

President 1791

Chapter 1791

She didn't give up and went to another hotel, but she got the same answer.

All those hotels told her that they had no vacancies.

Essa frowned. She was embarrassed but could only go back to the original hotel.

When she arrived at the room, the three of them were watching TV. They were not surprised to see her and ignored her.

Essa smiled awkwardly. She picked up an apple from the plate, washed it, and took a bite. "Mom, I'll sleep on the sofa in your room tonight." Essa's mother didn't respond until a moment later. "No!"

Essa was speechless as she heard this, thinking, "How can Mom say that? Her daughter has no place to stay and is going to wander outside. Why is she so ruthless?"

"Are you serious?" Essa asked with disbelief.

"Do you think I'm joking?"

Essa had made up her mind. She would stay here no matter what happened. Even if her mom tried to drive her away, she wouldn't leave. At nine o'clock in the evening, Jazz said good night and went back to his room to rest. Essa was still sitting on the sofa, not intending to see him off. Essa's mother didn't say anything, as if she didn't care what Essa was doing.

Essa was secretly pleased. She planned to

get a quilt and a pillow and to sleep on the sofa.

While she was in a trance, her mother suddenly said, "Go downstairs and buy some milk. I'll heat the milk for your brother."

Without a second thought, Essa got up, went down to the store, and brought milk.

However, as she came back and rang the doorbell, no one opened the door for her.

Her eyelids twitched. She had a bad feeling.

Yet she quickly told herself it was impossible.

She reached out and constantly rang the doorbell, but no one answered: She leaned against the door listlessly. She shouldn't have trusted her mother!

Meanwhile; the door of the opposite room opened, Jazz had changed.” into pajamas. He leisurely crossed his arms over his chest, narrowed his eyes, and looked at her. ‘Are you abandoned by your mom?’”

Essa snorted, cursing silently, "You guys are birds of a feather!" "Do you want to come to my room?" He asked while knocking on the door.

"No!" She refused quickly and flatly.

Jazz just spread his hands and ~. shrugged his shoulders resignedly. 'I don't like to force others. It's okay if you don't want to come in. I'll wait for three seconds. One, two'

Before he could finish his words, Essa walked in.

Jazz was surprised.

She looked very determined just now. How could she change her mind so soon?

Jazz followed her in, closed the door, and gave her a glass of water. Essa asked, "Are you going to sleep on the sofa?" "Why should I sleep on the sofa?"

"Didn't you just tell my mother that you will sleep on the sofa and let me sleep on the bed?"

Jazz nodded calmly. "Yes, but things are different now."

"You hypocrite! You go back on your word!"

"You've refused my offer. You came here just because your mom kicked you out.

That's not the same thing."

Chapter 1792

Essa sneered, "Cut out this clever talk!" "It isn't clever talk. It's just a fact."

"God, what bare-faced cheek! That's quite a mouth you have."

Jazz just smiled, "Shouldn't you have realized that when I first touched your chest?"

Essa was speechless.

Unable to defeat him, she threw a pillow at him. Jazz picked it up and threw it back, which hit Essa on the nose. Essa got so provoked that she hurled the pillow back.

Although they were both adults in their

twenties, they were childish at the time, throwing pillows at each other and refusing to give in!

Chasing each other in such a narrow space made them all tired and panting, and their breath ragged.

With the advantages of long arms and legs, Jazz grabbed all the pillows in the room and gave Essa a challenging look. Essa was, by nature, a competitive person and couldn't tolerate Jazz's provocation!

She rushed over and knocked him down the bed.

Then, she rode on his back and even twisted her body in a swift movement.

Essa gained the upper hand, and a faint smile of satisfaction crossed her face.

However, the most sensitive part of Jazz's body was his waist. He was aroused when she was twisting on his waist. He pressed his lips together, and his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

"You think you are so tough? Don't be silly! I used to practice martial arts."

Jazz warned her in a deep voice, "I'll give you a chance. Get off me, now."

"You? Give me a chance? Are you serious? Now, I'm the one with the upper hand, not you, okay?"
"That doesn't matter. I'm telling you, if you go on like this, you'll regret it!"

