

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2121

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2121-Jameson pursed his lips at the sound of Justin's name. A cold gleam flashed across his eyes.

"It's alright. Lyse is cheeky and headstrong. I don't want to pursue it further."

Jameson closed his eyes once again to take a rest.

Carl was floored.

Alyssa had caused so much trouble. She had almost turned Schmidt Group upside down and ruined Jameson's reputation.

Jameson, however, merely described her as "cheeky" and "headstrong" and was going to let it go? It was so obvious that he was head over heels in love!

"Not wanting to implicate Lyse is only one side of the story. Another thing would be that if the police were to investigate this further, it would not be beneficial to us either."

Upon hearing that, Carl breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

This was the Jameson Schmidt whom he knew. He was a cold and rational person who would put his interests first.

"Now that things have come to this, we need to handle Nicholas as soon as possible. Otherwise, I'm sure that it wouldn't take long for Lyse and Jasper to find out about his connection to me."

The tinge of gentleness vanished from Jameson's eyes. Gradually, his gaze became sinister. "When that happens, I won't be as lucky as I was today."

"Got it!"

Carl observed Jameson. Hesitantly, he said in a low voice, "Oh, right. Also, isn't it your birthday today, Mr. Schmidt?"

"A few days ago, Ms. Altman carefully chose a birthday present specially for you. It's at The Millennium. She hoped that she could present it to you in person."

Jameson raised his brows. In an icy voice, he asked, "You allowed her to go out?"

"Please don't worry! I was with her the whole way and watched her the entire time. She returned to The Millennium once she bought your gift. Nothing unusual happened along the way!" Carl quickly explained. "I'd say that she's a smart woman if she has truly come to her senses," Jameson commented relaxedly.

At the same time, Jasper, Alyssa and Cyrus were feeling troubled.

"I can't believe that evil prevailed over good. He managed to strut out in less than two days. It's disgusting!"

Alyssa's eyes reddened with anger.

She was about to slam her fist on the coffee table when Jasper wrapped his hands around her fist.

He held her hand tightly and put it on his chest.

"You can be angry, but don't hurt yourself, Lyse. You can hit me if you need somewhere to vent your anger."

"Wouldn't that make my heart break and angry at the same time? I'll feel even worse!"

Alyssa threw herself into Jasper's arms. She nuzzled her head against his chest like an angry kitten while grasping at his shirt's hem. Jasper's eyes were full of affection. He put his hands around her waist and allowed her to release her anger all she wanted.

"Enough with the PDA! We should think about what to do next!" Cyrus shook his head continuously. He couldn't bear to watch them. He was no longer in the mood to entertain their affection for one another in public.

"I'm afraid that we won't be able to do anything to Jameson for now."

Jasper pinched the nape of Alyssa's neck gently. In a deep voice, he m added, "We'll heed to try again with a different approach."

"We have alerted the enemy now.

"It's true that we have alerted the enemy, but he mightn@blay down arma completely!"

Alyssa gritted her teeth. Her gaze burned with competitiveness. "This incident has set offalarn bells for him A conservative approach won't cut it. He's bound to strike again to tie up these loose ends!"

Jamiper will surely lay down arms for the moment and not take any action." Cyrus sighed, "It's really such a pity that we didnt deliver a heavy blow to him time!" .

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2122-Late at night, the police station office was illuminated only by the eerie glow of a computer screen. It displayed Jameson's interview after his bail.

Nicholas, haggard-looking, stared at the screen. An overflowing ashtray sat beside him.

He pursed his lips, his trembling fingers dialing Jameson's number. To his surprise, it was engaged. Despair clenched his heart as he gripped the phone tighter.

Nicholas slumped on the couch, his eyes squeezed shut. Throughout his lifetime, he had faced horrors untold, his hands stained with the blood of many.

Yet, none of it prepared him for the soul-crushing despair that threatened to consume him now. This was the darkest night of his life.

Four agonizing days passed in this state. Then, one night, his phone rang. It was Natalie's doctor.

"Mr. Novak, your wife had a sudden episode! She's unstable. Please come to the hospital immediately!"

"Is she okay?" Nicholas shot up, grabbing his coat and rushing toward the door.

"Mrs. Novak is in the ER. We'll discuss details when you arrive!"

Nicholas reached for the doorknob as the call ended. He hesitated, feeling the weight of a loaded gun in his pocket. It was a tempting deterrent, a promise of defense. But using it meant wading into a deeper swamp. Every shot, every bullet casing left behind, would be another clue for the police to follow, a neon sign pointing straight back to him and his tangled web of secrets with Jameson.

Cyrus, a rising star in the force, reminded Nicholas of his younger self. Given time, Cyrus would surely uncover their shady business.

More importantly, he lacked the stomach to defy Jameson; even if he had the courage, he couldn't afford to do so.

Jameson was a devil who wouldn't blink at taking a life, and Nicholas had known this partnership was a dance with the reaper from the outset.

