

## Chapter 257

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"Miss ... Ms. Alyssa has gone to bed, Mr. Jonah." Sean muttered.

"Your balls must be growing bigger while you're away from my side, Sean. Are you seriously lying to me on her behalf now?" Jonah rarely got angry, but when he did, he was a menacing force.

Jonah then said, "I'll repeat myself. Pass the phone to Alyssa. Or else you'll be removed from your station right away!"

Alyssa chewed on her lip, her heart beating fast in her chest as she took the phone and put it up to her ear.

"Jo-Jonah."

Jonah took a deep breath, as if suppressing some intense emotion. "Come outside. We need to talk."

...

Alyssa walked out of her house, her heart in her throat as she went up to Jonah's Aston Martin by the road.

The man remained stoic and still against the car, his gray suit making him seem like some sullen god. All Alyssa could think of right now was how terrified she was.

"Jonah," she murmured.

"Get in. It's cold." Jonah took off his coat, put it over Alyssa's shoulders, then led her into his car.

Finally, when they were inside, he asked worriedly, "Where did he hurt you?"

"My arm ..." Alyssa looked down, feeling like a child who had made a mistake.

Jonah's expression hardened as he grasped her arm and slowly pulled up her sleeve. His eyes filled with anger when he saw the white gauze wrapped around her limb.

"It's okay, Jonah. It was just a skin wound. It doesn't hurt much anymore, either." Alyssa reassured him. She didn't want her brother to worry.

Jonah set her arm down and took her hand. The careful touch made her feel guilty.

"I'm sorry, Jonah. I shouldn't have kept this from you. I just think this is something I can handle on my own. That's why... I didn't want you to worry."

After a depressive silence, Jonah looked up at her, growling, "I'll kill him for hurting you."

Alyssa's breathing hitched. Her brother's old ferocity had returned in a split second, even after he'd embraced a more spiritual way of life for so long.

In that moment, Alyssa could see a shadow of his old self again—the man who had led thousands of men in the underground, the one feared and revered

by all, known as "Judas."

"You promised, Jonah." Alyssa hugged him tightly, nuzzling into his rapidly rising chest. You promised not to return to that path now that you're home.

"That man was just a pawn in a bigger game. So what if you kill him? His employer would still be on the loose.

"We can't waste this opportunity to catch the bigger target, Jonah. That'd only make us look like idiots."

The killing intent in Jonah's gaze slowly faded away. He sighed, leaned against Alyssa, and then handed her a brown envelope from the front passenger's seat. "Here."

Alyssa curiously opened the envelope and pulled out the documents within. "What ...?"

"Sean told me about your attacker first thing. He's even more worried than you are. Here's some information I found

based on what he reported." Jonah narrowed his eyes. "He told me everything save that you were hurt."

Upon hearing that, Alyssa couldn't help but curse inwardly at Sean.

"Don't be upset at him. I told him not to tell you." Sean was working for her now, so she still had to speak up for him.

"If he keeps things from me again, I'm sending him back home. You're not stopping me," Jonah asserted.

Alyssa shivered at her brother's chilly gaze, then pouted. She wasn't scared of her father. But her big brother was truly terrifying.

She read through the man's information, making sure not to miss a single detail.

"Oh!" Alyssa suddenly cried out. "It's him!"