

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2211

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2211-“Invite her in to have a seat.” Jasper’s icy expression softened slightly.

After some time and Miley’s gentle persuasion, Amber entered with her head lowered.

“Thank you, Mr. Beckett,” she said, offering a deep bow. Since being rescued, she hadn’t found the right moment to properly express her gratitude to Jasper.

Jasper’s eyes held a faint, dull gleam. ‘No need to thank me. I didn’t do much. Axel was the one who saved you.’

“I spent a significant amount of time in Kontina when I worked for Jameson,” Amber said, her expression serious. *So, I have a certain level of understanding about this country. I hope that I’ll be able to be of some help,” Amber offered with a serious expression on her face.

Jasper was taken aback. Only now did he recall that Amber had once worked under Jameson, making her knowledge invaluable. No one knew him better.

Standing by the table, Amber scanned the map, its surface dotted with red crosses. She gently shook her head. Searching like this isn’t the right approach. We should focus on unregistered or privately owned islands in Kontina.

‘These well-known islands are owned by the government. Residents cannot easily conceal their identities, making it easy for the police to conduct searches. If I were Jameson, I wouldn’t hide in these places.’

Jasper furrowed his brow. “So, you think he might be hiding on one of these unnamed islands?”

“Yes, but not just unnamed islands. Consider private islands as well. Jameson could have used a different identity or alias to purchase one. These islands are secluded, rarely visited, and often not subject to strict regulation by Kontinian authorities.”

Jasper’s eyes gleamed with admiration for Amber. He was impressed by her intelligence.

‘I’ll have a team compile information on those privately purchased islands and their buyers immediately!’ Miley perked up, ready to spring into action.

Anxiously, Jasper asked, “How long will it take?”

“Even if the islands have been purchased and privatized, there will be official transaction records. We’ll contact the Bureau of Land Management to gather the details. It shouldn’t take long.”

Two hours later, the Taylors returned one by one.

They all gathered in the study, pouring over the mountain of buyer and island registration information piled on the table. The task was daunting.

Axel wrapped his arm around Amber’s shoulders. “Investigating each of these buyers is a massive undertaking and a waste of time. We can’t afford to delay finding Lyse any longer.” Jasper scanned through the island registrations with his sharp observation and speed-reading skills. Although his memory wasn’t as extraordinary as Alyssa’s, it was still far above average.

Suddenly, something caught his eye.

Rose.

He spotted an island named Rose.

‘Rose... Rose...’ he muttered, fingers trembling as he clutched the document tightly.

Everyone exchanged puzzled glances.

“The private nursing home where Jameson’s mother was... Was it also called Rose?” he asked.

Amber’s eyes lit up. She nodded confidently and said, “That’s right. Jameson loved roses. He always compared Ms. Alyssa to roses. So, his assets in Kontina, from clubs to manors, even the nursing home, were all named Rose.”

If longing could be carried by the wind, his love was hidden in the name of roses.

At that moment, a powerful intuition surged through Jasper, almost overwhelming him. “Let’s go to Rose Island!”

Jonah’s eyes widened. “When?”

“Right now!”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2212-Everyone in the room was astounded by Jasper’s sudden proposition.

“Mr. Beckett’s hunch is spot on. Ms. Alyssa could very well be on Rose Island!” Amber’s eyes sparkled with hope. She chimed in, I remember overhearing Carl mention that

Jameson bought an island. He was obsessed with it, always vacationing and relaxing there.

“I didn’t think much of it back then, Jameson owns so many properties that an island seemed trivial. But now that I think of it, it feels suspicious.

“If it was just another island, why would he care so much about it, checking on it personally so often? This isn’t like him at all. He’s probably been planning this for a while. That island must be his last hideout!”

If someone else had said that, others might have doubted it. But, as Jameson’s former trusted subordinate, Amber’s theory was plausible.

‘We’ll leave now. I’ll pilot the helicopter myself to get us to the island! Jasper’s heart pounded like stormy waves crashing against his chest.

His eyes were bloodshot as he holstered his gun, grabbed his phone and gear, and headed for the door. But Cyrus and Liam blocked his way.

“No, you can’t go!” Liam extended his arms. “A typhoon has reached Kontina’s coastal areas. Port operations and flights will be suspended for three days starting tonight. If you fly the helicopter now, you’ll be flying to your death!”

The redness in Jasper’s eyes didn’t subside. In that case, I’ll take a boat out to sea!”

