

Chapter 32

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Liana walked away, sobbing.

The maids were gushing about her hysterics. Her visits never failed to end up with antics and her leaving the place with tears. They

wondered if she deemed Seaview Manor as her personal playhouse.

Jasper sat still on the couch. He stared at the jumble of cloth for a long time.

"Mr. Jasper, it's getting late. Here's some milk. You need to get some sleep." Rosie handed him a glass of warm milk.

A heavy sigh escaped Rosie's lips as she gazed upon the ruined suit. "What a shame." Her words meant something deeper.

"The next time Lia stops by, keep an eye on her. Stop her from entering my room and study. Oh, and Alice's room too," Jasper instructed in

a low voice.

"Don't worry. Your wish is my command. I will watch her every move," Rosie promised confidently.

She then added, "Luckily, I locked Madam Alice's room. Otherwise, Ms. Gardner might have sneaked in and caused a mess."

"Don't put it that way, Mrs. Rosie. Lia isn't that bad of a person. After all, I owe her for the past three years."

"What about Madam Alice? Has she done anything wrong? Don't you feel sorry for her after the divorce?" Rosie's voice rose to another octave without her realizing it as she defended Alice.

"The person Grandpa coerced was me, not her. She could've chosen not to marry me."

"Are you saying that she deserves all this?"

Jasper pursed his pale lips.

"Rest up. I'll be out of your hair." A gloomy Rosie left the room with grudges. She took the milk with her too.

He blinked his eyes and drew a sharp breath, wondering, "Is she mad? I'm not finished with the milk yet, though. Since when did Alice win

the hearts of the people I care for? What a calculating person."

As the bearer of bad news, Liana returned home in a forlorn state.

Without Backett Group's funding, Gardner Group would be in serious trouble, and turning things around would be difficult.

"What's that brat, Jasper, doing? He claims to love you so much, but he acts like a douchebag. Do we mean nothing to him?" Dylan hurled the ashtray onto the floor. His eyes reddened.

"How is he not in love with me? He divorced for my sake without hesitation." A sobbing Liana tried to redeem her pride.

"I bet he's weighing the pros and cons. At least, you're from a rich family. And what does Alice White have? How can a rag be compared to

riches? Even a fool knows who his best pick is!" Dylan stated.

Although Liana knew Dylan was on her side, she couldn't shake off the feeling that he was somehow belittling her.

"Lia, why did Mr. Jasper change his mind out of the blue? What happened?" asked Andrew in distress.

"I don't know either. Jasper met Ms. Alyssa today. And his attitude took a one-eighty turn after returning home. He said he's not going to

help us anymore

"Dad, Dylan, did you guys do something in the back, and someone found out about it? He seems to hate our family ..."

"Fuck! Is it because of his ex-wife, Alice?" Dylan thought of something.

"What do you mean?" Liana became jittery at the mention of Alice's name.

"A few days ago, I was at the Harpers' bar, and I bumped into that crazy woman. Jasper ended up helping her out and made me apologize to her. It's ridiculous!" Dylan held onto his resentment and humiliation.

Liana's face darkened at the thought of Jasper possibly having feelings for Alice.

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"Enough. Things will get better once Lia becomes Mrs. Beckett." Seeing how Liana's gaze had turned frosty, Rosalina comforted her.

"That Alice is just a cast-off. No matter how calculating she is, she can do nothing in this situation. Our main focus now is to change the public's perception of us. We need to find a scapegoat. That's our top priority." Rosalina continued.

"A scapegoat?" An idea fleeted on Dylan's mind as he smirked. "There's no better candidate than him."