

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2473

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Xavier seethed as he took in the insincere smile on Justin's face. Deep down, he was cursing him with every profanity imaginable.

"Whatever makes you happy."

Ignoring Justin's dark gaze, Jasper kept his eyes fixed ahead as he strode past him.

Out of nowhere, Justin chuckled and asked, "Did you really think you had people on your side during the board meeting?"

Jasper halted, his eyes narrowing.

"Grandpa tried his best to shield you, but his health is failing by the day. How much longer do you think an old man can protect you?"

Lowering his gaze, Justin idly adjusted the ruby cufflinks on his sleeves. His voice was casual yet cutting. "And Lyse -after how ruthlessly you discarded her, do you still believe she'll stand by you no matter what? That she'll fight alongside you like before?"

The intense midday sun accentuated the sharp, aloof, and pallid features of Jasper's face as he stood, unyielding, in its glare. His pulse quickened. Finally, he answered, his voice a low rasp. "Regardless of her feelings toward me, I have faith in her judgment. She discerns good from evil, and she will never align herself with the enemy."

With that, he walked away.

Justin's expression darkened. Raising his voice, he called out, "Alright then-let's wait and see whose side Lyse chooses in the end."

In the back seat of a luxury car in the basement parking lot, Justin tugged at his necktie, his; gaze downcast. "Mr. Beckett, here's the red wine you requested."

Eden carefully poured the decanted red wine into a tall wine glass and handed it over.

Justin took it, coughed dryly, and then downed a large gulp as if trying to smother the turmoil inside him.

Concerned, Eden hesitated before advising, "Mr. Beckett, for the sake of your health... you really shouldn't drink so much."

"I know my limits."

Justin swirled the wine in his glass, his voice turning soft. "Dr. Gillis will be released in two hours, correct?"

Eden answered, "That's right."

Justin tipped his chin slightly and instructed, "Take me to the police station."

The absolute darkness pressed in, a frigid, despairing void. In the stale, dust-laden air of the room, Amber's eyelids fluttered open, revealing nothing.

She drew a ragged breath, and the heavy chains around her ankles echoed with a chilling clang as she shifted. She blinked, her eyes dry, the well of tears long since emptied.

She wondered if she had gone blind.

In just half a month, they had subjected her to three rounds of drug testing. Her body was ravaged-rashes covered her skin, and she could no longer control her own functions.

Would this round take her sight? Or would she not even live long enough to see another day, even in darkness?

At that moment, outside her hospital ward, a man in a lab coat pushed a cart toward the steel door. A deep, icy voice rang out behind him just as he reached for the handle.

"Hold up."