

Can't Win Me Back Novel Online Free

Chapter 321

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Alyssa stared at him blankly. "W-Why are you here?"

Sean felt his heart sink when Jameson showed up out of nowhere once more. He curled his fists.

"I was told that this is your private elevator. So I waited for you here." He smiled softly and changed the topic.

"I'm not talking about the elevator. I'm asking you, why did you come for me?" She frowned.

"My dad is visiting Uncle Winston tonight, and I heard you were heading back to Belbanks," he replied with a calm smile. "That's why I'm here to offer you a ride. Let's go to Belbanks."

She pursed her lips, plagued by doubts. There was nothing wrong with Jameson's remark, but it sounded somewhat off.

"Thank you for stopping by, but Jonah has already agreed to pick me up. He should be here any minute now. I'll be heading home with him," she said, offering a polite smile. "I'll see you at Heightsnew Villa."

"I've actually informed Jonah about my intention to give you a ride, and he has agreed to it. So, he won't be coming," Jameson replied, appearing unfazed.

"What?" Alyssa widened her eyes, feeling distressed.

"We've been childhood friends and family friends for so long. Uncle Winston is practically like a brother to my dad. Jonah isn't worried about me. It's not like I'll abduct you." Jameson reassured her.

Deep down, he so wished to abduct her, turning her into a cherished treasure.

"Well ... Fine. Sorry for the trouble," Alyssa replied politely, intent on maintaining clear boundaries within their

relationship.

Internally, she couldn't help but grumble about Jonah. He had been so protective, yet he seemingly pushed her into Jameson's arms without much consideration.

Was Jonah mimicking Winston, trying to marry her off?

That was rash of him. What if Jameson was a pervert?

Sighing, Alyssa chastised herself for her thoughts about Jameson after all he did to save her life.

"It's not a problem. I always have time for you." Jameson grinned.

She was used to his flirtatious remarks and left the lobby with him without much thought.

"Ms. Alyssa!" Sean bitterly stopped her. She stopped in her tracks, and Jameson followed suit.

Confused, she asked, "What's wrong, Sean?"

Jameson adjusted his glasses, fixing a piercing gaze on Sean, who winced under the scrutiny. Sean tensed up and stammered, "Ms. Alyssa, I—"

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she interjected with a smile. "You don't need to accompany us. You can sign off now. I imagine you've been quite exhausted lately. Take the night to rest."

With that, they left him.

Sean's shoulders drooped at the thought of Jameson's silent but threatening look. He felt a chill down his spine.

Alyssa and Jameson attracted the employees' attention when they walked down the hotel lobby.

"Wow, look! It's Ms. Alyssa's new pet! Finally, a guy who isn't Sean!"

"Oh, you're right! He's damn hot too!"

Sean's defeated!"

"Sean has his own unique style, you know? The new companion has a vampiric vibe, while Sean is more of a sunshine type. It's like comparing apples and oranges!"

"I vote for Sean!"

"One vote for the hot vampire!"

"That's juvenile. I'd just do both."

Jameson's private car had been waiting patiently at the entrance for some time. Carl opened the car door, and Alyssa was about to step in when Jameson gently held her arm.

"Ms. Taylor."

"What's the matter?" She was surprised.

He smiled affectionately and attempted to remove the lipstick smudge with a white handkerchief.

This time, she refused to let him take

charge. Her eyes gleaming, she took the handkerchief from him. "I can handle it myself."

He was momentarily taken aback but responded with a wordless smile. The Bentley rolled away from the entrance of KS World Hotel.



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Chapter 322

Chapter 322

A black Lamborghini parked across the road rolled down its windows, revealing Jasper's chiseled features.

Lips pursed and eyes burning, he fixated on the Bentley that drove away. He recalled how Alyssa and Jameson went about in a pair and felt a jolt of pain that coursed through his veins.

He hadn't slept for two days. Even the sleeping pills were useless now.

He had been out of it since he parted ways with Alyssa at the concert. While he usually maintained a high level of focus at work, he had been struggling to pay attention to the recent reports.

He couldn't quite pinpoint why he had fallen into this state, but he knew Alyssa was at the root of his troubles. That was why he had come to the KS World Hotel alone, without informing Xavier, and had

been waiting for Alyssa since 1:00 pm.

He admitted that he was dying to meet Alyssa, even if it was just for the sake of sleeping better that night.

He was hit hard by the sight of Jameson with Alyssa, and a throbbing headache suddenly struck him. His vision even started to blur.

Setting aside his sleep troubles, he nearly suffered a heart attack.

With an intense look in his eyes, he gritted his teeth and stepped on the accelerator. The sports car sped down the road, going after the Bentley.

Heightsnew Villa was brimming with activity that evening as the maids bustled about to make preparations for the guests.

Winston had requested the presence of his children who were able to attend. Jonah, Silas, and Cyrus had already arrived at the

villa, with Alyssa en route to join them.

Meanwhile, Tatiana couldn't take leave because she was working on important coursework, a decision supported by Lyla. Lyla thought it wasn't necessary for Tatiana to take leave for a casual dinner.

Holding a cup in his hand, Silas glanced at Jonah and Cyrus and shook his head. "Looks like it will be another testosterone-charged night. It's always you two bachelors. Why is it so hard to meet my sisters?"

"I have two days off after our team solved a huge case. If not, you won't be seeing me for a long time. I'd be Rapunzel, locked away in a tower."

Cyrus, clad in a leather jacket, reclined on the couch with his legs crossed. His time in the police force had stripped away any air of the son from a wealthy family.

