

President 1741

Chapter 1741

Essa's chest was heaving. She was furious, "Let me get this straight. I only have one brother, and I'm his only sister. There is no way I could leave him alone! No way! I will do everything I can to cure him, even if it will make me bankrupt!"

Declan's mother frowned and said, "Now that you've made up your mind, you'd better separate from Declan for a while and think twice about which you'd choose between your brother and Declan. Declan also needs to consider whether he'll stay with you or give up."

"After all, your brother's disease costs a lot. No one knows how much the treatment will cost. And even if we spend the money, he may not be cured Declan had supported you a lot of money before. You need to reconsider this matter. Marriage is not a game. You both need to be cautious!"

Essa didn't say anything. She turned to Declan and asked, "What do you think?" Declan paused for a moment, then he said to Essa, "I've spent a lot on Winston over the years. If I was not willing to do that, why would I bother?" Essa stared steadily at Declan. She trusted her perception. She couldn't be wrong about Declan

"But you spend all your time with Winston. Whenever there's a vacation, I want to spend it alone with you, but you always spend it with Winston. Even when you go out with me, you always take Winston with you. What kind of relationship is this?"

What kind of boyfriend am I? Don't you

think we need to change how we go on?"

"Winston always clings to me more than anyone else, and he loves me the most. I'm his only sister. If I don't take care of him, who will?" "But you don't need to take him with you every time!"

"I'm a policewoman. I have very few vacations. It's hard for me to get a vacation, and Winston is bored, so I want to take him out..." Declan's brow furrowed. "That's why I'm saying it is a problem! You-"

Before he finished his sentence, Essa's cell phone rang. She picked it up. It was calling from the hospital.

Winston always clung to Essa. He didn't see his sister at the moment, so he began crying and screaming for his sister.

The doctor couldn't do anything to soothe him, so he called Essa.

When Essa received the doctor's call, she didn't delay a second. She grabbed her handbag from the table and headed to the hospital. Declan hurriedly grabbed Essa's hand and hastened, "I'm not finished."

"We'd better talk about it some other time. Winston has a situation at the moment. The doctor told me to hurry over."

Essa pushed Declan's hand away and quickly hailed a cab. She got into the cab and left.

Declan's mother stared at him steadily, " Didyou see that? If you marry her; Winston will be your °o burden fi from now on. Are you sure you want to live your life with stich a drag?As you are not marriegyet, endit, as soon as possible"

belongs to ©

Declan didn't say a word. He got up and went to his room. Apparently, he did not want to discuss the topic with his mother.

When Essaarrived at the hospital, Winston was still crying, tears and snot covering his face. When he saw Essa, fie immediately ran to her with his arms outstretched and hugged hertightly.

Essa patiently and gently comforted him. After a while, Winston finally fell asleep, and Essa breathed a sigh of relief.

She still didn't know how to pay for the surgery. Not to mention the surgery, just the hospital bill is not a small amount Where the hell could she get that much money?

Essa's work was very busy and finding a part-time job was not possible for her.

Other than that, how to make money in a short time?

The problem was driving Essa crazy. It was so hard for her.

On her way home from the hospital, while Essa was walking along the road, her eyes wandered aimlessly. Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of an ad posted on a telegraph pole.

Someone was looking for models, offering a payment of \$50 per hour.

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She remembered the phone number in the advertisement, and then she dialed the number. She and the advertiser made an appointment to meet at the bar at night.

Recently, Jazz had been clubbing, either for class reunions or socializing. In short, he was very busy these days.

Today he stayed outside the bar to breathe the fresh air for a while. As he walked towards the bar, he saw a very familiar slender figure in front of him. When he looked at it closely, he recognized that it was Essa.

'Why is she here?'

'She seems to be looking for someone, with her phone in her hand.'

Jazz thought that Essa had nothing to do with him. If there was a relationship between them, it must be a terrible relationship.

Jazz intended to ignore Essa, and he walked straight forward.

Just as he was about to step into the private room, Jazz saw a bald man walking out of the private room opposite and smiling at Essa. The bald man was a little familiar to Jazz. Jazz stared at him for a long time, trying to recognize him.

