

President 1811

Chapter 1811

Jazz lowered his head slightly and kissed her.

Essa could not pretend to be sleeping any longer, so she opened her eyes and pressed her hands against his chest.

"Morning, baby." He stared at her tenderly and asked, "How did you feel last night? Are you satisfied?"

She glared at him, not wanting to speak.

But she didn't know her eyes were full of tenderness and love now.

After the sex last night, Jazz could not resist such a temptation anymore.

He bowed his head, intending to kiss her. "Get up! I have to go to work! If you dare to kiss me now, I will definitely beat you up!"

Jazz didn't kiss her but shrugged his shoulders.

He was not afraid of her threat, but he knew it was her first time last night. He thought he could not ask her to make love again in the morning. Otherwise, she would be too tired.

Essa was satisfied to see him give up. She glanced at the time and found she was about to be late, so she didn't want to waste time chatting with him anymore.

But when she stood up, she felt weak in her legs and fell directly back to the bed. She could not stand up at all!

Staring at her, Jazz teased, "Aren't you going to work?"

Essa glared at him and wanted to tear him to pieces!

Jazz had to admit that her breasts felt really good. They were soft and smooth.

He said, "Do you need me to drive you to the police station?"

"Don't gloat! I need more sleep. You go to work by yourself."

Jazz smiled charmingly, "TH accompany you..."

"I don't need you to accompany me!"

"Fine! You don't need me, but I need you to accompany me. OK?"

"It's not OK! Go to work!" She gritted her teeth secretly.

The difference between men and women was really big. After last night, she felt tired as if having been sucked dry.

But he looked refreshed, contented, and full of energy.

"Come on! Let's sleep together. Be good..."

While speaking, he hooked his arm around her slender waist, took her into the heap of covers, slowly closed his eyes, and said, "I am

warning you. Now you have

two

options. One, sleep in my arms. Two, we will continue making..."

She could not continue it anymore, so she struggled. Seeing this, Jazz stretched out his hand to pull the quilt off her with a serious face.

Seeing that he was not joking, Essa did not dare to move anymore.

She was sleepy and thought she should not waste time arguing with him. So, she decided to ignore him and sleep.

Seeing her be obedient, Jazz kissed her cheek contentedly and said, "Good girl, have a nice dream..."

They instinctively snuggled together and fell asleep, and they slept for an entire day without having meals.

When Essa woke up again, it was

already dark outside. She reached out, instinctively fumbled for her phone, and found it was already nine o'clock in the evening. S

Suddenly, Jazz's phone rang. He picked it up and found the caller was Summer. She wanted to schedule the wedding fifteen days later, so she called to ask whether the date was OK for them.

Chapter 1812

Jazz naturally had no objection because he couldn't wait to get married. He had always been determined, and as long as he made the decision, he would never change his mind!

Now that he had decided to marry her, he must do it!

Essa had heard her words. Although she thought it was a little too hasty, she kept silent, giving tacit consent.

They were getting married in fifteen days! It was really fast!

But because the bridegroom was Jazz, she was not panicked at all. She was calm because cuddling up together with him like this made her feel happy.

That night was not easy. Jazz was like a wolf who had been hungry for decades, and he would not let go of the delicious meat that had been put in front of his mouth.

They had sex for another whole night. Although Essa was strong, she was no match for a man.

Her legs and waist were so weak that she had to support her waist with both hands in order to stand up. She thought Jazz should not have been so horny even if he had hadn't "eaten" for decades!

Essa felt it was unbearable. If things continued like this, she would definitely die in bed within a week.

It could not go on like this!

The consequence of indulgence in sex was that she felt weak all over, but he was still full of energy!

Jazz had originally wanted Essa to move into the Valentine mansion today, but then, he realized after she got married, she would have less time to spend with her mother and Winston, so he changed his mind.

Hearing this, Essa was very moved.

"Where do you want to live after we get married? The Valentine mansion or outside?" Jazz asked.

"Both are OK for me. Anyway, I like your brother and sister-in-law quite a bit." They were both easygoing people, so she really liked them. It didn't matter if they needed to live together.

Jazz nodded, "It's up to you. This is the key to a villa in the city center. Keep it, and I'll take you to have a look another day."

"Okay..."

Although time had passed, life remained the same. Essa still went to work as usual, and she had no special feelings.