Essa made a deprecating smile and thought, 'How dare you threaten me? Ha! I wasn't born yesterday!' Jazz sat up suddenly, cupped her head with his big hands, and kissed her with unusual fervour.

He wouldn't let her go until her lips swelled.

Then he kissed her again, and his body became hotter.

Essa blushed and managed to utter, "Um... um...let.me ...go!"

He, of course, disobeyed her. Like a hungry wolf struggling to catch its prey; he could never let her go easily. Content belongs to swnevel.net

He kissed her wildly.

Essa felt her face burning and pushed him away with all her strength, "Cf all the nerve! "How do you feel?" Jazz then stood up.

"What a cheek!" She continued and even wanted to scratch him into pieces.

Jazz looked at her with a smile and* said confidently, "You haven't had sex-with any man, I'm sure of it." swnevel.net

Enraged, Essa lifted her leg to kick him

However, Jazz avoided it quickly and raised his eyebrows, "But that's fair. I haven't had sex with any woman, t00."

Hearing that, Essa said sarcastically," Humph! You expect me to believe that shit?

No ane would believe a playboy said he was a virgin.

Chapter 1793

"You don't believe me?"

"You can ask any woman in the Santabaca if she believes it?"

Jazz touched his forehead helplessly," What's wrong with the world? I can't believe that no one believes the truth. It's so sad!" It suddenly occurred to Essa that she needed revenge. She surprised him with a kick at the knee.

When she kicked him with a stiletto heel, he was defenseless and it hurt like hell

Essa chuckled, "It serves you right! That's what you pay for being shameless!" Her anger gradually dissipated.

Jazz said, "You and I stayed in a room. Also, we're in a relationship. At least I regard you as my girlfriend. It's natural, isn't it?" "God! Don't you know it's fake?"

"Oh, come on, we're all adults. It's perfectly natural. It shows that you are attractive to men. Just think. Wouldn't you be humiliated if we were in a room and I didn't even look at you?"

Essa thought, 'Humph! It's absolute nonsense!

"I warn you, Jazz, if you dare to violate me again, I will not spare you!"

Jazz then lay casually on the bed, pulling the quilt to get ready to sleep.

Essa walked up to him and yanked the quilt, "Didn't you just tell my mom you

wouldn't let me sleep on the floor but the bed?"

"You really bought into it? Ha! Then why do you never take it seriously that you are my girlfriend?"

"Don't you understand that not everything has to be taken seriously?"

Jazz said nothing and closed his eyes. He showed no inclination to give in.

Instead of arguing with him, Essa turned and went to sleep on the sofa.

All the lights in the room were off except the dim blue light at the head of the bed. That made the room look soft and cozy. They were tired after the long flight.

Seconds later, the only sound in the room was their even breaths.

When Jazz went to the bathroom at midnight; he saw the lean figure on the sofa with a frown. Then, he carried her to the bed and tucked her in.

The scene of their kiss came to his mind as he gazed into her pretty face.

His lips pressed together into a line. That drove him crazy!

He had seen all kinds of women, and no one could arouse his desire except his sister-in-law and Essa. Essa didn't have to do anything. Just seeing her lying in front of him, he was aroused.

He bent down and kissed her so gently that she didn't feel anything.

The next morning, Essa got up early as usual. As she stretched, she realized that the person sleeping on the sofa was Jazz, not her. There was only one possibility that it was Jazz who carried her to the bed.

‘This guy could be really reliable, even though he seems slutty and flirty.’

After washing up, she went to the -. next FOO: Winston looked downstairs excitedly because hie had never traveled. It was all.mew and interesting to him.

Sensing his exciting feeling, Essa felt that she was indebted to him.

Winston depended on her so much, yet she did not have much time for him. After she started working, work occupied almost all of her life.

When she got home from getting off work, shejust wanted to lie in bed™ and didn't want to move, let alane play.with Winston. She felt more sarty for him at the thought>

Chapter 1794

Essa stood behind the wheelchair near the window with her mother and kept playing with Winston, and the room was filled with laughter. When Jazz walked in, he saw such a scene and liked it very much because he felt warm and comfortable.

