

# Can't Win Me Back by Ginger Sue Novel

## Chapter 2411

### Chapter 2411

Axel and Amber had only spent half a month together before the former was called back to report for work.

The night before his departure, they spent hours lost in each other, their passion unrelenting. Again and again, they exchanged kisses, their love pouring forth in an endless tide.

"Amber, three months... Just give me three more months."

When their fervor finally waned, Axel held Amber close in his arms. They rested against the headboard, leaning into one another, too exhausted to move yet unwilling to let sleep claim them.

"Once I finish all the missions I've taken on, I'll hand in my resignation. After that, I'll spend all my time with you," Axel murmured, his voice steady with resolve. "We'll go wherever you want. If you want fun, I'll have fun with you. If you want chaos, I'll spend my life going crazy with you."

Axel wasn't one for flowery words. He simply spoke from the heart. Right now, his heart only wanted Amber- forever.

Amber nestled closer, her soft smile masking the glimmer of sorrow in her eyes. "Actually, I want you to keep working with the organization. I know how much joy and purpose it brings you. To me, that's what matters most- seeing you live your dream."

She paused, her voice softening. "I never understood what it meant to have a dream or conviction until I met Lyse. That's when I found my own."

"What is it, Amber?" Axel lowered his head and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"To live in a place where there's light." A single tear slipped from the corner of her eye as she closed them.

A massive lump rose in Axel's throat as he welled up. He couldn't bring himself to say anything. All he could do was hold Amber tightly and caress her shoulders.

In actual fact, the nature of his work required him to keep his identity hidden the whole time. Yet, his unyielding conviction to fight for justice fueled him. It was his calling, one he couldn't abandon.

But Amber had lived in darkness for too long. Her past was a quiet agony he could only imagine, and though she rarely spoke of it, he felt the weight of her pain.

They couldn't rewrite their histories, but Axel was determined to help her heal. He would wait as long as it took and love her as deeply as she needed.

"Axel, you'll be leaving when the day breaks. Get some sleep and recharge. Just like a mother who looked after her son, Amber tucked Axel in, covering those well-defined abs of his.

"Other people would cling to their partners, telling them not to leave. And here you are, rushing to send me off," Axel grumbled in displeasure as he pouted.

Amber chuckled softly. "What's this? Are you being jealous?"

"I'm just reluctant to leave you."

Without warning, Axel pinned her beneath him, peppering her face with kisses. He laced his fingers with hers, his gaze smoldering.

"I'll delay my departure until tomorrow. Let's have breakfast together, and after you've dolled yourself up, come with me."

Gazing up at Axel with a puzzled look in her eyes, Amber asked, "Where are we going?"

Axel smiled. He enunciated clearly, "To register our marriage.

Amber's eyes flew open, her heart pounding wildly.

"Lyse, Jonah, and the others are busy with the Jasper situation, so they might not make it in time. I don't care-I just want to marry you now."

His excitement spilled from his words, his fiery gaze leaving no doubt about his feelings.

"There's no rush. Let's go after you return and after you inform your father." Amber caressed Axel's cheek gently. The gentle gleam in her eyes was making Axel's heart melt. She continued, "It's not like anyone will take me away. Whoever's meant to be yours will always be."

Axel understood that he was indeed being rash. Moreover, Amber wasn't a frivolous person who had no respect for her elders. Conversely, she was even more respectful

and considerate than some scionesses from reputable families. Her wanting him to inform Winston of their marriage was a form of respect.

But, for whatever reason, Axel kept having this nagging feeling of uneasiness in his heart. He couldn't quite put that feeling of stuffiness in his chest into words.

"Aren't you sleeping? Well, I am." Amber pretended to close her eyes as she shifted slightly.

But in truth, sleep wouldn't come. Her thoughts swirled, and in two hours, she planned to wake up and prepare breakfast for Axel.

"In that case, Amber, promise me you'll stay safe. You must..."

Before his lips could meet hers, she gently covered his mouth with her hand.

## **Chapter 2412**

Chapter 2412

Amber stifled a laugh and teased, "Stop talking, Mr. Whitaker. You're going to sound like a broken record if you keep going."

After breakfast and a quick packing session, Axel departed from Heightsnew Villa.

Amber spent her day helping the Taylors with various tasks. She assisted Mandy in organizing documents for Lovelace Group's projects, helped Lyla with cooking, and even joined Colene in feeding her horse.

With Tatiana's due date approaching, Amber also pitched in for her shower preparations.

Amber had always been a diligent person, but today, she seemed particularly intent on keeping herself busy. She was counting down the hours until nightfall.

After dinner, the Taylors sat in the living room and chatted casually as they always did. The warm, familial atmosphere filled the space, and Amber joined in, her perceptive nature making her a seamless part of the group.

