

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2429

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"Amber will be fine,' Jasper said confidently.

"Based on Justin's way of doing things, he won't harm her for now. She's still useful to him. He'll exploit her to control you and Alyssa, and to keep me from taking him down." Crippling Jasper's arm, Axel pleaded, 'Jasper, I have to save my wife... What should I do?"

His eyes were red, brimming with unshed tears.

Steadying his breath, Jasper replied, "Even if it comes to killing Justin, it shouldn't be your hands that get dirty. I'll do it."

"Are you kidding me? If we're taking that bastard down, we do it together!" Axel's expression was fierce and unyielding. "We went through the same military academy. We have to fight side by side!"

"Justin is my older brother. It's my family's matter to handle. And don't think I'm doing this for your sake-I have my own reasons."

After a moment of silence, Jasper's voice softened. "I came to see you today for another reason. When you get home, don't blame Lyse. She's been torturing herself with guilt these past few days. She loves Amber deeply."

Axel clicked his tongue. "Do you think so little of me? That's Lyse we're talking about-my sister. I love her with my life. Why would I ever blame her?"

A lump rose in Axel's throat as he recalled Alyssa's sobs. Forcing back his tears, he added, "And why are you only focused on me? What happens to Lyse if you get your hands dirty? I'm not allowed to take Justin's life, but neither are you!"

Jasper shot Axel a cold side-eye. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"Damn it. Are you seriously asking that? Lyse still loves you, even now. Whether you lose your mind, become paralyzed, or-God forbid-impotent, you owe her accountability!"

"Lyse is a remarkable woman," Jasper murmured, his deep eyes shadowed with restraint. He turned to gaze out the window. "I fall short in every way. She deserves someone better."

An unconscious Amber was trapped in a recurring nightmare, a suffocating loop of darkness, malice, and hopelessness. Over and over, she relived the torment of her time with Jameson.

In her dream, she was curled in a filthy basement at The Millennium, naked and covered in bruises. The door creaked open, and a tall, muscular figure stepped in.

"Axel..." she whispered through her tears, looking up.

But his face remained obscured, hazy and indistinct.

"Do you regret it?" Axel's voice was cold, emotionless. "Do you regret taking Jameson's hand

back then just to survive?"

Amber wept silently.

She regretted it. She regretted choosing Jameson. If she could go back, she'd rather freeze to death on the streets than accept his twisted salvation.

"Ms. Gillis, she's not dead, is she?" a voice asked.

"Dead? Here, death is a luxury. She won't die so easily.

Suddenly, Amber's eyes shot open, bloodshot and wild. Her body convulsed violently, terror etched on her face as every nerve screamed in agony.

"She's awake!"

Expressionlessly, Sheryl withdrew the taser from Amber's body, curling her lips into a sly smile.

Amber's body continued to spasm from the electric shock as she lay on the bed, her mouth agape and eyes unfocused. Yet she forced herself to scan her surroundings.

The room was encased in cold, crumbling dark-gray walls, resembling a hybrid of a hospital and a prison.

"From now on, you will be known as Number 59," Standing by the window with two other medical staff, Sheryl, in her lab coat, leaned in close to Amber's pale face. She smiled menacingly and murmured, "Welcome to my turf-hell on Earth."