

N Destiny 2151

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“W-What do you want? 1-1 can give you a anything. Just don’t kill me, the captain spoke somewhat inarticulately. Assuming Jasper could not understand, he repeated his sentence.

Jasper’s lips curled faintly while revealing a murderous intent, and with a gunshot, the last member of the pirate ship fell to the ground. Then, his gaze turned toward the island. The fierce killing intent in his eyes suddenly dissipated and was replaced by a hint of anxiety and panic because he had been delayed here for too long, and a certain someone might be worried about him.

He had to return to her side as soon as possible. Thus, he jumped onto a small speedboat nearby, started it, and headed toward the island.

On the island, Willow could not relax or focus on anything without news about Jasper. She had been pacing back and forth for quite a while, and Ricky had ordered his men to search the surroundings to comfort her. However, his gaze kept scanning the dark sea in hopes that Jasper would return soon. Their miss was getting anxious because of him.

“Miss Presgrave, have some water.” Johanna handed her a bottle of water. Willow shook her head. “I’m not thirsty.”

“Don’t worry, Miss Presgrave. We all know how capable Mr. Wyatt is. Whatever he does, he will come back safely.” Johanna tried to reassure her.

Willow’s palms were clenched so tightly that they turned pallid. She looked at Johanna and asked for reassurance. “Will he be okay?” Her eyes reddened as if she was on the verge of tears.

“Yes, he'll be fine.” Johanna hurriedly assured her. It was the first time she had seen Willow on the verge of crying, and she felt distressed. She had protected Willow for nearly ten years and shared a deep bond with her. Willow sighed. “Only if he stands safely before me will | rest assured.”

At that moment, Ricky heard the sound of a yacht approaching from the sea and immediately took the binoculars to search the ocean. Finally, he locked onto a figure that made him breathe a sigh of relief. He strode quickly to Willow and reported, “Miss Presgrave, Mr. Wyatt is back.”

"Where? Where is he?" She looked behind him, and Ricky handed her the binoculars while pointing toward the sea. "Over there."

Willow was taken aback and quickly took the binoculars to look at the sea. Under the moonlight, she saw a yacht approaching, and the man sitting on it could only be Jasper. A smile of joy finally appeared in her eyes as she looked at the approaching figure and questioned, "Why is he returning from the ocean? Where did he go?"

Ricky dared not voice it. If he told Willow that Jasper had gone to the pirate ship alone, she would certainly be furious. I'll leave that to Mr. Wyatt!

Of course, she was not in a hurry to hear the answer. She put the binoculars back into Ricky's hands and ran toward the beach, with Johanna quickly following behind.

Jasper also saw her standing there. His speedboat rushed ashore, and he was drenched all over after stepping off it. Water droplets from his wet black hair ran down his narrow eyebrows and eyes. Despite looking somewhat bedraggled, he exuded an untamed wildness and dominance.

Willow wanted to hug him, but he pushed her away with his wet arms. "I'm drenched. Don't get you're getting wet." So she could not help but question him, "Where did you go? Why did you disappear without a word? Do you know how worried I was?"

That interrogation made the others around them leave tactfully. It was best to stay away from the scene where this couple argued. He found it difficult to explain and looked somewhat helpless, like a child who had done something wrong. "Why did you come back from the sea? Did you fall?" She made a guess.

"Yes. I was chasing a pirate and accidentally fell into the sea," he immediately replied while going along with her. He wondered if telling her his hands had just been stained with more than a dozen lives would terrify her.

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Although those pirates were criminals from various countries, irredeemable and deserving of death, he still dared not tell the truth. "Really? Are you injured? Let me see." Willow approached him again.

"No!" Jasper took a step back as he was afraid of getting her dirty. "What are you doing? Don't hide from me. Come with me to the ship and take a shower," she commanded as she grabbed his arm and pulled him to the ship.

He had no choice but to let her lead him, and the people standing nearby sighed with admiration. Even the formidable Jasper could not withstand Willow's anger.

In the room, he went to shower while she sat on the couch and finally calmed down; her worry earlier was genuine. After he finished showering, he opened the bathroom door. He had forgotten to bring clean clothes with him as he was influenced by her emotions, so he had to come out wrapped in a bath towel.

