

Chapter 219

Chapter 219

Jasper was standing alone by a black Ferrari with a straight back and a gentlemanly demeanor right outside Heightsnew Villa.

He narrowed his eyes at the intricate family crest on the metal gate during the wait

He had been looking into the Taylor family for days. From his research, he learned that the

Heightsnew Villa was the property Winston Taylor bought for his first wife, Alyssa's mother.

The luxurious villa was one of its kind in the nation and worth more than the monetary value.

It turned out that Alyssa's mother had named the villa. On a side note, he found out that Alyssa

had chosen the name Alice White during their marriage, partly inspired by her mom's last name,

Whitaker.

Still, he hadn't figured out the reason she had chosen "Alice" for her first name, if there was any.

She did not look like an Alice.

When he was deep in thought, the gate creaked open. He quickly gathered his attention and

tensed up a little. He found Alyssa standing on the stairs and staring down at him with a hand

shielding her face from the sun.

Alyssa was a little surprised that Jasper showed up in a different outfit than his usual three-piece

suit. Instead, he donned a pair of beige pants and a light blue jacket, looking clean, fresh, and regal.

This was her first time seeing him in that attire. He usually dressed like a nobleman out of a Jane

Austen novel, looking disciplined and serious.

She might have been overthinking, but she had a feeling that he had deliberately dressed in a

casual fit. She thought he might look hot on the outside, but he was still rotten on the inside.

She approached him in her home slippers because she had rushed out in haste. Her steps were

light and airy, looking oddly adorable and affable.

He stared keenly at her feet and felt a rush of warmth in him.

"Why are you staring at my feet? Is this your first time seeing home slippers?" She uneasily

shifted her feet in her slippers and made a sour face.

He squinted. "You were always in heels. I have never seen you in slippers until now."

Yeah, I can tell from your eyes that something's wrong." She sneered. "I wore slippers around you

at home for three years.

"How could you claim that you've never seen me in slippers? I know I was practically invisible to

you, but you didn't have to take a jab at me now that we're divorced."

In an instant, he felt as if his heart had stopped. His face darkened.

Yes, he remembered now.

In the past, she was always the first person to greet him whenever he was home. She would come

running to him with joyful little steps in her apron, holding a small spatula in one hand. Her face was

always a bit oily from the cooking, but she always greeted him with a gentle and ladylike

smile.

He used to scoff at her attention. Now, looking back, it was an incredibly precious moment.

"Let's talk in the car." He breathed heavily and opened the car door.

"Let's talk somewhere else." She was against the idea.

"Do you mean we'll talk at your place?" He quickly took advantage of the loophole and took a step

closer.

"Jasper Beckett, know your limits." As she was speaking, he grabbed her wrist and shoved her

into his car in a smooth move.

"You-"

Jasper sat in the driver's seat in no time and locked the car.

"Why do you need to lock your car for a talk?" She yanked at the handle but failed to open the door.

"I need to lock the car door when the car's moving. I'm worried you might jump out of the car at

any moment."

Right after that, she felt a shadow in front of her. A bomb went off in her head.

She sensed the warmth of his body as he inched closer to her, his nose bridge almost touching the

tip of her nose and his lengthy eyelashes almost tickling her eyelids.

"W-What are you doing?" Panicking, she quickly pushed against his chest. To her surprise, he

grabbed her hand tightly and warned, "Alyssa, don't move."