As the youngest Taylor son, he bore the greatest resemblance to Winston, featuring dark brows, round eyes, a prominent nose, and full lips. He had a healthy tan that accentuated his bright eyes.

"What's with that corny metaphor?" Silas pretended to barf.

"Better than saying we were separated like Romeo and Juliet, which I almost did."

Suddenly, Jonah and Silas were jolted by an unexpected noise. Although Cyrus appeared composed, he swiftly raised his hand to intercept a walnut hurtling toward him from nowhere.

The speed of his reaction was superhuman.

"Hehe! Mom, thanks for picking a large walnut for me. You know I love walnuts." Cyrus sat up from the couch and placed the walnut on the coffee table. He cracked it open and savored the kernel with a grin.

"Look at the way you carry yourself! You don't seem like you belong to the Taylor family at all. Did you enlist in the police

force or become a spy for a gang?" Mandy questioned with her hand on her hip.

Then, she stormed up to his son with a disappointed look.

"They're one and the same," Cyrus responded with a grin, extending his hand toward Mandy while continuing to chew on the walnut. "One is not enough. Do you have more?"

"What's that you're wearing? Get back to your room and change into something proper!" Mandy, who was always elegant, broke character and gave her son a kick in the back.

She continued, "I don't care how you act in the forces. You are the seventh son when you're back home, and you'll dress up accordingly. Victor and the others will be here soon. You'd better not embarrass your dad!"

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Winston rested on the vintage leather

couch in his study, peering through photos of Alyssa and Jameson through a pair of glasses.

"I have been monitoring Ms. Alyssa's blind dates per your instructions," Neil reported. "She did not stay in contact with the other men on the list, but she is frequently in touch with the Schmidt fellow."

Winston flipped through the photos repeatedly and asked, "Did that guy do anything out of line to her?"

"No. Jameson Schmidt is a gentleman and knows his boundaries when he's with Ms. Alyssa."

"Mhm," Winston grunted without other comments.

Their conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door. Lyla's gentle voice broke the silence. "Winston, Victor and his second son have arrived."



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Chapter 323

Chapter 323

In the main hall, Jonah, Silas, and the properly dressed Cyrus welcomed Victor and his second son into their home, with Mandy and Colene by their side.

"Jonah, Silas! You both seem to grow more handsome with each passing day! Oh, pardon me, I should address you as the president and the prosecutor now!"

"Mandy, is this your youngest son? I remember him being a mischievous and adorable little boy the last time we met. He has grown into such a handsome young man! What is he working as?" Victor Schmidt, the chairman of the Schmidt Group, exchanged hearty handshakes with all the Taylor siblings.

"I'm a policeman. I'm working in the Criminal Investigation Unit," Cyrus answered.

"Oh, you joined the police force?" Victor's

eyes flickered with surprise. To him, being a police officer was one of the least desirable positions, given the comparatively low pay and the inherent risks associated with the job.

More importantly, the career progression was limited. The best Cyrus could do was to become a Superintendent in Chief, which paled in comparison to inheriting the family business.

"Yeah, that's Cyrus for you," Mandy said, looking somewhat embarrassed. In truth, Cyrus' choice of profession had been a source of concern for her.

Out of all the wives, Mandy came from the wealthiest family. While she had no intention of competing for a share of the Taylor Group's assets, she had been raised to place great importance on family honor.

Naturally, she had high expectations for her children and hoped they would excel in their chosen fields.

Unfortunately, Cyrus was pursuing a career in a different direction than the one she had hoped for. He was determined to be a police officer, deviating from the career path she had envisioned. This weighed heavily on her mind.

"Mandy, you shouldn't underplay Cyrus' achievements! He's received several awards and solved major cases at the young age of 27. He's a source of pride for the Solana City Police Department," Colene chimed in.

"Yeah! He's also the chief of the First Criminal Investigation Division in the city and the youngest in the department's history!" Silas added, not wanting the Schmidts to look down on his accomplished seventh brother.

"Haha! He's indeed young and successful!" Victor conceded.

Meanwhile, Cyrus was happy to receive praise from his family, even more so than

when he received awards. He bashfully scratched his head.

"Victor! Gosh-" Winston approached the Schmidts with Lyla and Neil. He looked a little abashed. "I thought you had lost touch because of some health issues that needed attention."

"Ah, the pot calling the kettle black!" Victor playfully ribbed Winston, stepping closer. "I invited you for horseback riding a few months back, and you turned me down, saying that you were busy."

"You were always so eager about horseback riding, willing to drop anything to challenge me," Winston quipped, a mischievous glint in his eye.

He continued, "I couldn't help but wonder if you declined because you couldn't mount a horse anymore due to old age. Perhaps you were worried about becoming a laughing stock."

"That's an unnecessary concern. I'm still

hardy!" Grinning naughtily, Winston remained as conceited at the ripe old age of 60. "When we're both in a nursing home, I'll be the one who pushes you around. Just wait!"

Everyone giggled at their playful banter, just like they had for years.

Victor had donned a sharp four-piece suit for the occasion, featuring a dark grey shirt paired with a refreshing silver-grey dotted tie.

To his disappointment, Winston had not opted for a suit. Instead, he sported a white athleisure outfit adorned with expensive embroidered patterns, looking casual and cool.

With no sign of grey hair or a hunched back, Winston looked the same as he had two decades ago, much to Victor's chagrin.

Both men had always placed great importance on their appearance, diligently maintaining their wardrobes

and skincare routines since their youth. They continued this friendly rivalry for two decades with no end in sight.

