

## Chapter 276

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Sean and Jasper tensed up in confrontation.

"Oh, Mr. Beckett. I wonder if I should call this a pleasant coincidence or bad luck," Sean was smiling but harsh with his words.

"Is Alyssa Taylor in there?" Jasper questioned with a scowl. Liana's heart was racing, and she went numb at the mention of Alyssa's name.

"Why? Can't she be here?" Sean smirked and retorted, "It's not like you booked the entire garden to yourself."

"Tsk, Mr. Beckett did nothing except ask a question! What's with your attitude?" Xavier chided Sean.

"Really? It's pretty shameless of you to make that claim. You're giving me second-hand embarrassment," Sean mocked him

with a frown.

"You \_ "

"Enough, Xavier," Jasper stopped Xavier. Then, he questioned flatly, "What's Alyssa doing here?"

Sean's cold gaze swept past Liana, who was clinging to Jasper. With an arched brow, he snickered. "She's here for the same reason as you are!"

Jasper's frown deepened after learning that. Alyssa had indeed developed an interest in the rose garden. Too bad he would never let her have it!

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At the same time, Alyssa had ventured deeper into the bushes, holding the hem of her skirt. She looked like a dainty fairy underneath the colors of the sunset.

She squatted in the mud without much fuss and pinched the soil with her hands. She carefully observed the stems and

petals, even taking photos with her phone and making detailed notes.

The other young ladies at the rose garden were there for the view and the photo-taking. Only Alyssa appeared to be on her treasure hunt.

Contrary to her appearance, Alyssa was far from being a romantic. Instead, she was a stout believer in pragmatism and capitalism. The only thing on her mind was making money.

An ambitious woman was charming in her way.

Jameson stood with his arms on his back and waited patiently outside the bushes. He had a dotting smile on his face as he mumbled, "Lyse, you haven't changed at all. That's lovely."

Right then, he was distracted by a call from Carl. He picked up the call with a steeled expression. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Schmidt, Jasper Beckett is here,"

Carl whispered, "The staff from the Beckett Group reached out to me about the partnership, but I did not give them a definitive answer per your orders.

"I never thought they'd act fast and show up with experts for a site inspection. I think they are dead set on the collaboration."

Jameson stared keenly at Alyssa, who was busy with her tasks in the bushes. He asked in a hushed voice, "Who else is here apart from the Beckett Group personnel?"

"Jasper Beckett's rumored fiancée is here. They must be really in love if he's willing to bring her on a business visit." Carl sounded sarcastic.

Head in the rose shrubs, Alyssa was clueless about the situation.

Jameson lamented secretly, "Lyse, is he the man you loved? You changed your last name and married down just to stay by his side for three years. What a fool you are."

Anger welled up in his chest. He asked, "Have you made the preparations I asked of you?"

"Yes, Mr. Schmidt!" Carl responded.

"Bring it over. Get someone to lead the Beckett Group guys here." Jameson nudged his glasses with flashing eyes.

After squatting for a while, Alyssa felt the soreness in her waist. She slowly rose from the bushes, wiping away her sweat with light panting.