After breakfast, they went to the street together. Jazz did not let the two ladies push the wheelchair but did it himself.

Suddenly, Winston appeared a little embarrassed. He frowned hard and rubbed his back against the wheelchair as if feeling uncomfortable.

Essa's mother noticed it first and asked,"

What's wrong?" "I want to go to the lavatory as soon as possible." Winston lowered his voice because there were people around.

Jazz, who was pushing the wheelchair, heard his words and directly said, "I'll take him to the lavatory."

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned the wheelchair around and left. Essa tugged at her mother's sleeve and asked where they were going. Only then did she know that Winston wanted to go to the lavatory.

She was a little worried. Jazz was a pampered son of a wealthy family, but Winston was in an awfully bad condition now. Could he take care of Winston?

But they went into a men's lavatory, so she could not follow them in. She had no choice but to wait outside.

Five minutes later, Jazz wheeled Winston out. His phone suddenly rang, so he stepped aside to answer the call.

Taking advantage of this period, Essa asked, "Winston, did you use the toilet? Did you feel uncomfortable just now?"

Winston shook his head and smiled, "Not at all. He was afraid that I would be uncomfortable, so he gave me a drink bottle. He also helped me wash my hands. You can smell my hands if you don't believe."

Essa raised her eyebrows because she hadn't expected Jazz to be so thoughtful!

They then had a good time together and didn't return to the hotel until eight o'clock in the evening.

Jazz had brought his notebook with him and was dealing with company affairs now. He seemed to have encountered some difficulties because his brows were furrowed hard, and his face looked gloomy.

Essa was used to his lazy and frivolous appearance and thought he didn't care about anything, so when she saw him looking so serious, she felt a little strange.

"What the matter? Are you in trouble?" She pretended to be relaxed, intending to liven up the atmosphere.

"Why do you think so?"

"Your expression tells me that you are in trouble now." Essa shrugged and said, " Don't worry."

Jazz pushed the notebook away silently. His company was indeed in trouble because there was something wrong with the overseas cooperation. "Sometimes, you are indeed a man of the sentimental appeal, but it's really boring to deal with company affairs when you are on vacation. What about we play poker together?"

He thought for a while and replied, "OX."

They had no cards in hand and needed more players, so they played poker online in turn. The one who won more games would be the victor.

Essa said that he was so lucky that he always got good cards when it was his turn. But when it was her turn, the cards were always awfully bad. It was not fair at all!

Jazz smiled complacently, "Don't make excuses. The result shows that you're less competent than me."

Staring at his smiling face, Essa felt a lot

more comfortable, and then, she laughed and blew a raspberry at him.

She didn't even realize she had already begun to care about him...

Something was really slowly changing, but she didn't notice it...

The atmosphere tonight was obviously much better than yesterday, and the two of them were getting along warmly and harmoniously.

They didn't stop playing poker until

ten o'clock. Essa was too

She went to take a shower and lay on the sofa like last night because

on the sofa like last ne

She

knew her own place. S

The sofa was soft, so it felt quite comfortable to sleep on it. After a short while, she fell asleep.

She was too tired because she had walked too much today. She slept, but she was dreaming.

It was that kind of dream...

In her dream, there was kissing, hugging, and two bodies pressing and rubbing against each other, so she felt extremely hot...

Jazz thought of himself as a

gentleman, so he would not sleep on the bed while letting a woman sleep on the sofa. Moreover, he liked the woman. Therefore, he would not allow such a thing to happen.

When he walked over and was about to pick her up, he suddenly found that something was wrong with her.

Her cheeks were flushed, and there was murmuring from her rose-like red lips.

Jazz immediately thought that she had a fever!

He put his hand on her forehead and found it was hot but not scalding. He thought the temperature was within the normal range. When his gaze moved down, he found her two straight legs clamping tight

together and slowly rubbing against each other.

Suddenly, he felt dry and hot in his throat. He propped up his forehead with his long fingers and couldn't help wondering whether she was having a sex dream.