He was aware that his future was bleak. But he had no choice. His wife, his love, needed saving.

He turned back, retrieved a screwdriver from his desk, and hid it behind his back before hurrying out.

Nicholas sped toward the hospital in his black SUV but screeched to a halt in a deserted alley. At the other end, a black vehicle blocked his path.

Four masked figures in black emerged from the car. Two laid a spiked chain across the ground.

Escape by car was clearly not an option; a single wrong move would leave him stranded with a chorus of popping tires.

Nicholas' eyes blazed with fury. He gritted his teeth, threw the car into reverse, and slammed on the accelerator.

A deafening crash echoed as his car rammed the vehicle behind him, blocking his escape. The narrow alley had become a cage, and he was the trapped prey.

Realizing that escape was futile, Nicholas stepped out, scowling at the approaching assassins. He reached behind his back, gripping the screwdriver tightly. "Chief Novak?" the leader rasped, his tone laced with hostility.

"Mr. Schmidt sent all of you, didn't he?" Nicholas' temples throbbed. The question hung heavy in the air, a mere formality.

The situation was dire. Though bailed out, Jameson was now a marked man and Jasper and Alyssa were determined to bring him down.

Jameson was trapped, a fly caught in a web of enemies. Confronted by imminent danger, his primal survival instinct urged him to eliminate the threat Nicholas. Nicholas understood Jameson's ruthlessness, but tonight wasn't the time for him to meet his end.

"Who we work for is irrelevant," the leader smirked. "We're aware of your capabilities. That's why we came to you. We wouldn't be here unless we have the guts and muscles to back it up. Cooperate, and your end will be swift."

"We'll settle this, but not now," Nicholas pleaded, his voice laced with urgency.

"My wife's critically ill. I need to be at the hospital."

"Such devotion, Chief Novak. It's a pity our employer wants you dead regardless. Take him down!"

The assassins charged at Nicholas.

This dark, windy, and silent night would be the night of his death. They slashed at Nicholas with their blades, one after another, but they missed. Amidst the howling wind, the terrifying sounds of punches and kicks echoed.

Nicholas, a seasoned officer, fought with the desperation of a cornered animal.

Age, however, was a cruel mistress slowing his reflexes just enough for a blade to find its mark. A searing pain erupted in his left arm as a knife sliced deep, bone glinting in the pale light.

Another glint, this time of a blade, hurled right at his face. There was no time to dodge.

But the blade never connected; it hung suspended, inches from his?

eyes. A scream then tore through the night as the blade clattered to the ground, followed by a sickening snap of a broken wrist.

There, bathed in the cold moonlight, stood Jasper. He was a mountain of a man, his stance radiating an unshakeable resolve.

Their eyes met, Jasper's dark and fiery. He extended a hand to help Nicholas up. "Are you alright?"

Nicholas held his breath in awe, his pain momentarily forgotten. At that moment, Jasper resembled an angel who had descended from the heavens. He exuded an atmosphere of sheer power and intimidation.

"That's... Jasper Beckett! The Beckett Group's president!" one of the assassins stammered, his voice laced with shock.

Panic flickered in their eyes. This wasn't part of the plan.

"We won't get paid if we don't finish this!" the leader snarled, "It doesn't matter who he is. Kill them both! No one leaves here alive!"

The assassins, their initial surprise replaced by grim determination, closed the distance.

"Run!" Nicholas roared at Jasper.

But Jasper remained calm, a steely glint in his eyes as he surveyed the scene.

"You're a cop, and I'm an ex-soldier. It appears we both have a duty tonight.

Let's prove we don't back down from evil, officer."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2123-Nicholas felt his heart racing as Jasper's words hit him like a shockwave.

Back when Jameson was still in Kontina, he had already ensnared Nicholas in his schemes. After years of working for him, Nicholas had forgotten the man he once was—a conscientious, passionate individual. Just then, a blur of motion caught their eyes—a blade was aimed at Jasper from the side.

"Watch out!" Nicholas shouted, his eyes widening in fear.

But Jasper reacted swiftly, seizing the attacker's wrist and with a snap, breaking it. After disarming the attacker, he delivered a kick that sent the latter crashing into a nearby wall, bones audibly breaking. With each calculated move Jasper made, Nicholas realized his initial impression was far off the mark. The polished,

presumptuous president revealed surprising fighting prowess and a sharp mind.

Nicholas understood he barely knew Jasper. If a powerful patron hadn't backed Jameson, he wouldn't even be a blip on Jasper's radar.

The dark alley had become a brutal battleground.

Jasper, a charming façade masking a ruthless efficiency, moved with a deadly grace. Even though an individual's strength was limited, their danger seemed insignificant before him. One by one, they fell beneath his relentless assault.

Nicholas and Jasper stood back-to-back, bloodied but resolute as they readied themselves for the onslaught.

