

President 1801

Chapter 1801

At this point, Declan felt that Jazz was simply an eyesore!

Essa sat beside Jazz. They both kept talking and ignored Declan.

At ten o'clock in the evening, Jazz got up. Looking at Declan, who had no intention of leaving. Jazz said, "It's time for them to rest."

Jazz was indicating to Declan that Essa and her mother were going to rest, so Declan should leave too!

Declan had mixed feelings inside. He thought, 'Who is he to speak to him in this tone of voice as the head of the family?

He's so annoying!'

"I still want to talk to Essa with a few words. After that, I will leave."

Hearing his words, Jazz stopped in his tracks. "Well, then I'd like to hear what you have to say to my girlfriend..."

Declan paused, frowned, and said, "She has the right to decide whether or not to talk to me. I'd like a couple of words to her alone."

"Alone? Why would you want to speak to her alone?" Jazz sneered and said bluntly.

"She's a person, not an item, and I just want to talk to her for a few minutes. Why are you so nervous? Or are you afraid to let me talk to her? Or are you afraid that she still has feelings for me?"

"Are you challenging me?" Jazz sneered, looking at him calmly and indifferently. " Unfortunately, I won't accept it. If you have something to say to her, you say it to my face. If you don't want to, you turn around and leave."

Essa was silent without saying a word. She and Declan had broken off the ties after what had happened between them.

Declan ignored Jazz and stared at Essa. He hoped that Essa would say something.

But Essa did not speak and remained quiet.

Then, Declan could only leave. He thought there was plenty of time to talk to her later. And he didn't believe that Jazz would be by Essa's side all the time, for she would be alone somehow.

Jazz stared at her. "If you have completely let go of him, then you should never see him alone again!"

Essa said, "I know that." "Keep that in your mind. You'd better remember clearly. Behave yourself!"

Essa felt speechless.

"What kind of look is that? I'm your boyfriend. Do you think what I said is too much?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Not really..."

Jazz smiled and was very pleased with her response. "Lock your door well when you go to bed at night. Take care "

She nodded.

After pulling open the car door, Jazz got in and fastened his seat belt. Then he waved at her and left.

Essa stood still. She waited until he was completely gone before she turned around and went home.

Winston and his mother were watching TV. Seeing her walk in, Essa's mother said, "By the way, bring those pickles on the table to

Jazz." "He's driving away now. I can't

catch

p with him. I'll give them to

him tomorrow." She changed into slippers in the foyer.

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Essa's mother smiled as she said, "Have you noticed some changes in yourself?"

"What changes?" She thought she had always been the same and hadn't changed at all.

"When I used to ask you to see Jazz off, you were always reluctant and looked upset. But you look happy today. You walked Jazz all the way to the corner. Maybe you didn't even notice the disappointment written all over your face the moment you opened the door and found it was Déclan. In the end, when Jazz arrived, you were so excited that you burst into laughter."

Hearing her words, Essa couldn't help but feel her heart pounding. Had she really become like that?

Standing still, she didn't say a word.

She went back to her room a few

moments later and closed the door, sitting on her bed and panting slightly.

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She thought about it carefully after she quieted her mind. It seemed that she had been like that...

What should she do? She felt a little flustered and unsettled, but why was she like this?

Jazz had come into her life in such a short time with a domineering presence and was deeply involved in her life.

Essa covered her face with her hands and stopped thinking about it.

At that moment, she heard the phone ringing. Without looking at the screen, she picked it up and said, "Are you home yet?"

It was obvious that Essa thought it was Jazz calling her.

"Are you expecting someone to call you?" Essa heard Declan's voice.

Essa was surprised to realize that she had thought of Jazz again, then Essa slapped her face and calmed down. "Not really."

"Yes or no?"

Essa was a little angry. "It's none of your business."

Chapter 1802

'How dare he speaks to me in such a tone. What position is he in?'

"Well, let's meet tomorrow," Declan's purpose in calling her was not to annoy her.

"Why do we need to meet? What reason do we have for our meeting?"

Declan, who had already expected her indifference, didn't take it for granted, "I just want to meet you once. And if you don't agree with it, I'll go to your home every night from now on, every night."

