

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 321 - 330

Chapter 321

Alyssa stared at him blankly. “W-Why are you here?”

Sean felt his heart sink when Jameson showed up out of nowhere once more. He curled his fists.

“I was told that this is your private elevator. So I waited for you here.” He smiled softly and changed the topic.

“I’m not talking about the elevator. I’m asking you, why did you come for me?” She frowned.

“My dad is visiting Uncle Winston tonight, and I heard you were heading back to Belbanks,” he replied with a calm smile. “That’s why am I here to offer you a ride? Let’s go to Belbanks.”

She pursed her lips, plagued by doubts. There was nothing wrong with Jameson’s remark, but it sounded somewhat off.

“Thank you for stopping by, but Jonah has already agreed to pick me up. He should be here any minute now. I’ll be heading home with him,” she said, offering a polite smile. “I’ll see you at Heights New Villa.”

“I’ve actually informed Jonah about my intention to give you a ride, and he has agreed to it. So, he won’t be coming,” Jameson replied, appearing unfazed.

“What?” Alyssa widened her eyes, feeling distressed.

“We’ve been childhood friends and family friends for so long. Uncle Winston is practically like a brother to my dad. Jonah isn’t worried about me. It’s not like I’ll abduct you.” Jameson reassured her.

Deep down, he so wished to abduct her, turning her into a cherished treasure.

“Well... Fine. Sorry for the trouble,” Alyssa replied politely, intent on maintaining clear boundaries within their relationship.

Internally, she couldn’t help but grumble about Jonah. He had been so protective, yet he seemingly pushed her into Jameson’s arms without much consideration.

Was Jonah mimicking Winston, trying to marry her off?

That was rash of him. What if Jameson was a pervert?

Sighing, Alyssa chastised herself for her thoughts about Jameson after all he did to save her life.

“It’s not a problem. I always have time for you.” Jameson grinned.

She was used to his flirtatious remarks and left the lobby with him without much thought.

“Ms. Alyssa!” Sean bitterly stopped her. She stopped in her tracks, and Jameson followed suit.

Confused, she asked, “What’s wrong, Sean?”

Jameson adjusted his glasses, fixing a piercing gaze on Sean, who winced under the scrutiny. Sean

tensed up and stammered, “Ms. Alyssa, I-”

“Oh, I nearly forgot,” she interjected with a smile. “You don’t need to accompany us. You can sign off now.

I imagine you’ve been quite exhausted lately. Take the night to rest.”

With that, they left him.

Sean’s shoulders drooped at the thought of Jameson’s silent but threatening look.

He felt a chill down his spine.

Alyssa and Jameson attracted the employees’ attention when they walked down the hotel lobby.

“Wow, look! It’s Ms. Alyssa’s new pet! Finally, a guy who isn’t Sean!”

“Oh, you’re right! He’s damn hot too! Sean’s defeated!”

“Sean has his own unique style, you know? The new companion has a vampiric vibe, while Sean is more

of a sunshine type. It’s like comparing apples and oranges!”

“I vote for Sean!”

“One vote for the hot vampire!”

“That’s juvenile. I’d just do both.”

Jameson’s private car had been waiting patiently at the entrance for some time.

Carl opened the car

door, and Alyssa was about to step in when Jameson gently held her arm.

“Ms. Taylor.”

“What’s the matter?” She was surprised.

He smiled affectionately and attempted to remove the lipstick smudge with a white handkerchief.

This time, she refused to let him take charge. Her eyes gleaming, she took the handkerchief from him. "I can handle it myself."

He was momentarily taken aback but responded with a wordless smile. The Bentley rolled away from the entrance of KS World Hotel.

Chapter 322

A black Lamborghini parked across the road rolled down its windows, revealing Jasper's chiseled features.

Lips pursed and eyes burning, he fixated on the Bentley that drove away. He recalled how Alyssa and Jameson went about in a pair and felt a jolt of pain that coursed through his veins. He hadn't slept for two days. Even the sleeping pills were useless now.

He had been out of it since he parted ways with Alyssa at the concert. While he usually maintained a high level of focus at work,

He had been struggling to pay attention to the recent reports.

He couldn't quite pinpoint why he had fallen into this state, but he knew Alyssa was at the root of his

troubles. That was why he had come to the KS World Hotel alone, without informing Xavier, and had been waiting for Alyssa since 1:00 pm.

He admitted that he was dying to meet Alyssa, even if it was just for the sake of sleeping better that night.

He was hit hard by the sight of Jameson with Alyssa, and a throbbing headache suddenly struck him. His vision even started to blur.

Setting aside his sleep troubles, he nearly suffered a heart attack.

With an intense look in his eyes, he gritted his teeth and stepped on the accelerator. The sports car sped down the road, going after the Bentley.

