

Love Her to No End Chapter 31

Chapter 31 A Small World

There was a restroom in the private room, so when Michaela made an excuse to leave the place, Jonathan immediately realized what she was trying to do. However, he did not call her out on the lie.

After a rough estimation of the time, he then slowly went down the stairs.

Nevertheless, just as he reached the corner of the stairs, he heard Zack's harsh words. When those words made his girl fume to the point her eyes turned red, his expression darkened.

How dare he say that no one will like my girl? He's bloody gutsy!

A second ago, when Zack heard the familiar voice, he thought he was dreaming. However, the moment he saw the figure that abruptly appeared in front of him, he went pale instantly.

The rules in the Xander family were strict, but he was not one to lord over others.

Nevertheless, the soft and sweet look Michaela usually had was twisted into a ferocious look. It made him wonder how harsh Michaela would usually be to Lucille. No wonder Lucille would feel so scared to the point she tried to end her life.

There was a kind of person in the world who would fantasize about himself being the white knight once he encounter a scene that triggered his chauvinistic instinct. What that person never realized was that they were not living in a fairytale.

When he saw his uncle ambling down the stairs, Zack held his breath as fear gripped him. It was only when Jonathan stood in front of him did he stammer out, "Uncle Jonathan!"

"I'm old, and my ears aren't working as well now. Would you like to repeat what you just said to me?"

Jonathan spoke in a clear voice, and the dark eyes on his face looked gloomy but calm.

However, Zack could sense an icy wave of hostility rushing toward him. His legs weakened, and he stuttered, "U-Uncle Jonathan..."

When Lucille saw Zack's fearful demeanor, she quietly commented in her mind about how cowardly Zack was. Nevertheless, she soon calmed herself down and said to

Jonathan, "Mr. Jonathan, don't blame Zack for this. I was the one who did the wrong thing, and it's normal that Michaela is upset with me. Moreover, she's only ignoring me now. It's fine even if she hits or curses at me because I deserve it. Zack's just trying to defend me. He doesn't mean to do anything else."

Somehow, she had managed to shift the blame onto Michaela, making Michaela seem like the petty one who did not know how to read the room.

Successfully, she managed to flaunt her love and achieved the goal of her playing the pitiful role. At the same time, she had also managed to make it seem like she had suffered humiliation and abuse from Michaela in the Lingard family.

After all, only the weak were capable of getting sympathy and attention from others.

Michaela sneered in her heart. She had been living with her for seventeen years, but she had underestimated the other woman the entire time.

If we knew about this earlier, we should've sent her to learn performing arts. Maybe she'll end up as the best actress of the century or something along the lines of that.

Lucille kept a docile look on her face, thinking that what she said was flawless. However, Jonathan only glanced at her before uttering in a flat tone, "A Xander is teaching a junior in the family a lesson. May I know what right you have to comment, Ms. Lingard?"

"I wouldn't dare."

That was a sin too heavy for Lucille to bear, and the colors drained out of her face immediately.

She had long heard about Jonathan Xander's reputation. The last time they met, his subordinates had assumed that she was a robber and had beaten her up. This time, it was worse. The words that came out of his mouth were ruthless.

Indeed, he was a merciless character.

Michaela, who had been furious and embarrassed earlier, widened her eyes at Jonathan's speech. At that moment, she felt that Jonathan seemed extremely attractive to her.

The feelings of dissatisfaction and anger dissipated, and all that was left was admiration and respect.

"I hope not."

Seemingly satisfied with Lucille's response, Jonathan nodded. "Also, I'm not close with you, Ms. Lingard, so Mr. Jonathan seems a little too intimate. Therefore, Ms. Lingard, please don't call me that."

Lucille froze. Her pale face was then tinged red by embarrassment.

She looked like she was trying to smile but bawl at the same time. Even her voice sounded uncertain, and it was as if she had suffered a miserable moment as she whispered, "Of course, Mr. Xander."

This time, Jonathan ignored her. He turned to look at Zack again and said, "Zack, when have the Xander family allowed you to be so arrogant despite your mistakes? What did Father teach you? How did you treat Mich? I haven't settled the score with you about the earlier incident, so did you think that matter is over? Zack, tell me, who gave you the courage to do this?"

"Uncle Jonathan, I didn't-"

There was no trace of arrogance left in Zack after getting confronted by the aggressive Jonathan.

"Apologize to her now," came Jonathan's order.

Instinctively, Zack wanted to reject him. However, he knew the consequences of disobeying his uncle.

Even if he were to put aside the fact that he was currently doing his internship in his uncle's company, there was this other matter about how his parents did not know about his involvement with Lucille. Furthermore, Jonathan returned as a representative of his grandfather and grandmother. Thus, there was no way Zack would dare to go against him.

After a moment of mulling over the matter, and despite the reluctance he felt, Zack turned to Michaela and said, "I'm sorry."

Michaela did not speak. She only stared at Jonathan. "Mr. Jonathan, I want to go home."

"Okay," came Jonathan's reply. He then draped the coat on Michaela's shoulders. "Wear this and don't catch a cold."

The gentle way he treated her was completely unlike the way he interacted with Lucille.

Lucille slowly clenched her fist and glared at the two retreating figures. She wished she could glare holes into Michaela as she stared at her with vicious, grim eyes.

Why? Why can Michaela stand proud like a princess while I have to bow before the others like a speck of dust? Even Mr. Xander thinks of her differently, but I can't even call him Mr. Jonathan. I should be the lady in the Xander family. After doing all those things and even after using my body for the plan, I lost to Michaela?

Lucille refused to accept that.

Meanwhile, Zack was frightened out of his wits. When he saw his uncle finally gone, he let out a sigh of relief and relaxed his tense muscles. However, his legs were jelly, and he nearly fell to his knees.

"Zack!"

Lucille quickly helped Zack up. Something flashed in her eyes, and she pretended to nonchalantly say, "I never thought that Michaela would be with Mr. Xander. Technically, Mr. Xander shouldn't chide you in front of others even if you've done wrong. After all, you're still his nephew at the end of the day. It seems like Michaela is really angry with me."

Clearly, she was trying to imply that Michaela was with Jonathan to tattle tale on Zack. That was why that scene had occurred.

Hearing that, Zack halted in his tracks.

His face was pale after the bout of embarrassment, but when he turned to look at Lucille, the look in his eyes was a dangerous one.

Upon seeing that look in his eyes, Lucille quickly lowered her eyes as if she was frightened. "I was the one who did something wrong. It's normal for Michaela to blame me for it. But, Zack, please don't defend me like this next time. I don't want to see you upset."

"It's fine. Let's go."

Lucille's meek look reminded Zack of how she had defended him earlier, so the dark expression on his face turned less tense. After pulling Lucille into his arms, he walked out of the restaurant.

Love Her to No End Chapter 32

Chapter 32 Happy Ever After

By the time they left the restaurant, the rain had ceased. Everything around them felt damp, and the air was cold.

Michaela never spoke after entering the car. It was only when Jonathan's phone rang did the strange atmosphere in the car disperse.

However, after picking up the call, Jonathan's expression turned even gloomier.

"Okay, I got it. Don't let them into the restaurant in the future."

Jonathan ended the call after giving his instructions. When he looked at Michaela again, he realized that she was still in the same position as earlier—staring out of the window. He did not know what she was thinking about, only that she seemed lost in her thoughts.

Zack's words had been a dagger to her heart, and it was not surprising that Michaela was unhappy about the incident. Even though he had already avenged her, Jonathan felt that it was not good enough.

"What are you thinking about?"

Jonathan's voice was deep and magnetic. When Michaela snapped back to her senses, he was the first thing she registered.

The lights outside of the window were dim, but the concern in Jonathan's eyes was visible to her.

Michaela's heart melted, and she flashed Jonathan a small smile. "Thank you for helping me out earlier, Mr. Jonathan."

The way she tilted her head upward to look at him was like a doe, and it made Jonathan's heart skip a beat. In the end, he could not help but reach out to caress the top of her head before saying, "I've already told you that you're part of the Xander family, Mich. Of course I have to make sure that you're fine. You don't need to be so formal with me."

Before Michaela could recollect herself from the intimate touch, she heard the same promise coming from him again.

Indeed, it was not the first time Michaela had heard that. The last time they were at Haversville Pavillion, Jonathan had said the same thing to her before. What was different was that, currently, her heart was beating loudly against her ribcage. In fact, a blush was creeping onto her face.

In her panic, Michaela quickly changed the topic and said, "Let me treat you to a meal next time then, Mr. Jonathan."

