

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2216-At first, Jameson had no intention of touching her. His love for her was so profound that he couldn't bring himself to do it.

He was well aware that this wedding was far from perfect, decent, or presentable. In fact, it was almost absurd. But the fact that she refused to even pretend or put on a show during his final days was unbearable.

Alyssa watched as Jameson's chest was gradually exposed, a bead of sweat trailing down his sculpted abs, his skin flushed with a pink hue of arousal.

Her eyes widened in terror, her face burning with embarrassment.

It hurt. It hurt all over.

Pain spread throughout her insides and to every nerve ending.

Just as his hands reached to tear her nightgown, he caught a glint of cold steel in his peripheral vision. He held his breath.

Somehow, Alyssa had gotten her hands on a sharp knife. She had positioned it right at his chest in the blink of an eye.

She would be airing at his heart if she moved it a little to the side.

Where did you get that from, Lyse?' After a moment of shock, Jameson smiled gently. He didn't even bat an eyelid.

"If you dare to touch me.. I will kill you!" Alyssa screamed. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her hand trembled as she gripped the knife.

When she visited Remy that day, he hurriedly left, forgetting to put away the knife he had used to cut apples. She took the opportunity to snatch it and tuck it away under her pillow.

Despite being able to move, the tranquilizer rendered her incapable of using any energy. At this point, she was draining every last bit of strength she possessed.

If he tried to touch her again, she would kill him. She certainly would!

Jameson's lips curled into a slight smile, tenderness in his eyes as he leaned closer.

The tip of the knife slowly pressed into his chest.

“You..” Alyssa was nearly overwhelmed, struggling to keep a firm grip on the knife.

“Lyse, I don’t have much longer to live.” Jameson’s body shook with pain, his blood trickling down the knife. “I’ve been diagnosed with a terminal illness. My days are numbered. Will you stay with me during my final days?”

You’ve committed countless evils... You’ve killed so many innocent people. This is the retribution you deserve!”

Tears streaming down her face, Alyssa roared with fury, “Jameson, do you think you deserve a peaceful end? That’s impossible!

“You pushed for the wedding quickly because you received word that the island had been compromised. You’re well aware you can’t stay hidden much longer.

“Listen... I want you arrested alive! I want you to stand trial, make a public apology, and be judged fairly so that the souls of the dead can find peace!”

Initially, she had not wanted to fight him so aggressively. But she realized he wanted her to surrender completely during his final days.

She belonged to Jasper and Jasper alone. She would rather die than let him touch her.

“Yes, you’re right.” Jameson laughed harshly, his gaunt, chiseled face twisting in a grimace.” Lyse, you know I’m wicked, a devil. If I can’t get what I want, neither will Jasper.”

As he spoke, he wrenched the knife from her grasp, ignoring the cut it made on his chest.

The next second, he had her wrists pinned above her head, his lips crashing onto hers with a forceful intensity. The deep, overpowering kiss made her feel like he was trying to devour her, to keep her locked inside him forever.

The chilly night gave way to dawn, and a speedboat cut through the turbulent waters, approaching Rose Island.

Jasper and Axel disembarked, their black outfits drenched from the sea.

Axel, with his military academy training, was usually in peak form, but after spending the entire night on the icy sea, he was thoroughly spent. His lips had begun to turn purple, and he shivered silently from the cold, gritting his teeth as he looked at Jasper.

Looking pallid, charming, and determined, Jasper stood tall like a drawn sword. There was not a single hint of tiredness or uncertainty within him.

Axel sighed quietly. In his life, he had never met anyone he considered better than himself- until today-Jasper proved to be the exception.

This island is quite sizable. I'm afraid that it'll be difficult for both of us to perform a search. How about if we sneak in quietly and see what we can find?"

"No need for that. We'll march right in, Jasper said in a raspy voice. At the same time, he had a frigid and confident gaze.

Axel was shocked. "Say what?"

"I saw a shadow darting through the woods just now. Whoever it was will be reporting our arrival to Jameson soon."

Jasper's keen eyes swept the area as he drew his gun from his waistband, gripping it firmly." With just the two of us, a thorough search is impossible. We might as well dive in headfirst and use ourselves as bait to lure the viper out!"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2217-The warm, early morning sun bathed Rose Island in golden light. The fine, white sand on the beach shimmered with a dazzling radiance.

The bedroom Alyssa was in was as dark as night. Heavy, luxurious velvet curtains blocked out the sunlight completely.

In such an atmosphere, someone exhausted from a night of struggle could easily sleep through the day. But Jameson woke up early.