But Jazz didn't recall the man until Jazz sat on the chair and he remembered that the man was the most notorious lecherous photographer in Santabaca

'What will happen between Essa and the man?'

'However, no matter what happens, it has nothing to do with me.'

Essa was a little worried at first, because the advertiser was looking for a model.

How could she compare with a model? She neither had a beautiful appearance, nor did she have a charming figure.

But the photographer was satisfied with Essa after meeting her. Then he made an embarrassing and unexpected request.

He asked Essa to take off her shirt and just reveal her breasts. Only then did Essa realize that he wanted to take pictures of breasts. Immediately, Essa planned to refuse him. She had never thought that the man would take photos of her breasts.

Noticing her hesitation, the photographer explained.

"Miss Reese, please don't bias art! It's very difficult to find an appropriate person, so I offer such a reward. How about I give you one thousand dollars per hour?"

Essa contemplated it and thought that artists indeed had some crazy ideas sometimes.

Now that the man had given such a high reward, Essa was tempted.

At the photographer's request, she took off her shirt to reveal her perfectly shaped, plump breasts.

The photographer felt very satisfied. He squatted on the ground and snapped a few pictures.

Afterwards, he seemed to think that Essa's pose was not good, so he walked over and held her breasts with both hands.

Essa had never been touched by a man this way, and she felt offended. But she was suppressing her anger. "You can tell me what pose you want. Please move your hands now."

"Photographing is looking for beauty and feeling. And that kind of beauty and feeling can only be found by me. All you need to do now is cooperate." The photographer's expression became different. He even deliberately rubbed Essa's breasts.

'Her breasts are wonderful!'

If Essa did not notice that the man was intentionally molesting her, she would be a real big fool.

Essa couldn't suppress her anger and beat

the photographer. With several screams, the photographer's arms were clamped together.

'How dare he harass a policewoman? Does he want to die?'

The private room door was opened. Jazz appeared at the door and saw the scene.

Essa only wore a bra on her upper body and stepped on the man under her feet.

At the sight of Jazz, Essa was stunned for several seconds. Thinking of something, she cried out, "Close your eyes!"

"I've already seen it. It's not necessary to close my eyes."

Essa gritted her teeth. "Why are you here?"

"The phone number. Could you ask the hospital not to call me again in the future? The nurse in the hospital said your parents

were on a business trip and they couldn't get in touch with you, so they called me."

‘Since the hospital called him, it must have something to do with Winston.’

"But why are you here?" Essa asked cautiously.

"I was smoking in the hall just now, and I accidentally saw you walk into this bar. What do you think of me calling the police for you?" Essa stared at him. "You dare?"

"Why don't I dare? As a policewoman, you know the law, but you break the law. You even shoot porn here, tsk tsk..."

"I didn't shoot it! Don't defame me. I'm just taking artistic pictures!"

Jazz ignored her and added, "Who takes artistic photos this way? It's the first time

I've seen it. By the way, what's the police phone number?"

As he spoke, he was typing in the number. Now what he needed to do was dial it.

"Stop!" Feeling angry and anxious, Essa glared at him.

"This is the first time I've been begged this way!" Jazz shrugged. "To be honest, your attitude makes me feel very uncomfortable!"

Gritting her teeth again and again, Essa suppressed the anger and said, "Sorry!"

"I feel a little better now." Jazz took his undeserved gain for granted. ‘Go to the hospital. Remember to let the hospital not call me again in the future, understand?’ Content belongs to ~~

"Of course!" Essa responded, shorting angrily. Then she took the shirt aside and put it on casually.

Jazz called her the unlucky girl secretly. As long as he met her, unlucky things happened. Essa nicknamed Jazz bastard, as he was really annoying. Narrowing his eyes, Jazz stepped forward.

Essa followed behind in a hurry, as the buttons on her shirt were not fastened.

When they walked out of the bar, Jazz opened his car door and Essa sat in.

