

## Can't Win Me Back Novel Online Free

### Chapter 335

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Just then, Xavier came over with a cup of coffee. "Sir, I've contacted Ms. Sliva from Alexa's firm. She's willing to meet up with you to discuss the matter."

"Really?"

"Yes. But she's made it clear that that's all it is. She seemed pretty cold and unwilling to do it, honestly." Xavier sighed. "I just hope our endeavor doesn't go kaput."

"Don't worry. I'm not giving up until Alexa meets me herself."

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They waited in Yoarkley for three days before Jasper met with Sliva at a café near Alexa's design firm. He wasn't even invited over to the actual office.

"I'll get straight to the point, Mr. Jasper." Sliva's expression was one of pride and mild annoyance. "Thus far, Alexa has only

made jewelry for presidential members, royalty, and those who have contributed exceedingly to societal and human welfare.

"Ada Kingsley may be a celebrity, but she does not fall into any of the above precedent categories."

Xavier scowled, unable to understand what the fuss was all about when it was just jewelry!

Sliva added, "I do not mean to sound standoffish. This is merely the truth."

Jasper responded, "I have been actively involved in charitable work and have established charities and trust funds in my mother's name since I was young.

"I have always enthusiastically supported organizations dedicated to alleviating poverty and orphanages. I hope Alexa can consider this and not view it as just another celebrity trying to get their way."

"We are prepared to assist Alexa in anyway, including financial support.

Additionally, we intend to donate the proceeds from the homecoming party to local charities to help the community."

"Oh? Do you think that's all Alexa cares about? Do you think she's so narrow-minded?" Sliva sneered.

Jasper cleared his throat. "Of course not."

"Countless people have come to us seeking Alexa's help over the years, all in the name of charity. Yet most of them were secretly money launderers and crooks. Who knows if I'm sitting across one now?"

Jasper's hand balled into a fist.

Xavier had had enough. "Ms. Sliva, we genuinely mean well. There's no need to insinuate anything unkind whatsoever."

Jasper held out a hand to stop him from speaking further.

"I've always personally reviewed my company's assets and cash flow. This event will be included as well. I can send you all the receipts and listings of related costs for your perusal."

Sliva looked away. "I will let Alexa know of your proposal, Mr. Jasper. But at the end of the day, Alexa will be the one to decide on whether she will or will not join you. You're not the only one who has come to seek her help."

Sliva turned around and left right away, barely touching her coffee.

Xavier was pissed. "What was that? She was so rude! Are all Yoarkley women this irritating?"

"We need to come up with a plan rightaway." Jasper unclenched his hands. "My guess is Alexa is treating Alyssa and her team just as tough as she's treating ours, given our goals are the same. I don't think Alyssa could propose anything better than we can, either."

"Do you have something in mind, sir?"

"We need to start with Ada's welcoming party first without letting up on Alexa.

Keep an eye on Alyssa's progress. If she so much as fidgets in regards to Alexa, let me know straight away!"



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After returning from Yoarkley, Xavier constantly paid close attention to Alyssa and KS World Hotel's activities.

Unfortunately for Jasper, Alyssa hadn't done a single thing moving forward since that day. She was still busy managing the hotel, not even stepping out of Solana City once.

Jasper gazed outside his window, brows wrinkled in thought.

Wasn't Alyssa worried?

Ada's wedding was right around the corner. Or had she secretly given up on hiring Alexa for this project?

The rose garden affair, Sophia's arrest, and the Verdane Valley project being snatched out of his hands had slowly instilled a sense of apprehension in Jasper toward her.

Jasper couldn't help but curse at himself for fearing Alyssa after their divorce.

Just then, the phone on his desk rang.

"Mr. Jasper, Mr. Landon is here for you."

"Have him come inside."

Landon strode into his office like he owned the place, then lounged on his couch.

"How many times do I have to tell you to not come over here without anything important to tell me? I'm not as carefree as you are." Jasper didn't even look up at Landon, only quickly flipping through the documents on his table.

"Tsk. You're not some warlord busy planning your next move. Lighten up a little.

