

## Can't Win Me Back

### Chapter 1150

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Jameson had his back facing Alyssa, his face turning grim as he adjusted his glasses.

Jasper stood beside Alyssa, lightly pursing his lips. He wanted to stop her, but her words beat him to it.

Moreover, intervening now would mean falling for Jameson's trap. He would then be his bitch, as

Landon had disgustingly phrased it.

"Lyse, are you okay? Does your waist hurt?"

Winston wasn't bothered about Alyssa's sarcasm. He was more concerned about her injury. "You are

so stubborn. You should have gone to the hospital the moment you fell from the horse. Jonah and Mr.

Atkins could have taken care of Blaze. Why do you need to do it personally?

"You are just like your mother. Even ten horses wouldn't be able to pull you back when you are this

stubborn. Jonah, get on the phone with Mr. Liverton now. Get Lyse to the hospital and gather a group

of specialists to get her treated."

However, Jonah read the situation well and didn't comply. Jasper and Alyssa wanted time alone. It

would be awkward if he forced his way between them.

"It's okay. I have Jasper to help."

Alyssa proudly laced her fingers with Jasper's, turning to gaze deeply into his eyes. Under that burning

gaze, there was no room for anyone else. "Dad, let me remind you-a true man doesn't try to flaunt what

he has done to gain favor.

“Who collected evidence, apprehended the culprit, and stood up for me, Blaze, and the Taylor family

under great pressure? Who was the keeping his name and hard work under wraps?

“I hope you can be more discerning and not be swayed by an outsider’s sweet talk. Don’t place

yourself in a bad place and become a laughingstock.”

After Alyssa finished speaking, she walked past Winston and Jameson proudly with Jasper’s hand in

hers.

A chilling sense of abandonment grazed Jameson’s shoulders. His heart was pricked painfully, and his

face was downcast as he clenched his fingers tightly.

When Jasper walked past Winston, he didn’t forget to nod at Winston politely. It was hilarious how stiff

he was.

“That brat! I’ve lost control over her now.”

Winston glared at their backs as they left. He didn’t stop them but pointed at his daughter’s retreating

figure and reprimanded, “You are so sharp-tongued. The person you marry would be the unluckiest

man- in the world.”

Jonah and Lyla couldn’t help but laugh after hearing it.

Even if men wanted to become this unlucky, they would have to wait in line.

Jameson watched as Alyssa sat in Jasper’s passenger seat and left. Hatred and dissatisfaction hit his

chest like a raging storm, his eyes reddening.

However, he collected himself and looked at Winston grimly. “Uncle Winston, it was my fault for acting

too slow toward Lyse’s accident. I didn’t get to the bottom of it in time and have caused so much trouble

for you and Lyse.”

“Don’t say that. You have done enough. The Harpers might have maintained his friendly tone.

“If I’d done better, Lyse might look my way more. Then, you wouldn’t need to worry for us that much,

too.” Jameson lowered his head, riddled with guilt.

“Jameson, I noticed everything you’ve sacrificed for Lyse.”

Winston pondered for a moment. His eyes flickered as he said earnestly, “But you have to understand

that love cannot be forced.”

Jameson’s eyes shrank; his heart stopped. He didn’t understand what Winston meant.

Previously, Winston had sworn to help him and Alyssa get together. Now, he had changed his mind.

Jameson wondered if Winston’s

impression of Jasper had shifted because the latter had helped the Taylor family find the culprit during

the horseracing event.

Was it that easy for Winston to overlook Jasper’s wrongdoings toward Alyssa over the years?

Or perhaps Winston had never hated Jasper as much as he claimed in the beginning.

Jameson had tried so hard to excel in front of Winston. Just when he believed he had the happiness he

had dreamed of within reach,

Winston casually said that to him.