

Can't Win Me Back

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Chapter 2271

Alyssa's fiery red sports car was rammed into from the right!

Fortunately, the black vehicle and her red car were the only vehicles on the entire freeway. If there happened to be any big cars that passed by at this time, the outcome would've been unimaginable.

"Damn it!" Alyssa couldn't help but curse through gritted teeth.

Her forehead was covered in cold sweat. Any sensible person could tell that this car had hit her on purpose. Clenching her teeth, Alyssa put the pedal to the metal. Right after, she swerved to the left.

Yet another bang sounded. Their car doors grated against one another, emitting terrifying sparks.

Through the blazing sparks, Alyssa seized this opportunity to turn her sweaty face to the side and glance at that black vehicle that had come like a devil in the night.

Alas, the car windows were tinted. Since their surroundings were pitch dark, she couldn't get a good look at the driver at all.

That being said, Alyssa came back to her senses at that moment.

This car followed her to the airport, then rammed into her car when she had almost arrived at her destination. There could only be one objective-to stop her from going to the airport to see Julien!

'Asshole! I'll show you what I've got!' she screamed.

Alyssa's eyes looked like they were about to burst into raging flames. Fiercely, she rammed her car against the black vehicle once again.

The sound of the impact was so terrifying that it made one's hair stand on end.

The driver of the black vehicle seemed to be taken aback by Alyssa's tenacity. Despite looking soft and weak, she was a daredevil.

To Alyssa's surprise, the driver did not charge at her again for the time being.

Seeing as it was nearing the time of Julien's departure, Alyssa no longer had any intention to continue battling out with the driver. Just as she stepped on the accelerator and was about to zoom ahead, another deafening bang sounded.

Sitting in the car, Alyssa could feel the strong impact. Her front windscreen cracked, so much so that she wasn't able to see a thing.

All the car windows broke, and glass shards flew in all directions. Just like sharp icicles in winter, they left scratches on her face.

In the next second, a splitting pain spread through Alyssa's head. The world before her eyes began to spin.

Her red sports car flipped to the side after the impact. If it wasn't because of the barrier by the side, her sports car might have rolled down the slope, and she would very likely have died!

Alyssa's vision fell in and out of darkness while an ear-piercing ringing sounded in her ears. Her entire body hurt as if every bone in her body had fractured.

'Jasper... Jasper...'

In the smashed vehicle, she lay on her side on a cold surface. Massive drops of tears rolled down her face.

At this moment, Alyssa, who was always noble, proud, and glamorous, was at her breaking point.

At her weakest, most helpless and hopeless moment, the person that came to mind instinctively was Jasper. Nevertheless, she soon came back to her senses amidst the throbbing pains.

No more.

Jasper was no more.

Jasper, who once risked his life for her and sheltered her from the wind and rain, was no longer there for her. Panting heavily, Alyssa wailed and cried loudly as she clawed at the ground to climb out of the car.

Suddenly a pair of black leather shoes appeared before her eyes.

Somehow, they looked a little familiar.

Alyssa stopped crying. She wanted to lift her head to get a good look at the person's face, but the pain was so bad that it felt like her entire body was falling apart. She couldn't lift her head no matter how hard she tried.

Remy stared at Alyssa, who had managed to climb out of the car halfway after all that effort. She looked even weaker and more fragile than the snowflakes on the ground.

He couldn't help but furrow his brows. Then, he bent down and scooped an exhausted Alyssa up from the ground in a princess carry. He held her close in his arms.

'Let go of me... I want to go... see... Jul...' Alyssa shut her eyes, but was still unable to stop the waterworks from being turned on.

Remy lowered his eyes to check the time.

Julien's flight had taken off, and his mission was complete. However, his heart still felt heavy and dejected, a feeling that he couldn't explain.

*Jul... Don't... leave us..." Alyssa muttered.

The impact from the car accident left her in a daze.

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Even though Alyssa's head was in a muddle, she continued mumbling Julien's name as she cried and begged him not to leave.

How could there be such a foolish woman?

Leaning against Remy's chest, Alyssa groaned in pain. Her tears soaked through his shirt. The warm sensation dispersed the endless wintriness in his chest.

"Lyse..." Remy blurted her nickname in a clear voice.

Yet, Alyssa had lost consciousness and did not hear him.

Remy held tight to an injured Alyssa as he trodded toward his vehicle.

He uttered her name in his heart once again. For some reason, a pain throbbed in his head. Intense emotions surged in his chest. He had never had this feeling before, and it was challenging for him to hold those emotions back.

Remy gritted his teeth as he watched the woman in his arms, who was bruised all over and bleeding from her head.

At the same time, his heart felt like it was about to shatter and end up a bloody mess.

