

## Love Her to No End Chapter 51

### Chapter 51 Honest Man

When they turned to the origin of the voice, they saw Louise approaching them.

She probably just returned after her bath in the hot spring. Her hair was wet, and she was only wearing a laced dress on top of her sexy bikini. That combination of clothing was really inviting people's imagination to run wild.

She had an extremely attractive figure, and she knew how to put on the right clothes to display her beauty. When looking at her, it felt as though she was simultaneously showing off her perfect, sexy figure without losing her modesty.

Her craftiness was evident.

Seeing that she had just come from the resting area, it would appear she was waiting for Jonathan.

As a woman herself, of course, Michaela could see the affection in Louise's eyes.

Just as she was going to find an excuse to leave, Louise approached her instead of Jonathan and stood in front of her. "You're Old Mr. Simmons' granddaughter, Ms. Lingard, right? There are quite a lot of mosquitoes during the night here, so I specially prepared a bottle of mosquito repellent for you. It's quite useful. I wanted to deliver it to your room, but I didn't know which room it was, so I decided to wait here after taking a bath in the hot spring. Don't worry, it's brand new. I haven't even opened it yet!"

Even though it was the first time they met, Louise was acting like she was familiar with Michaela.

There was a bright smile plastered on Louise's face while she spoke, as though she wanted to come off as gentle and generous. If Michaela wasn't experienced enough to know Louise clearly had an ulterior motive, she would have been moved by that benevolent offer. In actuality, it only made her suspect Louise's intentions. Sure, it's natural that she's calling me Ms. Lingard since we're not familiar with each other. However, it's definitely suspicious that she intentionally brought up my granddad. Is she reminding me that, if Adrian wasn't my granddad, I wouldn't have the chance to stand next to Jonathan? Or is she reminding me to know my place and don't get in her way? Which is it?

It not only made her dislike Louise, but it also made her stop thinking that she was an excellent woman and that she was a good fit with Jonathan.

Staring at the mosquito repellent in Louise's hand, Michaela stepped backward and rejected without hesitation, "I won't take it if you need it too. Besides, I'm allergic to that kind of stuff. I'm afraid I have to reject your offer, Ms. Johnson."

Louise was taken aback slightly, as though she didn't expect Michaela to reject her generosity. She quickly returned to her senses and smiled. "It's all right. I apologize for being presumptuous, Ms. Lingard."

Michaela smiled as well. I don't understand why people love to put on an act. First, it was Lucille, and now it was Louise. I'm so disappointed that even someone from a prominent family acts like this too. If she likes him, then she should just say it out loud.

Louise was going to use Michaela to show Jonathan how nice she was. Her plan backfired because Michaela had the stubbornness young people possessed.

Even though Louise's plan had failed, she didn't show her displeasure on her face. Instead, she smiled at Jonathan and invited in a tender tone, "There's a campfire party during the night, Jonathan. Do you want to join me?"

That was probably her ultimate goal.

Michaela smiled and turned to the two men. "I'll head back to my room now, Vincent, Mr. Jonathan. You guys have fun talking!"

Then, without waiting for their responses, she strolled toward her room.

Since she didn't have a keycard, when she passed by the customer service counter, she politely asked, "Can you help me unlock the door to room 1314? Thanks! "

1314? Isn't that Jonathan's suite? They're staying in the same room? He usually treats women pretty coldly, so why is he allowing someone like her to get so close to his life? Also, that coat on her shoulders. That's Jonathan's right? I also saw him treating her very differently when they were having a meal. He not only put food on her plate, but he also ladled a bowl of soup for her. The wildest part was he did all that with a gentle look. I know he can be pretty sweet and tender, but when he was doing something out of hospitality, there should be an obvious cold, distant look in his eyes. There must be something different about her. Otherwise, he wouldn't act so humbly to please a woman. It was then Louise realized something. As jealousy filled her heart, shock flashed across her eyes.

Seeing Michaela was about to disappear from his sight, Vincent finally realized what was going on. "Er... I'm pretty tired after running around the entire afternoon too. You guys have fun talking to each other!"

The moment he finished, he gave Jonathan a profound look before zooming away.

It wasn't until it was only the two of them left that Louise looked at Jonathan somewhat shyly. "Since it's still early, how about I treat you to a cup of coffee, Mr. Xander? If you don't mind."

"I still have something I need to do. If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now, Ms. Johnson." He still sounded gentle, but the coldness in his voice was impossible to ignore.

C

She thought he agreed to her invitation when he didn't say no earlier. Unbeknownst to her, he just didn't want to make her look bad. The truth was not what she thought it would be.

Louise was stunned. Right as Jonathan curved his lips upward and was about to leave, she asked, "Is it because of her?"

He abruptly paused and turned to look at her with a cold, sharp look, unlike the elegant one he had before. His voice sounded pretty sterilized, too. "Do I need to report my personal matter to you, Ms. Johnson?"

She subconsciously retorted, "That's not what I meant, Mr. Xander—"

However, she was cut off by his deep voice as he stared at her with a threatening look. "Regardless of what you mean, Ms. Johnson, I bear no affection toward you. I suggest you stop being presumptuous and play tricks in front of me, Ms. Johnson."

"I..." With her schemes exposed, she clutched her hands tightly and anxiously.

Before she could explain herself, he spoke up again with an even deeper voice. "Also, if anything that happened today leaks out, I'll make sure the entire Johnson family will pay the price. You should know I'm capable of that, so don't challenge my bottom line again, okay?"

His glare was so cold that it sent a chill down her spine. When he finished, he turned around without delay and left.

So that Michaela is his bottom line? Louise snorted coldly. I don't doubt that he was serious when he said he'll take down the Johnson family if I push him further because he definitely can. However, seeing as he's willing to threaten me like that, it's pretty obvious he loves Michaela a lot.

Everybody knew Jonathan was a prideful man, so it was natural she knew too.

Back then, after Jonathan achieved that legendary feat overseas, he became a hero many people admired and respected. It was then she started wanting her parents to match up with him when she returned to visit them.

She never expressed her desire for him, because she was a prideful woman.

It was her assumption that, when she became powerful and excellent enough to stand next to Jonathan's side, he would come to her.

Unfortunately, reality had proven her wrong.

When she saw how nicely Jonathan treated Michaela, she had to admit she was jealous, and that it threw her off her game.

It was why she discarded her prideful facade to seize her opportunity. Sadly, it failed, and she made herself look like a clown to Jonathan.

He liked Michaela so much that he didn't care he was worsening the relationship between his family and the Johnson family.

At that previous moment, the impression of a gentle, elegant Jonathan in her mind vanished and was replaced by a terrible and vicious demon. Logically, there shouldn't have been any reasons left for her to like him after seeing him like that.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 52**

### **Chapter 52 How Dare He Touch Me**

When Michaela returned to her room, it was still early.

She thought it was going to be a while before Jonathan returned from his trip with Louise, so she decided to start a video call with her mother.

Perhaps it was because of what happened last night that it made her feel like they hadn't met for a long time, even though only a day had passed.

When the call connected, the phone showed her a busy figure. Hannah was still sitting in front of her desk that has a big stack of documents on it.

"How's it going on your end, Mom? Are things going smoothly? Have you eaten yet?"

"Not yet. I'll go and eat after I finish my current work. Besides, I'm not hungry yet. I've been spending two days preparing all the materials I need. So, I won't know if things will

go smoothly until Monday. What's up? Are you missing me?" Hannah tied up her long hair into a ponytail, exuding the unmistakable aura of a career woman in the process.

"Of course!" Michaela was going to say something, but seeing how busy her mother was, she hesitated.

However, as a mother, Hannah still managed to notice there was something going on with her daughter. She put down the paper in her hand and smiled. "What's wrong? Do you have something you want to tell me?"

"It's nothing, really." Michaela grabbed the pillow on the couch and chuckled dryly.

"I'm your mother, you know. I can tell there's something weighing down on you. Just tell me about it. You can always tell me anything." Hannah picked up the phone and walked to the couch. Then she slumped on it, taking the opportunity to rest.

"Can I stop living in Mr. Jonathan's house? I can stay at Granddad's place. There are housekeepers there, too. Besides, I'm grown up now. I can take care of myself."

Michaela's crisp voice traveled into Jonathan's ears as he arrived at the entrance of the door. It caused him to stop turning the knob and subconsciously hold his breath. I can't believe she's already planning to escape from me after I left for a brief moment. What kind of place does she think Shappiray Mansion is? Does she think she can stay or leave as she pleases? No way.

