

Can't Win 861

Chapter 861

Jasper didn't bother to look at Renee. As he drank his champagne, he said nonchalantly, "It's okay. I didn't

mind."

"Renee, you can't be so careless. You're a daughter of the Taylor family. How can you behave like this?"

Dominic sternly criticized his daughter. "You should learn from Lyse. People say she looks down on you.

As your father, even I can't look at you now."

"Dad, I was wrong. I'll learn from Lyse."

Renee gently bit her lip, tears glistening at the corners of her eyes. The act of coquetry was just like a switch for her. "I think... as long as I work hard, Lyse will eventually recognize me, right? She won't look down on me like before."

"Look down on you?"

Jasper's eyes darkened, and he quirked an eyebrow. "I've been married to Alyssa. I know what kind of person she is.

"When she was with me, she never looked down on anyone, not even a servant in my family. How could she look down on her own cousin?"

Landon nodded beside them.

Though Jasper spoke harshly and acted rigidly, he was quite clear-headed.

“I didn’t mean that ...” Renee was embarrassed and blushed.

“I know Alyssa, so I won’t believe what you say. But let me give you a word of advice-when you’re outside, don’t say such things about her if your relationship with her is as intimate as Mr. Dominic says.”

There was a sharp, discerning quality to Jasper’s eyes. Although he didn’t explicitly threaten Renee, every word he uttered carried a strong sense of oppression.

Panicking, Renee discreetly signaled her unease to Dominic.

“Renee, it seems like there was a bit of a mix-up with Mr. Beckett because of the way you expressed yourself.”

Dominic could only try to smooth things over “Renee, quickly raise your glass to Mr. Beckett and apologize.

“Mr. Beckett, please don’t harbor any ill feelings toward Renee on my account. She tends to be imp
unintended offense.”

Dominic couldn’t be more humble, but he had no choice. If he didn’t lower himself, he felt that Jasper
might leave.

Jasper respected Winston. Furthermore, Dominic was his ex-father-in-law’s younger brother, and he
couldn’t ignore that connection.

At this moment, a waiter approached with a tray holding several glasses of champagne.

Renee picked up two glasses, one for herself and one for Jasper.

“Mr. Beckett, here’s to you. I promise to be more mindful of my words and actions moving forward.”

Having emptied his champagne glass and feeling frustrated, Jasper was fortunate as Renee handed him a drink. He swiftly consumed it in one gulp.

Seeing that, Renee smiled and elegantly finished hers.

“Mr. Harper, I have some business partners from KS Group here, and they have a keen interest in Harper Group. How about joining us for a chat? It could open up potential collaboration opportunities.”

Dominic, like a gentle elder, extended an invitation to Landon.

Upon hearing that, Landon’s eyes lit up.

He wasn’t just interested in women. He was also a lover of wealth. Wherever there was a business opportunity, he would seize it.

After all, if he wanted to compete with his uncle, expanding his network in the business world was necessary. His main purpose in coming tonight was for this.

“Jasper, I’ll go over there first.” After speaking, Landon left with Dominic, leaving Jasper alone with Re

At this moment, Jasper’s face was darker than the bottom of a pot.

“Mr. Beckett, there’s a dance later. Would you mind-” Renee fluttered her eyelashes, attempting to invite Jasper.

Before she could finish her sentence, a chilling gaze from Jasper penetrated the depth of her being. Terrified, her tongue twisted into knots. She didn’t dare to express any more of her thoughts.

Chapter 862

“Ms. Renee, you should know I’m your cousin’s ex-husband.” Jasper’s profile was like a sharp blade, possessing a striking and awe-inspiring beauty.

He finally took the initiative to talk to her, but it was about Alyssa.

“Yes, I know,” Renee replied weakly.

“So, I think you should be mindful of your image. When Alyssa is around, it would be best if you refrain from appearing before me.”

