

## Chapter 247

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Xavier said, "Sir, I'll tell you, but you have to promise not to... not to get angry..."

Jasper demanded, "Spill it!"

"Well, um..." Xavier nervously swallowed. "I saw... I saw her open one of the VIP room doors, and then... and then someone wearing spectacles carried her inside..."

Something imploded in Jasper's mind. "Which room? Take me there, now!"

Jameson's secretary soon returned with ginger supplements. Jameson fed some to Alyssa and then helped her ease it down with warm water.

The sight left his secretary gaping in utter shock. His boss had always been cold-hearted and cruel. One never knew what schemes he had in mind when he looked at you.

He barely saw him have any women around too. So, who was this young woman being tended to by his boss tonight?

Was this... Was his boss courting her?

Tsk! Men truly were no match for women.

"Are you feeling better?" Jameson asked kindly once the flush reduced from Alyssa's cheeks.

Alyssa held a hand to her chest. Her stomach was churning dangerously as her vision cleared.

"Alcohol is damaging to your system. Don't drink so much next time," Jameson said, bringing the glass of warm water to her lips once again.

Alyssa had no recollection of what just happened, though she instantly picked up on the fact that he meant her no harm.

He was pretty hot, to be honest, like a bookworm who had a glow-up. His gold-rimmed spectacles accentuated his features very well.

"You Do we know each other?" Alyssa asked softly, rubbing her throbbing temples.

Jameson smiled lightly.

It looked like she had forgotten about him.

Just then, the room door was kicked open.

Jasper marched in like a raging bull, eyes red and ferocious.

Jameson hissed internally, his hackles rising.

"It's Mr. Jasper Beckett from Beckett Group, sir!" His secretary reminded him in a low voice.

Jameson cocked his head. "Tell him to leave."

The secretary nodded and went up to Jasper, saying, "Mr. Beckett, please leave at-"

Jasper swiftly pushed the man away, walking right up to Alyssa on the lounge. She was still rubbing her eyes, like a child that had just woken up from a dream.

When she saw Jasper, shock flitted across her eyes. "Jasper? What are you-"

"Come with me." Jasper suppressed most of his rage, grabbing her by the wrist and into his arms.

No words could describe how angry he was feeling right now.

First, she stole his project from him. Now she was going around sleeping with strangers?

What the hell was up with her? Had she no concern for anything sensible?

"Why? Why should I? Who are you to make me?" Alyssa immediately tried to pry herself away from Jasper's grasp. "Let me go, asshole! Do you think I'm some kind of dog to follow your bidding whenever you like?"

"Don't test my patience, Alyssa Taylor!" Jasper growled.

Jameson narrowed his eyes, then grabbed Alyssa's other wrist.

Now she was stuck between them, with both her hands starting to twinge in pain.

"Can you not see that Ms. Alyssa doesn't want to leave with you? What kind of gentleman does this with a woman?" Jameson hissed out.

"This is no business for an outsider!" Jasper snapped back.

Jameson then took off his spectacles, glaring at him. "If I'm the outsider, who are you?"

"Her husband!"