

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1633

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1633-“Mr. Beckett? Mr. Beckett?” Sheryl tilted her head and asked with a smile, “What’s on your mind? Or is there something on my face?”

“No.” Jasper abruptly returned to his senses, feeling somewhat melancholic.

White Dove had been his savior, and they had fought side by side to survive.

Without her, how could he have returned to Solana City alive and become the president with overwhelming support?

How could he have fallen in love and be with Alyssa?

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Jasper would never forget White Dove’s kindness to him. He had never stopped searching for her whereabouts, but she seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Justin mentioned that this woman had worked as a doctor without borders in Luminara.

As waves of emotions surged within Jasper, his gaze toward Sheryl became complex.

“Mr. Beckett, if you’re interested in my story, perhaps in the future, or when you visit Mr. Justin again in Mosgravia, I can gradually tell you.” Sheryl smiled sweetly, and her tone was soft and alluring.

“You’ve misunderstood, Ms. Gillis. Your experience just reminded me of an old acquaintance. I didn’t mean anything else.” Jasper withdrew his gaze icily and elegantly lifted the teacup.

Sheryl bit her lip.

“Alright, Sheryl, Jasper has never been one for jokes,” Justin interjected, changing the topic. “Jasper, you came all this way, and I know you didn’t just come to visit me.”

Jasper’s throat tightened. “Justin, I…”

“Don’t worry. You can tell me everything. Even if you came to me for some purpose, I won’t blame you. Seeing you again makes me happier than anything else.”

Justin’s eyes twinkled with warmth as he spoke earnestly. “Are you facing any difficulties?”

“Justin, there’s someone very important to me who is sick. There’s a miracle drug for his symptoms here in Mosgravia, but no matter what I try, I can’t get my hands on it.

“So I thought, since you’ve been in Mosgravia all these years and have connections with the Jesseltons, you must have made some deep connections.

Could you help me inquire.”

Jasper took out his phone and placed the photo of the medicine in front of Justin. “How can I obtain this medicine?”

Justin smiled knowingly. “Is the important person you’re talking about Mr. Taylor?”

A lump formed in Jasper’s throat.

Sheryl glanced at the screen. “This is medication for treating strokes. Does Mr.

Taylor have a stroke?” Jasper’s sharp gaze suddenly turned toward her face, like an icy blade cutting through.

Although Sheryl had gone on many important occasions with Justin, she couldn’t help but feel a chill from his cold gaze.

“Jasper, don’t misunderstand Sheryl.”

“Since you already knew, I have nothing to hide.”

“My beloved is getting more and more haggard every day, worrying about her father. If I stand by and do nothing, what kind of man am I?”

Justin nodded thoughtfully. “I understand. Your feelings for Ms. Alyssa truly move me.”

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1634-Justin continued, “That medicine is indeed very rare. But over the years of treatment and medication, I've built some connections in the medical field. My friend has this medicine, and I can ask him to get it for you.”

“Really? That's great!” Jasper's face lit up with joy. “How can I repay you for your help, Justin?”

Justin's gaze was mysterious as he smiled. “Although I'm in Mosgravia, I've long heard about how much you cherish Ms. Alyssa. Someday, when I return to Solana City, would you oppose me becoming friends with her?”

Jasper's heart wrenched, and he clenched his grip on the teacup.

“Mr. Justin, you're really putting Mr. Beckett in a difficult position. Ms. Alyssa is the apple of his eye. He would even build a house to hide her if he could. Even if you're his brother, I doubt he'd be willing,” Sheryl half-jokingly said, but her words concealed a hidden meaning.

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She implied that women were not the only thing Jasper might not be willing to give up for Justin. It could also be power or status.

So what if Justin was Jasper's lifesaver? If one day Justin wanted to return to the Beckett Group, would Jasper really give up his place for him?

“You can't say that, Sheryl.”

Justin's expression grew solemn. “Jasper is my little brother. We have grown up together since childhood. I know him very well.”

“Justin, I think it’s fine if you want to be friends with Lyse.” Jasper’s tone was calm, but his gaze was slightly cold. “But later on, when I marry Lyse, she’ll be your sister-in-law. Isn’t that better than just being friends?”