However, Renee seemed to be under a spell. She misunderstood the meaning of his words. Blushing, she

asked hesitantly, “Does that mean... when she isn’t around, I can-”

“I believe in other instances, the likelihood of our paths crossing is slim. That’s why I didn’t bother

mentioning it. Don’t read too much into it,” Jasper coolly remarked, lifting his champagne and draining it

in one go.

Jasper's words left Renee feeling humiliated, as if she had been entirely dismissed.

Over the years, she had been quite successful in the realm of love, with countless men pursuing her relentlessly. This was the first time she had taken the initiative to pursue a man by lowering herself.

However, she didn't mind. Jasper was entirely worth it.

By becoming his woman, she believed she and her father could proudly hold their heads high before Winston and no longer be overshadowed.

Jasper continued to drink heavily, one glass after another. Anyone could tell that he was in a bad mood.

Renee sat beside him, keeping him company as he drank while she studied him.

A subtle smirk played at the corners of her eyes.

A covert scheme played out just as Dominic ordered drinks from the waiter.

"Drink. Keep drinking. If you drink enough, Alyssa will fade away, and all you'll see is me," Renee thought.

After Alyssa and Julien exited the garden in the rear, they did not hurry to return.

It wasn't because Alyssa couldn't bear to part with Jasper. Since she was already there, she of checking in on her "old friend", Sophia.

Julien was starting to get a bit impatient.

“Hey, what are you looking for?”

“I’m looking for someone.”

“Who?”

“It’s none of your business.” Alyssa was not interested in wasting time on him and focused on finding her

arch-enemy.

“Why are you being so secretive?” Julien pouted.

“By the way, since Jasper won’t let me treat him, does that mean I can go back?”

“No,” Alyssa answered.

“Why not? I still have things to do over there. I don’t have time to waste with you guys here.”

“I’ll go see Grandpa tomorrow and get him to convince Jasper. Even if Jasper doesn’t listen to me, he’ll

definitely listen to Grandpa.”

Alyssa was determined to resolve this matter. Once she had made up her mind, no one could stop or

dissuade her.

“You’re throwing yourself at him. I just don’t get it.”

Just as Julien was about to complain, Alyssa suddenly gestured for him to be quiet.

Chapter 863

Two figures emerged from the lounge. They were Sophia’s assistant and a maid. Alyssa hurriedly hid behind the pillar with Julien and peeked at them.

The maid grumbled in a hushed voice, “What’s wrong with Madam Sophia? She’s been acting weird lately.”

“Right? She was fine when she arrived. But she suddenly felt cold and asked for a jacket. When I handed it to her, she scolded me for giving her a thick jacket because she felt hot,” the assistant said, looking grumpy.

“That’s not all. She’s been alternating between feeling cold and hot, and her appetite has increased!” the

maid added.

She then checked her surroundings before cautiously whispering, “Once, I found her in the kitchen by the

fridge past midnight, shoving cake in her face!”

“That’s impossible! She doesn’t take desserts to maintain her figure.”

“God knows? She kept stuffing her mouth with cake. I was so terrified to see that.”

Alyssa and Julien overheard the conversation and frowned at the same time.

The maid inched closer to the assistant and lowered her voice, "Say, is Madam Sophia having an affair?"

The assistant, looking petrified, poked the maid and warned, "Hold your tongue if you want to be safe. We

are childhood friends, so it's fine to tell me, but you can't let anyone else know about it! Got it?"

"Fine. Is she having an affair, though?" the maid pressed on, undeterred.

"I don't know the details, but I do know she often goes to the plastic surgery clinic for touch-ups. She's been close to the young doctor, but you can't claim she's having an affair from that."

The two women disappeared after walking through a door.

Alyssa, who overheard the conversation, fell into deep thought. Julien rubbed his chin in frustration and said, "Hmm... Sounds weird."

"You think so too?"

"Eating disorders, fluctuations in body temperature, and mood swings-these sound like symptoms of a drug addict in recovery," Julien suggested.

Snickering, Alyssa made a call with her back to Julien.

Soon, a man picked up, sounding polite. “Ms. Alyssa, you finally reached out to me.”

