

President 1781

Chapter 1781

Essa blinked in a daze.

Jazz's eyes became hot. He thought it was an ill wind.

He licked Essa's lips with a smile while she was not locking.

Essa felt hot and itchy. His tongue was crawling on her mouth like an insect. A quiver of excitement ran through her, making her tremble. Essa panicked. Hearing footsteps from outside, she instantly pushed him away.

The door of the ward was opened. Essa's mother came in.

Essa's cheeks were pink. She ducked her

head, self-consciously tucking her hair behind her ear.

"Why is your face red?" Essa's mother stared at her in surprise. "Are you running a fever?"

Essa's face was burning as she heard this. She shook her head, stammering, "No... no.

"Then why do you look so strange?"

"Mom, is Winston awake? What are you doing here?" Essa hurriedly changed the subject

Unaware of what had happened between Essa and Jazz, Essa's mom answered, "I just came to see if Jazz had eaten." Glancing at Essa who pretended to be calm, Jazz smiled. "Mrs. Reese, I ate instant noodles."

"What?" Essa's mother scowled. "You've just donated blood. You need to eat something nutritious. How could you just eat instant noodles? Essa, he doesn't know that, but you should know. Why didn't you take good care of him?"

Essa was gggrieved. 'Mom, he ~. wants to eat soup and pickles. I bought the fried chicken and instant noodles for myself. He snatched the noodles from me!" to ig

Jazz said, "Mrs. Reese, I don't know why I feel hungry whenever I see Essa eating. I couldn't resist snatching it from her!"

He seemed to hint that there was something between him and Essa.

Essa's expression changed, thinking, "What is he doing?"

Essa's mother used to feel that Jazz was somewhat interested in Essa but was not sure.

After all, Jazz was very wealthy and powerful, much too good for Essa. However, Jazz's words confirmed Essa's mother's intuitive feelings. "Is that so? But now you need nutritious food, so you can't eat instant noodles. I'll prepare food for you."

"Okay, I'll listen to you." He looked like a pushover.

Essa's mother was delighted to hear this.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Essa warned Jazz. She was upset.

Before Jazz could say anything, Essa's mother poked Essa in the forehead. "How can you be so impolite to him?" Jazz gave a dazzling smile. "Don't worry, Mrs. Reese. I won't be angry with her."

Essa was speechless.

Essa's mother went home and came to the hospital again with some soup. The mushroom soup was: white and thick. Its fragrance-filled the Toom. ig

Jazz quite liked it. He ate two bowls. of soup, Essa watched him eat and couldnt help swallowing. She - walked over and ladled a bowl of seLip for herself. ig

Chapter 1782

Essa was caught eating the soup by her mom. Essa's mother frowned and slapped Essa on the back of the hand. "You're stealing the soup!" "I'm not stealing. I'm just eating my share."

"Do you think I cooked it for you?"

Essa felt that her mother must have been ensnared by Jazz.

Jazz smiled. "Mrs. Reese, let her eat. I'm full anyway. Don't waste the soup."

"Then eat up the rest. Otherwise, I have to throw it in the trash can," Essa's mother said to Essa.

Essa thought, 'She looks as if she were my

stepmother. How can she be so ruthless to her daughter?"

Essa's mother went to see Winston. Essa and Jazz were left in the ward.

Essa ignored Jazz, sitting by the window, fiddling with her phone. She was busy watching her friends' updates and the news on Twitter. Jazz had been staring at her for half an hour Finally, he felt bored and said, "Hey. are you angry?"

Essa had no time to pay attention to him, looking at the news on Twitter and sliding her finger across her phone. She pursed her lips and chuckled while being amused by the posts.

"Hey!" Jazz was annoyed that Essa gave him the silent treatment. He threw back the covers and kicked her with his long leg. "Talk to me!"

Essa pretended not to hear or see him. She didn't respond.

"Do you want me to call your mom?" He looked relaxed, taking out his phone.

Essa threw aside her phone. She had never seen such a despicable man before!

Essa's mother only listened to Jazz now. If he called Essa's mother, Essa would be screwed. "What do you want?"

"Chat with me."

Essa stared at him calmly. "What do you want to chat about?"

Jazz was stumped.

He didn't know what to talk about with her. He frowned without speaking.

"If you have nothing to talk about, just leave me alone, okay?" she directly warned him.

Jazz paused for a moment before saying, "Tell me a story."

"I don't know any story!"

"Then you can read one to me."