When everyone retired to their rooms, Amber rose to help the helpers clear the table.

"Amber."

Startled, Amber turned to see Winston standing nearby, supported by Neil.

"M-Mr. Taylor." Her heart skipped a beat as she quickly straightened up.

Winston had always addressed her formally as "Ms. Altman", even after learning about her relationship with Axel. He had never openly opposed them, but neither had he offered any encouragement, maintaining a cool and neutral demeanor.

But now, for the first time, he called her by her first name, just as he would his own children.

Amber's heart raced.

"Do we still need to be so formal after knowing each other for so long?" A warm smile spread across Winston's face. "You shouldn't call me Mr. Taylor anymore. What is it that young people nowadays would say?"

Neil chimed in, "It has work vibes."

"That's right. Work vibes. Just call me Winston."

"Winston," Amber managed, her voice catching slightly as she obeyed.

Noticing the trash she was holding, Winston's expression softened. In a gentle tone, he said, 'Amber, you're my son's partner. You're not just an important guest-you're family. Leave these tasks to the helpers next time. You don't need to do them yourself.'

The word "family" struck a chord deep within Amber, and tears welled up in her eyes. Her lips trembled, and she stood speechless.

"Axel came to see me before he left for work this morning. Amber, did you know? I haven't had a proper conversation with him in a really long time.

"It has also been ages since he came to bid me goodbye before he left for work. Thanks to you, I got to see all that."

Winston beamed with delight. "More importantly, he told me he wants to marry you. He told me that he would register his marriage with you after he returned, and he invited me to witness the registration of your marriage.

"Amber, I may not show it, but I'm thrilled. Axel has never asked me for anything-not since he was a child. As his father, I've often felt dispensable, like I didn't matter to him.

"But because of you, I feel like I'm still his father. You've made him open up, and now he's sharing his dreams with me."

Tears streamed down Amber's cheeks as she listened. So that was why Axel had disappeared for a while that morning. He hadn't told her a word about it.

"Amber, truth be told, I've accepted you a long time ago. I just haven't found the right time to share this with you.

"Axel wishes to spend the rest of his life with you. Would you be willing to spend yours with him? He's got his flaws-his bad habits and an unstable job that keeps him away often. Even so, would you still want to be with him?"

For the first time, the usually composed Winston seemed almost hesitant, his vulnerability laid bare before her. "H... I would love to," Amber choked.

"That's wonderful!" Winston exclaimed, clapping his hands together with delight. "Before he left, Axel told me he was worried you weren't ready to commit to registering your marriage. He thought you might still have doubts."

Smiling from ear to ear, Winston clapped his hands together. "I'll call him right away and let him know. This will put him at ease, and at the same time, he can focus on work and come to marry you!"

## **Chapter 2413**

### Chapter 2413

Ever since getting together with Axel, Amber had lived each day in bliss.

Yet, when Winston assured her that he truly accepted her and approved of her marriage to Axel, that bliss reached its peak.

For so long, Amber had struggled with feelings of inferiority, never truly believing she deserved Axel's love. Deep down, she had resolved to step away if Winston disapproved or insisted Axel marry a woman from a reputable family-a match more fitting of his status.

She wouldn't have hesitated to leave if it meant sparing Winston and Axel any conflict.

Amber loved Axel wholeheartedly and was willing to sacrifice everything for him.

But instead of rejection, she found warmth. The Taylor family embraced her as one of their own, showing her kindness and understanding rather than disdain for her past.

She could never repay such compassion.

"Winston.... Thank you. Thank you..." Amber's tear-filled eyes glistened, their brightness undimmed despite all the darkness she had endured.

Winston smiled tenderly, gazing at her with the affection of a father. "I doubt you'll be calling me by my first name for much longer. Once Axel returns, you'll have to start calling me Dad."

Amber's cheeks flushed pink as she lowered her eyes shyly.

Taking a deep breath, Winston's thoughts turned to Jennifer, and a familiar ache gripped his heart. He was doing his best to hold everything together.

He had once promised Jennifer that he would ensure their children's happiness. But Alyssa's struggles with Jasper-and the cruel way fate tore them apart-haunted him.

Would Alyssa ever find peace?

If Jennifer was watching over them, could she lend Alyssa a hand?

That night, after everyone at Heightsnew Villa had gone to bed, Amber changed into a black sports outfit. Quietly, she retrieved the sleek black sports car Axel had gifted her and drove out of the basement garage toward the villa's back gate.

The security guard on duty stopped her as she approached.

"Ms. Altman, you're heading out at this hour?" he asked politely.