“Yes, Tristan. It’s been a while. How are you doing?” she greeted him and initiated small talk.

“Thanks to you, my clinic is doing well. I’m fine.”

Tristan McAllister was an excellent plastic surgeon raised in a poor family. He was accepted to the University of Solana as a top student. Due to his family’s financial situation, he nearly gave up on his studies after his father passed away early and his mother fell ill.

Winston created an education fund with the university and named it after Alyssa. Alyssa picked Tristan among the many applicants as a beneficiary.

Their relationship was beyond a benefactor and a beneficiary. Over the years, even if Alyssa might not have met him often, she kept in touch with him, keeping herself updated about his studies and life.

Despite coming from the distinguished Taylor family, Alyssa did not look down on Tristan at all.

Whenever he mustered up the courage to email her, she would reply within three days.

To Tristan, Alyssa was more than a benefactor. Alyssa was a ray of light in his dark and hopeless life. If she needed help, he would be willing to lend a hand. He’d do anything for her.

“Tristan, I have a question. Did Sophia Kirkman get her injections from your clinic lately?” Alyssa inquired

in a low voice.

“Yes. She will visit us weekly. She started off getting one injection per week, but she has increased the frequency to thrice per week,” Tristan answered with a smirk. “As she increases the dosage, the side effects will be amplified as well. If my guess is correct, she must be suffering from eating disorders, feeling cold all over, insomnia, and nightmares.”

Chapter 864

“Slowly, the worst side effects would show up,” explained Tristan.

Alyssa came to a realization. Tristan’s explanation matches the accounts of the assistant and the maid.

Tristan continued, “She deserved it. If you need me to, I can send her to the afterlife with one injection.”

The way he suggested the idea was heartless, as though life and death meant nothing much.

Alyssa was speechless at Tristan’s offer.

He added fearlessly, “She is the one who abused the drugs in the first place. Besides, she signed an agreement and has to be partly responsible. Look, drug-related deaths are commonplace in our industry.

“We will just treat it as another medical malpractice case. The worst punishment I would face is to have

my license revoked and serve a two-year sentence.”

“There’s no need to risk your future for a bitch like Sophia Kirkman. That would be a waste,” Alyssa said

with a sigh. “Tristan, I assure you that I will ensure your safety when you carry out my orders. This incident

will not affect your work at all.”

“I don’t mind doing anything, Ms. Alyssa, as long as you get your revenge for your family,” Tristan replied,

unbothered about his safety. “Don’t worry. I have stored the evidence that will ruin her reputation if released.”

“This is not the time yet,” Alyssa stopped him and inhaled deeply. “Even if I show the evidence now, I don’t have the confidence to obliterate her. I want her to lose everything, including Javier Beckett’s support. I want her to be an outcast! It’s go big or go home for me.”

Jasper was not a lightweight, but for some reason, he felt dizzy after having a few drinks. He struggled to breathe, and his eyelids drooped.

The dance had started. The guests had fun on the dance floor. Nobody noticed the situation that Jasper and Renee were in.

After taking a few gasps, Jasper tugged on his tie knot and swallowed. His cheeks were flushed. Desire coursed through his body, challenging his nerves.

Renee inquired with fake concern, concealing a grin, "What's wrong, Mr. Beckett? Do you feel unwell?"

She knew the drugs had taken effect.

desire in him.

What did he drink? Why was the effect so unbearable?

Or did his tolerance drop after he was disconcerted by Alyssa?

"I'm fine. Leave me alone," Jasper insisted, showing hostility toward Renee.

"Your face is red! Are you running a fever?" Renee exclaimed.

Then, she boldly pressed her chest against his body and attempted to touch his forehead.

Suddenly, he slapped her hand away, leaving a red mark on her skin. He glowered at her and bellowed, "

Don't touch me. Get lost!"

Chapter 865

Jasper fixed a resentful gaze on Renee, sending a shiver down her spine. Trembling, she held her breath

and cautiously explained, "Mr. Beckett, I didn't mean to do anything to you. I was worried about your

health.”

