

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2186-A terrifying silence hung over the other end of the call.

Sweat beaded on Jameson's temples as his heart pounded anxiously.

"Congratulations, Mr. Schmidt.

Your wish came true, and you've finally gotten your woman," Justin's unmistakable voice came through, crisp and laced with amusement.

"I need to thank you for coming up with this plan for me and making all of this happen.

Otherwise, I wouldn't have Lyse come to me so easily." Jameson's deep eyes burned with passion.

His voice, however, was rough and full of regret as he continued, "But I'm afraid I can never return to Solana City.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Justin.

I couldn't clear the path for you or eliminate your opponent.

Even the experiment on the new drug had to be halted.

I deserve to die." "Indeed, you do deserve to die." Justin's voice dropped, deep and cold.

The words wrapped around Jameson like a chokehold.

Suffocation crept in, cold sweat running down his stiffened back.

"But you've managed to take the love of my brother's life away.

It's as good as killing him." With a broad smile, Justin continued, "I'd say you've made amends." Relief washed over Jameson.

"Thank you for your forgiveness.

Thank you for making our wish come true," he breathed, a single bead of sweat tracing his cheek "For Ms.

Alyssa, you even used your own mother in your scheme.

You watched her die right in front of you.” Justin’s tone was playful; whether impressed or mocking was unclear.

“It’s truly impressive how merciless you can be.” Jameson’s heart clenched.

His eyes blurred with tears as he gazed at the woman before him.

Because of her, the excruciating loss of his only family crashed down on him, splintering him inside, his entire being consumed by the pain.

This version of him—could no longer be called human.

People should keep their distance from the wicked, and he was nothing more than a soulless bastard willing to bleed for love.

“Since you had the guts to drug your own mother, it shouldn’t be a problem for you to administer some to Ms.

Alyssa.” Jameson’s pupils constricted immediately.

To him, this suggestion was equivalent to taking a knife and piercing it through his heart.

“Go to the living room now.

There is a box on the tea table.

That’s my gift to you.” Justin’s voice was smooth, almost seductive.

“A wedding gift, if you will.” The word “wedding” dripped with sarcasm.

Jameson couldn’t feel any joy from his blessing.

“Will do, Mr.

Justin.” Jameson got to his feet stiffly, left the room, and went to the living room.

His heart sank when he saw a beautiful mahogany box on the table.

This box wasn’t here this afternoon.

Did Justin have people on Rose Island as well? A shiver crawled down his spine.

Step by step, Jameson approached the table, opened the box with one hand, and found three pills inside—white, gray, and black.

They gave off a faint, unsettling scent.

Dazed, Jameson picked up the black pill, holding it between his fingers, studying it in the light.

“Mr.

Justin, this pill is...” “Ms.

Alyssa and my brother are deeply in love.

Nothing can separate them,” Justin said, chuckling.

“She’s a bird meant to soar.

Can you truly keep her caged on Rose Island forever?” Jameson pressed his lips together tightly.

“Even if you did,” Justin continued, “she’s not one to bend easily.

Even if you have her body, you’ll never have her heart.

Worse, you might lose her entirely.” Jameson shuddered, closing his eyes.

He’d considered these possibilities-Alyssa would like to threaten him with her life once she awoke.

The thought of losing her, after everything, was a fate worse than death.

“If Lyse takes these pills...

What would happen to her?” Jameson’s voice trembled.

“Will she be in a vegetative state? Or will she lose all her memories?” “Neither.

“But I assure you, if she survives the ordeal, you’ll have a brand-new start together.

But there will be a time when her body will be under tremendous.

suffering. Justin smiled again as if he were explaining something fun.

Would you like to try?”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2187-It had been 15 hours since Alyssa vanished after leaving the presidential office.

Jeremy mobilized multiple teams for the search using every bit of his authority.

Joined by Jasper, Cyrus, and Jonah, he stormed Rose Nursing Home, Alyssa's last known location.

Their arrival broke the silence of the nursing home.

Miley, despite her insistence, was stopped by Jonah from joining them, given the high profiles of both her and Jeremy.

