

## Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2131

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2131-“What did you say? That’s impossible!”

Amber’s eyes widened in panic. She struggled fiercely against Carl’s grip, pummeling his chest with her fists, but it was futile. “That’s nonsense! You’re lying!” “Amber... Amber...”

Unfazed by her resistance, Carl stared at her with unfocused eyes, breathing heavily. “Why would I lie? My feelings for you are genuine. I’ve never lied to you.” “Look at me! I have Alyssa Taylor’s face! Why would Mr. Schmidt allow me to marry you?” Amber was on the verge of hysteria. “I don’t want to marry you! I don’t!” Carl’s glare intensified as he roared, “Who then? Axel Whitaker?” His eyes were bloodshot.

Amber’s body stiffened in his arms, a sharp pang shooting through her heart.

Carl grabbed her chin forcefully, squeezing so hard it felt like it would break. “Mr.

Schmidt has had his fun with you. You’re also a woman who looks exactly like Axel’s sister. Do you think he truly desires you? Can he?

“He’s Mr. Taylor’s son, a man of high standing and influence. I’m sure he’s seen his fair share of beautiful women. Women who would pay to be in his bed, to be his wife. He wouldn’t even need to spend a dime!”

Carl’s words were a knife twisting in Amber’s gut. “He was momentarily interested. Perhaps he pitied your beauty and despair. As someone of high status, he merely sympathized with a lowly person like you! “I’m the one who truly loves you! If I hadn’t vouched for you to Mr. Schmidt and secretly protected you, he would’ve gotten rid of you a long time ago. Don’t you know that?”

An image of Axel’s watchful, captivating eyes flashed in Amber’s mind.

A lump formed in her throat, choking back any words. Tears streamed down her sunken cheeks, a picture of utter despair.

“Chief Novak was arrested out of the blue. You were the one who provided the evidence, weren’t you?”

With a menacing glare, Carl’s voice dropped as he continued to interrogate her.

“Wesley was the one who gathered the evidence against Chief Novak, correct?”

Amber shuddered, her face draining of color.

“Due to his monitoring of Chief Novak and me, I was able to catch him in the act. That’s how he ended up like that.

“After he died, had people scour his computer, phone, hard drives, and his room. But they found nothing. He was cleverer than I thought. He must have hidden the evidence somewhere I wouldn’t look. b underestimated him.”

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Carl fumed, his anger fueled by his own carelessness that led to their current situation. He almost wished he could bring Wesley back just to kill him again.

“Tell me, how did he get the evidence to you? Tell me! Speak!”

Suddenly, Amber burst into laughter, a chilling sound against the backdrop of her tear-streaked face. “What’s the point of me answering these questions?”

“Chief Novak deserves pity too.

Jameson manipulated him and used him liked pawn. His bright future was sacrificed. Does he regret it now?

“But evil deeds are evil deeds nonetheless. Neither he nor Jameson will escape what they deserves If he wants ta kith or funish me, then so be it! The dam broke. Years of pent-up anger and hatred spilled forth. “Even in death, I’ll watch from above as you all fall

Upon hearing her raw honesty, Carl was overcome with a conflicting mix of emotiiong. He tdved and hated her simultaneously-however, his desire to possess her overpowered everything else.

He leaned in to kiss her, but she fought him with all her remaining strength, refusing to be touched.

“Don’t worry, Amber. This will be our secret. I won’t let you die. I’ll marry you, love you, and take care of you...”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2132-The deeply affectionate look on Carl’s face was extremely touching. Yet, it failed to reach Amber’s anguished heart. “Your past doesn’t matter to me. Whether you betrayed Mr. Schmidt... It doesn’t matter because it’s you I care about.”

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“It doesn’t matter?” Amber scoffed. “You’re loyal to Jameson, yet you say it doesn’t matter?”

This sounded like a cruel joke to Amber. She laughed bitterly until her eyes welled up.

“As I’ve said, it doesn’t matter because it’s you! Besides, even if Mr. Schmidt wanted you dead, I have ways to keep you safe!”

In his haste, Carl blurted out, “You’ll be perfectly safe if you marry me. I swear, Mr. Schmidt wouldn’t dare do anything to you!”

Amber’s pupils constricted. Her sharp mind caught the implication of his words.

He hadn’t just assured her that Jameson wouldn’t take action; he had boldly stated that Jameson wouldn’t have the audacity to do so.

Carl’s loyalty to Jameson was evident, but self-preservation was a primal instinct shared by both animals and humans. With Jameson’s erratic and ruthless behavior, the former likely navigated cautiously around the latter.

Carl probably had hidden vital evidence against Jameson to protect himself.

Amber forced herself to calm down and regain her composure. She bit her lower lip until it bled, the metallic taste filling her mouth. Then, she relaxed in Carl’s arm, leaning her sweaty forehead on his shoulder as if resigned to her fate.