If she had not caught a cold, then her current situation was very likely...

Thinking of this, he felt as if his body were aflame with sexual desire, and the flames were getting more and more intense.

Moreover, she licked her lips with her pink tongue from time to time, making her lips gleam.

In an instant, Jazz's body tensed up, and his eyes turned a little red.

Although she was licking her own lips, he felt as if she had licked his private part. His blood instantly boiled, and the feeling was really terrible!

D*mn it!

She didn't know anything about it. Her cheeks were blushing lightly, and her breaths almost drove him crazy!

He shouldn't have come down to check her up!

Suddenly, Essa's breathing began to accelerate.

Jazz took a deep breath, suppressed his sexual urges, and reached out to pick her up.

Maybe it was because Essa had reached orgasm in her dream, she woke up. When she met Jazz's eyes, she was startled and asked, "What are you doing?"

Jazz raised his eyebrows and said, "What do you think I am doing?"

"Who knows what people like you will do! Anyway, you have no credibility in my heart!"

"Really? Come on, tell me! What dream did you have just now?"

Essa looked a little embarrassed and unnatural, but she still said stubbornly, "You sounded really strange! Do you mean you know whether I was dreaming?"

"Of course, I know not only that you were dreaming but also what dream you had!" Jazz shrugged and gave her a meaningful look.

"I don't believe you! Tell me! What dream did I have just now?" She didn't believe he knew!

Jazz's thin lips twitched, and then he slowly uttered, "A dream, about sex..."

Hearing this, Essa instantly blushed as if her face were burning, and she said, "You're talking nonsense!"

Chapter 1795

He hit the sore point, so she got angry with shame!

"Am I really talking nonsense?" Jazz smiled, "Why are you blushing? Tell me! What are you blushing about?"

"I have a fever because of a cold! Can't I blush?"

Jazz was smiling with a hint of laziness on his face and said, "I've seen all your reactions when you were sleeping. Why do you still try to resort to sophistry?"

Essa pursed her lips and retorted, "I didn't resort to sophistry! Stop slandering me!"

"Can I ask you a question? Who was the man in your sexual fantasy when you were

dreaming? Whose face popped into your mind at that moment?"

"You're talking nonsense again! Believe it or not, if I kick you now, you will suffer for the rest of your life!"

"You're not going to tell me the answer? But I have the answer in my heart. Men have that kind of dream too. And the woman in my sexual fantasy is you. I swear I am telling the truth. Do you believe me?"

Essa blew a raspberry at him and cursed, "Are you courting a spanking?"

"No, but I think people should follow their hearts. In such dreams, other people's faces won't appear for no reason. If one person's face appeared, it must mean something, such as fondness and love, right?"

"If you dare to say one more word, I'll cut

your tongue!" She didn't even want to hear it!

Jazz shrugged and stopped arguing with her. He yawned, got up, stretched casually, and said, "I'm sleepy, so I'm going to bed now. You continue to sleep..."

When he was speaking, his face was calm and expressionless, but Essa felt what he meant was that she could continue her unfinished dream! It was really strange! Why had she had such a dream?

She was not a lubricious person, and she had never had such a dream before. What had happened tonight?

Thinking about it, she felt ashamed, very ashamed!

Cursing Jazz in her heart, she lay back on the sofa, rubbed her face on the pillow, and felt so embarrassed that she did not dare to face him anymore!

In the second half of the night, Essa was still unable to fall asleep, so she stared at the ceiling with wide eyes. She had always had good sleep quality, but now, she actually lost sleep!

Jazz didn't sleep either because he couldn't close his eyes at all.

As long as he closed his eyes, her shy and charming look would appear in his mind.

D*mn it!

He got up and turned on the light.

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When the light came on, Essa quickly closed her eyes because of the conditioned response, but her ears were carefully listening to the movements around. S

Jazz went to the bathroom. It was already October, but he took a cold shower. After the shower, his high-spirited part finally showed signs of weakness.

Essa frowned in annoyance, thinking Jazz's fixation with cleanliness was too serious. It was midnight, but he still went to take a shower!

