

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2453

Alyssa's body trembled, disappointment and shock flashing in her eyes.  
"Jasper..."

The reporters' cameras clicked furiously, capturing Jasper's retreating figure.  
The crowd exchanged puzzled glances.

"Jasper, where are you going?"

Landon, dumbfounded, instinctively moved to chase after him, but Xavier grabbed his arm, stopping him forcefully. "Mr. Harper, leave him to me!"

Without another word, Xavier took off after Jasper.

A strange unease settled over Landon as he stared at the open door, a sense of impending doom creeping in. "Landon, stay here and watch over Lyse. Julien has disappeared-I'm going to find him!"

After saying that, the grim-looking Jonah strode out of the room too.

"Hey! You-" Landon clenched his jaw in frustration. "Why am I always left behind to clean up the mess?"

Meanwhile, the reporters surged forward, swarming Justin.

Sheryl tried to shield him behind her, but in heels, she was no match for the jostling crowd. She was shoved about, her outfit rumpled, and her hair left in disarray, making her look utterly disheveled and pitiful.

"Mr. Justin, you are the biggest beneficiary of Mr. Jasper's dismissal. In the end, you stole the position of president from him.

"A growing number of people believe this was a power struggle within an aristocratic family that you framed Mr. Jasper. What do you have to say to this?"

"Did you orchestrate his arrest?"

Sheryl trembled, panic flashing across her face as cold sweat beaded her forehead.

But Justin remained unnervingly calm. His gaze cut through the crowd, locking onto Alyssa, who stood at the periphery, staring at him with icy contempt.

Then, in a deep, unwavering voice, he spoke as if his every action was justified.

"First of all, you're mistaken. I did not steal Jasper's position-I merely reclaimed what was rightfully mine.

"In our family, the eldest son is always the heir. That was the rule in my father's generation, and it remains the same in mine.

"Now that I've returned from my recuperation overseas, the presidency of Beckett Group should be mine, regardless of what happened to Jasper."

Not a flicker of emotion crossed Justin's face as he delivered those words with shameless confidence, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Secondly, Beckett Group is a publicly listed company. I alone cannot dictate whether a president stays or leaves. Jasper's dismissal was the outcome of a vote by the Beckett Group's board of directors. I had nothing to do with it."

His final words hung in the air before he took one last look at Alyssa. He shot her a menacing smile before rushing off.

Alyssa held her breath. A suffocation dread gripped her, as if venomous snakes coiled around her, ready to strike. "M-Mr. Justin!"

A sharp cry rang out as Sheryl, shoved by the reporters, lost her balance. With a sickening thud, she hit the ground. Cameras flashed, capturing her moment of humiliation.

After locking the door to a washroom in the hotel, Xavier still felt uneasy. To be safe, he barricaded it with a cleaning cart and whatever else he could find.

"Mr. Beckett! How are you feeling?"

Usually tall and imposing, Jasper was now curled up in a corner, trembling violently. His chiseled face was ghostly pale, stripped of its usual nobility and charm. He looked utterly broken-destitute, dispirited, and lost a mere shadow of himself.

"Mr. Beckett, is this because of your—"

Xavier crouched before him, his eyes reddening with unshed tears. He couldn't bring himself to say the words. Drug addiction.

Even now, he struggled to accept it. Night after night, he was haunted by nightmares-visions of Jasper's addiction spiraling out of control in public, his

reputation crumbling into dust. And every time, Xavier would wake up in a cold sweat.

"Xavier... Xavier..."

Jasper's entire body convulsed as he lifted his bloodshot eyes to Xavier. His trembling hands reached out.

"Tie me up... Hurry... Tie me up!"

Xavier wiped his tears away before frantically yanking off his necktie. He wrapped it tightly around Jasper's wrists, securing the knot.

"No... This won't do!"

Jasper's willpower was crumbling under the weight of his craving. Tears streamed down his face as he pleaded, "The pill... Just one... Give me a pill..."

Xavier shook his head furiously, his own tears falling. "No! You can't take that! It's a narcotic!" "T-Then... Kill me!" A raw, guttural roar tore from Jasper as agonizing hopelessness filled his bloodshot eyes.

At that moment, Xavier, already tense, nearly jumped out of his skin when a knock echoed at the door.