

Chapter 2140

"Mr. Beckett and Ms. Alyssa share your concerns. They've already planted people to surveil the hospital area and even among the nurses caring for your wife.

But these are all done in secret.

You should know why." A sharp glint flashed in Cyrus' eyes.

Nicholas was overwhelmed with gratitude.

"Thank you...

Thank you, Ms. Alyssa.

Thank you, Mr. Beckett." He couldn't stop the tears from flowing down his face.

Later that afternoon, after the interrogation, Cyrus led his colleagues from the Criminal Investigation Unit and the search team to that construction site in the eastern district.

With the help of the police search dogs, they were soon able to retrieve the woman's decomposing body from the cement foundation.

The body was taken back to the station for autopsy.

Cyrus then ordered another group of officers to the resort where the crime happened.

They were to examine the surveillance footage for more leads.

However, the chances of finding anything useful were slim.

Even so, Cyrus wasn't about to give up on any opportunity to convict Jameson.

That night, Cyrus went to Jasper and Alyssa's place to update them on Nicholas' statement and the day's events.

A heavy silence descended upon the study.

There was no doubt that Nicholas was both pitiful and despicable.

But Jameson, the mastermind behind it all, was far worse.

"Jameson's motive for using Aidan in drug trafficking wasn't likely as simple as money," Cyrus said.

"There had to be more to it." Alyssa, sitting beside Jasper on the couch, barely had any appetite.

Out of politeness, she took a bite of the pear Jasper offered.

"He was probably aiming to destroy Lovelace Group," she said.

A shiver ran down Cyrus' spine as he remembered Mandy, the new chairwoman of Lovelace Group.

"But don't worry, Cyrus," Alyssa soothed in a gentle voice.

"Mandy has KS Group backing her up, and with my discreet support, Lovelace Group won't fall." "Thank you, Lyse," Cyrus replied, still puzzled.

"Lovelace Group isn't even based in Solana City.

It's the leading medical corporation in Belbanks.

Their business doesn't compete with Schmidt Group.

Why would Jameson target them?" Jasper and Alyssa exchanged a knowing look before answering in unison, 'Because

Lovelace Group is the leading medical corporation!" Cyrus raised an eyebrow, surprised by their undeniable chemistry.

"I'm afraid Jamiper isn't actually the one who wanted to mess with Lovelace Group.

Instead, it's the mysterious man behind him." Alyssa took a slice of pear and fed it to Jasper.

"Lovelace Group is second to none in the nation's medical field.

Coincidentally, Jameson is helping his backer with experiments on a new medication.

"So, [have reasons to believe that this person wants to enter and monopolize our country's medical field, and to do that, he must eliminate the competition." "Brilliant deduction, Lyse," Jasper said, taking a bite of the pear and gazing into her eyes with admiration.

He never missed an opportunity to praise Alyssa.

"According to Nicholas," Cyrus added, "the research center developing this new medication is located in Mosgravia.

They call it...

RC." Alyssa's eyes gleamed with determination.

"It seems we need a way to properly investigate this RC," she said.

Just then, her phone rang.

It was Sean.

"Hey, Sean." "I have news from the hospital, Ms. Alyssa!" Sean's voice was urgent and tense.

"You were right.

Jamiper is really about to take action against Nicholas' wife!"

Chapter 2141

The hospital corridor was eerily silent in the dead of the night.

The lone nurse on duty drowsed at the nurses' station, oblivious to the flashing red light from the malfunctioning surveillance camera down the hall.

A figure clad in a white doctor's robe and mask darted past the station, his movements purposeful.

He carefully scanned his surroundings before pushing open the door to Natalie's ward and slipping inside.

The patient lay curled up in bed, seemingly fast asleep.

The intruder crept closer, a glint of steel catching the dim light as he drew a dagger from his sleeve.

He raised the weapon high and stabbed the person on the bed.

All of a sudden, his vision went dark.

Unexpectedly, the person on the bed leaped up and threw the blanket over his head! Panic surged through the assassin.

He flailed wildly with the dagger, ripping the blanket free.

But before he could react further, the cold muzzle of a gun pressed against his forehead froze him in place.

"Don't move.

Not unless you want your head to be blown off." Under the dim light, Axel's eyes glinted with a dangerous glint.

A cynical smile played on his lips, sending shivers down the assassin's spine.

