

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 1160

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“Who has the video of Sophia Kirkman? Send me a copy, please?”

“Sharing is caring!”

“I want it too!”

“I want it three!”

“I’ve watched it once. It’s so thrilling. DM me if you want it!”

“You disgusting people! What’s so great about watching an old lady touching herself? It’s revolting, but

hey, I won’t mind a copy.”

While the Beckett Group was fighting the shameful scandal, the Harper Group dealt with a bigger issue

at hand. The news of the Harpers poisoning KS Group’s racehorse had spread like wildfire nationwide.

The incident went beyond reputational damage. Due to the foul play, Alyssa was at risk of serious

injury. Following the news, Harper

Group’s stock price plummeted, resulting in a staggering ten billion dollar loss in market value.

Some businesses promptly terminated their partnerships with Harper Group, fearing they might

become victims of the company’s questionable ethics. Recognizing their lack of influence compared to

KS Group, these businesses could only endure in silence if Harper Group exploited them.

Preston spent days extinguishing fires, but those he contacted only humored him due to his social

standing. His arrogance at the horseracing event had become the talk of social circles, tarnishing his

reputation irreparably. No one would take him seriously anymore.

Overnight, the Harper Group became the outcast of society and

Cornelius, already an old man, was rushed to the hospital after suffering the blow. Penelope, Zoe, and

Preston stayed by his side.

Leaning weakly against the headboard, Cornelius slammed his fist on the bed with a flushed face.

“Losers! None of you could resolve the company’s crisis. What’s the point of staying by my bedside? If

we don’t survive this crisis, I will rewrite my will and donate all my assets. You guys will not get a cent

of the inheritance!”

Zoe was terrified at Cornelius’ threat. His inheritance was a windfall, and she’d be doomed if he

decided to give it to charity.

Cornelius continued indignantly, “God, show some mercy to the Harper family! How could you take my

Bill away so soon? He’s the only good one in the family!

“Look at what has befallen our family. Oh, Bill, this wouldn’t have happened if you were still alive!”

Cornelius’ words triggered Penelope’s memories of her late husband, and she began sobbing. Preston,

feeling envious, clenched his jaw and advised, “Dad, calm down. I’ve been trying to handle the crisis.

I’ll convince our business partners who canceled their projects with us to reconsider ...”

“Oh, don’t think I’m not aware of your capability. If you were nicer to Alyssa and her family, things

wouldn’t have spiraled into this state,” Cornelius berated his second son with disappointment.

He continued, “Have you done anything noteworthy since the incident started? Just look at the stock

price and the failed partnerships! How will you save the company when you’re facing a reputational

crisis yourself? No one will show you any respect now.”

Preston struggled to suppress his frustration. It was humiliating for a man of his age to be publicly scolded by his father.

Cornelius grunted. “Just lie low for now, or you’ll land us in greater trouble. Hand over your projects to

Landon, and let him handle the PR crisis.

“Since the public is averse to you, stay away from the public eye. You wouldn’t want to fuel their hatred for the company, would you?”

With that, Cornelius waved Preston away. He effectively offered Landon a promotion, albeit a

temporary one. Suddenly, Landon rose to power in the company, just second only to Cornelius.

In that position, Landon could potentially helm the company one day. Preston’s expression turned into

a mix of shock and hatred as color drained from his face.

After all his years toiling away for the company, he lost his power all because of a silly horseracing

event. The fruits of his hard work now fell into the lap of Landon’s family.