

## **N Destiny 2171**

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Willow bit her lips and asked, "Does that mean you don't like me anymore?" Turning his head, Jasper could not bear to look into her eyes as he answered, "Yes. I have to get back to work immediately, so I will stay clear of anyone and anything that I have nothing to do with."

After getting that reply, Willow felt her tears gathering in her eyes. She clenched her fists. and looked at the man's face. At that moment, her pride overwhelmed her. "Fine. I won't bother you anymore, Mr. Wyatt. It was a pleasure to have you service me." Once she was done, she placed the card on the table. "I will never accept other people's free help, so take this. Now, we don't owe each other anything."

She got up to leave but stopped at the door. Without turning around, she said, "Let's not meet again, Mr. Wyatt." Afterward, she slammed the door, Jasper looked at the card on the table and closed his eyes, sighing.

On the other hand, Willow did not return to her room. Her tears were streaming down her face. None of her words were sincere, but she knew she could not make him stay. Since the results were clear, she chose to set him free.

For the rest of the trip, Willow stayed in her room and never left. She even stayed inside after the ship docked at the harbor. Meanwhile, Winston contacted the archaeological team to come and unload the artifacts they had brought back. One of the higher-ups from the Bureau of International Cultural Heritage also arrived. He wanted to thank Willow personally, but she asked Winston to meet the higher-up on her behalf as her current appearance made it inappropriate for her to meet anyone.

In the meantime, Jasper descended the ship with his luggage but turned around to look back. Although he was still alone, like when he first arrived, his footsteps had become heavier now that he had to leave. Alas, he would have to leave eventually.

Unbeknownst to Jasper, a figure was watching him from the ship's window. When Willow saw him leaving without any hesitation, the tears she fought hard to control began falling again. No matter how hard she tried, she could not stop herself this time.

That night, the Presgraves held a small party to celebrate Willow's return. As Willow had her emotions under control now, she returned to being the cheerful young woman before her family.

Elliot was happy, for his daughter had made a huge contribution and worked a national job. He was even more joyous and excited than when he achieved something great himself. Seeing his children finally growing up was something he, as a parent, felt the most comforting.

Of course, the bodyguards had reported his daughter's relationship problems to him. A man named Jasper Wyatt had been helping Willow out all this while, and Willow had developed feelings for that man during this expedition. When it came to his daughter's love life, Elliot never intervened unless she asked for his help.

That night, Willow was spacing out when her mother entered the room. Being the attentive woman she was, Anastasia naturally noticed her daughter's thoughts..

"Mom! Willow wiped her tears away, feeling flustered. Coming to sit beside Willow, Anastasia looked at her daughter gently. "Care to share your thoughts with me?"

While sulking, Willow shook her head. "It's nothing. I'm fine." Anastasia helped her daughter tidy up her long hair and cooed, "It's fine. You're a grown-up now, so you must learn to care for yourself."

Willow nodded. "You're right. I'm no longer a child." When Anastasia heard Willow say that, she thought her daughter was still a child. However, Willow was now a grown-up, so she understood if Willow was unwilling to tell her anything. Once her mother left, Willow found her phone and texted Jasper, asking, 'Where are you now?

After not getting a reply, she bit her lip, wondering if he had blocked her number after getting off the ship. Then, she got up and grabbed her car keys to head out. Once her car left home, the bodyguards followed her in a van, protecting her from a distance..

Willow arrived at the entrance of a bar in the city center and took a picture of the place before sending it to Jasper. 'I'm drinking here alone. Why don't you come and keep me company?'

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Upon sending that, she took a selfie. She had worn a beautiful dress with princess-like makeup tonight, and she selected the best photo before sending it to Jasper.

Those texts were successfully sent. At the same time, a man was sitting on a couch inside a dimly lit villa, going through the pictures and texts. His eyes were filled with conflicting emotions.

Jasper had just taken a bath and was only wrapped in a towel when he received Willow's text. Initially, he had no intention of replying to her, but she sent the pictures of the bar and her outfit for tonight half an hour later. Those pictures seemed to have triggered something inside the man, making him unable to keep his cool.

However, he soon realized the Presgraves would not let her enter the bar alone, so she would not be in danger or get taken advantage of. At that moment, he received another picture. A handsome-looking man had his hand on Willow's shoulder, and the two were smiling at the camera. Jasper's pupils contracted, wondering if Willow was playing with him. Right after that, he received a message from her. 'Forget it. You don't have to come anymore. I've already found a friend.'