The ward door burst open, revealing Sean and Xavier leading a team of men who quickly surrounded the intruder.

"Are you alright, Mr.

Axel?" Sean inquired, his voice laced with concern.

Axel clicked his tongue.

"I didn't even attack him.

All it took was a blanket to take this fool down." With a practiced ease, Axel disarmed the assassin.

He sneered.

"Sir, you can barely fight, yet you're trying to be an assassin? Try harder next time." The assassin's face was drained of color.

His knees buckled, and he crumpled to the floor in a heap.

"Talk," Axel growled, nudging the man's head with the gun.

"Who hired you? Reveal his name, and you'll face attempted murder charges at worst.

After a decade or two in prison, you can walk free and live a normal life.

I can't guarantee that you'll be able to walk out of this ward with all your limbs intact otherwise." "T...

lonly spoke to him over the phone! I've never met him in person!" the man stammered, sweat drenching his clothes.

"But...

I have his number and our message history! He wired a million to my account two days ago and promised another after the job!

We even spoke just 30 minutes ago!" Burning with fury, Xavier went up to him.

He searched the assassin for his phone.

He tossed it to Axel after finding it.

"Take him to the station.

I'll find a way to unlock this phone." Sean nodded firmly in response.

"Thank you, Mr.

Axel." The man was escorted away, the silence returning to the ward as if the commotion had never happened.

Even though they had helped Alyssa out, a sense of unease lingered in Axel's gut as an oppressive premonition weighed heavily on him.

Just then, his phone vibrated, making his heart skip a beat.

He opened the message, his pupils constricting as he read the words on the screen.

It was a text from Amber.

Her words were a gut punch, sharp and final.

They hurt him so much that his vision blurred, and he nearly lost his grip on his phone.

She wrote, "Goodbye, Axel.

I'm leaving Solana City.

Don't try to find me.

Even if you hear news about me or you manage to find out where I am, I won't see you." A wrenching pain tore through him.

His fingers trembled as he typed and retyped a frantic response.

"Where are you, Amber? Tell me." A long time passed.

Yet, there was no reply.

He wasn't satisfied.

Eyes stinging with unshed tears, Axel bombarded Amber with messages.

It was as if he had gone mad.

"Amber, answer me! I know you're there!" "Who do you think I am? Can you avoid seeing me just because you don't want to? Do

you think you can control me?" "You're the only one I want in my life, Amber!" "I love you, Amber..."

Do you love me? Say something.

Anything!" A reply buzzed back almost immediately, its words acold and sharp knife that sliced through his heart and made it bleed.

She replied, "I don't think that's love.

You were just a ray of light that happened to appear in my world of darkness.

You showed me what the light looked like.

You simply gave me a feeling that I've never had before.

"Love will never disappear, but feelings will.

I don't feel anything for you anymore, Axel.

This is all that I'm able to do.

If you really love me, don't approach me anymore.

I just want to live peacefully in a quiet part of this world." The Millennium, once vibrant, was not open for business tonight.

The entire place was dead quiet.

There was a chilling sense of foreboding that surrounded all of those at Schmidt Group.

"Everything's prepared, Mr.

Schmidt," Carl said, his voice heavy with worry as he watched Jameson play with his pet cockatiel on the balcony.

"You can leave Solana City whenever you're ready." "The shell corporation in Kontina holds enough Schmidt Group shares for control," he continued.

"You'll maintain power even if you're not in Solana City.

"And even if you lose everything, you can establish a new holding company in Solana City and run it from behind the scenes.

You'll be back on top in no time.

It's just a pity that everything you worked so hard for—" Jameson's face, a mask of practiced indifference that hid a storm of emotions, remained unreadable.

"Thank you for your hard work, Carl," he interjected.

He unlocked the chain that was tied to the cockatiel's leg.

As much as he knew that it wasn't able to fly far, he released the cockatiel into the air and watched as it spread its wings and flew into the night.

"But a company without the Schmidt Group name...

what meaning does it hold?" he mused, a hint of bitterness creeping into his voice.

Just then, Carl's phone rang.

His face darkened as he answered.

"Mr.

Schmidt," he said, voice tight with frustration, "our mission failed.

The assassin was captured." Jameson adjusted his glasses, his gaze turning cold and calculating.