The look in his eyes darkened as he listened to the conversation inside the room.

Hannah asked, "What's wrong? You're not having a good time with Jonathan? Where are you right now?"

Michaela answered, "He brought me to a resort! It's not that I'm unhappy. I just think it's a little inconvenient!"

She was slightly upset because she wasn't sure how to put it in a way that her mother would understand.

After all, it wasn't like she could tell her mother Jonathan had a girlfriend, but at the same time, he was seemingly flirting with her, especially when Jonathan didn't do anything extreme.

Besides, he still treated her pretty well, despite his tendency to act like a pig sometimes.

Hannah couldn't read her daughter's mind, so when she heard Jonathan brought Michaela somewhere nice, she secretly praised his attentiveness in her mind. At the same time, she gently comforted, "You really are grown up, Mich. I'm happy to hear that you can take care of yourself. However, I'll still be worried about you if you're staying

outside. It's different if you stay with Jonathan because I know he'll take care of you. I'm aware he's your elder, and it can be a little stressful living with him. I promise you that the moment I wrap up my work, I'll come back to you right away. Okay? You shouldn't say stuff like that anymore. Otherwise, if he hears about it, he'll think he mistreated you, and it'll make him feel sad."

In her mind, Jonathan was a noble man who never went against his word. If he promised something, he would definitely do it, which eased her worries.

Besides, after what happened before, she was worried that Jacob would give her daughter a hard time. If Michaela stayed with Jonathan, then even Jacob wouldn't dare to do anything drastic.

Unbeknownst to her, someone was actually keeping a close eye on her daughter and preparing to take her daughter back home at an opportune moment.

Ever since Michaela was a child, Hannah did everything she could to fulfill all of her requests. She thought her mother was going to do the same again, but she didn't expect her mother would trust Jonathan that much.

Michaela bit her lip and tried to persuade her mother, "But, Mom—"

"That's enough, Mich. Tell me, is the resort fun? Why aren't you out playing right now? Is Jonathan not with you?" Seeing how conflicted her daughter looked, Hannah smiled and changed the subject.

When Jonathan was brought up, Michaela pouted. "I just came back. Mr. Jonathan—"

Before she could tell her mother he was on a date with another woman, a warm voice was heard from behind her. "Mdm. Simmons! I went to grab a few incenses for Mich at the front desk!"

Jonathan wasn't going to let Michaela destroy his image as an honest man after spending years building it up.

Besides, he was going to do everything he could to leave a good impression in front of his future mother-in-law.

His sudden appearance made Michaela freeze. When did he come back? Why didn't I hear anything? Did he overhear my conversation?

Her delicate face hung low. Why do I have a bad feeling about this? As expected, just as she peeked backward, she saw Jonathan staring at her with a half-smile.

She chuckled dryly as she heard her mother speaking on the phone. "You're so thoughtful, Jonathan! I hope Mich didn't cause you too much trouble."

“Not at all, Mdm. Simmons. Mich has been behaving very well,” Jonathan replied politely as he caressed Michaela’s head like a kind elder.

His hand was warm. When it was rubbing her head, it gave her a fuzzy feeling. Blood rushed into her ears, causing her to shift her head to hide it. How dare he touch me in front of my mother!

“Okay, I’ll leave Mich in your care, then. You two have fun! I’ll return to my work now.” Hannah waved.

Have fun? Michaela squeezed out a smile as her sixth sense was strongly warning her of her impending doom. The phone in her hand began to feel like a hot potato as her mother gently reminded her, “Listen to Jonathan, okay? Bye-bye, Mich!”

“Okay. Goodbye, Mom!” She waved at her mother until the call ended.

Silence filled the room. She could feel the intense stare aiming at her head. The panic in her heart grew more intense as she stood up immediately and smiled at Jonathan.

“You’re back so early, Mr. Jonathan!”

“If I didn’t...” He uttered softly, “I wouldn’t have known you hated me so much that you want to leave my side this badly.”

“Huh?” She was confused. I just want to leave his house. How is that related to me hating him?

That was obviously not the time for her to argue with him as she stared into his dark eyes. They looked like black holes trying to swallow her whole.

It shook her, which prompted her to smile brightly at him again. “I’m... feeling a bit tired. I’ll return to my room now. You should rest early, Mr. Jonathan.”

As she was speaking, she had been slowly backing away and preparing to escape if needed. However, she failed to take the stairs into consideration.

When she suddenly missed her step, her body lost control, and she fell backward. Her rosy cheeks were instantly drained of their color and turned pale.

Thankfully, Jonathan had already arrived next to her and stretched his hand toward her. He directly pulled her into his embrace. Michaela subconsciously wrapped her arms around his neck in a panic.

Their current posture and position were really suggestive.

Her head was still spinning as a deep voice pierced into her ear. “Are you throwing yourself at me, Mich?”



## Love Her to No End Chapter 53

### Chapter 53 Caring

Jonathan's laughter was soft and magnetic. There was a bit of a tremble at the end of his beautiful coda. It was so pleasing to the ear that it would make anyone feel moved.

Throwing myself at him? When Michaela returned to her senses and lifted her head, her eyes met with his. They were dark and seductive. When she processed what he said, she felt like she was running out of breath in an instant as her cheeks felt as if they were burning up.

Red began appearing from the back of her ears toward her delicate face.

Jonathan, who saw all that, sexily swallowed and uttered in a hoarse voice, "Don't want to let go, eh?"

It was then Michaela noticed her arms were still wrapped around his neck. She quickly moved her arms away and wanted to stand up. Suddenly, her legs gave in, and she almost fell again.

Once again, he caught her in time and steadied her body.

His heated, somewhat coarse fingers touched her slender arms and rubbed on them silently. It made her body freeze stiffly.

The more nervous she was, the more things went wrong. Yet, Jonathan still refused to let her go and teased her, "What are you panicking about? I'm not making you take responsibility."

His deep, magnetic voice made Michaela almost cry. Who's taking responsibility for who? Why is he talking like I'm taking advantage of him? This man, even though he looks serious, he's actually a shameless scoundrel who keeps pushing my limits.

She didn't know he was actually holding himself back. On one hand, he really wanted to pull her closer, much closer.

On the other hand, he was afraid he was going to scare her and make her actually run away.

At the moment, Michaela was like a frightened rabbit as she froze at her spot. Her watery, clear eyes were slightly red with anxiety.



In the end, he sighed resignedly and went to the couch before patting the spot next to him. "Sit down. There's something I want to ask you."

"N-No need! I can hear you perfectly from here!" There was no way she was going to send herself into the lion's den just as soon as she escaped it.

She shook her head subconsciously, showing that she really wanted to maintain her distance away from him.

"Do you want me to hug you like I just did and talk to you like that?" The edge of Jonathan's eyes lifted upward slightly.

There were sparkles in his seductive eyes, yet the look he was giving her undoubtedly carried a touch of threat.

Michaela could feel her heart thumping like a jackhammer, especially when she recalled how he acted when he was standing up. She waved her hand and sat next to him in a flash before squeezing out a flattering smile. "No need, it's fine. You don't have to do that."

As she spoke, the image of him holding herself in his lap barged into her mind uncontrollably, which sent a shiver down her spine. If this continues any longer, my heart's going to jump out! God, just let me get this over with already!

Seeing her sitting next to him obediently, Jonathan's lips curved upward as he stared at her. "Do you dislike me that much, Mich?"

Even though it was a simple question, she felt like he sounded weirdly aggrieved and sultry, for some reason. It was like... a child who couldn't get the candy they wanted. Jonathan? A child? I must be losing my mind. Why do I have such weird thoughts?

"N-No!" Michaela refuted. "You treat me well, Mr. Jonathan. I know that. I haven't even gotten the chance to thank you properly. Why would I hate you?"

She sounded very sincere, without a tinge of forcefulness in her voice, because she really meant what she said.

Jonathan did treat her well, despite his occasionally odd behaviors. Those behaviors didn't make her hate him. It just made her feel somewhat embarrassed.

Upon receiving a satisfying answer, Jonathan's worries vanished. He pursed his lip and asked again, "Then why do you want to move out of Shappiray Mansion?"

After Hannah returned, their lives would go back to normal.

He was already upset that the time they could spend with each other was short because he really wanted to spend all day, every day with her. Yet, she wanted to escape from him. It made him desperate for an answer.

He didn't want his efforts to go to waste and only get her disdain in return.