The moment she sat in, Jazz looked at her breasts intentionally or unintentionally and then muttered, "You really know how to use your breasts."

Though his voice was not loud, Essa heard it clearly. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's very clear. You know that you have big breasts, and then you become a breast model. You really know-how to use them, tsk tsk... Jazz teared against the door and said. N

With the corners of Essa's mouth twitching, she became very angry. She raised her foot to kick Jazz. "Please don't mention my breasts. casually! It's my breasts, not Yours! Do you understand? Besides, how big my breasts are has nothing to do with you! I have big breasts. So what? Whose breasts are as small as raisins like yours?"

Chapter 1743

Jazz shrugged his shoulders. "It's just a trivial thing. Why are you so angry?"

"You!" Essa felt that Jazz was indeed shameless.

"A dignified policewoman becomes a breast model. The news must be eye-catching."

Gritting her teeth, Essa just wanted to ignore him. "Please stop talking nonsense! Don't defame me and tarnish my reputation casually!"

Jazz couldn't help chuckling. Revolving the key ring and making a crisp sound, he blinked his eyes and said, "Okay, you're innocent. Then you swear to God now that you have never applied for a breast model, or you'll be punished."

His words silenced Essa. She stared at him, without uttering a word.

"It's quieter now. You don't know what to say, right?"

"Okay, it's my fault. I shouldn't have argued with you. You're right, okay?" Essa gave in, as she felt it not embarrassing to yield in sometimes. Jazz raised his eyebrows. He stepped forward and knocked on the car window. * Sit in the front. Do you regard me as your driver?"

Gritting her teeth, Essa reluctantly went to sit on the front passenger's seat and fastened her seat belt.

Along the way, the two didn't talk. It was so quiet that only the sound of their breathing. When they arrived at the hospital, Essa got out of the car and went directly to Winston's ward while Jazz started his car to pick up Charlotte.

In the evening, Declan also came to the hospital, with a gift in his hand. Essa walked towards him with a smile. She was happy.

After taking the gift, Essa peeled an apple for him. Declan was playing with Winston when the doctor came in, who hurried Essa to pay the medical expenses.

Essa felt a little embarrassed, as she almost had no money for the medical expenses.

Though the doctor understood Essa, he had to fulfill his duty. "I also want to give you more time. But the hospital has its own rules. Please pay the expenses as soon as possible. And the later treatment of the patient is also very important, and so is the money. It's better for you to pay the expenses at one time. It is estimated that what is needed is no less than half a million."

Hearing this, Essa responded repeatedly, saying that she would pay the money as soon as possible and would not trouble the doctor. Declan frowned. "Half a million is needed. It's a colossal sum of money.'

After the doctor left, Essa looked at Declan and asked him, "How much money do you have now?"

Declan was slightly startled. "Are you asking me?"

Essa nodded. She was asking him.

Hesitating for a moment, he shook his head and told her that he had at most tens of thousands.

Essa didn't believe it. As Declan had worked for so many years, how could he save so little money?

I have to socialize often and cannot avoid smoking and drinking. ~ ~ <7 Besides, I've paid part of the money to buy a house. How can I have much money now?" a

Essa thought about it and said, "Give me the money in hand first."

"But the money I have won't help you much.

"It's better than nothing." Essa had no choice but to try every conceivable way to raise money.

"But there are some appliances and furniture that need to be replaced" They were reserved some time ago, and now I have to pay the money."

Essa glanced at him. "Okay, I'll borrow the money from others."

"How can you pay it back if you borrow so much?"

"I'll definitely pay it back myself. My parents are already so old. It's ~ impossible for them to pay it back. Besides, I'm still young, and I can pay it back slowly. There will always be a day when the money is paid off."

Hearing this, Declan blinked his eyes, but he didn't speak

Chapter 1744

Essa asked all her friends and relatives whether they could lend money to her, but almost everyone declined. Even if several people agreed, they only lent several thousand to Essa.

Essa's family members spent nearly all their savings on Winston's illness, and they only had tens of thousands left. With a long sigh, Essa sat on the chair. She raised her hand to rub her forehead

slightly, as she had a bad headache. At this moment, her phone rang. Essa took out her phone and found that the call was from her superior.

