+120 Points at most

Chapter 721 Albert's Wife Has Passed Away (Part One)

Albert escorted Jeslyn to the hospital.

After examining her, the doctor diagnosed acute pneumonia Being pals with Albert, he couldn't resist quipping "How'd she catch a cold in this weather? Beats me. Albert, you have to take care of your family, even with a booming business to worry about."

Albert found himself at a loss for words.

He couldn't spill the beans that the kid wasn't his and her mom couldn't care less.

All Albert could manage was a bitter smile. "I hear you."

The doctor nodded, jotting down orders for hospitalization. "She'll need to be admitted to hospital for three days and administered fluids. If all's well by then, she can be discharged."

Albert thanked the doctor and entrusted the baby to the servant before heading for admission.

Just before leaving, the doctor casually inquired "Where's Jeslyn's mom? Why isn't she here?"

Albert gave a faint smile. "She's probably tied up."

The doctor couldn't shake off those rumors. He sighed inwardly, opting not to pry further.

Albert got Jeslyn checked in.

The room was a plush pink suite spanning one hundred and twenty square meters. It screamed luxury, a super VIP children's ward, costing an arm and a leg for just one night.

11:22

+120 Points at most

The servant adored Jeslyn dearly.

The servant cradled Jeslyn, glancing around the room. She planted a kiss on Jeslyn's cheek, feeling grateful that Albert cared for the little girl.

Even though Jeslyn wasn't his own, his love for her was evident. Something seemed off with his virility, and he probably couldn't have children, which could explain everything.

Jeslyn was hooked up to an IV by the nurse, who then took off.

The servant hummed a lullaby and lulled Jeslyn to sleep, giving her gentle pats. Spotting Albert by the window, she couldn't decipher his thoughts.

After some hesitation, the servant spoke up.

"Mr. Waston, don't fret. Back in my hometown, there's a remedy for men's issues. I'll fetch it on my break. Your secret's safe with me."

Albert was taken aback, but then comprehendedwhat the servant meant.

He didn't turn or elaborate, simply saying, "Thanks."

The servant was worked up.

She blurted out, "Once you're better, you and Mrs. Waston can try for kids. You'rekind-hearted. Surely, thingswill work out. God wouldn't be so unfair."

Albert gazed down, a smile playing on his lips. "Kind-hearted, huh?"

If he truly was, how could he neglect a girl for three years without taking responsibility?

The servant noticed his expressionshift, realizing she'd overstepped. She wisely kept quiet.

In the nighttimehustle.

The servant tended to Jeslyn at the hospital while Albert dashed back to the villa for something. The moment the car rolled in, the servant's jaw dropped. "Mr. Waston."

11:22

+120 Points at most

Then louder, "Mrs. Waston, Mr. Waston's back!"

Albert was just about to step up when he froze. His face, usually calm, now wore a dark cloud under the bright crystal light.

Faint noises from upstairs clued him in on the situation, explaining the servant's panic.

Someone else was in the house.

Albert angled slightly towards the servant, a sneer creeping onto his lips. "Looks like you've forgotten who signs your paychecks. Pack up, you're out tonight."

The servant was Daisy's confidant, brought from her folks' place.

Her lips twitched. "But Mrs. Waston..."

Albert's sneer deepened. "Did Daisy ask my permission to bring someone home?"

The servant was floored.

She figured Albert already knew, expecting him to save face for Daisy. Yet here he was, laying it all out.

Albert didn't waste breath on the servant, ascending the stairs leisurely.

As he neared the main bedroom, the noises grew louder.

They were panting.

Albert approached the door at a snail's pace. They must've heard his footsteps, yet they didn't stop. Daisy was doing this intentionally, to provoke him.

Impressive.

After all, Jeslyn was Daisy's kid. Even with Jeslyn sick and in the hospital, Daisy still found time for this kind of fun with someone else.

Albert realized he truly longed for a peaceful marital life with Daisy when they first got married.

Maybe Jessie lingered in his mind but he'd stay true to the woman he made his wife.

Daisy's upbringingblindsided him. Plus, she definitely had no clue about the bedroom camera he had installed.

With composure, Albert swung open the bedroom door.

Sure enough, Daisy and a man were having sex inside.

The sight stunned Albert. He never imagined his wife looked so stunning and alluring in bed.

Gazing at the entwined pair, Albert spoke calmly. "Sorry to interrupt. I'm just grabbingsome clothes. Carry on."

Daisy's lover was spooked and was ready to bolt.

But Daisy clung to him, shooting Albert a challenging look. "Albert, doesn't this stir something in you?"

Heading for the dressing room, Albert replied casually, "No. If anything, it's distasteful."

Daisy erupted.

Shovingher lover away, she hurled a pillow at Albert. "Are you even a man? How can you be cool with your wife and another guy, on your bed?"

The pillow hit Albert, droppingto the floor.

He pickedit up, placing it back on the bed with a faint smile. "Did you even remember you're my wife before doing this?"

Done with the conversation, Albert headed to the dressing room to retrieve some fresh clothes.

By the time he returned, the youngman had vanished.

Daisy slipped into a silk pajama set, kneeling before Albert, tears streaming. "Albert, I love you too much. I can't stand you seeing her. I promise, there will be no one else. Let's make thingsright, please?"

 +120 Points at most

Albert gazed down at her.

Though her forehead still glistened with sweat from the previous passionate session with another man, she professed her love to him.

Despite Albert's past as a playboy, Daisy's words shook him.

He couldn't fathom her shallow, absurd love. Did she even grasp the concept of boundaries and shamelessness?

Albert tried and failed to shake her grip.

In the end, he pushed her away hard.

Daisy huddled on the floor, weeping pleading for him to stay.

Adjusting his attire, Albert said firmly, "First, our daughter's battling pneumonia in the hospital because of you, yet here you are with your lover. Second, I'm done with you. Neither Jeslyn nor I will return here. You won't see her again. I'll take care of her from now on."

Daisy was dumbfounded.

Tears streaked her face as she murmured, "But she's my child. Albert, are you really taking her away?"

Albert's tone turned icy. "Do you even care about her?"

With resolve, he descended the stairs swiftly, luggage in tow. Daisy, in a panic, grabbed her pajama collar and followed. In her haste, she stumbled, prompting the servant to rush to her aid, and then shout after Albert. "Mrs. Waston fell!"

Without a glance back, Albert departed.

Three days later, Jeslyn left the hospital, Albert relocating her to another villa.