Essa raised her eyebrows in amazement, thinking that he was joking, but Jazz looked serious. He raised his hand, signaling her to hurry up, and sat upright, waiting for her to read a story to him.

Essa rolled her eyes at him, picked up the book beside her, and began to read.

However, Jazz was still unsatisfied, picking on her from time to time. "Too flat. You should read it more lively and passionately..." "Why do you sound so vicious? Am I your enemy?"

"You read too fast. Is there a wolf chasing you?"

Essa was irritated.

She was reading, but Jazz was like a bee buzzing in her ear.

Finally, she couldn't stand him, flinging the book on the bed. "Do you want to listen or not?"

"Yes..." Jazz instantly shut up.

Seeing this, Essa was pleased. The story was quite boring. She was sleepy while reading.

Yet Jazz was listening with interest

After a long while, he was drowsy. Essa was overjoyed. Finally, she got rid of him.

She went to Winston's ward. He was awake and out of danger. His face was not as pale as before. When Winston saw Essa, he was so happy that he hugged her and refused to let go of her.

Essa's mother asked, "You leave Jazz alone. What if he needs your help?"

"I came here after he fell asleep." Essa felt that her mother was partial to Jazz and always mentioned him

"That's good. You stay at the hospital. I'll go home and make some soup and dishes that can help Jazz and Winston recover. Take care of them I'm leaving now"

Essa didn't agree. "Why do you have to go back? There are many restaurants on the nearby streets. Just buy some food there. Don't make yourself so tired!" Carrent

"I'm happy to do that for them. They may not like the food from those restaurants. Just wait for me."

Chapter 1783

Essa's mother quickly left the ward. Essa was speechless, resting her head in her hand.

Jazz pushed open the door and walked in. Winston's eyes immediately fell on him. Winston had a low IQ, but he was not a fool.

After Winston's mother told him that he was saved by Jazz, Winston clamored to see Jazz. Yet Winston was so weak that he could only lie in bed. Winston was excited and kept smiling at Jazz.

"Hello." Noticing Winston's gaze, Jazz greeted him.

"Hello!" Winston hurriedly said.

Ever since Jazz came, Winston had ignored Essa and stared fixedly at Jazz.

Essa was jealous, thinking, 'Is this guy going to bewitch all of my family?'

Jazz was still smiling. He was very friendly to Winston and taught Winston to play cards. Winston was smart and quickly learned it.

The two of them were a little bored. Jazz secretly winked at Winston, who took the hint and looked at Essa eagerly, silently inviting her to play with them.

Essa was not interested in playing cards, let alone playing cards with Jazz. She sat still, not intending to move.

Winston was anxious, threw back the quilt, and wanted to get out of bed to pull her. Seeing what he was doing, Essa panicked. She hurriedly went over and stopped him.

As a result, she had no choice but to compromise.

The three of them played cards together. Jazz always lost. Essa and Winston won a lot of money from him, smiling brightly.

Finally, Winston was sleepy. Essa put his head on her lap, softly rubbing "his head with two hands so that he could sleep more comfortably.

The smile on Winston's face was innocent and dazzling. Essa knew he felt better. She also smiled gently.

Jazz couldn't take his eyes off her. At that moment, he was envious of Winston

"He is very lucky. People like him can live happily because they are simple and unworldly."

Hearing this, Essa looked up at him with mixed feelings. She rarely heard people praise Winston as Jazz did

"It sounds as if you were having a hard time! You're from a wealthy family, so you can get whatever you want. Have you ever been sad?" "You are not me. How do you know I haven't?" Jazz asked calmly.

"You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. What are you sad about?"

Jazz looked-out the window. "You -. have been to the Valentine mansion many : times. Have you seen anyone elsebesides Mark, Summer, and their kids?" swnovel. net

Essa remembered that she had never seen his parents

"My mother was sent to prison by me and my brother," he said evenly. "My father is also in prison. Summer used to be my teacher. I liked her and told her my feelings, butat last, she married my brother..."

Essa was stunned. The Valentine family was very powerful in Santabaca. Why were his parents in prison? She couldn't believe such things had happened to the Valentine family.

Jazz was cheerful and carefree. He didn't look like someone who had experienced those things.

Chapter 1784

"You don't believe me, do you?" Jazz raised his eyebrows and looked at her fixedly. "Yes. There is no need for you to lie to me. I just think that something like that shouldn't have happened to your family," Essa answered.

