

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 2

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As Jessica glanced around the room at the familiar furnishings and the six little children around the bed, she gradually gathered her wits about her. “Ah, yes, I’m no longer in the dark and dank prison now nor in the war-torn country where corpses littered the streets. Instead, I’ve returned to Horington, my home with my kids,” she thought. Hugging her children, she reassured them in a choked voice, “Everything’s fine. I’m fine. I just had a nightmare.” While she sensed the warmth from her children, she again recalled those nightmarish days six years ago. That year, she was 19 years old. A sloshed Trevor Gulliford dragged her to bed and tumbled into bed with her. That night, he was as ferocious as a wolf, taking her again and again. It hurt badly, but it was also very sweet. She had had a crush on the man for five whole years, and she finally became his woman at that moment. In the end,

he kissed her on the forehead gently and promised that he would take responsibility for her. Alas, he went abroad on a business trip after that night and didn't return for a long time. Unexpectedly, she fell pregnant, and with sextuplets at that. She carefully kept it a secret, but as the months flew past, her pregnancy couldn't be concealed anymore. In his rage, her father instructed her to have an abortion. It was a unique case when one was pregnant with sextuplets. Inducing labor was too dangerous, especially since she was in the late stages of pregnancy. Thus, the children could only be retrieved through cesarean. In the operating room, she was fully sedated and couldn't resist, so she asked Melissa to help convey a message to Trevor, who was on a business trip, imploring him to save their children. When she woke up, however, she saw no sign of the man she had been missing greatly or her children's bodies. Devastation flooded her. It wasn't until Samantha Gulliford's death and she was ruthlessly thrown into prison that she knew the extent of Trevor's detestation of her. In fact, he loathed her so much that he even

went so far as feeding their children to dogs. The instant she learned of the truth, she was so grief-stricken that she wanted to simply die in prison. However, that callous and heartless man wasn't willing to let her off the hook. He drove her mother and grandmother to death right in front of her before exiling her to a war-torn country, having her tortured physically and mentally. Unable to withstand the affliction anymore, she planned to end things. But at just that moment, she unexpectedly received a phone call. A child's cry of "Mommy" from the other end of the phone promptly yanked her back from the brink of death. It turned out that her children were still alive. They were rescued in time by Monica Jabara, the woman who raised her, and had been waiting for her to return. Her heart that was dead started beating once more. Whenever Jessica recalled that traumatizing past, her eyes inexorably shimmered with tears. "Fortunately, everything has passed. Now, I've got six adorable kids, and we'll always be together," she murmured voicelessly. She gazed at the five boys and one girl before her in gratification. They were all goodlooking

and adorable. Their noses and mouths were carbon copies of the man's, for they only took after her in terms of their eyes and expressions. Monica said that she named them Asher, Bennett, Caleb, Dylan, Emery, and Faye, corresponding to the letters of the alphabet. Faye happened to be the youngest daughter. Her life had been devoid of hope, but hope sparked again because of them. "I'll do my best to continue living, both for my kids and myself," she vowed internally. "How about you take the day off today, Mommy? I've got money, so I can support you," Jessica's eldest son, Asher, proposed solemnly. Seriousness was written all over his chubby face, and he looked just like an adult. "I can also support you, Mommy!" "Me, too!" the other children parroted in a hurry. At the sight of the six adorable children, Jessica's heart almost melted. Leaning down, she kissed them on the cheek one by one, her eyes brimming with tenderness. "I'm fine. Stay at home and wait obediently for me to get off work. I'll bring all of you out to have fun tomorrow." "Okay!" "I'll be waiting for you, Mommy." "Stay safe on the road, Mommy." Cerulean was a place

where the underworld and polite society intersected. Jessica was then a murderer with no reputation, education, or looks. For that reason, no company would employ her. Hence, she could only make a living in such a place. All of that was thanks to the man she once loved deeply. With her living in the gutter then, it was probably exactly as he wished. "You're responsible for Room 2203, Jessica. It's a huge client."

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