Heightsnew Villa was brimming with activity that evening as the maids bustled about to make preparations for the guests.

Winston had requested the presence of his children who were able to attend. Jonah, Silas, and Cyrus had already arrived at the villa, with Alyssa en route to join them.

Meanwhile, Tatiana couldn't take leave because she was working on important coursework, a decision supported by Lyla. Lyla thought it wasn't necessary for Tatiana to take leave for a casual dinner.

Holding a cup in his hand, Silas glanced at Jonah and Cyrus and shook his head.

"Looks like it will be

another testosterone-charged night. It's always you two bachelors. Why is it so hard to meet my sisters?"

"I have two days off after our team solved a huge case. If not, you won't be seeing me for a long time. I'd

be Rapunzel, locked away in a tower."

Cyrus, clad in a leather jacket, reclined on the couch with his legs crossed. His time in the police force had stripped away any air of the son from a wealthy family.

As the youngest Taylor son, he bore the greatest resemblance to Winston, featuring dark brows, round eyes, a prominent nose, and full lips. He had a healthy tan that accentuated his bright eyes.

"What's with that corny metaphor?" Silas pretended to barf.

"Better than saying we were separated like Romeo and Juliet, which I almost did."

Suddenly, Jonah and Silas were jolted by an unexpected noise. Although Cyrus appeared composed, he swiftly raised his hand to intercept a walnut hurtling toward him from nowhere.

The speed of his reaction was superhuman.

"Hehe! Mom, thanks for picking a large walnut for me. You know I love walnuts."

Cyrus sat up from the couch and placed the

walnut on the coffee table. He cracked it open and savored the kernel with a grin. “Look at the way you carry yourself! You don’t seem like you belong to the Taylor family at all. Did you enlist in the police force or become a spy for a gang?” Mandy questioned with her hand on her hip. Then, she stormed up to his son with a disappointed look. “They’re one and the same,” Cyrus responded with a grin, extending his hand toward Mandy while continuing to chew on the walnut. “One is not enough. Do you have more?”

“What’s that you’re wearing? Get back to your room and change into something proper!” Mandy, who was always elegant, broke character and gave her son a kick in the back. She continued, “I don’t care how you act in the forces. You are the seventh son when you’re back home, and you’ll dress up accordingly. Victor and the others will be here soon. You’d better not embarrass your dad!”

Winston rested on the vintage leather couch in his study, peering through photos of Alyssa and Jameson through a pair of glasses.

“I have been monitoring Ms. Alyssa’s blind dates per your instructions,” Neil reported. “She did not stay in contact with the other men on the list, but she is frequently in touch with the Schmidt fellow.”

Winston flipped through the photos repeatedly and asked, “Did that guy do anything out of line to her?”

“No. Jameson Schmidt is a gentleman and knows his boundaries when he’s with Ms. Alyssa.”

Chapter 323

In the main hall, Jonah, Silas, and the properly dressed Cyrus welcomed Victor and his second son into their home, with Mandy and Colene by their side.

“Jonah, Silas! You both seem to grow more handsome with each passing day! Oh, pardon me, I should address you as the president and the prosecutor now!”

“Mandy, is this your youngest son? I remember him being a mischievous and adorable little boy the last time we met. He has grown into such a handsome young man! What is he working as?” Victor Schmidt, the chairman of the Schmidt Group, exchanged hearty handshakes with all the Taylor siblings.

“I’m a policeman. I’m working in the Criminal Investigation Unit,” Cyrus answered.

“Oh, you joined the police force?” Victor’s eyes flickered with surprise. To him, being a police officer was one of the least desirable positions, given the comparatively low pay and the inherent risks associated with the job.

More importantly, the career progression was limited. The best Cyrus could do was to become a Superintendent in Chief, which paled in comparison to inheriting the family business.

“Yeah, that’s Cyrus for you,” Mandy said, looking somewhat embarrassed. In truth, Cyrus’ choice of profession had been a source of concern for her.

Out of all the wives, Mandy came from the wealthiest family. While she had no intention of competing for a share of the Taylor Group’s assets, she had been raised to place great importance on family honor. Naturally, she had high expectations for her children and hoped they would excel in their chosen fields.

Unfortunately, Cyrus was pursuing a career in a different direction than the one she had hoped for. He was determined to be a police officer, deviating from the career path she had envisioned. This weighed heavily on her mind.

“Mandy, you shouldn’t underplay Cyrus’ achievements! He’s received several awards and solved major cases at the young age of 27. He’s a source of pride for the Solana City Police Department,” Colene chimed in.

