

## Chapter 720 The Newborn

The sun beamed down warmly on that spring day, making it oh-so-comfy.

In the fancy room, visitors streamed in to see Melissa and the newborn.

Afternoon came and they all cleared out. Marcus spun around, playing with the baby and jokingly asked her to call him daddy.

Melissa, still a bit tired, watched them quietly.

The peacefulness of the moment felt good.

Grinning Marcus said, "Finally, they're gone! It got on my nerves seeing them smother our daughter like that."

Melissa chuckled at his remark. "I guess you had better keep her indoors then."

Marcus peered down at the wrinkled baby girl. She might not be the prettiest yet, being just two days old but, to him, she was gorgeous.

Then, with a soft laugh, he said to the baby, "If I ever lock someone up, it'll be your beautiful mom, not you, Kiana. You're still too young and need to see the world's beauty."

Melissa, with a smile, teased, "Quit being such a kid, Marcus!"

Gazing at her, he replied seriously, "I've actually considered that."

Melissa whispered, "I'm not going anywhere, Marcus. I promise."

He grinned gazing at their little girl, Kiana Fowler, and vowed, "If your mom even thinks of leaving again, I'll give her a reason to stay, like breaking her legs."

"But what good will that do? I won't be able to take care of myself. Will you still want me then?"

"I'll always take care of you!"

"Marcus, you're such a weirdo!"

As they chatted, the door creaked open, and in walked Albert.

Albert, always holding a grudge against Marcus, sneered. "Looks like having a baby hasn't worn you two out. Still got energy to bicker. But I have to admit, your love drama's next-level! Threatening to break her leg so she won't leave... Millennials and their complicated love lives!"

Melissa blushed at his words.

Unfazed, Marcus rose, accepting the gift from Albert. With a grin, he retorted, "Mr. Waston, your love life's quite the spectacle too. Your wife's got her side thing yet she's still devoted to you!"

Albert was left speechless.

Marcus could always be so mean and even out-sass his dad, Waylen.

Turning to Melissa, Marcus said seriously, "Since your boss is here, you chat with him. I'll grab coffee for him."

Melissa grinned softly, saying, "Sure thing but no sugar in his coffee, okay?"

Marcus grinned back, replying "Yes, madam."

Once Marcus left, Albert peered at the baby girl and grumbled, "When did he start being so generous? He used to eye me like I was always ready to steal you away."

Melissa just smiled.

Albert inspected the baby closely, nodding "She's a beauty. She takes after Marcus."

Melissa nodded in agreement.

Matthew took after her, while Kiana resembled Marcus more.

Albert handed out two carefully wrapped gifts, one for the baby, one for her brave mama.

Melissa took them without a soft "Thank you."

She asked gently, "How's everything with you?"

Albert knew what she was getting at and grinned "Same old. I moved back home. At my age, I need someone to carry my legacy. Doesn't matter if I'm the real dad or not, as long as that kid's healthy."

His words left Melissa stunned.

But she couldn't probe further. Unexpectedly, he continued "Her mom's hardly around. The poor girl cries every night. But her mom just gets annoyed and leaves her with the nanny."

"Mr. Waston."

Melissa didn't quite know what to say to comfort him. Albert shrugged with a hint of a smile. "It's probably better that her mom stays away. The poor kid gets scared every time she shows up."

After what felt like ages, Marcus returned with a steaming cup of coffee.

Albert took a couple of sips, and then set it down. He gave Marcus a pat on the shoulder, saying, "Take care of Melissa and cherish what you've got. Building a family isn't a walk in the park."

Marcus nodded, replying "Let me give you a lift home."

Albert waved him off. "Nah, my driver's waiting downstairs. I squeezed in a visit, but duty calls. I must head back to Heron tonight. My daughter needs me."

His words weighed heavily on Melissa.

Still, Marcus insisted on walking Albert out. As they waited for the elevator, Albert chuckled. "Since when did you become so attentive? It's a bit odd!"

Raising an eyebrow, Marcus retorted, "I guess I didn't leave a good impression. I just thought I'd mention that Jessie is back. She might pop by the hospital to see Melissa. If you stick around, you might catch her."

Jessie was back?

Albert was floored. He had never seen that coming.

He hadn't heard a peep from her in over six months.

Truth is, he could've checked up on her if he wanted to, but he didn't bother.

They'd cut ties and he'd been blacklisted ages ago. Even if she shared her life highlightsonline, he couldn't sneak a peek.

Lately, thoughts of her had crossed his mind.

But he knew he was just a stranger to her now.

Marcus held Albert's gaze for what felt like ages.

Finally, Albert snapped out of it, his voice low and rough "Thanks. But our chat feels unnecessary."

Marcus didn't push it.

