

Can't Win Me Back

#Chapter 2261 - Read Can't Win Me Back Chapter 2261

Chapter 2261

'M-Mr. Beckett?"

Jasper was in a daze. He turned his eyes slowly toward Sean and stared at him coldly.

"How's Ms. Alyssa?" he asked. His voice was deep and throaty, as if he was parched.

Sean fixed his eyes on the man before him. Suddenly, he was overcome by a plethora of emotions and was moved to tears. He choked, "Ms. Alyssa... She's sick. Very sick. Go on in and see her. I'm sure she will be very happy to see you and she will get better."

Promptly, Sean pushed the door open for him.

Jasper pursed his lips into a thin line. Clenching his hands into fists, he walked into the ward slowly.

Jonah and Cyrus were moved by Jasper showing up. Even so, they did their best to keep a straight face before coming up with an excuse to leave the room.

Soon enough, Alyssa and Jasper were the only ones left in the room.

As much as they used to be a sweet, intimate, and happy couple in the past, they had nothing to say to one another when they now looked into each other's eyes.

There was an inexplicable feeling of loneliness, desolation, and sorrow.

*I heard that you threw up blood."

Jasper stood stiffly by the side of Alyssa's bed and didn't even sit down. He was so distant that it made him look like he was just a visitor. "I remember that you have gastritis, but it hasn't flared up in a long time. Why did this happen all of a sudden?"

Tears welled up at the back of Alyssa's throat. She forced herself to hold back her tears as she gave him a slight, bitter smile.

She had gastritis and a pretty bad one at that. It used to flare up frequently, and it was because she started living with him that it stopped flaring up.

Each day, Jasper looked after her attentively. He learned to make remedies personally, regulated her diet, and tirelessly made nutritious and easily digestible dishes for her. He watched over her like she was a child, forbidding her from taking cold drinks and dishes. This was why her gastritis hadn't flared up in a really long time.

After he left her, her heart was in a mess, but so was her life.

She had long been pampered by him. Her decision-making skills and life skills went downhill. She had become a woman who could no longer care for herself.

Nevertheless, she was aware that she could never be a child forever. She needed to grow up once again.

"How did you know that I fell ill?" Alyssa asked in a soft voice. Her long lashes quivered slightly.

Jasper answered straightforwardly, "Dr. Lovelace was the one who told me."

"Oh, it was Jul?" She forced a smile on her face. "I'm fine. I'm much better now."

"That's good to know."

Thereafter, it was a long period of silence again.

'Mr. Beckett...

"Ms. Alyssa."

They spoke up at the same time, as if they could read each other's minds.

Alyssa shot him an unnatural smile. "You go first."

'Ms. Alyssa, if you have acute gastritis, I wish you the best of health in the future. Take good care of yourself in your daily life.

"If you ruined yourself like this because of me, I hope that you will stop with such foolish and borderline self-harming behavior moving forward."

A frigid look swirled within Jasper's clear eyes. An incomprehensible feeling surged within him. "Besides, it's not like doing this will result in any change in our relationship.

"Even if you're wanting to pursue someone, using an extreme tactic like this will only backfire and make them feel repulsed.

Chapter 2262

Alyssa stared blankly at Jasper. The icy look on his face reminded her of a mountain that was covered in white snow.

She was clearly right in front of him. Yet, it was as if they were separated by the farthest distance in the world.

Although he was clearly aware that she was in love with him, he was drawing a clear and firm line in front of her, separating himself from her passionate and tumultuous love for him.

Jasper had returned to the person he was three years ago. Or, perhaps he was worse now than he was then.

Maybe he was expressing his concern for her. But he couldn't be as gentle and caring as he was. He could no longer cajole her affectionately or think of her.

All of a sudden, she was completely submerged in that overwhelming feeling of disappointment. As flustered as she was, it woke her up.

'As you're also aware, I've always had gastritis.' NôvelD(ram)a.ôrg owns this content.

Alyssa looked into Jasper's dark and dull eyes. She smiled in relief. "Don't worry. From today onward, I will take good care of myself. But I think that this will be the last time that I will feel sad about you. I will not do such a foolish thing moving forward."

The last time...

Alyssa sounded like she was choking back on her tears. Hearing her voice like that made Jasper's heart quiver. "That's good to know." Jasper's throat tightened. For some reason, he felt a feeling of emptiness in his chest.

It was as if someone had removed his insides one by one, then filled him with sharp-edged rocks, weighing him down so badly that he could barely breathe. He felt so suffocated that he couldn't even express this bizarre feeling and extreme discomfort.

