

Chapter 693 I'll Sell Myself To You! (Part Two)

His family's fortune wasn't even in the same league as the Waston Group's. If Albert wanted, he could wipe Patrick out with a snap.

James didn't want to get dragged into this mess.

Just then, a chilling voice cut through from the doorway. "Why haven't I heard about this?"

Albert strode in.

The dim light in the room cast a shadow over his face, making him look even more ominous. It was rare to see Albert with such a dark expression; he was usually smooth and charming.

But now, he was ready to defend Jessie at all costs.

They'd even called it quits!

Patrick slumped on the sofa, mouth hanging open, like he couldn't quite believe it.

Albert approached slowly.

He rolled up his sleeves, his face set with determination. It had been years since he'd been in a fight...

But now he was as fired up as a teenager. He grabbed Patrick's collar and landed a solid punch.

Albert had a rough past.

Patrick didn't stand a chance. It soon turned into a one-sided brawl, blood staining the sofa in no time. The guy who usually preyed on women was now whimpering and begging for mercy, too scared to fight back.

Albert tossed him onto the couch like he was tossing aside a napkin.

Meanwhile, Jessie watched, her expression blank.

It was like he meant nothing to her, like his actions didn't even register.

Albert glanced at her and said, "Let's go!"

She resisted.

But he grabbed her hand and dragged her off. Before leaving, he tossed a card...

James grumbled, "Thanks, Mr. Waston."

Jessie was pulled away by Albert. She cursed under her breath, "You jerk, where are you dragging me? I'm not going anywhere... And forget about getting in my pants! I won't! Did you not hear what people just said about me? You've already treated me like trash—a cheap thing you played and tossed aside. What more do you want?"

"Don't talk like that!"

Pressed against the corridor wall, her back ached from the impact.

Across the way, Melissa watched, feeling concerned.

But Marcus just rubbed his chin and remarked, "Your boss, Mr. Waston, sure knows how to make a scene, huh? What do you think, Melissa?"

"Yawn!"

"I prefer Mr. Waston's work ethic," Melissa replied softly.

Marcus peeked into the private room, blocking Melissa from going in. He nodded towards Albert's direction and whispered, "It looks like they're not letting go of each other. Let's give them some space."

Melissa chewed her lip. "But Mr. Waston's married!"

Marcus smirked. "He's got a better grip on his situation than you think! Being married, he knows what's off-limits. If he really cared for Jessie, he wouldn't even lay a finger on her."

Melissa eyed him for a moment. "You seem to know Mr. Waston pretty well?"

Marcus countered slowly, "Feeling a bit jealous, are we?"

Meanwhile, Albert was holding Jessie's face, still feeling the heat from their scuffle.

He caressed her cheek, his voice gravelly.

"Don't say that about yourself!"

Jessie chuckled against the wall, and then cocked her head. "Big deal, Albert. Everyone in Duefron knows that. You don't want me!"

He stared at her, and then blurted out, "Do you want me to get a divorce?"

Jessie was taken aback.

Disbelief flashed across her face, as if she'd just heard the unthinkable

After a moment, she chuckled. "Come on, Albert, quit joking"

She'd attended his wedding and he didn't bat an eye. He just handed her some tissues and carried on with the festivities. The night she cried her heart out, he was off enjoying his honeymoon.

But now, after just six months, he was asking if she wanted him to divorce.

What was he getting at?

Had he gotten bored of his new missus, used her up, and now figured his old flame was more fun in bed?

Jessie laughed, tears rolling down her cheeks. She shoved him away hard, stumbling forward, not caring which empty private room she found herself in.

In the room, she spotted some booze and poured herself a hefty glass.

"Jessie!"

Albert's voice rang out, pained.

Jessie lifted her head, downing half the glass in one go. As she lowered it, she stared at the rest of the golden liquid and murmured, "What's the big deal? It's just sex, right? Selling myself to anyone, it's all the same, isn't it? Some guy just waved tens of millions and wanted a roll in the hay. How much are you offering, Mr. Waston? Let's haggle a price. I'll down a few more, or else I might not be able to stomach looking at your face, especially since we're both fed up with each other."

"Jessie! You think I'm here just for sex?"

Who do you think you are?

Who do you think I am?"

The glass slipped from Jessie's grip shattering on the floor.

Her face was a mask of cold beauty.

She shot back, "Mr. Waston, you spent three years in my bed, didn't you? If it wasn't just for the sex, are you trying to say it was love? I'm not giving myself away for free. What's wrong with wanting some perks? Back then, I wanted a real commitment, a lasting bond. Now that you're hitched, what's so wrong for me to go for some cash?"

Albert fell into silence.

He watched her quietly...

After a long pause, he strolled over to the liquor cabinet, fetched a bottle, and placed it in front of her. "Alright! I'll buy you for one night! Five hundred million! Knock back half this bottle and come with me to the villa!"

Five hundred million dollars for one night with her?!

Jessie stared at him, her eyes red.

Albert's tone turned icy. "What? You're not up for it? Didn't you just say you wanted to make a deal?"

Jessie scoffed. "Well, isn't that something? I should be thanking Mr. Waston for his generosity, giving me the chance to serve him!"

Albert handed her a glass of whisky and she downed it in one shot.

It burned her throat.

In that moment, Jessie almost cried out. She felt so unfairly treated.

But she refused to show weakness in front of him. Because if she did, she'd lose. She'd lose everything—her pride, her dignity. Everyone could mock her as the woman Albert toyed with, but not him.

In front of Albert, she always wanted to hold onto that last shred of dignity.

After three glasses, Jessie was quite drunk.

She slumped against the couch and drifted off.

Albert approached her, gazing at her sleeping face, gently tucking away the stray hairs on her forehead...

His fingers throbbed from the fight, trembling slightly.

He called out to her. "Jessie!"

Jessie didn't stir. She didn't want to. She thought if she didn't wake, she wouldn't have to face Albert.

She didn't want him to see her like this.

She really didn't want him to see her like this!

Albert reached out and lifted her gently, carrying her out. James was waiting at the door, offering his respects. "Mr. Waston, Patrick's just a punk don't let him get to you!"

Then he glanced at Jessie in Albert's arms, feeling a mix of emotions.

Clearly, Albert cherished her deeply.

But why hadn't he married her back then?

James couldn't figure it out.

