

Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1151 - 1160

Chapter 1151

All of Jameson's efforts proved futile as he found himself back at the same starting line as Jasper. He couldn't accept that

outcome. He needed Alyssa. He had to marry her!

"Yes, Mr. Jameson. Love can't be forced," Lyla said.

Lyla then walked elegantly to Winston's side and caressed his waist. Her tone was gentle and non-threatening, yet each word felt

like a stranglehold on Jameson's throat. "I'm sure Winston didn't mean it. We know you are serious about Lyse.

"But, it takes two hands to clap for love to last. As Lyse's family, we are thorough with everything we do because we want Lyse to

be happy. If she eventually marries someone she didn't love, we would be kissing her happiness in this lifetime goodbye."

Jonah was silent. His lips curled into a mocking smile as he stared contemptuously into Jameson's eyes.

Lyla usually appeared gentle and harmless. However, she was an intelligent person. Her intelligence lay in how well she knew Winston. She didn't mention Jasper the entire time and played the emotion card.

Winston, a man who stood for love to be free, understood his daughter's situation. Jameson's face turned stiff and pale. A dark glint lingered in his eyes. He could barely hold his chivalrous and elegant demeanor any longer.

"Jameson, Lyla is right. You can take a horse to the water but not make it drink."

Winston sighed thoughtfully, "Don't be disappointed and don't be overly stubborn. Let things be."

Alyssa was unwilling to head to the hospital. However, Jasper eventually managed to coax her into receiving treatment.

By the time they returned home after treating her wounds, it was late into the night.

"Why are you so annoying, always going against me? I told you I don't need to go to the hospital for this injury! Ouch!"

Alyssa struggled to exit the car, her aggression causing her to hit her waist. Deep furrows formed on her brows, reflecting the pain she gasped for air.

Jasper was so anxious that he could hardly catch his breath. He quickly scooped her into his embrace. “You eejit! Stop being so stubborn! Do you have any idea how loud your screams were while you were receiving treatment at the hospital?”

“I-I didn’t scream.” Alyssa’s delicate face turned as red as a tomato.

“What do you mean? I thought I was standing in front of the delivery room while you were giving birth to our baby.” Jasper

lowered his head and kissed her sweaty face hard.

His breathing was heavy, and his kiss was forceful, as if he was punishing her. Alyssa thought about the word “baby”.

An agonizing pain swelled in her heart as she instinctively tried to slip away.

Jasper didn’t notice something was off with her. He thought she was acting unnaturally because of her wounds. Without saying a

word, he carried her into the villa.

Everything that took place at the horse racing event shook the entire

Upon discovering the news, Rosie skipped her dinner and anxiously awaited Jasper and Alyssa’s return.

“Madam Alyssa, how is your injury?” Rosie saw the ugly look on

Alyssa’s face and how Jasper was carrying her in his arms. She was about to burst into tears as her heart ached.

“I’m okay, Mrs. Rosie. I can walk.”

Alyssa pouted and lightly punched Jasper’s chest. “It’s his fa making it such a big deal. I’m not as fragile as he thinks.”

Jasper chuckled lightly. His eyes were filled with affection. “Yes, y My beautiful Lyse is a warrior. She is the coolest and sassiest woman I’ve ever met in my life.”

He didn’t like to use the word “strong” to describe a woman. No one was willing to be strong if they had a choice.

Chapter 1152

Alyssa was like a delicate flower Jasper cared for attentively. No matter how big the storm or how vicious the battle was, he was there to defend her.

Alyssa was so starved that her stomach rumbled.

Rosie hastily went to the kitchen to make dinner for both of them. However, Alyssa was restlessly asking for a shower.

“I want a nice-smelling bubble bath. I smell like horse shit!”

“No. The doctor told me specifically that your wounds can’t be in contact with water for a week. Otherwise, it will get infected.”

Jasper carried her back to the room. “I’ll wipe you off, okay?”

“Will I be clean from wiping?” Alyssa pouted sulkily.

“Of course. When have I not helped you?”

Jasper’s breath landed against her ears. His voice was raspy and enticing. “I guarantee you will be squeaky clean inside out.”