She meant it. The way Jonathan had helped her out earlier had made her feel immensely better, so she felt that she should express her thanks to him properly.

“All right, we’ll do anything you want.” Jonathan smiled and returned to his seat. The smile on his face never left even after a long time, and it seemed like he was in a good mood.

Upon hearing their conversation, Walter closed his eyes, unable to bear watching them any longer.

Ms. Lingard is too inexperienced. What she’s doing is equivalent to leaping into his arms. Mr. Xander must be feeling thrilled right now. He has always wanted to find an excuse to get close to her, but now, he has managed to kill two birds with one stone. What a smart man Mr. Xander is! So she is part of the Xander family? Zack is part of the Xander family too, but you set him up and fooled him well. The real goal is that you’re trying to make her yours!

Before Jonathan’s plan even came to an end, Walter could already imagine the sly way Jonathan was going to eat Michaela whole.

Yes, that’s definitely going to happen!

They went all the way back to Haversville Pavillion. When the Bentley finally came to a stop, Michaela opened the door. Just as she did that, she saw Jonathan standing in front of her and even stretching his hand out to her.

Jonathan had a fair complexion and his fingers were slender and bony. In other words, he was attractive. Just as she was hesitating, he said, “There’s water on the ground, so let me help you down from the car.”

At that point, Michaela knew not to reject him any further, so she reached out to him.

Her hand was soft. Even if he did not wish to let go of that soft hand, once Michaela regained her balance after getting out of the car, he still did. It was a gentlemanly move.

“Thank you, Mr. Jonathan. I’ll give this coat back to you the next time we meet.”

“All right. There’s no need to rush.”

He said that mainly because he now had another opportunity to meet her again; he didn’t need to think of an excuse to make them both meet again.

“I’ll go in first, then. Goodbye, Mr. Jonathan.”

After bidding Jonathan goodbye, Michaela turned to leave. However, just as she took a few steps away, she heard the gentle voice behind her saying, “Mich!”

“Hm?”

When she turned around, she found Jonathan ambling toward her. As he fixed his dark eyes on her, he said, “I’ve promised that I’ll bring you to eat your favorite fondue after your university entrance exam. Although it’s a little late, I’m wondering if this means that I didn’t break my promise.”

“Are you back?”

When Michaela reached home, Hannah was seated on the couch, reading the proposal for developing new schools in the area. When she saw her daughter entering the house with a blush on her face with a man’s coat draped on her, she narrowed her eyes. After putting the proposal aside, she asked, “I didn’t get to ask you this in the call earlier. Who did you eat with on your first day of work?”

“Mom! You might as well ask me whose coat this is,” Michaela mumbled.

She already has the question written across her face, so what’s the point in her beating about the bush?

Her daughter’s honesty made Hannah chuckle in embarrassment. “I’m not trying to interrogate you. I just wish to say that my Mich has grown up. It’s time for you to make new friends.”

Although most of what Hannah was trying to say was implied, Michaela understood immediately.

She knew her mother was worried that she would be averse to men after Zack’s incident and therefore make herself miserable for the rest of her life.

Frankly, Michaela did not dwell that much on the incident. She just felt that she was still young, and she did not plan to waste much time on that matter.

After nodding at her mother, Michaela changed her shoes. Instead of rushing upstairs, she sat down beside her mother and said, “Mom, didn’t you say you didn’t want me to marry someone that quickly a few days ago? Now you’re asking me to make more friends. Are you afraid that I’ll end up old and single?”

“Silly girl, what nonsense are you talking about?”

After flicking Michaela’s forehead, Hannah sighed wistfully. “If it’s possible, I’d like to have you accompany me for the rest of my life. But I’ll get old. That’s why I wish to see you marry someone who is good to you while I’m still alive so that I’ll be at ease. Moreover, I’ve only asked you to get more friends. If there is anyone suitable, you can try things out with him. It’s not like I’m urging you to marry him instantly.”

“Got it, My Lady. So, can this humble servant finally go upstairs to take a shower?”

It had been a happy meal earlier, but the price of that was the lingering scent of fondue on her. Hence, Michaela was desperate to take a shower as soon as she could.

Nevertheless, she only managed to take two steps up the stairs before Hannah tentatively asked, “Mich, so who did you eat dinner with tonight?”

“It’s actually... a man!”

Michaela deliberately uttered a cliffhanger before grinning gleefully and running up the stairs.

At that, Hannah shook her head and thought, I hope my worries are unnecessary. Still, what’s most important is for my daughter to be happy.

After returning to her room, Michaela folded Jonathan’s coat and kept it in a bag first.

It was not that Michaela did not want to tell her mother about her interaction with Jonathan, but if she were to mention her encounter with Zack, she was fearful that her mother would be worried about her again. Therefore, she decided to keep things from her mother.

At the thought of Jonathan, Michaela was reminded of the scene when he sent her home earlier.

Indeed, that was a promise they made back then. However, after her university entrance exam, she was engaged to Zack, and Jonathan left the country.

As time passed, Michaela forgot about it but he did not, to her surprise.

With the kind of status Jonathan had now, there was no need for him to waste his time on a fondue. Could it be that he was trying to make up for that promise back then?

The question in her heart was something Michaela never asked him.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. She quickly took it out of her bag and realized that it was a message from Jonathan. Just a glance at the screen, and her face was red again.

Jonathan: Trust me, Mich. The right person for you is surely waiting for you to come. From then on, it’ll a happy ever after life.

Love Her to No End Chapter 33

The next morning, just as Michaela entered the office, she saw Lorelei Summerfield walking over to her with a smile. “Mich, was that really someone you knew last night?”

“Yes!” Michaela nodded.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you knew such a young man? Not only is he handsome, rich, and gentlemanly, but he’s also considerate. He’d rather get drenched by the rain than let you get wet. If he’s someone’s boyfriend, he’d definitely spoil his girlfriend!”

As Michaela glanced at Lorelei’s yearning look, she raised a brow. “What if everything was just an act?”

Jonathan kept a low profile and rarely showed up in public. Even after hearing the things he did, the media companies would still not rush over to step on a land mine. Therefore, it was nothing unusual for Lorelei not to recognize Jonathan.

Still, isn’t she a little hasty to assume that he’s a considerate gentleman after just one glance?

“How can that be? Everything can be faked except for the elegance and nobility he exuded. That’s something that can’t be learned in later life. Also, do you know how much that custom-made suit he was wearing was worth? It’s almost the same price as one year of our salary!”

Lorelei actually came from a well-off family as well. Her father was a famous construction material supplier. However, Lorelei had hidden that from everyone so she could court Alois.

She had expensive cars at home, but she did not drive them. Instead, she drove an inexpensive, small car to work and wore plain clothes. Indeed, she had gone to great lengths for him.

“You’ve got good tastes. Does that mean you’re planning to turn over a new leaf and come to the bright side?”

Michaela smiled and glanced at her—the look in her eyes was a teasing one.

At the mention of Alois, Lorelei quickly returned to a solemn demeanor as she shook her head and denied, “That’s impossible. How can I when I have fallen for him and gone down the path of no return? Not even the beauty of another man will be able to change my heart. In this life of mine, he will be the only one I-”

Before she could say “marry,” a figure suddenly appeared by the doorway of the office. Instantly, Lorelei recomposed herself and politely greeted, “Hi!”

Alois did not respond to her. The first thing he did was nod at Michaela before letting his eyes drift toward Lorelei. "Lorelei, can you come with me for a while?"

Without waiting for her reply, Alois went out of the office.

Lorelei was stunned by the sudden turn of events and froze. Unable to stand watching her stay rooted to her spot, Michaela waved her hands in front of her face. That snapped Lorelei back to her senses.

The delight she felt was too overwhelming to be described in words, so Lorelei ended up stuttering, "Mich, are t-the-"

"Are the darkest days finally over?"

"Yes, yes! That's what I mean!" Lorelei nodded fervently. At that, Michaela could not help but remind, "I'll have to say that your dear Alois is going to leave if you don't go out now."

"You're so annoying!"

Lorelei shot Michaela a half-hearted glare before running out of the office.

At the sight of Lorelei's excitement and her attempts in concealing that, Michaela shook her head and returned to her workstation.

The project "A Helping Hand" mainly focused on the donation of books to various elementary and high schools, as well as mental health education and the sponsoring of teaching equipment for special needs schools.

The project was currently in its preparation stage, and Michaela's task was to follow up on the progress and make sure that the project went smoothly.