Cyrus became so anxious that he swore. “Isn’t that the fucking same thing? Don’t you lose yourself before we even find Lyse.

“We know that you’re distressed, but stay calm for now. So many days have passed. If anything were to have happened to Lyse, it would’ve happened a long time ago. These three days won’t make a difference.

“But if you go out now, there’s a 99% chance you’ll end up in an accident. We can’t afford to lose any more family members!”

Cyrus voice trembled, and by the end, his eyes were red, his words barely making it out.

You said 99%. That leaves 1%.” Jasper was on the edge, the pain in his chest making his throat bum. “As long as there’s a chance, I’ll take it, even if it means risking my life!

He was naturally stubborn, and no one could convince him otherwise. The only person who could wasn’t there, and he was teetering on the brink.

Jonah, eyes filled with worry, said, ‘Jasper, listen to us. Just wait a little longer.

“Wait? Almost half a month has passed. Now that we’ve finally gotten a lead on Lyse’s whereabouts, you’re actually asking me to wait?”

Jasper’s broad shoulders shook. He roared, “What if we wait three days and Jameson suddenly snaps and hurts Lyse? What if he catches wind of our plans and moves her? The world is vast. Where would I find her then?”

Everyone fell silent. They understood his reasoning, but they were powerless against a force of nature.

“I’ll go with you.” Axel stepped forward, fixing his eyes on Jasper’s pale face. He smiled that familiar, striking smile. We’re fellow alumni. Who else would go with you if not me? Count me in!”

Jasper’s eyes welled up. “Axel…”

Amber looked at Axel from behind, her eyes filled with admiration, awe, and deep affection. But she was worried too.

She had lived in Kontina for years. The typhoons there were deadly. One wrong move, and they could all be dead.

“Damn it… What sort of logic is that? I’m a police officer. If there are any dangers, I should be the one leading the charge. Count me in too!” Cyrus stepped forward, patting his chest.

When the younger siblings weren’t being rational, the older brothers shouldn’t follow suit. Jonah and Liam were still strongly against them going out to sea tonight.

“Jasper, Axel.” Jeremy walked over with a grave look on his face. His voice was calm as he advised, “We know we can’t stop you from going.

‘I’ve checked with the Meteorological Bureau. The typhoon’s eye will be at 2:00 am and will last for two hours. The weather will improve during that time, and the sea will be calmer. If the few of you still insist, you should all head out in the early morning.

‘It’s a four-hour boat ride to Rose Island. Flying would be risky. For one, it could attract too much attention when you arrive. Secondly, Jameson might notice, putting you all in even more danger. We don’t know if he has heavy weaponry with him.

“As for the rest, I advise against coming along. We only have two hours. If the weather changes, you could be stranded at sea, stuck in a deadly situation. ‘Jasper, Axel, when you get to the island, don’t act rashly. Observe the area first, see if Lyse is really there. Stay in constant contact with us. We’ll send reinforcements as quickly as possible.”

It was no surprise Jeremy was the country's president. He was calm, rational, and thorough- qualities not many possess.

Truthfully, Jasper had considered everything Jeremy said. That was why he wanted to quietly infiltrate the island and find Alyssa.

If too many people were mobilized, they might alarm Jameson. He was terrified of that madman going into a frenzy and harming Alyssa.

*Jasper, Axel, get ready to go out to sea." Jonah swallowed hard. He approached them, hugging Axel and Jasper. "But promise us you'll both come back safe!"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2213-To Alyssa, these five days felt like hell on earth.

She couldn't bring herself to eat or drink, and within two weeks, she had become as thin as a wisp. She lay limply on the bed, her delicate shoulder blades trembling.

She looked pitiful, yet her appearance stirred a desire to conquer and spoil her, never having to worry that she would leave.

During these five days, Alyssa was constantly on edge. Though she was so exhausted she could have slept for days, she only dared to take brief naps, never allowing herself to fall into a deep sleep.

She was afraid-afraid that Jameson would eventually lay his hands on her.

So far, he had only held her and kissed her, but she couldn't trust that the madman wouldn't decide to take things further on a whim.

In the wee hours of the morning, the night sky turned dark and ominous as strong winds began to howl.

Jameson injected himself with adrenaline in the study. Emerging from the room, he dragged his weary body through the dimly lit corridor, where he froze upon spotting Remy leaning against a wall. He forced himself to suppress the rising lump in his throat and asked, "What's up?"

