

## Love Her to No End Chapter 41

### Chapter 41 She Is Adorably Cute

When Walter returned, Jonathan was giving his instructions to the butler regarding breakfast the next day. "Mich loves omelet. Also, prepare some mushroom soup. She's too skinny, so it's a must to ensure she gets a nutritious and well-balanced diet."

"Got it, Mr. Xander!" the butler answered with a broad grin.

Who says Mr. Xander doesn't know how to care about others? It's just that he hasn't met the right one before this! Isn't he doing great now?

After the butler left, Walter approached and asked in a low voice, "Mr. Xander, Mr. Zack has left. I'm afraid Lucille would never dream that you would be able to find the pinhole camera. But she has her alert high up too, and that's why she managed to escape from the clutches of our men and hurt Ms. Michaela."

At the mention of the incident earlier that day, a frown instantly formed between Jonathan's eyebrows. A cold glint flashed across his eyes, and there was a hint of aloofness in his icy voice. "Do you have everything ready?"

"I've obtained the surveillance footage of Lucille meeting up with the representatives from the magazine company. However, I can't hear their conversation."

"That's enough," Jonathan said slowly. "Get someone to work on it. I want to see results by tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Mr. Xander!" Walter agreed.

He knew very well that Jonathan was not a kind person. Barely anyone could escape his clutches if he secretly wanted to teach someone a lesson.

At the thought of that, Walter's lips curled. "About Lucille..."

"There's no need to be bothered about that anymore. No matter how much of a ruckus she caused, it'll never amount to anything."

There was barely any expression on Jonathan's face, yet his sharp gaze alone was enough to send a chill down everyone's spine.

That Lucille is totally shooting her own legs. She's on the way to seek her death! Walter scoffed as he secretly mourned and prayed for her.

Right then, they heard footsteps coming their way. Looking in the direction, Gary walked in with a blank face and stopped right before Jonathan. "Mr. Xander, I'm sorry for the oversight today. I failed to protect Ms. Lingard. Please punish as you deem fit, Mr. Xander!"

Gary was riddled with guilt ever since the incident occurred, and that pang of guilt was even more apparent on his face at that point.

He dared not picture what would happen then if Jonathan did not arrive in time.

"Everything happened too suddenly. I can't possibly blame you for that but be extra careful about Mich's safety from now on. I will never allow the same thing to happen again!"

"Understood!" Gary wore a serious look on his face as he answered.

Standing up, Jonathan gave a pat on Gary's shoulder and started to make his way into the house. It was only a few steps when he paused in his tracks.

Without turning around, a commanding voice filled with overflowing vitality resonated in the air. "I guess it has been too quiet for Jacob Real Estate recently. We should keep Mr. Lingard occupied with some problems then."

"I got it, Mr. Xander!" Walter eagerly responded.

It was until Jonathan went far that Walter leaned closer to Gary and gave him a nudge on his shoulder. "Do you think Mr. Xander is doing this for the sake of justice? He's completely disregarding his father-in-law just to please his wife!"

But at the mere thought that Jacob might not even have the time to cry soon, he suddenly felt so good.

In response, Gary coldly threw him a glance. "Why didn't you ask Mr. Xander just now?"

"Oh gosh! It's no fun being around a log like you!" Walter babbled as he followed behind Gary after seeing that he had turned to leave.

As soon as those words fell, Gary flatly responded, "Haven't you been single since birth even though you're a fun person?"

Walter was so mad he almost coughed blood out as he glared furiously at him. This guy is doing it on purpose, isn't he?

On the other side, the housekeepers in the mansion had already gone back to their quarters when Jonathan returned.

Amidst the quiet house, there was only a warm orange glow from a wall lamp illuminating the interior. The only difference was that the man knew he was no longer alone.

Because of Michaela's arrival, Jonathan felt that his wandering heart had finally calmed down after so many years.

At the same time, Michaela was still wide awake in the other room of the mansion. She was too embarrassed to ask for help and hence had been organizing her boxes of items all by herself.

Other than Jonathan's so-called extra sets of clothes and toiletries, there were also cosmetics, footwear, and bags. They had even factored in facial masks as well.

What left her in disbelief and shock was how the boxes of clothes before her eyes were all clothing from the latest season, and most importantly, the undergarments were all her size.

Just as she felt her face flaming at the sudden revelation, she heard a knock on the door. Lifting her gazes, she saw Jonathan standing by the door.

Almost instinctively, she hastily shoved the bag of undergarments in her hands into the closet and awkwardly muttered, "M-Mr. Jonathan!"

"Why are you not asleep yet?"

She thought no one had noticed what she was doing, but it turned out that Jonathan had witnessed every single action of hers.

"I'm not done arranging these items." Sensing the intense gaze from the man, Michaela lowered her eyes to answer. After giving it some thought, she looked up again and added, "Am I causing you trouble?"

Well aware that Jonathan's visit was about Lucille's matter, she displayed a remorseful look.

"Why do you have such ridiculous thoughts in your head?"

The lighting in the room that shone on her face accentuated her delicate and beautiful facial features. Yet, there was an apparent hint of cautiousness in her gaze that made the man feel his heart wrenched for her. Resorting to remain deadpan, he changed the subject and asked, "Any plans for the weekends?"

"I might get thrown rotten eggs if I head out now, so I reckoned it's better to stay at home!"

Despite the laughter, she could not hide the exasperation within her. Jonathan could still see through her and thus decided not to go on anymore. "Take a bath and rest early."

His low, deep voice had turned a little raspy at that point, almost as if he was trying to suppress something in his mind.

Michaela nodded her head in response. Just as Jonathan turned to leave, she delicately said, "Thank you for taking me in and even preparing everything for me!"

"You're showing your gratitude verbally again?" Jonathan glanced sideways with a faint smile hanging on his lips.

He had a pair of stunning eyes that resembled the starry skies—deep yet clear. In fact, it felt like there was a special magical quality to it. One could easily fall into that mesmerizing abyss and not able to extricate from it.

"N-No! That's not it!" Michaela instinctively refuted.

Even though Jonathan had caught sight of her nervous appearance, he had no intention of sparing her. "Then, what is it?"

"I-..."

"There is no hurry. Take your time to think. I can wait!"

I'll be more than willing if you offer your body as a reward!

Of course, he did not say that out loud.

That unhurried voice made Michaela's heart race uncontrollably and threw her into a state of panic. All she could feel was her face burning at intense heat.

Noticing a bashful look on Michaela's face, Jonathan curved his lips into a captivating smile. She is indeed adorable!

That night, Michaela had a peculiar dream.

In her dream, she told a boy: When I grow up, I want to have a place of my own. Hopefully, it's as gigantic as a quadrangle, a garden as large as those in the royal palaces, and a personal villa to myself. Inside, there will be a home theatre system, an indoor swimming pool, and a large room to keep my nice clothes.

And that was not all. She also added: Jonathan, what should I do? Given how greedy I am, I probably won't be able to have my wishes come true!

The sun had already risen when she jolted awake from her dream.

Thinking of the scenario in her dream, she suddenly recalled that she had indeed said those words to Jonathan many years ago.

It was just that during then, she stubbornly refused to greet him politely and instead called him by his name.

With those thoughts in mind, Michaela's pupils dilated with shock.

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### Chapter 42 She Freaks Out

The dream from last night continued to linger in Michaela's mind, seemingly stabbing right through her heart as the tumult of emotions brewing within her could not calm down even after a long time.

She had long put those immature words she had once said while she was young at the back of her mind as time slipped away.

I have to admit the layout and structure of Shappiray Mansion are exactly like what I've envisioned, or possibly even better, and I'm more than glad about it. But again, I'm sure this is nothing more than pure coincidence. Or perhaps, those words I said years ago have inspired him to build Shappiray Mansion in such a manner! Oh well, I don't even dwell on those ideas, so why will others?

After getting things reasoned out, Michaela swiftly brushed her teeth and get changed. She thought she had woken up quite early, but only to find that Jonathan was already seated on the couch working on his laptop placed on his thighs when she headed downstairs.

As his slender and defined fingers danced across the keyboard, the crisp clattering of the keys sounded rhythmically in the room.

The man had a tall build and long legs. Verily, as he slightly extended his legs and leaned back onto the couch slothfully, there was an inexplicable sense of casualness and attractiveness.

While Michaela was engrossed in what was before her eyes, Jonathan suddenly threw a side glance in her direction. He wore a composed look and had his lips slightly curled upward.

"Good morning, Mr. Jonathan!" She stopped abruptly in the middle of the flight of stairs and obediently greeted him.

