

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2441

In an instant, the woman burst into tears.

Remy, in an alarmed state, scanned the area outside the car. Satisfied that he was momentarily safe, he loosened his grip on the woman, only to discover his palms were damp.

The woman's face was drenched in tears.

As he stared into her misty eyes, recognition dawned on him-she was the woman who had chased him at the hospital, frantically calling him "Damien".

This could only mean she was Damien Taylor's mother.

Remy straightened abruptly, putting distance between himself and Mandy. A surge of emotion tightened his chest, leaving him shaken.

Silence blanketed the car.

Despite her usual composure, Mandy was overwhelmed. Her tears were unstoppable as she gazed at him. Nothing else seemed to matter.

At that moment, Mandy's driver opened the car door and climbed in, saying, "Mrs. Taylor, here are the desserts you ordered for Mr. Taylor-"

Remy's reddened eyes darkened. His muscles tensed as he reached for the door handle, ready to leave.

"Wait!" With tears brimming in her eyes, Mandy latched onto Remy's arm in a panic.

Her grip tightened, enough to make even a man as strong as Remy wince. She didn't dare let go, terrified she'd lose him again.

The driver froze, noticing the bloodied stranger beside Mandy. Alarm bells rang in his mind. Was this man a kidnapper? He was petrified.

Before he could pounce on Remy, Mandy cried out, "It's alright! He won't hurt me."

Remy's chest tightened. He turned to Mandy, his eyes wide with disbelief. He was a dangerous man serving an even more sinister master. His presence alone radiated menace, and children who accidentally crossed his path on the streets often burst into tears at the mere sight of him.

With his lips pressed into a hard line, Remy glanced at his reflection in the rearview mirror. His bloodshot eyes gleamed with a savage ferocity, a bloodthirsty intensity that sent shivers down spines.

He was from a good man-rotten to the very core, a monster in every sense.

Even though Mandy claimed that Remy wouldn't hurt her, her driver remained wary, ready to intervene.

"Sorry about earlier," Remy said coldly.

He moved to leave, but Mandy clung to him, her voice soft yet insistent. "Who were those people? Why were they chasing you? And all this blood-are you hurt? Let me see..."

Her words made his heart lurch. He tensed up.

Due to his looks, a stream of virtuous and admirable people sought him out, hoping to reunite with him. Among them was a woman who, with motherly affection, offered him a gentleness he had never received before.

For reasons he couldn't fully grasp, this kindness filled him with a warmth that seeped into his soul, a fragile sense of connection. But deep down, he understood it was all because of his appearance.

Yet, this happiness he felt was unlike anything he had ever known.

"It's none of your business," he muttered.

He couldn't stay. This familial warmth wasn't meant for him.

But before he could leave, his vision blurred, and he collapsed into Mandy's arms.

"Hey. Hey, wake up!" Mandy became extremely worried when she saw how weak Remy looked.

Her driver pointed out, "Mrs. Taylor, look at his shoulder. It's still bleeding... It looks like he's hurt!"

Mandy glanced at her hands, now smeared with fresh blood.

"Drive! Take us to Taylor General Hospital now!"

Meanwhile, Sean sped down the highway, heading to Solana City with Alyssa for the press conference.

Alyssa sat poised in the passenger seat, her red lipstick striking against her sharp black suit. A golden iris brooch adorned with topaz gleamed on her chest-a design of her own.

The golden iris stood as a symbol of triumph.

"Ms. Alyssa, we're on track. We'll make it to the press conference on time!" Sean declared, stepping on the accelerator with a fiery look in his eyes.

"Safety first," Alyssa reminded him in a calm, steady voice.

Surprisingly, at this crucial juncture, she appeared composed. "Taty is due soon, and you're about to become a father. As a family man, you shouldn't be as reckless as before." The thought of his unborn son brought a blissful smile to Sean's face, softening his fiery resolve.

Alyssa closed her eyes, though her mind remained in overdrive.

The truth was, she was forcing herself to stay alert. Ever since Amber's disappearance, she hadn't had a single restful night.

The once carefree Alyssa, who could sleep through anything, was long gone. Her frayed nerves left her in a weakened state, but she held on.

She had survived when others hadn't, and that resilience fueled her belief that she could endure again. This time, she wouldn't let Justin win.

Her phone buzzed as they reached the tollbooth for Solana City's expressway. It was a number she didn't recognize.

Ordinarily, she would ignore such calls, but today, something felt different. Her instincts screamed that this call mattered, and she couldn't let it go unanswered. She quickly swiped to answer the call, bringing the phone to her ear. "Hello? Who's this?"

Her breath hitched as the voice on the other end spoke. Her heart raced.

Thanks to Remy going easy on them, Jasper and Jonah arrived at Berenike Hotel's underground parking lot with Xavier and Sebastian.

Studying Xavier's pale face, Jasper knitted his brows together. "Are you alright, Xavier?"

"I-I'm okay!" Xavier forced a smile, though it was hard to tell if it was genuine or a grimace.

Pursing his lips together, Jasper tore off his necktie and skillfully wrapped it around Xavier's wound to staunch the bleeding.

Xavier's lips quivered, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. He was so touched that he could cry!

Sebastian gasped in surprise. "Mr. Beckett, where did you learn to do that? You are bandaging his wound like a professional!"

With his eyes lowered, Jasper

answered coldly, "On the battlefield. I

was once with the Peacekeeping

Forces. I learned this from the

medics while on a mission in Luminara."

Upon hearing that, Jonah's chest tightened. He opened his mouth to speak but hesitated. Alyssa had insisted he never reveal to Jasper that she had once saved his life. She didn't want Jasper's feelings to be clouded by gratitude or duty. She wanted him to love her simply for who she was, not as the White Dove.

The past was the past, so she just wanted to leave it all behind.

She was simply Alyssa-the Alyssa Taylor who loved Jasper Beckett. That was all.

But as Jasper finished tending to Xavier, Jonah felt a surge of hesitation.  
"Hey, Jasper."

Jasper turned to him, his eyes sharp yet curious. "Yes?"

"Actually-"

A sudden metallic clanking interrupted him. The sound echoed ominously through the empty parking lot.

Jasper and Jonah stepped out of the car, their eyes locking on a group of men emerging from the shadows with metal rods in hand.

The fighters struck their rods against the ground rhythmically, the sound reverberating like a battle cry.

"Fuck!

Are we not done?" Xavier

burst out of anger. He, too, wanted

to hold him back forcefully. It belongs to

Jasper and Jonah exchanged a determined glance. Their fists clenched.

They had come too far to back down now. No matter how violent the storm ahead, they would face it head-on.