

Can Not Win Me Back

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1956-Jasper and Landon rushed to the hospital with urgency.

Upon reaching Lauren's ward, they were met by a group of medical professionals exiting her ward.

"How is Lauren?" Landon's voice quavered with worry as he grabbed hold of the doctor-in-charge.

"Her body's weak," the doctor replied, wiping sweat from his brow with a worried grimace. "The news was a heavy blow. She went into shock earlier, but oxygen stabilized her. It's her mental state that's concerning."

Landon's heart ached as he entered the ward.

A heart-wrenching scream pierced the air. Javier and Rory struggled to restrain Lauren on the bed. Her frail form, adorned with medical tubes, writhed against their hold.

Her eyes, bloodshot and unfocused, darted wildly as panicked shrieks escaped her lips. Her hands flailed, clawing at the air as if trying to ward off unseen demons.

"Ms. Lauren, calm down! Please!" Rory pleaded, his voice laced with a desperate gentleness as he gently restrained her.

"Lauren, don't do this! Don't you scare me!" Javier's face flushed crimson, his voice cracking with a mixture of fear and helplessness.

Landon rushed to the bedside, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He reached out, intending to offer comfort, but only a sharp crack filled the air.

Lauren, in a moment of uncontrollable frenzy, had lashed out. A stinging pain erupted on Landon's cheek, a red handprint blooming against his pale skin.

Jasper and Jordan froze, their initial shock giving way to concern. "Are you alright?" they chorused.

Javier flinched, but his focus remained solely on Lauren's deteriorating state.

"I'm fine," Landon rasped, his voice thick with emotion. Ignoring the throbbing pain on his face, he sat beside Lauren on the bed. With a resolute gentleness, he scooped her trembling form into his arms, his embrace a firm and unwavering anchor in the storm of her despair.

Lauren's voice was hoarse, her face drained of color as she continued to cry out, her lips cracked from the strain.

"Don't worry, Lauren. I'm here. Everything is going to be okay," Landon whispered, his voice trembling with emotion as he tried to comfort her.

He didn't know what else to say.

"A-Angelina..." Tears welled in her eyes as she spoke the name, her voice a fragile child's attempt at communication.

Landon's breath hitched. "Lauren," he said softly, "Angelina's gone, but I believe she's never truly left us. She'll always be a part of us, here in our hearts."

Alyssa received Jasper's call on her way back to Solana City. She quickly way back to Solana City. She quickly slammed her foot down on the accelerator and raced to the hospital.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1955-In that moment, the room seemed to fall into a hushed stillness, with only the sound of Landon's heartbeat echoing in his ears.

The pages of this diary had turned yellow; Angelina must have used it for years.

With fingers wracked by tremors, Landon carefully opened the diary. Angelina's lack of formal education was evident, yet her handwriting surprised him. It was neat and firm, almost masculine, mirroring his own.

A pang of bittersweet understanding shot through him. His father had taught him to write, and Angelina, ever-present by his side, had absorbed it all. More accurately, her life revolved around him, and this unconscious mimicry was a testament to that devotion.

The diary wasn't a daily record but a collection of moments Angelina deemed precious. One entry read, "Went to Mr. Bill's funeral today with Mr. Landon. Now that he's gone, the burden of the family falls on Mr. Landon's shoulders. The road ahead won't be easy, but he doesn't have to face it alone. I'm here. Mr. Bill, rest easy. Even if the sky falls, I'll always protect Mr. Landon."

Another entry spoke in a lighter mood. "Mr. Landon's been acting strangely lately. Uncharacteristically cheerful during meals. Could he be seeing someone special? I wonder who unlocked the door to his guarded heart. I'd love to meet her."

One entry gushed about Lauren. "Ms. Lauren is such a charming lady. Mr.

Landon has impeccable taste!"

Another entry read, "Mr. Landon, this marks our 14th New Year together. I've never experienced a family reunion, but now that you have Madam Lauren, this occasion must hold special significance for you. For me, it remains the same."

"Mr. Landon, the moon is particularly beautiful tonight. It reflects the love that I'll never confess to you."

Landon's hands trembled as he held the diary, tears welling in his eyes, one eventually slipping between the lines of writing, staining the page with his pain.

An old newspaper clipping, dated ten years prior, caught his attention, the image blurred by tears. It depicted the Harper family visiting Bill's grave.

In the photograph, Landon exuded confidence, handsomeness, and charm as he followed behind Cornelius, bearing the air of the head of the household.

Close behind him trailed Angelina, dressed in a black bodyguard uniform, her high ponytail and youthful features contrasting with Landon's mature demeanor.

