

## Can't Win Me Back Chapter 1521 - 1530

### Chapter 1521

Alyssa and Jasper shot one another a knowing look, their hearts beating in unison.

Javier's face had long paled as he watched them leave. It felt like all the blood in his veins

had turned to ice.

There were three luxury cars waiting outside the cemetery.

Alyssa and Jasper climbed into the first car while Newton sat in the second. Soon, Javier

walked out of the cemetery with Rory by his side, the former looking quite dejected.

"Mr. Javier," Ben greeted respectfully. "Mr. Newton is asking for you to join his car. He

would like to speak to you about something."

Javier's eyes darkened.

The father and son sat together in the car as if an invisible wall separated them.

"Did you want to talk to me, Dad?" Javier asked quietly.

Newton said calmly as he stared straight ahead, "Now that Sophia has admitted to her

crime, only death awaits her—unless you still have feelings for her and plan on reducing

her sentence.

"I'm still going to make myself clear right now—I will definitely make Sophia pay her life in

return for taking Jasper's mother's. I have tolerated her vile acts for years. All I want to do

now is to send her to her death. No one can stop me."

Javier gritted his teeth, cheeks flushed. "I won't, Dad. I've seen Sophia's true colors. I

won't interfere anymore."

"Good."

Newton then said solemnly, "Jasper was originally our family's proper heir, yet because of that evil woman's doings and your neglect, you let Jasper bear the humiliation of being a

bastard for 20 years.

"Now that the truth has been revealed, you should start thinking about how to return

Jasper to his original status."

Javier sullenly said, "Yes, I understand. I really did wrong both Jasper and Anne in this."

"How do you intend to make it up to Jasper?"

"Too many things have gone on in the past two days. I'm dealing with them one by one.

Once I'm done, I'll think things through."

"I know you're busy, so I've already thought about it on your behalf." Newton turned to

look at Javier, his eyes menacing and sharp. "Jasper has given his all to the Beckett Group

as its CEO all these years but never complained even once.

"I've noticed your strong opposition to preventing him from joining the board of directors,

but I've never commented.

"You know our family's situation best. Justin is crippled, and neither Betty nor Lauren is

suited to take over the business. The only person who could do so is Jasper.

## Chapter 1522

It was public knowledge that Newton, despite retiring from his role as the Beckett Group's

chairman, held the company stocks and remained the shareholder and the honorary chairman across many other companies.

He remained in control of Brighton Technology and Alcove Co. Although Javier was eager

to get his hands on the two companies, Newton refused to give him the opportunity.

However, Newton had breezily given Jasper power in the two companies, which was

clearly an act of favoritism. It was also a subtle declaration that Jasper was the "chosen

one" and the heir of Beckett Group.

"Why are you quiet? Do you disagree with my decision?" Newton asked coldly.

"I'm sure you have thought over it carefully," Javier replied.

After a pause, Javier added, "But you've given Jasper too much stock ownership when he's

still young. I worry that he might feel pressured by it. It's also a distraction that might

affect his growth in the future."

"I know what Jasper is capable of. Even if the sky falls, he'll be able to handle it. You don't

have to worry about a thing when he's the president of Beckett Group. He's always

managed to solve the problems. Isn't that right? He's driven by challenges. Put pressure

on him, and you'll help him release his potential.

"Besides, he's going to marry the Taylors' daughter in the future. Winston Taylor is the

wealthiest man in Belbanks. My grandson needs to hold some wealth to measure up to the

Taylors. I can't have them looking down at him. It's not like he's marrying up," Newton said

aloud as he pictured the future marriage of Jasper and Alyssa as well as his great-grandchildren.

Javier had wanted to talk back, but he held his tongue out of fear of provoking Newton into

transferring more power to Jasper.

Newton leaned back into the chair and waved dismissively at the glum-looking Javier. "You

may leave the car. I'm about to have dinner with my grandson and my granddaughter-in-

law. I don't want to ruin the mood, so I'm not inviting you."