Jasper's face was streaked with blood, a chilling contrast to his fine features and bespoke suit.

"As I've said, Chief Novak," Jasper's voice cut through the chaos like ice.

"Jameson never intended for you to be an ally, merely a pawn. He's been plotting your demise from the very beginning, planning to crush you like a spent cartridge once you're of no use."

Nicholas gritted his teeth, his voice laced with raw frustration. "You'll never get it!

You can't understand what this means to me!" He clutched his throbbing arm, sweat beading his forehead despite the chills coursing through him.

"Joining forces with us is your only way out," Jasper insisted, his gaze unwavering.

"Way out?" Nicholas let out a humorless laugh. "Is there even a way out for me anymore? Maybe I can cheat death today, but can I outrun it forever?"

Jasper frowned and said nothing. Even if they took down Jameson together, Nicholas would likely face legal repercussions for his actions.

Intent on killing them, the assassins charged at them once again.

The leader of the assassins, ever the opportunist, saw a chance to claim credit.

Amidst the chaos surrounding Jasper, he made a treacherous move. With a swift, ruthless motion, he targeted the weakened Nicholas, his blade flashing in the air as it aimed for the vulnerable man's head.

But in a surprising display of strength, Nicholas slammed the leader to the ground and stepped on his chest.

In pain, the leader cried out and spat out a mouthful of blood.

Despite his weakened state, Nicholas had proven himself a tough fighter. His eyes blazed with a feral intensity as he raised his screwdriver high in the air, poised to strike a fatal blow.

In that moment, with bloodlust in his eyes, Nicholas resembled the very assassins he fought against.

"No! Stop!" Jasper roared, lunging forward to grab Nicholas' hand. "We don't kill!

That's the line we don't cross!"

"What other choice do we have? Let them finish us off?" Nicholas rasped, his voice hoarse with strain.

"If it were self-defense, I wouldn't have stopped you. But that wasn't what happened!" Jasper's eyes were sharp, cutting through his words. "You were afraid he'd say something incriminating if he got caught. You wanted to silence him!"

Nicholas was stunned. Yet, he still fought to drive the screwdriver in his hand into the leader's chest. If it weren't for Jasper's firm grip, he would have already finished him. Just then, the wail of approaching sirens filled the air.

The remaining assassins lay broken on the ground, their bodies testament to the brutal fight. Two, in a desperate bid for escape, attempted to flee, only to be tackled and subdued by the police upon their quick arrival.

"Jasper!"

"Mr. Beckett!"

Cyrus and Xavier raced toward Jasper, their eyes widening in horror at the sight of fresh blood smeared across him. Panic surged through them.

"Mr. Beckett! A-Are you hurt?" Xavier stammered, his voice trembling. He hovered helplessly, on the verge of tears.

"I called the ambulance. They'll be here soon. Hold on, Jasper!" Despite his experience with chaotic situations, Cyrus couldn't help but turn pale. Jasper wiped the blood on his cheek with the back of his hand. "I'm okay. This isn't mine."

Relief washed over Xavier. "Oh my goodness, thank heavens! Thank God!" He clasped his hands together, muttering prayers repeatedly. Cyrus exhaled deeply.

"I don't know what I'd tell Alyssa if something happened to you!"

"That won't happen," Jasper assured them, his voice firm despite the situation.

"I promised Lyse I'd protect her forever. Nothing will happen to me."

The apprehended assassins were loaded into police cars. The weapons at the scene were confiscated as well.

Cyrus led a pair of officers to Nicholas. "Chief Novak," he began respectfully.

"Once the ambulance arrives, please see to your injuries first."

her!" "There's no need," Jasper interjected calmly, approaching Nicholas. "Your wife is safe. They said she was in the emergency room, but it was a ruse."

Nicholas was stunned. "What? But how? The one who called "

"You know exactly who has that kind of power and why this happened," Jasper said pointedly.

It was a setup by Jameson.

Nicholas had no children, and his

cunning move.

Thankfully, Jasper intervened in time. He also had Xavier call Cyrus for backup.

"The hospital can wait. I need to be mitted it one me it ho eyes burning with determination. "She's in the emergency room, and her condition is critical. I have to get to

Otherwise, Nicholas wouldn't be standing here.

parents had died early. His only weakness was his wife. Jameson, aware of this, had manigulated M Natalie'sidoctor. Fabricating a story about Natalie's critical condition, he lured Nicholas away from the police station, intending to eliminate him discreetly. It was a sinister and

“My wound is minor. I can manage. I have something else to take care of, so I’ll take my leave.”

Nicholas, his head hung low, turned to leave. Cyrus stopped him, his gaze somber. “Since you’ve refusing the hospital, Chief Novak, come back to the station with me. We have medics who can stitch you up.”

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2124-“Do you hear yourself, Cyrus Taylor?” Nicholas’ heart sank. He sternly rebuked Cyrus, “I am your superior. Besides, I was the one whose life was in danger tonight. I was the one being attacked! “Are you trying to arrest me right now?

