

Chapter 255

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Alyssa was seeing someone else now.

Jasper clutched his chest, wondering why the pain was so intense. It felt as if someone had carved a hole behind his ribs.

It was only at this moment that the realization of their divorce struck him like a freight train of bricks.

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When Sean saw Alyssa and Jameson emerge from the elevator in the underground parking lot, he hurried over. "Ms. Alyssa! How's the injury?"

"All taken care of. What about our attacker?"

"I've had someone escort him back home, undercover. He's currently at our private headquarters. There's no way he can escape," Sean whispered to her.

"Great! We're going to have loads of fun for the next few days." Alyssa grinned devilishly.

Sean nodded. "Whenever you're ready, Ms. Alyssa."

"Wait for me by the car. I want to talk to the guy first." Alyssa then turned back to Jameson.

Jameson gazed steadily at her, leaning against his sleek Bentley like a marble Adonis.

"You've seen my relationship with Mr. Beckett. It's more complicated than I'd like." Alyssa smiled at him, her tone tinged with guilt.

She continued, "I had to do what I did, hence the roleplay. Regardless, I shouldn't have dragged you into my mess. I'm sorry. 11

"Don't be. It's my honor." Jameson grinned.

Alyssa felt even guiltier now.

"You're welcome to do it again if you'd like," he added.

"You joke, mister," Alyssa laughed. "I pray nothing like this happens next time."

"Make sure no water gets on your wound. Don't eat anything too inflammatory. Get some rest as soon as you're home. It's late. 11

Jameson couldn't bear to part with her, but he knew when to stop. He turned and got into his car.

"Wait!" Alyssa exclaimed, remembering an important question she needed to pose before Jameson drove away.

The ink-black window rolled down slowly, revealing Jameson smiling kindly in the backseat.

"You called me Ms. Alyssa earlier. How do you know my name? Have you known me from the beginning?" Alyssa asked

curiously.

"Yes."

"I have never revealed my identity publicly, and barely anyone knows who I am here in Solana City. So how did you know? Have we met before?"

Jameson's smile deepened for a few seconds. "I'll tell you the next time we meet."

His secretary and bodyguards then boarded the car before it departed.

Ten seconds later, Alyssa smacked herself in the forehead. "Shit! I forgot to ask for his name!"

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Jameson observed the night scene unfolding outside the window as the Bentley glided silently through the streets. He gently touched the window, with only Alyssa on his mind at that moment.

"I never thought we'd meet again like

this, Alyssa," he murmured.

"Mr. Schmidt, I've investigated her connection with Jasper Beckett, and there's no information whatsoever of their marriage! But there's information indicating that they only divorced a month ago," Carl reported, scrolling through his findings on his tablet. "Ms. Alyssa is officially single right now!"

"That doesn't matter. She said I'm more important to her than Jasper is." When Jameson recalled Alyssa's words, his heart fluttered and swelled gloriously.

"Congratulations, sir! You beat Jasper Beckett!" Carl said, feeling happy for his boss.

"But that's not enough." Jameson traced the outline of Alyssa's face on the window, his eyes filled with warmth. "I want her to have eyes only for me. Me, and no other."