

Can't win me back

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2201

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2201—"your Highness?" Liam's eyes brightened as he caught sight of the slightly naive yet endearing face that had suddenly appeared before everyone.

His heart raced, and he blinked hard, realizing that what he saw was real.

Yuliana bit her lip lightly, quickly glancing at Liam before looking away as if it had never happened.

Liam had been the one who insisted they return to their previous relationship.

Yet now, seeing Yuliana genuinely moving on, seemingly indifferent to him, he felt as though his heart was being pierced, the pain unbearable.

"Miley, why did you bring Her Highness here?" Jonah went up to them immediately.

Miley's eyes twinkled.

"Her Highness came over to help us out." At that, everyone gathered around her.

Breathing heavily, Jasper urgently queried, "Your Highness, can you help us?"

"I heard that Lyse has gone missing after being abducted by Kontina's master of all evil, Jameson." Yuliana's eyes were still swollen, and her gentle voice choked with emotion—she had clearly been crying.

"I was so worried..."

So, I asked my father to use the royal family's resources to help search for Lyse within our borders." Liam's heart skipped a beat.

"Yules..." Jasper, Jonah, and the others were deeply moved.

They weren't closely acquainted with Yuliana, having only interacted with her briefly during Landon and Lauren's wedding.

Yet, here she was, willing to help.

Regardless of the outcome, they were incredibly grateful for her kindness.

Yuliana sniffled, her nose reddened, and she secretly glanced at Liam.

“My father has agreed to assist with the search for Lyse!” Everyone gasped in elation.

They had been worried about securing the royal family’s approval to mobilize military forces.

In an instant, the most challenging obstacle was removed.

“But my father has a condition,” Yuliana uttered hesitantly.

With a fiery gaze in his eyes, Jasper unhesitantly responded, “I will agree to whatever condition he has, even at the cost of my life.” Yuliana paused before stepping closer to Jonah, lifting her gaze to meet his dark eyes.

“My father wants to see you at the palace, Mr.

Jonah.” Everyone was stunned, their eyes shifting to Jonah.

Jonah frowned.

“He wants to see me? Why?” Yuliana shook her head.

“I don’t know.

He wants you at the palace first thing tomorrow morning.

If you agree to meet him, he’ll authorize the military search for Lyse.

That’s his only condition.” With a serious expression, Jonah pushed all concerns aside.

“Okay.

I’ll go to the palace tomorrow.” On Rose Island, the blazing afternoon sun was finally setting.

A helper changed Alyssa into a fiery red, backless dress.

As she sat in a wheelchair, Jameson pushed her to view their wedding venue regardless of her wishes.

More than ten helpers were still busy refurbishing the rose garden, working tirelessly to complete the decorations so that Jameson and Alyssa could have their wedding there.

From that moment on, a beautiful woman would be the lady of this secluded island.

Alyssa silently surveyed the dazzling rose garden.

Fragrant, brightly-colored roses surrounded the fountain with a goddess statue, glowing under the fiery sunset.

She loved red and roses, but the fairytale-like scene before her brought no joy.

Instead, it felt like she was staring at a chilling, gloomy gravesite.

Jameson stepped into the middle of the rose garden, carefully selecting the brightest roses.

With joy in his eyes, he ran back to her side.

His charm, elegance, and the bright look on his face made him appear youthful and innocent, with no trace of wickedness.

Just by looking at him, one could never associate him with murder, abuse, or any of the bloodiest crimes.

“Lyse.” Jameson was sweating, his breathing uneven.

He got down on one knee and presented the bouquet of red roses to Alyssa.

She lowered her gaze to his hands, dirtied and bloodied by the thorns.

The darkness in her eyes was like a dried-up well—lifeless and unmoving.

Tears welled up in Jameson’s eyes, his voice hoarse from the emotions surging within him.

“Will you marry me?” Alyssa forced herself to suppress the nausea rising in her stomach.

She stared at him coldly, saying nothing.

Silence was all she could manage.

If she spoke, she would hurl insults at him, each one a knife stabbing his heart.

But she had to hold back.

Of course, she didn’t want to marry this madman.

But more than that, she feared forgetting Jasper entirely.

If you don’t say anything, I’ll take your silence as acceptance.” Jameson smiled, his eyes brimming with the bliss of a groom-to-be.

He was like a madman, deceiving everyone, including himself.

He set the roses down and pulled a red velvet box from his breast pocket.

