

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2457

### Chapter 2457

Nonetheless, night had fallen by the time Justin arrived at Seaview Manor.

On his way there, he worked on two things. First, he secured the top legal team to get Sheryl out on bail as quickly as possible. Second, he tried reaching Remy-unsuccessfully.

He had never lost contact with Remy before.

Justin's face was as dark as the night itself.

The moment he stepped inside Seaview Manor, Rory approached with a solemn expression. He gave a slight bow before speaking. "Mr. Justin, what took you so long? Mr. Javier has been waiting."

"I was occupied," Justin replied coolly. Then, as if it were an ordinary evening, he allowed a faint smile. "Where's Jasper? Is he back here yet?"

A conflicted look came across Rory's face. "Things between you and Mr. Jasper have soured. I doubt he'll want to see you anytime soon-or show up here."

"Is that so? How disappointing."

Justin's smile didn't reach his eyes. His gaze lingered on Rory, sharp and bottomless. "So, he'd rather believe what he sees and the rumors floating around than trust his own brother-the same brother who had rescued him and gave him a second chance at life."

The words left Rory visibly uncomfortable, but he said nothing. He simply led Justin to the study, quietly closing the door behind him.

Javier didn't wait for formalities. "Justin! How did it come to this?"

Javier, for the first time, lost his temper with Justin, throwing the iPad down in front of him. The screen was filled with a barrage of hateful comments directed at Justin.

Javier continued, "Did you really bribe a doctor to give false testimony and smear Jasper's name just to strip him of the presidency? Do you realize the damage you've done to Jasper's reputation and to Beckett Group's standing? How could you frame your own brother for power? You were never like this!"

Justin remained composed, lowering his gaze as if Javier's fury was nothing more than background noise. "Calm down, Dad. They're just rumors. No need to take them seriously."

"My son is being called a drug addict. How could I turn a blind eye and remain indifferent? I'm human, Justin!" Justin's nonchalance ignited Javier's fury, causing his cheek muscles to twitch uncontrollably. It wasn't simply the indifference in the face of such a serious matter. It was the chilling reminder of his younger self, the same detached mask he wore at Seaview Manor upon hearing Chester's death in prison.

"You've misunderstood me, Dad," Justin said evenly. "I didn't frame Jasper."

Justin poured himself tea with an air of practiced ease as if the walls weren't crumbling around him.

"Misunderstood you? The evidence is right there-Ms. Alyssa, the doctor you bribed, that man from the Lovelace family. It's all laid out clearly. And yet you still call this a misunderstanding?"

Javier seethed with anger. He knew, deep down, that Jasper was far more capable. He'd only pushed for Justin as president because he'd been backed into a corner.

Javier might be rigid and old-fashioned, but he wasn't stupid. He knew Jasper was the real force behind his fortune, the one who had single-handedly built Beckett Group into an empire. If he'd had any other option, he would never have given the presidency to anyone else, least of all Justin. That position belonged to Jasper.

"So, what are you planning to do?" Justin sipped his tea, his brow creasing slightly in annoyance. "With the current public sentiments, cleaning this up will take time."

Javier let out a long, heavy breath. "To protect the corporation, the public image, and Jasper's name, you're suspended from your role effective immediately. I'll take the role as president until this is resolved."

A heavy, icy silence descended upon the study.

"Dad, earlier, you asked how I could frame Jasper for the sake of power. That's because you and I—we're the same.

Justin glanced down and softly blew across the surface of his tea. "I'm your son."

Javier's face became as white as a sheet. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck him. "W-What did you say?"

Justin's smile grew colder. His voice dropped to a sinister whisper. "Did you really think you're the only one who knows the truth about Uncle Chester's death?"