With his body still emitting heat, he tied the towel around his waist, and his well-defined abs and perfect physique were fully outlined under the light. It exuded a charming allure.

Willow blinked while directly admiring the scene before her. She suddenly felt a bit dry in her mouth and tongue-tied. However, there was one thing she needed to do, and that was to examine if he had any new injuries. So, she stood up and walked toward him. His breathing became slightly rapid, and he told her, "Why don't you wait outside?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Why? Can't I take a look?" "There's nothing worth seeing." His gaze swept around the room as he looked for his clothes. No matter how good his physique was, he felt a lack of confidence after being stared at by this girl, growing insecure.

"I'm just checking to see if you're injured," Willow said while her eyes focused on the upper half of his body. She found no injuries but noticed a water droplet falling from his hair. It rolled down his chest and reached his waist before disappearing into his sexy Adonis belt and being absorbed by the towel.

That scene was incredibly impactful. His muscles seemed to be sculpted and looked exceptionally attractive. She even sensed the hormone-laden air, and her face finally turned red as a wave of shyness rushed over her.

“You... Put on some clothes!” Willow turned around as her heartbeat accelerated and quickly left the room. She went to the refrigerator in the hall and took out a bottle of cold water before drinking it. I'm so thirsty. Why am/thirsty?

After a while, Jasper emerged from the room upon dressing himself. He wore a casual black T-shirt with black pants, radiating a clean and refreshing young man vibe. She handed the water to him. “Are you thirsty? Drink some.”

Under the light, he noticed her eyes were red as though she had cried. Did she cry? He wondered while drinking the water. “Let me know where you're going next time, or leave a message. Don't make me worry, okay?” Willow requested earnestly.

Jasper nodded and promised. “Okay!” She smiled, and her pink cheeks appeared rosy and charming while her clear, watery eyes filled with joy under the light.

He felt a tightness in his abdomen as a strong electric current surged in his chest. Flustered, he lowered his gaze, not daring to reveal this burning sentiment. Truth be told, he was overwhelmed facing the girl's bright and unwavering affection.

Perhaps he had never borne such a radiant light in his heart since childhood. At that moment ca[®] 1*1

member came up the ship, informing, “We're out of water downstairs, and I'm here to get some more.”

“I'll help,” Jasper said as he turned to Willow. ‘Let's g9.

He and the team member each carried a box of water bottles and went downstairs, where sh {allowed them. The night Been dreadful, with so many incidents unfolding, and the whole team had experienced different shocks. Therefore, everyone had gone into their tents to call it a day.

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Willow was still chatting with Winston about the next direction of their research, and her gaze glanced in Jasper's way several times. He was talking with Ricky and occasionally caught glimpses of her. In just a glance, their hearts were filled with each other on this slightly chilly night.

Winston was also planning to nap for a while, and a sly look flashed in Willow's eyes. She deliberately stood there to feel the cold breeze and did not return to the tent. As expected, after a while, she saw Jasper finish his conversation with Ricky and walk toward her. "Why aren't you sleeping?" His caring voice came.

"I'm scared and can't sleep alone." She hugged her arms and looked up at the deep night sky. "You can have Johanna accompany you for a while," he suggested. She turned to look at him. "But I want you."

He sighed slightly. "All right. Sure. Let's go!" Her lips could not help but curl up in satisfaction. It seemed she could coax him to sleep after all. I'm energized, but let's do this! In reality, she felt sorry for him, as he had not slept well for several days. So, she deliberately invited him to get some rest.

After entering the tent, Willow obediently lay down and told him, "Close your eyes. Don't think about anything, and just sleep Jasper obediently shut his eyes, and so did she. They waited as seconds ticked...

Half an hour passed, and even though she was about to fall asleep, she resisted the drowsiness and opened her eyes to sneak a peek at him. She could not help but get closer to him to check if he was asleep while propping herself up on her elbow as she looked at him under the faint moonlight.

I think he's down. She smiled and felt satisfied. She then lay back down and rested her head on her arm while admiring the handsome profile of the man. Her eyelids grew heavier, and finally, she fell asleep.

