

## Can't Win Me Back by Jean Sparks Chapter 15

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**Golden** rays shone through the clouds as the sun began to set. Jasper was slumped in the back seat of a luxury car that was on its way to Seaview Manor.

“I’ve dealt with the social media accounts that spread gossip about Madam Alice, Mr. Jasper. Their accounts have been shut down, and a lawyer’s letter has also been issued. It should be enough **for** now. But the news about your marriage... We weren’t able to remove it from the trending searches. Things... are looking difficult.” Xavier looked apologetic.

Jasper looked out the window sullenly. All this while, there were multiple occasions when he wanted to contact Alice upon remembering how badly their last conversation had gone. It was embarrassing having to go through Jonah to speak with her. Even if she did answer, what was he supposed to say? Should he apologize for what happened today? He couldn’t do that. The words wouldn’t come. It felt as if he were being crushed beneath a bolder that was so heavy he could barely breathe.

Just as the Rolls–Royce was about to pull into the vicinity of Seaview Manor, he frowned. “Stop the car.”

1

The chauffeur obeyed and pulled over to the side of **the** road. Jasper got out before Xavier could ask any questions. His feet carried him across the road to a vintage atelier where well–tailored suits hung by a brightly–lit translucent window. The plaque above read “Eternity,” the same word printed on the box containing the suit that Alice prepared for him.

The wind chimes by the door jingled as he pushed the door open. An old tailor came out to greet him, "Are you here to pick up a custom or would you like to have something tailored?"

There was some slight hesitation before Jasper asked, "Was there a woman in her 20s who tailored a men's suit here roughly a month ago?"

"Ah, of course! There was indeed a young woman here! She was quite skilled. I remember her very well!" The old tailor's eyes lit up. "That woman is very talented at clothing design. I've been in the business for over 40 years and even I can't even compare to her!"

"Did she... come here every day?" Jasper asked quietly.

"Yes, she always came on time every morning and stayed until we closed in the evening. I often saw her resting against the desk because she was so tired. She wouldn't even bother to take a single sip of water while she was here. It was worrying," the tailor said as he reminisced. "I asked her if she was giving it to her father or her boyfriend, and her face was so red when she said it was for her beloved. I didn't expect her to be married at such a young age. It made me wonder who the lucky guy was!"

Beloved... The word stung like the thorns of a rose.

"The way her eyes shone when she spoke of her beloved, oh she must love her husband very much. Why else would she make clothes by hand where every stitch is filled with love? Oh yes, and you are? Why do you know this?"

Jasper swallowed as he tried to sound less suspicious. "I'm her beloved."

The old man was dumbfounded as he scrutinized Jasper. "You two are the perfect match!"

**Jasper left** the atelier as the sun set. It all felt like a dream. Alice loved him? But why would she **act** like a completely different person and dive into the arms of another man aft

er leaving him when she used to focus her gaze solely on him? He felt empty. It was a sensation he had never experienced before.

“Why did you visit the atelier, Mr. Jasper? You usually only wear designer fashion. When did your taste for clothing change?” Xavier, the fool, was confused.

“It’s nothing. Let’s go.”

His phone started to ring right then. The amount of harrowing phone calls he was getting was nearly giving him trauma. Frowning, he checked who was calling before he heard a sigh. It was his best friend, Landon, the scion of the Harper family.

“Hello?”

“Let’s go out tonight! Everyone wants to celebrate.” Landon sounded jovial, barely able to keep the teasing out of his tone.

“Celebrate what?”

“That depends on you. Are we celebrating your marriage or your divorce?”

“Scram.”

“Haha! That was a joke! A joke! My new venue is opening today. You should come by as a show of support. How long has it been since we last hung out? What? Are you done with me now?”

Jasper sighed after a moment’s hesitation. “See you tonight.”

Alyssa took the helm and prepared a sumptuous meal for Silas that night.

“Lyse, you’re allergic to smoke. I know this kitchen isn’t that bad, but you shouldn’t be inhaling the fumes.” Silas was concerned for his sister’s health after being presented with a table of gourmet food.

“It’s fine. I always do

this...” The slip of her tongue made her stop. She had her guard down because she had been so relaxed.

“Holy shit! Were you preparing his meals every day for the past three years? I’m going to teach Jasper a lesson!” Silas was so flabbergasted he nearly flipped the table.

“It’s nothing. It’s only natural for a wife to do that for her husband. It doesn’t matter anymore. I’ll never do that again.” She barked a laugh that didn’t do anything to conceal the loss and sadness in her eyes.

“He took you for granted all these years. From now on, your brothers will take care of you, princess!

At 9 pm, the Harper family’s new nightclub, ACE, was bustling with celebrities who were both famous and affluent. After all, who would pass up the chance to show up at Landon Harper’s new

club?

The roaring engine of a limited edition Bugatti had women green with envy and men in tears. Silas, who was in the passenger seat, alighted first. He was dressed casually, which was a change from his meticulous and serious image as a prosecutor. He looked every bit handsome while giving off the air of a person of high society.

Alyssa took her brother by his hand and stepped out of the car. She was in a form-fitting silver halter dress that resembled a galaxy under the flashing lights. Her hair was carefully styled and cascaded down her back in waves. Her ears were adorned with a pair of unique diamond tassel earrings that brought out her beauty. The men at the entrance couldn’t keep their eyes off her.

Silas wrapped his arms around his sister in fright. “Jesus Christ, aren’t you a little underdressed tonight?”

“What? Am I not pretty?” She raised a brow seductively.

“Of course, you are! I just don’t want all these men to latch onto you!”

“They can try, but I’ll pull their teeth out if they do. Do you believe me?” She smiled wickedly.

Everyone at the nightclub had their blood pumping with adrenaline from how intoxicating the atmosphere was. Silas didn’t want his sister sitting at the bar and thus ordered a table full of quality wine to stop anyone from approaching.

“I regret coming here with you, Silas. There are so many cute guys around.” Alyssa swirled her wine in her glass and pouted glumly “I just got divorced. You being around deters all my potential suitors!”

“Fuck me. Just because you got divorced doesn’t mean your market value dropped. Did you come here just to pick a man you’ll be disgusted by?” Silas sat by her side but couldn’t stop himself from cautioning wandering eyes.

Meanwhile, Jasper and Landon walked into a relatively quiet private room on the second floor. The former was dressed in an immaculate suit, and the latter shook his head with a click of his

tongue upon seeing it. “Are your suits welded onto you or something? You’re out here to have a good time. If I didn’t know any better, I’d have thought you’re here to negotiate a sale.”

“Almost every nightclub in Solana City is going downhill. They lose money annually. Your place isn’t worth my money at all.” Jasper sat down elegantly.

“Hah, so **you** think just because everyone else is working at a loss, I’d be the same?”

“This place isn’t working at a loss?”

“It is, but what’s there to fear? I’m so poor all I have left is money. Hahaha!” Landon suddenly fixated on a sight that had him exclaiming out loud, “What a gorgeous woman! She’s dressed like the **queen** of the night and moves like a princess!”

Jasper was never one to spare glances at women. He had no interest at all, which led to Landon forcing him to see for himself. He was fine until what he saw sent blood rushing to his head. "It's her! Alice! Who's the man beside her? Jonah... Taylor?" he thought.