Jameson was abroad in Mosgravia in an artistically decorated room looking out to a maple

grove. Birds chirped around them, which reminded Jameson of the idyllic towns of Cyrris.

A digital chessboard was displayed on a huge screen in the room. Jameson was playing

chess with a man who was seated behind a curtain.

In front of Jameson was a crystal chess set. Every time he made a move, it would be

reflected digitally on the screen.

"Mr. Jameson, you should spend more time with your mom since you're in Mosgravia. You

don't have to entertain me," the mysterious man remarked with a smile.

Jameson replied courteously, "Sir, you have my loyalty. I'm not entertaining you."

"You've done a lot during this time. However, after Sophia Kirkman's downfall, I fear that

Jasper Beckett and Alyssa Taylor might redirect their attention to you. You need to be

prepared. You shouldn't fall into their trap."

"I will take note of that." The light in Jameson's eyes dimmed

"I'll get that done as soon as possible. I won't keep you waiting for long."

"Sheryl, Jameson's tea is getting cold. Get him a new cup," the man instructed with a

knowing smile.

Chapter 1523

"Mr. Schmidt, here's some Vintage Narcissus tea that was flown in this morning. Please

have a taste," said Sheryl Gillis.

She deftly and elegantly prepared the tea for Jameson, which was an art form in itself.

Soon, she served him a new cup of hot tea. The fair lady stood there amid the steam from

the tea and the subtle tea scent wafting in the air. She radiated a captivating yet distant

presence, a combination of contradictory traits that strangely complemented each other.

Indeed, those who worked for the man were the cream of the crop who were carefully

nurtured. Troublesome employees would have already been removed early on

"Thank you, Ms. Gillis." Jameson raised his cup, but his gaze remained fixed on her.

She bore a resemblance to a particular someone—the woman whom he had loved for a

long time.

"Mr. Schmidt, is there something on my face?" Sheryl wondered with a gentle smile.

"No. Sorry. That was rude." He quickly looked away with astonishment.

The man behind the curtains laughed. "Sheryl, you're too beautiful. People are naturally

attracted to beauty.

"Mr. Schmidt, how does Sheryl compare to Lyse?"

Feeling surprised, Jameson trod carefully. "My apology, sir. Sheryl is great, but Lyse

remains my only love in this lifetime. She's the most beautiful lady in my eyes, which no

one could ever replace."

The man chuckled and sipped on the tea. "How loyal of you! But have you heard about

this saying— that the loyal one in love suffers the most regrets?"

"I don't mind having regrets. I will willingly lose to Lyse." Jameson smiled wryly. Memories

of their tense confrontation on the flight still pained his heart.

"Mr. Schmidt, don't speak that way, or it might come true. Sir would be the first to feel

sorry for you if you're defeated by Ms. Alyssa, while she might or might not care.

"Without you, sir would lose a right-hand man. How is he going to run his business in

Kontina? It's difficult to find a decision-maker as capable as you," Sheryl said with a smile.



The man said to her, "Oh, don't worry about it. You'll have a chance to meet her."

Jameson paused in the middle of drinking tea and shot a doubtful glance at Sheryl.

He thought, "Did Sheryl just say 'meet her again'? Has Sheryl met Alyssa before?  
How is

that possible?"

## Chapter 1524

The look in Jameson's eyes hardened. "Sophia Kirkman is no longer of use. If you  
look

around the Beckett Group, there's no one to keep Jasper Beckett in check—he's the  
only

one in power.

"I'm concerned that Javier Beckett might hand Jasper more power out of guilt for  
his son

and his late wife, as well as pressure from Newton Beckett. If that happens, Jasper  
will be

invincible."

The man said calmly, "Let's play chess." Then, he moved his chess piece.

Jameson pursed his lips. He was about to make his move when the man smiled and

remarked, "Mr. Schmidt, why are you so insistent that I go back to Solana City  
soon?"