Meanwhile, Axel had finally reunited with Amber after countless trials.

He stayed by her side at the hospital, where she remained hospitalized.

Jonah and Cyrus choose to keep him in the dark about Alyssa, unwilling to rob him of the bliss he had fought so hard to achieve.

Outside the nursing home, the head of security and the Criminal Investigation Unit had sealed the building.

No one could enter or leave.

Alerted by the commotion, the on-duty security guard and the nursing home's administrator arrived, stunned by the sight before them.

Cyrus, using his technical expertise, accessed the entrance surveillance footage.

When Alyssa's slender figure appeared on the screen, tension gripped everyone.

"Lyse!" Jasper's bloodshot eyes widened as he shouted, unable to control his emotions.

It was as if he believed his voice could reach her through the video.

"Where's the caregiver who attended to this woman? Bring him here, now!"

Cyrus' sharp eyes locked on the administrator.

Indeed, the seasoned criminal investigator's intimidation was a force to be reckoned with.

Within five minutes, the male caregiver who had welcomed Alyssa approached them, his eyes cast down.

Cyrus scrutinized him closely.

Suspicion gnawed at him.

Years of dealing with criminals had honed his instincts.

He could usually read guilt at a glance.

But this man? He seemed like nothing more than a timid, unassuming caregiver.

His face bore every emotion he felt, far from someone capable of harm.

“How is it,” Jasper’s voice trembled with barely suppressed fury, “that you, out of all the caregivers here, happened to meet my wife when she arrived? Why you?” The veins on Jasper’s temples throbbed; his hand shot out, grabbing the caregiver by his collar and lifting him off the ground.

“Talk! Are you one of Jameson Schmidt’s men? Did you help him? Where did you take my wife? Tell us!” Jasper’s roar was a primal eruption, a thunderous bellow that shattered the oppressive silence of the hall and echoed through the inky blackness beyond.

“I-I didn’t...

It wasn’t me!” the male caregiver stuttered, his legs trembling as he stared wide-eyed at Jasper.

He felt like he couldn’t explain himself.

The head of the Criminal Investigation Unit barked, “Take this person back to the station.

Give him a rigorous interrogation.

That will surely make him confess!”

“Yes, sir!” Two officers were about to carry out the order when the administrator hurried forward.

“It’s a misunderstanding.

This has got to be a misunderstanding! Is the Jameson Schmidt you’re all talking about the owner of our nursing home? Is it the philanthropist, Mr.

Schmidt?” “The philanthropist?” Cyrus burst out laughing when he heard that.

“Some damn philanthropist he is.

He's just a heartless capitalist through and through and an extremely evil wolf in sheep's clothing." "T-That's not true!"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2188-The security guard spoke up anxiously, "Mr. Schmidt didn't only purchase this nursing home when it was about to close.

He spent a fortune rebuilding it, took in elderly people abandoned by their children, gave them shelter, and provided free medical care.

He's also incredibly kind to us staff, even buying us insurance! "Mr. Schmidt is a true philanthropist with a heart of gold.

How can you call him a heartless monster? Don't run your mouths like that! "

Jonah and Cyrus were extremely shocked.

The Jameson these people described was completely different from the one they knew.

It was as if he had a split personality.

But Jasper knew better.

Being respectable and kind was just part of the well-crafted facade Jameson hid his dark soul behind.

"when that woman came by this afternoon, what did you talk about?" Jonah asked coldly.

"Mr. Schmidt warned us before," the caregiver stammered.

"He told all of us that if that pretty woman showed up, we were to take her to see his mother." The male caregiver trembled.

"Everyone was busy at the time.

I just happened to-to see her walk in.

I don't know about any schemes.

I don't know anything about it!" With a serious look on his face, Cyrus leaned in to whisper to Jasper.

"Jasper, he doesn't seem to be lying." "Is Jameson's mother still here? Take us to her." Jasper's bloodshot eyes were like knives against the man's throat.

"Mrs. Schmidt..."

She's left the nursing home." Everyone was astonished.

In a raspy voice, Jasper questioned, "Where is my wife, then?" "After that woman saw Mrs.

