

President 1751

Chapter 1751

Jazz said, "Forget it. You can go back now." He didn't bother to say anything to her.

Essa became furious and said, "Who do you think you are? You ask me to come here and then ask me to leave casually. Do you know that I asked for leave to come here? I was so stupid. Why did I believe you? I even asked for leave and came here from the bar!"

Jazz narrowed his eyes and snorted, "You're really stupid!"

She said through gritted teeth, "Do not show up in front of me again! Otherwise, I will show no mercy to you!"

Jazz said, "You're an idiot indeed."

Hearing that, Essa bristled with rage and even wanted to tear him into pieces!

She could only get in the taxi again and leave. She swore that she wouldn't believe him again! Otherwise, she was an idiot indeed. However, she was an idiot in Jazz's eyes already.

The next evening, Jazz was invited to the bar. Many of his friends were in the private room.

The waitress served wine to them in Bunny Girl's clothes. The clothes were not that sexy and only exposed her breasts slightly. Essa raised her head and saw Jazz in surprise. She widened her eyes and stared at him.

Jazz didn't expect to see her here either.

Of course, Essa still needed to work. She lowered her head and fixed her eyes on the wine glasses.

Some of the guests were lecherous. Essa was in good shape. Her breasts were plump and fair. Her bottom was well-toned.

Someone seized the chance and groped her. She bore it and suppressed her anger. Jazz saw the scene. He knocked on the table slightly, narrowed his eyes, glanced at her and said, "Pour two glasses of wine for me."

Essa was reluctant to serve Jazz and didn't move.

"Have you heard what I have said? Are you deaf?" @r do you pretend not to hear whatrhave said?" Jazz held a glass of water and took a sip. He ™ said slowly, "I think that I should tell your manager about that." Hearing that; Essa gritted her teeth. Jazz makes things difficult for me on purpose! He knows my weakness. I have no other choice but to listen to him."

'The manager is angry about what happened last night. If Jazz complains to the manager, I will be fired.'

Essa said, "Sir, you would like two glasses of wine, right? Would you like me to pour three glasses of wine for you? *

Jazz smiled and let her do as she wished. Essdsat beside him and poured wire for him. However, she seemed to be bad at that. One glass of wine > flowed down his pants. The other two glasses of wine were sptashed on his body. ©

Essa wiped for him with tissues as she said, "I'm sorry. I will wipe it for you." She felt complacent in her heart and tittered.

However, she ignored one thing...

Jazz said, Are you sure that you want to continue to touch me like that? I don't care, but are you sure that you are willing to continue?" He saig-s0 on purpose and let altthe people i in the private room hear that.

All the people looked at Jazz and Essa and saw Essa's actions clearly.

"The waitress is bold!"

"Mr. Valentine is popular among women."

Jazz said with a smile, "I can feel how urgent she is. We will have a wonderful night."

The others burst into laughter and were clear about Jazz's thoughts.

Essa stepped on Jazz's foot with her high heel and pinched his thigh. She only pinched his thigh a little every time to

make him feel pain!

Chapter 1752

Jazz arched his eyebrows and whispered in her ear, "You'd better let go! Otherwise, you will regret it!" Essa sneered and ignored his warning. So Jazz stroked her bottom slowly and leisurely.

Essa's face clouded over immediately. 'He is shameless!

Their moves were drastic. The others noticed that and looked at them with gusto

"Alright, we will get out of your hair, Mr. Valentine. Have a wonderful night!"

They were well-advised and left one by one. Only Essa and Jazz were left in the private room. Essa made a sudden dive for Jazz. She scratched and bit him. "How dare you feel me up?" Jazz wasn't afraid of her at all and said, "I warned you, but you ignored it."

Then he said calmly, "Your fiance cheats on you!"

Essa didn't hear clearly. She arched her eyebrows in confusion and asked, "What did you say? " Jazz arched his eyebrows, glanced at her and said, "Your fiance cheats on you."

Essa arched her eyebrows and glanced at him. She said angrily, "Are you out of your mind?" Hearing that. Jazz narrowed his eyes and stared at her.

Essa said, "Don't look at me like that. No one will joke about it. Why do you curse me like that?"

Jazz massaged his forehead and sneered, "How can you think like that? Alright! I have told you that. It's none of my business if you believe me or not!"