"I couldn't sleep because of my insomnia, Amber replied with a faint smile. "Just going out for some fresh air."

"It's dangerous for a woman to be out so late. Let me assign two personnel to accompany you."

"That won't be necessary," Amber said, her voice calm but firm. "I can handle myself. Most men can't take me in a fight. Besides, I'll be in the car the whole time I don't want to bother anyone."

Before the guard could argue, she pressed the accelerator and sped off into the night.

As she drove along Solana City's expressway, her eyes filled with cold determination, though her heart grew heavy. Memories of darkness and pain surged, crashing over her like relentless waves. Her grip tightened on the steering wheel, and her jaw clenched as she drove faster toward her destination.

In the early hours of the morning, Amber's car screeched to a halt in front of The Millennium.

Once a den of vice and crime, the building now stood abandoned and sealed off-a fitting end to Jameson's life of sin.

Amber stood at the entrance, her eyes red and her body trembling. She had thought she'd left this place behind. Yet, standing here again, her reaction betrayed her.

The authorities had sealed both the front and back doors. But Amber knew of a hidden trapdoor Jameson had installed to allow VIPs to escape unnoticed during raids.

With a flashlight in hand, she made her way around the building to the mountain behind it. Beneath a large tree, she found the cement-brick structure concealing the trapdoor.

Clenching the flashlight between her teeth, she pulled out her lock-picking tools and worked quickly. The door creaked open, releasing a cloud of dust that made her cough violently.

Amber covered her mouth, blinking through the haze as she stepped inside.

Even though so much time had passed, she navigated the dark corridors with ease, her memories guiding her to Jameson's room.

The password lock on the door still had reserve power. She entered the code, pushed the door open, and slowly entered the room.

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## Chapter 2414

### Chapter 2414

The password to Jameson's room was Alyssa's birthday.

Jameson had always believed himself to be a devoted man, taking pride in that notion. Yet, in Amber's eyes, his devotion was nothing more than a pathetic joke—a sentiment she couldn't help but detest.

Taking a steadying breath, Amber began rummaging through the drawers and shelves with swift precision. Years of observation had taught her that Jameson had hidden several secret compartments in this room, places meant to conceal vital information. Unless Jameson or Carl disclosed their existence, even the police might not have uncovered them.

After what felt like an eternity, sweat beading on her forehead, Amber discovered a hidden compartment beneath a floor sculpture.

As she pried the brick loose, her breath hitched.

Inside the compartment lay a waterproof plastic bag containing a document and a USB drive.

Amber retrieved the document. Her heart raced as she realized its contents—a research report from Mosgravia's RC Biotechnology Research Institute.

It detailed the human drug experiments that Jameson and the enigmatic 'Sir' had orchestrated—experiments that had horrified the nation.

Stamped with the RC Biotechnology Research Institute's seal, the document was indisputable proof of the institute's inhumane and illegal activities.

Emotional and shaken, Amber held the report with a fierce grip, her hands betraying the turmoil within.

Jameson's hasty escape had left him no time to erase his tracks at The Millennium. Amber had always suspected he had left something behind, and her intuition had been correct.

\*Jameson, you claimed loyalty to that 'Sir, but just look at this."

Ultimately, Jameson maintained a contingency plan and a means of escape.

The evidence not only tied RC Biotechnology Research Institute to "Sir' but also hinted at his identity. All signs pointed to Justin.

Though exhilarated by her discovery, Amber knew she couldn't examine the USB's contents without a laptop. That would have to wait until she was safely home.

The content should be absolutely mind-blowing.

She rolled the document, concealed it beneath her clothes, and hurried out of The Millennium.

She had barely taken a few steps when she froze.

Standing a short distance away was a tall man, his presence exuding an air of menace.

The oppressive mood was painfully familiar.

Her heart pounded as she turned off her flashlight and retreated step by step. Each retreating step she took was mirrored by the man's advance.

The dim light revealed his sharp, icy gaze and the cruel expression etched on his face.

"R-R-Remy..."



Amber's throat tightened as dread clawed at her. The air around her felt suffocating, as though she were ensnared by a devil from the depths of hell.

She realized there could be no coincidence here. Remy and Sheryl were undoubtedly working for Justin. She had

been marked since she crossed paths with them at the orphanage.

"Ms. Altman, we meet again." Remy's voice was cold and distant as his gaze swept over her pale face. "You've changed so much, I almost didn't recognize you. The new face suits you."

"I haven't changed. I've simply returned to who I was." Amber's hands trembled as she clasped them together, her body tense. "Did Sir send you?"

Remy remained silent.

"What are you planning to do? Kill me?" Despite her efforts to sound composed, her voice betrayed her fear.

