

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2221

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2221-Jameson erupted into laughter, the sound sharp and cruel. "Return her to you?" he jeered. "Jasper, Lyse was meant to be mine from the start. You took her from me, seized her so shamelessly.

"Not only did you fail to appreciate her, but you also subjected her to pain and loss-made her lose her child and denied her the chance to be a mother forever."

Jasper breathed heavily, as if strangled, his heart plummeting. It felt as if the bullet had created an irreparable void in his chest, with fresh blood pouring from the wound.

He knew Jameson was trying to unsettle him, using psychological tactics to break him down. Jasper tried to steady himself, but the truth in Jameson's words stung.

There was no refuge. The searing pain caused him to tremble, and the weight of regret in his heart only grew heavier.

"You nearly destroyed my most cherished rose," Jameson continued, his voice dripping with venom. "She was on the brink of withering because of you. Jasper, you don't deserve to be with Lyse. Your love, which you only realized too late, is pathetic.

"If she hadn't been deceived and misled by you, she would have been mine long ago. We would have been married by now.

"I will care for, love, and dote on her. I'm prepared to obliterate everything just for a moment of happiness with her. She has always been my only concern.

*Jasper, can you offer her that? You're weak, indecisive, and uncertain of your own feelings. You are so tainted that I can barely stand to look at you. What right do you have to spend your life with Lyse?"

Jameson's laughter returned, wild and derisive, echoing through this extravagant yet bizarre cage.

'Fortunately, after all the detours, I am the one who has become Lyse's husband,' Jameson said, his voice trembling with a twisted satisfaction. "Lyse and I are officially married. We celebrated our wedding on Rose dour Island and shared a romantic night together.

"She is completely mine now. From hereon, she is Mrs. Schmidt."

“You... Shut up!” Jasper gasped for air as if suffocating. Overwhelmed by both physical and emotional agony, his grip on rationality was slipping.

The agony was so overwhelming that his vision grew unfocused. He aimed his gun and shot recklessly in the direction of Jameson’s voice, firing until his weapon was empty.

With bloodshot eyes, he blinked furiously. When he attempted to reload, his hands trembled so violently that he couldn’t insert the magazine.

Jameson clicked his tongue. “Look at you now.”

Jameson’s voice was filled with brazen mockery. “You label me a madman, but your state is far worse.

*Jasper, all you crave is a woman who’s exclusively yours. You’re enraged because I’ve claimed Lyse and sullied what you thought was rightfully yours.

“Your love isn’t as grand as you think. Everything you do may seem selfless, but it’s just a cover for the narrow- mindedness and pettiness in your heart. You’re merely performing for Lyse. You might deceive others, but not me.” Lies, fallacies, and absurdities.

No matter what happened to Alyssa, Jasper wanted her!

The only thing Jasper loathed himself was arriving too late and failing to protect Alyssa. Consequently, she had to endure so much pain.

He deserved to die over and over again.

‘Jameson, it’s not for you to judge my love for Lyse.’

Jasper bit on the inside of his mouth until it bled, tasting the iron tang in his mouth. With unwavering determination, he declared, “I swear I will take Lyse away from here today. I will sacrifice my life to ensure her return if I cannot!

Tears welled in his eyes as he made his vow.

The thought of Alyssa suffering beside Jameson for two weeks was unbearable. Just the idea of it felt like the sky was falling on him. It was torture.

Jameson fell silent for a long moment.

“Very well, Jasper. If you’re sincere, I look forward to seeing it,” Jameson said finally, his voice chillingly cold.” Lyse and I are at the rose garden behind the hills. Come and prove your love for her.”

In the woods, Axel and Remy were locked in a fierce battle, their combat intense and evenly matched. They exuded an air of deadly intent with each swift strike.

Despite the risks of close combat, Axel had more chances to scrutinize the man who bore an uncanny resemblance to Damien.

During the lulls in their battle, he took the chance to ask him questions. "What's your name? How old are you this year?"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2222-Axel pressed on, "Do you have family? Do you know how to fly a plane?"

Remy furrowed his brows, his fists tightening with each passing second as Axel's questions gnawed at his patience. This was a life-or-death situation, yet Axel still had time for all these pointless questions.

He really was quite a sick man!

