

Can Not Win Me Back

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1947-Alyssa's breath hitched as a familiar voice echoed through the tense silence.

Squeezing Jasper's hand until his knuckles turned white, her heart hammered a frantic rhythm against her ribs.

"I-It's Winston!"

"Winston?" Jasper echoed, his surprise evident.

Then, a procession of men clad in black suits strode into the mourning hall with authority. Winston, a commanding presence that turned heads, stood proudly at the forefront.

But Winston wasn't alone. Accompanying him were Mandy, Lyla, Colene, Jonah, and Silas, representing the Taylor family.

Rarely did the Taylors assemble in such unity, indicating the significance of Cornelius' funeral to them.

"Dad!" Tears welled up in Alyssa's eyes as she launched herself toward Winston, engulfing him in a fierce hug.

Jasper watched the reunion, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his lips. He remained rooted in his spot, refraining from seeking favor and silently observing the scene.

"What's all this fuss about? I'm barely in my 70s. I'm as sturdy as a rock!"

Winston remarked, his heart warmed by Alyssa's affection yet feigning annoyance. "You hugged me as if I had one foot in the grave. People might get the wrong idea."

Alyssa clicked her tongue playfully, reluctantly releasing her hold on Winston's arm. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? I thought you wouldn't show up."

"I worried for nothing, it seems," Mandy chimed in, a hint of exasperation in her voice. "I thought it would be sufficient if Jonah, Silas, and the three of us

came to pay our respects. I didn't think it's necessary for Winston to make the trip all the way from Mosgravia, but he insisted on bidding Mr. Cornelius farewell in person."

"Don't say that you worried for nothing, Mandy. Your concern for Dad is evident,"

Alyssa reassured, noticing the renewed vigor in Winston's demeanor, a weight lifted from her heart.

Moved by the presence of such esteemed guests, Landon approached them, his eyes brimming with tears. As Landon spoke, his voice was achingly hoarse.

"T-Thank you for coming, Mr. Winston. I-It means a lot."

"Silly boy, call me Uncle Winston. 'Mr. Winston' sounds too distant," Winston replied warmly, patting Landon's shoulder affectionately. "You've just taken over the Harper Group. If you need any help, please don't hesitate to let me know.

The KS Group would be glad to assist you without hesitation."

Landon pursed his lips tightly and nodded earnestly, gratitude evident in his expression.

Observing the genuine affection Landon received from Winston, Jameson's heart burned with rage.

His fists clenched tightly, trembling under the weight of his crystal cuffs.

He used to be the one who enjoyed such a comfortable relationship with Alyssa's father, the only one who could address him as "Uncle Winston" and bask in the warmth of the Taylor family's acceptance.

Back then, Landon was a nobody, barely a blip on Winston's radar.

"Mr. Schmidt, were you the one spouting that nonsense?". Winston's gaze boxed into Jameson, his tone intimidating.

Jameson bit the inside of his mouth hard and said nothing.

“Hmm, you boasted about it so proudly earlier. Why the sudden silence?” Winston’s sneer dripped with disdain. “Mr. Schmidt, I’m undecided whether to call you ignorant or short-sighted. How could you make such an absurd claim that the Harper family had no allies in the business world?”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1948-Winston’s voice boomed through the hall. “Even if you lack business acumen, Mr. Schmidt, a little observation goes a long way at your age. Can’t you tell my daughter and Mr. Jasper are ride-or-die with Landon?”

Jameson was caught off guard by the unexpected turn of events. He remained silent, his face pale with embarrassment.

Winston’s recovery and return from overseas to stand by the Harper family spoke volumes. No one would dare to look down on Landon anymore.

“Let’s go, Jimmy,” Victor said tersely, realizing it wasn’t wise to prolong the confrontation with his former ally. With a darkened expression, he strode out of the hall.

Jameson adjusted his glasses and trailed after Victor.

As they departed, Winston called out without looking back, his voice carrying a tone of admonishment. “Even if you wished to appear sincere, you should have ensured you did it properly and spared yourself the embarrassment. Instead, you chose to create a scene at someone else’s funeral, deceiving everyone with your falsehoods. Who will want to befriend you or do business with you after this?”

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Victor gritted his teeth in silent fury before exiting with an indignant huff.

Victor and Jameson returned to the car in silence, their efforts at the funeral having come to naught. Once inside, Victor unleashed his frustration on Jameson.