"Is it truly for my best, or are you doing this for yourself to gain a helping hand?  
Are you

using me against Jasper Beckett to get your hands on Ms. Alyssa?"

"No, sir. Everything I do is in your interest. That surely wasn't my intention."  
Jameson

broke out in cold sweat as he professed his loyalty.

"I don't mind lending a helping hand. But looking back, nothing comes out of  
helping you.

Your relationship with Ms. Alyssa is stalled, and you only seem to be pushing her  
further

away.

"You should rely on yourself instead of others. It's useless to depend on others'  
help," the

man spoke, sounding like a wise elder.

"Mr. Schmidt, didn't you ask for aphrodisiac from sir? Haven't you used it?" Sheryl  
blinked

at Jameson as though she was thinking out of consideration for him. "If it's not  
much of

help, we can share the latest drug developed by the research center with you.

"It's more potent. I believe the new drug will make Ms. Alyssa listen to you.  
There's no

shame in taking a shortcut in matters of the heart."

Frowning, Jameson gripped his teacup tightly.

The man put on a serious tone. "Enough, Sheryl. Stop teasing him. The drug DAD0044 has

entered the trial phase, but we ran into a minor issue."

Jameson sat up straight. "Please go on."

"My research center has invested a significant amount of money and effort into developing this drug. Our goal is to be the global leader in developing a cure for Parkinson's disease.

"If the trial of drug DAD0044 succeeds, we will make a huge contribution to the medical

field, not to mention the astronomical profits we'll make."

As the breeze lifted the curtains, the man laughed melodiously. "When that happens, the

four esteemed families will be no match for me. Buying out the Beckett Group will be a

cakewalk."

Jameson's eyes lit up with excitement. He leaned forward. "Sir, Parkinson's disease shares

a connection with Alzheimer's. Could drug DAD0044 possibly... cure Alzheimer's too?"

The man nodded after he read Jameson's mind. He explained, "Once drug DAD0044 is

successfully launched, we'll not be far from curing your mom of Alzheimer's."

Jameson's voice trembled in agitation when he found a sliver of hope for his mom, who

had suffered from Alzheimer's for years. "Sir, let me know if you have any issues. I'll do

anything to help you out."

The man leisurely sipped on the tea. Sheryl spoke out for him, "We received intel that the

Lovelace Pharmaceuticals in Cyrris are developing similar drugs. Their progress is slightly

ahead of us.

"We repeatedly attempted to send our man into the company to get their research data,

but we failed. This will negatively impact sir's plan of developing the drug.

Jameson furrowed his brows. "Sir, do you want me to disrupt their research? To be honest,

I can't possibly achieve what you've failed to do—"

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Sheryl lifted a box from the table. She approached Jameson and placed the box in front of

him.

She glared at him. "Sir wants like you to test the drug on humans."

"Test it on. humans?" Jameson looked stunned. He felt suffocated at the thought of it.

Chapter 1525

"Mr. Schmidt, are you scared?" Sheryl scoffed. "Even I have heard of your actions in

Kontina. We're only looking for some sacrifices to achieve a huge goal for mankind. Do you

not have the heart to do it?"

Jameson cast a menacing look at Sheryl's mocking expression. In no way did she resemble

Alyssa. Alyssa was the shining light in his otherwise dark and hopeless life. She was a

butterfly dancing in a cold abyss.

To him, Alyssa was an angel. Sheryl was nothing more than sir's pretty, obedient, and

dutiful weapon.

"Sheryl, that's inappropriate. After all, lives are involved. It makes sense for Mr. Schmidt to

give it a serious thought." The man laughed amicably but betrayed a hint of authority.

Jameson's breathing grew heavy. He whispered, "I will carry out the mission you entrust to

me, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Schmidt. When you start the trials, I need your men to record the trial

data and observe the participants' responses. Sheryl will gather the details and email

them to you." The man's smile deepened. He seemed satisfied with Jameson's answer.