To read all of the information, Michaela had stayed up until early in the morning. Initially, she wanted to send Jonathan's coat for dry cleaning, but that did not happen as she woke up late after burning the midnight oil. It seemed like she could only send it for dry cleaning after work.

Soon, Lorelei returned with a shy look on her face.

When she walked past Michaela, she whispered, "Mich, Alois invited me for a meal on Friday night. Why don't you accompany me to buy some clothes after work?"

At Michaela's hesitation, Lorelei quickly tried to raise her pitch and whined, "Come on! Come with me!"

"All right."

Michaela did not have many friends aside from Lucille since young. Lorelei was an honest and upright character, so she would be a good friend.

Moreover, Michaela wanted to send the coat to dry cleaning anyway, so she accepted the invitation.

What Michaela did not know was that, at that moment, Jonathan was already in a plane, about to fly to the other side of the world.

He had returned in a rush, so there were many things in the company he had not been able to settle in time. Originally, he planned to head back in three days, but something else happened, and his schedule was delayed.

The Epean headquarters had called and urged him to return many times. After all, there were many projects that Jonathan had to approve before they could proceed. Furthermore, there were some important meetings on new collaborations he had to be present for as well.

As work was stagnant, Jonathan could not avoid his responsibility forever despite his continuous postponing.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was still concerned about what happened the night before. Thus, before he left, he sent Zack out for a business trip while instructing Gary to stay back and keep Michaela safe.

Simultaneously, he told Gary to inform him on everything about Michaela.

What Jonathan never expected was for the dense young man Gary to do exactly that. Just as he landed, feeling tired, he received Gary's bombarding messages.

Gary: Lunch. Ms. Lingard ate with her coworker at a restaurant. There was a man who approached her.

Gary: Afterwork. Ms. Lingard went shopping with her coworker.

Gary: Ms. Lingard has bought a miniskirt and a tank top.

Gary even sent him a photo.

Gary: Ms. Lingard ate at the mall's restaurant with her coworker. A man took some photos of her.

The more he read, the more exasperated Jonathan became.

Were my instructions not clear enough?

Meanwhile, Walter was watching Jonathan stare at his phone with grim eyes. The temperature around him had dropped a few degrees.

Walter shrunk away, thinking, Who's the idiot who crossed Mr. Xander?

In the photo, Michaela was wearing a white lace mid-riff tank top and the miniskirt that Gary mentioned. There was no extra fat on her waist at all, and with the miniskirt, her slender legs seemed even longer. The very sight of her was alluring, and he could not tear his eyes away from the photo.

D*mn it, I really want to fly back right now and keep her close to me.

Right then, Michaela, who was still accompanying Lorelei on her shopping trip, sneezed. When Michaela came out of the dressing room, she narrowed her eyes suggestively and said, "Mich, it can't be that someone is missing you, right?"

A sudden chill shot up her body from her soles, and Michaela frowned. "Why do I think that someone's cursing at me instead?"

What baffled Michaela most was when she returned home the next day after work—she saw dozens of bags in various sizes on her coffee table.

Although they were all luxury brands, they were brands that young women liked. After a glance at them, Michaela turned to see Hannah walking out of the kitchen. Hence, she asked, "Mom, why are you back so early today? What's going on with these clothes?"

"Jonathan sent them here."

"Huh?"

When Hannah saw the confusion in her daughter's eyes, she gently smiled and praised, "Everyone says that Jonathan is ruthless, but he seems to be a pretty nice man to me. Look. When he heard that you've gone to work at a charity organization, he sent all these here. He said it's a small gift from him."

"For me?"

Michaela had no idea that the gifts were a result of that man's shock after seeing the photos, so she only became even more puzzled by her mother's explanation.

Are we close enough to send each other clothes now?

Hannah did not notice the strange look on her daughter's face as she patiently said, "Jonathan's concerned about you, and you should be grateful. Don't forget to call him and thank him later. I've written his number down on the bag."

“Got it,” Michaela obediently replied.

After going back to her room and putting away all the plain-looking clothes in her wardrobe, Michaela thought, No wonder Mr. Jonathan can't find a girlfriend. His choice of clothes is certainly unique.

Love Her to No End Chapter 34

Chapter 34 Running Wild

Mr. Jonathan, I've received the clothes. I'd like to treat you to dinner this Friday to express my gratitude. Would that be a convenient time for you?

Jonathan was in a meeting when he received the text message.

He had not had any rest since he got off the plane and rushed to the office to work overtime. He had not gotten more than four hours of sleep every day and had been having several meetings consecutively. Due to that, both he and Walter had dark circles under their eyes.

The latter couldn't help but think that the power of love was indeed powerful as he watched Jonathan work like he had been drugged.

When Jonathan heard the phone vibrate and saw that there was a text from Michaela, he instantly interrupted the executive who was talking, “Let's take a break and continue after ten minutes.”

Then, without caring about the people in the room, who had varying reactions, he got up and walked out of the conference room to call Michaela.

The woman guessed that Jonathan must be busy seeing that he didn't reply to her, so she gave Lorelei a video call.

Lorelei was still basking in glee at the fact that Alois had invited her out for dinner. She kept asking questions about what she should do during the dinner. “What should we talk about to ease the tension?” “Would it seem too unladylike if I told him how I feel now? Or do you think I should use this chance to invite him out again?”

However, Jonathan's call came through when she was getting invested in the conversation.

Michaela almost threw her phone when she saw the call. But she quickly bid farewell to Lorelei and feigned calmness before answering the call. “Mr. Jonathan!”

“Are you going to sleep soon?”

Her heart thumped upon hearing his deep and alluring voice. “I’m going to sleep in a while,” she answered softly.

“Is everything going well with your new job?”

His composed voice sounded hoarse from having several meetings consecutively, but it sounded extremely attractive.

Michaela felt her face burn, and she wanted to end the call as soon as possible. “It’s great! As for the dinner I mentioned earlier, it’s fine even if you’re not free on Friday night…”

“I’ll come pick you up from work this Friday night.”

Jonathan held himself back from contacting her. However, now that he heard her voice, whatever self-control he had left him, he wanted so much to return to her side.

The man couldn’t help but burst into laughter at the thought of this. Thinking back, he wondered how he had spent the last five years.

Frankly speaking, Michaela had chosen Friday because she needed to retrieve his coat from the dry cleaner so that she could return it to Jonathan. Otherwise, her mother would be asking about the owner of the coat.

When she heard that he wanted to pick her up, she subconsciously rejected, “It’s fine. I’ll send you the location when I make the reservation. I can head there myself.”

“Just wait for me to pick you up. Be good!”

His low voice sounded as though he was beside her. She couldn’t help but shudder at his seductive voice.

“Okay. Goodnight, Mr. Jonathan.”

As he listened to Michaela’s panicked voice, the corners of Jonathan’s lips tilted upward into a smile. “Goodnight, Mich.”

Michaela’s face flushed red just from hearing the two simple words from him, and she felt the heat spread across her body.

A tingling sensation then spread across her skin. She reached up to touch her burning cheeks before pulling the blankets to cover her face.

Meanwhile, Walter, who was on the other side of the world, couldn't stop himself from shuddering when he heard Jonathan speaking so gently, burning himself with the glass of hot water in the process.

Crap! It burns!

However, the pain was nothing compared to how his boss had spoken earlier.

Just as he was about to hand the glass to Jonathan, he saw the corners of the man's lips curl upward into a charming smile. Walter froze in an instant at the sight of this. He quickly put the glass down and turned to leave.

He walked away hastily in huge strides as if a beast was chasing after him from behind, worried that he would be murdered if he knew too much.

However, Walter had only taken a few steps when Jonathan's voice came from behind. "You heard that, Walter. I need to rush back this Friday night to have dinner with Mich. Quickly book a plane ticket," he ordered.

"But Epea..."

"Are you trying to teach me what to do?"

He took a side glance at Walter. His gaze was so cold and terrifying that one could barely bring themselves to look directly at him.

It had only been a moment, but the latter's forehead was already covered in sweat. "No! I've crossed the line!" he said as his face turned pale out of horror.

Jonathan's temper had gotten a lot better since returning to the country, which was also why Walter had become a little carefree and offended the former.

Mr. Xander was always someone who wouldn't repeat something twice. It seems like what happened today wouldn't go without punishment.

Yet, he didn't expect Jonathan to look away. The terrifying aura on him was then slowly replaced by a lazy and casual attitude. The latter waved his hand and said indifferently, "Go ahead and do what you need to. The meeting will continue in five minutes."

