

The Contract Lover Chapter

Chapter 51

Seeing that he finally succeeded in attracting Noila Mo's attention, Allen Chu was relieved. It seemed that Noila Mo didn't feel at all about him.

Allen Chu kept moving, fierce and wild, but with a pair of dark eyes, he didn't care about the woman under him at all, but stared at Noila Mo closely.

Noila Mo held a rag in her hand, her pink mouth opened in surprise, staring at the two people who were not shameful at all, she was indeed shocked! How could anyone be so shameless!

Noila Mo felt ashamed and angry, her white face flushed red.

Moving back slowly, Noila Mo tried to move her feet without making any noise. It was disgusting! She can't stay in this room for a second!

Seeing Noila Mo's movements, Allen Chu stopped and said coldly, "Stop!"

The action stopped, causing Liu Zichen's dissatisfaction: "Allen, don't stop! Allen..." The ending sound dragged long, with a pleading flavor.

Allen Chu smiled evilly. Increased the intensity of the action. Seeing that there was no way to retreat, Noila Mo took it easy.

Okay, Allen Chu, don't you want to let me go? I will watch a free movie right away! She dropped the rag, folded her hands on her chest, leaned on the table, and stared coldly at the two performing hard on the sofa.

Liu Zichen was too exaggerated, and Noila Mo thought of an adjective: "Howl like a pig." He couldn't help but smile.

Hearing Noila Mo's laughter, Allen Chu was completely enraged! This woman has never cared about him in her heart! Even if he and other women do such things in front of her, they will not stimulate her at all! Allen Chu slowly widened his eyes, his eyes were already blood red!

Pushing away Liu Zichen, who was as satisfied as a cat, Allen Chu put on his clothes without saying a word and walked into the bathroom.

After waking up, Liu Zichen realized that there was a woman standing beside him just now! She finally got a little embarrassed, got dressed in a hurry, and reprimanded Noila Mo: "Hurry up!"

Noila Mo lowered his head to hide the contempt in his eyes. Go out. But the contempt in her eyes was still clearly seen by Liu Zichen.

With a burst of anger, Liu Zichen roared fiercely: "Stop!" Noila Mo turned around, but before he could react, Liu Zichen slapped her face fiercely!

"Batch! What was your look just now!" Liu Zichen's voice was full of hatred. She hated Allen Chu for making her so embarrassed, but she didn't dare to vent her anger with Allen Chu, so she had to vent her anger on Noila Mo.

Noila Mo covered her swollen cheeks and looked at Liu Zichen in disbelief: "Batch? Who are you saying?" She wanted to laugh. The person who performed the live show with Allen Chu just now was her Liu Zichen, not her Noila Mo, right? These years, b*tches are less and less self-aware!

Liu Zichen came over again with a slap in the face, but Noila Mo held her wrist tightly and stopped in the air. Noila Mo has practiced taekwondo, and Liu Zichen, a woman who is not working at all, is her opponent, her wrists are pinched bruised but there is no resistance.

"Let go! You btch! Let go!" Liu Zichen started yelling, "Allen! Save me! This btch hit me!"

Allen Chu walked out of the bathroom with only one towel. Liu Zichen immediately started sobbing like a rescuer: "Allen, look, she is bullying me!"

Noila Mo laughed blankly, this woman's acting skills were really extraordinary!

Allen Chu coldly glanced at Noila Mo's red and swollen cheeks, frowned slightly, and said coldly, "Let go!"

Noila Mo felt a chill in her heart, Allen Chu, after all, was still defending this woman. What is she Noila Mo? After all, it was just a plaything in his hand. One day when he gets tired, his father's surgery fee is gone.

Disheartenedly let go, but then heard Allen Chu's cold command: "Help Miss Liu massage her wrist!"

Chapter 52

Allen Chu stared closely at Noila Mo's eyes, thinking that she would see dissatisfaction or resistance in her eyes.

But no, her eyes were as calm as a spring without any fluctuations. It seems that Allen Chu's words did not arouse any feelings from her.

After listening to Allen Chu's words, Liu Zichen sat on the sofa triumphantly, pretending to be graceful and stretched out his hand to Noila Mo: "Then I'm sorry!"

Noila Mo lowered his eyes and stretched out his hand to help Liu Zichen massage. Although there were hundreds of grass and mud horses running inside, he wanted to forcefully break Liu Zichen's slender wrist. But she can't.

She wanted to ask Allen Chu, but she could only obey her.