Moments after that, the man's thick long lashes lifted, and he turned his head. His bright and charming eyes locked onto the peaceful sleeping face of the girl, and he let out a faint sigh of relief.

In the end, who was coaxing whom to sleep? As it turned out, it was Jasper who was coaxing her to sleep. The way Willow slept, like a child without any defense, captivated him. His gaze could not help but fall on her slightly parted lips as if some magical force was pulling his nerves.

When he finally came to his senses, he realized he had somehow gotten closer to her face. He forcibly suppressed all thoughts, gently pulled back the curtain, and left.

That night, Willow slept soundly and sweetly, as her heart was free from worries and distractions. She slept until the sun was up, and when she opened her eyes, she found that Jasper was no longer by her side. Still drowsy, she came out and found that Winston and his group had already gone to the ship for a meeting.

“Miss Presgrave, come and have breakfast.” Johanna had prepared breakfast for her. Willow sat under the large tent and had her meal. Full of curiosity, she asked, “Where’s Jasper?”

“He went over there.” Willow ate half a piece of bread and got up to head there, after which Johanna could not help but sigh. Tyler would surely be heartbroken; Willow, carefully raised by him, was slipping away from him.

The girl walked quickly toward Jasper, squatting next to a rock, and did not know what he was looking at. She immediately slowed down her pace and sauntered quietly toward him. Jasper noticed but did not expose her. Even when she reached out to cover his eyes, he still played along and asked, “Who is it?”

“Guess!” A smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as he played along with her silent game. After she probed, she released her hand and jumped in front of him. “It’s me.”

Suddenly, his gaze turned to a pirate corpse floating on the sea surface:

He and his pupils also noticed his stern gaze behind her and asked, “What are you looking at?”

She was about to turn around to look, but the next moment, the man wrapped his arm around her waist while his other hand pressed the back of her head. He gently pulled her face toward his chest and assured her, “It’s nothing.”

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However, Willow found him peculiar, as his actions forbade her from turning back. Her curiosity was piqued even more, and she struggled in his embrace. The more he tried to prevent her from peeking, the more she wanted to see. Jasper firmly pressed down her head and said sternly, “Don’t look.”

She felt a bit aggrieved being held down like this with her face pressed against his chest. Subsequently, he carried her for more than three hundred feet before finally releasing her, and she had no choice but to stop looking.

When she returned to the campsite, she overheard a few team members talking about several corpses dressed in pirate costumes floating among the ocean. They had all been dragged ashore and disposed of by the bodyguards.

A few male team members looked uncomfortable, and they prevented the female team members from peeking. Now, Willow understood why Jasper had taken her away. forcefully.

In the evening, she sat among several female team members and listened to their gossip. Time passed unnoticed, and it was already late, so everyone huddled into the tent to sleep. Earlier on, Willow had listened to a few scary ghost stories, and her heart became chilly. She was unafraid when listening to the tales, but. now, she was scared.

She genuinely wished Jasper would come over and accompany her, but he did not after she waited for a long time. She lifted the curtain and saw Johanna, who was guarding her. Then, she requested, "Johanna, can you get Jasper for me?"

Johanna understood and smiled. "Sure, Miss Presgrave. I'll get him right away."

Jasper was in a meeting with Winston and the other leaders when Johanna went to get him. "Mr. Wyatt, Miss Presgrave is looking for you."

Jasper was a little surprised at first. Then, he walked quickly toward the tent where Willow was. He bent down and looked at the girl inside, gently asking, "What's wrong?"

"| just listened to a few scary ghost stories, and I'm a little scared. | don't think | can sleep alone." Willow was honest. He wanted to laugh, but he held back. After a moment of thought, he said, "I'll wash up first and come back."

"It's okay. | don't mind. Let's sleep!" said Willow. Still, Jasper went to bathe because he had helped move the bodies in the afternoon and needed to clean up before getting close to her. Give me twenty minutes," he said before leaving.

In the meantime, she played with her phone while waiting for him. Twenty minutes passed, and she was still wide awake. Finally, she heard footsteps outside the curtain. As the barrier lifted, Jasper's tall figure entered. He exuded the fragrance of the bath as it filled the small space. Following that, she immediately leaned against him and hugged his arm.