"Some of your belongings are still at my manor. When you're free, go and see Mrs. Rosie and take your things away." Alyssa lowered her voice as much as she could just in case she accidentally exposed her deep sorrow and reluctance to part ways.

She didn't have the guts to go home these few days because she was afraid that being there would remind her of him.

Traces of their intimacy and pleasure could be found throughout the entire house. They had gone to the supermarket together to purchase all their daily necessities. Everything had been slowly accumulated over time, and everything was in pairs.

Right now, it was all being torn apart.

How would she be able to see or face this? She had no other choice but to do all she could to avoid it.

In an emotionless voice, Jasper said, "It's alright. Just throw them away."

He wasn't a spendthrift or wasteful person. Furthermore, if he didn't want to go, he could have Rosie gather his things and Xavier to pick them up on his behalf.

It was as if he was, instinctively, also trying to run away from something that he couldn't quite specify or explain.

Tears welled up in Alyssa's eyes. Suppressing the pain that was about to crush her on the inside, she looked into his dark eyes.

'I've accepted the reality that you no longer love me. Moving forward, it will be enough for me to know that you are alive and well.

Jasper's lashes quivered slightly. Looking expressionless just like before, he responded, "Same goes for you."

"I'm tired. I'd like to rest now."

Alyssa's misty gaze scanned Jasper's grim and cold face once again. Thereafter, she slowly curled her body back under the covers, turning into a pitiful, white cocoon. Then, she turned her back on him.

"You may see yourself out."

She felt like her throat was on fire. The lump of anguish that rose at the back of her throat was painful and bitter. Jasper's pale lips parted slightly. He hesitated to speak, but remained silent in the end.

Just as he started to walk away, Alyssa's tender and weak voice came from behind him. 'Jasper.'

Jasper froze in his tracks, and his back stiffened up.

"Goodbye..."

Her gentle and fragile sob was fleeting.

Jasper held his breath. Clenching his fists so tightly that his veins were popping, he strode out of the hospital ward.

After leaving the VIP ward, Xavier tagged along closely behind Jasper. His eyes were cold, dark, and vacant. He dragged his feet forward heavily, as if they were being chained down.

"Mr. Beckett, is... Madam alright?" Xavier couldn't help but ask out of concern.

However, Jasper simply focused on walking forward and didn't seem to hear his question.

As much as Xavier was frustrated, he knew that no one could interfere when it came to relationships.

Now that Jasper had a problem with his brain, he just seemed as emotionless as a rock. This was a physiological deficiency. How was a sincere heart alone going to make this rock waver?

This time, the level of difficulty for Alyssa to pursue Jasper was formidable.

As Jasper walked forward in a daze, all he could see in his mind was that small and pitiful figure that lay on the hospital bed. Her extremely disappointed voice bidding him farewell echoed in his ear.

*Jasper, goodbye...

The void in his heart suddenly caused him to convulse. Then, he lost his balance and leaned forward.

'Mr. Beckett, watch out!'

Xavier paled in shock. He extended his arm, wanting to grab a hold of Jasper, but it was too late.

A distracted Jasper missed his footing.

As he fell three steps down, he happened to fall on his left shoulder, where he had just recovered from that gunshot injury not too long ago. He let out a painful groan. In a brief moment, his suit became soaked in his cold sweat.

Chapter 2263

In a flash, two days passed, and it was Jonah's birthday.

Last night, Solana City had its first snowfall of the winter. That day, a thin blanket of white clung to the branches outside the window like newly bloomed lilacs, creating a serene and romantic atmosphere.

'Dr. Lovelace, the white roses you ordered have arrived.'

Julien was in the midst of studying Jasper's medical records and scans when he saw a nurse standing before him with a huge bouquet of white roses. Only then did he realize that it was time to get off work.

'Thank you. Just leave it on the tea table.'

He smiled so brightly that the smile reached his eyes. His face looked far more captivating than the snowy scene out the window.

The young nurse looked at Julien, blushing. Out of curiosity, she couldn't help but ask, "Dr. Lovelace, the roses you bought are beautiful. Who are you giving them to?"

Julien stretched his back. His eyes twinkled brightly as a flush of pink came across his cheeks. "It's for my lover. It's his birthday today."

Excitement came across the nurse's face. "Is it Mr. Jonah?"

"Who else could it be?" With a smitten smile on his face, Julien answered frankly and openly. He didn't try to hide anything.

Jonah was the most handsome man in the world. He was the apple of his eye and his treasure. He wished that he could take Jonah wherever he went so that he could flaunt him to the world.

Low profile?

He had been through so much to find his dream man and the love of his life. He was certainly not going to keep a low profile.

