

## Can't Win Me Back Chapter 381 - 390

### Chapter 381

Vincent led Alyssa and Ada to the backstage dressing room, where they chatted and sipped champagne.

After a while, Ada's manager summoned her for an important interview, leaving only Alyssa and Vincent

In the room.

"It's been three years since we last met. How have you been, Alyssa?" Vincent gave her a fatherly look, devoid of any romantic passion.

"Just like what you see. I'm still the old me." Alyssa opened her arms with a cool smile.

"You seem

more worldly than three years ago. I can see in your weathered eyes that you went through a lot. Where did you go in the three years you vanished? Did you travel the world for inspiration?" Vincent detected a hint of melancholy in her expression and asked with genuine concern.

"Nah, I did not go traveling. I wasted three years working as a slave, and I'm completely burned out."

Alyssa let out a sigh with an empty look in her eyes.

"You're as funny as before." He clinked glasses with her and chuckled. "When do you plan to reveal your identity as Alexa publicly? It's a pity to keep this remarkable identity under wraps."

"I'll take it a step at a time. I have other priorities now. While announcing my identity is nice, I do not want to attract trouble right now."

She scrunched up her eyes. "If I plan to drop my identity, I need to make sure that the move is meaningful and creates the greatest effect at the right time."

"That's classic Alexa. You always maximize your gains, never allowing yourself to lose out." He beamed at her. "We're old friends now. If you run into any trouble or troublemakers, just tell me."

“This isn’t Yoarkley. I’m afraid your influence as a duke doesn’t hold much sway here,” Alyssa replied carelessly after she grasped the meaning behind his words.

“Ms. Harper has always wanted to join the AX membership. We initially had her on our shortlist, but today’s incident clearly shows that she is far from qualified to be our VIP member.”

Still wearing a smile, he added, “A few days ago, Mrs. Harper and Lucille Schmidt were appealing to me, hoping I’d attend their charity events. I thought hard about it, but now, I have made up my mind.”

Alyssa shrugged. “As long as you’re happy, I’m fine with whatever you decide.”

Her non-reply was in fact a silent approval of Vincent’s decision. Anyone who wanted to lay a finger on

her, regardless of their identity, would not be spared.

When the show was about to start, Vincent led Alyssa out of the dressing room.

They didn’t manage to

get far before a cold and alluring voice stopped them.

“Alyssa Taylor.”

She started and turned around with a frown. There, she saw Jasper’s silhouette approaching her. He wore

a calm expression.

Vincent came to a realization when he saw the hostile look in the eyes of the approaching man. Chortling,

he whispered, “Ms. Alyssa, is he a friend of yours?”

“My friend? No, he’s not worthy of my friendship,” she answered with disdain despite being puzzled by

Jasper’s attendance.

To her knowledge, Jasper was the opposite of the attention-loving Landon.

Therefore, he would hate to

attend events like this. Why did he undergo a change in attitude and attend the jewelry show?

She concluded that he must have been here because of Betty, that dull, devious, and clingy sister of his.

Jasper walked up to them, his eyes on Alyssa. He wondered aloud, “Ms. Alyssa, won’t you introduce me

to this gentleman?”

“Is that even necessary? The Beckett Group is not involved in the jewelry business or any related industries. I don’t think you’ll come across Mr. Carter much,” Alyssa dropped any pretense and coldly turned him down.

Jasper pursed his lips, but he wouldn’t back down just because he was rejected. Instead, he held out his

hand to Vincent. “Mr. Carter, it’s my pleasure to meet you.”

“Mr. Beckett! Nice to meet you. I was surprised that you and Ms. Alyssa knew each other.” Vincent graciously shook Jasper’s hand.

“Well, it doesn’t seem you are close with Ms. Alyssa, then.” Jasper narrowed his wintry eyes. “Otherwise, you would have known about my relationship to her.”

Vincent frowned. He sensed that Jasper had grasped his hand tighter as if they were engaged in a quiet struggle.

They stood there like two martial arts practitioners exchanging moves, holding out until the eventual explosion of tension.