"Understood!"

Walking out of the office, Walter wiped the sweat off his forehead, his lips pursed. That was close. I'll have to get on Ms. Lingard's good side so she can act as my protection amulet once we go back.

Jonathan's mood improved significantly at the thought of being able to meet Michaela on Friday. In fact, he had a warm smile on his face throughout the next half of the meeting.

However, he never would have expected that Michaela had never spared another glance at the clothes he told Gary to buy for her since she hung them up in her closet.

To Jonathan, Gary was an honest and cautious person. He would complete any task given excellently, which was why he was assigned to protect Michaela.

However, since he was in Epea, it wasn't possible to buy her the clothes himself. Hence, he entrusted this task to Gary. The only requirement he had was for the latter to buy something less revealing.

Little did Jonathan know that he had underestimated the latter's taste in clothes.

It was only when he entered Michaela's room that he saw the clothes, still with their tags on, hanging in her closet. "Are these your clothes?" he asked in confusion.

"Didn't you send someone to give them to me when I just started work?" she asked with a frown.

Hearing that, he coughed lightly in an attempt to hide his worries.

It seemed like he was richly blessed since he was able to get himself such a beauty. It was indeed true love since she didn't feel disgusted by him because of what his subordinate had done.

Everything was going well with the campus at Gerton. However, there were pushbacks with some procedures that needed Hannah to handle personally.

She was worried about her daughter and wanted to bring her along. However, Michaela refused with her work as an excuse.

Seeing that her daughter was being so adamant, Hannah didn't try to further convince her. Instead, she told Michaela to stay at the Simmons residence for a few days. In all honesty, she was worried that Jacob would have something planned for her daughter.

On Friday afternoon, Michaela had deliberately taken two hours off to have lunch with her mother. She only rushed back to work after sending her to the airport.

She would never have expected that when she reached her company, she would meet with an unexpected guest.

She walked toward the entrance once the car came to a stop. At the sight of this, Lucille, who was waiting by the entrance, quickly got up and greeted her awkwardly, "Michaela!"

Love Her to No End Chapter 35

Chapter 35 Irrefutable

The sun shone warmly, but the autumn breeze was cold.

Lucille looked gentle and obedient wearing her business suit, and she was quite the beauty. Nonetheless, she couldn't help but clench her fists at the sight of Michaela.

The scene before her was just like how it had been when she was five years old. She followed behind Jacob timidly into the Lingard residence. The latter, who was wearing a pink princess dress, happened to be walking down the stairs. She looked as beautiful as a princess as she looked down at her with arrogant eyes.

For so many years, Michaela seemed so precious that she was far out of her reach. On the other hand, Lucille was just like a maid standing beside her. She was never treated equally and even had to get tormented by slanders.

The only reason she had intentionally tried to please and act courteously was to gain Michaela's trust. However, it had long been since she decided that she would take back everything that belonged to her.

Then, she had successfully taken the first step. As long as she got married into the Lingard family, she would be able to reduce her sister to dust.

Even if Zack hadn't exposed what had happened between him and Lucille, Michaela's wedding wouldn't have gone as planned anyway. Later on, she took advantage of the situation and put on an act to try to commit suicide. Hence, earning the man's promise.

She even told someone to give Michaela a call. Wasn't that just another way to declare war?

Still, even if she had everything planned, she did not expect Jonathan to be involved. Moreover, Zack still didn't dare to bring her home to meet his parents.

Since Michaela's the ideal daughter-in-law in everyone's eyes, I'm going to ruin everything and destroy her reputation.

A cold glint flashed across Lucille's eyes, but she quickly pulled herself back to reality. With a sweet smile, she called out to her sister, "Michaela!"

The latter's brows creased at the sight of the familiar figure. Just as she was about to get back into the car, Lucille had already caught up to her. "I know I was wrong, Michaela. I came today to apologize to you. Can't we talk for a while?"

"What else is left to say between us?" Michaela said with an icy look in her eyes.

Ever since the matter of Zack cheated on her with Lucille had been exposed, together with how the latter putting on a pitiful act at the emergency room, and her words with a hidden meaning behind them from a few days ago; she didn't think that there was even an ounce of sisterly bond left between them, much less the fact that they could still talk things out.

On the contrary, Lucille's appearance made her feel as though she had been played like a fool in the past ten years.

Whatever excuses she had were proven wrong, and what had happened in the past turned into a huge joke.

Michaela sneered at the sight of her sister's vulnerable act. Right when she was about to take a sidestep around her, Lucille grabbed hold of her arm.

"I know you hate me, Michaela. I know that you don't want to see me, but I know that I was wrong. It was my fault for falling for Zack. But no matter how hard I tried to hide my feelings, I couldn't lie to myself any longer. Michaela, I've been avoiding everything you like since we were young. Nonetheless, Zack and I truly love each other. Can you please forgive me just this once?"

She was close to tears as she spoke. Michaela fought the urge to clap and applaud her for having such great acting skills.

With an amused look in her eyes, the latter said coldly, "There's no one else here, Lucille. You don't have to continue acting anymore. Aren't you tired of having to put up an act like this every day? I don't care if you snatch Zack away from me anyway."

But Lucille was still engrossed in her act. Tears streamed down her face, and she still wouldn't let go of her sister's arm. "I was wrong, Michaela. Please don't be angry with me anymore, okay?"

"I'm going to call the cops if you're going to continue to act unreasonably like this."

Michaela gritted her teeth out of anger toward her sister's pitiful act. Then, with a swing, she finally managed to get herself out of Lucille's grasp.

Just as she was about to leave, she watched as the latter threw herself against the car that was stopped beside them. A loud bang sounded, and by the time Lucille turned back, her forehead was already covered in red.

Michaela was aghast. She noticed a sly smile on Lucille's face for a split second before she kneeled on the floor. Then, with her body trembling, Lucille wailed, "Please don't hit me, Michaela! I was wrong. I won't do it anymore. I swear I won't see Zack anymore."

A strong sense of foreboding nagged at her. The former took a few steps back. Yet, a swarm of reporters came out of nowhere and surrounded her, each one of them shoving a mic in her face.

"Ms. Michaela, did you hit Ms. Lucille because she snatched your fiancé away from you?"

"Ms. Michaela, is it true that Ms. Lucille and Mr. Zack are the ones who love each other, and you're the one who came between them?"

"How could you be so ruthless and hit Ms. Lucille when you're her sister? Ms. Michaela, seeing that Ms. Lucille is so afraid of you, it seems like it's a normal occurrence for you to hit her, right?"

"Ms. Michaela, why do you not care for the sisterhood between you and Ms. Lucille when she and Mr. Zack love each other? Why don't you give them your blessing?"

"Please tell us something, Ms. Michaela."

"That's right. Please say something."

With so many reporters surrounding her, Michaela couldn't get a word out of her mouth. Meanwhile, Lucille wiped off the blood from her forehead as a vicious look crossed her face.

Just as she was about to get up to continue with her act, she heard the sound of a car braking. Before she could even react, she saw Jonathan getting down from a Bentley.

Panic flashed across her face, but she quickly acted miserable again as she walked toward him. "Mr. Xander, please help Michaela..."

Right when Lucille went up to Michaela earlier, Gary had sent a video of what had happened to the man.

At first, Gary didn't want to show up. However, it was too late when he wanted to help Michaela as there were too many reporters surrounding the woman.

Fortunately, Jonathan was already on his way from the airport. Having found out that everything was Lucille's plan, the man's face darkened. Even his voice was icy as he said, "I'm no good man, Ms. Lucille. You better stay far away from Mich and stop using such underhanded methods!"

The woman's eyes constricted and cold sweat beaded on her back.

Once he finished speaking, he brought his men along with him and rushed into the crowd. Lucille dared not stay a second longer. She quickly hailed a taxi and left.

Ever since she was young, Michaela had attended countless banquets. Yet, this was the first time she was blocked and questioned by so many reporters.

In an instant, her face paled.

Even though she knew that this was all a part of Lucille's scheme, she understood that was no point in explaining anymore.

She knew that people would find more faults the more she said. Thus, she decided to keep quiet about their questions. Instead, the woman chose to back away from them. But she overlooked the fact that there were stairs behind her.

Michaela suddenly staggered backward and fell down the stairs the next second.

There was a road right next to the stairs. Fear spiraled through her when she heard the sound of a car approaching. There would be catastrophic consequences if she fell just like that.

Right at that moment, someone held her from behind. The woman fell into someone's warm embrace the next second, and a soothing voice came from above her, "Be careful!"

