

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1243 - 1260

Chapter 1243

"Lyse will get better. She definitely will." Jonah endured the sorrow, but when he spoke those last few words, he choked up.

"What can I do ... What can I do ..."

Silas seemed lost. In his 30 years of life, he had never felt so panicked before. He paced back and forth, speaking to himself.

"Alright, then I'll destroy Jasper now!"

As Silas said that, he was about to run outside, but Jonah firmly blocked his way.

"That's enough! Enough!"

A hoarse voice pierced everyone's hearts.

Everyone looked up and saw Alyssa standing stiffly halfway up the spiral staircase.

The soft glow that

used to grace her face was gone, replaced by a livid and lifeless look.

Seeing her like this, everyone felt a pang of distress.

"It's been three years. It's been three years since everything happened! I don't care anymore! Why do

you have to bring it up over and over again? Why do you keep talking about it?"

Alyssa's eyes turned a furious crimson. Almost hysterically, she shouted, "Must women give birth? Will

I die without children?

"I don't like kids ... I hate them! I never wanted kids, never! I won't allow you to cause trouble for

Jasper. The loss of the child has nothing to do with him! It was an accident!"

"Where's Clark? Neil, weren't you supposed to watch her and make sure she didn't leave the room?"

Holding back tears, Winston roared, "Bring her back into her room!"

"I want to go back to Solana City! I want to see Jasper!"

"Dream the fuck on! Unless I'm dead, don't even think about seeing that damn bastard again!"

The previously close father-daughter duo, having shared a good relationship for half their lives, had now experienced a total falling-out.

Alyssa's eyes were wet with tears. She stood still for a while, then suddenly laughed. "Dad, are you really so heartless? You married one after another, but I only want Jasper. You won't allow it, right?"

"Lyse ..." Jonah's heart tightened, feeling her sister was emotionally unstable at this moment.

"Then are you afraid of me dying ahead of you?"

Everyone was shocked. The three ladies even covered their mouths in fear.

"Lyse! D-Don't do anything rash! It's not worth it for that scumbag!" Silas stammered in panic.

"Who are you scaring, Alyssa Taylor?"

Winston squinted his eyes, gritting his teeth. The pain in his chest made it hard for him to breathe. "I'm

your father. I know you. How could you bear to die?

"If you really wanted to die, you would've died on the day you lost your child or the day Jasper divorced

you! Saying that you want to die now. Do you think I'll relent?"

Alyssa almost gritted her teeth into pieces.

Jonah had hit the nail on the head. She wasn't going to die. She just wanted to scare him.

But Winston didn't buy it!

This time, Winston didn't let things go her way.

"Don't be anxious. With my current condition, I'm already halfway into the grave. I might just die

tomorrow. You want to die ahead of me? It might not happen as you wish."

"Dad, stop it! You know Lyse didn't mean that. Why do you have to say harsh words that hurt each

other?" Jonah couldn't bear seeing them hurt each other.

Winston was heartbroken, but he maintained a cold and stern demeanor. "She's willing to abandon her

father for a stupid man. Why should I consider her feelings?"

In the end, Alyssa was brought back into her room.

Chapter 1244

Alyssa's door was locked. They also confiscated her phone, prohibiting her from contacting anyone.

This incident alarmed the entire Taylor family.

If it weren't for Alyssa's brothers wanting to return as soon as possible and accompany her, Jasper

would probably be hunted globally.

After a heated argument, Winston was weakened. Jonah and Silas helped him back to his room.

"Both of you, if you want to speak up for that Beckett bastard, better shut your mouths now and get out!"

Silas gritted his teeth in anger. "Speak up for him? I'm not dumb!"

Jonah frowned. "You're thinking too much. I didn't mean that."

"Hmph! Luckily, you still have a bit of conscience."

At this moment, a thunderous boom echoed. A huge lightning bolt struck, making the night as bright as day.

Winston looked out the window, hatefully saying, "Oh God, why didn't you strike that Beckett bastard with lightning?"

Jonah and Silas were speechless at his words.

"Mr. Taylor!" Neil quickly ran over to them, sweating profusely. "Mr. Taylor, Mr. Beckett is here. He's right outside the main gate."

The Taylor father and sons were stunned!

That night, the rain in Belbanks was even more intense than in Solana City.

Jasper stared at the tightly closed gate of Heightsnew Villa. The raging wind filled his suit, and a

bonechilling cold enveloped his whole body.

With countless calls to Alyssa yielding no response due to her switched-off phone, he arrived carrying a

heart weighed down by bitterness and regret.

He desperately wanted to see her. Deep inside, it felt as if something inside him was missing. A

profound sense of despair tugged at his heart, dragging it down.

Will he not see her again?

Jasper waited for a long time until he was soaked through, and his phone's last bit of battery was exhausted.

But he didn't know what he was waiting for.

Heavy footsteps reverberated through the rain-soaked air at this moment.

Jasper instinctively looked up, and his heart contracted heavily.

Between his brows was a black gun.

"Jasper, you've made my sister like this. You deserve to be shot."

In front of him, Liam held the gun firmly with his right hand, pointed straight at his forehead. The water

droplets falling from the brim of his cap in the pouring rain added a touch of cruel beauty to his fiercely crimson eyes.

"Lyse is such a good girl. She's our princess. Because of you ... Because you met her, her whole life has been ruined!"

Liam roared in hatred in the rain. The military officer, known for his steady aim, found his grip on the

gun almost faltering at this moment. "What are you going to use to compensate? Maybe your life! Jasper's eyes were lifeless, without any desire to resist.

Death was nothing to be afraid of.

He was just afraid that his love for Alyssa would come to an abrupt end.

"Liam! What are you doing?"

Chapter 1245

Jonah had a feeling of impending doom. He stepped forward to disarm Liam swiftly.

Originally, disarming Liam should have been impossible since he was a colonel with outstanding skills.

However, Jonah covered the muzzle with his hand.

Fearing that the gun might go off accidentally, Liam had to let go.

"Jonah, if you truly care about Lyse, you shouldn't have stopped me!" With bloodshot eyes, Liam stared at Jasper, who was ready to die. If his eyes were daggers, Liam would've killed Jasper.

This statement was quite harsh. When it came from the usually gentle Liam, its impact was doubled.

However, Jonah didn't blame him.

It might be better if the anger could be vented in this way. Otherwise, he didn't know what horrific things his brothers might do.

"Liam, I care about Lyse. But I also care about you, Silas, and Axel. We grew up together. Which one of you do I not care about and love?"

"I just don't want you to ruin your lives for this guy. If you guys vented your anger this way, what about Lyse? Can you face Mom and Dad?"

Mentioning their mother caused both brothers to feel a surge of intense bitterness, moistening their eyes.

"You finally came home for a while. We all missed you. Lyse would be very happy to see you."

Jonah closed his eyes and took a deep breath to suppress the pain in his heart.

"Lyse asked us to let this matter go. She doesn't want to pursue it anymore. If we keep clinging to it, we'll only hurt Lyse again, making her live in the pain of losing a child."

The pain of losing a child ...

It was the pain of losing a child!

Jasper was gasping for breath as if on the verge of death—the tears in his reddened eyes were

washed away by the cold rain.

If their child were still alive, they would be three years old.

What had he done? What had he done?

"The rain is too heavy, and you've had a long trip. You might get sick if you stay in the rain any longer.

Let's go inside."

Jonah grabbed Liam's arm pulling him toward the gate.

"Jonah ..." Jasper felt like he had suffered a severe injury. He lowered his broad shoulders. His

trembling lips quivered as he said, "Please let me ... see Lyse one more time ..."

"Dream on!" Liam erupted in anger, struggling forward with his body full of hatred.

Seeing that, Jonah hugged him tightly.

"Jasper! Get out of here right now! Don't dirty our place. And don't let me see you again! Otherwise, I'll

definitely kill you! Get lost!"

"Jonah ... Let me see Lyse."

Jasper's eyes were full of pain, but there was no trace of retreat. He was so obstinate. It was as if he

wouldn't frown even if the sky had fallen. "The things back then, our child ... There are many things I

want her to explain to me ..."