“Mmm.” Jonathan withdrew his gaze. She honestly looks good in anything. Despite those thoughts, the words coming out of his mouth sounded extremely serious. “Did you sleep well last night?”

“I-I guess so!” Michaela replied with her eyes lowered.

Being in an unfamiliar environment, she thought she would not be able to fall asleep. Little did she expect that she would have a good night of sleep till dawn, much less a dream.

The thought of how she used to call Jonathan by his name brazenly made her feel a little guilt-ridden. She felt like there was a flame ignited and burning fiercely on her chest.

“Why is your face so red? Are you feeling unwell?”

Recognizing that the voice came from above her head, Michaela immediately raised her head. Only then did she realize Jonathan was standing right in front of her, staring at her concernedly.

His warm breath brushed against her face, causing her to blush so much that she looked like a tomato.

“Did you forget to close the windows last night?”

Without getting a response from her even after a long while, the man lifted his hand and placed his palm on her forehead.

Michaela’s body stiffened up, and she almost forgot how to breathe as immense astonishment crept within her. Every part of her skin that Jonathan had just touched felt like they were set ablaze with fire. The temperature of her face remained peak high as her cheeks blushed even wilder than before.

“N-No!” she staggered a few steps backward, deliberately distancing herself away from Jonathan. “I-I’m just hungry and rushed down in a hurry!” She blinked as she gave an excuse.

“Is that so?” It was clear that the man did not believe those words. Nonetheless, he grabbed her by her wrist and pulled her toward the dining room. “The kitchen has finished preparing breakfast. There’s your favorite omelet.”

The sunlight filtered in through the windows reflected off Jonathan’s body, making him radiate a blissful tenderness. His handsome features were further made distinct by the warm glow casting on him.

In the dining room, the butler had been waiting for their arrival. Noticing their intimate behavior as they walked in, he wore a delighted look as he greeted, "Good morning, Ms. Michaela!"

"Good morning, Wayne!" she replied politely.

However, when she caught sight of Wayne's meaningful smile, she bowed her head even lower.

For some reason, she felt that everyone there was acting strangely.

The housekeepers sized me up curiously; though Wayne is extremely friendly, he has a baffling smile. And not to mention how Jonathan was so intimate by having physical contact with me. Can't he just talk properly?

While her thoughts were in a jumbled mess, Jonathan's deep voice sounded from beside her ear. "I haven't had time to ask you yesterday. What do you think of Shappiray Mansion?"

Ahem, ahem...! Michaela choked on her soup as that question reminded her of her dream last night.

She had managed to convince herself earlier, yet Jonathan's question only triggered her to rethink the meaning behind it.

Her face was flushed a crimson red, and her tears nearly streamed down.

"Why are you so careless?"

As those words rang out, Michaela felt a sudden pressure on her back.

Even with her blouse on, she could feel the warmth from Jonathan's palm permeating into her skin, leaving her with a burning sensation on her back.

As much as he had patted her back, she felt a numbness creeping up to her head and her body shivering as anxiousness filled her.

"Thank you, Mr. Jonathan. I'm fine now!" Michaela spoke in an apologetic voice after the discomfort in her faded.

However, Jonathan was more concerned about getting an answer to his question earlier. "You have yet to answer me. What do you think of this place?"

"It's quite cool!" Michaela acknowledged with a gentle grunt.

“Just that?” Those three simple words supposedly were not enough to satisfy Jonathan, which explained why he persisted in getting a longer answer.

Michaela stopped drinking the soup and her exquisite face blanked out as she fell into deep thought for a while before she turned to the man and solemnly said, “And also, you’re just like what everyone says! You’re indeed extremely wealthy!”

Casting a tender look at her, he suddenly inched closer to her while she was unprepared, leaving her jumping in fright that the fork in her hand dropped as she shivered.

His oppressive aura had left Michaela’s body frozen on the spot, not daring to move an inch. Right then, a soft voice rang next to her ear. “Mich, you’re doing it on purpose, am I right? Tell me... what should I do to punish you?”

The man’s voice turned high-pitched toward the last syllable, and there was an indescribable affection and obvious trace of seduction. Listening to that only made Michaela’s ears tickle with embarrassment.

Is this man deliberately trying to seduce me?

At this untimely moment, a voice came outside the dining room. Following that, Walter appeared at the door. “Mr. Xander, Mr. Sullivan is here.”

“I’m not seeing him.”

Jonathan straightened his back and sat back at his original spot.

Then, he swept his grim and frosty gazes at Walter, leaving the latter flinching in fear. In the blink of an eye, he had already ducked out of the room.

Walter had only managed to heave a sigh of relief after making sure that he was out of Jonathan’s line of vision. By now, cold sweat was breaking out on his back, and he was in extreme puzzlement.

Did I do something wrong? Mr. Xander’s gaze was too terrifying. It felt like he was about to kill me!

Because of Walter’s sudden appearance, Jonathan finally returned to normalcy.

Breakfast had been a mind-shuddering experience. Even with Michaela’s favorite omelet, she found it tasteless and unappetizing, almost as if she was chewing on wax.

I’m just stating facts. Why did he think I was teasing him? Besides, I wouldn’t dare to do that!

She thought they could both return to their rooms after breakfast without the need to interfere in each other's personal lives. Unexpectedly, she heard Jonathan's clear voice again as soon as she put her spoon down. "Go and pack yourself two sets of clothes. We'll head out later."

"Head out? Where are we going?"

Ever since the scandal broke out, Michaela was subconsciously repulsive about heading outdoors.

"To take a break."

"Huh?"

Unbothered about the doubts Michaela had, Jonathan seemed like he was in a good mood. He looked very relaxed and even had a faint smile as he glanced at the watch on his wrist. "We'll leave in ten minutes. Go get ready now!"

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### Chapter 43 Walter And Gary Try To Help

Even though Jonathan let Michaela take some time to pack her luggage, she did not bring many things.

Once they stepped out of the mansion, Jonathan tossed his luggage to Gary. At the same time, he shot Walter a glare for raining on his parade a while ago.

Perplexed, Walter twitched his lips indignantly. When Michaela fastened her gaze on Gary, he realized he should not let the chance to butter her up slip away. Thus, he moved toward her and greeted her earnestly, "Ms. Michaela, nice to meet you! I'm Walter, and he's Gary. We look forward to serving you in the future."

Walter and Gary? Michaela recalled what she had previously come across about the definition of names. Ah! If I'm not wrong, the name Walter means the "commander of the army". Meanwhile, the name Gary means "powerful with the spear". What a heroic combination!

She greeted them affably, "Nice to meet you too!"

No doubt, she was well aware that Jonathan disliked boisterousness. Hence, it never came across her mind that there would be someone blabbering blissfully like Walter alongside him. After a while, she shifted her gaze away from him and cast a look in Gary's direction again.

Michaela was sure as h\*ll that she had seen Gary before. She could recall vividly how she first bumped into the man lining up coincidentally while shopping with Lorelei that night. Since he was well-built and devoid of expression, Michaela could not resist scrutinizing him for quite a while at that moment. It never occurred to her that he was Jonathan's subordinate.

Could it be... Michaela tended to stop in her tracks as something came to her. Sensing that she had slowed down her pace, Jonathan, already quite a distance ahead, turned abruptly and broke her reverie. "Mich, what's the matter?"

"Oh! Nothing!" She regained her composure and quickened her pace to catch up to him.

Earlier on, Michaela was overwhelmed by the lavish Shappiray Mansion. Even so, she had to admit that the breathtaking view of the latter's private car porch was beyond description.

Her jaw dropped when all the luxury cars came into view. A few were even worldwide limited editions she had come across from a television program earlier. Unbelievably, she had the opportunity to set her eyes on them in real life then. Ah! Someone actually presumed Mr. Jonathan's net worth to be approximately forty billion two years ago. Evidently, these are just the tip of the iceberg!

Even when Michaela was seated in the Lincoln, she was still gasping inwardly. Good gracious! Now I understand why Dad is thinking of cozying up to the Xander family!

After a while, Walter drove off from the back door. However, he was stunned when he caught sight of a slender figure while driving past the front yard. "Mr. Xander, it's Lucille Lingard!"

Since it was late autumn, there was even a hint of coolness in the air during the day.

Jonathan and Michaela looked up instinctively in Lucille's direction. Dressed in a long dress with a knee-length overcoat, her dainty face was reddish. Apparently, she had been there for quite a while.

On the other hand, Zack did not return after he left the night before. Nonetheless, Lucille only sensed something awry when she tried to call Zack but could not get through.

Recalling Jonathan's attitude toward her earlier, Lucille was worried stiff that he might grab the opportunity to matchmaking Zack and Michaela.