Remy had initially intended to restrain Axel, but his frustration grew to the point where he felt he had to take out his anger physically. Thus, he escalated his attack with more ferocity, landing heavy blows with his fists and feet.

Axel decided to test Remy, realizing there was no point in prolonging the confrontation. Even if someone lost their memory in an accident, their ingrained habits and instincts might remain intact.

Suddenly, Axel's eyes darted to Remy's feet. "There's a snake! Watch out!"

Remy's face drained of color, and he stumbled backward in shock. His icy demeanor shattered as fear overtook him.

'Damien... You are Damien. I'm sure you are!' Axel's eyes welled up with tears of joy.

Damien, their fifth brother, was particularly fond of apples, often enjoying them while reading beneath the apple trees.

As a child, he experienced an incident in which a small snake dropped from an apple tree and landed on his head. The snake's hissing and flicking tongue terrified him. The scare was so great that he didn't dare to read under the apple trees for a long time.

Ever since, he had been especially afraid of snakes, even shivering at the sight of wriggling earthworms.

This was something only the Taylors knew.

As for Remy, as an experienced and ruthless assassin, how could he be afraid of a mere snake?

“Damien! I’m Axel... Your fourth brother!” Axel’s eyes welled up, and he fought to hold back the wave of emotion.” How did you end up losing your memory? Why don’t you remember me?”

Realizing there was no snake and that Axel had tricked him, Remy’s face darkened. Just as he moved to strike Axel, an urgent command came through his earpiece.

“Damien!”

Axel, frantic, took a step forward, but Remy abruptly retreated, throwing a black object to the ground. A hissing sound filled the air, and thick white smoke engulfed the woods, obscuring Axel’s vision.

It was tear gas.

The gas made Axel cough uncontrollably, his eyes streaming with tears. By the time he made it through the smoke, Remy was long gone.

Clutching his bloody wound, Jasper hurried toward the rose garden. The path was clear, with no assassins in sight. He could only assume he had dealt with Jameson’s remaining forces during the earlier battle in the living room or that Jameson had a more insidious plan in store.

The rose garden gleamed like a vibrant red gem in the sunlight. Jasper’s gaze fixed on the towering statue of a goddess in the distance, her face unmistakably resembling Alyssa’s.

His heart wrenched. He quickened his pace, entering the rose garden. He made his way toward the glass shed, each step heavy with urgency.

Amidst the vibrant and fragrant roses, Alyssa, dressed in a white lace wedding gown, slumped on a vintage red velvet couch.

“Lyse!”

Jasper’s blood surged with fury as he sprinted toward Alyssa, calling her name desperately, but she remained unresponsive.

Alyssa, with her shoulders half-exposed, seemed like a delicate rose in a sea of red, resting in peaceful slumber. Just as Jasper reached the glass shed, Jameson appeared from behind the statue, clad in a pure black formal suit and approached Alyssa.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2223-The two figures before Jasper's reddened eyes resembled a matching pair of bride and groom.

This was the first time Jasper had ever seen Alyssa in a wedding dress. Though he had dreamed of this moment countless times, he never imagined he would see her like this.

Her beauty was stunning, her pale complexion sharply contrasting with Jameson's elegant black attire. The scene felt hauntingly bleak, poignant, and fragile.

With every step Jasper took toward them, the pain in his heart intensified. Fresh blood seeped from his wound, leaving a trail in his wake.

At this moment, Alyssa looked like a porcelain doll, meticulously dressed and placed in a glass display for her beloved to admire.

Jasper could see her, but he couldn't touch her.

This should have been a joyous scene, but the atmosphere was cold, cruel, and bizarre.

"Lyse! I'm here!" Jasper's voice cracked as he called out to her, tears blurring his vision. "Wake up, Lyse! Wake up ... Look at me!"

"Shh..."

Jameson stood tall and imposing behind Alyssa, shushing Jasper. He placed one hand on her bare shoulder while raising the other, lifting a finger to his colorless lips. "Keep your voice down. My wife is sleeping. 'Jasper, you had Lyse for three whole years. Did you ever let her experience wearing a wedding gown? Did you ever give her a wedding? She was your wife, but was she ever a bride?"

"These were moments of bliss she dreamed of. You couldn't give them to her, but I did."

Jameson leaned forward, tracing the outline of Alyssa's sharp jaw with his finger. His gaze was filled with affection as he studied her exquisite face. "We were truly very happy last night.