The nurse cupped her chubby cheeks as she exclaimed, "Wow, how romantic!"

She was so excited that she was bouncing off the walls. 'Dr. Lovelace, you and Mr. Jonah have to be happy together, always!'

Jonah opened a drawer and pulled out the birthday present he had prepared. It was a branded wristwatch with their initials carved on it.

He brushed the tips of his fingers gently across the refined box packaging. With tenderness overflowing from his eyes, he said, "Thank you. We surely will."

Carrying the gift in his hand and cradling the bouquet of roses in his arms, Julien hurriedly made his way to the basement parking lot. He strutted toward the sports car.

A thunderous engine roared to life without warning, shattering the icy silence. A blinding flash of light followed, momentarily blinding him as he instinctively raised an arm to protect his eyes.

In that split second, a black vehicle lunged at him, roaring toward him like a beast in the night.

Julien panicked, wanting to jump out of the way, but it was too late.

The white roses slipped from his arms, scattering their petals on the ground.

A piercing screech echoed as the car screeched to a halt just three feet away.

Julien's chest heaved with rapid breaths, cold sweat beading on his forehead. Once the initial shock subsided, he cautiously opened his eyes.

The door of the black car swung open, and a man in dark attire stepped out. He had a well-sculpted face and an air of menace that followed him as he walked toward Julien, each step measured.

"You... You're..." Julien stuttered. He stared fixedly at this man who looked familiar to him.

The stranger stopped, stepping on a white rose petal. He bent down and picked up the greeting card that had

fallen from the bouquet. With icy eyes, he glanced at the delicate handwriting on it.

It read, "Although the world holds countless beautiful things, you are the most precious. Like an eternal flame, I will love you till my last breath. Jonah, happy birthday."

The man scoffed. "What a joke. More than that, it's pathetic."

His condescending smirk made Julien's skin crawl.

"Give it back to me!" Anger surged within Julien, and his face turned completely red. He reached out to snatch it from the man, but he easily avoided him.

"Is Jonah that great? Why do you love him so much?"

"That's none of your business. Who the heck are you?" Julien gritted out.

The man smirked. "We've crossed paths before, back in Bernardia."

Julien froze. Recognition and alarm spread through him. "Who are you? Did you follow me to Solana City?" "It's simple. Come with me if you want to know who I am. I'll fill you

in then." The man's gaze lingered on Julien's striking face. "Don't worry, I promise I won't hurt you."

"No. It's Jonah's birthday tonight. Whoever you are, nothing will stop me from being with him."

Julien knelt to retrieve the bouquet of roses, gently brushing away the dust that had settled on the velvety petals.

As he turned to leave, the man spoke again, "I know everything about Jonah-things about him that you'll never discover."

He cocked his head and smirked. "Dr. Lovelace, aren't you even a tad curious?"

Chapter 2264

Jonah? There was a mystery surrounding Jonah?

Every word was like a blooming poppy, drawing Julien in, tempting him to the point where it was difficult to resist. But that was only because of how deeply he loved Jonah.

And that love was the chink in Julien's armor, leaving him vulnerable to manipulation.

In the end, Julien wavered. In a heavy voice, he asked, "How long will this take? I need to go home to celebrate my lover's birthday."

"It'll be quick."

Uri Holland shut his gloomy eyes. He turned to his side and slipped a hand into his pocket. He gestured to Julien. "Let's take my car. This way."

As the black vehicle sped through the dark winter night, colorful lights flashed past them on both sides. Seated in the passenger seat, Julien held onto that bouquet of white roses in his arms as he gazed out the window with a restless, doubtful expression.

As Uri drove, he glanced at Julien's strikingly handsome, almost ethereal face as he drove, his gaze unreadable. "What's your name?" Julien asked, trying to gather some sense of security from the man's identity. Not knowing anything left him uneasy.

Uri directed his gaze away from Julien and looked straight ahead. Tightening his grasp on the steering wheel, he answered, "My name is Uri Holland. Spelled U-R-I."

Julien mentally repeated the name. Then, he asked, "You know Jonah? How did you guys meet? Do you have a grudge against him? Or is it some kind of resentment?"

Uri did not look at him again or answer any of his questions.

An hour later, the black car pulled into a deserted courtyard and stopped in front of an abandoned villa.

Despite its state of disrepair, Julien could see the villa's potential-it could be a beautiful house if cared for. Its retro Sedonian design immediately caught his eye.

Uri was quite a gentleman. He got out of the car before Julien and opened the car door for him.

In truth, Julien felt a twinge of regret, but at this point, it seemed too late to turn back.