Of course Essa didn't believe him. -

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She sneefed, "Sir, do you need anything else? If not, I will get out of your hair. Other guests are waiting for me." ig

"OKI" Jazz didn't bother to say EN anything else. He thought that it was useless no matter what he said to her. No wonder her fiancé cheated on her. She deserved it! ~~

He stood up, put the glass on the table casually and left. Essa looked at his back and shrugged her shoulders. She didn't take what he had said seriously. Jazz turned around suddenly. He glanced at her coldly and said, "A policewoman becomes a barmaid. You're so cheap!"

After he finished speaking, he walked towards the door.

Essa breathed heavily in anger, and her heart beat fast.

She couldn't suppress her anger anymore. She picked up the fruit tray and threw it at Jazz's back

Jazz didn't turn round, so he didn't notice that and was hit by the apples, pears and bananas in the tray. It hurt. He turned around and was in a bad mood

Essa widened her eyes and was inwardly furious. She glared at him. Her eyes were filled with tears.

She was so emotional that even her cheeks turned red. She shouted, "You don't know that at all! You know nothing about that! Do you think that I'm willing to do that? Who do you think you are? How dare you judge me like that?"

Chapter 1753

Before her tears fell, Essa held her breath and ran out of the private room. She didn't want to see Jazz anymore!

She wanted to be a policewoman since she was a little girl. She dreamed about being admitted to the police academy. Of course, she felt sad that she became a barmaid now.

But she could do nothing but accept it.

She tried her best to suppress her sadness and keep calm on the surface. However, he exposed it cruelly and even belittled her. She was heartbroken.

She had suppressed her sadness for a long time. He was the first one who exposed it

cruelly. She couldn't control her emotions anymore. She stood in a corner of the bar and burst into tears.

Jazz still stood in the private room. He had seen the tears in Essa's eyes. He didn't expect her to be so sentimental. He had only seen a few women cry. They were his mother, Summer and Essa.

His heart sank somehow.

He thought that he shouldn't have told her that. He shouldn't have been a stickybeak and asked for trouble.

He sighed and walked out of the private room. When he passed by the corner, he heard someone's cry by chance. He was familiar with the voice..

He looked over and saw a slender figure. It was Essa.

She had her back to him and cried sadly. Her emaciated shoulders shook as she sobbed. She wept bitterly.

She had never cried like that. She stood there, wiped tears with one hand and covered her face with another hand Jazz felt more disturbed. He stood there and hesitated for seconds. Then he walked over and handed his handkerchief to her resignedly. She pushed away his hand and wiped her tears in a hurry. She said word by word, "I don't want to see you anymore!" Her make-up was melted by her tears. She was in a sorry state.

She was not a fragile woman and rarely cried, but she couldn't bear it this time.

Jazz closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. Hedgven had the almost ~ overwhelming desire to slap himself. said? that I wouldn't be a stickybeak anymore I just now. Why do I ask for trouble again? -

He took a deep breath. After he calmed down, he walked outside.” When he passed by the hall, he turned-around and saw that Essa had-stopped crying and was pouring wine for guests with a bright smile.

He felt disturbed and left decisively.

Declan hadn't come to see Essa these days. Essa was busy. When she had spare time, she felt angry with him.

Declan had never gotten angry with, her for so many days before. a

Besides, he hadn't contacted her this time. He neither called her. nor texted

her!

However, Essa wouldn't take the initiative to contact him this time. After all, Winston was her brother. She couldn't abandon him!

She felt empty after she resigned from the police station as if she lost something in her life. As for Jazz, she hadn't seen him since that day. She thought that there was no need for them to meet. After all, they disliked each other.

The job in the bar was annoying sometimes. There were always some men who wanted to feel her up. She had a bad temper and made some scenes.

However, the salaries were high, and the tips were considerable. Although she disliked the job, she didn't plan to quit. Another week went by, but Declan still hadn't contacted her. He hadn't contacted her for two weeks in total. She felt annoyed. Sometimes, Jazz came to the bar at night.

Of course, he had seen Essa, but she hadn't seen him because he always hid from her in case she would see him.

Chapter 1754

This evening, Essa was looking after Winston. She was playing puzzles with her brother. Their mother came over, with a thermos in her hands, which smelled good.

"Mom, give the thermos to me. I'll get it warmed for Winston."

"No, it's not for Winston. It's for Declan.

You've been taking care of Winston all these days and you've neglected Declan. I made his favorite food. Take it to him." Essa shook her head. She wouldn't go!