Love Her to No End Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Going To Great Lengths For A Beauty

Stunned, Michaela looked down and saw a large hand with slender fingers on her waist. Her whole body seemed to be burning from the warmth of the hand.

By the time she had regained her balance, the hand had already left her waist.

"Are you hurt?"

She shook her head at the sight of the concerned look on Jonathan's face.

A refreshing scent hit her nose and in an instant, it seemed as though all worries and restlessness left her.

The reporters couldn't get a thing out of Michaela, and a man appeared beside her at such a critical moment.

Wanting to carry on with the gossip, one of the reporters asked brazenly, "Ms. Michaela, can you introduce the man beside you? Based on your intimate actions, it seems like there is something going on with the two of you. Were you the one who cheated first when you called off your wedding with Mr. Zack? Or was it really because of Mr. Zack's mistake?"

When the reporter finished speaking, everyone could clearly see the face of the man beside Michaela darken as an indescribable sense of oppression filled the air.

He shot daggers at the reporter. His eyes were so vicious and sharp that the latter felt as though they could pierce through him anytime.

The latter couldn't help but shudder at the sight of this. Then, an intimidating voice sounded, "To everyone present today, Caelfall Corporation will be taking legal action on behalf of Ms. Michaela for all the irresponsible words and questions you have raised. Go home and wait for the letter from our attorney."

As soon as he said that, he led Michaela to the car with her in his arms without a care for the people around him.

Caelfall Corporation?

Is he... Jonathan Xander of the Xander family?

The reporters stood frozen at the thought of the rumors regarding Jonathan. Panic filled their eyes instantly. A moment later, one of them finally snapped back to their senses and quickly deleted all the photos they had taken earlier.

Nonetheless, the fear they were feeling lingered.

The crowd earlier disappeared without a trace almost immediately.

Michaela was still in a daze in the car as if she still hadn't snapped back from what had happened earlier. Sorrow started to fill her heart.

Jonathan's heart ached at the sight of this. He couldn't bring himself to imagine what would have happened if he didn't make it in time.

He had been rushing to pick up Michaela since he got off the plane. On his way, he received the video from Gary and had been anxious since. Who would have thought that he would see her surrounded by a group of reporters the moment he stepped out of the car.

Helplessness and confusion were written all over her pale face.

At that moment, Jonathan was so furious that he was even gripped by the urge to kill someone.

Tension filled the inside of the car. Walter didn't even dare to take in a deep breath. Yet, he wasn't able to escape his fate of receiving the order from his boss. "Walter, contact the company's legal team and get everything done as soon as possible."

He felt a shudder down his spine hearing that. Is he going to such great lengths all for a beauty?

Before he could say anything, he heard Michaela saying, "It's fine, Mr. Jonathan. They were being used too."

Everything happened because of Lucille. She wanted to ruin my reputation and make everyone think that I'm someone who has been abusing her.

Even though the reporters were despicable, they were just Lucille's tools to get at her.

Now that she thought about it, it explained why Lucille had appeared so suddenly and said something so ridiculous. So, she has planned everything out.

Michaela could never match the malicious intentions her sister had.

She was originally worried about Lucille, but the latter had ruined the last bit of yearning she felt.

Jonathan was well aware that Michaela was a smart woman.

He couldn't bring himself to refuse her when she was staring at him like that. Reaching up to pat her head, he said, "Okay. Whatever you say."

However, when Michaela turned to look out the window, his gaze turned darker and darker.

In the adult world, one would need to pay for their mistake. Furthermore, they had hurt his girl. There was no way he would let them off the hook just like that.

After experiencing such a thing, the woman was surprisingly calm. She looked so calm that it seemed like the incident had nothing to do with her at all.

Nonetheless, her heart was bleeding.

The person who always treated her as though they were sisters ended up resorting to such cheap tricks, cutting the ties between them without any hesitation.

She would be lying if she said she was not affected by this matter.

Jonathan's phone rang suddenly, but his attention was all on the woman next to him. He immediately rejected the call. Yet, the person who called didn't seem to get the hint at all as they called Walter instead.

Taking a glance at the number on the screen, the latter leaned in slightly and said, "Mr. Xander, it's Mr. Sullivan."

"Answer it."

Knowing Vincent's temper, he knew that the man would continue calling to no end if he rejected the call.

"Mr. Sullivan!"

A few seconds after picking up the call, Walter handed the phone to Jonathan and said, "Mr. Xander, Mr. Sullivan wants to talk to you about something important."

Taking a glance at Michaela, the latter took the phone and said, "Hello?"

"Jonathan, hurry up and take a look at the trending topics! Our ex-niece-in-law is in trouble! They said that she ruined her image, abused her sister, and was the one who got in between her sister's relationship. There were even images attached to the article. The article already has a million views now."

Both Jonathan and Michaela were sitting at the back of the car. Since there wasn't much distance between them, it was only natural that the woman heard everything Vincent said.

She quickly pulled out her phone and clicked on the article. The first thing she was Lucille holding onto her and crying her eyes out. That photo was followed by another one of Lucille hitting the car after she pulled her hand away from her grasp. Lastly, it was one with Lucille's forehead covered in blood with a terrified look on her face.

If she didn't know the truth herself, Michaela would have believed that she was the villain here.

Besides the three photos, the author also wrote mean things about Michaela, saying that she was just a dignified and gentle person on the surface and that she was a person with violent tendencies in reality.

It was written there that not only did she separate Lucille and Zack, but she also constantly abused her sister. The reporter wrote the article as if he had witnessed everything himself.

She clutched onto her phone tightly when suddenly, she received a call from Jacob.

Steadying herself, she answered the call. "Dad!"

"Where are you? Get home right this instant!" The man sounded so indifferent and frosty as he shouted over the phone.

"Dad!"

"Look at what you've done, Michaela! Didn't you promise me that you wouldn't stop your sister from marrying into the Xander family? What's up with the article that's trending now? And you even hit her? Look at what you've done now. The Lingard family has turned into a joke! I'm utterly embarrassed. You have disappointed me, Michaela."

Love Her to No End Chapter 37

Chapter 37 Watch Your Behavior

Everyone in the car could hear the man yelling through the phone. Feeling utterly embarrassed by what was going on, Michaela's eyes reddened as she tried her best to hold back her tears.

Unaware of the awkward situation his daughter was currently in, Jacob carried on bellowing furiously, "Michaela, when will you stop messing around? Are you only going to stop when our Lingard family is completely ruined? I can't believe you're already so evil at such a young age! No wonder you agreed to it so readily that day. Only now I know it's because you wanted to sabotage your sister. How would you benefit from that? You are such an ungrateful wretch! Come back immediately!"

The man was so angry that he had almost fainted when he saw the article that had gone viral on the internet.

That was especially so when he saw the blood on Lucille's forehead. Jacob had also believed his younger daughter's words and was furious that Michaela had almost caused him to lose his trump card. In fact, that was what he feared most.

As such, he rang Michaela immediately, lashing out at her.

Unbeknown to him, Jonathan, who was right next to the woman, had heard everything he said.

When Michaela noticed Jonathan's expression becoming darker, she quickly switched her phone to the other side of her ear and tried to lower her voice.

However, before she could complete her series of actions, the man had already reached out and snatched her phone away.

With a frosty expression, Jonathan said coldly, "As her father, not only did you not comfort your daughter after she was being bullied, you're scolding her instead? How can you simply believe anything anyone says blindly? If someone tells you that your daughter is a murderer, are you going to believe that as well? If you can't even differentiate truth from lies and right from wrong, you're not fit to be a father."

Jonathan had been tolerating Jacob's behavior for quite a while, but at that moment, he could not stand it any longer.

While he was talking, the man did not notice that tears had already welled up in Michaela's eyes and were about to fall any moment.

As compared to Lucille and Jacob, Jonathan was merely an outsider to Michaela. However, he was the one standing by her side, showing her care and concern.

The biggest joke was that her so-called family was the one hurting her instead.

Perhaps it was because Jonathan had lowered his voice, Michaela did not hear anything that he said subsequently.

Just then, she saw a crease appearing between the man's brows before hearing him say impatiently, "I'm Jonathan Xander. If Mr. Lingard has any questions, feel free to look for me anytime! Mich won't be going back for the time being. Mr. Lingard, please watch your behavior!"

Right after he ended the call, Jonathan met Michaela's gaze and saw tears rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably.

At that moment, the man felt his heart aching immensely. He wanted to wipe the tears off Michaela's face but was at a loss of what to do. He was so overwhelmed by a whirlwind of emotions that his hands were trembling slightly.