Those words seemed to have triggered something inside the man, and he quickly got up to head upstairs. Five minutes later, the man came down wearing a black shirt and pants, then grabbed his phone before leaving.

Back at the bar, Willow had two bodyguards protecting her from both sides, and the man she had taken a picture with was standing by the bar with a glass in his hand. His gaze was glued on her, but he was depressed, the young woman only asked him to cooperate and take a picture before leaving him alone..

Moreover, she had four bodyguards on both sides, protecting her like two strong walls.. None of the men around her dared to come forward, instead choosing to clear out a circle for the beautiful lady to have her drink.

In the meantime, Willow propped her chin and sighed, feeling somewhat dejected. She had sent those ambiguous messages to try and anger the man, yet he did not reply to any of her messages. Maybe he deleted my contact number out of anger! How could he do that?

Feeling depressed, Willow kept wondering if she was not attractive enough. Otherwise, how could she not get her man? Was it because she was not aggressive enough? Just as her mind was a mess, Ricky, the bodyguard, noticed a familiar figure near the bar's corridor and turned around to face Willow, who was sipping her drink occasionally. Then, he reported, "Miss Presgrave, the person you're waiting for has arrived."

Willow looked at him before she turned to face the corridor, where she saw Jasper approaching her in his all-black attire. At once, her depressed feelings disappeared, and she cutely urged the bodyguards to leave, saying, "Ricky, hurry up and leave. Go!"

With a wave of his hands, Ricky led the bodyguards on the side away. Now that Jasper had arrived, they need not worry about Willow's safety.

Willow coughed softly as her nervous heart began thumping. She did not expect the man to appear before her after not replying to her messages.

On the other hand, the man waiting on the side was instantly in high spirits after Willow's bodyguards left, for he had been waiting to strike up a conversation with her.

"Miss, it's an honor to get to know you." He ran his hand through his hair, thinking it would look cool. Willow smiled at him and was about to raise her glass when a figure forcefully squeezed between them. The man ordered the bartender, "Give me a glass of whiskey."

"Hey, don't you have any manners? Can't you see that I'm talking to this pretty lady?!"

bellowed the man after getting blocked. Jasper gave the man a sharp glare and demanded, "Scram!" "What did you just say?" The man thought he had misheard Jasper. Who does he think he is, ordering me to leave?

Noticing this, Willow did not want Jasper to get into a fight after just arriving, so she hugged his arm and apologized to the man, saying, "I'm sorry, but my boyfriend seems to be in a bad mood."

The man was instantly dumbfounded. It turned out the fierce man was the pretty lady's boyfriend. He was instantly at a loss for words and turned to leave. Meanwhile, Willow wrapped her arms around Jasper's shoulder and looked triumphantly at him. "Why are you here?"

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Jasper received the glass from the bartender and drank some. He then glanced disapprovingly at the grinning woman. "Don't do that again." "Do what? Am I not allowed to force you to come and meet me?" After Willow said that, she muttered, "Who asked you to ignore my messages."

"I told you before. We shouldn't see each other anymore, he reminded her firmly. Afterward, she held a glass of red wine, looking stunning, like a blooming rose. "Then, leave if you don't want to be here! I didn't force you to come. I'm going to the dance floor," she retorted, turning away with a snort. However, the next moment, the man put down his glass and pulled her into his embrace.

"Can't you let me have it easy?" Jasper asked, his voice deep and earnest. Unfazed, Willow smiled triumphantly, seemingly aware that she had won again. She turned back to face him with a playful grin. "So, Mr. Wyatt, why are you stopping me from going to the dance floor?"

"There are all sorts of people there, and it's inappropriate for someone of your status to be there,' he reasoned. Leaning closer to him, she whispered, "Then, can you bring me there?"

The seductive tone of Willow's voice had a magnetic pull on Jasper, making him irresistibly drawn to her. He couldn't resist the temptation and grabbed her wrist, leading her outside..

Meanwhile, she complied, allowing him to guide her, but once outside, she felt relieved as the surrounding noise dissipated. Moreover, she never enjoyed being in such places.

"Where are we going?"

"Bringing you home," the man replied. After hearing this, Willow promptly broke free from his grip and puffed her cheeks angrily at him. "If you plan to send me home, then forget it. I haven't had my share of fun yet."

"Miss Presgrave, it's late. You shouldn't be outside," Jasper urged, attempting to reason with her. Suddenly, her gaze turned serious as she looked at him intently. "Jasper Wyatt, will you be my boyfriend?" The unexpected question caught him off guard. He hesitated internally but eventually let out hurtful words. "No, I would not."

