

Chapter 248

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Jameson froze up on the spot, his heart clenching painfully for a brief second.

Alyssa had fumed so hard her cheeks had gone flushed again. She glared at Jasper, yelling, “How low are you stooping now, Jasper Beckett? Let me go now! I am not going anywhere with you!”

Jasper let her scream and pull, never letting go throughout. He felt like nothing more mattered in this world right now besides taking Alyssa away from this place, from this stranger.

Seeing her being in a room alone with the stranger, having drunk so much, was unbearable for him. He never expected Alyssa to be capable of something like this.

“Let me go, Jasper, right—ah!”

Jasper bent down and lifted her over his shoulder, hand locking on her waist as he marched straight for the door.

“Put me down, you jacka—I’m gonna hurl!” Alyssa cried, beating at his shoulder with all her might.

Her stomach was churning so badly. She was going to retch at any time.

“I’m not stopping you.” Jasper eyed her sternly and continued walking on, not even a hint of compassion in his tone.

That was punishment for her behavior tonight, he thought.

He thought Alyssa was such a heartless cheat.

Jameson watched silently as the two left, a flush of anger slowly rising in his expression.

“Bastards will be bastards,” he muttered

“What should we do now, Mr. Schmidt? Should I follow them?” his secretary asked.

“Have someone else trail them.” Jameson traced his finger across the rim of the glass Alyssa had drunk from, her lipstick soft against his skin.

“It really came as a surprise that Jasper Beckett is actually married!” The secretary cried in disbelief. “When was their wedding? Not a whisper of this news was ever made public!”

“Look into it,” Jameson ordered, taking a sip of water from the glass. “Find out what Jasper Beckett has been up to all these years and what their relationship is.”

Jasper had wanted to bring Alyssa back to his VIP room, but the thought of Landon being there with them was immensely unwelcome, so he brought her all the way to the club entrance.

Along the way there, the staff and some customers were lucky enough to get a glimpse of the two, their eyes widening and quiet gasps coming out from their mouths, but Jasper disregarded them entirely.

“Jas—Jasper, I seriously need to puke...” Alyssa moaned, getting dizzier by the second.

Her voice roused something in Jasper. Heat flushed through his body as he swallowed. “Karma’s a bitch, Alyssa Taylor.”

Only then did he set her down on the sidewalk outside. The moment he did, Alyssa pressed him up against a nearby car, making his breathing hitch. He gazed at her flushed cheeks and felt the soft weight of her hands on his chest-

“Blurgh!”

Alyssa doubled over and puked the remains of her dinner all over his suit.

The intense and pungent smell made Jasper snarl, his nausea rising to the max.

What the fuck was wrong with her?

“Are you ... Are you some kind of ghost, Jasper? Why the fuck do you keep on... burp... following me around like you’re haunting me? Leave me alone already!” Alyssa whined and pushed him away with all her might:

But then Jasper grabbed onto her wrists, asking angrily, “Who was that man with the spectacles?”

“Who? My He’s my latest fling! Hehehe. Do you like him?” Alyssa grinned, her eyes narrowing into crescents