

Can't Win 951

Chapter 951

Alyssa lowered her eyes and moved Jasper's hand away. "We should get the door first," she said as she brushed past him.

It was evident to Jasper that she wasn't being herself. It felt as if she was feeling a little resentful toward him.

Alyssa hurried to the entrance and opened the door.

"Mrs. Rosie!"

"Madam!"

Rosie dropped the bags that she was carrying and held Alyssa in an emotional embrace.

"Madam ... I've missed you so much!" Rosie cried. She sobbed like a child even though she was already in her 50s.

Alyssa stroked Rosie gently. She choked back her tears, saying, "I've missed you very much, too! I'm glad to see you energetic and well."

Jasper had tagged along behind Alyssa. He was surprised to see Rosie.

Without a doubt, it was Alyssa who called Rosie over.

"Mrs. Rosie, Mr. Beckett hasn't been feeling too well recently. I'm quite busy, and I'm afraid I might not have the time to look after him. Sorry to have to trouble you with looking after him," Alyssa explained gently.

"It's my duty to do so! But, the fact that you're willing to look after Mr. Jasper ... Truly, I ..." Rosie responded. She was on the brink of tears again.

Never had she imagined that she would be able to see Jasper and Alyssa being together again during her lifetime. Even if she were to die, she could now rest in peace!

Jasper's heart gradually sank upon hearing Rosie's words.

He knew Alyssa well. She was someone who could care for herself independently. More than that, she usually avoided troubling others.

However, she had summoned Rosie over from Seaview Manor this very night. There could only be one purpose—she no longer wanted to spend time alone with him.

He surmised that she no longer wished to do so, yet, at the moment, was unable to ask him to leave. Consequently, she opted to call someone they both knew well to circumvent any potential awkwardness under the same roof.

At that thought, Jasper slowly clenched his fists by his side. Simultaneously, he felt his chest tighten.

The night before, they had been entwined with immeasurable affection for one another. Yet today, it seemed as if nothing had transpired the previous night. This sensation suffocated him, tormenting him to the brink of despair.

Upon Rosie's arrival, she refused to sit idly by. Despite the late hour, she industriously took on tasks like laundry and cleaning the living room for Alyssa. Rosie was determined to prepare meals for them as well.

Despite the attempts to dissuade her, Rosie remained as busy as a bee.

After the meal, Alyssa offered to help with the dishes, but Jasper insisted on taking care of it himself.

"Oh my, Mr. Jasper! Who are you kidding? You've never done such labor ever since you were young! Leave the dishes there. I'll do the washing!" Rosie hurried over to stop him.

"It's alright. I used to do chores like this when I was young," Jasper casually remarked as he put on the gloves. Even though it was just a passing remark, it caught Alyssa's attention.

Her face registered surprise for a moment. Despite their time together, she was largely unaware of his childhood experiences.

Nevertheless, she returned to the room alone, leaving Jasper and Rosie in the kitchen.

Evidently, she didn't want to come into unnecessary contact with him.

A tight knot constricted Jasper's throat, leaving him breathless. All the energy drained from his entire body.

Love made him fearful. It made him afraid of gaining and losing.

Rosie took the plate from his hands. "Mr. Jasper, I'll do the washing up. You don't look too good," Rosie offered with a concerned look on her face.

"Mrs. Rosie, could you possibly go up to have a chat with Lyse later?" Jasper asked.

"What is it? You've just reconciled with one another. Did you two bicker again?"

Jasper looked worried and helpless. Rosie felt bad for him.

"I feel like I don't understand her at all, Mrs. Rosie. No matter how I try, I couldn't get her to open up to me."

Jasper let out a dispirited sigh. He felt terrible.

"I hope you can go and talk to her. Back then, at Seaview Manor, she was the closest to you. Maybe she'll open up to you when you chat with her and share some things she isn't willing to tell me."

