

Chapter 246

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"You really are Little Bastard Alyssa cackled joyfully.

The man smiled, the coldness in his eyes dissipating instantly. He tucked his glasses back, reminiscing on the nickname he had been called so long ago.

Even his father stopped calling him that years ago. Yet Alyssa was still the same old as before, unrestrained and always doing whatever she pleased.

"You're as beautiful as ever, even after fifteen years, Alyssa."

"Hehe... You're not bad yourself!" Alyssa grinned, patting his cheek.

The man's smile deepened. He did not shy away from her touch. Now, this was the Alyssa he'd always remembered.

She covered her mouth, burping once again. This time, her knees started shaking. She was unable to hold herself up any longer.

The man smirked and lifted her into his arms right away, feet off the floor.

"Hey, put me down!" Alyssa cried, wriggling away from his grasp like a feisty kitten. Her burgundy-red dress made the nicest contrast with her pale, milky skin.

Feeling a sudden desire to toy with her, the man asked, "Sure, but only if you say my name."

"You You're James James..." Alyssa really couldn't recall at this point. The alcohol had turned her mind into mush. She didn't even know what she was mumbling on and on about, much less remember the man's name.

Jameson Schmidt. But I don't mind if you want to call me Little Bastard," Jameson murmured in her ear, teasing her. "But only you can call me that. No one else."

Unfortunately, Alyssa was too far gone to be affected. His words instantly became random numbers and sounds in her mind.

Jameson carefully laid her down on the lounge in his room, making sure she was supported.

Just then, his secretary gave him a call on his phone.

"They're here, Mr. Schmidt."

"Send them back," Jameson said, never once looking away from Alyssa.

"Huh?" His secretary asked, surprised.

"Cancel tonight's meeting, have them leave me alone."

Not daring to ask why, the secretary replied, "As you say, sir."

"And get me a bottle of ginger supplements. ASAP."

Jameson hung up the call and quietly sat down beside Alyssa. He gazed at her, eyes soft, and tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Such a sweet coincidence."

Landon fell asleep right on the sofa after singing "You Give Love a Bad Name."

Jasper's jaw was clenched as he pondered on, finally tossing back the last dregs of his whiskey. He then took out one of Landon's cigarettes and lit it, taking a puff. The nicotine swirled in his chest, clouding the emotions riled up by the thought of Alyssa.

Following his divorce from Alyssa, his daily routine descended into chaos. He found himself giving in to smoking and drinking without anyone there to advise him to cut back a bit.

"Lyse... Alyssa..." Landon mumbled in his sleep, hand reaching out to tug at Jasper's shirt.

Jasper scowled and pried his fingers off. "Shut up. She's not here.

"Plus, who gave you the right to call her Lyse?"

Suddenly, the door opened to Xavier standing in the doorway, looking like he had just run a marathon.

"Mr. Beckett, sir! I-I just saw Ms. Alyssa!"

"What?" Jasper got up instantly. "Where?"