"Actually, you do resemble those warlords my mom was watching a documentary about recently. They're heartless, selfish pricks. You'd fit in."

"The door is right there if you have nothing better to do."

"Now that Zoe's back home, Mom's inviting you over for dinner."

"Thanks, but no thanks. I'm busy with Ada's proposal."

"How long has it been since you saw your godmother? Did you know she wanted to cook for you first thing after returning home from her overseas treatment? Are you seriously going to reject her?"

Landon scowled. "She even got all the ingredients for that dish you liked. Imagine how disappointed she'd be if she knew you weren't coming back."

Jasper pursed his lips. "Alright, fine. I'll go."

"There we go!" Landon smacked his leg excitedly.

Jasper recalled how things had transpired at the National Theater—how Zoe had

been so touchy-feely that it made Jasper immensely uncomfortable.

They used to hold hands when Zoe was 10. He was only a few years older than her then. Back then, he saw her as an actual kid sister, especially since she was Landon's sister.

But things had changed now that they were all adults. While she might still be naive, he couldn't afford to do as they did before.

"Is Zoe ..."

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted Jasper.

"Come in."

"Mr. Jasper, I've gathered the information you requested about Madam and Jameson Schmidt's connections and their families' relations!" Xavier rushed in, his excitement evident in his voice.

Upon hearing that, Landon blinked

incredulously but said nothing.

Jasper, on the other hand, nearly snapped his pen in two.

"Oh, uh ... I see that you're occupied. Then, I'll take my leave first," Xavier said awkwardly, slowly stepping back outside.

"Stay. Come on, I'm no stranger." Landon grinned, then snagged an orange from the coffee table. He peeled it with his fingers while eyeing Jasper from the corner of his eye.

Landon continued, "What's this then? Finally deciding to get her back?"

"Eat your orange and shut up. Don't ask what you shouldn't know."

"Shouldn't know? I was the one who courted Alyssa from the start, so don't give me that attitude!" Landon chewed on an orange slice.

"So what?" Jasper gazed at him curiously. "She married me. Also, she shut you out

the door."

"Hey, don't go rubbing that in my face now. Anyway, you've divorced her!"

Landon had a strong urge to smack Jasper in the face with his orange. "If you were capable of divorcing herself, why rely on Xavier to do the dirty work?"



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Landon said, "How long do you think it will take for you to drag this out before those two end up married, or worse—start having babies?"

Jasper's heart skipped several beats at the thought. Nevertheless, he said coldly, "Who told you I was going after her again?"

"I need the information because she's been taken away yet another project of mine. This time, she's working with Jameson Schmidt. It will negatively impact the company moving forward."

"Whatever you say, dude." Landon cackled, then tossed an orange peel at his friend.

Jasper caught it with his hand before crushing it into dry pulp.

Xavier had to resist the urge to laugh with every fiber of his being. "Mr. Jasper, there

appears to be no relationship between Madam and Mr. Jameson that is worth losing sleep over.

"She had eyes only for you in the past three years, and there's no evidence of any involvement with the Schmidt family on her end prior to that."

Only then did Jasper's expression lighten up.

Jameson's affections seemed to be purely one-sided.

"But I did find out that Mr. Victor Schmidt was last seen bringing his two sons, Jameson and David, to Belbanks, most likely to visit Mr. Winston. Given the relations between their families ... he ... he wouldn't be discussing a marriage alliance, would he?"

Both Landon and Jasper were left stunned at the notion of a marriage alliance.

Jameson and Alyssa were childhood friends. Their families had a close friendship and were equally on par in terms of power. On top of that, they were just the right age. Marriage seemed almost inevitable.

Jasper was seized by a dreadful, soul-crushing terror.

"Oh, well. Good game, well played." Landon shrugged. "Even if Alyssa refuses to marry him—now that Victor has personally gone to see her father with Jameson in tow, Alyssa might just relent in the end if her father doesn't let up on her ..."

Jasper was left speechless, and his expression was so sour that it looked like he had aged by a decade.

"Hey, do you think you'd be invited to their wedding? You were married to the bride, after all."

