

# Can't Win Me Back

Chapter 2346

Even without Jasper's presence, he was confident that the Taylors and the rescue team would have been able to save Alyssa. It became clear what the person manipulating Remy had been aiming for.

But why had Remy let Jasper go at that crucial moment? Had he experienced a sudden change of heart? Or was he, in fact, Alyssa's brother, Damien?

Jasper's mind filled with all kinds of thoughts.

Before he could dwell too deeply, there was a knock at the door.

Xavier hurried over to open it, freezing in shock when he saw who stood outside. "Mr. Winston?"

Winston was leaning on Silas for support, his expression grim. "Mr. Beckett is in there, isn't he? May I have a word with him?"

Xavier quickly stepped aside, gesturing for Winston and Silas to enter.

When he saw the elder he respected standing at the door, Jasper struggled to rise from the bed despite his exhaustion.

"Mr. Winston..."

"You are wounded. Stay put!" Winston insisted, swiftly moving forward to gently press Jasper back down.

Silas was filled with heartache and regret when he saw how badly Jasper was injured just because he wanted to save Alyssa. Those complex emotions were inexplicable.

"Mr. Winston... I'm sorry," Jasper muttered in a low and deep voice. His lips were pale. He did not know what to say, but he felt that he should apologize to Alyssa's father and also apologize to Alyssa.

"Jasper, you don't have to say anything else. I don't blame you."

Winston stared at Jasper with a deep gaze. He choked, "My daughter has always been headstrong. Thanks to your protection and support, she was kept safe all this while. The Taylors owe you a great debt. I should be the one apologizing to you."

Jasper's chest tightened, tears welling up. It was as though someone was tugging at his heart, an ache that he couldn't shake.

"Truth is, I've seen you as one of my own for some time now," Winston continued, his gaze tender. "In my eyes, you are like Jonah, Silas, and all the others. You are my family."

Winston's eyes shimmered as he spoke, his voice soft but sincere. "Even though you and Lyse have gone your separate ways, I won't hold that against you.

"If you ever encounter any problems with Beckett Group in the future, feel free to come to me anytime, I will surely help you out. After all, you have helped me multiple times in the past. I should return your kind favor."

Silas was stunned. He had expected Winston to be upset, especially given the breakup between Jasper and Alyssa and Alyssa's current condition. But to his surprise, Winston was kind and understanding.

No wonder Winston had earned such loyalty over the years.

Jasper's throat tightened with emotion, but he couldn't find the words. He remembered Alyssa's words of disappointment, and his heart clenched painfully.

"Mr. Winston, I-" he began, but Winston cut him off gently.

"I won't pressure you and Lyse to reconcile, Winston said quietly. "We will respect your decision, whatever it may be."

Winston felt himself welling up. "When you loved Lyse, it was only natural for you to make sacrifices for her, to do

anything for her sake. But now that you don't, I will make sure that she does not bother you again. I won't let her become a burden or a nuisance to you."

No. That wasn't it!

Jasper breathed heavily. He forced himself to sit up despite his injuries.

Before he could respond, the door to his room opened unexpectedly.

Jasper, Winston, and Silas all turned to find Justin sitting in his wheelchair.

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Jasper's eyes dimmed, and his chapped lips curled downward in a tight frown.

Alarm bells rang in Xavier's mind. He rushed forward and stood in front of Jasper's hospital bed as if shielding him from a threat.

For once, Justin's usual bright demeanor was replaced by something colder-grim and calculating. His eyes burned with unspoken anger, and it was clear he wasn't here for a social call.

Upon noticing all that, Winston frowned.

"Mr. Justin, Mr. Jasper is injured. I wonder which fool let his dog loose to harm him. Through gritted teeth, Xavier urged Justin to leave. "Mr. Jasper doesn't wish to entertain any visitors right now. He needs rest. Please leave!"

Upon hearing that, the look in Justin's eyes dimmed subtly.

In reality, Xavier had no idea who the mastermind was. He was simply blowing the matter out of proportion, driven by his frustration and anger.

Unexpectedly, Justin had taken his casual remark to heart.

Not wanting Winston to witness the awkward tension between the Becketts, Jasper hissed under his breath, "Xavier, don't be rude to Justin."

Justin ignored Xavier but looked to Winston instead. He lifted the corners of his lips slightly into an elegant smile. "Apologies for barging in, Mr. Winston."