The expression on her face changed rapidly, as she was a little terrified. Essa hadn't gone to the police station since Winston was sent to hospital. Essa thought that her superior must call her due to her absence. So, as soon as she answered the phone, she said, "Sir, I'll definitely go to work tomorrow!"

"I didn't call you because of this. Have you read the news online?"

Feeling confused, Essa shook her head. "Not yet. What happened?"

"You're on the heated news. It's said that you are a breast model. You know that the police are not allowed to do such jobs. You're a policewoman. How dare you be a breast model? You should know the consequences."

When Essa heard this, her mind completely went blank. She couldn't hear anything, only the buzzing sound.

After her superior hung up, Essa turned on the computer and found that there was indeed news about her on the hot search list.

Although the news didn't directly show her picture, her workplace and name were mentioned. So, it was easy for people to associate the woman in the news with her. How could she still stay at the hospital? Impossible. She must address the problem.

But not many people know that I applied for a breast model, except for the photographer and the bastard.' 'The photographer does a shady job, and it is impossible for him to disclose the issue. So, it must be the bastard.' Now Essa recalled the aggressive look of that bastard.

She was smoldering with rage and couldn't pacify herself. Essa picked up the bag on the sofa quickly, stopped a taxi, and went to the Valentine mansion.

She had been to the Valentine mansion once, so it was not strange to her.

Jazz and his family members were having dinner. Essa rushed in with anger. When she saw Jazz, she seemed to see her deadly enemy.

She directly picked up the bowl of -. fish soup-in front of Jazz and poured it onto his face without the slightest hesitation. She scolded him. SFuck you: Are you still a man?"

Jazz didn't expect what Essa would do.

With the soup on his face, he even couldn't open his eyes. He cursed, "Damn it!"

'Damn what? I've never seen a man like you before. I have big breasts, and I applied for a breast model. So what? Does it have anything to do with you? Besides, I was originally~ going to be a model, and I didn't know that the photographer was a liar=Do you think I was willing to do that kind of thing? A good person never intrigues against others. But you deliberately intrigue against me. How can you do this?"

Summer was still confused, and so was Mark. Even Jazz was at a loss. "What the hell are you talking about? You're a crazy woman!" Jazz took tissues to clean the soup on his face.

"Haven't you admitted it?" Essa gritted her teeth angrily and threw her phone in front of him. "Read it seriously and carefully."

He took the phone and read the news.

Summer and Mark turned their heads to look at the phone.

The title was indeed eye-catching "A Policewoman Is a Breast Model!"

After Jazz clicked it, the content was all about Essa. Jazz read it and then stared at her. "Does it have anything to do with me?" "Doesn't it have anything to do with you? If you didn't expose it, who knows about my things?"

Jazz seemed to have heard the most ludicrous joke in the world. "Are you still dreaming? I'm not that boring."

Summer also said, "Miss Reese, although-Jazz is careless and RN casual he has no reason to do such thing. Maybe you've found the wrong person."

Chapter 1745

"He's the only one who knows about that incident, so he must have done it!" Essa was sure that it was Jazz who deliberately set her up.

However, hearing her words, Jazz raised his eyebrows, wiped the fish soup from his hair with a tissue, and said calmly, "In order to photograph your breasts, the photographer took off your clothes. To be honest, I wonder why you think I did it instead of him? Was it because he touched your breasts but I didn't?"

Essa stared at him angrily. Her gaze seemed to be able to kill him. At this time, Summer hurriedly snapped in a low voice, "Jazz!" "I told the truth. Both of us knew about it. Why does she suspect me instead of him?" Mark thought that Jazz had a point. He sipped his tea, looked at Essa, and said calmly and politely, "Ms. Reese, why do you suspect Jazz?"

"As he said, that photographer is not a good person. He must have done many bad things. If such news and rumours get out, not only will it do him no good, but it will also get him into trouble. I'm sure he's not that stupid!" Essa said with a straight face.