Anger rose in Jasper's chest. "No, Alyssa would never acquiesce to her family's insistence. She would never opt for such a

marriage nor see anything in Jameson Schmidt!"

Landon couldn't help but quip, "So goddamned sour."

"Landon!"

"Fuck you, I was talking about the orange!"

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Jasper followed Landon to his family home in the evening for dinner. He had known Landon's mother, Penelope Miller since he was a child.

Despite their familiarity, he remained courteous and brought several presents for her benefit, from aged wines to gold pendants.

Penelope was just as generous and kind to Jasper. She had prepared a feast for dinner, including many of his favorites.

"You're biased, Mom!" Landon huffed. "You didn't even make one favorite of mine. I knew bringing Jasper over those years ago was a bad idea!"

"Unlike Jasper here, you've eaten my cooking for over 20 years. Of course I have to treat him right this once. You just be quiet and enjoy the meal."

Penelope was quite fond of Jasper, having treated him like a son for years. "Try some of this. I remember you told me you liked it after school one time."

"Thank you, Mrs. Harper," Jasper smiled, thanking his godmother.

"Eat up, Jasper!" Zoe sat beside him and scooped some paella into his plate. "Here, I made this just for you. Try it!"

But before the rice could reach Jasper's plate, Jasper stopped her. "Thank you, but I can help myself."



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Zoe blushed instantly, feeling awkward.

"She hasn't used those silverware yet, Jasper. Don't worry about saliva." Landon frowned, defending his sister.

"I'm sorry, Jasper. I'll use a clean fork."

Zoe then used a new fork to serve Jasper the seafood paella, but Jasper stopped her once again. "I can help myself."

That made Zoe pout. "We used to be inseparable, Jasper. Have a few years apart really changed our bond? Remember how we used to share the same ice cream?"

"We were children then. Now, none of us are." Jasper looked away, scooping some stir-fried garlic green beans into his plate before eating them.

Zoe bit her lip and silently ate her helping of paella, expression upset.

Jasper gazed at the spread of food on the table and remembered how Alyssa used to cook these for him, too.



These dishes took a long time to prepare. Alyssa usually spent the entire afternoon in the kitchen making them until oil and vapor stained her skin. Yet, he never once thanked her for them.

Even as they were cooked masterfully, on par with some of the renowned chefs in the country, Jasper still never admitted or acted on the urge to have second helpings.

He remembered how Alyssa would gaze at him with hopeful expectation, waiting for words of encouragement or praise, but more often than not, end up with disappointment and sadness.

For some reason, Jasper's heart always hurt a little when he saw her like that.

But Alyssa would always regain her spirits and beam at him, saying, "That's okay. I'll do better next time!"

With Alyssa's words resonating in his thoughts, Jasper found himself uncertain if there would ever be another opportunity.

The food in his mouth started tasting more like wax than anything.

"Jasper, is it true that your company is competing with KS World Hotel to organize Ada Kingsley's wedding? I heard it from Betty," Zoe asked curiously.

Zoe continued, "I heard she's coming to Solana City in the next few days. Are you planning to host a welcome party for her? It could also help promote your hotel, considering Ada's an international celebrity, after all."

Jasper's posture was rigid, though his expression remained calm. He hated discussing work during dinner with loved ones. He hated it even more so when outsiders asked about the company.

"Yes."

"Can I help you in any way?"

"No."

"I could play the piano for Ada and the other guests! I'm an expert in that!" Zoe desperately wanted to show her capabilities in front of Jasper.

"No need." Jasper remained steadfast. "It wouldn't be appropriate with someone in your position. We'll be hiring professionals for the performances."

Zoe's expression crumbled. "So you don't think I'm professional enough."

Jasper was losing his appetite. He came here out of respect for Landon and Penelope, not to be irritated to his wits' end.

Landon spoke up for his sister, "Jasper, Zoe's a masterful pianist. She's more than qualified to perform at that welcome party of yours. Why don't you give her the chance?"

"He's right, Jasper. Zoe's always treated you as her own brother. Why don't you let her show off her skills this time?"

Penelope doted fiercely on her daughter, so she also took the chance to speak up for her.

