

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 11

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Shawn really enjoyed seeing her in such a pathetic state. “Ha! Where did all that arrogance of yours go, huh? You had the audacity to dismiss me completely back then, didn’t you? Well? Take a look at yourself now! You’ve been reduced to a mere escort that’d do anything for money!” he thought to himself while pulling out another wad of cash. Jessica did as told and slowly got down on all fours like a dog in front of him. Long gone were the days of her being the heiress of the Jackson family and the number one socialite in Horington. She had chosen to forget all of that and do anything that would make her money. “Woof! Woof!” she barked twice with a dead look in her eyes. “Hey, Shawn! Isn’t that pushing it a little too far? She used to be one of us, you know?” “I know, right? Screw this, I’ve had enough for tonight. Bye, guys!” Unable to stand it anymore, two of the girls sitting

in a corner walked out of the room. However, that didn't affect the mood of the others as they really enjoyed humiliating Jessica.

Shawn slammed another wad of cash on the table and said, "Now, how about you try peeing like a dog?" Jessica broke into a

wry smile as she did as told. She had only lifted her leg up for a few seconds when her crippled leg gave out beneath her. The

intense pain that tore through her joints caused her to lose her balance and fall down. Everyone burst out laughing once again.

Melissa was having so much fun bullying her that she completely forgot about the drink in her hand. Jessica remained silent as

she sat on the floor and massaged her aching joint. A few seconds later, she got back on her feet and grabbed the money on the

table. Like a cockroach, she would do her best to survive even in the worst possible environment. The man who taught her to

survive once told her that what didn't kill her would make her stronger. "Not bad. I like your obedience, but it's no fun if you're all

covered up. How about you take that dress off and show us what you've got?" Those words had barely left Shawn's mouth when the other guys tossed their money onto the table. Recalling her promise to make 750 thousand dollars, Jessica grabbed hold of the zipper on the side of her dress and began pulling it downward. Everyone else returned to their seats and grabbed their drinks as they prepared themselves for a good show. Wham! The door was opened violently right as Jessica was about to take her dress off. The next thing they knew, Trevor had entered the room and pulled her zipper back up. "Trevor, this isn't what it looks like! We didn't know Jessica would be working in a place like this!" Melissa explained as she placed her glass down and ran toward him. No one dared mention Jessica's name in front of Trevor throughout the past five years, and that was especially the case after her return. Melissa had seen what Trevor did to the Queen family, so she knew he could definitely destroy the Jackson

family with ease if he felt like it. "I really need the money, Mr. Gulliford. Please don't get in the way of my work," Jessica said with a forced smile. He had demanded 750 thousand dollars from her just so he could see her get humiliated, so she couldn't understand why he would stop her halfway through. Everyone in the room held their breath in fear as not many in Horington dared speak to Trevor that way. Instead of getting mad at her, Trevor simply chuckled as he loosened his necktie and tossed his coat onto the couch. He then sat down and leaned lazily against the couch as he patted himself on the thigh. "Come here." Determined to give him a taste of his own medicine, Jessica pointed at the bulging pocket on her dress and asked sarcastically, "Have you got any cash, Mr. Gulliford?" She needed Trevor to know that he would have to pay for her services just like the rest of the customers. "Hmph!" Trevor snorted disdainfully as he pulled a card out of his wallet and tossed it onto the table. "Here's 150

thousand dollars.” “You sure are a generous one, Mr. Gulliford!” Grinning from ear to ear, Jessica limped toward him, sat down on his lap, and rested her head against his chest. Nuzzling in his embrace was something she enjoyed so much, and yet it had become nothing but a part of their business transaction. “Is this the best you can do to please a man? Doesn’t seem to be worth 150 thousand dollars if you ask me.”

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