Chapter 952

Alyssa had her bath and did her skincare. Then, she climbed into the bed and heaved a quiet sigh.

The past version of her wouldn't have wasted energy on men. She likely would have gone out drinking and partying with her brothers without a care in the world.

However, the conversation she had overheard between Jasper and Landon that morning had invoked many painful memories for her. She was no longer in the mood for anything else.

She didn't even want to see Jasper's face.

She knew that it wasn't his fault that she had lost her child. Regardless, she still simply couldn't get over it.

Although she didn't bring it up or think about it, it didn't mean she had forgotten.

A knock came on the door. Alyssa assumed Jasper was back to bother her, so she closed her eyes and pulled the covers over her head.

She intended to ignore him.

"Madam, it's me, Rosie. Are you already asleep? If you aren't, do you want to have some milk? I've warmed a glass of milk for you."

Rosie's sounded warmly familiar and close. Alyssa jumped out of bed and wasted no time opening the door for her.

When she opened the door, Rosie stood before her with the glass of milk she had mentioned earlier, smiling.

Unintentionally, Alyssa's gaze darted around the surroundings.

Rosie could see through her immediately. "Mr. Jasper isn't here. It's just me."

Alyssa pressed her lips together in embarrassment. Then, she invited Rosie into the room.

Both women chatted like a pair of mother and daughter. Rosie was sincerely concerned about how Alyssa had been doing recently.

Rosie's every word was heartwarming to Alyssa.

Seeing that Alyssa had finished her milk, Rosie let out a satisfied smile. She pulled her by the hand and sat her down on the sofa.

"Madam, Mr. Jasper has shared many things with me."

Alyssa was taken aback. She blurted, "Including how Sophia set things up to cause Anne's death?"

Rosie's eyes widened. Suddenly, her palms became clammy with cold sweat, and she tightened her grip on Alyssa.

"Is it true? Is it true that Sophia was the one who did that?"

Alyssa could tell that Jasper was selective in his sharing. He only told her the less-significant news and didn't mention this important matter to her.

She felt a little bad as her carelessness with her words seemed to have wasted his efforts.

Rosie let out a number of consecutive sighs. Her eyes turned red.

She uttered, "Actually, I've long ago suspected her. Other than Sophia, who else would have had the opportunity to do something like that to Madam Anne at that time? Liana and Betty were still kids back then. How could they have committed any murder?"

The look in Alyssa's eyes gradually turned dim.

Who was to say that children couldn't do evil?

Although Liana and Betty didn't have the capability to set up such a sinister plot for Sophia in the past, they had gone out to spread malicious rumors about Anne.

That caused Anne, who was already suffering from severe depression, to plunge into extreme humiliation and pain.

Some kids were not innocent at all. They were just little devils.

"But, Madam, that is just my speculation. I do not have any proof," Rosie clarified.

Tears began to roll down Rosie's cheeks. Her heart ached. She was ridden with guilt.

"Back then, I would have been put into a difficult position if I had voiced out that Sophia had something to do with Madam Anne's death. Mr. Jasper was still young at the time. What would have happened to him after Madam Anne's passing?"

"I promised Madam Anne to take care of Mr. Jasper as if he were my own son until he grew up. If I could no longer stay with the Beckett family, I would just be making his plight even worse!"

"Now that it has come to this, Mrs. Rosie, there is something that I want to ask you."

Alyssa finally got a chance to ask the question she had kept hidden in her heart all these years.

"What did Jasper go through when he was young? Could you tell me?"

Rosie hid nothing from her, disclosing everything to her one by one.

This was because she understood that Alyssa still had her guard up against Jasper, causing her to treat him with a mix of coldness and warmth at times.

Alyssa could only be completely understanding and considerate of Jasper if she had an absolute understanding of him.

She believed that this would be a boost to their relationship, which was finally starting to progress.

Thus, Rosie recounted how Jasper and his mother stayed in the slums when he was young. She told her about how they were oppressed and how he had to care for his gravely ill mother.