"I promise I'll be professional, Jasper. I won't let you down," Zoe pleaded tearfully.

Jasper pursed his lips just the slightest but nodded anyway.

After dinner, he wasted no time in leaving.

Outside the house, Xavier reported urgently to him, "Sir, there's been an issue. KS World Hotel has decided to host an event like yours on the same date!"

"Alyssa is hosting a welcoming party for Ada Kingsley, too?" Jasper asked sharply.



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"It's really a fine plan, Mr. Jasper!" Xavier said, then asked timidly, "It's just, with Madam's personality, there's a risk she just might win over Ada Kingsley. Why don't we ..."

"Get to the point."

"Why don't we let Madam have this small win instead? It doesn't determine the final victor anyway. We'll be the gentlemen in this scenario and let the lady have it. Plus, you two were married before—"

No!" Jasper said sharply. "If we can't move Alexa, then we have no choice but to start from Ada Kingsley. Alyssa must be in the same boat as us if she's doing the same thing.

"Every whiff of progress is enough to set us back to square one. We cannot let her have this win. We need Ada to attend our welcoming party no matter the cost!"

Jasper then entered his car while Xavier was left standing there alone. The latter's face slowly crumbled into despair.

Jasper pondered how his boss could ever win back Alyssa with the current approach.

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Jasper sighed heavily in his seat. He was actually considering Xavier's suggestion to let Alyssa win this round.

But he had never won anything involving Alyssa ever since their divorce. She seemed to be leagues above him, shattering his entire plans in seconds, as if by divine intervention.

He realized how different Alyssa was now compared to that gentle, demure woman who used to be his wife. Her intelligence, beauty, and grace seemed to be setting them apart for good.

That was why Jasper needed to win. It was one of the only ways he knew to reduce the wide gap between them.

Landon had to leave for ACE for a client meeting later that night, leaving only his mother and sister at home.

Zoe went to her mother's room, nuzzling into her mother's arms before sleep.

Penelope recalled what had transpired during dinner and told her daughter, "You've scared off Jasper with your enthusiasm, Zoe. It might be best to turn it down a notch."

Penelope sighed. "You're not ten anymore, and he's not just your 'brother' to play around with any longer.

"He's the CEO of his family's company now, which puts him in a critical position where no mistakes can be made. The way you interacted with him earlier today might not be appropriate. I think it-"

"Mom." Zoe sat up, meeting her mother's gaze. "I wasn't playing around earlier, and

I don't think of him as just a playmate anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you think I refused the dream offer from RYO? I'm back in Solana City because I want to marry Jasper and be his wife."

"What?" Penelope cried, sitting up in shock. "Are you crazy? He's like a brother to you!"

"Yes, but he's not my actual brother!" Zoe said excitedly. "I've waited so long for him to finally end things with that Gardner chick. Now that they're over, I finally get my chance."

Penelope was concerned for her daughter, who was deep in her merry fantasies.

"What is it, Mom? Don't you want us to be together?" Zoe asked, shaking her mother's hand.

"No, no. It's just that Jasper is a wonderful

man, but he's not a good choice for marriage. Not only was he involved with Liana Gardner, but I heard from your brother that he was even married once.

"You're too naive, Zoe. Jasper has a complicated past. I'm so worried you'll find yourself unhappy and suffer if you marry him!"

Zoe sneered internally. She considered herself far from naive; in fact, Betty Beckett seemed to be the one who fit that description better.

If Zoe married into Jasper's family, she would make sure those women covered under her. Her mother truly underestimated her.

"I'm Zoe Harper, Mom. Our family is just as reputable as theirs. Plus, with you and Landon doting on me so much, they wouldn't dare to lay a hand on me."

"But this is a two-way transaction, Zoe. You still need Jasper to want to marry you!"

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Zoe grinned. "My winning chances are already higher than most because of you and Landon around. If I can prove to Jasper that I'm no longer the child I used to be and that I'm fit to stand beside him, helping him out, I'm sure he'll see me for who I am!"

"But-"

"No buts! I'm marrying Jasper and no one else!"