"Why? Is it because of your job? I believe no challenge in the world could bring us down," she said optimistically, convinced that love could overcome any obstacles.

"Miss Presgrave, are you that confident that everyone would like you?" Jasper raised an eyebrow, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "Yes, you're beautiful and wealthy, but that doesn't make you my type. So,

despite your feelings for me, whether I like you or not is a separate matter. Please, Miss Presgrave, be more sensible.”

The hurtful words left Willow feeling numb and her heart wrenching inside. In a soft and defeated voice, she asked, “What kind of woman do you like?”

The man turned away, avoiding eye contact, and replied coldly, “You’re not my type. As he spoke, he glanced at the bodyguards positioned around them. He knew she would be safe even if he left. With a sigh, he opened the door to an SUV and drove away.

Willow felt a sudden wave of weakness and sat on the stairs, watching the vehicle disappear. into the distance, her heart feeling hollow. It seemed like everything had been nothing more than a cruel joke.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she closed her eyes, not caring about the people around her. She couldn’t contain her sorrow and began sobbing by the roadside but was unaware of the SUV’s return on the opposite side of the road. It quietly stopped beside the road, and the man inside the car looked at the crying woman through the window, feeling like his heart was being tugged on.

In the meantime, Jasper clenched the steering wheel inside the car, his hand’s veins bulging as he wrestled with his emotions, contemplating whether to step out of the vehicle.

Eventually, Willow composed herself and stood up, determined to face the situation. She glanced at the bodyguards and proceeded toward the waiting car. On the other hand, the SUV remained parked there even though she had left.

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Three days later, Willow’s phone rang, and she was informed that the city would be holding a commendation ceremony the following Friday, where she had been selected as one of the top ten citizens to be honored. Excited and grateful, she gladly accepted the invitation to attend. After going through a rollercoaster of emotions in the past few days, she decided it was time for a fresh start and moved out of her family home into her villa.

Meanwhile, Elliot and Anastasia, knowing their daughter had recently experienced a challenging relationship, decided to give her space and not interfere with her matters. They believed facing life’s challenges would help her learn and grow, and they wanted her to control her life. Hence, whatever decisions their daughter made, they would support her wholeheartedly..

Similarly, Jasper had settled into his villa as well. Though he had a few days of leave left and could have returned to his position earlier, he chose to stay and enjoy the peaceful surroundings. During his relaxing days, he received an unexpected call from Antoine. "Hello, Uncle."

"Are you at home?"

"Yes!" "I need you to come back for a mission. When will you be able to pack up and return?" "I would like to enjoy the rest of my holidays before returning."

After hearing this, Antoine spoke in a hushed manner, cautioning, 'Jasper, don't cause any trouble. Don't think I don't know what's happening between you and Miss Presgrave."

"I've already settled that matter, Jasper replied. "I won't interfere with your matters, but don't you forget about your mission. Between work and relationships, you can only have one choice."

"I understand, Jasper acknowledged. After the call ended, he quickly grabbed his laptop and skillfully navigated through various steps until a live feed appeared on the screen. The camera was positioned near a charming villa and a young woman leisurely basking in the sunshine while tenderly petting her adorable kitten.

The young woman in the video was Willow, and ever since that night, Jasper couldn't shake off his worries about her. He discreetly traced her movements for a few days and discovered she had moved out from her family's home to a villa she owned. As he watched her on the screen, a mix of emotions filled his eyes, making him feel like an unintentional stalker.

Suddenly, the cat leaped out of her arms and onto the grass, prompting her to chase after it. She tripped on her slippers and fell, but undeterred, she rubbed her aching legs and continued chasing the mischievous feline. However, the cat seemed triggered by something as it effortlessly jumped over a wall and vanished from sight.

"Oh, no! Chacha, my cat!" Willow fretted, standing behind the wall and stomping her feet in anxiety. On the other hand, fueled by concern, Jasper sprang into action, grabbing his laptop, phone, and car keys before rushing out of his home.

In the meantime, she hurriedly went to the other side of the courtyard wall in search of her runaway cat. Despite her efforts, her cat was nowhere to be found, leaving her no choice but to seek help from her bodyguards.

Just as she returned home, a sleek black SUV pulled up near the courtyard wall, and a striking man in all-black attire emerged from it, radiating an aura of intelligence and power. The man inspected the fence briefly before diligently searching where the cat had disappeared.