“D-Don’t you dare have any naughty ideas. I’m exhausted today, and want to sleep.”

The positions that appeared in Alyssa’s mind were enough to make her blush. Plus, with Jasper’s naughty words and the moon shining bright outside the window, her delicate body began to turn warm.

She felt thirsty and hot, yet her heart was soft and tender.

The look in Jasper’s eyes darkened. He sighed sadly. “Your waist. can’t take the thrusts. Even if I wanted to, I would hold it in and wait until after you get better.”

In the bathroom, Alyssa sat in the warm white mist, her fair and silky body exposed before Jasper.

Jasper held a damp cloth. On one hand, he helped her to wipe her body. On the other hand, he traced along her neck with kisses.

He could contain his desire but not his tempestuous love for her. Even though there wasn’t sex, they were entangled in a passionate kiss.

“You always speak so eloquently during meetings at the Beckett Group. Have you lost all your words after speaking to Winston?”

Alyssa covered herself with a bathrobe. Her soft and delicate body relaxed in his embrace as she drew circles on his Adam’s

apple with the tip of her finger. “Can’t you tell that Jameson stole your thunder?”

“You were the one who found the killer and set everything up. What right did he have to be there? He is so shameless!”

Jasper was afraid she would fall and quickly held her. He swallowed hard and couldn't help but peck her delicate lips. "I don't care who appears as long as it solved your problem and everything ended on a good note. Nothing is as important as making sure you are okay."

Alyssa felt her nose prickle. Tears welled up in her eyes as she was a loss for words.

This was why she loved him. He didn't care about anything else but her. She even thought she would never achieve his extent of love.

"It's a shame that I didn't manage to make everyone happy."

Jasper felt absolutely helpless. He took a deep breath and patted her trembling back. "I feel like a student at the bottom of his class. No matter how hard I try now, it always seems too late."

"I don't think so. Jasper, you've done really well. It's already pretty great." Alyssa choked slightly.

Jasper would always be her hero. However, she thought it best not to tell him for fear he would get cocky.

Chapter 1153

After wiping Alyssa's body down, Jasper was worried she would overexert herself. So, he carried her to the dining room for dinner.

His mind had been preoccupied all day long. The warmth, interwoven with his manly scent, emanated from his usually neat and clean white shirt.

Alyssa started feeling woozy. She didn't find the smell repulsive. On the contrary, she pressed her nose against his chest and sniffed it like an unsatisfied kitten.

"What's the matter? Do you want to eat me up?" Jasper lowered his gaze and smiled as his thin lips grazed her forehead.

"Even if I wanted to, you should take a shower. What a smelly man you are." Alyssa was so embarrassed that she turned her face away. "You always keep yourself pretty clean. Why hadn't you showered

this time?

“I didn’t manage to. I will shower after eating with you.”

Alyssa pursed her thin lips. Her heart felt fuzzy.

The table was filled with a plethora of exquisite delicacies. Rosie had prepared some of the food beforehand. The food only required heating up, so the food preparation didn’t take long.

“Whoa... You’re amazing, Mrs. Rosie!” Alyssa sat at the dining table, clapping her hands like a happy school kid.

“Please, Madam Alyssa. Your cooking is way better than mine! Have you forgotten that you taught me some of Mr. Jasper’s favorites here?”

“Did I? I’ve completely forgotten.” Alyssa felt embarrassed and buried her head in her food.

She knew Rosie was complimenting her, but this conversation reminded her of some unhappy memories between them.

Jasper knew all too well the struggles she had faced before. His eyes filled with tears as he delicately used a napkin to wipe her lips.

He wanted to say something, but Alyssa quickly shoved a prawn into his mouth.

“Don’t apologize. Didn’t we say that we won’t talk about the past anymore?”

Jasper was stunned. Then, a wry smile crept across his face as he attempted to chew the prawn. He thought Alyssa’s cooking was better.

Suddenly, the entrance echoed with the creaking of a door. Three men walked in, making a dramatic entrance. The entire villa instantly transformed into a lively scene reminiscent of a New Year’s party.

