

Can't Win Me Back

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Material

Chapter 2361

Justin explained, "Jasper and Winston might have gotten along well initially, but things have changed. Jasper and Ms. Alyssa have broken up, and he's repeatedly hurt her.

'As much as Winston favors Jasper, Ms. Alyssa is his daughter-the apple of his eye. His love for her outweighs anything else. Over time, the distance between Winston and Jasper will only grow, and that will no longer hinder our plans.'

'That's my dear Jay! Well done!" Zachary's expression shifted instantly. His lips curled into a smug smile. "Jasper is nothing more than the bastard child of Javier's one-night stand. How could someone like him ever deserve Ms. Alyssa? She's of noble status, far beyond his reach. Jay, you're the only one truly worthy of her."

Justin's deep, inscrutable eyes revealed no emotion. Through gritted teeth, he replied, "Uncle Zachary, you're overthinking it. My only intention is to strip Jasper of his power and show him what true loss feels like.

Zachary's eyes gleamed coldly as he waved dismissively. "I don't care about the petty romance between you young people. What matters is that you dilute Beckett Group's stocks and take control of the corporation. You must avenge my sister-your mother!"

A shadow crossed Justin's pale face. "I will. Right now, Crystal Ice is already being distributed across Solana City. The response has been promising. It won't be long before it reaches all of Cyrris."

Zachary's impatience flared. "And the clinical trials for the new drugs? Accelerate the process! You know I'm not a patient man. I've poured everything into getting you here, and I won't tolerate failure. Don't disgrace the Dutton family!"

"Got it." Justin hesitated for a second, then smiled and asked, "Uncle Zachary, will gaining control of Beckett Group and successfully creating the new drug secure you a place at the Kings' Club's Roundtable Conference?" The Roundtable Conference-an elite gathering of the most powerful members of Kings' Club-symbolized ultimate authority.

Zachary's current rank, Ace of Diamonds, fell just short of the top echelon, the Ace of Spades. Gaining control of Beckett Group was his key to rising higher.

Therefore, Zachary continued to pressure Justin into claiming Beckett Group, convinced it was the key to cementing his entry into the Roundtable Conference.

A flicker of greed and madness crossed Zachary's face as he laughed. "Of course. The pinnacle of power is just one step away!"

"Congratulations in advance, Uncle Zachary."

The look in Justin's eyes deepened. He smiled meekly at Zachary for the very first time. In a polite tone, he added, "Uncle Zachary, I have a favor to ask. Would you consider nominating me for a spot on the Roundtable Conference once I've secured full control of Beckett Group and succeeded in the new drug's clinical trials?"

After a brief silence, Zachary's laughter erupted, loud and mocking.

Justin shot him a cold, unblinking gaze as Zachary rocked with his laughter. The longer he watched, the colder Justin's eyes became, like a viper lying in wait for its prey.

*Justin, you haven't forgotten how you survived this long and where your power and riches come from, have you?" Zachary staggered slightly, pressing his hand against his heaving chest, his bloodshot eyes glaring at Justin.

"It was me. I was the one who saved you. I brought you into Kings' Club and introduced you to the people who opened doors for you.

"If not for me, you would have died the same year you went to Mosgravia for treatment. I used my resources to find a world-class doctor to replace your organs.

"I spent all that money on your medication so you could live. You only survived because of me! Without me, you'd be long gone-and the Becketts wouldn't even care."

Justin met Zachary's outburst with an unflinching gaze, though emotions churned beneath the surface.

Zachary made it sound so noble. He did all that so that he could be treated?

Justin scoffed silently. He was nothing but Zachary's guinea pig, a test subject for his illegal drugs.

Back then, Zachary had used him to study the effects of banned drugs on live humans. Even now, Justin was haunted by nightmares.

He would dream of his younger self, locked in a glass-walled observation room. He lay on a hospital bed, tubes snaking across his body, connected to horrific machines that beeped and hummed around him.

Medical staff wearing white lab coats, white gloves, and masks would hold him down on the bed forcefully. Then, they injected medications of all colors into him intravenously.

His chest heaved as he fought to suppress the trauma, and his face drained of color.

*Justin, I'm the one who saved you and gave you everything you have today. You should be grateful and content!" Zachary's voice turned menacing as he added, "Remember-don't overthink things, and don't become greedy. Don't bite off more than you can chew!"

After a bout of silence, Justin's eyes narrowed. Though his voice remained friendly, his words were laced with steel. 'Uncle Zachary, you're right. But let's not forget how much I've done for you.

