

Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

Chapter 4

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Trevor's deep voice rang out behind Jessica. Without a backward glance, Jessica fled out of the room.

Meanwhile, Trevor rushed

to the door, but it was locked from the outside. "You damn woman!" Bang! He kicked open the door. His

breath was coming in

pants, but he pursed his mouth tightly. He swept his gaze up and down the corridor, but he didn't see any sign of the woman.

Jessica hid in the storage room in the corner, terrified to the point that she didn't dare breathe. Every single minute and second

she was there was torture to her. If she knew someone in the organ trade, she wouldn't stay at Cerulean for even a second

longer. "Isn't it enough that I'd fallen so far from grace, once being the top socialite in Horington to a hostess at Cerulean now?"

Why must he appear before me time and again?" she griped. It would be a piece of cake if Trevor wanted to find her, for there

were surveillance cameras in every corner of Cerulean. She couldn't stay in the storage room for long. If she wanted to stay under the radar, her only choice was to leave via the stairwell. After peeking through the crack in the door and ascertaining that the corridor was empty, she quickly darted into the stairwell and limped down the stairs. When she was in prison, Trevor arrived in time, so Melissa didn't manage to kill her. Nonetheless, Melissa wouldn't let her off the hook so easily. She bribed those in the prison to torture her day and night. In fact, her leg was also broken then. Because of her impairment, she moved exceedingly slowly. If she moved too fast, she would fall. When she got to the 15th floor, two men were standing at the landing. A scarredface man in casual clothes was holding a dagger to the man in a suit in front of him. Both men swung their gazes at her in unison, but Jessica continued descending the steps in a slow and orderly manner, calm and unruffled. "I just want to go

downstairs. I didn't see anything." She limped down the stairs calmly, her eyes fixated on the steps beneath her feet without straying. After all, she was thrown to a war-torn country and had lived there for five years. She had experienced seeing a child who was prancing before her and greeting her happily one second being shot dead with a bullet through the head in the next, so she was numb to it all. "Hey! Remember to have someone come and retrieve my body later. Don't forget to tell them that I want to be cremated. When you've done that, I'll appear in a dream to my family and have them pay you 150 thousand dollars." The fact that the man held at knifepoint was still in the mood to joke had a flash of light flitting across Jessica's dull eyes. Still, she climbed down the stairs until she reached the landing. Holding on to the handrail, she continued her descent. "Hmph! Damn cripple!" the casually-clothed man with the dagger sneered, his gaze shifting away from Jessica. Just as he relaxed his guard, a

combat knife plunged into his abdomen. The man jerked his head back and gaped at the woman before him incredulously even as he swung the knife he was holding on the man in the suit at Jessica. Jessica deftly stepped aside and remarked in a grim voice, "If you make any sizeable moves again, the blade in your abdomen will sever your intestines. If you want to live, there's still time if you slowly go and seek treatment." After having experienced so much, she had long since learned the basic skills of self-defense. "Just you wait, you damn cripple! It's your lucky day today, Alfred Whiteburn!" the scarred-face man gritted. In order to save his life, he still walked out of the stairwell slowly while holding the knife in his stomach. Straightening his collar, Alfred Whiteburn leaned back against the wall and regarded Jessica through narrowed eyes. "I initially thought that she was merely a cripple, but she unexpectedly has some skills and is quite enchanting," he mused. "Since I saved you, can you give me 150

thousand dollars directly?" Jessica's ruby lips parted, and she voiced her intention frankly. Indeed, she only saved him for the money. Raising six children were exorbitant, and she wanted to give them a normal life. Alfred went to her in a single step and reached out, pulling her into his embrace. "How about I give myself to you as well?" "Stop joking. You promised me 150-" Before Jessica had finished speaking, the stairwell door was pulled open without warning. In the next heartbeat, an all too familiar grim figure stepped in. "Jessica, I didn't expect that the first thing you do upon returning to Horington after five years is to look for men. You've really opened my eyes to a new side of you."

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