

## CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1781-Jasper gently held Alyssa's chin as he kissed her on the lips, smudging her lipstick. He traced her lips with his, as he relished in her loveliness.

After reveling in a passionate kiss, they parted right before flames of desire further consumed them. Staring at her flushed cheeks and moist lips, he smiled in satisfaction. "Your lips are lovelier than the roses."

"You're such a clingy man. Every time we meet, you will ask for a kiss or more."

"Can you give me a breather? Gosh!" She slid into his arms and poked him on the chest, her favorite move when she flirted with him.

Every time she was in a low mood, she'd poke or caress his chest. The physical touch almost always cheered her up.

"Well, I want to kiss you and take you. Will you allow me to? Hm?" Jasper whispered affectionately, his lips brushing against her earlobe.

Shuddering slightly, she offered an answer in the form of a deep blush on her cheeks.

They cuddled on the couch and stared at the flaming roses, savoring each moment of happiness.

"Thanks for finding out Dominic's tax evasion. We held this over his head and forced him to return the 50 million dollars he misappropriated from the company." She playfully scratched the bottom of his chin with a look of admiration. "Lady Jasper, you are indeed capable of sharing my burden. I'm pleased."

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she flirtatiously kissed his lips. "You shall be handsomely rewarded tonight."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Jasper replied gently.

Usually reserved and serious, he looked exceptionally obedient around Alyssa.

He'd play along with her when she was in the mood.

"Pfft. You do look like a boy toy at this moment." She rubbed her fingertips around his lips. "You look a little shameless, but I like it."

"Now that Dominic Taylor has been sacked from KS Group and saddled with 50 million worth of debt..." He grasped her hand softly. "...Lyse, do we stop here?"

"Stop?" She snorted and arched her brow. "We must hit him where it hurts. As an evil bitch, I shall not go easy on that loser."

He tried to hold back a laugh upon hearing her remark.

"It might appear like I spared him, but I can always stab him in the back."

Snuggling against him and adjusting her position, she remarked, "Dominic's two hotels are doing well this year.

"Mr. Bates has also invested in that business. But businesses like these almost always commit tax evasion—easily in tens of millions."

"Do you want to deal an even greater blow at Dominic Taylor?" Jasper squinted.

"That's a walk in the park."

"Yes. Only by doing so, we will send a warning to Mr. Bates. He will know which side to pick in the KS Group for his own good." Alyssa wagged her finger. "He won't have a future working with Dominic Taylor."

At that moment, Jasper received a call from Xavier. "Xavier, what's up?"

Grinning knowingly, Alyssa commented, "Oh, looks like the Schmidt Group will see a tilt of scales. Some vicious serpent hiding in the dark might start panicking because things aren't working out for him."

Victor stared at the agreement for the transfer of shares, which had been signed by Josh, in a hospital room in Belbanks. His expression was hard to read.

"Mr. Victor, are you not going to visit Mr. Josh for one last time?" Corey Blunt, Victor's secretary, asked hesitantly.

Victor asked icily, "Did Josh send any message to me?" The detachment in his tone felt like he was talking about a stranger instead of his son.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1782-Corey gasped in shock, "Word by word?"

Victor barked at him, "Of course! Nonsense!"

"Uh, Mr. Josh said... marrying that bitch is the dumbest decision you made in your life."

"Oh, fuck him!" Victor punched his bed and glowered in resentment. "The dumbest choice I made in life was putting unconditional trust in him, nurturing and promoting him to the role of company president. It was my error in judgment."

At the end of the day, Victor acknowledged that he had made unwise decisions as he recalled the events that had happened at the cocktail party.

Josh had schemed against him and Lily but kept it a secret for years, which led to his reputation loss and created a crisis for the Schmidt Group. He was suddenly gripped with the murderous urge to face off against Josh in the detention center.

