

Chapter 711 This Would Be A Girl (Part Two)

Once Janet was out of sight, Shawn decided he'd leave after checking on his daughter, not wanting to take any cues from his mom.

As Shawn stepped through the intricately carved black gate, he came across Melissa.

Shawn was taken aback. "What are you doing here, Melissa? It's scorching out. What if you get sunburn? Marcus must be worried sick."

Melissa grinned. "Oh, it's no biggie."

They strolled and talked.

Then Melissa asked, "How come you and Marcus are suddenly tight? He handed you twenty million bucks without blinking. He doesn't dole out favors like that."

Shawn got her drift.

Sweat beaded on his brow. He'd been feeling uneasy for a while. Finally, he halted and confessed quietly, "Melissa, it's all my fault. I'm not mad at Marcus, really. Even without that woman, I'd still be trapped one way or another. Even though Janet barely speaks to me now, she's got a life and she's happy. Yvonne and my mom are also living well. What more could I ask for in life? I'm genuinely turning over a new leaf. As long as Janet's willing, I'll treat her right for life."

Melissa stayed silent, taking it all in.

Eventually, she didn't utter a word but walked alongside Shawn back to the villa.

Marcus lingered by the doorway.

Melissa glanced at Marcus, and then at Shawn. "You better stick to your

word."

"No more fooling around. I'll stand by Janet. If I slip up again, I'll be utterly ashamed."

Melissa flashed a smile.

Shawn watched her depart, and then waved at Yvonne on the balcony. "Hey, Yvonne, Dad's off to work. I'll get you a Ferrari once I'm earning."

Yvonne stayed put, neither responding nor ignoring him as before.

Shawn kept his gaze fixed on her.

Eventually, he gritted his teeth and left. In the car, he wiped his face, delivering a self-inflicted slap. "You let your daughter live under someone else's roof. Even if Melissa and Marcus are decent people, they aren't Yvonne's real folks. You're a real piece of work, Shawn."

Marcus escorted Melissa inside.

As Waylen and Rena prepared to depart, they couldn't resist a few parting words. With an arm around Melissa, Marcus murmured, "Mom, Dad, don't worry. I'll look after Melissa."

Waylen scoffed. "You're good at taking care of folks. Look how you've looked after Julie's family."

There was a deeper meaning behind Waylen's words.

Only Rena was in the dark, looking puzzled.

Once they settled into the car, Rena scolded Waylen for his comment. "You got it all wrong. It's only natural for Marcus to look after Julie's kin. Remember how Julie cared for Matthew back then?"

Waylen couldn't bear to recount his inner turmoil.

He couldn't spill the beans to Rena about Marcus' deeds. So, all he could manage to say was, "You don't know the lengths Marcus can go to. Back in the day, I wasn't half as cunning as him."

Turning to Rena, he added, "Rena, we've got great genes. We should've had more kids when we were younger."

Rena rested against her seat, speaking softly. "You were swamped when we were younger. Hospital visits for transfusions, lawsuits abroad. When would you find time for a baby?"

Feeling guilty, Waylen reached out to caress Rena's still lovely face, saying gently, "That's all in the past, sweetheart. But you remember every bit of it."

Rena turned to him, planting a kiss on his lips.

In that moment, Waylen felt content.

The next day, Melissa headed to work.

To her surprise, Albert showed up at the company. Melissa was taken aback because Albert had been in Heron for ages and had never set foot in the Duefron branch.

He looked like he was dodging someone.

In the CEO's office, Albert settled on the couch. He reached for a smoke but thought better of it.

"Melissa, I heard you're expecting."

Melissa was mid-pour and froze at his words. "How'd you find out?"

She figured Albert had a line to Jessie but he surprised her, grinning "Elsie spilled the beans."

Melissa's radar pinged.

Setting the tea gently on the table, she prodded, asking "You're still in touch with Elsie?"

Albert gave a faint smile.

Melissa figured Albert still had feelings for Jessie, but what could he do? He was hitched now.

In a few months, he'd have a bundle of joy.

Since they were never meant to be, Melissa avoided bringing up Jessie.

Silence hung in the air.

Out of the blue, Albert asked, "How's she doing?"

Melissa eyed him briefly before replying, "Same old. Her family business is still struggling but she's grinding away."

Albert's heart sank but he didn't press further.

Before leaving Melissa's office, he picked up the transfer letter from the table, murmuring "You probably won't need this. But Melissa... I'll hold onto this opportunity for you, forever."

Melissa hesitated to see him go.

When Melissa hit rock bottom, it was Albert who lent a hand. He and the Weston Group practically gave her her second chance in life.

Leaving wasn't an option she fancied.

But with this new path ahead, she had to tweak her life plans.

Keeping her emotions in check, Melissa flashed a smile. "I'll start looking out for a fitting replacement, Mr. Weston."

Albert shook his head. "No one's a better fit than you."

He held Melissa in high regard, seeing her not just as an employee but as family.

They shared the same roots. He felt a sense of relief knowing she'd be happy.

She turned down the Smith family, a move he hadn't dared to make to his own folks.

In a way, she was more resolute than him.

Albert rose and departed slowly. As the office door clicked shut, Melissa stared at the transfer letter, sensing closure.

Finally, she admitted to herself that Marcus was her top priority.

Her ambitions and everything had all stemmed from her love for him all

along.

Albert left.

He popped by under the pretext of checking on Melissa. But deep down, he knew what truly mattered to him. He hadn't swung by the villa, nor did he make a beeline for Jessie's place.

He strolled down the street with no particular destination in mind.

Eventually, Albert found himself at a Japanese joint, Jessie's go-to spot. Whenever he had downtime, she'd drag him here. She'd order up a storm but then fret about gaining weight, leaving Albert to polish off the spread.

Thinking back, Albert couldn't help but grin.

Surprisingly, the owner recognized him. Pleased to see Albert, he pointed out Jessie tucked away in the corner. "Mr. Waston, what a surprise! Miss Green's here too. She's over there. Shall I let her know you're here for dinner together?"

Albert was taken aback to find Jessie here.

He waved and headed inside. Navigating the tables, he spotted Jessie.

Dressed in business attire, she sat quietly.

In front of her, there was just a modest portion of food.

It had been ages since they'd last crossed paths.

She seemed more grown-up now, though a hint of weariness lingered on her face.

When the meal arrived, she pulled her hair back and ate in silence.

She nibbled on her food, not because she feared gaining weight, but because she had no appetite.

She'd shed quite a few pounds.

Albert stood there, silently observing her. He knew he ought to make a swift exit; he'd promised not to disrupt her peace. But he found himself rooted to the spot.

Abruptly, Jessie halted her meal.

From a few meters away, Albert watched as two tears trickled down her cheeks.

Swiftly, she dabbed at her face with a tissue, likely trying to keep her composure.

Albert's hands trembled in his pockets.

He'd led a life of autonomy, never second-guessing his decisions. But this time, he felt genuine remorse.

Did the well-being of thousands of employees really matter?

Sure, without jobs from the Waston Group, they'd find other means to get by.

But since losing Albert, Jessie hadn't known happiness; never cracked a smile, always in tears.

Albert hadn't reached out because he couldn't make her a promise now.

As he prepared to depart, Jessie suddenly lifted her gaze, meeting his with reddened eyes.

She was taken aback by the sight of him.