tough It Gets, I'll... +120 Points at most terms.

Yvonne beamed after solving the math problem. "Thanks a bunch Uncle Marcus!"

Marcus had a soft spot for the kid. He gave her a pat on the shoulder and said, "It's late now. Get some rest! Tomorrow, I'll take you and Matthew back to my folks' place."

Yvonne dashed back to her room, bubbling with excitement.

Marcus only shut the door once Yvonne had hopped into bed.

Catching Melissa tackling the math quiz, he couldn't resist tapping her head and quipping "How'd you even make it into university with those math skills?"

"Math's not my jam," Melissa shot back instantly.

Sporting a grin, Marcus peeked in and asked, "Is Matthew asleep?"

Melissa nodded in response.

She half expected Marcus to try something but he didn't push it after what had happened last time. It was handy for him, though, living under the same roof.

Sure, Marcus had hinted a few times, but Melissa wasn't having it.

To her surprise, Marcus didn't seem miffed at all. Instead, he just nodded and backed off. Melissa briefly wondered if Marcus was playing games.

Last time, they'd got intimate in the car.

Now he seemed to be keeping her at arm's length on purpose..

But Melissa had bigger fish to fry. She was wrestling with how to spill the beans to Albert about Jessie and her family. Especially now that Albert was hitched. It made things tricky, dealing with his ex.

It was now ten o'clock at night.

Melissa was crafting an email. It was a snappy report on her recent work, looking pretty stellar.

At the end, she added one more line.

"Mrs. Green dropped by. She was all worked up and even slapped Jessie! Mr. Watson, I might not be able to look after Jessie anymore—"

Melissa spent a good chunk of time mulling over her next words.

Finally, she reckoned if Albert still harbored feelings for Jessie, he'd suss out what went down with the Green family on his own.

Meanwhile, over in Heron.

After clocking out, Albert swung by the fancy villa and quizzed the servant, "Why's the bedroom light off? Where's Daisy? Is she out?"

The servant got all flustered, blurting out, "Mrs. Waston popped out for coffee!"

Albert checked his watch, giving a faint grin. "Coffee at this hour, huh?"

He didn't press further. He knew the servant had been working for Daisy for years and was very loyal to her.

In other words, she wouldn't spill the beans.

Albert couldn't care less whether Daisy was home or not. He actually felt more at ease when she was out as there was no need to put on a show and play bedroom games with her.

They had never consummated the marriage since their wedding night.

Initially, Albert figured it was his issue. So he tested the waters with other women.

It turned out that he still had it.

He just wasn't into Daisy.

Climbing the stairs, Albert frowned, pondering why.

Daisy was attractive. Sexy, even. But she just didn't do it for him.

As soon as he pushed open the bedroom door, it hit him like a ton of bricks.

It was because of Jessie. Specifically, her tears!

Thinking of Jessie got Albert feeling a tad blue. He yanked off his tie and chucked it onto the bed, and then flopped down on the massive mattress, motionless.

Right then, he was yearning for his days back in Duefron.

Compared to that, life here felt dull. Work piled up at the office and his missus never seemed to go without makeup, even in her sleep...

It was starting to feel suffocating, the same old routine day in, day out...

With that on his mind, Albert lit up a cigarette and took a drag.

Not long after, a ping from his inbox grabbed his attention. He opened it up to find an email from Melissa.

He hadn't expected Melissa to be burning the midnight oil, especially on a weekend..

As Albert mulled over giving Melissa a raise, the last few lines of her email knocked him sideways!

Something was up with Jessie's family?!

After a moment's thought, Albert dialed Melissa's number. Cutting to the chase, he asked straight out, "What's the deal with the Greens? Jessie's mom... hit her?"

Melissa had been waiting for his call, clutching the phone tightly.

"Yes! Jessie got a hard slap across the face! She left with her mom, all red and swollen!"

She went on, "Jessie's dad's really sick, so no one's handling the business. Marcus mentioned her dad's not great with that stuff. Mr. Watson, Jessie's in over her head with all this."

Albert's heart twinged at her words.

In a low tone, he said, "Got it."

Melissa couldn't gauge Albert's thoughts.

But he ended the call right after.

Afterward, Albert stared at the stub of his cigarette for a while.

All he could picture was Jessie's swollen face.

She was so pampered, probably couldn't handle the pain...

Just the thought of it tore him up inside.

Albert wasted no time in deciding to head back to Duefron.