As Jonathan was inexperienced with women, he did not know what to do to cheer Michaela up.

Walter started to panic as well, seeing that his boss was in a fluster. He could not help but wonder why the man was so good at picking up girls but could not even say a few words of comfort at such a crucial moment!

Noticing that Jonathan had ended the call, Michaela quickly wiped her tears away and said, "Mr. Jonathan, can you send me back to the Simmons residence?"

The woman did not want to cry!

She had never shed a tear despite having gone through so much because she knew that crying wouldn't solve anything.

Even when she was sad or disappointed, she kept all her emotions to herself as she did not want her mom to worry, nor did she want to be judged by others. However, not showing her emotions did not mean she did not feel them.

Feeling Jonathan's concern for her, Michaela finally lost control of her emotions and let her tears fall.

The woman's eyes were red and swollen from crying, and when she spoke, her voice quavered and sounded nasal, as if she was trying hard to suppress her feelings.

When Jonathan saw that, he instinctively reached out and caressed her cheeks. As he did that, he met Michaela's gaze.

When they locked eyes, Michaela could only stare blankly at the man as she was stuck in her spot.

"Michaela!"

"Huh?" the woman replied in a low voice.

The next moment, Jonathan's fingertips landed on her face as he wiped away the tears on her cheeks.

Such an intimate gesture caused Michaela's heart to skip a beat. When she was about to turn her face away subconsciously, Jonathan's gentle voice rang out again. "I'm only going to say this once, so you better listen up! From now onward, I won't let anyone hurt you ever again as long as I'm here! You just need to focus on the things you enjoy doing and express your emotions freely, laughing or crying whenever you want to. Leave the rest to me. Understand?"

The man spoke in a gentle and coaxing voice. Hearing that, Michaela burst out in tears once again.

"What a silly girl!"

After saying that, Jonathan sighed helplessly and pulled Michaela into his embrace.

Witnessing all of that, Walter breathed a sigh of relief and rolled up the privacy screen in the Bentley. It seems like Mr. Xander's bachelor life is ending soon!

The man's minty scent filled Michaela's nostrils as she remained in his embrace. She was feeling so tense that she stayed extremely still, almost having difficulty breathing.

With her mind blank, the woman muttered, "Mr. Jonathan..."

Right after she started speaking, she was interrupted by Jonathan. In his raspy voice, he said, "The Michaela I know is carefree and fearless. She didn't even blink an eye when she threatened me years back. What happened to that girl?"

When the man mentioned what happened last time, a blush spread across Michaela's face at once. Before she could reply, Jonathan continued, "In the future, if anyone bullies you again, promise me that you will retaliate! If anything happens because of that, I'll bear the consequences. Do you understand?"

"Yup!" Michaela agreed obediently.

At that moment, her grievances seemed to have dissipated and were replaced by a warm and fuzzy feeling in her heart.

"Good girl."

After Michaela's emotions gradually calmed, Jonathan released the woman from his embrace and distanced himself from her before tousling her hair gently.

Even though he did not want to let go of her so quickly, the man knew that Michaela needed time. He could not afford to make any mistakes and let all his efforts go to waste.

It was a good start for Jonathan, seeing that things were progressing according to his expectations.

At that moment, the car was filled with a romantic atmosphere.

When Michaela recalled the way she was sobbing miserably a moment ago, she felt rather embarrassed and started behaving awkwardly.

Just then, the car stopped, and Walter's cautious voice rang out. "Mr. Xander, we are here!"

"Let's get down!"

Jonathan glanced at Michaela before getting out of the car. After taking a deep breath, Michaela quickly followed behind him.

However, she found herself in front of a compound with a rustic-looking gate and a quaint garden. It was a completely unfamiliar environment for her and not the Simmons residence where she wanted to go.

Feeling perplexed, Michaela turned to look at Jonathan with a confused expression. The next moment, someone stepped out of the house and greeted Jonathan respectfully, "Mr. Xander!"

Jonathan nodded in acknowledgment before waving at Michaela, beckoning her over. "Mich, come here!"

Then, he turned toward the butler and said, "Wayne, take Mich to my room for her to wash up. We'll be having dinner at home tonight. Inform the kitchen and have them prepare dinner."

"Got it!" Wayne replied before he turned to look at Michaela and said in a friendly manner, "Ms. Michaela, please come with me!"

Instead of leaving immediately, Michaela looked at Jonathan subconsciously. She only followed Wayne up the stairs after seeing the reassuring look in Jonathan's eyes

Love Her to No End Chapter 38

Chapter 38 She Is Still Inexperienced

Ever since Walter realized that Jonathan was interested in Michaela, his discussions with Wayne mostly revolved around the woman.

As such, when the butler heard Jonathan addressing Michaela by the shortened form of her name, he knew who she was straight away.

Besides, ever since the Shappiray Mansion was built, it was the first time Jonathan brought a woman home, and that alone showed how much Michaela meant to him.

Jonathan had always been a conscientious and cautious man. The fact that he had brought the woman home was a sign that he was very serious about her.

At the thought that Michaela could be the future lady of the house, Wayne was secretly delighted and made a point to introduce the features of the mansion to her as they walked from the main hall to the inner courtyard.

He started off with the vintage rosewood tables and chairs in the living room before showing her the standalone quadrangle courtyard.

Apart from the main hall, there were private rooms on both the left and right sides of the courtyard.

According to Wayne, the luxuriously-designed area was used to host guests. The main hall was the dining area while the rooms at the sides functioned as guest rooms.

After they walked past the main hall, Michaela was stunned by the enchanting view in front of her.

There was a beautiful pavilion, and tall pine trees lined the sides of the garden. There was also a man-made fountain surrounded by rockery and exquisite plants. It was a truly lovely sight to behold.

Noticing the woman's astonished expression, Wayne smiled as he led her down the long corridor and said, "Ms. Michaela, we will reach the inner courtyard after passing by the garden, and Mr. Xander's room is in the main building of the compound!"

"Is this really Mr. Jonathan's home?"

Mr. Jonathan...

The corners of Wayne's lips twitched slightly before he replied with a straight face, "Yup. In fact, Mr. Xander had designed the entire house himself. Ms. Michaela, be careful of the steps!"

After the two of them walked down the steps and left the garden, two mansions appeared in front of them. Wayne started speaking again, "This is the building that Mr. Xander lives in, while the grey building is the servants' quarters. There's also a golf course behind. Feel free to take a walk around and explore the compound when you're free!"

After the butler finished speaking, he swiped a key card in a card reader, unlocking the door of the main building. As he opened the door, he said, "Mr. Xander does not like noise. Apart from the servants who are in charge of tidying up the place, no one else comes here."

The interior of the mansion was designed in a stylish manner, filled with elements of postmodernism with a hint of vintage, and the contrast created a stunning visual effect.

Wayne stopped at the door and pointed upstairs while saying to Michaela, "Mr. Xander's room is the third one on the third floor. There is an intercom in every room. If Ms. Michaela needs anything, please feel free to let me know through the intercom."

"Thanks, Wayne!"

"You're most welcome, Ms. Michaela!"

Wayne was smiling from ear to ear and showed no intention of leaving. Instead, casting a meaningful glance at the woman, he continued, "Apart from Old Mrs. Xander who

visited this inner courtyard when it was first built, you're the first woman Mr. Xander brought home."

"Huh?" Michaela asked, not quite understanding what the butler meant.

How is that relevant? Why does it feel like there's a hidden meaning in his words?

"Well, I shall take my leave now and not disturb you any longer. Ms. Michaela, please make yourself at home!"

Noticing the woman's perplexed expression, Wayne did not speak any further and walked out of the mansion, closing the door behind him.

Unknown to Michaela, after the butler left the mansion, his smile grew even wider.

It doesn't matter that Ms. Michaela was previously engaged to Mr. Zack. The most important thing is that Mr. Xander likes her. Besides, not only is the girl pretty, but she's also understanding and mature, unlike those pretentious heiresses from prominent families. She seems exactly like the kind of woman Mr. Xander would fancy.

However, she appears to be quite inexperienced and unaware of Mr. Xander's feelings. It seems like Mr. Xander has to work harder in order to succeed!

After watching Wayne leave, Michaela heaved a sigh of relief. Why was he looking at me in such a strange manner?

The next moment, she shook her head and decided not to think too much about it.

After changing into a pair of slippers, Michaela followed Wayne's instructions and headed to Jonathan's bedroom on the third floor.

