

Can Not Win Me Back

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1951-Winston's gaze drifted into the distance. "His life took this turn because of you.

He ended up confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his days, enduring years of solitude abroad.

"Now that he has returned, he saw firsthand how you've captivated the Beckett Group, achieving remarkable success. He's watched as you've claimed what rightfully belongs to him as the eldest son of the Beckett family.

"Can he truly find peace, surrender everything to you, and live a life of luxury and leisure?"

"Justin has been undergoing treatment in Mosgravia all this time. We've kept in touch through emails and calls. He used to go out of his way to support me whenever I needed it.

"Your words make sense, but I just can't imagine my brother holding any animosity toward me." Jasper laid out everything he knew for Winston, fully aware of the implications.

Winston clicked his tongue in disapproval. "You're a divorced CEO. How can you be so naive?"

Jasper couldn't help but feel chastised, though a part of him felt a strange exhilaration. It was no wonder Landon hinted that Jasper had a streak of masochism.

"He's a grown man in his 30s. Unless there's something wrong with his brain, why would he wear his heart on his sleeve like that?"

Winston spoke bluntly, "Don't let your guard down. In wealthy families, even siblings from the same mother fight for power and personal gain, let alone a half-brother from a different mother."

"Mr. Winston, there's no need to put so much pressure on Mr. Jasper. Not all wealthy families are like that," Carl interjected from the passenger seat. "Look

at your family, for example. Your wives and children, even though they're not all blood-related, get along well and live in harmony."

"That's because they lack any semblance of intelligence. They either pretend to be virtuous or strive to be the golden child in public," Winston retorted angrily, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Lyse is the only one who's shown any ambition. The rest are utterly worthless.

Most families would fight tooth and nail for their inheritance, but ours is a rare exception. Even if you handed them the inheritance on a silver platter, they'd likely turn their noses up and walk away."

Neil didn't know how to respond to Winston.

Jasper's smile faltered, a mix of envy and admiration flickering in his eyes. They were truly exceptional— intelligent and talented. They hadn't shied away from the family's responsibilities; rather, they had chosen to pursue other paths, indulging Alyssa's desires. They had collectively decided to let their most beloved sister, Alyssa, take center stage.

After absorbing Winston's words of wisdom, Jasper stepped out of the car and watched as the Taylor family vehicle drove away.

"Jasper."

Jasper turned and noticed Alyssa hastily walking toward him. They naturally laced their fingers together.

"Why are you here?" he whispered into her ear, his warm breath brushing against her face as he kissed her cheek.

"Your brother, Justin, is here to make his presence known," Alyssa replied, her eyes shimmering as she leaned into his embrace. "I didn't want to face him alone, so I came to find you.

But I think he's already left."

A subtle pang of hurt flickered in Jasper's heart as he recalled the gift Justin had given Alyssa—the hairpin. It wasn't a grand gesture, but its significance wasn't lost on him. It felt more like an insult.

"I saw the buzz on Twitter earlier," Alyssa remarked with a cold curl of her lips.

"As expected, your brother's return has set tongues wagging. He's made quite the splash; we should tread carefully."

Jasper remained nonchalant. "Let him come. I'm not afraid."

"But I do," Alyssa countered, her gaze piercing into his somber eyes. "His public reappearance after years of silence will have repercussions for you. How do you think people will perceive you? What consequences will this bring?"

"Back then, you withdrew after the kidnapping while he almost died protecting you. Now he's confined to a wheelchair. How will the public perceive you? Won't they whisper that your success came at the cost of your brother's sacrifice?"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1952-Jasper's heart raced, his lips quivering slightly as he continued to gaze at her, unable to find his voice. Who was he, for the likes of extraordinary figures such as Winston and Alyssa, to worry about?

"Your brother's reappearance will elicit sympathy from the public, including your father," Alyssa said, her eyes filled with concern. "If he has any intentions of seizing your position, public opinion will be his most potent weapon. Jasper, you need to understand this. A person's words can be as lethal as any weapon..."

Without a word, Jasper cupped her face and drew her into a passionate kiss. It began with a tenderness that quickly deepened, both fueled by a potent mix of desire and unspoken anxieties. Alyssa clung to him, her breath catching in her throat.

When they finally broke apart, Jasper's eyes held a new tenderness. He wrapped her in a protective embrace, as if afraid to lose her.

"I promised to be your guardian angel," he murmured. "Why has it turned out the other way around?"

Alyssa nestled her head against his broad shoulder, a contented sigh escaping her lips. “Remember, the only person who can truly protect you is me.”

Jasper chuckled, a hint of disbelief in his voice. “You still remember that?”