Jasper was bewildered by his own behavior. He had never been one to engage in such childish and anxious displays.

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Whenever Jasper saw Alyssa getting close to someone from the opposite sex, it frustrated him. He so badly wanted to rid her of the men.

He sensed that he was getting weirder and more begrudged by the day. The self-control he had always prided himself on was nowhere to be found when he was with Alyssa.

Alyssa was riled up upon hearing his remark. She said mockingly, “Yeah, we do know each other. We’re archenemies.

“Alyssa,” Jasper croaked. His chest tightened.

“An ex-husband shouldn’t be out telling everyone about our relationship.” You should lay low and shut up.

Don’t you have any manners?”

Her ex-husband? Vincent was shocked to learn that Alexa had been married. He hadn’t heard of it, even as her close friend of

many years. The question was, why did she marry Jasper?

Alexa was a goddess who had better options. Why did she choose to marry a jealous fellow?

“Mr. Beckett, you want to find trouble? I’m fine with that. The sight of you has already pissed me off anyway. But I don’t want to drag Mr. Carter, an important friend, into this,” she hissed and added. you still care about your reputation.”

Clenching his jaw, Jasper felt gutted. His fingers dug hard into his sweaty palms. Alyssa seemed willing to speak up and defend any individual against him. As for him, an ex-husband she had once loved deeply, was unworthy.

“The show is about to begin. Aren’t you supposed to keep your girl company? She’ll be anxious if she can’t find you.” Alyssa prepared to leave with Vincent, leaving Jasper frozen on the ground.

In a panic, Jasper seized her arm and tightened his grip.

“Hey, you have nothing to do with her if you’re divorced! Please show her some respect!” Vincent

intervened, only to be stopped by Alyssa.

She urged, “Vincent, they’re waiting for your speech. Go ahead. I’ll be fine.”

“But...”

“Don’t worry. We’re divorced. He can’t do anything to me.”

Jasper felt that she had chipped away at his heart. The excruciating pain led him to hold on tighter.

Knowing that the ex-spouses needed to sort out their issues, Vincent knew his place and decided to leave. He was confident that no one would cause a scene on his turf anyway. 2

The corridor was enveloped in a tense silence. Jasper heard the thud of his heart. He tried to hold his breath, but that didn’t help to calm him down,

“Let go of me,” she hissed and struggled, showing no affection of any sort.

“I know who you were referring to just now. You meant Zoe, right?” He anxiously pulled her closer. She pressed softly against his solid frame, their breaths mingling.

“I never mentioned her name. How do you know it was Ms. Harper?” Her caustic eyes bore into him. Seems like she’s still on your mind. Why else would you react so strongly, Jasper?”

Alyssa deliberately mimicked Zoe’s saccharine tone to irk him.

He smiled bitterly. Women could be quite difficult to argue with.

He wa

was more curious than angry. He wanted to know his place in her heart and asked in a throaty voice,” Alyssa, are you jealous?”

She laughed incredulously and shook her head. “What’s wrong with you? The nerve to ask me that question!

“You were entangled with Liana when we were married. You jetted off to Mosgravia at Christmas to watch the lights with her. You even custom-ordered a one-of-a-kind jewelry for her.

“Not once did I feel a hint of jealousy after you treated me so poorly. How dare you question me on jealousy after our divorce?

You shameless son of a bitch.”

## Chapter 383

Jasper found himself standing before Alyssa, vulnerable and defenseless against her barrage of verbal attacks. She was right, though. He was the reason behind the shitty things she had to endure.

“Alyssa, there’s nothing between me and Zoe. I only see her as a little sister!” His ears reddened from the anxiety as he struggled to make his point.

Normally, he wouldn’t bother explaining himself, but he was at his wit’s end this time.

“Why bother telling me? It’s not my concern,” Alyssa snapped, her patience waning as she shot him a look of disdain. “I couldn’t care less about your relationship with her, and I certainly don’t want to hear your explanation. Let go. I’m going to watch the show.”