Inside was a pear-shaped, red diamond wedding ring, at least ten carats.

With trembling hands, he slipped the ring slowly onto Alyssa's limp left hand.

Alyssa choked back tears, a lump forming in her throat.

A proposal, a diamond ring, a wedding...

She had wanted to save all these firsts for Jasper.

But now, Jameson was stealing them, claiming them bit by bit.

At this moment, she was consumed by regret.

She regretted not marrying Jasper sooner, even if it had been a simple wedding with with a small diamond ring.

If she had experienced that, she would have had no regrets in life.

She had always believed that she and Jasper had all the time in the world.

But fate was unpredictable.

One could never know what the next day would bring or when disaster would strike.

Unbeknownst to him, Remy had appeared, leaning against a stonem pillar a short distance away, watching them expressionlessly.

Jameson stood and pulled a trembling Alyssa into an embrace.

Just as he was about to kiss her, a pebble rolled to his feet, disrupting the romantic atmosphere.

Jameson's gaze turned cold.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2202-Jameson's expression gradually hardened, the warmth of the orange sunset in the rose garden unable to pierce the chill that now surrounded him.

Alyssa, her lashes dampened by tears, glanced at the pebble at her feet before turning to Remy.

He observed Alyssa's reddened, swollen eyes with a detached expression and took a loud, deliberate bite from his apple.

Suddenly, a powerful urge surged within her. She trembled, gathering every ounce of strength to push herself upright, intending to walk toward Remy.

With a loud crash, her wheelchair toppled over, sending her sprawling onto the soil.

"Lyse! Are you okay?"

Jameson panicked, reaching out to lift her, but she shoved him away and screamed, "I don't need your help. I can manage on my own!"

Gritting her teeth, Alyssa dug her hands into the earth, struggling to her feet. Though disheveled, she stood with fierce determination.

Jameson watched in disbelief. He had injected her with a tranquilizer last night. Even though it was now the next day, it should have kept her paralyzed. Logically, she shouldn't have been able to move.

Perhaps Remy's presence had granted her weakened body extraordinary willpower, allowing her to overcome the drug's effects in a miraculous display of strength.

Remy paused mid-bite, his cold gaze deepening as he watched Alyssa rise from the ground. For a fleeting moment, a flicker of something stirred within his eyes.

Alyssa stared at Remy, her eyes sparkling. He was Damien; she was sure of it. He didn't like the sea, and apples were his favorite.

"What are you doing here?" Jameson questioned. He could feel Alyssa's surging emotions toward Remy. He glared at Remy with icy hostility.

"I was taking a walk and happened to pass by," Remy replied, shifting his gaze away from Alyssa's pale face, surveying the beautiful rose garden. "The place is lovely, but it feels... dull."

Jameson's face fell. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's obvious that Ms. Alyssa isn't willing to marry you. So, if you ask me, this rose garden might as well be a field of weeds."

Remy finished the apple, tossing the core into the roses. "It's not sweet enough yet."

Jameson's eyes reddened with anger. He clenched his hands into tight fists. "Mr. Lexington, aren't you someone who usually obeys Sir's commands to a tee? You

wouldn't say things you weren't supposed to say. What's up with you today, being all so chatty?"

Remy smiled. He probably rarely smiled because it seemed rather stiff. "That's true, typically. But when I see someone I despise, I can't help but speak my mind."

Alyssa's heart pounded. Although Damien wasn't as cold or blunt as Remy, he was also straightforward and uncomplicated. These similarities were striking.

Jameson's frustration was palpable. He sneered, "If what you see bothers you, that's your problem. Lyse and I will be married. She will be my wife.

Remy remarked, "Not necessarily."

Upon hearing that, Alyssa's eyes lit up. Her heart swelled with hope.

But Remy's next words were like a dousing of cold water. "Who knows if Sir will get the chance?"

Jameson's chest tightened with dread, horror creeping into his eyes. He wasn't afraid of Jasper or Alyssa's brothers. He was terrified of Justin. Justin was ruthless and capable of anything.

He knew Justin's methods. If Justin wanted something, he would stop at nothing to get it.

"But Sir isn't as shameless, despicable, and evil as you are," Remy argued.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2203-Remy, tall and imposing, bent down to pluck a random rose. He tore off a petal, placed it in his mouth, and chewed thoughtfully. "Sir wouldn't take her like some wild animal," he mused. "He'd make Ms. Alyssa fall for him willingly, bit by bit."