Jazz looked at her coldly and sneered, "It's true that good people don't get any reward. I really shoot myself in the foot! I shouldn't have gone in before so that the photographer could touch you for a little longer!"

He had done a good deed, yet he was suspected. He was so speechless!

"Alright." Summer patted Jazz's shoulder lightly and then looked at Essa, "Ms. Reese, since you don't have any evidence, it's too early to say these words. I believe and I am sure that Jazz didn't do it. Mark and I will look into this matter and give you a satisfactory answer, okay?"

Summer's attitude and words made Essa feel very comfortable. Essa liked her gentle personality, so she nodded. But Jazz said, "Why should we look into this matter? I've been in trouble for doing a good deed. I've had enough of that. Why should I do it again?" Mark raised his eyebrows slightly and glanced at him, "Shut up!"

Thinking that there was no need for her to stay there, Essa left after saying goodbye to Summer and Mark, except for Jazz.

Essa went to the hospital. Winston-. was awake, waiting for her with his eyes open. When he saw her walk in, he jumped out of his bed excitedly, hugged her, and kissed her face.

Feeling itchy, Essa laughed, pushed Winston away, and told him to get rid of her. But Winston was like a child now. The more he wasn't allowed to do something, the more he wanted to do it. Essa didn't allow him to kiss her, but he pounced on her and kept kissing her.

The ward was filled with their laughter all of a sudden.

At that moment, Declan pushed open the "door of the ward and

walked in. Seeing this scene, he frowned tightly with a stern face.

Hearing his footsteps, Essa turned around and saw Declan. She was just about to walk to Declan when Winston suddenly hugged her and kissed her face with a smile.

Declan walked over and pushed Winston away with a cold look on his face.

Winston was very happy to see Declan. He tried to hug Declan with one hand, while taking out the jelly (jelly) from his pocket with the other hand. Hiding it in his palm, he seemed to want to give Declan a surprise.

But Declan was a little impatient, so he pushed Winston away.

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Winston was unprepared and was vigorously pushed to the ground. His forehead went red after the hit.

Essa was distressed and rushed over to help Winston up. She frowned and stared at Declan. "What are you doing?"

"I need to talk to you. Let's talk outside." Declan took the lead and walked out of the ward.

Essa comforted Winston and waited until he calmed down before she went outside.

Standing at the door of the ward, Declan looked stern and said, "Can you and Winston keep your distance?"

Essa didn't like to hear that and asked. "

Why should I keep a distance from him?" "He's an adult. And you are still cuddling together. Is it appropriate for you to do that?"

"That's funny. So what? Other people don't know that we are brother and sister. Don't you know that? Besides, Winston is sick. He has the temperament of a child. Don't you think you're out of line? How can you think of us in this way?"

Declan said, "Anyway, you still need to keep a proper distance. Tell me, what's the story on the news?" "That was a misunderstanding. I was framed. I'm trying to figure out who's behind it." "What about the photos? How can the photos be exposed?" "I don't know. I'm not sure. I said the matter is being investigated."

"The matter is getting out of hand! Do you think there is anyone who doesn't know now? My mother is so angry about it that she is lying in bed and can't move. What you've done is way out of line."

Essa's chest swelled and she said, "It doesn't matter if others don't believe me. How can you not believe me? Do you believe I would do something like that?"

"Now it's not about whether I believe you or not. This matter has become widely known. Friends, relatives, and colleagues all know about our relationship, and they've all seen the news about you." "If you hadn't done such a thing, how could others have the opportunity to take advantage of it?"

They argued loudly, which scared Winston in the ward. He ran out barefoot and stretched out his arms to stand in front of Essa. "You are not allowed to bully Essa! No!"

Declan was not in a good mood and scolded in a low voice. "We are talking now. You go back!" Winston refused and reached out to push Declan. Declan also had a temper and pushed Winston heavily.

Winston couldn't resist such force and fell to the ground again. Essa lost her temper." What are you doing? How can you push him with such heavy force?"