Her mother realized something was wrong with them. "Did you guys have a fight?"

Essa didn't say anything. She was silent. Her mother got serious and asked her what

was going on. And she demanded her daughter to be honest with her.

Essa didn't hide anything from her mother. She told everything, their disputes and their problems.

Hearing Essa's words, her mother let out a long sigh. She told Essa to take a step back and go to apologize to Declan.

The world was just as realistic as it was. Declan wanted to marry Essa, but Winston's situation was like a fathomless pit that they couldn't fill up no matter how hard they tried. Declan's family was not rich. He was surely not happy about such a burden!

It was usual for ordinary people. Essa did not resent Declan for this.

Nowadays, how many men could take all the burdens on themselves?

Essa didn't move. Her mother said, "Go ahead! Apart from that, Declan is a good guy."

After thinking about it, Essa agreed.

Anyway she believed Declan was sensible and kind, and she would try to convince him.

Her mother nodded and told her to go to Declan's home soon

Then Essa went to Declan's apartment. She took a cab with the thermos box in her arms

Since they were definitely getting married, Declan had given her the key to his apartment.

When Essa opened the door with the key, the smile on her face instantly dissipated like it was blown away by a gale. There were three people sitting at the table, besides Declan and her mother, there was another young girl.

She was pretty, with fair skin, almond eyes, and a small cherry mouth

Essa was fine with it. But what =~ pissed her off was that the girl's fork was on Declan's plate. What was the hell this all about? ="

Hearing the door open, the three all turned to the door. Seeing it was Essa, Declan's mother showed a < nonchalant look, while Declan was surprised. The girl blinked her eyes. She-gbviously didn't know that Essa was Declan's girlfriend. Conten ©

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"Declan, who is this?" The girl asked.

She called Declan's name so intimately. And she even asked =~ Declan who Essa was. Essa found it SO ridiculous, She almost burst out laughing. fo

"Declan, would you explain it?" Essa stared coldly at the girl. She sensed the girl wasn't very nice. Declan didn't know how to introduce Essa. For a moment he was in a bind. He stood still in silence

"I'm Anja Fisher. What's your name?" The girl spoke first. She stood up and introduced herself.

Chapter 1755

"I'm her fiancée, Essa Reese." Essa's eyes stared steadily at the girl. Although the girl seemed polite and well-bred, Essa didn't like her. 'Fiancée?' The girl's eyes blinked. Then she curled her lips and smiled, "Really? I've never heard of Declan being engaged."

Essa was not stupid. The girl was implying something. It wasn't as simple as the words. The girl was indicating that Declan had never mentioned Essa to her, or admitted that Essa was his girlfriend.

But that was not the point. The point was in what kind of identity was the girl showing up at Declan's dinner table today. "Declan, you better make it clear! Is she any of our relatives?"

The war between women was silent, without weapons or smoke.

The girl smiled gently. She did not say a word and sat there quietly. She didn't think she needed to answer such a question. Declan and his mother were both present. They should be the ones to answer the question

However, Declan's mother had no intention of speaking up. She just sat there in silence.

And Declan felt that the situation was complicated. He didn't know how to explain it.

Essa's eyes darted between the three, waiting for any one of them to give her an explanation.

But none of them spoke up. They all remained silent. The atmosphere was tense.

After a while, Declan grabbed Essa's wrist and tried to take her out.

But Essa wouldn't go out. Why would she go out?

Declan frowned, he tugged Essa's arm." Let's talk outside."

"Why do we have to go outside? Can't we talk in here? Let's just get it straight here!" Essa stood still.

The corners of Declan's mouth twitched He forcibly dragged her out of the apartment. As they pushed and shoved, the thermos box in Essa's arms fell to the floor and spilled the food inside.

After all, Essa was taken out. Declan didn't

let go of her hand until they got out of the apartment building.

"All right! You want to talk outside. Here we are! Explain it to me!"

"OK. then, answer me before I answer you. What's your answer to the question I asked you earlier?"

Essa looked at him in disbelief, "You want me to give up Winston? He's my brother!"

"Then there is no need to talk about anything between us. Since you choose your brother over me, that's it between you and me!" Declan looked serious. He wasn't kidding.

"Declan, this isn't you! You used to be so good to Winston! How could you be so cruel to Winston?" Essa didn't believe it "I used to be good to him, and I was good to him for so long, so now I'm done! He's not

my family. I'm not obligated to be responsible for him. I can't afford to take on that much responsibility, so that's it!"