He pressed his hands on the arms of the chair to prop himself up. When he stood up, he instantly felt the

world spinning around him. The burning desire had grown inside him and spread through every cell.

Breathing heavily, he sweated all over. Renee couldn't help but swoon at his frail yet sexy look.

Holding onto the wall, Jasper made his way out of the main hall with much difficulty. Renee wasn't about

to give up and doggedly pursued him.

Tonight was her chance, and she wouldn't let it slip away. If she successfully spent the night with Jasper,

not even Alyssa or Zoe could stop her from marrying him.

Standing in the empty corridor, she felt emboldened and threw herself at Jasper, which only validated

Preston's description of her-shameless.

“Mr. Beckett, you can't even stand straight. I'll help you get back to your room. Is that okay?”

“Get lost! I told you not to touch me. Don't you understand?” Jasper shoved her away with all his might as

his eyes burned in anger.

His disdain was as clear as day. It was as if Renee was sick and infectious.

Feeling anxious and furious, she gritted her teeth and tried to hold Jasper back.

They were interrupted by a stern voice. "Hey! What are you doing?"

Renee turned pale, releasing Jasper as Landon marched angrily toward them.

Landon seized Jasper's shoulder, pulling him away from Renee. He confronted her, "Ms. Renee, what do you plan to do?"

"I ... I..." Renee struggled to remain composed but recoiled under Landon's intimidation. Feeling on the verge of losing control, she explained, "Mr. Beckett had too much to drink. He seems to be in a bad mood. I just wanted to help him back to his room."

"Too much to drink? I know his tolerance better than anyone else. He was sober before, but he looked drunk after drinking with you. Something's wrong," Landon remarked while casting a skeptical look at!

Feeling guilty, she retorted, "Mr. Landon, what do you mean? I am a Taylor. My father holds a high

"It's hard to tell. Jasper is a fine man, and I've seen lots of women throwing themselves at him over the years. Some of them came from better families than yours," Landon remarked without fear.

He could say anything when he was riled up, and he was not going to go easy on Alyssa's cousin.

“Jasper, how do you feel?” Landon inquired as he checked on Jasper.

“Go. Let’s go,” Jasper mumbled in a daze.

“Sure. We’ll leave now!” Landon held Jasper and hurried away.

While walking, he grumbled, “Look at you! How would you survive without me? You can live without women, but you’ll be done for without Landon Harper by your side!”

“W-Wait!” Renee called out to them.

Landon halted and shot her a murderous glare. He warned, “Ms. Renee, I hope you won’t pull any tricks on

Jasper. You will never win his heart.”

“Why-”

“He has set his eyes on someone else. You are no match for her,” Landon said with a chuckle, refusing to elaborate further.

Chapter 866

“And who is she? Alyssa Taylor?” Renee demanded to know.

Her competitiveness reared its head. Sweating anxiously, she pressed, “But I thought they were divorced!”

They wouldn't have divorced if they still had feelings for each other."

"Pfft. What do you know?" Landon chuckled and looked away. "They might be divorced, but they are still

interested in each other. You can never imagine the depth of Jasper's feelings for Lyse.

"Even if they are divorced, and even if she marries another, no one can ever replace her in Jasper's heart."

Exhausted and unsteady, Renee watched them leave. After a while, she stomped indignantly and

bellowed to the air, "I don't believe you! You liar! That's nonsense!"

Landon took Jasper into his car as soon as he could. On their way, he figured that Jasper wasn't drunk,

just drugged.

A question remained-when was he drugged?

Recalling the waiter carrying a tray with glasses of champagne, Landon noted how Renee had randomly

picked two glasses. How could she be sure to give Jasper the spiked drink?

Could she have spiked all the drinks? If so, she was a crazy one.

"Jasper, I'll send you to your place. You can't go home to Seaview Manor looking like this," Landon

offered.

Jasper's breathing grew heavy. He tugged on his shirt, causing two of his buttons to come undone and exposing part of his chest with flushed skin. He looked sultry.