She hesitated for a while before she answered his question under his scorching gaze. "Because I don't want to give you any trouble and cause any unnecessary misunderstandings, Mr. Jonathan. Besides, you probably want to live with your girlfriend there, and I don't think it's nice if I stay there..." The more she spoke, the smaller her voice became.

"What are you saying? Speak louder!" He leaned closer to her and intentionally requested in a deep voice.

Michaela fiddled with her fingers. She was so nervous that she didn't know what to say.

"Why did you stop talking?" Jonathan narrowed his eyes at her, who appeared like a deer caught in the headlight.

Both of them were really close to each other at that moment. Their eyes met as they listened to each other's breathing. It caused the atmosphere to become more sensual.

As if she was hit by something, she was utterly stunned. Suddenly, she forgot to dodge and stared straight at him.

Her shy appearance looked really cute.

To him, she was like an irresistible toxin.

Jonathan kept telling himself to give her more time. However, the more he interacted with her, the more he lost control of himself and wanted more.

He kept narrowing his eyes as he pulled himself away from her and nestled his body on the couch. One of his arms was even placed on the spot behind her. He looked casual, yet seductive.

In fact, he stopped giving Michaela a hard time and asked in a low voice, "Okay, let me ask you this. Who told you I have a girlfriend?"

He's definitely doing it on purpose! He pretends like he didn't hear what I said to tease me! I really don't like how I'm always in a disadvantageous position. She suppressed the anger within her heart and pressed her fingers against each other. "Vincent told me..."

“Do you really believe every word that comes out of his mouth?” Jonathan knew Vincent was up to good when he saw Vincent’s mischievous look in the restaurant.

However, he didn’t expect it to be that. I’m going to get back at him for this.

Michaela raised her eyebrow, speechless. Is he angry? He really does have an awful, volatile temperament. If a woman can fall in love with him, then it means she really, really loves him.

Seeing that she was still keeping her silence, Jonathan softened his tone and asked in a gentle, magnetic voice, “Don’t listen to what other people tell you blindly, Mich. You have to use your heart to feel if someone’s telling the truth and believe in your instincts. Get it? Besides, Louise and I aren’t like what you imagined.”

What I imagined? How does he know? She pouted.

“Sure, my family and her family are close, and our parents were interested in pairing us up together. However, I feel nothing toward Louise, which was something I told her about before already. Vincent is just running his mouth. He doesn’t know anything!”

Is he explaining himself to me? Why? What does this have to do with me? Michaela was confused.

“Additionally, you never bring me any trouble. I protect you because I care about you. So please, don’t say you want to move out, okay?” His deep voice revealed a bit of coaxing.

If I hadn’t appeared earlier, she would’ve ruined my image in her mother’s mind. I wouldn’t be able to clear my name if that had happened. It’s already difficult courting her, so if her mother gets in my way too, I may as well just jump off a building. He smiled somewhat forcefully.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 54**

### **Chapter 54 Skirt Is Too Short**

Jonathan’s words tickled Michaela’s heart like a feather. A feeling flashed by too quickly and she was unable to comprehend it.

Under Jonathan’s scrutiny, Michaela finally nodded her head obediently. “Okay, I’ll do what you say.”

Resolving the misunderstanding had lifted the weight from Jonathan's heart. He gently caressed Michaela's long hair as gratification filled him. "Go change. I'll bring you to the campfire party."

I think girls her age like lively events. I don't mind catering to her demands as long as it makes her happy. I can do more than this for her.

Noticing Michaela was still rooted in place, Jonathan asked, "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Jonathan, I don't want to go to the campfire party. I'm hungry."

The meal earlier was tasteless, and now I'm feeling my stomach is empty. Her stomach let out a hungry growl with impeccable timing.

Jonathan's eyes darkened, seeing her acting coquettishly with him. "Let's grab some food then. Put more layers on. The mountain is chilly at night."

His gaze landed on her pair of slender legs.

My phone still has the photo Gary sent me. I don't understand what fashion designers are thinking these days. Why did they make the skirts so short? It's way too distracting.

Oblivious to Jonathan's thoughts, Michaela assumed he was worried about her health. She muttered an acknowledgment and got up to head back to her room.

After a few steps, she halted and asked, "Should we invite Vincent?"

That idiot again!

Jonathan was pissed when he heard the way she addressed Vincent. He paused and trained his intense gaze on Michaela. "Mich, he and I grew up together. Do you think it's appropriate to call him Vincent, and me, Mr. Jonathan?"

What a melodramatic old man! Does he have to be so adamant about the way I address people?

Michaela wanted to tease him all the more when he got like that. A gleam of cheekiness flashed across her eyes. She feigned ignorance and said, "But didn't you ask Vincent to treat you with respect? Since Vincent and I are friends, I should be more respectful too!"

Did I just shoot myself in the foot?

"Michaela!"

A charming smile tugged at the corners of Jonathan's lips, and his eyes narrowed slightly at her.

Sensing danger, Michaela perked up in alarm. She was about to dash to her room when she was saved by the doorbell, accompanied by Vincent's shoutout. "Mich? Open the door, hurry. I brought something tasty for you!"

Vincent sneezed when he was alone in his room just now, probably due to his empty room. Hence, he brought dinner for Michaela.

Hearing Vincent outside hardened Jonathan's expression, but Michaela simply flashed him a grin and shouted, "Coming!"

Seeing Michaela skip happily to open the door, coldness filled Jonathan's eyes. Since he's serving himself up on a platter, I can settle some old scores with him.

Once the door opened, Vincent gestured for the servers to push the meal delivery carts into the room, slandering Jonathan in the process. "I can't believe that hiberdating Jonathan left the two of us here and went somewhere to enjoy. Don't worry, I'll keep you company-"

Before Vincent could finish talking, a tall figure appeared in his line of sight, staring at him with a grin. "Hiberdating?"

The expression on Jonathan's face sent chills running up Vincent's spine. All Vincent could manage was a dry chuckle.

After the servers left and Michaela had shut the door, Vincent started coming up with an excuse for himself. "Did you say hiberdating? You must have misheard. Who dares to slander you like that? I'll be the first to object. Our Jonathan is a man who exercises self-control. I knew you would be in the room, so I called for room service."

Vincent's mind was running a thousand miles an hour. He knew Jonathan best since they were childhood friends.

Knowing Jonathan couldn't be fooled easily, Vincent had prepared to run for his life. Instead, Jonathan merely cast him a glance and walked toward the dining table. "Mich is hungry. Let's eat first."

That's it? He's let it go and turn the page?

Vincent was in disbelief as he watched Jonathan tug Michaela to the dining table and cut the steak for her. Seeing Jonathan focused on his task, Vincent let out a breath of relief.

Jonathan must've not wanted to embarrass me in front of Michaela. It looks like I'll have to hide somewhere for the time being. I'll have to remain hidden until he forgets about this slip-up, at least.

Vincent had been overthinking a little.

When Vincent sat at the dining table and picked up his fork and knife, Jonathan had set the plate of cut steak in front of Michaela and took away the plate of steak in front of Vincent.

“Hey-”

“Didn’t you just said you specifically called room service for me? Didn’t you order the steak for me?”

Vincent couldn’t come up with a retort. It slipped his mind that he only requested dinner for two.

Feeling Jonathan’s stare on him, Vincent felt an overwhelming pressure looming over him. Without a choice, he resignedly went with Jonathan’s narrative. “Yeah. I ordered that for you! I just wanted to help you cut it.”

“No need to trouble you. I can do it myself.”

Slandering me behind my back, and even trying to have dinner with Michaela without me! Is he planning to decorate the table with candles and wine too?

There was no change in Jonathan’s expression despite the jealousy burning within him. Yet, Vincent could feel a murderous aura exuded by Jonathan as he cut the steak.

Vincent ducked his head and tried to make himself as small as possible.

Vincent felt wronged. He didn’t have any ulterior motive. He just wanted company, so he went looking for Michaela. Since they already had stir-fries for lunch, he figured they should have something different for dinner.

He never thought it would cause someone to be jealous.

Most importantly, Vincent didn’t see through Jonathan’s intention.

Feeling the tense atmosphere between the two, Michaela kept her laughter in check and passed a plate of pasta to Vincent. “You can have this, Vincent.”

“Okay.”

A distorted smile sadder than crying tugged at Vincent’s lips. He speared the pasta and was about to pop it into his mouth when Jonathan stopped him. “Your mom called me earlier to watch out for any good girlfriend material with a suitable background for you.”

