

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 23



Chapter 23 Ferrari and Taxi

One could attribute it to her low self-confidence, or they could attribute it to the trauma resulting from her bout of getting mocked.

Regardless of what it was, all she wanted was to live like ants – to be ordinary, to work hard, and to live without catching anyone’s attention.

“Can’t you just think of me as a taxi driver?” Alfred Whiteburn said with a smile and a pleading look on his face.

“Mr. Whiteburn, you’re driving a Ferrari, not a taxi.”

At that very moment, Jessica felt that Alfred needed to learn about the real world more than she did.

“Wait a moment.”

Alfred pushed open the door and went down the car. He then hailed a taxi and threw the keys to his Ferrari to the taxi driver.

“This Ferrari for your taxi. We’ll do the ownership transfer tomorrow, but I’ll want your car now. Will you take up the offer?”

“Of course, of course!”

The taxi driver nodded fervently, thrilled by his sudden good luck. He immediately got out of his car to drive the Ferrari.

On the other hand, Alfred drove the taxi and stopped it in front of Jessica. He then smiled at her dotingly. "Now it's a taxi."

Jessica took a deep breath before an exasperated smile grew on her lips.

"I just want to send you home. That's all. Come on, do let me do it."

Alfred then opened the door for her like a gentleman, and Jessica got into the vehicle.

More and more people were at Cerulean, and she did not want to attract any more attention.

"Mr. Whiteburn, you've exchanged your Ferrari for a taxi just to send a cripple home?" Jessica asked expressionlessly as she buckled her seatbelt.

"That's enough."

Alfred started the engine and drove to an alley by a neighborhood.

"Stop the car by the side of the road. I'll be getting off here. I don't wish for you to see my family."

"All right."

Alfred did not insist on his way. Instead, he opened the door for Jessica before turning to leave.

By the time she reached home, the children were asleep. Jessica realized that Monica had kept some food for her. After downing a few mouthfuls of her food, and after kissing the cheeks of each and every one of her children, she went to bed.

The next morning, after washing up, she headed straight to Cerulean. There were only seven days left, and she was still 150

thousand dollars short. Jessica had to come up with a plan soon.

Right as she exited her neighborhood, she spotted a man in a white suit standing by the taxi.

The expensive custom-made suit was certainly no cheaper than the car he was standing beside.

Who could that man be but Alfred Whiteburn?

“Good morning,” Alfred greeted, walking toward her when he saw her approaching him.

Jessica furrowed her brows, and uttered, “Mr.

Whiteburn, I’m no young girl, and you’re no young boy.

Don’t you know not to

waste your time on pointless matters?”

“Don’t get annoyed so quickly,” Alfred raised his and interrupted. At the same time, he reached out to open the door for her.

“I’m just picking you up in the morning and in the evening. I won’t ask nor intervene with anything you do at Cerulean. You know how the patience of rich young men are. They get bored of one thing in days. If you keep rejecting me, you’ll only make yourself seem like a fascinating challenge.”

“All right. Since you’ve exchanged your Ferrari for a taxi, I’ll let you pick me up. I’ll take your actions as repayment for the favor you owe me. Once you’re sick of me, we’ll go separate ways, and we won’t owe each other anything.”

Jessica nodded and entered the car. At that, Alfred said, “Decisive!” He then entered the car as well.

When they arrived at Cerulean, Jessica came down from Alfred’s car.

Looking at her, Alfred then worriedly reminded, “Don’t force yourself to endure anything in silence. You have to call me if you encounter anything troublesome.”

“Mr. Whiteburn, it’s time for you to leave,” Jessica said in a cold tone, no emotions visible on her face.

He was no one important to her, and they were not close enough for him to offer her that.

Alfred drove off. He was not in a hurry. He was going to keep holding onto her ice-cold heart, for he was sure that, one day, he would be able to melt it with the warmth of his hands. Meanwhile, there was a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost parked nearby. Everyone in Horington knew who the owner of the expensive car was – Trevor Gulliford.

“Mr. Gulliford, do I summon her over?” Martin politely queried.

“Yes.”

As Trevor massaged the spot between his brows with his fingers, his breathing slowly became heavier.

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