"Damn, you're a slut, aren't you? No wonder those ladies are all over you," Landon teased and quickly started the engine.

Just as he was about to help Jasper buckle the seatbelt, Jasper mumbled with hazy eyes, "Lyse... Lyse..."

Landon paused upon hearing the familiar name before letting out a chuckle. Jasper might find it hard to express his feelings, but he had never forgotten about Lyse.

Landon buckled Jasper's seat belt and stared witlessly at Jasper's vulnerable look. "I got it, Jasper. As your only friend, I will help you out!"

After Alyssa collected the intel she needed, she and Julien prepared to leave the hotel.

Her phone rang when she entered the car. Seeing it was a call from Landon, she wasn't interested in picking up.

However, the ringtone persisted, as annoying as Landon himself.

"What's the matter?" Alyssa finally picked up and spoke flatly.

“Lyse, Jasper is in trouble!” Landon sounded anxious and urgent.

Her heart sank as she questioned sternly, “What happened to him?”

“I don’t know the details, but he’s not in a good state now. I’ve sent him back to his private villa. Aren’t you

a doctor? Please check on him!”

Various worst-case scenarios flashed across her mind. The long-term effects of Jasper’s head injury had become a constant worry for her.

Chapter 867

Upon hearing Landon’s words, Alyssa’s first guess was a PTSD episode.

“Text me Jasper’s address. I’ll be there soon,” said Alyssa with a frown before hanging up.

Meanwhile, Julien had just finished smoking a cigarette. When he was about to get into the car, the engine revved, and the doors were locked.

“Hey, open the door. I need to get in,” Julien shouted and yanked on the handle.

“I have something to tend to. Please head home yourself,” Alyssa said to him, staring forward and gripping the steering wheel.

“Are you serious? This is Belbanks, not Solana City! Where the heck can I go?” Julien snapped helplessly.”

Send me home right now!” 1

“Call Jonah. Get him to pick you up.”

With that, Alyssa’s black sports car whizzed past Julien.

Alyssa followed the address Landon provided and arrived at Jasper’s private villa in no time. She stood at the entrance with mixed feelings-frustration, grievance, and bitterness.

The private villa was one of Jasper’s personal assets, the most lived-in, according to Mrs. Rosie.

When Alyssa was still married to Jasper, Mrs. Rosie told Alyssa that Jasper would stay the night at the private villa when he was down or not feeling like heading to Seaview Manor.

She assured Alyssa that Jasper had never stayed the night at a woman’s place, all to comfort the lonely Alyssa, who was living alone at Seaview Manor then.

Mrs. Rosie even suggested that Alyssa meet Jasper at the private villa, but Alyssa refused. She believed that Jasper was moody because he couldn’t meet with Liana.

Going home to Seaview Manor meant running into his wife, whom he didn’t want to see.

She thought disturbing Jasper at the private villa was pointless and decided to stay at Seaview Manor, counting her blessings.

Things changed on that fateful day when Alyssa and Newton were involved in a car crash, resulting in a miscarriage.

While resting in her hospital room one night, Alyssa received a call from Liana, who jeered, “Alice White, do you really think Jasper is yours after you married him? You’ll never win his heart.

“He’s been with me for the past few days. He even gave me a necklace that’s one of a kind in this world.

Did he ever buy any gift for you?

“By the way, Jasper bought me a villa by Phoenix Lake in East Side. We used to have our dates there. Has he ever told you that?”

As a result of that provoking call, Alyssa suffered another hemorrhage due to the shock and fell into a critical condition. Mandy, Lyla, and Colene arrived on time and took care of her, but the bleeding had rendered her infertile, not to mention leaving behind long-term effects. 1

It was a death sentence to a woman who wished to have kids.

Thankfully, the suffering was all in the past. Alyssa recovered from the wounds under the care of her family. Life was more than marriage and having children. She still had family who loved her and a world full of adventures.

After what she had gone through in the marriage, there was no chance of getting back with Jasper.