She had assumed that having stayed overseas for five years, the man's room would be designed in a grand and classy manner, which was the trend overseas. However, when she pushed open the door, she saw that the room was designed in an oriental style, incorporating modern elements.

Even though she was rather surprised at Jonathan's choice of design, she found that it complimented the man's scholarly looks as well as his gentle and graceful manners.

The bedroom was decorated in a very sophisticated way that only neutral colors were used. One look and one could tell it was a man's room.

Without much delay, Michaela headed straight into the attached bathroom. When she looked at herself in the mirror, she saw that her eyes were still slightly red, and it was obvious that she had been crying earlier on.

The woman let out a sigh before taking out her phone, intending to call her team leader to explain her absence from work. However, just then, her phone rang.

After glancing at the screen, Michaela hesitated for a second before answering, "Lorelei, what's the matter?"

"Mich, I saw the article on the internet. Are you okay?"

"I'm currently a villain who attacked someone. Of course, I am alright!" Michaela said with a self-deprecating smile, sounding rather helpless.

Right after she finished speaking, Lorelei's furious voice rang out. "That article is bullsh*t! How can they write something so irresponsible! Mich, where are you now? I'll go look for you. Let's drink to our hearts' content!"

"Aren't you supposed to be having a candlelight dinner with Alois?" Michaela teased.

"Of course, it is more important to keep you company in times of crisis. Quick, send me your location now!"

Feeling her friend's concern for her, tears welled up in Michaela's eyes once again. However, remembering where she was, she quickly replied, "Lorelei, you don't have to accompany me. I'm really all right. Go and enjoy your date with Alois. I'll wait for your good news!"

"Are you really all right by yourself?" Lorelei asked, sounding worried.

Feeling a surge of warmth in her heart, Michaela replied at once, "I'm fine. Just go! All the best!"

"OK then. I'll update you after I get the man!"

"Sure, bye!"

After the call ended, tears began to stream down Michaela's eyes.

A simple gesture of concern was exactly what she needed in such times, not to mention the absolute trust her friend had in her. That was indeed even more precious.

The woman had never felt so defeated before in her entire life.

As Jonathan approached the bathroom, he heard muffled cries and stopped in his tracks. An unfathomable expression flashed past his face as he narrowed his eyes.

A short while later, Michaela left the bathroom and was about to leave the bedroom when she heard someone speaking as she walked past the balcony.

When she looked over, she saw the man's tall figure at once.

Jonathan was talking to someone on the phone. His head was slightly lowered as he listened attentively while having a faint smile on his face.

Just when he was about to pick up his cigarette from the table and take another puff, the man spotted Michaela from the corner of his eye and stopped his actions.

The next second, Jonathan tossed the cigarette into the bin next to him and opened the sliding door in the balcony.

As he walked back into the bedroom, Michaela heard him saying, "Don't worry, Mdm. Simmons. I'll settle everything and not allow Mich to be wronged!"

He's talking to Mom?

Just when Michaela was feeling slightly shocked, she noticed Jonathan looking at her. Lifting her chin slightly with his slender fingers, the man's eyes lingered on her face for a moment before whispering next to her ears, "It's Mdm. Simmons!"

If that's the case, Mom has probably already seen the article. But why did she call Jonathan and not me instead?

While Michaela was deep in her thoughts, Jonathan had already retracted his hand, and his calm voice rang out once again. "Sure. Mich will be fine staying at my place. I'll take good care of her."

Love Her to No End Chapter 39

Chapter 39 Into The Den Of A Lion

Jonathan turned to Michaela again after hanging up the call.

Michaela had just washed her face, so wet strands of hair clung to her forehead. Her bare face was fair and smooth like porcelain, and her cheeks flushed like peach blossoms.

Even though she tried her best to hide it, Jonathan could see that her eyes were red and knew she had just cried.

It pained him to know that Michaela had cried. Since Michaela did not say anything, Jonathan decided not to expose her. Instead, he caressed her hair and asked softly, "Are you hungry?"

“Why did my mom call you, Mr. Jonathan?” Michaela asked.

Jonathan regarded her quietly. His eyes were dark and gloomy, but his tone sounded gentle. “Do you want Mdm. Simmons to hear your voice hoarse from crying? Or, do you wish to pour your sorrow onto her?”

Michaela was stunned by his response. She looked down quickly and did not reply.

Is he helping me because he knows I don't want my mother to worry?

Jonathan noticed a subtle change in her expression and smiled. He pulled her by her wrist and walked out of the bedroom. “Let me show you your room!”

It worked as Jonathan expected. He easily distracted Michaela from the topic with just a few words.

He would never tell Michaela that he was working hard to please her mother and fight for the chance to be with Michaela.

Meanwhile, Michaela was stunned as she followed Jonathan. She could not resist looking down at their tightly held hands.

It looked like an adult holding a child's hand. She felt warmed by the gesture and was aware of how her heart was racing.

They had only taken a few steps when Jonathan suddenly stopped. Michaela quickly withdrew her hand and shook her head in a refusal. “You don't have to trouble yourself. I think I will stay in Grandpa's house.”

Jonathan did not say anything but opened the door to the opposite room. Then, he looked at her with dark eyes and said, “Didn't you hear it just now? Mdm. Simmons said you should stay here with me while she is away. You don't want Mdm. Simmons to worry about you, right?”

Jonathan pushed Michaela into the room as he spoke.

Michaela glanced around and realized the room had the same design as Jonathan's room across the corridor. Even the furnishings were the same.

It felt like she and Jonathan were living in the same room. Somehow, it seemed improper.

That thought prompted Michaela's heart to skip a beat.

"The servants frequently cleaned this room, so the bedsheets and other things are clean. Feel free to use everything here, and let me know if you need anything else. I will tell someone to prepare it for you!" Jonathan said.

So, does this mean I have to stay in this mansion with him while Mom is away? Although this place is beautiful, and I like it, it feels awkward to live with him.

As Michaela was still considering, Jonathan suddenly came over and leveled his gaze with her. He seemed to be studying her expression. "You seem focused. What are you thinking?"

They were so close that Michaela could feel his breath. She instinctively took a step back. Then, she pondered for a moment before answering, "Wayne mentioned the guestrooms are in the east and west wings. I should stay there."

Jonathan curved his lips into a smile. "As you said, they are guestrooms and are thus for guests. However, you are under my care. Therefore, it is natural that we should stay together."

His gaze seemed to see through her and made her feel like she had nowhere to hide.

Furthermore, his low but soothing voice sent tremors through her heart. Michaela suddenly felt nervous and tightened the grip on her shirt. Then, she heard his voice saying, "Perhaps... Do you want me to live with you in the guest rooms near the front yard?"

"No, that's not necessary!" Michaela replied.

Jonathan took in Michaela's panicking expression and fought the intense urge to hug her. He did not come any closer to her.

After all, he had achieved his goal. Since Michaela was now by his side, he had plenty of opportunities.

"Good girl! Let's go downstairs to have dinner!" Jonathan said.

Seeing Jonathan turning around to leave the bedroom, Michaela finally breathed a sigh of relief. She leaned against the wall and panted for breath.

Michaela looked troubled as she realized this was only their first day living together.

No, this won't do. I must find a chance to convince Mom to let me stay at Grandpa's home!

Then, Michaela calmed her emotions and left the bedroom. However, she realized that Jonathan had not left. He was standing at the corner of the staircase, waiting for her to head downstairs with him.

Jonathan smiled the instant he saw her coming out of the room. He watched Michaela keeping her gaze to the floor as she hurried past him and walked down the stairs.

Jonathan arched his eyebrows and followed behind Michaela. They had just reached the stairwell when they saw Wayne smiling at them and saying, "Mr. Xander, Ms. Michaela, dinner is ready."

"Thank you, Wayne," Jonathan replied.

Wayne smiled when he saw that Jonathan was in a good mood. It seems Shappiray Mansion shall become a more lively place from now on.

Jonathan reached the dining room and sat at one end of the long dining table. Michaela was about to head to the other end, but Jonathan quickly grabbed her hand. "Where are you going? Sit here!"

Michaela glanced at the empty seat beside Jonathan and felt her heart skip. However, before she could refuse Jonathan, he looked at her with a kind smile.

Although Michaela did not wish to sit next to him, she had no choice but to sit there.

Jonathan did not say anything but observed the changes in Michaela's expression. He had a barely noticeable smile on his face.

This place finally feels like home.

Their dinner was a four-course meal with soup. The food was simple but tasty.