“Huh? What did you tell her then?”

He almost choked on the pasta in his mouth at Jonathan's disclosure.

Yet Jonathan feigned ignorance to his choking and casually continued, "I asked what requirement she had, and she answered as long as it was a woman and alive would do. If that was too difficult, she asked me to add men into the line up too."

Vincent didn't suspect one bit those comments were something his mom would say and began coughing urgently. From his side-eye, he caught Jonathan gently urging Michaela to eat more. At that moment, he realized something.

He must be doing it on purpose! Does he have to be so petty? I just judged him a little. My life is so difficult!

Vincent didn't know that this was only the beginning.

For almost the entire night, Vincent couldn't shut his eyes. The phone in his room kept ringing. The callers were either asking whether he needed a massage or a foot spa.

Vincent made a complaint to the front desk about the endless calls he'd been receiving. Their response was the resort was a legitimate business premise and guaranteed those calls weren't from within the resort.

Furious at their response, Vincent detached the line to the phone and returned to bed. A few minutes after he closed his eyes, someone came knocking, claiming there was a leak next door, and wanted to check if his room was affected.

In the end, Vincent couldn't take the torture any longer and left the resort alone in the middle of the night.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 55**

### **Chapter 55 Watching The Sunrise**

Just when Vincent gained a new perspective on Jonathan's craftiness, Jonathan received a message from the resort about Vincent's departure. Satisfied that he would be alone for the morning hike with Michaela the next day, Jonathan returned to bed.

Michaela had a good night's sleep that night. Maybe it was due to a lot of walking around the resort during the day. She jerked from her deep slumber when Jonathan came knocking on her door before dawn. Only then did she remember the promise to watch the sunrise.

She quickly washed up and changed into appropriate attire. They had a simple breakfast of oatmeal, then made their way to the mountain top.



Halfway there, Michaela finally realized it was too quiet. She turned to Jonathan confusedly. "Mr. Jonathan, is it truly okay for us not to invite Vincent along?"

"He left," Jonathan replied nonchalantly.

She's still thinking about that idiot?

"Huh?"

Michaela was surprised at the news.

He didn't mention about leaving at dinner last night and even reminded me to set the alarm for this morning before returning to his room. Why did he leave so suddenly?

Jonathan met her gaze and said, "He told me his mom had arranged a blind date for him, so he left in a hurry and didn't get to say his goodbyes. He did leave a short message though."

Worried Michaela would be interested in Vincent, Jonathan sacrificed his friend's reputation to avoid any possibility of that happening.

"Oh," Michaela muttered gloomily.

Is she sad at Vincent's sudden departure?

The thought annoyed Jonathan. His eyes narrowed as he asked, "What's with your reaction?"

"I just felt sorry that Vincent was forced into marriage."

The unexpected answer had Vincent exhaling a breath. Before he could relax, Michaela spoke in a soft voice. "But I understood the reason he was forced into marriage. After all, he's not getting any younger, but what confuses me the most is even my mom asks me to meet more new friends and to start dating some of them if they aren't that bad. I'm only twenty-two!"

Not getting any younger?

Jonathan frowned as he counted. Vincent is younger than me by a year. Am I old? I thought seniority was the largest obstacle to taking our relationship further, but age was really the main issue instead?

Before he could resolve the burning issue, Michaela started going on about Hannah hounding her to date. Jonathan felt he was swimming against the current at that point.

Even though he was panicking, he kept a calm composure. "What do you think about it?"

"Of course, I don't want to look for a boyfriend so early on. Besides, men are pigs. They always break their promises and do something different than what they said. They cheated on girls and changed their minds at a drop of a hat. When they were wooing you, they whispered sweet nothings into your ears and pampered you, but what did they do in the end? It's always the girls that got hurt."

Michaela was giving her speech passionately when she felt a dark gaze trained on her. Realizing her slip of a tongue, she stuck out her tongue cutely and laughed dryly. "I'm not talking about you, Mr. Jonathan. No offense."

"None taken." Jonathan said casually, "You never dated me before, so of course, I'm not going to assume you're talking about me."

Michaela continued to plaster a forced smile on her face at his answer. "Mich, you can't lump everything and everyone together. It makes sense for Mdm. Simmons to worry. All you have to do is listen to your heart."

"Thank you, Mr. Jonathan."

Michaela flashed him such a bright smile that even her eyes lit up.

As the resort wasn't open to the public, the hike to the mountain peak was empty. When they reached the peak, they saw a few small groups of hikers there. They were all facing the east, waiting for the sun to rise as they shivered in the cold wind.

The mornings in fall were starting to get colder, especially in the mountains.

The heat their bodies had accumulated from the hike vanished as time passed.

Seeing Michaela's excitement even though her nose had already turned red from the cold, Jonathan drew closer to her and asked with a smile, "Feeling cold yet?"

"I'm good," she replied in a chirpy voice. He could imagine the notes dancing in the air.

He liked how lively and energetic she was now, as compared to the gloomy her at the beach.

Ever since her engagement was annulled and he decided to stay in the city, he swore he would be the one to evoke Michaela's every feeling from then on.

However, I don't want to see her getting sick.

Jonathan lifted his hand to unbuckle the buttons on his coat. Knowing what he was trying to do, Michaela stopped him by placing her hand on his. "I'm not cold, Mr. Jonathan. The wind is blowing strongly. It's best if you keep it on. I don't want you getting sick."

Her hands were cold and soft. The vivid sensation warmed his heart. With an arch of his brow, he asked smugly, "Worried about me?"

His husky voice had a certain charm that enticed the listener.

Michaela was stunned briefly but didn't notice anything amiss. He began speaking in a deeper baritone. "I have a way to keep both of us warm."

Before Michaela could realize what was happening, Jonathan stretched his arm and pulled her into his embrace. He swiftly covered her with his wide coat. It does feel warmer.

But it's too intimate. Michaela's heart started racing, and her breathing turned heavier. The hot breath on her ear felt amplified every time he exhaled.

He noticed her ears were turning red, and a warm smile played on his lips. "See? Not cold anymore?"

"Yeah."

Michaela nodded woodenly, but her ears were turning redder.

Not far away, a shivering Walter was wiping the snot dripping down his nose. He elbowed the statue beside him. "Say, why did Mr. Xander come all the way here for this torture? Could it be just for a hug?"

Gary cast a condescending glance at Walter. Even though I don't know Mr. Xander's plan, I'm sure he has his reasons.

However, he wouldn't let Walter know he was clueless too.

Walter was not offended or surprised by Gary's attitude. Not caring whether he would agree, Walter inched closer to him. "I think Mr. Xander is feeling quite warm with his method. Should we give it a try?"

"F\*\*k off!" Gary shot him a disgusted glance and shrank away.

Walter was upset at his disgust. "F\*\*k! I'm straight too! I'm f\*\*king doing it to get some warmth. Let the cold freeze you to death then."

Walter jumped on the spot, trying to warm his body up. "It's too f\*\*king cold here."

At that time, the sun's rays had shone through the horizon, illuminating the faraway cloud that was slowly rolling away to reveal the peaks of the mountains. As the red sun peaked through, its rays painted the sky red.

The magnificent view of sunrise had everyone agitated.

Not far away, a few people started cheering loudly and whipped out their phones for a photo session. Michaela waved her hands excitedly as though her arms could reach the fiery sky.

"Mr. Jonathan, look at that! Vincent was right! It's beautiful!"

As the ball of light rose higher, Michaela's pretty face lighted up. It cast a sensual charm on her looks.

"Mich!"

"Hmm?"

Oblivious to Jonathan's darkened gaze, Michaela was still submerged in the overwhelming beauty of nature.

"Guard your heart well."

"What?"

The loud cheers had drowned out Jonathan's deep voice. Before Michaela could turn around and ask him, his husky voice sounded again. "I said, guard your heart for me. I'll planning to steal it from you."

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 56**

### **Chapter 56 He Needs To Learn His Lesson**

Though the last business trip was in haste, Jonathan still managed to delegate the company's duties to his subordinates. He had also informed the others that he would now shift his focus to the business in the country.

In other words, he would try to avoid traveling in and out of the country unless he had to attend important meetings.

After returning to the country on Friday, Jonathan immediately took care of the rumors that revolved around Michaela and took her for a walk instead of diving straight into his work.

Initially, he wanted to send Michaela to work on Monday, but the cheeky lady went into Gary's car instead because she did not want to trouble Jonathan.