"You support him every time, Whenever there was a conflict, whether it was right or wrong, you would support Winston. Now you have to choose between me and him. When you have made your decision, let me know your choice. Otherwise, let's not see each other

again!"

Declan left. Winston tugged at Essa's sleeve and said, "Bad. He bullied you. He is a bad guy!" She shook her head and checked if Winston was hurt. Luckily, Winston just had a red mark on his forehead and a bruise on the palm of his hand. She complained about Declan.

Winston got sick. Declan was a normal and healthy man, but he did this to Winston.

Not long after, there was a sound of footsteps. Essa thought it was Declan who had gone and returned, thinking he realized he was wrong and was coming to apologize to her.

But when she turned around, she didn't expect it to be Jazz. Her face immediately changed. It was the first time Winston saw Jazz. He tilted his head and stared at him curiously with a questioning face.

Noticing his curious gaze, Jazz raised his eyebrows. Jazz extended his hand with a serious attitude and said, "Hello."

Winston blinked and stared at Jazz for a few seconds before revealing a smile. He wiped her hands on his hospital gown, afraid that his hands were dirty. Then he held out his hand

as Jazz did, saying, "Hello"

"My name is Jazz Valentine. It's nice to meet you!" The man introduced himself formally.

"My name is Winston Reese. Nice to meet you, too." Winston felt a little shy. He blushed slightly.

The two greeted each other in a manly way. There was not a trace of a peculiar look in Jazz's eyes. He was polite and serious. Essa was a little touched. She looked at the man steadily.

At the moment, she found that Jazz was not that bad. Winston's excited look showed that he liked Jazz.

"These are what you are looking for. Here you are." Jazz casually tossed a cowhide bag to Essa.

Essa opened the bag and found a pile of papers in it. Regarding the news, the evidence showed that it was not Jazz or the photographer who passed the information to the media but a reporter from another newspaper.

That journalist was Essa's enemy. She was not surprised that the journalist would give her out.

However, she realized that she had misunderstood Jazz and that she had been too impulsive. Thinking about what she had done last night, she felt ashamed of herself.

Essa's lips twitched and she was about to apologize to Jazz. But before she could say anything, Jazz spoke first, "Now do you know I'm innocent? By the way, you have a terrible choice of men."
"What do you mean?"

"I just heard you guys while you were quarreling. Then I got thirsty, so I went downstairs to buy a bottle of water." He shrugged his shoulders and shook the water bottle in his hand.

Immediately, hearing his words,

Essa's intention to apologize to him instantly disappeared but was replaced by anger. "Do you have any

decency at all? How can you <

eavesdrop on others' of conversations?" =

"You quarreled so loud that I can hear it from around the corner of the stairs. Do I even need to eavesdrop on it?" Jazz raised an eyebrow. He found her really funny. "You guys were so loud that I thought you owed the hospital." Essa was really pissed off, but she couldn't retort him. She took the file bag and didn't say a word.

But Jazz wasn't going to let it go with her so easily. "So you're just going to keep quiet?"

"What do you mean?" Essa looked up at him.

"What do I mean?" Jazz got serious and stared at her. "That's your gratitude? Don't you remember how you poured soup over my head last night?" Essa raised her eyebrows. She remembered clearly about last night. She got sincere and serious. "I'm sorry."

"That's it? Seriously, think back to how furious and rude you were when you stormed into our house and poured the soup over my head. And now you simply say you're sorry?"

"I know it was my fault. I was out of my mind. I sincerely apologize to you. But you are a man. I don't think you would be bothered with me, would you? People say that men have a big heart."

There was a smile on the corner of Jazz's mouth, and his thin lips curled upward teasingly. "I think you're wrong about me. I'm not as a broad-minded man as you think I am. You overestimate me." Content belongs =

"Even in the fairy tale, I would be Cinderella's stepmother, not a great king." Hearing the man's words, Essa was speechless. He himself had stated him being such tit for tat, so what else could she say?

"How do you think about this? Wait for me here. I'll go downstairs and get a bowl of soup, and then you pour it over my head in the same way. How about that?"

