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Jasper kneaded his brows and muttered, "Alyssa Taylor ... I feel like I've heard the name before."

"I've researched more about Ms. Alyssa," Xavier said.

Jasper's eyes lit up. He was pleased that the usually slow secretary was finally one step ahead of him at doing things.

"Tell me what you found."

"In the end, I found nothing." Xavier's shoulders drooped, and he spread his hands.

Jasper said, "Xavier, I believe you can get your early salary payment from the HR department." He seemed calm.

"Calm down, Mr. Beckett! It's not that I didn't investigate, but finding info on Ms. Alyssa is like searching for a top-secret file. It's just not available, so there's not much I can do."

Xavier felt scared. He wiped off his sweat nervously.

Xavier continued, "Don't you think that it's strange? She's Mr. Taylor's first wife's only daughter, but I can't find any information about her online. I even searched through all social media platforms. Yet, I still got nothing! I wonder if she lives in the mountains."

"Do you have her picture? Let me see"

"I do. I barely found it." Xavier showed Jasper the picture on his phone.

As soon as Jasper saw the picture, he became angry.

"Xavier Hall! Do you have a death wish?"

Ignoring how blurry the picture was, the girl in Winston's arms appeared to be no older than five years old. Jasper couldn't recognize the face at all!

"Calm down, Mr. Beckett! This is the only picture of her online. It was taken at Mrs. Taylor's funeral 20 years ago ..." Xavier thought his boss was about to explode.

He decided he should carry some heart attack medicine with him next time.

If the picture was taken 20 years ago, that would make Alyssa about 25 years old, which was around the same age as Alice.

Jasper stared at the picture. The more he looked at it, the deeper his frown became. Somehow, he felt that the girl in the picture resembled Alice.

"Damn it! We're divorced. Why do I keep thinking about my ex-wife? Since when am I such a scumbag?" he scolded himself silently.

Just then, a maid's voice resounded from the door. "Mr. Jasper, Mr. Javier is calling for you. He wants to talk to you about something."

Sophia was crying in Javier's arms in the living room.

Despite being in her 40s, she cried **and** whined in her husband's embrace without caring about anything else.

"Javier ... Oh, my poor sister. She married a nice guy and was finally having her good days. And then this incident happened... She called me last night, crying and saying she couldn't face me. She didn't want to bring disgrace to the Beckett family..."

"How is this a humiliation? We're going to be a family soon. Don't be such a stranger."

Javier gently caressed her shoulder and spoke in a soothing tone. "Once Jasper is here, we'll figure something out."

Whining and acting weak was how Sophia drove Jasper's mother away. That was how she came to secure the title of the lady of the house. She had Javier wrapped around her fingers. He was drawn to this kind of woman.

"Dad, did you call for me?" Jasper approached them emotionlessly.

"Jasper, you have to save Lia and her family!"

Liana wiped the tears off with a handkerchief. "Andrew and Lia are in bad health. She's lost her appetite ever since the matter happened. If you truly care for her, you have to come up with something quickly!"