Carl’s heart pounded with emotion as he held her tightly. “Amber,” he said lovingly, “let’s go back to Kontina. It’s beautiful, with mountains and scenery. We can get married there.

“I love you deeply, and I promise to always keep you safe. I’m the one who can bring you true happiness. Axel could never give you that.”

A sharp, crushing ache tore through Amber’s heart, leaving it in shattered pieces.

A week later, the police formed a task force to investigate Nicholas’ case.

Cyrus led a team to search his house. They found not only a large amount of illegal drugs but also various guns and weapons. They even discovered photos and detailed information on several victims. Clearly, the gang member from The Ivory wasn’t Nicholas’ first.

Cyrus submitted the evidence. The entire police force prioritized solving Nicholas’ case. They needed to uncover the truth and bring closure to the victims’ families.

However, no matter how much Cyrus and his team interrogated Nicholas, they couldn't get him to talk. They had exhausted all methods.

Despite the evidence against him, Nicholas refused to speak about his motives or a possible mastermind. He remained determined to take all the blame.

The case was at a standstill.

One day, Alyssa and Jasper arrived at the station.

"This man is unshakeable. We have no way of getting him to talk. Cyrus slammed his fist against the wall in frustration. "I've interrogated

brainwashed cult members had none but he's even tougher. This is maddening!"

"Calm down, Cyrus," Alyssa said, her arm linked with Jasper's. Her gaze was steady as she asked, "Would it be possible to speak to your supervisor and request permission for me to talk to Chief Novak?"

Jasper looked at her deeply. "Lyse, you think you can get through to him?"

Alyssa chuckled nervously, "Just trying anything at this point. Sometimes call for desperate measures."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2133-The station captain was under pressure from his superiors because the police officers still couldn't get Nicholas to talk.

When he learned that Alyssa wanted to try negotiating with Nicholas, he decided solving the case was more important than following protocol.

Although Alyssa wasn't a professional negotiator, he made an exception and allowed her to meet with Nicholas for a chat.

Jasper and Cyrus watched Alyssa's confrontation with Nicholas through a one-way mirror in the observation room next to the interrogation room.

Their faces were grim and filled with concern.

In the interrogation room, Nicholas stared emotionlessly at Alyssa.

"Ms. Alyssa, I've confessed everything I need to confess.

I don't think we have anything left to discuss." "Chief Novak," Alyssa began.

"Please don't call me that.

Here, I'm just a cold-blooded murder suspect," Nicholas mocked.

Even as a prisoner, he retained his elegance—decades as an official had imbued him with an air of calmness that wouldn't disappear overnight.

"Alright, Mr.

Novak, then," Alyssa conceded.

Her gaze held warmth and respect.

"I know you didn't end up here because you're evil.

It was because you had no other choice." "You're wrong.

All my decisions were my own," Nicholas insisted.

A corner of his lip twitched.

"Ms.

Alyssa, I only agreed to this meeting because you once saved my wife.

I've confessed to my crimes and won't elaborate further.

Please leave." On the other side of the mirror, Jasper gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

Sensing Jasper's nervousness, Cyrus patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't worry, Jasper.

I'm sure Lyse knows what she's doing." Alyssa took a deep breath to compose herself.

She placed a report in front of Nicholas.

"What's this?" Nicholas asked, lowering his eyes.

"This is an analysis report from a reputable institution on the new medication you consider your lifesaver," Alyssa explained coldly.

Nicholas' eyes flickered, and his cold facade wavered slightly.

"You were so protective of the mastermind, even committing crimes for him.

You did it all to save your wife, who has Alzheimer's.

“But you never stopped to think that this so-called ‘research’ for a new medication was a sham from the start,” Alyssa continued, her voice calm yet her eyes sharp.

Her words pierced through Nicholas’ defenses.

“What do you mean? What scam?” Nicholas demanded, his jaws clenching.

“The report clearly states that the new medication is nothing more than a sedative,” Alyssa continued in a low voice.

“Not only is it entirely ineffective for Alzheimer’s, but it also has dangerous side effects.

An overdose could even be fatal.

“Since the medication entered the market, many people who took it have suffered seizures and even died.

Compared to other sedatives, it’s more complex.

It even contains banned components and is highly addictive.

This is essentially a new type of drug, not a medication!” The word “drug” struck Nicholas like a blow.

As a policeman, drugs were his sworn enemy.

He never imagined being associated with them.

This revelation shattered his morals and everything he believed in.

“Impossible! You’re lying!” Nicholas roared.

“This report is fake! You’re trying to trick me to talk! It’s a bluff!” In the observation room, Cyrus frowned.

“He’s falling for it.

He’s close to revealing the murders are connected to the medication research.”

Jasper nodded grimly.