"If you come quietly, I won't have to," Remy said smoothly, closing the distance between them. "Otherwise, this is where you'll die."

Amber clicked her tongue. "Well, we all die someday, don't we?"

Her eyes burned with defiance as she let out a shaky laugh. In one fluid motion, she drew a dagger from behind her and lunged at him, aiming for his chest. "But I won't die here!"

## **Chapter 2415**

### Chapter 2415

Amber glared at Remy through her bloodshot eyes, thrusting her gleaming blade toward his chest.

In her early days of being Jameson's follower, the first lesson drilled into her was how to kill quickly and efficiently. Refinement wasn't necessary-only results mattered.

Yet, despite mastering the techniques, she had never put them into practice. Deep down, Amber feared the sight of blood and loathed the idea of taking a life.

And now, of all people, it was Remy forcing her to cross that line.

The blade's tip hovered mere inches from Remy's heart when hesitation gripped her. Axel's voice echoed in her mind, raw with emotion. "Amber, I keep feeling that Remy is my fifth brother, Damien. We miss him... We want him to come home!"

Her pupils dilated. The blade wavered, its deadly intent dissipating.

That single moment of doubt was all Remy needed. With a calm, calculated motion, he seized her wrist and twisted it sharply. Amber gasped in pain, her grip faltering as the blade clattered to the floor. Cold sweat drenched her as she staggered, only for Remy to yank her backward. Her body slammed into his chest, his muscular arm locking around her neck in a chokehold.

She struggled, clawing at his unyielding arm as her vision blurred and her breath hitched. Her cheeks flushed crimson, and panic coursed through her veins.

"You're pathetic," Remy said, his voice cold and unyielding. "One of Jameson's failed experiments. You can't even commit to taking a life."

His piercing gaze bore into her, unmoved by her reddened face and unfocused eyes. A slight increase in pressure, and she would suffocate within moments.

Although Justin had ordered him to bring Amber back alive, the thought of ending her life now was tempting. Sometimes, death was kinder than the torment of living—he knew Justin all too well.

"Damien... D-Damien..." Amber's voice cracked as tears streamed down her face. "Please... snap out of it!"

Damien. That name again.

Remy's jaw tightened, frustration clawing at him like an invisible hand around his throat.

"How many times do I have to repeat myself? I am not Damien!"

"You... are..." Amber choked out, tears pooling in her eyes. "Damien... Your family... They're still waiting... for you to come home..."

Her words pierced his defenses like a dagger, prying open the cold armor around his heart. A sharp, inexplicable ache spread through his chest.

His temples throbbed, and the piercing pain caused him to loosen his hold around Amber's neck, allowing Amber to gasp for air. But instead of fighting or fleeing, she stayed.

Realizing escape was impossible without Remy's help, she considered persuading this man, loyal to Justin, to switch sides. It was a risky move, but one she was willing to take.

"Remy," she whispered between coughs, "whether or not you're Damien, I know you're not heartless."

"Women are such overthinkers," he muttered, his voice tinged with irritation. He hadn't fully released her. His temples throbbed, but he masked the pain with a scoff. "I'm only sparing you because my orders were to bring you back alive. Nothing more."

"Then what about last time?" Amber pressed.

Remy frowned.

"When Jasper's younger sister Lauren was kidnapped, Jameson ordered us to intervene," Amber continued, her voice gaining strength. "I leaked information to them in secret and pretended to fall for their trap. You knew—and yet, you didn't expose me. Why?"

Remy stared straight at Amber, his gaze deepening with time.

Silence stretched between them.

Taking a deep breath, Amber's voice trembled with fury. "You're Sir's right-hand man. I have enough evidence to prove Sir's real identity is Justin Beckett!"

Remy's fists clenched tightly, his stoic expression cracking ever so slightly.

"He partnered with RC Biotechnology in Mosgravia to develop illicit drugs and used Jameson to conduct human experiments in our country. It's completely inhumane. Moreover, this isn't the only crime he has committed!"

"Remy, your kindness leads me to believe you have a conscience. Is it truly your choice to stand by someone so wicked? Do you truly condone his actions? Are you really prepared to align yourself with such a dark and dangerous force?"

Amber's tears flowed before she even noticed. Clenching her teeth, she spat out, "Justin is the true owner of The Millenium, isn't he? Jameson is merely his puppet."

"Do you even realize how many women have suffered at The Millenium? How many lives were lost while the world partied on obliviously? Wasn't Justin the one who orchestrated all of this?"

Remy's fists clenched tighter, his knuckles white with strain. The tension in his jaw only sharpened the harsh angles of his face. The memory struck him like a blade that young

woman, fragile and pale, lying in a hospital bed, her voice trembling as she called out to him and begged him to save her.