"Jasper, Lyse said she doesn't care about those things anymore. They're all in the past."

Jonah's eyes were deep, and his voice was hoarse. "You guys, don't be trapped in the pain of the past

anymore. Look forward. Go back, and don't come again."

Just as the two brothers turned around, they suddenly froze in place.

"Dad?"

Winston, who had been standing under Silas' umbrella, suddenly stepped into the pouring rain. His

face was pale as he approached Jasper.

The pressure was getting lower, and the chilling air emanating from Winston almost froze the raindrops

falling from the sky into ice crystals.

Jasper watched helplessly as Winston walked toward him with an expressionless face.

He parted his pale lips as if wanting to say something. But in front of the father of the woman he loved the most, he couldn't let a word out of his throat. The next second, Jasper suddenly felt a fiery pain on his cheek. Winston had ruthlessly punched him in the face!

Chapter 1246

"Dad?"

"Dad!"

The three Taylor brothers were all dumbfounded. For the first time in 30 years, they saw their father lay hands on someone other than their biological sons.

As the eldest son of an unbeatable business magnate, Winston had always lived a life of luxury and never needed to use his hands to deal with anyone. He was more arrogant than a king.

But this time, Winston was truly furious.

His anger didn't subside after punching Jasper once. He continued to strike Jasper's face and body again and again.

Jasper's cheek was swollen. Blood trickled down his lips, but he couldn't feel any pain. His whole face was numb.

"Dad! You're not in good health! Being too angry will make you relapse!"

Jonah and Silas rushed forward to help Winston, who was standing unsteadily.

However, Winston

forcefully shook them off and grabbed Jasper's bloodstained collar.

"Jasper ... Do you know that ... the woman you repeatedly trampled and hurt is my life? She is the only remaining link to the woman I love. She's my everything!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor," Jasper repeated absentmindedly.

An intense pain surged in his chest. "Give me another chance ... I want to make it up to Lyse ..."

"If you can't take responsibility, why did you marry her in the first place? Since you married her, why did you hurt her?"

Winston suddenly withdrew his hand and staggered back. "Go back to Solana City. Go back to your evil family!

"From now on, KS Group is Beckett Group's nemesis! If you have the ability, protect your little territory.

Otherwise, just wait for me to demolish your place! Get lost!"

The Taylors left, and the gate closed with a bang.

Jasper stood in the rain, unmoving. It was as if his soul had been drawn out. He felt as though there

was an insurmountable obstacle between him and the Taylors.

He didn't know how long he stood there in a daze. But finally, he slowly bent down and knelt in the

puddle with one knee. His back heaved violently as he choked back sobs.

At this moment, footsteps approached from behind, stopping beside him.

Gasping for breath, Jasper slowly raised his head.

"Do you need an umbrella, Mr. Beckett?"

The well-dressed Jameson mockingly smirked. The look in his eyes clearly showed that he regarded

Jasper as nothing more than fodder.

Jasper panted heavily, and his fingers soaked in rainwater trembled as they curled into tightly clenched fists.

"Looks like you don't need one."

Jameson, towering above, wore an arrogant smirk. "You've done Lyse so much harm. Uncle Winston

must hate you to the core. At this point, do you think this melodramatic play is still useful?"

Carl, who held the umbrella for Jameson, also sneered. "If you didn't say that, I really wouldn't have

realized that this was Mr. Beckett's melodramatic play. I thought he wanted to be the Taylors' watchdog."

Jasper had no strength to argue with Jameson's lapdog.

Or perhaps he was punishing himself by letting others trample on him. It seemed as if only by allowing

his body to be violated and his dignity shattered could he find some solace within.

Only then he wouldn't feel so guilty that it was unbearable.

"It's late, Mr. Beckett. Aren't you going back yet? If you're not, I'm going in."

Jameson chuckled, and his gaze was cold. "I know it's very unpleasant to be blamed by everyone. But

isn't all of this your own doing?

"If you had treated Lyse better back then, would you have ended up like this?

Kneel here and enjoy the taste of pain."

As the two walked toward the gate of Heightsnew Villa, Jasper finally spoke softly.

"Are you the one manipulating Zoe?"

Chapter 1247

Jameson stopped in his tracks. A sharpness flared in his eyes as a peculiar smile rose on his face.

Silence was an answer of sorts, too.

"You ... You're the one who revealed Lyse's condition to everyone through Zoe?"

Did you do all that just

to separate us and get revenge on me? You were willing to tear open Lyse's old wounds and torment

her all to get back at me. Is this your so-called love for her, Jameson Schmidt?" exclaimed Jasper.

"What are you talking about? I'm afraid I didn't understand a single word you just said."

Jameson snickered. "Aren't you the one who ruined her for good? What does it have to do with me?"

Did your brain get waterlogged from standing in the rain for too long?"

"Don't think I'm the only person in this world who hates you, Jasper Beckett, nor am I the only one who wants you dead. Someone as unlucky as you should just forget about Lyse and let her go."

Axel stood beside the railings on top of the building, his black windbreaker billowing in the cold night wind.

He had smoked a whole pack of cigarettes but still couldn't calm his overwhelmed emotions. His fingers trembled around the cigarette he was holding.

"Are you in Belbanks yet, Axel?" Liam's voice rang out from Axel's phone receiver. "Did you have a safe flight? You flew the plane all the way here on your own."

"I did, Liam." Axel's grip tightened around his phone as he tried to even his breathing.

Liam was silent for some time before saying quietly, "Do not under any circumstances take rash action,

Axel. Even if we were to do something, I'd rather be the one who's responsible for the crime."

"Haha! Liam, if I really wanted to do anything rash, you wouldn't be able to stop me."

Axel tucked the cigarette between his lips. "Take care of Lyse. I'll go see her later."

Axel was in Solana City and not Belbanks firstly because he still hadn't composed himself enough to

see Alyssa after knowing about her body's condition. Secondly, Alyssa had sent him a text message before the event ended.

It read, "Axel, you have to hurry up and find that woman who looks exactly like me no matter what!

Only by finding her can we find the mastermind behind all this. It's of utmost importance to both Jasper and I!"

Axel sat alone in a bustling bar, staring fixedly at a photo of him and Alyssa on his phone screen.

Bitterness welled up in his chest, nearly making tears prick his eyes.

Just then, a camera was silently turning its lens toward Axel above him.

It was connected to the Millennium.

Jameson had constructed a large database for collecting information here in the dens of Solana City.

The hundreds of screens here spied on all of Solana City's most elite and powerful people 24/7, as well as certain locations.

Most of the people spied on had no idea they were kept under close watch every day of their lives.

They were like the king dressed in new clothes, oblivious to how little privacy they had.

"The target you were looking for has shown up, Ms. Altman!"

Amber's chest tightened. She immediately looked at the screen the man was pointing toward.

Her heart quickened when she saw Axel's face on screen. When she squinted, she found that the man was staring right at his phone screen.

It was her own face staring right back at her.

No, it was Alyssa Taylor's, the woman everyone adored and doted on.

Amber's eyes darkened slowly as lethal intent colored them. "Keep your eyes on him. I'm on my way right now."

Chapter 1248

Some were distraught and lost, while others remained sprightly and kicking.

Jameson had acted as if he'd just heard the news and hurried over to Heightsnew Villa. He was

currently sitting anxiously in the living room.

"Tsk. We only just sent Jasper away, yet now Jameson has come crawling all the way back here! What

did our baby sister do to deserve this? What bad karma did she accrue?"

Jonah and Silas were looking downstairs from the second-floor landing. Silas was so angry he was

grinding his teeth together.

Jonah coldly eyed Jameson's face, which had had its fill of putting up a dramatic show. His hand

around the railing was so tense his veins were bulging.

"He didn't show up at the event even though he's his family's favorite right now.

Yet here he is, showing

up first thing the moment something happens to Lyse.

"Hmph! Based on my years of experience as a prosecutor, I know he definitely has something to do

with what happened earlier tonight. He probably worked together with Zoe and used her as a pawn!"

Silas hissed.

"Your analysis isn't too different from mine. Jameson is a very cunning man who's very skilled in using

others to carry out his dirty work," Jonah said.

