

Chapter 235

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Now Orlander and Minnie were truly starstruck.

Winston Taylor's daughter? THE Winston Taylor from Belbanks?

"Y–You're Mr. Taylor's daughter?" Orlander gasped, looking Alyssa up and down.

Behind Alyssa, Sean scowled just the slightest. "People usually whip out their credit cards, not their fathers."

"Yes. Mr. Javier and Mr. Beckett are aware of this as well." Alyssa grinned. "We've met."

Jasper looked away briefly, thinking, "We've met? Was that all?"

She spoke as if they were mere strangers.

"Ah, so you're all acquainted!" Orlander chuckled heartily. As someone experienced in politics, he knew just when to change his tune. "I'm terribly sorry for my ignorance, Ms. Alyssa!"

He then shook Alyssa's hand.

"I'm sure I'm just an equal business match as Mr. Javier, no?" Alyssa's words sounded light on the surface but carried an imposing sense behind them.

Orlander blinked rapidly. He found it amazing how someone so young could already carry such an imposing air. Like father, like daughter, he thought.

Jasper gritted his teeth. Was Alyssa really playing this card now? Was this all some game to her? Even if it was, there were still rules and etiquette to abide by. Alyssa was clearly not doing that.

"We're very pleased to see you here today, Ms. Alyssa, but my business discussion with Mr.

Hodgson is of a private nature. It's not something an outsider could simply step into, including yourself. So please," Javier said courteously, though his eyes had long grown icy.

Betty wanted to express her contempt too, but was held back by her mother. Sophia believed her husband alone could handle Alyssa, so they could just sit back and watch.

"I am aware, Mr. Javier. But I wouldn't have come here if your discussion wasn't about the Verdane Valley project." Alyssa's tone never wavered. "As for whether it's none of my business, I beg to differ.

"My family's company is just as powerful, influential, and capable as yours, if not more. If you can handle this project, I'm sure we can as well. Wouldn't it be better for Mr. Hodgson to have a choice of who he wishes to work with?"

Orlander's heart did a backflip. What a tenacious young woman!

Now, Javier and Sophia shared the same look of worry and shock.

"Ms. Alyssa." Jasper stepped up, breaking the tension. "We've come all the way here to reach an agreement with Mr. Hodgson about this project, even going so far as to settle on the technicalities and logistics. Don't you think your participation now is rude and unjust to the rules of fair play?"

Alyssa shot him a grin. "You got the 'rude' right."

"Alyssa!" Jasper narrowed his eyes.

"As for whether it usurps fair play, that is an allegation you cannot substantiate." Alyssa stepped away from him.

She continued, "The rules have always been set by the winners. If your family has already signed this business agreement, then yes, I wouldn't be playing fair. But have you?"

Her eyes turned into gleeful crescent moons. "The rule–maker here is still uncertain."

Jasper had no idea how to rebut her statements. She was right. They hadn't signed the contract with Orlander, so everything was still subject to change.

In all his years of being in this position, he had won so many battles and knocked out countless adversaries. He never imagined meeting an opponent so resilient one day–in the form of his ex-wife, too!

Unable to watch things spiral out of control, Sophia piped up, "I'm afraid Mr. Hodgson wouldn't be willing to work with you for this project, Ms. Alyssa. Our families go way back, and we've partnered on several big projects up until now. It's not something that can so easily change."