

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 20-29

Chapter 20

Although I managed to cover up the truth about my pregnancy, I ended up in a feeble state, lying frailly on the bed. Meanwhile, Lyle acted like a thoughtful husband in the doctor's presence, but he left me without hesitation after answering a phone call.

Lyle said he had to deal with some company matters and told me to get some rest. Nonetheless, judging from his worried expression as he talked over the phone, I knew instantly that it was a call from Bianca.

With much difficulty, I got up and walked to the window. Soon, I saw Lyle hugging a lady at the hospital entrance as they left. Although she wasn't Bianca, she seemed familiar to me, and I couldn't help but recall some unpleasant memories. But that woman is still in Anglandur. How can she be here?

I shook my head to dismiss those thoughts. Back then, Crystal had left the country resolutely. As such, it was quite unlikely that she would be willing to be a homewrecker, knowing that Lyle and I hadn't divorced. Moreover, Bianca that b*tch was still pestering Lyle.

I stayed under the blanket and curled myself up, hoping to get some warmth. Nonetheless, my attempt was to no avail. Although it was summer, I felt cold as a shiver ran down my spine.

I tried to get some sleep as the heavy rain pitter-pattered on the window. After quite some time, I felt a tinge of humidity permeating in the air while I was half-asleep. As the coldness overwhelmed me, I shivered and pulled the blanket up to cover my body.

Shortly afterward, I somehow felt a warm object that resembled a heater come up to me. I couldn't help but wrap myself around it like an octopus. After heaving a sigh of satisfaction, I finally had a sound sleep.

I dreamed that I was in a white hall, and Lyle was standing right in front of me. With a ring in his hand, he proposed to me solemnly. At that moment, tears began to roll down my face. Only when my neck started to prickle did I wake up from the dream.

Assuming that there was a mosquito on my neck, I smacked it while my eyes remained shut. The next moment, I felt that something was off and immediately opened my eyes. Under the dim light, I saw Christopher applying some ointment on the bruises on my neck.

There was a mixture of worry and guilt in his obsidian black eyes. Seeing that I had woken up, he applied the ointment gently and said, "Didn't I ask you to call me at once whenever you are in trouble? Why did you hide it from me?"

Although Christopher was reprimanding me, I couldn't help but feel touched. I had a miscarriage due to Lyle's mistress. However, the man who accompanied me wasn't Lyle but someone with whom I had a one-night stand to retaliate against Lyle.

“Why are you crying? I didn’t mean to growl at you. I was just irritated because you didn’t protect yourself.” He heaved a sigh and wiped away my tears. The moment his fingers swept across my eyelashes, my tears rolled down even more.

“If you keep crying, don’t blame me for being harsh to you. I’d love to see you cry when I get inside you!” Christopher suddenly made a crude joke, for he realized that his words had failed to comfort me earlier on.

At that moment, I did not know how to react to his remark. On the one hand, I wanted to continue crying, but on the other hand, I felt that the lewd joke was surprisingly amusing. In the end, I chose to make him suffer with me by biting his arm.

Instead of pushing me away, he let me bite him. After I released him, he suddenly took me into his arms and placed my hand on his sturdy chest, which sent a sense of warmth traveling through my heart and made me feel much better.

Feeling touched, I expressed my gratitude to him. Since he was hugging me too tightly, I wriggled to switch to a more comfortable position. The next moment, my face darkened, for I realized that he was lying naked beside me. Moreover, he even put my hand in between his legs!

Chapter 21

“Christopher, I’m a patient who just had a miscarriage!” I gnashed my teeth and bellowed. This man is despicable!

“I’m not going to devour you. Why are you so nervous? You look pale and disheveled. Besides, there are still some eye boogers in your eyes. It appears that I’ll be the one on the losing end for sleeping with you,” Christopher argued cunningly as he squinted.

Eye boogers? Immediately, I rubbed my eyes to realize that there were no eye boogers. Knowing that he played a prank on me, I blushed and dared not gaze at him. Although I only intended to use him for my revenge, I couldn’t help but care about his feelings toward me.

As such, I began to think that something was wrong with me. Christopher, who was a handsome playboy, had many women fighting for his attention, some of whom were more beautiful than me. There were even celebrities who wished to get close to him.

Suddenly, I felt like a fool for liking him merely because he was nice to me. Unknowingly, I became irritated and said coldly, “You’re right. There are many women lining up to sleep with a handsome man like you, so a married woman like me is certainly out of your league.”

“But I prefer my little calf.” Shrugging, he tapped on my forehead and hugged me tighter.

I blurted out in frustration, “Who needs your love, Christopher? Do all men behave just like this? When courting a woman, a man will whisper sweet nothings to her non-stop. But once he is bored of her, he will abandon her like some rubbish and trample on her as he pleases. Do you guys think men are emperors who can choose among concubines? What gives you the right to do so? Get out. I said, get out!”

Nevertheless, I began to sob when I was talking. Admittedly, I was venting out my frustration on Christopher, for I dared not say such things to Lyle. I knew that Christopher would only make fun of me with some lewd jokes but wouldn't actually break my heart.

On the other hand, Lyle had hurt me deeply. I still hadn't moved on ever since I found out about his affair. After all, only those I cared about could ever hurt me. However, I had to admit that I deserved it for loving him. Although our relationship was in a precarious state, I couldn't let go of what we used to have.

