

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2430

Hell on Earth? This place resembled a decrepit hospital. But why had Sheryl described it as hell on Earth"?

Amber's body convulsed uncontrollably, her consciousness flickering between clarity and haze. Fragments of memory surfaced-a dim recollection of drinking with Carl in the cellar after The Millennium's closure. She'd despised working with Carl but had cozied up to him for the sake of extracting information.

Carl had revealed that "Sir" was deeply entrenched in the pharmaceutical industry. With connections to Mosgravia's government officials and elite circles, "Sir" wielded considerable power and ran a thriving business.

Since his business revolved around pharmaceuticals, clinical trials were inevitable. To facilitate this, Sir owned a private hospital in Mosgravia.

That hospital, however, was merely a façade. Beneath its sterile exterior, three basement levels housed patients-unwilling subjects for experimental drugs.

Amber shivered. This place bore an uncanny resemblance to Carl's grim description. Could this be where Justin and Sheryl conducted their drug experiments?

Scoffing through her labored breaths, Amber mustered a response. "Hell on Earth? D-Did you think... I'd be... afraid?"

She fixed Sheryl with a defiant glare, her chest heaving with effort. Determined to go down fighting, Amber added, "All those days by Jameson's side... were hell.. It's... just death... W

What's there... to fear?"

Sheryl's face twisted in fury. "It's just death? In your dreams!"

Grabbing Amber's chin, she hissed, "Listen carefully, you bitch. I am a god here. I control everything here. If I'm in a good mood, I might go easy on you. Otherwise, I'll make you beg for death."

Amber's eyes betrayed no emotion, a stoic defiance that only deepened Sheryl's frustration. Fuming, Sheryl slapped her. "To hell with Jameson! He was just one of Sir's lackeys, and you? You're nothing but a pet he trained. A slut who's slept with countless men!

"Now that you're with Axel and backed by the Taylor family, you think you've become someone Important? If Axel saw how you served the other men, he'd never want you. You're a disgusting piece of shit!

Amber's lashes fluttered, and tears slid down her cheeks. Sheryl's words mirrored her darkest fears, and hearing it from her amplified its cruelty.

There are some things I can share with you since you won't escape this place anyway." Stroking Amber's tear-streaked face, she continued sinisterly, "I killed Jameson."

Amber's eyes widened at that

"And Jimmy wasn't the only one. So don't provoke me-you have no idea what I'm capable of.

With that, Sheryl strode out like a victor, flanked by two medical staff. The heavy metal doors slammed shut, the deadbolt locking with a menacing finality.

Amber lay motionless, her body paralyzed except for her eyes. She gazed at the blinking green light of the surveillance camera in the top corner.

She prayed-not for rescue, but for Alyssa and Jasper to find her lost phone and the evidence she'd hidden beneath the tree. They were her last hope to expose Justin's darkness.

Late that night, Sheryl emerged from the final ward after logging data from a new experiment.

Remy stood motionless in the corridor, his imposing presence radiating a chilling intensity.

She broke into an icy smile before slowly walking up to him. "That woman is locked up here. She will become one of Sir's many test subjects. At least, her life will serve a purpose."

Under the dim lighting, Remy's narrowed eyes glinted coldly. He exuded a menacing presence, like a predator on the verge of attack

Sheryl continued, her tone sharp. "Though you failed the task Sir assigned you, he's gracious enough not to punish you. Your loyalty has earned his leniency."

She retrieved a small plastic bottle from her lab coat a single blue pill inside the one she received from Justin.

"Sir noticed your medication supply was running low," she said, handing it to him. "This is an Improved formula. It'll ease your headaches significantly."

Remy studied the bottle, his eyes narrowed with suspicion.

After a moment of hesitation, he reached out and accepted it.