“Do you not care? If so, why did you have to bring it up? You mentioned it once at the police station and again this time!” He was resentful at the misunderstanding between them. His eyes brimmed with tears from the upsetting situation, and his shoulders quivered.

He added, “If you care about which girl I’m dating, it means you still care about me! You’re not as over it as you claim to be!”

“I do not care about you. I’m simply disgusted at you, Jasper Beckett.” She stared intently at him and slowly pried his fingers from her arm.

She added, “If I had known you were flirting with your childhood sweetheart and the little sisters’ of your friends, I would never have fallen for you in the first place.

“Now, I’m grateful that I managed to escape that marriage, but it still sickens me to think that I was once in love with a capricious, cowardly scoundrel!”

His breathing became labored as he felt a crushing weight settled in on him. The feeling of being misunderstood was deeply unsettling, filling him with bitterness.

For a moment, she was stung by the shattered look on his face. Still, she did not stay on any longer and

shuffled away without looking back.

She reminded herself, “Lyse, the past is behind you. No matter how deep your grudges and affection, you shall not turn back.”

Her phone suddenly rang, and it was Sean calling.

“Sean, what’s the matter?” She pulled herself together.

“Ms. Alyssa, something went wrong! Check Twitter right now!” Sean spat out the words with urgency.

+15 BONUS

Her expression sank as an ominous feeling closed in. She quickly opened Twitter on her phone, and almost immediately, her face drained of color as she cursed, “Fuck!”

At the top of the trending topics was the hashtag #AdaKingsleyWeddingDesignLeaks. The designs she and her team had painstakingly worked on were leaked online.

Jasper, who was wallowing in depression, was shocked by Alyssa’s cursing. A smile crossed his face.

She was so much livelier after leaving him, much better than the demure and compliant woman who had stubbornly stayed by his side.

He approached her slowly, but she suddenly sprinted to the other end of the corridor in her high heels and put a distance between them.

Feeling that something had gone wrong, he worriedly dialed Xavier’s number.

“Mr. Beckett,” Xavier answered the call.

“Has something happened to the KS Group?” Jasper questioned, guided by his sharp instincts.

“Yes, I was just about to brief you on the situation.”

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Sounding anxious, Xavier quickly voiced his concern, “Ada Kingsley’s wedding site decor at KS World

Hotel has been leaked on Twitter. It’s circulating and topping the trending topics.”

Jasper’s eyes twitched as he inquired, “Do we know which media outlet is responsible for this?”

“It’s a verified media account!”

“They’re asking for trouble by leaking things they shouldn’t!” Jasper remarked, his expression darkening.

“W-Will that affect Madam? Xavier inquired with worry.

“Absolutely,” Jasper replied, his gaze still fixed on the direction Alyssa had hurried off to.

He continued, "I suspect there's a specific clause in her contract with Ada Kingsley that prohibits the hotel from divulging any details of the wedding. A violation of the clause is a breach of contract."

"A breach of contract? That's serious!"

"Now that the site decoration has been leaked, KS World Hotel has breached the contract. Even if they aren't legally obligated to compensate Ada, I'm convinced she'll reconsider having her wedding there.

\*Regardless, KS World is out of the picture," Jasper added with gloom in his eyes. After the entire debacle, Alyssa's hard work had gone down the drain. KS World Hotel, which was once celebrated, had been eliminated from the competition.

"My goodness. Madam has always been smart and meticulous. How could she have been tricked?"

Xavier lamented.

There was a gleam in Jasper's eyes as he curled his fists.

He should have felt gleeful, considering that KS Group World and Alyssa were his rivals, but he couldn't even smile. He instructed, "Xavier, look into that media and get their person in charge to explain the leak!"

The leak of Ada Kingsley's wedding venue spread like wildfire. Most people at the jewelry show learned

about it soon, but the public would not understand the gravity of the situation.

Some

he even praised Ada for her grand and lavish dream wedding.

However, Ada did not even sit through the show. She discreetly left the venue with a long face without saying goodbye to Vincent.