Uri walked ahead without a word while Julien followed behind. Curious, he asked, "Where are we?"

Uri stopped briefly, his voice cold. "Didn't Jonah ever mention that he has a house here?"

Julien's eyes dimmed. Shocked, he exclaimed, "Are you saying that this house is Jonah's? Why did he abandon this place then?"

Uri clenched his teeth as he pushed open the heavy door to the villa. "Because a particular incident happened, and he decided that this place no longer meant anything to him."

Inside, the furniture was draped in white cloth. The air was cold, dusty, dark, and oppressive.

As a doctor, Julien was quite particular about cleanliness. Yet, he didn't feel filthy being there. On the contrary, this place somehow evoked sorrow within him. It was as if time and space in this villa had come to a standstill, giving off an explicable feeling of dread.

Uri led Julien to a room upstairs. To Julien's surprise, it was a home theater.

Julien knew that Jonah had a hobby of watching movies.

They, too, had a home theater in their love nest in Mosgravia. Many nights had been spent on that soft sofa bed, Julien lying in Jonah's arms, both of them wrapped in contentment.

They would listen to the tender lines from Grunslanish films, holding each other close, exchanging kisses, and sharing moments of intimacy.

This room was nearly identical to the one they had in Mosgravia.

"What are you trying to tell me?"

Chapter 2265

Julien was gradually losing his patience. He glanced at his watch before snapping, "If you've got something to say, spit it out. I'm not wasting more time here."

'Do you like watching movies, Dr. Lovelace?'

Uri disregarded Julien's growing frustration and chuckled slyly. "I know Jonah does. I've got a film he'll find quite special.'

As soon as he finished, the large screen came to life, casting a glow on Julien's confused face.

The surround sound system produced amorous-sounding laughter, making it an immersive experience. Julien recognized Jonah's voice quickly. But the other one-the warm, crisp, pleasant voice-belonged to a stranger.

"Jonah, do you love me?" the man in the video asked gleefully.

"I do."

Jonah's deep, raspy voice quivered slightly with emotion. "I love you. Very much. I'll love you forever." Jonah was typically so composed and restrained. Hearing this level of raw passion in his voice was jarring. "What if... I died one day?" The man's voice was gentle though laced with an undercurrent of sorrow. Jonah's breath hitched, and his voice grew thick with emotion. "Don't say that! If you die, I'll die with you." "No, Jonah. I don't want that. I want you to live on. But if that day comes, I hope you'll remember me forever." Julien suddenly felt a rush of heat in his chest, as though all the blood in his body had surged there, crashing violently within him.

With every beat, it fractured further.

His trembling hands gripped the couch, the white roses he held barely steady.

The screen showed Jonah and a striking man, their heads leaning against each other, cheeks pressed together.

Julien's eyes reddened, his gaze locked on the screen. The man looked so much like him, yet Julien knew with painful clarity that it wasn't him. Jonah was kissing, cherishing, loving.

The roses slipped from his grasp, scattering across the floor.

On the screen, the pair looked like any couple deeply in love, and Julien was just a bystander, watching their happiness unfold.

The video seemed to be a vlog, shot by Jonah using a handheld camera and documenting their daily life at this villa.

They cooked together, cleaned the courtyard, shared breezy evenings on the balcony, clinked glasses, and laughed as though nothing else in the world mattered. In every frame, that man was Jonah's sole focus.

Julien had lived through those moments too. But now, the memories, once so sweet, were pure agony. The room felt like purgatory, a place where he was being mercilessly tormented.

"Dr. Lovelace, he looks very much like you, doesn't he?"

Uri's voice was hoarse, and his eyes glistened with resentment as he stared at the screen. "Let me introduce him. His name is Blake Holland. He was my younger brother, and Jonah's ex-lover. He was the love of his life."

'Lover... The love of his life...' Julien murmured in disbelief, tears rolling down his cheeks as his body began to tremble.

"But Blake and I aren't biological brothers. We met in an orphanage and grew up together. We became as close as siblings. Since he didn't know his last name, he took mine. And in his words, since my name meant light, he said

he would be darkness. That's how he named himself Blake Holland."

Uri forced himself to bear with the wrenching pain in his heart. As he looked toward Julien, whose face had gone stiff and pale, a vicious smile came across his face.

He explained, "Back then, Blake was forced to bear with the pressure of being ostracized, but he chose to be with Jonah. Then, in order not to put Jonah in a tight spot, he died by Jonah's gun.

"It has only been a few years since my younger brother's passing. Yet, Jonah's already forgotten about the man he swore he'd love forever."