Rosie also shared how Javier had brought Jasper back home and how Jasper was treated with disdain and neglect in the Beckett family.

Lastly, she described how Jasper suffered from major depressive disorder for some time when he was young due to his mother's death. She even told her about the time when he attempted suicide by slitting his wrist in the bathroom.

Alyssa felt her chest tighten when she heard that. She almost couldn't catch her breath.

Tears of sorrow streamed from her reddened eyes down her face.

Chapter 953

"Mr. Jasper wears his watch all year round. It's not because he likes to do so. It is so that he can cover up the scar on his wrist."

Alyssa was his wife. Naturally, she knew about his scar.

However, she had thought it was a battle scar he received from the battlefield during his military days. She never expected there to be such a painful history hidden behind that long, terrifying scar.

"I'm sure you must have been curious about why Mr. Jasper insisted on staying by Liana's side back then, given that she was such a cunning, selfish, and materialistic woman.

"That was all because he places too much value on his relationships. He was also naive as he had never come in contact with any other woman other than her.

"Plus, she was also the one who discovered him in time and saved him when he slit his wrist that year. If not for her, Mr. Jasper probably wouldn't be here."

Rosie rubbed her swollen eyes and continued, "Not only that, when Mr. Jasper was young, he was labeled as an illegitimate child. His schoolmates ostracized him. No one was willing to get close to him except Liana.

"I was quite puzzled at the time. I wondered how such a young girl could have the patience and maturity that superseded her peers.

"It turned out that it was all by Sophia's instruction. She had orchestrated it all! And her motive was so that she could control Mr. Jasper through Liana!

"It was such a misfortune for Mr. Jasper. He was still so young when his mom died because of that bitch, Sophia. Even an unexpected player, the enemy's niece, contributed to his undoing!

"Why, of all souls, did hardship choose Mr. Jasper as its canvas?"

Rosie couldn't help but cry as she recounted.

Alyssa was in disbelief, and all her thoughts had vanished. It felt as though a lightning bolt had struck her, leaving every nerve in her body devoid of sensation.

The profound shock robbed her of words, rendering her speechless. Naturally, she hated Liana to the bone.

Suddenly, Alyssa comprehended the reason behind Jasper's unwavering determination to be with Liana.

Perhaps, back then, he was innocently under the impression that she loved him. Maybe even thinking that Liana was sincere toward him and that she was his lifesaver and guiding light.

No wonder he had no room in his heart for her then. In his position, she would have exhibited identical behavior.

"With that said, Mr. Jasper has truly repented. He has also completely moved on from that Gardner bitch."

The edges of Alyssa's eyes betrayed a reddish tint. Rosie met her gaze squarely and shared, "I encountered Xavier that day when he returned to Seaview Manor to gather some of Mr. Jasper's possessions.

"He told me you've found out what happened at the East Side Phoenix Lake villa. I was told that you got very mad at Mr. Jasper because of that. You thought he kept that villa because he still cared for Liana."

"Rosie, I ..." Alyssa stuttered bitterly. The look in her eyes was hazy.

"Xavier is normally all smiles. But that day, he cried his eyes out before me. I felt terrible for him," Rosie recalled.

The thought of how Xavier was the other day made Rosie feel powerless and distressed. "He told me that if you and Mr. Jasper were not going to reconcile, he would remain a sinner for the rest of his life.

"He said he would be too embarrassed to stay by Mr. Jasper's side. He wanted to resign—finishing his work and handing everything over."

"Resign? But why?" Alyssa asked with a look of surprise.

"He said that on the same night after Mr. Jasper and Liana separated, Mr. Jasper already ordered him to sell the villa. He had been instructed to burn everything related to Liana—not to leave a single trace of her behind.

"It was just that the property market at Solana City wasn't great at the time. There were no interested buyers, and Xavier had his hands full. So, he ended up pushing this task on the back burner.

