

## Chapter 80

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As the night fell, they arrived at the ACE. It was one of Landon's properties.

Jasper was feeling extremely depressed. So, he did something he had never done before—he went out to drink with his friends.

Landon picked him up personally. Jasper rarely took the initiative to contact him.

"Sometimes, I feel like I'm your mistress," Landon murmured into Jasper's ear. In front of others, he was bold and fearless. But he turned chatty and gossipy whenever he was around Jasper.

"I've never stooped so low for any woman. But I'm like a mistress waiting for her man when it comes to you. You just have to give me a booty call, and I'll doll up and come running to you. Aren't I the best? C'mon, admit it! Even I feel touched by my actions!"

"You've never stooped low for any woman?" Jasper glanced at him. "Well, you were stooping pretty low for Alice."

"That was a one-time thing! It's mainly because your ex-wife is too outstanding, and I ... I can't help myself," Landon said.

Jasper resisted the urge to scream at him.

Just then, two blonde chicks clad in skimpy clothes passed them by. One of them even winked at Landon.

When Landon grinned from ear to ear, Jasper asked, "Is she that hot? She's nothing compared to her."

"Who? As hot as Alice?"

As if he had discovered something new, Landon's eyes widened.

"Damn! Jasper, you're cheating on me with Alice. And you claimed that your marriage was just a contract. It's true! All men do is lie! Okay, to be fair, with a stunning beauty like Alice around you, it's no wonder you'll cave."

Jasper was taken aback by his words and clenched his glass of whiskey. He had spoken as though he had seen Alice's body, as if they had been intimate.

"I haven't touched her. You think too much," Jasper said, his cheeks slightly flushed. He quickly downed the drink in his glass.

How could he have such inappropriate thoughts about that woman?

As they continued drinking, Landon couldn't help but ask, "Jasper, can I ask you a question? I've always been curious about it."

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"Yeah," Jasper replied.

"Why must it be Liana? Why?" Landon asked, hugging Jasper's neck. He pitied Alice. "You saw it today. Those women wanted to tear Alice apart. If it wasn't for Lauren stepping in to defend her, she would have been torn into pieces. It's so unfair!"

Jasper's gaze wavered, and he seemed lost in memories. "My mother suffered from depression and couldn't bear the rumors and Javier's cold treatment. She ended up jumping off a building. She committed suicide."

He continued, "I was overwhelmed by grief and couldn't escape my despair. I even thought about following my mother and leaving this world. I attempted suicide."

Jasper removed his steel watch as he spoke, revealing a long, deep scar. For twenty years, he had kept it a secret. Landon was the first person he had confided in. Landon's heart ached, and he let out a sigh.

"It was Liana who saved me in time. Since then, she has become my only friend. She would make desserts for me, invite me to her home, and give me her collection of toys. Back then, she was like my guardian, the hope that kept me alive. I promised to marry her. So, no matter what, I have to fulfill that promise."

Landon sighed.

"But Jasper, people change. You two haven't been together for so long. Do you think you still know her? What if you find out that she's drifting further and further away from the person you remember? What will you do then? Will you stubbornly hold on?"

"Yes, you're grateful to him, and yes, you can repay her kindness. But Jasper, we can't lose sight of right and wrong and blindly support a person. Things like that aren't set in stone, right?"

Jasper put his watch back on. He was deep in thought. His mind was filled with Alice's eyes, clear and pure, untainted by the world's corruption.

His heart trembled, and he took another gulp of alcohol.

"Ah, you're an obsessive psycho. Once you've made up your mind, nothing can pull you away," Landon teased, clinking his glass with Jasper's.

When they left the club, their luxury cars were already waiting at the entrance. The drivers respectfully opened the doors for them.

"Landon, I have a question." After holding it in all night, Jasper finally stopped Landon to ask.

"Hmm?" Landon yawned.

Jasper hesitated for a moment. Then, he asked in a low voice, "Why did Alice admit it? Why didn't

+15 BONUS

"Maybe she just doesn't care anymore!" Landon replied, yawning again.

"Doesn't care about what?" Jasper asked further.

"She's already divorced you. So, why would she care about what you think? If she doesn't care about you, why would she bother about what the Becketts think of her? She's probably lost all hope now. Given your vicious, cruel words, if I were Alice, I'd probably find someone to beat you up!

With that, Landon got into his luxury car and said goodbye.

Jasper's hands clenched into fists, his knuckles turning white. He imagined strangling himself, choking himself breathless.