After a night of relentless nightmares, he was drenched in cold sweat, his face ashen. The moment he opened his eyes, he reached out frantically, his hands trembling.

He exhaled in relief when he felt the warmth of Alyssa's body beside him. Then, he sat up in bed.

The bed was a mess, not from lovemaking but from Alyssa's frenzied struggles the night before.

At the very last moment, Jameson forced himself to suppress his urge to dominate her.

He leaned weakly against the headboard, watching Alyssa's delicate face as she slept. His chapped, pale lips curled into a relieved and blissful smile.

Slowly, he lifted his hand and gently stroked the face he loved so deeply. His touch lingered; he was reluctant to pull away.

You're just too good to be true, I can't take my eyes off of you; you'd be like Heaven to touch, I wanna hold you so much..."

Jameson softly sang one of his favorite love songs, his voice low and husky as he traced Alyssa's nose with the tip of his finger.

The emotions choking him made his voice crack, go off-key, and unbearable to hear.

Alyssa couldn't hear him either. Still, he knew that if he didn't sing to her now, he might never have the chance again.

"Good morning, Lyse." Jameson leaned forward and planted a kiss on her forehead.

He was really tempted to address her as "Mrs. Schmidt". Yet, he couldn't bring himself to say it for some reason.

Deep down, he was well aware that even if they had a wedding and shared the same bed, Alyssa would never actually be his-not for even a moment.

In this final moment, he refused to lie to himself any longer.

A knock sounded, and a helper entered with a tray. "Mr. Schmidt, it's time for your medications."

As the helper approached, she noticed the raw, hideous wound on his chest. Her eyes widened in shock, and she nearly dropped the tray. "Mr. Schmidt, you're hurt! I'll get the doctor to bandage it right away!"

"No need for that. It's nothing."

The wound exposed his flesh and could easily become infected. Even so, Jameson lowered his eyes, picked up the gold framed glasses from the bedside table, and put them on. His bloodshot eyes looked tired and worn. He picked up a small saucer of painkillers, tipped them into his mouth, and swallowed them. Then, he took a syringe of adrenaline and injected it into his vein with practiced ease.

The truth was, the pain had woken him up this morning. His insides felt like they were being sliced by a knife a constant reminder that his days were numbered.

"Jameson."

A frigid and deep voice sounded.

Jameson narrowed his eyes and looked up to see Remy approaching, tall and urgent.

"It's time for you to wake up from your dream. Jasper and that secret agent from the Taylor family, Mr. Axel, have arrived at the island. I need to take Ms. Alyssa away now. These are Sir's orders.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2218-Jameson looked exceptionally calm. He stared at Alyssa's sleeping face with a fiery gaze. "You can take Lyse away, but not right now."

Remy's gaze turned cold. "How dare you go against Sir's orders?"

'As I said-not right now.'" Jameson covered his mouth and let out a few deep coughs.

As he lowered his hand, he quickly curled his fingers inward to hide the blood on his palm. "Love, hate, and all these grudges-Jasper and I have been at odds for so long. Today is the day to settle our scores. This is such a critical moment. How could Lyse not be by my side?"

Remy furrowed his brows, his expression one of bewilderment as if he were facing a mad doomsayer.

"What in the world are you going to do?"

*I know that Sir has always had some feelings for Lyse. It was just that he wasn't willing to show it."

Jameson stopped coughing. Slowly and elegantly, he buttoned up his shirt as if this were a regular morning. "But, even if Sir were to have Lyse, he'd just be like me-unable to win her heart. It would be a mere pipe dream. Her heart will always belong to Jasper. Unless.

With a frigid gaze, Remy asked in a deep voice, "Unless what?"

"Remy, if you are truly devoted to Sir, you need to do as I say."

Jameson held Alyssa's hand. He lowered his head and kissed the back of her hand. While caressing her hand lovingly with his fingers, he said, "This will be the last time. Let this count as me repaying Sir for saving my life back then."

The terrains on Rose Island were not as complex or rugged as the other undeveloped islands.

Jasper and Axel moved swiftly through the woods, their speed and agility reminiscent of cheetahs and tigers. Both were top performers from the military academy, with Jasper particularly skilled in wilderness battles.

As long as Alyssa hadn't been secretly moved, finding her would be a matter of time.

Before venturing deep into the woods, they had contacted Jonah. Using the Third Eye, they pinpointed the island's location and scanned its surroundings. No ships, speedboats, or any vessels were spotted along the shore.

Even if Jameson tried to escape by boat with Alyssa, he wouldn't make it out of Kontina's waters without being detected immediately.