"Your freedom, your ability to move without fear of justice-all of it stems from my meticulous planning. Without me, you wouldn't have escaped-"

Before Justin could finish his sentence, Zachary slammed his hand on the table, rising with a roar. "You little bastard! Are you threatening me?"

Justin smiled and replied, "Oh, I wouldn't dare. I was just stating the facts."

Zachary glared, his fury palpable, but soon scoffed. 'Don't get too comfortable. Everyone has skeletons in their closet, Jay. Remember when you and Jasper were kidnapped? You know who orchestrated that."

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In that dimly lit room, Justin's face turned completely gloomy. Still, he stared at Zachary with a blank, emotionless gaze, as still and chilling as death itself.

When their eyes met, Zachary felt a twitch in his eyelid, followed by an unsettling chill that crept down his spine, raising goosebumps across his skin.

"What exactly do you think I know, Uncle Zachary? I'm afraid I do not understand." Justin narrowed his eyes sinisterly.

"Wow, as expected of the Beckett family's eldest son. You've picked up most of Javier's acting skills, haven't you?"

Zachary took a slow, deliberate drag from his cigar. He knew Justin's health was fragile, but still, he exhaled a thick cloud of smoke in his direction, daring him to react.

*20 years ago, you orchestrated the whole kidnapping scheme. You hired Gustav and his gang to abduct you and that bastard Jasper. You thought you could play both sides-

secure a hefty ransom worth over a hundred million dollars, and throw in an extra 50 million for good measure. Quite a fortune back then, huh?"

Justin listened with an eerie calmness, his gaze as hollow and unfeeling as ever, as though Zachary's words held no weight.

"You plotted to stage a kidnapping with Gustav, intending to kill Jasper in the process," Zachary continued. "At the time, Javier was just a figurehead, with Mr. Beckett Senior holding all the power in the Beckett Group. And ever since Jasper became a part of the Beckett family, your standing has been steadily declining. Mr. Beckett Senior has been paying less and less attention to you over time.

"So you came up with a plan to kill two birds with one stone. Eliminate Jasper, the obstacle to your inheritance and your attention, and, by also playing the victim, win back your grandfather's favor. At the same time, you would be free from suspicion too. With Jasper gone, you'd be the sole heir, the apple of his eye."

Zachary chuckled softly. "Jay, you were just 15, yet you devised a plan that killed two birds with one stone. You were ruthless and shrewd. Honestly, you remind me of the grace and cunning I once had in my youth!"

Justin's lips curled into a thin smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. Zachary's compliment, if it could even be called that, made his skin crawl. He wasn't like anyone else. He was Justin Beckett-superior, untouchable.

"But you were too naïve," Zachary mocked, shaking his head. "You underestimated human greed. Gustav betrayed you, turned you into his hostage, and planned to use you as leverage to extort more money from the Becketts. A cruel smile spread across Zachary's face. "In the end, Gustav realized Jasper was nothing but an illegitimate child, someone the family would eventually discard. Conversely, you were the legitimate heir-the one he could hold for ransom and torture.

"You were so foolish, Jay. Should I say that you went for wool but came home shorn or that you shot yourself in the foot?"

Instead of flying into a rage, Justin laughed. "Uncle Zachary, I suppose your time in prison has made you a bit more cryptic with your words."

There was one detail Zachary had conveniently left out. When Justin discovered that he was Gustav's target, he didn't hesitate to act. He stayed behind, enduring unimaginable torment at the kidnapers' hideout, all to ensure Jasper's safety.

Knowing Gustav would make him stay regardless, Justin decided to at least make the best of the situation and help Jasper.

The illegitimate son of the Beckett family emerged unharmed, while he, the eldest son, had voluntarily put himself in harm's way, enduring torture at the kidnappers' hands. He sustained grave injuries simply to save his half- brother.

Such a story would surely stir emotions-a brother's sacrifice for another.

Justin wanted Newton, Javier, and Jasper to feel the weight of regret and guilt for the rest of their lives, no matter the price he had to pay.

It was terrifying to think that even as a child, Justin had already been capable of such cold, sinister plots. "Justin, if the truth about you orchestrating the kidnapping 20 years ago were to come to light, I can guarantee that neither Mr. Beckett Senior nor Javier would feel any sympathy for you.

"As for your health condition-it's a fate you brought upon yourself. You can forget about inheriting the Beckett family fortune.

The smile on Zachary's face took on an even darker edge. "So, take my advice-accept your place here. Don't try to reach for something beyond your grasp.

"I understand." Justin stood up slowly from the plush red couch, his grin widening. He straightened his back and lifted his chin. "I won't interfere with your enjoyment, Uncle Zachary. I'm leaving."