“Nicholas is a pawn, clearing obstacles for the mastermind so the ‘experiment’ can proceed smoothly.” “It’s a shame a decorated police commissioner like him would join forces with the enemy,” Cyrus said.

Jasper fixed his gaze on Alyssa.

“That wasn’t his intention.

He was just desperate to save his wife.” Cyrus sighed in frustration.

“While that’s pitiful, it remains utterly disgusting and infuriating!” “I have no reason to deceive you.

You’re already deeply implicated with this mastermind.

Surely, you’ve had your doubts.

All those who took the medication suffered immensely.

Haven’t you ever questioned it?” Alyssa pressed, seizing the moment.

Her words struck a chord with Nicholas.

He leaned back abruptly, his eyes reddening.

Deep down, he had always doubted.

Yet, he had never found the courage to question Jameson.

Besides, his ignorance offered a fragile hope that Natalie could be cured.

After Jameson took his medication, he continued approving documents in the chairman’s office at Schmidt Group.

Despite his eccentricities, he exhibited a strong work ethic and dedication.

Among Solana City’s workaholics, he ranked second only to Jasper.

His phone on the table buzzed, pulling his attention.

A glance at the screen drained the color from Jameson’s face.

“Hello, Ms.

Gillis,” he answered, his voice barely a whisper.

“Mr. Schmidt,” Sheryl’s voice dripped with sarcasm, “your trusted underling is now in police custody, a considerable thorn in your side.

Mr. Justin is understandably concerned about your situation. Jameson’s grip on his pen tightened until his knuckles turned white.

“Please assure him I’ll handle everything appropriately.” “Such confidence,”

“But Mr. Justin’s patience is wearing thin.” “Mosgravia’s climate simply!!

doesn’t compare to Solana City, or even Cyrris,” she said.

Sheryl chuckled, a hint of coldness in her amusement.

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“It hinders Mr. Justin’s recovery.

He’s grown increasingly homesick these past two years.

He yearns to return to Solana City soon.” Her voice lowered.

”However, your current situation makes his safe return difficult.

Mr. Schmidt, you’ve deeply disappointed us.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2134-Jameson felt like he was being burned at the stake. Every inch of his body was on fire, throbbing in pain.

“My apologies,” he rasped. “That said, please tell Mr. Justin not to worry. I will make sure to settle all the troubles here in Solana City!”

“That’s easy for you to say!” Sheryl jeered. “Since you took over as Schmidt Group’s chairman, you haven’t achieved a single success. Instead, Jasper and Alyssa have consistently outmaneuvered you.” Jameson closed his reddened eyes. Hatred and dissatisfaction gnawed at him. He gritted his teeth.

“Don’t say that I didn’t warn you, Mr. Schmidt. Nicholas Novak is a threat. You’d better get rid of him. This is the last chance Mr. Justin is giving you. I’m sure you

know what outcome awaits you if you fail again, she added with a chilling voice.

She abruptly terminated the call before Jameson could utter a word.

He stared at the dark screen, a sense of frigid entrapment washing over him.

A knock at the door startled him back to his senses. He called out, “Enter.”

Carl strutted in, beaming in a brand-new suit. “Mr. Schmidt, I proposed to Amber. She said yes!”

Carl’s joy was evident.



Jameson, however, looked pale and unreadable. “Oh, congratulations then.”

Carl presented his wedding invitation respectfully. “I have chosen the date, time and location. I truly hope you can attend our wedding.”

Jameson picked up the invitation, his eyes lingering on the date. “I’m afraid I won’t be able to attend your wedding, Carl.”

Carl’s chest tightened. Sensing something amiss, he asked with concern, “Is there something wrong, Mr. Schmidt? You can tell me anything. I’ll help you through it, even if it means canceling the wedding!”

“I appreciate your loyalty. You’ve been with me for ten years. There’s no one I trust more.” A rare gentleness flickered in Jameson’s eyes. “These are just difficult times. I can’t focus on anything until the issue with Nicholas is resolved.”

Carl’s expression darkened. “Just tell me what you need, Mr. Schmidt.”

“I’ll have Mr. Derullere arrange a meeting with Nicholas within the next few days.”

He got up and walked slowly to the window, his silhouette radiating coldness.

“We just need to keep his wife in our clutches and use her as leverage. Then, he’ll take everything to his grave.”

Carl nodded in understanding. After all, Nicholas was fiercely protective of his wife.

While sinister, kidnapping a person’s family was a time-tested tactic. It was their trump card.

“The police have already investigated Nicholas for several deaths. He’s finished.” Carl paused then lowered his voice. “But Mr Schmidt, what about his wife after he’s gone? I thought you promised to keep her safe...”

Jameson scoffed, a dark glint in his eyes. “Have Lever been one to keep promises? Besides, he contacted Jasper privately. He’s disobedient and disloyal. Why should I make arrangements for a traitor after he’s dead? He can dream on.”

