

# Can't Win Me Back Novel Online Free

## Chapter 271

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Alyssa had to wonder if her suitors truly fell for her charm underneath her hideous appearance or if they were too eager to marry the daughter of Winston Taylor. Even she would barf at her own face. How did they remain calm in front of her?

Power was indeed a great motivator, prompting her suitors to turn a blind eye to her looks.

Thankfully, she had plan B ready.

During her lunch with the first suitor, she suggested showing off her talent by reading his fortune through palmistry.

She informed the man that he had the health of a seventy-year-old despite being only thirty, causing his face to fall as he stormed out of the venue.

During her tea break with the second suitor, she kept staring at the space behind the man until he felt a shiver down his spine.

"Ms. Taylor, what are you staring at?"

"Dylan, there's a kid standing behind you. He's looking at you. Are you sure you don't want him to join us?" Her voice took a creepy turn. He looks ... pretty ... pitiful ..."

Dylan Coppola fled the scene before the end of the date.

It was Felton Cruz's turn next. Alyssa did not talk to him much during the musical. They were at peace with each other for a while.

After sitting through the musical, she was invited to dinner by Felton. "Ms. Taylor, I had a great time with you. Would you join me for dinner?"

"Sure, I'd love to." She smiled and grabbed her canvas bag.

Felton hadn't paid much attention to her

bag at the start. He noticed a line on her canvas bag when he did a double take. It read, "Belbanks Psychiatric Residential Treatment."

"Felton, what are you doing standing there?" She blinked at him innocently.

Ashen-faced, he stumbled backward and stammered, "Uh, I ... I suddenly remember I have something to attend to. Let's do another day!"

Alyssa and Sean arrived at their final venue of the day. It was a nice and quiet café. The scent of tea leaves wafted in the air and calmed their nerves.

The environment reminded her of Heightsnew Villa. It seemed that the fourth sui tor had accidentally found a place to her taste. Therefore, she decided to go easy on him.

Alyssa had spent a day fooling around with the scions on her blind dates while Sean watched on with fright.

"Ms. Alyssa, you might have forced them into giving up on you, but what if they spread gossip about you later?" Sean looked concerned. "Gossip always spreads like wildfire. I'm worried that it might affect your reputation in Solana City."

"That's even better. I would like the men out there to think of me as a mentally ill woman." She calmly added more freckles to her face with an eyeliner pencil. "That will ruin Winston's plan to force me into blind dating. He's too old to fight against me."

Sean was speechless at her thought process.

"To be honest, Sean, it would be nice to run into a soulmate at this time in my life." She put away her makeup and lamented, "That way, I won't have to rush from a blind date to another."

Upon hearing that, Sean felt a rush of

emotions and looked at her with deep eyes. He shared the same wish, except that his soulmate was her.

"Winston is a sly old fellow. Even if I survived this, he might make another wicked move against me."

"You're still Mr. Winston's favorite. When you were away, he often said that you resembled him the most in terms of personality," Sean revealed with a smile.

Alyssa chuckled. "He was taking a jab at me. Couldn't you tell?"

Sean was entertained by her words. His phone buzzed, and he quickly took a look.

"Ms. Alyssa, the last suit of the day has arrived."

"Got it."

Sean left for an adjacent room to make space for the two.

During the wait, Alyssa rested her cheek on her palm, looking bored. She stared out

of the window and closed her eyes to enjoy the tranquil environment, the scent of the flowers, and the birdsong.

At that moment, she heard the door opening with a creak, followed by steady and heavy footsteps from leather shoes.

When the man was near her, she picked up a crisp and layered scent from him. It was like a night breeze that swayed her heart.

The scent was a mix of violet leaf and soft flowers. It was a rare combination for men.

Alyssa might be allergic to smoke, but she was exceptionally sensitive toward fragrances and spices.

She opened her eyes a little and lay her eyes on his face. Soon, she gaped and stared at him.

"Sorry for making you wait, Ms. Taylor."



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"Why are you ... here?" Alyssa was caught by surprise. She looked adorable and innocent with the freckles on her face and a head of messy hair.

Jameson Schmidt had a smile in his eyes as he pressed his lips together. "Can't I be your suitor?"

Her lips formed a taut line as she struggled to answer his question. He resolved the awkwardness with a gentle smile that made his question sound like a harmless joke.