Justin was momentarily taken aback, then smiled. “You make a good point.”

“So the medicine...”

“You should return to Solana City first. I think Ms. Alyssa would miss you a lot while you’re away.”

Justin showed a hint of weariness, indicating he was ready to send Jasper away. “I’ll get the medicine as soon as possible and have someone deliver it to you. You can rest assured.”

“Then I’ll wait for your good news.”

Since Justin had already said things to this point, Jasper couldn’t say much. He stood up and took his leave.

Once Jasper left, Justin narrowed his eyes, opened a nearby box, and took out the medicine Jasper had requested.

“Sheryl, you’ve been too talkative today.”

“Forgive me, Mr. Justin.” Sheryl quickly apologized, breaking out in a cold sweat.

“I understand that seeing an old acquaintance might make it hard to control your emotions. But what you need to do is leave a good impression on Jasper. Your excessive display will only ruin your mystique and may even reveal flaws.”

Justin glanced at her pale face. “You should know how clever my brother is.”
past. Seeing him now... I only feel hatred.”

“Hatred caused by unrequited love. I understand.”

“No! I never loved Jasper... Never!”

I was young and ignorant. I was influenced and manipulated by Sophia.”

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1635-Sheryl continued, "After growing up, I only further tried to win Jasper's heart for the sake of my family's interests. I've never had feelings for him. I've never loved him."

Justin smirked, leaning down and lifting her chin with his fingertip. "Then, are you just using me too?"

With tears in her eyes, Sheryl swore, "I truly care for you, Mr. Justin. I'm loyal to you. I would even die for you!"

"Don't say such gloomy things. Stand up and talk." Justin's tone softened as he helped her up.

But Sheryl still felt uneasy inside. She couldn't read Justin's emotions. Having worked for him for so long, she had never seen him angry. This only added to her unease.

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"Did you have me fabricate a new identity to replace that lady and get close to Jasper again?"

"Apart from occasionally being foolish in matters of the heart, Jasper is the smartest person I know. How could you possibly replace her if you don't even know the details of his relationship with that lady?"

Smelling the tea, Justin spoke leisurely. "Your new identity has already left a deep impression on him, sparking endless thoughts. But its effects will only be seen once we return to Solana City."

Sheryl nodded, then asked in surprise, "Also, are you really going to give Jasper the medicine? Are you truly going to save Winston?"

"Without the medicine, Winston's health will only deteriorate, and then both the Taylor family and the KS Group will be thrown into chaos. Isn't that what we want?"

"Will giving Mr. Taylor the medicine really improve his health?"

Sheryl gasped. "Are you suggesting..."

"Mr. Taylor is getting old and has such a stubborn illness. Having suffered multiple episodes, his body isn't what it used to be. Will giving him the medicine make a significant difference?"

"The miraculous effects of this medication often make people overlook its side effects. But compared to brain death, a little side effect is a small price to pay."

Justin coughed, then said casually, "Besides, with this, Jasper and Ms. Alyssa will owe me one. Isn't this a good deal?"

Back at the hotel, Jasper was restless.

Firstly, he hadn't obtained the medicine, which left him uneasy.

Secondly, the matter of Justin's personal doctor, who had worked as a doctor without borders in Luminara, bothered him.

But was she truly a doctor?

Her hands didn't look like a doctor's hands at all. Her nails were long, and they were painted with translucent pink nail polish.

"Mr. Beckett, you seem preoccupied. Did Ms. Justin trouble you?"

Jasper shook his head slightly and asked in a deep voice. "Xavier, can doctors use incense or perfume?"

"Uh? Just a moment, let me check."

"I see." Jasper's eyes narrowed.

"What's going on, Mr. Beckett? Why are you suddenly asking about this?"

Jasper didn't respond but grew increasingly curious about the identity of the woman named Sheryl Gillis.

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1636-That night, moonlight cast a silvery glow on the ground while the night breeze rustled the trees outside the window.

Closing his eyes, Jonah clutched a cross in his hands, devoutly praying in front of the statue of God.

Since the passing of his former beloved, he had day after day sought self redemption through prayer, repenting for the sins he had committed.

