

# CAN'T WIN ME BACK

## Chapter 2463

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The bar was alive with striking lights and thundering music, and the air was thick with the scent of tobacco and alcohol. The atmosphere was one of moral decay-corrupt, degrading, and vile.

"Where's Julien?" Jonah's voice cut through the noise, his tone icy and sharp.

When Jonah stepped inside, the eyes of several men turned toward him, their gazes filled with illicit intent.

"Why, hello there. Are you here alone? Are you feeling lonely?"

A sexy man sauntered over, draping himself over Jonah's shoulders. He let his hands linger with a playful squeeze. "If you're bored, I'd be happy to keep you company."

Jonah's expression darkened. His hands trembled, veins bulging with barely contained rage.

Suddenly, Evan burst through the crowd, his face twisting in alarm at the sight of Jonah surrounded by a swarm of predatory men.

Evan yelled, "Don't touch him!"

A heavy thump reverberated through the room. Gasps erupted as people scrambled back.

The man who had draped himself over Jonah now lay crumpled on the floor, groaning in pain. Jonah hadn't even moved from his spot.

Evan exhaled in relief. It was okay for Jonah to brawl so long as his actions were morally justifiable. "Where's Julien?" Jonah repeated, stepping over the man without a second glance and closing in on Evan. "H-He's at the bar. Let me walk you there."

"No need," Jonah rasped, eyes already scanning the crowd.

Even amidst the chaos, Jonah's commanding presence drew every gaze in the room.

Evan watched him go, his mind whirring. Jonah was right-Julien and Blake were polar opposites.

Blake was gentle and quiet, with a demeanor so unassuming that it bordered on demure. He wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this, let alone interacting with such shady men.

Jonah once said that being with Blake made him feel safe and content, leading Evan to believe he sought a loving and understanding partner.

Julien, however, shattered that assumption. While strikingly handsome and bearing a resemblance to Blake, Julien was volatile and unyielding the polar opposite of everything Blake represented.

Evan had initially believed Jonah's tolerance of Julien stemmed from his attractive face, but now he wasn't so sure. Jonah was undeniably in love with Julien, and it wasn't just about his looks anymore. He loved the whole package, the flaws, the rebelliousness-everything. He might even have loved Julien more than he ever loved Blake.

In a light purple shirt, Julien's drunken gaze was unfocused. With a few buttons undone, his sculpted collarbone and a hint of pale skin were visible as a man refilled his glass.

A man leaned toward him with a hungry gleam in his eyes. "I noticed you the moment I walked in," the man said. " You're my ideal type."

The corny pick-up line earned Julien a wide, sarcastic smile. Turning his cheek to the man, he deliberately displayed his scar. "And now?" he asked, his voice dripping with irony. "Still your ideal type?"

The cross-shaped scar on Julien's face initially startled the man, his eyes widening in surprise. But the shock quickly gave way to something else, something akin to awe. He reached out, his touch gentle, and whispered, " You're mesmerizing... To me, you are my Venus."

But Julien didn't give him a chance. He stood abruptly, hopped onto a bench, and leaped onto the stage, where a half-naked pole dancer swayed to the beat.

Julien joined in, grinding to the music with a reckless abandon that made the crowd's eyes lock onto him.

The man who had approached him practically drooled. Just as he began climbing onto the stage, a hand seized his wrist with crushing force. A loud crack echoed through the room.

The man let out a yelp as he was lifted into the air and slammed to the floor.

The crowd gasped.

Jonah towered over him, pressing his boot hard against the man's abdomen until he gagged.noveldrama

"If he's Venus," Jonah said, his voice a growl, "do you know who I am?"

The man whimpered, trembling as his face paled.

"I'm Mars."

Jonah stepped past him without a backward glance, his gaze locked on Julien as he swiftly mounted the stage.

Lost in the music and the haze of alcohol, Julien was blissfully unaware of the man before him, whose bloodshot eyes were filled with affection and unshed tears.