Once is chance, twice is coincidence, third time is a pattern.

by ItFeelsLikeTheEnd

Summary

A journey into Jude's and Zero's thoughts at the beginning of their not-relationship.
There's a first time for everything.

Taking the first step is hard, one of the hardest things to do, probably. But no one ever thinks about what comes after.

Jude was laying in his bed, all naked and sweaty. He had already had, without any doubt, the most incredible night of his life. It was all so weird and awkward, but so beautiful and perfect at the same time, that he couldn't believe it. He was there, tired and bared because he had spent the night having sex with Zero. He, Jude Kinkade, the new agent in town, the one no one had ever believed in - not even his father - had had hours and hours of passion and lust with one of the sexiest people in the world. The whole situation was so crazy itself, that he didn't even think about the fact that Zero was a guy, which means that he had had sex with another man. But he actually had sex with a man, with one of the biggest stars in the sport's business. He could play it cool, but it's something he had never thought it would have actually happened. Well, he clearly can't say that he had never thought about it, especially after the kiss in the limousine, but surely he had never thought it could be real.

But there he was, in this bed, that now seemed so big, cold and empty. He kept feeling Zero's lips on his, his hands all over his body, his tongue on that soft spot, their fingers intertwined, their eyes locked in each other's. But it had been more than two bodies becoming one. He remembered the jokes Zero had made so many times in these days, in which he had tried so hard to avoid him; he remembered the fake, nervous laugh he had had when he had told him he was going to meet Danny; he remembered the jealousy he had perceived in Zero's voice when he told him that Danny would have been fine; he remembered that stupid sentence that he had told him: "You don't even know the guy". What does it mean? Why did he tell him so? He's not a child and no one has offered him a dangerous "candy". Jude is an all-grown-up guy and people actually go out with other people to know them. It was a really stupid sentence. Jude replied that he would have gone there to actually know him better, but that hand on his chest, that gaze on himself made him shiver inside. And when Zero cupped his face to kiss him, he collapsed. He wanted it so bad, but, at the same time, he didn't want it to happen, because he was scared. Afraid to be gay. Afraid to care about someone else. Afraid to want it so bad. Afraid to love. Afraid to be loved. Because he always loves people who don't love him back. That's why he had broken the kiss after just a few moments.

Zero didn't understand, couldn't understand the reason behind Jude's action. Why did he break the kiss if he had been the first who had kissed him just a couple of days before? Why did he break the kiss after the "If I kissed you on that car..." speech? You can misunderstand a compliment, a nice word, a smile. But a kiss!? A kiss is a kiss. And if you kiss someone, it's because you like them. Maybe you like their body, maybe you like the way they make you feel, maybe you like what they can give you, but surely a kiss means "I want you". What's behind that message may be different for each kiss, but it's surely about desiring something they can give you: pleasure, love, both of them or fame-success-power-money. But Jude is a Kinkade, he clearly has money, power, success and it'll all grow, day after day, so Zero knew it wasn't about cash. And the way he always makes him feel, like he's important, like his more than just a player or a number, was a proof enough of Jude's interest. So, why did he stop it? But then he saw Jude's gaze. Those big, grey eyes were looking at him in a way he had never known before: there were lust and desire - which is something that Zero had seemed so many times in his life - but for the first time he felt something in his guts. Jude didn't want (only) his body. Jude wanted to be with him, in every way possible. Jude wanted Zero. Probably Jude wanted Gideon, because he knew who Gideon was even before Zero had opened up about his past, before he told him his story. Zero felt that and maybe it has been the reason why he had decided to kiss him, even if he was his only friend, even if it meant that he had to open up and show to someone he cared this unknown side of him. But then Jude kissed him back, he devoured his lips, he touched his body like his life was depending on that. Jude wanted him as much as Zero wanted him.
back. And they kissed. And they had sex. But it was more than that: they made love. It was a new whole world. Zero taught him how to have sex with a man. Jude taught him how to take care of someone and how to let someone else taking care of him - more than a pure, intimate thing. Zero was a real gentleman. The way he reassured him in front of this new world was so genuine that he would have left Zero doing to him whatever he wanted to. And Jude, always so insecure and shy, had immediately felt comfortable under his touch; he would have done anything he could desire or imagine to him. They had an amazing night, not awkward, not embarrassing. Their bodies were meant to love each other, they fitted perfectly, it all came so natural. It was meant to be. And Jude couldn't think about anything else, about what they had already done in his bed. Zero wasn't in that bed anymore; he was in his car, all dressed, but his thoughts were very similar. The only difference was the fact that he was scared because his mask was falling down with him, because he was scared that he might have ruined the only real friendship he had ever had; he was scared because Jude knew the truth. But, at the bottom of his heart, he knew that he didn't have to be scared, because it's Jude. And Jude is not like all the other people in the world. Jude is Jude. And that's all that matter.
We meet the people we are supposed to when the time is just right.

