

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Can not Win Me Back Chapter 1697

Can not Win Me Back Chapter 1697-“Haha! You’ve got a point, Mom!” Jamie furrowed her well-trimmed brows. “But I still don’t get why we didn’t hire a top-notch designer for my wedding gown. Why settle for this woman’s help? It’s ridiculous.”

“Ah, my dear daughter, there’s more to it than meets the eye.”

Lydia held Jamie’s arm and said seriously, “Your father’s success in business stems from his ability to allocate resources wisely from a young age.

“Having Rose design your wedding dress serves several purposes. Firstly, it would be a waste not to utilize her skills. Secondly, it’s a subtle way for your father to assert his authority over her. She needs to understand her place in the Emerson family.

“She may be an Emerson, but she would always be beneath you. She would have to suck up to you for the rest of her life.”

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With a meticulously crafted plan in mind, Lydia and Jamie made their way through the entrance.

“Hi, do you have an appointment?” The assistant approached them.

“Appointment? What for? This little establishment is not that upscale. No need for formalities.” Jamie sneered and rolled her eyes.

The assistant frowned, her demeanor turning frosty. “Ms. Emerson doesn’t entertain unannounced guests. Madam Clarissa from the Schmidt Group was turned away earlier because she didn’t have an appointment.”

Lydia and Jamie exchanged surprised glances. They couldn't believe someone from the Schmidt Group would come to Rose's shop to custom-make their clothes.

Though the Emersons held some social sway, they paled in comparison to the Schmidts, one of the four great families.

"Ahem... We're Rose's family. Kindly inform her that her relatives are here to see her. She'll surely come down to greet us." Unable to meet Rose, Lydia was forced to reveal her identity.

"Huh? If that's the case, I'm afraid I can't let you in."

The assistant regarded them icily. "I've worked for Ms. Emerson for many years, and I know her like the back of my hand. Ms. Emerson mentioned that her mother is the only living relative she has. The rest of her family has passed away."

Lydia's expression darkened instantly.

"Passed away? How could that bitch say that?" Jamie's rage boiled over, and she hurled an insult at Rose.

A sudden chill crept up their spines, accompanied by the relentless echo of imposing footsteps drawing closer.

Lydia and Jamie shuddered and whirled around.

Approaching them was an imposing man in a dark uniform, his sharp gaze fixed upon them.

Jamie stared at him blankly, momentarily transfixed. Her heart raced uncontrollably as if it might leap from her chest. He was so strikingly handsome that she felt an inexplicable urge to scream.

Alas, there would always be someone more superior.

"And who might you be?" the assistant asked, puzzled.

Silas glanced at Jamie, who had just cursed Rose, with a cold stare.

Lydia trembled and instinctively pulled Jamie closer.

Silas added, "Please take care of your business first. Once you're finished, attend to my needs. I'm in no rush."

Can not Win Me Back Chapter 1698-The assistant was taken aback by Silas' demeanor. However, interpreting his nonchalant attitude as that of a typical client coming to collect his garments, she proceeded with her duties.

"Jamie, what's gotten into you? You're practically ogling. Pull yourself together!"

Lydia chided, tugging Jamie's arm.

"Mom! Look at that man. He is so handsome! I've never seen such a pretty face in my life," Jamie gushed, her excitement palpable.

"Enough of that. You're a woman of means; act like it. No matter how handsome he may be, he's still just a man," Lydia scolded, though she couldn't help but steal glances at Silas.

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Something about him seemed familiar, and his icy gaze sent shivers down her spine.

As the assistant pondered how to handle the situation, the crisp click of high heels echoed from the staircase.

"Are you two quite finished?"

Silas turned his attention to Rose, who had just arrived. His eyes narrowed as he observed the aggression emanating from her demeanor.

"Mom, that bitch is here!" Jamie exclaimed, her expression twisted with disgust and hostility.

Jamie, as the legitimate daughter of the Emerson family, felt deeply unsettled by the impact Rose, the illegitimate daughter, had on the former's relationship with their father, George Emerson.

Rose surpassed Jamie in various aspects. Not only was Rose exceptionally beautiful, but she also possessed remarkable talent. Excelling academically and displaying exemplary character from a young age, Rose rose to become the most esteemed fashion designer in the country.