Jonah's cold eyes were fixed on Jameson's face. "He's already planned out his escape route before

putting his plan into motion. I fear he's already removed every trace of himself from the picture.

"Otherwise, he wouldn't have come all over here without fear. He probably thinks he has nothing to

worry about anymore."

"Damn it! We've let a fox into our nest now!" Silas huffed angrily. "You, me, and the other boys

combined can totally overpower Jameson. Are we really just going to stand here and do nothing?"

Just then, Winston and Lyla came downstairs to meet Jameson, accompanied by Neil.

"Uncle Winston, Madam Lyla," Jameson got up to greet them. His respectful and gentle demeanor was

the kind elders liked to see the most in youngsters.

"My daughter is feeling unwell, Jameson, so she won't be able to join US," Lyla spoke up on behalf of

Winston, seeing how ill he looked. "Plus, I'm sure you know what happened during tonight's event. We

really aren't in the mood to welcome any guests, so please leave."

Jameson's gaze darkened slightly after Lyla said that. His fingers clenched lightly, but he still patiently said, "I couldn't rest well after hearing about Lyse's condition, so I rushed over to see her.

"Don't worry, Uncle Winston. I know some very good doctors from Mosgravia, all world-renowned professionals. If the doctors in the country can't do anything to help, I can ask the doctors from

Mosgravia to come here to Belbanks to help Lyse!" "Jameson," Winston suddenly spoke up. "I

appreciate your kind gesture. But you're Taty's fiance now. Even though you grew up with Lyse and

have a close relationship with her, you should now direct your concern to Taty. It's time you distance

yourself from Lyse."

Jameson was shocked. His face even paled somewhat.

"Haha! Serves him right!" Silas snickered. "He plotted out everything yet still couldn't reach Lyse in the end. Now his plan is going to bust because his own plan is biting himself in the ass!"

"Uncle Winston, the person I wanted to marry has always been Lyse! I've never wanted to marry

anyone else!" Jameson exclaimed passionately, no longer hiding his true desire. Lyla was stunned. Her lips pulled thin awkwardly.

"What did you just say?" Winston asked, his brows knitting together. "Jameson, all my daughters are

fine young women, not items for you to negotiate and purchase as you please. We agreed you'd marry

Taty, so Taty it is. Never mention your matter with Lyse ever again!"

"You know just how true my love for Lyse is, Uncle Winston. The heavens itself is my witness."

Jameson might be a cunning, devious, lying cheat, but his love for Alyssa was real. The sincerity of the

love in his eyes was unmistakable. "I never had a choice about who I was going to marry in this arranged marriage! I only stayed out of the way because I thought Lyse had found happiness. But do you still think Jasper is the best choice for Lyse right now?" Winston's breath was punched out of his lungs. Pain filled his lungs when he recalled how his daughter could never be a mother again. "I wasn't able to protect Lyse back then while she suffered endlessly. I swear to protect only her from now on. I'd never find fault or hurt her like Jasper Beckett has done," Jameson said. Jameson's eyes were reddened with emotion as he begged, "Please, Uncle Winston ... let me marry Lyse. I'll never let what happened to Lyse happen again!" "Hmph! You should keep on dreaming!" When Jameson saw Jonah and Silas walking downstairs, his eyes glinted dangerously. His teeth locked together angrily. "Don't be fooled by him, Dad! He's not a good person whatsoever!"

Chapter 1249

"Who knows? Jameson might've been in cahoots with Zoe and responsible for what happened earlier tonight, all just to strike while the iron's hot!" Silas snapped. He wasn't as reserved as his brother was. So, he tore off Jameson's false mask right away. Winston and Lyla were shocked and in disbelief. "I know none of you like me, Mr. Jonah. You all know I love Lyse deeply, too. But that doesn't mean you can slander me like that," Jameson said. He gently touched his glasses and continued, "I have no relations with Zoe whatsoever. The only time

was during the horse races. She wanted to cause trouble for Lyse, so I went to Lyse's defense. That's it.

"You're Lyse's brothers, so I won't take further action this time. But I hope there won't be a next time."

Fuck! If his father and Lyla weren't here right now, Silas would've cursed out loud already!

He finally saw how someone could be so adept at shifting the blame from themselves!

"Don't say things without proof, Silas," Winston reminded, his gaze complicated. Silas was incredibly anxious. He was about to rush forward when Jonah held him back.

"Jameson, it's impossible for you to marry Lyse. Nor will your brother, David, ever marry Taty!"

The moment Jonah said this, Winston and Lyla were left stunned.

Jameson's brows knit tightly together, suspicion growing in his chest.

"Mr. Taylor, Mr. Victor is here to see you!" Barry, the butler, ran over to report.

"Victor is here? At this hour?" Winston asked incredulously, glancing at his watch. Victor didn't come to meet them alone. He'd brought his eldest, Josh. It was quite the party. "What did our son do to you, Jonah Taylor? How could you treat David this way? You're too

outrageous!" Victor roared, storming into the house. He was so angry even his cheeks were trembling.

"What you did was no different than sticking a knife right between my ribs!"

Jonah's expression was extremely cold. A deadly glint shone in his narrowed eyes. He had already

prepared himself for the Schmidt family's confrontation.

After all, Jonah was the one who sent David to the police station to help Alyssa and Sean.

"What's going on, Jonah? What did you do to David?" Winston was confused.

Victor's commotion had caused Colene and Mandy to come over as well.

"Mr. Taylor, Jonah locked my brother in jail and planned to charge him with rape!"

Josh gritted out. "I

don't know whether this was Jonah's idea or your beloved daughter's! Are they picking on the weak

now? Did they decide to mess with David because he can't fight back now?"

Everyone besides Jonah reeled in shock.

Jameson had a gloomy expression on his face. He gently pushed his glasses, immediately

understanding what was going on.

Jonah and the others had seen through David and Daisy's schemes already. Not only did David not get

to Tatiana, he even ended up falling on his own ass.

What a loser.

If Jameson had known they couldn't even get this little thing done, he would've helped them from the

start.

Victor was so angry he couldn't breathe properly anymore. Josh glared at Jonah while holding his

father up. "You didn't have to use such despicable methods to mess with David if you didn't want the

marriage to go through! Is this the sort of tactics that the rich and powerful use?"

Before Jonah could speak, Colene had erupted angrily, "Who are you calling despicable?"

Winston was shocked.

Colene truly was her father's daughter. She was a fierce tigress for sure!

"Your father has known Winston for 30 years, so you know exactly what our family is like! If you don't

find us trustworthy, why did you come all the way here just to kiss our asses?"

Colene snapped.

She was getting angrier by the second. Her hands were now tucked at her waist as she continued,

"You think no one else wants our girls? That we have no choice but to fill up the holes in your family?

How dare you question our family? I don't think we even need to go through with the marriage now!

Josh's behavior absolutely disgusts me!"

"Bitch!" Josh cursed internally. But because of his vanity, he couldn't argue with Colene outright. It'd be a literal cockfight.

Victor's blood pressure was rising furiously. He didn't understand how one dinner could land his son in the police station as a criminal suspect!

Lyla's heart filled with anxiety. Sweat began beading on her forehead.

Rape ... Who did David rape? Was it...

Lyla recalled how Tatiana had shut herself up in her room. She had claimed she wasn't feeling well.

Lyla hadn't been able to get her to come out of her room, no matter how much she knocked on the door. As a mother, her nerves were strung tight. Her breathing grew panicked as fear lanced through her chest.

"Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Josh, I understand that you're worried about your son, Mandy said, dragging Colene back behind her.

Her gaze was calm when she continued, "But even if it was Jonah who sent Mr. David to the police station, that must mean Mr. David had done something wrong. Instead of trying to discuss it with US, it'd be better if you hire a good lawyer for Mr. David."

"You're right, Mandy," Silas agreed coldly. "You could try hiring Simon Lynch from the Lynch family.

Someone as rotten and greedy as him is perfect for handling Mr. David's case. But Simon's currently kissing Madam Sophia's ass, so he might not even be able to book you in."

The Schmidt father and son were enraged!

Each of the Taylor family members had a tongue sharper than the last. They were like an impenetrable wall when united, unable to be retaliated with.