Chapter Summary

Jude and Zero meet in the Arena for the first time after their first night together.

When they met for the first time after that night, Jude thought it would have been awkward for both of them. He didn't know he was wrong. Actually, he wasn't really wrong, but Zero put on his mask and acted like nothing had happened. Maybe because they met in the Arena, surrounded by so many people. Maybe because Jude was working and Zero had already finished practicing. Jude was walking in the hallway with some guys from the management and Zero was walking in the opposite direction; it means that he was going dangerously close to him. Jude was visibly tense, while Zero was wearing his cockier smile and he greeted him with such a polite and kind "Hello Jude". Polite and kind, even though those words sounded so hot and sexy to him and they went down to his crotch. He felt like his lungs were missing air. But he couldn't lose his mind. So he collected himself and he replied to his greeting, trying to avoid those piercing blue eyes. It was harder than his expectations. It's not easy to play it cool when you've seen someone else naked. And they hadn't only seen themselves naked. They had done so much more. And they had enjoyed it. Oh, if they had enjoyed it. He thought it was impossible to feel more embarrassed that he had felt when Zero had removed his underwear, but he was wrong. Now he was fully clothed and he felt so exposed. How was it possible for Zero to act so calm? Was it all a dream? Memories were so vivid, Jude could still feel his big, strong hands all over his body, his lips all over his body, his tongue all over his body. It had been so magical and nice that it had looked like a dream. But it was the truth. "Hello Zero" he said with broken voice. He was shivering and sweating. He didn't know if it was the truth or only his impression, but he thought that Zero was flirting even more than usual. Was he licking and biting his lips or it was only his mind which saw it? Was his T-shirt tighter than usual or he had never paid enough attention on how good he looked?

When Zero kept his walk, his hand brushed Jude's one - and it wasn't all unintentional - the agent's heart skipped a beat. It was like a secret, private caress that Zero had reserved only for him. It had been so discrete that no one had noticed. No one except Jude, who couldn't think about anything else for the rest of the day. Zero had become an obsession yet, after "only" a night - a very beautiful night - while Zero's behavior hadn't changed a bit. Jude couldn't believe it all had been so easy for Zero. Why was he so confident and calm about it all? He knew Zero wasn't a virgin, but he didn't know he was like that too. And it wasn't because of the sex with another man - which was unexpected anyway - but mostly because it seemed like nothing had ever happened between the two of them. Jude wasn't an expert in relationships, but he was pretty sure that things changed when two people got so intimate with each other. Zero looked at him as calm as usual, while Jude was staring at him with the thoughts of his tongue (and something more) on and in his body. But Zero made it all seem so easy and simple. And Jude wanted to act as calm as him, but he couldn't. That night had meant so much to him. Why was he so calm?

What Jude didn't know was the fact that Zero wasn't calm. Well Zero was; Gideon wasn't. He couldn't think about anything but Jude. His eyes, his lips, his neck, his hands. And yes, also his intimate parts. But mostly, he couldn't not think about his voice, his smell, the beautiful face he had made when he had reached the highest level of pleasure, the lost gaze he had when they were having sex, unable to know what to do. He didn't know he hadn't had to do anything because he had already done everything to him. Because giving pleasure to Jude was the most pleasing thing Zero had ever experienced. And Zero had never thought it could have been so beautiful. He had never understood
why people used to think about "Having sex" and "Making love" as two different things, but now he knew. He didn't know he was already in love with Jude, but his heart knew it. And that's why he had fought it with all his strength. And that's why he had put on his mask immediately after. He couldn't let himself love someone. But Jude didn't deserve to be treated just like a piece of meat by some horny guy. Because Jude was more than just a hot body. And the meaning of the caress on his hand was his way to tell him that he was still thinking about it. He was still thinking about him. That he wanted it. And Zero was sure that Jude wanted it too.

