

Can't Win Me Back

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Chapter 2342

The snow was falling heavily, and the chilling winds howled through the night.

Remy had no car, so he trudged through the snow alone, each step more exhausting than the last.

His thoughts were consumed with Alyssa-was she still alive? In danger? And Jasper's unrelenting resolve to reach her, even after being shot and drenched in blood.

Remy pressed his calloused, trembling hand to his chest. His heart hammered in his ribcage erratically.

A sharp, searing pain shot through his temples, blurring his vision. He collapsed to his knees in the snow, his body racked with agony. The pain surged deep within him, and his eyes felt like they were going to burst from their sockets. It was unbearable.

His breath came in ragged gasps. His hands scrambled for the necklace hanging from his neck-inside it was a hidden medicine box.

Justin had told him that the medication in there could calm him down and relieve him of any pain. It would be able to save his life.

But in his desperate haste, the pill slipped from his fingers and fell into the snow.

Remy's head buzzed. Trembling, he searched frantically in the snow for it. He had never felt such panic.

His headache was intensifying.

In order to relieve the agonizing pain, he removed his shirt and buried his scarred body in the snow, allowing the bone-piercing iciness to relieve him of his pain.

To his surprise, this method he tried randomly was effective!

Slowly, he opened his bloodshot eyes. Though his insides still felt tight and his head throbbed, the pain was more bearable.

His face was as white as a sheet. He had just put his shirt back on when his phone rang.

Seeing that Sheryl was his caller, a look of annoyance came across his eyes. He hesitated for a moment.

He left his phone to ring for a while before answering. He placed his phone by his ear.

"Remy, I heard that you called for backup. Why? Did something happen to you?" Sheryl's voice was emotionless as if she was just checking with him as part of a standard procedure.

A glint flashed across Remy's eyes. In a steady voice, he answered, "Yeah, I lost my car. I need a car to head back.

Skeptically, Sheryl questioned, "You lost your car? What happened to it?"

"Jasper stole it from me."

Sheryl exclaimed in disbelief, "What? You didn't stop him? Did you fail your mission?"

Remy felt suffocated. For whatever reason, he uttered a lie, which was something he had never done before.

"Mr. Justin did not ask me to take his life. I smashed his car to ruins and fought against him. He then snatched my gun from me and shot me."

Sheryl fell silent for a moment. She seemed to have believed him. Upstodatee from

After all, Jasper was once the best soldier in the military academy. He was outstanding at fighting. It was only reasonable that Remy wasn't a match for him.

"Some subordinates have left to go pick you up. But, the consequences of your failure this time are severe. When you're on your way back, think about how you'll explain yourself to Mr. Justin!"

Upon saying that, Sheryl hung up mercilessly.

Remy gazed into the night, his breath misting in the cold air.

After some pondering, he lifted his hand slowly and fired a shot at his left shoulder.

The pure, white snow was stained with drops of fresh blood.

As a result of the pain, Remy's forehead became covered in cold sweat. Even so, none of the agony showed on his face.

On the contrary, he curled his lips upward into a resolute smile.

"This is my account to Mr. Justin."

Dragging his badly wounded body, Jasper tagged along with Elias and the rescue team as they entered the depths of the forest.

"Mr. Beckett, you really don't look very good. Are you sure you're alright?"

Noticing Jasper's face covered in sweat as if he had just gone for a dive, Elias couldn't help but feel worried.

"You can leave it to us to search for Ms. Alyssa. Plus, Mr. Lynch has informed her family members. We have sufficient manpower, so why don't you just wait for us at the foot of the mountain?"

"No, I have to find her." Jasper's vision was clear at times and blurry at others. He trudged forward numbly. "I owe her this much."

Elias sighed. "Both of you used to be well-known in Solana City for being a model couple. Why did you both end up in this current state? It's such a pity..."

Jasper pursed his lips together and hung his head low. Each step he took in the snow also seemed to leave a heavy mark on his heart.

Emotions surged within his chest, crushing and pushing against his insides silently in this freezing weather. As much as he was unwilling to admit it, he had no choice but to admit that he regretted it.