Winston forced a smile in return. "No need for apologies, Mr. Justin. I am an outsider here. You and Jasper are brothers, after all. It's more like I'm the nuisance here."

Justin's gaze hardened. "Mr. Winston, I'm afraid I must ask for a moment alone with my brother."

It was clear what he meant-Winston was to leave.

Winston gave Jasper a concerned look. "Rest well, Jasper. I shall not stand in the way of your brotherly conversation.'

Not only did this man before his eyes once save his daughter's life, but he also had a pure and refined image that felt as warm as a spring breeze. All who saw him would get a good impression of him.

Yet, for some reason, he simply did not feel particularly good about Justin. He kept feeling that there was a barrier between them, and all he wanted to do was keep his distance.

"Justin, you can just say what you want."

Having been through this incident, Jasper became greatly suspicious of Justin, even though he had once saved his life. Deep down, he was greatly conflicted and reluctant to have this private conversation with Justin.

"Mr. Winston is an elder I respect. I haven't seen him in a really long time, so I'd like to spend more time with him." Winston's eyes widened at that. His heart was warmed.

"You can say your piece right here. If it's not convenient, we can talk tomorrow instead."

Upon saying that, Jasper lowered his eyes, making it obvious that he was not keen to speak to him.

A dark look filled Justin's eyes. He took a heavy breath, then said in a hoarse voice, "Jasper, Ms. Alyssa was in danger and almost lost her life in the mountain forests this time.

"I spoke with her primary physician earlier and learned that she suffered severe frostbite in two areas of her body. As a woman, she's already physically weaker, and the extreme cold likely caused significant damage to her bodily functions.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the hospital ward became heavy and suffocating.

Jasper's temples throbbed. Silently, he tightened his grip on his blanket.

The image of Alyssa curled into a ball in the snow flashed in his mind. She had wanted to acknowledge his presence, yet something held her back. That hesitation made Jasper feel as if the icy air from the mountainous woods had seeped into his very lungs, freezing him from within.

Winston winced, his frailty catching up to him. He stumbled, but Silas caught him just in time.

Silas, face pale with worry, shot a glance at Justin. "Mr. Justin, what are you trying to say?"

A crestfallen look came across Justin's face. He hesitated.

At that moment, Sheryl entered the room, clad in a lab coat, as if on cue. Without hesitation, she addressed the group, her voice clear and authoritative. "Exposure to extreme cold can be extremely harmful to women. It can affect their fertility or even trigger a series of gynecological issues."

She paused, her gaze shifting to the pale-faced Jasper, her expression unreadable. "That said, I've heard that Ms. Alyssa once had a miscarriage and is now barren. So, in this regard... How should I put it? I suppose you could say this was, in some way, a blessing in disguise.

Her casual words hung in the air like a slap. Jasper's heart twisted, and the Taylors seemed to crumble. Xavier's eyes turned bloodshot with fury.

"Enough, you!" Xavier roared, lunging forward. "How dare you twist the knife in their wounds like that?"

Wide-eyed, Sheryl put on an innocent expression as she looked toward Justin for help.

"Sheryl may have been blunt, but she spoke the truth." Suddenly, Justin's eyes snapped to Jasper, dark and piercing, his gaze sharp with accusation. "Jasper, you have to take full responsibility for what happened to Ms. Alyssa. If it hadn't been for you, she wouldn't have gone hiking alone and ended up in such danger.

"Jasper, have you even stopped to think about why she chose to take that risk? Why, despite knowing about the snowstorm last night, she went ahead with the hike? As someone experienced in hiking, why would she rather face the blizzard than turn back before it was too late?"

Justin's harsh words struck Jasper like a relentless force, circling around his heart, each question driving deeper than the last. He opened his mouth to respond, but it felt as if a rusted nail had pierced his voice box, leaving him unable to make a sound.

Justin's gaze remained fixed on him, unyielding. Then, in a calm, clear voice, he spoke the truth that cut through the silence. "It was because you broke your promise to her."

"Pro... mise?" Winston and Silas were staggered.

Meanwhile, Sheryl chose to remain silent despite having complete knowledge of the entire story.

"She waited for you," Justin continued, his eyes narrowing with contempt. "But you didn't show up. She couldn't accept that you broke your promise to her."

Justin moved closer to Jasper, his gaze growing colder and darker with each passing moment. "She couldn't accept that the man who once cherished and loved her so deeply could now dismiss her, pushing her aside for another woman.