To everyone's surprise, Jonathan gave in and reminded Gary to take good care of her. He then left in another car.

She has been dodging me since the trip to the holiday resort. She must be terrified of me because of what I said in the mountains.

But at this point, Jonathan decided to take a step back and give Michaela some space. Since I've told her what I had in mind, I should give her some time to accept that I'd be around her.

Jonathan might have permitted Michaela to travel in Gary's car, but he still instructed his chauffeur to follow right behind them. He could only set his mind at ease after seeing her enter the office building safely.

"All right. Let's go!" When Jonathan was about to wind up the car window, Walter alerted him with a whisper, "Look, Mr. Xander. It's Jacob!"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan froze for a moment before lifting his eyes. He then saw Jacob running in his direction with a grin. It was as if Jacob was not intimidated by the icy-cold expression on Jonathan's face.

But it was not difficult to tell how exhausted he was.

Jacob bent and leaned forward to greet Jonathan in a flattering tone, "Mr. Xander."

He came to Michaela's office early this morning because he wanted her to get Jonathan's help to salvage the company. The moment he saw Jonathan's car from a distance, he thought he had lucked out.

Jonathan gave him a perfunctory reply, "Mr. Lingard. How can I help you?"

Jacob's face turned pallid as he could tell Jonathan was not keen on engaging in the conversation with him. He gave Jonathan an awkward smile and apologized, "I've thought about the incident that had happened the other day, and yes, you're right, Mr. Xander. It's all my fault."

He thought Jonathan would accept his apology and let it slide, considering the relationship between the Xanders and the Lingards, but that was not the case. Jonathan looked at him with a scowl and asked, "And?"

"S-So could you give Jacob Real Estate another chance, please?" Jacob bowed and pleaded respectfully. Even Walter was disgusted by his ingenuity.

Jonathan kept mum and stared blankly at Jacob for a moment. The condescending look on his face would cause anyone around him to shudder.

“Mr. Lingard!” When Jacob was about to break into cold sweats, Jonathan finally responded, “Old Mr. Simmons might not be around anymore, but I’ll not allow anyone to bully the mother and daughter from the Simmons family. For your information, I’ll do what it takes to protect Mich, so please don’t test my patience.”

“Yes, most definitely. I agree with you, Mr. Xander!” Jacob knew Jonathan was threatening him. He could only nod and bow repeatedly before the man.

He tried to be as lowly and humble as possible.

Jonathan responded with a cold snort while taking a sidelong glance at Jacob. “I’ll help you find the businessman, but whether Jacob Real Estate can survive the ordeal, it’s beyond my control!”

“Thank you, Mr. Xander!” Jacob chuckled and sent Jonathan off.

After leaving Michael’s office, Walter could not help but express his thought about Jacob. “That man is a disgrace to the Simmons family!”

“Time to learn how to keep your opinion to yourself, Walter.”

Jonathan’s deep voice immediately prompted Walter to talk about something else. “Mr. Xander, you’ll have to attend a product briefing at nine in the morning, a meeting with Morningstella Corporation’s Mr. Liryll at ten-thirty, and lunch with Mr. Chowzell from Valkins Corporation. Later at two in the afternoon, you have a conference call, and in the evening-”

“Do not arrange anything for me at night. I want to go home and spend time with Mich! By the way, remember to ask Wayne to call Mich and ask her what she wants to have for dinner. Get him to prepare everything in advance!”

“All right, Mr. Xander.” Walter nodded.

I can’t believe a workaholic like Mr. Xander is willing to sacrifice his hours to spend time with a woman!

After the project briefing, Jonathan walked out of the conference room and heard Zack calling him. “Uncle Jonathan!”

“Yes?” Jonathan arched a brow.

Zack nodded and lowered his eyes. He said hesitantly, “I shouldn’t have said what I said the other day, Uncle Jonathan.”

Jonathan let out a deep grunt, but no visible changes in his expression.

“Lucille had already explained to me about the pinhole camera incident, and the issue with the journalist is also all a misunderstanding!”

Jonathan tilted his eyes and glanced at him. “What exactly are you trying to say?”

“If my parents asked you about my relationship with Lucille, I hope you can help me keep it a secret. Once the dust settles, I’ll tell my parents about it.”

Walter, who was standing behind Jonathan, could not help but feel anxious for Zack. Is he an idiot or what?

But to Walter’s surprise, Jonathan nodded and replied, “Since it’s your problem, solve it yourself!”

“Thank you, Uncle Jonathan!” Zack heaved a sigh of relief.

Jonathan then walked away.

After returning to the office, Walter could no longer suppress his curiosity. He cautiously asked Jonathan, “Lucille is such a cunning woman. She’ll definitely take advantage of Mr. Zack!”

“He’s not my son, so he’s not my responsibility! Besides, he’ll only learn his lesson when he falls on his sword. Why should I stop him?”

No matter what happens, the Xanders will never allow Lucille to join the family. I hope Zack will eventually learn his lesson!

Walter shuddered when he saw how casual Jonathan was when he made those remarks.

He may seem like he did everything for his nephew’s own good, but deep in his heart, he’s one ruthless uncle! How terrifying!

In the afternoon, Jonathan received a call that had foiled all his plan.

The drama between Lucille and Michaela had become the talk of the town, even though Jonathan had done his best to keep the issue out of the limelight. Somehow, news traveled fast and eventually reached his parents at Nebula Castle Nursing Home.

Upon hearing that, Nick exploded with rage. He wanted to know how long Jonathan planned to hide this from him had the secret not been exposed. Mavis tried to stop him from calling Jonathan but to no avail.



Jonathan tried to talk it out nicely over the phone, but Nick refused to listen. He had no choice but to buy the ticket to Nebula Castle.

Meanwhile, Michaela learned that Jonathan would be making a trip to Nebula Castle Nursing Home when she was busy going through the list of book donors in the library. Upon receiving Jonathan's text message, she nearly exclaimed with joy.

Since this morning, she had been thinking about how she could face Jonathan in the evening. She even brainstormed a hundred ways to avoid him, even though she eventually thought those methods would not work.

That was why Michaela was relieved when she found out that Jonathan would be traveling out of town!

The things Jonathan said in the mountains last night still reverberated in her head.

He must be joking with me. Why would the cream of the crop confess his love to me when he would have no trouble getting any woman he pleases?

But somehow, she would get emotional whenever she tried to convince herself that he was out of her league.

She was so confused by the contradicting feelings in her heart that she did not know how to face Jonathan.

Perhaps being separated for a few days would give us time to think things through. And I hope Mom can come back as soon as possible!

Yet, not having Jonathan around made her feel a little uneasy.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 57**

### **Chapter 57 Vengeance For Life**

Michaela was relieved to spend the first night without Jonathan.

At first, she wanted to watch a film and enjoy some me-time, but she dozed off halfway through.

When she woke up the next day, she continued to bask in the euphoria of Jonathan's absence. Even the air smells sweet!

Wayne was afraid that Michaela might get bored, so on the second night, he told her about the indoor pool and family theater upstairs.

That gave Michaela an idea. She went upstairs, took a tour, and realized the independent living space looked exactly like the one she had always wanted as a child.

Her heart skipped a beat when she realized the space was similar to her childhood vision. Instead of lingering around, she decided to sneak back to the room.

When she felt thirsty and was about to go downstairs to get a glass of water, she suddenly noticed how empty the mansion was. Why does the mansion look so spacious when Mr. Jonathan is not around?

That night, Michaela could not sleep. When is he coming back? Should I call him? But what should I say to him?

She continued tossing and turning in bed for some time and eventually fell asleep at midnight.

The next day, Michaela went to work with dark circles under her eyes.

When she stepped into the office, all her colleagues walked up to her and expressed their concerns. "What happened to your eyes, Mich? Did you not sleep well?"

"Yeah, insomnia," she said matter-of-factly.

Michaela seldom used cosmetic products, but she had worn some make-up today to conceal the dark circles under her eyes. Still, people could see them.

"Mich, are you dating someone?" someone teased.

Michaela's face blushed instantly and denied. She then tried to change the topic. "Please. By the way, where's Lorelei? Hasn't she come back to work?"

Ever since the call on Friday, Lorelei seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

Michaela had tried contacting her, but all her calls went to voice mail. Even when she came to work Monday, she only heard that Lorelei was on sick leave.

For some reason, Michaela had a bad feeling about this.