He emphasized "every night".

Essa wasn't afraid of his threat, but she thought it would be good to go out and make things clear for once, just once.

With this in mind, she agreed and set up the place and the time with him.

The next day, Essa was still busy with work, but she enjoyed it. This kind of work was her favorite.

She got off work early because she had an appointment tonight.

In the cafe, Declan was waiting for her.

Seeing her coming, he quickly ordered a cup of Blue Mountain, which was her favorite.

"Tell me why you wish to see me," She said simply and directly.

"I'm going to... I'm going to chase you again.

"What?" Essa was shocked, "Didn't you wake up?"

Declan added, "I'm calm and sensible now. She and I have broken up and I find that I still love you. You have a boyfriend, but you and your boyfriend aren't married, so I still have a chance to be with you."

'Now Winston is making a recovery. It will be best if I can make up with Essa.'

"It's impossible. You know my

elget

character. Especially when you come to me after such a long time, it is no longer possible for us to be together would have forgiven you if you had come to me on the second or third day. Winston was badly ill back then, and there was no reason for you to burden yourself with that. But there is no way I can forgive you for coming to me after so a long time."

"We used to be so happy. I made mistakes but soon learned that I was wrong. I will chase you again. I'm just informing you of this, and it's my right to do what I want."

Essa didn't say anything, for she didn't think there was any need to talk about it, and she would never get back together with him.

As if he was talking to himself, Declan continued, "We had been in love for so long before, and you should know that the two of us knew each other best. We had been together for so long, hadn't we?"

Essa didn't get anything he had said. She listened to his words absent-mindedly.

"So let's get back together. Mr.

Valentine comes from a wealthy family, but do you think he and you are really right for each other? And can someone from a family like the one he comes from accept you? Be realistic. You are past the age of dreaming.

Be realistic..."

Before Essa could speak, a low voice came through, "You are not me, and how can you know it so well?"

She turned around and saw that it was

Jazz.

After he had finished his words, Jazz looked at her again, "Didn't you gain in your wit?"

Probably because she saw that Jazz was very angry, Essa didn't say anything.

"What are you sitting there waiting for? Waiting till I scoop you up?" His face darkened, and his tone was stern.

Essa stood up quickly.

"Even if she's your girlfriend, you can't yell at her like that." "You're in no position to meddle in my affairs," Jazz said to Declan.

Then Jazz looked at Essa and said,

"I went to pick you up, but you came here to meet another man. Where

are your apology and sine Where

Jazz's tone was very stern, like a man who caught his wife having an love affair.

Essa pursed her lips. To be honest, she really enjoyed watching him get jealous at this moment, and she was very happy in her heart.

Chapter 1803

Walking over to him, she stood on tiptoe and placed a light kiss on his face before quickly backing away.

Not expecting her to do this, Jazz was slightly stunned for a moment before putting his arms around her slender waist and kissing her fiercely. Watching this scene, Declan was scant of breath, as if his throat was blocked.

Essa opened her eyes innocently, but Jazz gave her a warning look, which silently asked her to close her eyes.

She closed her eyes blankly, and Jazz kissed her on her lips fiercely. He became happy when he saw that she was obedient.

Declan was like a sculpture. When did he ever see Essa like this? In Declan's face, the two of them were kissing so unscrupulously.

After kissing her for a long time, Jazz let go of her and said to Declan word by word, "I am telling you. I'll make her my fiancée as soon as she wants. Do you think you still have a chance?"

Essa blinked, raised her chin and stared at Jazz, "Are you sticking up for me me, or do you really think so?"

Hearing what she had said, Jazz felt it funny, as if he had heard the funniest joke," Why should I stick up for me you?"

If he isn't sticking up for me, that means he...'

Essa didn't know if she dared to believe it. Declan, knowing he had no chance, stood up and gave Essa a few affectionate looks," If you are unhappy in the future, come to me at any time."

"She doesn't need a backup," Jazz said sternly.

"It's not for you to decide whether she needs a backup, but it's for her to decide. I can do anything for her," Declan put aside his dignity completely and became cheeky.

