

Can't Win Me Back Novel Online Free

Chapter 325

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The hall fell into a deep silence. There was a shift in the air.

Alyssa turned around and looked into Jameson's eyes with surprise. David's face fell at Jameson calling her nickname.

Winston looked at his dear daughter before turning to Jameson. Still, he calmly remarked, "Oh, did you pick up Lyse? Sorry to trouble you."

"It's nothing, Uncle Winston."

Silas nudged Jonah and whispered, "When did Lyse become so friendly with Jameson? Why didn't I know about it?"

"Does she need to share every de tail withyou?" Jonah replied carelessly.

"Did you know about them?"

"Yes."

"Are you freaking boasting about it?"

"I made Jameson pick her up."

Silas let out an audible gasp."How could you push our dear sister into the arms of a random man? You don't even know if he can be trusted. What if he were ill-intentioned and laid his fingers on her on the way here?"

"Him falling for Lyse is normal. Even gaymen would fall for her charm. You don't have to worry about her safety, though."Jonah joked,"If Jameson had been acting inappropriately, he wouldn't have stood here unharmed."

That was true. After all, Jonah and Axel had been training Alyssa in martial combat while girls her age were playing with dolls.

Jonah had a hidden agenda when he orchestrated Jameson to pick up Alyssa. For three years, Alyssa's life revolved around Jasper. Even though she had moved past it and tried to erase him from

her mind, an invisible wound lingered.

She needed someone to mend her heart, but it was not something her brothers could help with. Jonah had faith that Jameson could fill that void.

After the initial meeting, the men chatted in the living room while Winston's three wives dragged Alyssa into the backyard for an interrogation.

"Lyse, be honest. What's going on between you and Jameson?" Colene wrapped an arm around Alyssa's waist and went straight to the point.

"Friends, I guess," Alyssa replied honestly.

"Is he your boyfriend?" Colene asked excitedly.

"Just a male friend!" Alyssa was speechless.

"Eh! Men and women are never 'just friends'! He'll be your boyfriend soon!"

Colene pinched Alyssa on the waist and proudly exclaimed, "When I saved your dad after he was blacklisted in Northuis by his rivals, he claimed that I was his 'bro'. Guess what? We're married now!"

Alyssa was dumbfounded at Colene's unworldliness. Mandy and Lyla exchanged glances. They weren't upset in the slightest. Rather, they found the conversation quite amusing. 1

Without Colene, Winston would have been obliterated in Belbanks. Till now, Colene bore the two gunshot scars back from the time she shielded Winston.

"Lyse, it would be nice to date Jameson. You came from similar backgrounds, and your fathers are good friends. The Schmidts will treat you well." Lyla drifted into a daydream. "Not to mention, Jameson is quite the looker! Your future children would be so good-looking!"

"Wait, why are we suddenly talking about kids? What's all this nonsense?" Alyssa

thought her stepmoms were going off track.

"Lyla, I still believe that there's more to consider when it comes to Lyse's potential husband," Mandy, always the voice of reason, furrowed her brow and analyzed the situation.

She continued, "From what I've gathered, Jameson recently returned from Kontina. He has only a small stake and limited support within the Schmidt Group.

"Victor sent Jameson's mother abroad under the pretense of rehabilitation and rarely paid her attention. Jameson might appear to be a good match, but in reality, Lyse would be marrying down.

"I even worry that he might be setting his eyes on Lyse's downy. Or maybe he'll leverage her influence to rise in the Schmidt Group."

"Oh my, Mandy, you're absolutely right. We need to be careful," said Colene, who

was immediately swayed.

"You'd compare prices when you shop, so why not marriage? It is a serious matter. It is better to remain single if you can't find the right candidate. Would you reconsider David?"

Alyssa struggled to talk her way out. She covered her ears in frustration as she drowned in the nagging of her three stepmoms. What a headache!



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At dinner, the Taylor family and the guests enjoyed the feast in harmony and savored the Chateau Lafite Rothschild that Winston had stored for years.

For Winston and Victor, the dinner was just another ordinary catch-up, like what they always did 20 years ago. The only difference was the presence of their children.