Staring coldly at Justin from behind, Zachary replied nonchalantly, "Justin, you should be thankful that you are my younger sister's only son."

Neither of them needed further words. They were two minds cut from the same cloth. Zachary didn't need to elaborate on his threat.

Justin paused, then turned his back without a word, a low chuckle escaping him.

"Uncle Zachary, the Duttons are truly something else," he said, his voice tinged with mockery. "Everyone's completely mad."

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After saying that, Justin turned and marched off.

Zachary's expression darkened. He frowned and pressed the call button on the table.

A moment later, his secretary walked in. He greeted respectfully, "Mr. Dutton."

*This nephew of mine has been getting out of line lately. It's time for a little reminder," Zachary muttered, lowering his head.

The secretary stepped forward without hesitation, extending his palm as Zachary pressed his cigar against it, extinguishing it with a single, calm motion.

"Once you finish the tasks at hand, I need you to head to Solana City. Meet with someone there."

After leaving Kings' Club, Justin remained silent the entire journey to the airport. His silence unnerved Sheryl, causing the hairs on the back of her neck to rise.

Justin was usually a man of smiles, but when his lips were tight, it meant that something serious was brewing. "You're curious, aren't you?" he murmured, his eyes half-closed and lips pale. "Wondering how Zachary can roam freely in Kontina, instead of being locked up? Wondering who's actually serving his sentence in Solana City's prison?"

Sheryl, a little flustered, wiped her brow. "It's true I'm curious, but I wouldn't pry if you don't want me to."

"I arranged for a scapegoat to take Zachary's place in prison, securing his freedom. That's how he's been able to live so freely." Justin smirked, lips curling cryptically. "I'm telling you this because I need a favor from you once we're back."

Sheryl responded, "I'm at your service."

"Once we're back in Solana City, I need you to make a trip to Fifth Prison. I want you to get that scapegoat out of that place."

"Get him out?"

*According to my men's reports, he hasn't been too compliant in prison lately. Just in case anything happens, I cannot allow him to remain imprisoned there. At the same time, I cannot have him killed either."

Justin closed his eyes slowly. In a relaxed voice, he said, "If he dies under mysterious circumstances, it would cause more problems than it's worth. You are a prison medic. I'm sure you can manage the transfer."

Sheryl understood immediately. Nodding, she said, "Okay. Got it."

Just then, her phone buzzed. She glanced at it and picked it up quickly.

Moments later, her expression shifted to one of surprise.

"What's up?" Justin asked lazily.

"Mr. Justin." Sheryl inhaled sharply, tightening her grip on the phone. "The person you had me assign to keep watch over Ms. Alyssa at the hospital called. Jasper went to see

her tonight. They... spent quite a bit of time together, just the two of them in her hospital ward."

A coldness swept over Justin's face. His fists clenched tightly.

Alyssa had never been a part of his plan. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, a suffocating weight settled in his chest, an emotion he couldn't name, thick and suffocating.

He had never felt anything like this before.

"My younger brother really does know how to make life difficult," Justin forced a frosty smile, though his eyes were dark. "You know what, Sheryl? Sometimes, we just cannot afford to show any mercy."

Chapter 2364

As soon as Alyssa's health allowed for her discharge, she left the hospital swiftly without informing her family. Sean had just assisted her into the car when her phone rang.

The call was from Rosie.

"Mrs. Rosie, how have you been?" Alyssa couldn't hold the phone herself, her hands still bandaged, so Sean held it for her.

"I'm doing well. Madam, I heard from Mr. Jasper that you were injured?" Rosie's voice was concerned.

"I have been discharged from the hospital. Don't worry."

Alyssa couldn't help but recall the soup she had splattered across Jasper's three-piece suit the other day. To her surprise, she discovered that he had prepared for such an outcome.

It was as though he had predicted she might throw the soup. He had left one more serving of soup in the thermal flask just in case.

Feeling hungry after their heated argument, Alyssa managed to sit up in bed with effort. After he left, she finished the last remnants of soup from the thermal flask.

"Mrs. Rosie, did you ask Mr. Jasper to deliver soup to me while I was hospitalized?" Alyssa smiled. "The soup was delicious. I could tell that you made it. Thank you."

"It wasn't me, Madam. I wasn't the one who made the soup. Mr. Jasper made it for you personally!"

'He did?' Alyssa was stupefied.

"Mr. Jasper went to the countryside the day before to buy a wild chicken. He came back covered in mud, his suit covered in feathers, and smelling like chicken poop! Can you believe a neatly dressed gentleman like him did that?"