Jazz smiled charmingly, "She's my girlfriend. It's a pity that I won't give her that chance, and she won't have the guts to do so."

Essa didn't say anything.

'Is he taking me seriously by talking like that? And what he said is kind of arrogant.'

After finishing his words, Jazz took her hand and led her away.

On their way home, Jazz looked at her dismissively and said, "You're not determined enough not to see your exboyfriend." "Why do you say that?" Essa didn't understand.

"Didn't you say that he and you wouldn't fall in love again last night? But today, you met him behind my back."

Essa was speechless at Jazz's logical thinking, "Who says if he and I meet, he and I will fall in love again?"

"Then tell me why you met?"

"I don't want him constantly coming

to my home and harassing me. I went to meet him to put an end to all that had happened between me and him so that he and I would never have to meet each other again.

I got it done once and forever. Do you understand?"

Jazz smiled, "So you're a bit clever after all. You have some merits."

"Do you think I'm as stupid as you?"

"Good. Good. Good job."

The atmosphere between the two of them was quite good. All the way, they were talking and laughing.

Essa's mother had already prepared

dinner. When she saw the two of

them coming back together, talking and laughing, she immediately began to serve dinner and told them to wash their hands.

During dinner, Essa's mother wanted to say something, but she didn't know how to say it. Or maybe she didn't know whether she should say it or not, so she hesitated. S

Chapter 1804

"Mrs. Reese, what do you want to say?" Jazz asked. Obviously, he saw her embarrassed look.

"What do you think of Essa?" Essa's mother said.

Essa frowned, not knowing what her mother wanted to say.

'Why did she suddenly ask such a strange question?'

"She's pretty, kind, righteous, brave and quick on her feet. She's a very good girl." Jazz looked up and answered seriously. Then he looked at Essa with his eyes full of love.

They seemed to be lovers who loved each

other deeply.

Essa was deeply impressed by his gaze, lost in thought.

"When are you going to get engaged?"

Essa froze. She twisted her eyebrows, hurriedly tugged at her mother's sleeve, and asked her to stop talking.

'How could you say these words?'

However, Jazz frowned slightly and then added, "Mrs. Reese, what do you think of December 28th?"

It was November 23 now. There was one month left.

Essa was stunned, not expecting Jazz to answer her mother's question!

"I think it's okay. But we haven't met your parents yet. Can we make a decision so quickly now?"

Hearing that, Jazz clutched his fork with his hand and said calmly, "Yes. My brother has met Essa."

He just cared about his brother and sister-in-law now!

Essa tugged at his sleeve secretly, "Are you kidding me? There is no need to act so real. How will you explain it later?"

"I didn't act. Even if I acted, I didn't need to act so real."

When Essa heard his words, her heart kept pounding. She blinked and said, "But you didn't ask me if I agreed to be with you!"

"You obviously agreed, so I don't need to ask you!"

Essa was confused, "When did I

agree? Did you hallucinate?" "When I kissed you, why didn't you avoid me

but let me kiss you at will? If this happened in the past, you would have hit me!"

Essa bit her lips.

It seemed to be true!"

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"I didn't avoid you because I wanted to get rid of Declan. You should not think too much!" Essa gritted her teeth and said.

"Don't you want to marry me?" Jazz said as he gazed at her.

Essa didn't know what to say.

Jazz continued quickly, "Since you didn't reject me, it means you are considering it, so maybe you will agree. There's nothing wrong with marrying me, is there?"

Holding her forehead, Essa didn't know why they suddenly talked about this topic!

"It's an annoying topic. I'm going to rest for

a while." Saying that, Essa left.

Mrs. Reese smiled.

'Essa definitely likes Jazz. Otherwise, why was she annoyed?'

Then she patted Jazz's shoulder.

In the evening, she went to Essa's room. Essa was still awake. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Essa seemed to think about something.

"Jazz is a good man. Take your time

to think about it yourself. He is attentive, and he has a good

personality. If you miss him, he

meets a man like him?" Essa's mother said

Essa knew he was a good man.

"Stay with him. Don't do anything you'll regret! No one can reset their life. There's no use regretting it. Do you understand?"