“You’re right,” Carl agreed.

Jameson reached into his pocket and retrieved a delicate stainless steel box.

Inside was a filled syringe.

Carl scrutinized it. “Mr. Schmidt, isn’t that... the medication Mr. Justin gave you?”

“Like I said, it can be useful at a critical time,” Jameson explained with a sly glint in his eyes.

The moment Alyssa exited the interrogation room, Jasper and Cyrus rushed to her side.

“How did it go, Lyse?” Cyrus, ever the impatient one, blurted out.

Jasper, however, remained calm. He silently offered his support by gently wrapping his arm around Alyssa’s tense shoulders.

Alyssa pursed her lips. “While Chief Novak hasn’t revealed anything, can tell he’s starting to waver: We just need the right opportunity to push him in the right direction.” Jasper met her gaze. “What do we do now, Lyse?”

After a moment, Alyssa replied with two words. “We wait.”

Cyrus was perplexed. “Wait for what?”

“We wait for a certain viper to make a mistake,” Alyssa explained, her voice firm like a ruler devising a strategy:

“Hell preset us with the opportunity of a silver platter.” “But will waiting work? Jameson’s a cunning man.

He’s always been one step ahead of us. Will he really slip up this time?”

Cyrus remained unconvinced.

“It’s different this time,” Alyssa said, her voice firm as she interlaced her fingers with Jasper’s. “This time, we have the upper hand.

“As long as we have Nicholas under our control and protection, Jameson wouldnt berable to do anything even if he asked the gods for help.”

“I get what you mean, Lyse.”

Jasper’s eyes locked onto Alyssa’s with deepening passion. “So much in this world is predictable. It’s the human heart that remains truly unpredictable.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2135-Days passed. Everything looked calm on the surface.

Beneath the surface, however, something was brewing.

On the fourth day, a black car pulled up to the police station entrance. Jason emerged, his face etched with a dark scowl. He took a deep breath before entering the building. An officer stood guard outside a visitation room where Nicholas and Jason met.

“Mr. Novak-” Jason began, but Nicholas cut him off.

“You don’t have to say anything, Mr. Derullere. I understand. I’ve told the police repeatedly that I acted alone. No one else is involved. Regardless of the sentence, I won’t appeal.”

Jason clenched his jaw. As he hesitated, Nicholas continued, his voice weak, “That being said, before everything is finalized, I’d like to see Mr. Schmidt one last time. There are things I need to ask him in person.”

“Mr. Novak, Mr. Schmidt is an important figure. He won’t be meeting with you again,” Jason said in a low voice. The mere mention of Jameson’s name sent shivers down his spine. Nicholas pressed his lips together, his fingers curling into fists.

“I’m here today with a message from Mr. Schmidt himself.” Jason closed the distance between himself and Nicholas, and his tone was measured. Mr.

Schmidt is aware of your numerous crimes, and he believes that you will never get to see the light again.

“In light of this, you may go in peace. He will see to the necessary arrangements for your funeral. As for your wife...”

He left the sentence unfinished. Nicholas’s heart plummeted.

Jason continued, “If you accept full responsibility for your crimes and face the consequences, Mr. Schmidt will ensure your wife’s well-being. Otherwise, he cannot guarantee her safety from unforeseen circumstances.”

With that, Jason rose to his feet. He offered Nicholas a curt nod before exiting the visitation room.

Nicholas was left alone, his body rigid, eyes burning red. A suffocating rage threatened to consume him as his faith crumbled around him.

Jason exited the police station, his expression grim. As he approached his car, his phone pinged with a message.

The message read, “Mr. Derullere, Mr. Beckett is aware of your predicament and understands helplessness. Could he perhaps meet you in private?”

Those words were without emotion. Yet they made this 50-year-old man well up with tears.

A moment later, he received a message containing a geolocation. It was somewhere near the station.

Jason felt his heart pounding.

Keeping his composure, he instructed the driver, who Carl had sent, "You can head back. Mr. Novak is an acquaintance, and seeing him like this makes me feel helpless. I need to clear my head, so I'm taking a walk."

The driver, who was tasked with monitoring Jason, simply replied, "Alright. Take care, then."

The driver took a pensive glance at Jason before driving off.

Ten minutes later, Jason arrived at the designated location.

Just then, an inconspicuous black MPV pulled up slowly and stopped right before him.

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Jason couldn't see Jasper. Only his pants, black leather

gray and that exuded r and reverence were belongs to en.sw

"Mr. Derullere, Mr. Beckett has always wanted to meet with, you. Please get in" Xavier smiled and politely extended the invite.

Jason held his breath, a lump forming in his throat.

After Victor's passing, he was forced to serve Jameson.

He had yet to experience courtesy since that day.