Willow's villa was surrounded by lush woods, shrubs, and vibrant flowers, making the search challenging. Nevertheless, the man displayed incredible patience and determination. Finally, he spotted the Ragdoll cat, as enchanting as its owner, sitting under a short tree adorned with a cute pink bib.

"Come here. I'll bring you home," Jasper said as he reached to retrieve the cat. Surprisingly, the cat didn't resist and allowed itself to be picked up.

With the cat comfortably nestled in his arms, his tall and striking figure approached the nearby wall, giving the cat a few comforting pats along the way.

However, Willow's hope remained undeterred, and she still searched for her missing feline. As she turned the corner, she was taken aback by the sight that met her eyes—a familiar figure holding her beloved cat in his embrace. A profound silence enveloped them at that moment. She was left utterly stunned, even more so than her cat. As she saw her beloved feline resting securely in the man's embrace, an inexplicable feeling of envy washed over her.

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However, the reason behind Jasper's appearance in helping to catch the cat was also particularly eerie. Jasper, are you monitoring me?" Willow hugged her arms in satisfaction as if she had caught him in a compromising position.

Jasper was a thick-skinned person—he calmly handed her cat to her while facing her inquiry. He did not fluster when he said, "Your cat."

Willow took the cat back. With a hint of annoyance in her voice, she asked, "Don't you want to explain? Or are you going to say you were just passing by?"



"I don't want to explain." His profound gaze met hers. "But I want an explanation!" She reached out and stopped him. "Didn't you say we wouldn't meet again? Why do you care about what I do, then?"

"I only did what I did due to my profession. That's all." Jasper sighed. "I will be attending an awards ceremony tomorrow. Can you come over if you are free?" Willow extended an invitation to him.

"Sorry, I might not be available." Jasper frowned. "I don't care. You must come," she said imperiously. She hoped he could be there tomorrow to witness the highlight of her life. Jasper nodded. "Alright, I will."

With that, he walked toward his car. Willow stroked her cat while watching him leave. Her lips curled into a smile.

Willow's urgency waned as Jasper left. While returning home with her cat, she couldn't help but notice the surveillance cameras in her yard. She thought that Jasper must have been observing her life through these cameras.

She did not worry much if it was him; if it was someone else, she would have called the police and had the person arrested. She wondered if he had seen her behaving like a madwoman these past few days.

Staying at home with her cat, she was in a bad mood for a moment. She suddenly had the urge to know where Jasper lived-where was he staying if he hadn't left?

She dialed Ricky's number. "Hey! Ricky, check a vehicle for me. I want to know where it went." They got to know the license plate number of Jasper's car with the surveillance footage. provided by Willow. Ricky's skills were remarkable as he sent an address to her just after ten minutes. "It went into the underground. parking of this villa."

Looking at the photo he sent, Willow couldn't help but curiously ask, "Is this villa owned by Jasper?" "Probably not, Miss Presgrave. Would you like me to check?"

“Yes! Help me find out more about him.” As Ricky went to investigate, Willow realized that she knew nothing about Jasper. Apart from him being in the special forces, she had no deeper understanding of his background.

After half an hour, Ricky sent a link and a voice message. ‘Miss Presgrave, here’s the news from twenty years ago. Take a look.’

Willow clicked on the link. The title was listed as ‘The President of Wyatt Group and Wife Murdered, Sole Heir of the Wyatt Family Disappeared’. Her heart suddenly skipped a beat. She carefully read through the entire report as her chest tightened.

Then, Ricky sent another message. “Miss Presgrave, the villa where Mr. Wyatt lives is owned by Old Mr. Wyatt. Currently, it’s under the ownership of an investment company. The company has been listed for almost eight years, and its assets have reached billions. As for the owner of the investment company, I haven’t found any information yet. However, I speculate it’s Mr. Wyatt.”

Upon hearing this message, she felt a lump in her throat. She sighed as she did not expect Jasper to have such a sad childhood-his parents had passed away when he was only eight.

The next morning, Anastasia sent a makeup team and a custom-tailored suit for her daughter, fully preparing her for the awards ceremony since her daughter’s achievement brought honor to the family.

Willow’s actions in saving cultural relics this time were of immeasurable value. Furthermore, she and her team even discovered two significant national treasures on this excursion.

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Therefore, this made Willow’s accomplishments the most notable among the Top 10 Outstanding Figures of this year.