Taking a deep breath, she pressed the doorbell. No one answered the door after a long wait. She

wondered if Landon was even at the villa.

Chapter 868

Frowning, Alyssa pushed the door open impatiently. To her surprise, the door was unlocked.

Always skeptical and wary, Alyssa had a bad omen as she cautiously entered the living room.

The villa, though moderately huge, was smaller than her Solana City residence. Despite the difference,

she felt at home and cozy compared to the more opulent yet sterile Seaview Manor.

She was filled with frustration at the thought.

“Landon Harper, you there? Landon?” she called out but was met with silence..

Growing increasingly worried, she hurried upstairs, checking every room.

Finally, she entered the final room, which was more humid than the others. She picked up on the

masculine scent in the air and concluded that this must be Jasper’s bedroom.

It was a familiarity fostered after two years of marriage. Separated by a slightly ajar door, she overheard

his labored breathing from within. He seemed to be in pain.

Her throat tightened when she called out to him. “Jasper?”

She was surprised by the response. He mumbled, “Lyse... Lyse...”

She couldn't wait any longer and hurried in. In the dimly lit room, Jasper lay on the bed, one leg straight and the other bent. His crumpled black suit rested on the floor, and his white shirt was unbuttoned, exposing his flushed skin and toned physique. His body heaved.

"Lyse, I feel bad. Lyse..." Jasper opened his mouth as he struggled to breathe. Face flushed, he cast a hazy gaze at her.

For a moment, he thought he was dreaming. Why would Alyssa come to him if she hated him so? Even if this was a dream, he wanted her to stay.

It was always in moments of vulnerability that a man would realize what he truly desired.

Alyssa's heart sank. She hurried over to check on him, only to be grabbed by the wrist. She saw the world

spinning around her, and soon, Jasper was on top of her.

She sensed the lust in the air and within his gaze. He stared at her and breathed irregularly by her ear, causing her to blush and quiver.

"Jasper, what are you doing? Let go of me!"

"Lyse, I was drugged. I feel sick right now. I feel like I am going up in flames and exploding," he explained, looking at her with desire and tension as though they would spontaneously combust at any moment.

“Someone drugged you? How did that happen?” Alyssa gasped and glared at him.

She touched his sweaty forehead. This time, he did not shun her. His gaze softened, and he looked obedient.

“Gosh! Your forehead is burning!” she exclaimed and withdrew her hand, but he pinned the back of her hand, urging her, “Touch me more...

He was unable to hold back his urge and his feelings. Lost in her eyes, he muttered, “Lyse, do you know how long I have waited for this moment?”

Chapter 869

When Alyssa met Jasper’s eyes, her heart raced. She noticed the vulnerability and madness in his eyes, reminiscent of two years ago when he had made love to her all night. She found herself helplessly drawn to that look.

“Jasper, calm down! Let me g-Mmmph-” He silenced her with a kiss, his hot lips exploring hers passionately, leaving her breathless.

She couldn’t even breathe properly.

Desperate to take her, he seemed driven to the brink of madness by his desire.

Every day without her was pure suffering. He was just a zombie with no purpose in life.

Alyssa started moaning with rapid breathing and flushed skin.

Quivering underneath him, she fought him by pushing against his chest, but it screamed seduction to him.

In fact, whenever she showed up, even in his dreams, she was irresistibly seductive and charming.

She couldn't evade his kiss. Soon, their bodies intertwined. They kissed hard and sloppily, making sounds as they went for it.

His callused hand with bulging veins caressed her legs and traveled upward.

Drenched in sweat, Alyssa pressed on his hand and mumbled, "No..."

He broke away from her moist lips, stretching a strand of saliva. Panting, he begged, "Lyse, only you can save me now. I don't want anyone else. Only you can save me."

Two years ago, she had "saved" him once. Two years later, and after a divorce, she was still entangled with the same man.

Jasper showered her with passionate and aggressive kisses from her lips to her chin. He kissed her on the neck and the collarbone as well.