"One question, sir. Does drug DAD0044 come with any side effects?" Jameson adjusted his

glasses with a wary look.

"Well, some obvious side effects are delirium and spasms. We're still looking out for any

hidden side effects." Sheryl placed a finger under her chin as if she was thinking. "It's...

Hmm. probably similar to drug withdrawal symptoms."

Jameson curled his fingers. "Sir, I have one more question. Why don't you complete your

Ads by Pubfuture

trials in Mosgravia? The industry is less regulated here than in Cyrris.

"Besides, I'm not exactly on good terms with Jasper Beckett and Alyssa. They might be

keeping tabs on me. I would love to help you, but I'm not in a favorable situation. I'm

afraid I'll only ruin your plans."

"As our headquarters is in Mosgravia, I do not want to start any trouble here and ruin my

plans. I want you to carry out the trials in Cyrris as an escape plan," explained the man.

"An escape plan?"

"When needed, we can shift the blame onto Lovelace Pharmaceuticals."

Given Jameson's wits, he likely had a clear idea of what to do.

The man added, "I found the perfect trial participant for you. Since drug DAD0044's side

effects are similar to drug withdrawal symptoms, we can test it on a frequent drug user

and fool the authorities."

Jameson nodded with a look of realization. "Got it. Sir, thanks for the tips."

"Checkmate. Good game, Mr. Schmidt."

Sheryl stared coldly at Amber, who resembled Alyssa.

## Chapter 1526

"Ms. Altman, it's been a while. You still look as lovely as before," the man complimented

Amber with a gentle smile.

Amber looked stoic and cold. She lowered her gaze and replied humbly, "Sir, thanks for

the compliment."

"You're indeed a woman groomed by Mr. Schmidt. You're gentle, demure, and gracious.

Sometimes, I feel that you're Alyssa Taylor herself. You're the best substitute I've ever

seen."



Amber kept her silence, but she looked glum. By describing her as a substitute, all his

prior compliments sounded sarcastic to her.

Jameson did not continue on that topic. Instead, he opened the box and revealed the antique vase to the man. "This is a Wiktorian-era pink frosted vase I got for you from a

Yoarkley auction. It's nothing special. I hope you don't mind it.

Sheryl lifted a brow in amusement. She had been keeping an eye on the vase for her

employer. In the end, an anonymous buyer won the bid with 50 million dollars. She had

not expected the buyer to be Jameson.

She thought, "Mr. Schmidt is indeed a thoughtful lapdog."

The man nodded softly. "Mr. Schmidt, that's very thoughtful of you. I'll need your help on

drug DAD0044."

Jameson nodded at him. "Don't worry. I'll give it my best."

After Jameson and Amber left, silence fell on the scented room.

"Sir, whose face do you think is prettier—my face that you sculpted or Amber's that

resembles Alyssa Taylor?" Sheryl gently placed her hand on the man's shoulder and

whispered into his ear.

He smiled and patted his thigh. She obediently walked over and kneeled in front of him.

Then, she looked up at him with a tender gaze on her radiant face.

"Amber might be a carbon copy of Alyssa Taylor, but she'll never be her. She's a low-grade

substitute that Jameson Schmidt created to satisfy his desire." The man leaned forward

and placed a finger under her chin.

He lifted her chin slowly. "You are just you. You're a work of art I meticulously crafted. That

boring substitute is no match for my art piece."

Sheryl's eyes glinted when she heard his words. To her, he was an omniscient deity who

categorized the beings in the world into two—those who belonged to him and those who

did not. She did not mind being described as an item.

"Sir, please forgive my bluntness." Kneeling on the floor, Sheryl started massaging his leg.

"I think this is the best opportunity for you to hit back.

"As Jameson Schmidt had said, the best way to manipulate a man is by gaining his

sympathy. I'm worried that Javier Beckett might hand the Beckett Group to Jasper out of

guilt."

The man chuckled. "No, he won't."