What are you thinking? Will you be able to handle it if news of this gets out?”

Jasper watched Cyrus with a worried look in his eyes.

Although he wasn’t part of the police force, he understood that those in positions of authority had the power to crush those beneath them.

“I’ve assigned officers to seal off this entire area. No one will find out about what happened here tonight. It’s not just for your reputation, but also to avoid causing

panic among the citizens. I don’t want the residents here to feel unsafe leaving their homes at night.”

Cyrus lightly smirked. Fearlessness was written all over his face. In a firm tone, he continued, “Furthermore, you yourself said those thugs came after you.

You’re a victim. If that’s the case, according to our procedures, you should also come back with us so that we can take your statement and ensure your safety.

“After all, you are my superior. You’re not just some ordinary person. Don’t you agree?”

Nicholas was rendered speechless.

Jasper narrowed his eyes slightly. Deep down, his admiration for Cyrus grew.

Who was it who said Cyrus was a reckless man?

True enough, Alyssa was her brother’s greatest critic.

It was the wee hours of the morning, and a heavy atmosphere filled the interrogation room.

Nicholas sat in a chair, his eyes downcast. He refused to speak about anything other than the night’s incident.

“There’s nothing we can do, Chief Taylor. Chief Novak refuses to speak no matter how we question him.”

Cyrus’ colleagues were worried. “The captain has found out about this. He instructed us to interrogate him according to protocol. Then, we have to let Chief Novak go. Otherwise, he will definitely hold you accountable and you might get suspended!”

Cyrus clenched his teeth and pressed his palm to his forehead. “How much time do we have left?”

“Two hours, maybe less. The captain was on a work trip in Belbanks. He cut his trip short upon receiving this news. He is on his way back to Solana City as we speak.”

Cyrus’ chest clenched. He paced the hallway, anxiety gnawing at him.

Suspension wasn’t the worry. It was the immense effort they’d invested in finally reining Nicholas in. If they couldn’t get him to talk now, capturing him later would be a long shot.

Disappointment for Alyssa and Jasper was a bitter pill to swallow but letting Jameson win was unthinkable.

Cyrus steeled himself. He took a deep breath before going back into the interrogation room to confront Nicholas.

Nicholas lounged back, eyes closed, the picture of relaxation. “I’m sure your station captain is en route. Just a heads-up, Chief Taylor-if you keep me here, I can’t guarantee you’ll still have your job come morning.

“I’ve said all I know. I don’t know those thugs, and I have no idea why they attacked me. My actions were purely in self-defense. Any other questions, I simply can’t answer.”

Cyrus’ tongue darted to the roof of his mouth. In a cold, commanding tone, he said, “The leader of the thugs has, confessed, Chief Novak. They weren’t after your money; they were trying to silence you.” Nicholas’ expression remained impassive.

“He also said they’re affiliated with the Schmidt Group.” Cyrus approached deliberately, tapping, a languid rhythm on the table. “So, can I conclude that Jameson Schmidt is the one who wanted you dead? After all, the other Schmidt family members are either dead or imprisoned. He’s the only Schmidt left.”

A sudden, sharp laugh erupted from Nicholas. “Playing the prisoner’s dilemma, are we, Chief Taylor? Do you think that’ll work on a fellow officer? I’ll give you credit for your imagination, though. It’s such a waste of your talent here.

Screenwriting suit you better.”

He almost let slip “viper” instead of “only Schmidt left”.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2125-Anxiety gnawed at Cyrus as time ticked away. His colleagues had yet to extract any useful information from the leader of the assassins they were interrogating.

Firstly, the assassins weren’t locals, explaining their audacity in attacking the police commissioner. Secondly, the transaction with their client was recorded offshore, making investigation impossible. Even torture wouldn’t make them talk.

The station chief arrived at Solana City Police Bureau over an hour later and made a stern request for Cyrus to release Nicholas.

While Cyrus wrestled with the immense pressure, Alyssa was at the hospital, personally tending to a minor scratch on Jasper’s knuckles. Her heart ached at the sight.

“Didn’t you promise to take care of yourself?” she chided gently.

“Five years younger, and that wouldn’t have been a scratch,” Jasper replied with a hint of amusement in his eyes. He wrapped his left arm around her and pulled her close. He held her hand with his bandaged right hand. “Seems like age is catching up to me.”

Alyssa’s heart skipped a beat when she felt him squeezing her bottom. “Who says you’re old? You’re full of life,” she mumbled.

“Is that so?” Jasper’s eyes narrowed playfully. Though his right hand was limited, his left hand was free. Maintaining his composure, he gave her bottom another squeeze. “Only you darling, would know for sure my true vigor.”

A blush crept up Alyssa’s cheeks. “Hey! Can’t you be serious for once?”