"I got it. I like him. But we haven't spent much time together, so we don't know each other very well. How can we get married in such a hurry?"

With a long sigh, her mother said

slowly," What does the word 'know' mean? Some couples have known each other for more than ten years. They think they know each other well enough, but they don't live a happy life. Even if both parties know each other very well before they get married, they might not live a happy life. You should know Jazz's

character now. You can get to know each other later slowly. After all, you need to work hard to get along well with each other after you get married. If you get to know each other after you are married, you will have a lot of fun in your life."

Chapter 1805

Essa sighed softly, "This is just an excuse you made to drive me out of the apartment, but I think what you said is reasonable. I'm speechless." "That's because what I said is true! My words are based on my experience. I am sure you will never regret it if you listen to me! Never!"

Essa rubbed her forehead and remained silent.

She did have a crush on Jazz. This was a fact that could not be denied, and it could be said that she had fallen in love with him!

One day without him seemed as long as three years. When she had seen the person

who came was not him, the joy in her heart had been replaced by upset. If it was not love, what would it be?

He was a decent man, so it seemed not bad to marry him. Anyway, she had fallen in love with him.

A message came, and it said, "It is normal that you need to think about it. But I think you can see that my brother and sister-in-law like you. I will not say any redundant words today. Please think about it carefully yourself. Take your time..."

Essa threw the phone away, squinted her eyes, and slowly kneaded her forehead with her hand. She felt speechless!

She used to say that she would never get married, but now it seemed that she would have a flash marriage!

However, because it was Jazz that she was going to marry, she was not very anxious or panicked. Instead, she was very calm. She had gotten along with him for a long time, so she knew him well.

He was not a man who would fool around with other women!

The next morning, when Essa opened the door, she saw Jazz sitting on the sofa in the living room. She was stunned and gaped at him, wondering why he had come so early.

"I will come here every day before you agree. I want to show you how good I am and make you reluctant to leave me!"

Essa swallowed hard. For the first time, she had felt he was full of brilliance. He looked so handsome that she could not take her eyes off him!

After eating breakfast, Jazz sent her to the police station and bought her a lot of fruit and snacks.

She did not like eating snacks, but what he had done still made her very happy. He was delivering his promise. It was not just lip service...

And he became even more clingy. He made at least two phone calls a day and drove her to and from work every day!

All the women in the police station looked at her with envy, and some of them even wanted to kill her with their gazes! Why? Why could she be admired by such a man?

Essa gradually felt that she couldn't bear such gazes. Public opinion was really terrifying.

She suggested that Jazz should stop driving her to and from work because her

colleagues were gossiping about them.

But Jazz was an assertive man, and he always did things decisively and neatly. He did not care about other people's opinions at all. So, he remained the same.

Essa couldn't convince him, and she got used to it gradually. Sometimes, when he could not come to pick her up, she even felt extremely disappointed.

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The habit was a very scary thing, and sometimes, its effect was fatal.

After breaking up with Declan, Essa had never thought about dating another man. Jazz had forced his way into her life. She had disliked him at first, then gotten used to his existence, and then begun to like him. It was a process of adapting.

This afternoon, Jazz came over with a bunch of fiery red roses. The

flowers were very delicate and

like fire, looking unbelievably beautiful.

As soon as Essa walked out of the police station, she saw the fiery red roses, and then, she blinked and froze in place.

Chapter 1806

Jazz walked over and handed her red roses.

"You're too high-profile!" Essa kneaded her forehead with her hand, feeling a headache.

"Don't you like it?" Jazz smiled.

"I like it very much." She took a deep sniff. The roses were exuding a light fragrance, making her mood good.

"My brother and sister-in-law want to have dinner with you and your family tonight. Do you want to meet them?"

Essa blinked, "Didn't we meet before?"

"Yes, but it's not formal. This time, it will be a formal meeting at the Grande Hotel at eight o'clock in the evening..."

Essa rubbed her forehead, then went home, and told her mother about the dinner. Her mother was a little worried. She had only met Jazz before, and Mark was a big shot that she could only see on TV. When he suddenly wanted to meet them, Essa's mother felt nervous.

Essa kept comforting her, saying there would be no problem because Mark was very approachable and easygoing.