Sheryl opined, "Now that Sophia Kirkman is done for, there's no reason to keep Betty

Beckett in the family. Why don't you reveal the secret and get rid of both mother and

daughter? A useless chess piece will only be an eyesore in the game."

"We've not reached the end yet. How would you know she's useless?"

Sheryl was surprised by the remark.

Sheryl smirked. "Is Jameson Schmidt one of those chess pieces?"

Sophia had appealed against the sentence on the same day. Ten days later, the appellate

court affirmed the sentence, which meant that she would still face the death penalty.

## Chapter 1527

Sophia reminisced about her life. She had lived a glorious life. However, to achieve that,

she always had to sacrifice a person to reach a greater height.

Anne Bartley was her first victim. Never had she thought that the woman, who was dead

for two decades, would be the nail in her coffin.

Sophia had long regretted killing Anne. Anne didn't have to die. Keeping Anne around

wouldn't have affected anything.

However, Sophia acted like she was under a spell at that time. She harbored a strong

resentment against Anne. On top of that, she banked on Javier's affection and acted lawlessly, thinking that she could do anything she liked under his protection.

Alas, Javier's love was nothing but an illusion.

Sophia pulled her hair out and held strands of gray hair in her hands. The pain kept her

sober. She had finally seen through Javier's selfishness and heartlessness.

He had never loved her. She didn't believe he loved Anne either. Otherwise, why would he

easily believe that Anne had taken her own life?

Sophia widened her bloodshot eyes. Like a madwoman, she repeatedly mumbled, "Javier

Beckett... One day, karma will get you. You'll pay for your heartlessness! I'll watch that

from the heavens!"

One day, Sophia had visitors at the prison.

"Kirkman, you have visitors."

As Sophia was a convicted felon, she wore handcuffs and ankle cuffs when she was led

into the visitation room.

Due to the mental pressure and the strain of the dim environment on her eyes, she suffered from a drastic decline in her eyesight. She couldn't make out people or things

that were ten feet away.

She stood there like a skeleton with a blank expression. Feeling utterly dejected, she

wanted to decline the visit now that no one cared about her.

Still, she was curious about the identity of the visitors who would take the time to visit her.

"Who are you?"

Mom.

Sophia's dull eyes wavered. Then, she stumbled to the glass window that separated her

from the visitors, accompanied by the rattling sounds of her ankle cuffs.

Her vision finally focused on Lauren's fair face.



She widened her eyes as she pressed her bony hands against the wall with might.  
She

gaped. After a while, she cautiously asked, "L-Lauren? Is that you? Are you Lauren?"

Lauren teared up when she met Sophia's eyes. The latter looked nothing like before.

Lauren nodded.

Landon stood beside her. He quickly wrapped an arm around her trembling shoulders and

gently caressed them.

He couldn't believe that the disheveled woman with grey hair was once the dazzling and

youthful wife of Javier Beckett.

Frowning, Landon was about to speak, but Lauren was ahead of him. She clarified, "I asked

Landon to bring me here."

In the next second, Sophia's reignited flame of hope was mercilessly put out by Lauren's

pointed remark.

Lauren explained, "I visit you not because I've forgiven you."

## Chapter 1528

Sophia's heart quivered in the face of Lauren's painful accusations.

She hated Jasper, but she admitted that he was good to Lauren, better than she'd ever treated Lauren.

Thinking back, Jasper didn't seem as despicable as he had seemed. Too bad there could only be one Mrs. Beckett.

Javier had made Anne her rival.

After a pause, she finally confessed, "I... Twas pregnant with Betty at that time. All I wanted was a recognition to give her a better life and future..." "Well, you got your recognition, didn't you? Dad acknowledged you, so you had achieved your goal. Why did you have to kill Jasper's mom?"

| Ml a - w Maa "Jasper never hated me or treated me badly even though I'm your daughter.

He and Alyssa treat me like their sister.