'Your wedding isn't happening, Remy replied, his eyes cold as they met Jameson's pallid face. "Someone shared the news that your location on Rose Island has been exposed. Ms. Alyssa's family and Jasper are probably coming here right now. Mr. Justin has ordered me to take Alyssa away from here."

In truth, Jameson had never intended to keep Alyssa captive on the island forever. He had hoped they could at least spend the time he had left together. But Jasper and the others had found them much sooner than he expected.

Grinding his teeth, he swallowed the blood rising in his mouth. “When “As soon as possible.”

‘Just... Lyse?’

‘Did you think you’d be included?’ Remy asked, a stiff smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. ‘Look at yourself. Can you protect Alyssa? You don’t have many days left. Can you even still serve Mr. Justin? Besides, this island’s scenery is beautiful, the weather perfect for both weddings and funerals.’

In other words, was he to die here?

That would be cruel. But Jameson had no objections. He was just a burden to Justin now. So, he should just meet his end quietly.

‘There’s a typhoon at sea now. You can’t leave yet,’ Jameson said, forcing himself to stay alert. His eyes gleamed with a cold light as he continued, “Even if you’re ready to die, don’t drag Lyse down with you.”

‘Don’t worry. If it’s what Mr. Justin wants, I’ll get her to him, even if it costs me my life.’ Remy glanced at his wristwatch. “When day breaks, I’ll leave with Alyssa.”

‘That’s enough...’

“What?”

That’s enough time for our wedding. Jameson pressed a hand to his chest, using the wall for support as he slowly made his way toward the bedroom.

A moment of inexplicable astonishment flashed in Remy’s eyes as he watched Jameson’s dying form walking away.

Alyssa lay alone in the dark, unable to tell how much time had passed as she listened to the wind howling outside.

Finally, unable to fight off sleep, her head grew heavy and muddled. Just as she closed her eyes, she heard a raspy voice call her name.

‘Lyse.’ That was Jameson’s voice.

Alyssa jerked awake in surprise, her silk nightgown clinging to her slender body, soaked in cold sweat.

She had just propped herself up to move away when Jameson’s icy hands grabbed her ankles and pulled her toward him. Then he lifted her by the waist, holding her tightly in his arms.

“You don’t need to doll yourself up, my dear Lyse. You’re a natural beauty. You’ve always been a stunner,” Jameson whispered, kissing her ear. His hoarse voice sent shivers down her spine.

“What are you going to do?” Alyssa shook like a leaf against his chest.

“Marry you.” Jameson brushed his pale lips against her neck, his bloodshot eyes boring into her. Each word seemed to tear at her heart. “Marry me, Lyse. Let’s have our wedding.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2214-What did you say? Wedding... right now?” Alyssa trembled, pressing her hands against his chest. She glanced at the trees swaying wildly in the storm outside the window, wondering if she’d heard him wrong.

“Yes, right now.” Jameson’s gaze was deep, gentle, and full of affection.

Alyssa’s eyes widened in shock.

Jameson suddenly wanted to marry her in the dead of night under such terrible weather conditions.

Could it be that he knew his hideout had been exposed? Had Jasper and her brothers discovered her location? Was that why Jameson was rushing his plans?

Jameson sat on the bed, wrapping his arms around her. He leaned down, picked up a pair of red heels he had prepared, and carefully slipped them onto her feet, one by one.

“When I was young, my mother told me that a bride who gets married on a rainy day is someone with a temper.”

He stared intently at her pale face, his gaze calm and deep. His cold lips brushed light kisses against her cheeks. “Look at the storm outside. It just shows how incredible my wife will be in the future.

“Lyse, after we marry, you must control me as fiercely as you can. I love it when you scold me and lose your temper with me. It’s the only way I’ll know you care.”

As Jameson continued to speak, his voice faltered, and his eyes reddened further.

What a madman!

Alyssa screamed internally as she allowed Jameson to caress her. Her muscles and nerves were stiff with tension.

But she had to bite her tongue and stay silent. She had held back for so long-if she lashed out at this viper now, all her efforts would be wasted! Jasper would find her. He had to!

Jameson removed his suit jacket, wrapping it around her trembling body. He lifted her in a princess carry and walked toward the rose garden.

There was no wedding gown, no family present, and no proper witness. The wedding Jameson offered Alyssa was just like his short, dim life-full of flaws and regret.

But marrying her, having her, becoming her husband-this was his lifelong dream.

He would make this wedding happen, even if the heavens were against him, A massive glass shed stood in the rose garden. Amid the tempest, the entire structure seemed to tremble as if it could collapse at any moment.