"Mr. Josh also claimed that Mr. Jameson did not come home to Solana City from Kontina to help you out. Mr. Jameson has always been sharpening his knife and bidding his time to avenge his mother and take over the Schmidt Group."

Given the seriousness of the situation, Corey had no choice but to repeat Josh's last message word by word. "Mr. Josh stated that it might appear that the Taylors had caused Mr. David and Ms. Daisy's misfortune, but in fact, Mr.

Jameson was behind everything.

"Now that Mr. Josh and his siblings are taken down, he believes you will be Mr.

Jameson's next target."

Victor jolted in shock as his face paled. Thinking back, the scandals and troubles that plagued the Schmidt Group started at the time of Jameson's return.

Victor was in the dark when his three children joined forces to hurt Lily, but he dealt Lily and Jameson the heaviest blow by believing in malicious and dubious claims, dumping the mother and son at the dangerous Kontina for 15 years without once checking on them.

A chill traveled down his spine. Any trace of guilt he felt for Lily and Jameson was swiftly replaced with fear and rage.

All of a sudden, the door to Victor's room opened. Jameson showed up with a frosty expression on his good-looking face. The smiling look in his eyes was rather unnerving.

Victor flinched and instinctively tried to hide the agreement in his hand, but it was too late. Jameson had seen the document the moment he entered the room, which fueled his viciousness.

"Why are you here?" Victor maintained his composure as he handed the agreement to Corey.

"Dad, I'm your only son left." Jameson wore a gleeful expression. "Who else is going to visit you, if not me?"

He wandered over to the couch and took a seat. Shaking his legs, he appeared cocky as he had the upper hand. He did not accord the patriarch of the family any respect.

Victor said, "I'm fine. It's a minor health issue. You may go."

"Aside from visiting you, I have another update for you." Jameson said leisurely, "Tomorrow, I'll pick Mom up and move her into the Schmidt Manor."

"No! I object!" Enraged, Victor promptly shot down the notion. "I am no longer her legal spouse. It's not right for us to live under the same roof. Besides, your mom is sick in her mind. She should be housed at the hospital. What if she relapses?"

"Don't you recognize your mistakes?"

“You plunged the company into a crisis and showed up as a savior at the most crucial moment. Then, you defeated Josh, won my trust, and forced me to appoint you as the company president.

“It’s true that a person’s character is largely established by the time they are very young. You jerk... You’ve been a cunning rascal since you were a kid, and nothing has changed. I nearly walked into your trap!”

Victor felt a pain in his chest from the anger. “You—”

“Since we’re caught in this situation, I suggest you listen to me. Otherwise, please find someone else to solve the crisis.” Jameson’s suggestion sounded more like a threat.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1783-Jameson had openly displayed his ambitions. Victor finally saw his true colors.

Had he not fallen for Jameson’s perfect acting, and had he trusted Josh more, he wouldn’t have met with the dilemma. He regretted not keeping Josh as the president, instead oppressing him and unknowingly offering Jameson an opportunity to take power.

It didn’t matter if Jameson helped the company out of the crisis. Victor knew that he would go against his own interest by negotiating with a sly opponent like Jameson, even if Jameson were his son.

Trying to be rational, Victor calmed down and caved in. His tone softened.

“Jimmy, I allow Lily to stay with us at the Schmidt Manor, but I can’t transfer the stocks to you as you wish.”

Jameson adjusted his glasses. He quipped, “Well, but didn’t Josh transfer his stocks to you as you wish?”

“Josh is serving concurrent sentences; I’m afraid he’ll spend the rest of his life in prison. Since Clarissa has divorced him, I will be the one to inherit his company shares. I have the right to take his shares.”

Despite hating Jameson with all his might, he had to play along as he didn’t have anyone else to rely on except for Jameson. “Any major changes to the

stock ownership structure will shake the power foundation. And that will require a vote from the board of directors.