It was fine for Jazz if he just could not fall asleep, but his energy was obviously a bit excess tonight! He actually had a hard-on again.

Jazz gritted his teeth angrily. Although he had never had sex before, it should not have been so hard tonight!

He cursed in his heart, reached out, pulled the quilt, covered it on himself, and then put his right hand into...

In the dark, Essa couldn't see him clearly, but because of the moonlight, she could still see the quilt rise and fall. What was he doing...

She stared at him for a long time. Her nose was a little itchy, and she failed to hold it back, so she sneezed one after another.

Jazz was about to ejaculate, but the sudden sneezes shocked him!

His body trembled, and then he was so shocked that his private part instantly became soft...

He cursed in a muffled voice because holding it back like that was extremely uncomfortable!

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Neither of them had slept at night.

When they got up the next morning, their faces were gloomy, and there were dark circles under their@yes, so they looked a little haggard.

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Jazz was a little spiritless. While he was brushing his teeth, Essa came into the bathroom too, but neither of them said a single word. After brushing their teeth, they went to

have breakfast.

Essa s mother frowned curiously when she saw their haggard faces and asked, "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Essa coughed softly and said without raising her head, "I slept pretty well anyway..."

Jazz said, "I didn't sleep well. I lost sleep last night..."

"Why?"

"There seemed to be a mouse in the room. It didn't stop running around and making noises all night!"

Chapter 1796

Essa's mother frowned, "I didn't expect there are mice in such a high-end hotel. Didn't you let the hotel staff deal with it?"

"It's not a big deal. Last night, a lot of things happened. It was a mess! What's more, she had a dream about..."

However, before he could finish his words, Essa stood up, grabbed a bun, shoved it directly into his mouth, and asked with a grin, "Is it yummy? Would you like another one?"

Jazz raised an eyebrow.

Although she was smiling at him, she winked and signaled him to shut up!

Jazz gave a lazy and casual smile, leaned

on the back of the chair, and replied, "It's nice. Can you feed me more like this?"

His voice was so low that only the two of them could hear.

Essa scolded with a cold smile, "Shameless!

"Since you have accused me of being shameless, I must do or say something shameless. Otherwise, I would be unworthy of your praise."

He maintained the smile on his face, looking very relaxed as if he was not upset by her words at all.

Essa gritted her teeth, suppressed her anger, and forced a faint smile. And then, she grumbled in a flirtish manner, "Do you really want more?" In fact, she was gnashing her teeth.

"Yes." She picked up another bun, put it in front of his lips, and smiled, "Open your mouth."

Hearing this, Jazz opened his mouth accordingly, and Essa deliberately stuffed the whole bun in!

The buns had just come out of the stove, so they were still hot. Jazz's face became slightly gloomy, and he leaned backward, but Essa would not allow him to avoid her. Her hand was pressed on his lips. No matter how he tried to avoid her hand, she followed closely.

There was some stuffing in the buns. After the hot stuffing flew out, his tongue hurt so much that it became numb. He did not know whether he should spit it out or swallow it now!

Looking at his slightly distorted handsome face, Essa smiled like a spring flower blooming and said, "Come on! Let me feed you another one! Don't you like it?"

Jazz had fully understood how poisonous a woman's heart could be. From his point of view, Essa would burn him to death now if she could!

After eating three in a row, he

couldn't bear the heat in his mouth

any longer, so he stood up with a light cough and said, "Would you please excuse me? I need to use the bathroom..."

"Come back quickly! There are still four buns left. It will be cold soon." She smiled happily and smugly and was in a very good mood now.

She had never seen Jazz being so embarrassed before, and she felt she had finally gotten even with him today!

Essa's mother had not said a word from the very beginning. She silently looked at their interactions with a gentle smile. When

Jazz disappeared from her sight, she said, "You and Jazz seem to be a lot closer."

"No way!" Essa woke up, and the smug and provocative smile froze on the corner of her mouth.

"Really? Then, what were you doing just now?"

"I just..." Essa immediately swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue because she noticed that something was wrong. And then she said casually, "Well, you misunderstood!"

