

Can't Win Me Back

#Chapter 2464 –

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Jonah's gaze burned with a mix of longing, sorrow, and something deeply affectionate.

The world swam back into focus as Julien looked at Jonah. Without preamble, he asked, "Are you new? How much do you charge per night?"

Light-headed and grinning, Julien reached out a hand, his fingers brushing softly against Jonah's cheek. "You're pretty good-looking," he said, his voice slurred. Then his expression shifted. "Why do you... look so much like someone I hate with every fiber of my being?"

Jonah's heart clenched. Even so, he slid his arms around Julien's waist. Trembling, he pulled Julien into his arms. "I'm new here. Could you help me meet my target tonight, Mr. Lovelace?"

Julien's eyes narrowed as he scrutinized Jonah.

Jonah's eyes teared up as he held Julien's waist tightly. "I promise you won't be disappointed," he said, his voice deep.

Watching from the shadows below the stage, Evan nearly gagged at Jonah's sultry tone. Was this really the Judas he knew? The man sounded downright flirtatious.

Julien shivered all over, the rasp of Jonah's voice and the heat of his breath against his neck setting off an unsettling current inside him.

Then, his vision sharpened and he saw that face clearly—the face of the man who had shattered him.

A jolt of anger shot through him. He struggled against Jonah's hold, but the alcohol had robbed him of his

strength. The fire in his eyes, though, remained undiminished. "Fuck off! Don't touch me!"

Jonah wasn't about to let Julien slip away again. In a swift, unexpected move, he swept Julien into a princess carry and leaped off the stage.

Gasps rippled through the crowd as Jonah strode out of the bar, unfazed by the stares.

Though Julien was five feet nine inches tall, Jonah held him effortlessly, as if he were meant to fit in his arms.

Evan followed silently, his mind spinning. Jonah had changed so much for Julien.

They slipped out of the bar quickly, Jonah's long strides unrelenting. As Evan was about to push the door open, something made him freeze. He turned back.

No one was there. But the hair on his neck prickled.

"Strange," he muttered, scratching his head. He could have sworn someone had been watching from the shadows.

"Jonah, fuck off! I don't want to see you!"

Jonah gently set Julien in the back seat of a luxury car. Julien trashed wildly, kicking and punching with drunken

rage.

Evan winced, just watching. Even drunk, Julien's blows were powerful enough to leave bruises.

But Jonah didn't flinch. His gaze remained soft, his hands careful. Every move was measured so as not to hurt Julien.

A belch escaped Julien, followed by a wave of nausea. The dancing had taken its toll. Now that he was still, his stomach rebelled. He lurched upright, flung his arms around Jonah, and promptly vomited all over Jonah's expensive haute couture suit.

Evan's soul practically left his body. A germaphobe by nature, he would have lost it if he were in Jonah's place. Yet, Jonah was utterly unconcerned about himself. He calmly pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and patiently wiped Julien's mouth.

Jonah, undeterred by his own soiled state, lavished care on Julien. He longed to gather him into his arms, regardless of the filth.

"Julien, what do I have to do for you to forgive me?"

He held Julien's shoulders, searching his face with desperate eyes. "Tell me what will it take for you to give me another chance?"

Julien scoffed, his gaze on Jonah icy as he clenched his jaw. Simultaneously, his heart seemed to seize in his chest. "Jonah, you want forgiveness? After everything? You

treated me like a substitute-like some toy to fill the void in your heart. You used me to vent all your emotions.

"You are a despicable man, Jonah. How dare you? Go to hell! Just go to hell! I'll forgive you when you're dead!"

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