

## Chapter 334

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"Every year, I watched him buy plane tickets to Mosgravia to celebrate Liana's birthdays with her. I've never seen someone who hated doing extra work give up their own principles just to make someone happy.

"He even went to Furancia to hire the best artisans for her. Let's say I could let go of that. But I was his wife. The least he could do was show me some respect," Alyssa remarked.

All this while, Alyssa's back was to Sean, making it impossible for him to discern her emotions. She spoke like a narrator, calmly recounting a story that had happened.

Sean felt upset on her behalf. He knelt down beside Alyssa and said, "Jasper Beckett truly deserves the worst punishment for hurting you all because of

an irredeemable piece of trash!"

Alyssa shook her head, smiling. "I would've yelled and screamed all my emotions out to him back then. But things are different now. I feel a calm I've never felt before, like hearing an unfunny yet amusing joke.

"If Liana is trash, then Jasper is a trashbin. I'm a reasonable woman. I won't let my feelings linger on a useless trash bin.

"But I can't deny watching Jasper run around in circles trying to get Alexa onboard is entertaining. I want to see all his efforts go to waste and crumble into dust.

"You've always been cruel and uncaring, Jasper Beckett. Unfortunately for you, I am too now."

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Jasper took a flight to Yoarkley just to meet Alexa in person. On the flight, he suddenly recalled the necklace he had

custom-made for Liana—the Crimson Heart.

He remembered flying to Furancia just to seek out that one designer who had worked for the royals before.

That was the first time Jasper had begged to get what he wanted. The designer eventually agreed to make the necklace after much hassle.

Yet now, the Crimson Heart was sealed away in its box, a place Jasper would never deign to seek it out again. It had become a symbol of guilt and shame rather than his sincere love.

Jasper gazed unseeingly at the thick clouds outside the plane. Suddenly, Alyssa's loving smile appeared in his mind.

He gently touched the cabin window, as if it were her face, but only coldness met his fingers.

Taking a deep breath, Jasper recalled a

conversation from the past.

"Do you have any idea how much Madamadores that necklace? She nearly cried when she heard you were giving it to Ms. Liana!"

"Madam would never toss your gift away, unlike Ms. Liana! She even keeps the ties you don't want to wear anymore just to have a token that reminds her of you!"

Jasper's heart clenched painfully. He never thought the woman he hoped would love him would end up treating his heart like nothing more than a tool.

Only Alyssa had ever shed tears and dreamt of having the love he offered.

A bitter smile appeared on Jasper's face as he wondered why Alyssa had stayed with him for those three years, even though he had treated her cruelly.

Jasper asked himself, "Why did you do it, Alyssa?"