She then changed her clothes and put on makeup. Later, Jazz drove over to pick them up, and Winston also went with them.

Mark and Summer were waiting at the hotel with Charlotte and the baby. Essa was a little reserved and unnatural when entering the room, not knowing what to say.

She had met them before, but she had not been dating Jazz then, so she had acted naturally. Now, she felt embarrassed... Essa's mother was more nervous. She had never met Mark before, and she didn't know what to talk about with him.

Mark said first, "Mrs. Reese, I'm Mark Valentine, Jazz's elder brother. Nice to meet you. Please take a seat."

After he finished speaking, the atmosphere eased a lot. Essa's mother became less stiff and unnatural, and she sat down.

Summer also greeted them with a smile and pushed Charlotte lightly.

Charlotte was a smart kid. As soon as her mother pushed her, she knew what was going on, so she greeted Essa's mother with a sweet smile on her tender little face.

Essa's mother liked children the most, so when she saw such a beautiful and well-behaved child, she was overjoyed. She then took out the gifts she had bought on the way and gave one of them to Charlotte.

She knew that the Valentine family was wealthy and that they would not care about the gifts she had given to the kids. But this was her expression of her goodwill, and she had not had time to prepare gifts for the kids today.

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Summer understood her thoughts, so she accepted the gift on behalf of the baby and said, "Mrs. Reese, thank you. You pamper them too much. They will be spoiled."

"Children should be doted on." Essa's mother kept holding Charlotte.

She had originally thought Mark and Summer were haughty, but after getting along with them, she realized that they were as amiable and easy to approach as Jazz, so she immediately felt relieved.

Summer was talking to Essa jokingly, so the embarrassing atmosphere disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Mark and Summer both liked Essa very much. Otherwise, they would not have tried their best to fix them up from the beginning.

Jazz liked the current harmonious atmosphere very much.

Everything was going on naturally and smoothly. The result was within the bounds of reason because all of them were considerate to each other.

The dinner was very enjoyable.

Essa's mother had completely let go of her previous scruples. During the dinner, she noticed that Mark was constantly putting food onto Summer's plate while holding the baby in his arms.

Chapter 1807

Essa had told her that Summer was also from an ordinary family. Seeing she and Mark were so affectionate to each other, she felt relieved and believed that Mark was a good man.

It was hard to imagine such a handsome man with a high status would be the same as an ordinary man when he was with his family.

On the other side of the table, Essa was putting food on Jazz's plate, while Jazz was picking out fishbones for her. Both of them had faint smiles on their faces, showing genuine love to each other.

Essa's mother let out a sigh of relief.

After dinner, Mark insisted on sending the three of them home. Essa shook her head repeatedly and rejected because there were a lot of taxis outside the hotel.

"This is our first dinner together, so we must send you home. In this way, we can know where you live..."

Although Mark's words were polite, they had an irresistible sense of solemnity.

Jazz had wanted to refuse too, but after hearing Mark's words, he swallowed the words back.

Before Mark said anything, he must have thought about it carefully, so he must be right.

Hearing this, Essa's mother didn't know what to say to reject, so she nodded.

When the car was running on the road, Charlotte sang songs non-stop in funny ways, cracking everyone up. The trip was full of laughter.

After they arrived, Mark took out the three delicately packaged gifts he had prepared from the trunk.

One for each person. And then he handed them over.

Essa's mother refused to accept the precious gifts, so Summer said, "The gifts are just the token of our regard. We just want to express goodwill Ms. Reese, the token of our regard in our first meeting can't be rejected. You can reject our gifts next time if you want, OK?"

Since Summer had said such words, Essa's mother would look hypocritical if she continued rejecting the gifts.

So, she took them over, stood by the roadside, and watched the car leave.

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Back at home, Essa's mother sighed that the men of the Valentine family were both good and that Essa was lucky!

Although Essa and Jazz had just begun to date, Essa's mother believed Jazz was a good man because he was well-bred and had a nice personality.

She used to think Essa was unlucky

because she had broken up with Declan after being together with him for such a long time. She had been distressed when hearing the news.