Jameson's pale, icy expression was shrouded in gloom.

If things worsened, his original plan might be disrupted.
But at this point, Jameson couldn't jump to anybody's defense. He could only pretend to be invisible
right now. otherwise, things would not turn out in his favor.
"Regardless, David would never do something like this! There must be some scheme going on!" Victor
said to Winston while glaring at Jonah. "Jonah must personally get David out from the station tonight
and call off the charge, Mr. Taylor! Or else ... our family will go head to head with yours ... to the end!"
Winston's brows furrowed. He gazed darkly at Jonah. "What happened with David, Jonah? I need you
to give me an explanation!"
"You want Jonah to release that bastard and for US to revoke our charges? Hmph! You can dream.
We'd never do that!"
Everyone raised their heads.
A regal, beautiful figure slowly walked down the circular stairs, bringing with her a powerful air.
Alyssa walked forward with Liam following behind, like a knight protecting his queen.
Liam's gaze was calm yet sharp. It exuded a terrible sense of overbearingness. Only when he looked
at his sister did warmth and tenderness appear in his eyes.
Jameson knew Liam was Alyssa's third brother, someone with a military background and the power to
gather hundreds to his aid.
Jameson was still envious! Lyse could have any man by her side, yet she wouldn't choose Jameson
himself!

What did he have to do to stand by her side? Did he have to go on a killing spree and end the life of
every single man in his way?

"What are you doing out here, Lyse?" Winston was shocked. He then looked at Liam.

Given how much he doted on her, Liam must've let Alyssa out!

"Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Josh, did David only tell you that it was Jonah who locked him in and nothing more?"

Alyssa walked down the last step.

She smiled in a beautiful yet bone-chilling way. "Not only did I lock him up, I even shattered his

tailbone, broke his fingers, and busted his teeth. I wanted to castrate him at first, but then I realized that

wasn't necessary. He won't be able to get it up for the rest of his life even if I did castrate him.

Chapter 1251

Everyone was shocked.

Victor and Josh were stunned to their cores, their mouths so wide it nearly touched the floor.

"Lyse, how could you..." Jonah gazed worriedly at his sister, feeling troubled.

As Alyssa's big brother, he was responsible for dealing with any gunfire shot their way and protecting

his siblings.

Jonah wanted to handle this alone, but who knew his sister would make an appearance and provoke

the Schmidt family? She had drawn enemy fire to herself now.

"Get it up? What do you mean, Alyssa Taylor?" Josh's elegant demeanor was nearly at its breaking

point. He glared menacingly at Alyssa and said, "And... What did you say you did? You beat up David?

You dared beat up my own brother? How dare you!"

"Why wouldn't I dare?" Alyssa's eyes narrowed as she grinned. "If David was daring enough to take

advantage of Taty, then I'm equally daring enough to teach him a lesson!

"Killing him would've been too easy. Scum like David deserves to suffer in prison with other scums like him. Hmph, a cripple like him is bound to be tortured and pushed around behind bars. That's the consequence I want him to suffer from!"

The hearts of everyone from the Taylor family pounded heavily in their chests. Lyla's vision swam as her knees began trembling.

"Taty... Taty!" She clutched her sweaty forehead with one hand and her shirt with the other. It was nearly impossible for her to breathe now.

"Lyla!"

"Lyla!" Winston immediately held Lyla in her arms, his own heart nearly bursting forth from his ribcage.

"Don't be afraid or panic. I'm right here!"

"Winston... I'm so scared... I'm so scared something might've happened to Taty..." Lyla's tears finally fell from her eyes, unable to be contained any longer.

"Lyse! How... How could you say such a thing?" It was clear Victor had no clue what had really happened. He was still angrily defending his son, David. "David is a good man, and I'm good friends with your father. How could he possibly do that to Ms. Tatiana?"

"A good man? Are you kidding me right now, Mr. Victor?" Alyssa sneered. Her cold gaze swept across every single one of the Schmidt family members before stopping on Jameson's. "None of your children are good people whatsoever! Your boys are all despicable, while your daughter is vile and stupid.

"You've been friends with Winston for so long, yet not only did your family business not improve whatsoever, but you even failed to raise your children! It truly is a great pity!"

Victor and Josh's faces turned brick red with anger. "You!"

Jameson felt like his breathing was stifled. His hands curled into fists, nails digging into his palms.

The woman he loved the most was ridiculing and insulting him. This painful, soul-aching feeling was worse than Alyssa slapping him in the face! "Lyse, Jonah, you two said that... David..." Winston, who was usually a decisive and merciless power player in the business world, now dared not ask his question directly. Winston wasn't afraid of anything save that, if he knew the truth, he might have an even greater reaction than Lyla did! Jonah walked over to his father and Lyla. He took a deep breath before saying, "David drugged Taty during the dinner and brought her upstairs to force himself on her." "What?" All the blood rushed to Winston's head. Rage consumed him in a split second. "Luckily, we found out just in time and saved Taty." Jonah helped his father steady himself and said in the calmest tone he could muster, "Otherwise... I can't bear to imagine what would've happened. But Taty was still deeply traumatized by the matter. We can only hope she slowly recovers from it." "So David... failed?" Winston stammered. Alyssa nodded solemnly. "Yes. Good thing that scumbag David was already sexually incompetent, so he couldn't really do anything to Taty." Her original plan was to tell Winston that Jasper helped save Taty in order to gain some favor for Jasper. But since the timing wasn't right, she could only opt to tell Winston later.

Chapter 1252

Otherwise, Alyssa would only help Jasper gain more enemies. The Schmidt family would definitely target Jasper if they knew. "Oh, thank the heavens... thank the heavens!" Winston cried to himself, though he was still overwhelmed with anxiety for Tatiana.

"Sexually incompetent? How could my son be sexually incompetent?" Victor was stunned by this news.

His face grew beet red with rage upon hearing Winston's words. "What did you just say, Winston

Taylor? Are you cursing my son?"

"Curse?" Winston sneered angrily, his eyes boiling with fury. "David deserves hell for what he did to my

daughter! If he wasn't your son, Victor, I would've made sure he didn't live to see another day! Beating

him up and tossing him behind bars is already the greatest mercy I can give!"

Victor and Josh's hearts lurched.

They had come all this way to Belbanks just to demand an answer from the Taylor family, yet who knew

they would end up humiliating themselves instead!

Jameson's eyes were burning with anger. Blood beaded on his lip as his teeth bit through.

If this continued, David's chance of survival would be slim. The relationship between the families would

be ruined, too! Consequently, it would undoubtedly become one more obstacle between Jameson and

Alyssa!

"Why... Why?" Lyla finally broke down.

She sobbed painfully in Winston's arms before screaming at Victor in a fit of rage,

"Is it all because Taty

is my daughter? Does she deserve to be taken advantage of just because a weak little woman like me gave birth to her?"

"Don't insult yourself, Lyla!" Mandy ran up to hug Lyla, tears filling her eyes.

"Taty is our beloved

princess. She is no different than Lyse and Miley. Don't think otherwise!"

A weak and gentle voice suddenly sounded while Lyla was crying.

"Don't cry, Mom..."

Everyone looked to where the source of the voice was. They saw Tatiana standing at the top of the

stairs, tear tracks still apparent on her cheeks. She was barefoot and draped in a quilt, quivering

slightly.

"Taty!" Lyla ran toward her daughter without a care in the world and hugged her tightly. "It's all my fault,

Taty... I'm so useless... I couldn't protect you..."

"I'm fine, Mom... it's okay..." Tatiana murmured in her mother's ear. Though she was the one who was

deeply scarred, she still had to help calm her mother down.

Alyssa's heart wrenched in pain at the sight. The path in life for a child who demonstrated early

maturity often proved more demanding.

If Tatiana was half as headstrong as Alyssa and maybe even acted out her own selfish desires for

once, would none of this have happened?

"Impossible! This is impossible! David would never do this!" Josh was outraged.

He pointed angrily at

Alyssa and Jonah. "You two must've set my brother up! You played such a dirty trick because you

wanted to stop the arranged marriage between our families! Despicable!"