Countless times in the past, it had all been for him.

But now, standing once again before the statue of God, Jonah found himself unable to discern his own feelings. He felt lost and adrift.

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He breathed out a long sigh. Just as he turned away, the doors of the church were suddenly pushed open.

A chilly wind rushed in, dispersing the sorrow between his brows.

The next moment, that slender and graceful figure with fox-like eyes tore through the desolation and caught his gaze.

Jonah...

Julien's slender figure stood alone in the center of the doorway. His eyes were brimming with tears. "You've come looking for me... Why didn't you wait for me?"

Would it have killed you to wait a little longer?"

Jonah's heart wrenched. His entire body froze, and the emotions in his bloodshot eyes surged uncontrollably.

"Jackass... Don't you know... how hard it was for me to find you?"

Julien tried so hard to suppress his emotions that he was trembling all over. But he finally broke down in tears upon seeing his beloved.

"I lost my phone... I was afraid to go to KS Group or Heightsnew Villa to find you... I was afraid to contact anyone from the Taylor family or even Aunt Mandy... I was afraid of causing trouble for you and each and every one of you..."

At the last syllable, he choked up, almost to the point of losing his voice.
“But...

what I’m afraid of even more is never seeing you again.”

How many times had he said “afraid” in one breath?

Jonah suddenly remembered the carefree and easygoing second son of the Lovelace family, who had just come to his side from Mosgravia. He had never feared anything.

What had caused him to become like this?

Was it the feud between the Taylor and Lovelace families?

Was it his ambivalence toward him or the ruthlessness he showed in extinguishing the rekindled flame of desire for the sake of the bigger picture?

Jonah gazed steadily at Julien’s tear-streaked face. His heart throbbed painfully as if it were being torn apart.

“Jonah, I’m afraid... I’m afraid that the moment I watched you walk away from my house that night might be the last time I see you.”

Julien cried until he was a tearful mess, seemingly wanting to shed all the tears of his life. “But I can’t let that happen. I want to be with you. I want to be with you forever. I love you, Jonah... I love you!”

“Dr. Lovelace.” Jonah’s throat felt dry as he spoke. His words were stiff as if speaking for the first time. “This is a church. Please refrain from saying such words against the will of God.”

“I’ve said it! If there truly is a God, then let him punish me! Let him condemn me!”

Julien took two staggering steps forward, poking his chest forcefully. “It’s hurting so much here... I don’t care about the Lovelace family. I don’t care about the punishment from God. They mean nothing compared to you!

“If there’s karma, let it hit me! If the heavens fall, I’ll hold it up for you. If we’re going to hell, I’ll accompany you there. Bring it on!”

Julien finally ran out of strength, his eyes closing as his body slumped down.

But he didn't feel any pain. It was replaced by a warm embrace tinged with the strong scent of testosterone.

It was a hug for which he had longed for so long.

Jonah felt the intense heat of Julien's body through the thin shirt as his hand rested on Julien's waist. "You're running a fever?" When he rested his hand on Julien's sweaty forehead, he found it scorching hot.

"I'm fine."

Julien also wanted to hug Jonah, but he was in too much pain. He was too weak to lift his arms. "Seeing you... makes everything okay."

Jonah clenched his teeth tightly. "Don't be silly! You have a high fever. You have to go to the hospital!"

Julien tightly grasped Jonah's shirt, shaking his head forcefully. "I'll be fine... after taking some fever medicine."

Then he drifted into unconsciousness.

Jonah's eyes welled up with tears. He gripped the back of Julien's neck, pulling him deeply into his embrace.

"Foxy, can there be anyone more foolish than you?"

The Lovelace family's influence was concentrated in Belbanks, so being in Solana City would be safer.

Julien's cheeks were flushed with fever, and he rambled incoherently. But every word revolved around Jonah.

Jonah frowned deeply, and his heart pounded heavily. It had been a long time since he felt this lost and helpless.

In the end, he picked up his phone and dialed a long-forgotten number.

"Who is this?" a cold voice came from the other end.

Jonah's throat tightened, and his voice was hoarse. "It's me."