“The board has been upset with me for appointing you as the president. After all the crisis, I suggest that we don’t hurt the morale at this moment. If you perform well in your role, you will be the heir of Schmidt Group without having to fight for it.”

Victor’s intention was clear. He was making empty promises in the hope of keeping Jameson around to work for the Schmidt Group. On top of that, he was subtly reminding Jameson that the company president was nothing more than a senior employee.

As long as Victor held the majority of stocks and retained control over the board, kicking Jameson out of the Schmidt Group was a cakewalk.

“Hah. Got it.” Jameson’s expression was gloomy like a storm, but he said nothing. He silently rose and marched out of the room without saying goodbye to Victor.

Victor, infuriated by Jameson’s attitude, had to swallow a bunch of pills as his heart was acting up again.

Jameson punched the car window spitefully. Carl, clenching his jaw, hissed, “Is that old fart refusing to transfer Josh’s stocks to you? You’re his only hope now.

Sooner or later, you’ll take over the Schmidt Group. Why is he stubbornly clinging to the stocks? It’s not like he could bring them to the afterlife.”

“Yeah, that might be true, but I’m afraid Sir is getting impatient.” Jameson irritatedly tugged at his tie. He was filled with frustration. “Victor and I are publicly at war now, even if we haven’t had a fallout.”

“At the end of the day, it was Jasper Beckett’s fault for talking Ms. Alyssa into ruining your plans!” Carl could barely contain his anger. “Mr. Schmidt, we can’t have them leading us by the nose. We need to hit back at them!”

Jameson’s eyes gleamed with malice. Then, he pulled out his phone. Just as he was about to call Zoe, he received a call that made his chest tighten.

After some hesitation, he answered the call with caution and respect. “Sir.”

“Have you managed to acquire Josh’s stocks?” Justin inquired with a melodic yet impassive tone.

“Forgive me, Sir.” Jameson sat up straight. “There are some unexpected changes. Josh was arrested by the police at the party. As such, the leverage I held against him...”

“...were of no use,” Justin concluded the sentence unemotionally.

“Sir, I’m very sorry. But fret not, I will find a way as soon as possible—”

“How are you going to do that?” Justin’s voice reeked of an aristocratic disdain.

“Had you gotten your hands on Josh’s stocks, you might have stood a chance to contend with your dad. But at present, your dad still holds the majority of the company stocks. To him, you’re nothing more than a senior employee.”

The “senior employee” description was a source of humiliation for Jameson.

Justin snorted at Jameson’s stunned silence. Then, he quietly inquired, “Is your dad recently hospitalized because of some health issues?”

“Yes.”

“Heart problems?”

“That’s right, but it isn’t as serious as it sounds.”

A deadly silence hung in the air.

“M-Mr. Schmidt, Sir didn’t put you in a tight spot, did he?” Carl cautiously questioned.

Jameson clutched his phone tighter with a menacing look in his eyes. “Head back to The Millennium now.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1784-Bad news spread like wildfire. News of Dominic being kicked out of the board of directors and fired due to misappropriation of company funds spread through the company in no time. It was certainly a cathartic event.

Dominic's abuse of power was a known secret within the company for many years. Therefore, everyone was glad to see Alyssa purging individuals like Dominic right after she was appointed the company president.

Dominic went home in despair. Upon stepping into the house, he flung his coat at the maid in anger. Taken aback by his action, the maid failed to catch the coat in time. The coat fell onto the floor. However, such an insignificant event triggered Dominic, who went up and kicked the maid, causing her to wince in pain on the floor and struggle to get up.

He growled, "Useless thing! Get lost!"

At that moment, Renee rushed over with a worried look. "Dad, is it true that you're sacked?"

Even Renee, who only cared about shopping and getting beauty enhancements, had heard the news. This went to show the gravity of the situation. It must have traveled through the Belbanks business circles.

Jumping in anger, Dominic swept everything off the coffee table. He had planned to teach Alyssa a lesson at the board of directors meeting since Winston and Jonah weren't around. He had never expected to be humiliated and utterly defeated by Alyssa instead.