"After that, he said Mr. Landon had brought Mr. Jasper to that house to stay that particular night. You went over to look after him but ended up seeing what you shouldn't have seen.

"When Mr. Jasper woke up, he almost beat Mr. Landon into a pulp. Things got really awkward between the both of them after that. It almost cost them their brotherhood of 20 years."

Alyssa's eyes widened slowly, and her breathing became uneven in response.

"Xavier was shocked. He could barely sleep for the next few days. Now that he has dealt with the house and things, he was trying to find a suitable opportunity to apologize to you in person.

"He doesn't care if you scold him, beat him up, or command him to do anything. He just doesn't want you to ignore Mr. Jasper."

"To be frank, Mrs. Rosie, that incident is already something of the past."

Alyssa held tightly onto Rosie's hand. She said in a hushed tone, "It's true that I was furious. I just didn't want to see anything related to Liana around him. But now that the misunderstanding has been resolved, I am not angry anymore. I mean it."

"I understand! I truly get you! Mr. Jasper harbors no ill intentions, nor is he a deceitful man. He only has one shortcoming—he possesses poor emotional intelligence. Mr. Jasper is really dumb!"

"I noticed your anger toward Mr. Jasper tonight. What did he do wrong? Tell me, and I will teach him a lesson."

"I'll spank him with my shoe to vent on your behalf. Then, I'll make him apologize to you in person!" Rosie exclaimed with a face full of righteous anger.

The way she spoke was as if she were Alyssa's family.

Tears brimmed in Alyssa's eyes as she enveloped Rosie in a tight embrace.

In that fleeting moment, she almost shared with Rosie the painful truth about her infertility. However, in the end, she held back, tears still present, choosing to keep the secret within.

"Mrs. Rosie, thank you for telling me all this. And thank you for loving me. I'm doing well, really ..."

...

It was well into the lonesome hours of the night.

Chapter 954

Jasper was alone in his bedroom, sitting on the sofa and staring into space. A troubled look adorned his charming face.

The thought of going to check on Alyssa came across his mind a few times the entire night.

At the same time, he was afraid that she would become annoyed at the sight of him, so he didn't dare to bother her.

When Rosie came out of the room, she didn't mention why Alyssa was mad. Instead, they had a long heart-to-heart talk about the matter regarding Sophia.

Rosie cried buckets of tears. But, in the end, she expressed that she would play dumb when she got back to Seaview Manor. This was to avoid alerting Sophia that anything was wrong.

Now, the plans for their revenge were beginning to take shape. The execution of their plans was in full swing, albeit in secret.

At this stage, avoiding any unnecessary problems and troubles was crucial. They might fail to expose Sophia's heinous deeds if they weren't careful!

"Mr. Jasper, I keep having this feeling that Madam is being weighed down by something burdensome. It should be something related to you, but she didn't want to let me in on it. I wasn't sure how I could ask her about it either.

"Although your relationship with Madam seems to have improved, it's obvious that she has yet to open up to you, Mr. Jasper. I think she still has some reservations about you.

"So please, you must be completely patient with her. Women are sensitive and emotionally delicate creatures.

"It's possible that she decides to ignore you because she was reminded of unhappy incidents related to you.

"So, please hold yourself back no matter how she treats you. You were the one who wronged her in the first place."

Jasper sighed quietly. He pinched his fingers between his furrowed brows, looking troubled.

Of course, he could be patient with her.

Even if she stayed mad at him for the rest of his life, he was ready to pamper and love her. He simply wanted to know why she was in such a bad mood.

He had spent the entire night pondering over it. Despite extensive reflection, to the point where his mental resources felt depleted, he still couldn't unravel the puzzle.

Right at that moment, someone knocked at the door.

Three gentle knocks echoed, abruptly jolting his tired body as if he were suddenly awakened from a lucid dream.

Rosie had retired to bed considerably earlier. Furthermore, her typical knock on the door was usually more forceful and urgent.