It was important to him to locate White Dove. But if the price for that was for Alyssa to fall into danger and risk losing her life...

"Mr. Parker! There are traces of a hiker over here!" someone shouted agitatedly.

In that instant, the dejected gaze in Jasper's eyes turned sharp. He charged forward and noticed the shoeprints. With one glance, he recognized them to be Alyssa's shoeprints. They could not belong to anyone else other than her.

Relief washed over him, a momentary reprieve from the crushing weight in his chest.

"We are searching in the right direction. She has passed by this place. According to the length of her strides and her pace in such a heavy snowstorm... she wouldn't have gone far," Jasper analyzed in a quaky voice.

"But her shoeprint trail disappears here. She might be buried in the snow!"

Elias frowned deeply; his worry etched onto his face.

"We've been shouting Ms. Alyssa's name the whole way. With so many of us calling out, she should've heard us by now if she were nearby!"

In a deep voice, Jasper said, "The wind is too strong, and then there's the heavy snowfall. Our voices are being drowned out. Lyse might not hear us at all.

Lyse.

Her nickname slipped from his lips before he even realized it.

"I'm just afraid she's injured-or worse, fainted. If she blacks out in this cold..." Elias trailed off, his voice heavy with dread. "On a day like this, she won't survive long. She'll freeze to death."

The group exchanged uneasy glances, the reality of his words tightening their chests.

It wasn't that Elias was being a doomsayer. Rather, this was the cruel reality that might actually happen.

Crater Mountain claimed lives every year. Danger lurked unpredictably in the woods on the mountain-anything could unfold.

"Let's split up," Jasper commanded, his eyes fixed on the shadowy forest. His voice carried an edge of desperation. "We're not leaving until we find her."

Elias hesitated. "But what if-

"If anything happens to her," Jasper cut him off, his voice trembling with fierce determination, "I'll make this place my grave. I mean it."

Before anyone could respond, Jasper turned and strode into the darkness, his figure quickly swallowed by the night.

Elias watched him disappear, exhaling a heavy sigh. "They're right when they say aristocratic families raise people with fiery hearts."

Jasper trudged through the snow, his mind racing.

When Alyssa finally convinced him to make her a promise, all she asked was for him to go hiking with her. But she didn't mean just a hike. She wanted them to retrace their past. If he were Alyssa, where would he go? Jasper's heart raced as he strained to stay vigilant. He arrived at the cave-the very place where he and Alyssa had once sought refuge during the landslide.

As he stared into the empty cave, memories of that day surged back-the harrowing brush with death, the suffocating fear, and the unspoken bond of survival that had tethered them together.

"If God doesn't protect you, I will."

That promise wasn't just words; it was carved into his heart. He had not forgotten it. He had remembered it. Jasper's world swirled in dizzying chaos. A heavy thud echoed as his strength gave out, sending him crashing to his knees. His eyes, bloodshot and weary, glistened with the weight of exhaustion and turmoil.

"Alyssa... I have to find you..."

Clenching his fists, he clawed at the frozen ground, forcing himself to stand. His muscles screamed in protest, but he pushed forward. "I have to... find you!"

In the midst of hopelessness, the temperature continued to plummet.

The weather was as ruthless and cold as reality.

Alyssa huddled into a tight ball, pressing herself against the rock. The pure white snow blanketed her almost entirely, rendering her nearly invisible to anyone who wasn't looking carefully.

She squeezed her eyes shut, her lips a chilling shade of purple as hypothermia took its toll. Disoriented and barely clinging to awareness, her mind wavered in a haze of confusion.

Soon, her entire body would be frozen stiff, and she would be at death's door.

Alyssa trembled violently as she curled tighter into herself. Lost in a daze, fragments of heartwarming childhood memories flickered in her mind-a fleeting warmth against the encroaching cold.

The cold seemed to fade from her senses, replaced by an unexpected warmth. In the depths of her daze, her late mother had appeared, her arms wide open, enveloping Alyssa in a comforting embrace.

"Lyse, my sweet girl. Don't be afraid. I'm here."