"Of course it's true! You heard about it, didn't you?" His lips twitched in fury.

"What do I do, now that you're sacked from KS Group?" Worried sick, Renee grabbed his arm and swung it. "How could I show my face in the socialite circle from now on? The rich guys and girls are snobby.

"They won't want to hang out with me if they learn that you've been kicked out of KS Group. How am I supposed to find a rich husband?"

Dominic was plagued by worries at the thought of Renee's marriage prospects.

His failure was directly tied to her future marriage. He snapped, "Well, this is all thanks to that bitch Alyssa Taylor! She's acting like the king when there's no reigning monarch around!"

"Dad, will you beg Uncle Winston for mercy? You're his only brother, and he dotes on you. Ask him for help, and he might—" "No!" Dominic waved and

shrugged her hand off his arm. “Alyssa knew it was me who leaked the footage of Winston’s relapse. She probably has not told Winston about it, or it will be chaos out there by now.

“If I beg Winston for help, Alyssa will surely tell him the truth. Winston is a decent guy with one flaw— he has a massive ego. He might cut ties with me if he learns that I was the reason for his public humiliation. I can’t count on Winston anymore!”

Looking bewildered, Renee remarked, “So... Are you saying that she’s threatening you with the information about the footage? Did she foresee you asking Uncle Winston for help? Woah, what a cunning bitch!”

Dominic sank into deep thoughts with a malicious gleam in his eyes. Deep inside, he knew that Winston did not protect him out of sibling affection. Winston had only spared him time after time, given that he had saved the life of Jennifer.

Jennifer, Winston’s lovely wife, who had passed away 20 years ago, was the reason Winston had protected Dominic for 20 years.

However, Dominic could not depend on Winston anymore now that Alyssa was in power. He needed to figure out another way of defending himself.

“Ah—Mr. Dominic, I have bad news!” Dominic’s secretary screamed as he stumbled into the house. “Just now, the tax authorities have raided two hotels under your name and five salons under Ms. Renee’s name!”

Dominic and Renee turned white in shock. “What?”

“Initial estimates showed that you would have to repay 20 million dollars in tax evasion for the two hotels. We haven’t calculated the amount in tax evasion by the five beauty salons, but if we do the math, we are looking at 40 to 50 million dollars to be repaid for tax evasion.

“By the way, I received a call from Mr. Bates on the way here. He said he called you a few times, but you didn’t pick up. He wanted me to pass a message to you —he’d like you to reimburse him for every single cent of his investment loss in your hotel business, or he won’t let this slide.”

Upon hearing that, Renee collapsed on the couch with a vacant expression.

Similarly, Dominic nearly fainted from the emotional turmoil, which also brought him acute chest pains.

“Alyssa Taylor, how dare you stab me in the back? We’re sworn enemies now!”

Jameson hurried back to The Millennium at lightning speed. After all, he couldn’t afford to keep Sir’s man waiting, even if the man was a mere subordinate.

Amber greeted him upon his arrival. He asked coldly, “Is he here?”

“Yes. He’s waiting in the lounge.”

“Is he easygoing?”

Frowning, she replied, “He doesn’t speak much. And he’s quite weird.”

“Weird?”

“You’ll know when you see him.”

Jameson walked over to the lounge. She held the door open for him. Before entering, he said to her, “Wait at the door.”

He disappeared into the lounge as Amber’s expression froze. Curling her fingers, she slowly realized his growing suspicion toward her.

If she did not get rid of Axel, she would soon be kept out of Jameson’s inner circle. She could picture the fate that awaited her if that happened.

Seated in the expansive lounge was a tall, striking man clad in a black leather jacket layered over a black hoodie. He was drinking vodka shots alone.

The man looked stoic and unapproachable. He effortlessly consumed one shot after another as though the highly concentrated vodka was water.