“Wow! You’re so selfish, Lyse, having this enormous table of food all to yourself. Don’t you think you’ve taken it too far?”

Silas hadn’t eaten the whole day as he was busy reading case files. He was famished. He stepped forward, seized a chicken wing, and promptly stuffed it into his mouth.

Cyrus followed suit, tearing into a whole duck leg with gusto, as if he had recently battled a tiger. “My mouth is dry from a day of interrogations. I’ll eat this meat to hydrate myself.”

The esteemed Taylor brothers devoured the food like a pack of hungry wolves, leaving Jasper and Xavier in shock.

“Look at them, devouring everything like a pack of wild beasts.”

Alyssa, feeling helpless, rested her chin on her palm. “If Dad and Rosie was delighted to see how the guys enjoyed their food. She quickly asked them to sit. “Come! There is enough for everyone! I made some pasta too. Mr. Jasper doesn’t fancy pasta very much so I didn’t bring it out. Would both of you like some pasta?”

Silas and Cyrus nodded eagerly, like bobbleheads. “Yes, please! Can we have some minced beef with it too?”

Alyssa sighed and buried her face in her hand. “You should be grateful that you get to eat any of this. I can’t believe you have personal requests too.”

Xavier couldn’t bear to watch anymore. He cleared his throat and reminded them, “Please don’t be distracted by the food.

Madam Alyssa felt from her horse. Shouldn’t both of you, as her brothers, ask how she’s doing?”

Silas and Cyrus looked at each other, one with a chicken wing in his mouth and the other chewing duck leg meat. They said at the same time, “Don’t you see her eating now? You don’t need to panic for no reason.”

Xavier was stunned. He wondered if he was creating unnecessary panic or if they lacked the heart to care.

Alyssa was in Jasper’s arms, laughing hard.

Chapter 1154

Jasper gently caressed Alyssa’s waist with his strong arm, smiling at her tenderly. Silas and Cyrus were both busy men, rarely appearing at the same time. The fact that they were together now hinted at something unusual.

Cyrus burped before putting on a serious expression. “Sophia’s urine test this afternoon confirmed drug use. It’s important to note that drug use and drug abuse are two different things.

“However, she denied it and claimed she thought her jabs were for cosmetic purposes. Tristan McAlister, her cosmetic doctor, prescribed them to her. She insists she had no clue and is being framed.” Alyssa was stunned.

Tristan was the one who prescribed the medication to Sophia. He was well-versed in pharmacology, so she had never asked him about it and let him handle it.

Alyssa never fathomed he would supply Sophia with illegal drugs in such large doses. He was practically aiming to take her life away.

“Cyrus, this has nothing to do with Tristan. Sophia must be panicking and trying to shift blame onto him as her scapegoat.”

Alyssa ardently defended Tristan.

“Lyse, I know Tristan. Dad sponsored him before, and he has a good relationship with you.”

Cyrus, deep in thought, observed the absence of the usual sibling banter in Alyssa’s eyes. “But I’m a cop. I have to follow the

“Sophia insisted Tristan framed her. Even if she was lying, we have to adhere to the procedures and bring Tristan in for questioning.”

Alyssa lowered her gaze, her silence speaking of her sadness.

Jasper lifted his gaze. He didn’t want to see the siblings fight. He gently caressed Alyssa’s hand to comfort her as he spoke,

“This is standard procedure. We understand, Chief Cyrus. You do what you ‘need to do.’”

Cyrus was flattered at being addressed as “Chief Cyrus”.

However, Alyssa couldn’t shake off the discomfort. Although she knew Cyrus was right, guilt weighed heavily on her regarding

Tristan. She didn’t want anyone around her to suffer because of her actions.

The atmosphere was rarely this tense when the siblings gathered.

Cyrus’ heart tightened. He didn’t want to bother his sister any longer by overstaying his welcome. So, he said, “I have some things to handle at the station. I will take my leave. Silas, you keep Alyssa company. You are hardly here.”

As he turned to leave, Alyssa suddenly rushed forward, gripping his waist forcefully. “Don’t go, Cyrus. I didn’t say you had to go.”