Now Essa completely calmed down. She looked at Declan harshly and asked him, "Who is that girl?"

Declan didn't say anything. He was silent

"A spare wheel? Or your new girlfriend?" Declan didn't say anything, so Essa answered for him.

Declan still didn't say anything. He just stood there in silence.

Essa let out a cold laugh. She had understood everything. She took out a bottle of water, raised her hand, and smashed it on Declan's head. Her movement was quick and accurate. And

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Essa had gone through professional trainings and her blow was hard. Immediately, Declan's eyes went blind and he stumbled on his feet. He almost fell to the ground.

"All right, as you wish, this is the end between us! From now on we are strangers! " Essa threw the bottle on the ground and looked at Declan fiercely, and then she took the ring off her finger and threw it at him." This is your mother's ring! Don't ever show up in front of me again and disgust me!"

Finishing her words, Essa turned around and left without a second's hesitation. No one saw her pale fingers as she clenched her fists to hold in her grief.

Back in the hospital ward, Essa's mother was sitting at the bedside and playing puzzles with Winston. Seeing Essa's return, the mother stood up and hurriedly asked, with a smile on her face, "How was it going? Did Declan like it?"

"No, he didn't eat it. I smashed it at his home. Also, he and I have broken up. We don't have anything to do with each other from now on." Essa stated calmly.

Her mother was surprised. She took Essa's hand and asked what had happened

Essa told her everything, including the girl at Declan's apartment.

Her mother's brow furrowed. "Winston is not supposed to be your responsibility.

Indeed few men can bear the burden. From now on, Winston will be in my charge! Go to talk to Declan!"

'Aman's promises are never reliable. No matter how wonderful his promises are, he would change after he gets married.'

'For example, Declan promised that he would take care of Winston together with Essa for the rest of his life. But if they get married, he will get tired and bored one day, sooner or later. And then he will start to quarrel with Essa for that. Their lives will be full of conflicts *

'So this is for the best. I'm after all not old and I can take care of Winston.

However, Essa shook her head firmly, her slender hands clenched into fists. "I won't go back to him. I don't ever want to see him again. He's not worth it! I've seen him through. Why would I go back to him?" "Essa, do you think all the men in the world are good men? Winston has got the disease and it's hopeless. Which man would like to take care of him?"

"If no one will, then I'll take care of him myself. Anyway, I will never go back to Declan. A man like him is not worthy of my affection!" Essa was determined. No one could change her mind.

Her mother let out a long sigh. Her chest was heaving.

Essa was a decisive woman. When she saw how weak and selfish Declan was, no matter how she loved him before, she despised him now! She never wanted to see him again!

"Okay, I'm done here. I'm going to work now. Mom, take care of Winston." Then she left.

In the bar, Essa was in a depressed mood. After all, she and Declan were going to get married, but now they ended up in this way. Her job wasn't going well either. She felt her life was so miserable.

Sitting in the corner of the bar, Essa drank one glass after another. She had been in love with Declan for two years, but they couldn't fight the reality. Ideals were always perfect, but the real world was practical. No one could realize their ideal without pity.

Jazz wanted to go to the bar, and Charlotte insisted on going with him. He had no choice but to carry the little girl in his arms.

Charlotte looked around in the bar. She shook her head at all the women with heavy makeup. She

didn't like any of them. Suddenly, she saw Essa sitting in the corner, so she went towards her and sheuteled, "Pretty police sister!" Essa was a little drunk. Her consciousness drifted away. When she saw Charlotte, she reached out and squeezed her little face.

Jazz wanted to take Charlotte away, but the little girl would not go. She must stay with Essa. After a few more drinks, Essa was totally wasted. She pointed at Jazz and screamed, "You bastard!"

Jazz raised his eyebrows. He then realized that Essa was pointing at him, but he would not bother with a drunk woman!

"You bastard! You knew he was with another woman, but you didn't tell me!" Essa looked fierce.

Jazz walked up to her. He reached out and cupped her chin right in his hand. "didn't tell you? When I told you, you thought I was out of my mind. Now you blame me for telling you? Have you lost your mind?"