"She must have been waiting for you, clinging to the hope that you'd come for her. She couldn't believe that you could be so cruel that you wouldn't show up for your meeting with her."

From the side of the bed, Justin leaned in slightly toward Jasper. The smile that curled on his lips was unnerving, as if it concealed a terrifying beast, one that had been waiting for the right moment to break free from its frozen

shell.

He continued, "Despite all the emotions Ms. Alyssa poured out to you, you let her down. Jasper, whether you're willing to admit it or not, this is the truth. To you, Ms. Alyssa has already become unimportant and dispensable."

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At that moment, a sharp, metallic taste of blood surged up Jasper's throat, choking him so violently that he struggled to breathe.

Winston and Silas stared at them, mouths agape. Chills went down their spines.

Silas could feel Winston's arm stiffening up and his palms turning cold.

Alyssa, the darling of their family, was everything to Winston. Yet, even though bonded to Jasper, she had been repeatedly hurt-physically and emotionally.

Jasper loved Alyssa with all his heart. He'd humbled himself, giving his all for her and Winston's sakes.

Even so, could Winston forgive him and let it go when his most beloved daughter fell into danger once again, almost losing her life?

To make matters worse, the current Jasper had lost his ability to feel emotions due to his brain injury. He no longer loved Alyssa, and this had since been a thorn in Winston's flesh.

Justin's gaze remained fixed on Jasper, his eyes hardening with cold fury.

"As for you," Justin continued, his voice steady but laden with condemnation, "you were wrong to regret your decision and break your word, especially after you made a promise to Ms. Alyssa, knowing how much it meant to her.

"Your mistake was also in relishing the feeling of having such a remarkable, noble woman like her lower herself to compromise and endure humiliation for your sake-even when you no longer loved her. You gave her hope, only to leave her to fall deeper into despair, again and again."

Jasper's knuckles became white as he tightened his grip over his blanket. His vision began to dim as if he had been hit at the back of his head.

Alyssa had said the exact words to him last night. Hearing them from Justin now felt like a brutal slap- humiliating and raw.

Once Justin had vented his fury, he leaned back in his wheelchair, his eyes lowering in resignation.

"I planned to say this privately, behind closed doors. After all, Ms. Alyssa is Winston's most cherished, and I didn't want to make things awkward in front of him. I didn't want to strain your relationship with the Taylors, either. "But you didn't give me that chance. What happened between us? How did we drift so far apart?"

He sighed softly, a sound that carried a mix of sorrow and helplessness. "You and Alyssa shared something unforgettable, and even then, you've reached this point. I guess our brotherly bond is also a thing of the past. I can't ask for more. I won't blame you."

Jasper had said nothing at all.

Yet, his bloodshot eyes burned with a mixture of pain and rage. He looked as if he had been awake for days and nights.

Xavier, standing beside him, clenched his fists in frustration. It was obvious that Justin was exploiting this moment to drive a wedge between Jasper and Winston, who shared a relationship akin to a father and son.

Justin was envious, jealous, and furious.

Xavier couldn't shake the bitter thought that Justin deserved this, that his life in a wheelchair was nothing more than the retribution he had earned.

In the end, Winston and Silas left the hospital ward with troubled looks on their faces. Justin then left the room after them. As the oldest son in the Beckett family, it was only right for him to see his elder off.

Jasper and Xavier were the only ones left in the ward.

"Mr. Beckett, Xavier began, his voice anxious, "you're a shrewd man, a master of negotiation. No one can argue with you. But Mr. Justin... he's trying to provoke you and pit you against Mr. Winston. He's trying to blame you!"

"You nearly lost your life in your attempt to win Madam back and earn Mr. Winston's approval as his son-in-law! If the things he said destroy the trust and positive impression Mr. Winston has of you, all your efforts and sacrifices would have been for nothing!"

This one conversation had virtually put them at loggerheads.

Jasper was badly wounded in the first place. At this moment, he was extremely exhausted, as if his soul had been sucked away from him.

After a moment, he slowly relaxed his fists and opened his eyes slightly. With a firm gaze, he said, 'Xavier, get my clothes ready. I am getting discharged from the hospital."

Xavier turned pale with fright. "Mr. Beckett, you shouldn't! The doctor said that you have lost too much blood. Even though your wounds have been treated, you're still required to stay at the hospital for observation..."