Jameson shuddered.

Alyssa, on the other hand, didn't feel overly terrified. More than that, she felt curious and suspicious. She even considered that being abducted by this so-called Sir might be better than remaining Jameson's prisoner. At least with Sir, she could get closer to the heart of evil and consequently have the chance to unmask the mastermind and bring them to justice.

By contrast, staying with Jameson left her feeling powerless. Despite his dignified, accomplished façade, he was nothing more than Sir's loyal watchdog.

And with Remy's arrival, Alyssa sensed something big was coming. Whether they acted or not, Jameson's usefulness was at its end.

Night fell, and the sea's waves rose and fell with it.

After years of living as an assassin, Remy had become almost insomniac. Lying on the red velvet couch in the living room, he stared at the dazzling chandelier hanging from the ceiling and lost himself in thought.

Suddenly, he heard the faint sound of footsteps approaching slowly.

But he didn't stir. He knew those footsteps belonged to Alyssa, the woman who had fallen to the ground earlier and was always on the verge of tears.

The footsteps stopped beside him.

Suddenly, a red object appeared before his eyes.

Alyssa leaned in slightly, holding a fresh red apple before him. Her slender hand trembled, whether from frailty or emotion, it was hard to tell.

"This is for you," Alyssa said in a gentle and youthful voice.

Remy's lashes flickered as he raised his hand and took the apple from her. With a crisp crunch, he took a bite.

Alyssa asked in a scratchy voice, "Mr. Lexington, do you like eating apples too?"

"Yup," Remy answered coldly.

"H had an older brother who loved apples since he was young."

Her eyes filled with tears as she stared deeply at Remy. "There are two apple trees in the back garden of my home. When I was young, I always climbed the trees to pick apples for Damien."

Remy didn't say a word but simply continued munching on the apple.

"He was an outstanding pilot who possessed 99% professional capabilities. Unfortunately, he still lacked that 1%."

A look of curiosity, something he hadn't shown before, flashed across Remy's eyes. "What's that 1%?"

"Luck."

Alyssa couldn't hold back the tears of pain that streamed down her sunken face. "During an accident, the plane he was flying crashed into the sea. All crew and passengers on board perished."

Remy paused his chewing for a moment, then continued. As if Alyssa's words had no bearing on him, he remarked, "In that case, it was truly bad luck for him. He should strive to be a lucky person in his next life."

Muffled sobs echoed in the quiet living room, tugging at heartstrings.

"Ms. Alyssa, save your tears for those who are worthy of them," Remy said coldly, looking askance at Alyssa's tear-streaked face. "You should go cry at your brother's grave. Don't waste your emotions on me."

As soon as he finished speaking, he felt a sudden weight on his shoulder. Alyssa had leaped onto him, grabbing the collar of his black T-shirt. With all her might, she tore at it, creating a large rip.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2204-Due to Alyssa's ambush, Remy was caught off guard. His collar was ripped apart, revealing his broad, muscular shoulder.

A birthmark!

Damien had a light pink birthmark, about the size of a quarter, on the back of his left shoulder.

But just as a spark of hope ignited in Alyssa's eyes, it was quickly extinguished. Remy had no birthmark on his left shoulder. Instead, through her tear-blurred vision, she saw a long, terrifying scar as wide as two fingers. The scar snaked down from his shoulder like a cruel serpent.

As a surgeon who had served on battlefield rescue missions with Doctors Without Borders, the sight of such a severe scar made her blood run cold.

With one look, she knew this wasn't just any ordinary knife wound. It looked more like a wound from an explosion, with skin stitched back together after devastating injuries.

Could it be...

Alyssa felt a sharp pain in her wrists, and her world spun. When she regained consciousness, Remy had pinned her to the couch, her wrists held firmly. She couldn't move.

"Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Remy's jaw clenched, and he glared down at her with bloodshot eyes filled with a fury so intense it seemed ready to spill into her tear-filled gaze.

"What on earth did you go through?" Staring up at him, Alyssa no longer felt any fear. All she felt was an overwhelming heartache that spread through her trembling body.

“Why do you have such a severe wound? Was it because of the plane crash? Was it? Damien... Did it hurt?”

Did it hurt?

The gentle question struck a chord with Remy. The pain made his eyes go unfocused.

“Damien!”

From the farthest, most unreachable corners of his mind, he heard a sweet, clear voice. It echoed faintly, almost unreal, before fading away.