"Shut up, shitface!" It was Cyrus who snapped this time. "Things are already at this juncture, and you're

still lying without shame? Did you lie your way up to becoming CEO?"

Behind Cyrus stood Sean.

"Sean..." Tatiana's tears fell down her cheeks, yet she didn't dare cry out loud.

Sean gazed dearly at the woman he loved. He parted his lips, yet no sound came out of his mouth.

Tears of pain filled his eyes—so close, yet so far.

"Hmph! What do you think you're doing now, Mr. Taylor? Gathering all your family here just to ambush

us?" Josh snarled. "You may be the most powerful family here in Belbanks, but that doesn't mean we,

in Solana City, can be pushed around that easily.

"You've already pissed off the Harper family. Do you intend to sever ties with your only allies now? It

wouldn't be wise for you to stand in opposition to US in the business field!"

Alyssa's eyes burned with rage as her anger skyrocketed. Nevertheless, she was aware that a simple verbal exchange wouldn't overcome Josh. Alyssa quietly noted this grudge down. She swore to give Josh a living hell in the future.

Chapter 1253

"Hmph! You're still so young, Josh. You can ask your father how I fought my way to where I am today if you're unsure." Winston's eyes gleamed ferociously. "Ask around and see just how terrible you'll suffer if you antagonize me!"

Josh's heart quivered fearfully, but he still put on a tough, fearless act.

"I say this to all of you now, not as Cyrus Taylor of the Taylor family, but as the police—" Cyrus then displayed an arrest warrant for the Schmidt family to see.

He continued, "The police have officially arrested David Schmidt under the charge of sexual assault.

We have ample evidence and witnesses to support our case, too. You Schmidts can prepare yourselves to attend David's trial."

Cyrus then smirked. "Or, should I say, criminal suspect David Schmidt's trial."

Despair overwhelmed Victor and Josh.

This was an official warrant from the police. They had no choice but to concede to the matter now.

Josh tried fighting back but was swiftly stopped by Victor, who said quietly, "What more can we say

now? We need to go back and figure out how to save David!"

Just before Victor and Josh were about to step out of the Taylor residence door, Winston roared at

them, "Our families' alliance marriage ends today! Don't even think about bringing it up again! I'm going

to look thoroughly into what your son did to my daughter!"

Victor ground his teeth together before snapping at Jameson, "Let's go, Jameson!" Jameson didn't want to leave just yet, but he knew the Taylor family would only hate him more if he

stayed. He gazed longingly at Alyssa before leaving the house.

Alyssa's stomach churned. That look made her deeply uncomfortable.

She then sighed quietly in relief because things had turned out in her favor. This alliance marriage with

the Schmidts had ended for good.

The atmosphere in the Schmidt family's Bentley on its way home was unbearably suffocating.

Josh gave Victor two pills to reduce his blood pressure, but his blood pressure wouldn't fall no matter

what.

"David really messed up big time! What's so good about that Taty chick? He could've gotten all the

women he wanted, yet he ended up going for her. He basically doomed himself!"

"Yeah. He's not the one arranged to be married. Why did he have to do this?"

Jameson was incredibly angry. "David's already incompetent, yet he still wanted to fool around? What a

waste of a sex offender." "Shut up! How could you talk about your own brother like that? And what were

you doing at the Taylor family residence tonight?" Victor snapped angrily.

"Why else? Jameson obviously went to kiss their asses," Josh sneered, taking advantage of the

situation to insult Jameson. "Our dear little Jameson is trying so hard to become a son-in-law to the

Taylor family.

"Have you ever shown that much respect to our own father, Jameson? I doubt you care even half as

much about Dad as you do about Winston Taylor."

"I only agreed to the arranged marriage for our family!" Jameson snapped back.

"Enough!" Victor slammed his hand down on the armrest. "You are not to be in contact with Alyssa

Taylor from now on, Jameson! Don't go suck up to the Taylor family and embarrass me!"

"What does David's mistake have to do with me? Why can't I contact Lyse?" Jameson was incredibly stubborn. "If I can marry Lyse, our families would still be allied. You would still be able to utilize the Taylor family's resources. What's wrong with that?" "Hahaha! You're out of your mind, Jameson. You seriously think you can still be together with Alyssa now that things have come to this?" Josh cackled. "Even if Winston rejects Jasper-heck, even if Jasper dies, Alyssa still won't set her sights on you." "Just because you can't pull it off doesn't mean I can't." Jameson pushed his glasses off, his gaze growing murderous. "That's enough! David is more important right now, not this!" Victor exclaimed. He grabbed Josh's arm and gritted out, "David may have been charged with sexual assault, but since nothing happened between him and that girl, his charge will only be attempted assault. We need to get him out of prison no matter what!"

Chapter 1254

A red sports car came to a stop in front of a club in the middle of the night. Amber stepped out of it dressed in a skin-tight black dress, showing off her curves. Her bejeweled heels glinted in the light, giving her a striking appearance overall. "He's still inside, Ms. Altman. I've been keeping watch all this while." A lackey walked over to Amber from a dark corner. Amber tied her hair into a bun before decorating it with a silver hair stick studded with a ruby. Her beauty left the lackeys around her in awe. "Wait outside and prepare to cover me." Dim lights flashed in the club.

Amber gritted her teeth together as she moved amidst the people who were enjoying their night. Her eyes were set on Axel who sat at the edge of the bar. The closer she got to him, the harder her heart pounded. The pandemonium around her seemed to disappear as if she was in a dream. Amber gently touched her hair stick. If things went according to plan tonight, her beloved hair stick would be used to end Axel's life. Amber soon came to a stop behind Axel. Right when she was about to place a hand on his shoulder, pain suddenly rang out from her wrist. Her world spun around violently. Amber let out a cry. Her back then slammed against a table, the pain knocking the wind out of her. What kind of human reacted like this? His reaction was inhuman! Axel's right hand wrapped around Amber's wrist while his left pinned her neck down. His fingers were slowly tightening their grip. Axel had had his share of enemy assassins targeting him in his years as a spy overseas. His body had long grown highly alert and could detect the slightest shift in his surroundings. Amber was pinned beneath Axel right now, her face flushed as her breath was choked out of her. Tears filled her eyes. "It's... You?" Axel exclaimed in surprise and instantly loosened his grip. Amber panted heavily, tears naturally falling down her cheeks. Some onlookers thought the two were a married couple who got into a fight but didn't dare interfere. "Fuck me. Look at that shithead! He's abusing his wife in public just like that!" "It's better to keep our noses out of it. Sometimes, people willingly accept the punches they get, and you can't do anything about it. It's all good now..." Axel's expression darkened upon hearing the chatter around them.

"Ugh... You hurt me..." Amber coughed, trying to straighten up. The pain in her back stopped her, however.

"Sorry, it's a work habit." Axel wrapped an arm around Amber's waist and lifted her.

Amber naturally leaned into his embrace, arms wrapping around his waist. Their breaths mingled.

But Axel only shot her a cold look. "No other woman deserves to wrap their arms around me save for my sister, Ms. Altman. Don't you think you're being too bold?"

"It sounds like you love your sister a lot. I'm so jealous of her. She has such a handsome brother. Amber smiled a smile she had practiced countless times in front of the mirror. "Your sister must be really beautiful."

Axel's heart trembled lightly when he observed Amber's face.

It was too similar to Alyssa's.

If Amber changed into a different set of clothing and had a haircut, Axel himself might mistake her for

Alyssa, not to mention Jasper himself!

Axel's eyes glinted coldly. He smirked and grabbed Amber's chin, lifting her face.

"In terms of beauty, you're pretty on par with my sister."

Amber's heart felt like a deer in headlights upon seeing Axel's smile. Her voice wavered, "But there would still be a winner, right?"

Axel replied without hesitation, "My sister is the winner."

Amber was left speechless. Was Axel just too blunt, or did he have some kind of obsession with his sister?

Still, Amber found herself unable to hate how direct and honest Axel was

"What are you doing here?"

Chapter 1255

Axel narrowed his eyes. "You're not here specifically for me, are you?"

Amber ran her finger in slow, circular motions along his firm chest. "You should believe that we were

able to meet previously because of fate, mister."