“You’re so ill-tempered! Cornelius is dead, for heaven’s sake. What was the point of saying those things? Look at what you’ve done. You’ve invited trouble and embarrassed us!”

“Hmm, have you conveniently forgotten, Dad?” Jameson’s tone was icy as he suppressed his anger. “You were the one who insisted on attending the funeral.

If you had listened to me and stayed away, we wouldn’t have faced humiliation at Winston’s hands. From where I’m standing, you’re the one who brought this upon us. If I hadn’t intervened, Landon could have easily bested you.”

“Jameson! How could you be so reckless?”

Victor trembled with anger, meeting Jameson’s cold gaze with his own. He managed to quell his outburst, only gnashing his teeth in rage.

“No matter how many times we have this conversation,” Victor spat, “you remain a disappointment! You can’t even handle a woman! If you’d secured Alyssa, none of this would be happening! The Schmidt Group has now outshined the Beckett Group. If you had become Winston’s son-in-law, we might have even acquired the Harper Group. Landon would have been left with nowhere to stand!”

Like father, like son. Victor and Jameson, though having different personalities, shared a talent for inflicting emotional wounds.

“I couldn’t care less about a small outfit like the Harper Group. Even without Alyssa, I’ve managed to elevate the Schmidt Group to one of the Big Four, Jameson retorted, a sharp glint flickering in his eyes, hinting at a boundless ambition and greed. “But I’ve never been one to settle. I want it all—power, status, and the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Victor snorted. “Haven’t you noticed, son? The Taylor girl loathes you. Her revulsion is practically painted on her face. Your desires are nothing but a childish fantasy.”

“When there’s a will, there’s a way,”

Jameson countered, closing his eyes.

A twisted smile played across his lips, a hint of something monstrous lurking beneath the surface.

He no longer harbored any illusions about winning Alyssa's heart. As long as he could possess her physically one day, he would consider it a victory.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1949-The funeral proceeded smoothly after the unwanted guests departed.

Members of the Taylor family offered their condolences to Landon with genuine warmth. Winston, his face etched with concern, approached Landon.

"Landon," Winston began gently, "I'm sorry for what happened. Also, Mr. Beckett Senior called last night, expressing how unwell he's been feeling, so he won't be attending. However, he assures me he'll find time to meet with you and pay his respects at Mr. Cornelius' grave."

A wave of emotions washed over Jasper. Concern for his grandfather's health battled with a flicker of warmth at Newton's consideration for Landon.

"Thank you, Uncle Winston. I appreciate Mr. Beckett Senior's kind gesture."

Landon expressed his heartfelt gratitude, addressing Winston as he desired.

Landon understood that Newton had likely used his health as an excuse. After all, the Harpers hurt Lauren multiple times and almost cost her life.

Even if Newton had forgiven them, appearing at the funeral would stir up gossip.

Jonah and Silas offered their condolences as well. In that moment, Landon felt a newfound sense of belonging with the Taylors. He realized he had gained a new family and resolved to leave behind thoughts of vengeance and solitude.

"Let me take you back, Dad," Alyssa said softly, gently caressing Winston's arm.

"I'll be fine. With everyone here, I'm well taken care of," Winston reassured Alyssa, patting her hand.

"With no one left in the Harper family, it's important for us to stick together and lend our support. You and Jasper are Landon's closest friends. Stay by his side till the end."

Alyssa, deeply moved, nodded through her tears.

“Winston, allow me to escort you to your car,” Jasper offered, approaching Winston with care and consideration befitting a son-in-law.

Winston nodded. “Okay, follow me.”

This was Winston’s first public appearance since recovering from his illness, and he made sure to make a grand entrance to support Landon. As a result, numerous media reporters surrounded the place.

To divert attention from the commotion, Winston’s wives, with the assistance of their bodyguards, got into the car and left. Winston, however, remained composed and entertained the media with the help of his two sons and daughter.

“Thank you all for your concern regarding my health. I’m now fully recovered and feeling well. Today, we gather to bid farewell to Mr. Cornelius, and I’m sure he would be pleased to see so many of you here to pay your respects,” Winston addressed the reporters bluntly yet tactfully, effectively silencing anyone who sought to stir up trouble.

“The Harper Group has faced its share of tribulations,” Winston continued, “and Mr. Landon’s sudden ascension undoubtedly raises questions. However, I have watched him grow up, and I know him well.”

“Therefore,” he declared, his chin rising a notch as his eyes burned with conviction, “I say this with absolute certainty—the sun will rise again on the Harper Group. Under Landon’s leadership, it will rise to even greater heights!”