Furthermore, Victor had an ulterior motive this time—to assess his future daughter-in-law.

David sat across Alyssa at the long and wide table while Jameson was seated beside her. Jameson had gained the upper hand because he was closer to her.

David could only stare with envy as his brother attentively cared for Alyssa.

He almost crushed the utensils in

frustration as he agonized at starting on the wrong foot. That little prick Jameson had gained a head start!

Jameson discovered Alyssa's penchant for seafood, particularly crabs and shrimps, through their previous dinner date. If there had been no time limit, she would have indulged in seafood all day long.

With that knowledge, Jameson patiently shelled the shrimps for her consumption, sacrificing the time to eat.

Everyone at the table was discreetly scrutinizing the two of them. Alyssa was wolfing down the dinner without a care in the presence of her family.

Jameson had a smile on his face as he expertly shelled the shrimp and placed the juicy meat on her plate. The task was not befitting of his status as Victor Schmidt's son, but he took pleasure in it.

Alyssa ate the shrimp without feeling awkward. She accepted his act of service,

something she might have declined if they were alone.

Since Victor was present at the dinner, she wouldn't miss the opportunity to show off her "flaws".

Jameson wiped his fingers every time he shelled the shrimp.

David smirked at his brother's action, knowing that Jameson was a clean freak who wouldn't re-wear a shirt. Jameson had given his all in the battle for Alyssa's heart.

"My daughter is senseless! Sorry about that, Vic," Winston apologized to Victor with a chuckle.

"No worries, Winston. We're all family. I like how real Lyse is, just like when you were younger! Oh, how I hope I could call her my daughter-in-law and bring her home!"

Victor finally blurted out his agenda. Winston gave him an acknowledging smile without a word.

Alyssa let out a contented burp. Jameson turned to her with a loving gaze and discreetly handed her a napkin under the table. "Here, clean your hands."

"Thanks." She took it with a smile and gracefully dabbed her lips.

"Alyssa, you had quite the appetite tonight." David beamed.

"Forgive me, I couldn't resist. The homecooked meal was—"

"No, you mistook my meaning. I wasn't making a dig at you. Somehow, you feel different from all the girls I've met." He leaned forward and admitted, "I admire your candid behavior. You're cute and real. 11

She scoffed at his remark about her behavior. Had the girls he met before never eaten in front of him at all? Still, she politely replied, "Thanks for the compliment."

"You haven't been drinking much. You must be thirsty now. Try some red wine." David rose to pour her some wine, but Jameson smirked.

"Actually, seafood pairs better with white wine. Why would you suggest red wine? You must be living your life on the internet to be ignorant of the most basic knowledge."



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David's face fell when Jameson made a jab at him. He curled his fists.

The Taylor family chose to ignore the siblings' rivalry, except for Victor, who shot Jameson a furious glance.

"She still needs something to warm her up. Lyse, I'll get you some white wine. It's perfectly fine to enjoy a little drink."

Jameson smiled gently, ignoring the pale David. 1

She coughed and replied, "I'm fine with anything."

Feeling uneasy about being caught in the middle of the two siblings, she declined their offers in an attempt to defuse the situation. "I'd actually prefer a beer-"

Surprisingly, they turned to her at the same time, warning, "No! You might get gout!"

When the dinner drew to a close, Jameson excused himself from the table and headed to the washroom. There, he dispensed loads of handwash into his hands.

His pale hands looked like they were specimens in Formalin. He scrubbed his hands until they turned a shade of red.

After five times of handwashing, he brought his hands to his nose and detected a lingering fishy odor. So, he pumped some handwash solution onto his hands and carefully cleaned every finger.

At that moment, the washroom door swung open. In stormed David with a sullen look. He snickered at the sight of Jameson's problematic handwashing behavior.

"Peeling shrimp at dinner must have been quite the challenge for a clean freak like you. You might even have nightmares

tonight."

Jameson ignored his brother's taunt and gracefully wiped his hands dry.

"It's been a while. I was hoping you'd return from Kontina with some actual skills, but the only thing you've picked up was to suck up to people," David further mocked him in disdain.