Looking at the absent-minded Remy, Alyssa wept softly, her tears falling like rain.

She was just about to caress his well-sculpted face when he let go of her without warning and stood up straight.

“If this happens again, even Jameson won’t be able to save you.”

Remy left her there with cold detachment and stormed out of the living room.

Remy returned to his room and slammed the door shut. He leaned heavily against it, his back pressing hard against the wood.

He closed his eyes briefly, shaking his head as if to clear it, but Alyssa’s voice calling out to “Damien” echoed relentlessly in his ears.

“I am on my own. I have no parents, siblings, or friends... I have always been alone. Mr. Justin gave me a new life.

“It was Mr. Justin...” Remy repeated, almost like a mantra, trying to silence the inner demons that threatened his resolve.

Yet Alyssa’s concerned questions pierced through his defenses, striking at the heart he thought was made of steel.

All these years, through every bruise and wound, no one had ever asked him if it hurt. He never felt he needed anyone’s concern, nor did he care for such trivial emotions.

But to his surprise, for the first time in his life, he knew what it felt like to have someone care for him. It felt like a small dent in his heart, a warmth that touched him.

Steadying his breath, Remy walked to the window. As he gazed up at the distant moon, he pulled out a necklace that hung around his neck.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2205-With a soft click, Remy opened a hidden compartment in the necklace. In it was a black-colored pill.

He took it out, put it in his mouth, and swallowed it.

Alyssa's voice in his head gradually faded away.

For over a year, he hadn't needed any medication to ease his headaches. He thought he'd never have to take it again.

Meanwhile, Jameson clutched a medical report in his study room. His handsome face was ashen, his sharp eyes bloodshot.

"Mr. Schmidt, your current health isn't looking good," his private physician hesitated, standing by his side. "The medical facilities on this island are limited. They might not be enough if your condition suddenly worsens. I suggest you go to a proper hospital soon, within this month. Treatment there might help ease your condition."

Jameson's pale, chapped lips uttered, 'Can vigorous treatment cure me?'

The doctor looked down, hesitating.

"My disease is incurable, and I don't have long to live, do I?" Jameson forced a smile. A mix of emptiness and the fear of death formed an invisible net around him, trapping him in despair.

"Don't be so pessimistic. If you were to be subject to vigorous treatment-

"Just tell me how much longer do I have?"

The doctor choked, "At most... half a year."

Jameson closed his eyes and guffawed.

"The medications you were taking before didn't heal you. They only masked your symptoms. They've even damaged your organs," the doctor sighed. "In other words, what you consumed was a slow poison, highly addictive, creating a dependency. It's like pancreatic cancer-by the time you notice it, it's already too late."

Jameson lowered his gaze, crumpling the report into a ball, squeezing it tightly as if he could crush the dreadful reality in his grip. "So, my life is ending like this?"

He slowly lifted his eyes toward the windowsill. The black rose he had nurtured so carefully for Alyssa reflected a dim, faint glow.

“Everything I gained came at a steep price. The fame and admiration I’ve enjoyed these past ten years were bought with my life.”

When Justin helped him, he saw it as a gesture of kindness and recognition. But in truth, he had sold his soul to the devil.

“I’ve never feared death. I just can’t bear to…” Thoughts of Alyssa filled his mind, and he broke down, tears streaming as his heart shattered once more.

She despised him for what he had become—for his cruelty, for the blood on his hands. But how could he have ever returned to her side if he had remained the weak, kind, and innocent Jimmy of the past?

How could he be a good man…

As Jameson cried, laughter bubbled up from within him, twisting his anguished face.

The Jameson of the past had already drained himself in trying to live as a good person. Why was he still thinking of that now?

Alyssa had always had everything. Loving parents and siblings, loyal friends who stood by her.

But what about Jameson?

She could never be him. She could never understand him.

But before Jameson could sink deeper into his sorrow, a voice cried out urgently from the other side of the door, “Mr. Schmidt, I have bad news! Ms. Alyssa started up the helicopter. She’s escaping from the island!”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2206-As night fell, fierce winds swept over the pitch-black skies, pressing down heavily on the endless sea.

The surging waves hinted at an impending storm, with all life rising and falling as though it could be consumed, crushed, and destroyed at any moment.

Waves crashed against the beach on Rose Island.

Alyssa didn’t have time to change out of her fiery red dress before scrambling into the helicopter parked on the shore.