The surge of uneasiness from within her intensified as time elapsed. Hence, she headed straight to Shappiray Mansion to try her luck.

Nevertheless, it was not a place anyone could enter. After being barred from entering the mansion and caught off guard, her eyes lit up at the sight of a Lincoln advancing from far away.

Even though she could not make out the passengers in the luxury car, she had a hunch Jonathan was seated in it.

As the Lincoln drew nearer, Lucille darted toward it without a second thought, stretching out her hands to stand in its way.

“Mr. Xander...” Walter piped up hesitantly.

Even so, Jonathan cut him off by instructing indifferently, “Head straight!”

Regardless of what type of person Jonathan was in others’ eyes, he had been exuding the vibe of gentleness amid dignity in the face of Michaela. Even though he might be acting weirdly at times, he was undoubtedly a dignified gentleman.

It was the first time Michaela came across such a different Jonathan, with petrifying murderous intent in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Walter even stepped on the accelerator after being instructed by his boss to go ahead. Snorting inwardly, he had been repulsed by the double-faced woman long ago. Pfft! What a two-faced woman! She’s hiding her maliciousness behind a false front of pitifulness!

Initially, Lucille tried to put up a brave front by remaining on the spot. She was convinced that Jonathan would not take the risk of annihilating anyone despite his omnipotence. However, the car speeding toward her scared the wits out of her. Eventually, she had no choice but to back off.

Right after she dodged, the Lincoln sped past, barely an inch from her side. Panic-stricken, she broke out in a cold sweat, although she was relatively unscathed.

Walter let out a disdainful laugh when he caught a glimpse of her face turned ashen from the rear-view mirror. “Ha! She has seemingly received Mr. Xander’s gift. But she shouldn’t have come to look for Mr. Zack impulsively!” he sneered with a flicker of abhorrence in his eyes.

“Gift? What’s that?” Michaela asked in bafflement.

Sensing his slip of the tongue, Walter zipped his mouth at once. At that moment, a stern voice sounded from behind him. “What a busybody!”

After Walter was reprimanded, Michaela dared not infuriate Jonathan further by asking another question. Seconds later, she threw a glance at the man alongside her, only to find that he had leaned himself against the backseat with his eyes closed.

Only then did she realize there were utterly visible dark circles under the man's eyes. He seemed to be exhausted.

Thus, Michaela held her tongue and sat quietly in the car. After a while, she whipped out her phone to pass the time.

After the phone conversation with Lorelei the previous night, her phone had run out of battery. As she was in a rush in the morning, she forgot to turn it on till then.

Unexpectedly, the push notifications popped up one by one right after she pressed the power button.

Startled, Michaela switched it to silent mode instantaneously and turned to look at Jonathan. After ensuring he was not awakened, she heaved a sigh of relief and continued to browse the social media page.

She foresaw the netizens would bombard her with oppressive rebuke, but things suddenly turned the other way around.

Even the title that topped the trending list was replaced by a mind-boggling one... The Despicable Adopted Daughter of the Lingard Family Put On A Show to Gain Sympathy and Slandered Her Sister With Underhand Tactics!

Apart from the pictures showing Lucille meeting the reporter discreetly, there was a detailed article on the affairs between her and Zack.

The writer lambasted the other author for telling cock-and-bull stories in the news report the previous day relentlessly. Lucille's deviousness was well described by the former's impressive eloquence based on concrete evidence, crystal-clear reasoning, and soundness of logic.

Surprisingly, Michaela even noticed quite a few netizens left apologetic messages in the comment section below the article chiding her the previous day. They were seemingly guilty of bombarding her with oppressive mockery impudently.

There were even netizens tracking down the identity of the author defaming her. In a blink of an eye, all the particular author's private information and heinous deeds in the past were exposed.

Michaela was not the slightest bit astounded as she had foreseen that earlier. After a while, she suddenly felt something heavy on her shoulder when she was absorbed in reading the netizens' comments.

As she glanced obliquely in Jonathan's direction, she noticed he had drifted into a deep sleep with his head leaning against her shoulder.

Feeling the man's light breath against her skin and breathing in his refreshing smell, Michaela blushed uncontrollably.

Sensing Michaela's awkwardness, Walter cleared his throat before clarifying in embarrassment on behalf of Jonathan, "Ms. Michaela, allow me to make an apology on behalf of Mr. Xander. He has been worn out lately. In fact, he has been attending numerous conferences since he went overseas on Tuesday and barely slept for three hours these few days. Not to mention, he only went to bed after midnight last night. I hope you don't mind that, okay?"

"Huh? He went overseas on Tuesday?" Michaela queried quizzically.

She could remember vividly that she had a phone conversation with Jonathan on Wednesday. Nevertheless, the latter did not mention to her that he was overseas. If I'd known about that earlier, I would not ask him for a meal. Did he actually rush back for the dinner scheduled on Friday?

Stifling his doubt, Walter spoke up for Jonathan by emphasizing, "Yeah! There were actually tons of matters pending Mr. Xander's decision at our headquarters. But after receiving your call, he instructed me to book the flight ticket to fly back at once!"

## Love Her to No End Chapter 44

### Chapter 44 Jonathan Was Pleased

Astounded by his words, Michaela's eyes glittered with sparkles as she felt a rush of inexplicit complex emotions.

"As for the gift you mentioned a while ago, was that referring to the online news this morning?" she questioned in bewilderment, tightening the grip on her phone subconsciously.

"Mr. Xander had written the article last night and requested the persons-in-charge to help pull string for him. According to him, it would only stir another wave of turbulence if he opted to suppress the defamatory article and the netizens' comments. In other words, it would only escalate the situation when everyone's suspicion was piqued," Walter explained further.

Ah! No wonder he looks exhausted! It's all because of me! Michaela could not help feeling bad for Jonathan. The latter sacrificed his time willingly to have dinner with her

and ended up having insufficient rest. On top of that, he even had the matter resolved with the method that wore himself out even more.

No words could describe how touched Michaela was by Jonathan. All of a sudden, Walter lowered his voice and uttered ambiguously, "But this is not the gift I meant."

"Oh my! You're such a big mouth!" Gary could not help but snap at Walter, hinting at the latter to stop babbling.

As a man of few words, he was a typical man of action. If not for Walter, Michaela might not have the chance to know how much Jonathan had been sacrificing for her.

However, Walter paid no heed to Gary's warning. He even tried to reassure him by blabbering, "Take it easy. There's nothing to fear. After all, Ms. Michaela is not an outsider! It's been a while since Mr. Xander assigned you to protect her. Thus, she is considered our boss in a way!"

Ha! My instinct is proven right! Gary is specially assigned by Mr. Jonathan to protect me! Even though she was not sure when it all started, she had a feeling Jonathan must have assigned Gary to do so, fearing that she would be in deep water at any moment after her wedding with Zack was called off. Nonetheless, if Walter did not mention it, she would never know.

But why is he sacrificing so much for me? Even if he was Grandpa's student, he doesn't have to do so too! Undeniably, things were becoming more unfathomable for her the more Jonathan treated her nicely.

Right that instant, Walter flashed Michaela a glance again through the rear-view mirror. Grinning ear to ear, he blabbered, "Ms. Michaela, there's something I need to tell you. When Mr. Xander came across Mr. Zack and Lucille Lingard's shameful moments in Sommer Gardens, I'd spotted a pinhole camera in the bedroom. So when Mr. Zack was here to confront you last night, Mr. Xander had handed it to him together with a copy of the report on the fingerprint identification."

Huh? So Lucille's the culprit? Does it mean that even if Mr. Jonathan did not discover their affair, there would be other hiccups to my wedding with Zack? Deep down, Michaela was well aware that Jonathan had initially decided to keep it under wrap to save the reputation of both families. If Lucille did not get on his nerves numerous times, he might not hand over such concrete evidence to Zack.

Needless to say, it must be a bolt from the blue for Zack, who had been indulging himself in the passionate moments with Lucille. Thus, Michaela presumed a devastated Zack did not go home the whole night. That was why Lucille had no choice but to head for the Shappiray Mansion early in the morning to look for him.

Mr. Jonathan is worn out by everything, but he still takes me out just to cheer me up? At the thought of that, she felt a ripple of warmth flowing through her heart.

Meanwhile, Walter reminded her softly, "Ms. Michaela, you mustn't tell anyone that I've told you these, okay?"

"Okay!" She nodded in acknowledgement.

In actuality, there was a lot more than what Walter had told her. For instance, all the reports surrounding Michaela in front of her office building the previous day were issued demand letters from the attorney. Subsequently, the magazine company was in a precarious state and had to sack all of them, forcing them to take the fall.