With the man beside her, she felt safe and soon began to feel drowsy. She closed her eyes contentedly and, in her half-asleep state, tossed and turned. When her leg came over, his large hand blocked it in time, resisting her leg from pressing against his sensitive part.

Jasper lowered his head, looked at the girl falling asleep, and gently retracted his arm. Then, he left the tent softly as if coaxing a child. Soon enough, Ricky came forward to report. "Mr. Wyatt, we just discovered a large yacht about ten nautical miles away. They sent a message claiming to be an archaeological team from Dansbury. Their captain's name is Jett Jefferson."

"Pfft! | bet they're cultural relic smugglers posing as an archaeological team from Dansbury. | didn't expect them to follow us here." Winston sneered. "Winston, do you know him?"

"| do. He's a notorious dealer who's been smuggling our country's cultural relics for years. We've always beefed with him, but | didn't expect him to find us."

"Our mission this time is a secret operation. How did he find us?" "Yes! How likely they know we had gains here?"

"Perhaps there's a traitor in our team," Ricky said in

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Winston thought for a moment and shook his head. "That's unlikely. | personally recruited these team members and knew their backgrounds well. They would never collaborate with cultural relic smugglers."

A hint of coldness flashed in Jasper's eyes. Whoever dared to play tricks in Willow's hands was asking for trouble. "Don't alert the traitor. I'll find out who it is." His gaze was sharp as he scanned Winston.

He happened to meet his gaze and was frightened, quickly assuring, "Mr. Wyatt, I am absolutely loyal to Miss Presgrave and would never betray her in any way." The moment Jasper's gaze swept over him, Winston felt as if a knife had flung by, fatal and fast.

Jasper withdrew his gaze and looked at Ricky. "Only the three of us will handle this matter. Don't reveal anything to anyone." "Understood." Ricky also wanted to identify the renegade and ensure the successful completion of Willow's mission.

Thereafter, Jasper went to the ship and brought down a black bag. He entered an empty tent and switched on his computer, then typed a few complex lines of code. His slender fingers, which were typing, were as elegant as playing the piano, yet he was a computer expert.

Suddenly, a complex image flashed on his screen, which resembled a satellite icon. After pondering, he enveloped the satellite signal over the entire island. At that moment, several team members who were playing with their phones lost their internet connection, instantly puzzling them. Why did the network go out?

Soon, a message with a new network name and a secret transmission was sent to the group. The others immediately reconnected. Jasper resembled a lurking beast as he stared at his computer. All the information the team members saw became public information in his eyes. He closed the computer and his eyes to rest, as he needed to deal with even more complex situations next.

In the early morning, when all the team members woke up, they saw another ship of the same size parked next to theirs. A group, dressed professionally, descended from their vessel and claimed to be an archaeological team from Dansbury.

When Willow saw the man leading them, her face turned angry in an instant. She had dealt with him before, as his ancestors were also from Zoravia. That man would resort to anything for profit and was a disgusting smuggler! "What are you doing here, Jett Jefferson?" she questioned coldly.

"Miss Presgrave, this is the high seas. If you're here, why can't I? Your family has great influence, but you can't control the boundaries of the high seas, can you?" "I discovered this place first, and I don't welcome you here," she said while driving them away.

"I am a legal archaeological team and have the right to be here. Moreover, I have the liberty to compete fairly with you for all the resources here," he argued.

Willow was so angry that she gritted her teeth but could not do anything. The area did not belong to any country's jurisdiction, and anyone was allowed to explore it. At the same time, it was governed by international law. If a conflict occurred here, international law could intervene.

"Miss Presgrave, I paid a great price to come here. Let's do our own thing and not interfere with each other, alright?" Jett spoke arrogantly, showing a cunning look in his eyes.

"How did you come here?" she questioned. The map was in her hands, and the mission was highly confidential.

"I'm sorry. I can't disclose that, but I'm immensely interested in this area as of this second. I've offended your he said while waving to his subordinates. "Let's camp two miles away and continue our work."

Fury engulfed the woman, and she clenched her fists. At that moment, she was utterly ace) If she found those artifacts first, she would have the right to claim them as private property. Then, she would have to spend an insane amount of money and effort to reclaim them if she wanted to retrieve those artifacts.