Cyrus quickly extended his arms to return her hug. His eyes were moist.

As her half-brother sharing the same father, Alyssa treated him well, though not as intimately as she treated Jonah and Silas.

Hugging Alyssa was a rare opportunity for him as he was often too shy to make the first move.

“I thought you were angry,” Cyrus said, lowering his gaze. His voice softened as he caressed the top of her head.

Alyssa raised her head to gaze at him and shook it vehemently. “Why would I be angry at you, Cyrus? I know it hasn’t been easy getting into the police academy, becoming a detective, and now leading your team.

“I shouldn’t have been so stubborn and biased. You do what you need to do.

Whatever happens, I will support your decision.”

Xavier observed the intimate interaction between Alyssa and Cyrus, stealing a glance at Jasper’s face. Not surprisingly, Jasper’s the expression was as dark as a black hole.

Jasper took a deep breath, trying to remain calm, but jealousy overcame him. His eyes reddened..

“Haha, you’re jealous,” Silas remarked as he pulled a chair and sat beside Jasper.

Taking a bite of dessert, he continued, “You can’t even handle something this small. I think you’ve become a crybaby after getting together with Lyse.”

Chapter 1155

Silas added, “By then, you will no longer be a heartless bastard but a crying bastard.”

Jasper felt his blood boiling in him. He bit his thin lip and held it in. All of you may be Lyse’s brothers, but Lyse has a man.

Besides, all of you are adults now. You should know how to respect boundaries.”

Silas almost choked after hearing his words. He patted his chest and glared at him.

“If Axel heard what you said, he will make

sure you pay with your life right here and now.”

“He won’t.” Jasper perked his brow slightly. “He wouldn’t want his sister to turn into a widow.”

Silas was rendered speechless.

Cyrus, absorbed in Sophia’s serious case, was extremely busy. Sophia wasn’t just involved in drugs; she had killed people. If he

didn’t convict her and avenge the deceased, he couldn’t live with himself.

After dinner, they went to the living hall to discuss some matters.

Just then, Cyrus’ phone rang. It was a call from his colleague at the station. As he hung up, his face darkened gradually.

“What’s the matter, Cyrus?” Alyssa asked with concern.

Cyrus looked at Jasper with a conflicted look. “Mr. Beckett, your father hired the best attorney in Solana City for Sophia. He is

now at the police station asking for a bail for Sophia.”

“Shit! Does he think we’ll let him bail her just because he asked for it? Does he take the police station for his home kitchen?”

Xavier seethed with anger.

Xavier continued, “Some attorneys have no morals. They’d take any case that comes their way. How is the law fair for everyone?

From where I’m standing, he is a slave for money, a degenerate of society!”

“The best attorney in Solana City?”

Jasper and Alyssa exchanged knowing glances. “Is it Simon?”

“Do both of you know him?” Cyrus asked, surprised.

“Please, we know him better than you think. We’re ‘old pals.’” Alyssa sneered.

“Yes, he’s the seasoned lackey of Beckett Group!”

Simon was unscrupulous and conniving. He was not an easy man to handle.

“We need to convict Sophia of her crimes as soon as possible. If it’s for drug use, the Beckett Group’s power and Simon’s legal prowess would likely bail her out.”

Silas gazed at Jasper with seriousness. “Jasper, I’ve reviewed your mother’s case file. The incident is two decades old, so the statute of limitations has expired. If you’re considering suing Sophia for first-degree murder, the chances of winning are minimal.”

Alyssa’s eyes narrowed slightly as she stared in shock at the side of Jasper’s face. She couldn’t believe that Jasper had asked

Silas for help. He was truly doing everything in his power to avenge his mother. Moreover, Jeffrey was the one who executed Nina's murder, while Sophia was the instigator and accomplice. If Simon defended Sophia by shifting all the blame onto Jeffrey, she would only face a decade in prison, not the death penalty.

The air between them suddenly turned still. It was so tense that everyone could barely breathe.

"Silas, we have a recording of Nina when she was alive. Can't we convict Sophia of her crimes based on the conversation between her and Betty in the recording?"