There was silence on the other end for a while, then came a voice trembling with disbelief. “Judas? Is that really you?”

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1637-Judas—this title remained vague in Jonah's mind. No matter how many memories it invoked, those times were long gone.

“Dr. Wooten, it's me. Jonah.”

“Judas! I really can't believe I'd live to see the day you'd contact me. How have you been all these years?”

“I'm doing well.”

Jonah paused, then said in a low voice, “Are you free right now? I have an urgent matter and need your help.”

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“You don't even need to ask, Judas. I'll do anything for you. No questions asked.”

In less than half an hour, a man carrying a large medicine box arrived at Jonah's villa.

This man, referred to as “Dr. Wooten” by Jonah, was named Evan Wooten.

Unlike regular doctors, he was an underground doctor.

During the time when Jonah was still known as “Judas”, many of his men were unable to seek treatment at regular hospitals and had to go to underground clinics.

Jonah had met Evan then, who had lost his medical license. Jonah recognized his talent and hired him as his personal doctor, giving him a carefree life.

Even when Evan retired, Jonah helped him retire safely, ensuring that no one would attack him.

“Judas...” Reuniting with his former boss, whom he had once shared life and death with, Evan burst into tears on the spot.

“It’s been ages.” Jonah’s gaze softened, and he hugged Evan. “You’re still the same, looking so youthful. Nothing’s changed.”

“But you have changed, Judas.”

Evan’s tearful gaze wandered repeatedly over his face. “I don’t know how to put it, but I just feel that you’re completely different from before.”

Jonah still looked the same, but his style, demeanor, and gaze were nothing like in the past. They were like two different people.

“Of course. My identity has changed.” Jonah smiled. “I have to look like a president.”

But Evan could tell how helpless Jonah felt as the president “I asked you to come here this time because a very important friend of mine is sick.”

Jonah pondered for a moment, then spoke slowly. “He can’t go to the hospital now. So—”

Evan shook his head. “You don’t need to say anything. I’ll do anything you ask of me.”

Jonah’s lashes fluttered. “Thanks.”

The two quickly went upstairs to the room.

Evan was shocked to see Julien lying on the bed. Then he redirected his gaze at Jonah in amazement.

“You’re also surprised, right? He looks a lot like him.”

Jonah’s gaze softened as he picked up a towel to wipe the sweat from Julien’s cheeks. “When I first saw him, I was also stunned. But he’s different from him.

Apart from this face, they have nothing in common.”

When Evan recalled that person, his expression turned melancholy. “Yes... That kind of stunning person is hard to find anywhere else in the world. Who could compare to him?”

Other things were too sad to be mentioned, so he didn't dare say anything else.

Jonah knew that standing here wouldn't help, and it might even affect Evan's performance, so he left the room.

Sitting alone in the peaceful living room, all Jonah could think about was Julien's passionate confession.

His mind was in turmoil. Closing his eyes, he gripped the cross tightly and trembled violently.

"Judas, come in and take a look!" Evan poked his head out, frowning.

Jonah immediately got up and hurried back to the bedside.

There, Julien's shirt had been removed, revealing the inflamed wounds on his back, which were oozing blood.

Jonah's mind buzzed, and a torrent of fury washed over him.

"I did a preliminary diagnosis for him and found that his fever was quite strange, so I started looking for external injuries on his body. As expected, the problem lies here."

Evan, wearing a face mask and medical gloves, barely touched Julien's back.

However, it elicited a painful low moan from him. "Ouch..."

"Dr. Wooten, he's in pain."

Jonah clenched his fists tightly, feeling the pain as if it were his own. "Can you relieve his pain?"

"A painkiller injection should do, but the wounds on his back are festering, with a high risk of infection. We need to debride the wounds immediately and administer tetanus shots."

Jonah exuded a chilling vibe, his temples throbbing.

A gang?

How was that possible?

These shocking wounds could only be the result of the punishment meted out by the Lovelace family.

The Lovelace family was not anywhere near a noble family, but they acted like one.

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1638-Evan felt quite troubled upon hearing that.

“Judas, among the wounds on your friend’s body, two in particular are extremely deep. Describing them as skin-deep wounds wouldn’t be an exaggeration. I’ll need to tend to them before I can know the specifics.”