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Therefore, Willow could not let him steal the achievement this time. She had to retrieve the donated artifacts for her country. Jasper's gaze was glued on her, and he witnessed her flushed face and heaving chest. He felt sorry for her, so he walked over and gently patted her. "I won't let them take away what's yours."

She sighed when she saw him and announced to Winston and all the team members, "From now on, we must be on high alert and find the artifacts before these people do. We need to act fast."

"Yes, Miss Presgrave." Everyone was tense and dared not relax because their competitors were right before them. Meanwhile, Morgan hid among the crowd, his eyes flickering with panic and guilt. He knew

he could not expose himself; otherwise, he would end up in jail. At the same time, he believed since Jett had already arrived, he would not use him anymore since they already possessed all the information they needed.

However, his phone vibrated in his clothes, and he could not help but feel nervous. The only person who would contact him here was Jett. After the dispersal, Morgan immediately returned to his tent to check the message on his phone. As expected, it was from him.

Morgan, let's cooperate well from now on. | hope to find the artifacts soon. | promise you will be rewarded handsomely for your efforts! Morgan quickly replied, 'I've already found what you asked. Please don't contact me again. | don't want to get into trouble.'

"You're already in one. If you don't cooperate with my next move, you'll be in greater trouble." At that moment, Jasper took out his phone, looked at the message on it, and with a surge of anger in his eyes, he strode toward Morgan's tent and shouted, "Come out, Morgan."

He was so frightened that he quickly hid his phone and pretended to be surprised. Then, he stuck his head out and inquired, "Commissioner Wyatt, do you need anything?"

Jasper reached out and pulled him out from inside before kicking him to the ground. The poor dude almost spat out blood as he cried in fear, "Commissioner Wyatt, what are you doing?" "So, it was you who leaked our whereabouts and information to that scoundrel."

In the meantime, Willow was frustrated and returned to the ship to rest. However, as soon as she sat down, she heard a female team member shouting outside, "Miss Presgrave, something's wrong. Commissioner Wyatt and Morgan are fighting."

At that, she quickly got off the ship and saw a crowd of people circling a pair, where one was fighting while the other was howling. As soon as she arrived, everyone made way for her. She saw Jasper standing to the side while Morgan had already been beaten to the ground with his ruby mouth.

Then, Winston's voice sounded. "Morgan, you're such a fool. How could you leak information to those filthy smugglers and give them all our important data? You're breaking the law and will end up in jail."

"I'm sorry. They forced and threatened me. I had no choice." Morgan immediately pleaded. However, a cold snort resounded. "You were clearly bought off by their interests."

"I wasn't... I swear," Morgan retorted. Jasper handed his phone to Willow and said, "These are the complete chat records between him and Jett. Such a person doesn't deserve to stay on your team."

She took his phone and read the chat records, turning angry the next second. "Morgan, you told Jett all our clues. Do you know what that means? It means our country's artifacts will be sold to outsiders! You have betrayed the nation!"

"Morgan, get the hell away from us. You can look forward to going to jail!" Winston was also outraged. Marden set on the ground in fear, finally tasting the consequences of his mistake. His future would be a lifetime in prison.

"Ricky, send someone to take him back. I'll have my family's lawyer come over. I'll never forgive those who betrayed me." Willow exuded a commanding presence. Despite her young age, she held her dignity with pride.

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"Yes, Miss Presgrave." Ricky nodded. "If anyone dares to betray me again, their fate will be the same as Morgan's. I called you here to assist me, and I won't treat you unfairly, but I won't tolerate any traitors or disloyal individuals." Willow's sharp gaze swept over all the team members.

The team members usually found Willow easy to get along with, but now, they knew she was not to be trifled with after seeing her expression.

Soon, Morgan was escorted onto a speedboat, with his hands and feet bound, and sent to a nearby country. Although they had caught Morgan, Willow's mood was still affected. She found it difficult to calm her emotions and walked alone toward a nearby path.

A figure silently followed her and he did not take his eyes off her. Willow stood in a spot as she looked at the distant scenery. She knew Jasper was following her, so she sighed and turned to look at him. I'm really worried.