Apart from that, all the media in Quakersville had received Jonathan's warning concurrently the previous night. If they dared to publish any news reports about Michaela, they would have to pay the price.

However, Michaela did not have any chance to know about that.

At that very moment, a ray of sunlight penetrated the window, cascading on Jonathan's captivating profile. Michaela stretched out her hand intuitively, attempting to block the golden illumination so the man could sleep more comfortably.

Catching sight of that, Walter tilted his brows triumphantly at Gary, who kept glowering at him. Ha! Mr. Xander can't shoot a dagger at me again this round!

Moments later, their car was out of the town and heading toward a remote area.

Jonathan finally woke up when Michaela's arm was almost numbed by intense soreness. He even grabbed hold of her hand before she was in time to put her arm down.

Dumbstruck, Michaela's eyes widened. At the same time, Jonathan sat straight and stated casually, "Ah! I didn't realize I'd dozed off. Mich, you were worried that I'd feel uncomfortable because of the heat from the sun, weren't you?"

As he had just woken up, there was a hint of unmistakable hoarseness in his voice. Michaela was at a loss for words. Her face was flushed red when he massaged her arm and shoulder lightly. Shortly after, his lips curved into a smile as he complimented, "Mich, you've become more mature. I'm impressed that you have turned into a caring young lady! How's your arm now? Still feeling sore?"

He sounded casual as ever, but Michaela blushed up to her ears. She pulled her hand away, getting a grip of herself. "Mr. Jonathan, thank you."

Having a sense of vigilance, she sat straight, keeping a distance as far as possible away from Jonathan. In fact, she would rather look elsewhere than have any eye contact with him.

Ha! She's feeling shy! Jonathan recalled how Zack was still grumbling to him that Michaela hardly showed any concern to anyone the previous night. Now that she was undoubtedly concerned about him, he was utterly pleased.

In the twinkling of an eye, his fatigue for the past few days seemed to have vanished. His Adam's apple bobbed unknowingly at the positive change in Michaela's demeanor. At the same time, he could not resist anticipating more of their interactions in the future.

Soon, Walter turned into a junction on the highway and continued to drive along a treacherous mountain path. Not far away from the peak, he drove past quite a few checkpoints before turning into a picturesque region.

Michaela's curiosity seemed to be piqued by the stringent management there.

Jonathan had his eyes on Michaela all the time. Sensing the curiosity in her eyes, he cleared her doubt. "This place is reserved for entertaining my business collaborators. It's not open to anyone else!"

Michaela turned to stare at him inquisitively. "Mr. Jonathan, is this your property too?"

"Yeah!" Jonathan nodded.

"Mr. Jonathan, mind telling me how rich you are?" Michaela asked jokingly; a hint of mischief flashed across her eyes.

The charm of her daintiness and innocence was irresistible to him. As a result, he felt like teasing her. Wearing a look of subtleness, he asked, "You wish to know?"

Michaela nodded earnestly. There was utter reliance in her crystal-clear eyes. She listened attentively like an obedient student, not knowing she had fallen into the man's trap.

"I might not be as rich as how you think. Anyway, I can't reveal it to you now due to privacy, unless..." Jonathan's eyes glimmered with an indecipherable sparkle as he leaned closer to her ear and murmured, "You become my woman. Otherwise, how can I share such confidential information with you right away?"

As he mumbled, she could feel his hot breath against her sensitive ear. The utter ambiguousness caused her to stiffen and blush crimson.

Even so, his seductive voice continued swirling around her as he whispered, "Mich, do you still feel like knowing about it?"

“A-Ah! There’s no need for that. Forget about it!” She descended into stammering incoherence. My goodness! How I wish I could swallow my words! Unequivocally, curiosity kills the cat! Oh my! I shouldn’t have shot myself in the foot by asking about his net worth!

The Lincoln finally pulled to a halt before Michaela was suffocated by intense embarrassment at that moment.

Before Walter and Gary got off from the car, Michaela flung open the door and got off it hastily.

Jonathan could not help feeling amused and arched his brows at the young lady burying her face in her hands in embarrassment. His obsidian eyes curved slightly into crescents with a glint of affection.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 45**

### **Chapter 45 My Leg Cramps**

Beep! Beep! Gary came up to the car to open the door for Jonathan. Before Jonathan could stand still, a jarring honk of a vehicle cut through the air.

As soon as a Maserati stopped right behind Jonathan’s car, a man who looked stylish hopped out.

The man had fair skin, naturally pink lips, and enchanting facial features. He wore a pink coat, a floral shirt, and a dazzling earring on his left ear. One couldn’t help but feel that he was a little wild and unrestrained.

It was none other than Vincent. Vincent came up to Jonathan to greet him. However, he didn’t realize that annoyance was already written on Jonathan’s face. “Jonathan, I drove as fast as possible and finally caught up with you! Anyway, why would a workaholic show up here today? Let me guess—did Cupid strike you?”

Vincent went to Shappiray Mansion early in the morning for a reason.

Last night, when Vincent was busy entertaining guests, his mother called and asked him to settle down soon.

When his mother told Vincent that Jonathan had a girlfriend, Vincent found it hard to believe. Why didn’t I know such a piece of important news?

Vincent's mom explained that shop assistants were busy packing luxury items for women in many shops when she was in the shopping mall. The shop assistants also revealed that the items would be delivered to Shappiray Mansion.

Even the shop assistants guessed that Jonathan purchased so many luxuries for his girlfriend.

Rumor had it that no guests were allowed into the inner courtyard of Shappiray Mansion. Even Vincent didn't have the chance to set his foot in it. Since his mom described the situation vividly, Vincent tried to call Jonathan to check it out. However, no one answered his call.

Vincent returned to his table to entertain other guests but eventually fell asleep. It was already the next day when he woke up.

Hoping to find out the truth, Vincent headed to Shappiray Mansion early in the morning but was chased away.

Initially, Vincent thought it was a rumor, and Jonathan worked overtime at his company. On his way back, he happened to stop by the roadside and was surprised to see Jonathan's car.

More importantly, Jonathan wasn't heading toward the company.

After recalling what his mom told him, the nosy Vincent decided to follow Jonathan's car.

At that time, Vincent purposely teased Jonathan and even pressed Jonathan's chest with his hand. Suddenly, Jonathan shot him a cold glance and slapped his hand away. "Remove your hand! Do you have to use your hand when you're talking?"

As Michaela observed their interaction, she couldn't help but think that Jonathan was a hypocrite.

Isn't he the same? He likes to touch someone without a warning!

Even though Jonathan visibly disdained him, Vincent seemed to have not realized it. Instead, he came closer and blinked at Jonathan. "I've heard that you have a girlfriend now. Have you brought her into your house? Why didn't I know such important news? Now I know why you didn't want to join me on the trip to Gerton."

Well, I've brought her into my house, but she's not my girlfriend yet!

Since Michaela wasn't in a good mood, Jonathan decided to take her for a break. Besides, he could grab the chance to get closer to her. Nonetheless, he didn't expect that Vincent would brazenly follow him.

At that moment, displeasure was written all over Jonathan's sullen face. He pursed his lips and didn't want to entertain Vincent. The next moment, he waved at Michaela and said, "Mich, come here!"

Mich? Michaela Lingard?

The answer dawned on Vincent. Pointed at Michaela, who was coming over, and said in shock, "Jonathan, isn't this lady your nephew's ex-wife?"

Jonathan glared at Vincent coldly right before he could finish his sentence. Vincent had no choice but to hold his tongue.

It's goddamned terrifying! Did I say something wrong?

"Mich, this is Vincent Sullivan-" Before Jonathan could finish, Vincent came up to Michaela with a smile and grabbed her hand, "Hi, Mich! You're indeed a beauty. Moreover, you're even more beautiful than how you look in newspapers!"

"Ahem..."

Jonathan cleared his throat lightly and glared at Vincent.

Urgh! You're rubbing salt on her wound!

Meanwhile, Michaela put on an awkward smile. She wanted to withdraw her hand but was restrained by Vincent's grip. She had no choice but to greet him back. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Sullivan!"

Even if Jonathan didn't introduce Vincent, everyone in Quakersville heard about his nickname.

Due to his involvement in Voguish Multimedia, Vincent got to know a lot of famous stars. Even though Vincent was allegedly in a relationship with many of them, none successfully got on his good side.

Realizing that he had said something wrong, Vincent giggled awkwardly and changed the subject of the conversation. "Jonathan and I have been friends since we were young. Mich, feel free to call me Vincent if you don't mind."

Vincent?

"Hi, Vincent!" Jonathan squinted when Michaela called Vincent his first name as requested.