Jazz curled his lips sarcastically and coldly. "There are many dirty things behind those rich families. The better they look, the more disgusting they are!"

Essa was silent. The members of those wealthy families tended to have animosities towards each other.

"I was brought up by my mother. I rarely met my father. I couldn't see him even

once a year. When I was young, I thought my father was great and hardworking, but later I found I was ridiculous. He is simply a revolting humbug! "He had an affair and embezzled public funds. He deserved to go to prison..."

Jazz said evenly as if what he said had nothing to do with him.

"In short, every family has its problems and secrets. No matter what happens in our lives, we have to face it." Essa commented. Jazz liked her attitude. She was optimistic and strong.

"Well, I find I'm becoming more and more interested in you," said Jazz.

Essa's eyes twitched.

"What's wrong? Do your eyes hurt? Come here. Let me give you a massage." He waved his hand at her.

"No need! I'm just shocked by what you said."

Jazz smiled slightly and calmly looked at her. "Is it that frightening? I'll give you more surprises in the future, so please be prepared." "Do you have to treat me like this? Can you act normal?"

"I can't. I will only be more abnormal in the future," he replied.

Essa was lost for words. She didn't know how to communicate with him.

Yet, since he told her about those things, she could see that he was virtuous and not as frivolous as he appeared to be.

"Then try to act normal, okay?"

Jazz curved his lips and shook his head, answering, "No way! Forget it."

"By the way, talk about Winston. I'm quite interested in him..."

"Winston..." Essa's face instantly softened. "He was born with a low IQ, but he's well behaved and has never caused trouble. He likes to follow me. Sometimes he doesn't listen to our parents. Yet he is always submissive to me and shares his snacks with me. When I was a kid, my classmates said he was a fool. I was angry and fought with them. Because of this, I was often scolded, and other kids called me a bully..."

Jazz knew that she loved Winston, so Jazz deliberately mentioned Winston to soften her.

Sure enough, Essa became gentle. Her eyes were full of tenderness.

"Because of Winston, I went to a police academy and intended to become a police officer. He's not stupid. He's just so innocent. He's more innocent than anyone else."

Jazz said softly, "He's lucky to have you in his life."

"No. I'm grateful to be his sister. I will confide in him whenever I feel unhappy. He will hold me. Although he doesn't understand, he can feel I'm upset. He always gives me candy and asks me to eat it as well..."

Jazz was sunk in thought. "I'm also happy to be Mark's brother..."

Chapter 1785

Hearing what Jazz said, Essa knew that Mark was very good to Jazz. Essa smiled. "We seem to have similar experiences." Essa's mother looked through the window in the door. She saw Essa and Jazz chatting and smiling. They looked well matched. Essa's mother thought, "Essa is a lucky kid! She'll marry a nice man!"

After talking about Winston, Essa and Jazz got closer. They didn't trade barbs like before.

Since Jazz only donated blood and was strong, he could leave the hospital after resting for a day.

Essa's mother was uneasy. "You lost a lot of blood. You have to eat some nutritious food. I'll cook for you and ask Essa to bring the food to your company."

"Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Reese."

"I don't agree."

Two voices sounded at the same time.

However, Essa finally gave in to her mother.

The next morning, Essa went to work with a big insulated lunchbox that her mother had prepared. There were various dishes and soup in it. The morning flashed by. She stood still with the lunchbox. She was hesitant to bring it to Jazz.

That was so embarrassing.

Meanwhile, a manager called Essa, asking her to go to the president's office quickly.

She had no choice but to carry the lunchbox and go up.

Jazz had rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt. He was reading documents.

Essa put the lunchbox on the desk, pursed her lips, and said, "Here is your lunch. Bye."

Jazz looked up, raised his eyebrows, and rested his head on his fists. "Where are you going?"

"You're going to have lunch, and so am I I'll go to a restaurant," she answered bluntly.

"Mrs. Reese has prepared lunch for us. She asked you to eat with me."

"Really?" Essa was amazed. Her mother didn't tell her about that.

Jazz leaned down and opened the lunchbox. It was a lunch for two.

Essa stood there, wondering, "What's going on? Are they in cahoots?" "What are you waiting for? Do you want me to call your mom?" Immediately, Essa gritted her teeth, walked over to the table, and ate unhappily.

There were meat and spinach.

Jazz hated spinach the most. He narrowed his eyes, picked it up, and threw it into Essa's bowl

"What are you doing?" Essa was mad.