Axel raised his brow. "I see. It was fated indeed."

"Thank you for helping me the last time."

Amber wrapped his black necktie around her hand. Her soft skin was brushing against his body.

With a longing gaze, she looked at him and said, "I have been hoping to see you again. I was hoping to repay you."

Axel's eyes turned dim.

His searching eyes made her feel nervous. Yet, she tried her best to control herself. He had eagle eyes. They were like lie detectors. Strangely enough, he actually felt that her words

sounded genuine at that moment.

"Tell me, then. How were you thinking of repaying me, hmm?" Axel broke into a sly smile as he moved his lips closer to her.

Amber's heart thundered in her chest. A light shade of pink colored her cheeks as she blushed shyly.

"That is up to you. Tonight... I will go with whatever you say."

Amber was gobsmacked in the next second. It was the last thing she had expected. To her surprise,

the compensation that Axel mentioned was a game of Jenga!

"We'll remove one block each in turns. Whoever loses has to down three shots as a penalty. Are you up for the challenge, Ms. Altman?"

With one hand supporting his chin, Axel gently placed the last block of wood on the top of the block tower.

At the same time, the bartender had brought three bottles of the best xo cognac to them.

Amber stared blankly at Axel. With the appearance of a game segment, her original plan had

undoubtedly been messed up.

"Oh, I forgot that spirits are not good for women's health. Let's make it three shots for me but one for you."

Axel's eyes were as attractive and deep as the ocean. "Are you up for the challenge, Ms. Altman?"

"Let's do it."

Amber took a deep breath. She stretched her fingers as she said, "I won't go back on my words."

The game began.

Ever since he was young, Axel was quick-witted. Out of all the children in the Taylor family, he was the one who was the most skilled at all sorts of games. And the game that he often played with Alyssa as a kid was Jenga.

While serving at the Secret Intelligence Service overseas, he used to sit in the corner alone whenever he was free or bored. He would find comfort in playing Alyssa's favorite games when they were young.

It was also his way of thinking of her.

Amber lost in the first few rounds. In the blink of an eye, she had downed four shots of cognac.

The bitter alcohol flowed down her throat, giving her a burning sensation all the way to her heart. It was like her insides had been ignited by a fireball.

Beads of sweat began to form on Amber's forehead. She felt as if her stomach was twisting in pain.

All these years, she had been helping Jameson to seize power and carve a name for himself in his

career. She had sacrificed everything for him. All she had left now was her worthless life.

All year round, she used her charms to ingratiate herself and give sexual favors.

She even had multiple

experiences of ending up in the hospital due to alcohol intoxication after escorting others.

She might look like a glamorous woman externally, but in reality, she was deeply damaged.

"You've lost again. Ms. Altman," Axel declared. He waved his glass, which had been empty all along, at her. He had a sassy look in his beautiful eyes.

Amber clenched her teeth through her pain and filled her glass with alcohol. Just as she was about to lift her glass, Axel leaned in her direction. He covered the top of her glass

with his hand and said, "Forget it if you can't drink anymore. It's just a game. I'll take this one for you."

"There's no need. A bet is a bet. I'm not such a bad sport."

To his surprise, Amber didn't consider his offer at all. She pulled her glass away from him, threw her

head back, and drank every single drop from her glass.

Axel's pupils constricted, and the corner of his lips curled up slightly.

Amber's persistent look reminded him very much of Alyssa.

In the next three rounds, Axel lost to her on purpose.

Once recognized for his legendary capacity to hold alcohol, he now found his vision blurring. He

seemed a bit tipsy, likely attributed to his current sour mood.

"Yay! I've won! I've won again!" Amber raised both her hands excitedly. Her red face was filled with a simple and youthful joy.

Axel fixed his eyes on Amber, who was in front of him. He felt like his entire world had become silent.

In the blurriness, it was as if he was looking at a young Alyssa who had just won a game against him

after much effort and then running around the house in her triumph. She remained unaware that he

was the one responsible for throwing the game.

Alyssa...

If only she could stay forever young...

If only time could freeze during the most uncomplicated and carefree moments of her life...

If only she could remain under the protective wing of her brothers indefinitely...
Then, things wouldn't
have ended up like how it was now. She wouldn't have experienced the viciousness
of human nature
and suffered through the pain of love.

Chapter 1256

"It's your turn, mister..." Amber's heart skipped a beat. She was startled by Axel
looking teary-eyed. His
gaze was one filled with grief. His eyes looked dim, like an almost burnt-out
shooting star.

"You've won. Good for you..."

Axel smiled with his eyes as he gently pinched the top of his glass with his fingers,
clinking it against

hers. He continued, "I really hope that you can keep winning."

Upon saying that, he finished the cognac in his glass. A trickle of the liquid spilled
from his mouth,

tracing the curve of his lip and descending along his impeccably sculpted jawline.

Amber's eyes turned red. She felt like a buoy in the middle of the sea, floating
beyond her control.

She had never heard words like that said to her before, others always required,
dictated or commanded

her to do things. No one had ever uttered a hopeful sentiment to her, wishing for
her triumph or a future

free from darkness. And that she could also have...

All of a sudden, her mind went blank. She couldn't stop herself from wrapping her
arms around Axel's

broad shoulders and kissing him on the lips.

Axel held his breath, then lowered his gaze. He placed his hand on the back of her
head. Amidst

stroking her head, he quietly pulled the silver hair stick out of her hair.

The subordinate, who had been waiting for Amber to be done, waited until it was
almost sunrise. When

Amber still hadn't come back out, he decided to go in to search for her. After going around the place a few times, including the washrooms, he realized the Amber had vanished! Her cell phone had also been switched off! Half an hour later, Carl arrived, panting heavily. He had come with more men. Once he saw the subordinate, he kicked and reprimanded him, "How could a full-grown adult vanish just like that? What the fuck were you doing? Even a dog would be more useful than you!"

Tm... I'm sorry! I wanted to follow her initially, but Ms. Altman said she wanted to handle that man by herself. So, I could only wait for her outside. I really have no idea what happened inside!" he explained as he trembled in fear.

"Ms. Altman is very important to Mr. Schmidt. If anything were to happen to her, you would be the first one we feed to the sharks!"

Carl paced frantically like a cat on a hot tin roof. Axel was a top special agent! Amber was petite and only had her good looks. She was basically walking straight to her death!

"No. We must report this to Mr. Schmidt. Otherwise, Ms. Altman might be in grave danger!"

After the Schmidts left, Sean insisted on staying at Heightsnew Villa to accompany Tatiana. He couldn't care less about his bodily injuries.

At this point, Winston didn't have anything else to say. With a gloomy expression on his face, he simply returned to his room and locked himself in there. He wouldn't even allow Neil to approach him.

When the next afternoon came, Winston was still unwilling to come out of his room. Inevitably, everyone else began to worry about him.

"Mr. Taylor needs some time to himself."

Neil let out a despondent sigh. "On the surface, Mr. Taylor may seem unaffected, but I know the issue with Ms. Tatiana has affected him quite a bit.

"That said, it is still a blessing in disguise. I suppose, Mr. Taylor would no longer oppose the relationship between her and Mr. Sean."

"That's great... That's really great." Alyssa's eyes filled with happy tears. In a shaky voice, she said to

Neil, "Mr. Benton, if you get a chance, please help persuade Winston over the next couple of days.

"I hope you can help put in a good word or two for Sean. If it's coming from you... I'm sure that Winston will at least listen to you a little."

"I will try my best."

After Neil left, the look in Alyssa's eyes turned cold. She said to Jonah, who was by her side, "Following this, I'm sure that Victor and Josh will try to get David out by any means. We need to take precautions and stop them from doing so."

"Don't worry. I will make the necessary arrangements."

Jonah tightened his fists. "Even over these few days when he is at the detention center, I will ensure that he suffers throughout his stay."

"And Daisy, too."

Alyssa's gaze was wintry. She continued, "She beat Sean up and even put the blade in David's hand. It

is completely unjustifiable if she doesn't suffer the consequences that she should get! If so, I might as well take matters into my own hands."

Jonah held her by her shoulder and responded in a warm voice, "Don't worry. You can leave it to me.