"May I take a seat?" asked Jameson gentlemanly.

"Please do," she replied graciously.

Jameson did not look much different from their first encounter. He looked refined and suave, dressed in a striped emerald couture suit and wearing a pair of gold-

rimmed glasses.

"Ms. Taylor, you are rocking a rather adorable and unique style today." He squinted. "You don't have to act in front of me, though. Just be yourself."

She coughed in awkwardness. "I don't recall having you as my date. Why are you here?"

"Because I know that you must have wanted to meet me again. I feel the same too." He took off his glasses and smiled.

"What a suggestive remark!" Alyssa thought.

"Well, it's not a bad idea. I have been curious about you since our last meeting. I do wish to meet you again." She cast a sharp glance at him. "Jameson Schmidt."

His eyes wavered a little, and the hands on his knees trembled out of joy. He whispered, "Lyse, it's been a while."

Taken aback, she politely replied, "Yes, it's been a while."

They had gotten along well in their childhood, but those memories were from decades ago. Jameson felt like a stranger to Alyssa when they met again.

She vaguely remembered him as a short, skinny boy with good looks and smooth skin when he was younger. Due to his feminine looks and reserved personality, other kids mocked and ostracized him.

In contrast, Alyssa had been the popular kid in school. She was nicknamed "Big Boss".

When she saw Jameson bullied, she helped him out right away by beating up three boys who were all taller than her. From then on, no one dared to bully Jameson because she took him under her wing.

That was all she could recall from her childhood. Little did she know that Jameson, through the ups and downs in his later life, had never forgotten the ray

of hope she cast into his dark life.

She was not just a first love—the term failed to describe her importance to him. She was like the sun, igniting the world anew with such brilliance.

"So, you recognized me when I bumped into you drunk at the karaoke that night. Right?"

"Yes." He smiled.

"Did you save me from danger because you were following me, not because you happened to be there?"

"That's a yes too."

"Why?" She frowned. "Why didn't you tell me who you were when you recognized me?"

"I was waiting." He took a deep breath and croaked, "I was waiting for you to recall me."

Ridden with guilt, she felt as though she had disappointed him. "Were you the one

who chose this café for the blind date?"

"Yeah. I thought you might like it because it feels like Heightsnew Villa here." There was a spark in his eyes. "Do you still recall? We loved playing hide-and-seek in the garden of Heightsnew Villa. You'd hide in the manna de cave every time."

Hide-and-seek was their favorite childhood game. He could always guess her location every time he closed his eyes. Still, he always pretended to search high and low for her and deliberately avoided looking in the cave to satisfy her desire to win.

He enjoyed losing, but only to her.

"Wow, you still remember the details." She scratched her head, feeling sheepish.



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Jameson smiled and sipped his tea with poise and grace, like a noble gentleman from a regency novel. He chatted with Alyssa for a bit.

From their conversation, she learned that he had been caring for his mother in Kontina. Due to Alzheimer's, Lily Schmidt was unable to take care of herself anymore. Despite multiple opportunities to return to Solana City, Jameson chose to stay in Kontina and build his career there.

Alyssa recalled that Jameson came from a rather complicated family. There were four Schmidt siblings in total, with Jameson being the youngest. His two brothers and a sister were the offspring of the first wife, while Jameson was born to the second wife of the Schmidt Family.

She knew little about Lily, who was once a close family friend. She even paid a visit to

the Schmidts'manor, but Lily left no impression on her at all.

"So, why did you come home this year?"asked Alyssa.

"I'm coming back to where I belong. Afterall, I'm the son of the Schmidt family. I want to take what I am entitled to."He lowered his gaze and toyed with the teacup.

She nodded in understanding. An offspring of a wealthy family who was not in the center of power would be chewed up and spat out. A harmonious family like the Taylors was a rarity.

"We have some time until dinner. Whatshould we do?"

His question caught her off guard."Huh?"

"I'll bring you to see some roses in the sunset."He leaned toward her with an earnest gaze."I have a private rose garden that is open to the public for today. Let's enjoy some roses."

Roses? Her eyes sparkled when she thought of her favorite flower. She had a rose garden in the backyard of Heightsnew Villa as well. Mandy and the others took turns caring for the garden when she was not around.

Without thinking, she agreed to it."Sure! Let's go!"