'I don't eat spinach or waste it, so I. give it to you.' Jazz was eating meat while saying seriously, 'Don't you know it's a shame to waste food?'

Essa didn't believe what he said. He was deliberately torturing her. He just wanted her to be upset.

Although she was angry, she had to eat. After all, he had support from her mother.

Essa lost her temper after bringing lunch to Jazz for a week. She told her mother, 'I'm not going to cook for Jazz anymore-and refused to continue delivering the food. Because she ate too much nutritious food these days, she had a heavy flow.

Judging from this, Essa didn't think Jazz was still weak. Her mother didn't force her, saying calmly, "If Jazz wants to pursue you, don't reject him!" "I have the right to date someone I like!"

"No! You have two choices. Try to be with Jazz or go on blind dates!"

Essa was reluctant. "Is there a third way?" "No! titdo what I say. You'd better take.it seriously. One of your TM aunts wants to introduce two youths to yout you don't like Jazz, go. and meetthem. Your uncle also wants to introduce... " ©

A bunch of blind dates seemed to be waiting for Essa! She was in a fret. She couldn't bear to see so many strange men. That would kill her!

When she went to work, she was listless and depressed.

Chapter 1786

Jazz glanced at Essa in the elevator. "You didn't sleep well last night, did you?" Instantly, Essa gave him an accusing look." Did you threaten or tempt my mom?" "I didn't, but I can roughly guess why you look like this. Since your mom urges you to find a boyfriend, why don't you try to be with me?

"There's no downside. Your mother won't nag you anymore, and you'll be served by a handsome man like me. If you still don't like me after dating me for a while, you can end it at any time.

"Besides, if you are my girlfriend, you can ask me to do some things for you. I can

help you return to your original post. What do you think?"

That sounded quite appealing. Essa blinked. Jazz was smiling, narrowing his eyes like a fox.

If he had a tail behind him, it must be wagging.

Yet Essa didn't notice that. She was lured by the bait given by Jazz.

"I think it's a good offer."

"Yeah." Jazz curved his lips slightly. "I think so toc. Will you accept it?"

"Yes. I have no reason to refuse it, but I should tell you that if I don't need you anymore, I'll break up with you!" Jazz lazily shrugged his shoulders. "It's okay if you want to do so, but I don't think you will leave me." "Don't be so sure. You're too narcissistic and arrogant! What makes you think I won't leave you?" "Then let's wait and see." he said

Finally, they reached an agreement, though they didn't know when they would end their relationship. Essa and Jazz went to her home together after work.

Essa's mother was overjoyed that Essa had come around.

"What would you like for dinner? I'm going to go to the market. I'll buy what you want to eat. "

Essa shook her head. There was nothing she wanted to eat.

Jazz replied, "Essa and I have nothing to do. Let's go together."

Essa's mother smiled, her eyes crinkling. She was delighted to go with them.

The three of them went to a nearby food market next to an intersection. Many people living in the Rh neighborhood knew the Reese family. . -

Seeing Jazz standing beside Essa, they were curious about this handsome man, asking who he was.

"This is Essa's boyfriend." Essa's mother introduced Jazz to them happily.

Jazz smiled and greeted them politely. He was neither distant nor too friendly.

A group of people looked at him up and down. He was so charming that even those middle-aged women flushed.

Essa's mother bought a lot of things, such as chops, chicken, fish, and some vegetables.

Jazz followed them and voluntarily carried off the things they bought. He was patient, smiling and watching Essa's mother bargaining with interest. 10 ig

Unlike her mother, Essa didn't like going back and forth or bargaining. She felt it was troublesome

If Essa was going to buy some things, she would buy all of them at one stall.

Essa was getting impatient while her mother was bargaining. Essa kicked the stones. When she looked up; she saw the man standing next to her smiling. He was wearing a shirt and participated in the bargaining.

Moreover, Essa's mother was still not content and taught him skills. The two of them looked happy. Essa was speechless.

Finally, they settled the price. Jazz took out his wallet and paid the owner of the stall.

Chapter 1787

Essa's mother and Jazz were cheerful.

They bought a lot of ingredients and then went home.

Essa didn't bother to pay attention to them. She briskly walked ahead. Essa's mother and Jazz wanted to buy some juice and other drinks. The two of them looked like mother and son, while Essa looked like an outsider.

As Essa's mother was cooking. Essa was watching TV in the living room. Jazz was washing vegetables in the kitchen.