Around 10.00AM, with roughly ten minutes left until the commencement of the awards ceremony, Willow noticed that her parents, Jared, and Ellen had arrived whereas Jasper was absent. A wave of disappointment surged within her. Didn’t he promise to come? Why isn’t he here?

There was no sign of him when the awards ceremony commenced and unfolded. However, at that very moment, she felt a pair of eyes fixating on her around the corner. She couldn’t help but glance over.

Her surprise had no bounds when she did so. It turned out that a certain man who was dressed in a police uniform was standing there staring at her and had successfully masked himself as a member of today's security team. Her heart was immediately filled with profound emotion as their gazes met.

This man had always exuded a handsome charm regardless of his attire. The police uniform seemed to suit him particularly well as it accentuated his righteous and awe-inspiring aura.

Willow was called upon to give a speech as the awards ceremony began. She made a brief speech with graceful confidence, unfazed. In the audience, Elliot and Anastasia wore proud and delighted smiles as they were overjoyed that they had raised such exceptional children.

After Willow finished speaking, she cast a sweet smile toward the corner of the room. "In addition to expressing my gratitude to my teammates, I must also extend my thanks to one person. This task would have been impossible to accomplish without him. I hope he knows how important he has always been to me."

This statement bore a dual significance. Elliot finally understood what his daughter meant when his gaze shifted to the corner. It seemed that certain things were quietly unfolding.

Jared applauded as he was so proud of his sister on this special day. She wasn't just beautiful, but she also appeared to have grown up. As the elder brother, he couldn't help but feel delighted when he thought about how Willow, who had always seemed like a child, had grown up to this point!

"Willow is truly remarkable!" Ellen exclaimed sincerely. "This girl has truly grown up," Jared remarked with a sense of nostalgia.

After descending from the stage following the awards, Willow deliberately walked in the direction where Jasper was situated. Just as she was about to step down, she feigned a stumble, and the man standing nearby swiftly reached out and grabbed her wrist to stop her from falling.

Willow nearly half-collapsed into his embrace. In a place where no one could see, a blossom of emotion bloomed within her heart. "Be careful," Jasper muttered.

“I know!” Willow replied with a smile tugging at her lips. She then returned to her seat. Willow’s mind seemed to be elsewhere throughout the commendation ceremony. She rose from her seat once again after handing the award to her father.

Jasper stood by the door as if he were a security guard. Willow walked over to his side. “Mr. Wyatt, are you on duty?” He was indeed occupied with his duties. He was here today to ensure the security of this ceremony.

Jasper turned his head slightly to look at Willow. She was dressed in an ensemble of muted gray and exuded a sophisticated elegance. With her hair gathered up, an air of maturity emanated from her. Her enigmatic beauty carried an effervescent vitality that was tantalizingly elusive, stirring a sense of yearning within observers.

“Do I look good today?” Willow tilted her head to the side and looked at him with an endearing charm. Jasper nodded in agreement and said, genuinely, “You look stunning.”

“Do you like it then?” Willow asked with a wink. He stared at her petite face, a suppressed intensity flickering in his eyes. He replied in a deep voice, “You should return to the ceremony.”

“Some of the credit for today’s honor goes to you, Jasper. The award should also belong to you,” Willow remarked since her achievements were built upon his efforts. “You deserve it, Jasper asserted.

Willow beamed. “Can I take that as you saying what’s yours is also mine? Oh, by the way, I told my dad that there will be no celebration dinner tonight. I want to celebrate with you instead. Are you coming?” Willow invited him..

Jasper hesitated for a few seconds, then, nodded. “Alright! My treat.” She was overjoyed. “It’s a date, then. I’ll be looking forward to your plans!”

Willow returned to the ceremony happily. Jasper’s gaze turned tender, but it was also tinged with a hint of sorrow and resignation as he watched her leave. When Jasper returned to his car, his phone rang. He answered the phone. “Hello.”

“Jasper, we’ve just received a mission related to the Presgrave Family,” Antoine said over the phone. “Uncle, what happened to the Presgraves?” Jasper’s tension heightened immediately.

“The Presgraves have enraged the mafia in Dansbury. They assembled a team of mercenaries to carry out an assassination against all members of the Presgrave Family. I’ve assigned Sirius to assist you. You must protect the Presgrave Family by coordinating with their security forces.”

As a final note, Antoine emphasized, “This mission involves national interests. There can be no errors. Mr. Oswald will also keep a close eye on it.” Jasper clenched his fist without knowing it. “Uncle, please send me all the information you have on the mafia.”