Her eyelids fluttered shut as she tightened her hold around him. “I remember everything you’ve said.”

In the depths of their passionate love, Alyssa remembered every detail of their journey since they met at age 11. Her mind was like a meticulously accurate recorder, preserving each event by its day and time.

However, Jasper might not recall some of those moments. It wasn’t that he forgot—rather, he had never realized that she had been there during every life-threatening situation they faced.

Regardless, she hadn’t planned to reveal her presence. Her intention was simply to protect him silently.

After offering his condolences, Justin declined any interviews and swiftly departed through the back door of the funeral parlor, avoiding the crowd.

The luxurious car whisked him away toward Seaview Manor. The silence inside was thick, as the driver and Sheryl were afraid to even breathe too loudly.

Suddenly, Justin chuckled.

Startled, Sheryl asked cautiously, “What are you thinking, Mr. Justin?”

Some things are worth witnessing firsthand,” Justin replied with a faint smile.

“When I saw Jasper standing with the Taylors today, I realized they were as close as family. Judging by Winston’s demeanor, he seems to have already accepted him as his son-in-law.”

Sheryl’s eyes were filled with disdain and a vicious hint of hatred. “He’s finally become the million-dollar son-in-law, reaping the rewards of his flattery toward Alyssa and Winston. It seems that fortune favors those who ingratiate themselves.”

Justin kept his eyes closed as his smile widened. "My brother grew up in poverty and had a difficult life. Now, through hard work, he's found the happiness he deserves. I'm genuinely happy for him."

"Mr. Justin, why do you say such things to upset yourself? If you hadn't sacrificed yourself to help Jasper escape, everything he has now would've been yours," Sheryl said, feeling a pang of injustice for her boss.

Justin opened his eyes slightly, a dark glint flickering within. "Yes, everything would've been mine. But would Alyssa have been mine too?"

Sheryl's heart tightened. After a moment of hesitation, she asked softly, "Mr. Justin, d-do you fancy Alyssa?"

"Didn't you say everything he has should have been mine?" Justin countered, a dangerous glint in his eyes and a hint of hidden desire playing on his lips.

Shocked, Sheryl furrowed her brows tightly. "It's natural to desire everything, but please forgive my bluntness. Alyssa and Jasper share a deep bond. There's no room for anyone else. Otherwise, Jameson would have succeeded. They've been childhood sweethearts, after all."

Justin let out a humorless chuckle. "Not to mention my condition. No woman would want to be with me like this."

"Don't say that, Mr. Justin," Sheryl countered, her voice filled with unexpected warmth. He gazed at her, and she reached out to clasp his cold hand in hers. "If you'll allow me... I'm willing to be by your side for the rest of my life."

Justin held her gaze for a long moment, a flicker of emotion crossing his eyes before they settled back into their dark depths. Sheryl's heart pounded in her chest, momentarily thrown off balance.

Despite their different mothers, the resemblance between Justin and Jasper was striking, especially in their eyes.

Until now, she had always considered Jasper to have the most captivating eyes in Solana City. But Justin's dark gaze held a depth and intensity that rivaled his brother's.

A pang of regret washed over Sheryl.

Back then, if Sophia hadn't manipulated her into focusing all her attention on Jasper, she might have chosen to stand by Justin when he was injured. Perhaps she could have even convinced him to take her with him to Mosgravia.

The Beckett Group could have been theirs.

Interrupting Sheryl's thoughts, Justin swiftly retracted his hand. "Find out which hospital Winston was treated at in Mosgravia. Obtain his medical records and history as quickly as possible."

Sheryl clenched her empty hand and nodded. "Yes, Mr. Justin."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1953-Cornelius' funeral was grandly organized with the assistance of both the Becketts and Taylors.

As the day came to a close, everyone from the Harper Group departed, leaving Landon alone, kneeling before his grandfather's photo for an extended period.

Alyssa returned home to keep Winston company while Jasper remained with his best friend until the end.

"Landon, you're exhausted. You should go home and get some rest," Jasper urged, attempting to help him up, but Landon's resolve was unyielding; he couldn't even budge him.

"I can't rest. I need to arrange Angelina's funeral too," he responded almost mechanically.

Jasper's heart ached at the sight of Landon's exhaustion.

Angelina's name had been a taboo topic in the past few days, a reminder of a wound that would never heal in Landon's heart.

"I'll help you. You're not alone; you have me." Jasper's voice was strained and raspy. But no words could bring Angelina back.

“I remember Angeline telling me she wanted a simple and peaceful life. I’m sure she’d want a funeral to reflect that, to quietly depart from this world like a raindrop fading into the rain,” Landon said, struggling to catch his breath.

