

## Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1442

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Lily had just boarded the plane and was already feeling weak, so Jameson helped her to the bed.

As he emerged from the inner cabin, he saw a fierce Alyssa. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her

beautiful face was tainted with fury.

"M-Mr. Schmidt..." Carl stood behind Alyssa, looking extremely uneasy.

This was the woman that Jameson held dear to his heart. Even if she wanted to blow up the plane, he

didn't dare to intervene.

The fierce look in Jameson's eyes softened at once. He smiled gently.

Just as he wanted to approach Alyssa, she moved first, striding toward him.

She grabbed him by the collar. Turning resentment into strength, she forcefully slammed him against

the cabin door with a loud bang.

The gorgeous and expensive crystal glasses on the table fell to the ground, creating a mess beneath

their feet.

"Mr. Schmidt! Ms. Alyssa! Please talk things out!" Carl was flustered, yet he dared not make a move.

He could only shout from his place.

Smiling, Jameson stared at Alyssa's crimson gaze unwaveringly. He raised his hand to signal Carl not

to come closer.

"It was you, wasn't it?"

Their eyes locked. Alyssa's eyes burned with anger, and her hands, clenching his stiff collar, were

trembling. "You've escaped and succeeded again. You must be feeling extremely proud of yourself right

now, aren't you?"

"Lyse, I really don't know what you're talking about."

Jameson maintained his composure as he gazed at her. His gaze was filled with an almost

pathological, insatiable affection.

"Regardless, I'm very happy to have this opportunity to be so close to you and to see you up close.

Lyse, you've lost weight. Did Jasper not take care of you? Is he really treating you well?"

"Jameson, what right do you have to say such things? It's an insult to Jasper whenever you mention his

name." The veins on Alyssa's forehead twitched.

A sharp pain pierced Jameson's heart. "You really love him, just like how I love you." "Don't talk to me

about love. Your love is too filthy!" Alyssa interrupted with disgust.

"Is that love? Your love is just recklessly harming my loved ones. You ruthlessly eliminate anyone who

displeases you and stands in your way. Jameson, what turned you into a cold-blooded, monstrous

killer? You weren't like this before."

Jameson suddenly stared at her intently and then burst into laughter.

He pondered her question.

The young Alyssa was so lovely and lively in his mind, but he couldn't remember what kind of person

he was in front of her back then.

Yet he didn't think he had done anything wrong. He felt that he was still the same person who loved her

the most.

"I don't think I've done anything wrong. Everyone has their own way of showing love. I'm just using my

way to love you."

Alyssa couldn't bear to hear the word "love" coming from Jameson's mouth. It sent chills down her

spine. "What will it take for you to stop your madness? What will it take for you to stop?"

"Leave Jasper and be with me." Jameson's voice was hoarse. His gaze at her was brimming with

affection.

It wasn't a negotiation anymore. It was more like a confession to her.

"Heh... Dream on," Alyssa said word by word. She felt as if flames were burning in her blood.

"We'll be together one day, Lyse, one day." Jameson chuckled softly, completely unfazed by her cold

attitude. He was truly stubborn and beyond redemption.

Alyssa suddenly released her grip, stepping back two paces to put distance between them. "Jameson,

listen carefully. You've provoked me. You're now my archenemy. I'll never let you off the hook, never.

"You wanted compensation, didn't you? If my compensation means sending you to hell, would you still

want it?"

With these resolute words, Alyssa turned around and walked away with determination.

Carl watched the whole scene unfold on the side. Petrified, he was too scared to even breathe.

Just then, Jameson clutched his throbbing heart, breathing heavily. He sat in the chair weakly,

trembling as he reached out his left arm toward Carl.

"I'll get it now."

Carl immediately took out a steel box, extracted a syringe, and skillfully injected a dose of medication

into Jameson's vein.

Slowly, Jameson's trembling body stabilized. The temporary numbness brought some comfort, making the pain in his heart feel less intense.

He was determined to have Alyssa entangled with him, as that was the only meaning of his existence.

As the plane was about to take off, Jameson's phone rang.

Seeing the word "Sir", he didn't dare delay. He answered immediately. "Sir."

"The fireworks over Solana City tonight were quite beautiful. I really enjoyed them." The man on the

other end spoke with a low, pleasant voice.

"I'm glad you enjoyed them," Jameson replied respectfully.

"But it's quite a pity."

"It's not a pity. Whether it's the 100 million or the plane, they are all just sacrifices in my eyes."

The man chuckled. "What I pity is Ms. Alyssa. She's such a proud and competitive person, yet in the

end, she still lost to you."