Despite their long relationship, his flirtatiousness still flustered her. Snuggling closer, she voiced her concerns, “Saving Nicholas doesn’t solve everything.

Cyrus hasn’t updated us, likely because they’re at a standstill.

“This could drag on until dawn. If they can’t get information, have to release him, and that mean bigger problems for hel Jasper held her tightly, his gaze darkening. “He’s a tough one. Earlier, he wanted to kill the leader. It looks like he’s determined to stay on his dark path.”

“He’s in too deep with Jameson now to turn back,” Alyssa agreed, frowning.

“Our only option is to get him convicted.”

But that was easier said than done.

Just then, Alyssa's phone rang, breaking the tension.

"It's Axel," she said, surprised, and glanced at Jasper before answering.

Without a preamble, Axel's voice with urgency. "Lyse, I cracmportant video to your enta belongs toColet You need to see it now!"

Axel's agitation was unusual. Alyssa immediately opened hen email, M Jasper leaning in to watch with her.

The video was short, less than a minute long.

Yet, by the end of it, both Alyssa and Jasper were left in utter shook their blood boiling with a fury they hadn't felt before.

"Where did you get this, Axel?"

Alyssa's voice trembled with o M emation

"Amber... It was from Amber!" Axel choked out, his breathing heavy.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2126-Alyssa and Jasper's hearts lurched at the mention of Amber's name. A flurry of emotions-excitement, unease, and most potently, worry-washed over them.

"Did you meet with Amber, Axel?" Alyssa asked, her voice laced with anxiety.

"No," Axel replied, his voice croaking with a barely concealed hurt. "She sent this video to me on my phone. I'm scared, Lyse. I'm terribly afraid something bad will happen to Amber!"

Jasper spoke up reassuringly, "If she sent the video, she's likely still safe for now, Axel. Try not to worry too much."

"For now..." Axel gritted his teeth. "But how long will that last? I need to get her out of there!"

"Don't act recklessly, Axel!" Alyssa warned, her gaze fierce. "You could expose Amber and put her in even greater danger. Remember, she's still in Jameson's clutches!"

"If this video leaks," Alyssa continued, "there's no evidence linking her as the source. But if you make a reckless move, it'll be as good as telling Jameson Amber's a traitor. He could eliminate her anytime, and even your connections wouldn't be enough to stop him."

Axel exhaled, his anger giving way to a forced calmness.

“Don’t worry, Axel,” Jasper said. “When the time is right, Lyse and I will do everything in our power to help you save Ms. Altman.” Coming from Jasper, these weren’t just empty words; they were a promise. With that, Axel felt completely at ease. “Thank you, Jasper. That means a lot.”

The station captain, who was away on a business trip in Belbanks when he received the news, rushed back to the station that very night. He immediately ordered Cyrus to release Nicholas and even demanded a public apology.

“Forget the apology,” Nicholas said magnanimously, pretending to be above it all. “Chief Taylor was just looking out for my safety.”

Nicholas strutted out of the interrogation room, the station captain by his side.

“Let’s just move on. I’m fine anyway. I hope you won’t punish Chief Taylor for this.”

“Absolutely not!” The captain boomed. He caused you undue trouble and even unlawfully detained you for hours. I can’t just overlook that. He deserves a severe reprimand!”

Nicholas brushed it off, not wanting to push the issue.

There was obviously no animosity between him and Cyrus. However, Cyrus was Alyssa’s biological brother and close to Jasper. If Nicholas could get Cyrus suspended, it would eliminate the person prying into his affairs and potentially expose his connection to Jameson. Sacrificing a subordinate seemed like the only option.

Unfortunately for them, before they could walk any further, they saw Cyrus approaching with two other officers from the Criminal Investigation Unit.

Cyrus marched right up to Nicholas, effectively blocking his path.

“Cyrus Taylor! What now?” the captain bellowed.

Cyrus met Nicholas’ gaze head-on, his expression frosty and severe. “I apologize, Chief Novak, but you cannot leave tonight. We’ve acquired new evidence that implicates you in a premeditated murder.”

The captain’s jaw dropped in disbelief. “Murder? Cyrus, what are you talking about? How could Chief Novak possibly be involved in a murder?”

“We don’t arrest without evidence,” Cyrus retorted, handcuffing Nicholas.

Nicholas’ face immediately drained of color; his hands clenched into fists.

He found himself back in the interrogation room, this time under a much heavier atmosphere, thick with tension and foreboding.

"I didn't kill anyone," Nicholas asserted calmly.

"We'll see about that," Cyrus replied coolly. "Let's jog your memory with a little video clip, shall we?"

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2127-Nicholas' emotionless eyes widened as he watched the video. It depicted a dimly lit alley behind a nightclub, where Nathan, the leader of the Ivory Gang, pinned his subordinate to the ground, raining blows upon him.

Shortly after, Nathan left the scene.

The subordinate was still alive. He was attempting to get up when a dark figure suddenly leaped down from a wall.