"Hey! Do you lighten it, okay? People are pinched by you to death!" In fact, Noila Mo's movements were very gentle, but Liu Zichen still exaggeratedly made a painful voice.

"I'm sorry! I will move lighter." Noila Mo showed impeccable performance, Fang Buddha is really the most competent maid.

Allen Chu suddenly felt dull. Pulling up Liu Zichen, he walked outside the door: "Go to the night bar!"

I don't know why, seeing Noila Mo look indifferent, he feels depressed. Maybe it's time to have fun. Since I met Noila Mo, he has almost lived a life like an ascetic, and it has been a long time since a woman touched him.

Allen Chu and Liu Zichen hugged and walked out. Only a piece of silence is left.

Noila Mo stroked the fast-growing little life in her belly, and a deep sense of loss and fear suddenly surged in her heart.

Just two months ago, she thought she would marry Senior Shen and give him a beautiful and lovely baby. She is a mother, he and a father. But a nightmare night smashed all her dreams to pieces.

She embarked on a path of no return, and she went further and further...

All the disguised strength was defeated at once, and Noila Mo curled up on the wide sofa, shrinking tightly, desperately swallowing the tears that rushed out. What did she do wrong? Why would God punish her like this?

Her poor child, who didn't even know who his father was, just came to this cold world innocently.

When Allen Chu came back, Noila Mo was already curled up on the sofa and fell asleep. Allen Chu slammed the door, and Noila Mo woke up suddenly.

With dark clouds covering Allen Chu's face, he sat down on the sofa without even looking at Noila Mo.

Noila Mo lowered her head, her hair was messy, half of her face was hidden in the shadow, and her heart was messed up. I don't know how to bargain with Allen Chu to give birth to this child.

After a long time, he finally made up his mind and said timidly: "Well, I'm pregnant!"

Allen Chu's face turned green in an instant, and his voice was full of suppressed anger: "Who owns this wild species? Is it your senior?"

Noila Mo felt a tingling pain in her heart. She wished that the child was a senior. She is willing to raise children for seniors. Unfortunately, I am afraid there is no chance in this life.

Seeing Noila Mo not answering, Allen Chu's anger was even more raging. He picked up Noila Mo's collar and sneered: "Did you get dumped by your senior? Your senior left the wild and ran away? Infatuation. The female encounters a ruthless man, tusk, it's really pitiful!"

Noila Mo couldn't breathe with the knife's general sharpness. How should she answer? Could she tell Allen Chu that she didn't even know who the child's father was? Who would believe such nonsense? It sounds too much like a lie!

Chapter 53

Seeing Noila Mo bowed her head and said nothing. Allen Chu confirmed his guess. Turning his head, he twisted Noila Mo's chin fiercely: "b*tch, have you forgotten that I am your gold master? Your father's life is held in my hand! As long as I say no, no one The hospital dare to admit your father!"

Noila Mo was shocked, Allen Chu knew her weakness too much. Lifting his panicked eyes, Noila Mo begged him for the first time: "Please, save my dad!"

The voice is thin and soft, with irresistible power.

Allen Chu found that he couldn't refuse any plea from Noila Mo. With a soft-hearted hatred towards him, he severely grabbed Noila Mo's long hair and pulled her face closer, almost to his own. Coldly said: "You can save your father, but from today, you will be the most humble maid. Learn how to please me!"

"Yes, President." Noila Mo's voice was dull, as if covered with thick dust.

Allen Chu's lips evoked an ironic arc, swept over Noila Mo's lowered head, and stood up. The tall figure carried a winter-like cold breath, giving Noila Mo an inexplicable sense of oppression.

Allen Chu didn't look at Noila Mo again, and strode towards the bedroom. Heavy steps. When I walked to the bedroom door, I turned around and saw Noila Mo still standing still, and said coldly, "What are you still doing? I'm hungry! Go make some supper!"

It wasn't until Allen Chu slammed the door that Noila Mo let out a sigh of relief. She was fatigued and faintly nauseous, and she seemed to have a pregnancy reaction.

She is now very afraid of Allen Chu, don't know why, seeing his bloodthirsty eyes, she is inexplicably guilty.

I moved my steps and poured myself a glass of water, taking sips and sips, holding back the nausea and drank the water. But there was a gurgling sound in my stomach, and my stomach began to sing empty city plan. Hungry and disgusting, this feeling is really bad!