"Why? Are you envious of me?" Jameson grinned maliciously. "You must be. You didn't even have the chance to curry favor with Lyse."

"You _"

"I'd rather suck up to Lyse than panicking over not having a chance to do so, like you. "

David's eyes reddened, and he laughed in anger. "No wonder Dad's never taken you seriously. There's something off in your thinking. You're willing to go to great lengths to suck up to people!"

"That's the rule of the game. What's important is to achieve your ends by any means."

Jameson casually discarded the napkin and chuckled. "Why the sudden interest in conversation when you were reluctant to talk to me since we were kids?"

"Why? Are you feeling anxious over my relationship with Lyse? Does it feel like shit seeing your plans derailed?"

"Jameson, you're getting ahead of yourself. Tell you what, Dad will never approve of you dating Alyssa. You aren't at the same level to fight with me!" David was jumping in anger.

"That's not for you to decide." Jameson turned around and squinted at his raging sibling. He adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and declared, "I will put my claim on Lyse."

As expected, the conversation fell apart, and David slammed the door as he left.

Jameson wiped off the smile on his face and clenched his fists.

His phone vibrated in his pocket. He answered with a curt, "What?"

"Mr. Schmidt, I have news, but please stay calm after you hear it." After a pause, Carl whispered, "Jasper Beckett shows up from nowhere, and he's right outside the gates of the Taylor family's villa. And he's here alone."

Jameson's expression darkened."

Understood."

...

Jasper stood beneath a streetlamp across from Heightsnew Villa, dressed in a thin suit.

Belbanks had a moderate coastal climate, but the night breezes were pretty chilly in late fall. The chill seeped through his clothes.

This was his third time waiting for Alyssa

at the same spot. What had once been a mere yearning now transformed into an inexplicable passion, smoldering in the depths of his chest.

"I waited till the shadows grew

Like giants, grim and grey;

I waited till night's coming chased

The shadows far away."

He had considered the possibility of not getting to meet Alyssa that night, but his ego prevented him from making the first move and reaching out. He couldn't possibly humiliate himself over and over.

Therefore, he decided to keep waiting. She would eventually appear, and he would have the opportunity to meet her.



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As long as Jasper could meet her ...

The doors to Heightsnew Villa groaned as it slowly opened.

Jasper's heart leaped into his throat, and he tensed up. He leaned forward and stared a hole into the gates. Even his breathing grew heavier in anticipation.

His heart sank when Jameson appeared in his vision with an amused expression. He watched as his rival walked up to him.

"Mr. Beckett, isn't it rather inappropriate to arrive unannounced on a quiet night like this?" Jameson's eyes held a mocking glint.

Jasper remained composed and smirked. "That's none of your business. The Schmidts don't run Belbanks."

"Are you always this stubborn and this pathetic of a sore loser?" Scoffing, Jameson said, "I know why you showed up, and I know what's on your mind.

"You regretted choosing Liana over Lyse. You finally recognized your foolishness after being lied to, and you're now on a mission to get back with Lyse to recoup your losses and save some dignity.

"What do you take her as? A tool to ease your loneliness? Do you really think she'd wait for you after how much you hurt her? 11

Jasper swallowed as bitterness filled him.

"Lyse has someone new, and he's right in front of you. You should ask for my permission if you want to go after Lyse. I might not have it." Jameson adjusted his glasses. His eyes gleamed behind.

"It's not your place to say so, Jameson Schmidt." Jasper lifted his chin, feeling the heat of his male ego.

He continued, "If I regretted my choices and wanted to get back with her, she should be the one to turn me down. Your words mean nothing."

"Jasper Beckett!" Frowning, Jameson gave his rival a murderous glance.

To his surprise, he heard someone calling out to Jasper as well.

Jasper looked up and felt his heart pumping wildly when Alyssa stormed up to them.

"Lyse, you're not wearing enough layers. It's cold at night ..." Jameson's eyes were filled with affection. He was about to go up to her when she brushed past him.

