

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 3



“Okay. Thank you, Natalie.” By then, Jessica had already applied exquisite makeup in front of the vanity mirror. The scars she once had were concealed, and seemingly no mark was left apart from the vicissitudes and pain brought by time. No matter how pathetic it was, she still hung on to life desperately because she still had six children waiting for her. “I’m only a server, Mr. Jagger. I’m not a hostess, so I can’t sing.” No sooner had Jessica arrived at the entrance of Room 2203 than she caught sight of an innocent girl with a ponytail standing in the middle of the room. Judging from her appearance, she seemed to be a schoolgirl. “Sing me a song, and I’ll let you go today!” At the main seat a near distance away sat a man in a suit and leather shoes. He appeared to be in his 40s and had a pair of glasses between his nose, but he wore a chagrined expression. “I’m here to be a

server. I don't drink or sing." The innocent girl was frowning slightly with her lips pressed into a thin line, looking all distressed.

Even her eyes had grown red-rimmed. Jessica was utterly speechless. "If she wanted to be a server, she could've done so at the

many hotels and restaurants out there. Yet, she just had to come to Cerulean, greedy for the high pay. But then, the money here

isn't that easy to earn. How foolish of her! Besides, someone like Mr. Jagger merely wants to save face. Since he's asking you to

sing, just sing a song, regardless of whether your voice is sweet or otherwise so that he has a way out of things.

Then, this entire

matter will be resolved, and you'll even receive some tips. Well, I'm just afraid that not only will someone naive like her offend

him, but she'll even drag me down with her," she

grumbled silently. "If you don't mind, Mr. Jagger, how about I sing you a song

instead?" Her remark had the crowd swinging their gazes at her. Javier Jagger lifted his head and looked at the woman who

walked in. Jessica had a slender figure and an exquisite countenance, very much a beauty despite her limp. Smiling, he picked up the microphone on the table and handed it to her. "Sure! Sing us a song, then. We still have an important client coming later, so I don't want to see a server who's such a wet blanket anymore." Therefore, the girl was kicked out. He then proceeded to pull Jessica into his arms. "I like smart and beautiful women like you who are also tactful." Lifting the corners of her mouth, Jessica flashed him a smile, but it was all for show. She leaned over and plastered herself against him, tapping him on the chest with her long and slender yet shriveled finger. "I also like men who are successful and alluring like you, Mr. Jagger." Upon hearing that, Javier guffawed aloud. Before he could say anything, someone at the side stood up nervously and announced, "Mr. Gulliford is here, Mr. Jagger." Javier hastily placed Jessica, who was draped over him, on the couch beside him. He straightened his clothes

before getting to his feet to greet his client. “Mr. Gulliford?” Jessica echoed inwardly. Unbidden, her heart clenched. As the door was pushed open and steady footsteps split the air, an inexplicable sense of oppression washed over her. She lowered her head as far as it would go. “Crap! It’s the devil himself, Trevor Gulliford!” she bewailed soundlessly. She could tell his identity from his footsteps and aura alone without having to gaze upon his countenance. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Gulliford.” “Nice to meet you, Mr. Jagger.” The familiar mellow voice had Jessica swallowing and holding her breath reflexively. “I can’t allow him to discover that I’m here and toss me back to that war-torn country again! I can’t die when my children are here!” she resolved mentally. “This way, please, Mr. Gulliford.” Javier ushered Trevor into the room. As he did so, he turned off the lights that were on earlier, plunging the room into shadows. Trevor walked in, paying no mind to the woman who had her head hung low at the side. Only

when Jessica sensed that the room had gone dim did the trembling of her fingers gradually abated. "You enjoy yourself quite a bit, Mr. Jagger." Trevor's deep voice rang out once again before he picked up his wine glass and took a sip of wine. Javier

surreptitiously cast a look at Jessica, who had been keeping her head hung low. Then, he chuckled in embarrassment. "My apologies, Mr. Gulliford." After saying that, he lowered his voice and murmured into Jessica's ear, "This isn't the action of a smart woman." Jessica lowered her voice to a mere whisper. "Mr. Jagger, Mr. Gulliford can't be allowed to see me. Please let me out of here." While speaking, she urgently clutched at the hand of the man beside her. Javier had been in the business circles for several years then, so he naturally understood the unspoken meaning of her words. "Since you're not feeling well, go out and rest. It so happens that I've got business to discuss with Mr. Gulliford." It wasn't easy for Javier to secure a meeting with Trevor,

so he couldn't allow Jessica to ruin things. Nodding, Jessica kept her head lowered and whirled around to leave, her footsteps hurried. Trevor glanced at her, upon which a sense of inexplicable familiarity flooded him. He watched as she opened the door.

Coincidentally, a colored spotlight illuminated the back of her neck, baring a red, circular birthmark to his sight.

"Hmm? I

recognize this birthmark! It's that damned Jessica Jackson!" he exclaimed internally. "Stop right there!"

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