'Maybe Lyse hasn't yet given all of her heart to me. But with me treating her this well, and with time, I believe she will eventually move on from you and fall in love with me."

Jameson's words shattered Jasper's heart and pierced his soul. He hadn't given Alyssa a grand wedding or the chance to be a bride. He hadn't given her a moment of bliss she could remember for life.

He had even... rid her of her right to be a mother.

Regrets. They were all regrets.

And the one responsible for these regrets was Jasper, the man who claimed to love Alyssa.

Jameson gazed deeply at Alyssa. Even though she wasn't responding, he was somehow thrilled.

He couldn't hold back any longer and pressed his lips to hers, kissing her incessantly.

It was as if this was their last kiss.

Jasper's eyes blazed red with fury. Like a wounded beast, he roared and fired round after round at the glass shed.

Seeing Jameson kiss Alyssa was a torment far worse than being torn apart or devoured alive. Yet, the bullets merely bounced off the glass.

To his shock, the shed was made of bulletproof glass. A simple handgun wouldn't break through. Out of bullets, Jasper panted as he scrambled to reload.

Just as he was about to do so, Jameson pulled away from Alyssa's lips. In a frigid voice, he said, "Don't waste your energy. The firearm won't break this place down."

Jasper's tall frame trembled. "Jameson, stop the nonsense! You're doing this to take revenge on me! Lyse is innocent. Let her go, and I'll stay here. If you want to settle this with me once and for all, I'll comply!"

*Jasper, I'm not interested in your worthless life."

Jameson sneered. "I've told you, I want to see how deep your love for Alyssa goes. Prove it to me."

As he spoke, the goddess statue behind him started moving, revealing a secret passage underground. A female attendant emerged, carrying a tray. She approached Jameson with respect.

Jasper could see a red mahogany box on the tray. His heart pounded uncontrollably. A feeling of suffocation, one that felt worse than death, spread through his stiffened limbs.

Jameson picked up the mahogany box and opened it. Inside were three pills-one white, one gray, one black.

The three pills were displayed openly before Jasper's eyes.

*I have three pills here. They were the first and only wedding gift I received after bringing Lyse to Rose Island."

Jameson picked up one of the pills, holding it between his fingers. He narrowed his eyes as he examined it. 'The person who gave me these pills told me that if Lyse takes all three, she will be mine forever. She will belong to me.

Jasper's bloodshot eyes widened in shock. He clenched his fist and smashed it against the glass pane.

"But I couldn't bear to." Jameson held the pill in his palm, exhaling slowly. "Because the person who gave me the pills also said that whoever takes them will endure excruciating pain. I can't bear to let Lyse suffer.

*I feel conflicted. I don't know what happens when someone consumes these. But I'm really curious. So, I came up with an idea..."

As he spoke, he approached Jasper with the mahogany box.

Their eyes met through the glass pane, one man a vile criminal, the other a man driven to desperation by his agony.

*Swallow these three pills." Jameson's lips curled into a merciless, cruel smirk. "Prove your love for Lyse."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2224-Jasper stared at those three pills in shock. The coldness of the unknown surged and stirred within his chest.

Jameson was a schemer, a man who thrived on manipulation. Every word he spoke could be part of an elaborate ploy. Maybe these pills were poison, a way to kill him without the mess of bloodshed.

"If I take all of them, will you let Lyse go?" Jasper's voice cracked, hoarse with pain.

Jameson chuckled nonchalantly. "Of course."

'Did you think that I would believe you? Show yourself or get those lapdogs of yours to come at me if you want me dead. Let's fight face-to-face. If not, you might as well just shoot me."

Jasper then slammed his fist into the glass and added, "Don't use such a vicious tactic. I won't fall for it!"

"Choose between the two," Jameson said, his grin widening. "If it's not you, it'll be her. The decision is yours, Jasper."

Jasper's heart was wrenched. "Jameson, don't you dare touch Lyse!"

'It looks like you've made your choice. Jameson picked up the black pill and pocketed the others, just in case Jasper had any other tricks up his sleeve. "Just this one then. Besides, I don't want to force you into doing something you're not willing to anyway."

"Give me all of them!" Jasper demanded, seeing through the deception. He had no hesitation. "I'll do what you want. Just let Lyse go."