Chapter 1757

Suddenly, Essa burst out laughing. She started giggling. Immediately after, she leaned forward and threw up on Jazz's suit. The smell was awful. Jazz frowned in disgust and pushed against her forehead. But Essa fell on his chest. She didn't move. Jazz glanced at Charlotte with a threatening look in his eyes. He pushed Essa away and hissed a curse. He pulled off his suit and tossed it aside.

Charlotte dared not to make a fuss anymore. She was quiet. Jazz carried the little girl up in his arms, and the two were about to leave. Just then, they heard Essa whimpering.

Looking back, Jazz saw Essa leaning on the table, her face covered in tears. She looked wretched. She was out of breath from sobbing and looking at Jazz pitifully.

Seeing her pitiful gaze, Charlotte felt sympathy for her. "Uncle Jazz, the police sister is so pitiful. Let's take her home." Before Jazz could say anything, Essa ran up to him in her drunkenness and clung to Jazz's waist. "Tell me a joke! I want to hear a joke." Jazz ignored her. Charlotte was dumbfounded. But Essa acted like a child, sitting on the floor and weeping loudly.

People around cast their curious eyes at them and whispered. Jazz gritted his teeth and yelled, "Get yourself up!" "Tell me a joke! I want to hear jokes! You're so cruel to me! I'm not leaving! I want to

hear jokes!" Essa was wasted and acted like a grumpy child.

More and more people gathered around them. Jazz felt had no choice but to bend down, crouched in front of Essa, and whispered a joke through his gritted teeth.

"Two brothers were talking. The younger brother asked, "brother, can you say something in one sentence and make me upset?" Essa blinked her eyes, tears on her cheeks, but she was listening intently.

"The elder brother said, "Your wife has a mole on her left breast.' Then the younger brother demanded, 'Now say something in one sentence to cheer me up.' And the elder brother said, I went to primary school with her as a toddler.'

Essa got it. She cupped her mouth and giggled. Cne second earlier, she was still crying, but now she was all smiling.

But Charlotte didn't get it. 'Got upset earlier but got cheered up in the next second. What on earth was Uncle Jazz talking about?' Jazz was relieved to see Essa finally burst into laughter. He picked up Charlotte and prepared to leave.

But Essa wouldn't let him go. She wrapped her arms around his legs and looked up at him, her eyes twinkling. "I'm coming with you." Charlotte looked at Jazz and asked, "Uncle Jazz, let's take the pretty police sister with us. Is it OK?"

Jazz hissed at her, "No way!" He got himself into trouble the last time he did her a favor. How could he possibly do it again?

Essa stared at him pitifully. But Jazz forcibly pushed her away and sat her on a chair beside her.

Anyway, he felt that every time he -. met her, fie got into trouble! The first We times, the woman scolded.him furiously. And today, he was; forced to. fell a joke! What the hellt

Jazz picked up Charlotte in his arms. He got up and headed out of the bar. Essa sat on a chair and started whimpering again. Covering her face with her hands, she slumped down on the table. Jazz had walked to the door of the bar.

Charlotte pinched him on the shoulder. " Uncle Jazz, take the pretty police sister with us! Or put me down. I'll call Daddy!"

Jazz slapped her ass and got stern. "Be quiet!" "Goh... Oooh... You hit Lt NURS... You don't love me anymore!" Charlotte cried. Tears were running down her cheeks, and her eyes got red from crying. She was so miserable. =

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Since the little girl had lived in the Valentine mansion for so long, when had Jazz ever beaten her? He could not do to her enough. He had never seen her cry.

Now the little girl was crying her eyes out. Her little face turned red. She was crying so miserably.

Jazz got heartbroken at her tears. He comforted the little girl in a soft voice.

Charlotte wiped her tears while

whimpering. "I want to take the pretty police sister with me!" He couldn't stand to see the girl~ crying. He gently patted Charlotte in his arms and comforted her:

Finally, he had no choice but to take Essa with them.

He took her back to the Valentine mansion

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Charlotte finally became happy. She smiled and ate the ice cream in her hand.

Jazz opened the car door, picked up Essa, and went to the room on the second floor.

After putting her on the bed, Jazz was about to leave when she suddenly put her hands around his neck.

Such a gesture was too intimate for the two of them. They were so close to each other that they could hear each other's breathing clearly. There was a faint smell of apple around Essa. Jazz couldn't help but take a few breaths and found it pleasant.

She narrowed her eyes and hugged him tightly. Her face kept rubbing against his chest.

"Let's sleep together, okay?"