Jameson collected himself and went up to the man with a smile. “You must have been tired after the traveling.”

The man introduced himself in a detached and raspy voice, “I’m Remy Lexington.”

The dim lighting and Remy's fringe had obstructed Jameson's view of his face until that moment.

Jameson was stunned at Remy's attractive features. Remy suddenly questioned with an icy edge in his tone, "And who is it that you want to kill?"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1785-Jameson was caught off guard by Remy's direct question. Remy said to him, "Just send me that person's full name, address, and photo. Nothing more."

Then, he returned to drinking.

Jameson stared at Remy's face with a fake smile. "I don't need you to kill. All you need is to get hold of this person to make things easy for my men. That's it."

"Got it. Send me the details." With that, Remy downed the last shot of vodka, rose from the seat with hands in pockets, and marched steadily out of the door.

Amazingly, he managed to walk straight even after all the drinking.

Jameson notified him, "I've arranged a premium suite for you. You may take a rest upstairs."

"Sir has made lodging arrangements for me, and I shall only listen to him."

Remy shut the door behind him, leaving Jameson standing alone in the dark.

Jameson grabbed his phone and searched for a name. The search results returned a few news articles from many years ago, but the photos were clear.

Amber happened to enter the lounge. Staring at his shaking body, she cautiously prodded, "M-Mr. Schmidt, are you alright?"

Jameson suddenly let out an eerie cackle while staring at his phone, giving Amber goosebumps.

"Sir is indeed something. There's no one else more capable than you, Remy Lexington." Falling onto the couch, Jameson nearly ran out of breath from all

the laughing. His normally pale face was colored with blush. "Jasper Beckett, we shall see. This man is your true rival!"

Amber felt a bone-chilling sensation spreading across her body as Jameson laughed like a maniac. She had a feeling that he might know the assassin from just now, and they seemed to share a history.

The consecutive huge scandals created shockwaves across Solana City and Belbanks. On one hand, Josh Schmidt's arrest plunged the Schmidt Group into an unsalvageable reputational crisis. The media created sensational headlines on Victor's hospitalization. Many social media accounts had fakely announced his death many times.

On the other hand, Alyssa had just taken over as the KS Group president, and she immediately taught Dominic a lesson. She had purged the company of corrupted individuals, even taking back the 50 million dollars on Winston's behalf.

The 50 million dollars might not be a lot to the Taylors, but Alyssa refused to let Dominic, the ingrate, take advantage of her family.

However, she did not return the 50 million dollars retrieved from Dominic to the company. Instead, she donated the money to the charity fund Jasper had established under his mother's name.

Landon, aware of Lauren's habits, knew that she'd sleep in the next day if they made love the night before.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1786-All Landon wanted was for Lauren to lounge around. He did not expect anything from her, except to wait for him at home. That was the idea of a happy married life he pictured.

While staring deeply at Lauren's sleeping face, Landon felt aroused, but he managed to keep his desire under control. He leaned over to plant soft, greedy kisses over her. After caressing her face and professing his love for her a few times, he reluctantly left the bedroom.

Downstairs, Angelina and a newly promoted secretary were waiting for him.

Now that Angelina had been appointed as Lauren's assistant and bodyguard, Landon needed someone trustworthy by his side. Hence, she recommended her junior, Jordan Diaz, to take her place as Landon's newest secretary.

"Mr. Landon!" The two of them greeted him at the same time.

"Angie, guard the house and look after Lauren." With Jordan's help, Landon put on his black coat. He solemnly repeated the daily reminder to Angelina, "Call me if anything happens, even if I'm in the middle of a meeting. Call me at any time.

There's nothing more important than Lauren."

"Of course, Mr. Landon." Angelina nodded.

"Ms. Angie, we're leaving now." Jordan stared at Angelina with excitement and anticipation.

"Go. Be good to Mr. Landon." She furrowed her brows, worrying over her junior like a mother over her son.