All of this didn't go unnoticed by Zoe and Betty, who were seated across from the runway.

"Abigail works pretty fast." Zoe's face had a hint of cruelty that ran opposite to her angelic features. She knew she had gotten what she wanted when Ada stormed out of the show.

She defeated Alyssa with strategy. Alyssa's wealth and her possession of Alexa's jewelry meant nothing



now.

“Like father, like daughter. Abigail has her way of getting things done. She’s Amazing Abigail.” Betty clapped her hands and exclaimed, “She got the photos of the wedding venue in no time. Is she a reporter or a spy?”

“Don’t get in touch with her for now. You don’t want to attract attention,” Zoe cautioned Betty with sparkling eyes, feeling proud and accomplished. “Betty, I’ve helped you to get rid of Alyssa. Now, it’s up to you to get Ada Kingsley’s business.”

“Don’t sweat about it. After KS breached the contract, Ada will select Berenike Hotel out of anger,” Betty asserted, puffing her chest. “There are no other decent hotels in Solana City apart from Berenike or KS. Ada doesn’t have much of a choice.”

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When Alyssa heard from Vincent that Ada had left the show, she ran to the underground parking lot with Sean in search of Ada. At

at that moment, Ada had entered her private van with a foul expression.

As the door rolled to a close, a pair of pale hands gripped it and slid it open

“Madam Ada, we know you’re furious at the trending topics. I feel the same because the photos have been leaked! KS World

Hotel has no idea about the leak!” Alyssa spoke through heavy breaths after running all the way. She was sweaty,

Ada gave her an amused look. She was a professional at keeping her composure after 30 years of acting.

Instead of launching a tirade, she remarked, “Ms. Alyssa, I trust that you are unaware of the leak because we’ve signed an agreement to keep it a secret and also because of your principles. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have won Mr. Carter’s approval.”

Sean’s eyes lit up upon hearing that. He misread Ada’s tone, thinking there was a chance of turning things around.

However, he was immediately disappointed when Ada added, “But you have to admit that KS World security measures are lacking. As the general manager, you bear a degree of responsibility for this.

“This time, photos of the wedding site were leaked. But what if it was a leak of the client’s private data

next ti

The photo leaks happened all because of KS World’s mismanagement. Don’t you think so, Ms.

Alyssa?”

Sean thought that she had changed her attitude quite quickly. His face was flushed with anger as he fought the urge to clear

Alyssa’s name.

He could withstand any insults or punches thrown at him but could not stand seeing Alyssa questioned and gossiped about. He would not want Alyssa to be unfairly treated.

Alyssa stopped Sean and admitted to her mistake after taking a breath.

“I’m terribly sorry, Madam Ada. As you said, some mismanagement here has opened up a loophole for people to sneak in and leak the decor of the wedding site. As the general manager, I cannot shift the blame.”

“Ms. Alyssa...” Sean teared up and clenched his fists in rage.

“You’ve displayed more integrity than most managers by admitting your mistakes. Nevertheless, a breach of our agreement remains just that, regardless of the underlying reasons. I have to stick to the terms of our agreement and terminate our

partnership with KS World Hotel. After all, what is the purpose of an

With a smile, Ada gave a look at her manager, who shut the door.

“Madam Ada, please wait!” Alyssa retrieved a box from Sean and presented it to Ada with poise. “I understand your decision to end your partnership with us. Still, you are a valuable friend. I have made the desserts you requested. I came here today just to deliver them to you. Please have them.”

Ada cast a glance at the box and, instead of immediately accepting it, she commented, “I appreciate the gesture. I’ll only accept your gift when we have the opportunity to work together in the future.”

Alyssa clenched her teeth as Ada’s van departed.

“She’s humiliating you by rejecting your gift! That’s too much!” Sean was outraged but helpless. Anyway, they were wrong in the first place.

“I understood her behavior. It’s not really a humiliation because she has no reason to accept our gifts after the failed partnership.