Winston’s words brought a hush over the crowd. Meanwhile, Jasper stared in awe at the noble presence Winston exuded. Despite his age and stature, Winston commanded respect and radiated strength and integrity.

Feeling a sense of security in Winston’s presence, Jasper resolved to learn from the venerable man.

“Jasper, there’s someone here,” Jonah’s voice interrupted their thoughts, drawing their attention to a luxurious sedan parked nearby.

The arrival of the sedan caught the interest of some media person and as its doors opened, two bodyguards emerged, followed by a woman in a white suit-Sheryl Gillis.

Jasper's heart clenched as he observed the scene, his jaw tightening in anticipation.

Justin was lifted into the wheelchair with the help of the two bodyguards. Sheryl then wheeled him toward Winston and Jasper.

"Who is that?"

"I'm not sure. I've never seen him before. But he doesn't seem like a regular folk."

He looks upper-class, judging by his appearance, manners, and demeanor. It's a pity about his legs, though. No one's perfect."

"Who says there's no perfect person?"

Just look at Mr. Jasper, He's almost practically flawless the has a beautiful wife and support from Mr.

Winston. He's a winner!"

As the discussion buzzed, Justin made his way through the crowd until he stood before the Taylors.

"Hello, Mr. Winston. It's a pleasure to finally meet you," Justin greeted politely, his hand raised despite his immobility. A gentle and humble smile graced his lips as he continued, "I'm Jasper's brother and the eldest son of the Beckett family, Justin Beckett." The content is on.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1950-Justin Beckett?

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd.

Justin's name was synonymous with the immense suffering he had endured. He had survived a brutal kidnapping that resulted in severe mutilation. To receive proper treatment in Mosgravia, he had to relinquish his right to succeed.

He was finally back!

Jonah and Silas exchanged wide-eyed glances.

The hushed atmosphere shattered as cameras flashed, a cacophony of questions drowning out Justin's polite greeting.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Justin. The pleasure is mine," Winston greeted, his eyes narrowing imperceptibly. Despite any internal turmoil, he remained composed, extending his hand to shake with the legendary figure of Justin Beckett.

Justin's hand felt cold as ice, its smooth and clean appearance contrasting starkly with the roughness of Jasper's hands. Winston couldn't help but note the difference.

Jasper's hands were so calloused that Winston wouldn't have been surprised if Jasper had done hard labor in his spare time. Winston didn't think Alyssa was particularly difficult to look after.

"I heard you've been undergoing treatment overseas. How is your health?" After all, Justin was Jasper's brother. Thus, Winston felt compelled to express some concern.

"It's good. Thank you for asking." Justin's gentle gaze shifted to Jasper's uneasy demeanor. "Jasper, make sure Mr. Winston is taken care of. I'll head inside."

"Okay, Justin," Jasper responded softly, his heart pounding against his ribs. He wasn't a man easily shaken, yet his brother's unexpected return had thrown him into turmoil.

He couldn't shake the sense that there was more to Justin's demeanor than met the eye.

Jasper, Jonah, and Silas escorted Winston to his car.

"Take care, Winston."

"Jasper, come with me. I have something to ask you."

Jasper hesitated for a moment before complying, sliding into the backseat with Winston.

“Your brother’s timing is... curious,”

Winston began, his voice laced with concern. “Choosing the Harper family’s funeral for trispublic Peturn seems dcalculated. It garnered a significant amount of attention, something both your grandfather and father likely wanted to avoid, hence their absence. And your presence as Landon’s best friend makes perfect sense.”

“However,” Winston continued, his brow furrowing, “Justin has been absent from Solana City for over a decade. His lack of connection to the Harpers makes his appearance here. unsettling, to say the least.”

Jasper remained silent, uncertain of how to respond. He didn’t wish to speculate on his brother’s motives without knowing the full story.

“You’re too kind for your own good,”

Winston remarked with a helpless glance, recognizing Jasper’s o M reluctangeto engage in gossip.

Sensing Jasper’s discomfort, he shifted the conversation. “How would you describe your relationship with your brother?”

Jasper’s gaze softened as he delved into memories from long ago. “I returned to the Beckett family with my mother when 1 was Ave years old.

Wbile we’re not blood-related, Justin always showed care and concern for me. He never held any resentment toward me, even after Dad brought me home years later. He was everything a good brother should be.”

“How about now?”