Though the photo was slightly blurred, Angelina's gaze fixed on Landon's back shone with brightness and warmth.

She had watched over him day and night, a silent guardian, even though her feelings remained unreciprocated.

“Today, you casually asked if I liked anyone. You said to let you know so you could check him out. Only God knows how my heart raced at that moment.”

“You were always worried I’d become an old spinster if I kept following you around. You asked if I ever thought about getting married. Truthfully, I have—I’ve been married to you in my heart all along.”

“Mr. Landon, I have only one wish in this life—to see you truly happy. Please don’t let me down.”

Clutching the diary tightly, Landon sank to his knees, tears streaming down his face. What began as sobs soon escalated into heart-wrenching wails. Angelina had loved him for years, and he, a blind fool, had never noticed.

He loved Lauren deeply, so he understood the pain of unrequited love.

And yet, Angelina had endured this pain silently, standing by his side as he loved another. How could she not have felt hurt? Why would she continue to offer her unwavering loyalty despite the constant ache in her heart?

Landon couldn’t believe how stubborn Angelina was. What did he do to deserve someone so selfless?

“If there is another life…” he choked out between sobs.

If there was an afterlife, he desperately wished Angelina could be reborn as his sister, someone he could protect and cherish.

He swore to his beloved Angelina, his voice thick with emotion, that they would meet again, somehow, some way, in a different life.

Landon managed to gather Angelina’s things with Jasper and Jordan’s help.

Only two boxes were filled with simple belongings, a testament to her unassuming life. Like Angelina herself, these boxes could easily disappear from his life, leaving a gaping hole in their wake.

The pink diary was the only item Landon held close, a precious link to the woman he had failed to see.

“Mr. Landon, this is Ms. Angie’s phone.” Jordan’s voice trembled as.

he handed it over. “twas broken”

initially and wouldn't start. Mr. Cyrus arranged for the technical team from the police force to repair it, even replacing the screen. Please keep it."

Landon's damp eyes fluttered as he accepted the phone. He hesitantly opened the photo album, a fresh wave of grief threatening to engulf him. He clenched his jaw, forcing back a sob.

The last photo in the album was a photo of Lauren taking a picture with him in a dog suit and Angelina in a rabbit suit.

They had no proper picture together.

What a shame.

Then, Jasper's phone rang. It was Rory. "Mr. Jasper, is Mr. Landon with you?"

Rory sounded anxious.

"Yes, I'm with Landon. What the matter?"

"Mr. Javier came to the hospital to visit Ms. Lauren. He spoke too hastily and informed her about Angelina's passing."

"What?" Jasper's eyes blazed with anger. "I've warned him countless times.

How could he be so careless?"

Silence enveloped the car as Landon vaguely registered Rory's voice on the phone, his heart twisting with sorrow.

"There's no use in getting angry at Mr. Javier," Rory continued. "You and Mr. Landon should come to the hospital. He's the only one who can comfort Ms. Lauren."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1957-In the nick of time, the world stopped whirling as a warm strength instantly supported his back while another hand grabbed his arm.

"Be careful."

Justin looked up in surprise. His eyes met a clear, sparkling gaze. He felt an unfamiliar rush of emotions like a drop of water plopped into the still lake of his heart and sent ripples across it.

Alyssa used all her strength to push Justin and his wheelchair onto flat ground.

As her body swayed, a few strands of hair inadvertently brushed his face.

Justin's gaze darkened before he smiled wanly, his brows furrowed. "It's all thanks to you just now. If not for you, I would be staying here overnight."

"It was no trouble at all."

Alyssa looked down and kicked away a rock beside the wheelchair. "The wheels must have gotten stuck with rocks. That's quite dangerous. Why isn't Ms. Gillis with you?"

"I'm returning to Mosgravia soon, so I wanted to see Lauren before I left. Initially, I was at the café next to the hospital because I wanted to buy coffee for my dad and the medical personnel in charge of Lauren. Sheryl wanted to buy some things from the grocery store, so I waited alone in the café.

"But suddenly, I received a call from Rory. I couldn't help but worry about Lauren, so I just came over by myself."

It was obvious that Justin came over as fast as he could. His face was still sweaty, and he was trying to catch his breath.

Alyssa only saw him twice, but her image of him as the eldest son of the Beckett family remained the same. He was always elegant and well-groomed. Even when he was sitting in a wheelchair, he still sat with his head held high, like a swan. He never looked like he was caught off guard.

"As the eldest brother, your concern for Lauren is understandable. But judging from your condition, you shouldn't have come alone. It's too risky." Alyssa's expression was neutral, as always.