Her cheek was soft and warm. Their faces touched gently. He felt that an electric current seemed to run through him, and then he froze in place, forgetting to react.

Essa buried her whole face into his neck, like a kitten. Then she rubbed his neck with her face a few times. Jazz was such a young man. How could he stand such an invisible temptation? He moved his body and tried to get up. However, Essa used to sleep with her arms around something when she was drunk, like a teddy bear or a pillow.

At this time, she thought she was hugging a "pillow", but this "pillow" was obviously not very obedient and always moved around, and didn't seem to want to be hugged by her.

She thought, "Whether it is a teddy bear or a pillow, I have paid for it. I can definitely hug it."

Therefore, her body rubbed against the bed. Then she pressed her leg against the "pillow" as she always did, making "it" between her legs. Jazz was really about to go crazy!

She was really drunk! She pinned the man between her legs recklessly!

"I'm warning you, let go of me quickly!" Jazz said in a low voice.

But she had him between her legs firmly. They seemed to be tangled vines.

She was very sleepy now, so she kept yawning and weeping. Hearing his voice, she frowned in annoyance, "Be quiet!"

After taking a deep breath, he suppressed the hot currents running wildly through his body and said through clenched teeth, "I'll warn you the last time!"

"Shut up!" Saying that, Essa kissed Jazz's lips directly this time and licked them, finding them soft and sweet. Jazz narrowed his eyes tightly all of a sudden, tensed his strong body, and took a deep breath.

The funny thing was that this was Jazz's first kiss!

Jazz was well educated. He took a:

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romantic relationship seriously. What's more, he was stubborn. If he didn't meet a girl he liked, he would prefer to remain single. ~~

Since he was in junior high school, he had received many love letters." His school bag was often stuffed with love letters, but he never cared about them. Nor did he ever have feelings for any girl. t§" -

When he was in senior high school, he fell in love with Summer. He loved her with his whole heart.

At that time, he was young and curious about sex, but he had an inexplicable determination to respect Summer.

Mark never stopped him. Sometimes, he watched pornographic movies with Jazz. Mark felt that it was normal for ~ teenagers to have such mentality and impulse, but Jazz should be guided correctly. oF

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Before meeting Summer, Jazz had no interest in any woman. He just found them annoying. Afterwards, Summer took over his world and mind quickly. Apart from her, he hadn't liked any woman.

Sometimes, he would fantasize..

After knowing that Summer had sex with Mark, Jazz was in pain, but he couldn't get her out of his mind.

It didn't mean that he didn't want to start a romantic relationship or have sex with another woman, but as soon as he smelled the expensive perfume on the woman and then saw her red lips, he immediately lost his interest.

Over time, Jazz wasn't in the mood to find a girlfriend. Once he had the desire, he would give himself a handjob.

He didn't mean to remain chaste. It was just that he couldn't get himself turned on, as the person he was in a relationship with wasn't Summer. He had no desire for

women other than Summer. Even if he had feelings for a woman, he would always visualize her face as Summer's the moment he approached her, which would make him push her away in horror!

Jazz now felt a wave of odd current through his body. It was unusual. He suddenly had an urge of desire.

Essa smelled good. She had a faint smell of green apple, which was very similar to Summer's orange smell. He took a deep breath and forgot to push her away.

At this moment, the door of the room was suddenly pushed open. Summer's voice came in. "Essa. Oh, I'm sorry. You should continue!" Summer coughed gently and said with a smile. She left and closed the door.

Only then did Jazz come to his senses. He quickly pulled Essa off him and then chased Summer with his long legs. He grabbed Summer's wrist and explained, "Summer, it's not what you see!"

"You don't need to explain. I get it!" Summer still smiled and patted his shoulder.

Jazz couldn't help but raise his voice. "Summer!"

"Jazz, you need to let something go. You know we can't be together. Why do you insist on it? Let go of yourself, okay?" Summer said in a low voice. Jazz moved his eyes slightly and rolled his throat. He knew what her words meant. He opened his thin lips but he didn't say a word

Going back to his room, Jazz lay down on the bed with his eyes closed. There was still an urge of desire in his body.

Jazz gritted his teeth. Eventually, a beautiful face appeared on Jazz's mind, then his robust and slender body trembled slightly.

Jazz panted slightly, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

He looked out the window and his eyes moved. The last person that came to mind was Essa, the policewoman.

Why did it happen?

Was it because she had just pinned him between her legs, or because she kissed him?

