

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2460

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The hospital ward grew heavy with silence.

Mandy and Neil stared at Alyssa, stunned beyond words.

"M-Ms. Alyssa, you knew that man was Mr. Damien?" Neil asked, disbelief etched into his voice.

"Yes." Alyssa's reply was quiet, her lips pressed into a thin line. She lowered her gaze, her voice barely above a whisper. "We found out when Cyrus took Damien's cigarette butt for a paternity test."

Mandy approached Alyssa, her shoulders trembling slightly.

"So, you and Cyrus knew... and you both kept it from me?" Mandy said, her voice catching in her throat, tears welling up.

Alyssa felt a sharp pang in her chest. "Mandy, I'm sorry. It was my decision. Cyrus had nothing to do with it."

Mandy's tears fell freely now, her grief spilling out in raw sobs. "Do you know what it's been like for me all these years, thinking Damien was gone? Winston, Miley, Lyla, and Colene kept telling me to move on. I tried to accept that he was dead, that we'd never find his body. But I never did."

Her voice broke. "Night after night, I'd dream of Damien, drenched to the bone, standing there. 'Mom... the water's freezing...' he'd say, again and again."

Neil sighed deeply, his heart heavy. Alyssa's hands trembled as guilt gnawed at her.

Uncontrollable tears flowed down Mandy's cheeks, her eyes burning with grief and resentment. "Lyse, you knew everything, and you hid it from me. Didn't you think about how selfish that was? How unfair, how cruel?"

This outburst, these harsh words, was unprecedented from Mandy, who loved Alyssa like her own child.

Alyssa was more precious to Mandy than her own child. But the intense pain she was experiencing now made her lose her usual calm and collected demeanor.

"I'm sorry..." Alyssa choked out again, her voice strained with emotion.

"Mrs. Taylor, I completely understand how you feel." Neil stepped forward, unable to watch Alyssa take the blame alone. "Mrs. Taylor, you've watched Ms. Alyssa grow up. You know her character. She wouldn't act without careful consideration. I'm certain she had her reasons for keeping this information from you."

Alyssa swallowed hard, her voice shaky. "Mandy, Damien's in grave danger." Mandy froze.

Alyssa continued, "He survived a plane crash but lost his memory. He's being manipulated, a pawn in someone else's game. And the person pulling the strings could easily dispose of him if they felt threatened.

"I was afraid that revealing his identity would put him in immediate danger—either by losing the manipulator's trust or by direct retaliation. That's why I kept it from you and Dad. I knew how much you both love him, and I was afraid you might inadvertently make things worse."

Mandy's heart twisted with worry, her tear-filled eyes widening. "Who's manipulating Damien?"

Alyssa shook her head. "I'm sorry, Mandy. I can't say. It's for your safety and Dad's."

"There were people after Damien today. I saw them," Mandy said, her hand gripping Alyssa's tightly. Her voice was laced with fear. "If this mastermind needs Damien for something, why would he send assassins after him?"

Alyssa was stunned into silence, her mind grappling with the new information. Damien hadn't regained his memory yet, and Justin was short on reliable men. So why would Justin target Damien?

Could someone else be trying to eliminate Damien to weaken Justin?

The sheer complexity of the situation was overwhelming.

Alyssa, despite her own worries, attempted to comfort Mandy. "Mandy, try not to fret. Damien is different now.

He's so strong, so resilient. No one can just hurt him."

Mandy's response was sharp. "Resilient? Do you even know that when I took him to the hospital, the doctor said he would have died if we'd waited any longer!"

Mandy struggled to breathe, overwhelmed with emotion. Alyssa immediately moved to her side, gently patting her back to calm her.

"Lyse... It took me so long to meet with Damien again. I would rather die if I were to lose him again!"

"You won't lose him, Mandy. This time, I will make sure that Damien returns home safely."

Just then, Mandy's cell phone vibrated.

Her gaze fell to the screen, where a blinking red dot moved steadily southward across the map.

wide-eyed, Alyssa asked, "Mandy, what's this?"

Mandy's grip tightened on the phone. "I put a tracker on Damien's phone while he was unconscious. Solana City is too big. This is the only way I can find him."

Alyssa exhaled sharply, silently grateful for Mandy's foresight.

Meanwhile, Remy left the hospital without a word, heading straight to Justin.

In a dimly lit room, Justin sat in his wheelchair, his reflection cold and distorted in the floor-to-ceiling windows.

"I apologize, Sir," Remy said stiffly, his face pale. "I failed my mission."

Justin's voice was as cold as ice. "You've served me well for many years, Remy. I'll give you a chance to explain what happened."

Remy's eyelashes flickered as he lowered his gaze. "I was ambushed on the way there," he said.

"Oh?" Justin slowly swiveled his wheelchair, raising an eyebrow at Remy with a hint of curiosity.

"There were a lot of them," Remy said. "Far too many for me to fight off by myself. I was cut." He tugged his collar aside, showing the gruesome gash on his shoulder to confirm his story.

Justin studied the injury, his face unreadable.

Remy, his face resolute, spoke with heartfelt sincerity. "Nevertheless, I failed. I accept whatever consequences you deem necessary, even death."

"I know who attacked you."

Remy was startled. "You do?"

"They weren't after you. They were after me."

Justin reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a playing card-the King of Spades. He held it between his fingertips before flicking it sharply at Remy's feet.