With a hand in his pocket, Marcus added, "As long as you're cool with it, Mr. Waston."

As the elevator arrived, Albert stepped in, and the doors slid shut.

He was alone in the lift, staring at his reflection in the mirror.

He thought he'd been firm in turning down Marcus's offer, but seeing himself now, he realized he was anything but sure.

Suddenly, he despised himself.

He envied Marcus. Marcus and Melissa hit a rough patch once. Years later when fate brought them together again, Marcus had swiftly ended things with his new girl and went after Melissa again.

Albert was older and wiser than Marcus.

But he didn't have Marcus' courage.

As the elevator reached the ground floor, Albert prepared to step out when a familiar scent hit his nostrils.

He couldn't help but look up.

It was Jessie.

She seemed a bit sun-kissed but her complexion was visibly improved and her skin was radiant and flawless.

Clearly, she was taken aback too. After a moment of daze, she regained composure and gave him a slight nod. She had no intention of chatting.

Albert's expression was unreadable.

After a long pause, Jessie finally spoke up. "Are you getting off or what?"

Albert looked pained. He exited the elevator, brushing past her. Their bodies barely grazed each other. In a low voice only she could hear, he uttered a single word.

"Sorry!"

After more than six months apart, that was all he could manage.

He couldn't ask for more. He couldn't risk making the same mistake and hurting the woman he loved again.

She'd made it clear she wanted space. All he could do was honor her wishes and keep his distance.

As Albert took a few strides, the elevator doors slid shut behind him.

The sound was barely a whisper but it weighed heavy on him. He hesitated, wanting to steal a glance back at her, but the doors were already sealed shut.

The longing to see her again gnawed at him.

He lingered for a moment before finally stepping out.

Outside, the sun beamed down.

But he felt no warmth. Instead, a chill ran through him, leaving him feeling low even after he reached Heron.

Come evening, he found himself on the balcony, puffing away on a

cigarette.

A servant hurried over, cradling the baby. She looked distressed as she spoke, "Sir, your daughter seems to have a cold and a fever. Should we take her to the hospital?"

Albert furrowed his brow, stubbing out the cigarette before gently feeling the baby's forehead.

It was burning up.

His frown deepened as he questioned, "What happened? How'd she catch a cold in this warm weather?"

The servant feared Albert might blame her, so she spilled the beans. "Sir, while you were away on your trip last night Mrs. Waston showed up out of the blue. She insisted on tucking Miss Jeslyn in herself. We tried to stop her because she's never done it before, but she wouldn't budge. Said she'd talk to you if anything went wrong."

Her voice trailed off nervously.

Albert's frown deepened as he heard this. He figured Daisy got worked up again because he was away on business.

She deliberately made her daughter Jeslyn sick just to get Albert to hurry home.

Was she out of her mind?

Fuming Albert stormed downstairs just as Daisy returned. Their eyes locked. Seeing the fatigue and anger etched on his face, she put on a coy smile. "You're back at last! Why the rush? That floozy just landed in Duefron, right? It's been ages since you've seen her. Why not linger a bit longer?"

Daisy delicately traced the handrail with her fingers, asking, "Are you worried about the baby?"

Albert handed the child to the servant.

He descended the stairs slowly, delivering a sharp slap to Daisy's face.

His tone was severe. "Have you lost your mind? She's your own flesh and

blood. How could you do this to her?"

Daisy staggered from the blow.

She leaned against the railing for support, taking a moment to gather herself. Finally, she looked up at him and retorted, "You're the one who's driving me insane! Albert, why are you so concerned about the child? You've never ever touched me. She's not your kid anyway."

Albert narrowed his eyes, puzzled. "What are you saying?"

Daisy lifted her head and let out a manic laugh. "Did I say something wrong? Mr. Waston... You're terrified people will find out about my affair, right? Are you scared they'll know she isn't yours, huh? It's fine. I won't breathe a word. I could even do away with her, and we can start fresh!"

"You're deranged!"

Albert's face flushed with anger.

Daisy continued her tirade. "I'm deranged? You're the one who's really lost it! You're willing to care for a child that isn't yours!"

Albert suddenly grabbed her by the throat.

Advancing on her, fury etched on his face, he uttered each word with venom. "You better keep that mouth shut in public or I'll make sure you and that old crone meet a grisly end. Trust me, you don't want to go down that road!"

With that said, he turned to the servant. "Get everything ready. Wait in the car."

The servant was taken aback.

She'd been on the job for ages. Despite Daisy and Albert's rocky relationship and Daisy's flings, she never imagined Jeslyn wasn't Albert's child!

But she knew better than to meddle in her boss' personal affairs.

The black car eased away.

Daisy glared as it disappeared. Blood trickled from her forehead and



mouth. She was seething her lips quivering "Even that bastard child means more to him than me."



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