She found a small bread in the closet and ate it in a few bites. She still felt very uncomfortable and had a terrible headache. But thinking of Allen Chu's instructions, he still went to the kitchen to cook.

Mix rice and glutinous rice, cook a pot of thick and fragrant mixed rice porridge, the newly listed toon, chopped finely, sprinkle with fine salt, put a little vinegar, and make a refreshing cold dish. I didn't know Allen Chu's taste, so I made another sandwich and fried two golden omelets.

After making this simple supper, Noila Mo herself had no appetite at all, and she wanted to vomit when she smelled the omelette.

Knock on Allen Chu's door, she said softly through the door: "The meal is ready, come and eat!"

No one cares about her. She had to repeat it again before returning to the other bedroom to lie down. Curled up on the soft bed, the silky warm bedding soothed the nausea in her stomach, and the small lamp beside the bed glowed with warm yellow, sprinkling the peace and tranquility of the room on the plain wallpaper.

The next morning, Noila Mo's head was still dizzy, but she still insisted on going to the kitchen to make breakfast. The supper last night on the table is gone. Only the dishes thrown around. She cleared the table, made a rich breakfast, warmed up in the pot while Allen Chu got up.

The breakfast was hot and hot, and Allen Chu walked out of the bedroom. Seeing Noila Mo also indifferent like ice.

Noila Mo quickly brought the breakfast to the table, prepared the porridge for him, and tried to smile at him, but his smile was very stiff: "I cooked mushroom and lean meat porridge today."

Allen Chu didn't say a word, and sat down at the table. Pick up the porridge on the table and drink it slowly with a spoon. The movements are elegant and leisurely. Even though Noila Mo served him with soup and food, she never looked at her.

Chapter 54

The two of them were eating, but the table was surprisingly quiet. The atmosphere was very depressing, Noila Mo endured the discomfort and drank a bowl of gruel, and could no longer eat it.

"I'm full, eat slowly. I'll clean up the dishes in a while." Noila Mo stood up to leave the table. She has no strength and feels very tired.

"Stop!" Allen Chu's faint voice came from behind: "Clean the house."

Noila Mo raised his head and looked at Allen Chu. He drank milk expressionlessly, but there was a small flame burning deep in his eyes. Noila Mo suddenly felt a little scared. Now Allen Chu, who is neither violent nor cold, made her feel a little guilty.

The person who knows the current affairs is Junjie, and he holds his father's life in his hand, so he should be better. She nodded with a "hmm". "Is there anything else to do?"

Allen Chu ignored him at all. Stand up, push the unfinished breakfast and walk to the bedroom. Basically, Noila Mo was a cloud of air.

In the days that followed, his attitude towards Noila Mo was even more alienated. His eyes always seemed to be filled with thoughts. Even if he was sitting in the sun, his body was covered with a layer of chill.

Noila Mo was relieved instead. That's good, he won't harass her anymore. Two people live under the same roof, but are separated by thousands of miles. It's good to keep a distance from Allen Chu. Noila Mo is content with such a day.

Noila Mo is actively doing housework, and her father's operation date is approaching. She must not offend Allen Chu during this time. She arched her waist and was busy cleaning the window in the room with a rag. After a while, my waist became sore.

Pregnant women should bend as little as possible and cannot climb high. But she did both.

Allen Chu did not go to the company today, lying on the sofa, lazily watching Noila Mo busy with everything, and instructing Noila Mo to wipe the place and sweep the place.

Noila Mo really wanted to cry without tears. I really wanted to ask: "President Chu, are your Chu family going bankrupt? Your old man is so idle, you don't have to go to work to handle official affairs?"

But Noila Mo understands that people have to bow their heads under the eaves. On the surface, it is still respectful and meticulous cleaning. The floor was shining like diamonds, and even the window sills outside were spotless.

Noila Mo felt that he could be elected as one of the top ten maids. But that's it, Young Master Chu was still not satisfied. At noon, he was lying on the sofa and reading a book while Noila Mo was cleaning the room beside him.

Suddenly, Noila Mo felt cold on her back, turned her head, a pair of water eyes looked back inquiringly, but it happened to hit Allen Chu's deep eyes. Is it an illusion? She actually felt that there seemed to be a special emotion in Allen Chu's eyes. People generally called it "sorrow".

sad? Noila Mo's pink lips opened slightly to look at Allen Chu, his eyes widened, and he wanted to carefully see what emotions were in his eyes.