At the same time, Jonathan's face turned grim when he noticed that Vincent and Michaela held hands tightly. Although Jonathan was visibly irritated, Vincent seemed to be unaware of it.

"Jonathan, why didn't you tell me earlier? I thought you were keeping a lover in your mansion. Anyway, since you're taking Mich on a trip, how could you not invite me?"

Given that Jonathan was Adrian's student, Vincent wasn't suspicious of Michaela's presence in Shappiray Mansion.

As Vincent talked nineteen to the dozen, he suddenly felt excruciating pain in his calf and nearly went weak at the knees. He quickly let go of Michaela's hand and squatted down.

"Oh my, Jonathan! Did you kick me?" Vincent was all upset.

"I'm sorry. My leg cramps!" Jonathan replied placidly.

Ignoring Vincent, Jonathan grabbed Michaela's hand and took her into the mansion. "Let's go. You should get some rest in your room."

"How about Vincent..." Michaela pointed at Vincent, who was wailing in pain.

Surprisingly, Jonathan raised his eyebrows and didn't even glance at Vincent. "Well, he won't die!"

Walter stood at the back of the car when Jonathan and Michaela left. He couldn't help but shoot a sympathetic glance at Vincent.

Meanwhile, Gary was taking down the luggage from the trunk. When Gary saw Walter's expression, he said calmly, "I'd suggest that you should mind your own business. How dare you talk so much to Ms. Lingard just now?"

"You know nothing. I was doing Mr. Xander a favor!" Walter pretended to be secretive.

However, Gary only glanced at Walter for a while and continued to carry the luggage into the mansion.

"Why didn't you ask me why?"

"Why then?"

What a blockhead!

Walter felt bored but told Gary the answer anyway. "Did you think Mr. Xander really fell asleep? In that case, why didn't he lean against the window but the lady instead? It was

all a trick. Do you get it? Besides, has Mr. Xander ever failed in getting anything he wants?”

Gary couldn't grasp what Walter said, for he thought Jonathan only dozed off.

Is Mr. Xander really such a person as Walter says?

While Gary was at a loss, Walter shook his head and patted Gary's shoulder. "You might be outstanding in fighting but you're too naive. Gary, how can you survive without me?"

## Love Her to No End Chapter 46

Chapter 46 Values Romance Over Friendship

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

When the doorbell rang, Jonathan opened the door.

With a slightly resentful look, Vincent grumbled, "Jonathan, what happened to you just now? My leg still hurts after you kicked me!"

Vincent felt disgruntled, for everyone disappeared after he rubbed his leg and stood up in pain.

Fortunately, Vincent knew where Jonathan's room was because he had visited the mansion many times.

Although Jonathan stood at the door arrogantly and was unwilling to entertain him, Vincent wanted to turn his body sideways to enter the room. Suddenly, Jonathan lifted his arm to stop Vincent at the door.

"What's wrong? Let me get in and take a seat! My leg hurts!"

"That's not possible because Mich is in the middle of a shower now." Jonathan cruelly declined Vincent's simple request.

"My god! Jonathan, isn't keeping a distance from women your mantra? Why do you allow your nephew's ex-wife to stay in your room?"

While Vincent found it hard to believe, Jonathan frowned deeply and explained, "Firstly, I don't wish to hear the word 'nephew's ex-wife' anymore. Secondly, because Mdm. Simmons specifically asked me to take care of Mich, so she will have to stay with me!"

Vincent didn't doubt Jonathan's words. After a while, he asked straightforwardly, "How about me?"

"Are there not enough rooms for you to stay?"

When Vincent wanted to add something, Jonathan warned him, "Also, stay away from Mich. Don't use your tricks of flirting with other women on her, or else our friendship ends right away!"

With a thud, Jonathan swung his door shut before Vincent came around.

"Jonathan, how can you get angry with me over Old Mr. Simmons's granddaughter!"

Vincent couldn't contain his anger and hit the door hard twice. The next moment, he murmured as if he had thought it through, "All right. I understand that he respects his mentor. However, he didn't have to be mad at me, right?"

Feeling aggrieved, Vincent decided to go downstairs to get a room. Just then, a receptionist came up to him and said politely, "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Xander instructed us to get a room ready. Also, he specifically asked me to show you the room."

Instantly, Vincent's grievances against Jonathan vanished. He murmured to himself in delight, "Well, we're still good friends."

Vincent then flashed the middle-aged receptionist a smile and said, "Thank you!"

Nevertheless, on the way to his room, Vincent got pissed off and silently scolded Jonathan.

Why is my room far away from Jonathan's? Did he arrange it on purpose?

"Uncle Jonathan..."

Michaela dried her hair after taking a shower. Suddenly, the hairdryer broke down, and strands of her hair were stuck in it. The pain was so evident to the point that tears filled her eyes. She quickly pulled off the plug and sought Jonathan's help.

When Michaela opened the door, Jonathan happened to step out of the bathroom with only a towel around the lower part of his body.

Jonathan's muscular and burly body exuded a sense of artistic strength. With only a glance, Michaela felt a surge of blood flowing down from her nose.

After casually wiping her nose, Michaela saw blood on her palm.

Michaela was shocked at the sight. Even though Jonathan is hot, why do I have a nosebleed? This is really embarrassing!

Although Michaela's instinct told her to run, she couldn't move an inch, as if someone had placed weights around her legs.

"Are you still looking at me?"

Michaela came to her sense upon hearing Jonathan's deep voice. She hastily turned around and stammered, "Uncle Jonathan, I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose!"

"Okay!" Jonathan murmured a response. With a glint in his eyes, he said calmly, "If you did it on purpose, you have to be responsible for me!"

Michaela wiped her nose in embarrassment. At the same time, her heart thumped non-stop, and her ears reddened. Just as she wanted to run away, Jonathan stood before her and instructed, "Look up at me!"

Deep down, Michaela knew she was in the wrong for not knocking on the door before entering Jonathan's room. She met Jonathan's beaming eyes as soon as she raised her head.

While Jonathan was emotionless, Michaela was mesmerized by his perfect facial features.

After cleaning Michaela's nosebleed for a while, Jonathan seemingly noticed Michaela's stare. With his quirked lips, he said, "It appears that you are pleased to see my great figure."

"I-"

Just as Michaela wanted to explain, Jonathan interjected, "Don't move!"

Jonathan gently brushed his fingers through Michaela's hair near her cheek. After cleaning the blood on her face, Jonathan took the hairdryer and noticed the strands of hair in it. He frowned and asked, "How could you be so careless?"

"I had no idea why it broke down all of a sudden. Otherwise, I wouldn't..."

Michaela's face flushed, and her voice trailed off.

Meanwhile, Jonathan could smell Michaela's scent after her shower. Besides, he could not help swallowing hard when he saw her flushed face and glistening lips.

In the end, Jonathan suppressed his desire to kiss Michaela and cautiously pulled out her hair.

“Thank you, Uncle Jonathan!”

Michaela wished to run away from Jonathan, for her face had flushed for some time. She couldn't help but feel that time crawled so slowly.

When Michaela was about to leave, Jonathan suddenly grabbed her arm and said, “Where are you going? Come and dry your hair!”

“No, it's fine.”

Although Michaela declined it, Jonathan suddenly leaned closer and stared at her. “Don't be afraid. I'm not asking you to marry me!”

Michaela's face immediately turned red.

Given that Michaela's mind was a mess, she couldn't remember why she followed Jonathan into his bathroom. All she knew was that her face flushed right through until Jonathan finished drying her hair.

After that, Michaela returned to her room in a daze. Placing her hand on her chest, she scolded herself for what had happened just now.

Michaela felt that Jonathan drove her nuts every time he was with her. Gosh, I have to get a hold of myself!

I'm so useless!

Michaela stepped out of her room after getting changed. Meanwhile, Jonathan was already waiting for her in the living room. Jonathan was wearing a sleeveless polo shirt and khaki pants instead of the tailored-made suit that he usually put on.

Jonathan's choice of clothes showed his narrow waist, perfect figure, and sturdy biceps. Michaela's heart skipped a beat, for she was stunned by his appearance.

Noticing that Michaela was scanning him, Jonathan squinted and put on a faint smile. After a while, he said calmly, “Well, have you seen enough?”

Instantly, Michaela's face flushed red. She lowered her gaze and cleared her throat. “Well, let me see what I can get you some breakfast from the dining room.”

With that, Michaela swiftly left the room. She didn't notice that Jonathan's lips quirked seductively.

Michaela looks tempting when she is shy!

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 47**

## Chapter 47 A Perfect Match

“Over here, Mich!”

Michaela saw Vincent waving to her from a distance as she walked into the restaurant.

