

Chapter 695 My Wedding Gifts To You (Part Two)

She understood the weight of his words.

His marriage remained an immutable reality.

With a faint smile, she replied, "Mr. Watson, don't fret. I won't disrupt your family. From now on, if our paths cross, I'll steer clear. You mustn't approach me either, or I can't be held accountable."

Albert's brow furrowed as he reached for a cigarette, though he refrained from lighting it.

"You don't have to distance yourself from me, Jessie. I can take care of you."

Prodding at her potato, she retorted, "Don't bother. I can manage just fine on my own!"

Albert didn't press the matter further.

Fiddling with the cigarette, Albert waited until she finished her meal. Then, he placed a set of keys to the villa and a check of five hundred million dollars on the table. Gently, he reached out and brushed her head, murmuring "Consider these my wedding gifts to you. You're still young. Find a good man and move on."

Jessie sat in stunned silence.

She stared at the check and keys, her slender fingers tracing their edges delicately.

After a moment, she spoke up, her voice trembling slightly. "I will forget you and move on. Take these back. You're not my real uncle. There's no need for such valuable wedding gifts. Besides, how could a man sleep with his own niece?"

She feigned indifference, but her eyes betrayed her emotions, brimming with unshed tears.

She despised herself for being so easily swayed.

With those words, Jessie grabbed her bag and made to leave.

She didn't want him to escort her.

He was married now. Last night had been a mistake, fueled by alcohol. If she allowed him to linger, it would only complicate matters further.

In five minutes, a taxi pulled up, and Jessie swiftly climbed inside without a second glance.

Albert made no move to stop her.

He lingered there, lost in thought, before finally making his way back to the villa. Seated, he stared at the check and keys. Then he tore the check in two.

His phone rang—it was his wife, Daisy.

Theirs was a strained relationship, and Daisy's pregnancy with another man's child made things worse.

Yet, she still held onto hope for reconciliation.

Daisy briefly parted ways with her lover to prioritize Albert. She hoped for a change of heart from Albert, but how could that happen now that she was pregnant with another man's child? Albert was already considering the broader implications by not divorcing her.

"Albert, I heard you returned yesterday. Why did you go to Duefron again?"

Daisy's voice was soft, filled with longing.

"Will you be back today? I've prepared your favorite dishes," she continued, her tone pleading.

Albert rubbed his temples, grappling with the weight of his decisions.

Their relationship had hit a point where he couldn't muster the energy to



engage further. "No need. Just take care of yourself. I'll handle things myself," he said plainly.

Daisy's tone was soft, yet tinged with a subtle edge. "But Albert, why do you always stay in a hotel? Don't you need someone to take care of you?"

Albert scoffed. "You know exactly why I stay in hotels. I have my assistants to handle things. If you think that's not enough, you can arrange for someone else to be around. That way, if I were to cheat on you, at least it would be under your watchful eye."

Daisy held her breath.

After a prolonged silence, tears welled in her eyes. "Albert, I made one mistake. Can't you forgive me?"

Albert's patience wore thin. "Forgiveness is such a big word. If there's nothing else, I have to go."

Daisy hurriedly interjected, "You went to see her again, didn't you?"

Albert's warning was sharp. "You've crossed a line."

Ending the call, he felt a surge of turmoil. It was not from Daisy's words, but from the rejection he sensed from the young girl who refused his help.

He couldn't shake the feeling that Jessie had resolved to leave him.

Meanwhile, Jessie left resolutely.

In the taxi, tears streamed down her face, her sobs filling the air. The driver, taken aback, held his breath.

Finally arriving at her destination, Jessie paid the fare with red-rimmed eyes.

Now overseeing her family's hotel business, Jessie had an important banquet to attend that evening. Despite her throbbing head, she couldn't afford to skip it.

Without Albert, she relinquished the luxury of sleeping in.

Stepping into the hall, she was greeted warmly by the employees, though their gazes held a hint of complexity.





It wasn't until Jessie spotted the woman seated on the reception room's sofa that she understood the mixed reactions.

The woman was none other than Albert's wife, Daisy.

"You must be Jessie Green. I recognize you,"

Daisy said, her tone gentle. She smiled softly. "We met at my wedding to Albert. Do you recall?"

Having consumed too much alcohol the previous night, Jessie found relief after taking medication in the morning.

Yet now, her complexion resembled that of a ghostly sheet.

Her eyes fixed on Daisy. The other woman cradled her slightly protruding belly, a clear indication of her pregnancy. It was evident she sought to flaunt her affection with Albert.

Jessie's lips quivered, but she managed to force a strained smile. "Yes, I remember. How can I help you, Mrs. Waston?"

Daisy glanced around, her motives unclear. "Can we find somewhere quieter? The crowd here might harm your reputation."

Jessie saw through Daisy's facade.

With a flip of her hair, Jessie settled into her seat. "My reputation's already in ruins. Everyone in Duefron knows I'm the woman Albert's grown tired of sleeping with. But their assumptions are only half-right. Maybe it's your pregnancy that leaves Mr. Waston so horny. So yes, I slept with him again last night. He was quite generous, offering me five hundred million dollars, but I declined.

You know just how good your husband is in bed, Mrs. Waston.

To be honest, I can't find another man like him, so I refused his offer of money."

Jessie's words were deceitful.

But they pricked Daisy's pride, igniting a visible fury within her. Though she harbored deep affection for Albert, she couldn't capture his heart. Now,





hearing a young girl boast about her husband's bedroom prowess, Daisy's patience wore thin.

Sneering, Daisy shot back, "Aren't you worried Albert will hold you responsible if your antics lead to my miscarriage?"

Jessie, her eyes wide with feigned innocence, retorted, "Most women aren't angels, Mrs. Waston; especially when they're involved with married men. Aren't you giving me too much credit? Does Albert even know how pure you pretend to be?"

Enraged, Daisy collapsed onto the sofa.

Jessie rose with a disdainful snort. "I didn't sleep with him last night Mrs. Waston, if you doubt your husband just keep him in your hand bag. Don't chase after him as if he's everyone's favorite. He's not getting any younger. Keep him for yourself."

Daisy's face turned ashen.

Unable to contain her fury, she delivered a resounding slap to Jessie's cheek, leaving a faint flush in its wake.

With Jessie's fiery spirit, retaliation was inevitable.

But she stared at Daisy's bulging belly.

Carrying Albert's child, Daisy embodied his aging dream of fatherhood. If Jessie's anger led to Daisy's miscarriage...

Suppressing her fury, Jessie asked, "Feeling less angry now, Mrs. Waston?"

Daisy trembled. "Shame on you."

Jessie smiled wryly, averting her gaze. "Indeed, I am shameless. Why else would I endure Albert for three years? Why else would I attend your wedding?"

Jessie then turned around and walked away.

Still gripping Jessie's arm, Daisy lost her balance with a cry.

"Ouch."



A trickle of crimson blood painted Daisy's thighs a haunting sight.

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