

Chapter 225

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“Are we not over this yet?” Alyssa curled her fist and took a few deep breaths as her eyes lit up in fury. “I have said what’s there to be said. I have nothing more to explain, even if you don’t believe in me!”

“Had we come across each other a long time ago?” Jasper leaned closer to her, desperate for an answer. His body was close to pressing against her back. “Alyssa Taylor, answer me. Had we come across each other a long time ago?” 1

Her chest tightened, and her lips paled. “No, you’re overthinking. Our first encounter was when Grandpa declared our engagement. We never met each other before that.”

She was afraid that he might find out she was the girl who had saved him ten years ago. After the divorce, there was no point reminiscing her 13 years of love and pursuit of Jasper, for that would only remind her of how embarrassing and pitiful she had been.

She was prideful. The last thing she wanted him to know was her 13–year crush on him. That’d be too humiliating.

Disappointment flashed across his eyes. He had a feeling that there was more to the truth.

“Let go of me. I’ll gather my stuff and leave.” Her voice shaking, she pulled the wardrobe door harder.

“Alyssa, why…”

“Enough with the questions!” She appeared to have been triggered and raised her voice, “We’re divorced. Do you know what that means?”

“Why would you ask questions about the past? So what if I were smitten with you back then? I’m no longer in love with you now. I feel sick seeing the gifts I made for you. And I’m disgusted at the sight of you too!”

She was once smitten with him. He tuned out the rest of her words as the phrase echoed in his mind.

Breathing deeply, he held her shoulders and turned her petite frame around to face him. Her teary eyes came as a shock to him.

“You can cry if you want to.” His voice might be stiff, but his eyes were radiating warmth.

“Those are tears of anger because of you! I’m laughing because, thank God, I got my divorce. Why Would I ever cry?” Her eyes were wintry, and her chest rose and fell in anger. “The moment I signed the divorce papers, I vowed never to shed a tear for you. Ever.”

Her cruel words pierced through his heart. He wanted to say something but was interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Mr. Beckett, are you in there?”

The butler said politely, “Um… Ms. Gardner is waiting for you downstairs. What do you think…”

Alyssa felt a change in the air. It turned out that Jasper’s face had clouded over almost instantly.

Liana waited anxiously on the first floor while the maids gossiped in private. Everyone knew that a war was waiting to happen if she ran into Jasper’s ex–wife.

“Jasper!” Liana flung herself at Jasper, hugging his waist, when the latter descended the stairs with a flat expression.

He pushed her away instinctively, but she hugged him tightly like a drowning man latching onto a piece of driftwood.

“Jasper, I missed you so…” The familiar fresh pine scent on his body almost drove her crazy. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she wallowed in her misfortune.

“It’s my fault, and I’m sorry. I took the wrong path because I was too angry to think straight. You should know who I am because we’ve known each other since we were kids!”

She had no other way than to make an emotional appeal to him. At first, she had wanted to follow Sophia’s advice to keep out of touch with Jasper until he was no longer upset.

Still, when she heard about Alyssa’s visit to the Seaview Manor, she couldn’t take it anymore and rushed over.

“Lia.” There was no hint of warmth in Jasper’s voice. “I told you not to meet me for now. Go home.”