

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2192

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2192-A cold glint flickered in Jameson's eyes, masking the savage fury unleashed by the pain and desperation as his wound was torn open.

"Lyse..."

"I know you despise me, but you can't slander me like this..." "I slandered you?"

Jameson, you've really gone off the deep end.

You dared to do such a thing but don't have the guts to admit to it? wt Alyssa stared straight at his pale and gloomy face.

There wasn't any fear within her, only a heart-wrenching resentment.

"Mrs. Schmidt looked like she was having an episode because of what I said, but I already felt something was off when she was seizing and foaming at the mouth.

"In the past, you've said that your mother's heart was weak.

But when I checked on her eyes and pulse at the time, she wasn't presenting with symptoms of a heart attack, let alone a seizure.

"Subsequently, red spots started to form on her skin.

Pairing all that with the way you're reacting right now, I have reason to believe that you injected Mrs.

Schmidt with some poisonous substance beforehand.

"She was poisoned to death!" Jameson's hand on her waist started to tense up.

The veins on his hands popped, and a menacing gleam presented itself in his eyes.

"Jameson..."

hasn't it been enough that you've hurt and killed so many? You even used and murdered your own mother? How could you do that..." "Lyse, do you know that your smarts are both your strength and weakness?" Jameson smiled despite having reddened eyes, making his face look even more twisted and despondent than if he were to cry.

“How could I have done that? Others may not understand me, but you do, don’t you?” Jameson grabbed Alyssa by the chin, squeezing her so hard that it seemed like he wanted to crush her bones.

“It was all because of you...

All because of you!” Jameson’s voice, ragged and raw, erupted from him, a mutilated sound filled with anguish.

To outsiders, he was inhumane and evil.

But to Alyssa, he had never raised his voice—not once in all the years they’d known each other.

Yet now, love and hate, despair and rage, melded into a twisted knot inside him.

Suppressed for too long, it festered, rotted, devoured him like maggots feasting on decayed flesh.

He had become a breeding ground for sin, and when he finally wanted to turn back, it was already too late.

He was a monster—his humanity lost.

He had lost all control, and it was too late for any regrets.

“My mother...

Even if I hadn’t done it, she didn’t have long to live.

She would’ve suffered horribly.

I just helped her avoid that pain.” His burning gaze softened, and Jameson leaned close to Alyssa’s ear, brushing his trembling lips against her skin.

“Would you have gotten into the helicopter so willingly if I hadn’t? It would’ve been harder to bring you here.

I only had one shot; I couldn’t fail.

“So, [had my mother help me.

Although she’s gone, I think...

Even if she knew about my motives, she would definitely, without a doubt, forgive me for the things I did to her because she loved me, her only son.” Agony surged within.

Even though Alyssa wasn't expressing her sadness on her face, tears streamed down her cheeks.

"What exactly in the world...

made you like this? You weren't like this 15 years ago..." "The Jimmy from 15. years ago has died a long time ago. With a twisted smile on his face, Jameson wrapped his arms tightly around Alyssa.

Without him even realizing it, his face was also covered in tears.

"But the Jimmy who loves you will never die." The news about Jameson abducting Alyssa was hidden successfully from her relatives in Cyrris.

Even so, they didn't manage to hide it from Axel.

Along with Amber, Axel rushed to get to the presidential office from the hospital overnight.

Amber didn't dare to say a word along the way.

She simply held Axel gently in her arms as she soothed his trembling back patiently to comfort him.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2193-Even though Axel barely showed any emotion on his face, Amber knew he was on the verge of breaking down.

One word from her—a futile attempt at comfort—and his carefully held emotions would explode.

"Jonah...

Jasper..." The moment Axel laid eyes on his family, his body trembled.

His strong, unyielding facade crumbled as tears finally broke free.

"Don't cry, Axel." Jonah went up and embraced Axel.

He patted his back lightly.

"Crying wouldn't solve any of our problems.

The most important thing now is to rescue Lyse." "It was all my fault..."