Rosie couldn't help but giggle as she recalled the scene. "I've seen him grow up, but I've never seen him like this before. He even went out to catch the chicken himself. If the public got wind of it, he'd become the biggest joke of the century!"

Alyssa couldn't believe her ears. Her heart pounded against her chest uncontrollably.

"There was even more chaos the next day. The first thing he did in the morning was to slaughter the chicken. Thanks to him, the kitchen looked like it was a crime scene. I'm not even kidding!"

Rosie went on, "Mr. Jasper used to be in the military and has killed terrorists while he was on the battlefield, right? According to him, slaughtering chickens is way more difficult than killing a human being!"

At that moment, Jasper sneezed violently in the president's office at Beckett Group.

Sean, who was nearby Alyssa, overheard what Rosie said. He was rendered speechless. Alyssa, on the other hand, let out a laugh. She did not know how she should react.

"I was the one who guided Mr. Jasper as he prepared the chicken soup for you, so it's only natural that it tasted similar to mine. Still, it was all his effort. He spent the whole day making it! Madam, don't you know what Mr. Jasper is like? He may struggle with words, but he knows who matters to him. You've always been in his heart."

Alyssa felt a wave of emotions-bitterness mixed with a strange warmth. It was like finding a piece of candy in a pile of sand.

After ending that call with Rosie, Alyssa stared blankly into space as she sat in the car. She couldn't pull herself out of those complex emotions that she was feeling.

Sean glanced at her through the rearview mirror from his driver's seat. He noticed the tears in Alyssa's eyes. "Ms. Alyssa, I'll send you back to Heightsnew Villa," he offered in a warm voice.

"No, I don't want to go home," Alyssa responded softly.

Concern crept into Sean's voice. "You're not thinking of going to KS Group, are you? You need to rest." "Let's make a trip to Fifth Prison. Once Jasper's influence on her

thoughts subsided, Alyssa gathered herself. The sadness that had weighed on her face disappeared, replaced by a fiery intensity in her gaze.

She added, "Do you remember the inmate Mr. Steven mentioned? I want to visit him. I'm starting to think this isn't just a coincidence. I also want to meet that ruthless killer-Justin's uncle. I'm starting to get curious about the Duttons."

Sean came to a realization. Then, he asked, "Ms. Alyssa, what if there isn't anything more to that prisoner, but that he's just a normal prisoner? Would you still help him out?"Material ©

"I will." Alyssa curled her lips upward into a bright smile. "I'll just take it as doing a good deed."

It was a weekday today, so traffic wasn't particularly heavy. Sean and Alyssa arrived at the entrance to Fifth Prison soon enough.

"Ms. Alyssa, it's cold outside and you are not yet fully recovered. Just wait in the car while I go in to inquire on your behalf. I'll leave the heater on in the car," Sean suggested as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

"No, it's alright. I'll go with you."

Alyssa opened her eyes; she looked a little weary. She had just moved from her seat when she caught sight of a black car heading toward the prison from a short distance away.

Her Spirit of Ecstasy Rolls-Royce was too showy, so Alyssa intentionally decided to swap it out for a regular, low-profile car before coming over.

She watched as the black car stopped outside the gate to the prison. Through her car's front windshield, Alyssa could see a rather familiar-looking outline of a woman, albeit vaguely.

With a firm look in her eyes, Alyssa lifted her hand suddenly and pressed down on Sean's shoulder from behind.

"Wait."

Sean was taken aback. He didn't dare to make any rash moves.

Right at this moment, the door of the black vehicle was opened. Sheryl, wearing a white lab coat, stepped out of the car with a frown etched on her face.

Dressed lightly for the weather, she stomped her feet to shake off the cold, crossing her arms in front of her chest in a poised manner as she shivered slightly.

Sean exclaimed in shock, "Ms. Alyssa, that's Justin's doctor!"

"I see her too." With a steady look in her eyes, Alyssa stared fixedly at Sheryl as she hurried through the prison gates under a prison officer's guide.

Even though Sheryl assumed no one had noticed, she had exposed her unnatural mannerisms; it was as clear as

day.

Alyssa was overwhelmed with the same feeling of familiarity as before.

Sean frowned. "That's strange. What's that woman doing here?"

'She's like...'

'Ms. Alyssa, what did you say?'

A sharp gleam flashed across Alyssa's face. "That woman reminds me of someone I knew. Other than her looks, her every move looks extremely similar."

Sean pressed on, "Who is it?"

"Liana Gardner."

The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!