That could only mean that it was Alyssa at the door!

Jasper's heart began to race. He trotted over to open the door.

When he opened the door, Alyssa was standing in front of him. Her eyes met his.

She adorned herself in a sexy silk nightgown, complete with lingerie beneath. The sight of her fair-skinned shoulders peeking out from beneath the spaghetti straps kindled a fiery desire within him.

Alyssa pursed her lips tightly. Her bare face was as delicate as silk, glowing with an alluring sheen. He stared at her as his entire body temperature began to rise.

In a daze, his face flushed bright red. It was as if he was intoxicated. His face had said it all.

"Lyse ..."

"I couldn't sleep. Then, I got hungry and felt like having supper."

Alyssa lowered her eyes, avoiding his burning gaze.

She lifted a white-colored box and said, "I heard from Mrs. Rosie that you like to have desserts when you are feeling down. So, I bought a cake. Would you like to have some?"

All of a sudden, Jasper's eyes welled up with tears. Without warning, he wrapped his arms tightly around her.

"Hey, do you want cake or not?" she asked. She almost couldn't catch her breath from his tight embrace.

"Lyse ... I was terrified," he mumbled next to her ear. He sounded as if he was choking on his tears.

He was such a strong, charming, and arrogant man. However, at that moment, he was like a mouse aggrieved by being mistreated.

"You're okay. What were you terrified of?"

"I was afraid that ... that you would ignore me forever. Just the thought of it was piercing my heart like a knife."

A glimmer of light passed through Alyssa's eyes. A wave of sorrow rippled through her heart as she shared a sense of empathy with him.

Chapter 955

Alyssa was all too familiar with how Jasper was feeling.

During the three years they were married, she had also lived in fear in that same way, day and night. She feared that he would ignore her or divorce her.

And now, he was having a good taste of the bitter love story that she experienced.

Alyssa walked into the room. She opened the cake box, and the inviting strawberry cake gave off a delicious scent. She gulped back her saliva.

But to Jasper, she was far more alluring than the cake. Rather than the cake, he was more interested in eating her up.

Alyssa cut two slices out of the cake in a few swift moves.

She picked up a slice and handed it to Jasper, saying, "I never knew you liked desserts. You've never mentioned it to me.

"You've never had a bite of the desserts that I made for you in the past. So, I thought that you didn't like them."

Jasper held his spoon with trembling hands. He took huge bites of the cake, but all he could taste was bitterness at the back of his throat.

"It's really sweet. Thank you."

The look of gloominess dissipated from Alyssa's eyes. She joked, "Take your time. There's no one else here to fight for food with you. If worse comes to worst, you can just have my slice of cake, too."

He loved eating desserts because life was too difficult when he was young.

In those days, even a simple piece of candy was deemed a luxury, let alone a cake like the one before him.

Following that period, he was called back to the Beckett family to assume the role of a cherished son. He now had access to anything he desired; a mere cake was nothing in comparison.

Yet, such was human nature. When he yearned for something, it remained elusive. Once he eventually attained it, the desire for it faded away.

He braved himself and asked tentatively, "Will I still be able to eat desserts you make for me in the future?"

Alyssa's heart skipped a beat. She simply smiled back at him without saying a word.

He understood what she meant. He forced a smile on his face and said, "That's alright. I'll learn how to make them. I'll make them for you."

"Tomorrow." Alyssa picked up a strawberry on top of the cake using her dessert fork. She made herself look totally nonchalant.

"Sure, I'll make something for you tomorrow."

"I meant me. I will go out with Mrs. Rosie to get some ingredients tomorrow. I'll make something for you to eat," Alyssa clarified softly as her eyelashes fluttered.

She scooped cream and stuffed it into her mouth.

Jasper's eyes widened, glistening with excitement as he stared at her in disbelief. His joy surpassed that of a child receiving Christmas presents.

"I'll tag along with the both of you! We can make them together!"