“Okay. Take good care of yourself. “Remember to prioritize your own safety while ensuring the Presgrave Family’s safety,” Antoine cautioned. In past missions, Jasper never allowed personal emotions to cloud his judgment, but the Presgrave Family was involved in this mission.

This time, he would undoubtedly devote himself to it with more dedication than ever before.. Antoine was concerned that Jasper would lose sight of the bigger picture.

“I understand.” Jasper nodded. An undercurrent of tension ran through his veins beneath his composed exterior. He would never ever allow any harm to befall any member of the Presgrave Family.

Soon, the information about the mafia was sent to Jasper. He looked at the photos and found those faces familiar. These mafia criminals had been specifically targeting global magnates. Relentlessly, they seized resources for profit and exploited price differentials during the process. As long as someone could afford the price, they would do whatever it took to eliminate the target on behalf of their employer.

There was also information about the targets which were intercepted by the special forces when it was sent by the mafia.

There were several photos of Willow among them that the mafia obtained from various sources-Willow appearing at social events or in school having the appearance of a wealthy. young lady.

In the afternoon, Jasper’s partner, Sirius, arrived. A man in his mid-thirties, Sirius possessed exceptional skills and experience in such operations.

His identity was also highly secretive; he was a member of a special operations unit. The only information known about him was his codename, Sirius, and his daily tasks were classified at the highest level of secrecy. The two of them discussed the details of their mission face-to-face in the safehouse.

“Our mission this time is to launch an assassination and elimination plan against the mafia before they get close to the Presgrave Family. They are currently infiltrating through various covert means. We can only wait to avoid tipping them off,” Sirius explained. Jasper nodded. His brow furrowed deeply, forming three lines on his forehead.

“I can tell you’re quite nervous!” Sirius quipped. Jasper didn’t deny it. He stared at the twelve people in the photos, each of their faces engraved in his mind. This was a mission that allowed no room for failure and he couldn’t afford a single mistake. Not even the slightest error would be tolerable.

“Be prepared. We’ll visit the Presgraves tomorrow. Just relax and treat it like any other mission you’ve executed.” Sirius comforted him by reaching out and patting his shoulder. Before Sirius came here, Antoine had actually filled him in on Jasper’s situation.

In the early evening, Willow received an invitation from Jasper—a celebratory dinner in her honor. When she saw the address sent to her, she couldn’t help but pause in surprise. Wait! Isn’t this his home address? She was more than happy to accept the dinner invitation.

Willow set off in her car at about 5.00PM. She was escorted by six bodyguards all the way to Jasper’s house. As they arrived, the gates of a mysterious villa slowly opened and Willow got out of the car and walked through the gates.

She removed her outerwear to reveal an elegant dress. Then, she carried her purse and gracefully stepped into the villa through the iron gate. Jasper was dressed in a casual outfit and waiting for her behind the gate.

“Is this your house?” Willow inquired curiously. Jasper simply answered, “Yes, it is.” Willow looked around. It was an old-fashioned villa with a sense of timeless elegance.

She felt sorry for Jasper as she imagined him living here alone and reminiscing about his departed loved ones, so she reached out and hugged him. As a result, he was taken aback for a moment.

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"I prefer your house over the restaurant," Willow said with a smile. Jasper was mesmerized by her smile and relaxed a little. As soon as she let go of him, he held her hands as they entered the hall. together.

Willow was surprised, but she secretly enjoyed it. Although they had a little argument for the past two days, she wasn't actually really angry at him.

He had a special identity and the country had spent a large amount of fortune to nurture him. He also had a strong sense of purpose and responsibility. It would be shocking if he were to abandon that just to be with her.

Apart from his good looks and stature, his sense of justice and responsibility were the most attractive aspects to her.

As they walked into the hall, Willow saw the table filled with some fruits and a bottle of champagne, along with a bouquet of roses and some candles. For a man who did not know how to be romantic, he was trying hard to create a romantic atmosphere. Willow approached the roses and took a sniff as she smiled. "The decorations are pretty."

Jasper glanced at his watch, saying, "Please take a seat while I prepare our dinner." Willow put down her bag and walked toward him, saying, "Let's prepare it together!"

Jasper did not want her to tire herself, so he looked back and said, "Just get some rest on the couch or take a walk in the garden. Leave the dinner preparations to me." "Can I look around your villa?" Willow asked. "Sure, but be careful."

Willow nodded and left to explore the villa. She went to the second floor and realized that most of the sections were still covered in cloth. There was no doubt that Jasper had only cleared out a single room for himself to stay.