It was all my fucking fault!" Axel gave himself a hard slap.

"I was the one who neglected Lyse...

I was the one who lost her.

I deserve to die." "Axel, it had nothing to do with you." Jasper walked over slowly, his footsteps heavy, eyes bloodshot and sunken.

"I'm the one to blame.

"I'm Lyse's partner, and I've sworn to all of you that I'd protect her ...

Yet, I've messed everything up.

I'm sorry." He had messed it all up.

He'd spoken similar ones before—after Alyssa lost their child—but now, the pain was unbearable, tearing him apart from the inside.

"Lyse?" Miley cried out when she saw Amber, who looked very much like Alyssa.

She ran up to her and held her in a tight embrace.

"Miley, this isn't Lyse.

She's Axel's girlfriend." Jeremy studied Amber's face in shock.

He was also caught in a daze momentarily.

Even so, he put his arm over Miley's shoulders and comforted her in a gentle voice, "We can handle it here.

You're exhausted.

Why don't you go upstairs for a nap?" Seeing that Miley was refusing adamantly, Amber spoke up softly.

"Miley..." Upon hearing that voice, Miley covered her mouth and burst out crying.

"How about if I accompanied you to go upstairs and take a rest?" Amber negotiated with her while imitating Alyssa.

To her surprise, it actually worked.

Because of her appearance, Miley, who was in a muddled state, heeded Amber's suggestion.

With Amber holding onto her, they made their way upstairs slowly.

The atmosphere in the living room was heavy and silent.

As Axel watched Amber from behind, tears welled up in his eyes, and his heart was pained.

The thing Amber hated the most in her life was being Alyssa's substitute.

This was a humiliation that Jameson had engraved deep within her.

Yet now, she had no choice but to be Alyssa to comfort Miley, who was on the brink of collapsing.

"Axel, we've looked into the helicopter that took Lyse away, and found that it flew toward the coastal area in the south." Cyrus waited until everyone's emotions had settled down a little before speaking up in a low voice.

"If I were Jameson, I would surely take Lyse away from land.

I wouldn't live in the woods either, as it would be difficult to escape, and e resources would be limited.

"That said, even if the helicopter flew toward the south, it doesn't eliminate the possibility that they'd change directions along the way.

But whatever it is, it's still a lead.

We can start by looking into all of Kontina's islands."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2194-"Let's look into them, then.

We'll find her.

We'll search the islands one by one!" Axel wiped his tears away.

His eyes had become bloodshot.

"Let me inform Liam to deploy more manpower to Kontina as soon as possible."

"I've informed Liam, even though I really didn't want to." Jonah had an extremely bitter smile on his face as he took a deep breath.

“Now, as we try to keep our family stable, we must also mobilize all the resources we have to track Lyse down.

Liam is already rushing to Kontina.

I’m sure he has the authority to mobilize some manpower.” Jasper looked at Jonah with a firm and fiery gaze.

In a concerned voice, he remarked, “With Liam’s high status and power, I’m afraid that he’d be criticized for acting on his own accord.

I don’t want it to affect his future.” “Future, status, and all that don’t mean anything!” Axel couldn’t bear the agony in his heart.

With tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, “Nothing is more important than Lyse.

“We’ll set out tomorrow...

No, let’s set out shortly!” “Calm down, Axel,” Cyrus said, gripping Axel’s arm.

Though he knew Axel’s impulsive nature, this was extreme.

“Look at the sky.

It’s already dark.

Searching now would be even harder, maybe pointless.

Amber’s still around too.

She’s weak, and she’s been through so much just to be with you.

If you go, at least spend the night with her.” At the mention of Amber, Axel fell silent, his regret clear.

“We’ll split up tomorrow morning and search the southern coasts and islands.”

The muscles in Jasper’s jaw tensed up.

He looked at Jeremy.

” Jeremy, please mobilize all your resources to track Lyse down in the other areas.

It’d be best if you could monitor Kontina’s airspace for any suspicious crafts.