The beautiful and gentle woman stroked her hair. "I know that you've been through a lot. Go to sleep. I'll keep watch over you..."

"Mom... I'm exhausted..."

Alyssa felt so weak that it felt as if she could crumble at any moment. Tears welled up in her eyes, her voice barely a whisper as she murmured, "Mom... Jasper doesn't want me anymore. I can't hold on anymore. Mom.... Take me away. Mom..."

Just as she was on the brink of losing consciousness, she heard the sound of a familiar voice calling out to her, albeit vaguely.

"Alyssa!"

Was that Jasper?

Alyssa was startled, as if a jolt of electricity had gone through her. Her eyes fluttered open while she was still in that woman's arms, whose face was now blurry.

"Lyse, Jasper has already abandoned you. He no longer wants you, so why would he be here to search for you? Go to sleep. Sleep tight," the woman in Alyssa's imagination uttered bewitchingly. Her voice ate at her willpower.

Feeling despondent, Alyssa let out a bitter laugh.

Yeah, how could that be Jasper's voice?

She no longer had any hope in that man.

Nevertheless, in the next second, Alyssa felt a pair of hands gripping her shoulders tightly. It was as if they were about to dig their fingers into her flesh to anchor her soul.

Dazedly, she opened her eyes.

In the darkness and gloom, Jasper's sharp eyes shined brightly like the stars in the night sky.

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"Jas..."

Alyssa looked at Jasper with an unfocused gaze. Her breaths were shallow, and she was slipping in and out of consciousness. Mentally, she was confused.

"Yes, it's me-Jasper!"

Jasper's heart clenched as he saw the color drain from her face. Her body trembled uncontrollably, fragile as a leaf caught in the wind. She resembled the kitten he had saved as a child-frozen and alone in the alley that bitter winter night. A deep sorrow flooded his chest.

"Jas... per..." Alyssa murmured his name, her voice strained, her tongue numb from the cold.

A faint, mocking smile tugged at the corners of her lips, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "It seems... like I am about... to freeze to death... How could he be here... He will not come back... He doesn't want me anymore..."

Alyssa's vision blurred as her eyelids grew heavy. She began to lean, her body sagging to one side.

"Alyssa! Stay awake!"

Jasper's heart was pierced, the pain unbearable as he saw the denial in her eyes. He forced himself to push through the agony, opening his arms to cradle her.

"I am Jasper! Open your eyes! Look at me!"

For someone in a state of hypothermia, falling unconscious could be fatal, even more so when the will was lost.

Jasper's heart raced with terror as he watched Alyssa. He feared she might never wake up if she closed her eyes

now.

The oppressive darkness around them felt suffocating, as though it were closing in, swallowing any hope they had left.

Alyssa, her eyes still wet with tears, gazed at the man before her. His eyes burned with a fire she hadn't seen in so long. Her heart skipped a beat, racing uncontrollably.

But that fire had long been replaced by shadows ever since he'd woken from his coma. His eyes, once full of light, had become darker than the night, colder than ice.

Yet, it was him-Jasper-the last person she wanted to see at this moment.

A bitter laugh escaped her lips. Her bloodshot eyes fluttered closed, and with what little strength remained, she pushed him away.

"You are Jasper... but... I don't need you anymore..."

Jasper's brow furrowed, a wrenching pain twisting inside him. He knew the cold had clouded her mind that she was just speaking nonsense. But every word sliced through him, deep and raw.

Ignoring her protests, he reached for the soaked fabric clinging to her, the icy slush weighing her down.

"Don't touch me... Don't tou-"

Alyssa's eyes were reddened. She could do nothing else to resist him than voicing out her protests.

With a somber expression, Jasper stripped off his coat and wrapped it around her trembling form, trying to share what little warmth he had left.

He then retrieved a thermal flask from his backpack, carefully dampening her scarf with hot water and pressing it gently against her chest to thaw the cold.

As his hands worked deftly, some color slowly returned to Alyssa's pale, frozen face. Her lashes quivered slightly. but she remained in a dangerous state.