"Also...

the person we planted to go undercover in the police force has suddenly been suspended and put under investigation," Carl reported through gritted teeth.

"Nicholas was the only one who knew about him.

It seems he's turned on you, Mr.

Schmidt.

A complete betrayal."

Chapter 2142

Thunder rumbled, and lightning flashed across the vast night sky.

It felt as if the heavens themselves were about to crack open.

"Has this day finally arrived?" Jameson stood with his back to Carl, hands clasped behind him, projecting an image of strength and resolve.

His posture did not hint at defeat, despair, or emptiness.

Yet, a profound loneliness emanated from him, tugging at the heartstrings.

He had been a high achiever, a man of success and ambition.

He had thrived like a firework that rocketed into the sky, exploding in a blaze of color that illuminated Solana City's night.

He had been magnificent, passionate, and impossible to ignore.

But in the end, all he was left with was a wasteland of ash.

"Once, I craved everything.

I yearned to return to Solana City and make the Schmidts pay for what they'd done.

I wanted to reclaim everything that was rightfully mine, and I dreamed of aiding Mr.

Justin in seizing control of Solana City.

"But ultimately, I realized that none of it held any meaning.

From the very beginning, all I ever desired was to be with Lyse." Carl squeezed his eyes shut, a wave of sorrow washing over him.

He longed to offer words of comfort, but nothing felt adequate in that moment.

"If I could rewrite the past, I'd gladly trade everything I have just to hear Lyse call me 'Jimmy' once more." Jameson closed his eyes slowly, conjuring an image of his beloved.

Her clear, bright eyes sparkled as she stood amidst a sea of roses, beckoning him with joyful abandon.

"Jimmy, come over here and play!" "Don't be afraid, Jimmy.

I'm here." "Jimmy, it's alright even if everyone ignores you.

You have me as your friend, and that's enough.

We'll be friends forever.

Pinky promise!" "Pinky...

promise." Jameson's left hand tightened around the railing, and his right hand reached up to rub his stinging eyes.

His tall, imposing figure slumped forward bit by bit, defeated.

"I never changed, Lyse.

But you...

you've changed." Carl shuffled forward hesitantly, unsure of how close to tread. He had never witnessed such vulnerability in Jameson. However, he lacked the courage to reveal that even if given another chance, Alyssa would undoubtedly choose Jasper. It wasn't simply fate's cruel hand; love was an uncontrollable, enigmatic force. More importantly, Alyssa and Jasper were perfectly attuned. They shared a common vision, aspired toward the same goals, and complemented each other beautifully.

Their souls intertwined like two perfectly matched puzzle pieces. They were destined to be together.

No matter how extraordinary anyone else might be, they wouldn't be a suitable match.

"Given the current circumstances, Mr. Schmidt, it would be best for you to leave Solana City tonight.

Return to Kontina to avoid suspicion." Carl's eyes betrayed a flicker of intense anxiety.

"The police will soon be investigating The Millennium.

Even though it isn't officially under your name, the connection is undeniable.

We can't afford their scrutiny.

You must leave immediately!" "For two years, The Millennium catered to the city's elite.

Countless Solana City officials have made deals here, exchanging money for pleasure.

Wealthy scions have squandered their fortunes on drugs, prostitutes, and gambling.

We've ensured their transgressions— abuse, violence, even murder—went unpunished.

"An investigation into The Millennium would be tantamount to shaking the foundations of Solana City's bureaucracy.

They wouldn't dare conduct a thorough investigation.

The most they'd do is shut us down and revoke our license." Jameson rubbed his face hard.

His voice, hoarse and deep, rasped, " Don't fret.

Even if they turn their sights on you, you possess meticulous records of those officials' expenditures.

Every transaction has been meticulously documented in the accounts, and they will be your safeguard.

You've been by my side for a long time.

I won't let you be implicated." "It's not my safety I fear, but yours!" It was true that he had meticulously documented everything for his own protection.

But at that moment, his concern for Jameson was genuine.

Human nature, after all, was a complex tapestry.

Chapter 2143

Jameson said, "What's there to be afraid of? I've faced and done far more terrifying, darker, and more evil things over the years." Trembling slightly, Jameson lowered his eyes.

His face was pale.

He reached out a hand as if to catch a butterfly but grasped at nothing.