Though she had regained some energy, her body remained weak.

But she knew she couldn’t afford to hesitate.

Jameson hadn't come with her next tranquilizer shot tonight.

This was her one chance to escape! The memory of flying a helicopter was faint, buried in the past, but she had to try.

She had to fight with everything she had, even if it meant death.

Alyssa slipped into the cockpit, her breath caught in her throat.

The red dress she wore was soaked in cold sweat.

She checked the fuel gauge, started the ignition, and the helicopter's blades began to rotate.

"Alyssa Taylor, you will leave this place.

Hang in there...

You can do it!" she muttered, clenching her teeth as she gripped the control stick, her knuckles turning white.

"Lyse!" Jameson, pale-faced, screamed her name as he sprinted toward the helicopter.

Alyssa's gaze locked onto him, cold and unyielding.

Her reddened eyes burned with a hatred deeper than the stormy seas.

"Goodbye, Jameson!" As the helicopter lifted off the ground, three shots rang out behind her.

The sound of the waves and the roar of the helicopter drowned out the gunfire, but a bullet whizzed past Alyssa's head, shattering the windshield.

Jameson's eyes widened in terror.

"No! Stop!" he yelled.

Staring at the bullet hole, memories of that brutal shootout on the Luminara battlefield flooded back, sending her heart racing and her body trembling.

But she tightened her grip on the control stick, her desperation to escape overcoming all fear.

Another three shots followed, cold and ruthless, as if they intended to end her life right there.

But the bullets missed Alyssa.

Instead, they struck the helicopter's engine.

Fuel began to leak, and error lights blinked furiously on the cockpit screens.

"Damn it! Asshole!" Alyssa cursed, pounding on the windows in frustration.

The propellers slowed to a stop, and everything fell silent.

Only the sound of waves continued.

It was as if the waves were mocking her at her failed escape attempt.

Jameson slumped over, drained of energy.

Despite this, he glared furiously at Remy, who approached with an emotionless expression.

He knew Remy had fired to stop the helicopter, but had he considered that Alyssa could have died if his aim had been off? Remy walked to the cockpit door and opened it forcefully.

Inside, Alyssa sat like a fragile doll, her eyes staring vacantly ahead, tears streaming down her face.

Remy's dark eyes met hers.

"Come out." Alyssa's gaze shifted to him.

She heaved, struggling to catch her breath, her face pale as death.

Traumatized, she was catatonic and unable to move.

She stared blankly at Remy, her lips parted slightly, tears streaming down her face.

Remy frowned deeply.

He leaned into the cockpit and, with his strong arms, lifted Alyssa's limp body in a princess carry.

"Put me down ..." she muttered, her fingers curling into weak fists as she tried to push against his chest.

Remy's gaze remained indifferent.

Then, suddenly, he loosened his grip.

Alyssa's heart seized in panic.

She squeezed her eyes shut and curled up in his arms.

Remy's hold tightened once again, securing her in his arms.

Only then did Alyssa realize he had just been trying to scare her.

"I want to go home," she whispered.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2207-Tears welled up in Alyssa's eyes as she clung desperately to Remy's shirt, wrinkling it in her grip. "I miss Dad and my brothers. I miss Jasper... Please let me go home... Okay? Please..."

Remy listened in silence, his steps firm and unyielding, offering no response.

"Return Lyse to me!" Jameson, unaware of how he looked, chased after them frantically and blocked Remy's path, his eyes bloodshot with desperation.

"You haven't married Ms. Alyssa yet. Technically, she's not yours." Remy stared at Jameson's pale face, his gaze calm and unbothered. "And if I handed her to you, do you think you could carry her?"

Jameson trembled, his weak body betraying him as he withdrew his shaking hands.

Though Alyssa was physically and mentally drained, her mind was unusually clear after the recent shock. Remy's words hinted at something deeper. Was Jameson's body deteriorating to the point of collapse?

The sea breeze was growing stronger, howling through the night.

Remy continued walking, holding Alyssa securely in his arms.

After a while, noticing that she had stopped crying, he spoke coldly, "There's going to be a hurricane at midnight." Alyssa opened her bleary eyes, looking up at Remy's chiseled jawline.

"If you had left earlier by the chopper, you would've found yourself dead at sea tonight." The look in Remy's eyes dimmed, and he continued walking forward.

Alyssa's heart skipped a beat, a mix of surprise and fear washing over her. Without a phone or computer, she had no way of checking the weather forecast for the coastal areas.