Jordan gestured "okay" at her and followed Landon out of the house. Angelina let out a relieved sigh and a smile after Landon's car left the compound. Her longtime efforts finally bore fruit.

She figured that Lauren might sleep in for a little longer. So, she went to the kitchen to make breakfast for Lauren.

Soon after, she heard the doorbell ring. Thinking it was Landon who had forgotten something at home, she untied her apron and ran to the entrance hallway.

To her surprise, she saw a stranger's face in the security footage. Dressed in a black suit, the man looked handsome and smart. He looked squarely at Angelina, exuding a masculine and intimidating air.

Her chest tightened, and even her veins throbbed violently from the perceived threat. Rarely had anyone managed to intimidate her.

"Who are you?" She warily stared at the man and slowly took a few steps backward, even touching the gun that she kept on her waist.

“I did not receive any instructions. Besides, no one has the right to take Madam Lauren without Mr.

The highly-secured smart lock was bombed open in no time.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1787-Angelina glared at the door with a threatening gleam in her eyes. She raised her arm, pointing her gun at the man who barged into the villa.

Right as she was about to pull the trigger, the intruder swiftly kicked her weapon away. The pain in her hand caused her to sweat over the forehead.

Before she had a chance to breathe, she snatched a fruit knife from the coffee table and aimed it at his chest. The two engaged in a hair-raising battle.

Angelina was trained in Close Quarters Combat, a technique learned by assassins, from a young age. However, she gradually found herself weakening after ten rounds of fighting with the devilish intruder, who was a killing machine.

She narrowly missed a few of his fatal attacks, nearly getting her throat slit.

“Ouch—” Soon, the intruder figured out the flaw in her technique and attacked her accordingly. He pinned her arm, grabbed the knife from her, and kicked her hard on the back.

Angelina limply collapsed onto the floor after the attack. As if that weren’t enough, the intruder stabbed her in the left leg with the knife to render her completely defenseless.

“You are... You’re not from the Harper Group. No one from the Harper Group acts in the way you do!” The excruciating pain made her see stars. Even then, she did not cry and beg for mercy. Gritting her teeth, she trembled in agony.

She questioned, “Who sent you? Who are you working for?”

Remy remained silent in the face of her interrogation. As a professional assassin, he always strove to speak less and work more.

Although the villa had exceptional soundproofing qualities, Lauren stirred awake after hearing the huge commotion downstairs. Rubbing her eyes, she

slowly sat up in bed, only for silence to return, as though everything that had happened was an illusion.

She put on her jacket, hugged her teddy bear, and slowly made her way to the first floor. “Angie? Angie?”

She inhaled sharply halfway through the stairs because Angelina was nowhere to be found. All she could see was Remy sitting carelessly on the couch and peeling an apple with the knife.

“Who. Who are you?” Holding her breath, she felt her legs shaking.

Remy looked up coldly and emotionlessly at the pretty young lady. “Are you Ms.

Lauren?”

Lauren froze at the question. She did not move or answer him, but her silence was a tacit admission.

She shook her head with a frantic look in her eyes.

“Where’s Angie?” Staring squarely at him, she quietly unlocked her phone behind her back.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1788-Lauren’s phone was confiscated, and she was asked to get into a car. Drenched in cold sweat, her petite frame trembled as she stood beside Remy, desperately clutching her teddy bear.

In the face of unknown danger, she did not cry or make a fuss. Neither did she beg Remy to spare her. Instead, she stood there like a lovely, vulnerable doll open to abuse, which only evoked pity.

Before leaving the villa, Remy stole two more apples. This time, he munched on one of them while handing Lauren the other.

He asked, “Do you want one?”

She slowly raised her head. Her cheeks and lips were pallid. Strands of her hair clung onto her cheek from all the sweating. She replied in a soft voice, “Did the Harper Group... make you pick me up?”

He silently withdrew the apple he had offered her.