Though it was only their first encounter, Michaela already had a good impression of Vincent. Aside from his attitude toward relationships, she found him very likable.

After a slight pause, she walked over and Vincent noticed it immediately when she was close enough. “Why is your face so red, Mich? Are you unwell?”

“No, I’m not!” Subconsciously touching her cheek, Michaela was horrified to discover that it was scorching and scrambled for an excuse. “It’s been a hot couple of days.”

“Has it been?”

Vincent raised his eyebrows suspiciously, having just intended to ask the waiter to turn up the air conditioning temperature. He was beginning to question if he was the only one who felt the chills.

Finally realizing Michaela had appeared alone, Vincent changed the topic. “Where is Jonathan?”

“Mr. Jonathan is right behind!”

Vincent did not notice the palpable discomfort in Michaela’s eyes.

After Michaela was seated, he immediately summoned the waiter and handed the menu to Michaela. “I’d just arrived as well. Here, have a look and order whatever you like! It’s on me today!”

“Thank you, Vincent!”

Michaela smiled gratefully. After ordering two portions of jalapeño-flavored fondue, she pushed the menu in front of Vincent. “Your turn!”

What a pleasant girl she is to be around. Not only is she a good sport, but she’s also a beauty! Zack must be blind to give up a gem like her.

Receiving the menu from her, Vincent ordered a few more bland dishes. It was not until the waiter left that Vincent said, “Jonathan has a delicate stomach. He won’t be able to have any if it’s too spicy!”

“Mr. Jonathan can’t have spicy food?”

Michaela was quite surprised. She had thought Jonathan was also fond of spicy food, given their previous rendezvous at the fondue restaurant.

“That’s right. He’s always been a light and dainty eater.”

Though it was a throwaway tease by Vincent, Michaela took notice of it.

No wonder he barely ate the last time we had fondue. Every two bites he took were washed down with tea. Was the dinner he fought so hard for wholly prepared for me alone? I had been so resistant then!

As Michaela was reeling in shock by the discovery, she heard Vincent speak again. “Hey, could that be her?”

Following Vincent’s gaze, she saw that Jonathan was already in the restaurant. There was a stylishly dressed woman next to him.

She was clad in a sleeveless black short skirt with white high heels accentuating her legs. Her chestnut hair fell down her shoulders in a cascade of femininity.

They seemed very well acquainted with one another from where Michaela was sitting. Jonathan was talking to the woman with his head tilted, gazing upon her with gentle eyes and a slight smile. It appeared that they got along very naturally.

The striking balance between their respective good looks made them appealing to behold.

Michaela could not help but ask Vincent who was watching with relish. “Who is she, Vincent?”

“You don’t know?”

Vincent smiled mysteriously and leaned closer to Michaela before lowering his voice. “She is Louise, the eldest daughter of the Johnson family. A smart girl from a young age, too. She wasn’t just his classmate when they were abroad, you know. She is also his fiancée. How about that, eh? Shocking news, isn’t it?”

“Fiancée?”

Michaela’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Yeah. Speaking of which, it was arranged by old Mrs. Xander. The Xander family and the Johnson family are family friends, you know. They are a match for each other! Louise is now the CEO of a wealth management company under her family’s banner,

which is doing extremely well from what I heard. What's more, she has a gentle and decent appearance. Definitely worthy of Jonathan, if you ask me."

"Let me tell you something, Mich," Vincent added. "Jonathan only looks emotionless on the outside. To think that I'd been so worried that he would be single forever! It appears that I have been played this entire time. I was surprised to see him, a workaholic, appearing here at this time of day. Turns out he has a date here!"

Michaela did not doubt Vincent's words.

The restaurant they were in belonged to Jonathan. Having just mentioned that it was not open to the public aside from his partners, Louise's appearance was self-explanatory.

Though she had only managed to catch a distant glimpse, Michaela was forced to admit that Louise was indeed stellar. Under her meek and feminine appearance lay the ability of a strong and capable woman. Her manners were as elegant as her dress.

Turns out that he is into girls like this.

Having thought that Jonathan took her out to cheer her up after finding out that she was in a bad mood, it just occurred to her that she might have expected too much.

So much for not being close to other women? He's just flirting with everybody! All men are the same! Brutes! Especially the Xander family men, who always look for opportunities to fool around. All men are pigs.

Without noticing Michaela's expression, Vincent winked enigmatically at the exciting topic of discussion. Unbeknownst to him, Jonathan saw everything.

Glaring at the space between the two, Jonathan walked up with a scowl and kicked Vincent's chair. "Sit over there!" he indicated.

Vincent did not dare speak. He got up and sat on the other side and watched as Jonathan sit next to Michaela. "Have you ordered something to eat?" he asked in a soft voice. "What were you talking about?"

"The love story between you and Ms. Johnson, Mr. Xander!" Vincent replied frankly. Jonathan glanced sideways and narrowed his eyes. "Love story?"

"Isn't it so?" Vincent jerked his chin toward Louise in a blatant attempt to hint at something. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, how long would you have kept it hidden from me, Mr. Xander?"

"Vincent!"

Though his voice was not loud, his tone was heavy with warning.

Sensing danger, Vincent slid up and sat on Michaela's right meekly as he mumbled, "Embarrassed that I had guessed what was on your mind? There's no need for all this. I'm not going to rob you! Don't you think that Jonathan is overreacting, Mich?"

Michaela's eyes flicked between the two. Amid her dilemma, she saw a middle-aged man in a black suit walking toward Jonathan with a respectful expression. "I'd just heard that you are here, Mr. Xander. Would you like me to arrange for you to dine in the private room?"

"No need!"

Jonathan's tone was not friendly. As if recollecting something else, his clear voice sounded again. "By the way, don't you have regular maintenance of the appliances here? Aren't you aware that your air-conditioning unit is broken?"

"I apologize for my negligence, Mr. Xander. I will have it checked and replaced!"

The middle-aged man looked flustered as he bowed frantically in apology. He did not leave until he had personally delivered all the food they had ordered to the table.

After the middle-aged man left, Vincent piped up sarcastically, "What's the use of trying to cover up? Aren't you going to great lengths for a beauty?"

At that moment, Michaela was drinking the soup Jonathan had served her and began to cough at Vincent's words.

That was uncalled for!

## Love Her to No End Chapter 48

### Chapter 48 Crises And Disappointments

The atmosphere within Jacob Real Estate had dropped to freezing point, but the caller on the other end had no way of knowing. Despite being hung up on repeatedly, she kept up her stubborn persistence in dialing.

When he could not bear it anymore, Jacob finally picked up. "Hello!" he barked, trying to suppress the anger in his voice.

"I can't find Zack, Dad!"

After leaving Shappiray Mansion, Lucille searched almost everywhere for where Zack might appear but did not manage to find anything.

After ignoring her calls, he eventually turned off his phone. It was as if Zack's appearance the night before had been a hallucination.

I had everything planned. What went wrong?

Intuition told Lucille that something must have happened.

Calling her father in desperation, Lucille did not expect Jacob to be overwhelmed at that moment.

After hearing Lucille's voice, Jacob became even angrier. "What good are you if you can't even keep an eye on your own man, Lucille? Let me be clear. I applaud you for successfully marrying into the Xander family. But if Zack doesn't want you, never show yourself before me again. Do you know that it was because of you that I have even managed to offend Jonathan? Do you want the entire Lingard family to be ruined because of you?"

"Can't you see, Dad? I'm the only one who makes sacrifices for the Lingards! Michaela only plays the victim to gain sympathy. Earlier, if I hadn't managed to get out of the way in time, Mr. Xander's car would have run me over. I am your true heir, Dad!"

Upon recalling her earlier encounter, Lucille's pulse quickened with fear. Originally intending to obtain a sliver of sympathy from her father, she was dismayed to discover that the voice on the other end was nothing but livid. "Shut your mouth! Didn't I warn you yesterday? Never provoke Michaela again. Did your brain fall out? You might as well die and spare us all the trouble of having you around!"

Jacob was happy to see Lucille and Zack make things work as he aspired to curry favor with the Xander family.

He would never have imagined that Jonathan would protect Michaela to such a degree. It only took several misplaced words of anger to have the entire company plunged into peril.

Despite having rushed back to the company in the middle of the night to deal with the matter, it was already too late.

By that point, self-preservation was a higher priority than his unrealistic endeavors.

Though she always knew of her father's distance, Lucille's eyes screwed up at the cruel words from his mouth. "Dad!" she cried in disbelief.

"I'll tell you again – Michaela is now being protected by Jonathan. You will not provoke her anymore. Also, I will not offend Jonathan for you. I expect you to think for yourself and never bother me again!"