Just like in Kontina, after Remy intercepted Alyssa, he sent her to the nearest hospital for emergency care. That being said, the difference was that he didn't leave this time. He continued lurking in the hospital.

In the wee hours of the morning, Remy stood on the hospital's rooftop, feeling the cold breeze blowing against his upright body.

"Good work, Remy, I'm on my way to the hospital now. You may leave." Justin's candid voice was as usual, and his crisp-sounding voice revealed his satisfaction.

Remy gathered his collar and lit a cigarette. Standing against the wind, he put his phone by his ear. In a deep and hesitant voice, he said, "Sir."

"Yes?"

"This time, Ms. Alyssa almost lost her life."

Remy clenched his teeth. In a low voice, he continued, "Was I too heavy-handed? After all, she's just a helpless woman."

Justin chuckled perfunctorily. "Remy, are you feeling bad for her?"

Remy's pupils constricted. He answered immediately, "No. But I'm afraid that if I were to take action too tactlessly, there might come a time when I miscalculate a move and end up hurting her for real. Ultimately, Ms. Alyssa is also someone you care for, isn't she?"

Justin fell silent on his end. All Remy could hear was the sound of wind blowing.

"I believe that you know what you're doing, especially when it concerns her."

Remy knitted his brows together tightly. An inexplicable feeling rose in his heart. Justin's words were too cryptic.

"Do you know why I care about Alyssa?" Justin asked out of the blue.

Throughout all these years, Remy and Justin's relationship was just like a relationship between an employer and an employee. Justin would show him concern and interact with him, but he would never share his feelings with him.

Justin's heart was a deep, dark dungeon. No one could get close to him, and those who did would definitely be consumed.

"It's because my younger brother, Jasper, is deeply in love with her. At the same time, she's also in love with him." Justin laughed. His cackles were frigid and chilling.

"Her love awakened Jasper's ability to love. She's the light that rescued Jasper from his traumatic childhood and lit up his pessimistic life. Her older brothers became his friends, and her family became his family.

"The one and only reason is because he had Alyssa."

Remy spaced out. At that moment, he saw many figures surrounding him, both men and women. Although it felt familiar to him, he couldn't call out their names.

*Jasper was lucky. He managed to get what others couldn't even if they spent a lifetime trying."

Justin continued laughing. However, his laughter grew cold gradually, its sound piercing through Remy's eardrums like a sharp blade. "But what right did he have to get all these? Why can't I be the one who has all these?"

"Sir..."

"So, I want Alyssa to leave him for good. I want him to be alone."

Chapter 2273

After Remy sent an unconscious Alyssa to the hospital, she was taken into the emergency room immediately. She was still slightly conscious before she went in there, albeit hazily.

She felt herself being lifted by the man in black leather shoes and carried all the way to the hospital entrance until she arrived at the emergency room.

The cold bearing around him felt so familiar to her.

However, she was suffering so much pain that she kept slipping in and out of consciousness. She didn't have it in her to think about anything else.

While she was going through the nerve-racking emergency treatments, she had a dream. Or rather than a dream, it was more like her mind replayed everything that had happened from the time she was on Rose Island until now. Those bits and pieces of information that seemed unrelated strung together in her mind once again.

For some reason, she felt that Julien's departure was just the beginning.

She certainly couldn't allow anyone around her to be hurt. So, even if her consciousness was hanging by a thread, she wouldn't allow her mind to stop thinking about it.

She ruminated on everything from Mosgravia's RC Biotechnology Research Institute to the drug experiments, Jameson, to Remy, who looked exactly like Damien.

She also thought about Jameson, who died in prison from what seemed like drug abuse, and then about Jasper, who was suffering from a brain injury caused by a drug and losing his ability to process emotions.

Even today, Jonah's ex-subordinate showed up out of the blue and destroyed Jonah and Julien's relationship. Then, she was intercepted while on the way to the airport to stop Julien from going overseas.

These events were somehow connected!

At this moment, her blurry vision saw some doctors and nurses bustling about. An anxious voice rang in her ears. "Alyssa Taylor. You have to pull yourself together! You need to be able to figure this out. You surely can!" She closed her eyes slowly. Her long and moistened eyelashes trembled slightly.

There was a thud. She felt her entire body go cold as if she was immersed in a bottomless, icy lake, sinking deeper and deeper into it.

Just as she was feeling like she was about to run out of oxygen and fall into the arms of the grim reaper, she heard a faint voice calling out to her.

"Alyssa? Ms. Alyssa? Lyse..."

Lyse...

Outsiders addressed her as Ms. Alyssa. Her relatives called her Lyse, but Jasper was the only one who would call her Lyse in a tone like that.

Alyssa inhaled sharply. Her reddened eyes shot open.

However, that pale, charming, and elegant face before her eyes made her heart sink back into the icy sea; it wasn't the person she was missing.

