

Can't win me back

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2198

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2198—"Lyse, you're finally awake!" Jameson held Alyssa's soft hands tightly as he caressed and kissed them longingly.

He had been so anxious that he was on the brink of tears.

"You've been sleeping for 24 hours.

You really scared me to death.

I was afraid that you were unwell! "I got a doctor to come over while you were asleep and got you injected with glucose.

You can't keep going on without food.

No matter how much you hate me, you shouldn't torture yourself.

Is it even worth it this way?" As a doctor, Alyssa knew she couldn't hold up much longer.

This bastard, Jameson, was right.

Even if she wanted to kill him, she needed to gather enough strength to do so.

"I'm craving meat," Alyssa uttered without looking at him.

After five days, Jameson finally invoked a normal response from her.

The quiver in his eyes reflected the joy within him.

"Sure...

I'll have the kitchen staff prepare something for you now.

It'll be ready soon.

Hold on, Lyse!" Less than an hour later, the kitchen staff prepared an entire spread of delectable dishes.

While Alyssa sat in a wheelchair, two female helpers pushed her into the bathroom and attended to her.

They washed her up, groomed her, and changed her clothes.

A little color returned to her face when she emerged from the bathroom.

Even so, her cheeks were still sunken, and she looked frail.

Jameson's gaze was deep and zealous.

He strode forward, leaned down, and put his arms around her waist to pick her up in a princess carry.

As he held her tightly in his arms, a look of hatred flashed across Alyssa's eyes.

Nevertheless, her limbs were devoid of any strength to resist him.

Jameson carried her carefully to the dining room.

When they sat at the dining table, he sat her on his lap and continued to hold her in his arms.

He didn't even care that his straightened suit was all crumpled up.

"Lyse, your mobility is limited.

I'll feed you." Looking at her tenderly and affectionately, Jameson cut the steak into small pieces and fed them to her patiently.

Everyone on Rose Island knew Jameson's patience was reserved for Alyssa alone.

Alyssa lowered her moistened lashes.

Piece by piece, she finished the entire steak.

The light in her eyes had faded, replaced by an emptiness, a darkness that mirrored still water.

"Be good," Jameson whispered, his fingers grazing her cheek, his eyes misting.

"Eat well so that you'll look good in your wedding dress when you're a bit plumper.

Though, of course, you're also very beautiful now." Alyssa shuddered when she thought about that drug that could wipe memories away.

She no longer dared to be overly resistant against Jameson's idea of wanting to marry her.

At the same time, she wasn't going to comply.

All she could do was to remain silent.

She had always been proud and strong, but even she had limits, and they were being tested.

“Go rest.

I’ll take you to the rose garden I cultivated later.

plan to have our wedding there.

Jameson picked up a napkin and m gently wiped the food residue from the corner of her mouth.

Alyssa remained expressionless and silent.

Nevertheless, this was already enough for Jameson to jump for joy inside.

To him, she had finally given in after five days and five nights of torment.

As much as she still hated him, she couldn’t bear the torment any longer.

Even so, he still didn’t have the guts to take her off the tranquilizer completely.

At most, he could only reduce its dosage a little.

At this moment, a helper hurried over.

“Mr.

Schmidt.” “What’s the matter?

Jameson asked goldly as hefed m Alyssa some fruit juice.

“We have a visitor on the island.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2199-Alyssa trembled uncontrollably in Jameson’s arms.

A twinkle of hope lit up in her eyes.

Could it be her brothers? Was it Jasper? They found her, didn’t they? Emotions surged fiercely within her, and tears of anguish filled her eyes.

She was this close to bursting out in tears.

However, after being drugged by Jameson, her limbs were limp and devoid of energy.

Escaping his grasp was impossible.

“A visitor?” Jameson’s elegant face paled instantly.

“Just one?” “Yeah.

A man.” Upon hearing this, Jameson didn’t let his guard down.

Instead, he felt as if his heart were being constricted by a thorny vine.

The pain made his heart cramp.

In the next second, before he could respond, a series of heavy, chilling footsteps echoed through the dining room as the man strode in confidently.

“Mr.

Schmidt.” The man’s voice was deep and hoarse, like golden sand under the bright sun.

Alyssa’s heart raced with anticipation as she looked up.

That glance was a seismic event for her.

Her moist pupils constricted.

Staring at the familiar-looking man, whose face was deeply etched into her heart, blood rushed through her throbbing veins, and her chest heaved.

“Damien...

Damien!” Alyssa yelled out with all her might.

Her eyes had turned red.

Her immense heartache, longing, the fear she had been suppressing for so long, and all her emotions erupted instantly.

She came undone and cried her eyes out.

She collapsed into a state of utter disarray, losing her composure as a graceful scion.

Before her eyes stood a man who looked exactly like her fifth brother, Damien.

He was expressionless, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

He seemed like a cold, icy AI robot.

Remy glanced coldly at the crying Alyssa.

Then, with an indifferent gaze, he turned to Jameson, saying, "Sir had me come over to assist you." "Have you really come to help me?" Jameson's voice was tense as he stared at the man whose face was revealed to Alyssa.

"Why bother? You are no longer the Mr.

Schmidt revered by many.

" Remy raised an eyebrow slightly.

His tone was frigid, and his truth more piercing than any sarcastic comment.

"Having an extra hand is beneficial for you, isn't it?" Jameson felt a stab of pain in his heart.