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Alyssa took Jameson's Bentley to his private rose garden. It would be an unnecessary fuss to meet each other at the destination, given that they were old family friends.

The Bentley cruised down the street. Sean tailed the car as he gripped the steering wheel tightly.

After seeing Jasper Beckett off, he had to rise to a new challenge—Jameson Schmidt, who appeared more strategic than Jasper.

Last time, Jameson had stalked Alyssa to her neighborhood. Now, he made good use of his connections to swap out Alyssa's original date just to meet with her. He seemed well-prepared and calculative.

Breathing heavily, Sean stared squarely at the back of the Bentley. He would never allow Alyssa to be hurt by another man after her history with Jasper. He vowed to give his best to protect her.

Meanwhile, Jameson and Alyssa were having a good time in the Bentley. She took off her guise and revealed her bare face because she did not bring any makeup. Her long, dark hair was pinned up. She was not overly fussy about her image as the daughter of the Taylor family.

Jameson stole glances at her from the corner of his eye. Like a petal at dawn, she was perfection, carrying herself in a dignified and graceful manner.

Struggling to collect himself, he asked,

Did you remember what you called me when we met that night?"

"Hm?" Taken by surprise, she blinked. "I...don't."

"You called me a little bastard."

He always had a way to render her speechless or embarrass her.

"My dad liked to call me a little bastard when he scolded me. You would poke fun at me by mimicking him sometimes."

"Uh, kids don't know better. I apologize for my vulgar behavior in the past." Her cheeks blushed in shame.

"It's fine. You can still call me that." He flashed her a forgiving smile.

"I'd have to be dumb or thick-skinned to do so," she grumbled in a hushed voice, attempting to wave it away.

She continued, "I'll go with Jameson. We're not kids anymore. You are an established businessman now. I need to

show you some respect."



He narrowed his eyes and leaned closer to her. His voice was crystal clear and velvety. "Whatever makes you happy."



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If Jameson did not bring Alyssa to his private rose garden, she would have never thought such a place existed to the south of Solana City.

The garden belonged to him, not the Schmidt Group. Hundreds of acres of Damask Rose bloomed on the grounds. The blooming pink roses attracted Alyssa's attention under the brilliant sunset.

A few couples were strolling and taking photos in the garden. At the same time, some influencers were live-streaming their visits to the rose garden.

The picturesque view provided a respite to Alyssa from her work stress.

Jameson and Alyssa, the good-looking pair, became the center of attraction at the rose garden. Anyone would agree that they were a match made in heaven.

Alyssa bent over and gently wrapped her fingers around a stalk of rose, as though she was caressing the face of a lover. Her button nose wiggled as she took in the scent with a mesmerized look.

The look in Jameson's eyes deepened. His lips curled into a smile. "You're just like your name. A lovely, noble flower."

She widened her eyes at his praise before graciously replying, "I know I'm pretty. Still, thanks for the compliment."

"If I call you Lyse, would you call me Jimmy, just like when we were young?" He took a step closer to her, burning in anticipation.

She felt awkward and dodged his gaze. He seemed to feel the same toward her, but she had long put their past behind her. He was just a stranger to her when they reunited years later.

After some thinking, she replied mildly, "I'll do that when we are better acquainted.

"

"I believe we will, just like how close we were as kids. I'm waiting for you," he remarked firmly, eyes full of eagerness.

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Feeling weirded out, she changed the topic of conversation with a serious face."

Jameson, what's the annual total output of your rose garden? And what are the costs? Have you signed any agreements with a partner company?"

"Are you discussing a collaboration with me?" He pushed his glasses and chuckled.

"Yes. I have been thinking about it." The moment she stepped foot in the rose garden, all she saw were golden business opportunities.

Upon her return to the KS Group, Alyssa had been aiming for a share of the female consumer market by developing makeup and skincare products.

However, she did not have time for her business idea as she had to work on expanding KS World's business per Winston's wish.

She was invigorated and inspired by the sight of Jameson's rose garden once more.

"The Damask Rose, also known scientifically as *Rosa Damascena*, symbolizes the iconic legend of Aphrodite and Adonis in Greek mythology. It is the symbol of love and beauty, the epitome of romance."

