

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2458

Justin's casual question hit Javier like a thunderclap.

Shock rippled through him, freezing his expression. His voice trembled with fear as he barked, "What nonsense is that? Are you accusing me of causing Chester's death? I'm your father-how could you think I'd do such a thing?" "It's not an accusation. Just the facts," Justin replied coolly, crossing his legs and savoring his tea with unsettling calm. "And I'm not condemning you. In fact, I understand why you did it. I'm facing the same dilemma now."

Javier's breathing grew ragged. He had watched Justin grow from a child into the man before him-now a predator, circling with quiet menace.

"You were meant to be the heir as the eldest son," Justin continued, his voice smooth as silk. "But Grandpa favored Uncle Chester, handing him major projects, grooming him in plain sight.

"Uncle Chester's reputation soon eclipsed yours. He was a natural leader, adept at business, with one fatal flaw- he was kind. Too kind. Unlike you."

Justin leaned back, his tone casual, as if recounting an old fable. "When Beckett Group's project collapsed and corruption rumors spread, Uncle Chester offered to take the fall. He went to prison to protect the family-to protect you, his beloved brother."

Javier's face drained of color, his heart twisting painfully. This secret had been buried for 30 years, and now Justin laid it bare with ease. But how did he know? He was just a baby back then.

"Uncle Chester realized the truth too late," Justin mused softly. "He walked into your trap the moment he took the blame. His death wasn't an accident. It was orchestrated."

Justin tapped his temple thoughtfully. "Let me guess. You convinced him with my name, didn't you? A helpless baby, a fragile wife with a fractured mind. Losing us would've shattered your perfect image of a family. Chester was the logical sacrifice-unmarried, childless, the ideal scapegoat. So, you see, I was part of your game too."

"Why, you-" Javier's heart pounded violently, his composure unraveling. "Who on earth gave you such awful notions?"

Javier's first instinct wasn't denial but curiosity. He needed to know more about what Justin was saying. The truth was, Justin's accusations weren't baseless.

This secret was Javier's undoing, yet it was also Justin's ultimate leverage.

Justin lowered his teacup nonchalantly and continued, "There are no perfect crimes. Every sin leaves a trace. You never forgot Uncle Chester, did you? You remember bribing that prison medic, arranging for the injection that triggered his fatal heart attack. You remember the forged death certificate, the neat little cover-up."

Justin's gaze darkened, slicing through Javier like a blade. "Dad, we're the same. We are the embodiment of ambition without conscience."

Javier's eyes widened with horror. His own son, his blood, now wielded his darkest secret as a weapon.

"Jasper is competent, yes, but he's too much like Uncle Chester. Too kind, too sentimental. That kind of weakness has no place in business, let alone in leading a corporation."

Justin stood slowly, casting a shadow that seemed to stretch and darken the room.

Approaching Javier, Justin placed a firm hand on his father's trembling shoulder, his grip tightening with quiet authority. "Dad, I'm the only one who can lead Beckett Group into a new era. Jasper's past successes are commendable, but they are nothing compared to my vision. You chose me. Trust in your decision."

Terror gripped Javier, his chest constricting under the weight of Justin's words.

In the early hours of dawn, Remy stirred in his hospital bed, consciousness creeping back slowly. It took a moment before he realized where he was-and why.