Jazz had still driven her to and from work today. But he didn't want to leave tonight, intending to sleep in Essa's bedroom.

Her bedroom room was not big, and

there was a guest room at her home. If he slept in the guest room, it would be less crowded, and he could be more relaxed and comfortable.

Essa's mother had made the bed for him in the guest room.

However, Jazz refused.

"My bedroom is too small. The guest room is big. Hurry up and go there." Essa pushed his shoulders.

"I will only sleep in this room. It's not that small!"

Essa felt helpless and snapped, "Jazz!"

"Why are you yelling at me! I can hear you even if you talk to me normally. Don't you sleep now? Then I'll sleep first."

While speaking, he lay on the bed.

Essa widened her eyes and said, "I'll go to sleep in the guest room."

Hearing this, Jazz jumped up from the bed and hooked his strong and long arm around her slender waist, hugged her tightly, and said, "You should sleep now."

"How can I sleep like this? If you sleep here, I will sleep in the guest room." She struggled.

"You only have two options now.

Sleep quietly with me here. If you continue to struggle, you know what the result will be. Your struggle will definitely be in vain." S

Essa got a little angry and said, "You're talking nonsense!"

"If your voice gets louder, I believe your mom will hear it!"

This was a threat. Essa frowned and said angrily, "How can you be such a rascal!"

"Rascal? I don't think so. As long as you sleep here, I will not do anything to you..."

It was already late. If they continued arguing like this, they would not only wake up her mom and Winston but also be very tired tomorrow. After thinking about it, she decided to let it go.

So, they cuddled and slept together. Essa curled her body up like a small shrimp.

Jazz slept behind her, pressing his chest against her back. They were tightly pressed together without the slightest gap.

But Essa couldn't fall asleep because his hot breath was sprayed on her neck, which was extremely sensitive.

Chapter 1813

The neck was Essa's most sensitive spot. She felt itchy if someone touched her there, let

alone that Jazz clung tight to there for so long. She could barely stand it. Her body was squirming timidly.

"Don't seduce me!"

Essa was angry, "I'm not seducing you! Just sleep! But can you not cling to me so tight?"

"Why? Are you turned on by me?"

Essa was lying with her back to him, her cheeks blushed, and she hissed, "Who is turned on?"

'What the hell! The man is like a sex machine!'

"Since you are so sure of it, let me check you out."

Essa wanted to kill herself, but before she did, she wanted to kill him first!

"Are you lying, babe?" Jazz deliberately drawled.

"Get away from me! If you don't want to sleep in the guest room, go sleep on the couch! I cannot sleep with you clinging to me so tight!"

But Jazz ignored her demand.

Essa's whole face had turned red, so red as if it was about to bleed. "Jazz!"

"You can be louder. I'm fine with it anyway. You can moan as loud as you want to."

The walls weren't very soundproof. If Essa shouted any louder, her mother could hear her clearly.

Essa could do nothing with the man. She didn't dare to make a sound. She had to grit her teeth tight and suppress the urge to shout at him!

Jazz showed a naughty smile. He leaped on top of her, her arms braced on either side of her body. In no second, he had his clothes off.

"Hey! Stop it, Jazz!"

The man had already turned into a wolf. How could he listen to what she was saying at the moment? His eyes were burning with desire. "You've had enough and now you're turning your back on me? You're such an ungrateful woman!"

Essa really wanted to lash out at him, "Damn! Did I ask for it? You forced me to! And who told you I had enough?"

"Not enough? You're not satisfied with my labor? It's okay. I'll try my best to satisfy you!"

Essa, "..."

She didn't expect Jazz to act immediately after what he had just said. In a second, he stripped her clean.

Early the next morning, they did it again, but wasn't as fierce as the previous times. When Essa got up, she walked a little oddly.

Winston asked curiously, "Essa, what's wrong with your leg? Does it hurt? Why do you walk like a duck?"

At first, no one paid attention to her legs. After Winston asked the question, all eyes turned to Essa. At once, Essa felt embarrassed.

Jazz looked nonchalant. He went on with what he was doing, sitting at the table, eating his breakfast. He was not the least bit embarrassed.

Essa wanted to be as nonchalant as he was. But she felt her mother's eyes glancing at her from time to time. There was a smile at the corners of her mother's mouth, a meaningful

one.

Under such a gaze, Essa lost her composure. The key point was that she was not as shameless as that man!

