

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 20



Chapter 20 The Same Result

Not the kind to let a woman take the blame, Trevor threw Jonathan's hand aside.

"Trevor, what's the meaning of this?"

Jonathan turned toward Trevor with a baffled look in his eye. Despite his displeasure, he didn't dare show a sliver of it on his face.

"It doesn't mean anything. Since what has happened has happened, your family can choose to cancel the engagement."

Just as Trevor spoke, he picked up his jacket from the bed and placed it over his arm before leaving the room. Meanwhile, Melissa and Rhonda had come up into the room and were staring daggers at Jessica.

"Jessica, how could you have done this to me when I have always treated you like my own sister?"

With aggrievement written on her face, Melissa cried her lungs out, causing Jonathan's fury to intensify.

He thought, "Now that Trevor is gone, let's see who's left to protect her."

Just as he raised his hand to teach Jessica a lesson, a voice rang out from outside the door.

“Mr. Jackson!”

It was Trevor’s assistant, Martin Jones.

“Mr. Gulliford is still waiting at the door for Ms. Jessica.”

Jonathan’s hand froze in mid-air. In the end, he didn’t follow through with the slap and simply waved his hand away in exasperation.

Having no desire to stay in the Jackson residence a second longer, Jessica quickly left the place.

Upon entering the car, she hung her head in silence until it began to move.

Beside her, Trevor was smoking, his breathing calm.

“Mr. Gulliford?”

After a long while, Jessica took the initiative to break the silence.

“Hmm?” he grunted softly.

One could tell that his mood had improved.

“As the eldest son of the Gulliford family, you’re someone who wields tremendous influence.”

“So?” As a slight smile emerged on his face, he turned away to hide it.

“Therefore, when are you going to compensate me for what had just happened?”

With a listless look in her eye, Jessica figured that she might as well raise the 750 thousand dollars needed to buy her freedom

since there was no changing the past.

After all, the nature of their relationship was transactional from the very beginning.

As the smile that had just emerged on Trevor's face faded away, he turned toward her and met her gaze.

After taking out a pen from his jacket, he swiftly scribbled out a check.

"450 thousand dollars."

Out of the 750 thousand dollars she needed, he had given her 600 thousand dollars.

"Thank you, Mr. Gulliford. Please drop me at Cerulean's entrance."

Upon receiving the check, Jessica broke into a faint yet indifferent smile.

A short while after Trevor looked away, their car came to a stop outside Cerulean, where Jessica alighted.

While staring at her leaving silhouette, Trevor was jolted back to his senses by a sudden phone call.

"Mr. Gulliford, through my investigations, I have found out that the last phone call Ms. Jessica had received was from Ms.

Melissa. It was the latter who had invited her to the café back then. Therefore, the situation is consistent with what our checks yielded five years ago.”

“I got it.”

After ending the call, the hateful gaze Trevor threw upon Jessica’s silhouette intensified further.

“Drive,” he barked in a deep voice.

Once Jessica saw that Trevor’s car had driven away from the reflection on her watch, she heaved a long sigh of relief.

Upon returning to Cerulean, a thunderous boom rang out in her ear just when she greeted Natalie.

It was a side effect left behind from the explosions she experienced, where the residual shockwave had damaged the nerves in her ears. As a result, she would hear an explosion once in a while.

After walking alone to the stairwell, she leaned against the wall and squatted down. With her hands covering her ears, she buried her head inside her knees.

“Let it be over. Let it quickly be over,” she prayed in her heart.

Sometimes, the explosion would rumble on for a long time. At other times, they would stop after just a few seconds.

Despite her crippled leg, the scars covering her body, and her broken eardrum that rang in discomfort, it all didn't matter to her.

Just like a stray dog, she had to survive against all odds, regardless of how miserable her circumstances were.

As long as she could live together with the children, all the misery and humiliation she suffered was well worth the sacrifice.

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