After hanging up, Jacob threw the phone on the ground in a rage just as his secretary knocked on the door and came in. She froze in her approach upon witnessing the scene.

With the sudden predicament the company was placed in, every employee was equally susceptible. There were rumors that Jacob had offended somebody he could not afford to offend and that Jacob Real Estate may go bankrupt at any time.

Despite Jacob pulling an all-nighter to resolve the issue, there was nothing he could do.

If it was not for the emergency, the secretary did not want to be in Jacob's vicinity at that moment.

"What is it?" Jacob asked coldly.

"The survey report for the plot of land has come out, Mr. Lingard. Nothing can be built on it. The foundation cannot be penetrated from being full of hard stones and dense rock. The businessman who sold the piece of land to us has run away. The reports he provided were also false."

The secretary observed Jacob's expression cautiously as she delivered her report.

As the final syllable rang from her lips, Jacob suddenly stood up and swept everything off his desk to the floor. "Godd\*mn it!"

Since the cancellation of Michaela and Zack's wedding, Jacob Real Estate had lost several projects one after another. Even the partnerships that had been successfully secured prior were suddenly backing out.

It was then that the businessman appeared with the plot of land.

Being originally untempted, Jacob later heard that several real estate companies in the city were actively expressing their interest and gathering preliminary research. Sensing an opportunity, Jacob brought a professional team to the site for an inspection before making contact with the businessman.

After smashing its way through countless obstacles and breaking through the siege of its competitor's pressure by spending almost everything it had, all Jacob Real Estate got in return was a plot of wasteland.

Jacob's mood at that moment was easy to predict. With his hands on his waist, he panted heavily with anger for a long while before speaking again. "If we keep the media quiet now, what are the chances of flipping this piece of land?"

"Almost none!" the secretary said bluntly.

If it were not for the urgent news they received about the land the night before, they would not have thought that there would be problems with the plot of land.

As the news was already leaked, it was easier said than done to stop tongues from wagging.

“What do you think we should we do now?”

Hardly built as a businessman, Jacob had only managed to make some money from following the trend as the past couple of years had been good. On top of the special privileges of being Old Mr. Simmons’s son-in-law, he naturally received much attention and recommendations.

Ever since Adrian’s demise, the pressure exerted by his competitors had been steadily increasing year by year. The emergence of many young people who had better brains, ideas, and capabilities than him revealed the extent of Jacob’s actual potential.

Surprised that her boss had sought her opinion, the secretary took her time to consider the matter before answering cautiously. “Call the police!”

In the best-case scenario, the businessman would be apprehended before he spends all the money. If that happens, Jacob Real Estate would still be able to recover some compensation which would spare me from having to lose everything as I have now.

“I’ll keep it under advisement!” Jacob could not hide the tiredness on his face.

Once the matter became a police case, it would be as good as announcing to the public that Jacob Real Estate had been deceived. By then, it would be hard to imagine anybody willing to do business with him as the joke of Quakersville.

But if the police was not alerted, the businessman would get away scot-free. The loss alone would be unbearable for Jacob Real Estate which would make the company’s demise only a matter of time.

Although everything that was happening seemed to have nothing to do with Jonathan, Jacob had the vague suspicion that it was he who was orchestrating everything from the shadows.

“One more thing!” The secretary put the list of accounts sorted in her hand on the desk before reminding him. “Our cash flow at this juncture can only keep us afloat for another three months, Mr. Lingard. You must make a decision as soon as possible!”

“I am aware of it. You may leave!”

Recognizing Jacob’s gesture of dismissal, the secretary turned and walked out of the office.

At that exact moment, Lucille dragged her tired body back to Zack's apartment.

From the time she was sent to the orphanage, she knew that she would have nowhere to turn to and rely on. She had long since seen through her father's indifference toward her.

Zack was the only lifeline she had that she could not afford to lose.

Still lost in thought about where Zack might be, it took her several moments to notice the pair of men's leather shoes at the door of the apartment when she walked in. Joyous surprise flashed in her eyes.

"Zack!"

Lucille was about to remove her shoes when she froze in her movement at the sight of the briefcase.

Lucille raised her head at the sound of footsteps approaching and saw Zack coming out. He appeared hungover the night before and reeked of alcohol.

There was stubble on his cheeks. His collar was undone and his sleeves were rolled up, revealing his strong and powerful forearms. When he saw Lucille, the love and affection of the past were no longer there. Only coldness and indifference remained in his eyes.

"How much did you drink, Zack? You didn't come back all night. I spent an entire day looking for you. What happened? Did your uncle teach you another lesson?"

Lucille was about to step forward but Zack took a step back to avoid her touch. "Go away," he said plainly. "Never show yourself before me again."

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 49**

### **Chapter 49 Countermeasure**

Even though Zack appeared to be a bit childish compared to Jonathan, who had a more noble and graceful air around him, Zack was still charmingly handsome.

He had a dashing look, and he carried the energy that young people had, which made him the type of person who would easily tempt others to fall for him.

However, at that moment, he was wearing a cold expression, colder than a fall's breeze. After glancing at Lucille arrogantly for a moment, he shifted his line of sight away.

Zack's steeled look stunned Lucille a little. Suddenly, countless questions rushed into her mind, though she had to pretend to be calm. "What happened, Zack? We can resolve it together if you let me know what's bothering you."

His expression was neutral as he stared annoyingly at the anticipating look in her eyes with slightly furrowed eyebrows.

Her eyes immediately became wet when she saw the change in his expression. "Did I do something wrong, Zack? Tell me what's wrong and I'll do it better. I promise I'll change, okay? I love you. You're the only one I have left. I can't leave you, so don't chase me away, okay? Back then, you promised to take care of me. Do you not want me anymore? In that case, why did you give me hope? There must be some misunderstanding, Zack. Say something! You're scaring me."

Fear and anxiety colored her face as tears streamed down her cheeks. Her voice sounded like she was choking. She grabbed his shirt tightly with her cold, small hands.

He tried to pull away from her, but he failed each time.

The reason he still acted in a pretty reasonable manner, despite feeling disappointed with her actions, was because she was technically his first true lover.

He looked away and uttered firmly in a hoarse voice, "You know what you did. I'm showing you mercy right now, so stop asking and leave!"

If he hadn't made his way to Shappiray Mansion impulsively last night, he wouldn't have known there was a hidden camera in his and Michaela's mansion, and that Lucille was the one who installed it.

A revelation like that made him feel scared.

When he thought about how the woman who once slept next to him didn't seem to be as pure and simple as she appeared, his back was covered in a cold sweat. It was the first time he truly felt sorry for Michaela.

He felt like an idiot being played by Lucille like a fiddle.

With nowhere to vent the rage in his heart, he ran to the pub and drank there all night. To his surprise, that was just the appetizer. The morning news was worse because it made him question how much of her he knew was genuine, if at all.

At that moment, Zack was on the verge of exploding in fury. Despite his attempts to keep it suppressed, Lucille provoked him again and again, as though she didn't see his anger at all.

“Are you referring to the news in the morning? I didn’t do that, Zack. True, that person was working in a magazine company, but she’s my classmate. Originally, she invited me for coffee, and we were just having a chat. How would I know she would use my relationship with Michaela for her own selfish gain? I didn’t notice she was following me! Yes, it was my fault that I didn’t find out in time, but I really didn’t mean to hurt Michaela! No matter what happened between us, it was just a family affair. There’s no way I would do a thing like that! Don’t tell me you believe it, Zack. Am I really that vicious in your eyes?”

In the past, Zack wouldn’t have suspected anything.

In his heart, Lucille was a pure and kind-hearted woman, unlike anything he saw on the news. However, after last night, he just found it funny.

His lips curved upward in a sarcastic manner while danger shone in his cold look. He asked in a deep, sullen voice, “Okay, what about last night? Are you going to tell me that’s a coincidence, too?”

The moment he finished, he threw the camera inside his pocket to her. “I believe you know what this is. Or do you want to read the fingerprint identification report I got? I never thought you’re such a scheming woman, Lucille.”

When Lucille saw the camera, she froze.

Indeed, she was the one who put it there.

Her plan was to gift it to Michaela at the wedding. However, Jonathan’s appearance saved her the trouble.

She was going to Sommer Gardens to retrieve it. However, it was discovered before she could do that.

As far as she knew, Zack didn’t have that kind of awareness. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been that fearless facing him. That meant it was Jonathan who ruined that part of her plan.

She would’ve panicked if she hadn’t accounted for it in her master plan. The camera being discovered just meant she was given an opportunity to take her plan in another direction.

Lucille calmed herself and picked up the camera. Then she looked at Zack with disappointment.