Upon hearing that, the team leader glanced at Lorelei's empty seat and answered, "Nope. She's on sick leave for a week. It feels weird not having her around. She's always full of the joys of spring, and we all miss her smile and laughter."

"I know right!" another person concurred.

Michaela knitted her brows. She picked up her phone and called Lorelei again but still could not get through.

She pulled herself together and started diving into her work.

At noon, when she was about to go to the cafeteria to have lunch, she bumped into Alois, who stood in front of the window.

What's with that expression? He has always been a steady man, but why does he look troubled today? Is something bothering him?

Michaela hesitated for a moment but decided to approach him. "Alois?"

Alois was Hannah's assistant. During his years in school, he had always been the top student in his batch. Now, he had become a capable assistant whom Hannah had high regard for.

Upon hearing Michaela's voice, Alois turned around and responded with a stiff expression. "Ms. Lingard!"

"Did you come to look for Lorelei? She hasn't reported duty in the last three days, though. Did you not know?"

There was a flicker in Alois' eyes. "Would you like to have a cup of coffee?"

"Sure!"

He must have come to look for me because of Lorelei.

Michaela thought something was amiss when Lorelei applied for several days of sick leave. She agreed to Alois' invitation because she could tell he wanted to talk to her about Lorelei but seemed hesitant.

Ten minutes later, they arrived at Ripple Café.

After the waiter had served them two cups of Americano, Michaela looked at Alois and asked frankly, "Can you tell me what happened to Lorelei?"

Alois said, "Lorelei has been missing for the last couple of days, and I'm worried about her. That's why I came to see you, hoping you could visit her in the evening."

"Why don't you go yourself?" Michaela asked.

Michaela could easily tell how worried the man was, though he had tried to hide his emotions.

"I told her I've got a girlfriend, and she knew it. So-"

"Was that why you asked her out last Friday? You asked her out so that you could tell her you've got a girlfriend?"

Yes.

No doubt Alois and Lorelei went on a so-called date last Friday, but Alois had also brought another girl to pretend to be his girlfriend.

It was not exactly a date in the first place. To Alois, he was merely buying her junior dinner. In the end, Lorelei left without eating anything that night after telling Alois she was under the weather.

Alois had finally achieved his objective. But upon seeing how dispirited Lorelei was when she walked away, Alois' heart sank.

His worry became more pronounced when Lorelei had stopped coming to work since Monday.

Michaela looked at Alois with a faint frown when she saw him nod. In an icy tone, she said, "Well, if that's the case, why should you worry about Lorelei? And why did you come to me for help?"

"Ms. Lingard-"

"Alois, being direct and unsympathetic is your modus operandi for both work and women, huh? How could you hurt Lorelei's feelings like this? How could you be so cruel?"

Michaela's gaze was frosty when she was glaring intently at the man.

She finally found out why Lorelei was on sick leave and felt sorry for her.

When Michaela was about to stand up and leave, Alois said, "Could you please hear me out, Ms. Lingard?"

"I know how Lorelei feels for me, and I'm grateful that she has been staying by my side for years. She had never looked down on me, even though I was an orphan. You have to understand Lorelei comes from the Summerfield family. Do you think an orphan like me is compatible with her?"

"You knew about it?"

All this while, Lorelei had been extremely cautious not to hurt his feelings as she was afraid their status differences might be a stumbling block in their relationship. Yet, Lorelei's greatest fear still came true.

"Yes. I saw Lorelei attending a dinner with her father by chance. She's such a genuine woman with great positive energy, yet every time she's around me, she'd always be cautious not to hurt my feelings. I want her to be who she is and don't want people to make fun of her! I also don't want her to regret her decision, and more importantly, I don't want people to regard me as her trophy boyfriend!"

A corner of Michaela's lips quirked up, and she let out a cold snort. "You're making these excuses because you don't love her enough!"

Michaela had the opportunity of working closely with Alois because of Hannah, and she had always known that he was a man with a big ego.

But she had never thought he would be this egocentric.

Alois did not defend himself or deny her accusation. "I want Lorelei to be happy, but I know I'm not the man who could bring her happiness. I hope you could keep this conversation a secret from Lorelei!"

"And I hope you'll disappear from Lorelei's life and stop giving her false hope!" Michaela then stood up gracefully and walked off.

Michaela was not particularly fond of Alois, but at the same time, she did not think he was a person with evil intent. She had always felt Alois was a complicated man whom she had a hard time trying to understand.

But at this point, she was utterly disappointed in him!

Alois stood still and watched Michaela leave. After she had disappeared from his sight, he lolled on the couch.

Deep in his heart, Alois was in love with Lorelei.

But after learning about his past, he knew he would have to seek vengeance for the rest of his life. Everything that's supposed to be mine, I'll claim them back one step at a time. By hook or by crook, I'll take everything back!

That was why he had to leave Lorelei.

Since the day he decided to embark on a journey of revenge, he no longer deserved Lorelei's love.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 58**

## Chapter 58 Getting Drunk With Lorelei

The talk with Alois weighed so heavily on Michaela that she felt suffocated by it.

Even if he didn't come to see her, she had planned to visit the Summerfield residence after work.

After giving Wayne a call to inform him that she wouldn't be home for dinner, Michaela drove to the Summerfield residence when it was time to get off work.

The Summerfield residence was located in a wealthy neighborhood in Xenhall. The residents who lived there were made up of rich and prominent families. Evidently, the Summerfields were also a distinguished family in Quakersville.

As the only daughter, Lorelei was the apple of the entire family's eye.

Unfortunately, falling in love with a man like Alois was considered a misfortune of hers.

It was a twenty minutes drive from the foundation to Xenhall. The moment her car turned into the neighborhood, she saw a black Maybach drive out from inside.

More importantly, the person in the driver's seat was none other than Lorelei, who was in flamboyant makeup.

Even though Michaela honked in reflex, the Maybach had already driven past her. Hence, she quickly spun the car around and followed it from behind.

In her mind, Lorelei was a youthful and vibrant-looking girl. Just a simple ponytail alone was enough to let her natural beauty shine through.

However, the person Michaela saw just now wore such heavy makeup that she looked like an entirely different person, which caused Michaela to feel sorry for her.

As she followed Lorelei into the city, Michaela finally found the latter's Maybach parked outside someplace called Broken Hearts Bar.

At that hour, there weren't many patrons in the bar. The dim lighting and ear-shattering music caused Michaela's heart to thump alongside the rhythm.

While searching for Lorelei, she saw men and women dancing and kissing passionately all around her, to the extent there was no place for her to avert her gaze.

Since she had never patronized a place like that before, she naturally felt uneasy inside.

Meanwhile, Lorelei was sitting at the bar. With her porcelain-white legs crossed, she looked exceptionally eye-catching.

Wearing a short black sequined dress and a headful of long wavy hair, the dignified aura inherent in her shone through the chaotic surroundings of the bar.

“That girl looks hot!”

“This is the third day that she is getting herself drunk. Furthermore, she’s a feisty one. Plenty of men have tried and failed to get her to leave with them.”

“I like feisty ones. Hehe!”

As Michaela could hear the entire conversation clearly, she was disgusted by the man’s row of yellow teeth when he let out a lecherous laugh.

Just when he was still planning on how to bed Lorelei, Michaela had already come up to the bar and snatched the whiskey away from Lorelei’s hands. “Stop drinking!”

Although Lorelei had just arrived, there were plenty of empty glasses in front of her. She was already a little drunk from the reddish tint on her cheeks.

“Mich!” Lorelei giggled at the sight of Michaela as she settled the latter down beside her. Subsequently, she waved at the bartender, “One more!”

“Aren’t you supposed to be sick?” Michaela pretended to be oblivious to the truth.

Lorelei’s smile was just as vibrant as ever. After receiving the drink from the bartender, she pushed it over to Michaela. “Mich, since you’re already here, come and drink with me!”

“Answer my question first! Have you seen yourself in the mirror? Why do you insist on tormenting yourself?”

As Lorelei’s expression froze, the smile on her face faded away. She then finished her drink in one gulp underneath Michaela’s intense gaze.

A short while later, she remarked with a melancholic look in her eye, “Mich, do you know that Alois has rejected me? Not only that, he even introduced his new girlfriend to me. Both of them were sitting in front of me, all lovey-dovey. It made me feel... as if I’m nothing but a fool!”

Just as Lorelei spoke, she curled her lips into a faint smile. Nevertheless, there was a tinge of brimming sorrow visible in her eyes.



