

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2431

Chapter 2431

"I will take it if my condition flares up," Remy said, his voice devoid of emotion as he stared blankly at the bottle in his hand.

With a feigned smile, Sheryl replied, "Sir instructed me to ensure you took the pill."

A chill ran down Remy's spine. Knitting his brows together, he questioned, "But why?"

"This is Sir's order. Why are you questioning it?" Sheryl's smirk turned cold and mocking. "What, are you afraid Sir has ill intentions toward you? Have you lost your trust in him?"

Remy held his breath. "No, that's not it."

"Remy, swore before Sir to serve him loyally for the rest of your life. You pledged to give him your very being. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"noveldrama

Tilting her chin slightly upward, Sheryl shot him a frosty sidelong glance. "Even if Sir fed you poison, shouldn't you take it without hesitation? Why are you hesitating? Don't disappoint Sir.

The suffocating pressure in Remy's chest intensified. It felt as though someone had a rifle trained on him, forcing him to retreat step by step toward the edge of a cliff. One more step, and he'd plummet to his death.

Clenching his jaw, he opened the pill bottle.

Under Sheryl's watchful gaze, he popped the pill into his mouth and swallowed it.

Very good. Always remember that you work for Sir. Never forget where you came from. With a mocking scoff, Sheryl turned on her heel and marched away confidently.

Remy moved forward, his expression unreadable.

Though he appeared unchanged, his pace quickened gradually. The moment he reached a blind spot in the security cameras, he broke into a sprint.

Rushing into a restroom stall, he locked the door. Kneeling in front of the toilet, he jammed his fingers into the back of his throat, his eyes wide and bloodshot.

His sides convulsed violently, his back arching as he vomited the contents of his stomach- blue pill included-into the toilet bowl.

Shivering uncontrollably, Remmy wiped at the cold, sticky drool clinging to his face. His eyes, bloodshot and brimming with unshed tears, mirrored his disheveled state.

Yet, for the first time in years, he smiled-a genuine smile, one born from the depths of his heart.

Unbeknownst to him, in that moment, he bore an uncanny resemblance to the charming, gentle-looking man in the Taylor family portrait hanging in the living room of Heightsnew

Villa.

Night had fallen, and Justin sat with several VIPs in the most opulent private room of Solana City's premier clubhouse.

They savored rare red wines, each bottle worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, as they basked in the evening's indulgence.

His guests were officials of high status and power. Among the distinguished guests was Rafe Centry, the mayor overseeing the bidding for Project A5.

"Mr. Justi-No, I should be addressing you respectfully as Mr. Beckett, president of Beckett Group, now," Rafe said, raising his glass in a toast, his voice thick with alcohol; he was pleased with the treatment he was receiving.

"You've far surpassed your predecessor. Your younger brother is infamous for being difficult -rigid, stubborn, and utterly dense.

"I interacted with him once during my rise to this position. Even then, I knew he wouldn't last long as president. And as it turns out, I was right. It serves him well!"

Laughter erupted around the room.

"It's not about what serves him right," another guest interjected. "He simply couldn't hold onto what wasn't his to begin with."

That's right. Beckett Group belongs to Mr. Justin as the eldest son. Jasper had no business assuming he'd inherited the company just because he held the title of president. Who does he think he is?"

The room resounded with boisterous laughter.

Justin, composed and smiling faintly, lifted a teacup-a stark contrast to the wine glasses around him. Taking an elegant sip, he asked, "Mr. Gentry, you don't mind if I drink tea instead, do you?"

Rafe, despite his usual pickiness, was delighted by the respect shown to him. With a hearty laugh, he replied, "Not at all! You're too gracious, Mr. Beckett. We have many fruitful partnerships ahead of us!"

A glint of malice flickered in Justin's eyes, though his voice remained calm. "In that case, I'll entrust Project A5 to you, Mr. Gentry."

As the night deepened, Rafe excused himself, citing his age and waning energy.

Suddenly, the doors to the private room burst open. Justin's secretary, Eden Huber,

stumbled in, looking terrified.

Sheryl, clad in a striking red dress, rose from her position beside Justin, where she had been pouring drinks. She snapped, "What are you doing? Mr. Beckett is entertaining guests here. Get out!"

Justin, unruffled, asked in an indifferent tone, "What's the matter?"

"A man in a black coat barged into the clubhouse. He's taken down our men-brutally and single-handedly. His savagery is... it's like the devil's!"

"A man in a black coat?" Sheryl echoed, her brow furrowing.

Before she could say more, a deafening bang reverberated through the room. A stray bullet tore through the air, striking Eden in the left leg.

Eden let out a blood-curdling scream and collapsed. The room erupted into chaos-guests screamed, Sheryl backed away in shock, and Justin's teacup trembled in his grip.

The veins on the back of his hand throbbed silently as his gaze darkened, hiding a simmering rage.

A tall, forbidding figure strode into the room, and the air grew oppressively still despite the crowd in the extravagant room.

The man, moving with deliberate menace, carried the presence of a predator ready to strike.

A black face mask concealed most of his face, save for his sharp, gleaming eyes that locked

onto Justin.

Each step he took was measured, his gaze unwavering.