If Rose hadn't been burdened by her mother's criminal past, George wouldn't have treated her with such coldness and distance. Rose might have even married into the prestigious Dalton family from Northuis instead of Jamie.

As Rose approached Lydia and Jamie, each step felt as heavy as lead.

Upon reaching the bottom, her gaze fell upon Silas, seated with an air of effortless elegance. His charming eyes captivated her, causing her heart to flutter uncontrollably, just as it always did in his presence. Yet, despite her undeniable attraction, Rose knew she could never act upon her feelings.

The arrival of Lydia and Jamie felt like the striking of midnight, a cruel reminder for Rose to awaken from her Cinderella dream.

Despite her deep affection for Silas, Rose harbored a secret hope that he would find a more suitable partner for himself—one without the burdensome background, family, and past that plagued her.

Lydia's eyes burned with hatred as she observed Rose's remarkable success.

Her anger simmered beneath the surface, threatening to boil over.

"Lydia, I am working right now. We can talk after work," Rose uttered, her voice strained with forced composure.

Silas remained a silent observer on the sidelines, rendering Rose unable to unleash her pent-up frustrations on Lydia and Jamie. She grappled with the thought of revealing her family's inner turmoil, especially considering how it might affect her standing in Silas and Alyssa's eyes.

Rose had fought tooth and nail to rise from the depths of the slums to her current position, and she was determined never to return to square one and endure the scorn of others.

Silas noticed the grim look on Rose's face. Yet, he remained calm.

Lydia, however, was seething with outrage. Finally laying eyes on Rose, she spewed forth a venomous tirade. "Rose, you may be a renowned designer now, but your arrogance and temper have worsened over time.

"You have changed. You used to try to appease us when you and your mother were still living with the Emersons."

"Mom, you're saying it in such a roundabout way. Does Rose even understand?"

Let me make it clear to her," Jamie interjected, her tone dripping with malice as she glanced at Silas, igniting a sense of malicious competitiveness within her.

She inched closer to Rose. "Rose, you have to always remember that you are an illegitimate daughter of the Emerson family."

Silas, holding a cup, tightened his grip as his heart panged with ache. Sensing Rose's discomfort, he averted his burning gaze, fearful of adding to her distress.

The assistant seethed with humiliation, but understanding their relationship with Rose, she bit back her anger.

Each insult pierced Rose's heart like a knife, particularly in front of the man she loved. It was a brutal assault on her most vulnerable side.

Can not Win Me Back Chapter 1699-Silas remained silent.

Rose couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze, her heart aching with an intensity that made her wish for it to cease beating altogether.

No one would be able to accept her, even someone as understanding and perceptive as Silas.

After an agonizing stretch of tense silence, Rose summoned the strength to plaster a strained smile on her face.

"Yes, I am the illegitimate daughter, the product of George's affair. Our family is a complete mess, our drama both entertaining and scandalous!"

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She turned her attention to Jamie, her voice tinged with defiance. “Jamie, you’re on the verge of marrying into the Dalton family, aren’t you? When I meet my new brother-in-law, rest assured I’ll enlighten him about the Emerson family’s true colors. Perhaps then, we can find common ground.”

Lydia and Jamie were left dumbfounded by Rose’s audacity. With each forced laugh, their fury only intensified.

Rose had made everything worse!

“Tell me, what brings you to visit this illegitimate daughter you seldom acknowledge?” Rose’s tone dripped with sarcasm as she arrogantly checked her watch. “Hurry up, my time is valuable.”

Lydia ground her teeth, struggling to contain her anger. “Jamie is about to become engaged. Your father expects you to create two gowns for her.”

“I’m sorry, but my schedule is fully booked for the next few months. I simply don’t have the time.”

Lydia’s icy glare bore into Rose. “Rose, are you going against your father’s orders?”

Rose fearlessly replied, “It doesn’t matter. Even if the president comes, I won’t do it.”

Jamie was livid. “You!”

“Lydia, do you take me for a fool?”

Rose, towering over Lydia, regarded her with a mixture of disdain and defiance.

“You and your daughter humiliated me just seconds ago, and mere seconds later, you dare to ask me for a favor? I can’t believe the extent of your shamelessness.”