"No. I can't have my father and grandfather know about my hospitalization.

Jasper took a deep breath to force himself to withstand the pain. Swiftly, he got out of bed. He straightened his back, looking every bit the soldier he once was.

"If news about my injury got out, Beckett Group would surely be affected. I must not crumble, let alone allow others to have a chance to take advantage of us."

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Alyssa was still unconscious. Despite feeling drained, both physically and emotionally, Winston refused to leave her side until she had regained consciousness.

Nevertheless, his heart was filled with a plethora of gut-wrenching emotions. Afraid of losing control of himself before his family members, he walked to the balcony on his own and silently wiped away his tears while braving the chill winds.

He had been a strong man all his life. It was extremely rare for him to shed a tear. Yet, each time he teared up, it was because of Alyssa and her mother.

"Mr. Taylor." A crisp and pleasant voice sounded from behind him.

Winston quickly composed himself, swallowing back the tears, and turned around to see Justin. His gaze became guarded, distant, but he masked it swiftly.

He nodded at him and said, "Mr. Justin, I know you're not in the best of health. The winds here are cold; it would be better if you went back inside and rested.

"Mr. Taylor, Justin began, his voice sincere, "My younger brother made a rash decision yesterday. He rushed to Skydon City to find a woman who meant a great deal to him. He missed his appointment with Ms. Alyssa because of it, and for that, I want to apologize on his behalf."

Justin's eyes contained a sincerity and an eagerness that he had never shown before. "I have found the best specialist in the country to treat Ms. Alyssa. Whether it's her frostbite or other medical conditions, I will do my best to ensure she is cured."

"Thank you for the kind gesture, Mr. Justin. But our family can still afford to hire doctors, so we shall not trouble you."

Winston turned Justin down without any hesitation. Right after that, he let out a calm and relieved smile.



"After knowing Jasper for such a long time, this is the first time I've heard about him rushing to a different city, especially for a woman. I suppose that woman is someone who's really important to him. My guess is that she is someone who has once saved his life or has been through life and death with him."

Justin paused. He was just about to speak when Winston clapped back at him.

"The fact that he chose to see that woman instead of meeting my daughter shows that he does not only think about love. Rather, he is a compassionate person who values his friendships too. If I were in his shoes, I would have made the same decision as him and gone to meet the woman too."

Winston fixed his eyes on Justin's face, which had turned a little pale. He smirked slightly and continued, "Plus, I heard from Mr. Lynch that Jasper had sent a message to Lyse saying that something had come up for him at the last minute.

"He also tried calling her, but she didn't receive his call. Subsequently, Lyse hiked up the mountain on her own and ended up in danger due to her stubbornness. She was just acting ridiculously again.

"Let this experience be a lesson for her so that she will learn from it. No one could spoil and pamper her unconditionally her entire life."

As Winston spoke, he welled up with tears, his heart filled with sorrow. It wasn't that there was no one like that. Jasper was someone who used to pamper Alyssa endlessly and unconditionally.

"So, you don't have to apologize on your brother's behalf. I understand Jasper's character, so I don't blame him." Justin forced a smile. "I feel better knowing that this is what you think."

Winston gave him a cryptic look before marching off without as much as a back glance.

Suddenly, Justin's expression turned grim. A formidable look came across his dark eyes, as if he was ready to

crush everything in his sight.

After all that meticulous planning, he miscalculated one thing—he'd underestimated the deep and unconditional trust Winston had toward Jasper.

In the underground parking lot, Sheryl pushed Justin toward his luxurious MPV.

"Mr. Justin, Remy is waiting for you at the manor. He has been shot in his shoulder and is wounded quite badly. His car is also beyond repair."

Sheryl leaned forward and whispered into Justin's ear, 'From the looks of it, both he and Jasper suffered pretty badly. It doesn't seem like it was staged.

Justin's face was completely frigid. Even Sheryl could feel the air of coldness around him. She couldn't hide the nervousness on her face.

"Justin."

Both Justin and Sheryl were startled to hear Jasper's husky voice. Thereafter, they turned around.

Justin's and Jasper's eyes met. It was as if they were about to engage in close combat.

"There's something I'd like to ask you."

Jasper stared at him with a sharp gaze. He did not look like he was hurt at all. "Other than Xavier, I have not told anyone about my promise to Alyssa. So, how did you know about it?"

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Tension rose within the empty underground parking lot.