She locked eyes with Jasper, creating an invisible barrier that separated Jameson from them. They stood there in confrontation, but even without action, they seemed to be in their own world.

Jameson curled his fists and inhaled sharply. His hatred had grown into something more sinister.

"Mr. Beckett, on a trip to Belbanks again, I see? Why do you always linger near our place? Is it because Heightsnew Villa boasts impressive views and architecture?" She placed her hands on her waist and glared at him.

Still shaken, Jasper looked squarely at her and blurted out, "The views here are indeed nice."

Nice? She fumed, thinking that he must have been stupid to miss her sarcasm.

"Ha! I'll get you a local tour guide to show you around properly. Stop loitering around our property. This isn't a tourist attraction!" She impatiently hissed at him, "Leave now!"

Jasper stared at her with a lost and disappointed look. Then, he whispered, "Alright. Good night."

She was dumbstruck by his response. Had he really just bid her good night after traveling all the way to Belbanks? Was

there something wrong with him? 1

He seemed to have completed a mission and approached his sports car without hesitation.

"Hey, wait."



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Jasper, standing with his back facing her, felt a thrill in his heart as a smile flashed across his lips. However, he did not have the courage to face Alyssa.

Meanwhile, Jameson pursed his lips. A storm was brewing in his eyes.

Alyssa and Jasper might have divorced on bad terms, but he sensed the complicated feelings that lingered between the two.

"Since you're already here, why don't you clear the air before you leave?" She took a step forward and stared at Jasper's straight back. "Don't skulk around like a thief. You're going to give me nightmares. 11

His Adam's apple moved. He turned to her and said, word by word, "Nothing. I've just been losing sleep these past few days."

She frowned as she was puzzled by the

relationship between his Belbanks trip and his insomnia. Was his insomnia related to her?

Speechless, she felt unfairly blamed for his troubles. She certainly hadn't caused him any problems!

"Take your sleeping pills if you're having trouble sleeping. Coming to Belbanks won't solve your problems."

"It's been resolved." He cast a knowing glance at her. "I believe I'll have a good night's sleep tonight."

With that, he turned around and left.

She watched his slender figure and the black sports car vanish into the night before blurting out, "He's absolutely insane!"

Back in this car, Jasper was instantly hit by waves of exhaustion, ready to drop at any time. His eyes were even more bloodshot than when he had arrived at Heightsnew Villa.

He folded his arms on the steering wheel. His biceps were tense, accompanied by frustration and labored breathing.

He stared until Alyssa and Jameson entered the Heightsnew Villa and closed the gates behind them. It jolted his heart.

Trembling, he dialed Xavier's number.

"Mr. Beckett, any orders?"

"Look into it."

"Huh? Look into what?" Xavier was puzzled.

"The relationship between the Taylors and the Schmidts. The relationship between Alyssa Taylor and Jameson Schmidt."

He clenched his jaw. "Alyssa isn't one to fall in love easily. I do not believe in Jameson's description of their relationship."

"Roger that! I'll get to it right away!"

Xavier sounded overjoyed. He even daringly added, "Madam wouldn't have left you if you had trusted her from the beginning. She won't be dealing with those pests!"

"One more word from you, and I'll ship you off to Alethia!"

Xavier groaned, "Pardon me, your royal highness! It's all my fault!"

...

Alyssa had caught news of Jasper standing in front of Heightsnew Villa. She had wanted to ignore his dramatic act and leave him suffering in the wind.

To her dismay, Jameson went out to meet with him. She couldn't let trouble brew and thus had to resolve the situation decisively.

The episode did not change the mood at the dinner. The event ended on a happy note.

Winston returned to his study with Neil and secretly called Jonah and Silas in for a meeting.

"Dad, what's up?" Jonah questioned.

"How much do you know about Lyse and Jameson? Tell me the truth." Winston tidied his outfit and sat squarely on the couch.

The brothers exchanged glances. Silas immediately ratted out his brother, "Dad, you have to ask Jonah about this. I knew nothing about Lyse and Jameson showing up together!"

Jonah remained composed.

"Jonah, what stage are they at?"