Chapter 1797

Hearing this, Essa's mother sighed, "Yes, I'm old. How can I understand the romance between you young people?"

"It has nothing to do with romance, OK?" Essa had a headache, feeling her mother's words were getting increasingly ridiculous.

"Are you shy?"

Essa was speechless.

The more she communicated with her mother, the more the latter misunderstood!

Jazz came back from the bathroom soon. Seeing him, Essa smiled, "Here you are! Let's continue having breakfast."

Jazz was speechless.

"Open your mouth! Be good." There was cruelty in her gentle smile.

Jazz felt as if her murderous intention were shooting at him like arrows. Seeing her smile, he even wanted to run away!

He didn't know whether to open his mouth or not, so he sat motionlessly.

"Come on! You ate too little. You must still be hungry now."

Jazz put on a false smile by moving his cheeks slightly and then opened his mouth. Perhaps because it had been a while, the bun was no longer so hot, and it tasted exactly right.

This time, it was his turn to be smug. Chewing with relish, he gave her a charming smile.

Essa widened her eyes and suddenly realized that the buns had gotten cold after such a long time. Thinking of this, she threw the one in her hand aside and stopped feeding him.

"There's one more! I still want to eat. Come on..."

Gritting her teeth, Essa reluctantly picked up the last bun and stuffed it into his mouth.

There was a rafting trip. Essa's mother needed to take care of Winston, so she asked Essa and Jazz to go by themselves.

After they put on raincoats and life jackets, they sat side by side on the raft. The slope was a little steep. When they rushed down, Essa couldn't help screaming and grabbing his arm.

Jazz squinted at her with great enjoyment. She was very timid, so she could not help closing her eyes, and her eyelashes trembled slightly. And sometimes, she screamed in fright, clutching his clothes tightly.

"I won't mind if you hold me tighter."

Essa's face turned pale in fright, so she ignored his words. She was afraid of water the most.

The rafting trip here was famous for its dangers, so as the raft constantly moved up and down in the river, the trip became increasingly dangerous. Essa had fallen into a river when she had been a child. She couldn't swim and had been saved when she had almost drowned.

Since then, she had felt that water was disgusting, and she could still remember the frightening feeling of being unable to breathe...

Looking at the turbulent water flowing, she felt suffocated, so her breathing became quicker and quicker...

Jazz noticed her slight anomaly, so he frowned and stared at her...

Chapter 1798

She subconsciously clutched his sleeve. She did not open her eyes and did not say anything. She was as quiet as if she were invisible.

Jazz let out a soft sigh. Then he stretched his arms out and took her directly into his arms. His warm palm fell on her back. Then he gently stroked her back.

His chest was warm. She suddenly felt at ease and less frightened. Then he grabbed her waist with his hands and held her tight. At that moment, he did not care about anything. He was her lifesaver and the only one she could rely on, and she just wanted to rely on him.

Jazz liked the look on her face at that

moment. It looked as if he was all she had left in the world!

He couldn't describe that feeling in words. And he felt that he was happy physically and mentally. If he hadn't felt this feeling before, he would feel it

now.

Jazz remained in the same position holding her. He said softly, "Don't be afraid. I'm here..."

Although his words sounded normal and were not sweet-talk at all, his words could warm her heart in such moments.

At that moment, her palm touched his warm chest, and she could feel his thumping heartbeat.

Suddenly, she wondered what it would be like if she could have such an embrace and never let go of it for the rest of her life.

She felt that she had always been strong and very assertive. However, she wanted to lean on such an embrace. After all, his embrace was too warm and fascinated her...

At that moment, her fear of water disappeared without a trace in this instant. And she could only feel his warm body and heartbeat. And the sound of the water seemed so insignificant at that moment.

A few moments later, they reached the end. She then blushed as if she was electrocuted and quickly moved her hand away. At this point, the scene was indeed a bit awkward. And she didn't know how to break the ice. After a long time, she secretly rubbed her hand and said, "I didn't mean to do that. I just couldn't help it..."

"I hope you can hold me like this for the rest of your life. You know I'm not lying to you..."