Now it seemed she had been wrong, so she felt relieved!

From now on, she would only worry about Winston.

Jazz called Essa and asked, "How do you feel?"

"I feel as if everything is unreal. Some time ago, we were pretending to date, but now, we are going to get engaged. I feel foggy as if waking in the clouds. It's very unreal. S

"Hey, I am not calling to ask about whether you feel real. Do you miss me?"

Essa's cheeks blushed slightly, and she said, "Don't you think it is too fast?"

"Fast? I don't think so. The speed is normal because we have feelings for each other. How long had you dated that bastard

named Declan?"

Chapter 1808

"A few years. Why did you call him a bastard?"

"You still care about him? I just want to call him a bastard. Don't be silly. There are few innocent men like me. Think about it!"

It is cost-effective for you to marry me. You have never been married before, and neither have I. To be honest, with my appearance and status, it was not easy to stay single till now. Don't you think it's very touching?"

Hearing this, Essa was completely speechless.

"It's not touching at all. Are you sure you're not impotent? Why are you a virgin till

now? As you said, you have enough merits to fascinate others!"

Hearing this, Jazz on the other end of the phone became sullen and said, "Are you doubting my potency?"

Women's suspicion was the most intolerable thing to men! How could she doubt his sexual potency? It had hurt his pride!

"I didn't doubt it before, but you emphasized it over and over again. It is you that made me feel suspicious..." She took a sip of water. Compared to his exasperation, she was quite relaxed.

"Would you like to have a try? How about checking my stamina and potency in person?"

Shaking her head, Essa directly rejected, "I have no interest!"

"No interest?" Jazz frowned hard, "How come? You can be uninterested in other things, but this matter is related to your lifelong sexual well-being! How can you not care about it?"

The corners of Essa's mouth twitched, and she said helplessly, "I think it doesn't matter!"

"Are you still a woman?"

She snorted, "Haven't you already touched my chest? I am of course a woman. Why do you till suspect this?"

Hearing her words, Jazz almost vomited blood out of anger. He narrowed his eyes and showed a gloomy look. "Don't worry. Even if you are impotent, I won't mind it. Take it easy and relax..." She deliberately comforted him. Jazz was speechless.

Just as he was about to lose his temper, he heard a beeping sound, and then he realized she had hung up the phone.

She had not only insulted him but also hung up the phone!

Jazz almost vomited blood in anger while Essa frowned at the phone that had automatically turned off because the battery was dead, and then, she went to get the charger.

When Essa was having breakfast the next morning, Jazz walked in with a gift and cast a cold look at her.

She shrugged her shoulders without taking his gloomy look seriously and continued eating.

Her mother took out a bowl of porridge for Jazz, so he sat down at the dining table as if he were at his own home.

Later, he offered to send her to the police station. When Essa sat in the passenger seat, Jazz seemed to think of something, narrowed his eyes, and said, "You can't go to work today..."

Essa looked at him in surprise and asked, "Why?"

"You angered me last night, so you will have to pay the price. I am a petty man.

How could I let go of the person who has offended me?" While speaking, he turned the steering wheel and drove in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?"

He glanced around, stared at her with a smile, and spat one word out charmingly, "Hotel."

Essa couldn't help swallowing and asking, "What do you want to do?"

"Get a room..." He rolled her eyes at her, thinking she was asking nonsense.

"Are you kidding?"

Jazz narrowed his eyes with a smile and said, "Do you think I'm joking?"

Essa kneaded her forehead with her hand and had a headache. She had just been joking last night! Why was he so serious about it?

"As a man, I can't bear to be insulted by my woman like that. And I think I have to prove my potency..."

The car was getting farther and farther from the police station, and Jazz looked serious. Essa knew he was not joking, so she couldn't help saying worriedly, "Don't act like a baby, okay?"

Jazz chuckled softly, "Who is acting like a baby?"

"I still have to go to work! I will be late!" She was getting increasingly anxious and shouted, "Jazz, come on!"

"Why are you so fierce? If you had talked gently with me, maybe I would have changed my mind. Since you have no sincerity, I will not let you go to work today!"