She ate her breakfast in a state of unease.

After that, Essa forbade Jazz to stay overnight at her home or enter her room!

Jazz regretted it so much! He had no idea that a single indulgence would ruin his happiness for the following days!

He had waited so long to have a taste of her sweetness. But Essa forbade it. He would have to wait almost two more weeks until their wedding day. He was helpless!

In fact, time flew fast. In the blink of an eye, several days had passed.

The wedding day was getting closer. Everyone was busy preparing for the wedding. But Essa was anxious. As the wedding day was getting closer, she became more and more anxious. Her mind was in a complete daze.

Had she got pre-wedding anxiety?

Jazz was so worried. The wedding day would be in a few days. He didn't want anything to go wrong. What if Essa's nerves got on the edge and she refused to marry him?

No, he couldn't afford that, and he wouldn't let it happen!

If Essa got pre-wedding anxiety, it was best for her to see a therapist, but Essa wouldn't go!

She thought it was humiliating! Getting married was no big deal. It would be too much if she went to a therapist.

"Anyway, I'm not going to see a therapist or go to the hospital! I really don't have pre-wedding anxiety!" She wouldn't admit that she had anxiety in any way. Actually, she was

just nervous.

She didn't want to be anxious! But she couldn't calm her nerves! She couldn't help it!

"It's quite common to see a therapist nowadays. Don't think too much about it or feel ashamed. It is a rather common thing. If you go on like this, you can't get better, and it could get worse. What should we do then?"

Jazz was like coaxing a child. He pacified her and comforted her with the utmost patience. He hoped she would be open to the idea and agree to see a therapist.

However, Essa wouldn't go anyway. She had absolutely no intention of seeing a therapist.

Jazz dared not push Essa too hard. He was afraid that Essa would be annoyed and that her worries and fears would overwhelm her and that she might run away before the wedding.

Jazz couldn't talk her into it. He had no choice but to give up. He had intended to ask Summer to talk to Essa. But, seeing the look on Essa's face, he thought it best not to make such a move.

Essa was really showing some anxiety symptoms. She was trying to suppress it as much as possible. She didn't expect her nerves to be so vulnerable either.

The next day was the wedding. Winston didn't sleep all night. It wasn't that he didn't want to sleep, but he, too, was nervous and he was busy all night. He had no time to rest.

It was after 3 a.m. when Winston heard noises outside his room. It was time for Essa to get up and get dressed.

Winston had been bustling around all night. Now he was feeling sleepy and wanted to take a rest. It took a long time for Essa to put on her makeup. Then she got dressed in her wedding dress. When everything was settled, it was seven o'clock in the morning.

The sound of people cheering came from outside. Apparently, the groom had arrived.

Essa's cheeks were flushed. The tension in her heart swelled up again.

Some of her friends blocked Jazz out of the door. They wouldn't let him in. They were making fun of Jazz on their wedding day.

Jazz was blocked out of the door. Someone smeared his handsome face with lipstick, drawing a pair of glasses, a mustache, and something else, making his face a mess. Now, one could not see how Jazz used to look like.

Chapter 1814

Before Jazz came to pick up Essa, his elder brother told him he should give candies if he was blocked out of the door. The big brother got experience in his own wedding years ago.

Jazz kept it in his mind. At the moment, under such circumstances, he generously distributed candies to everyone.

Jazz was a smart guy! People were happy with the candies. They let him in and stopped making trouble for him. People were just having fun on their wedding day and making the atmosphere livelier.

Essa's wedding dress was custom-made by the most famous designer in Paris.

Summer had arranged it for her. It looked gorgeous on Essa.

The wedding dress had a fishtail, which set off Essa's slender waist even more as if it could be grabbed in one hand. The dress was low-back, showing her fair skin. Under the light, Essa looked amazing!

Essa was so beautiful, breathtakingly beautiful! Stepping on her crystal high heels, she walked slowly towards Jazz.

The distance wasn't long, but Jazz felt it was the longest distance in the world. He couldn't wait to hold her in his arm. Essa's cheeks were slightly flushed, like the evening glow. Looking at her, Jazz forgot to breathe.

Jazz couldn't wait any longer to bend down and carry her up in his arms. He walked across the room towards his car.

At the moment, Essa was a little shy. Jazz didn't dare to look at her. He was afraid he would lose control.

