

CAN'T WIN ME BACK

Chapter 2465

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Julien's merciless, hate-filled words hit Jonah like a ton of bricks. The pain was unbearable, a gut-wrenching ache that shattered his heart.

Under the dim lighting, Julien vaguely noticed a sorrowful tear forming at the corner of Jonah's eye. But before it could fall, Jonah forced a blink, swallowing his emotions whole.

Despite Jonah's attempt to brace himself, sorrow engulfed him, a tidal wave of despair. His features mirrored the devastation ripping through his heart.

As Evan opened the driver's side door, Julien lurched forward and vomited again. The sickening sound of him retching echoed in the air as if he were expelling everything inside him.

"Judas, Mr. Lovelace looks like he's suffering from alcohol poisoning. We should take him to the hospital."

Evan's worry deepened at Julien's condition.

Jonah wordlessly removed his suit jacket and began cleaning the mess in the car. His chest tightened painfully as he watched Julien groaning, clearly suffering.

Then, without hesitation, he pulled Julien into his arms.

Jonah knew Julien's alcohol tolerance. He wasn't the type to get drunk easily. For him to be this far gone, something must have driven him to the edge.

Something terrible.

"I'm parched... So parched... It's so warm..."

Julien's face burned, his gaze growing unfocused. He breathed a warm sigh that brushed Jonah's skin before his body went slack, sinking into Jonah's hold.

"Evan, what's happening? Julien's burning up!"

Jonah could feel the heat radiating through the skin of Julien's silk shirt.

"Judas, this isn't normal."

Evan, an experienced doctor, studied Julien's dazed expression. A sudden realization dawned on him. "Someone drugged Mr. Lovelace!"

Jonah's mind flashed back to the man who had been shamelessly flirting with Julien earlier. A sharp glint flashed in his eyes.

His hold on Julien tightened.

Without hesitation, he pulled out his phone. The conversation was short, his voice a clipped stream of venom. Minutes later, the man who had targeted Julien was dragged through the back exit of the bar and tossed into the grimy alley like refuse. He was soon swallowed by the darkness, his fate left unspoken but brutally clear.

"Judas, Mr. Lovelace is reaching his limit. We need to get him to the hospital immediately!" Evan exclaimed, his expression frantic.

"No need for that. I'm here."

Jonah's collar was rumpled, evidence of Julien's desperate hold. Additionally, his neck was marked by Julien's nails, yet Jonah's gaze remained unchanged, a well of tenderness and unwavering devotion.

"We're going to KS World Hotel," Jonah said.

A crescent moon hung in the night sky.

In the still, late hours, Seaview Manor was a place of quietude. Jasper, his countenance clouded, walked the length

of the grand corridor, pausing outside Javier's study.

He gave a sharp knock, and Javier's voice, rich and deep, sounded from beyond the door.

Pushing the door open, Jasper found Javier alone on the couch with a drink in hand.

"Dad, you have high blood pressure. You shouldn't be drinking like this."

Jasper

Jasper approached, leaning forward to push the half-empty whiskey bottle aside. He lowered his gaze, masking his inner turmoil.

Javier paused, glass still mid-air. When he lifted his gaze, it wasn't filled with its usual pride. Instead, his eyes were dark, heavy with something unreadable.

Jasper rarely saw Javier like this. Despite the confusion swirling within him, he held a serious expression. "Why did you summon me at this hour? Is it important?"

"Jasper..."

Javier took a slow, strained sip. His voice was hoarse and weary. "The board meeting is tomorrow. There's something you need to know in advance. I won't change my decision. Justin will remain as Beckett Group's president."

His lips parted as if to say more-perhaps an apology. But in the end, pride won. The words never left his mouth. He stifled the pang of guilt, permitting it to silently constrict his heart.

Jasper's faze was cold, unreadable. "Dad, I know you've always felt guilty about Justin. Now that he's back, you want to make it up to him. But whatever you do for him should never come at the expense of Beckett Group's future.

"You always taught me that, remember? I've held it close, always. Have you, however, neglected the principles you instilled in me?"

Javier's jaw tightened, his eyes refusing to meet Jasper's.

How could he possibly forget?