This is extremely important.” “Lyse only walked into Jameson’s trap of her own volition for my safety.” Jeremy welled up with tears of devastation, and remorse filled his lungs.

“Don’t worry, Jasper.

I will ensure Lyse returns to your side, even if it means I’d have to risk everything.” In the wee hours of the morning, the air in the presidential office was serious, solemn, and quiet.

With much effort, Amber finally managed to comfort Miley.

After giving her some sleeping pills at the advice of the private physician, Miley finally drifted off to sleep after crying her eyes out.

Amber returned to her room, buried her head under the covers, and sobbed quietly.

Seeing Axel wallowing in self-reproach, she fully empathized with his emotions.

While Jameson took Alyssa away, she and Carl, both of whom deserved to die because of their sins, were merely distractions that Jameson had placed at the church.

He used them as bait to draw the attention of the authorities so that he could execute his actual plan.

She was the one who should be shouldering the responsibility.

Amber Altman was just a cheap imitation of Alyssa.

To save her, the precious Alyssa had gone missing.

Amber shut her eyes tight and wept silently under the covers.

After crying for some time, she felt a corner of the blanket being lifted.

A strong, masculine scent drew near her, and she found her entire body sinking into a warm embrace.

Amber’s trembling back was pressed right up against his muscular chest.

She was in Axel’s arms.

She could hear his deep breathing and feel the strength of his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to him.

He held onto her so tightly.

It felt almost as if her back could snap.

He was suppressing the anguish within him, and so was she.

Amber knew how much he needed to be comforted at this moment.

Yet, she didn't even dare to turn around and face him.

It was Axel who finally turned her around, locking his arms around her tightly.

Her white pajamas starkly contrasted with his black shirt and trousers, an alluring sight.

If it weren't for Alyssa's disappearance, Axel wouldn't have been able to suppress his burning desire on a night such as this one.

He would've made Amber, the woman he dreamed of day and night, wholly his.

Nevertheless, he had no such intention right now.

His mind was occupied, thinking of ways to find Alyssa.

His emotions were in a frenzy.

His thoughts were muddled.

Everything was in a mess.

Even so, he forced himself to keep his spirits up.

"Why are you crying, hmm?" Axel asked as he kissed the tears off Amber's cheeks.

"I'm sorry..." Amber muttered as she buried her face in his chest.

"Don't say that.

It's not your fault, my love," Axel comforted her gently.

He put his palm on her neck and gently massaged her.

"It was us brothers who were too careless.

It was our fault." Amber said, "If it wasn't...

because of me..." "It had nothing to do with you.

Don't think such thoughts anymore," Axel insisted, his tone firm.



His greatest fear was Amber blaming herself, letting guilt consume her until it led to something even he couldn't control.

He loved both Alyssa and Amber.

He loved them differently, but his love for them was equally fervent and irreplaceable.

They held each other in silence, sharing a deep kiss in the quiet of the night.

"Axel," Amber whispered, resting her head on his arm her fingers tracing the lines of his face.

"Yes?" Axel answered in a raspy voice, which was both gentle and sexy at the same time.

"After Ms.

Alyssa comes back safely, there's something that I'd like to do." Although Axel wanted to tell her that she could do whatever she wanted, he still asked out of curiosity, "What is it?" "I'd like to get plastic surgery done." Amber's eyes shimmered with unshed tears as she closed them.

"I'd like to get my old face back.

I want to be me again..." Axel's chest tightened.

He couldn't help but tear up as he tightened his hold around her.

"Sure.

I'll be with you, every step of the way as you find yourself again."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2195-Alyssa's cell phone was long gone.

There was no television or computer in the room either.

She had no idea how many days had passed since arriving on this island.

Having been injected with a high dose of tranquilizer, although she was awake, she was almost paralyzed from the neck down.

In this state, she was like a hopeless yet appealing live mannequin.

The silence in the luxurious and chilly room was suffocating.

Even the wind and waves couldn't be heard.

Clearly, this room was quite some distance away from the sea.