"That's up to you." Alyssa saw how thrilled he was that she burst out in laughter.

Because of that, she accidentally dropped a dollop of cream that she was scooping onto herself.

"Oops!"

The white, buttery cream slipped down from her chest and dirtied her peach-colored nightgown.

Jasper couldn't take his eyes off her half-exposed breasts. They were rounded and perky, fairer than cream, and so much more appealing to him.

His breath deepened, becoming heavy. The blood coursing through his veins surged, heating up his entire body.

His thin lips quivered involuntarily, and his bloodshot eyes lost focus. Everything appeared a blur to him.

"What ... What are you doing, being stunned? Get me a piece of tissue, quick!"

All of a sudden, Alyssa could only stare as he charged over to her. Following that, she felt a warm moistness on her chest.

She looked down in astonishment, and her cheeks turned pink in embarrassment!

Jasper had buried his face in her bosom. He was licking the soft, pillowy cream, which had melted on her fair skin, cleanly off her.

She could feel the movement of his tongue. It was wet and hot. His breathing became heavier and heavier.

His hands tightly grasped her arms, gradually wandering.

In Alyssa's mind, it felt as if fireworks had gone off. An electrifying tingle spread across her body. Her iridescent eyes became misty, and she found herself no longer in a clear state of mind.

Chapter 956

Alyssa couldn't help but lean her neck back.

The notion of Jasper being a cunning man flashed through her mind. Indeed, he was crafty!

It was only when not a single trace of cream remained on her skin that Jasper reluctantly lifted his face. He gazed at her intently and asked, "Isn't it better if I do it this way?"

"Better ... Better my foot."

Soon enough, tiny red dots began to form like stars on the smooth skin on Alyssa's chest. They were the love bites he had left behind!

She looked away shyly. The pace of her breathing quickened, and beads of sweat began to form on her forehead.

He was also in a similar state. It was as if they had both just experienced some intense action.

The only difference was that one had become soft, whereas the other had become hard.

"Jasper, I gave you an inch, and you've really taken a mile. You've crossed the line!" Alyssa pouted her.

Jasper felt aroused by how ashamed and angry she looked. Her voice sounded sweet, and even her sobs sounded captivating.

Jasper was extremely aroused, but he was more afraid of her being mad at him. He was scared that she would ignore him again.

"I'm sorry, Lyse. Next time, I wouldn't ..."

Within the next second, a brief flash caught Jasper's attention. Swiftly, Alyssa embraced him, her arms encircling his neck, and she leaned against his toned abs.

Gathering her courage, she planted her kiss on his, effectively shutting him up. His lips parted slightly, allowing her tongue to slip inside. It was an easy feat.

In reality, it stemmed from his perpetual lack of defenses around her, be it physically or emotionally.

Jasper was utterly shocked. His heart raced wildly, and his mind went completely blank!

She was his unrivaled queen, cherished with all his heart. For the very first time, she took the lead and initiated a kiss with her loyal and devoted servant.

This was a prize and his crowning glory. He could now die without any regrets!

Jasper could also no longer hold himself back. He wrapped his arms around her waist and responded to her with a passionate kiss.

A bloody sweetness spread in both their mouths as they kissed like there was no tomorrow.

Yet, they couldn't care less. They were so engrossed in their kiss that they had forgotten about everything else.

A pair of shadows became one in the moonlit room.

As their passion intensified, their fingers gradually interlocked. For the first time, it felt as if their love was destined to endure eternally.

They had engaged in the same activity just the night before. If they were to repeat it today, he feared she might be unable to endure it.

As much as he wanted to continue, he was more concerned for her, even if that meant he wouldn't be satisfied.

Alyssa rested in his arms, feeling drowsy. It was an indescribable sensation—fatigue mingled with a sense of fulfillment, leaving her simultaneously weary and satisfied.

Jasper looked at her with a gaze full of love. Finally, he said, "Lyse, could we ..."