A metallic tang of blood spread across his tongue as he bit down on the storm of emotions rising within. Pressing his tongue against the roof of his mouth, he forced himself to stay composed.

"If you want me to leave with you or even take my life, I won't resist," she said, her voice flat but heavy with unspoken weight.

Amber's gaze locked onto his, unwavering despite the chill in his eyes. "But could you grant me just one night? After tonight, I'll be yours entirely."

For a moment, silence hung between them like a fragile thread. Then, Remy's voice cut through the air, cold and unyielding. "Leave,"

Amber was stunned. She thought she had misheard. "What... did you say?"

"Leave," he repeated. "Right now. We've never met tonight."

Without waiting for her response, he turned and strode down the shadowed corridor, his figure disappearing into the darkness. "Go home. Get your man to protect you. Next time, you won't be so lucky. Because I am not a kind man."

## **Chapter 2416**

### Chapter 2416

Amber's eyes reddened as she darted toward the trapdoor in The Millennium, tears streaming down her face. Remy had let her go. He actually spared her!

Didn't this prove that he was Damien? That his true nature lingered, even if his memories of the past had been lost?

Hope and excitement bubbled within her as she ran. She had to reach Alyssa immediately and share this evidence-this incredible news!

Emerging from the trapdoor, Amber navigated the tangled paths among the weeds on the mountain behind The Millennium.

Suddenly, she froze. Her breath hitched.

Beams of white light shone from all directions, focusing on her.

The cold, unyielding spotlights told her everything she was surrounded, the target of an ambush.

Amber's heart pounded in her chest. Cold sweat slicked her palms as her fingers clenched tightly around her dagger. The veins on the back of her hand throbbed with adrenaline.

Six assassins in black emerged from the shadows, their flashlights cutting through the gloom like the eyes of hungry hyenas.

With the lights focusing on her, there was no escape. The only path to survival was through them.

Amber's eyes burned with determination as she charged forward. Her dagger slashed through the neck of the nearest assassin, a swift and brutal strike.

She moved with desperate precision, aiming for vital points. Her unexpected ferocity startled the man, who had clearly underestimated her.

His flashlight clattered to the ground, and blood gushed from his neck.

Amber seized the opening, surging ahead without hesitation. After all, this might very well be her only chance. It wasn't just her survival it was about delivering the evidence she carried.

She didn't know how many more enemies lay in wait, but an ominous sense of doom weighed heavily on her chest. She doubted she'd make it back alive tonight.

When she realized no one was immediately behind her, Amber pulled the evidence from her pocket. Hastily, she dug a hole beneath a tree with her dagger and buried the items.

Carving an "X" into the tree trunk, she then moved to the side to make a call to Alyssa.

Alyssa answered after a couple of rings. Her voice was gentle though tinged with exhaustion. "Ambs?"

Amber was just about to speak when a gunshot rang out.

The bullet tore into her left arm, knocking her phone from her grasp. It tumbled down the slope, out of reach.

On the other end of the line, Alyssa heard the deafening bang. The rustling noises that followed were cut off as the call ended abruptly.

A chill ran down Alyssa's spine. She bolted upright in bed, her heart racing as she tried to call Amber back.

No response.

Her chest tightened, and her palms grew clammy.

Was that a gunshot?

What had happened to Amber?

Because of her company's project, Alyssa was spending the night at the manor in Solana City instead of Heightsnew Villa. She didn't dare contact Axel yet. Instead, she called Clark.

"Ms. Alyssa," Clark answered promptly.

"Is Ms. Altman staying at our place tonight?" Alyssa's voice was thick with urgency, her throat dry and strained.

"Yes, she's been here the past two days."

## **Chapter 2417**

Chapter 2417

"How about now? Is Ms. Altman at home?" Alyssa asked urgently.

"She isn't," Clark replied. "She drove out the back gate alone around 11:00 pm. Our security personnel stopped her then, but she said she was just going out for some fresh air because she had trouble sleeping. She promised she wouldn't be long, but it's strange-she hasn't returned even now."

Alyssa's ears began to ring, her heart sinking like a stone.

When she ended the call, her nightgown clung to her skin, drenched in cold sweat. Her trembling hand gripped the phone tightly.

She thought of calling Jonah, but he was still searching for Julien in Mosgravia. He wouldn't be able to return in time.

Silas wasn't home tonight; he was likely with Rose. Besides, he was more of an academic than a fighter-not someone who could help in a crisis. Getting him out of bed in the middle of the night couldn't possibly solve any of their problems.

Axel had returned to his organization, leaving Cyrus as the only one accessible who might help.

Pacing by the window, Alyssa dialed Cyrus' number, but her calls went unanswered—three attempts, no response.