As Jonah stared at the bloody wounds on Julien’s back, his heartache spread throughout his body.

“Some of the wounds may need stitches, and it’s unlikely that there won’t be any scarring.”

When Evan noticed Jonah’s increasingly gloomy expression, he smiled wryly and comforted, “It’s no big deal for a young man to have a few scars. It adds to his masculinity, doesn’t it? Your friend shouldn’t be too fussy about it, right?”

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Jonah’s brows furrowed deeply.

Fussy?

Julien was a man who refused to do chores and who would want to change his entire outfit from head to toe if he got a drop of grease on it.

If he wasn’t fussy, there couldn’t be any fussy person in the world.

In his mind, Jonah could already see Julien’s frantic reaction when he woke up and saw the scars covering his back.

“Anyway, please do your best.”

“He’s your man. I wouldn’t dare not do my best for him,” Evan said.

The words “your man” made Jonah’s cheeks flush slightly.

It took Evan more than two hours to treat all of Julien’s wounds and administer the best medicine he had.

Seeing the man on the bed breathing peacefully in his sleep, Jonah felt a slight relief.

“Let’s check his temperature again tomorrow morning. If his fever subsides, everything should be fine.” Evan wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Dr. Wooten, I really appreciate your help,” Jonah said sincerely.

“Judas, please don’t call me Dr. Wooten. It makes me uncomfortable.”

Evan looked deeply into Jonah’s eyes. “Call me Evan, just like before.”

Jonah parted his pale lips, his throat choking up. “Evan.”

“Yes,” Evan replied crisply, his eyes brimming with tears.

For this one word, he would willingly go through hell and back ten thousand times for Jonah.

Jonah didn’t dare to leave Julien’s side, but he also didn’t dare to sleep next to him for fear of accidentally touching his wounds.

He could only lie down on the couch and make do for the night.

Originally, he didn’t want to sleep at all. He wanted to stay by Julien’s side until dawn.

But in the middle of the night, he became too exhausted and eventually closed his eyes, drifting off into sleep.

In a groggy state, Jonah smelled the cool scent of ointment and felt something heavy on his body.

With a surge of willpower, he abruptly opened his eyes.

“Jonah…”

Their eyes met, and the breathing of the two men gradually became hurried in the quiet room.

The air grew hotter and hotter.

“What are you doing?” Jonah’s gaze was full of restraint, but the veins on the back of his hand were throbbing.

“I can’t... think straight from the fever...”

Julien’s gaze grew confused. His breath was ragged as he touched his burning forehead.

Can’t Win Me Back Chapter 1639-In the darkness, Jonah’s neck and earlobes flushed red.

His breathing became heavy as he slowly raised his hand. He landed his warm palm on Julien’s abdomen, gently caressing the smooth skin.

“Do you still think this is a dream?”

Under Jonah’s touch, Julien trembled as if electrified. Finally, he leaned in and grabbed Jonah’s face, kissing him fiercely.

Their silhouettes intertwined, filling the room with their kissing sounds.

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“Jonah, can you let me be with you? I don’t want anything. Just let me be with you. I don’t mind, even if we can never be public.”

Jonah’s dark eyes shimmered with profound affection.

He couldn’t hide it or contain himself any longer. He knew exactly what he was doing. At this moment, he was more awake than ever before.

“From now on, I’m yours. Yours alone.”

With tears in his eyes, Julien nestled into Jonah's bare yet strong chest. He felt a happiness he had never felt before.

Lately, Jameson had been busy dealing with the troubles brought to the company by the Taylor family.

The losses incurred by the Tsulu resort project had been somewhat mitigated, with Jameson sending people to visit and compensate for the injured and deceased. He also orchestrated media coverage to salvage the reputation of the Schmidt Group.

In secret, the officials from Tsulu responsible for the incident had been successfully bribed by Jameson, using a combination of money and women's seduction. They had agreed to minimize the negative impact of the incident and ensure that it wouldn't affect the project's construction in the future.

Amber's sacrifices were essential in this process.

Though Jameson had stopped her from selling her body after the incident with Inigo, she still had to be around those lascivious, high-ranking officials to secure Jameson's interests.