Essa gritted her teeth secretly and said, "Jazz, please." Although her voice had come out through her gritted teeth, it sounded much softer.

"You sounded harder than a stone..." He said with a look of disgust.

"Jazz..." Her voice became softer.

But he was still dissatisfied and said, "Don't I know my name? I don't need you to remind me over and over again."

He was really hard to please! Essa closed her eyes slightly, suppressed her anger, and said, "Honey."

Jazz was satisfied to hear this, so he

turned the car around and headed toward the police station. Looking down at the time, Essa estimated not be late.

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Fortunately, there was no traffic jam along the way. It could be said to be unimpeded, so they soon reached the police station.

"Drive safely. See you!" She reminded while unbuckling the seat belt.

Jazz was not satisfied, so he said, "That's it?"

"What do you mean?" She was in

confusion, not knowing what he was referring to.

Jazz felt making this woman understand his intention was harder than climbing the highest mountain!

So, he quickly undid his seat belt with his long, well-knotted fingers, hooked his strong arm around her slender waist, and kissed her red lips. He kissed her wildly and passionately for a long time...

They were sitting in the car, and the windows of the car were all transparent, so the police officers coming and going could see them clearly...

At first, Essa had struggled hard. This was the police station. She would be very embarrassed if he did this.

But his kiss oscillated between

franticness and gentleness, so she gradually indulged in his tenderness like a boat in the lake which could only float along the frenzied currents...

Jazz did not let her go until her red lips became swollen. He supported her waist and beamed with joy, saying, "It's time to go to work."

Hearing this, Essa suddenly sobered up. When she looked outside the window, her cheeks instantly flushed. This was the gate of the police station,

but they...

She felt too embarrassed to face her colleagues. How could she have allowed such a thing to happen?

She had been tempted by him so easily.

Covering her face with her hands, she felt there was no trace of light before her eyes!

Chapter 1809

Jazz opened the car door for her with a smile and said, "Baby, have an enjoyable time at work."

After finishing speaking, he started the car and stepped on the accelerator, and then, the car disappeared without a trace, leaving Essa standing there in a daze.

But she still needed to enter the police station to work. Even if she stood here for two hours, she could not solve the problem. There was no point in evading issues, so she decided to get in.

Then, she gritted her teeth and walked in, keeping her eyes looking straight ahead

However, even if she didn't look at others,

others would still look at her. Along the way, many people stared at her.

They had not expected Essa to be so open. She had actually done such a thing at the gate of the police station!

Essa felt her cheeks were burning, but she still forced a smile and tried to be a thick-skinned person.

She was hypnotizing herself.

When she got into her office, she felt as if she had been flayed by the gazes of those women!

She wondered why Jazz had chosen such a place!

She was also to blame because she had been tempted by him and forgotten to push him away. Otherwise, things wouldn't have developed to this point!

Essa had a sharp headache at the thought of the gazes of the people outside.

But Jazz was in a particularly good mood. He looked quite smug with a big smile on his face!

Essa felt as if she would be torn into pieces when being lectured by her supervisor in his office.

Her supervisor said that he could understand young people who were in love wanted to kiss, but they should not have done it outside the police station. Many officers and citizens were coming and going here and engaged in chitchat, which made what she had done look very embarrassing.

Essa blushed to her ears and kept her head down. No matter what her supervisor said, she nodded unconditionally.

After finally leaving her supervisor's office, she scolded Jazz severely in her heart.

The engagement banquet was scheduled a few days later and it was prepared by Summer alone.

Time flew, and it was the engagement banquet today.

Essa was wearing a simple and

delicate white dress, but it was very elegant and outstanding. She looked quite dignified in it. Jazz was wearing a black suit, which was straight without any wrinkles...

They toasted to the guest together, but Jazz would drink most of the wine because he had offered to help Essa drink her wine.

Essa thought it was OK for her to drink occasionally. After all, it was a special day today.

But Jazz disagreed. He didn't want her to get drunk. They would have an incredibly good night together, and he didn't want to take care of the drunk "cat"...

At the end of the banquet, after most of the guests left, it was about ten o'clock.

The Valentine mansion was in the suburbs, and it was too late now, so they decided not to return home. Ten presidential suites had been booked in advance.

