

Chapter 183

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Shock rage, and disappointment flooded Jasper's chest. She had lied to him all this time!

The birthday celebration continued into the night, laughter and chatter filling the venue. Halfway through, Alyssa decided to go to the washroom to powder us.

As she went to the washroom, she recalled all the schemes and tricks Liana and Sophia had tried to use against her. It was all so childish, she realized, scoffing at the thought. How foolish.

She had already guessed how they planned to take her down, which was unfortunate for them. Of all the things those women should have considered when plotting against her, they failed to include the most important factor of them all—Newton's fatherly affection for her.

Love and affection were something their schemes could never break through.

It would have been inappropriate if they had only given Newton the chair, as it undoubtedly belonged to Jonah and "his family." That was why she presented the carving she had long prepared to Newton.

Alyssa had mastered such craftsmanship only because she had grown up watching Uncle Don do stone carving. In that sense, Herman Fowler could be said to be her grandmaster.

The hallways in the building were long and complex. Alyssa quickly lost her way.

Just then, a plump, furry kitten ran across the corridor in front of her.

"Hey, Kitty! Where are you going?" Alyssa cried excitedly, then chased after the cat.

She was about to catch up with the furball when her heels slipped on the cobblestoned floor. Unable to stabilize herself, she was tossed forward, about to fall off a stairwell.

"Ahh!" She shrieked and closed her eyes.

Just then, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her back to safety. Whoever it was had a steady figure, instantly making her feel safe and at ease. Her back soon came into contact with this familiar person.

"Meow." The cat from earlier mewed at them from above a decoration. It swiftly disappeared.

Alyssa waited for her breath to recover, not daring to look back at the man who had caught her.

Jasper could feel the cold sweat on her back, slightly touching his solid chest. The sensation was hypnotizing.

It made his heart catch slightly.

"Enjoying yourself, are we? Let me go already." Alyssa gritted out, trying to get out of his grasp.

Jasper narrowed his eyes, then slowly let go of her waist. "You think I wanted to? You were about to break your neck."

"Don't expect a thank you from me." Alyssa quickly steadied herself on the stair post glaring coldly at Jasper. "I'd rather break my neck than let you cop a feel"

He thought she looked so unbelievably gorgeous right now. 1

"Cop a feel?" Jasper breathed out, then smirked. "I think we've both given each other long, deep feels by now."

"Jasper Beckett Alyssa gasped, face turning pink

"I seem to recall you were the one who couldn't wait to have my hands on you." Jasper cocked his head. "We may be divorced, but i still remember every single detail."

She had repeatedly aggravated him since the start of the birthday celebration. Anger had long stewed bitterly in his chest. He felt like he might actually get sick if it continued.

Alyssa's heart dropped, shame flooding her senses. "So what do you want now, hm? You lost your chance when you had it. Are you regretting it now?"

"You-"

"Have you ever heard the phrase 'opportunity seldom knocks twice? Wel, for you Jordan VI FA again!" Alyssa cried.

Thoroughly pissed, Jasper grabbed her wrists, pressing her up against the day py