

Chapter 684 Focus On Your Wife (Part One)

Jessie, after saying that, seemed lost in her thoughts.

Meanwhile, Albert felt even worse.

But he didn't release Jessie, nor did he spill the beans about Daisy. He figured his marriage choice was in the past, for better or worse.

And he didn't regret it, even if his wife had cheated on him.

Albert pulled out a tube of ointment, popped the lid with one hand, and dabbed some gently on Jessie's face, careful not to hurt her again.

With Jessie locked in his embrace, she had no choice but to stay put.

She felt awkward, turning her face away. She didn't want to talk to him but eventually couldn't help blurting out, "Why are you here? Just to mock me?"

Albert stayed silent, tending to her with the ointment.

The sight brought back memories of their past. Jessie acted all experienced but Albert discovered only later she was still a virgin. She had been shy and had cried out in pain during their first time together.

That night, he had compromised for the first time.

Jessie, much younger and delicate, acted like a spoiled child. He had to give in.

After coaxing her for ages, she finally relented before dawn.

And after sex, he'd apply ointment for her, just like now.

Albert gazed at Jessie, murmuring "I just wanted to see you. Nothing more."

Then he released his hold.

Truth be told, Jessie didn't want him to let go. So when he did, she was taken aback for a moment.

After everything she'd been through, however, Jessie seemed to mature. Instead of tears, she calmly said, "Thanks for dropping by, Mr. Watson. I'm good. You can take off now."

She struggled to keep her composure before adding, "You're hitched now, so focus on your wife! She seems... She seems lovely."

Albert fixed her with his intense gaze.

After a lengthy silence, he fished out cigarettes, lighting one up.

Seeing this, Jessie turned away and exited.

Albert didn't halt her. Instead, he watched her go, puffing away on his cigarette.

Did he regret it?

Perhaps a tad.

Not because Daisy had strayed but because he couldn't bear to see Jessie hurting like this...

Meanwhile, Jessie returned to the ward.

Her mother had come back with a stern expression. Ignoring the nurse's presence, she slapped Jessie as soon as she entered. "How dare you still associate with that man! Have you no shame, Jessie?"

Caught off guard, Jessie stumbled.

Her face was swollen and red again, her lips even bleeding.

The nurse tried to intervene but Jessie's mother dismissed her and shut the door.

Throughout, Jessie said nothing to defend herself. She only stared at her father, wondering if her defiance had led to the Green family's downfall...

In the afternoon, the doctor mentioned her old man's condition was stabilizing.

Jessie was the sole heir to the family business so she had to step up.

But she was clueless about running things. The sight of the balance sheets left her reeling. The company and the hotel were both in dire straits...

Her father had patched things up as best he could but debts still loomed large. So, Jessie decided to sell the villa Albert had bought for her.

Three days later, the agent notified her of potential interest in the property.

As planned, Jessie showed up on time. Elsie, seeing the agent and the potential buyer, seemed rattled.

She'd grown accustomed to the place and wasn't keen on leaving.

Yet, she fretted over Jessie.

After consoling Elsie, Jessie gave the visitor a tour.

After some haggling the final bid stood at twelve million. It was way under market value, but Jessie was in dire need of cash.

She clenched her jaw and agreed.

Even with her best efforts, the funds fell short of clearing the debts...

Still, Jessie helped Elsie find a new place.

Keeping Elsie in the Green household wasn't an option. Plus, her mother had seen Elsie last time and wouldn't stand for her sticking around.

Suddenly, Jessie thought of Melissa.

Melissa's crib was spacious. Sending Elsie there seemed like a plan, Jessie reckoned.

With that in mind, Jessie rang Melissa up and gave her the lowdown. Though Melissa knew she needed to talk to Marcus about this, she said

< Chapter 684 Focus On Your Wife (Part One) 🎁 +120 Points at most
in a soft tone, "Sure thing. Send her over! Actually, we could use an extra hand."

Upon hearing this, Jessie fell silent for a moment, and then choked out, "Melissa, I never imagined I'd be begging you for help one day!"

Once upon a time, she'd been so high and mighty, looking down on Melissa.

Now, as they say, what goes around comes around!

After sorting out Elsie's future digs, Jessie returned to the villa. Elsie had packed up, tears rolling silently down her cheeks. Spotting Jessie, she dabbed her face and murmured, "Miss Green, I'm heading back home. You take care of yourself."

Elsie had tended to Jessie for over two years, never asking for a penny and now even offering her a bank card.

"Here's my savings from all these years. It's not much... Think of it as a loan," she said.

Holding the card, Jessie whispered, "I'm grateful, Elsie. But this is your nest egg. I can't take it! Stay put. Melissa's villa needs help... She's a good soul. Better than me, at least!"

Elsie couldn't hold back her tears at that.

With her husband long gone and no kids, leaving Jessie was the last thing she wanted.

In a soft tone, Jessie said, "Head to Melissa's for now. I'll fetch you once things get better."

Elsie nodded, her tears still flowing.

Jessie loaded Elsie's luggage into the car trunk. Worried Elsie might be mistreated by other servants, she decided to chauffeur her to the villa herself....

At first, Elsie protested, not wanting to be a bother.

But after a lengthy silence, Jessie spoke up by the car. "It's the least I can do for you right now!"

She didn't say another word but Elsie caught Jessie's drift.

Elsie hopped in and Jessie shut the door. Before they left, Jessie stole a final glance at the villa...

Soon, it'd be someone else's, and memories of Albert would fade away with it.

Her eyes welled up but she fought back the tears.

There was too much on her plate—both at home and with the business—to dwell on the past.

The red sports car peeled away from the villa...

Then, a black SUV rolled in from the distance.

Behind the wheel sat Albert.

He leaned against the window, puffing on a cigarette while awaiting someone. Soon, two folks approached, handing him the villa key with respect.

Taking it, Albert nodded, and then stepped out of the SUV.

He entered the villa.

It looked just as it did when he had first bought it, but now, it felt empty without Jessie's things.

He ran his hand over the sofa gently, reminiscing about the wild times with Jessie.

He'd pinned her down there on the sofa and made love to her.

Her skin had been so soft, and she'd trembled like a scared kitten in his arms.

Most of the time, she was compliant, but when she got mad, she'd blow her top.

Reflecting on the past three years with Jessie, he wasn't sure if he'd treated her right...