Zero convinced himself that it was all about sex, pleasure, fun. That it wasn't love, because love didn't exist for him. That the trumpets that he was hearing were playing because their bodies were made to have sex together. But the truth was that their souls were meant to be together. And it was only a matter of time before he couldn't deny it to himself too.
Jude and Zero meet themselves alone for the first time after the night of Kyle's party.

Jude heard a knock on his door. It wasn't really late, it was almost 9 P.M., but it was definitely too late for the mailman to come to his house and he hadn't ordered any take-away food, so it couldn't be that. But he wasn't waiting for anyone else either way. Despite being born and raised in L.A., because of his loneliness, he didn't know so many people in town outside the Arena, which was basically his world. It couldn't be Derek - he was probably partying with someone in the most illegal way. It couldn't be Lionel - she would have never gone into such an average block. It couldn't be Oscar - Jude was addicted to his father, but inside of his heart he knew he didn't care at all, so why should he expect that? It couldn't be Zero - he'd never choose scheming with Jude instead of... Oh, wait, why not? It wouldn't have been the first time. During these months, Zero had gone to that house several times and he had been doing that more frequently, day after day. And it wasn't all about scheming. It had slowly become an habit that the two of them secretly loved. Once it was to watch an old video about a game. Once it was to talk about a new endorsement. At first it was to watch an old video about a game. Once it was to talk about a new endorsement. At first it was all about quick meetings. Then it slowly became longer and longer. Sometimes a beer or some food involved. It wasn't really inappropriate, but kind of unusual. Zero had had other agents, but they had never become that close. He had thought because they weren't as intelligent or involved as Jude. Jude had had other clients, but they had never become that close. He thought it was because he wasn't only a junior agent, for the first time. This rush of thoughts has been really quick.

He deeply breathed and he opened the door. Yep, here he was. Here they were. In front of himself there was Zero. Zero, with those perfect jeans which fitted his perfect legs (and his perfect ass) and with this perfect T-shirt which fitted his perfect pectorals and showed a little bit of his perfect abs every time he stretched a little. Zero was wearing his cocky face. He didn't want to show Jude how nervous he was. He was praying inside, hoping Jude wouldn't notice how effort had he put into preparing himself before going there. He wanted to look like he was already stepped out from the shower and he had put on the first clothes in his wardrobe. It definitely wasn't.

Jude opened the door and he was pretty shocked. Zero told him "Well, will you let me in or I'll have to wait here forever?". Jude nodded and let him in. He didn't have the time to ask for the reason behind his visit, because Zero told him that he had gotten a call from the agency and they had told him to discuss something about his contract with Jude. He didn't even listened to the person who was talking to the phone. He just heard that it had something to do with Jude and he went for it. Jude knew they had to do that, he had received the same call from the agency. He was just trying to avoid it as much as he could. He didn't want to avoid Zero; actually, he wanted the opposite. That's the reason why he had to avoid him. It didn't last much.

Zero was acting like it was a normal, regular, average meeting between two people involved in a professional relationship. Which was far, far away from the truth. Jude followed the flow, acting as nothing had ever happened too. Jude wasn't so good at pretending that nothing had ever happened, but he tried to focus on his job, avoiding Zero. Avoiding those blue eyes. Avoiding those muscles. Avoiding those hands and their fingers. Avoiding his lips. And his tongue. It wasn't easy at all.

Jude sat down on his couch in front of the coffee table and Zero took a chair to sit next to it. They were close, but not too close. They could see each other but they weren't one in front of the other. So it was safer. Well, that's what Jude kept repeating to himself. He himself didn't truly believe it, but whatever, he had to shut down these thoughts. He started to talk about Zero's contract without
looking up from the papers. That's the reason why he didn't notice the effect on Zero. Who tried (for no more than 3 seconds) to focus on his contract. But he couldn't. Jude's voice was too deep. His scheming-face too adorable. His shirt too unbuttoned for a meeting, but too buttoned for him too see his beautiful body. His hair too soft. His hands too strong. His eyes too pure. His lips too kissable. That's exactly when he put his eyes on his lips that he knew he couldn't resist anymore. He stood up from the chair, he put his hand on Jude's and he kissed his lips like a lion attached its prey, but with so much sweetness at the same time.