Schmidt, something happened.

I don't know what they spoke of, but Mrs.

Schmidt, who was stable, suddenly had a seizure.

She was foaming at the mouth and convulsing.

I called for an air ambulance.

"The woman was worried and got on the helicopter with Mrs. Schmidt.

They left together from the back garden..." The color drained from Jasper's face as he sprinted toward the garden.

The police rounded up everyone involved, while Jonah and Cyrus followed Jasper.

At this very moment, as beautiful as the scenery was, the atmosphere around them felt extremely desolate, heavy, and chilling.

"Jasper!" Jonah and Cyrus ran to him, shocked to find him kneeling.

In his hand lay a red diamond rose brooch—one Alyssa had made and always wore.

They couldn't imagine what had happened.

Even thinking about it hurt.

"Jonah, Jasper, I've looked in to it.

I think the caregiver was telling the truth," Cyrus said, kneeling beside him, trying to remain calm despite his own anxiousness.

"There's no sign of a struggle, no messy footprints.

Another caregiver saw Lyse get into the helicopter with medics.

She got in willingly to accompany Mrs. Schmidt.

No one forced her." "But that's the strangest part." Jasper's eyes burned as The clenched the brooch, its sharp edges piercing his hand.

“Jameson manipulated everyone in the nursing home, even his mother.

They were tools to lure Lyse onto that helicopter.” “Jasper is right.” Jonah couldn’t agree more.

“The only way to get Lyse to leave willingly was to exploit her kindness.

Mrs. Schmidt was just bait.

Jameson’s real goal was to use the helicopter to kidnap Lyse. “Oh, God, Cyrus muttered, his nerves shot.

“If that’s true, then Lyse has already left Kontina.

It’s been more than ten hours!”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2189-“Jeremy and Miley have considered that possibility and blocked off Kontina’s customs.

Jameson is also a wanted criminal who is jointly pursued by two countries.

There’s no way he can leave Kontina.” Jasper placed the brooch on his chest.

He forced himself to hold back the immense hurt and make a rational judgment.

“He’s definitely hiding in Kontina.

He’s accustomed to luxury and power, and his pride won’t let him live like a fugitive.

He’ll stay where he’s familiar and where resources are useful.” Cyrus was impressed.

He almost wanted to applaud Jasper but knew it wasn’t the right time.

Despite his acute headaches, Jasper remained sharp, making sound judgments.

Those around him couldn’t help but feel for him.

“Jasper’s analysis is spot-on but presents a huge problem.” The look on Jonah’s face was grim and drawn.

“At the end of it all, all Jameson wants is Lyse.

Now that he’s achieved his goal, he might devise a heinous strategy to constrain Lyse physically and hide her away for good.

He could force her to submit, even if she'd rather die.

With them together now, he has all the time to make her his..." A low groan echoed as Jasper clutched his head.

He fell to his knees as pain wracked his body.

"Jonah, now is not the time to get him worked up!" Cyrus' heart ached as he put his arms around Jasper.

"I'm just stating what's likely.

We have to be prepared for the worst." Jonah, usually gentle, was emotionless in the face of harsh truths.

"Kontina is vast, with forests and almost 100 islands.

If Jameson hides, it could take a long time to find him.

Anything could happen by then.

It's unavoidable.

"But the good news is that Lyse will most certainly be safe.

Jameson only wants her.

He will not harm her.

I truly believe in this." Jasper's body trembled.

"I'm afraid..."

I'm afraid that with Lyse's strong personality, she won't submit to him.

She might take it too hard..." "Absolutely not!" Jonah and Cyrus exclaimed in unison.

"Jasper, we've grown up with Lyse.

She'd never give up on herself," Cyrus said firmly, his eyes unwavering.

"No matter how bad things get, as long as she's breathing, she'll hold on.

We will find her, Jasper!" "But Jasper, if..."

and I'm just saying if, if Jameson ends up..." Jonah turned his face away in extreme pain.

His own cruel imagination hurt him.

"I'll still want her." Jasper, pale and tear-streaked, lifted his face.

"No matter what happens or what she's been through, Lyse will always be my wife.