This was Amber's only remaining value by his side.

She had no turning back now because her value as Alyssa's substitute had been lost. If she lost this as well, Jameson would abandon her completely.

Others' abandonment meant discarding, but Jameson's would mean destruction.

With a tumultuous fate, she had fought tooth and nail to survive to this day. She wanted to live well, not endure a life of misery, and end up with a tragic death.

That night, Jameson returned from his business trip to Mosgravia with an extremely grim expression. As soon as he entered The Millennium's gates, Amber, who greeted him, shivered and hastily took a few steps back.

"Mr. Schmidt..."

Jameson stared at her coldly, as if seeing someone he could never have through her.

“Mr. Schmidt, Ms. Altman has done a great service for you in Tsulu.”

“Persuaded? Or seduced?” Jameson sneered disdainfully.

Amber lowered her head and stared at the tips of her red high heels. Her throat felt so constricted that she had difficulty breathing.

“It’s just a brothel. If it weren’t for the bigger picture, would I care?”

Jameson’s gaze softened slightly as he withdrew it from Amber’s flushed face.

“If she can’t even do this, she might as well die and not waste any air.”

Carl glanced at Amber, unsure of what else to say.

“Oh, wait. Apart from managing the place, she might still have some use.”

Can’t Win Me Back Chapter 1640-Amber’s pupils trembled in fear, and her slender legs under her skirt shook violently.

“Last time I visited him, I felt like his eyes were all over you.”

Jameson grabbed her chin forcefully, lifting it with enough force to crush her jawbone. “I can confirm he’s taken an interest in you.

“It seems he isn’t as refined as I thought. Since he can’t obtain the real person, having a fake around for a feast of the eyes and to satisfy his desires might not be a bad choice.”

Amber’s eyes were red-rimmed, with tears glistening as they emitted a plea of helplessness. “Mr. Schmidt... please... please don’t send me to Mr. Justin.

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“I’ve been loyal to you for so many years... Please don’t send me away... I beg you!”

“What value do you have?”

Jameson, who had been holding back his anger since his return, unleashed it all on Amber. He pushed her forcefully in the chest.

Amber stumbled back two steps, banging into the wall with a dull thud. Her back felt cold and painful.

“Carl, pack her things. Send her to Mosgravia tomorrow.”

“No!”

Amber knelt at Jameson’s feet. Tears streamed down her face as she clasped her hands together. “I swear to serve you faithfully! I’ll never betray you! I’ll do anything you ask. Just please don’t make me leave!”

Her tears and fear were genuine. But even she couldn’t discern how much of her words were true.

Jameson had been her savior, lifting her out of a life of homelessness and destitution and giving her a home.

She couldn’t forget him teaching her to ride a horse, play the piano, appreciate wine, Grunslanish, manners, and many more.

She was able to undergo a complete transformation, all thanks to his hands-on training and guidance. Before returning to Solana City, Jameson was her everything, the light she pursued throughout her life.

But now, she finally saw through him.

Since the day Jameson had her undergo plastic surgery to resemble Alyssa, she should have realized.

He only saw her as a tool to be used and discarded. There were other women to replace her if she were gone. Her salvation was just a coincidence.

Was such a person who had brought her back to life only to trample on her body and dignity still worthy of her love and loyalty?

“Mr. Schmidt, I know you’re angry, but please, be rational. Calm down.”

In a panic, Carl pleaded, “Ms. Altman is the masterpiece you’ve cultivated yourself—your most satisfactory work. It’s not easy to find another woman with her talent and abilities who’ll be this devoted to you.

At this, Jameson's cold gaze softened slightly.

Amber's heartache intensified. Tears mixed with blood rolled down her cheeks.

Trembling, she opened her palm and saw a reflection of Axel's wicked grin in the teardrops in her hand.

Narrowing his eyes, Jameson seemed to take in Carl's words. He ignored the woman kneeling on the ground and strode away.

Carl sighed as he watched Jameson's retreating figure. He then reached out to help Amber up.

"No need... I can stand up on my own." Amber wiped away her tears fiercely, struggling to stand up.