

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2439

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Jasper and Jonah went to get Sebastian and Xavier out of the car. The four of them then bolted toward the other end of the alley.

A clamor broke out behind them.

Jasper glanced back, his heart pounding.

Warmth surged through his hardened heart as he saw Axel holding his own in a brutal fight against over a dozen assassins, skillfully subduing them one by one.

"Jasper!"

All of a sudden, Jonah stopped in his tracks.

Jasper turned to see what had caught his attention, and his heart sank.

Standing at the alley's end, silhouetted against the light, was a tall figure radiating a presence that commanded fear. Though the man's face was obscured, his unyielding presence was unmistakable. It was Justin's right-hand man, Remy.

"Mr. Beckett, w-what should we do?" Xavier stammered.

With a fierce glint in his eyes, Jonah took a step forward. "I'll hold him back. The rest of you, keep going."

"Xavier, take Dr. Bender to the press conference immediately. Don't let anything stop you." Jasper swallowed hard. He added in a firm, commanding tone, "I'll stay and face Remy with this brother of mine."

Jonah's eyes widened in shock.

Brother? Had he heard Jasper correctly?

Xavier nodded firmly. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Alright, Mr. Beckett. Be extra careful, both of you!"

No matter how reluctant he was, he had no choice but to obey. After all, if a weak link like him stayed behind, he would just be holding everyone back.

Jonah, however, shook his head. "No. You all need to leave. Now."

"I have gone against him more than once. You might not be able to defeat him on your own.

The moment Jasper made up his mind, he wasn't going to change it.

Before they could argue further, Remy charged at them, his presence radiating cold fury.

"Go!" Jonah barked, stepping forward with a sharp dagger in hand.

In an instant, the two men clashed.

In that instance, Jasper's eyes widened. Something was wrong.

Jonah had a sharp weapon in his hand while Remy stood unarmed.

Not only that, in their previous encounters, Remy had radiated the ferocity of a beast eager to rip apart his foe. But this time, Jasper couldn't feel the same menace from Remy.

"Jonah, hold on!" Jasper shouted.

Nonetheless, it was too late. Jonah's dagger had plunged deep into Remy's right shoulder. Blood flowed freely, staining the ground.

Yet Remy remained eerily calm, his expression devoid of pain. He stared coldly at Jonah, whose face glistened with sweat.

Then, something flickered in Remy's eyes. His vision blurred, and fragmented images flooded his mind—flashes of faces and moments. Some were of the man before his eyes, and some were of Alyssa. There were also images of a middle-aged woman crying out a name—Damien.

Confusion clouded Remy's features, but one thing was certain—he no longer felt the searing hatred he once harbored for these people.

Jonah froze, his gaze fixed on the extremely familiar face before him. His grip on the dagger tightened.

The fact that Remy hadn't evaded or countered his attack surprised him, but Jonah wasn't about to lower his guard. After all, this man was Justin's weapon—the very same man who had mercilessly attacked Alyssa and Jasper time and again.

Even if it meant sacrificing his life, Jonah would not let Remy have the upper hand. With grim determination, Jonah yanked the dagger from Remy's shoulder and raised it again.

"Jonah, wait!" Jasper's voice cut through the tension.

With his eyes fixed on Remy, Jasper saw that Remy had no intention of fighting. He took a breath, steadying his voice as he said, "He's your younger brother. Hold back for now!"

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"Younger brother?" Jonah echoed.

The mention of Damien brought a sharp pang to his chest. Memories of the plane crash flashed before his eyes. He continued, his voice tight with emotion, "Even if he is my brother, he allied with the devil and chose a corrupt path. I am severing ties with him!"

With that, Jonah slammed his arm down, a decisive gesture.

"Jonah! No!" Jasper shouted.

In the next instant, Remy, with an almost unnatural calm, grabbed the blade of the dagger with his bare hand. Blood began to flow from his palm.

Jonah's heart twisted in agony. Family meant everything to him, yet here he was, inflicting harm on one of his own.

"I didn't come here to stop you," Remy said, his voice low and strained as he met Jonah's reddened eyes. "But I must stop both of you. This is my mission."

Jonah stared at him, stunned. "Why"

"Because I work for Sir. I have no choice but to follow orders."

Turning to Jasper, Remy said, "Go."

After watching them leave, Remy trudged through the alley with a gloomy look on his face.

He couldn't shake the doubt gnawing at him. Had he made the right choice?

If he failed in his mission, Justin might send him to that hospital to be used as a subject for drug experiments or worse, eliminate him entirely.

Yet, despite the looming threat, Remy felt no regret. The only uncertainty was whether he was truly Damien, the man the Taylors had been desperately searching for, or merely someone who resembled him.

Perhaps his help to the Taylor family had been a stroke of luck or a decision made without full understanding.

Suddenly, Remy halted in his tracks. A group of masked men in black appeared ahead, standing a short distance away.

A cold realization swept over him. These men were not Justin's subordinates, nor had they been sent by the Taylor family; they were third parties.

"Get him!" one of the men barked, and the group surged forward.

The ensuing fight was brutal. Remy managed to take down a few of them, but he was also gravely injured. These men were well-trained and relentless in their mission to kill him.

Realizing he couldn't keep fighting, Remy darted into the alley, the assassins hot on his heels.

The chase spilled onto the main roads, where passersby looked on in shock at the bloodied figure of Remy.

To his surprise, he saw a luxury car parked in front of a shop with a woman sitting inside. Gritting his teeth, he ran toward the car, yanked open the door, and slid inside, locking it behind him.

"Why, you-"

"Don't move! Keep quiet!" Remy hissed. He barely had time to get a good look at the woman's face. He quickly covered her mouth, pinning her down against the seat of her car.

Outside, the assassins ran past the car.

"He's gone!"

"Check over there! Let's split up. Per the boss's orders, we have to get rid of him!"

The sounds of their voices and footsteps gradually faded.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Remy finally took a moment to look at the woman. Although she was middle-aged, her beauty was still evident despite the years.

The woman's eyes were locked on his, filled not with fear but with profound sorrow and heartache. Her tears shimmered, betraying the deep emotion she felt.