Justin's gaze was gentle as he smiled at her helplessly. "It's at these times that I can't help but wonder, if I were healthy and whole, I wouldn't be troubling others all the time."

Upon hearing that, a mixture of complex emotions flashed across her face, but they quickly vanished.

“Are you going to wait for Ms. Gillis? I’ll go and see Lauren first.”

“If you don’t mind, may I go with you?” Justin’s gaze was pleading. “I’m really worried about Lauren.”

“You are Lauren’s brother. Of course I don’t mind,” she said, then quickly turned away.

Suddenly, a hacking cough sounded from behind her. His wheezing breaths made her feel like he was about to drop dead at any moment.

“Ms. Taylor, I’m afraid my condition is... not helping me here.”

Justin’s face was ashen, and his lips were pale. It didn’t look like he was acting.

Although Alyssa wanted to avoid as much contact with him as possible, she was also a doctor. She couldn’t be so unkind to a patient, especially since Justin had saved Jasper. No matter what, she couldn’t disregard his sufferings.

“I don’t have enough energy. Can you push me there?”

“Alright.” Alyssa walked behind him and pushed his wheelchair along.

“Thank you.” Justin placed a hand on his chest and tried to steady his breathing. Jasper looked up to peer at that electrifying gaze that moved his heart.

The sudden intrusion of a deep and cold voice shattered the momentary calm. Its tone cut through the air, sending a chill down their spines.

“Lyse.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1958—Alyssa jolted, and her gaze met Jasper’s dark gaze. Her heart thumped heavily against her chest.

Right now, Jasper’s classy suit was stretched tightly against his muscles. Even if he didn’t take off his clothes, she could visualize it.

“Jasper.” Justin coughed, his face pale. Unexpectedly, he was the one who spoke up and tried to explain on Alyssa’s behalf, as if they were hiding something from him.

“Nothing happened just now. I just met Ms. Alyssa at the entrance of the hospital. I wasn’t feeling well so... I asked her to push me upstairs.”

“Justin, did I even ask?”

Jasper smiled lightly, although it turned into a slight grimace. Nevertheless, he still tried. “You’re my brother, and Lyse is your sister-in-law. We’re a family. She’s helping you as a sister would.”

As he spoke, he strode to stand beside Alyssa. His gaze was gentle as he took over the wheelchair handles. “Let me do it.”

“Sorry for the inconvenience, Jasper.” Justin smiled as well while his gaze darkened.

Jasper bent down and whispered in Justin’s ear, holding back his rippling emotions. “You are my brother; it’s just my duty.”

Outside the patient’s room, Javier anxiously discussed Lauren’s condition with the main physician.

“Dad!” Justin called out worriedly. He was wheelchair-bound, but he desperately wished that he could walk for himself.

“Justin! Your body still needs rest, so why are you here?” Seeing Justin’s sickly face, Javier worried for him.

“I’m worried about Lauren, so I came to check on her condition. Coincidentally, I met Jasper and Ms.

Alyssa downstairs, so we came up together.”

Justin asked grimly, “Dad, how is Lauren?”

Alyssa was also pale with anxiety; Jasper gripped her cold hands tightly.

“Landon is inside, keeping her company. It’s a good thing that Landon is here, or else.”

Javier sighed and lowered his head, feeling a weight in his heart. "But we can't go on like this. Lauren was already depressed in the first place, and now she's experienced such a traumatic event. I'm worried that her mental state will crumble!"

Jasper's heart twinged in pain. After thinking for a while, he said hesitantly, "If we really have no choice, we can only use modified electroconvulsive therapy."

Javier and Rory looked at each other and repeated, "Modified electroconvulsive therapy?"

"It's a treatment method using a safe amount of electricity to treat mental disorders. When I was in the Peacekeeping Forces, a lot of soldiers suffered from the horrors of watching death happen on the battlefield, and they got PTSD. After they left the military, the trauma prevented them from living a normal life, so they could only use this treatment."

Alyssa felt as if her heart was stabbed. She couldn't help but gaze at Jasper's strong profile, feeling complicated.

Javier asked, "Then, are there any side effects?"

Jasper said truthfully, "In the beginning, the patient will be prone to dizziness and nausea. Later, they may lose some memories. In the future, there will be difficulties in recalling things to some extent."

"No, I don't suggest this treatment." Justin shook his head. "Is the only treatment option to forget your memories? Must we kill off our past selves?"

Alyssa stared at him in shock. She never thought that he would be so empathetic.

The atmosphere became awkward. The two brothers glared at each other with invisible gunfire clashing between them.

"Back then, I also received this kind of treatment. Again and again, nobody will understand how it feels. It's as if your soul is getting sucked out.

