

# Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 13

❓ ❓ ❓

“Does she like Alfred that much? She’s even calling his name in her dreams!” he thought furiously. Jessica said nothing as she glanced at her legs beneath the covers. She got to know Freddy three years ago. As they both lived in a war-torn country, it was Freddy who helped her dodge bullets countless times. Trevor was the one who forced her into exile. As she didn’t have any passport, no country’s rescue team would save her life if she happened to be in danger. As a result, she had to wander around the country in order to survive as she didn’t have a place to call home. Fortunately, Freddy showed up and added a dash of color to her life. She would never forget him, ever. “Jessica, you’re a sinner who will never redeem yourself. Do you want to marry someone else and give birth to his children? Dream on!” As he got to his feet, the white bathrobe dropped to the ground.

“Scram!” His voice was so low it was practically a growl. Hearing that, Jessica scrambled out of bed and left his room immediately. As her figure disappeared from sight, Trevor stubbed his cigarette out on the ashtray forcefully. The light flickered and burnt the tip of his finger, but it did nothing to extinguish his fury. Pulling his phone out, he made a call. “I want you to investigate again how Samantha died ten years ago.” After changing her clothes, Jessica went back home to be greeted by her six children. Her exhaustion faded into thin air when she saw them. “Mommy, are you in need of money? I can transfer a lot of money into your bank account!” Asher offered as he came to her with his laptop. As he was barely six, he seemed to be struggling to hold the laptop. “Asher, do you know how to use a laptop?” “Ms. Jessica, Asher knew how to use a computer since he was little. He’s a computer expert!” Monica explained cheerfully as she came over with a platter of fruits. “Asher, we might be

in need of money, but we can't take what isn't ours. Do you understand?" Jessica didn't take Monica's words to heart. Her son was only six, so she assumed he wasn't a real expert. They chomped on the fruits and chatted happily. Monica soon mentioned an urgent matter. The kids should be attending kindergarten by now, but they didn't have any IDs. Previously, their guardian was Jessica's mother. Now that Jessica's mother was dead, they were without a guardian. No kindergarten would accept kids without a guardian. Jessica had also entered the country through illegal means and didn't have an ID. All she needed to do was to register herself and become the kids' guardian. That was the only way the kids could go to kindergarten. Jessica promised to settle the matter and proceeded to accompany the kids to bed. The next morning, Jessica arrived at Cerulean to be informed a customer had asked for her. As expected, it was Shawn and the like from yesterday. This time, there were also a few rich and

dumb brats with him. Janice happened to come in to deliver their fruit platter. Her grin widened when she spotted Jessica inside.

“You have good taste. Jessica is the best singer around. Yesterday, she sang over ten songs easily!” Jessica had helped her the

night before yesterday and recognized her at once.

Naturally, Jessica was surprised to meet her disgusted and menacing gaze.

Shaking her head ruefully, she thought, “Looks like I was nosy back then. She hates me instead of showing me gratitude.”

“Really? Select some songs for her, then.” Shawn had brought his friends to insult Jessica today. He didn’t mind trying all sorts of

ways to torture Jessica. Hearing that, Janice selected over a dozen songs that required the singer to sing in a high pitch swiftly.

“Time to sing, Jessica.” Shawn settled on the couch comfortably and chatted with his friends. He was most probably mocking

Jessica for rejecting his advances. However, he was mostly trying to gross Jessica out for being a snob. The tables had turned,

and she was now a bargirl serving him in his private room. After Janice left, Jessica picked up the microphone and started singing. Her voice cracked after she had to sing over ten high-pitched songs. Her voice was raspy by the time she reached the twenty-first song. "Mr. Lopez, can I have a sip of water?" Jessica came to a stop and gazed at Shawn. She was going to lose her voice if she didn't get to drink some water to quench her dry throat. "Jessica, did I ask you to stop?" Shawn demanded as he poured a glass of cocktail onto Jessica's body. As the liquid drenched her outfit and sent a chill down her spine, she took a deep breath and held the microphone to her lips. She forced herself to sing out loud, but her throat was raw. Left with no choice, she stretched her vocal cords to pronounce each and every word carefully. After she went through several songs persistently, Natalie came in with her subordinates. "Mr. Lopez, I'm sorry, but I have to take Jessica with me. There is a customer who'd like to meet

you,” she said. With a wave of her hand, she ordered her men to bring a limping Jessica to the break room.

“Natalie, what are you talking about? We’re having fun. How could you take her with you? Do you want us to stop frequenting Cerulean from today onward?” Shawn declared unhappily. He flung his glass onto the ground. “Mr. Lopez, perhaps you didn’t hear me clearly. A customer would like to meet you,” Natalie repeated. The door was pushed open to reveal a tall figure who strode in swiftly. “MMr. Gulliford...”

☐ ☐ ☐