

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2443

Soon enough, Jasper and Jonah found themselves surrounded by a horde of fighters. The atmosphere was charged with a vicious, merciless tension that heightened their awareness.

They were now in the underground parking lot of Berenike Hotel.

This was one of the Beckett family's properties, with Newton overseeing the construction personally.

Berenike Hotel had always been the leader among all the five-star hotels in Solana City. Yet, on this day, when a critical press conference was about to begin, Justin chose to start a massacre in the hotel's parking lot, disregarding the potential damage to the hotel's reputation.

His actions were utterly insane and perverse.

"Shall we each take down ten of them?" Jonah nudged Jasper with his elbow. Narrowing his eyes, he added, "The press conference starts in ten minutes. Think you can wrap this up by then?"

A cold, fierce glint flashed in Jasper's usually dull eyes. "I'll take down 15 and leave five for you."

"Why only five for me?"

Jasper's gaze remained calm as he explained, "You're like an older brother to me, which means I'm lower in the hierarchy. It's only right that I work harder."

Jonah blinked in surprise, then laughed despite the tense situation. "That's just a hierarchy. Don't act like you're that young, Mr. Beckett. You're not that young."

A serious look crossed Jasper's face. "At the end of the day, this is between Justin and me. It is a family matter. I already regret involving you guys. This wasn't my intention."

Jonah fixed his gaze ahead. "Don't say that. We're family."

Something tugged at Jasper's heartstrings. As he studied Jonah's sharply defined side profile, a flood of emotions he couldn't name coursed through him.

"Jasper, I'm here!"

A loud shout echoed, followed by the roar of a powerful engine.

A sports car worth ten million dollars sped into the parking lot, knocking down five people in an instant. The car drifted smoothly before coming to a stop in front of Jasper and Jonah.

The door opened, and Landon emerged, his presence commanding. He rolled his shoulders and tilted his head, exuding the air of a grim reaper ready to claim lives.

"Landon..." Jasper's eyes widened in disbelief, his voice thick with emotion.

Landon clicked his tongue. "What would you do without me?"

He then raised a brow and smirked playfully. "Am I right, Jasper?"

It was time. The press conference was moments away from commencing.

Backstage, in the green room, Justin sat upright on the couch, eyes closed in quiet contemplation.

Sheryl handed him a cup of tea, which he took with both hands. After inhaling its fragrance, he sipped it elegantly. "That damn Axel. How could he hurt you like this? You could've walked into the press conference looking flawless," Sheryl muttered, seething with frustration.

"Don't worry. Sometimes, imperfections can be a form of perfection," Justin replied, stirring his tea gently. "They still haven't shown up, even though I've given them so much time. I wonder have I overestimated Jasper's abilities?"

Sheryl sneered. "What abilities? His so-called abilities only came about because you gave him the chance. If you hadn't stepped down as Beckett Group's president and handed the position to him, he'd never know what it's like to be in charge. He should be grateful to you!"

Justin frowned slightly. "Sheryl, that was too harsh."

"Sir, it might've been harsh, but my point stands."

Justin chuckled. "You're right."

Just then, Sheryl's phone rang. The moment she answered, panic flashed across her face.

"Oh no! Sir, Jasper, Jonah, and Landon have barged into the hotel's parking lot!"

Justin's eyes narrowed, a sinister glint in them. "Stop them no matter what it takes."

## Chapter 2444

Meanwhile, the light above one of Taylor General Hospital's emergency surgery theaters flickered off. Moments later, the door swung open, and a doctor emerged, pulling down his surgical mask

Mandy hurried toward the doctor, her eyes brimming with worry. "How is that poor man doing?"

"Mrs. Taylor, it's fortunate you brought him in when you did. Ten minutes later, and we might not have been able to save him. He went into shock from excessive blood loss, but he's stable now. I gave him a transfusion and sutured his wounds. He'll need rest and proper nutrition to recover fully."

Relief washed over Mandy, and her tense body slackened. Her knees nearly buckled as she murmured, "Thank God ... Thank God!"

Once the doctor departed, Mandy instructed her driver to purchase the best blood-replenishing supplements available, sparing no expense.

The driver had only been employed by the Taylor family for the past two years, so he was unaware of the true reasons behind Mandy's actions. To him, her behavior seemed purely an act of kindness. "Mrs. Taylor, you're so kind to go to such lengths for him. You're a saint."

Mandy lowered her eyes and shook her head bitterly. "It's not kindness. It's... penance."

The driver was left puzzled by her remark. Still, he left to fulfill her request.

Transferred to the best VIP ward in the hospital, Remy had Mandy by his side, watching over him tirelessly.

"Damien... Are you Damien?" she whispered, tears welling up in her eyes. "How did you end up like this? What happened to you, my child? What did you get yourself into?"

Her grief, long suppressed since losing her son, poured out as she clung to Remy's presence. To her, he was more than a stranger he was a lifeline to the son she had lost.

Suddenly, a cold sweat broke out on Remy's forehead. His pale lips trembled as he mumbled, "Mom...."

Mandy leaned closer, her heart racing. "What did you say?"

"Mom... Mom..."

Remy's murmurs were faint, but Mandy heard him as clearly as if he had spoken aloud. Overcome with excitement, she clasped his cold, calloused hands tightly. Her tears spilled freely as she said, "I'm here.... I'm right here, my child!"

Even if Remy was merely a stranger who bore an uncanny resemblance to Damien, Mandy was ready to embrace him as her son.

Remy, trapped in a nightmare, clung to her hand. His voice was weak, but his words carried a profound sorrow." Can I... live in... the light too..."

Though she didn't fully understand his plea, Mandy nodded with conviction, her voice steady despite the tears." Yes, you can. Of course, you can-if you're willing."

Remy didn't respond. He drifted back into sleep, but a faint, contented smile touched his lips.

The grand banquet hall had been transformed into a conference venue, accommodating hundreds of attendees. Media reporters from across the nation filled the room, laptops open and cameras ready to livestream the event as they waited for Beckett Group's new president.

The main doors opened, and Justin strode onto the stage in a sharp suit. All eyes turned to him as he approached the microphone. He bowed slightly, his tone humble yet composed.

"Thank you all for attending this press conference despite your busy schedules. On behalf of Beckett Group, I extend my sincere apologies for taking up your time and resources.

"The purpose of this press conference is to address the recent scandal involving my younger brother, Jasper Beckett, who served as Beckett Group's president until recently. Given the public interest in the matter, I felt it necessary to provide clarity."

A reporter raised a hand. "Why are you speaking on his behalf? Shouldn't Mr. Jasper address this himself?" Murmurs of discontent rippled through the room, the crowd unimpressed by Jasper's apparent avoidance. "It isn't convenient for him to come forward at this time. Furthermore, Jasper has been dismissed from his position at Beckett Group. Since he no longer represents the company, his presence here is unnecessary." "Says who?"

A strong, authoritative voice cut through the air, turning all heads.

Right after, the doors to the hall were thrown wide open.