

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 22



Chapter 22 Everyone Is a Bargirl Here

Before she could react, she felt a pair of warm lips plant themselves on hers.

She wondered, “I-Is Alfred kissing me?”

Jessica felt as if her wind was blown. In the blink of an eye, she pushed him away with her hands.

“Mr. Whiteburn, have you fooled around enough? If you have, it’s time I go back to work.”

“Don’t be angry.” Waving his hands, Alfred explained softly, “I absolutely have no intention of messing with you. Why don’t we do

this? From today onwards, I’ll begin to pursue you.”

The moment he finished, he slipped away quickly, for fear of infuriating Jessica further.

After rubbing her lips with her fingers in displeasure, Jessica returned to the makeup room.

A few seconds later, a box of makeup foundation flew through the air and struck her on the face while she was putting on her makeup.

Upon impact, the white powder was scattered all over her eyelashes. If she had not closed her eyes in time, it would have gotten into her eyes.

Underneath the nosey gazes of a group of bargirls, Jessica calmly took a piece of tissue and wiped the powder off her face methodically. Subsequently, her brows knitted slightly at the sight of Janice's angry reflection in the mirror.

"You shameless bitch. Who gave you the cheek to seduce Mr. Whiteburn? Shouldn't you look yourself in the mirror to check

whether you're worthy of him in the first place?"

Jessica ignored her. After cleaning the powder off the left side of her face, she did the same on the right.

"Stop pretending to be deaf and mute in front of me. Let me tell you, Jessica, you're nothing but a bargirl, who has no right to

stay by Mr. Whiteburn's side," Janice ridiculed with a scowl, her pale finger pointing at Jessica.

"Who are you to accuse her of not having the right?"

Suddenly, a mocking voice rang out from outside the door. Natalie strutted in with her stilettos and off-shoulder dress. Holding a clutch bag in her hand, she wore a ruthless expression on her face.

“Precisely. Every one of us inside this room is a bargirl. If you have anything against it, you’re welcome to leave.”

Quincy, who was observing the drama indignantly, voiced her support for Natalie’s intervention.

“That’s right. We have never invited a university graduate like you here. After all, we do not want to sully your eyes with the sight of us bargirls.”

“You keep whining on and on about Mr. Whiteburn. I’m afraid he’s not interested in touching you even if you were to stand in front of him wearing nothing.”

The rest of the girls in the makeup room took it in turn to mock Janice.

“I don’t mean that, Quincy, Dorcas. I was just talking about Jessica,” Janice quickly explained upon realizing that she had gotten on everybody’s nerves.

“Fine. Going forward, don’t go looking for trouble. Let me tell you, there are plenty of eligible men in Cerulean.

Whether any of you manage to land one depends entirely on your own merits. If you fail, don’t go around causing trouble just because of your

sour grapes. Otherwise, don't blame me for reacting harshly!" Natalie snapped. She even gave Janice the side-eye before leaving.

"Hmph!" Janice, too, stomped her feet and left in a huff. Throughout the entire episode, Jessica didn't say a word. Upon wiping the powder off her face, she didn't put on any more makeup. After all, it was almost eleven and time to get off work.

Just when she was about to hail a taxi after stepping out of Cerulean, a white Ferrari came to a stop beside her, attracting envious looks from everyone on the street.

"My dear, you have finally gotten off work. I have been waiting here for you. Quick, get in the car," Alfred greeted in a gentle tone as he personally opened the door for her.

"Mr. Whiteburn, are you trying to get me to hate you?" Jessica's gaze darkened, for she hated the feeling of being underneath the spotlight.

Now that she was no longer the top socialite of Horington, she was of the opinion that only two things would come to mind when others saw a limping deaf girl. The first was pity; the second, mockery.

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