Essa had wanted to go back home but had been stopped by her mother. After all, there were still some guests here, so she should stay here to help. Since she would marry into the Valentine family soon, she must begin to learn how to do such things now.

Therefore, Essa had no choice but to nod in agreement.

At night, Jazz grabbed Essa's slender wrist and led her to the room at the end of the corridor.

"There are many vacant rooms. I'll live next to your room."

"We are engaged! How can we live separately? Do you think it's reasonable?"

Essa frowned, thinking his words did make sense. While she was deep in thought, Jazz pulled her into the room and closed the door.

Jazz went to take a shower first. Essa, who had nothing to do, wandered around in the room, stood in front of the window, and looked at the night scene. The scenery was bustling and beautiful.

When she was standing in front of the window, Jazz came out of the bathroom wearing only a simple bathrobe. He took two steps forward with his long legs, hugged her from behind, rested his chin on her shoulder, and looked out of the window.

Essa shuddered as his hot breath sprayed on her neck, which was her most sensitive part.

Chapter 1810

"Why are you so sensitive?" Jazz smiled lightly, enjoying her current reaction.

"You're talking nonsense! You are hugging me too tight. Back away..." She blushed slightly, keeping twisting her body.

She had never had such intimate contact with a man before, so she felt hot all over and acted unnaturally.

"Do you think this distance is too close? We will be closer..."

Essa couldn't take it anymore, so she stretched out her hands, pushed against his chest, and said, "Stop it!" "Why? You have to get used to this. We will have more intimate interactions, so you

have to get used to..."

She felt a little scared about such intimate contact.

Jazz pressed his body against hers tightly. The scenery outside was blurry at night, and the two of them were alone in the same room, so it was easy for them to become turned on, and sparks were flying between them.

His long fingers began to take off her clothes.

Soon, she was naked. Jazz picked her up and placed her on the bed.

"I'm scared..." Her eyelashes couldn't help shaking.

This was her first time, so she could not help feeling frightened.

He kept kissing her fair-skinned shoulders and neck, trying to alleviate her nervousness.

"Don't be afraid. I'll be very gentle. I won't make you feel pain. Take it easy..."

Essa's body was still tense, and she said, "This is your first time! You have no experience. How can I not be nervous?"

When Jazz heard this, his face turned gloomy as if a black cloud had covered the sky.

Why was she so good at angering him? She had always hit him hard at the most critical moment.

"You can rest assured. I've watched a lot of movies. You really don't have to worry about this. I am skilled, and I'll make you comfortable. Just wait and see..."

Essa's remarks had stimulated Jazz, challenging his pride as a man. He swore to make her, who did not know chalk from cheese, feel extremely comfortable.

When he thought of this, the movements of his lips and hands became gentle like a feather, making Essa feel unbearable and itchy.

Essa was afraid of such gentle passion, and her body trembled like a lotus leaf in the river, floating back and forth.

Jazz's skills were really superb. When his hands swept over her body, she felt as if there were fiery flames and electric currents.

She was not scared anymore. Instead, she felt amazingly comfortable...

Neither of them slept this night, and Jazz had earnestly practiced what he had advocated.

The next morning, Essa woke up first. In fact, she was woken up by Jazz.

When she had been sleeping, she

had felt as if a big rock were pressed against her chest. It had been so heavy that she had had difficulty breathing, so she had felt very uncomfortable.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Jazz's iron-like arm was pressing

her chest. Suddenly, all the

year

memories of last night flooded back, and she blushed in an instant.

She could not believe she had behaved like that and made such groans last night!

She felt too ashamed to face Jazz, so she slowly moved his hand away from her chest, not wanting to wake him up.

Although they had sex last night, she still felt a little embarrassed.

Suddenly, Jazz moved slightly, so Essa closed her eyes in fright.

Jazz felt refreshed and full of energy.

When he looked sideways, he found she was still sleeping. Her fair-skinned and round shoulders were out of the quilt, and her black hair was scattered randomly on the pillow. She was sleeping soundly.

Seeing this scene, he thought she was charming. Her pale pink lips were like cherry blossoms, looking tempting.