It is indeed an illusion. Because the next second, Allen Chu narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Are you perfunctory? Just sweep the ground like this?"

The yin bird's eyes narrowed dangerously, which was a sign of his anger.

Noila Mo stopped her movements, resisted the soreness of her waist, and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry, I will clean again."

Noila Mo knelt on the cold floor and wiped the high-end teak floor inch by inch with a rag until it was as bright as new, and the figure could be clearly seen. This meticulous approach, the living room alone did it all morning. When the floor was completely cleaned, she stood up, only to find that her back was sore that she was almost unsteady.

Rubbing her sore waist and abdomen, Noila Mo cheered for the baby in her heart: "Baby, you must be strong! When grandpa's surgery is over, mother will take you out of here. Never let you suffer any more. Up."

Chapter 55

Putting on a small floral apron, Noila Mo was about to cook for Allen Chu, but she heard Allen Chu lying on the sofa and said disgustedly: "Do you really think you are Miss Qianjin? You work so slowly? Are you lazy on purpose?"

In the past, Allen Chu was cold and cold, but he never embarrassed Noila Mo in the trivial matters of life. Now he not only makes Noila Mo responsible for the sanitation of the entire apartment, but he also becomes critical of Noila Mo's work.

He glanced over the handrails of the stairs that Noila Mo had just wiped, and frowned: "I didn't wipe it clean, go and wipe it again!"

When Noila Mo finished wiping the stairs, he just wanted to take a break, he said lukewarmly: "Open the stall and wipe the bottom."

Since Noila Mo came to live in this apartment, he has hardly gone to the company, and many things are handled online.

Noila Mo felt very painful. Every day she lived under Allen Chu's nose and was criticized and accused by him. It was as if Noila Mo owed him a debt.

Noila Mo was busy all day, cooking, cleaning the house, cooking again, and cleaning the house.

Strange to say, the heavy housework was suppressed, and she didn't care about nausea. The little baby in the belly seems to be very sensible, staying in her mother's belly very well-behaved, and never tortured her with pregnancy reactions anymore.

A few days later, when Allen Chu came back from the company, he brought back a thick stack of menus and handed them to Noila Mo, who was squeezing juice: "The dishes on this menu are for you to learn these few days. Invite a few friends to come home for dinner."

Noila Mo took the menu, and suddenly felt that there were two big, thick stacks of recipes, from Chinese food to Western food, from cold dishes to desserts, everything that can appear in a restaurant, there are all on it! She hasn't heard of many things like sushi, steak, baked snails, desserts, stewed vegetables, fried noodles, and hotpot soup pots.

Noila Mo looked at the menu and bit her lip embarrassedly: "This is too much, in a few days, how can I learn it! Or you should invite friends to the restaurant to eat, I'm afraid I won't make it by then. It's so delicious that you lose face."

"Didn't it come with a recipe? Is there anything you can't learn?" Allen Chu's eyes became hardened again.

"There are too many of these, it really can't be learned in a short while."

"You can figure it out by yourself! If you can't learn it, your father doesn't have to do the operation!"

"..."

Noila Mo stood there, lowering his head to let Allen Chu reprimand. The thin shoulders were so thin that they almost pierced the shirt.

Allen Chu's eyes were half drooping, two shadows fell, and he reached out a hand to take back the stack of recipes, took out a few of them and threw them

to Noila Mo: "These are not difficult, right? I want to eat dumplings and pancakes tonight. "After that, without looking at Noila Mo, she went straight upstairs.

Noila Mo took a look at the recipes he had left. Obviously, he had inspected them. The kitchen had all the ingredients, but most of them were more complicated and could not be learned casually.

I was really worried about how Noila Mo would make Xiaolongbao. She had to watch the recipe and knead the noodles step by step, but she couldn't grasp the scale, either too dry or too thin. After a busy morning, I didn't even pinch the shape of a bun.

It's time for lunch. Allen Chu took the magazine downstairs on time. Walking into the kitchen, she saw Noila Mo still struggling with a piece of dough, her expression of dissatisfaction: "Why haven't you eaten yet?"

"I'm doing it, but I'm afraid I won't be able to eat the Xiaolongbao at noon." Noila Mo wiped the sweat from his face. After standing all morning, I was exhausted.

"Then do it at night! Hurry up and bring something else."

Noila Mo has been making noodles, where there is other food to bring to him. Blushing, he hurriedly washed his hands, and quickly went to make a simple two dishes and one soup.