It was rare that she blushed. Then Essa gave him a look and didn't say anything. However, the atmosphere between the two of them kept changing. They went from arguing at first to a slight silence. Then, they warmed up to each other but both felt a little awkward. They had been through a lot together.

All in all, everything kept changing. However, some things could no longer be the same after all, which could be people, things, or feelings...

The two of them had never been polite to each other and kept arguing with each other. They had never been so quiet as they were at this moment, and it made them feel a little uncomfortable.

Essa's mother naturally sensed the change in atmosphere between Essa and Jazz.

However, she felt as if the relationship between the two of them seemed to be weirder than before. "Did anything unpleasant happen between you two?"

Essa tugged on her sleeve and told

her mother that her clothes were

Rat

wet, so she had to go change. Then, she didn't answer her mother's

question, but Jazz smiled and didn't say much. Before he left, Jazz said, "It's true that there's been some change, but in a good way..."

Essa's mother couldn't understand the meaning of Jazz's words, but she felt like there was subtext in his words.

Jazz smiled and held Essa's shoulder. He lowered his head as his gaze fell on Winston. Then, Jazz and Winston whispered something.

Meanwhile, Essa took off all her clothes and changed into a trench coat. When she thought about the scene at the rafting, she couldn't help but reach out and mess up her hair.

She thought she was crazy. How could she have felt attached to a man like that!

She was still sitting there without

moving. At that moment, her phone

was ringing. She leaned over and picked up the phone. It was her mother calling her. Her mother told her to go downstairs for dinner.

Clamping down on her emotions, she went downstairs. The moment she stepped out of the elevator, she saw her mother, Jazz, and Winston sitting on the couch in the hotel lobby. They were waiting for her.

Essa approached them. Before she spoke, Jazz narrowed his eyes as he glanced at her and then said, "You look pretty!"

Essa was not expecting him to say something like that to her out of the blue, and she was stunned for a moment and then blushed. She felt her cheeks were hot and a little embarrassed.

Chapter 1799

In the past, Jazz would not have said anything nice to Essa. And he always wanted to argue with Essa, so Jazz looked a little different today. Winston also looked at his sister with a smile and a thumbs up. "Essa, you look so beautiful! You're so gorgeous!"

"You think so too? I agree with you!" Jazz spoke to Winston as if he were his friend.

Essa's mother also said, "I think Essa is pretty, too!"

The more they complimented Essa, the more embarrassed Essa felt. After hearing the compliments from the three of them, she didn't want to look up at all!

Jazz thought she looked a little shy today, which made her look charming.

When they had dinner, Jazz sat in a row with Essa while Essa's mom sat in a row with Winston.

Essa didn't usually eat steaks, and she was more interested in local dishes. At this point, she found it particularly difficult to cut the steak into small pieces. She made a lot of noise on the plate when she forked the steak, but she still couldn't cut the steak.

Raising an eyebrow, Jazz took the plate from her hands. "I'll cut it..."

When Essa was about to say something, he had already started cutting the steak into pieces with his knife. The steak pieces he cut were very nice. When Essa looked at Jazz from the side, she noticed that he had strong features, especially his nose, which looked straight as a line and was quite attractive...

She got a little lost in her eyes and forgot what she was going to say and do. She just stared at Jazz like that.

After cutting the steak into pieces, he handed her the plate, then took Essa's mother's plate and Winston's plate. Finally, he slowly began to cut the steak on his plate.

His steak had gone cold because it took him a lot of time to help Essa, her mother, and Winston cut steaks.

He didn't care and just ate the steak.

Essa had a better impression of him since last night. And she felt that he seemed to be very outstanding, in every way.

At least, among all the men she had met, none of them were as thoughtful as he was. He was very thoughtful about important and trivial matters. She bowed her head and took two bites. Her eyes fell on him from time to time. She smiled as she gazed at his movements.

They stayed in Turlen for five days and then returned to Santabaca.

Essa did not go home and went straight to the police station to report. She had to go to work because there had been another murder recently.