"If there wasn't going to be a hurricane, would you have let me go?" she asked with a gentle quiver in her voice. "I don't mind sharing this with you."

Alyssa blinked, her puffy eyes filled with anticipation. She couldn't shake the feeling that the man before her was Damien. Deep down, she might have already started seeing him that way.

She held onto a sliver of hope that, even after being wounded and possibly losing his memory, the kind, cheerful, and upright character she once knew still existed somewhere within him, never fully extinguished. "My purpose in coming here was to stop you from being with Jameson." Remy's gaze was as deep as the sea as he looked down at her. "That was Sir's order."

"So... even if the winds were calm tonight, you would've stopped me anyway?"

"Yes," he answered without any hesitation.

Alyssa's heart sank, feeling like it was being pulled deeper and deeper, the pain almost unbearable.

"Sir gave Jameson everything he has. Now that he's no longer useful, Sir will take it all back." Remy's tone was matter-of-fact. "Sir never makes losing deals.

"Who is this 'Sir' you all speak of?" Alyssa's voice was rough as she asked the crucial question. "Is he someone Jasper and I know?"

"He has been able to make his every move so strategically. He plotted against Jameson and me and controlled everything within his hands. Could he be someone who's seen me or even understands me?"

"Also, Damien... how did you end up getting acquainted with this Sir?"

In hindsight, Alyssa would realize this was the closest she ever came to the truth.

"I am not your brother," Remy said in a deep voice. He paused, uncertain how to lie but knowing he could choose to withhold certain facts. "My advice to you is to stay away from the truth. Getting too close to it will only bring you ruin."

The next morning, the presidential office arranged for Jonah to discreetly enter the palace to meet with King Anthony of Kontina.

Everyone waited extremely anxiously for his return.

Jonah returned to the presidential office in the afternoon, handing Jeremy an official document with Anthony's signature.

“We can mobilize the troops now.”

Everyone was filled with hope and immediately set out to make the necessary preparations.

Only Jasper noticed the gloom in Jonah’s eyes since his return from the palace.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2208-“What’s wrong, Jonah? Is something on your mind?” Seeing that they were alone, Jasper seized the chance to approach Jonah. His gaze was firm as he pressed on, “Did something happen when you were in the palace?”

“Everyone’s overwhelmed by Lyse’s situation. The psychological pressure on you must be just as intense, maybe even more than the rest of us.”

Jonah met Jasper’s concerned gaze, feeling moved. “Jasper, I really appreciate you noticing how I’m feeling, even at a time like this.

“Don’t say that, Jonah. We’re family. To me, you and Lyse are equally important.”

Since losing contact with Alyssa, Jasper had been restless, plagued by sleepless nights and a constant state of anxiety. Every shift in the moods of those around him only magnified his own stress, making him hypersensitive and on edge. “What really happened?”

“To be honest, not much.” Jonah pursed his lips. “After entering the palace, I met the king. He was kind and friendly, giving me a personal tour. We even dined together and talked about my health and work.

“He felt like a warm-hearted elder, not a king. Even though I’m not from Kontinia, it made me feel unworthy of all that attention.”

Jasper understood how Jonah felt. He would have been just as nervous in Jonah’s shoes. “Isn’t that a good thing?”

“It is, but it’s too good. So much so that I couldn’t refuse. It even felt strange to me.” Jonah looked into Jasper’s dark eyes with a conflicted expression. “It was my first time meeting him. We’re not related, and he’s the leader of a country.

Why was he so kind to me?”

Upon hearing that, Jasper frowned. Content belongs to NovélDráma. Org “Also, he gave me this.” Jonah retrieved a quaint-looking emerald ornament from his breast pocket. Its intrinsic carving was of a noble and mysterious looking dragon. One glance was enough to tell that this wasn’t something from an ordinary family.

“This is an antique belonging to the Kontinian royal family.”

A gleam flashed in Jasper's eyes. Thanks to his upbringing under Javier and Newton, Jasper had a keen eye for antiques and emerald items. He carefully took the ornament from Jonah's hands and examined it closely.

I've seen this in a museum's promotional booklet before. This emerald ornament is an antique, a personal artifact of the Kontinian kings. It's been passed down through generations for about 300-400 years.

"Also, I remember that it's only passed down to the heirs to the throne. In other words, it's meant for crown princes."