It was Justin.

"This is great, Ms. Alyssa. You're finally awake."

Justin sat in his wheelchair and waited by her bed. Through his deep, dark eyes, he studied her drawn and pale face that was stained with blood. Concern was written all over his face.

"How do you feel? Does it hurt anywhere? I've called the best surgeon in all of Solana City to get here as soon as possible. You don't have to worry. I won't let anything happen to you."

Tears swirled slightly in Alyssa's eyes, making her look weak, pure, and pitiful. She asked, "What... did you just... call me?"

Justin looked straight into her alluring eyes. In a warm voice, he answered, "Lyse. Can I call you Lyse?" Alyssa didn't answer, but she furrowed her brows slightly. Clearly, she was really against it.

Justin sensed her resistance. He chuckled casually. "I'm sorry, I remember that only Jasper calls you Lyse in this way. It was his way of showing his affection toward you. I overstepped. But please trust me when I say that it was a slip of the tongue.'

Alyssa felt a sharp pain in her heart. Her eyes turned red.

Affection... Was there still any affection left between her and Jasper?

Justin continued explaining to her patiently, "It was the doctor who told me that when a patient is unconscious, it would be best if there's someone next to her, calling her name. Doing so for a while might help in waking the patient up."

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"I won't call you that next time if you don't like me doing so. But I was really just worried about you and hoping that you would be able to regain consciousness as soon as possible."

Alyssa smiled coldly at him. She was broad-minded and had never been bothered by these trivial matters.

*Justin, what brings you here?" Alyssa's entire body hurt. She tried to get up but failed to do so.

"Don't move." Justin held her down. In a low voice, he urged, "The doctor said that you were very lucky. Even though you didn't have any broken bones, you have quite a number of external injuries. Plus, you might have suffered some level of concussion.

*These are not to be overlooked. You have to stay in the hospital to recuperate and be under observation for a while."

With a sharp gaze, Alyssa insisted, "You haven't answered my question."

Justin pressed his lips together slightly. He answered calmly, "My private physician, Ms. Gillis, lives in a villa nearby. When I came to visit her, I suddenly felt unwell, so she sent

me to the hospital for treatment. I happened to see you being brought into the emergency room.

He happened to see her? Alyssa's heart sank. She might have believed it if someone else said that. However, Justin's words couldn't be trusted.

"How long have I been unconscious for?"

"Not too long. Just one day and one night."

Justin leaned forward, closing the distance between him and her. In a tender tone of voice, he added, "I don't have your family members' phone number, but I informed Grandpa.

"He, in turn, informed Mr. Winston about your traffic accident. Don't be afraid. Your family members are already making their way here."

A look of astonishment came across Alyssa's face. She struggled to get up, but was held down by him once again.

She exclaimed, "I'm fine... I can already be discharged!"

*I know that you're afraid of having your family worry about you, especially your father."

With a concerned look on his face and an infinitely deep gaze, Justin continued, "But Ms. Alyssa, at the end of the day, you are a woman. Your family will be so worried about you going around out there all on your own.

"Don't worry, I only contacted Grandpa to have him inform Mr. Winston now that we know you're not seriously hurt."

*Justin, these are my personal matters. You're crossing the line!" Alyssa gritted out. It was obvious that she was getting emotional.

She forced her trembling body to roll out of the bed with all her might. Unexpectedly, she couldn't exert any energy with her legs at all. She lost control and tumbled to the ground.

"Watch out!" Justin's deep, raspy voice, laced with concern and urgency, echoed in Alyssa's ear.

In the next second, she found herself falling right into Justin's arms. Concealed under his suit were his well-sculpted muscles. Swiftly, he held onto her tightly with his muscular arms.

A faint smell of drugs, along with a subtle yet strange fragrance, wafted into her nose.

It was familiar... So familiar...

This was the second time that they had come into physical contact. The first time was when she helped stop him

from rolling down the slope in his wheelchair.

This time, they were in closer contact than the previous encounter.

'Ms. Alyssa, you're unable to walk around freely for now. Just rest well.'

Justin lowered his head and gazed deeply into her teary eyes. The gruffness in his voice had become more obvious.

He sat upright in his wheelchair while Alyssa sat on his lap. As her head leaned against his broad chest, she could hear his strong and steady heartbeat.

This was a suggestive position to be in.

Nevertheless, there was a cold gleam in Alyssa's eyes. Although she looked weak, deep down, she was extremely calm. Besides that, she became even more suspicious.

She was also a doctor. She was learned in the surgical field and had some knowledge in alternative medicine. For someone who relied on medications all year long to keep his health condition in check and someone who once suffered from organ failure, could his heart be this strong and steady?

