

Chapter 2476

In the evening, Xavier drove Jasper to meet with Newton.

Along the way, news broke out that Sheryl had been bailed out. Xavier slammed his fist against the steering wheel.

"Damn it! Why is it so hard to get rid of that woman?"

"She is Justin's right hand," Jasper said, eyes shut as he leaned back in his seat. His jaw tightened. "You could even say she knows more about his secrets than anyone. As long as she's useful, Justin won't discard her so easily. This is how he operates."

Xavier shook his head, teeth gritted. "Where the hell did she even come from? When you had me investigate her, I found nothing. Her background was spotless.

"What's in her past that Justin would go so far to keep it hidden? A man like him can have any woman he wants, yet he clings to her—some pretty-faced idiot who only seems to make things harder for him."

Jasper's gaze turned glacial. Xavier's casual remark struck him.

He was right. Justin wasn't short on capable subordinates. So why Sheryl?

Was Sheryl even her real name? If her entire history was fabricated, then her name was too.

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After Alyssa dropped Newton off at Crescent Bay, she tied on an apron and prepared a feast for him and Ben.





Newton insisted she stay for dinner. She had no appetite but sat with them anyway.

"Grandpa Newton, about today—"

"Alyssa," Newton interjected, his face heavy with remorse. He took her hands in his. "I've thought it through. If you or Jasper ever need anything, I'll do everything in my power to help."

Alyssa smiled, keeping her voice light. "You've done enough. Leave the rest to me... and Jasper."

Her heart clenched at the mention of his name.

Newton exhaled, his eyes downcast. "It was my fault... I was the one who sinned.

"If only I had stopped Justin earlier. Or if I called the cops instead of covering up his crime, maybe things wouldn't have turned out this way."

Alyssa's expression darkened. She hesitated before saying, "Even if you had, Justin was a minor back then. He'd have served ten or twenty years and still ended up standing before you today.

"To end this for good, we need to find the root of the problem."

Newton frowned. "What do you mean?"

"You raised Justin. Did he ever seem... different from other children? His mental state, for example? Most people don't commit such cruel acts."

Newton's brows knitted together as he sank into deep thought.

"Mr. Newton, Mr. Jasper is here."



Ben's voice broke the silence. A moment later, Jasper entered, his suit jacket draped over his arm. He carried himself with the composed elegance of a nobleman returning from abroad.

"I'm back, Grandpa."

He halted. His deep gaze settled on Alyssa, whose cheeks flushed under his scrutiny. "Hello, Ms. Alyssa."

She averted her eyes. "Grandpa Newton, I have something to attend to. I should get going. Don't stay up too late. Take your medicine on time."

Newton had no intention of letting her leave so easily. If he could, he'd lock Jasper and Alyssa in a room together until they sorted things out.

As she brushed past Jasper, he seized her wrist, pulling her back.

Their eyes met, taking in every detail of the other's face.

Jasper leaned in, his breath warm against her ear. His voice was deep, quiet. "Alyssa, stay. I need to talk to you." 1

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