Jasper couldn't comfort her for now, as no one could guarantee the artifacts' final destination until they found them. He reassured her, "You know I'll do everything in my power to help you wherever you need it, right?" She nodded and felt much more at ease with him by her side.

"Thank you for helping me unconditionally. Without you, we wouldn't have been so successful." Willow expressed her gratitude. Jasper's gaze softened as he looked at her and said, "You don't have to thank me. I'm willing to help you."

Suddenly, she thought of something and asked with a smile, "How can I repay you when I go back?" His gaze locked onto her for a few seconds before he shook his head. "I don't need your repayment."

Willow became anxious. "No. I must repay you." Whatever he asked for, she would repay him. Jasper's heart was filled with complexity and bitterness when he was faced with the sincerity in Willow's eyes. She was like a pure untouchable lily, and his identity was tainted with too much blood. He was not worthy of standing by her side..

His participation in this mission was merely wishful thinking since he was not seeking any rewards or repayment. "Let's talk about this after we complete this mission. Now is not the time to discuss this," he commented as he turned around to leave.

Willow became even more anxious behind him. "Why can't we talk about it now?" As she spoke, she walked quickly toward him, but in her hurry and the uneven rocky terrain, she tripped.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and her two fair and tender knees hit the ground, causing them to bleed. Jasper turned around and rushed to her side before lifting her into his arms. He looked at her two scraped knees, and his heart clenched with pain. Then, he scooped her into his arms.

Willow clung to his neck and looked at him with a pitiful expression. "You left before I finished speaking." At that point, Jasper blamed himself. He shouldn't have left like that. "Be more careful next time," he advised in a low and gentle voice.

Willow gazed at him, and deep down, she made a decision. Regardless of whether he wanted her to repay him or not, she would do it. It was her unilateral declaration.

Upon reaching the medical room, Johannal applied disinfectant to Willow's wounds and bandaged them. At the moment, Winston was studying the artifacts unearthed from the archaeological excavation. In addition to the ancient map, they had also found some useful information—a few notes hidden on a piece of bamboo slips.

This was valuable information not available to Jett. Winston was being especially careful this time and didn't share it in the group chat. Instead, he came to discuss it with Willow.

"Willow, see if you can find any clues. The notes say the Ole shidt on t o leptigont) Stayed until the last generation."

"If they lost their ship, the artifacts must still be on this island shep fh would harassed nee wirom génétation to generation and guarded."

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"This island covers an area of 18,000 square kilometers, and we can't do a carpet search as it would be highly resource-intensive." "It seems that the clues are still among these artifacts." Willow sighed.

"Jett has now brought in many experts from the archaeological field. If they find the artifacts before us, they will definitely act first." "Winston, we'll have to work hard and find the evidence as soon as possible!"

"I'm worried that the people here might still leak secrets. I'm afraid now," Winston said. At that, Jasper spoke up. "Don't worry. I have control over the network here, and they can't transmit information to the outside."

Winston's eyes filled with admiration after he heard this. "That's great! Mr. Wyatt, you're really amazing." "Send me all the evidence you've collected. If I have the time, I'll study it together with you," Jasper said.

“Okay. I'll send it to you right now. On second thought, I'll bring the originals over to you,” Winston commented before leaving. Tonight, Willow stayed in the room on the boat. Her legs were injured, and her bodyguards were nervously guarding the boat to make sure she rested and recovered.

Willow was lying on the bed and carefully looking at the originals that were sent over. They were all clear images of the artifacts and they were spread out on her bed. She looked like a studious student as she examined each one carefully.

Jasper saw her lying on the bed even before pushing the door open. To save time, she tied her long hair into two braids in front of her chest, giving her a cute and youthful appearance. “Jasper, come over and study this with me, hmm?” Willow called him over.

He bent down and saw her arranging the numbered documents. However, he found it difficult to focus on those boring images. Under the lamplight, her attractive face, fair and delicate skin, balanced features, and spirited eyes made it impossible to look away.

As he looked on, he closed his eyes as if he needed to make a great effort to divert his thoughts from her. Willow rubbed her eyes and yawned. She was actually very tired but still focused on studying. the artifacts. She looked at a simple painting, which was also a copy taken from a mural. It was a painting drawn in despair on the mural.