There was no joy, none of the happiness one should feel at a wedding.

Jameson's helpers and subordinates filled the area outside the garden.

Remy was also among them. He stood at the very front with an expressionless look on his face. He watched as Alyssa walked into the blood-red field of roses, unwilling and constrained in Jameson's arms. He saw the suffering, hatred, and misery etched on her pallid face.

So dazzling, yet so broken.

For some reason, a tightness built in his chest. The unfamiliar discomfort made him furrow his brows.

A witness, arranged by Jameson, approached in a priest's outfit.

Suddenly, Jameson tightened his grip on Alyssa, forcing her to turn and face Remy, who stood a short distance away. "Mr. Lexington, please step forward."

Surprise flickered across Remy's cold face, but he walked over anyway.

"I heard Lyse call you Damien. It seems you resemble that family member of hers who died in a plane crash.' Jameson pulled Alyssa in by her trembling waist. With a sincere smile on his face, he said, It's been a long time since Lyse left home. I'm sure she misses home and her family very much. So, I'd like you to be our witness. Seeing you here will make her feel more at ease- like she's home.' Alyssa's bloodshot eyes widened in shock as she stared at him in disbelief.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2215-By doing this, Jameson made it seem as if he was considerate of Alyssa's feelings, showing how much he cared for her. But all Alyssa felt was a wrenching pain in her heart, and it sickened her.

He was killing her from the inside.

"Are you joking, Mr. Schmidt?" Remy glanced at a pale Alyssa, then looked at Jameson with disdain. He scoffed, "I'm not Ms. Alyssa's family, nor am I your friend. Why should I be a witness to your marriage?"

"It already makes me feel sick to be standing here. Yet, you want me to participate? You disgust me." Alyssa's reddened eyes glistened with tears. She stared at Remy pitifully.

Remy's lashes quivered slightly before he looked away and turned around. He wasn't sure if he simply didn't want to watch or couldn't bear to. Even though Remy refused to do the honors, Jameson wasn't peeved. He stared lovingly at the stiff woman in his arms.

In a tone overflowing with the joy of a groom-to-be, Jameson remarked, "Oh well, it doesn't matter. It makes no difference as long as the heavens bear witness for us."

A lump formed in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked up at the tall and exquisite goddess statue.

The female goddess' eyes were half-closed, looking majestic, dignified, and sacred. The statue bore a striking resemblance to Alyssa, as Jameson had it carved to mirror her appearance.

Outside the glass shed, violently swaying trees cast vicious shadows on the ground beneath them, making this wedding eerie, chilling, and dismal. "With the heavens as my witness, I, Jameson Schmidt, take Ms. Alyssa Taylor as my wife today."

Jameson pried Alyssa's clenched fist open, forcing her to interlace her fingers with his. In a croaky voice, he swore, "From this day forward, whether blissfully sweet or plain and boring, I will love and protect her for the rest of my life. To have and to hold, to love and to cherish.

"I will love her forever, until I breathe my last breath. Till death do us part."

With tears streaming down her ghostly pale face, Alyssa struggled to free her hand from his hold, but her efforts were in vain.

This wasn't a wedding.

This was torture, one that was akin to being burned alive.

When the wedding ended, the storm subsided a little.

Thanks to the coastal winds, Alyssa was completely soaked. Her entire body shook from the cold as Jameson carried her back into the room.

“Lyse, I’ll take you to bathe.” Jameson lowered her onto the bed and leaned in to kiss her.

Alyssa glared at him, rolling over angrily. “I’m not taking a bath. I don’t want to!”

Jameson’s eyes lingered on her trembling shoulder blades. He chuckled tenderly. “Are you feeling shy? We’re married now…”

“We… are married?” Alyssa gritted her teeth, each word dripping with the hatred she wished to unleash upon him.

“Jameson, it’s about time your nonsensical, disgusting, and unrealistic game of playing house ends.”

“It’s not unrealistic, Lyse. We just had our wedding. You are my wife now.”

Jameson’s sharp eyes filled with his brewing desire to consume her. Suddenly, he turned her supple body around and pressed himself on her.

“Jameson! Don’t touch me!” Looking up at the man whose eyes were filled with lust, Alyssa was overwhelmed by terror as she struggled with all her might.

“There’s enough time.”

Jameson breathed heavily as he unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time. “There’s still enough time for us to consummate our marriage and enjoy each other until morning.”