Silas shook his head helplessly. "That was recorded secretly. It can't be used as evidence in court."

Alyssa's body slumped into Jasper's embrace. It had been a long time since she felt so furious and hopeless.

Jasper scooped her into his arms, using his hand to steady her trembling back. He said calmly, "I understand. Even if I manage to find the accomplice who assisted Sophia in my mother's murder, I only have a witness. What if I have physical evidence?"

Chapter 1156

The jaws of all three dropped in astonishment.

"Jasper, it was 20 years ago. Where did you get the physical evidence from?"

Alyssa grabbed Jasper's hand.

Jasper turned his hand around and laced his fingers with hers. His voice was low and hoarse. "Do you remember when I mentioned I was investigating the maid who used to serve my mother?"

Alyssa nodded.

"She might have had a premonition before disaster struck. Before something happened to Sophia, she had intentions to escape.

Xavier sent men over and managed to capture her. That's when I employed some of my tricks."

Jasper took a deep breath and continued, "Out of massive fear and to protect her son, she said some things that Sophia had never mentioned in the recording-the truth."

Jasper was a kind person. Given a choice, he wouldn't use someone's child to threaten or force his way. He wouldn't become a monster who would use malicious ways to get what he wanted.

Alyssa believed that even if the maid's lips were sealed, Jasper wouldn't have done anything to her son.

He couldn't go through with it. If he did, he would be no different from Jameson. "Sophia killed my mother. Sophia poisoned her with her own hands," Jasper declared, his eyes reddening. He struggled to

suppress the hatred within him. His hand that held onto Alyssa turned as cold as an iceberg.

"She poisoned her with her own hands?" Silas and Cyrus' faces stiffened.

Xavier's body swayed as if he had been struck hard by someone.

Alyssa's nose stung. She felt the air around her thinning. Her heart felt as if a huge rock was on top of it.

If it were someone else, they would have gone ballistic. However, Jasper kept his cool. The calmer he was, the more her heart ached.

"Jasper, what's going on?" Cyrus anxiously asked.

"The maid mentioned that she followed Sophia's orders to swap my mother's medication for depression. However, she swapped the medication with supplements, so it wasn't lethal.

"During that time, Sophia probably realized my mother's relationship with Javier had improved and was losing sleep over it. So, she swapped the normal supplement for a poison that was taken in small amounts daily but can cause heart paralysis and death over time."

Tears welled up in Alyssa's eyes as her hand caressed his back lightly.

"How did the maid know everything in such great detail?" Out of occupational habit, Silas, the prosecutor, was eager to know more.

"She saw it with her own eyes."

Jasper held Alyssa's hand securely. It was as if her touch was the only thing calming him down. "She said she noticed something

two days before my mother jumped off the building. After she swapped my mother's medication, Sophia would slip in and change the medication again-unnoticed. The maid had never brought it up or dared ask a word about it."

"This was because if your mother died of heart paralysis, then the maid who handled her medication would be brought away for you can we punya analyze the situation calmly.

She continued, "Then, it didn't matter how the maid tried to explain. She was the one responsible for keeping the medication. It was her who swapped it, and she had to take the fall for the crime."

"Though she mulled it over at that moment, being caught up in it left her with no option to turn away. She could only tread this shady path.

Jasper stopped briefly! His face was getting paler. "However, something happened on the day of the incident.

"My mother wanted to take a walk in the garden. However, she realized she didn't have her camera with her, so she returned to her room. Then, she ran into Sophia, who was swapping the medication."

Alyssa's heart sank

Jasper looked down and nodded. "Yes. That maid hid outside the room and eavesdropped everything that happened inside.

"However, her hands were not entirely clean from this. So, she was overly anxious during that time and kept everyone at arm's length. She hadn't had a good night's sleep the entire time."

"Hmph! She can make up for her lost sleep in prison, then!" Cyrus gnashed his teeth.

"That maid said she couldn't see what happened inside. But she vaguely heard that my mother and Sophia were in a heated argument.

"Since my mother joined the Beckett family, she had become an emotionally numb person. That was the first time she expressed outrage. So, the maid was shocked to hear that."

