

Chapter 722 Albert's Wife Has Passed Away (Part Two)

Daisy showed up, causing a scene. She even dragged her aunt along to back her up, aiming to snatch Jeslyn. Albert had a chat with Paulina in the study. When she emerged, Paulina delivered a resounding slap to Daisy.

"Bitch."

Covering her face, Daisy remained silent.

Paulina's expression darkened. "Your actions have shamed our family. Better go beg your husband for forgiveness."

Daisy sobbed uncontrollably.

Burly servants escorted the fragile Daisy off the premises. They bluntly stated, "We're on Mr. Waston's payroll. Whether you're Miss Jeslyn's mother or not, you won't see her unless he says so."

Another servant added insult to injury. "You probably cheated, and Mr. Waston caught you red-handed."

Fuming Daisy raised her hand to strike.

But these servants weren't about to back down. Swiftly, they ushered Daisy out. In a few words, they exposed Daisy's scandal and made her exit swift and clear.

Daisy couldn't sway Albert.

Desperate to reconcile, she found him unyielding leaving her no choice but to drown her sorrows in drink.

She had a string of lovers.

Their features bore a resemblance to Albert's.

Daisy showered her flings with million-dollar gifts, like watches and sports cars. The treasurer gasped at the bills he passed to Albert.

Yet Albert remained unfazed.

Such petty cash meant nothing to the Wastons, and Albert couldn't care less.

He simply signed off on the expenses.

Two years later, on an ordinary workday.

Albert left work early, eager to treat Jeslyn to something nice. Jeslyn had befriended folk around the villa and wanted what they had.

As Albert hopped into the car, his good mood evident, the driver quipped "Only Miss Jeslyn can put that grin on your face, Mr. Waston."

Thoughts of Jeslyn brought a smile to Albert's lips. "She's actually quite the little troublemaker."

Starting the engine the driver chuckled. "My grandson's a real handful, even more so than Miss Jeslyn."

Albert grinned. "You're always singing her praises. Treat her to some ice cream later."

The driver happily agreed.

After a while on the road, Albert's phone buzzed. Glancing at the caller ID, he noticed it was Daisy.

His brow furrowed slightly.

Over the past two years, Daisy occasionally called Albert, hoping to reconcile. But he stood firm in his decision. Eventually, she gave up hope and focused on her flings. Word had it she had a blast this year.

And now she remembered him?

After some thought, Albert finally picked up the phone. But it wasn't Daisy on the line—it was a middle-aged man. "Is this Mr. Waston? Your wife was in a car crash an hour ago and she requires urgent surgery. We

A car crash?

Albert narrowed his eyes. He felt nothing but legally, they were still married.

He had to be there as her husband.

Albert asked for Daisy's location and had the driver rush there.

The driver, not catching everything, inquired "Is Mrs. Waston okay?"

Albert rested his hands on his knees. "She had an accident."

The driver didn't press further.

Working closely with Albert, he knew the dynamics well.

Twenty minutes later, Albert reached the hospital.

Daisy was in critical condition. Even with surgery, her prognosis was bleak.

Albert then learned she wasn't alone in the car—her young lover was also there.

Her young lover hadn't made it.

Daisy lay on the pristine white bed, her pupils nearly dilated.

Spotting Albert, she mustered a flicker of energy.

Daisy lay on the pristine white bed, her pupils nearly dilated. Spotting Albert, she mustered a flicker of energy.

All she could manage was a helpless gaze.

Tears welled in her eyes.

Albert stood by her bedside, flanked by her parents and relatives. They remained silent, aware of Daisy's infidelity.

In a calm tone, Albert said, "I've signed it. Surgery is set for later."

Daisy shook her head weakly.

Struggling to breathe, she locked eyes with Albert.

Finally, she mustered the strength to ask, "Albert, after all this time, do you still resent me?"

Albert knew she didn't have much time left.

He replied honestly, "Truth is, I've never resented you."

But Daisy found no solace. In her final moments, she poured out her heart. "You don't hate me because you never loved me, right? Even if I bore another man's child, you feel nothing. Are you truly magnanimous, or do you simply not care about me and our marriage?"

Her family gasped in disbelief.

Albert ushered out the family. Once alone, he turned to Daisy, nearing the end. "I've arranged for the driver to fetch Jeslyn," he informed her.

Daisy's eyes widened.

She fixed her gaze on him. "Albert, I despise that name. Jeslyn, Jessie... Why's our child's name so much like hers? You pine for Jessie every day, yearning to reunite with her, don't you? Albert, you don't hate me but I hate you."

Albert remained indifferent.

With pity in his eyes, he spoke softly. "Truth is, you're much like my old self. You didn't understand love, just fooled around. But I eventually learned to love, though I couldn't hold onto her. So I set her free. With Jessie, I felt something I never knew before—love.

Yes, I named our child. And it's just because I miss Jessie. But you? You couldn't care less about that child. You're not interested in anything about her, are you? But I'll show more mercy than you. Before you go, I'll let you meet your child. Well, I should say I'll let her meet you.

But children's memory's limited. She'll forget your face in time."

"She'll remember her nanny, her teachers, every kind woman around her in

her life; everyone but not you," Albert said gently.

He wielded Daisy's greatest mistake like a dagger, plunging it into her heart.

"In my mind, Jeslyn is my child with Jessie. She's got nothing to do with you. Truth is, I never cared much about physical stuff. If I did, I wouldn't have only fallen for Jessie after all those flings," he asserted.

Daisy closed her eyes in resignation.

She surrendered.

The nanny arrived with Jeslyn, but the meeting between Jeslyn and Daisy was brief. Albert soon whisked Jeslyn away, shielding her from the distressing sight.

As expected, Jeslyn didn't recognize the woman on the bed.

Daisy breathed her last at nine in the evening.

Albert arranged an elaborate funeral for Daisy, though he opted not to bury her in the Waston family plot. Instead, he found another resting place for her. After all, they were once husband and wife.

The Fowler family had ties to the Wastons, and Melissa, Albert's former colleague, received the news. She was going to Heron.

Having coffee with Jessie, Melissa answered the call. After she hung up, she murmured softly, "Albert's wife has passed away."