Cyrus fixed Nicholas with an intense stare, his eyes betraying tension in the muscles around them.

The unexpected assailant didn't hesitate. He stomped on the Ivory Gang member, grabbed a rock, and smashed it on the man's head thrice.

The subordinate crumpled, his head a sickening mess of blood. A pool of crimson bloomed around him, a horrifying final image as life ebbed away.

The initial lighting was dim, shrouding the killer's face in darkness.

However, as if by fate's intervention, the lighting on the nightclub's flashy signage flickered to life momentarily, revealing the killer's face-Nicholas, his features spattered with blood.

"After obtaining the video," Cyrus began, his voice laced with unwavering certainty, "we sent it directly to forensics for a thorough analysis. The results are in, and they're conclusive-the video is entirely authentic, with no signs of tampering." Cyrus declared confidently, his words were like nails hammering into Nicholas, pinning him down with the weight of his crime. "Furthermore, physical evidence links you to the crime scene with a 98% match. We have irrefutable proof of your involvement in this murder, Chief Novak. The video and physical evidence are enough to convict you of first-degree murder, even without a confession." A heavy silence descended upon the interrogation room.

After a long moment, Nicholas erupted into a chilling, manic laughter. The metallic clang of his handcuffs against the table echoed through the room.

Yes, it was me," he declared. "I killed him after Nathan left. Then, I framed him for the murder. Anyway, you've already arrested me. Prosecute me, convict me. I won't fight it. Content belongs to EnglishS "You are the police commissioner,"

Cyrus pressed. "You never had any dealings with the victim, no prior animosity.

Why were you at the to ? Why resort to subrality and then try to pin the blame on someone else? Were you acting under someone's orders?" Nicholas shut his eyes, a picture of defiance. No matter how many questions they threw at him, his lips remained sealed.

The next morning, Jameson, still recovering from his injuries, made his way to Schmidt Group headquarters. Swallowing a handful of pills he forced himself onward. Hospitalization wasn't an option, so medication was his only solace.

Carl answered it immediately, his eyes widening in panic as he listened.

A tremor ran through him when he.

ended the call."What's wrong? James asked"

noticing Carl's growing panic.

"Mr. Schmidt, terrible news! The police arrested Chief Novak last night. They're charging him with first-degree murder!" Jameson's heart lurched, "First degree murder What are you talking about?"

"Apparently, someone provided the police with a video. It shows Chief Novak killing the victim after Nathan left. The entire murder is on tape! He has no defense." Jameson's vision swam. A metallic tang filled his mouth as he lurched forward. A crimson spray erupted from his mouth, painting his pale lips a grotesque red.

Jameson and Carl was on their way to the meeting room when Carl's phone vibrated.

"Mr. Schmidt!" Carl cried out in alarm.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2128-Carl was petrified. He immediately placed a call to cancel the meeting before helping Jameson back to his office and onto his couch.

Jameson gasped for breath, his chest rising and falling rapidly. The pain felt like his insides were burning. His hands trembled as he pressed them to his burning forehead. His vision swam in and out of darkness.

"Here, drink water, Mr. Schmidt!" Carl knelt beside him, his eyes red with worry.

He held the glass to Jameson's lips, which were stained with blood.

“I’ve called your private doctor. He’s on his way as fast as he can. Just hang in there...” Jameson raised a hand and slapped the glass away. In a gruff voice, he rasped, “All these years... Nicholas has done a lot of dirty work for me. He has

always been meticulous, handling everything cleanly. How could he leave evidence, let alone a video?” “Anyone who plays with fire gets burned eventually,” Carl said through gritted teeth. “Even Chief Novak, with all his skills, isn’t infallible. Since he’s in police custody, we can’t let him live. I’ll get rid of him, no matter what it takes. I won’t let this implicate you!” “That’s easier said than done,” Jameson coughed. “Nicholas is a police commissioner, not snobody.

Even if he’s a criminal, he’ll be in a special cell with heavy surveillance. Our people won’t be able to get to him.” Carl’s face contorted in worry. He paced like a caged animal.

Jameson’s private doctor arrived soon after and performed a basic checkup.

“How’s Mr. Schmidt doing?” Carl asked. His eyes were filled with worry.

“Has Mr. Schmidt been taking various medications all these years? And I don’t mean just any medication, but strong ones?” the doctor asked hesitantly.

A pit formed in Carl’s stomach. “Well, yes, some... But how is he really?” “The long-term use of medication, especially strong ones, has taken a toll on Mr.

Schmidt’s organs. The recent increase in dosage to manage his condition in the recent hospitalization has made things worse. The combination is overwhelming his system.” “So... why did Mr. Schmidt throw up blood?” Carl stammered.

“The emotional stress and damaged organs caused his stomach to an overproduction of gastric enzymes. These enzymes damaged his blood vessels, leading to acute bleeding. A more detailed examination at a hospital is necessary for a definitive diagnosis.” Carl felt a wave of despair wash over him.