If it wasn't for her slightly moist and reddened eyes, one couldn't tell that her smile was actually forced.

"Lorelei." Michaela's heart went out to her.

In truth, Michaela disapproved of the harsh method Alois had used. As Lorelei was a girl, there was no need for him to resort to such tactics. If he didn't like her, all he had to do was tell her. Why the need for such drama? Love is supposed to be something beautiful, but it turned out to be a razor-sharp knife that was plunged into Lorelei's heart.

At that moment, Michaela was worried that Lorelei would be lost in her own despair.

"Mich, do you think that I'm really that undesirable? Why doesn't Alois like me? What am I lacking? As long as he's able to tell me, I'm more than willing to change. All my plotting was just so that I could be near him. But now, I realize that it's meaningless to do so. Other than getting drunk, what else can I do? Mich, my heart hurts like hell!"

The moment she finished, Lorelei threw herself into Michaela's arms as teardrops kept streaming down her cheeks.

"Lorelei, you're a wonderful person. It is he who doesn't deserve you!"

Michaela patted Lorelei on the back to console her. The next second, Lorelei backed up from her embrace and wiped the tears off her face. She held Michaela's hand and cozied up to her. "Let's not talk about such depressing matters. Come, let's drink!"

"Whatever you want to do today, I'll do it with you. However, you must promise me that from tomorrow onward, you will get a grip and stop tormenting yourself, all right?"

"All right, all right. I'll do as you say from tomorrow. But tonight, you will drink with me to our hearts' content!"

Just as she spoke, Lorelei raised her whiskey-filled glass and clinked it with the one in front of Michaela. Subsequently, she downed it in one gulp again.

All this while, Michaela had never stepped into a bar before, for she was someone disciplined. Since it was a rare occasion for her to let her hair down, she downed her drink in one shot too.

As whiskey was a strong drink, Michaela's cheeks reddened the moment it entered her stomach.

Meanwhile, in a discreet corner, Lucille, dressed in a mature and sexy outfit, was staring at the bar in surprise.

Zack had gone overseas for a business trip after having a meeting in the morning. Feeling bored, she had invited her usual gang out for drinks.

It was just that she had never expected to run into Michaela there.

Isn't she supposed to be above all this? How did she end up in such a sleazy place?

Watching the two ladies happily downing one drink after the other, Lucille's gaze grew incredibly icy.

The act she had previously devoted much effort to didn't just fail to ruin Michaela's reputation, it also ended up arousing Zack's suspicion. In fact, it almost backfired on her.

If it wasn't for her ability to think of her feet, she would likely be the one who was drowning her sorrows in alcohol that day.

At that stage, Jacob had declared that he would no longer help her and even warned her to stop causing trouble for Michaela.

Although she came close to finishing Michaela off, the latter someone managed to escape unscathed.

How could she? It took me so much effort to finally take Michaela's place, but why does everyone insist on protecting her? Is it all because of the dead old man from the Simmons family?

She was filled with indignance over the situation.

The higher Michaela soared, the more Lucille wanted to pull the former down and inflict suffering upon her.

Suddenly, a wicked glint flashed in Lucille's eyes. If my last attempt failed to tarnish her reputation, let me try and ruin it again.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 59**

### **Chapter 59 Another Scheme**

"Come on, let's drink!"

With her friends urging her on, Lucille finished half a bottle of wine in one go.

Just as she sat back down, she heard someone ask, "Lucille, given how rare it is for us to gather, why do you seem so distracted? You had better not be ogling at other guys, or we'll snitch on you to Mr. Zack!"

Lucille laughed. "Stop messing around. My sister is over there. Hence, I'm just worried that she has too much to drink."

Lucille was inherently cunning. Ever since she was young, she knew how to form alliances, leverage resources, and put up an act. Compared to the cold Michaela, it wasn't difficult for her to make friends with a bunch of young men and ladies from prestigious families.

The fact that she was now Zack's partner elevated her status further. Consequently, she attracted many who seek to ingratiate themselves with her.

The moment Michaela's name was mentioned, someone added at once, "I must say, Lucille, considering how Michaela has treated you, why do you still care about her?"

"I think Lucille is being too kind. When it comes to matters of the heart, there's just no forcing it. Regardless of what happens, she shouldn't resort to violence. After all, a girl's features are everything to her. Any girl would be devastated if she were to be disfigured, isn't that right?"

"Don't say that. Michaela didn't do it on purpose." Knitting her brows, Lucille put on an aggrieved expression.

"Stop it. There's no need for you to defend her, for all of us have seen the video. Now that Old Mr. Simmons is dead, the Lingard family's influence has waned. She has no reason to behave so arrogantly anymore."

"Exactly! When Lucille finally marries into the Xander family, I want to see how she grovels on the ground, asking to reconcile!"

"At the end of the day, I'm the one that has betrayed her. That's why I've discussed the matter with Zack. If Michaela doesn't find happiness, both of us will not stop worrying about her."

Lucille's spoke with such a sincere tone that seemed to have convinced everyone.

At that moment, the eyes of one of the seated guys, who had not said a word throughout, glistened. With a mischievous smile, he suggested, "Lucille, why don't I be your brother-in-law!"

The man had a perfect shape for a face, long and thick eyelashes, bushy eyebrows that are half-hidden by his fringes, a high nose bridge, and pouty lips.

It was just that the man exuded a naughty vibe. Just as he spoke, he tilted his head at Lucille and curled his lips. He had a charming smile that was tinged with wickedness at the same time.

As the man's half-joking suggestion rolled off his tongue, everyone teased him. "Oh my, Liam has fallen for her!"

Even Lucille was stunned. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her senses and purred, "Mr. Yale, stop messing around. I remember you having a young sweetheart by your side the last time we went drinking!"

"He must be thirsting to try something new," someone commented suggestively.

Liam Yale was the heir to the Horace Group.

As the Yale family only had Liam when they were older, they naturally spoiled him and would fulfill all of his requests.

Even if he asked for the moon or the stars, his father would get it for him by hook or by crook.

As a result, Liam was among the most salacious among the men from prominent families and was famous for his philandering behavior.

Despite cleaning up his mess all the time, Liam's parents never complained about it at all.

In the beginning, Lucille had designs on Liam.

It wasn't until Michaela was engaged to Zack that she changed her target. After all, Zack was a significantly better catch than a playboy like Liam.

Furthermore, as long as Lucille had the opportunity to ruin Michaela, she would definitely go all out to do so.

In the face of everyone's laughter, Liam leaned back into the couch and sniggered, "You know men, we like to put on a show. As for those women, they're good for a fling but don't deserve to be married into the Yale family due to their lowly backgrounds. However, your sister is different!"

Liam gave Lucille a thoughtful look before adding in a leisurely tone, "Despite having fallen from grace, the Lingard family is still a prominent family in Quakersville. Given that I have fallen in love with Michaela at first sight, both of us will be happily married, and my galivanting days will be over. Besides, wouldn't I be doing you a favor?"

“Just think about it, once your sister is married into the Yale family, wouldn't it put you and Mr. Zack's mind at ease? With my help, wouldn't the Yales and Xanders be considered one family?”

Even though Liam was unreliable, his upbringing had taught him to form exceptional insight into interpersonal and business relationships.

At the end of the day, Michaela's beauty was only one factor that drove the idea.

Since Lucille and Zack's matter had come to a conclusion, swooping in and resolving the issue with Michaela would be considered as doing the Xander family a favor. Consequently, the Yale family could leverage on the matter to elevate their status further.

However, Lucille hesitated under Liam's intent gaze. “But—”

“Lucille, are you worried about me mistreating your sister?”

“No, I don't mean that!” Lucille put on a conflicted expression. “I was just worried that Michaela's pride might—”

“Don't worry about that. Leave the pursuit to me.”

When Lucille finally relented, Liam regained his smug expression as he crossed his legs confidently.

“Exactly. Don't forget who Liam is. There's no woman who can resist his charms. If there really is, all he needs is to sleep with her. After all, any woman, regardless of how proud and aloof they are, would naturally submit in bed.”

When the guys around Liam began to sing his praises with a suggestive tone, it was evident that Liam had committed plenty of similarly dirty acts.

As for Liam, he denied with a serious expression, “That's utter nonsense!”

Turning to Lucille, he reassured her, “Don't worry, I'll treat her well. On top of that, I'll behave and not betray her at all. If you're still worried, why don't I report my itinerary all the time?”

“Come, let's drink to Liam's marriage!”