That's just using another form of pain to distract yourself from the suffering."

Justin's expression darkened. "Then again, this method only treats they again, this method only treats they symptoms, not the rodt cause. That woman, Angelina, she's an important person to Lauren.

"Even if Lauren forgets her temporarily, in the future, when something reminds her of that m woman) heP memories will come flooding back. If that happens, then what? Do we electrocute her again.

and force her to forget?"

His heartfelt words made Javier tear up. "Son... I had no idea you suffered so much."

Jasper pressed his lips together, feeling as if a needle pierced through his throat.

That year, the kidnapping gave Justin a lot of trauma. He had no choice but to choose this method to get through those dark days.

"Dad, it's all in the past. It's alright."

Justin's lips pursed, and he sighed. "I said all this only because I don't want Lauren to go through this suffering."

Alyssa asked seriously, "Justin, do you have any other suggestions?"

Justin raised his head to meet her eyes. His eyes were gentle and earnest.

"Drugs."

Jasper noticed his gaze.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1959-Instantly, Justin could taste the stench of blood in the back of his throat. His organs felt like they were immersed in a vat of medicinal concoction. He felt so bitter that he couldn't say a word.

"As per my knowledge, there is no drug that can heal mental disorders. At most, it can only be controlled. If the patient takes too much medicine, they would become lethargic and lose the will to do anything."

Alyssa shook her head in disbelief. “If drugs were useful, Lauren would have healed from her depression.”

“Ms. Alyssa is right, but that only applies to this country.” Justin explained patiently and gently, “In the past two years, Mosgravia has been researching a drug to control the symptoms of mental disorders. Although it’s still a supplementary drug, its effects are much better than our local drugs.

“Afterward, let Mr. Landon spend more time to accompany Lauren. Let her feel completely supported with love and care. I believe that Lauren’s condition will improve vastly, which would work better than electroconvulsive therapy.

“To sum it up, patients with mental disorders need to feel loved. The more, the better.”

Javier nodded. “Justin, this makes a lot of sense!”

Despite Alyssa being very rational, her gaze was chilly.

“Justin, forgive me for being blunt, but I’m doubtful about using drugs, especially drugs from foreign countries. After all, it will be consumed by the patient, and if there are any issues, it might bring irreversible harm to their body.

“Previously, my father suffered from cerebral infarction. If he continued with the approved treatment, he would have recovered. But to let himself heal faster, he consumed drugs given by someone who wanted to harm him. Then, there were serious side effects that even made him lose control of his urination.

“I do not wish for the same awful fate to befall Lauren. Lauren is like a sister to me. I cannot take this risk.”

“Ms. Alyssa, I understand your worries.”

Justin pursed his lips lightly. The gentleness in his gaze did not lessen. “Hence, I will take the drug with Lauren. Whatever her dosage is, I will take the same.

Would that be acceptable?”

The other four were stunned!

“Justin, you, what are you doing?”

Javier felt extremely worried, and he immediately rejected this idea. “Are you out of your mind? You aren’t even suffering from the same disorder. How can you simply take the same drugs? No, that’s out of the question!”

Alyssa was confused. She never thought that Justin would be so foolhardy as to test the drugs himself! Moreover, his only reason was to ease her worries!

“All these years, the types of drugs I’ve taken must number up to a thousand or at least a few hundred. What does it matter if I take one more drug?”

Justin had no trace of displeasure on his face; instead, he looked relaxed about it. “I completely understand where Ms. Alyssa is coming from. After all, your father went through such suffering before, so your worries are valid.

“Alright, it’s settled. In three days, I will get Sheryl to send over the drugs. As the eldest brother, I wish for nothing other than Lauren’s recovery.”

After their conversation, Justin opted not to intrude further on the couple’s moment. With Sheryl’s arrival, they swiftly departed from the hospital, leaving the couple to their privacy.

On the way back to Seaview Manor, Justin calmly recounted to Sheryl what happened at the hospital.

Sheryl was shocked, and she nearly shrieked, “Mr. Justin! How can you do this?”

How could you harm your body like that?”

“You’re so noisy.” Justin’s defined eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Truly, it wasn’t fair to compare one person with another.

In his mind, he recalled Alyssa’s breathtaking, beautiful eyes and her elegant and mature charm. She exuded a unique, mesmerizing allure that made men submit to her willingly.

In comparison, Sheryl, whom he painstakingly molded, looked increasingly like a clay doll that a child clumsily kneaded.

Sheryl shrank back and lowered her gaze in submission. "I... I was just worried about your health. The drug you mentioned hasn't passed the final clinical trial in our research center. Although it is effective, we cannot predict what side effects it may have. If you take this drug, I'm afraid."