“Something’s not right,” Jameson rasped, sitting up with Carl’s help. His eyes gleamed with a dangerous glint.

“The video of Nicholas was recorded at the scene. If the person had this evidence, why wait two whole months to report him? Why now of all times?” Carl couldn’t answer Jameson’s questions.

“Nathan took the blame, and Ivory Group suffered greatly because of it.

If they had revealed this evidence earlier, none of this would have happened.” A cold glint appeared in Jameson’s eyes. “The only explanation is that the whistleblower had just obtained this evidence.

Previously, you mentioned Amber leaving The Millennium for a while, didn't you?" Carl's face stiffened abruptly, and goosebumps erupted on his skin. He asserted confidently, "Mr. Schmidt! Amber was with the entire time, I swear! She never touched her phone or left my sight.

Even if she intended something, she wouldn't have had the opportunity!

"Besides, I've been monitoring her phone 24/7. There are no outgoing calls. I'm positive she's not involved!"

"Are you absolutely certain she was never out of your sight, not even for a second?" Jameson inquired slyly.

Suddenly, a memory flashed in Carl's mind—the car accident. He had stepped away briefly to handle it, leaving Amber alone in the car for just a few minutes. But she hadn't met anyone. So how could she have gotten the video evidence?

He dismissed the doctor with a wave of his hand. "Thank you for your help. You may leave now." After the doctor left, Jameson took medication. His breathing soon stabilized.

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2129—"It's true. She met with no one. I swear!" Carl asserted calmly, though his heart raced within.

Jameson leaned back, a slight smile playing on his lips. "It seems like you've taken quite a fancy to her." "I..." Carl stammered, his face flushing in panic.

"If that's the case, I shall decide on your behalf this time. You should marry Amber." Carl's eyes widened in shock. "You... You want to marry Amber?" "I know you've always had feelings for her," Jameson replied, closing his eyes casually. "It's been too long since we celebrated anything in the Schmidt family.

You've served faithfully without asking for anything in return.

"I'm not heartless. I recognize your true desires. Consider Amber a token of my gratitude, if you will." "Thank you, Mr. Schmidt! I'm honored to marry Amber.

She's a gift from you. Why would I ever mind? I'd be ecstatic!" Carl exclaimed gratefully, moved.

"Start planning the wedding soon. I'll be generous with my congratulations,"

Jameson said with forced cheer. "Hold it in Kontina, and let Amber stay there.

You'll travel between the two cities." "I understand, Mr. Schmidt," Carl replied, a flicker of comprehension crossing his features. His chest tightened. "But what about Chief

Novak? How do you plan to deal with the situation?" "He's been corrupt for years. He'll understand his position," Jameson replied coolly, eyes narrowing with a hint of coldness. "Besides, I still hold leverage over his weakness. If he's wise, he won't betray me." News of Police Commissioner Nicholas Novak's arrest for premeditated murder sent shockwaves throughout the nation. The revelation of the true culprit brought relief, as Nathan, the wrongly accused, was finally cleared of murder charges. However, the prosecution continued to pursue an assault charge against him, though with a significantly lighter sentence. It was practically a fresh start. Considering his good behavior in detention, Nathan was granted a suspended sentence and released on bail thanks to the Waters family. On the day of his release, Alyssa and Colene arrived together to pick him up.

"Ms. Colene, I'm so sorry for the trouble," Nathan said, his voice thick with emotion. Despite his past as a fearless gang leader, he was on the verge of tears.

"What are you talking about, Nathan? We're family," Colene replied, tears welling up in her eyes. She pulled him into a hug. "I know it's been incredibly difficult." "It was nothing. But I do owe my release to Ms. Alyssa and Mr.

Beckett," Nathan said, his eyes filled with gratitude as he looked at Alyssa.

"My contribution to clearing your name was minimal, Mr. Nathan," Alyssa said brightly. "The credit goes to a remarkable woman who bravely provided the key evidence. I can't hold a candle to her strength and wisdom." Colene and Nathan asked in unison, "Who is she?" Alyssa smiled. "My sister-in-law." Just then, her phone rang. It was Jasper.

"How are things going, Jasper?"

"Lyse, Chief Novak has confessed to murder, but he refuses to speak on anything else," Jasper said. "Getting him to implicate Jameson will be a tough challenge, I'm afraid."

Can Not Win Me Back Chapter 2130-Alyssa excused herself from Colene and Nathan to continue her phone call with Jasper under a tree.

"Every criminal leaves a trace. Cyrus is adept at cracking cases. Once the task force starts digging into Nicholas, I'm sure they'll find clues that lead to Jameson," Alyssa explained.

"It's not that easy, Lyse,"

Jasper said, his voice dull.

"Cyrus checked Chief Novak's accounts and phone records.

No unusual profits in years, not even offshore.