Filled with a sense of urgency, Alyssa threw a coat over herself and darted downstairs.

The commotion woke Rosie, a light sleeper. She hurried out in a cardigan, her face etched with concern.

Seeing Alyssa pale as a ghost, Rosie blurted out, "Madam, are you unwell? Where are you going? Let me come with you!"

"Mrs. Rosie... My sister-in-law is in trouble. I have to save her!"

Normally, Alyssa kept such matters to herself, avoiding unnecessary worry for others. But tonight, her emotional turmoil spilled over.

Your sister-in-law? Which one?" Rosie asked, confused. Alyssa had several brothers, after all.

"It's Amber. She's in danger. I need to go to her!" Alyssa started for the door, but Rosie blocked her path.

"Madam, you can't go out alone—it's too dangerous! Call your brothers. Aren't they capable? One of them is even a police officer. At least file a report. Going out alone won't solve anything!"

Of course Alyssa wanted to call the police. However, Amber's situation was uncertain, and missing person reports required a 48-hour wait. By then, it might be too late.

"M-Madam? You're... crying?" Rosie's mind went blank when she saw tears flowing down Alyssa's cheeks.

"Mrs. Rosie, I can't get anyone to help me right now. I have to do this myself." Alyssa's excessive understanding, caution, and consideration had left her feeling helpless.

"Says who? You still have Mr. Jasper!"

Stunned, Alyssa paused. "Jasper?"

"Yes! Call him. He'll drop everything for you. I'll call him right now. Rosie pulled out her phone.

Will he... Will he come?" Alyssa asked, her voice quivering, doubt clouding her eyes.

"He will. Always." Rosie pulled Alyssa into a comforting embrace, her own tears welling up. Madam, trust Mr. Jasper. I refuse to believe he's forgotten his love for you, no matter what he's been through. I don't believe it!"

Alyssa's heart clenched, a single tear slipping down her cheek.

In the early hours, silence enveloped Seaview Manor.

Xavier stood outside Jasper's door like a sentinel, his fists clenched. His bloodshot eyes betrayed the torment he carried, the weight of his unspoken agony.

## Chapter 2418

### Chapter 2418

Jasper lay restrained on the bed, his body writhing violently as waves of agony crashed over him. A towel clenched between his teeth muffled his cries, though it could not silence the torment. Every inch of his skin felt as if it were being devoured by thousands of invisible ants—a relentless, gnawing pain brought on by withdrawal.

He knew he could no longer rely on the medication.

Time and again, the temptation clawed at him, urging him to surrender and take the easy way out. Relief was just a pill away. But Jasper's willpower, though battered, refused to shatter.

Anne's words echoed in his mind, a guiding light in the darkness. She had always taught him to be a righteous - one man with a clear conscience.

Curling into himself, Jasper shut his bloodshot eyes. He couldn't disappoint Anne. He couldn't let down those who believed in him. He had to resist the dark side.

Outside the room, Xavier glanced at his wristwatch. Judging the timing to be right, he pushed the door open and locked it behind him.

When he turned around, he was shocked to see Jasper standing in the living area, pale and trembling. His damp fringe clung to his forehead.

His frailty was undeniable, yet his appearance had an unearthly beauty—a fallen angel, battered but unyielding. "Mr. Beckett, how did you free yourself?" Xavier asked, his voice hoarse with concern.

"You didn't tie me down securely enough. Do it better next time."



Jasper slumped onto the couch, his body sagging as if every ounce of strength had been drained from him. He leaned his head back, his Adam's apple bobbing painfully with each shallow breath.

He had survived this round of withdrawal, but the torment was unending. How long could he endure?

Suddenly, his phone rang.

Who could it be at this hour?

Jasper leaned forward strenuously, his hand trembling as he reached for the phone on the table. His heart skipped a beat when he saw the name on the screen—Alyssa Taylor.

Without hesitation, he answered. "Ms. Alyssa, what's the matter?" he asked, his voice low and strained.

"Mr. Beckett, I'm sorry to bother you," Alyssa started with an apology in an extremely shaky voice.

Jasper pursed his lips. "No worries. Is something the matter?"

"Amber might be in danger. My brothers are either unreachable or overseas at the moment... I can't—"

"Where are you? I'll meet you."

Before Alyssa could finish, Jasper was already on his feet. His legs buckled, and he staggered, but Xavier was quick to catch him.

"Mr. Beckett!" Xavier exclaimed, steadying him.

Jasper blinked away the dizziness, his voice calm despite the chaos in his body. "Don't be afraid. I'm on my way. Tell me everything when we meet."

He ended the call and instructed Xavier to get the car.