Jude was so busy on avoiding him, that he didn't even notice it. He knew he shouldn't do this so he tried to stop it. He tried to fight it for approximately 4 seconds. But the kiss was too good, his lips too soft, his tongue too passional, his hands too strong, his scent too luscious. His brain was telling him to stop, but his body, his soul and his heart were telling him the opposite. His brain gave up too. This kiss was everything he needed in that moment and even more. Zero straddled Jude, he put his hands on his face and went even deeper with his kisses, while Jude's fingers were holding his hips. When they broke the kiss for a second to catch their breaths, Jude shook a little. He was scared as hell. What was he doing, again? Another kiss with Zero, a guy, a client? What was the meaning of it? Zero - no, Gideon - felt the rush of feelings he was experiencing. He knew he shouldn't let it happen, but he couldn't stop; his own body wasn't able to stop. So he cupped his face, he looked into his lovely grey eyes and he softly whispered "There's nothing to be scared about, I've got you, ok? Just relax and enjoy it. And if you are not enjoying anything, just tell me. I want to make you feel good, I want you to feel good, ok?". Zero didn't know what was happening to him. Why did he care so much about the way Jude was feeling? He had always been so much more selfish with his sexual partners. But he couldn't do anything but thinking about Jude first. After Jude had nodded, Zero went on with the simplest and sweetest sentence he had ever heard at this point of his life "I want to kiss you again". It was so tender, but so exciting at the same time. More than their rubbing bodies. More than their languidly mouths. Zero was denying it with all his strength, but he should have known better since the beginning that this thing with Jude was different. It wasn't sex. It was way more.

Jude was looking speechless in those blue eyes and his own were so full of desire (and love) that they were speaking: Zero took that as a yes. So they changed position a little bit; Jude now was laying on the couch, with his legs lifted and Zero was between them, stil cupping his face and caressing his cheeks. The kisses became deeper and deeper, Jude's hands were wandering on Zero's back while he was grinding slowly and strongly against him, causing their bodies to touch in such an intimate way. But they were even more intimate when they stopped kissing for some seconds to just look themselves in their eyes, smile and still grind. When the clothes were off and they were having sex - no, making love - passion and sweetness became one thing. Jude, for once in his lifetime, was only enjoying the moment, leaving his thoughts out, for another moment. But Zero. Zero wasn't able. Zero couldn't. No, it was worse. Zero knew he couldn't allow himself to care and love someone else, but at the same time he was feeling so great, he literally couldn't stop. And not - only - because Jude was the most good looking guy he had ever seen, but because he had known since the first time they had met that he was a wonderful person. The kind of person that anyone needs in their life. Especially if your life had been a mess. Because he can see through every armor. Inside of his mind he kept thinking that it was "dangerous" for him and his plans, but his heart was telling him the opposite. That's why he had chosen to follow his feelings and enjoy this moment of pure, denied love. He would have deal with that later. When Jude wouldn't have been in his arm. When his kisses wouldn't have delighted his night. When his eyes wouldn't have shown him what love was. In that moment, they were everything that matters.
You can’t force chemistry to exist where it doesn’t in the same way you can’t deny it when it does.

Chapter Summary

Zero starts to act colder because he is afraid of his feeling for Jude.

“I’ve been with men... And women... And men and women”. What a statement. A statement that Jude would have never expected. Even if it sounds stupid, since they were getting pretty close - also literally - so he should have know better than anyone else. But they had never talked about it. Not before. Not after. Surely not during.

Jude was still naked in bed, thinking about what was going on between them. He could complain, he wanted that so much, every single time. But he was starting to feel that it wasn’t enough. He tried to talk about that; he wanted to know what was Zero’s idea about it. Zero said it was fun - and it surely was, Jude couldn’t deny it - but it was more. Way more. He saw it in Zero’s eyes, he felt it in Zero’s touch. But Zero was acting really cold after every session of their untiring love. Like he didn’t care. Like he could stop at any moment. Like he wouldn’t mind if Jude would tell him that they would have never had “fun” again. But Jude wasn’t hopeless. Jude wasn’t stupid. He knew what he had seen. He knew what he saw. He was quite sure that Zero was showing him a mask, because he couldn’t find the gaze he had seen just some days before. That lovely, cute, sweet face. Those eyes which wanted to tell him so much more. So many things that words couldn’t explain. Zero was a player and all his schemes was a proof enough.