“Are you going to kill me?” she questioned.

To that, he replied sinisterly, “Slash slash.”

“Don’t give Angie trouble if I’m your target.” Lauren felt more determined and brave at the thought of saving Angelina. Her courage warded off any lingering fear. “I won’t run away if you promise to keep Angie safe. I can give my life in exchange for hers.”

Remy merely cast a careless glance at her and pressed his lips together.

At that moment, his phone vibrated from an incoming call. After stealing a quick glance at the screen, he answered the call with a hint of respect, “Sir.”

“Got her?”

Lauren perked up because the voice seemed familiar to her. When she was about to listen closely, Remy vigilantly switched the phone to another side to stop her from eavesdropping.

He said to the man, “Yes.”

“Did Jameson Schmidt want you to kill her off?”

“No. He just wanted me to bring her to him.”

The man on the other end chuckled. “Well, Mr. Schmidt is the best at the game of torture.”

Remy, still looking impassive, wondered, “Since he doesn’t need me to kill, am I free to go after I brought the woman to him?”

“Not yet. Assist Mr. Schmidt to the best of your ability. Take all of his orders.

Remy replied flatly, “Of course.”

To Lauren’s surprise, she was brought to the Harper Group office building. She grappled with mixed emotions, knowing she was in the same vicinity as Landon.

Remy guided her through the building, but they miraculously did not run into anyone. Someone had clearly made arrangements to sneak her into the building without anyone noticing.

After a long journey, Remy forced her to stop in front of a white wall. He knocked five times on the wall, and a crack appeared. The gap gradually widened to reveal a room within.

The existence of the room was only known to Cornelius Harper. Back in the day, he had made many enemies due to his ambition to expand his business. For his safety, he secretly set up a hidden safe room near his office within the Harper Group building.

In a twisted move, the mastermind behind the abduction had decided to confine Landon's lover in the safe room.

"Get in there," Remy ordered coldly.

"No—" Her heart raced, and her eyes dripped in fear.

Darkness enveloped Lauren after the door slammed shut.

At that moment, he heard Jameson's satisfied voice from his earpiece. Jameson said to him, "Mr. Lexington, well done. You have completed your mission, and you may leave."

"I don't get it." Squishing the teddy bear, Remy questioned, "Why would you do this?"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1789—"Teddy bear... My teddy bear..."

In the suffocating darkness, Lauren had her back firmly against the ice-cold wall.

She curled up into a ball and was shivering all over.

Remy had taken her teddy bear away from her. It was like her soul had been broken and all her energy was sucked away from her.

Her mind was blank. Cold sweat dripped down the side of her cheeks like raindrops.

“Landon. Where are you. Please save me.”

Suddenly, all the lights in the room lit up.

A beam of cold, white light shone on Lauren’s face. The harsh light made her feel like she was being interrogated. Her mental state, which was already on the brink of falling apart, was being triggered once again.

“Landon. I’m scared. Landon.” Lauren shut her eyes. Even so, tears continued to flow from the slits of her eyes.

She couldn’t recall anything.

Even every loving moment that she spent with Landon in the past was gradually drifting away from her mind. The memories became distorted, and they drifted further and further away from her.

The enormous screen on the wall suddenly lit up.

Lauren forced her swollen eyes open. Tears filled her reddened eyes.

The screen showed a woman whose body was covered in wounds. She was bound and her eyes were blindfolded with a black cloth.

When Lauren noticed that the woman was Angelina. It was like a bomb went off in her head.

She lost it completely.

In Harper Group’s meeting room, the board meeting was held as planned.

Cornelius, the chairman, was seated in the middle of the conference table. He was like a commander who led a group of followers through the storm to build Harper Group. He was like royalty in the corporation.

Although Cornelius had slowly transitioned responsibilities into Landon’s hands, there were still a few senior employees who refused to submit to Landon’s leadership. They insisted on having Cornelius as their leader.