She came to his room. The room was neat and clean; it was also very minimalistic. He lived an ordinary life despite his large fortune. How could she not fall in love with a man like him?

Willow lingered in the room and noticed a photo album that Jasper had flipped through. She opened it and started to tear up. It was filled with Jasper's photos from when he was a baby up till when he was eight along with some photos of his parents.

There were many photos, but they ended on his eighth birthday. His parents passed away shortly after that and he was forced to leave home when he got adopted by his uncle. Willow took her phone and snapped a picture of a young Jasper. She was three years old that year.

She placed the photo album back in its place and noticed that she had tears in her eyes. She dried her tears and composed herself before leaving the room.

After she went down, she saw Jasper busy preparing dinner in the kitchen. His slender body was clearly outlined by the apron worn over his black shirt and black slacks. Willow walked over involuntarily, then wrapped her arms around his waist and rubbed her face against his back.

Jasper glanced at her with affection in his eyes. He had prepared a lavish dinner tonight which consisted of all his specialty dishes. Willow saw him preparing a lobster and she happily exclaimed, "Wow! We're having a huge cheesy lobster tonight!"

"Be patient and wait outside; there's too much smoke and oil in here," Jasper said caringly. Willow knew that she could not help with dinner and instead might make a mess if she helped. She nodded and said, "Alright, I'll wait for your dinner then."

She went to the couch and found a spot where she could look at him, and she snapped a photo of the busy man in the kitchen.

The man in the image had a stunning back and he was on par with a movie star. Willow received a few messages from work. She was glad that Jett was arrested for committing thefts of cultural relics.

As the sky turned dark, the chandelier in the hall lit up as a lavish dinner was prepared by the man. She felt very touched when she came over to the dining table and saw the gourmet dishes that he had prepared on his own.



Jasper popped open a bottle of champagne and poured half a glass each for himself and for Willow. It felt like they were on a date under the candlelight. Willow held her glass and looked at Jasper with her mesmerizing eyes. She toasted, "Here's to you, Mr. Wyatt."

Jasper was stunned for a moment and gave her a toast. Willow sighed and said, "I've thought about it- let's be friends! From now on, can we be friends?"

Jasper nodded. "Sure." She was a little disappointed that he agreed to that, but she was optimistic about it. At the very least, she would hear from him. She would cherish the time she was able to spend with him.

Willow was hungry and started to enjoy the cheesy lobster on her plate. She was careless and the corner of her lips got stained with some sauce.

The man stared at her profoundly, but Willow was not aware of this. He hesitated for about three seconds before extending his arms and wiping off the sauce on her lips with his slender fingers.

Willow was dazed, and only then did she realize that she had stains on the corner of her mouth. She was embarrassed and used a napkin to wipe it off.

Jasper brought her plate toward him and sliced her lobster into smaller pieces. Willow was delighted; she leaned toward him as she waited for him to feed her.

He knew her intentions and fed her, causing Willow to be overjoyed as she chewed. Jasper felt like he was on cloud nine too. Tonight, he left behind his work and his identity as he wanted to celebrate with Willow without any distractions.

"Here's to wishing that you make it onto the list of Top 10 Outstanding Figures." Jasper toasted her. "Thank you!" They clinked their glasses, feeling blissful. Just then, their eyes met. The man's eyes were as dark as the midnight sky-mysterious and deep while being soft and seductive.

Willow had butterflies in her stomach again. This man's gentleness was her weakness. Her eyes flickered as she glanced toward the night sky, asking, "Is there any alcohol?" The champagne was not able to drown her sorrows.

“You shouldn’t be drinking.” “I like to drink a little when I’m happy,” Willow said as she looked at the man and pleaded, “Just a glass.”

Jasper gave in to her pleas. He walked toward the alcohol cabinet and brought over a bottle of whiskey, saying, “I only have this here.”

“That’ll do!” Willow nodded. He opened the bottle and poured her a small glass. She sniffed it and did not fancy it, but she wanted to try it. If she forced herself to drink a little, she would be able to get drunk! “To you.” Willow toasted Jasper again..

He took a sip of the whiskey and filled her plate with food. “Fill your stomach before drinking.” Willow nodded and enjoyed his service as she savored the food and drink. She was focused on getting drunk.

When the glass was almost empty, Willow stood up to pour herself more, but she was stopped by Jasper. “Don’t drink too much as you’ll get drunk.”