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Winston grew stern like he was at the court. "Lyse only eats the shrimps peeled by you and me. She has never allowed any other men to serve her!

"That Jameson fellow was overly passionate toward her. He almost hand-fed her the food, and she did not seem resistant. Tell me, what's their relationship? Has Lyse fallen for him?"

"Dad, you don't sound like you like Jameson," Jonah pointed out. Winston responded with a silent pout.

"Jameson and Lyse have known each other since childhood, and they get along well after reuniting. It was rare to see her getting along with someone from the opposite sex.

"On top of that, we are family friends with the Schmidts. It will be good news if they end up with each other," Jonah calmly

explained his rationale.

"You know Uncle Victor's agenda for this visit. He intended to set up a marriage between the Schmidts and the Taylors. Why else would he have brought his two single sons along? He had his eyes on Lyse!"

Winston stared at the ground and shook his head. "But I will not agree to the marriage." (1

Jonah and Silas's expressions fell when they heard their father's words. They were shocked at Winston's aversion to the Schmidts.

"Did you and Uncle Victor have a falling out? Did you two block each other on WhatsApp?" Silas playfully teased Winston with a thumbs-up gesture. "You really are something else! Look at you, chatting happily with him even after a fight. I couldn't have done that."

"How did you end up as a prosecutor with

that pea brain of yours? Did you get in from the back door using my name?" Winston impatiently rolled his eyes at Silas and said gruffly, "I will not feed my beloved daughter to the wolves after she's just freed herself from the Becketts!

"You think the Schmidts are living in paradise? They're notorious for their internal conflicts. The four Schmidt siblings are quite problematic. If Lyse were to marry into their family, she'd likely find herself caught up in their infighting.

"And let's not forget about Jameson, who happens to be Victor's least favored son. He may have a sprawling overseas business, but it's possible he gained prominence through brute force. There could be some shady dealings going on behind the scenes.

"It's not impossible that he might use his marriage to Lyse as a way to clean up his company and establish a foothold in this

country."

Silas stared agape at his father while Jonah looked at his feet and pursed his lips with guilt. He was too preoccupied with giving Alyssa a new start and did not think it through.

"I don't mind offering my daughter's hand in marriage to uplift her in-law's family, but she should not sacrifice herself in doing so!"

...

A Bentley ferried Victor and Jameson back to Solana City, which was a rare move by Victor. David had gone back to Solana City separately in his car.

Victor and Jameson sat in the backseat in an oppressive silence, bound by their family ties but not much else.

"Tell me, Jimmy. What's the state of your relationship with Alyssa?" Victor demanded to know.

"Are you taking an interest in my love life?" Jameson looked amused. "You never checked in on me and Mom in the 15 years we lived in Kontina. Now that I'm back in Solana City, you seem extremely interested in my activities."

"Do not change the topic. I am asking you about your relationship with Alyssa Taylor!" Victor brimmed with anger.

"As you can tell from tonight's dinner, I share a close relationship with her." Jameson's eyes gleamed as he smirked.

Victor took a deep breath, his temples throbbing. He ordered, "Stop getting in touch with her! Stay away from her."

"Why?" Jameson inquired, a smile playing on his lips.

"She's my handpicked candidate for David's wife. You will only disrupt my plans if you interfere."

"Am I not your son too? She'll be your

daughter-in-law regardless of who she marries. What's the issue here?"

"My decision is final. David must marry Lyse. If you would also like to marry a Taylor, Winston has an unmarried younger daughter named Tatiana. She's the daughter of Lyla, Winston's third wife ..."

"Your least favorite son only deserves the daughter of Uncle Winston's third wife. Is that what you mean?" Jameson wore a mocking smile on his lips.

"Jameson, enough of this nonsense!" Victor's anger flared. "You shouldn't covet what's meant for David. I'll give you what you rightfully deserve, so don't lay claim to things that aren't intended for you."

"I've heard that since I was a boy but never received anything."

Jameson closed his eyes with a smile. "I'm tired of your empty promises. Tell David not to fret about it. Lyse is mine and only

mine. No one can take her away from me."



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