

Chapter 694 My Wedding Gifts To You (Part One)

Albert was unaffected by James' words.

His eyes flickered open, revealing depths impossible to read.

Despite James being a wealthy heir, his business faltered, leaving him feeling inferior to Albert. Meeting Albert's gaze became almost unbearable for James.

Upon standing amidst the club's lavish corridor, Albert's demeanor exuded authority as he spoke deliberately. "I've never been one to forgive."

James, feeling the weight of Albert's gaze, pleaded. "Please, spare Patrick, even just for Rena's sake."

A smirk played on Albert's lips. "What? Does he hold a special place in Rena's heart now? Even if he does, it changes nothing."

James' eyes wavered with conflicting emotions.

With a boldness fueled by desperation, he gestured towards the woman nestled in Albert's arms. "If you've grown attached to her during those three years, why not make her your partner? Jessie is a wonderful woman."

A shadow passed over Albert's face, his features clouding at the mention of marriage.

Ignoring James' wild words, Albert descended the stairs, Jessie cradled in his arms, and settled her gently into the car.

While securing her seatbelt, her hand suddenly clasped his.

Assuming she had woken up, Albert was surprised by her murmured words, spoken as if in a dream. "Uncle Albert," she whispered, her eyes meeting his with a misty gaze.

Albert froze, unable to look away.

After a moment, Jessie's eyelids fluttered shut again as she murmured, "It must be a dream. How could you come back when you're married?"

Albert felt a pang of sadness at her words.

His fingers trembled as he tenderly brushed her face.

He looked at her longingly.

Though he wanted her, he couldn't forget he was now married. It wasn't about being loyal to his wife, but feeling undeserving of Jessie's touch.

With a heavy heart, Albert withdrew his hand and closed the car door.

Taking Jessie to the familiar villa, he carried her upstairs with care.

He removed her shoes, wiped her face, hands, and even her feet with a towel before tucking her in. Heading to the living room, he resigned himself to spending the night there, wrestling with his conflicted emotions.

At the crack of dawn, the sweet trill of birdsong filled the air outside.

As Jessie stirred, her fingertips brushed against the soft pillow.

Abruptly, she opened her eyes.

Before her lay the familiar sight

This was the very villa she had sold.

Recollection of the previous night's events slowly dawned on her, despite the haze of memory. There had been a heated exchange with Patrick, and Albert had brought her to this place.

"Good morning"

The sound of his voice had once been comforting and she could listen to it all day long.

Now, it only sent a shiver down her spine

Turning away, Jessie faced the other direction, her tone sharp. "Did you purchase this place? And did you orchestrate Marcus' funding my company later on?"

Albert's response hung in the air, neither confirming nor denying.

Silence enveloped them for a moment before Jessie spoke again, her voice softer this time. "Why did you bring me here?"

In Albert's outstretched hand, a glass of water and a pill awaited her.

"Take this," he said gently. "It'll help ease your discomfort from the hangover."

Jessie whirled around, her hand sweeping out to knock over the glass of water, darkening the sheets in an instant. But she didn't flinch. Instead, she unleashed her fury upon him. "Why bring me here? Mr. Waston, does this place hold no memory for you? Count how many nights we've shared on this bed. What's this? Is this your twisted form of mercy now that you tied the knot with another woman? If you're done with me, why linger around me? My well-being is none of your concern. Do you understand? It's none of your concern!"

Her words hung heavy in the air as she glared at him, her chest heaving, lips quivering.

It didn't matter how hard she tried. It didn't matter how many vows she made to forget him; the bitterness surged anew whenever she recalled his wedding day. She loathed him with every fiber of her being.

Albert met her gaze in silence.

His patience was unwavering. Despite the spilled water, he refilled the glass and urged her to take the medicine.

After several failed protests, Jessie swallowed the pill dry. With determination, she prepared to leave, pulling the covers aside.

But before she could escape, his grip closed around her wrist.

In a soft voice, Albert said, "I haven't given you the check yet. Care to join me for breakfast?"

Jessie's mind went blank for a moment, recalling the events of the previous night. Five hundred million dollars exchanged hands, a transaction she now regretted. She didn't want his money.

Glancing down at their intertwined hands, she demanded, "Let go of me!"

But Albert held firm, his tone nonchalant. "I'll hand over the five hundred million if you share a meal with me."

Jessie's lips quivered slightly.

Meeting his gaze, she delivered a swift slap across his cheek. Then, with determination, she began unbuttoning her shirt. "Let's get this over with. Dining with you disgusts me more than sleeping with you."

Then she unbuttoned her shirt, revealing a black lace bra.

Her youthful body exuded beauty and allure.

She reclined on the bed, shutting her eyes. "Isn't this what you want, Albert? Stop pretending with me."

She was being stubborn, and tears welled in her eyes.

A comforting presence enveloped her, devoid of possessiveness. Albert offered a gentle embrace.

With one hand, he fastened her shirt, the other securing her waist to still her movements. Once she was presentable, he enveloped her in his arms, his expression and voice filled with pain. "Jessie, enough."

Jessie lay in silence.

She remained still, tears silently streaming down her cheeks. She felt drained, knowing it wasn't right to be held in his arms now.

"Release me. Don't bring shame upon me or your wife."

With a turn of her head, Jessie averted her gaze, overwhelmed with embarrassment.

It had been Jessie who first harbored feelings for Albert, and he had eventually reciprocated. She had waited for him for three long years, only



to see him marry someone else. Jessie resented him and refused to accept it.

In a soft voice, Jessie questioned, "Albert, if I lose to Melissa, I'll accept it. But why marry a stranger? Are you determined to keep me miserable for the rest of my days?"

"No,"

Albert murmured. "I don't want you to be unhappy, Jessie..."

He couldn't bring himself to say the words, "I love you."

Perhaps he never would.

Jessie wept once more.

Albert cradled her gently, his touch soft and reassuring as if comforting a frightened child. He whispered soothing words, coaxing her until she stirred. She had no urge to scold or strike him again.

As he prepared breakfast, he extended an invitation, and she accepted without hesitation.

The dining room felt different from three years ago, lacking Elsie's presence. When Albert asked about Elsie, Jessie replied, "Elsie's with Melissa now. She's enjoying her work and getting along with everyone."

Albert served her a bowl of clam chowder.

It was her favorite dish.

"It's fresh. Give it a try."

Gazing at the clam chowder, Jessie reminisced. There were moments of happiness they had shared, especially in the beginning when he showered her with affection. He used to take her to a famous restaurant in Jamdur for authentic clam chowder, her favorite. Upon returning to Duefron, he had learned to make it himself.

Despite his flirtatious tendencies, he had always been devoted to her.

With a lowered head, Jessie ate in silence.



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In a soft tone, Albert said, "I visited Jamdur last month. Being alone doesn't sit well with me, Jessie... I've come to realize there's no point in dwelling on the past. What's done is done."

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