In other words, he could only escape using an aircraft. However, this island was not large, and the noise from an aircraft would betray his plans.

'Jasper, there's a huge manor up front!' Through a pair of binoculars, Axel spotted a white building covered in vines hidden between the layers of trees in the woods.

Jasper took the binoculars from him and looked through them. His heart pounded so hard that it felt like it was beating out of his heaving chest.

Could Lyse and Jameson be in there?

Axel's eyes lit up with hope. Even his voice started to tremble from his nervousness. "After all, we've been running for so long, and we haven't seen a decent-looking house. This has to be it!"

With his black tactical gloves still on, Jasper tightened his fists. His chest felt constricted as he commanded, "Transmit the exact location to Jonah and the others. Let's head out and check it ourselves!"

Just then, Jasper and Axel froze, their eyes widening in shock. The sudden sound of cracking branches echoed through the quiet woods.

Remy, clad in a black T-shirt, overalls, and Dr. Martens boots, emerged casually from the depths of the forest, exuding an intimidating presence.

Despite being calm, he was ready to kill.

Just like this, he revealed himself openly, indifferent to whether Jasper and Axel recognized him.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2219-Remy's face was an immense shock to Axel and Jasper, a staggering sight that hit them with the force of a bombshell. Axel, in particular, stared in disbelief, a quiver in his voice as he cried out, "Damien! Damien, is that really you?"

Remy, however, stared back with a cold, emotionless gaze, his eyes as still as a tranquil pond.

Axel, calm down. Have a good look!

Jasper, though internally stunned, managed to steady himself. Having never met Damien alive and only seeing him in the Taylors' family photos, he was able to quickly calm down.

With a tense jaw, he remarked, "Damien was reported dead in a plane crash. It's been years, and they never recovered his body. How could he still be alive?"

*This could be someone who merely resembles Damien, a ploy by Jameson to throw us off. Axel, keep your wits about you. Don't let yourself be fooled!"

When Remy heard Jasper's words, he couldn't help but frown.

Here was another one. No, there were two of them.

That man named Damien truly had so many friends and relatives. He had been dead for over four years. Yet, there were still so many people who missed him and remembered him.

In actual fact, after Alyssa pestered Remy the other day, he had looked up information on Damien with his phone after he went back to his room.

As far as he could remember, this was his first time becoming curious about another person.

Something stirred within him when he saw the photo of Damien in his captain's uniform. Remy felt a sense of distant familiarity. But how could that be?

His name was Remy Lexington. He was an orphan. He had always been by Justin's side, and was a competent assassin.

Other than their appearance, he didn't share any other similarities with Damien.

The world was a ginormous place, and they weren't the only two people who looked alike.

*Jasper, us brothers grew up together. Damien was the brother I was closest to."

Axel stared fixedly at the man before his eyes. He was so riled up that he couldn't even conceal his emotions on his face. "No one knows Damien better than I do. He is Damien. He definitely is!"

'I'm not.' Remy stared at them expressionlessly. He said in a distant and cold voice, "I'm not the person you're both talking about. But I don't suppose you'll have any other regrets in life if both of you get to die in the presence of your loved one."

Before he finished speaking, he charged right at Axel with lightning speed, like a beast on a hunt.

"Axel, watch out!" Jasper shouted, sweat beading on his forehead as he drew his gun.

He cocked the gun and aimed it at Remy.

Back at the military academy, he was first in the academy at target training. Plus, his dynamic visual acuity was outstanding. Even though Remy was moving about speedily, Jasper was 90% confident that he could hit his target.

“Jasper, do not fire!” Axel yelled.

Suddenly, he felt a murderous air coming at him, and a cold glint of steel flashed. A sharp blade swept across in front of his eyes, missing him by just a hair’s breadth!

Fortunately, his exceptional skills allowed him to dodge in time. Otherwise, the blade would have certainly blinded him.

“Axel!” Jasper widened his eyes in shock. How could this man be Damien?

He was such a ruthless, cruel, and cold-blooded killer. How could he be Damien?

Remy had swung his blade at 80% of his regular speed. To his surprise, Axel was able to dodge it so casually. He truly hadn’t expected this.

Remy realized that he had met his match. He curled his lips into a smirk, and a look of excitement flashed across his eyes. He swung that sharp blade at Axe once again.

This time, he aimed for his neck.

*Jasper, hurry up and go!”

Thanks to Axel’s agility, he dodged Remy’s attack once again. He shouted at Jasper, ‘This person is trying to delay us so Jameson can move Lyse. Jasper, I’ll stay here to hold him off. Hurry up and save Lyse!”

