

Chapter 718 Jessie Was The Maid Of Honor (Part One)

Marcus and Melissa's wedding happened outside.

Daisy had some issues and Albert wasn't pleased. "To me, Melissa's family; so of course I have to be on her wedding. And Daisy, trust me, there's going to be loads more stuff to bug you in the future. You better learn to keep these feelings to yourself."

Trying to hold back her anger, Daisy snapped, "You're such a jerk, Albert."

"Likewise."

Albert didn't stick around for her. He just got up and headed straight for the door. Melissa didn't expect this. She looked a bit shocked when she saw him.

Melissa was touched but...

Didn't Marcus tell Albert that Jessie was going to be her maid of honor?

Melissa wanted to speak up but it was clear Albert was more pumped than she was. His own marriage wasn't great, so he had high hopes for Melissa's future. But he never thought he'd run into Jessie on the wedding stage.

The ex-lovers couldn't tie the knot but here they were, sharing the spotlight at someone else's wedding.

Albert was Melissa's elder and Jessie was her maid of honor.

When Jessie stepped onto the stage with the rings and locked eyes with Albert, things got pretty tense.

Down below, Daisy was fuming so hard, she thought she might go into premature labor.

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Even though it was the Fowler family's big day, her husband was up there with that woman. Wasn't it a slap in the face for them to exchange loving looks like that?

Daisy wanted to kick up a fuss, but she glanced around and realized she couldn't ruin this event. It was the Fowler family's eldest son's wedding day, and she couldn't afford to upset them.

Melissa felt lost up there on stage.

As Marcus was about to slip the ring on her finger, she whispered "Why keep me in the dark?"

Getting married was a big deal.

Marcus was all pumped up and happy. How could he not be? He'd dealt with the troublemakers at work and sent Ryan packing. Just thinking about it made him grin from ear to ear.

And to top it off, Albert had handed Melissa over to Marcus himself.

Jessie was the maid of honor.

Thinking about it, Marcus thought this wedding was spot-on.

Melissa could see the playfulness in Marcus' eyes. She didn't know what to say but she was willing to go along with it, so she just sighed in resignation.

Jessie's hands were shaking as she passed Melissa the ring for Marcus.

Albert couldn't take his eyes off Jessie.

Jessie knew everyone was watching her and that they were aware of her past with Albert but she had to keep it together. The worst was over.

When Melissa touched Jessie's hand, she gave it a reassuring squeeze.

Jessie managed a shaky smile in return.

Melissa felt a weight lift off her shoulders. Holding the ring she looked at Marcus. He was reaching out for it, his intense gaze almost melting her.

She couldn't look away from him.

After a moment, Marcus grinned and said, "Cat got your tongue? Put it on me."

Blushing Melissa slipped the ring onto Marcus' finger. He whispered "I'll flaunt it at parties and let everyone know I'm a taken man."

Melissa smiled back.

Seeing her, Marcus felt a twinge of emotion. He gently cupped her face and kissed her deeply.

He kept his cool, not letting his excitement show.

After a long kiss, Melissa tossed the bouquet aside.

In the whirl of excitement, the bouquet landed right in Jessie's hand, leaving her stunned.

James teased, "Looks like Jessie's up next for the altar."

As soon as he said it, James caught on and glanced at Albert and Daisy. No surprise Daisy looked miserable.

Albert didn't give Daisy a second thought. His eyes were fixed on Jessie.

The atmosphere turned awkward once more. Jessie held the bouquet and said gracefully, "After the wedding I'm off abroad in the afternoon. I'm hoping to find my Mr. Right overseas."

The crowd erupted in applause, with James leading the cheer.

Jessie leaned in to whisper to Melissa, "My flight's at three. I have to dash."

Melissa didn't want to let Jessie go.

Jessie hugged Melissa, whispering in her ear, "Silly girl. I'll be back. Don't cry. Today's your big day. Be happy for me, Mel."

Holding back tears, Melissa nodded. "I will. Wait for you to come back."

Jessie glanced at Melissa's belly and said, "I want to be your kid's

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godmother."

"Deal."

In the sunlight, Melissa smiled.

Meanwhile, Albert felt a pang of sadness. He knew Jessie's words were meant for him and Daisy. She wanted to reassure Daisy she'd leave and pursue her own happiness.

Later, Marcus arranged for a ride to take Jessie to the airport.

Albert didn't go to bid Jessie farewell.

It wasn't fear of Daisy that held him back, but the realization he had no right to say goodbye. He'd already promised Jessie not to bother her again. So, Albert just stood at the hotel window, watching planes take off and land in the distance.

Albert clasped the bouquet tightly.

It was Jessie's bouquet. She'd tossed it aside carelessly, and he picked it up.

He handled it delicately, as if Jessie's touch still lingered.

Outside the window, another plane soared off into the horizon.

Albert pulled a cigarette from his pocket, hands trembling as he lit it.

Taking a drag, he gazed out the window with his intense eyes.

The bodyguard's voice came from the door. "Mrs. Waston, you can't enter. Mr. Waston needs some time alone."

But Daisy barged in regardless.

Albert spun around, locking eyes with her and her swollen belly.

Daisy glared back, fuming. "Albert, you think I don't know you're here pining over that little whore again, huh?"

Her words stung. The bodyguard hesitated, "Mr. Waston?"

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Albert took a slow drag on his cigarette, motioning for the bodyguard to leave.

Once the door shut, Daisy threw dignity to the wind, wrecking everything in the suite. She yelled, not holding back, "You may not have seen her off, but your heart's gone with her, hasn't it? What's so special about her, Albert? She's just a naive girl. It's your money she's after, isn't it? You could buy a dozen of her kind with your money."

Albert paid no mind to her rampage.

But Daisy painted Jessie in a bad light. Albert couldn't hold back, grabbing Daisy by the collar and pushing her towards the French window. His veins bulged on his forehead as he tightened his grip.

Leaning in, he demanded, "What about you? At least I'm not cheating on my spouse! I bet you've been busy with your lover."

Daisy sobbed. "That's because you won't touch me."

After a while into their marriage, Daisy realized it wasn't that Albert couldn't perform but he simply didn't want her at all.

Daisy put on a gentle smile. "When you were all over that Jessie woman, you were willing to spend your energy, huh? Albert, our marriage is just a facade. Can you blame me for seeking some solace?"



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