I'll stay by her side until I die.

I will never give up on her." The sea breeze stirred silver waves around Rose Island, quiet and desolate.

An uncertain amount of time had passed before the effects of the m tranquilizer had worn off a little.

Only then did Alyssa lift her heavy eyelids and come to slowly.

Even so, her body still felt weak.

She couldn't exert any energy at all.

She could only lay in bed, curl her fingers, and wiggle her nose slightly.

"Lyse, you're awake?" The familiar, tender voice made her heart skip.

Cold sweat broke out across her skin.

"Ja—" Alyssa tried to sit up but couldn't even do so despite mustering up all her strength.

All of a sudden, her body was lifted—Jameson wrapped his muscular arm around her waist, pulling her against his chest.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2190—Jameson held Alyssa in his arms, the woman he had sacrificed everything for, as if she was the most precious thing in the world.

His clammy hands pressed her tightly against his chest, as though he wished their souls could merge.

"Jameson..."

You bastard..."

Let go of me..." Alyssa choked out, her bloodshot eyes brimming with tears.

Despite her rage, a vulnerable air clung to her, evoking pity.

Her fragile beauty only heightened Jameson's desire.

"Lyse, when you look like this...

it only makes me want you more." Sweat slid down his temple, his back quivering as he fought to control himself.

Alyssa could feel his fiery, heavy breaths near her ear, filled with lust.

"Asshole..." Without any strength in her, Alyssa could only allow him to hold her in his arms as tears of hatred welled up in her eyes.

Once so proud, Alyssa Taylor was now entirely at the mercy of her most despised enemy.

The helplessness and despair were worse than death.

"Don't be afraid," Jameson whispered, running his fingers through her dark hair.

"I only gave you a tranquilizer.

Once it wears off, you'll feel better.

I won't harm your health." He caressed her tenderly.

"But you'll need to listen to me." "Jameson...

You bastard...

You've succeeded in the end." Alyssa's body was highly strained.

She glared at Jameson angrily.

Despite being immobile, her entire being radiated a profound and visceral aversion.

"Do you really think you've won? The Schmidt Group has fallen, the drug experiment is over, Carl and Nicholas..."

All those trusted allies of yours are either dead or have betrayed you.

You're already at a dead end!" Jameson listened silently, his eyes glinting with amusement.

“Now that you’ve kidnapped me, you plan to use me as a hostage for your escape,” she laughed bitterly, her eyes reddened with rage.

“But forget it.

I won’t be reduced to a mere captive...

not even in death!” “You’ve misunderstood me, Lyse.

I’ve never thought of hurting you.

All I wanted was to be with you.” His gaze was intense, filled with longing and possession.

“Plus, I know you very well.

You’ve always been so stubborn, like a mule.

The more you’re held back, the harder you’ll fight to be free.

“So, I’m sure you’re not thinking about dying right now.

Instead, you’re thinking about how you can escape this island or perhaps about how you can kill me.

“Moreover, your family members are looking forward to your return.

Also, there’s Jasper.

Could you bear to die? If you died, they’d be so heartbroken.” Tears welled in Alyssa’s eyes as she thought of Winston, her brothers, Mandy and the others, and last but not least, Jasper.

Her chest heaved, her heart pounding like a small boat adrift in a violent storm, threatened by towering waves.

“Lyse, this Rose Island is something I prepared specially for you.

It’s my wedding gift to you.” Alyssa’s entire body tensed up.

Through gritted teeth, she growled, “Son of a bitch!” With his icy tips) m Jameson pecked her on her forehead, on the tip of her nose, and her earlobe.

In a husky voice full of passion, he said, ” I’ve filled this place with your favorite roses.

There are white roses, red roses...

I've also cultivated black roses for you.

"I'll carry you there to have a look shortly, alright?" What little energy Alyssa had left was focused on her neck as she shook her head vigorously to resist his kisses, which were starting to get out of hand.

His touch slithered over her skin, cold and repulsive like a serpent.

There was no love, only revulsion.

"Lyse, you and Jasper are not yet married." Alyssa's pupils constricted as she held her breath.