Essa was a little bored with staying alone. She came to the kitchen and stood at the door. Her mother was teaching Jazz to cut fish.

Jazz was very obedient and patient.

Essa's mother liked Jazz, feeling that Jazz was much better than Declan. There was simply no comparison between them. Essa's mother kept offering Jazz the dishes, encouraging him to eat more of them

Essa shook her head, not wanting to say anything.

After dinner, they ate some fruit. It was already 9.30 p.m. Jazz was going to leave. Essa went downstairs with him. "You're very good at pleasing people, right? Have you ever learned about it?"

"You've finally realized this. Are you afraid that you will be fascinated by me?" Jazz looked sideways at her with a smile. "Come on! Don't flatter yourself! I won't see you off. Take care on your way back."

Jazz nodded, quickly leaned down, and pecked her on the forehead.

Immediately, Essa felt a quiver of excitement run through her. She said with a frown, "What are you doing?"

"You are my girlfriend now, so I can kiss you like this, right?"

"We're just putting on a show! You're taking advantage of me, aren't you?" She glared at him

Jazz smiled faintly without saying a word. He kissed her on the cheek, while she was not looking. Before she blew up, he slid into his car and drove away. ig

Essa was so angry that she almost picked up stones and threw them at his car. What a creep! When Essa returned home, her mother's face wrinkled in a grin. "Jazz kissed you just now." "No!" Essa was astonished to hear that from her mom

"Don't deny it. I saw he kiss you clearly."

"Mom, you must have misunderstood!"

Essa blushed. Her mom wouldn't believe what she said. Essa gave up. The more she said, the more excited her mom was. = > She'd better take a shower and: go to sleep. =

Her mother was even bolder than her.

The world was crazy.

Essa's mind was still in a fog.

It was not until she hung up the phone that she realized that he had told her to go to the police station. This meant that she could work at the police station again

She sat on the bed in a daze. The police chief called her, asking her to go to the police station at 9 a m.

It was 8 a m. Essa quickly got out of bed, washed her face, and rushed to the police station.

Chapter 1788

"That matter has been explained clearly. Besides, it was a long time ago. We've all forgotten about it. You did a good job. Now, you can return to your post."

Essa nodded, saluted the police chief, turned around, and went out of the office. Where there were people, there was gossip.

Essa was in a stall in the restroom. She heard some women discussing

"Wasn't there a scandal about her? How can she return to the police station?"

"When I made coffee for the chief in the morning, I heard him calling someone Mr. Valentine on the phone. I remember that her boyfriend is a Valentine."

"Yes, yes. Anyway, she has a powerful boyfriend. We can't be compared with her."

They spoke loudly, but Essa didn't take it to heart. She had a clear conscience, so she didn't care about gossip. She liked this job and wanted to do her best.

Jazz called her. "Have you gone to the police station? Did you report for duty? Are there any difficulties?"

"Everything is fine. Thank you," she said sincerely. She was grateful to him.

He curved his thin lips. "If you need my help, just call me. Congratulations on getting back to your post! Have a good time at work. By the way, I hope you can do me a favor when I'm in trouble. Don't be so damn impartial." "Don't even think about it." She was not going to pull strings for anyone. He'd better forget it.

"I'm so sad. How can you be so dutiful?" He sighed and hung up. Essa smiled. He was a warm-hearted person.

She had changed her opinion of him.

Jazz smiled faintly, whistling leisurely while dealing with the pile of documents in front of him:

In the afternoon, Essa called Jazz. "Well, I want to invite you to dinner tonight."

He was delighted. "At home?"

"No. We'll go outside alone. My treat. I want to thank you. If we eat at my home, my mom will say something embarrassing, and I'm afraid that the two of you will go on

and on..."

Chapter 1789

"It sounds like you are afraid that I will ignore you. Don't worry. I like your mom just because I like you very much..."

Essa frowned and interrupted him with a sneer.

"Well, I like your mom. That is the truth," he said.

"Don't talk nonsense! You know what I'm talking about. Let's meet at 7 p.m. You can pick any place for dinner!"

Jazz thought for a moment. "What if I want a royal feast?"

"Then just get lost!" Essa answered bluntly. He was simply dreaming!

"Okay, then [I'll listen to you. Let's eat what you like. I have no problem with that," Jazz replied so softly that Essa got goose bumps.

Essa said coldly through clenched teeth." Shut up, or I'll kill you."

Jazz stopped teasing her and quickly hung up.