Amidst the cheers, everyone raised their glasses.

The kind look on Lucille's face flashed with malice just when everyone else wasn't looking.

She wasn't worried that Liam would misbehave when he was with Michaela. On the contrary, she was concerned that he was actually sincere in wanting to treat Michaela well.

Just when I was racking my brains on how to destroy Michaela, didn't Liam just volunteer himself? In that case, what is there for me to worry still? Even though he had described it in a disgusting manner, that is still the undeniable truth.

As of then, Liam had never been rejected by any woman he pursued before. It wasn't just because of his good looks, but also his generosity when it came to spending money on them. The combination of both factors enabled him to fulfill every girl's fantasy in both love and materialism.

In Liam's own words, he wasn't particularly into love but just enjoyed the rush of conquest.

In fact, Lucille didn't believe one word of Liam's when he declared that he would turn over a new leaf and become the epitome of a fateful man.

Coincidentally, that was what she was also looking forward to.

She had wanted to see Michaela's pathetic face after being manipulated and abandoned.

When the time comes, let's see how she can still maintain her virtuous front. Once Michaela is not there for me to be compared against, Zack's parents would be clamoring to have me as their daughter-in-law.

Narrowing her gaze, Lucille let out a vibrant smile. Evidently, the show was about to begin.

As if she could already visualize the scene where Michaela's reputation was destroyed, Lucille was visibly elated. Grabbing the hand of the girl beside her, she pulled her onto the dance floor.

## **Love Her to No End Chapter 60**

Chapter 60 Handsome And Familiar

Meanwhile, Jonathan was exasperated.

The two times I left abruptly, she would definitely cause me to worry.

The first time was when he returned to the headquarters in Epea, Michaela had gone shopping. Not only did she buy a super short skirt and a top that exposed the midriff, but she was also picked up by guys asking for her number.

Now that I had to rush to Yaleview, she actually had the gall to get herself drunk in a bar?

Even though he wasn't worried about her safety due to Gary's presence, he was still incensed when he saw the video Gary sent him. The sight of all the salacious men's preying eyes drove Jonathan to such anger that he felt like murdering someone.

On the way home from the airport, Jonathan checked his phone repeatedly and managed to keep the anxiety he felt well hidden. Nevertheless, his eyes were spitting fire when he saw the intoxicated look on Michaela's face.

"Jonathan, are you waiting for a call?" Mavis probed when she noticed the look on Jonathan's face.

In her mind, her son had always been composed due to him maturing at a young age. Therefore, it was a rare sight to see him feeling so unsettled.

Can it be that he's in love?

"There's something I need to deal with. Once we reach home, I won't be going back into the house with you and Dad. Given the long and arduous journey, both of you must be tired. Hence, you should rest early once you have your meal."

The moment he heard that something had happened, Nick insisted on returning despite being dissuaded from it.

After Jonathan had already related everything in detail, Nick was further infuriated and scolded Zack for being so careless.

As Adrian was the person Nick respected the most, he had initially planned to join the two families via marriage. Now that Zack had betrayed the Simmons family with his actions, Nick was well aware that it was his mistake. Consequently, he insisted on personally apologizing to both Hannah and Michaela for it.

However, as Hannah wasn't in Quakersville, he knew there was no point rushing.

Nonetheless, he still felt lingering anger over Jonathan hiding the matter from him. The moment he heard the latter's words, he snorted, "What are you so busy with all the time? Despite your age, you don't even seem concerned that you're still single. When I was your age, your brother was already two years old. You should really hurry!"



His father seldom interfered in trivial matters such as pestering him to get married or introduce a girl to him, for such matters were usually within his mother's domain. As a result, Jonathan was startled by the former's comments.

Before he could reply, Mavis jumped into the fray.

Even though you're the sponsor, you're still not allowed to criticize my son!

"I'm surprised that you have the cheek to say it. Jonathan had his own plans initially, but in the end, you had to dump your entire company on him. How is he supposed to have to go dating? Just talking about this makes my blood boil!"

In the face of his wife's temper, Nick broke into a sheepish smile and pulled her into his embrace. "Look, you always complain that I don't care about Jonathan's affairs. But now that I want to do my duty as a father, you end up scolding me instead. In that case, I'll just stop commenting, all right?"

"He's my son. You're not allowed to reprimand him!"

Refusing to accept his explanation, Mavis turned her head grumpily to the side.

"I won't, I won't. You can calm down now."

Jonathan was amused to see his father react submissively after being at the receiving end of his mother's stick.

Trying desperately to hold back his laughter, he averted his gaze when he caught the death glare his father flashed at him. Worried that he would get on his father's nerves again, he quickly gazed out the window instead.

Even Walter, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, was surprised by the scene.

He had assumed that Jonathan had picked up his smooth skills in pursuing girls from his diligent study of romance novels. He didn't expect the latter to have inherited them from Nick instead.

When their car arrived at the Xander residence, Nick shot Jonathan another glare while Mavis was gradually alighting. With an authoritative voice, he ordered, "Invite Mich over to lunch one day. Even though Hannah is not at home, we still have to treat Mich right. Also, I'm going to give Quentin and Yvonne a call and admonish them over their son's behavior. At the end of the day, What's the use of making so much money?"

"Got it, Dad," Jonathan grunted in acknowledgment.

Despite being filled with anxiety, Jonathan saw Nick stop and turn around again. "Since Mich is staying with you, you had better mind your manners and treat her well!"

“Of course!”

When he saw the obedient expression on Jonathan’s face, Walter sniggered to himself, You can rest assured that Mr. Jonathan will definitely not neglect Ms. Lingard. In fact, his excessive interest in her is enough to make everyone feel awkward.

After giving out his instructions, Nick walked into the Xander residence without looking back.

Thus, he did not see how Jonathan anxiously slip back into the car and barked to the driver, “Head to Broken Hearts Bar at Fragrance Street!”

I must teach her a lesson for being rebellious while I’m away.

Even though he had steeled his resolve, he didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry at the sight that greeted him at the bar.

“Mich, let me tell you. I... I have seen the light. Men... They are nothing but jerks. Just like Alois... He never bothered to tell me that he had no feelings for me. Instead, he made me wait for so many years. In the end, he rejected me after I have devoted so much of my emotions to him. Tell me... Did he do it on purpose?”

Both of them had a lot to drink. In contrast to Lorelei’s rants, Michaela sat quietly at that bar. Suddenly, she exclaimed in support of her friend, “That’s right! Men are pigs!”

Michaela’s cheeks and the corner of her eyes were already tinted red. Her dreamy gaze and intoxicated look further enhanced her alluring aura.

At the same time, her pinkish lips pouted invitingly from the effects of the alcohol.

Faced with the sight before him, Jonathan’s Adam’s apple bobbed in reflex. She really looks adorable when she has too much to drink. It just makes me feel the urge to pull her gentle body into my embrace.

Amidst his shock, he heard Lorelei ask Michaela suggestively, “Mich, do you also have someone you fancy?”

“No, I don’t!” Michaela denied while shaking her head innocently. “I’m not as spineless as you are, for I want to be the queen of my own life!”

“Very good! A queen indeed!” Lorelei nodded. “Nonetheless, I’m sure you will find love within your lifetime.”

When he caught a glimpse of the empty glasses in front of both ladies, Jonathan’s expression darkened. Walking up to Michaela, he called out softly, “Mich!”

“Hmm?” Looking lost, Michaela tilted her head in his direction. “Hey, handsome... Erm... You look really familiar!”

The moment Michaela giggled in front of him, Jonathan’s expression drastically changed.

Handsome? I don’t deny it. But familiar? Has she become so brazen as to not recognize me?

Instead, it was Lorelei who still had the presence of mind to realize what was going on. With an intoxicated expression, she looked at Michaela before turning toward Jonathan. The very next moment, she slapped her forehead. “Mich, this handsome guy is your guardian!”

“My guardian?”

Before Michaela realized what was going on, Lorelei chuckled mischievously. “Michaela, if you hadn’t told me that he was your guardian, I would have assumed that he was your boyfriend. Looking at how anxious he is over you, I think he is better than any boyfriend you might have. Considering how caring, rich, and handsome he is, you must have done something right in your past life to have such a wonderful guardian!”

At that moment, Lorelei was still oblivious to Jonathan’s intentions. The moment it finally dawned upon her, she was dumbstruck by it.

This is utterly shocking! A guardian has feelings for his ward? What the hell is going on?