"Then?" Alyssa stared at him, barely blinking.

Chapter 1157

“The maid heard a silence. After that, I saw ...” Jasper’s voice trailed off, and his chest heaved. His eyes were bloodshot, and his nostrils flared.

His palms sweated and trembled in Alyssa’s grip as he revisited the scene of his mother’s fatal fall.

For the first time, he learned about the dull thud produced by a body hitting the ground. He swore he could even hear the sounds of Anne’s bones breaking.

He had merely taken a glimpse of the scene, but the trauma that came with it would haunt him for the rest of his life.

“Stop it, Jasper. Stop...” Alyssa hugged him tightly, wanting to be one with him. Jasper did not cry, but she started sobbing. Her tears stained his white shirt.

“It’s fine. I am vengeful, but I won’t be blinded by hate. I’m not going to break down,” Jasper remarked as a newfound light entered his eyes.

His attitude softened as he wiped away her tears with his rough fingers. “I’m strong because you’re by my side. Lyse, you have no idea how much you mean to me. You’ve given me the courage to carry on. Otherwise, I would have succumbed to despair.”

Silas and Cyrus finally realized that Cyrus was right. Alyssa was the reason that kept Jasper going.

When Alyssa and Jasper calmed down, Cyrus asked with a frown, “The silence and Madam Anne’s fall happened at the same time. Could that indirectly prove Sophia’s involvement? She was the only one present in the room.”

Silas joined Cyrus in analyzing the facts. “You mentioned that Madam Anne’s relationship with Mr. Javier had improved. When she caught Sophia tampering with her medication, she appeared furious. That doesn’t align with typical behavior for a suicidal person.

“While we lacked solid evidence, things seem to be pointing at Sophia. Madam Anne was likely pushed off the building by her.”

While patting Alyssa on the back, Jasper explained, “According to the maid, she saw Sophia fleeing the bedroom in panic, and they collided. Sophia threatened her not to say a word and paid her a good amount of hush money so that she wouldn’t have to work for the family anymore.

“The maid wasn’t even motivated by the money. She was mostly worried about Sophia’s retaliation. That’s why she took the money and kept her silence.”

“She’s a key witness. You have to protect her well,” Cyrus warned Jasper sternly. Silas seethed with anger. “The priority now is to get Sophia charged with drug offenses and keep her behind bars while we gather evidence of premeditated murder.”

Alyssa finally realized the reason Jasper didn’t get Sophia arrested on charges of abetting murder. Given that he only had one shot, he wanted to arrest Sophia with irrefutable evidence.

“Jasper, about that evidence you mentioned?” Alyssa’s eyes sparkled with curiosity.

Jasper’s eyes darkened. He put a hand around her waist and brushed his lips against her ear. “I’ll tell you all about it when we’re alone.”

At the same time, things were intense at The Millennium. Carl and screams from within. Amber appeared unfazed, while Carl was visibly distressed.

He commented, “You’re quite something, aren’t you? How do you stay composed amid those screams? I’ve seldom encountered a woman as tough as you, except for Ms. Alyssa,” Carl remarked.

She smirked. “Sharing her looks is pathetic enough. Can’t I even have a personality of my own?”

“Gosh, I didn’t mean that ...” Carl was interrupted as the basement door swung open.

Jameson appeared in a blood-stained silk shirt, his upper torso covered in blood.

Chapter 1158

Jameson panted heavily as sweat trickled down his chiseled face. His eyes gleamed with malice, like a devil emerging from the depths of hell. A sense of satisfaction enveloped him after his recent predation.

“Mr. Schmidt,” Carl and Amber greeted him in unison.

Jameson tossed the blood-stained whip onto the floor and took off his glasses. He then wiped off the blood on the glasses with the hem of his shirt.

Back in Kontina, he'd go hunting whenever he was in a foul mood. Unfortunately, Solana City didn't have any hunting grounds.

Left with no choice, he was forced to release his frustration on human beings instead.

To his surprise, he found torturing humans much more enjoyable than hunting wild animals, a practice he intended to continue.