“So, this is the reason you drank all night outside?” She wiped her tear away and revealed a self-deprecating smile.

“Indeed, I was the one who put it in Sommer Gardens!” Instead of hiding the truth, she revealed a twisted version of it. “I thought it was going to be the last time we ever met, which was why I put it there to record one last precious memory I could revisit. I didn’t think things would turn out like this.”

He was pursing his lips tightly. It was clear he didn’t believe her.

She smiled and pulled out a plane ticket from her bag. “I can tell you don’t believe me. Consider this the proof that I’m telling the truth. I was going to leave right after you and Michaela’s wedding and live out the rest of my life with the memories of us together. What happened afterward was something I never thought would happen! Do you really think I was intentionally ruining your wedding? I didn’t do anything at all!”

He grabbed the ticket and glanced at her suspiciously.

The first thing he saw was the date on the ticket. It was the day after his and Michaela’s wedding. This... There’s no way she can change the date on the ticket, no matter how capable she is. Does this mean I really did misunderstand her intentions?

Just as he lifted his head, his heart still filled with doubt, he saw her smiling plainly at him. “I didn’t realize there wasn’t even a shred of trust between us anymore. In that case, forget it!”

Lucille grabbed the ticket and camera before putting both items on the cabinet next to the door. Her voice still sounded gentle, but there was an undeniable coldness to it.

“It’s a blessing that I was able to love you, Zack. As you said earlier, we should part ways while our relationship is still amicable instead of tainting the last memories we had of each other. In any case, I hope I resolved your misunderstanding. Take care of yourself, Zack.” The moment she finished, she turned around without hesitation and left.

She didn’t even take the box that Zack had packed up for her.

If she had kept crying and begging for forgiveness, perhaps Zack wouldn’t have hesitated. Her firm attitude successfully made him question his suspicions.

When he thought about the disappointment in her expression as she left, he felt horrible. In the end, he couldn’t let it go and chased after her. “Lucille...”

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 50**

### **Chapter 50 Dense**

There was panic and turmoil outside of the resort. However, on the inside, it was serene and peaceful as usual.

After the meal was over, Jonathan prepared to take Michaela out for a stroll. He finally got some alone time with her, so of course he wasn't going to let that opportunity slip away.

However, he completely forgot about Vincent, whose face was so thick that his signaling glances went unnoticed.

There was a reason Vincent stayed single for so many years.

Jonathan stared angrily at Vincent, who kept orbiting around Michaela. The more he looked at Vincent, the more he thought the guy looked like a loyal pug. He raised his leg as he thought about how much he wanted to kick Vincent far, far away.

Michaela was so immersed in the beautiful view that she didn't notice the strange look in Jonathan's eyes.

The resort was built in the middle of a bamboo forest. Aside from natural hot springs, the place also had perfect facilities and recreational activities. Most importantly, the environment looked pretty, and the air was refreshing. It provided an unforgettable experience to any and all visitors.

On top of that, Vincent set the mood pretty well, and time passed very quickly.

Michaela was really impressed that Vincent, despite being the CEO of a media company, was able to maintain a carefree attitude.

Even if he was the only one performing, he wouldn't feel awkward.

"It's quite a rush today, so I'll bring you to hike the bamboo forest tomorrow. Behind the forest is a viewing platform. You can see everything here at a glance there. Actually, you came at the right time, because this place looks the most beautiful in this season. Red leaves covered the entire mountain, making it look more colorful. The view in the early morning and evening are uniquely beautiful. How about we set off early tomorrow? After I take you to see the sunrise, we'll go to the viewing platform."

Jonathan was already feeling pretty pissed off, but when he heard what Vincent was saying, his face darkened even further. He's already planning the hiking and sunrise viewing! Does he think I'm a ghost over here?

Just as he was about to explode, Vincent's phone rang. He smirked. You should be glad your phone saved you!

Since Vincent was finally gone, he draped his coat on Michaela's shoulders and spoke in a magnetic voice. "It's getting windy; you don't want to catch a cold."

He was standing next to her and pressing his hands on her shoulders. It looked as though he was half hugging her.

Michaela abruptly blushed as she felt a clear, domineering scent dancing on the tip of her nose. It made her subconsciously want to dodge away. "I'm not cold, Mr. Jonathan."

To her surprise, the force she felt on her shoulders became greater as the masculine voice next to her ear lowered in volume. "You don't want to wear my clothes? Do you want me to carry you away?"

His gentle voice had a beautiful coda. It made her heart skip a beat when she heard it.

The dictatorial tone he used did make Michaela freeze in place. She could feel her ears burning as she lowered her gaze to avoid eye contact with him.

While Vincent was still there, she did not doubt Jonathan's words.

Glancing at her blushing and delicate appearance, his eyes glinted with sparks of joy.

At that moment, Vincent, who was still talking on his phone, approached the two of them again with a resigned look. He sounded helpless. "Mom, I really am with Jonathan right now. I'm not drinking. Why do you think I'm lying to you? If you don't believe me, talk to him yourself!"

Upon finishing, he handed his phone to Jonathan. "My mom is convinced I'm drowning myself in alcohol outside. Do you think I'm that kind of person? Help me convince her that I'm not lying!"

Jonathan cursed him in his heart as he grabbed the phone and answered softly, "It's me, Jonathan. Yes, he's with me right now." Even though I wish that thick-headed idiot will disappear from my sight right away!

"No, he's not drinking. I'm making sure of that." I would be happy if he drinks until he's dead drunk and sleeps in his room instead of bothering me!

"Girlfriend? No, no. Of course, he'll tell you about it if that is the case. Okay, see you. Goodbye." He then ended the call.

Vincent pouted and complained, "I don't know why she doesn't trust me even a little. A small matter like this shouldn't have needed you to vouch for me!"

"It's your fault that you have a record of doing that," Jonathan critiqued mercilessly as he turned to face Michaela. "Have you heard of someone who got so drunk that he sent a message to his own mother to make her call him Mom before? Not only that, threatening to blow his own house sky high if his mother didn't do that?"

Pft!

Michaela looked at Vincent, astounded. She didn't know he had a drunk experience like that before, even though he was the CEO of Gale Incorporated.

Vincent smiled awkwardly, indirectly admitting that it wasn't an incident he was proud of. "That was just a special situation!"

"Sure!" Jonathan, surprisingly, didn't retort that. He paused for a short while and continued, "What about last time? Your dad called you to ask when you were coming home, and you told him you want to have a drinking competition with him to death. The one who lost would have to call the winner Dad!"

"What happened next?" She was laughing so hard that she was getting out of breath, but she still really wanted to know what happened next.

"He reaped what he sow!" Jonathan smirked and answered bluntly, "After he woke up, he was beaten by his dad so hard that he couldn't get down from the bed for three days!"

Even though Michaela was trying her best to hold back her laughter, she failed and snorted. She still tried to pretend like she was sorry to hear that. "I apologize, Vincent. I didn't mean to do it."

"Laugh all you want!" Vincent glared at Jonathan. "You know you're destroying my image as a respectable boss in front of Mich, right, Jonathan?"

He finally felt like it was unfair for Jonathan to reveal his shameful stories. I didn't do anything to piss him off, so why did he tell those stories in front of her?

Unbeknownst to him, he did actually piss Jonathan off, a lot. Ever since he stepped into the resort, he was already annoying Jonathan to no end.

"Are you sure you still have an image to speak of?" Jonathan continued his mockery. "You're just a crazy man who attracted people who think they have an uncommon taste. Not to mention, you act like you have a personality."

When Jonathan said that, Vincent couldn't take it anymore. He wouldn't allow anyone to mock his pursuit of beauty. "Hey, you just don't get fashion! In this current era, people are forever chasing after greater beauty and art. The market needs professional influencers, especially in this era of materialistic abundance, to show everyone the beauty of fashion. I'm simply providing a great service to the good citizens of this country. Do you understand that?"

“Nope!” Jonathan appeared to be humble and continued without hurry. “That’s just your scheme to flirt and hook up with women, yet you’re trying to make it sound grander than it is. I really don’t get it.”

It was then Vincent truly felt he had lost his dignity, yet Jonathan reminded, “Your mom told me if she heard you speaking insolently with me like that again, she’ll spank you with her duster once you get back home. “

As Michaela stared at Vincent’s lifeless expression and thought about both of their ages, she laughed again at a low volume.

At that moment, Jonathan felt as though the colors in the scenery fade away, with the sole exception of the beautiful woman laughing in front of him.

It wasn’t until dusk approached that they returned to the main building. The moment they stepped in, a soft voice was heard from a distance. “Jonathan!”