She was deliberately being sarcastic, but with a serious look on her face, and gave the proposal in an earnest way.

Jazz liked her suggestion, so he raised his eyebrows and praised, "That's good." Essa gritted her teeth and forced a smile, "That's fine. Please wait. I'll buy it now."

Then she opened the door and went out. While walking forward, she gnashed her teeth and secretly scolded, 'so stingy! He is not like a man! He must be a scoundrel in the previous life!'

'He is not a gentleman! He is such a man who likes to pinch pennies! He focuses on unimportant matters!'

A moment later, Essa opened the door of the ward and came in. Jazz was talking to Winston.

Winston seemed very happy to hear what he said and then talked a lot with Jazz. Seldom had she seen him so pleased! Essa handed Jazz the fish soup, squinted at him and said, "Scoundrel! You creep, take it!"

Jazz was speechless and took the soup. He slowly unwrapped the bag and stared at Essa with interest, "Would you want me to give you some time to prepare psychologically?"

"Not at all! You can splash it any way you want. Come on." She looked fearless.

With a smile, he tore the bag. There was a hissing sound when he tore it. The packaging bag was made of plastic, and the voice was very harsh. Jazz then lifted the bag over Essa's head. As soon as he let go of it, the soup would be all over her head.

Then, he slowly opened his thin lips and slowly counted, "one, two.."

Although Essa had prepared well, she still couldn't help swallowing, waiting for the whack.

He finished counting number three, but the fish soup did not fall. She looked up and saw Jazz raising his _ eyebrows at her. He said, Your expression is very interesting, but I didn't want to reward your hair with this Bowl of fish soup. You let me watch a good show, and I'm in a good mood now."

"

While saying so, he walked towards Winston with his long legs and handed the soup to him, "Here is your lunch."

"Thank you!" Winston liked him more and more and gave him a big smile.

Jazz leaned over and patted him on the shoulder, "I hope you will get well soon. You have a good sister. As for me, I have a good brother." Winston nodded, holding the fish soup in his hand. Then he put down the soup and took out his phone, wanting to get Jazz's phone number.

With a faint smile on his mouth, Jazz gave him his phone number. Then he turned around and left directly.

There were only Essa and Winston: left in the ward. Bowing his head and giggling alone, Winston was holding the phone as if he was grasping something wonderful. Content ~~

Out of curiosity, Essa approached -. him quietly and caught a glimpse of his saving Jazz's number. Seeing his delighted look, she couldn't help but feel a little jealous," to a

"Do you like him that much?" Winston nodded, "I like him... I don't like Declan..." Essa stretched out her hand and stroked her forehead, "Do you change your mind so quickly? Are you so fond of the new and tired of the old?"

Winston stopped talking and he just held the phone as if he didn't hear her question.

Chapter 1749

Essa sat on the sofa with a sad look on her face. She couldn't continue working at the police station now, so what other job could she find? She was really upset!

Winston needed immediate medical treatment, so she had to pay the medical bills. However, she couldn't even get a basic salary now!

Thinking that she couldn't wait any longer, she picked up her purse and walked out of the ward. She planned to find a job, so she went to many places with job advertisements.

Generally speaking, one person earned about four thousand dollars a month, excluding bed and board. But it was a drop in the bucket for her! Low income was better than no income. She chose a company and planned to start work from the next day.

As the evening approached, Essa walked along the street, where there were many bright lights. She sighed softly. When she saw a bar, a thought came into her head.

She stopped and stood there. She was so hesitant, as if she was making an important decision. If she wanted to make a lot of money in a short time, she could only think of working in the bar. Winston was very important to her and her parents. She couldn't bear to see him in danger.

Gritting her teeth, she went into the bar and explained directly to the manager what she wanted to do. She said that she could accompany guests to drink and work part-time as a security guard

After looking her up and down, the manager nodded and asked her to get her work clothes and start working from this evening. Although she was going to work two jobs, their working hours were different, so she was capable of doing them

Therefore, Essa started work that evening.

Charlotte craved for steak and refused to have dinner at home, so they went to a French restaurant as a family.