And Jude was so right. Because, yes, he had left the room like he didn’t care, but he did. A lot. He cared a lot about Jude, he cared a lot about what they had - even if he acted like he didn’t. He was playing it cool, but he knew that there was a storm in his heart and in his mind. Jude was a very handsome guy, but what he loved the most wasn’t his body - and the pleasure he could get through it; he loved those deep, sincere grey eyes. And he loved them because they where the mirror of his beautiful soul.

The feelings he had when he was with Jude - or when he thought about him, which happened way more than what he was ready to admit - were so intense and real that it was hard for himself to admit them. He was at the point in which you smile just because you scroll your texts or just thinking about the way they walk or the face they made when they read. Or the way they seem so peaceful when they fall asleep after having sex. No, after making love.

Zero couldn’t let himself believe in love. It was dangerous, it was risky, it was messy, it was painful. But he couldn’t avoid the fact that he believed in Jude. And believing in Jude was way more than believe in love.

Jude sensed that. He felt like he was hiding something huge. But at the same time, he could forget his past. There has been a man in his life he had loved and still loved even if he had never had anything back; his father. And he still was working so hard to make him proud of himself. Even if his suppose-to-be-father didn’t deserve it at all. And now another powerful guy was messing up with his life. But was it the same? Jude would have bet it wasn’t. And he would have won. Because Zero was nothing like his father. Zero was Gideon and Jude knew it before he told him. He knew it before Zero was ready to admit to himself.

And they were in love. Before knowing what love was.
Once you've been hurt, you're so scared to get attached again. You have this fear that everyone you like is going to break your heart.

Chapter Summary

Zero has to deal with his feelings while Jude suffers because of his dad.

Jude wasn’t ashamed of his feelings; he just decided not to talk about them, because he knew too well that every time he tried to explain or show them to Zero, the result was something disappointing coming from him. Jude was sure that the meaning of those actions wasn’t the fact that Zero didn’t care about him, but the fact that he was trying so hard to deny his feelings. The result? Jude was sure that, whenever he have had needed of something from him - something beside sex - that Zero would have never had his back. Not because he didn’t care, but because he cared more about his schemes and it wasn’t part of the plan.

That’s why he didn’t expect Zero to stay with him the day his father had disowned him. Jude was shocked that day. He left Oscar’s house and went back to his house, not saying a world, just sitting on the floor, holding his knees like a child.

When Zero arrived at Jude’s place, his heart jumped at the view of his man - no no, his agent, nothing else - suffering. He immediately asked what the problem was. He wanted to run, to go to him as fast as he could and hold him in his arms, kissing his forehead, telling him that everything was ok and that they would have fixed it. He wanted so much. So much that his heart was beating as fast as if he was actually running the marathon to reach him. But he wasn’t able to move. He went across the room and he stopped against some forniture, not being able to speak. There was a long moment of silence, then he said a light “What happened?”.

Jude wasn’t able to look him in the eyes and, still looking without focusing on anything, he spilled everything. Zero was listening and he couldn’t believe what he was hearing. But why? He knew how bad parents could be, his story was the proof of that. But his mind couldn’t accept that something like that could happen to Jude. His Jude. This sweet, kind, lovely, smart, amazing, awesome guy. His Jude.

Jude’s disappointment was palpable, but then he told him something that he couldn’t accept. He said that he was acting just like Oscar, because none of them would have reached back. No no no, Zero couldn’t accept it. He wasn’t anything like Oscar. He cared about him, he care about him like he had never done for anyone, even himself. He wanted to scream that, “I do care”. But voice wasn’t coming from him mouth. So he let his actions speaking for him. He showed him the letter he had known about for a while. The letter which could destroy Derek’s career, the letter which could make him number one. The red envelope he hid. Because Jude was more than a ring, than a championship, than a cover on a sport magazine. He had always been ready to throw anything against anyone to get what he wanted, but no more. Not with Jude. Because Jude was what he wanted the most. This amazing guy who changed his life.

He sat down next to him. He told him something about his foster parents, something about his past. He told him something about Gideon, even if he wasn’t able to tell him his real name because he felt like he was showing too much. But it was too late. Not because he said the reason why he chose “Zero” as nickname. But because he was so madly in love that he couldn’t even accept it. He had promised himself that he would have never made this mistake again. His biological mother taught him so. His foster parents taught him so. And now? Now he was in love again. Now he loved again. No no no, he couldn’t accept it, no. It wasn’t love, for sure, right?

