

Chapter 253

"Calm down? Calm down? I don't even know if my daughter will survive the night! She has shed tears and blood for you, Jasper. She might not even live to see another day! Don't tell me to calm down!" Rosaline screamed.

She continued, "If you didn't love my Lia, then why did you lie to her? Why did you promise you would marry her? My Lia is too sweet a girl. When you wanted to kill yourself all those years ago, she rescued you! How could you do this to her? Have you no heart?"

Jasper's heart ached dully. Those dark memories flooded his chest and mind, making it increasingly difficult to breathe. Those memories consumed his thoughts until they were all he could think about. 1

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Alyssa had been sent to the hospital to have her wound bandaged up, thanks to Jameson Schmidt.

She had asked Sean to stay back and look after Tatiana. She was concerned that Tatiana would be frightened by the sight of her injury.

Meanwhile, Tatiana kept blaming herself for her sister's accident, making Sean's heart clench painfully at the sight. He felt like one more blow might just knock the poor girl out

for good.


Thankfully, Alyssa had dodged slightly when facing the attacker's blade, so the cut was only skin-deep.

When she exited the ER, her arm had been treated with medicine and wrapped in gauze. She even got a tetanus shot just to be safe.

Alyssa tossed aside her dirty, torn sweater, revealing her wine-red silk dress.

Jameson kept a watchful eye on her. His gaze turned seductive as it lingered on her long lashes and delicate smile.

He took his coat and wrapped it around her shoulders. "Here. It's cold out."

"No, thank you." Alyssa quickly removed it, but Jameson snugly wrapped it around her, even buttoning the front. 

"Aren't you worried your sister and assistant will freak out if they see your injury? Keep it on for now."

Alyssa pursed her lips, no longer trying to take the coat off. This man was too kind and gentle with her, always knowing just what to do. She found herself unable to refute his gestures.

"What were you doing in the neighborhood, sir?"

"I live in the area." That was a lie. His company had a

development project nearby, but he didn't reside anywhere near the location.

"Oh? How coincidental."

"You're the strongest woman I've met. You didn't flinch once when the nurses were tending to your wound. Even I grimaced a little," Jameson changed the topic, never looking away from her.

"You'll be surprised how many women are as tough as I am, sir. I'm sure you'll be lucky to meet some of them." Alyssa smiled.

That made Jameson grin.


"Oh, but I don't want anyone else. Just you," Jameson thought to himself.

"Sir, I appreciate your concern and assistance thus far, but unexpectedly being held by someone I have no connection with or knowledge of ...

"I realize it might have been a spontaneous act on your part, but I'm uncomfortable with getting too close to strangers," Alyssa expressed. She distinctly disliked it when Jameson princess carried her.

"I apologize. I did the first thing that came to mind when I saw you were hurt." Jameson nodded lightly. "I'll be more careful."

Alyssa hummed in acknowledgment, pleased. He was

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genuine enough for her to let this go.

"Oh, by the way, I don't believe we've introduced ourselves. What is your name, sir?"

Jameson opened his mouth, about to answer, when a cold, harsh voice called from behind them.

"Alyssa Taylor."