Sure, things here in Heron were still shaky, and he needed to stick around the head office. But right now, all he could think about was getting back to Duefron pronto.

The problem was that there were no flights at this hour. So he opted to drive, an eight-hour journey that would get him there by morning.

As he descended the stairs, Daisy happened to stroll in.

With her flawless makeup, she looked like a vision of grace.

She was in high spirits. Seeing Albert grab his coat, she couldn't resist asking "Off somewhere, Albert? It's late."

Albert paused, casting a glance her way.

That was when he noticed a faint love bite on Daisy's neck.

And the expression on her face.

Albert put two and two together.

But aside from a twinge of discomfort, he couldn't care less. If anything, he felt a weight off his shoulders, thinking maybe Daisy could find her own fun, something he sure wasn't providing.

In a nonchalant tone, he replied, "Got something to sort out. Might take a couple days."

Daisy seemed even happier at that.

Forced smile in place, Albert made a quick exit from the villa.

Watching him disappear, Daisy was ready to head upstairs when the servant softly reminded her, "Ma'am, you can't keep coming in late like this. Mr. Watson asked about it earlier. I was really nervous."

Daisy rolled her eyes and quipped "Just play it cool!"

Then, she pulled out a wad of cash from her purse and handed it over to the servant.

It was eight in the morning

A sleek black SUV pulled into the hospital parkinglot.

Sitting in the car, puffing on a cigarette, Albert dialed Jessie's number on his phone. She picked up soon after. "Why do you keep calling? Mr. Watson, you're married now. And besides, we ended things ages ago."

Before Albert could respond, Jessie hungup.

He didn't dial her number again.

After stubbingout his cigarette and exitingthe car, Albert made his way straight to the hospital's inpatient department.

In the VIP ward.

Jessie's father lay in a coma. Her mother had gone home to rest after a sleepless nightat the hospital. So Jessie sat there alone, staring blankly at her father.

The doctor had given the grim diagnosis of terminal liver cancer. Even with surgery, her father had only a few months left.

It was unimaginablethat her family's pillar would crumble so suddenly.

Tears brimming she let out a soft sob.

The nurse pushedthe door open gently. "Miss Green, there's a gentleman outside asking for you. He's waiting."

Someone wanted to see her?

Jessie couldn't quite make out who it was. After a moment's thought she asked the nurse to keep watch over her father.

Stepping out of the ward, she spotted a slim figure at the end of the corridor.

It was Albert.

Jessie's face drained of color. She hadn't expected him to pop up out of the blue.

From a distance, they couldn't read each other's expressions.

Though it had been a short time, it felt like they hadn't seen each other in ages. Albert was now somebody else's husband, and she was no longer carefree.

After a long pause, Jessie slowly made her way toward him.

When they were about a meter apart, Albert noticed her swollen face. It looked like she'd taken a beating.

Unable to hold back, he asked in a rough voice, "Does your face hurt?"

But Jessie just stared at him blankly. Her eyes, once full of life, now seemed devoid of any spark.

She replied flatly, "Obviously, it hurts."

Albert moved closer, as if to touch her face.

But Jessie stepped back, her tone turning colder. "Mr. Watson, I don't think it's appropriate. You're married now. I wouldn't want to upset your wife if she found out."

Hearing this, Albert felt a twinge of annoyance. He shot back, "If you even cared about her feelings, why'd you rush to Heron for my wedding huh?"

In the past, she would have argued back.

But now, she simply said, "If you wish it, Mr. Watson, I can apologize to Mrs. Watson anytime."

Albert didn't want to air his dirty laundry in public.

So he focused on Jessie and said gently, "I just wanted to check if you're okay. And if there's anything I can do for you."

"Thanks, but no thanks!"

Jessie replied coolly, "I appreciate your concern, Mr. Watson. But I can manage on my own... If that's all, I need to get back to my father. Goodbye, Mr. Watson!"

Her indifferent tone got under Albert's skin.

He reached out and pulled her into a hug.

As he touched her face, Jessie winced in pain. Albert felt a pang of guilt and said firmly, "Just because I'm married, does it mean you have to treat me like a stranger?"

Jessie lifted her head and offered a faint smile.

Then she fired back, "What else should I do, Mr. Watson? Should I accept your help and then sleep with you as payment? Or maybe I should become your secret lover... Albert, is that what you want?"

With tears welling up, Jessie continued, "No matter how tough it gets, I'll never ask for your help!"