“Besides, she must be stressed out by the thought of changing hotels when her wedding is around the corner,” Alyssa empathized with Ada and took a deep breath to calm herself.

She added, “Even if Ada has halted the partnership, I will not let this pass. Our priority is to find out the person who messes with us and the rat within.”

“The rat?” Sean’s eyes bulged in shock. He whispered, “Are you suspecting internal sabotage? Isn’t it all Betty Beckett’s doing?”

“Even if Betty Beckett were behind this, she wouldn’t have succeeded without help from someone within

To resolve this issue, we need to address our internal matters.”

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Alyssa’s eyes clouded over as she smirked. “Interesting. They are testing my limits. They won’t learn their lessons if I don’t put them in their place.”

The setback didn’t demotivate her. Losing an important client was not the focus right now. She needed to find out the mole in the hotel or risk losing more.

“Ms. Alyssa, what should we do with the box of desserts?” Sean appeared upset. She decisively tossed the box into the trashcan and walked away without a second glance. She reasoned,

“A gift is only meaningful if the recipient accepts it. Now, it’s just trash. I never reclaim what I’ve given to others. Let’s go.”

A tall and hunky figure emerged from the shadows when the two left. Jasper’s eyes flickered as he stared at Alyssa.

\*It looks like Madam will be busy hunting down the mole! It’s no easy task.” Xavier sighed.

Jasper wordlessly walked to the trashcan and picked up the box without concern about hygiene.

“Mr. Beckett, s-stop! It’s dirty!” Even the adaptable Xavier was grossed out by the scene. Never had Jasper lowered himself to the point of picking out trash discarded by Alyssa.

“It’s fine. I did the same thing when I was a kid,” Jasper mumbled, feeling a touch of warmth at the memory of Alyssa carefully crafting the pastries.

He said to Xavier, “Let’s go.”

The first thing Alyssa did at KS World Hotel was to convene the senior management and the wedding planning team to the meeting room for an emergency meeting.

The attendees were outraged and disheartened upon hearing the cancellation of Ada Kingsley’s wedding event. Some even broke down in tears after their efforts went down the drain. Alyssa shared in their pain. Putting aside her personal feelings about the failed partnership, she was more worried about letting down her colleagues than anything else.

“It’s alright. This isn’t a big deal, and we can handle it. Just carry on with your work as usual, and don’t dwell on it,” Alyssa reassured them with a wide smile. “And please, don’t fret about the trips you were promised. Those are still happening. I don’t want to see anyone upset over this-it’s not worth it.”

Surprisingly, everyone collectively volunteered to cancel their break to work and make up for the loss.

When everyone left the meeting, Sean closed the door after checking that no one was out there.

“Ms. Alyssa, why didn’t you mention the mole in the meeting?” He frowned puzzledly. “If you put pressure

on them, I could catch their expressions. We might find out who the mole is.”

“Tsk. You’re naive.” She rested her hand on the leather armrest and swiveled her chair. “The news has

already spread. The culprit must have expected me to bring it up in the meeting.

But I chose not to. I even

pretended not to care, just to unsettle them.”

Sean was amused by Alyssa’s unconventional ideas.

\*Since the leak has happened, there is no point pressuring the culprit. They have gotten what they wanted.

A cunning gleam sparkled in her eyes. “We need to trick them into putting down their guard, thinking that

The storm has passed. Then, we’ll set the bait.”

‘I’ll check the surveillance footage for any suspects near the wedding venue. I’ll also investigate the

account that leaked the photos to gather some information on the leaker!”

Alyssa narrowed her eyes. “Sure. Go.”

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The following day, Xavier hurriedly knocked on Jasper’s office door at the Beckett Group, announcing.”

Mr. Beckett, you wanted me to look into-Arggh!”

Xavier trailed off with a scream. It was too late to stop Jasper, who was seated on the table and

casually lifting a pastry out of the dirty box.

With a satisfied crunch, Jasper took a massive bite of the pastry and scrunched up his eyes in

enjoyment.

“Oh god! How could you eat the food you picked from the trashcan?” Xavier warned him.

