

# Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 16



## Chapter 16 A Proper Burial

Despite panicking inwardly, Jessica kept a cool front and responded calmly, “Yeah, they are Yolanda’s kids. She gave birth to them after having unprotected sex a few years ago. They are staying in Gravel District. I know them well and I’m staying at their house for now.”

Her best friend, Yolanda, was a promiscuous woman. It was normal for her to have a few illegitimate children. Hearing that, Trevor relaxed and turned to leave. In the taxi, Bennett covered his lips and giggled in a mysterious manner.

Asher got curious. “Why are you giggling, Bennett?” “Asher, I drugged the man Mommy hates. A few hours later, he’ll become a pervert, and everyone will hate him. Mommy will be delighted when that happens!” Bennett explained as his grin grew wider.

“Why will he become a pervert after taking the drug?” Asher was still confused.

“I don’t know. I saw online that the men who took this drug will become perverts,” Bennett revealed.

Asher inched backward instinctively to keep a distance from Bennett. Warily, he asked, “Will I become a pervert, too?”

“I was talking about adults. According to the medical book, the drug only works in adults. Asher, you’re such a fool!” Bennett

explained impatiently.

He huffed angrily and whipped his head away.

Silence ensued.

Back in Cerulean, Natalie didn’t arrange for Jessica to serve any patrons. The latter wandered around the twenty-second floor

aimlessly and finally got her first patron at night. It was someone she knew.

“Mr. Whiteburn, you shouldn’t offend Trevor because of me,” Jessica said the moment she stepped into the room. She was distancing himself from Alfred.

Perhaps she was being narcissistic, or perhaps Alfred indeed wanted to pursue her, but she didn’t want to be the reason the

Whiteburn family end up in trouble.

“I love you, Jessica,” Alfred announced. He picked up a glass before him and downed the drink.

“I can accept your past no matter what you went through. You might be Horington’s Top Socialite or a murderer, but I don’t care.

I’ll take full responsibility for you.”

“Mr. Whiteburn, stop joking.” Jessica strode toward him and picked up another glass on the table. She finished the drink in one

gulp and said, “I’m just a bargirl in Cerulean who can do anything you want if you pay me enough. If you like me, you just have to

pay me to spend the night with you. However, if another man pays me tomorrow, I’ll spend the night with him. I’ll treat each and

every patron the same.”

Alfred froze as his gaze dimmed.

“Is she this materialistic?” he wondered silently.

“I was wrong. You can leave now,” he ordered indifferently.

He was obviously trying to keep a distance from her.

Jessica flashed a smile. Without a word, she got up and left.

Back in the dressing room, Janice barged in furiously and came to a stop beside her.

“Jessica Jackson, stay away from Mr. Whiteburn! You’re not worthy of him!” she announced.

Her voice was hoarse and grating on the ears as she had to sing 100 high-pitched songs without taking a break.

“Stop wasting your time on me. You should quench your dry throat instead.”

Jessica didn't even bother to look at her.

She wasn't interested in how Janice lost her voice or what Janice and Alfred's relationship was.

The family dinner at the Jackson residence would begin half an hour later. Jessica would have to rush there if she didn't want

Trevor to kill her.

Even if she were to head to the Jackson residence, she might not leave the place alive.

For now, she was still wrongly blamed for Samantha's death. It was pretty obvious that Vincent Gulliford and his wife, Eleanor, would tear her into pieces for killing their daughter if she were to attend the dinner.

This was

precisely why Melissa invited her to the dinner.

However, according to Monica, her mother's ashes were still with Melissa and Rhonda. Thus, she had to get her mother's ashes

to give her a proper burial.

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