You can go ahead and dictate her end, and I will be the one to realize it."

Then, Silas barged in while shouting, "Jonah! That bastard must be out of his mind!"

In the next moment, he stopped right in his tracks. He hadn't expected to see Alyssa, and he immediately shut his mouth. However, it was already too late.

"What do you mean, Silas?"

Alyssa dashed to the front of Silas and stared at him. "What happened to Jasper? Tell me, what happened?"

"He... He... He has been waiting at our door since last night till now!"

Chapter 1257

Jasper was still waiting outside?

Jonah was also astonished to hear that.

Last night, it had continued to rain heavily for the better half of the night. The rain stopped, then started again this morning. An upcoming typhoon was also forecasted tonight.

Jasper was just standing there without a drop of water to drink or a bite to eat. Was that how he wanted to die?

"Jasper has been outside all along? Since last night? What do you mean?"

Alyssa's captivating eyes were as wide as they could be. She grabbed Silas' shoulders tightly and shook him with all her might.

"Spill! What in the world is going on? You have all seen Jasper, haven't you? Have you all been hiding it from me alone?"

"Stop! Stop shaking me, Lyse! You're making me feel sick!" Silas felt like his entire world was spinning, and he couldn't focus his eyes.

"Lyse! Calm down!"

Jonah hurried forward and grabbed a hold of her wrists. He pulled her into his arms. "It's Jasper's own choice, whatever he chooses to do. If he wishes to stand there, so be it.

"He won't be able to stand there forever. He will have to leave, sooner or later." One could say that he uttered those words with a double meaning.

"Even if he ends up standing there forever and turns into a rock, it is also simply what he deserves! Upon being reminded of the hardships Alyssa had endured in the past, Silas was consumed by anger.

"He is merely trying to torture himself to earn your pity. He is just dreaming of being a one-trick pony! He's delusional if he thinks that he can make the US forgive him just like that! No way! I will not forgive him even if he gets struck down by lightning outside!"

"This matter is between me and him! What does it have to do with all of you?" Alyssa was enraged. Her eyes turned red, and she struggled to free herself from Jonah's arms. "Did you all see him yesterday?

Did Winston meet with him, too? Did you all gang up against him?"

"Settle down. Lyse..." Jonah enveloped Alyssa around her waist as he patted her on the back, which was trembling.

"What are you saying, Lyse? Did we gang up against him? We were just outraged by the injustice you went through. We were only trying to avenge you!"

"I don't need you to do that!"

Alyssa's bloodshot eyes widened with anger. Her breathing had quickened and became unsteady.

"Why do you all have to be such busybodies? Do you think that what you did was for my own good? You were all just oppressing Jasper as a way to relieve your own guilt!"

Jonah and Silas felt like they had been stabbed right in the heart!

While Jonah was distracted, Alyssa seized the opportunity to escape his embrace.

She then ran toward the entrance to Heightsnew Villa.

Alyssa flung her sandals aside as they were getting in her way. She'd rather run barefooted along the lengthy yet splendid corridor.

She still hadn't seen the man she loved.

But her heart was already beating out of her burning hot chest. This mansion, which was more like a cage, didn't matter to her anymore. Her sole focus was racing toward Jasper.

Suddenly, Alyssa froze.

Not far away, Liam was watching her with his eyes ablaze. He was standing his ground, just like an ice mountain that could not be scaled.

Even though he was on his own, the air around him was fierce. He was unstoppable.

"Are you on your way to see him, Lyse?"

"Liam, get out of my way." Alyssa was panting. Beads of sweat covered her fair and smooth-skinned face.

Liam furrowed his brows slightly and shook his head. "You have been the dumb one for three years. Is that still not enough?"

Wake up. He's not worth your time."

"If he's not worth it... Then who is?"

Alyssa's chest heaved up and down. Tears welled up in her eyes from her heartache. "When I was 11, he saved my life! When we faced off against the terrorists at the battlefield in Luminara, we fought together, and he protected me with his life!

"Last year, when I was trapped on Crater Mountain due to the landslide, and Kontina, Shelland Island... He diverted the shooters' attention so that Jonah could get away. He also took the bullets for me!

"Tell me, Liam... If he isn't worth it, then who the hell is?"

"I understand. Lyse. When you were 11, Jasper was the one who saved you. Because of that, you had always worshiped him.

You're seeing him through rose-tinted glasses.

"He's an angel to you, and you have unmet desires. These caused you to be unable to accept anyone else. I can see where you are coming from.

Liam closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. When he opened his eyes again, the look in his eyes had become resolute.

He continued, "But, that year, he hadn't saved you because of who you are. It also wasn't because he loved you. It was only a coincidence and nothing more."

"Liam! How... How could you say that?" Alyssa's voice cracked. She was anxious and infuriated.

"After that, everything he did was only to redeem himself and to make it up to you. And during those three years, you have shed so much sweat and tears for him. You have repaid all of his kindness a long time ago."

Chapter 1258

"There is no longer any need for you and Jasper to remain entangled with one another. He is not your benefactor. The more you insist, the more hurt you will get. You are just self-sabotaging."

"Liam, listen to yourself! How could you say something like that?"

Alyssa's heart wrenched, and her eyes were bloodshot. "Back then, my miscarriage was an accident! I didn't even know I was pregnant. So how could he have possibly known?"

"It was my own choice to keep my miscarriage a secret. It had nothing to do with Jasper! How many times do I have to repeat myself?"

That being said, Liam's expression remained unchanged. He was still as frigid as before.

"You are still young, Lyse. There are plenty of other men out there who are better than Jasper. They can give you whatever Jasper had given you. Even if they can't, we can."

"He is the only one for me! I'm warning you again, Liam, don't stand in my way. Don't make me hate you!"

Alyssa was like an agitated lioness. She gritted her teeth and was about to force her way past Liam. But her slender arms and legs were no match for her brother, who had military experience!

Liam's eyes turned dim. His tall frame remained steadfast in front of her. He extended his arms to block her way. He then wrapped his arms around her waist.

She felt his grip tighten forcefully. Alyssa was then pulled into Liam's embrace. In the next moment, Alyssa was swept off her feet and up in the air. The world around her spun.

Liam had picked her up and put her over his shoulder with much ease. Without any change in his expression, he straightened his back and hooked his muscular arm around her thigh.

No matter how she tried to hit him or scream at him, he continued striding forward. "Liam Whitaker! Put me down now! Do you want to die?" Alyssa screamed. She hammered her fists on his back, which, to Liam, simply felt like scratching an itch.

"Be good, Lyse," Liam said as he briskly walked.

In a warm and low voice, he uttered, "I'm doing this for your own good."

By the time Amber awoke, it was already in the afternoon.

Groggily, she crawled out of her blanket. She massaged her temples, which felt sore and swollen. Her stomach was still churning and hurting.

"Hmm... Where am I?"

Amber was stunned. All her drowsiness vanished instantly.

Surveying her surroundings, she discerned that she occupied a lavish presidential suite. If she wasn't mistaken, it belonged to one of the hotels affiliated with the Beckett Group.

"Oh, shit! Axel!"

Amber turned the blanket over with shaky hands, then realized that the black dress that she had on her was still intact.

It appeared that Axel hadn't done anything to her.

Her last memory of last night was like a frozen frame from a movie. It was paused at that moment when they shared that passionate kiss, which she couldn't pull herself away from.

The pace of Amber's breathing quickened. She put her hands on her chest, which was rising and falling rapidly. She was utterly perplexed.

At the same time, there was no sign of that extremely handsome man in this spacious room.

"Axel... What sort of man are you, really..."

Lost in her thoughts, she was startled by a knock at the door. She got out of bed slowly to open the door, all while resisting her gastric pains.

It was a hotel staff that was standing outside the door. He handed a box of medication with a smile on his face.

"Good day, miss. Mr. Whitaker asked me to bring you some gastric medication. He also asked me to pass a message."

Amber accepted the medication and held it tight. "What is it?"

"Take it twice a day, two pills each time. And make sure you have proper meals."

Upon delivering the message, the staff member nodded and left.

Amber was dumbfounded and couldn't move. She replayed those words in her head. She gulped back her tears, and quietly, her eyes turned red.