“Only the box is dirty. The pastries are fine,” Jasper replied nonchalantly as he took another bite.

The pastries tasted delightful, but too bad they weren't for him.

Bitterness welled up inside him. He had once been dismissive of Alyssa's daily efforts in crafting these

desserts. Now, he found himself rummaging through the trash can just to get a taste. How did he get to

this point?

“Go ahead. How's the investigation?” Jasper put away the remaining pastries and questioned leisurely.

“Ahem. After using both carrots and sticks, the owner of the verified account offered up an important

clue!

“Don't beat around the bush.”

“He said he received the photos of the wedding venue through an anonymous message. He claimed he

was only a messenger who had no idea about the leaker.”

“How did you spend your free time?” Jasper looked up coldly.

“Huh?” Xavier was taken aback.

“You don’t seem to have made any progress. All you’ve managed to gather is nonsense,” Jasper

chastised

him, “Is this the clue you’ve got? You haven’t even figured out the culprit. I think we should give out

your

bonus to those who need it more.”

“Hold on! I have received the account of the leaker, but I didn’t have time to look into it because I’m

here

reporting to you! I’ll work on it now!” Xavier paled at the threat of a bonus deduction as he was saving

up.

“Give me that account. I’ll handle it myself,” Jasper beckoned.

“I-It’s not a big deal. You don’t have to-”

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Xavier fell silent once more.

Jasper took a deep breath and lowered his gaze. “I’ll make it up to her, little by little.”

Jonah and Silas rushed to Alyssa’s private villa that night when they heard of her business setback.

Silas was drenched in sweat as he sat in the study. His fingers typed furiously on the keyboard to track down the user

information from the leaker’s account that Alyssa gave her.

Meanwhile, Alyssa lounged on the couch and clinked glasses with Jonah, savoring the high-quality red wine he had brought along.

“Hey, that’s too much!” Mouth dry, Silas protested, “Am I here at night to work for free? Look at you,

768

drinking wine and enjoying life. Is this how you treat a prosecutor?”

Silas realized they showed no sympathy, so he added meekly, “Please save some for me.”

“Silas, stay focused on your work. If you succeed, I’ll reward you with everything from

Alyssa quipped.

my wine cellar,”

“Hmph! I am a moral and principled civil servant. You’d better not attempt to bribe me!” He then returned

to typing on the keyboard.

Jonah interjected, “Alyssa, Dad has heard about what happened.”

“Winston’s always the first to learn about all the bad news, huh? Is he laughing at me behind my back?”

Alyssa's mood soured, and she lost interest in the good wine. She folded her legs and pouted gloomily.

"He did indeed have a good laugh at your expense," Jonah remarked with a scoff as he playfully pinched her puffed cheeks. "He said, word for word, " What's the point of getting upset over nothing? Doesn't she Does anyone else care?"

Alyssa was left speechless. Jonah added, "By the way, Dad said Ada Kingsley is filming the eighth installment of The Deadly March. The production team finally reached him through some connections and invited him to invest in the film."

Jonah leaned forward with a cryptic grin. "Dad told me this in private. If you're still upset, he can always request that they replace the lead actress in the film."

She gasped when she learned that Winston had connections in Hollywood. He was pretty well-connected,

"That's unnecessary. We were the ones who breached the agreement. Ada Kingsley is not to blame. There's no reason to ruin her life." Alyssa sighed with lingering frustration.

She added, "Furthermore, I'm running my own business. I can't turn to my family for help every time something goes wrong."

"After that scandal, the only thing that will bring me peace is finding out who betrayed me and making them pay," she declared.

"Good. An eye for an eye. You're a Taylor." Jonah smiled proudly and caressed her hair.

Alyssa was allowed to do anything she wanted. If anything went awry, her brothers would take care of the fallout.

Just then, her phone vibrated on the coffee table. She widened her eyes when she saw Jasper's name on the screen out of the corner of her eye.

"Ah, a call from your ex-husband," Jonah teased with a grin.