A moment later, he let his arms hang by his side.

He curled his fingers into tight fists but still seemed powerless.

"Right now, all I want is to see Lyse one last time before I die." The hired assassin was apprehended, and Natalie was transferred to a hospital under KS Group's care.

After returning, Axel, with his superior hacking skills, identified the cellphone number's owner and the outgoing message's origin within a few hours.

He was demonstrably more efficient than the police's Digital Forensics Department.

After all, he was a seasoned professional.

The hush of night blanketed the manor.

Jasper and Alyssa's bedroom was a scene of post-coital bliss.

Their clothes lay scattered on the floor, and the air hung heavy with a musky scent.

Curled together on the bed, Jasper held a sleeping Alyssa close.

His chest was pressed right up against her back.

They had that post-coital glow on their cheeks as they slept soundly.

Despite being exhausted from days of strategizing, they didn't neglect their physical needs.

Jasper's insistence that night left Alyssa so worn out that she fell asleep without showering.

The phone on the bedside table rang continuously.

Jasper, always a light sleeper, woke up.

This was a habit he developed from his days on the battlefield.

He could only get better quality sleep when he held Alyssa in his arms.

Alyssa mumbled and snuggled closer, oblivious to the interruption.

He watched her, his heart overflowing with love.

He could spend eternity gazing at her, never tiring.

Worried about an emergency yet unwilling to wake her, he stretched across and grabbed her phone.

His eyes narrowed as he saw the caller ID-Axel.

He tiptoed to the living room and answered the call.

"Axel," he greeted.

"I'm sorry.

Did I wake you both?" Axel's voice was hoarse, laced with suppressed emotion.

"No worries.

Lyse is still asleep." Jasper settled onto the couch.

His navy blue silk robe parted to reveal his sculpted physique.

"What's the matter, Axel? You can be straightforward with me." "I found the one who hired the assassin.

He made a cross-border transfer under a fake name, but I tracked him down."

Jasper frowned.

"Who was it?" "It was Jameson's secretary, Carl Moses.

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That son of a bitch! The phone call

was made from The Millennium?" M "That's concrete evidence against Carl. Visit

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We need to get this to the authorities immediately.

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With the assassin in custody, we can m get a warrant to arrest Carl." Jasper to

leaned forward, a pulse throbbing in his temple. Visit Novelxo.org to read the

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"Arresting Carl] will cripple Jameson.

It's a huge step toward bringing him down." "Let's do this tonight.

I can't wait any longer. If you hesitate, I'll go myself." Axel's voice vibrated with urgency, and Jasper sensed a disturbing edge to it.

Axel added, "I have to rescue Amber tonight!"

Chapter 2144

Jasper worried about Axel facing danger alone.

He threw on clothes as quickly as possible and contacted Cyrus and Xavier, prepping them for a trip to The Millennium.

He was determined to help Axel save Amber, their secret ally and Alyssa's future sister-in-law.

No matter what, he wouldn't stand idly by.

1 A pang of longing struck Jasper before he even left.

He tiptoed back to their room, kneeling by the sleeping Alyssa.

Brushing a strand of hair from her face, he leaned in, kissing her forehead, nose, and finally, her lips.

"Mmph..."

Jasper...

Don't go..." Alyssa mumbled in her sleep, her eyelashes fluttering.

Jasper's breath hitched.

He fought the urge to stay, placing a gentle hand on her cheek.

His chest rose and fell rapidly with each difficult breath.

He knew he shouldn't linger.

The longer he watched, the harder it would be to leave.

"Sleep tight, baby.

I promise I'll be here when you wake up." Meanwhile, Cyrus received the evidence from Axel.

Armed with an arrest warrant, he led a team straight to The Millennium.

A crescent moon hung in the cold night sky, casting an eerie glow over the unusually quiet area surrounding the club.

Jasper and Axel, the first to arrive, expected a fight to take down Jameson's hideout.

To their surprise, The Millennium, usually bustling with activity, was shrouded in darkness.

Not only was it closed, but there wasn't a single bouncer in sight. Axel attached a password decoder to the door. After a short whirring sound, the heavy metal door clicked open, revealing a dark, ominous passage that seemed to lead straight to hell. Axel clenched his jaw, ready to enter, but Jasper moved ahead. Looking at Jasper's broad back, Axel felt a wave of emotion. He saw the fierce love and protectiveness Jasper had for Alyssa, extending to her family. Just like at Shelling Island, Jasper was willing to face any danger first. Gripping his gun tightly, Axel followed Jasper deeper into The Millennium.