As he spoke, he swiftly tilted his head to the side, evading another lethal swipe of the blade by mere inches. The man, eerily similar to Damien, was relentless in his intent to kill. In Axel’s extensive career as a secret agent, he had only come across a few individuals with such lethal proficiency.

They were truly killing machines, each swing of their knife and each gunshot calculated for efficiency and a desire for blood, with no room for showiness. Their goal was always a single, decisive kill.

That said, Axel could sense that despite the man’s ruthless attacks, he was still holding back. It didn’t seem like he was truly intent on taking Axel’s life.

If he genuinely wanted to kill, why would he use a knife?

This island was their territory. He could very well just bring a machine gun out to shoot at them. Even if Axel were a creature with multiple arms, it would be a real challenge for him.

Fighting back tears, Jasper responded with determination, “Axel, Jonah and the others are on their way. Hang in there!”

Axel evaded another strike. He even had the time to gesture “okay” to Jasper.

It was clear that the situation was still manageable for him.

Jasper’s heart, which was in his throat, settled down a little. He started running toward the manor.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2220-Jasper’s jaw was clenched tight as he sprinted forward, the sharp branches of the path leaving angry scratches on his face. The pain barely registered as he pushed on. His legs were numb from the relentless pace, but he continued, sustained only by his determination to rescue Alyssa.

His legs trembled under him when he finally reached the manor, and he stumbled slightly against the biting cold wind.

Had it been someone else, they would have crumbled and been unable to stand up again.

No one was keeping watch outside the manor. It was eerily quiet.

Jasper took a steadying breath, his grip tightening on his gun. Each step on the white rock tiles felt heavy as he approached the door. With a calm yet wary demeanor, he pushed it open and entered.

The luxurious living room was empty. Even so, Jasper’s heart raced, sensing an unseen danger. He was as focused and tense as a volcano poised to erupt.

His intuition, honed by experience and training, told him something was amiss. A glint caught his eye—a telescopic sight.

Before the hidden assassin could fire, Jasper acted swiftly, firing a single shot that dropped the attacker from the second-floor railing—he had to save his ammunition.

Just then, two more shots rang out, and Jasper dove for cover, narrowly avoiding the bullets that hit near his feet. Using the table, walls, and furniture for protection, he moved swiftly, taking out the remaining assassins lying in wait. Within moments, the once-empty space was littered with over ten bodies.

Drenched in sweat, Jasper reloaded his gun in two seconds. Suddenly, Alyssa's voice pierced the silence, filled with desperation.

'Jasper! Help me!' "Lyse!" Jasper's heart sank, his eyes widening with alarm. A cold wave of fear swept through him.

*Jasper... Save me... You have to save me!"

Each of Alyssa's broken, sorrowful cries stabbed at his heart, slicing through him and ripping at his very being. Jasper's chest heaved heavily as the crushing heartache and anxiety caused a sharp headache and made his vision go fuzzy.

Jasper's mind was thrown into disarray by that voice. At that precise moment, a shot rang out, piercing his left shoulder.

Blood flowed freely from the wound, and the intense pain made his face go pale. He almost stumbled.

He had a severe old injury on his left shoulder from rescuing Alyssa on Shelland Island, and this shot hit him exactly where he was already wounded, intensifying the agony.

But Jasper had no time to dwell on the pain. Instead, he fired three quick shots in the direction of the attacker.

The final hidden assassin was struck down on the spot.

In the quiet, Alyssa's cries vanished, giving way to Jameson's recognizable, malevolent laughter. It was unrestrained and frenzied. "Just as I suspected, Lyse is your weak spot.

"She's the only one who can make you hesitate and falter. I should have used this tactic long ago. If I had, my followers wouldn't have died at your hands."

The voice Jasper had heard earlier was not Alyssa's but a synthetic imitation created by Jameson to lead him into making a critical error.

As anticipated, he fell for it.

*Jameson, why are you so evasive, as if you've done something wrong? What are you hiding for?"

Despite the severe injury to his left shoulder, blood seeping from the wound, Jasper stood tall. With a resolute expression, he added, "You've spent your whole life in the shadows. Are you going to keep stumbling in the dark even now? Come on out! Let's find out who lives or dies!"

“I was with Lyse earlier, so I didn’t have time to deal with you,” Jameson’s voice taunted again, dripping with malevolence. “But I sent my people to welcome you. Did you enjoy it?”

Jasper’s heart twisted at the mention of being with Alyssa. His anger flared, veins throbbing in his temples as he roared, ‘Jameson, return Lyse to me!’