“Yeah, it’s like a scene out of The Ring.” Alyssa replied, turning her phone screen down, determined to ignore Jasper.

Suddenly, Sean burst through the door with a frown and exclaimed, “Ms. Alyssa, Jasper Beckett is here!

He’s right outside!”

The doorbell echoed in the villa at the same time.

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“Well, it’s not ‘The Ring’ anymore. It’s straight up some ‘Insidious’ shit.” Jonah took a sip of the red wine, still in the mood for a joke.

With him and Silas around, Jasper wouldn’t dare pull anything-unless he wanted to be crucified.

“Is that bastard knocking on your door? Screw him! Grab your weapons!” Silas cursed but continued to

type away on the keyboard, his eyes glued to the screen.

“What weapon? Your keyboard, you mean?” She shook her head and rose with a frustrated expression. He’s come for me, so I’ll

be the one to show him the door. I’ll go downstairs and check out the situation.”

She went to the entrance alone and pressed the intercom button. Jasper’s indifference immediately showed up on the screen.

“Why are you here?” Her eyes held no emotion, as though she was staring at a complete stranger. “Aren’t there other places to visit in Solana City? Why do you keep coming to my place?”

“Alyssa, come out. Let’s talk,” he said, brushing off her taunt.

“Why can’t we talk here? I can see and hear you perfectly well.”

His throat tightened, and he let out a heavy sigh. Alyssa was like the embodiment of an evil witch.

“Stop throwing a tantrum. Come out. I need to talk to you.”

“A tantrum? I was trying to shoo you. Can’t you tell?” she snickered.

“Just come out. I really want to see you.” His eyes glimmered under the dim lights, and his voice was loaded with emotions. He had shed all his pride and ego and blurted out everything from his heart. He’d like to see her. Hearing that, she felt a squeeze in her heart. Blood rushed through her veins as she took a step back.

A long pause later, she took a deep breath and sneered. She might have cried tears of joy if he had said that to her in the past. She’d have done anything just to hear him say it. However, his confession had arrived too late. Getting tangled up in a stale relationship would only diminish her worth.

“The adult world is harsh. You don’t always get your way.” She tilted her head with a jeer that sent a shiver down his spine. “I’ve learned that during our three years together.”

“Alyssa...” He felt a lump in his throat and a violent tremor in his body.

“It probably won’t rain tonight,” she observed, her gaze shifting to the moon. “The last time I met you. outside, I was worried you might be struck by lightning. Tonight, don’t expect me to meet you out there. Just leave.”

The

The intercom screen went dark.

He stood at the gates blankly, enveloped in the late fall chill that seeped into his bones.

Alyssa dragged herself upstairs with heavy footsteps. She was perplexed by the change in her heartless ex -husband, who now ran to her house and begged to see her after the divorce. He was thick-skinned. What else could they talk about? He had had three years’ worth of time to speak to her, but he chose to throw her in the spacious villa, ignoring her presence. She had wasted three precious years of her life on him and was determined not to repeat the same mistake.

When she entered the study, Sean immediately inquired, “How did it go? Did he cause you any trouble?”

“As if he would dare,” she replied, wrapping her arms around Jonah’s neck.

“How about you? Did you give him trouble?” Jonah smiled.

“Oh. Nope.”

“What a missed opportunity.” Jonah caressed her cheek and joked. “You should have beaten him into pulp, especially with me here.”

She was dumbfounded. “Jonah, I appreciate the thought, but a believer like you should advocate for peaceful solutions.”

“Lyse! I got it! Quick, open a bottle of the most expensive red wine to reward me!” Silas raised his hands triumphantly and squealed.

“Sean, bring Silas the best red from the cellar.” Alyssa looked happier. She rested her left hand on Silas’ shoulder, her right hand on the table. She stared at the screen and questioned, “Who’s our leaker?”

“This is her verified account!” Silas pointed at the screen. “She’s a social news reporter at E! News Daily.

Abigail Grant is the name. She shares the same IP address as the alternate account!”