With each step, a sense of unease grew.

"What's going on? Even if they aren't open for business today, why isn't there a single soul around?" Alarm bells rang in Axel's head. Visit Novelxo.org to read the latest chapter of this novel

He scanned their surroundings with a frigid gaze.

"Unless...

Have we given our game away? Has Jameson made a run for it?" Suddenly, a rustling sound echoed from the darkness.

"Who's there? Show yourselves!" Axel m barked, his eyes hardening as he raised his gun toward the source of Hise TE the noise. Visit Novelxo.org to read the latest chapter of this novel

"Hold your fire, Axel." Jasper immediately raised his hand and placed it on Axel's wrist to calm him down.

"I see two women.

I'm guessing that they're the female escorts here." Surprise washed over Axel's face.

He lowered his gun slowly.

"Please...

Please don't kill us..." Two young, from the attractive women emerged. shadows, trembling and clutching their belongings as if fleeing.

Chapter 2145

"We... We are just escorts at The Millennium.

We don't know anything...

Please don't kill us!" Despite being in the face of two remarkably charming men, the two female escorts were on the brink of tears in fright.

In a deep voice, Jasper questioned, "Why is The Millennium closed? Why are you two the only ones left? Where'd everyone go?" "we don't know the details," stammered the bolder of the two, pushing the other woman behind her for protection.

"It's an internal matter.

We're just lowly escorts." The woman in back added in a meek voice, 'C-Carl dismissed everyone overnight.

He gave us severance pay and told us to leave.

The Millennium is no more.

As for the rest, we have no idea..." Jasper's pupils constricted.

A cold sweat slicked his skin.

They hadn't given their game away; Jameson had abandoned everything in Solana City.

He had fled the city, likely to escape punishment for his crimes.

"What about Amber? Where is she?" Axel shouted, glaring at them.

The two women panicked.

They held on to one another.

"We don't know.

Amber left yesterday." Axel roared, "Where did she go?" "We truly have no idea where she went! But that night, I overheard Carl telling his subordinate that he had proposed to Amber, and she agreed to marry him.

Maybe they went overseas to get married.

" Jasper's eyes widened in shock.

"They're getting married?" A wave of dizziness washed over Axel.

Blood pounded in his chest, making him feel feverish and chilled at the same time.

A storm of emotions raged within him.

He couldn't believe Amber's farewell was because she was going to marry someone else.

"That's impossible..."

It's impossible! Why would Amber marry that scum?" Axel slammed his fist against the wall repeatedly until his knuckles were swollen and bloodied.

"Don't do that, Axel!" Jasper rushed forward to restrain him, his own heart heavy with sorrow.

Just then, Cyrus arrived with his colleagues.

Axel, usually unflappable even in dire situations, was on the verge of breaking down.

Cyrus exchanged a helpless look with Jasper, his concern evident.

"Cyrus, these two women are escorts who worked for Carl at The Millennium.

Take them in for questioning.

We might get some valuable information," Jasper instructed.

"However," he added, placing a comforting hand on Axel's shoulder, "I believe they're victims too.

Please handle them with discretion, Cyrus." Cyrus nodded firmly.

"Of course." "We also need to monitor all major traffic routes in the city immediately.

The moment we find any trace of Jameson, we need to contain him.

We can't let him leave Solana City!" "It's too late, Jasper," Cyrus sighed, his anger evident as he slammed his fist against the wall. Visit Novelxo.org to read the latest chapter of this novel

"I already thought of that.

Before coming here, I had my men investigate.

They discovered Jameson had

boarded his private plane and left m Solana City three hours ago. Visit

He's probably out of the country by now." "Jasper's chest tightened.

"Were you able to track where he went?" "T'm just a police officer.

That's beyond my authority.

Besides, even if I could, it wouldn't be legal.

We only have evidence against Carl so far.

Not enough to arrest Jameson.

Nicholas' statement alone isn't enough!" They were back to square one.

Just as they thought they'd

checkmated their opponent, a new obstacle emerged, blocking their

path. Lost in thought, Jasper didn't notice his phone ringing.