“Would you like to rest for a while?” Jasper tenderly asked. “I can't sleep. Whenever I think of Jett being here, I feel like there's a whip lashing at my back, forcing me to work hard.” Willow described her current feelings. He looked at her with distress. At that moment, a gust of wind blew in from outside, causing all the A4 papers in the room to fly around.

She reached out to save one but then noticed another one flying in the air. She reached out to grab it but missed. She had forgotten about her injured knees in the process.

“Ouch!” she exclaimed in pain, but her body was already leaning forward. Jasper acted swiftly. He scooped her up into his arms just in time, and gently rolled her onto the soft bed while pinning her down. Willow was frightened and closed her eyes instinctively.

Before she could open her eyes, she felt the man's heavy breath next to her ear. Despite it being a rescue action, it felt like it had taken a toll on the man's life..

The critical factor was not the rescue action, but the current situation of their bodies being in close contact. Willow opened her eyes, and the man's handsome face was only an inch away from her. His breath blew onto her face. It was ambiguous and filled with male hormones.

His warm woody scent made her breathing quicken involuntarily. In such a situation, instinct would forcefully take over if it were any other man. However, since this man was Jasper, it was a different story.

Her pretty face blushed and her somewhat restless hands instinctively wrapped around the man's waist. With a pair of doe-like eyes, she looked at him with eyes like a timid deer.

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The man pressing on her became heavier. He was breathing more heavily like a wild beast panting. Despite this, Willow decided to play with fire at this moment. She lifted her head and kissed Jasper's thin lips. His gaze became even more profound, and he reached for the woman's hand around his neck... His voice was hoarse as he said, "Let go."

She had no choice but to comply and let go, but the next moment, her wrists were pressed against her head by the man. The ambiguous atmosphere escalated.

Willow couldn't help but tremble. She felt as if she was being held tightly by a wild beast and was unsure of how to react. Finally, his lips met hers, but it was a gentle and tender kiss that intoxicated her.

One kiss seemed to last for several minutes. Willow's face turned as red as if she were on fire. Jasper also realized that he had overstepped and immediately sat up while offering a hasty apology. "I'm sorry."

After speaking, he pushed the door open and left. Willow sat on the bed. Her face was flushed, her mind was in chaos, and her lips were slightly swollen, but her heart, filled with sweetness. Her lips, still puckered, couldn't stop a sweet smile from forming. She touched her red lips with her hand. That kiss, both domineering and gentle, really made it hard for her to resist.

Willow was about to get out of bed when she realized something embarrassing. Her legs felt weak and her body was numb. Now, she was crouched on the ground with her face covered and she did not want to get up at that moment. Jasper's kiss was too charming.

As she pondered, a strange feeling of jealousy washed over her. She couldn't help but wonder if he had only kissed her before. The way he kissed her just now didn't feel like that of an inexperienced person. The thought of him possibly kissing other women made her heart tighten with unease.

Just then, Willow reached for a piece of paper that was blown to the ground. She didn't even know she had picked up the wrong one. Originally, it was a painting, but suddenly she had a different perception of it. The sea depicted in the painting now looked like the sky, while the golden cloud-like elements in the sky became treasures beneath the sea.

She stared at the painting for a long time. Suddenly, a flash of inspiration seemed to burst from her mind, leaving her dazed as she focused on the painting. Could we have been looking in the wrong direction? Is this painting hinting that the treasures back then weren't on land but in the sea?

Willow was pleasantly surprised at the thought of this. She picked up the painting and rushed to Winston's research room. When she pushed the door open, she caught Winston off guard. "Willow, did you find something?" Winston. couldn't help but ask.

"Yes, | think | might have found something. Can you help me see if my direction is right?" she asked as she placed the paper on the table. It was a copy taken from a sheepskin scroll.

She placed the painting on the table, but he naturally corrected it for her while saying, "Willow, you placed it upside down." At that, she immediately asserted, "No. We are supposed to view it upside down."