Chapter 390

“Good job, Silas, although it was a little slow,” Alyssa complimented him merrily.

“This is pretty speedy, alright? Why didn’t you get Axel to work on this? He’s best at everything illegal. Got to find the right person for the job.”

“I reached out to Axel a few days ago but he’s on an important mission. I don’t want to take up his time.”

“Lyse, you’re pretty good at hacking-almost at Axel’s level. You’d have settled this yesterday if you had worked on it,” Jonah expressed his puzzlement.

She merely yawned and explained, “I’m lazy.”

Silas was dumbstruck after learning that he had been used.

Alyssa looked through the Twitter account he found and smirked. “A reporter with a strong sense of justice, isn’t she? Instead of reporting on her own news, she goes ahead and leaks the photos of the wedding site at my hotel, sticking her nose into other people’s business.”

“Are you saying that someone’s behind her actions?” Jonah wondered.

“No. She wasn’t working under orders or getting paid for it because a reporter has her principles. She wouldn’t be involved in entertainment news if she primarily covers social news.”

Alyssa stared intently at Abigail’s name and mumbled, “Abigail Grant. Abigail Grant... Why does that name sound familiar?”

She was struck by a realization and screamed, “I know who she is! She’s Michael Grant’s daughter!”

“And who is he?” Silas asked blankly.

“Is he the ex-assistant manager whom you fired and sent behind bars?” Jonah raised a brow in amusement.

“Yes! She’s his daughter!” she confirmed. Thanks to her sharp memory, she recalled the information about

Abigail Grant she had once read, which helped to connect the dots.

“I can see now why she might have had a motive for leaking the news.”

“Same here. You sent her dad to prison. She was nice enough not to make you a social news headline.”

Silas nodded sternly.

“He’s a corrupted man. Why would I keep him around?” She lifted her chin proudly and argued, “He’s the one in the wrong, not me.

“If she’s a good daughter, she should visit him more, not take revenge against me to make herself feel better. Why do I have to be responsible for her dad’s crime? It’s ridiculous.”

“Ms. Alyssa, I’ve checked the surveillance footage. Our team members took turns monitoring the setup, and the workers surrendered their phones when they worked. No one else could have accessed the site.” His eyes darkened as he stated, “It

appears someone from our team sold us out to Abigail Grant.”

Judging from Abigail’s good looks, Alyssa ventured a bold guess and instructed, “Sean, keep an eye on everyone in the team, especially the men. Monitor their movements discreetly around the clock. Notify me anyone is in contact with Abigail,”

ht away if

\*Lyse, why did you specify the gender?” Jonah questioned.

“That’s because men are tuned to lust!” She scoffed, harboring a bias against all men after her divorce.

“Except me,” Jonah quipped.

“Except me.” Silas chimed in.

Sean raised his hand to protest as well.

“I know you guys are decent men. You don’t have to defend yourself.” She lazily stretched and remarked, You can’t be any worse than the one waiting at the gates, right?”

As the investigation stretched into the night, Jonah and Silas spent the night in the guest rooms arranged hv Alyssa

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Days of exhaustion had finally caught up with Alyssa. After a shower, she was out like a light as soon as her head hit the pillow.

A sudden flash of lightning tore through the darkened sky at midnight, jolting her from her sleep. She usually slept soundly but

was surprisingly woken up by thunder. She struggled to fall asleep after that.

She woke up and draped a silk night robe on her silk maroon nightdress. She put on her velvety red slippers, ready to get some water.

Outside, the winds were howling, and the thunder was clapping. She quietly stood by the windows in the

corridor with a mug of water in Her hands.

She remembered sitting in her mother’s warm embrace, nestled in a rocking chair by the window on rainy

nights. They would gaze out of the windows, lost in their own thoughts. She

mumbled, “It was a stormy

night when Mom left that place.”

But where? She couldn't remember.

Thunder roared again in the sky. Through the flash of lightning, she spotted Jasper standing steadfast at the villa's gates, staring up at the windows of her bedroom. He remained unmoving as the tempest raged