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Three days later, Ada Kingsley arrived in Solana City with her team of people.

Unfortunately, Sean got wind from her manager that they had chosen to attend the Beckett Group's welcoming party instead of theirs.

When Sean furiously ran to share this news with Alyssa, she was in the midst of playing pool with Cyrus.

"Ms. Alyssa!" Sean cried.

"Shh! I'm about to win." Alyssa hushed. This one strike would determine how luxurious a dinner she was going to have tonight.

Sean had no choice but to fidget nervously while waiting for Alyssa's game with her brother to end. He couldn't interrupt her while she was so focused.

The final two pool balls were knocked into each other and rolled slowly into adjacent pockets.

"Yes!" Alyssa cried excitedly.

Cyrus chuckled, entirely unbothered by the fact he had lost to her. "You're getting really good at this."

Alyssa leaned against her cue stick, sticking her tongue out. "You were a good teacher, after all."

A shoulder strap on her wine-red spaghetti-strap dress had slipped while she was playing earlier. The sight made Sean swallow tensely, eyes flitting to and away from her shoulder.

Cyrus noticed this and instantly approached Alyssa to tug the strap back in place. "Careful. You have to watch out around outsiders."

He then shot Sean a dark look, culminating his years and years of experience as a police officer to become one of pure contempt and warning that

was enough to make Sean look away, embarrassed.

"I know, Cyrus. Sean isn't just anyone. Plus, it's not like anything was actually revealed. Don't worry," Alyssa said.

Cyrus cocked an eyebrow, successfully won over by her honey-sweet tone.

"What is it, Sean?" Alyssa asked, finally turning to Sean. She sipped on a glass of red wine, leaning against the pool table.

"Ms. Alyssa, Ada Kingsley is attending the Berenike Hotel's welcome party. She has stood us up!"

"Good." Alyssa swallowed her wine.

"Good? Jasper is about to flip our entire evening upside down. How is that good?" Sean cried.

"Let me guess. The Berenike Hotel will flood the internet with posters and advertisements within the next three days, capitalizing on Ada's arrival to lure customers and enhance its reputation.

"This move will cement the Berenike Hotel's position as one of Solana City's top destinations for international celebrities and high-profile figures," Alyssa said, swirling her wine.

"That's why this is a great loss KS World Hotel is suffering from!"

"How boring," Alyssa murmured. "I, on the other hand, like winning with all the odds against me. Now, that is exciting."

Sean swallowed nervously, finding her alarmingly attractive as usual.

Cyrus asked, "What devious plan do you have in mind, little sister?"

Alyssa grinned. "Have the chefs start preparing dinner for the party, Sean."

"Dinner? But our guest of honor isn't even going to be here. Why waste the time and ingredients?" Sean was sure they had lost to the Beckett Group by now.

But Alyssa only responded slyly, "It's not a waste yet. Tonight's victor remains undecided."

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Xavier was silently waiting outside KS World Hotel in a black Porsche, ready to report any hint of activities on Alyssa's end to Jasper. He nearly fell asleep when Sean finally exited the building, looking upset.

Having suffered a lot lately while serving his boss, Xavier felt quite relieved to see Sean just as mopey as he felt inside. It seemed like they had discovered that Ada wasn't attending their party.

"Yes!" Xavier cheered internally.

A minute or so later, Alyssa came out to the hotel entrance.

But who was that behind her?

Xavier used his binoculars to get a good look. It was another man!

"I know this really good Tenggrian place." Cyrus hooked an arm around his sister's. "Let's go."

"Really? I want fried pig's brains, beetlegrubs, and sheep's intestines!" Alyssa smacked her lips.<sup>2</sup>

"Damn, when did your taste get so peculiar?"

"One has to partake in the finer, stranger things in life, after all!"

"Whatever you say. Drinks on me!" The siblings got into the car, chattering merrily.

Xavier slowly put down the binoculars, trembling anxiously.

He muttered to himself, "Shit!"

He quickly snapped some pictures and then sent them to Jasper.

"Bad news, Sir! Madam ... Madam seemsto have a new male companion!"



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