Carl and Amber silently trailed him to his room. Observing the blood on Jameson's hand, Carl nudged Amber. “Ms. Altman, Mr. Schmidt is injured. Please tend to his wound.”

Taken aback, Amber hesitated briefly before offering, “Mr. Schmidt, your hand is injured. I'll-Ah!”

Before she knew it, Jameson had aggressively dragged her into his bedroom and slammed the door shut, leaving Carl worrying for her fate at the door.

In the room, Jameson fervently kissed her on the lips as he tore her clothes. She found herself in only her undergarments as they stumbled onto the bed. Protectively folding her arms across her chest, she trembled. “No... Please, no ... Mr. Schmidt...”

“Amber Altman, how dare you refuse me?” Jameson mounted her soft body and glowered at her face, which bore an uncanny resemblance with Alyssa. “You're not Alyssa. Do you think you could turn me down as she did?”

With that, he slapped her across the face, causing her cheeks to swell and her ears to ring.

In her decade of service to Jameson, he had never forced himself on her despite treating her like a tool.

The slap shattered any illusions she held about Jameson. He was no longer the perfect and kind gentleman she once knew.

Jameson paused, about to speak, but a ringing phone interrupted him. He frowned when he saw the caller ID. “Why are you calling me?”

“You’ll have trouble settling your problem without my help. Isn’t that right?” the caller teased with a snicker.

Jameson turned his back on Amber, yet she could overhear the caller’s voice—a deep, distinctive, melodious tone.

“I’m surprised you heard about it,” Jameson replied respectfully, surprising Amber. “Of course. Ms. Alyssa is a well-known name. Not only is she a rare beauty, but she’s also stubborn, sassy, and exceptional. I admire those qualities in her.”

Jameson felt his chest tighten. He bit his lower lip nervously.

The man continued, “Don’t worry. I observe the bro code. I would never pursue the woman you have your eyes on.”

With a chuckle, he added, “Not only that, I’ll lend you a hand in winning Ms. Alyssa’s heart.”

Chapter 1159

Jameson perked up upon hearing the man’s willingness to assist. Please elaborate.”

“Check your phone. I have a gift for you.”

Jameson immediately looked at his phone screen. There, he discovered a new email notification.

Meanwhile, Amber observed Jameson’s tensing posture intently, her curiosity deepening regarding the identity of the caller who was capable of affecting Jameson.

Pursing his pallid lips, Jameson tapped on the newly received email, which contained an attachment of a hospital diagnosis.

Furrowing his brows, he swiftly checked the contents, which left him visibly shocked.

His heart raced, and he almost lost his grip on the phone.

The caller chuckled. “What’s wrong? Is it too shocking for you?”

“Is that real? No, it’s not true ...” Jameson mumbled, repeatedly checking the document. He trembled uncontrollably as his blood ran cold. “How could Lyse have been pregnant with Jasper’s baby? How could they have had a child together?”

“What’s the problem? Will you love her less just because she was once pregnant?”

The caller snorted and added indifferently,

“You should be thankful that she suffered a miscarriage. Otherwise, you’ll be fathering Jasper Beckett’s kid. Being a stepfather is not a walk in the park.”

Crushed by the truth, Jameson’s eyes flickered with resentment as he grappled with the heartache.

The caller disregarded his emotional turmoil and added with a smile, Jasper Beckett himself didn’t know about her pregnancy and miscarriage. She kept it a secret from him. Not only that, she kept it from her dad and her brothers.

“Just imagine the men of the Taylor family learning about the miscarriage and infertility of their precious Alyssa, all because of Jasper. Do you think they’ll still give their blessings to her and Jasper? That’s impossible!”

Jameson grasped his phone tightly as pain coursed through his veins. He looked sickly.

The caller was right. Alyssa’s greatest pain in life was losing her child. Jameson believed he could exploit her vulnerability to drive a wedge between her and Jasper. He resolved to go to any lengths to ruin her relationship with Jasper.

Collecting himself, he responded, “Thank you for your help. If I win Alyssa’s heart, I’ll repay you in any way possible.” His eyes flashed with a menacing look.