“As for his phone records, there were a few highly-suspicious unknown number. But those numbers were unregistered burner phones. There’s no way to trace them. Chief Novak is essentially a cop. He’d be more professional than most criminals, and his countersurveillance skills would be top-notch.”

“It complicates things without financial motives,” Alyssa admitted, pacing thoughtfully.

“Chief Novak clearly isn’t driven by money. Everything he’s done has been to develop a new drug to save his wife. That’s why he’s given his all for Jameson. His conviction is undeniably strong.”

Jasper clenched his teeth.

“In that case, getting him to turn on Jameson would be incredibly difficult.”

Alyssa’s eyes narrowed in contemplation.

“That might not be the case.”

“Have you got a plan, Lyse?”

“Not really.

I’ll just have to take another gamble.”

“A gamble on...”

There was a twinkle in Alyssa’s eyes.

“On humanity.”

Jasper fell silent, processing her strategy.

You’re banking on Jameson being exposed as the villain, shattering Chief Novak’s trust,”

Jasper concluded after a moment.

“Yes, 1 A warmth spread through Alyssa.

She enjoyed this feeling of being telepathic with Jasper.

“Their partnership is strong, and his desire for the drug is unwavering.

He wouldn’t betray Jameson even if it cost him his life.

“The only way this unravels is if Chief Novak’s trust in Jameson shatters completely.

He needs to witness the truth firsthand, to open his eyes and see the man he entrusted with his wife’s life for what he truly is—a self-serving monster at his core.

“On top of that, he’s been arrested.

No one is looking after his wife.

It’s highly likely Jameson will use her as leverage to keep Chief Novak silent.”

“You’re perceptive, Lyse, always ahead of the game,”

Jasper complimented generously.

“But realistically, Jameson has a good chance of getting away with it if he does nothing.”

Alyssa scoffed, a cold glint in her eyes.

“Hah! Pigs will fly if Jamiper isn’t up to anything nasty.

He’s a despicable excuse for a human and doesn’t deserve someone as capable as Chief Novak working for him.

“Jameson’s been able to get away with so much for so long because he holds dirt on countless people.

He preys on the weak.

He thinks the world revolves around him, but he’s overlooking something crucial.”

“His own arrogance will be his downfall,”

Jasper chimed in.

“Spoken like a true sage,”

Alyssa said playfully, making a kissing sound into the phone.

“Where are you, darling?”

Jasper’s voice was husky with restrained desire.

“It’s been a while.

Can I expect some reward tonight?”

Alyssa's eyelashes fluttered.

"Just once?"

"No, thrice."

Jasper breathed heavily, longing to hold her close.

"Alright, alright,"

Alyssa said, putting a hand on her flushed cheeks.

"Back to business, Jasper.

We need a solid plan to rescue Amber as soon as possible.

"With Chief Novak arrested, even if Jameson doesn't know the video came from Amber, she'll be the first person he looks at if he suspects an inside job.

She'll be in grave danger.

I won't let Axel lose her, and I certainly won't let another innocent person die!"

"Don't worry, Lyse,"

Jasper reassured her.

"Axel and I will figure something out for Amber."

The meeting with Schmidt Group's executives was canceled.

Jameson, needing rest for his recovery, retreated home for the night.

The city shimmered with its usual opulence as life at The Millennium continued.

In her room, Amber sat before her vanity, brushing her long waves with a relieved smile.

News of Nicholas' arrest had spread, and when it finally reached her, sleep had eluded her for days.

The house of cards Jameson built was collapsing with the loss of its most crucial piece.

How long before his kingdom crumbled entirely? Suddenly, the door burst open.

Amber jumped to her feet, startled, to see Carl approaching with a fixed stare and flushed face.

She could tell that he had some drinks in a single glance.

Though, he was only tipsy, not completely intoxicated.

As Jameson's secretary and trusted aide, Carl prided himself on his unwavering vigilance.

He had always maintained a clear head and avoided alcohol.

But tonight, he was drinking? This was unusual.

"You drank?"

Amber asked, surprised.

"I'm really glad, Amber."

Carl smiled, though his eyes betrayed a hint of weariness.

In a sudden motion, he seized Amber by her waist, and drew her close, the way she had long desired.

Amber's body was pressed flush against his.

She could sense a rising excitement in him, a vibe that sent a wave of !!!

unease crashing through her.

Nausea churned in her stomach.

"What..."

What are you doing? Let go of me!"

She tried her best to free herself, but her struggles seemed to fuel his excitement.

He cupped her chin roughly, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"I have news, Amber.

Wonderful news."

Fear prickled at Amber's skin.

Her voice trembled.

“What is it?”

“We’re getting married,”

Carl declared, his breaths coming in ragged gasps.

He leaned in close, the reek of alcohol overwhelming.

His lips hovered dangerously close to hers.

“Mr.

Schmidt has gifted you to me.

From now on, you’ll be my wife...

my woman!”