An incandescent bulb cast a harsh white light from the ceiling, drawing an invisible line between Justin and Jasper, separating their worlds—one of harsh light, the other of oppressive darkness.

Sheryl's chest tightened. Instinctively, she lowered her gaze to Justin.

Nonetheless, Justin remained relaxed. He glanced at Jasper with a grim face and said calmly, "As long as it's something I wish to find out, I will have countless ways to do so. Not only did I find out about the promise between you two, but I am also privy to even more of Ms. Alyssa's secrets."

His declaration was a clear display of his ambition and more subtly, a challenge to Jasper.

Jasper's breath hitched, his fists clenched so tightly that his knuckles turned white and veins bulged.

"Even though you both were once a pair of lovers, I know her way more than you do," Justin uttered with a smile on his face.

Upon saying that, he turned his face away and signaled to Sheryl to wheel him into the car.

"Justin, do you actually have feelings for Alyssa, or are you only hoping to have control over the people and matters that benefit you?" Jasper questioned in a steady voice as a gleam flickered in his eyes.

Justin simply smiled but did not answer. A mocking look flashed across his eyes.

As Jasper watched Sheryl and Justin get into the car, he finally lost it. He said in a firm and cold voice that reverberated throughout the entire parking lot, "I went head-to-head against Remy on Rose Island.

"At the time, he worked with Jameson to stand in my way and to target the people around me. This had happened more than once.

"When I was on the way to Crater Mountain last night, he showed up once again to stop me from meeting with Alyssa. After that, you showed up in such a timely manner today.

"So, shouldn't I have reason to believe that Jameson and Remy were both under your control and that you were the mastermind behind them?"

Jasper's voice echoed through the icy air.

As Sheryl sat in the car, her heart pounded like mad. She was too afraid to even take a peek in Jasper's direction. \*Jasper, I really admire you for having such an extraordinary imagination."

The dim lighting concealed Justin's pale face. All Jasper could hear was the sound of him stifling a laugh. "But it makes me really disappointed to hear a question like this from you."

Jasper frowned.

"If I wanted you gone, I had plenty of chances to make you disappear when you first came into our family 20 years ago. But instead, I treated you well, didn't I?"

Indeed, Justin had treated him extremely well. Almost too well. So well that it was as if he were a deity

descending from heaven to rescue Jasper.

The Beckett family had praised Justin at every turn, lauding him as a savior.

"Exactly," Sheryl's voice suddenly interjected, sharp and biting. She curled her lips in disgust. "If Mr. Justin wanted to harm you, why did he risk his life to save you when you were both kidnapped?"

"Mr. Jasper, are you going to forget what Mr. Justin did for you just because of a woman?"

"Also, when Mr. Taylor suffered a stroke, it was Mr. Justin who searched high and low in Mosgravia for the medication that helped to stabilize him.

"If he truly wanted to do any harm to you, why would Mr. Justin have gone through all these unnecessary measures? Mr. Jasper, you should know where to draw the line even if you are being ungrateful!"

"Sheryl, that's enough," Justin lowered his voice suddenly.

Sheryl fell silent, the weight of his tone forcing her into obedience.

Just as Justin was about to leave in his MPV, Jasper, with a frosty look on his face, spoke up once again. "Justin, I won't say anything if you're pursuing Alyssa through honest means. But if you're using manipulation, coercion, or harm to get to her, I won't allow it. The last man who did whatever it took to win her was Jameson, and we all know how that ended."

Upon hearing that, Justin's smile froze on his face. His eyes turned red as he asked, "Jasper, are you regretting your decision? Are you still in love with her?"

"It doesn't matter whether or not I am still in love with her. I cannot allow anyone to hurt her no matter what, even indirectly."

As Jasper said those words, a stiff smile came across his emotionless face. Even so, he still looked charming and graceful. "But if the attacks are directed toward me, I will not shrink back. I will face them head-on."

Justin wound up his car window slowly as he sped away on his luxurious ride.

Right after they got out of the parking lot, Justin raised his well-defined hand and slapped Sheryl hard across her face.

Sheryl was in so much pain that she started seeing stars. Her cheeks became swollen, and blood oozed from the corner of her lips.

Having been a follower of Justin's for such a long time, this was his first time hitting her. Not only that, he had hit her so hard!

"I have reminded you multiple times to keep your mouth shut when it comes to things that you shouldn't speak of. However, it seems like your memory is failing you."