That wasn’t the only reason. More than that, they were afraid that Landon, upon being promoted, would rewrite the rules. The thought of their power dwindling and interfering with their financial gains filled them with apprehension.

Being in support of Preston's promotion would only bring Harper Group to ruins.

Despite knowing that, not all of them had hopes for Harper Group to have a good future.

Some of them only hoped that their immediate gains could be maximized.

This also became the main reason why Preston had a chance to compete against Landon although he wasn't as capable.

Landon furrowed his brows. An inexplicable feeling of uneasiness rose in his heart. The anxiousness was making it difficult for him to breathe.

Everyone directed their gaze toward Landon.

Preston was sitting right across from him. With a piercing gaze, he glared at him grudgingly.

A few seconds later, however, he curled his lips into a cunning yet inconspicuous smile.

The seated attendees were about to applaud when Preston got to his feet slowly. He exclaimed, "I object!"

All of a sudden, the entire room fell silent.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1790-Preston looked like he was trying to conceal his ill intentions. Landon stared at him through his dark and ferocious eyes.

That stare was full of threat indeed! In an instant, Preston felt like he was being choked. His chest tightened.

However, on second thought, he figured that he didn't have to fear Landon. He was his uncle and Cornelius' only son. All he wanted was to fight Landon to death, no matter the cost.

Cornelius stayed silent for a moment. Then, he said in a low voice, "Preston, all these while, Landon's reputation in the outside world and his business

capabilities are pristine. In other words, he is the best candidate to be Harper Group's president.

"You have to give us a reason why you're stepping out to oppose this."

Preston puffed up his chest and lifted his head high. He shot a quick side glance at Landon's frigid face before turning to Cornelius.

"Dad."

"We are at a work meeting right now," Cornelius reminded. One thing that Cornelius always disliked about Preston was his unseriousness.

He was poles apart with his eldest son, Landon's father, who had passed away.

They were incomparable.

"Mr. Cornelius." Preston changed his address unwillingly. "You pushed for Landon to become the president because you've identified him as the successor of our family. Is that right?"

Cornelius nodded.

"Since this is the case, that means that Landon's status is extremely important."

Preston looked like he was brewing a storm in a teacup. He continued to flatter Landon. "Not only is he Harper Group's president, as your only grandson, he is also the hope of our entire family. This is akin to a prince ascending to the throne."

"What are you trying to say?" Landon could tell that he didn't have good intentions. The look in his eyes became darker as he continued staring at him.

"What I'm trying to say is that your every move has an impact on our family's reputation. Thus, your marriage will have a massive impact on our family's future too."

A flash of maliciousness flashed across Preston's eyes. "It is not child's play," he punctuated, each word sharply enunciated to emphasize his point.

“It is my choice who I wish to marry.” Landon clenched his hands into tight fists on the table. His eyes became shockingly red. “It is no one else’s business.”

This tense confrontation made everyone else’s hearts skip a beat.

“I am only your uncle. Of course it’s none of my business. But Mr. Cornelius is your grandfather and the head of the Harper family who has the final say. Are you saying that it is also none of his business?” Preston scoffed.

Immediately after, he put on an indignant expression on his face and continued, “Mr. Cornelius, although our family is ranked fourth among the four most notable families, we are still a powerful and noble family.

“Landon has the looks and capabilities. Even if he isn’t able to find a treasured scion like Ms. Alyssa to be his wife, he shouldn’t be marrying a psycho. Don’t you think so? Must our family stoop so low?”

Everyone’s jaws dropped. The room was in an uproar.

Psycho?

Landon’s fiancée—the daughter from the Beckett family—was a psycho?

Were they marrying within their class or were they being charitable?

“Preston.”

Landon stayed seated in his chair. His entire body was burning with so much anger that he felt like he could burn the world away.

He threatened in a hoarse voice, “Have you thought about the consequences of humiliating my fiancée in public?”