He knew from the start that he had no choice. Resistance might push Jameson to hurt Alyssa-or worse, force her to take something lethal. The longer he complied, the more time he bought for Jonah and the others to save her. They were already on their way.

Even if the pills were poison, he would just have to hold out against them.

He must!

Moments later, almost elusively, that female helper showed up before Jasper with the medicine box in her hands. "Alright, prove it to me," Jameson demanded, excitement flickering behind his gold-rimmed glasses.

Jasper looked down, the pills cold in his palm. Seconds ticked by.

Just as Jameson opened his mouth to mock him, Jasper threw back his head and swallowed all three pills.

As if they were connected, Alyssa's fingers twitched at that moment, her lashes fluttering though she remained unconscious.

Jameson's pupils dilated. No one could anticipate the reaction or outcome of the medication Justin provided. Yet, Jasper had consumed the pills with reckless abandon, swallowing them all at once instead of taking them individually. Was he truly fearless?

The man before him was fearless, strong, and unrestrained-qualities that set him apart from every other man. Even those who admired Jasper were unworthy by comparison.

Jameson could only stare. He then cried out in anguish, tears streaming down.

Until now, he had never thought his love was any lesser than Jasper's. But now he saw the truth-he could never measure up to Jasper.

Even if he were to spend his entire life loving Alyssa, or if everything went back to square one, he was still far from Jasper's standards.

Soon, the pills started taking effect in Jasper's body; his pupils constricted and then dilated all of a sudden.

His eyes felt like they were about to burst from their sockets, his heart pounded, and his nerves screamed in agony.

Jasper groaned in pain. He eventually succumbed to the pills and fell onto his knees heavily.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2225-Jasper felt a pain unlike any he had ever known. It wasn't a physical agony like having flesh torn away, but a slow, excruciating torture akin to being slowly sliced by a blunt blade. It was a hundred times worse than dying instantly.

His mind raced through a chaotic sequence of images, like a black-and-white movie playing backward. He saw people retreating and leaving-Javier, Anne, Newton, Landon, Lauren, Jonah, Axel...

He reached out desperately, trying to grasp any of them, but they were slipping away, one by one.

Finally, the image settled on Alyssa's radiant face. "Lyse... Don't go..."

Tears streaming down his face, he lunged forward, wrapping his arms around her. But she dissolved into golden dust, vanishing into the frigid air.

"No!"

A beep sounded in his ear as if everything had been reset. Darkness enveloped him, and he fell unconscious. Now, there was just silence.

Jameson stood motionless, staring at the fallen man. He wasn't sure if he was dead, but deep down, he was devastated.

Jameson then heard footsteps approaching from behind. He turned to see Remy emerging from the underground tunnel.

With an emotionless look on his face, Remy picked Alyssa up in a princess carry.

*The Taylors have arrived on the island." Without even a glance at Jameson, Remy's voice dripped with barely concealed hatred. "Sir is leaving you to clean up. I'm sure you have no objections, right, Mr. Schmidt?"

Jameson stood motionless, his face pale. Though impeccably dressed, he looked like a man who had been thoroughly used and discarded.

He had been drained of all his worth-now thrown away like trash.

The opening in the statue of the goddess closed back up slowly.

Jameson scoffed, laughing at himself bitterly. "Jameson Schmidt, your life has been a big mistake. If reincarnation exists..."

Before he could finish, the deafening roar of a helicopter overhead drowned out his words. It hovered above, casting its shadow over the glass shed.

Then, there was a thunderous crash, and with that, the seemingly indestructible glass shed was destroyed. Glass shards rained down, cutting Jameson's neck, cheeks, and arms. Yet he remained unmoving.

"Bastard! Go to hell!" Axel, eyes blazing with fury, charged at Jameson, kicking him to the ground.

"I will kill you... I will kill you!" Axel stomped down on his back, pulling out his gun and pressing it against the back of Jameson's head.

"Axel, don't!" Jonah shouted, pushing Axel aside.

A gunshot rang out.

Jonah had been quick enough to deflect Axel's aim, but the bullet still struck Jameson's left shoulder, only missing his head by inches.

"I've lost, Lyse." Jameson fell limply to the ground. With his head pressed against the ground, he turned his head to look at the unconscious Jasper nearby. He let out a hollow, bitter laugh. "I've lost to him... completely."