"Say what?" Jonah stared at the ornament, wide-eyed. "He should have given such a significant item to his only son. Why did he give it to me?"

Jasper pressed his lips together. "Maybe he just felt a strong connection with you. Who can understand a king's intentions?"

"No, I can't accept this. I'll give it to Miley later and have her return it to Yuliana so she can bring it back to His Royal Highness.

Jasper looked down at the cold emerald ornament in his palm, pondering Jonah's words.

After a moment of silence, his chest tightened. Suddenly, he remembered the missing special agent, Felicity Whitaker, whom Alyssa had mentioned. He also recalled the royal family's secret about the king's lover that his Kontinian friend Dexter had shared with him.

Jasper felt his heart race, his breath catching in his throat. He looked at Jonah with a fiery, intense gaze.

"What's wrong, Jasper?" Jonah asked, noticing that something was off with Jasper.

Could it be? Could there really be such an uncanny coincidence?

The pictureless document raised significant doubts about Felicity's true identity in Alyssa and Jasper.

Based on such limited evidence, it was a leap of faith to assume that Felicity was Winston's wife and the mother of Alyssa and her quintuplet brothers.

However, Dexter had worked with the royal family for years, and his information was usually reliable.

Felicity was Anthony's lover.

Later, she was framed by the queen and imprisoned. After breaking out, she was hunted down.

She eventually jumped into the sea, and after enduring numerous hardships, she ended up in Belbanks, Where the Taylors lived . All of these details matched up.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2209-What terrified Jasper even more was that the timeline of the hunt for Felicity perfectly aligned with the ages of Jonah and his four brothers.

When too many coincidences occur, they might not be coincidences at all.

Adding to the unease, Anthony had summoned Jonah-whom he had never met before-into the palace out of nowhere. He treated Jonah with unusual warmth, even gifting him a personal artifact.

“Jonah, when you met His Royal Highness at the palace, was Her Royal Highness there as well?” Jasper suddenly inquired.

Jonah shook his head. “Nope. Her Royal Highness never showed up.”

“How about the prince?”

“I heard the prince’s health isn’t good. A few years back, he could still attend meetings with political leaders, state visits, and charity events with His Royal Highness. But last year, he became bedridden. He had turned down all his duties to focus on recovery. I didn’t get the chance to meet him.’ What kind of illness had kept him bedridden for two whole years? It had to be something incurable.

Seeing Jasper’s grave expression, Jonah’s curiosity grew. “Why are you asking this all of a sudden, Jasper?”

Jasper’s thoughts were in disarray. He tightened his grip on the emerald ornament in his hand. An overwhelming surge of emotions welled up in his chest. What he was about to uncover felt like a truth that could shatter the entire Taylor family-a revelation as grave as any state secret.

The pieces of the puzzle fit together too perfectly. Content belongs to NovelDrama. Org He wanted to believe these were just coincidences. But he stuttered, unable to convince himself to accept something so implausible. “It’s nothing, Jonah. I must be a little slow from lack of sleep these past few days.”

After careful consideration, Jasper decided to keep everything to himself.

This was no trivial matter. Without concrete DNA evidence to prove Felicity was Alyssa and her brothers' mother, he couldn't claim Jonah and his four brothers were royalty-let alone that they were the sons of Kontina's king, Anthony Stewart.

"That's true. You're exhausted."

Jonah couldn't see through Jasper's deep thoughts. He sighed, feeling sorry for him, and patted his shoulder." We'll find Lyse soon and bring her back."

Meanwhile, in the opulent yet suffocating study of Kontina's royal palace, a middle-aged man of striking looks stood against the light, his hands clasped behind his back. His commanding presence made it hard for anyone to meet his gaze.

"Your Royal Highness, I've taken the cup Mr. Jonah used and sent it for a secret DNA test. The results will be out tomorrow" Reported Anthony's secretary in a hushed tone. The secretary, who had been Anthony's trusted aide for nearly 40 years, stood behind him.

"This matter is of utmost importance. Ensure it remains confidential, especially from the Queen."

Anthony lowered his gaze, staring intently at the photo of him andm Jonah on his phone screen.

Outwardly, he appeared calm. But inside, he was burning with hope.

*Rest assured."

The secretary hesitated, then stepped forward and spoke softly.

He does resemble you, especially when you're side by side."

Brimming with a plethora of emotions, Anthony blinked. His eyes were reddened. With a warm smile, he said, "I think so too."