“Yeah! He’s also the chief of the First Criminal Investigation Division in the city and the youngest in the department’s history!” Silas added, not wanting the Schmidts to look down on his accomplished seventh brother.

“Haha! He’s indeed young and successful!” Victor conceded.

Meanwhile, Cyrus was happy to receive praise from his family, even more so than when he received

“Victor! Gosh-” Winston approached the Schmidts with Lyla and Neil. He looked a little abashed. “I thought you had lost touch because of some health issues that needed attention.”

“Ah, the pot calling the kettle black!” Victor playfully ribbed Winston, stepping closer. “I invited horseback riding a few months back, and you turned me down, saying that you were busy.

you

for

“You were always so eager about horseback riding, willing to drop anything to challenge me,” Winston quipped, a mischievous glint in his eye.

He continued, “I couldn’t help but wonder if you declined because you couldn’t mount a horse anymore due to old age. Perhaps you were worried about becoming a laughing stock.”

“That’s an unnecessary concern. I’m still hardy!” Grinning naughtily, Winston remained as conceited at the ripe old age of 60.

“When we’re both in a nursing home, I’ll be the one who pushes you around. Just wait!”

Everyone giggled at their playful banter, just like they had for years.

Victor had donned a sharp four-piece suit for the occasion, featuring a dark grey shirt paired with a refreshing silver-gray dotted tie.

To his disappointment, Winston had not opted for a suit. Instead, he sported a white athleisure outfit adorned with expensive embroidered patterns, looking casual and cool.

With no sign of gray hair or a hunched back, Winston looked the same as he had two decades ago, much to Victor's chagrin.

Both men had always placed great importance on their appearance, diligently maintaining their wardrobes and skincare routines since their youth. They continued this friendly rivalry for two decades with no end in sight.

Chapter 324

"How are you doing, Uncle Winston?" David Schmidt went up and greeted Winston. He bore little resemblance to Jameson because they were half-siblings.

David was more genderless in his appearance, in stark contrast to Jameson's burly yet slender physique, characterized by chiseled features and thick brows. Jameson shared the same razor-sharp gaze as their dad, Victor.

"David! I'm fine. How are you doing?" Winston beamed affectionately at David, who grew up before his eyes.

"Vic, I thought you were also bringing your youngest son along. It's been quite some time since I last saw your fourth son. Will he not join us today?"

"That little rascal claimed he was tied up with something, so he'll be arriving late," Victor remarked as he surveyed the surroundings.

Victor asked with curiosity, "Winston, didn't you mention that Lyse would be joining us as well? Where is she?"

Winston cleared his throat and replied, "Well, Lyse mentioned she'd be here once she had finished dealing with something."

Winston couldn't quite grasp what was going on, but he trusted that she would keep her word and show

"Tsk! Will she be absent? That won't do! I took this trip just to meet her!" Victor whined. "I won't leave until She's here!"

Just then, the butler announced from the entrance, “Mr. Winston! Ms. Alyssa has arrived!”

“She’s right on time!” Winston grinned, his eyes filling with warmth.

Everyone turned to the entrance. Victor’s eyes lit up as he craned his neck in anticipation.

David’s eyes wavered a little underneath his composure. Normally unfazed in any event, he nervously straightened his tie this time.

“Dad, I’m home!” Alyssa’s cheerful voice echoed, instantly brightening the atmosphere. She entered the

house with Jameson, who caught everyone by surprise-everyone except Jonah. Victor and David wore inexplicable looks on their faces. Victor frowned at the sight, while David’s

frustration deepened as he absentmindedly tugged on his tie.

“Sorry for running late, Uncle Winston and Dad.” Jameson glanced at Alyssa before greeting the two fathers.

“Jimmy, did you bump into Lyse at the door?” Victor cautiously prodded, his eyes darting between the two young people.

“No.” Smiling, Jameson laid an affectionate gaze on Alyssa’s side profile. “I picked up Lyse and traveled here with her.”

Chapter 325

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 detail with you?” 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 gay men 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 injured

her. She needed someone to the end the heartache but it was not something her mother could help with. Jonah

had fault that day on coup to: a

After the military seeing the men shared in the bond on which she layed Alyssa

“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 dowry. 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

Chapter 326

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!"

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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 home cooked 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."

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."

Chapter 327

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 hand wash solution onto his hands and carefully cleaned every finger.

At that moment, the washroom door swung open. It 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 Heights New 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 gray;

I waited till night’s coming chased

The shadows are 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.

Chapter 328

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 for? A tool to ease your loneliness? Do you really think she’d wait for you after how much you hurt her?”

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

Is there something wrong with him?

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

"Hey, wait."

Chapter 329

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."

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 Bellbanks 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 Heights New 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 Heightnews 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 Heights New 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?”

Chapter 330

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

“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."