

# My Baby's Daddy

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1743

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Chapter 1743 Coming of a Wedding

“You look gorgeous in it, Queenie,” Jessie praised.

“Really? I love this gown, too.” Queenie nodded in approval. “Okay, I’ll go with this as my main gown, then.”

Queenie had too many choices to choose from, but in the end, she finally made her decision. Then, it was time for Jessie to try

out her bridesmaid gown. She went with a violet dress made of fine gauze that showed her beauty while maintaining a certain air

of mystery about her. She looked great in that dress. Innocent and beautiful.

She was admiring herself in the mirror when someone showed up behind her. At first, she thought it was her hallucination, but

when she turned around, she was greeted by Julian. The guy had his hands in his pockets.

He was looking at her with his gaze filled with approval and delight. “How do I look?” Jessie spun around sheepishly. The

confidence she had earlier faltered when she stood before him. She always felt inadequate whenever she was around him. She

felt insecure, fearing that he might think less of her.

“You look gorgeous. Stunning, even.” He wasn’t stingy with his praise.

Her cheeks burned at his compliment. Then, she asked, “Have you tried your suit yet?”

“Yes, I have. It was not bad, I think.”

“A shame I didn’t get to see it.” She was slightly dejected for missing the chance to see him in his suit.

“You’ll get to see it during the wedding. It’s in three days. We’re not in a rush.” He smiled. “Leave something for the imagination.”

Even without seeing it, Jessie knew Julian would look good in any shirt. However, that wasn’t the only thing on her mind. She

also wondered what he looked like without any clothes on. She blushed furiously upon thinking of that.

The Silversteins and Mansons had dinner that night.

Julian was there as well.

The elders returned home after dinner while the kids went around town. Queenie, however, couldn’t stay out for too long, so

Nigel took her home.

In the end, Julian and Jessie went on a little date. She showed him that photo and compared their height. "Am I that short?" She puffed her cheeks indignantly.

"Well, I have no complaints about it." He then pulled her into his embrace. "You're my cup of tea, after all."

And that made her feel better.

The next morning, all the guests who had time to spare came to the island for some sightseeing as they waited for the wedding to begin.

The Presgraves were already there. A little girl in a regal dress was running around on the grassy plains. Willow was already

four, and she was as lively as a rabbit. No longer did she need anyone to hold her in their arms. She would much prefer to go

around on her own. Behind her, her father and brother stood. She was giggling as she ran. Sometimes she would turn around to

look at her family. A woman in a black dress was following her closely, and she glimmered like a gemstone under the sun.

"Mommy, Mommy." The girl turned back and trotted up to her mother when she realized Anastasia wasn't following.

Anastasia waited for her. When Willow came near, she hunkered down and picked the exhausted girl up. Willow might be small,

but the length of her hair had already reached her shoulders, and it was thick enough to braid.

All the guests looked at them enviously. What a happy family.

The wedding, as stated, was held three days later.

Romance filled the air, heralding the coming of a grand event.

The Silversteins, who came two days earlier, rested for a day. Jessie and Queenie went around the island with their mother.

Julian could only make it one day before the wedding because of his work.

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