It was a gilded cage that Jameson had crafted for her.

Alyssa's limp body lay on the light yellow bedding.

She was no longer wearing the outfit she had on when she came.

Instead, she was forced to change into a thin, red-colored lace nightgown.

Like a delicate rose, she seemed to wither, inch by inch, losing all signs of life.

A female helper on the island had dressed her in that nightgown.

Despite Jameson's cruelty toward everyone else, he had never forced himself on Alyssa.

He truly loved her to the core.

At the same time, he truly couldn't bear to see her cry.

Alyssa looked out the window, lying completely still.

The deep orange skies of dusk dimmed gradually as the sun set.

The beautiful colors eventually disappeared entirely and were replaced by a heart-wrenching darkness.

Her swollen eyes glistened with unshed tears.

She bit down hard, willing them back.

After a while, a knock came at the door, followed by familiar footsteps.

"Lyse, it's time to eat." Jameson entered, carrying a tray to the side of the bed.

His voice was unusually gentle.

"I made your favorites," he said.

Alyssa turned her pale face away.

Even though she was paralyzed, every nerve in her body was filled with hate and resistance against Jameson.

He stood over her.

The smooth silk fabric highlighted Alyssa's graceful figure.

Her dark hair was spread out on the pillow, contrasting her frail and pallid face.

Yet, this sight made him feel all the more to possess her.

"You haven't eaten or drank anything since you got here.

Your body won't be able to take it if you go on like this." Jameson placed the tray down on the bedside table.

He turned to his side and sat down next to her.

With his chilly hands, he held her ankles.

Inch by inch, his trembling hands traveled upward.

The hoarseness of his voice revealed his level of restraint.

"There's no use being mad at me.

Why would you torment yourself like that? "Since you've never considered ending your life, and you're constantly thinking about escaping me, all the more you should be eating your meals well and making sure you're in good health.

Don't you think so?" "Hah..." Alyssa's eyes were bloodshot.

Her chapped lips curled into a smirk of disgust.

"I'm no different from a dead person.

I can't move at all.

Is there a difference between eating and not eating?" "Lyse, you're being sneaky again." Jameson smiled, his eyes overflowing with tenderness.

"We grew up together.

No one knows you better than I do.

You're trying to use reverse psychology on me so that I will stop using any tranquilizers on you.

Then, you'll find a chance to fight back and escape from me.

“If possible, I really wouldn’t want to drug you, Lyse.

But you’re too intelligent.

You will think of a way to escape if I’m slightly distracted.

I put everything on the table to get you.

No matter what, I am not going to lose you.

Never.” Jameson’s breathing was heavy.

As his warm hand reached beneath her gown, he could feel her trembling in fear.

He was stunned.

As much as he yearned to have her, he clenched his teeth and retracted his hand.

“In my eyes, everything that you do is trash.” Alyssa’s nostrils flared in rage.

She continued without even looking at him, “I won’t be going anywhere.

Fuck off.

I don’t want to see you.” Right after Alyssa said that, she suddenly felt the world spun before her eyes.

Jameson scooped her limp body up by the waist, and she found herself in his arms once again.

She was being confined in a firm hold, with her body pressed right up against his.

“Have some chowder, will you?” With a smile on his face, Jameson lowered his eyes, pressed his forehead against her forehead, and touched his nose against her nose.

If he disregarded the burning hatred within Alyssa’s eyes, they were just like a pair of intimate lovers.

“It’s fish chowder, made from fish I caught from the sea this morning.

The fish was slaughtered live, so it’s really fresh.

“Do you remember the time when you took me fishing by the lake at Heights new Villa when we were kids? You looked so adorable when you went into the water in your red rain boots to catch fish.

From that time on, you have been impressed on my heart...

I will never forget it." Such loving words, but all they did was make Alyssa's stomach churn.

Jameson's heart broke for her as he brushed his fingers against her cracked lips.

"You must be parched.

Here, have some water first." He picked up the glass and ran the rim against her lips, tilting, tilting some water into her mouth.