Jazz felt like he was going crazy. Why on earth did things turn out like this? He watched many o pornographic films. It didn't make sense! that Essa's kiss madehim change his sexual fa ntasies!

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Jazz rolled his Adam's apple. He stretched out his long fingers to. Ny cover his handsome face. He closed his'eyes and tried to sleep.

The next morning.

Everyone was sitting at the dining table, waiting for Jazz to come downstairs and have breakfast together.

Usually, Jazz was always the first one down'the stairs. He was strarige today. He hadn't come down yet. Summer asked the maid to go upstairs to call him. Conterit belongs ig

At this time, Essa walked down the stairs, slowly rubbing her forehead. She looked downstairs and her heart skipped a beat. How did she get to the Valentine mansion again last night?

What had happened?

Summer waved her hand with a smile on her face and invited Essa to have breakfast

Essa felt embarrassed and shook her head. She declined and wanted to leave

Charlotte ran over to hug Essa and didn't want her to leave, inviting her to have breakfast.

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"Charlotte likes you a lot, I rarely see her like someone so much." Summer spoke up from the side, "Breakfast is ready. I've prepared breakfast for you too. Let's eat together."

There had been many conflicts between Jazz and her, and even that kind of conflict had happened, so how could she stay here for breakfast again?

She wanted to leave, but Charlotte refused, and so did Summer, who was pulling her arms and forcing her to sit at the table, adding, "If you don't eat today, then you can't leave."

They were so warm-hearted, and the breakfast was already laid out in front of her, so it was hard to resist. Essa had no choice but to sit down

The maid called three or four times before Jazz came down from upstairs belatedly. He wore a simple white shirt. The buttons on the shirt were unfastened, exposing a large part of his smooth tanned chest.

Summer could not stand it a bit, but she was used to it, as he always had this habit. No matter what you said, he was always like this and did not listen to it.

The seat Summer sat down at happened to be opposite where Jazz and Essa were sitting.

Essa lowered her head and concentrated on drinking her porridge; she looked as if she was about to bury her whole head in it. Rarely, Jazz did not say a word and focused on eating his breakfast.

Summer's eyes kept slowly wandering between the two; she intuited that the relationship between the two was somewhat unusual...

Jazz's eyes occasionally swept past Essa, and then the scene from last night would come into his mind. Jazz raised his eyebrows, closed his eyes slightly, and continued to drink his porridge.

Thinking about what happened last night, Essa's mind went blank, and she couldn't recall anything.

It was not easy to finish the breakfast. Essa finally breathed a slow sigh of relief now that the torture was over, and she could be relieved. Jazz was packing up, planning to go to the office.

Summer spoke up, "Jazz, Essa is leaving.

You are going in the same direction. Give her a ride."

"Do not bother, please. I'll just leave by myself." She quickly declined

"It won't be troublesome; he can swing by to drop you off. Besides, it's not easy to take a taxi here, so just take Jazz's car."

When the five were talking, Jazz had already walked over with his long legs, with the car key hanging on his fingers and shaking. His eyegwere fixed on Essa," Would you like to go?"

Essa didn't speak, but Summer did. She put both hands on her shoulders and pushed her forward, "Hurry up, you are not a stranger to him." Summer intended to promote the relationship between the two. She thought that Essa had a good personality. More

importantly, she was the first woman who interacted with Jazz for so long.

But these were not the point. The most important point was that Jazz did not hate her.

Having no choice, Essa still got into Jazz's car.

Cn the way, the car drove forward smoothly. Both Jazz and Essa did not say anything. They fell silent

After a long-time, Essa broke the silence,” Was it you who took me to your house last night? I remember I was pretty drunk. May I ask if have done anything I should not have done?” . -

After hearing this topic, Jazz raised his eyebrows slightly. His thin lips pursed, and his handsome face seemed slightly red "No." He said, his eyes twinkling.

Finally relieved, Essa looked at him,” Thank you for last night!"

"No need. Jazz turned his turn +. signal to the left and sped up. For the first time, he felt that the conversation between them: seemed so polite.

Essa also felt that they were being too polite. She said, "Just leave me at the nearest underground entrance, and I need to go to the hospital.” He replied indifferently. As if remembering something, Jazz handed her a piece of paper, "If you are interested, you can take a look.”

Being curious, Essa saw the word "recruitment" at a glance and was immediately interested, so she continued to read.