He was telling himself so when he put his arm around Jude to hold him, to embrace him. When Jude
put his head above his shoulder. When he lightly kissed his forehead. No, it wasn’t love. And the Sun doesn’t shine. And the sky isn’t blue. And the grass isn’t green.
Zero took his hand and he guided him into the bedroom, without saying a word. He undressed them both and, wearing only their underwear, they lay down. Silently, Zero caressed Jude all night long, kissing his hair and his skin, until Jude, exhausted, fell asleep. And he continued, until he saw the lights of the new day. Because the Sun shines. The sky is blue. The grass is green. Because it was love.
You don’t go into something to taste the waters, you go into things to make waves.

Chapter Summary

At the end of the championship, Jude wants something more but Zero isn’t ready to give him all that he needs.

The Devils have won, everybody was celebrating, they were on top of the world. Then a lot of crap happened, the police was there, the boss has been arrested, but they were the champions and they had always known that Oscar wasn’t the best man on the Earth, so it didn’t need a lot of time to get back to all the celebration. Anyway, not everyone was celebrating. Jude was still so full of emotions caused by all the things that had happened and Zero... Well, no one knew where he was. When all the team went out from the locker room, Jude was pretty sure that he was hiding in there. And he found him, on the bench, why a “too sad” gaze considering he had already won his second championship. Jude wanted to go to him, to hug him and tell him that he didn’t have to worry because he wanted the MVP of the season and he didn’t get it. He wanted to tell him that he was the best, no matter what. But he knew he shouldn’t. He was still pissed because of the girl at the wedding. He was furious because he had wanted to kiss Zero at the end of the match. But he couldn’t. He was so happy when he had scored all those points, there was the bigger and tenderer smile on his face, but he almost had to hide it. He couldn’t even allow himself to be jealous or angry because of that, since Zero “didn’t do relationships”. And he kept repeating this lie. He didn’t do relationship. No, sure. He just basically lived in another guy’s apartment - a guy who he had monogamous sex with - but he wasn’t in a relationship. He has been ready to compromise his plan to protect him, but no, he wasn’t in love. Jude could take so much, until he couldn’t anymore. He loved Zero - he loves Zero - but he couldn’t go on like this anymore. He couldn’t let Zero become the new Oscar of his life. He could handle that anymore. He would have done anything for the people he loved, but he knew that his mind was already messed up because of his paternal figure; another complicated relationship in his life could have probably destroyed him right in the first moment in which he had felt something like “I should stop wasting my time like that. If someone loves me, they have to show me; if they don’t, nothing”. That’s why he got to the decision that no, he would have never gone on that road again. He loved Zero so much, but he couldn’t accept half a love. Black or white, everything or nothing at all. Zero knew how much Jude wanted him and he took advantage of that, knowing he could have done anything and he would have always found him next to him. Not that he was planning on doing something completely wrong like betraying or cheating him. He knew that Jude was right, that they actually were in a relationship without labeling it, but it was so important to Zero to deny that, to pretend that it wasn’t a relationship, that he hadn’t given his heart to another person, that he almost let him go. But Jude couldn’t handle it. He was leaving and Zero didn’t know that to do. He wanted him to stay. That’s why Zero finally said “Gideon”, out of the blue. Gideon. A name. Not a real common name, which is worst. Because it was like making him even more unique. Not that Jude had ever found someone to compare to him. Jude smiled. Smiled because finally he knew who he was in love with. He was in love with Gideon. And he knew who was in love with himself. Gideon was in love with him.
Gideon was this special man with such a big heart and lovely soul, with a dark past, a lot of sufferance behind his back but with the sweetest smile he had ever seen.
But he wanted more. He wanted to know more about Gideon. Every little details of his life. The school he had gone to, when he had fallen in love with basketball, his favorite color. The first time they had beaten him, the way he had reacted, how he had reached the top. He wanted to know everything. He was ready, but Zero wasn’t. He wanted to go on a date to a public place, but Zero wasn’t ready to let Gideon going out like that.
Zero let Jude go and with him and all his heart. 
He used to think that the day in which he would have won with the Devils, he had been touching Heaven with his hand. Now he was feeling the heat of the Hell, watching his angel walking away from him.

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