

Chapter 140

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"The cold wind burns my face and blows its hosty pepper up my nose, Kavler murmured. "Black are my steps on silver sed; thick blows my hosty breath abroad"

Jasper had been waiting in the cold for nearly an hour now. Yet, this was nothing compared to his days in the military, where standing an entire day was routine,

The only difference was that his heart was in his throat right now.

He was worried Alice would change her mind and not come outside. What could he do then? Darge into the manor? Impossible—he could not do that. This was the Taylor family's residence.

What Hght did he have to knock on their door asking for Alice?

None that he could think of.

Heaving a sigh, Jasper took out the last cigarette in the box. He was about to light it when the sound of heels clicking rang out.

"Jasper Beckell."

The man's heart pounded erratically as he gazed up at his ex-wife. The cigarette between his lips nearly fell out with how much he was trembling.

Alice glanced down, instantly noticing the pile of cigarette butts at his Jeet. She frowned. "What is this? I thought you quit?"

"I waited for too long," he replied. Then, he threw the fresh cigarette on the ground and stomped it out.

"Hah. You're blaming me for this again? Suit yourself. You do love accusing Innocent people." Alyssa scowled.

Jasper spoke up, though, his voice rough and gravelly from the smoke. "Alice."

"I'm here as agreed. Please honor your promise afterward and leave my brother alone. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll have to go back inside.

"You should leave Belbank as soon as possible, lest you start stalning it. Goodbye," Alyssa said sternly, then turned to head back into the house.

Xavier was shocked at how cold Alyssa was. She had never been like this. She always had a loving smile and a gentle demeanor for his boss—a true sunshine on a winter's day.

But for Jasper, that sun had now set.

Xavier couldn't help but wonder what his boss had done to drive such a lovely woman away from him.

"Stand right there, Alice," Jasper called, a hint of panic in his tone. "Don't leave before I say you can leave."

"Oh? I'm not your slave or mald. I don't need your permission for anything." Alyssa retorted in a cold tone. "Weren't you so eager to end our marriage before?"

"You couldn't bear to kick me out so your childhood sweetheart could take my place. I'm just following your wishes—to disappear from your life for good. What else do you want from me now?"

Jasper's heart clenched painfully, Shame and guilt flooded his senses like thousands of needles. Tears stung his eyes. "We both knew from the beginning that I couldn't promise a lifetime with you. I even offered compensation for the divorce, but you refused it!

"I never embarrassed or shamed you once, Alice White, nor was I ever harsh or mean toward you. Don't make me out to be some heartless monster, and don't play the martyr!

"Even if we can't end things on neutral ground, don't keep attacking my pride. I don't owe you anything, and you don't owe me. You don't have the right to treat me like you are