They show me love and care that I would otherwise never have the chance to experience. I owe them a lot. How could you be so cruel to him?" Lauren was no fool. She understood that Sophia was a selfish woman, and she knew how coldly Sophia had treated her. For that, she had grappled with self-blame and low self-esteem.

She despised herself for not being as healthy as Betty. She even blamed herself for not being a son, thinking that Newton might acknowledge Sophia if that was the case.

Lauren thought that if she was male, Sophia might not need to tread

carefully in the family and worry about consolidating her power or faking and scheming her way to a better life.

She had never thought that Sophia would kill for personal gain.

"If my life now is built on others' death, I would rather never have been born. I'd rather not be a Beckett!" Lauren growled with tears in her eyes.

She clenched her fists tightly and trembled violently in Landon's hold.

"Darling, calm down. No need to be angry." Landon panicked at Lauren's emotional outburst and held her tight.

He rested his chin on her head and gently coaxed her, "Darling, we agreed not to be angry no matter how the conversation went, didn't we? It will

only hurt you and affect your condition." Lauren gritted her teeth. She finally stabilized from a near-breakdown when she leaned in his comforting embrace.

Sophia did not blink at all. She wore a dim and remorseful expression as tears rolled down her cheeks. "I walked down the wrong path. I was obsessed with raising my status.

"I suffered enough from poverty when I was young. I'd been eating expired food and wearing old clothes. Because of that, I felt ashamed of myself. Later, I was scouted into the entertainment industry. There, I poured in all my effort to climb up the ranks, all because I couldn't stand a poor life anymore."

"Did you know how Jasper's mom suffered?" Landon was infuriated in the face of Sophia's whining. He had no sympathy for her at all. "Anne spent five years in the slums with Jasper when the Beckett family refused to acknowledge him.

"She couldn't work since she was weak. Jasper was only five when he had to support himself and Anne so that they wouldn't starve to death.

"All she wanted was a hot meal. Even if Javier took her back to the Beckett family, and even if he had you as a mistress, she never thought of fighting you for the title of Mrs. Beckett. You were the selfish and greedy one, killing an innocent woman just to achieve your goal. You nearly killed Jasper too, you know?

"Sophia Kirkman, I know you're Lauren's mom, but I need to say this aloud—you deserve the death sentence!" Lauren watched Sophia cry as she fought the feelings of pain and resentment. She choked on her tears as she struggled to speak.

"I know it's too late for me to say anything. I'll pay for the crimes I committed and for Anne's death." Sophia's tear-streaked face was nearly pressing against the glass window.

She stared at Lauren with widened eyes. "Lauren, this is all my fault. You have nothing to do with it. So, please don't do anything silly.

"Live well. You're still young. Besides, Landon loves you so much. You will have a bright, happy future

| ahead..." Then, Sophia cast a worried glance at Landon. "Landon, you'll treat Lauren well, won't you? You'll marry her, right?" Landon tightened his grip on Lauren's shoulder. He fixed a determined gaze on Sophia. "I will marry no one but Lauren Beckett." "Good... That's good..." Sophia smiled in relief and wiped away her tears.

"Lauren, you'll need some wedding gifts in the future. I have a few pieces of halcyon gemstones that I keep in my bedside safe. The password is 0814.

Take them with you. That's all I can give you." The password was the date she married into the Beckett family. She had been proud of what she had accomplished,

but now, it all meant nothing.

"That's fine..." Lauren shook her head with tears in her eyes. i "Indeed. Lauren doesn't need anything when she marries me," Landon turned down Sophia's offer with a frosty look.

"Kirkman, time's up!" the warden's cold voice echoed in the air.

Upon hearing that, Sophia's heart sank. Her fingers, pressed against the glass, curled up like she was attempting to clutch onto something.

"Mom, goodbye." Lauren slowly rose from her seat. Landon wrapped an arm around her waist as the couple wandered toward the metal gate.

"Lauren!"

The couple halted in their tracks when Sophia called out to Lauren.

