

# Sextuplets Saga Reckless Love

## Chapter 5



Trevor stood by the door, his resolute face blanketed with a layer of frost. Right that moment, his ebony eyes were pinned on a panicked Jessica. “It was him whom I loved to the point of devastation, so much so that I ended up losing everything and have scars littering my entire body,” she thought. Aloud, she questioned in a trembling voice, her hands clenched into fists, “What else do you want, Trevor?” “You think you’ve paid the price just after a five-year punishment when you’ve killed someone? There isn’t such an easy thing in this world.” Trevor’s face darkened, and he approached her in two strides. Reaching out, he yanked her out of Alfred’s arms with long and strong fingers. “Let go of me!” With all her might, Jessica shoved the hand away from her shoulder.

That was the final shred of her dignity. “I’ve long since settled any debt I owe you, Trevor Gulliford. As for what you owe me, you

don't have to bother making any reparation. My mother was driven to death by you, and everyone in the Queen family is a hair's breadth away from the same fate. Besides, the Jackson family will never acknowledge me as their daughter anymore. You've stripped me of all the glory I once enjoyed, leaving me as a murderer. I'll never again be able to make a comeback, so just forget that I ever existed." Her face was slightly contorted, but her tone grew increasingly calm. It was like a lake in autumn, not a single ripple evident. "I've never killed anyone. While I had no idea how exactly Samantha died, I really never lifted a finger against her. That night was like a nightmare that was shrouded in a fog. I don't know what trickery Melissa employed. Anyway, all that isn't important anymore. I pleaded guilty to it and suffered five years of punishment, but it's enough. Truly, I've had enough! If that's the penalty for falling in love with him, I resign myself to my fate. In this lifetime, I'll never again dare to provoke him the slightest

bit!” she asserted inwardly. Lifting a hand, Trevor tugged at his necktie. For some inexplicable reason, his heart felt heavy, and his throat stung at the sight of her expression then. “This woman is under my protection, Mr. Gulliford.” Behind them, Alfred smiled faintly and pulled Jessica into his arms once more. A glimmer of provocation gleamed in his eyes when they met Trevor’s gaze. “I’ve heard of the daughter of the Jackson family who’s a murderer, and it turned out to be her, huh? Interesting...” he thought. “You should mind your own business first, Mr. Whiteburn.” For no apparent reason, Trevor was enraged, fury blazing in his eyes. He yanked Jessica away and hoisted her on his shoulder before pivoting and striding away even as his heart clenched. He merely knew that she would lose weight in the past five years, but he didn’t expect her to be so much lighter. Subsequently, the skinny Jessica was ruthlessly tossed onto the bed in the presidential suite in Cerulean. “How much did that man pay you?”

With his face devoid of expression, Trevor removed his suit jacket and hung it on the rack. At that moment, another scar marred Jessica's heart, which she thought had long since hardened to stone. He was indeed right that she was there to seek men out, but for some reason, that remark grated when it came from him. "150 thousand dollars." She was neither servile nor overbearing, uttering nary a word in explanation. Trevor's hands balled into fists. Spinning around, he sat on the chair beside the bed and eyed her mockingly. "The top socialite in Horington is actually that cheap?" Hearing that, Jessica instinctively snorted contemptuously. "He just has to throw my dignity onto the ground and trample all over it. Fine, I'll allow him to have his way then," she scoffed soundlessly. "150 thousand dollars is quite a sum." Her thin lips moved slightly, curving into a shallow arc. Nonetheless, her lifeless expression rendered her thoughts indiscernible. Crash! The ornamental vase beside Trevor was

smashed to the ground. He pretended to nod derisively though the rage in his eyes remained clear as day. "Okay. I'll give you 30 thousand dollars to buy you for a night." "Buy me?" Jessica echoed internally. The pupils of her hollow eyes abruptly constricted when she heard that. She snapped her head up, only to meet the man's scornful gaze. It was as though virulent poison streamed into her blood vessels, the heart-wrenching pain suffocating her. "Haha, buy me? What clear and concise words!" she derided voicelessly. An internal struggle ensued within her for a few seconds. In the end, she still forced a smile, hiding her fingers that were trembling from wrath and grief behind her back. Back then, all the bones in her hands were crushed. Although they had knitted back, there were still after-effects. She tried her best to keep herself composed so that she didn't appear so pathetic. "If you want women, Mr. Gulliford, countless socialites in Horington will throw themselves at you. Why would you still spend money

on a loose woman like me? Don't you mind that I'm filthy?" Lifting his eyes, Trevor studied her and drawled unhurriedly, "A few years ago, I sampled the grace and elegance of the top socialite in Horington. Five years later, I'd also like to sample the servile allure of a loose woman."

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