

## Chapter 123

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Alyssa hurriedly picked up the call and cooed, "Silas!"

"Lyse, it's so damn hard to get hold of you. Were you on a call just now?" Silas sounded anxious.

"Is something wrong?" She frowned.

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"Did Axel get in touch with you today?"

"No. Gosh, just tell me!"

Silas sighed worriedly. "We went drinking last night and got drunk. That dude... He made an outrageous claim again!"

Alyssa's heart sank upon learning that. Axel had a quirk—most people would never act on their drunk promises, but not Axel. He'd remember everything from the night before, even if he was wasted, and act on it the next day. That was one of his skills as a top spy.

"What did he say?" She had a bad feeling about it, which made her nervous.

"He said he'd kill Jas!"

Her mind went blank. Had Jonah not grabbed her on time, she might have lost her balance.

"Axel flew a plane across 10,000 miles to avenge you. Last night, he announced that he'd teach Jas

a lesson. He swore to at least cut off Jas' manhood, if not kill him outright! He said that was the

only way to get revenge."

"I thought he'd listen to you and spare Jasper, but he brought up his plan again last night. I

couldn't reach him at all today! Is he making a move?"

Her heart thundered in her chest. She couldn't spare a minute to explain everything to Jonah and

sprinted out of the church.

Betty was perceived to have offered an insincere apology at the press conference, so the netizens

berated her in the chat.

Before she went onstage, Sophia had personally drafted a script and ordered her to memorize it.

Sophia also reminded her not to put on any makeup

Too bad Betty had her own ideas. Firstly, she was stubborn and refused to give in. Secondly, she

thought the press conference was a great chance to trend online as the prettiest heiress with her

looks. Her plan backfired, and she lost everything in the end.

"I find the hotels under KS Group likable. Not only do they provide good service, but they also have

+15 BONUS

"I don't feel good about the Beckett Group at all! I will never book a room at their hotels when I

travel."

"Yeah, boycotting them is the way to go! Bankrupt them tomorrow!"

After Betty wrapped up her public apology, she was surrounded by reporters from below the

stage. They shoved the microphones into her face and attacked her with increasingly trickier

questions.

Betty buckled under the pressure, for she had never been thrown into a situation like that. She

scuttled away from the stage under the protection of two bodyguards.

When she wasn't paying attention, she tripped on the stairs, spraining her ankle while falling flat

on the ground. It was a humiliating scene that was captured by the flashing cameras.

The two bulky bodyguards hurriedly lifted the limp Betty from the ground and dragged her away

effortlessly.

Five minutes later, a new hashtag trended—#BettyBeckett Falls. She was trending online, just as

she wished.

Meanwhile, Jasper and Landon held on to each other when they stumbled out of ACE. They went

in as enemies but emerged as friends. Drinking indeed brought people closer.

They drank like fish that night. Landon was a heavy drinker and only emerged tipsy from the drinking session.

On the other hand, Jasper had downed a little too much whiskey in his bad mood. He squinted his eyes and tugged on the knot on his tie, looking drowsy and drunk.

Worried that Jasper might stumble down the stairs, Landon reached out to hold him. "Hey, Jasper, you didn't last long, did you? That was fast. Are you high?"

"You can't tell a man in his face that he... doesn't last long." Jasper pinched his forehead and felt

light-headed. "Why am I having a headache after drinking at your bar... Did you sell me fake

alcohol?"

"Fuck you! You are really good at shifting the blame, dude. Is that how you lost Alice?"

Landon swallowed hard when he saw Jasper's dazy eyes and flushed neck. He would have done

something unholy to Jasper right there if he were not straight.

Jasper exhaled and shoved Landon away. "I'm leaving."

"Hey, I'll send you home."