

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2142

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2142-Thunder rumbled, and lightning flashed across the vast night sky. It felt as if the heavens themselves were about to crack open. "Has this day finally arrived?"

Jameson stood with his back to Carl, hands clasped behind him, projecting an image of strength and resolve. His posture did not hint at defeat, despair, or emptiness. Yet, a profound loneliness emanated from him, tugging at the heartstrings.

He had been a high achiever, a man of success and ambition. He had thrived like a firework that rocketed into the sky, exploding in a blaze of color that illuminated Solana City's night. He had been magnificent passionate, and impossible to ignore.

But in the end, all he was left with was a wasteland of ash.

"Once, I craved everything. I yearned to return to Solana City and make the Schmidts pay for what they'd done. I wanted to reclaim everything that was rightfully mine, and I dreamed of aiding Mr. Justin in seizing control of Solana City.

"But ultimately, I realized that none of it held any meaning. From the very beginning, all I ever desired was to be with Lyse."

Carl squeezed his eyes shut, a wave of sorrow washing over him. He longed to offer words of comfort, but nothing felt adequate in that moment.

"If I could rewrite the past, I'd gladly trade everything I have just to hear Lyse call me 'Jimmy' once more."

Jameson closed his eyes slowly, conjuring an image of his beloved. Her clear, bright eyes sparkled as she stood amidst a sea of roses, beckoning him with joyful abandon.

"Jimmy, come over here and play!"

"Don't be afraid, Jimmy. I'm here."

"Jimmy, it's alright even if everyone ignores you. You have me as your friend, and that's enough. We'll be friends forever. Pinky promise!"

"Pinky... promise."

Jameson's left hand tightened around the railing, and his right hand reached up to rub his stinging eyes. His tall, imposing figure slumped forward bit by bit, defeated. "I never changed, Lyse. But you... you've changed."

Carl shuffled forward hesitantly, unsure of how close to tread. He had never witnessed such vulnerability in Jameson.

However, he lacked the courage to reveal that even if given another chance, Alyssa would undoubtedly choose Jasper. It wasn't simply fate's cruel hand; love was an uncontrollable, enigmatic force.

More importantly, Alyssa and Jasper were perfectly attuned. They shared a common vision, aspired toward the same goals, and complemented each other beautifully.

Their souls intertwined like two perfectly matched puzzle pieces. They were destined to be together. No matter how extraordinary anyone else might be, they wouldn't be a suitable match.

"Given the current circumstances, Mr. Schmidt, it would be best for you to leave Solana City tonight. Return to Kontina to avoid suspicion."

Carl's eyes betrayed a flicker of intense anxiety. "The police will soon be investigating The Millennium. Even though it isn't officially under your name, the connection is undeniable. We can't afford their scrutiny. You must leave immediately!"

"For two years, The Millennium catered to the city's elite. Countless Solana City officials have made deals here, exchanging money for pleasure. Wealthy scions have squandered their fortunes on drugs, prostitutes, and gambling. We've ensured their swiftness, original transgressions-abuse, Violence, even murder-went unpunished.

"An investigation into The Millennium would be tantamount to shaking the foundations of Solana City's bureaucracy. They wouldn't dare.

conduct a thorough investigation.

The most they'd do is shut us down and revoke our license."

Jameson rubbed his face hard. His voice, hoarse and deep, rasped, "Don't fret. Even if they turn their backs on you,

you possess meticulous records of those officials' expenditures. Every transaction has been meticulously documented in the accounts, and they will be your safeguard. You've been by my side for a long time. I won't let you be implicated."

"It's not my safety I fear, but yours!" It

was true that he had meticulously documented everything for his own protection. But at that moment, his concern for Jameson was genuine.

Human nature, after all, was a complex tapestry.