Since she returned to the police

station, her work was very different from before. She used to deal with miscellaneous tasks, but now she could take care of some important work.

In the evening, she returned home exhausted but heard voices coming from the apartment. She wondered if Jazz was coming to her home.

Maybe she didn't even notice that she quickly put on a smile and walked into the apartment.

When she entered the room, she froze. She couldn't help but wonder why Declan was here.

"What are you doing here?"

Declan laughed. "Essa, you're back. I brought some nutritional supplements for your mother. Don't you both like them?"

Essa frowned as she thought he had bad intentions of coming here. What was he doing here all of a sudden when it had been so long since they broke up?

She couldn't think of any reason!

"We don't like nutritional supplements these days. We prefer steak." She said to him nonchalantly. She sounded a little angry.

Declan chuckled. "Is that so? But I

think it's better to eat nutritional supplements and steak at the same time. Your mom is getting older, so it's better for her to have some nutritional supplements."

Essa's mom looked at Declan without saying anything, and then she said to Essa, "Go wash your hands quickly. Then let's have dinner." Declan did not go, still standing there.

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If it were someone else, one would have left at this point, but Declan stood still.

When Essa came out of the bathroom, she saw that Declan hadn't left. Seeing this, she couldn't help but frown.

Essa's mother was very kind. Seeing that Declan didn't want to leave, she was embarrassed to eat dinner while ignoring Declan. Then she asked out of politeness, "Would you like to eat dinner with us?"

"Yes, I'd love to. I haven't eaten your cooking for a long time. I miss it very much. " Declan said with a smile.

Essa didn't think Declan was so cheeky before!

The atmosphere of the meal was a bit awkward. They were all silent. When they were halfway through eating, the doorbell rang.

Essa went over and opened the door. Then Jazz appeared outside the door with his trench coat on his arm. It seemed he had come from the office. He twitched his eyes. "Are you having dinner?"

"Yeah You haven't eaten dinner yet, have you? The food is still hot. Come eat with us after you wash your hands."

Jazz nodded his head and stretched lazily." I think I smell fish."

"Clever." She chuckled.

Essa's mother looked excited. "You are here. You haven't eaten dinner yet, have you? Come on over."

When Jazz saw Declan, he narrowed his eyes and looked at him askance.

Jazz didn't forget who Declan was, but he wondered why Declan came here. Did Declan want to get back together with Essa?

When he thought of this, Jazz looked at Essa with an icy gaze.

Essa felt Jazz's gaze. She looked over to him, but she saw that he only swept her a cold glance, ignored her again, and then sat down at the table.

Declan was also staring at Jazz. And he couldn't understand why Jazz was here.

Essa's mother was very warm to Jazz. And she put a lot of food on Jazz's plate.

In the past, Essa's mom also treated Declan in this way, but now she regarded him as an invisible person and cared for Jazz.

Declan felt some complicated feelings in his heart.

Essa was also gazing at Jazz, and she looked at his side face from time to time.

Declan also noticed Essa's behavior. Then, he figured it out.

He felt that the situation was not favorable to him, because the Reese family seemed to prefer Jazz to him.

It had been a short time since he broke up with Essa! Had he just been forgotten by Essa?

After dinner, Declan didn't leave, for he planned to wait for Jazz to leave before leaving!

Otherwise, how could he feel relieved if he just left like that!

Declan missed that opportunity to be with Essa before. However, he now had to prevent the development of Essa and Jazz's relationship. And he definitely couldn't let them develop their relationship smoothly!

Essa washed the fruit, peeled it, cut it into pieces, and handed it to Jazz. Jazz frowned as he said in a low voice, "What's going on? Are you going to get back together with him now?"

"I'm not!"

"He's already sitting here. Why are you still trying to defend yourself?"

Essa propped up her forehead. "He was the one who wanted to come here. I didn't know anything about it. And it doesn't have anything to do with me at all!" "Is that so?" He had a questioning look on

his face.

Essa grunted gloomily. "Of course! Do I have to lie to you?"

Essa and Jazz were talking in low voices like that, which made Declan angry. At this point, Declan could not wait to force them to split up!