""Beware of your sister." Sophia wanted to say "Ilove you" to Lauren, but she felt that she didn't have the right to say that as a convicted felon. €» Lauren did not turn around to look at her. From that moment onward, she would neither get to see Sophia again nor wish to do so.

As the metal gates swung shut, Sophia cried her heart out. Sophia recalled carrying baby Lauren, repeatedly singing lullabies, and telling stories to Lauren. That was a wonderful time in her life.

If Sophia had a chance, she'd like to restart her life. Given the chance, she'd like to be a good mother.

## Chapter 1529

Landon hugged Lauren as they exited the prison. Despite being enveloped in his warmth, she still

trembled in his arms.

"Darling, you..." He pursed his lips as he struggled to find the right words to say to her.

What should he say to comfort Lauren? He thought, "It's not like I can tell her, 'Let's come again' or 'I'm

sorry for your loss.'"

"Landon." Head hung low and eyes teary, she said, "Thank you. Thank you for letting me see my mom

for the last time. That's enough for me. I will not ask you for anything else."

"Darling, what are you talking about?" Worried, he plopped onto one knee in front of her and grabbed

her hand.

He cast a frantic look at her misty eyes. "What do you mean you'll not ask me for anything else? What's

the point of having me around? I will lose my motivation in the competition for power. What will I live

for?"

"Landon." Her voice trailed off as she stumbled back shyly.

"Just let me know anything you want. No matter what it is, I'll try my best to fulfill your request." His

heart pained when he recalled the way she spiraled in front of him. He choked on emotions. "Lauren.

you're the one I love. I so wish I could give you the world.

"I was wrong for taking away your right to meet your mom for the last time. I swear that won't happen

again."

Feeling moved, she threw herself at him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a

tight hug. She mumbled, "I lost my mom."

"Don't worry. You still have me, Jasper, and Alyssa. Oh, you have your grandpa, too." He caressed her

back and announced, "Darling, don't cry. Take my hand, and I'll make you the happiest woman in the

world."

He was confident in his courage and patience in their relationship. The only thing he feared was that he

wouldn't be good enough for her. He feared upsetting her, as it might lead to a distance between them.

Angelina stood by her car and watched the touching scene from afar. Her lips curled up into a

contented smile.

Landon finally had someone to build a family with. She hoped that his relationship with Lauren would

last forever.

Later, Angelina drove Landon and Lauren back. The luxury car cruised down Solana City's bustling

streets.

"Darling, why don't we go out and have fun? Do you want to attend art exhibitions in Yoarkley, watch

the northern lights at Archenland, or pigeon-feeding at Genovia Square?" He passionately took her

hand and kissed the back of it.

Hearing that, Angelina stared at him through the rearview mirror and reminded him in a low voice, "Mr.

Landon, the board meeting is around the corner. You need to make the preparations for your official

appointment..."

"Nothing can take away my time with Lauren," said Landon with a gleam in his eyes.

He hugged Lauren on the waist. "Besides, what else is there to prepare for? The president is either me



or Prepillon Preston. If Grandpa's still clear-minded, he would know that he'll doom the company by

handing it over to him. Harper Group will be mine and no one else's."

"That's right." Angelina was well aware of the reasoning. Still, she had her concerns. "I'm just worried

that Preston might make a move. He's known to keep a high profile. Yet, he has laid low since he failed

to win the racecourse hotel project. That worries me. Something feels off, so you better watch out for

him."

Landon refused to discuss business competition in front of Lauren. He beamed softly and croaked,

"Darling, have you made up your mind?"

To be honest, Lauren wasn't in the mood for anything. However, she knew that her low spirits would

affect Landon. So, she tried to appear cheerful and suggested casually, "I. I'm thinking of visiting

Solana City Arts Academy sometime."

Chapter 1530

Ever since Sophia's sentencing and Betty's public humiliation by Javier in the court corridor, Betty felt

as if she had lost her status in the family. Javier had lost any remaining affection for her.