At that time, he could already feel his penis sticking up.

The others couldn't see it, but Essa clearly felt something hard against her body...

Immediately, Essa's cheeks flushed. Her arms wrapped around his neck, she whispered to Jazz, "Will you please cool down?"

"I can't help it. You look so beautiful! I couldn't control it! It's your fault!" Jazz argued. Essa was so nervous that she didn't dare to move. She was afraid that any movement on her part would arouse the man. It would be embarrassing then.

On their way, Essa was cautious. Who was as helpless as she was on the wedding day?

In the car, Jazz reached under her wedding dress with both hands and touched her.

With the driver in the car, Essa wanted to kill Jazz. But she daredn't make any move. She was afraid of making it embarrassing or messing up her dress-up.

Essa gritted her teeth and suppressed her anger. She narrowed her eyes and glared at him with a silent, threatening look, warning him he better not go too far!

Luckily, the church was not far away. They soon arrived at the church.

The guests and journalists had been waiting in the church. They were all here to watch the splendid wedding.

Summer wanted everything to be perfect. She had thought of every aspect, no matter how trifle it was. She was very thoughtful.

Sherman and Kingsley were out of the country. They couldn't make it back in time, but Kingsley had sent a gift. Grace and Charlie were already seated. Seeing Summer coming, Grace smiled and waved to her.

Everything went on as routine for the wedding. The two followed the priest's procedure. They made their vows and exchanged rings.

"The groom may now kiss the bride." The priest announced. Immediately, Jazz kissed Essa on the lips and his tongue reached into her mouth. People were excited. They all applauded.

Essa's face turned red. In front of so many eyes, she felt ashamed. She buried her face in Jazz's chest. She wished she didn't need to look up again. And then the bride and groom should give a toast to the guests, but Jazz shook his head. He carried Essa in his arms and left right away.

In the evening, some friends planned to play tricks on the newly wedded. But after they got into their bedroom, they found nobody in there. Both Jazz and Essa were gone.

It was weird. Where the hell did the couple go?

Mark, who walked in later, saw an envelope on the bed. He picked it up, opened it, and found a letter inside Jazz said in the letter that they had gone abroad for their honeymoon and that they would be back after the honeymoon.

Mark rubbed his forehead helplessly. He didn't anticipate Jazz to run away so soon!

He didn't tell them his plan in advance but left them a letter. How did he come up with such an idea?

The couple's honeymoon trip looked to Essa like a lusty trip for Jazz. They didn't take a flight but got on a luxury cruise.

Literally, Jazz didn't let Essa out of bed, let alone out of the room. The man made love to her over and over again, which was killing her.

It seemed the man hadn't had sex for a long time, which was why he was so horny!

They travel from Asia to Europe,

from city to city, enjoying various scenery in different cities. They would wake up at the morning sunrise. In the evening, they snuggle up on the balcony of the hotel and watch the sun setting. S

Never before had Jazz felt that life could be so relaxing and simple.

Jazz loved such life, and so did Essa. She wore a plain white shirt and jeans, walking along numerous streets...

Indeed, happiness was just having the beloved one by one's side.

They walked together on the road, holding each other's hands. Actually, love didn't always need to be dramatic or heartbreaking. Life was plain, without much drama. More often than not, a couple just spent time together and lived through the years.

Then Essa remembered how she met Jazz. It was so funny. But they ended up together. Destiny was wonderful.

Jazz was taking a bath in the bathroom. Not long after Essa sat down, he called out from the bathroom, "Sweetheart, honey, come in and help me in the bath..."

Even though they were married, Essa wasn't used to Jazz's clinginess. She just sat in her chair and ignored him.

"Sweetie, baby, honey..." Jazz was like a clingy child who didn't give her a moment's peace!

Essa frowned and yelled, "Quiet! Do it yourself!"

"Sweetie, do you want me to go out and carry you in? I want to take the bath together with you..." His voice became increasingly seductive.

Essa had no intention of walking in there. She was going to ignore him.

However, Jazz meant it. He walked out of the bathroom and carried her up in his arms and went straight back into the bathroom. He threw her into the tub!

Her clothes were drenched in an instant. She struggled to get out, her eyes filled with anger. But in the next second, she was pressed against the tub by the man-

Essa assumed that her life in the future would not be easy. After all, she had such 3 horny husband! Damn it!