Michaela felt famished after everything she had gone through in the afternoon. She smelled the aroma of food in the air when she came downstairs. Then, she tasted the food and found them even tastier than the food in restaurants.

However, Michaela did not know a chef from a Michelin restaurant prepared their dinner.

The chef was adept at cooking all kinds of ingredients and well versed in various types of cuisines.

Jonathan had made a lot of effort to hire this chef. He felt his effort was worth it when he saw how much Michaela enjoyed the food.

Michaela had a good appetite and was not picky with food. Her enjoyment of the food influenced Jonathan. Even as he kept serving Michaela more food, he realized he had eaten a lot too.

After dinner, Michaela felt she should do something to thank him for the meal. She stood up to clear the plates, but Jonathan dragged her out of the dining room.

He brought her to the living room. Wayne stood there and directed people to bring in various packages. Then, Wayne saw Jonathan and immediately came to him. "Mr. Xander, they have sent everything here!"

"Bring everything to Ms. Lingard's room," Jonathan instructed.

"These are..." Michaela was confused.

Jonathan smiled at her and said, "I don't have any clothes suitable for a lady, so I asked a department store to send some over. If I missed out anything, you can let me know, and I'll instruct someone to get it for you."

At this moment, Jonathan's face looked warm and gentle under the warm light. His thoughtfulness touched Michaela, so she looked down and said, "Thank you, Mr. Jonathan."

"There is no need to thank me!" Jonathan responded.

He had just finished speaking when Walter's voice came from outside the mansion. "Mr. Jonathan, Mr. Zack has arrived in the foyer!"

Love Her to No End Chapter 40

Chapter 40 Scolding His Stupid Nephew

Zack went away on a business trip for a few days. He called Lucille daily to ask how she was doing and tell her how much he missed her.

Zack had never dated anyone before this. Even though he and Michaela were engaged for a few years, they were busy with their studies and hardly ever met privately. Therefore, they never had any intense romantic relationship.

However, Zack finally experienced the wonders of romance after he got together with Lucille.

People had said absence makes the heart grow fonder. These words held some truth.

As it was the weekend the next day, Zack booked flight tickets and applied for a half-day off work to give his girlfriend a surprise. However, he received news that someone had beaten Lucille when he got off the plane.

Zack rushed home from the airport and found Lucille with a bandage over the wound on her forehead. She looked pale and was rather shaken from the incident.

Seeing Zack, Lucille immediately flung herself into his embrace and apologized tearfully.

Initially, Zack was confused. After asking her, Zack finally understood that Lucille went to meet with Michaela for his sake.

After what happened previously, Lucille did not want Zack to suffer due to her, so she went to meet with Michaela and sought her forgiveness.

However, she did not expect Michaela to hit her.

Furthermore, she did not know why those reporters suddenly appeared. She also did not expect Jonathan to show up. Therefore, she felt guilty and worried that she had caused a misunderstanding between Zack and Jonathan.

Lucille cried profusely and did not mention a word about her injury. Instead, she kept worrying about how the incident would affect Zack.

Zack was passionately in love with Lucille. Seeing that she still worried about him despite her injuries made him furious and heartbroken.

He was angry with himself for going on a business trip and leaving Lucille to face the cruel consequence alone. At the same time, he hated Michaela for being spiteful.

Therefore, he felt an urge to rush out of the door to settle the score with Michaela. However, Lucille tried to stop him with all her might, saying that Michaela was now with Jonathan. She feared Zack would get scolded again.

Hearing this made Zack even more furious. After dinner, he coaxed Lucille to sleep before sneaking out of the house.

However, Zack did not know the supposedly asleep Lucille opened her eyes the instant Zack closed the door. She stood behind the curtain and grinned as she watched Zack's car drive away.

At this moment, Zack sat in the foyer of Shappiray Mansion with a gloomy expression. Anger burned in his chest as he recalled Lucille crying in his arms pitifully.

Hearing footsteps coming his way, Zack stood up. He saw it was Jonathan and shouted immediately, "Is Michaela here? I want to see her!"

"Don't you know who you are speaking to? Where are your manners?" Jonathan scolded.

Zack stiffened at Jonathan's stern tone. He struggled to force down his fury but managed to sound polite as he said, "Uncle Jonathan, I would like to talk to Michaela!"

"Why?" Jonathan glanced at him. He spoke briefly as usual and without a hint of emotion in his tone.

Seeing that Jonathan did not deny what he said but asked for a reason, Zack became more confident that Michaela was there. Zack's eyes glowed with fury. "Uncle Jonathan, I know you are protecting Michaela because she is Old Mr. Simmons' granddaughter. But I am your nephew!"

"I admit I was wrong previously. However, Michaela is too vicious. Lucille went to her to apologize, but she hit Lucille. I must see her today!" Zack added.

"What makes you think you can walk into the inner courtyard without my permission?" Jonathan spoke in an unbothered tone as he looked at Zack indifferently. Then, he accepted a teacup offered by the housekeeper.

"Uncle Jonathan!" Jonathan's expression twisted with fury. The anger burning in his chest gave him the courage to meet Jonathan's gaze.

What he saw was a glare colder than the dead of winter, causing Zack to shiver.

Before Zack could speak, Jonathan placed his teacup heavily on the rosewood table and said fiercely, "How dare you come here to cause trouble over a shameless woman? Zack, it seems you have forgotten your place!"

"Uncle Jonathan, Lucille is a good woman. She is kind and honest. Furthermore, she loves me. If I had never met Lucille, I would never have understood how it feels to love someone. On the other hand, Michaela had never cared about me in the years we were engaged. There was no chance of intimacy like a romantic couple. Otherwise, I would never have—" Zack said.

"Otherwise, you would never have cheated on her with her sister?"

There was a sudden crashing noise. Jonathan had swept the teacup on the table toward Zack. A wrathful aura overflowed from Jonathan as he said, "Zack, it seems you are good at finding excuses for your mistake! Is this the reason for you to hurt Michaela?"

Jonathan paused before continuing, "You could have told us that you don't like her and canceled the engagement to pursue your true love. That would not have been an issue. However, instead of doing that, you insisted on dragging the Xander family down into such a shameful situation. What right do you have to talk to me about love?"

The teacup shattered into tiny pieces on the floor, spilling tea onto Zack's shirt and leaving a brownish stain. However, Zack did not dare to move a finger.

Walter saw what happened and pitied Zack.

Are you still going to be obsessed with that woman and believe everything she said? When are you going to learn? How dare you seek to harm the lady Mr. Xander cares about tremendously? You are really looking for trouble!

Actually, Zack knew that Jonathan was right while he was wrong. He became less arrogant after Jonathan threw the teacup at him. Thus, he gritted his teeth and said, "Uncle Jonathan, I know my mistake brought humiliation to the Xander family and broke Grandpa's heart. After everything is over, I will bring Lucille to seek Grandpa's forgiveness. Still, Michaela has no right to beat Lucille!"

"If it was up to me, Lucille shall no longer have any place in Quakersville!" Jonathan did not speak loudly, but his tone was heavy with warning.

After saying that, Jonathan suddenly stood up and glanced at Zack. "What a brainless fool!"

"Uncle Jonathan..." Zack was confused. Before he could demand to talk to Michaela again, Jonathan had turned around and left. Zack wanted to follow him, but Walter suddenly stood before him and said, "Mr. Zack, allow me to walk you out."

"But-" Zack was unwilling to give up. However, Walter interrupted him and said, "Mr. Zack, Mr. Jonathan instructed me to give this to you!"

"What is this?" Zack was confused as he saw a black object the size of a fingernail on Walter's hand.

"We found this in your bridal chambers the day before the wedding," Walter said.

He looked at Zack's frown and continued, "Allow me to say something in defense of Mr. Jonathan. Mr. Zack, I believe you know how Mr. Jonathan has treated you all these years. When you graduated from university and wanted to intern in the company, Mr. Jonathan found the best person to guide you."

Walter paused before continuing, "When you wanted a marital home, Mr. Jonathan found the most renowned architect in the country for you. Even after you committed mistakes, Mr. Jonathan still found ways to resolve the mess. Furthermore, Old Mr.

Xander still does not know about the matter between you and Ms. Lingard. Who do you think has been helping you, Mr. Zack? Therefore, your behavior today has hurt Mr. Jonathan!”

Walter continued to nag Zack. Once he had finished speaking, Zack raised the pinhole camera in his hand and asked, “So, what does this have to do with anything?”

“Here is the fingerprint identification report. Mr. Zack, you will understand after reading it,” Walter answered.