When was the last time anyone had cared for her?

She could no longer remember when that was.

She was akin to Jameson's trophy, relying on his presence by her side. With ample funds at her disposal and an abundance of clothing, her sole responsibility was to serve Jameson with her own appearance.

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Yet, for Amber, all those garments served only to gratify Jameson's visual desires and subsequently shed for the pleasure of other men.

Was there anyone who really cared or worried for her? Was there?

That said, there was no turning back for her. She no longer had any right to choose. She and Axel were destined to be enemies. They were also fated to be people from two different worlds.

Amber took a deep breath, then wiped away the tear from the corner of her eye.

Just as she was about to shut the door, a hand suddenly appeared and held onto the side of the door. Through the gap, she noticed a pair of dark and familiar eyes!

"Carl?" Amber felt her chest tighten. She immediately hid the gastric medication behind her back.

"You are still alive, Ms. Altman. Thank heavens!"

Carl forced the door open and stormed into the room, slamming Amber to the wall in the process.

Following behind him were two other subordinates. They entered the room and pulled out their guns silently. The crafty looks on their faces were like those of the special agents in spy movies.

Amber spoke up coldly, "Axel is not here. He's gone."
"He's gone? You didn't kill him?"

Carl looked shocked. "What were you two doing last night then? Hooking up?"

Amber's head was heavy and painful. She held her head as she tried to catch her breath. "I'm not sure..."

I had too much to drink. I can barely remember what happened afterward."

"You even had drinks with him? Do you know who he is?"

In his rage, the look in Carl's eyes turned dark.

He chided, "Ms. Altman, all these years, you have always been cautious whenever you carry out tasks for Mr. Schmidt. You

hardly ever make any mistakes. What happened this time? This is so unlike you!"

"What are you trying to say? Are you suspicious of me right now? If there were something between me and him, I wouldn't have come to him alone last night. I was even wearing..."

Amber weaved her fingers through her dark hair. Her heart stopped.

The hair stick... Her hair stick!

She rushed back into the bedroom. Even after turning over the mattress, the couch, and the drawers, there was no sign of her silver hair stick at all!

Obviously, Carl didn't have a clue about what was going on with her. He simply went on, "I'm not suspecting you. It's just that Mr.

Schmidt has already learned about how you and Axel went missing last night! Did you think that I had the capability to find you?

It was Mr. Schmidt who had a lead!"

Jameson's vicious gaze flashed across Amber's mind. Her heart sank.

"You were not able to kill Axel. That aside, you had even spent the entire night with him? What do you have to say about that?"

"You said that you blacked out from drinking last night and that nothing happened between you two. How could you be so sure?"

Carl let out an anxious sigh. He said, "You'd better have a good think about how you're going to explain yourself to Mr. Schmidt when we get back!"

"There's nothing to explain."

Amber blinked. She crushed the medicine box and said, "I have been by Mr. Schmidt's side for so many years. He should very well know what kind of a person I am. There's nothing I can do if he doesn't believe me."

Amber and Carl left the hotel discreetly.

Right after their car exited the parking lot. Axel came out of hiding.

He had just installed a GPS tracking device at the bottom of that car just now. At that moment, his phone screen was showing a clear indicator of their current location.

Axel followed them through some windy roads and ended up at the foot of Domere Mountain.

It was a quiet and peaceful forest. Little did he expect that there would be a majestic-looking clubhouse hidden deep in there!

Amber and Carl got out of the car. They entered the passcode at the door, and it opened. Then, they walked in.

The sun had set, and there was no one else around.

Axel stood in the forest with a glum look on his face.

He unfurled his fingers, revealing a delicate, silver hair stick in his palm. Under the moonlight, he fumbled with the tip of the hair stick.

There was a click, and the part with the ruby opened. In it, very much to his astonishment, was a deadly poison—chloride!

Axel scoffed. "That sneaky little thing. How dare she play tricks?"

Axel squinted. He had a fearlessly cunning look in his eyes. He curled his lips into an amused smile and said, "Oh, missy. Our meeting was the beginning of your tragedy."

It had been 24 hours since Jasper started standing outside Heightsnew Villa.

He was just such a stubborn person. He couldn't rest in peace until he saw his lover and got his answers.

Last night, Jasper witnessed the Schmidts' arrival. He presumed that they were there to find fault in the matter regarding David.

He concealed himself in a corner and observed them. It wasn't because he was afraid. It was because he didn't wish to create trouble.

He would bring trouble to Winston if he aggravated Victor by giving him the impression that he was in cahoots with the Taylor family.

Jasper didn't mind cleaning up the mess after the Taylors. However, exposing himself now just wasn't the smartest thing to do.

The sky was dark, and the wind was howling like mad.

The wind blew against his body. The weight of the wind almost felt like the beating that he had taken the previous night.

Jasper's eyes were dim and deep. Dark stubble had begun to emerge on his sharp jaw, accentuating his gruffness and the dire situation. It was as if he had returned to the time when he was in the military.

Then, his cell phone, which he left charging in the sports car, rang.

The ringing phone snapped him out of his painful thoughts temporarily.

Jasper opened the car door and picked up his phone. It was Xavier calling. "What's up, Xavier?" Jasper answered the call in an extraordinarily hoarse tone. He sounded like he had been completely drained of energy.

"Mr. Beckett! You've finally answered the phone!"

Xavier was so anxious that he was about to cry. "Mr. Beckett Senior wasn't feeling very well. He was just sent to the hospital! You should come back and visit him!"

Jasper's chest stiffened. His cold sweat drenched his already damp suit once again.

Alyssa's brothers gathered in the cellar at Heightsnew Villa.

In the past, they always had a good time there. Yet now, with frowns on all of their faces, they were drowning their sorrows with alcohol.

Liam, in particular, was drinking glass after glass of booze like it was water. Silas felt like his stomach was about to burn just by watching him from the side.

"Stop drinking, Liam. It's not good for you," Jonah advised as he snatched Liam's glass from him.

"That's right. You haven't even gotten married. Too much alcohol is harmful to your liver," Silas added.

In his rage, Liam clenched his fist tightly and slammed it on the table.

"You shouldn't have treated Lyse like that earlier today. You were too harsh."

Jonah gave Liam a pat on his shoulder. He sighed lightly, "You should know what kind of person Lyse is. She hates it when people force their opinions on her.

"The more you stop her by force, the more she will resist. You also love her very much. I'm sure that you wouldn't want her to hate you."

"That's right. Since we were young, you both have never fought with one another. You've gone over the limit this time." Silas, too, had a face full of concern.

"What do you reckon I should have done then? I can't allow Lyse to continue getting involved with that bastard!"

Liam rubbed his face with both his hands. Feelings of dejectedness permeated through his croaky voice.

"How I wish that I could be the one who was hurt instead of Lyse. Even if I had to suffer thousands of cuts, I wouldn't so much as flinch.

"I can't bear to see her go through so much suffering, too. A miscarriage... It's a miscarriage that we're talking about!

"She could have had children. She could have reveled in the joy of being a mother, just like other women! But now..."

They fell silent at the thought of their nephew, who hadn't had a chance of entering this world. Their hearts ached.

"It was all because of Jasper! It was all his fault!" Liam cried out. Even as a righteous soldier, his eyes flooded with tears.

"Moving forward, let's not bring this up in front of Lyse again."

Jonah swallowed his saliva painfully. He pulled a piece of tissue for Liam and continued, "It's not a bad thing if she can't have children. Pregnancy is difficult, and so is raising a child. Having a child is having an extra person to care about.

"Let's let Lyse enjoy a carefree life in the future, just like a child. She will get better with us safeguarding her."

All of a sudden, the cellar door swung open.

"Gentlemen! I've got bad news!"

Neil was panting. Frantically, he shouted, "Ms. Alyssa... Ms. Alyssa has run away!"

The three Taylor brothers shot up to their feet. Their eyes widened in shock. "She ran away? How can that be?"

"She ran away! She really did! She jumped out of the window and escaped!"

Everyone rushed to Alyssa's room.

Her window was wide open. The curtains flapped about because of the howling wind and rain outside the window.