“You’ve been of great help to me by managing my business in Kontina. This is a small favor. Don’t mention it.” After a pause, the

caller suddenly reminded him, “By the way, keep our exchange a secret. Leaking it will only backfire on you.”

“Got it. I’ve chosen a representative to release the news,” Jameson said, adjusting his glasses with an evil grin. “She’s the best candidate.”

The incident at the horseracing event had thrust the Becketts and the Harpers into a severe PR crisis. Despite the Beckett Group

PR department’s efforts to control and remove the videos, the discussion surrounding Sophia’s video remained intense.

Regrettably, the video repeatedly resurfaced because the netizens made copies and spread them like the plague. The Beckett

Group failed to get rid of the embarrassing videos once and for all.

Chapter 1160

“Who has the video of Sophia Kirkman? Send me a copy, please?”

“Sharing is caring!”

“I want it too!”

“I want three!”

“I’ve watched it once. It’s so thrilling. DM me if you want it!”

“You disgusting people! What’s so great about watching an old lady touching herself? It’s revolting, but hey, I won’t mind a copy.”

While the Beckett Group was fighting the shameful scandal, the Harper Group dealt with a bigger issue at hand. The news of the

Harpers poisoning KS Group’s racehorse had spread like wildfire nationwide.

The incident went beyond reputational damage. Due to the foul play, Alyssa was at risk of serious injury. Following the news,

Harper

Group’s stock price plummeted, resulting in a staggering ten billion dollar loss in market value.

Some businesses promptly terminated their partnerships with Harper Group, fearing they might become victims of the company’s

questionable ethics. Recognizing their lack of influence compared to KS Group, these businesses could only endure in silence if

Harper Group exploited them.

Preston spent days extinguishing fires, but those he contacted only humored him due to his social standing. His arrogance at the horse racing event had become the talk of social circles, tarnishing his reputation irreparably. No one would take him seriously anymore.

Overnight, the Harper Group became the outcast of society and Cornelius, already an old man, was rushed to the hospital after suffering the blow. Penelope, Zoe, and Preston stayed by his side.

Leaning weakly against the headboard, Cornelius slammed his fist on the bed with a flushed face. “Losers! None of you could resolve the company’s crisis. What’s the point of staying by my bedside? If we don’t survive this crisis, I will rewrite my will and donate all my assets. You guys will not get a cent of the inheritance!”

Zoe was terrified at Cornelius’ threat. His inheritance was a windfall, and she’d be doomed if he decided to give it to charity.

Cornelius continued indignantly, “God, show some mercy to the Harper family! How could you take my Bill away so soon? He’s the only good one in the family!”

“Look at what has befallen our family. Oh, Bill, this wouldn’t have happened if you were still alive!”

Cornelius’ words triggered Penelope’s memories of her late husband, and she began sobbing. Preston, feeling envious, clenched his jaw and advised, “Dad, calm down. I’ve been trying to handle the crisis. I’ll convince our business partners who canceled their projects with us to reconsider ...”

“Oh, don’t think I’m not aware of your capability. If you were nicer to Alyssa and her family, things wouldn’t have spiraled into this state,” Cornelius berated his second son with disappointment.

He continued, “Have you done anything noteworthy since the incident started? Just look at the stock price and the failed partnerships! How will you save the company when you’re facing a reputational crisis yourself? No one will show you any respect now.”

Preston struggled to suppress his frustration. It was humiliating for a man of his age to be publicly scolded by his father.

Cornelius grunted. “Just lie low for now, or you’ll land us in greater trouble. Hand over your projects to Landon, and let him handle the PR crisis.

“Since the public is averse to you, stay away from the public eye. You wouldn’t want to fuel their hatred for the company, would you?”

With that, Cornelius waved Preston away. He effectively offered Landon a promotion, albeit a temporary one. Suddenly, Landon rose to power in the company, just second only to Cornelius.

In that position, Landon could potentially helm the company one day. Preston’s expression turned into a mix of shock and hatred as color drained from his face.

After all his years toiling away for the company, he lost his power all because of a silly horseracing event. The fruits of his hard work now fell into the lap of Landon’s family.