

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 26



Chapter 26 Bargirls

“Stop it. Stop it,” Jessica continued pleading and muttering in a daze, still crouched on the ground. Just stop it all. Whether it is the buzzing in my ears or Trevor’s questions. Leave me alone, Jessica thought miserably.

All she wanted to do was to live. Once upon a time, she was Horington’s top socialite. Now, the only thing she wanted was to keep living. Was it that hard for others to let her do that?

“Jessica, what’s the matter?”

A pair of hands held her shoulders and gently pushed her.

Jessica lifted her head in response. When she saw the man’s face in front of her, she found herself traveling back to five years

ago to the moment when the man said that he was sending her back to the warzone.

Thump!

Her legs gave out on her, and she fell to her knees. Then, she prostrated before Trevor and cried out, “Mr. Gulliford, please have

mercy. I'm already in this state. Please just let me go. I know I've done wrong now."

As she kept her forehead touching the floor, her throat tightened. Her tear ducts itched, but still, no tears came out.

Before she fell in love with him, she was a distinguished socialite who never needed to do anything by herself.

After falling for him, she had ended up in this state.

If falling in love with him is my mistake, I'll correct it. I'll change my ways. Is that not enough? God, I've changed my ways for five

years! Is that still not enough? she shrieked inwardly.

Trevor froze when he saw the woman go on her knees before him. Five years ago, Jessica would not have lowered herself that much.

"Why?" he wondered.

It was nothing unusual for her to do that, for she had killed someone. Yet, Trevor found the air thinning around him as he watched her.

"I told you that I'll let you go once you get 750 thousand dollars."

With that, he turned and walked off. Once the door was closed behind him, his hands clenched into fists.

Right as he exited the dressing room, his body swayed, and his world spun around him. Luckily, Martin was swift to react – he caught Trevor in time. “Mr. Gulliford, rest. I heard from Ms. Cooper that ever since Jessi-” Realizing that he had said the wrong things, Martin quickly corrected himself. “You’ve been drinking coffee non-stop since two days ago, so you haven’t been able to have a good sleep until now.”

Trevor did not speak. His expression was dark as he pushed Martin’s hands away and continued his way. In the meantime, Jessica waited for a long time before the buzzing in her ears faded away.

By the time she left the dressing room, Trevor and the others were gone. As she had injured her forehead, the doctor gave her a pack of anti-inflammatory pills. She then took a cab back to Cerulean by herself.

Of course, things at Cerulean were still the same as ever. Natalie still refused to give her any of the patrons.

Thus, she had no choice but to stay in the corridor and wait for one of the patrons to summon her.

Fortunately, one of the patrons in a private room asked for a large number of bargirls, and

Quincy ended up dragging Jessica along to make up for the numbers.

Tasks like those were the best. All the patron wanted was a lively atmosphere. Even if she were to stay seated and only chat

away with the patron, she would still be able to earn some money.

After entering the private room, Jessica sneakily took a seat in the corner. She told herself that she only needed to wait until the

patrons were gone and until she get her money.

After all, she was only there to make up for the numbers.

It would be bad if she were to steal the spotlight from Quincy and the others.

Said others were singing and drinking around the patrons. Soon, the server came in to serve a few more glasses of wine.

“This beautiful woman has such an innocent look. Come, let’s toast.”

One of the servers was stopped by Cleeve, who was the main patron, and that server was none other than Janice.

“Sir, I’m just a server here. I don’t provide the services a bargirl would.”

Janice quickly shook her hands and chuckled awkwardly.

Immediately, Cleeve scowled. He slammed his glass on the table and huffed, “What’s going on? Even a server is talking back to me?”

Janice furrowed her brows, and her eyes flicked toward Jessica, who was in the corner. Immediately, she gave Cleeve an apologetic smile and said, “You’re overthinking this. I’m just allergic to alcohol. Look, she’s the best bargirl here. She can drink five glasses of whiskey in one shot!”

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