Winston was puzzled, but he immediately stared at the paper. As he continued to look at it, he seemed to have discovered a new continent and looked at the drawing incredulously. "We were completely wrong in our previous direction! This painting should be viewed upside down. The blue above is not the sea but the sky, while the colorful red below is the sea, and the golden elements represent the treasures from back then."

“Yes! There's a high possibility that we've been looking in the wrong direction. I also just realized it. Could it be that those treasures from back then weren't hidden on land but sank to the seabed?”

“That's highly possible. The records mentioned that they encountered typhoons and pirates back then. To protect themselves, they might have considered this approach,” Winston added excitedly as he looked at Willow with admiration. “Willow, you're so smart! Were you studying this all along?”

“Well, I... Her face turned red under the lamplight. After. I mean, it wasn't the easiest thing she could easily talk about!”

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“It was my negligence. I didn't even notice this. For now, we can't reveal anything to the outside, especially not to Jett. We need to search in the sea as soon as possible.”

“Yes. We need to do it quickly, and we must keep it a secret when we go underwater.” Willow was excited about the possibility of searching underwater. Maybe they could get ahead.

She walked out of Winston's office and saw a certain man who had just left. She could tell from his avoiding gaze that he felt embarrassed about the kiss, as it seemed to be an impulsive act driven by his loss of control.

Though her face was also warm, she still wanted to share her discovery with him. She reached out and held his hand while saying, “Let's talk in my room.”

Jasper was once again pulled back into her room by Willow. As soon as the door closed, the atmosphere became somewhat ambiguous. She showed him the drawing and said, “Take a look. I just made a discovery. We suspect that the ancient artifacts were hidden underwater.”

He took the drawing and analyzed it. With his intelligence, he quickly noticed the same thing and nodded in agreement. “It's highly possible. I will dive tomorrow to search.”

"I'll go with you," she commented. "No! Jasper immediately refused. He thought that this dangerous task was not something Willow should undertake.

"I'm good at diving. I can do it!" Willow insisted. She wanted to go underwater with him. "I said it's not possible, and that's final. Jasper opposed firmly. She looked at him as she felt a bit aggrieved. "Why can't I do it?"

"There are potential dangers at any moment underwater. In this area of the sea, you don't know if there are strong currents or sharks. In any case, you are not allowed to go underwater." His gaze firmly locked onto her as he announced, "You stay on the shore and wait for me."

"What about you? It's dangerous! I'll have my father send professional divers over." Truth was, Willow was also worried about him. "You can send people over, but I will go down and check first. Jasper still wanted to protect her. "I have experience. Nothing will happen to me."

Willow helplessly looked at him. "Okay, I'll have my father send someone over, and you can just check the area. Don't take too much risk. I'll worry about you too." After saying that, she put her hands around his sturdy waist and lifted her head to look at him.

Jasper's breathing couldn't help but quicken again as he looked at her beautiful face. His willpower was put to an unprecedented test. "I have one more question to ask you. Your kissing skills are pretty good. Where did you learn them from?" Willow asked.

This was important to her. He was speechless for a few seconds before answering, "I learned it myself." She burst into laughter. "Really?"

"Yes. You know I never lie to you," Jasper stated. And I will never lie to you in the future too. Willow's heart warmed, and she hugged him even tighter while saying impulsively, "Jasper, let's be in a relationship!"

Jasper was stunned upon hearing that. He hadn't expected her to be the one to take the initiative. For a moment, he looked at her and didn't know how to respond. He knew that if he agreed, he would have to promise a lifetime: commitment.

As such, he was afraid he couldn't live up to it in the future. If he were just an ordinary office worker, he could talk about relationships. casually, but his identity didn't allow him to accept a relationship so easily.

He couldn't even control his own fate, let alone drag a woman into his life. "Willow, let's focus on completing this mission first, okay?" Jasper tried to soothe her.

Willow also knew that she couldn't push him too hard. After all, his identity was one she had to respect and she could wait. She smiled sweetly and murmured, "Okay! Take your time to think about it. Just let me know when you've made a decision."

How could Jasper reject such a lively and innocent woman? In fact, he was already struggling to resist the urge to fall into her sweet smile at any moment.

"Okay. I'll prepare the diving equipment, and I'll go down to check at dawn," Jasper commented.