

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 24



Chapter 24 New Suits

He had seen the taxi driver.

Jessica opened the door and went into the car. As she looked at Trevor, she tentatively asked,

“Mr. Gulliford, I still have 150 thousand dollars left to earn. Can you please tell me everything along with your instructions?”

“Are you in such a haste to become the wife of a Whiteburn?”

Even though Trevor did not lift his head, Jessica could still hear the intense anger in his tone.

Jessica said nothing to that. Her slender fingers tucked away the stray strands of hair before her eyes flicked toward the passersby outside the car.

She did not need to explain anything to him, and it was not as if there was anything for her to explain to him anyway.

Trevor’s large hands grabbed her shoulders. The pang of pain forced Jessica to turn to look at him.

“Jessica, your life is mine. Be good, or else I’ll send you back to the battlefield.”

“Mr. Gulliford, what do you want me to do?”

“Pick the suit for the wedding.”

“Okay.”

Jessica nodded, her courage getting lesser when she thought about her children.

She could not leave Horington again.

When the shop attendants at the tailor saw Trevor, they quickly slapped a smile on their faces and enthusiastically welcomed

him. Even the manager tidied his shirt away before greeting him.

“Mr. Gulliford, you’re here. I’ve prepared your suit. Do you need us to bring it over for you now?”

“No need. Let her do it.”

Trevor then gave Jessica a look that told her to get the suit for him.

He was a germaphobe when it came to clothes, so he did not like strangers touching his apparel.

A moment later, Jessica returned with two black custom-made suits, and she only came to a stop when she reached Trevor.

“Do you need me to bring your clothes into the dressing room, Mr. Gulliford?”

Instead of answering her, he rose to his feet and walked toward the dressing room. Jessica had no choice but to follow him there.

After opening the door, he stepped into the dressing room. Right as Jessica halted in her tracks, he ordered, "Come in and change for me."

"What?" Jessica thought, baffled. She then furrowed her brows and wondered if she had misheard him.

"I don't want to repeat myself," came the low voice from inside the room.

Thus, Jessica entered. She was instantly greeted by the sight of Trevor standing still, clearly waiting for her to start helping him.

Jessica's long fingers then reached out for his suit jacket to take it off before taking off his shirt as well.

"The pants."

At that order, Jessica shakily reached out toward his belt. Click!

His belt was unbuckled. It was summer, so Jessica assumed that he was only wearing a pair of underwear inside. At that thought, she froze.

She had only ceased moving for a few seconds, but the man was already roughly grabbing her chin and forcing her to look up at him.

“What’s the matter? You seem to chat merrily with other men, but you’re all cowardly with me. Jessica, don’t you forget that you’re a murderer. You don’t deserve to have a smile on your face for the rest of your life.”

Right as he said that, he flung his arm.

Jessica’s entire body flew to the side, and she nearly crashed into the corner of the table in the dressing room.

“You’re right, Mr. Gulliford. It is all thanks to your kindness that I get to live now. I don’t deserve to ever have a smile on my face.

Everything is fine as long as you’re happy.”

Jessica remained seated on the ground, expressionless as always.

Not only did she not deserve to smile, but she did not even deserve to cry as well – her tear ducts seemed to be malfunctioning,

and she could not summon any tears.

As she mulled about that, her fingers massaged her lame leg. Every time she hit it, every time it was too cold or too hot, and

every time she moved it a little too much, the joints of that leg would give her hell.

Jessica had to admit that she had killed someone.

She only wanted to live. That was all.

“Continue.”

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