Essa was overjoyed that she could get back to her original post. Being a police officer was her favorite job. She worked even harder than before.

As she was packing up her things and was about to leave after work, the police chief came over, said that there was a murder, and asked Essa to go to the scene.

Essa nodded and immediately called Jazz." I have an urgent task. Let's have dinner some other time."

Before Jazz could answer, Essa ended the call. Jazz was wearing a suit. His eyebrows twitched. He was delighted all afternoon, but she just stood him up.

He went back to the Valentine mansion listlessly, while Charlotte was like a happy butterfly. She was wearing a beautiful dress, dancing "Why are you so happy?"

"Uncle Jazz, we are going to travel tomorrow. Don't miss us too much!"

Charlotte smiled, her eyes crinkling. "We'll spend the holiday abroad."

Jazz raised his eyebrows. "How come I didn't know about that?"

"You can join us."

"No. I don't want to be the third wheel. Just go with your parents. Remember to bring me a gift."

Charlotte nodded

Jazz flipped through the magazine.

The door was open. He could hear Charlotte singing with joy. He shook his head Suddenly, Jazz thought of something. His eyes lit up.

Essa was Jazz's girlfriend. The police chief gave her a vacation, so she didn't need to be on duty during the coming holiday.

The next morning, although it was a holiday, Essa didn't intend to go out. She just wanted to sleep at home.

However, she heard loud voices coming from the living room, and Winston sauntered very excited. So she got up and walked into the living room in her Hello Kitty pajamas, only to find Jazz sitting on the sofa. And there was a suitcase next to it.

‘What's going on?’

As soon as she opened the door, Winston walked up to her, took her hand and said joyfully, "Essa. Jazz is taking us to Turlen."

Essa was reluctant to travel with Jazz and was worried that it would be inconvenient for Winston to go on a trip. Thus she said, "How about we wait until you get better, O Winston?" -

Then she looked at Mrs. Reese and asked, "What do you think. Mom? It would be inconvenient for Winston to travel in a wheelchair.

Yet just as Mrs. Reese opened her lips, Winston tugged at her sleeve and pleaded, "Mom, I want to go to Turlen."

Mrs. Reese was caught in the middle. [It was indeed inconvenient for Winston to go on a trip in a wheelchair, but he had never been to any place other than Santa Barbara.

Chapter 1790

Seeing that Mrs. Reese was in a dilemma, Jazz quickly added, "Don't worry. I'll help take care of Winston during the trip." Finally, Essa nodded in agreement, as she didn't want Winston to feel disappointed.

Winston was so excited that he clapped his hands and danced for joy.

Jazz chartered a plane so that Winston would feel more comfortable.

When the four of them arrived at Turlen, it was already late in the afternoon.

Jazz had booked two adjoining suites in Hilton: a two-bedroom suite and a one-bedroom suite.

After checking in at the reception, they went to check out the suites Jazz had booked. The one-bedroom suite was for Jazz, and the two-bedroom one was for the Reese family. The moment Mrs. Reese, Essa and Winston stepped into the suite, they were all stunned at its luxury decoration. Essa and Winston checked almost every corner of the suite.

Soon, Essa felt something was wrong but couldn't figure out what it was. She was a little tired from the long journey. So she went to one of the bedrooms, wanting to take a nap.

Just as she was about to throw herself onto the bed, Mrs. Reese said, "I'm afraid you can't sleep here. This room is for me."

Only then did Essa realize that there was no bedroom for her. There were only two bedrooms. Of course, one was for her mom, and the other was for her brother.

Why? She was bewildered.

Jazz, who had just come to check them out, happened to hear their conversation. He showed a smug smile on his handsome face and said, "You can sleep in my suite."

Then he said to Mrs. Reese, "Mrs. Reese, she can sleep on my bed. I'll sleep on the sofa."

Actually, as soon as they had walked into the suite Mrs. Reese noticed

~ there were only two bedrooms. She thought to herself, "Jazz is not a careless person. He must have a reason for only booking two bedrooms for us."

Mrs. Reese nodded at Jazz.

Essa was almost driven crazy by her mother's reaction. She was lost for words for a second. Then she said, "Fine, you win. I'll ask for a room by myself."

With that, Essa walked out of the suite. Looking at Essa's back, Mrs. Reese shook her head while Jazz shrugged his shoulders.

Essa went downstairs to the hotel hall. She asked the receptionist for a room but was told there was no vacancy.