

Love Her to No End Chapter 5

Chapter 5 Restlessness

Time flew by, and the day of the wedding soon drew near.

Both families continued remaining silent in the face of all the rumors between Zack and Lucille. No matter how much some malicious parties tried to spread the gossip, both the Xanders' and Lingards' reactions, or lack thereof, appeared to be the best answer.

Michaela no longer received any more news from that mysterious figure since that phone call which ended on a sour note.

The unknown person was so secretive that had that number not remained in her call history, Michaela would have thought everything had been just a dream.

The day before the wedding came in a blink of an eye.

Lucille dragged a sleepy Michaela out for a spa first thing in the morning, insisting that the latter was going to be the most beautiful bride in the world the next day.

Not wanting to disappoint Lucille, Michaela agreed despite having dark circles under her eyes from her recent lack of sleep.

It was apparent that the mysterious figure's words had impacted her in some way.

Ever since that day, she would ask herself if this was truly what she wanted. I haven't even had a chance to explore the world or fall in love. But now, I'm about to get married.

A sense of loss had tormented her over the days, and nothing she did seemed enjoyable. She had also lost a lot of weight in just a short period of time.

Moreover, she had clearly become more prone to spacing out.

At that moment, Lucille kept calling out to her sister who was lying on a bed at the beauty salon, only to receive no response. It wasn't until a beautician gently prompted Michaela that the latter snapped back to reality. "What did you just say, Lucille?" she asked apologetically.

"Something's been really off about you these days, Michaela! You don't actually have gamophobia, do you?" asked Lucille with concern while lying on the bed next to Michaela's.

“What on earth are you talking about, silly?” Michaela responded sheepishly as though her mind had been read. But just as she wondered how to conceal her true feelings, she heard Lucille let out a chuckle.

“I didn’t think that’d be the case either!” the other woman said mischievously. “I mean, let’s not even talk about the Xander family’s power. Zack is so charming, and he likes you so much. Even Mrs. Xander adores you, so you won’t have to deal with a nasty mother-in-law when you get married. What are you even worried about, anyway? You should’ve seen the looks on my friends’ faces when I gave them your wedding invitation card. They were so envious when they knew you’re finally getting married to Zack!”

Michaela fell silent at her words.

She’s right. I’m about to join the renowned Xander family. My fiancé is tall and handsome. Besides, he and his parents treat me like a princess. Who knows how many other women want but can’t have the life I’m about to have? What am I still so unhappy about?

Maybe Lucille’s right. I might actually have a serious case of gamophobia.

Michaela looked visibly better after leaving the beauty salon. Lucille had initially wanted to organize a bachelorette party for her sister, but she canceled those plans after receiving a call from Zack asking her to help decorate the couple’s soon-to-be home.

According to old superstitions, it was bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding. Hence, Zack must have figured that approaching Lucille for help would be the best way to make his wife happy.

Lucille couldn’t help but tease Michaela over how considerate Zack was, and it wasn’t until she pushed her older sister into a car and watched her leave that the chaffing stopped.

Before this, Zack had even called to explain the situation when the rumors spread. He, too, had said the exact same thing as Lucille.

Initially, Michaela didn’t doubt him either. She merely thought it was all a hoax and didn’t let it affect their relationship.

When she arrived home, Hannah so happened to walk out of the kitchen with a pot of kale soup. “You’re back,” the older woman remarked with a tender gaze. “Where’s Lucille?”