

Remarriage His Billionaire Ex-Wife By H. D. Cynthia

Chapter 19

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What Lucas said made Jessica feel uneasy. She was no longer in the mood for more chats. Thus, she left with Hannah

Unexpectedly, Jessica's car broke down only a few minutes after she started it. Thus, Jessica had to pull up on the roadside

"What the hell isn't this a new car?" Hannah jumped out of the car and stomped her feet angrily

"Don't worry."

Jessica comforted Hannah. She then took out her phone and called her assistant Wendy.

Wendy always did her job with high efficiency, it didn't take much time for her to contact the relevant sector. To handle the malfunction, Wendy still remembered the last time they ran into those people from that MC club. Two ladies stayed on the roadside at night. That didn't sound safe,

Jessica hung up the phone and took her jacket out of her car. Just after she put the jacket on, a Maserati slowly stopped beside her car

"Jessica, do you need help?" The window slowly rolled down, revealing Hari's smiling face.

“No, thanks. My assistant will be here in a while.” Jessica glanced at Hari. She could see Lucas’s angular face at her glance as well

That made Hari freeze. Hari was just about to get out of his car and check Jessica’s situation. Hari turned around and asked, “Lucas, their car broke down. What are you doing?”

“What does that have to do with me?”

After Lucas said that, Hari started the car. The smile on Jessica’s face faded as she heard what Lucas said to Hari.

Jessica didn’t let her dissatisfaction surface. Hannah was pissed off, though. She pointed at Lucas’s car and was about to curse

However, before Hannah could say anything, another car stopped beside them. Terry got out of the car and looked at the two of them. “Did your car break down?”

Jessica nodded,

“The trailer is on the way. My assistant will be here soon.”

Wendy arrived right after Jessica said that.

“Miss Hall, please use my car and go home with Miss Howell. I’ll wait for the trailer here,” said Wendy. She was about to give Jessica her car key.

Then, Terry came over and said, “If you two just drive away like that, your assistant will have to take a taxi home later. Isn’t that dangerous?”

Jessica paused. It was exactly her concern.

Terry could tell that Jessica was *worried*, so he hurried to say, "I'm happy to give you a ride, ladies."

"Thank you *very* much then, Mr. Davison" Hannah said before Jessica responded.

Jessica turned around to look at Hannah. She stuck out her tongue at Jessica and sat in the back seat.

Hannah's place was not far from the banquet venue. Thus, Hannah got out of the car soon. After that, only Terry and Jessica were left in the car.

Along the way, the two of them remained silent. Things were quite weird between them. Finally, they arrived at Jessica's place.

Jessica was about to get out when Terry spoke up.

"Miss Hall, it seems you don't like me."

"You seem to be avoiding me all the time." Terry looked into Jessica's eyes and said, "I'm pursuing you. Why can't you give us a chance?"

Terry was a playboy. Playboys always looked sincere when they confess. That was why so many women fell for him.

“Mr.

Davison, I’m not among the women you can dally with,” Jessica said frankly.

“How can you guarantee that, Mr. Davison?” Jessica couldn’t help but glance at Terry when she heard that.

“Miss Hall, I know *you* don’t trust me.” Terry put on an assertive face again. He adjusted his tie and then went on, “But I also know that the Davison Group can be a good choice if you want to base in LA.”

“I don’t know why you are chasing me, but let me just be blunt. You’d better give up. I’m not looking for a relationship now.” Jessica lowered her head and smiled.

Terry found out how beautiful Jessica was the first time he met her, especially when she smiled. Terry felt that his heart skipped a beat when he saw that smile again.

Jessica, however, did not feel like talking to him anymore. She unbuckled the seat belt, opened the car door, and got out.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Davison.” Jessica bent over and said to Terry sitting in the driver’s seat.

Terry didn’t respond to Jessica’s gratitude. Instead, with a faint smile, he said, “I won’t give up.”