

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2432

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"Sir!" Sheryl shouted.

She was just about to get to Justin's side when two shots were fired near her feet. Screaming, she dropped to her knees, threw her arms over her head, and scurried under the table like a terrified animal.

The air in the room grew heavy with menace.

Justin, known as the devil of the night, was a man who thrived on chaos. His power and influence stretched across continents, and he'd faced countless threats without flinching.

But as his visitor approached, an unfamiliar dread coiled in his chest. His hands gripped the couch's armrests so tightly that his knuckles turned white. The terror was suffocating.

"Get out, all of you," the man commanded, his voice cold and sharp.

The man remained fixated solely on Justin while Justin's guests fled in terror.

"Help! Somebody!" Sheryl screamed, her voice muffled as she cowered under the table.

No help would come. Outside, the others were either unconscious or dead.

A deafening bang shattered the silence. The man fired his gun at the table, the bullet splintering the wood and shattering the glass. Shards rained down on Sheryl, cutting into her face, arms, and legs. Blood seeped from the wounds, and she trembled uncontrollably.

The pain left her paralyzed. She barely suppressed the urge to cry out, fearing the man's next move-she almost peed herself.

Justin, still seated on the couch, met his attacker's gaze as the man closed the distance between them. His instinct to flee kicked in, but a powerful kick sent him and the couch sliding backward before he could act.

"Ugh!" Justin groaned, clutching his chest as he doubled over in pain, his face pale and strained.

A gun barrel pressed against his forehead.

At such close range, Justin realized who his attacker was. The truth was, he had already suspected their identity the moment they stepped through the door.

"Why, Axel... Mr. Axel."

"Don't call me that," Axel growled. "I'm just a man on the edge, a man who lost his wife."

With one hand, Axel tore off his black mask, revealing his face. His fury burned brighter now that he stood face-to-face with Justin. "You fucking cripple. Give me back my wife."

Sheryl's heart nearly stopped. Listening from her hiding spot, she realized Axel had come for them far sooner than expected. And if Axel was here, Jasper and Alyssa couldn't be far behind.

If Axel ever found out the truth-that Amber had suffered unspeakable torment under her control-he would surely exact a vengeance beyond imagining. The

notion alone left Sheryl shaking uncontrollably; her hands pressed tightly against her face.

Justin's lips curled into a sinister smirk. His dark, wicked eyes betrayed nothing. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said, feigning ignorance.

"You fucking cripple, enough of your games. We know all about the filth you've been hiding." Axel leveled the gun directly between Justin's eyes, his gaze cold and unrelenting. "I'll ask you one last time-where is Amber?" "I don't know."

Before Justin could finish his sentence, a deafening bang erupted near his ear, leaving him reeling. The pain was excruciating, as though his eardrum had been torn apart.

He let out a guttural cry, his body convulsing as he gasped for breath. Clutching his left ear, he arched forward, trembling uncontrollably.

Terror overwhelmed Sheryl, so much so that her jaw dropped, unable to utter a single word.

Blood dripped steadily, forming a crimson pool on the floor.

Justin, with his eyes wide and bloodshot, lowered his head slowly. Staring at the piece of flesh on his palm, he heaved. Fury burned within him like never before.

This moment of agony and humiliation was worse than the torment he endured when he was abducted and degraded two decades ago.

"S-Sir..." Sheryl stammered, her gaze darting between Justin's mangled ear and his contorted anguished expression. His once-refined face now resembled a beast on the verge of unleashing its fury.

Never had she seen Justin in such a degrading state, and little did she know, the image of his twisted face, consumed by pain and rage, would haunt her memories for the rest of her life.