"Hmm?"

He stopped himself mid-sentence. After some deliberation, he laughed awkwardly and said, "It's alright. Let's keep it this way. This is pretty great. It's pretty great."

Alyssa snuggled into the most comfortable position in his arms and closed her eyes.

In truth, she was well aware of what he wanted to ask. Yet, at this moment, she chose not to give him an easy answer.

Jasper let out a sigh and kissed her on her forehead. He mumbled softly and resignedly, "Lyse, whether you love me or want me is yours to make. However, for me, I will always be yours. I will love you forever."

Chapter 960

Jasper said, "I need to get to Jeffrey before the police do."

Men were competitive, especially when they were in love.

Both of them answered their respective phone calls at the same time. They hung up at the same time, too.

“Let’s go to Nina’s funeral tomorrow morning.” Alyssa’s eyes were slightly red.

“Yes, let’s go together.”

Jasper thought long and hard. Like a husband who was about to go on a business trip, Jasper wrapped his arms around Alyssa’s waist. He pulled her into his embrace.

“Lyse, there is an important project to discuss at work. I have to sit in this meeting as the president. I will need to go on a business trip for a few days.

“For how many days?” Alyssa gasped lightly.

“Five to ten days?”

Jasper felt bad. He knew it was a white lie, but he felt terrible

nonetheless for lying to the love of his life.

Alyssa blinked her eyes. “Where are you going?”

Jasper stopped and said, “Yoarkley.” He made it up. He felt guilty as Alyssa stared at him.

“Okay, have a safe trip.” Alyssa was expressionless.

Jasper hugged her. He was unwilling to part with her. “Wait for me to

come back, Lyse.”

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Alyssa didn't answer him. She slowly raised her arms and returned his hug.

That hug was more than any words she could say..

A crescent moon hung coldly on the foggy night.

It was the beginning of spring. Yet, it was rainy. The weather was still cold.

“That maid working for the Beckett family is getting buried tomorrow morning.”

In a luxuriously decorated fall-themed room, Jameson sat on the sofa with his slender legs crossed. He had his back against Carl as he swirled his glass of red wine.

“Okay.”

“Alyssa will definitely be there. That maid died protecting her from a bullet. If Alyssa is there, Jasper must be there too.”

Carl inched closer to him and asked tentatively, “Will you be

attending?”

“It's only a maid. Even if she saved Lyse's life, I don't think I must be present.”

Jameson drank his red wine elegantly. A cold, mocking glint appeared in the eyes behind his frame. “If she didn't take the bullet for Lyse, then she will always be a worthless maid.

“Things are different now because of her wisdom. She had turned into Lyse’s savior. Lyse is so kind that she will always remember her. Her family will be compensated handsomely because of her sacrifice. No matter how you look at it, her death was worth it.”

Carl listened silently. His back broke into a cold sweat.

Jameson, his boss, could turn any evil intention into moral reasoning.

Jameson’s cruelty was concealed.

He consistently wore a gentle smile, making anyone feel at ease. when interacting with him. However, not interfering with him or his possessions was crucial in maintaining such favorable treatment. Coveting them was absolutely out of the question.

Otherwise, he would become hostile, catching the person off guard and unleashing a biting attack with a cold, poisonous tongue. He wouldn’t settle for a simple demise but would ensure a painful and agonizing death.

Jameson downed the remaining wine in his glass. A deep look swirled in his eyes. Sadness welled up in his heart.

He wasn’t going, not because he didn’t want to go. Furthermore, he had not seen Alyssa in a long time. He couldn’t eat or sleep thinking about her. He was losing his mind.

If he appeared suddenly uninformed tomorrow, she would resent him

even more.

He had already lost to Jasper. He couldn’t afford to lose to him any

further.

At this moment, the door of the room opened slowly.

Amber entered with her head lowered. She had an envelope in her hand.

“Mr. Schmidt, the men you sent had sent something back.”