"Mr. Beckett, you're too weak right now. You always need to rest for at least 24 hours after your withdrawal symptoms kick in. Are you sure you can do this?"

Xavier burned with worry when he saw how Jasper struggled to even stand on his two feet.

"My health doesn't matter." Jasper closed his eyes briefly, gathering what little strength he had left. When he opened them, his gaze was resolute. "I need to be with Alyssa now. I need to make up for what I owe her."

What he didn't say aloud weighed heavily on his heart-he would still protect her without hesitation, even if he owed her nothing.

## Chapter 2419

Chapter 2419

Jasper strode out of the room and hurried down the stairs, his pace so brisk that Xavier had to jog to keep up.

As Jasper reached the living room, he spotted Justin sitting upright in his wheelchair, alone. Their eyes locked when Jasper was just a few steps away.

Hostility flickered between their gazes.

Curling his lips upward into a slight smile, Justin asked, "Jasper, heading out at this hour?"

Xavier gritted his teeth, loathing the self-righteous air Justin exuded, as if he always held the upper hand. The sight made him want to charge forward and knock Justin clean off his wheelchair.

"It's late. Why aren't you in bed?" Jasper asked coldly, his tone as sharp as his glare. "It seems that broken body of yours is still holding up."

"Jasper, you seem to be in a rush. Did something happen? Do you need my help?"

Justin maintained the smile on his face, disregarding Jasper's sarcastic remark.

"It's none of your business."

Without another word, Jasper swept past him.

Justin's voice followed, low and sinister. "Jasper, there are many people and matters that have nothing to do with you. Why dive into murky waters and bring trouble upon yourself?"

The usual warmth vanished from Justin's eyes, replaced by a chilling sneer. He fixed Jasper with a look of pure malice, his eyes gleaming with a cruel light.

Jasper froze mid-step, a chill spreading through his body.

Justin never spoke without intent. His seemingly casual remarks always carried the weight of provocation, often inciting chaos without so much as a blink. Behind his polished exterior lay a rotten core, a man who had traded humanity for manipulation.

Jasper turned back, his eyes narrowing. Without warning, he kicked the base of Justin's wheelchair.

Justin jolted, gripping the armrests tightly to steady himself. Though he managed to avoid falling, his composure was shattered, leaving him looking utterly undignified.

Xavier, watching from the sidelines, felt a surge of satisfaction.

"I don't discriminate against the disabled," Jasper said, leaning slightly forward. His towering frame loomed over Justin as he spoke with icy disdain. "But I despise those who pretend to be disabled to garner pity when they are actually capable of walking.

"Mr. Justin, if you're truly crippled, I wish you a speedy recovery. However, if this is merely an act, I hope you never rise from that wheelchair again."

With that, Jasper stormed out, disappearing through the front door in a flash.

For a long moment, Justin sat still. Then, slowly, he rose from the wheelchair. His eyes burned red with rage as he

kicked the chair over with force.

His phone vibrated in his chest pocket. Breathing heavily, he answered the call.

"How is everything going?" he demanded, his voice sharp and menacing.

On the other end of the call, Sheryl was slightly startled. She hesitated before responding respectfully. "We've captured her. Do you want her alive or "

"You fool!" Justin snapped, closing his eyes to calm himself down after being riled up by Jasper. "Why would I want her dead? Keep her alive."

Strong winds howled, and snow fell heavily on the mountain behind The Millenium.

Despite the gunshot wound in her left arm, Amber fought fiercely against her attackers. But she was outnumbered and

overpowered. She collapsed onto the snow, battered and bruised, the ground beneath her stained crimson.

The black-clad assassins stepped aside as Sheryl approached. Dressed in an extravagant white gown, she stopped short, careful not to dirty her pristine shoes.

"I knew you'd try something," Sheryl said, her voice dripping with contempt. "And I was right."

Her gaze lingered on Amber, who lay crumpled like discarded trash. "Jameson met a terrible end because he was soft-hearted. He should've put a bullet in your head when The Millennium fell."

Amber's pale face was as white as the snow beneath her. Digging trembling fingers into the icy ground, she clung to consciousness.

Sheryl sneered. "That man was pathetic. Unable to have the woman he loved, he settled for a counterfeit-you. He made you look like Alyssa to make up for her absence in his life,"

Kicking a few pebbles at Amber, Sheryl's eyes burned with hatred. "I'd send you to hell to join him if I could. After all, his death was sloppy. As his colleague, I should at least give him company in the afterlife."

Amber gasped, her voice a strained growl. "Then stop talking... and get it over with."

Sheryl crouched slightly, her smile venomous. "You want a quick death? Oh no, Amber. I'll make it slow and agonizing, That's what you deserve for siding with that bitch, Alyssa. I despise her with all of my being, and you, too, have gotten under my skin."