Willow shook her head and smiled. “I’m not worried as you’re here.” Jasper looked at Willow helplessly, she started to feel a little tipsy as she would not stop staring at him. Willow kept staring at him while eating the food he took for her as if he was some sort of eye candy.

She drank a little more and wanted to get another refill. Jasper got up and took the bottle of whiskey away to the alcohol cabinet.

“Don’t be so stingy,” Willow complained and followed him. She trailed behind him, but he turned in frustration and stopped her. “That’s enough.. Finish up your dinner and I’ll send you home.”

“I’m already full. I just want a little more to drink,” Willow said stubbornly. All of a sudden, the lights flickered and went out completely due to the old wiring.

The hall fell into complete darkness, except for the dining area where two candles were burning brightly on the table.

Suddenly, the atmosphere transformed into a hazy ambiguity, a misty veil descending upon them. Willow's gaze met Jasper's, and the man instinctively drew her into his embrace, a protective gesture against her potential fear.

Then, her grip tightened around his waist, a true reflection of her genuine fright. In that instant, their faces hovered mere inches apart as the rhythm of their breaths was a tangible bridge between them.

Her eyes and brows glistened as if touched by the kiss of rain, emanating a liquid luminescence that momentarily stole his breath away. Despite the dimness of the room, his eyes burned with undeniable intensity. At this moment, her breaths became shallow as she wrapped her arms around his neck and lifted her face slightly as a silent invitation for him to kiss her.

Meanwhile, Jasper struggled to restrain the tempest of emotions coursing through him. Amidst the dim light, his tall stature enveloped Willow in the corner of the room, akin to a wolf asserting its claim over territory, resolute in not letting her leave and preventing others from prying.

A nervous gulp traced down her throat, ensnared by the heady symphony of pheromones that enveloped them both, drawing her inexorably closer to the man's inviting neck. On the other hand, his breath hitched, his resolve finally yielding as he gently cupped her chin, guiding her with tenderness as his slender lips met her flushed ones.

After having suppressed their desires for too long, this kiss erupted with fervor as soon as it began. However, Willow was slightly taken aback as an undercurrent of sweetness and surprise swept through her, overwhelming any uncertainty. Every fiber of her being was tightly held in the man's embrace as his passionate kiss consumed her. In this corner, amidst the dimness, they carved out a small world—a sweet sanctuary untouched by others.

Time appeared to lose its hold as their lips intertwined until an inquisitive stray cat leaped onto the windowsill outside, breaking the enchantment and capturing the attention of Jasper, who held the blushing young woman in a fervent embrace.

As she was pressed against his sturdy chest, her face turned a shade of pink as her breaths quickened. She spoke softly, "What's the matter?"

“Meow!” The little cat outside seemed equally startled, meowing frantically. Then, he sighed. and said, “Just a little cat.”

Willow’s lips curved into a smile, but their haven was abruptly illuminated again, exposing their intimate moment. Flushed with embarrassment, she buried her face into Jasper’s embrace, feeling self-conscious after the intensity of their kiss.

However, his fingers caressed the back of her head as his chin lightly grazed her hair. A silent sigh escaped him, a mixture of contentment and shared vulnerability.

At that moment, Willow’s phone rang. Jasper gently released his grip on her on the couch, saying, “You should take that call!” With a quizzical intrigue, she contemplated who might have called her at this hour. Retrieving the phone, she was taken aback to find her father on the other end.

“Hello, Dad!” Her words flowed from her with a poised composure. “Willow, where are you?” Her father’s voice held a hint of concern.

“I’m... at a friend’s house.”

“Come home early.” “Dad, is something wrong?” Willow immediately sensed that her father was keeping something from her.

“I just received a notification that a group of mafia members has entered the country and has targeted the family,” Elliot divulged. At this, her expression grew serious. “Okay, Dad, I’ll come home early.” After hanging up the phone, she turned to the man behind her. “My dad wants me to come home early.”

“All right, I’ll take you home,” Jasper said, guessing what her father had discussed with her. “When will we be able to meet again?” Willow asked with reluctance.

“I believe we’ll meet again soon,” he reassured her. Then, he led her to the underground parking lot, where he drove out of a car and met with the external bodyguards. Together, they escorted her back home.

The Presgrave Family had encountered their fair share of trials and tribulations, narrowly escaping danger on each occasion. With the expansion of the family business, the stakes had risen proportionately.

Willow's inner strength had also grown significantly. She courageously accepted everything that came her way, confident that her father and elder brother would ensure the safety of their family.

"Willow, try not to go out too much during this period and stay with your family," Jasper advised her.