"If I didn't suggest to do so, they would never accept my offer. But if I did, then they are doubly indebted to me."

"But still. it's too risky."

"There is always a price to pay for success. Did I not tell you this from the beginning?"

Justin smiled mysteriously and looked out the window. "This time, we'll be the lab rats. We'll get through this safely if my sister and I are lucky.

If not, then I, her brother, will accompany her. Is that not so?"

Sheryl bit her bottom lip, still feeling nervous about it.

"Ms. Alyssa is different from our past opponents."

Justin closed his eyes, his smile still as mysterious as ever. "She is smart, tough, brave, and cautious. Every plot has its risks. Hence, to conquer her, the best weapon is sincerity."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1960-The moon slowly rose in the inky night sky.

When they were back at the manor, Jasper went to his study to do some work.

Alyssa bathed alone and did some simple skincare. Without even blow-drying her hair, she stood on the balcony and let the breeze accompany her as she was lost in her thoughts.

In her mind, Justin's words kept replaying, and she sifted through his words carefully as if she were using a fine-tooth comb.

Justin was too much of a mystery.

In her opinion, she felt that she was adept at reading others. When Jameson was love-bombing her, no matter how attractive his personality or features were,

she still saw through everything and tore his mask to shreds.

But from Justin, she couldn't sense a hint of animosity. Instead, he was gentle and charming, like a light spring breeze.

What truly caught her off guard was his willingness to try out the new drugs for Lauren's sake. Even if his intentions were not entirely noble, this gamble was a bit too risky.

Alyssa's brows were deeply furrowed as a million thoughts ran through her mind. "Justin, who are you?"

Suddenly, a passionate and tender embrace enveloped her from behind, his arms tightly circling her waist.

"My love, why didn't you blow dry your hair when I'm not around?"

Jasper suddenly appeared behind her. His sharp chin lay on her shoulder as his warm breath spread over her neck, reddening her skin. "What would I do if you caught a cold? If you're not feeling well, I would feel so sad."

"When did you come over? You scared me." Alyssa whispered. His teasing made her feel ticklish, and she squirmed in his arms like a kitten.

"A penny for your thoughts? You looked so preoccupied." Jasper kissed her earlobe.

"I was thinking of your brother." Alyssa was still absorbed in her thoughts, and carelessly, she blurted that out.

Jasper's heart plummeted from cloud nine to a thorny ravine. His gaze darkened, and his kissing turned to biting as if he was punishing her.

"Ah, it hurts... Ouch!"

Alyssa was roughly flipped around, and her chin was cupped in a strong grip.

Her eyes were forced to meet his deep, inky ones. Her heart skipped a beat.

His gaze alone made her knees go weak, and she started shivering.

“Lyse, who did you say you were thinking of?” Jasper’s chest heaved, and his hoarse voice made her shudder.

“Y-You know I didn’t mean it that way... Ah!”

His fiery kiss attacked her lips, and his tongue wrested control over her.

Alyssa’s tongue was completely subdued by Jasper, aching and numb. Tears squeezed out of the corner of her eyes as her back was propped against the balcony railing, unable to move at all.

She realized that Jasper was a little unhinged today, and she couldn’t help but feel unnerved.

However, before she could delve deeper into her thoughts, his ravaging kiss addled her mind, making her head feel heavy. Her only piece of clothing, the rose-pink silk robe, slid down her smooth shoulders. It stopped at their waists, which were almost melded together.

Under the silvery moonlight, her pale, flawless body was like a tender flower bud blossoming in his passionate embrace.

Jasper’s final thread of sanity snapped.

His calloused hands kneaded her left side while he took the right side into his mouth.

“No. I. I just bathed.” Alyssa couldn’t help but arch her neck as ecstasy and pain swirled inside her.

“Then bathe again, I’ll help you.”

Jasper held her waist. His white button-up was still neat and unwrinkled, but his pants already dropped to the floor.

Without another word, he eagerly merged his body with hers, bucking wildly and without restraint.

Alyssa’s eyes were teary as her arms hooked around his neck. Her body convulsed again and again.

The cold night breeze skimmed across her exposed back, starkly contrasting the fiery heat of their lovemaking. It was exhilarating and torturing at the same time.

“Jas. Jasper. I’m cold.”

Alyssa’s body was damp with sweat, but her lips were quivering. She looked into his unbridled gaze with pleading eyes. “Let’s go to the bed.

To the bed, alright?”

He felt like he was going mad

“Are you still thinking about him? Are you going to think about him?”

“Hmm?” Jasper’s eyes glowered at her, not even answering her.