Her eyes shimmered excitedly as she rattled off her extensive knowledge of roses. "The Damask rose essential oil is very valuable. It is effective for

physical and spiritual uses. Importing Damask roses is costly, but we rarely come across domestic plantations that produce the rose.

"As you have the resources, I would like to form a strategic partnership with you. You will supply the roses, and I will add value to the end product.

"If you work with me, this rose garden will not only be a scenic spot but a legacy brand popular among the ladies across the country. Of course, the profits will be immeasurable as well."

He gazed deeply at her. His handsome features were softened by a smile. Truth be told, he did not listen to a word about the business partnership. Many businesses had reached out to him for his rose garden, but he refused to consider any partnerships.

He built a garden of roses with the sole aim of attracting Alyssa, like Gatsby's parties.

She mistook his emotional pause as his hesitation. She coolly added, "I know it was a sudden suggestion. Since this will be a big project, you should take your time to think about it. I'm not in a rush."

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Standing in the sunset by the entrance of

the rose garden, Sean stared at the flowers all around him with mixed feelings.

He knew that the Schmidts and the Taylors were close friends. To Winston Taylor, Victor Schmidt, Jameson's dad, was his brother from another mother. Jameson clearly harbored the intention to pursue Alyssa.

Alyssa had always kept males at arm's length. A good example would be her brutal revenge against Jasper.

To Sean's dismay, she did not seem opposed to a date with Jameson. Not only that, she was willing to extend the date.

This could have stemmed from the fact that Jameson had saved her the other day. Still, Sean was bothered by Alyssa's rare acceptance of Jameson.



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Sean pondered about the possibility of it being something else. He had a flashback of Alyssa's wish to find a soulmate. He felt a squeeze in his heart as he heaved a long sigh.

Right then, he spotted three black luxury cars driving in his direction. His eyes hardened when he saw the number plate of the Maybach leading the entourage.

They were from the Beckett Group. It was Jasper's car!

When the cars came to a stop, Xavier emerged from the front passenger seat and opened the car door at the back for Jasper.

Jasper extended his long legs and stepped out in his spotless handcrafted leather shoes. He sternly buttoned his sleeve as he made his way out.

"Fuck! What bad luck to run into him!" Sean silently cursed when he saw Jasper's handsome face.

A few seconds later, a pale hand appeared from the Maybach. "Jasper, can you give me a hand?"

After some deliberation, Jasper reached out for Liana with a frown. She hurriedly held onto his firm hand, worried that he might change his mind at any time.

A faint smile appeared on her lips. She was secretly elated. Despite Jasper's indifference, she was confident in winning back his affection.

Sean watched on with disgust as the heartless bastard approached the rose garden, hand-in-hand with that Gardner bitch.

He did not even bother to curse at them. It was an unlucky day indeed, he repeatedly told himself.

"Jasper, I tagged along because I wanted to see the flowers. Am I burdensome?" Tears shimmering in Liana's eyes, like someone had wronged her. However, she kept a tight grip on Jasper's hand. "Should I ... go home instead? I'm worried I might be a burden ..."

Jasper visited the rose garden for site inspection, not for flower viewing. The site was the largest Damask rose garden in Solana City and in the entire state.

Through this visit, he wanted to inspect the quality of the roses and the soil. For this reason, he invited two botanologists to the site inspection.

If the experts concluded that the roses were up to standard, Jasper would enter a discussion with the owner of the garden to source the ingredients for a new female skincare brand under the Beckett Group.

Somehow, Liana got wind of his planned visit and requested to tag along.

Considering that Liana was suffering from severe depression and recently attempted to take her life, he had no choice but to agree.

"I'm fine with it." He said flatly with stony eyes. "The doctor did say that connecting with nature will help your recovery."

"Jasper, thank you for still caring about me," she tearily thanked him and rested her head on his shoulder. He frowned as his body was overcome by a strong aversion to her.

"Look, Mr. Beckett! Isn't that Ms. Taylor's secretary?" Behind Jasper, Xavier gasped with widened eyes.

Jasper looked up and was shocked. A thrill exploded in his chest. His heart was palpitating.

Knowing that Sean never left Alyssa's side, the sighting meant that she must be in the garden at that moment. Was she

there to view the roses as well?

Soon, he clenched his jaw and shook his head. No, that would not explain her competitive nature.

He thought, "She must be here to seize my business opportunity!"



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