Mark was holding Tim, and Jazz was holding Charlotte. When they passed by a cafe, Jazz inadvertently noticed that the man sitting by the window looked so

familiar.

After thinking about it, he remembered that this man was Essa's boyfriend. To be more precise, he was her fiancé.

A woman sat opposite him, who was beautiful and dressed in fashion. They seemed to get on well with each other. With smiles on their faces, they occasionally made some intimate gestures. Content belongs to -

Charlotte stared at Jazz in surprise, "Uncle Jazz, what are you looking at?"

"Nothing. Let's go."

After dinner-Jazz happened to see the two of them once again. This time the woman had sat next to Deca. Sitting next to each other, they-looked at their phones, With smiles on their faces the whole time.

They seemed to have a somewhat intimate relationship.

Jazz raised his-eyebrows and glanced at Declan a few times, thinking that this man was no good:

~

Thinking of the arrogant - policewoman, he tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, pondering whether he should tell her about it.

Then he suddenly sneered.

'She was so arrogant. I'd better not bother her.'

Besides, I am absolutely not a nosey parker!

However, remembering that Essa had managed to please him at the hospital, he thought it didn't matter to talk to her on the phone. Jazz called Essa. When she picked up, he said directly, "Victray Cafe in Recova Avenue."

When he finished speaking, he hung up the phone quickly.

He wasn't a nosey parker. He just wanted to see how the bossy policewoman would react after seeing such a scene...

Chapter 1750

I'm a principled man!'

Jazz came straight to the point. Before Essa said anything, he had hung up.

The beep on the phone reminded Essa that Jazz had hung up. She felt confused and frowned. 'What is he talking about? Is he out of his mind?' 'Recova Avenue? Victray Cafe?'

She thought about it and thought that Jazz wouldn't call her for no reason. Right?

Then she hesitated and didn't know if she should believe him again!

She hesitated for a while and decided to go there. Although she disliked Jazz, he was nice. After experiencing so many things, she changed her view of him a lot.

She took off her uniform and went to the manager's office to ask for leave. However, she was new here, so the manager felt unhappy. Essa tried her best to curry favor with the manager, and he was elated and floating on air.

He smiled happily, but he waved his hand impatiently and said, "OK! You can leave now!"

"Thank you," Essa smiled brightly like a cunning fox.

Then she stopped a taxi on the street and went to Recova Avenue.

Mark scooped the drowsy Charlotte up in his arms and asked Jazz to drive the car out of the parking lot.

After a while, Jazz drove the black Rolls-Royce cut. He opened the car door and got out of the car.

Mark arched his eyebrows and asked, "Won't you come back with us?"

Jazz said, "I have something to deal with. I will come back later."

Summer nodded and didn't ask anything else. She just asked him to come home early and be safe on the way.

Jazz nodded with a smile and asked them not to worry about him.

After they left, Jazz went to a restaurant that was across from Victray-Cafe. He sat beside a window and observed Declan and the woman. a

Declan was getting closer to the woman. The woman even leaned against him with a bright smile.

Jazz leaned against the chair lazily. put his arms across his chest, looked at Declan and the woman casually, and raised his wrist to tell time from time to time. ^^

Half an hour had passed after he called Essa. Why was she so slow? Time went by quickly. Several minutes later, Declan and the woman stood up

They walked out of the cafe, hand in hand.

Jazz saw the scene. He narrowed his eyes and changed his pose anxiously. He looked around, but Essa still hadn't arrived. He stood up and smoothed down his shirt. When he was about to leave, he saw Essa getting out of a taxi.

She paid the bill, stood in the street and looked around. "Why does Jazz ask me to come here?"

She took out her phone and called -. Jazz angrily. As soon as he answered the phone, she thundered, "Are you out of your mind? On do you have nothing to do?" Content belongs ^^

Jazz narrowed his eyes and looked at her through the window. He said coldly, "Why do you arrive so late?" Essa arrived just after Declan and the woman left. What a coincidence!

Essa felt confused and asked, "Are you out of your mind? What do you mean?"