Eyes glistening in tears, Alyssa stretched her neck like an elegant swan as she hugged his head and ran

her fingers through his hair. He was loving and tender with her, unlike the time when he took her virginity.

Once again, she fell for him. Melting into a puddle underneath him, she made love to him. All she could remember from the night was how she surrendered herself to him.

Alyssa had once again satisfied his urges. After the lengthy lovemaking, she was sore all over, including on her waist. She struggled to stand up.

Whatever drug that Jasper took must have been extremely potent. He sweated and plowed her with great

strength and endurance.

Wrapped in a blanket, she slowly rose in bed and cast a look at Jasper, who was deep in sleep. Still hugging her, he looked breathtaking even when he was asleep.

Biting her lower lip, she couldn't help but trace his face. Her heart was racing.

She touched his forehead and realized that his fever was gone. The effect of the drug seemed to have worn off.

Sighing, she picked up her undergarment from the ground. After some hesitation, she grabbed his shirt,

wearing it as makeshift pajamas.

Chapter 870

When Alyssa was married to Jasper, she'd discreetly put on his shirt at home to revel in his scent and warmth. Even now, she felt the same as two years ago.

Since Jasper wouldn't wake up anytime soon, Alyssa went to get some water. She planned to leave as though nothing had happened after she drank and rested.

Tiptoeing to the pantry on the second floor for iced water, she wondered if Jasper's earlier behavior in bed was due to prolonged abstinence. He seemed thirsty and aggressive.

She was embarrassed at the thought. Even ice-cold water couldn't soothe her burning throat.

As she had always been curious about the private villa, she took the chance to tour it. She checked out the kitchen, the garden, and the living room. They were carefully decorated and felt homey.

Thinking back to Liana's provocation, she wondered if the villa was truly Jasper's gift to Liana. Was it true

that the villa was Jasper and Liana's home?

Upon realizing that she had made love to Jasper at a villa that belonged to Jasper and Liana, her heart twisted in pain as though it was being crushed.

Feeling suffocated, she returned to Jasper's bedroom with heavy footsteps, ready to put on her clothes and leave.

The lounge on the second floor was enveloped in silence. Jasper's study was located across from his bedroom.

Alyssa absentmindedly wandered into the study and saw a shelf filled with photo frames. Approaching the shelf, she picked up one and found a gloomy, handsome boy staring at her-the young Jasper.

Meanwhile, the woman who hugged Jasper and sat on the vintage couch shared the same alluring eyes as him. She was a stunning beauty.

Eyes twinkling, Alyssa recognized the woman as Jasper's birth mother and her late mother-in-law, whom she did not have a chance to meet!

A gasp escaped from her lips. "How gorgeous..."

Winston's three wives were lovely in their own ways, but none could match Anne Bartley's beauty. Only

Alyssa's mother, Jennifer, was Anne's equal.

This discovery further proved that men were greedy creatures who did not cherish their spouses. Javi

who was married to a ravishing woman like Anne, still cheated on Anne with Sophia, who was nowhere a

Alyssa couldn't help but scoff at Javier's poor taste.

After checking out a few photos, she realized they were all photos of Jasper with Anne or Anne's portraits.

She noticed a familiar face when she was about to leave the study. It was Liana Gardner.

With trembling fingers, she picked up a frame containing a photo of Liana and Jasper in their teens.

Dressed in similar uniforms, Liana smiled demurely and rested her head on Jasper's broad shoulder. They

looked like a perfect pair of childhood sweethearts.

Alyssa felt cold upon seeing the photo. She started shivering all over.

She had thought that Liana was in the past, confident that she wouldn't be triggered by the mention or the sight of Liana.

Yet, she fell into despair after seeing the photo, unable to save herself from falling into the abyss.

She shouldn't have met Jasper early in her life, for she was hopelessly captivated by him. Unbeknownst to her, Jasper shared the same sentiments as well.

At that moment, Alyssa heard the door creak open.

"Alyssa Taylor! he hissen, feeling stung by men cermark