Betty had been living her life relying on Sophia and enjoying the wealth from corruption. To her, money was nothing.

However, things were different now that Sophia had met her downfall. Sophia's private assets were

frozen for investigation. Unfortunately, Betty had saved all her wealth under Sophia's account, so she

had nothing to her name now.

Apart from two properties given to her by Javier, two luxury cars, and three million dollars in her personal bank account, she had nothing left.

Betty, used to an extravagant and debauched life, could not accept the feeling of poverty. Javier would

notice if she sold off the cars and properties for money. What could she do with a mere three million

dollars? Even her tips to the male hosts were worth more than that!

After two days of racking her brains, she suddenly thought of the safe by Sophia's bedside. The

halcyon gemstones probably had not been confiscated by the authorities. If sold, they would be worth

at least 100 million dollars.

At that thought, Betty scrambled to Sophia's bedroom and reached for the bedside safe. She carried

the safe over to the table and cast a greedy look at the password lock.

After ten or so attempts, her fingers went numb. She had tried all possible combinations of meaningful

numbers to the Beckett family and Sophia, but she failed to unlock the safe.

"Fuck! Why would she set a complicated password? It's not like she could take the gemstones to the

grave!" She jumped in anger and rushed to get a big hammer.

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When she re-entered Sophia's room with the hammer, she was stunned by the scene that greeted her.

Jasper and Landon were in the room.

"W-Why are you here?" Trembling, she took a step backward.

She had always felt excited when she met Landon. However, she had nothing but fear for Landon now.

Jasper sat straight on the couch with a frosty look on his face. He didn't bother to look at Betty at all.

"I'm here to take what belongs to Lauren." Landon leaned against the table with a mocking look in his

eyes. He patted the safe and explained, "And what belongs to Lauren is contained in this safe."

Betty's eyes wavered in shock. Her voice turned shrill. "W-What nonsense is that? Nothing here

belongs to her! Do not touch that safe. My mom left it to me!"

Landon arched his brow in amusement. As stubborn as always, he suddenly slapped hard on the safe

three times.

Argh! Stop slamming it!" Betty stomped anxiously, worried that the gemstones might break.

Jasper cast a speechless look at his childish friend. Sometimes, he found it hard to believe that Landon

was the future patriarch of the Harper family. He could only hope that Landon wouldn't lead the Harper

Group to its demise.

"This is my home, and this is my mom's room! The safe contains the inheritance she left behind for me.

D-Don't you ever dream of taking them from me!" She glowered at the two guys and started yelling in

frustration.

Soon, she watched in shock as Landon keyed in the four-digit password and opened the safe with

ease. She gaped at him in disbelief. "How... How did you get the password? Even I don't have it!"

"I told you the things in this safe don't belong to you. Sophia left it to Lauren." He cocked his head and

grinned evilly at her. "If you want the stuff in the safe, maybe make a final visit to your mom and talk her

into doing that. She might end up leaving some valuables for you.

"Act fast, though. She's not going to be around for long."

Betty nearly fainted from the resentment. Did Sophia share the safe's password with Lauren, and was

Landon here to get the stuff on Lauren's behalf?

She thought, "Lauren, you dumb bitch. You're pretty clear-minded at important moments like these,

aren't you?"

Jasper spoke, "There's a lot of stuff in the safe. Shall I tell Barry to get you a box?"

"It's fine. I brought one myself." Landon took out a foldable bag from his pants pocket. In a clean move,

he swept the expensive gemstones into the bag.

Jasper's eyebrows twitched in surprise. Landon looked exactly like a robber.

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A long silence later, she finally burst out crying.

Her phone rang at the moment. She wiped away the tears and snot on her face and squinted her

swollen eyes at the screen.

The caller was someone she hadn't heard from in a long time.

"Hah! Quit the nonsense. Aren't you spending the rest of your life in Yoarkley now? You're barred from

returning to Solana City."