Any semblance of a smile quickly vanished. “But she chose to follow me into a life filled with violence. There was never a day of peace or freedom. Jasper, I’ve destroyed Angelina’s life. I’ve killed her. How can I ever make it right?”

Jasper knelt beside him, gently patting Landon’s back. “Don’t blame yourself like this, Landon. Angelina wouldn’t want to see you suffer. You need to stay strong to protect the Harper Group and Lauren. That way, her sacrifice won’t be in vain.”

They left only after nightfall.

“Jasper,” Landon said, his voice regaining a semblance of control. “Take me to Sage Manor.”

His face, pale in the dim light, held a flicker of resolve. I want to gather some of Angeline’s belongings, things she used when she was alive. I want to keep them here at Sage Manor forever.”

Jasper nodded in understanding. Sage Manor had once been a haven for Landon, Lauren, and Angeline—a place filled with warmth and love. Now, it served as a painful reminder of their loss.

The car journey was shrouded in silence. Jordan kept his eyes fixed on the road while Jasper sat in the back, lost in thought. Leaning against the window, Landon drifted into a deep sleep within minutes.

“We’re here, Landon.”

Jasper woke Landon up an hour later.

Landon’s face appeared worn, and he anxiously rubbed his eyes before stepping out of the car. Jasper and Jordan, concerned for his well-being, stayed close behind him.

“Mr. Jasper, Mr. Landon isn’t in a stable condition. He might seem like he’s holding it together, but his body is exhausted,” Jordan whispered softly, tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

With shaking fingers, Landon entered the familiar password and opened the door

“I know,” Jasper replied, his heart heavy with concern, He didn’t know how to alleviate his best friend’s suffering.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 1954-As Landon entered the living hall, his eyes reddened from the emotions swelling within him. Everything appeared unchanged, as if nothing had occurred.

A gentle voice, once a source of comfort, broke the silence. “Mr. Landon, you’re back.”

“I’m back,” he choked out. His smile, though warm, faded as he realized there would be no reply to follow.

With a heavy thud, Landon’s knees buckled beneath him. He crumpled onto the floor, his once sturdy frame folding inward. Silent sobs wracked his body as he curled into a ball.

“Landon!”

“Mr. Landon!”

Jasper and Jordan rushed to his side; concern etched on their faces. But the only response was the quiet sound of wet tears hitting the ground.

Landon buried his head in his arms, his body wracked with silent cries.

“Landon, Jordan and I will help you gather Angelina’s belongings. You don’t have to force yourself to do it,” Jasper said, holding Landon’s trembling shoulders, his own eyes red with emotion.

“I-I’m fine,” Landon insisted, wiping away his tears forcefully as he struggled to rise, using his arms for support as he made his way upstairs.

Watching his friend’s stubborn yet fragile form ascend the staircase, Jasper’s heart constricted with anguish.

He recalled a time when mentioning Angelina would always bring a flamboyant grin to Landon's face. She wasn't just an employee; she was family—a loyal companion through thick and thin.

They reached the room where Angelina had stayed.

The room was pristine, with only a bed, a wardrobe, and a table. Its simplicity belied the fact that it had once been occupied by a young woman.

Jasper and Jordan, hesitant to disturb the sanctity of the space, remained by the door as Landon gently brushed his fingertips across the desk's surface, sensing the lingering scent of Angelina on the unwrinkled bedsheet.

Opening her wardrobe, Landon beheld each luxurious evening gown, carefully preserved in plastic as if untouched by time. Tears welled in his eyes as memories flooded his mind.

“Angelina used to accompany me to every business party I needed a date for,”

“Those creeps wouldn't stop staring at her. Every time I brought her out, I'd come home seethin@with anger. I didn't love her romantically; I just couldn't stand the thought of other men ogling someone I considered my sister.”

Landon said, his voice tinged with emotion as he lifted out a chili-red evening gown. “I'll never forget how stunning she looked in these gowns.

His voice cracked with self-derision. “A good-for-nothing like me didn't deserve a sister like her.”

Jasper's heart twisted in anguish while Jordan silently shed tears.

As Landon prepared to close the wardrobe, his gaze fell upon a brown leather box nestled at the bottom of the clothes. Intrigued, he retrieved the box and placed it on the bed.

Slowly opening it, he revealed a pink diary adorned with a bunny hugging a carrot, its pages secured by a plastic lock requiring a password.

Although the lock could have been easily broken, Landon hesitated, pondering for a moment before impulsively entering his birthday.

The lock clicked open