He knew better than anyone what this face meant to Alyssa.

Justin had observed and strategized well.

He wouldn't make a wrong move.

Therefore, there was only one possibility—Justin intended for Remy to reveal himself to Alyssa! As Alyssa stared deeply at Remy, she could taste the bitterness of the tears that had flowed into her mouth.

He worked for "Sir", which meant that he was the subordinate of the mastermind behind Jameson.

If Remy was truly Damien, why was everything about him different except Fb.

his face? Even his voice, his tone, and the look in his eyes were all different.

But she was certain she didn't misrecognize him.

Amber had undergone plastic surgery to look like her.

Even so, she still looked slightly different under careful scrutiny.

After all, plastic surgery was not the same as copying and pasting.

Everyone had their natural skin tone.

It was impossible to transform one person into another.

So, why did this man look exactly like Damien? If he wasn't Damien, who !!
else could he be? "It's been a long journey.

"I'm hungry." Remy couldn't be bothered to take another look at Jameson.

He casually pulled out a chair by the dining table and plopped down on it.

"Mr.

Schmidt, I'm a guest here.

You should prepare a fresh spread of food for me, don't you think? I'm not eating someone else's leftovers. m With a gloomy gaze in his eyes, Jameson commanded a helper in a frosty voice, "Go prepare a table of fresh dishes." Remy chimed in, "I hate the sea.

"I don't eat fish or any seafood."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2200-Alyssa's heart pounded fiercely.

Damien had never liked the sea.

He found its vastness and mystery unsettling, always leaving him feeling inexplicably depressed.

He preferred towering mountains, enjoying the thrill of climbing to their peaks and their majestic view.

Ironically, he lost his life to the sea, dying in a manner he had always dreaded.

Additionally, Damien disliked eating fish, finding the process of removing bones tedious.

Yet, whenever Alyssa had fish, he would patiently and carefully remove all the bones for her.

He had got to be Damien.

He must be.

"Damien! I'm Lyse.

Don't you recognize me? Damien!" With tears in her eyes, Alyssa called out to him repeatedly to jog his memory.

"You've got the wrong person, Ms.

Alyssa.” Remy couldn’t care less.

He even felt that she was being noisy.

I am an orphan.

I am on my own, so I don’t even have siblings.

“Mr.

Schmidt, one tends to hallucinate after facing the sea for a long time.

You should get Ms.

Alyssa’s head checked.” Jameson tasked his people to take Alyssa back to her room.

In the dining room, the two men, with vastly different dispositions, faced each other.

Remy devoured his meal with gusto while Jameson, sitting across from him, looked pale and sinister.

They seemed to come from different worlds.

“How long are you staying here for?” “Until you get married.” When Remy finished his meal, he straightened his back and picked up a napkin to wipe his mouth.

He briefly exuded the air of a nobleman before returning to his cool demeanor.

“If you and Ms.

Alyssa can marry, I will leave this place.” With a gloomy gaze, Jameson asked, “And if we can’t?” Remy lowered his eyes, remaining silent as he took a leisurely sip of water.

“You’ll take my fiancée away from me and bring her to Mr.

Justin, won’t you?” Jameson’s shoulders shook slightly beneath his suit.

“If you truly love Ms.

Alyssa, as you claim, this is probably the best course of action,” Remy replied.

Remy stood up abruptly.

“If you and Ms.

Alyssa become husband and wife, you can forget what I said.

Mr.

Justin will give his blessings to both of you.” With that, he turned and left without hesitation.

Jameson watched his tall, proud figure, still carrying the remnants of his dashing demeanor as a flight captain.

Jameson was stunned.

All of a sudden, it all became clear to him.

Justin was a cunning man, skilled at manipulating people based on their personalities.

He sent Remy here as a backup plan and to stabilize Alyssa’s emotions.

Would she still contemplate running away with a “Damien” like this by her side?

Would she still want to escape? Jasper and the Taylors searched tirelessly throughout Kontina for five days, combing through islands, coastal areas, and cities.

Liam had also mobilized his resources to support their efforts.

During the day, they surveyed the islands, large and small, searching for any sign of Alyssa.

But when night fell, darkness engulfed them.

They couldn’t see the landscape, let alone search for people, and wild animals posed a constant threat.

The situation was perilous.

Despite this, Jasper refused to retreat.

He relentlessly searched for any trace of Alyssa.

Time was of the essence.

The thought of Alyssa being held captive by a monster like Jameson filled him with a sickening dread.

He couldn’t allow himself to slow down, even for a moment.

Cyrus and Liam were on the brink of collapse, but Jasper kept pushing on.

The others feared he'd collapse before they even found Alyssa.

On the sixth day, everyone, including Jasper, was utterly exhausted.

"If we continue like this, we might even take a year to find her.

We don't have enough manpower.

This isn't enough to cover every corner of the country!" Liam slammed his fist on the map on the table in anger.

Rage and hatred interweaved within him, and his eyes had turned red.

After toiling for a few consecutive days, even Cyrus a tough criminal investigator, developed a high fever.

He relied on ibuprofen to keep going.

It was too much.

The search area was too vast, and they needed far more support.

But this was Kontina, not Cyrris.

Their resources were limited.

Even as president, Jeremy needed the royal family's approval to mobilize military troops.

Just as they were at their wits' end, Miley led a dainty, familiar and beautiful woman into the room.