Despite the bone-chilling cold that seeped into his own body, Jasper lifted her into his arms, carrying her as if she were weightless, plowing forward.

"Jass... per..." Alyssa rested faintly against his arms, her voice a mere whisper, carried away by the wind.

Yet, he heard her clearly. "I'm here."

"Previously... I overestimated myself. I was too stubborn... Tears welled in Alyssa's eyes, the weight of everything crashing down. "I really... don't want to love you anymore..."

Jasper froze, his steps faltering, the shock of her words reverberating through him. For a heartbeat, he stood still, then continued forward, his grip tightening around her fragile form.

"Let me take you away from here," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion.

"Everything else can wait. We'll talk later."

Chapter 2345

"Next time? There won't be a next time."

Tears flowed down Alyssa's face, soaking Jasper's shirt with each drop. Her voice was quiet but steady, carrying the weight of her heartache. "Jasper... I'm drained. Sometimes, I think it might be better if you just forgot about me. It would be easier than this. Every time I let myself hope, all I get in return is disappointment."

Jasper's chest tightened as her calm words pierced through him. Waves of emotion surged inside him, and a lump rose painfully in his throat.

It was fortunate that Jasper had found Alyssa in time to administer first aid. After rushing her to the ER, she slipped into unconsciousness.

That being said, she was extremely lucky to have escaped death. Nevertheless, she needed to remain in the ICU for further observation. Aside from treating her frostbite, the doctors needed to assess whether her internal organs or brain had been affected.

With the severity of Alyssa's condition, Sean couldn't keep the truth from Winston. He immediately called him, as well as Silas and Cyrus in Solana City. He even reached Jonah, who had been out of contact while searching for Julien overseas.

The Taylors rushed to the hospital in Solana City as quickly as they could. It was a sleepless night.

Meanwhile, Jasper went to treat his gunshot wound in private, not wanting to worry anyone. The doctor had warned that if he had come any later, his right arm could have become permanently disabled.

When Xavier burst into Jasper's hospital room, a nurse had just finished dressing his wound.

Jasper's head, arm, and shoulders were wrapped in white bandages, blood seeping through the fabric, staining it a ghastly red. Despite the pain, his posture remained as rigid as ever-straight-backed with no hint of weakness.

"Mr. Beckett!" Xavier's voice cracked with emotion, his eyes brimming with tears.

The nurse stepped out, leaving the two alone. Jasper gave Xavier a cold, dismissive glance before struggling to pull his hospital gown back on. He lacked the energy to do it himself. After all, he, too, had been severely hurt.

"Mr. Beckett, hold it right there. Let me help you!"

Xavier rushed forward to assist. He gently pulled the gown over Jasper's shoulders and helped him lean back against the headboard.

Seeing the extent of Jasper's injuries-each one sustained in his attempt to save Alyssa-Xavier's heart clenched in pain. The thought that all of this was for her made Xavier's chest tighten. Unable to hold back, he burst into tears.

"Mr. Beckett, please, don't scare me like this again.... I'd rather die than see anything happen to you again!"

Jasper looked at Xavier with a firm gaze and asked, "Why? Are you willing to die in the name of love?"

Xavier sniffled and didn't say anything.

"Your deep affection should be directed to the person you love, not me." Jasper lowered his eyes, looking weary. "You're just my secretary. Don't burden yourself with things that aren't work-related."

His words might have seemed cold, but there was an undeniable tenderness beneath them. Jasper was deeply concerned for those around him, always hiding it behind a façade of detachment.

Xavier wiped his tears, fury igniting in his eyes. "Who did this to you? I'll find them. I'll make them pay for what they did to you!"

"You want to avenge me? He could take you down without even trying."

Jasper closed his eyes, his thoughts drifting to the image of Remy's composed figure as he walked away and the subtle shift in his expression when Justin was mentioned. It made Jasper question everything he had thought he knew about Justin's innocent façade.

"It was Remy..." he mumbled as the look in his eyes dimmed.

Xavier leaned in, confused. "Who did you say it was?"

Remy hadn't tried to kill Jasper-he had only been doing everything in his power to stop him from reaching Alyssa.