

# Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 12

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Trevor's lips curved into a mocking grin as he picked up a glass of whiskey on the table. Jessica buried her head in his chest to hide the bitter smile flitting across her lips. She thought, He wants me to bow and scrape before everyone? All right. I shall do as he wishes. Slowly, she trailed kisses over his neck adoringly and reached into his shirt. Back when her best friend insulted her, she didn't feel any pain in her heart. She assumed she was immune to heartbreaks from now on. Alas, the anguish that threatened to tear her heart apart now made her realize that her heart didn't go numb. It would only hurt when the stab was deep enough. Trevor grabbed her hand through his shirt. The heat flaring up his body made him gulp involuntarily. He chided himself silently, Damn it. It has been years, but she's still capable of igniting my desire. Parting his lips, he offered, "450 thousand dollars.

Be mine tonight.” Not far away, Melissa called out coyly, “Trevor?” Deep down, she was both surprised and upset. For the past five years, Trevor never lay a hand on any woman. Plenty of models and celebrities flocked to him, but he rejected each and every one of them. She fumed silently, “Why did he grow interested in her the moment she showed up? How is a cripple better than me? My figure, looks, and aura are better than that disgusting piece of trash who barely escaped from the place full of dead people.” “Are you in a hurry, Mr. Gulliford?” Despite sensing the change in Trevor’s body, Jessica managed to swallow her initial comment saying he was desperate. He could mock her all he liked, but she never wanted to get involved with him ever again. “As you said, it’s just a business deal,” Trevor responded icily. For the past five years, he refused to touch any of the women throwing themselves at him. None of them managed to spark his interest. As he had successfully tamped down his desire for the

last five years, he was unhappy to discover that the woman could ignite his desire easily. "I said that I won't accept this job, didn't

I? There are many gorgeous models in Cerulean. I'm a cripple, and thus not worthy of serving you." "Then will you say yes if

Alfred was the one who made the offer?" Trevor hissed in a low voice. He didn't want the rest to hear the anger in his voice. Alas,

Jessica couldn't hear a thing if one were to whisper in her ear after getting exposed to blasts frequently. Failing to hear what

Trevor said, she remained silent. As she said nothing, Trevor took it as a silent acquiescent. Fury flared up his gaze as he rolled

over and pinned her beneath him. After taking a sip of the whiskey that burned his lips, he covered her lips forcefully and ignored

her struggles. His tongue darted around her mouth deftly. She wanted to push him away but wasn't strong enough to do so. In a

state of panic, she bit down on his lip. The shooting pain caused Trevor to release her lips instinctively. He could taste the

metallic taste of blood in his mouth. No woman had ever dared to act this outrageously before him. Fury and desire blazed in his gaze as he glared at her. If they were alone, there was no telling what he'd do to her. "If you don't want the Whiteburn family to suffer the same fate as the Queen family, come to room 2203 obediently." With that said, Trevor spun on his heels and stalked away. Jessica picked up the card on the table and left the room after him. No one dared to stop her from leaving. To be exact, no one dared to stop her from heading to Trevor's room. None of them wanted to bear the consequences of Trevor's wrath. Jessica locked the money and card in her vanity cabinet. She couldn't forget what Trevor said, so she ended up taking the elevator to the 22nd floor. The Whiteburn family could go down, but it wouldn't be because of her. The door was open. It was left ajar just for her. Pushing the door open, Jessica limped inside slowly. She could hear the sound of running water in the bathroom and

assumed Trevor was taking a shower. Lying on the silk quilt, she made herself comfortable and slowly got drowsy. Her eyes gradually closed. The scene when she crossed the borders to enter the country illegally over a month ago was reenacted in her dreams once again. After sailing past the high seas, the boat had just entered Horington's border when someone arrived to check on it. As they were stowaways who couldn't be caught, the owner of the boat gave them a long straw each to breathe in the sea and chased them off the boat. In the commotion, Jessica lost her straw. She held her breath so long she nearly suffocated underwater. The other stowaways grabbed her tightly so she couldn't float to the surface of the sea and expose them. It was just a dream, but she still felt suffocated and flailed around helplessly. In the end, the gentleman who taught her some moves gave her his straw. "Jessica, live well." Jessica could only read his lips under the water as she couldn't hear his voice.

“No, Freddy. No! Freddy!” she screamed anxiously. In her dreams, the man sank into the bottom of the sea.

“Freddy!” Jessica

jolted awake from the nightmare and sat up in bed. She owed Freddy far too much. Initially, she assumed she would be able to

pay him back little by little back in Horington, but he ended up saving her life. There was a man with a sculpted chest sitting on

the bed next to her. He was holding a cigarette in his fingers with his back to her. “You smoke, too.” Jessica observed the plumes

of smoke and frowned slightly. She mused silently, “He hates cigarettes and alcohol five years ago. Why is he smoking now?”

“You keep calling that man’s name in your dream,”

Trevor snapped coldly. He was trying hard to tamp his anger down.

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