"W-Who... are you?" Amber managed, her breath visible in the freezing air.

Instead of answering, Sheryl gestured to one of her subordinates. "Search her."

A black clad figure stepped forward, roughly rummaging through Amber's blood-soaked clothes.

Sheryl's laughter echoed through the snowy clearing, a cruel, mocking sound. Watching Amber rendered helpless was cathartic, a release for her pent-up frustrations.

It was a pity that Amber no longer had Alyssa's face. Otherwise, it would have been even more thrilling.

## **Chapter 2420**

Chapter 2420

"Ms. Gillis, I've searched her thoroughly. She doesn't have anything on her."

Sheryl's brows knitted in frustration. "How can that be? Where's her cell phone?"

"There wasn't one."

Sheryl, no longer concerned about dirtying herself, stepped forward, grabbed Amber by her hair, and forced her to meet her gaze.

"You bitch," Sheryl snarled. "You came to The Millennium at this hour for a reason. What did you find? Hand it over, and I might spare your worthless life!"

Amber spat a mouthful of bloody saliva directly onto Sheryl's face.

"Fuck! You bitch!" Glaring at Amber, Sheryl rolled her sleeves up and slapped her twice in the face. Even so, it wasn't enough to quench her fury. She yelled, "Take her back!"

Two of Sheryl's subordinates moved forward, dragging a limp Amber away.

Sheryl's reddened eyes burned with fury as she wiped the spit off her face. She was teetering on the edge of madness. "Search the area! Retrace her steps and leave no stone unturned!"

Jasper drove to Alyssa's place personally, eager to see her as soon as possible.

When he arrived at the manor that had once been their haven, he found Alyssa standing silently in the biting wind. Rosie, unable to bear the sight, opened an umbrella and stood behind Alyssa, shielding her from the falling snow. Alyssa appeared as if she held the world in her hands, yet an unshakable loneliness clung to her.

How could Jasper let go of such a stunning woman? When would he come to his senses?

Jasper's black Maybach glided to a halt at the front of the manor, snow spraying in its wake.

He stepped out, his expression unreadable, and strode toward Alyssa. His striking features were as cold as the winter air. Xavier opened the car door and got out of the car, but before he could even take two steps forward, he doubled over and vomited.

Clearly, Jasper had sped his entire way there.

"Mr. Jasper, you're finally here!" Rosie exclaimed, her voice trembling with emotion as her gaze turned resentful.

Alyssa exhaled a misty breath, her lips trembling as she looked into Jasper's deep eyes. Yet, words failed her.

She once had the privilege to demand anything from him, to throw tantrums, vent, or tease. But now, all of that felt like a distant memory. Fear held her tongue.

"It's freezing. Why are you waiting out here?" Jasper asked in a deep voice as he looked into her teary eyes.

Her voice came out as a fragile whisper, "I was waiting for you."

Jasper's chest tightened, his fingers curling involuntarily. "Let's go inside. We'll talk there."

"No, it'll be too late by then. We need to find Amber now. She's in danger!"

The echo of a gunshot replayed in her mind, making her breath hitch. Her tears welled up. Alyssa was on the verge of breaking down.

"I heard a gunshot. I couldn't reach Amber's phone after that. Something's happened to her I just know it!"

"Alyssa, you've always been so optimistic. Don't let your fears consume you," Jasper said, though his stiff posture betrayed his own concern.

"If something happens to Amber, Axel's happiness will be destroyed too!" Remembering Axel's struggles to find happiness, Alyssa's composure shattered. Tears streamed down her face despite Jasper's watchful gaze.

"Amber has to be okay... She has to!" she cried, her voice raw with desperation. Then, her knees buckled, and the world tilted around her.

Exhausted from days of relentless work at KS Group and her desperate search for a solution for Jasper, Alyssa was now battling insomnia. Three sleepless nights had taken their toll.

The physical and mental exhaustion finally caught up to her.

Rosie panicked, but fortunately, Jasper's quick reflexes caught her before she hit the ground. He wrapped his coat around her trembling frame, his actions instinctive and protective.

Not even the world's most lethal toxin could extinguish this unwavering habit of looking after her.

"Are you alright?" Jasper asked.

Alyssa didn't answer. Her sobs racked her body as she clung to him.

"Alyssa, stop crying," Jasper said, his voice steady but pained. "If you don't stop, I'll leave right now. I won't help you anymore."

Alyssa wept uncontrollably, her tears soaking through Jasper's shirt.

Knitting his brows tightly together, Jasper let out a helpless sigh as his hand rested gently on her back.

He couldn't bear to see her like this.

Witnessing this ate at his heart.