Aside from the fact that organ failure was extremely difficult to recover from, even if he managed to recover, he was someone who spent over a decade in a wheelchair. How could the muscles in his limbs be so sculpted and taut?

She could even clearly feel his bulging quads supporting her bum.

When she was young, she sat in her older brother's laps. After she became a grown-up, she had only ever sat on Jasper's lap.

Even though Justin covered his entire body up with that neat suit of his, she kept getting a feeling that his build was not that far off from Jasper's.

This wasn't normal!

"Ms. Alyssa, would you like to continue staying in my arms, or would you like to lie back in bed?"

Noticing that Alyssa wasn't moving away from his arms, Justin smiled.

In a deep voice, he continued, "I don't actually mind, but it's up to you. I'm just afraid that you'd feel uncomfortable leaning on me like this."

Alyssa's chest tightened. She was distracted. Just as she budged, the door to the hospital ward opened.

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"Lyse!"

Alyssa's father, Winston, rushed into the hospital ward. With him were his three wives, Jonah, and Silas.

At first, a pregnant Tatiana also made a fuss about coming over to visit Alyssa. However, everyone else forced her to stay home and had Sean look after her.

Everyone's jaws dropped when they witnessed Justin holding Alyssa in his arms. The room was dead silent.

"Dad..." Alyssa muttered. There was a quiver in her teary eyes.

She struggled slightly in Justin's arms but could not pull away from him. Her face flushed red in embarrassment as she couldn't budge, making them look even more like a shy couple. Justin curled his lips upward slightly. In a relaxed manner, he got to his feet from his wheelchair and lowered Alyssa back onto the bed. Then, he tucked her in caringly. Everyone shot astonished looks at one another.

Even though the Taylors were based in Belbanks, their status as one of the wealthiest families meant that they were familiar with the news about upper-class circles in Solana City.

Moreover, the kidnapping incident 20 years ago had caused a massive uproar. They were well aware that Justin suffered a severe physical injury because of it, resulting in him having to be in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. To their surprise, he actually stood up. Not only that, he looked no different from a normal person!

At this moment, Sheryl hurried back and saw Justin caring for Alyssa. Her eyes widened in shock as she tightened her grip on the test report, crumpling the paper in her hands.

Having spent years working for Justin, he consistently carried himself with nobility, stoicism, elegance, and calm. However, in reality, he remained distant, as though he were a divine figure beyond reach.

Nevertheless, an unattainable man like him was being especially gentle and caring toward Alyssa. Sheryl knew that she shouldn't feel envious.

Yet, envy was part of human nature. No matter how hard she tried to suppress it, she couldn't deny its existence.

"Greetings, Mr. Taylor. Good day, ladies."

Justin bent forward by the hips courteously and gentlemanly. "I'm Justin Beckett, Javier's eldest son. Nice to meet all of you."

Despite the conflicted expression on Winston's face, he responded with an understanding nod.

"Mr. Justin!" Sheryl grabbed hold of the moment and dashed to Justin's side. Because of how hasty she was, she slammed her shoulder into Silas'.

All the men in the Taylor family were well-trained, both physically and in combat.

Thus, Silas, too, had muscular shoulders. When Sheryl bumped into him, it hurt down to her bone. Instinctively, she glanced at him with a look of annoyance in her eyes. Coincidentally, her eyes met with Silas' sharp gaze at the same time.

Perhaps his years of experience as a prosecutor gave him exceptional instincts and insights. His gut feeling was that this woman, who looked unfamiliar to him, actually felt really familiar.

People could change their looks and voices, but one thing they could never change was the look in their eyes.

Silas knitted his brows together slightly and mentally noted his doubt.

"Please sit down, Mr. Justin."

Sheryl ran over to Justin and helped him back into his wheelchair. With a gaze full of concern, she urged, "Your body is weak. It'd still be better for you to be more careful."

Justin pressed his lips together slightly. "No worries."

"Oh, Lyse. My precious daughter!"

Winston approached Alyssa and held her hands, which were covered in scars. His heart broke for her, so much so that he trembled uncontrollably. He trembled so violently that Mandy had to hold onto him tightly.

"How are you feeling? Tell me if it still hurts anywhere."

"Lyse, how did you end up in a car accident out of nowhere? Do you know how anxious we were when we heard the news? Even your father, he " With tears in her eyes, Mandy almost let it slip. She only stopped when Winston glared at her.

That being said, Alyssa took clear notice of all these. Deep down, she felt even more regretful and terrible. She blamed herself even more.

"Dad... I'm sorry. Sorry for making you, Mandy, Lyla, Colene, and my brothers worry."

As she said that, she couldn't help but well up. Tears started streaming down her face.

These were also tears of misery.

The person who once stood by her side and went through thick and thin with her was no longer with her.

Moving forward, she would be facing challenges and fighting battles on her own.