“You disrespectful wretch! You’ve crossed the line!”

Lydia was unable to contain her rage any longer. With eyes reddened with fury, she raised her arm intending to deliver a slap across Rose's face.

Rose's muscles tensed, ready to defend herself, when a sharp gust of wind suddenly sliced through the air. Then, a sharp, echoing smack reverberated throughout the space.

"Ah! It hurts!" Lydia cried out in pain, her forehead glistening with sweat as she clutched her throbbing wrist.

The sound of something shattering echoed through the room as a cup fell to the ground after it thwarted Lydia's attempt to strike Rose.

"Mom, are you okay?" Jamie was scared out of her wits.

Lydia's hand trembled in pain. "Who did this?"

"Me."

A voice, firm and unwavering, rang out.

Rose looked up abruptly. Her heart felt heavy as tears swirled in her eyes.

There was no disgust or disdain in his eyes, only genuine concern for her well being.

As Jamie watched Silas' intense gaze fixed upon Rose, whom she considered to be an eyesore, a pang of jealousy twisted her stomach.

"Did you just hit me? Who do you think you are?" Lydia's voice trembled with anger and fear as she confronted the intimidating Silas.

"Then, who do you think you are to strike her?"

Can not Win Me Back Chapter 1700-Rose stood behind Silas, her heart initially unsettled. Her lips were pressed thinly together.

However, she nearly broke into a smile after hearing Silas' remark.

Silas possessed a formidable ability to dismantle a convict in court and ruthlessly exploit someone's vulnerabilities with his words.

“Nonsense! I’ve never had my face done!” Lydia retorted, hastily covering her stiffened face, a mix of shame, anger, and guilt consuming her.

Silas shook his head. “It’s not your fault for aging, but it’s not right to run around scaring people off with that face either.”

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Lydia seethed with outrage, feeling her blood boil at his audacity.

“Who are you to Rose?” Jamie interjected, clinging to her mother and demanding an answer.

“Who am I to Rose?” Silas mused, touching the inside of his cheek with his tongue before turning to Rose with a serious expression. “Ms. Emerson, she wants to know my role in your life.”

Rose met his gaze, her heart pounding in her chest.

“If you don’t say anything, then I’ll take the liberty of calling myself your boyfriend,” Silas announced with a wide smile, a gentle glint in his eyes.

“What?” Lydia’s and Jamie’s jaws dropped.

How could this sophisticated man be Rose’s boyfriend?

Rose’s cheeks flushed instantly. She looked down shyly, afraid to look at him.

Silas’ expression softened as he reached for her cold hand, intertwining his fingers with hers.

“I didn’t intervene when you were bullying Rosie earlier because I wanted to witness the extent of your cruelty and shamelessness. I wanted to see just how low you could stoop,” Silas remarked coolly, his demeanor exuding a chilling presence.

“And you didn’t disappoint me. It’s truly eye-opening to see both of you devils in action,” he added, his eyes narrowing slightly.

Rosie?

Rose blinked away the moisture from her eyes, feeling a warmth spreading in her chest.

Lydia gritted her teeth. "This concerns only the Emersons. I don't think this has anything to do with you."

"Rosie is mine, so that makes her problems mine as well.." Silas rubbed his cheeks, his gaze sharp enough to deter anyone from meeting it directly.

"Sir, my mother has never spoken an untruth about her."

Jamie erupted, hurling accusations at Rose once more. "She's the illegitimate offspring of the Emersons. Her mother seduced my father and bore her out of wedlock. Unable to secure her position, she birthed this wretch behind my father's back.

"Then, in desperation, her mother brought her to us for protection. We embraced her as family, but Rose, despite our kindness, turned her back on us after gaining some fame for herself. She wouldn't even deign to design a gown for me!

"She wouldn't even be here if not for us Emersons. If my father hadn't taken them in, Rose and her mother would have perished on the streets."

Rose's eyes blazed crimson, her breaths labored while Silas sneered with contempt.

"What does any of this have to do with my Rosie?"

Jamie was stunned.

Silas fixed his gaze on Rose, his eyes darkened with understanding.

"If you possess an iota of dignity, leave my presence. Otherwise, I'll ensure you lose even that."