

Chapter 220

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Immediately, Jasper reached for the seatbelt and helped Alyssa fasten it.

She clenched her jaw and flinched as though she was in contact with filth. “Where are you bringing me?”

“Last night, we agreed on picking up your stuff from my place today.” He let go of her and leisurely placed his hands on the steering wheel.

“I will be there. You didn’t have to pick me up!”

“I don’t trust you.” He started the engine and stole a glance at her. “You’re a bloody good liar. How many times did you lie to me in the past three years? Were you ever honest with me?”

“Had I never?” She smirked. “Think what you want. It doesn’t matter.”

Her words were like bullets to his chest. He felt chills in his body. Sometimes, he’d rather she had never fallen for him. At least, he wouldn’t have felt guilty for his poor treatment of her.

The Ferrari sped on the highway as the scenic view passed them by in a blur.

Since Alyssa could not escape, she decided to take things as they came. She crossed her arms and

had a comfortable shut-eye after adjusting her seat.

She’d rather keep him out of her sight.

“I’m sorry about that.” He tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

“About what?”

Something was not quite right with Jasper ever since the divorce. He was stubborn as a donkey in the past, but now, he would own up to his mistakes.

She couldn’t help but wonder if Liana had given him lessons on manners.

“I did not know that Jonah was your brother.”

“Ignorance is not a sin. You’re forgiven.” She was indifferent toward the matter.

“Why didn’t you explain yourself?” He examined her soft and lovely side profile.

“Would you have believed me if I insisted that he and I were innocent?”

He choked.

She shook her head. “The world is always hostile to women. If I were Alice White instead of Jonah’s sister, you and everyone else in this world would think of me as a shameless gold-digger. That’s why I never care for anyone’s opinion unless they are someone I love and care for.”

Blood drained from his face as he gripped hard on the steering wheel.

Was she implying that she no longer loved and cared for him?

There was nothing wrong with that except that he felt oddly distressed at the thought.

After a while of sitting in the depressing air, he suddenly questioned, “So, Jonah and Silas Taylor are your older brothers? Is your third bother, Axel Whitaker? He took your mom’s last name.”

“Jasper Beckett.” Her expression steeled. “People looking into my family members is my pet peeve.”

He was about to explain himself when she spoke, “I tolerated your unruly behavior only because I am Alyssa Taylor. I received an elite education, and because of that, I will carry myself with grace and manners.

“I do not wish to fight with you because that’s too unbecoming. However, if you try to do anything to my family, I will not go easy on you, no matter who you are. Shape up or ship out.”

He pursed his lips while digging his fingernails into the steering wheel’s leather. “I did not deliberately look into him. When I fought him the last time, I thought he looked familiar, from his appearance to his skills.

“I went through the yearbook of my military school and found his photo there. It was then I realized he was an old schoolmate.”

She pettily looked out of the window and ignored him. He glanced at her and called Xavier, not forgetting to set the call to speaker mode.

“Hi, Mr. Beckett. Any orders?” Xavier picked up right away.

“Get a pair of heels for Ms. Alyssa Taylor. Pick a pair from Christian Louboutin, Jimmy Choo, or Manolo Blahnik that suits her style. Send them to Seaview Manor.”

Alyssa glared at his calm expression. The brands he rattled off were her usual favorites.

“Yes! I’ll get them ready for madam!” Xavier sounded overjoyed that one might think he was about

Jasper stared at her feet with a gleam in his eyes. “Her shoe size is 5.5. Get that right.”