Meanwhile, Christopher didn't move an inch but merely gazed at me. I mustered up my energy to push him away and kick him. Unexpectedly, I ended up hurting my wound instead of him. Instantly, I covered my stomach and wailed in pain.

My kick sent him falling from the bed onto the floor. Assuming that he would feel insulted, I expected him to slam the door and leave me like what Lyle did.

As I continued sobbing, my vision became blurry. Deep down, I blamed myself for chasing away someone who cared about me. I couldn't help but think that Lyle was irritated by me due to the same reason. All of a sudden, I was pulled into a warm embrace.

"Cry all you want. I'll lend you my chest." Although Christopher was teasing me, I was deeply touched by his words nonetheless. I leaned against his chest and cried my heart out.

"If he doesn't love me, why did he marry me? Why did he have to hurt me like this? Is it wrong for me to love him wholeheartedly?"

When I recalled the past, I realized that there were already some signs back then. When Lyle confessed his love to me, he didn't bring any flowers nor prepare a romantic setting. Instead, he merely held my hand in the company's corridor, said perfunctorily that he loved me, and asked if I agreed to be with him.

But I was so immersed in his superficial affection that I overlooked the fact that he had just broken up with Crystal at that time. On top of that, I had also forgotten the way he gazed at me in disdain once he knew I had a crush on him.

"Of course you didn't do anything wrong. Lyle is the one who's missing out. How about changing your husband to someone who loves you entirely like me? Get a divorce tomorrow, and we can apply for a marriage certificate right away."

Chapter 22

Needless to say, I didn't believe Christopher's sweet-nothings. Although we overstepped the boundary of friends, I was well aware that I was only using him to take revenge on Lyle. Besides, I had only done it because he was drunk and didn't give me a chance to say no that night.

Moreover, I dared not think about the prospect of getting a divorce and marrying Christopher. After giving all my love and affection to Lyle, I was now left with nothing. Although I had feelings for Christopher, I knew it was merely due to the overwhelming loneliness and sorrow.

Given that I didn't respond, Christopher didn't dwell on it and continued to hug me on the bed. He took off my clothes against my will, saying that sleeping naked was good for my health. Knowing that he wouldn't harm me, I let him have his way. As I was exhausted after crying for a long time, I eventually fell asleep in his arms.

I had never imagined that I would sleep naked alongside a man who wasn't my husband. It felt surreal because we didn't actually do anything else other than sleeping.

I had a sound sleep without any dreams. The moment I woke up, I heard a doctor and a nurse talking. Startled, I opened my eyes to realize that Christopher had already left. When I looked down and saw that I was fully dressed, I heaved a sigh of relief.

Deep down, my impression of Christopher improved a lot. Not only was he thoughtful enough to consider things from all aspects, but he was also aware of my reservations about certain things.

The doctor and nurse looked at me sympathetically when they noticed the bruises on my neck. I was unsure what they discussed, but I knew that I had become the talk of the hospital.

I had stayed in the ward for almost a day, but Lyle was nowhere to be seen, and there wasn't even a single call from him. By then, I had given up on Lyle completely. When he finally visited me at night, I pulled a long face.

"Eve, I'm so sorry for overreacting yesterday. Can you forgive me? By the way, I've brought your favorite cake here." Lyle put the cake on the table and wore a warm smile as usual.

I almost burst into laughter. You hit your wife and caused her to suffer severe blood loss, yet you have the cheek to say that you merely overreacted? Whenever he said such words in the past, I would feel moved. But now, all I felt was disgust.

Since when did Lyle become so hypocritical? Well, perhaps I was blinded by love back then.

"Come and try this strawberry cake. I remembered that you liked it." Lyle took a chunk of the cake with a fork and put it near my mouth. Much to his surprise, I turned away and ignored him.

Every word he said yesterday was imprinted in my mind, and I couldn't pretend as though nothing happened. As expected, Lyle was irritated. He threw the fork away and asked impatiently, "I've apologized to you. What else do you want?"

He always apologized a few days after he mistreated me. Back then, I would be touched by his sweet words and forgive him very quickly. But now that I refused to compromise, he couldn't take it.

I met his eyes calmly. Then, I tilted my head as I stared at the lipstick mark on his collar. "When you apologize next time, remember to wipe away the lipstick marks left by other women. Then perhaps I'll pretend that nothing happened and forgive you."

Lyle's expression turned grim as he took off his coat and saw the lipstick mark on his collar. As though he wanted to conceal his awkwardness, he coughed and explained, "Nothing happened between Bianca and me. Please don't misunderstand us."

How could he still have the cheek to claim that nothing happened when they have already slept together? I watched silently as he put on a show. Since we had a fallout yesterday, it didn't make sense for Lyle to give in and apologize to me. As such, I believed that there was an ulterior motive behind what he was doing now.

"She's a staff in my company. As my secretary, it's only normal that she tags along with me to meet clients and have dinner together."

"Does that mean your secretary is supposed to entertain you too?" I interrupted Lyle and raised my eyebrows.

Chapter 23

Given that I usually behaved in a deferential manner, Lyle was stunned by my words. He had never thought that I was capable of being so confrontational.

To my surprise, he didn't get angry but attempted to argue with reasons. After that, he got straight to the point. "Eve, Mr. Ziegler from Ziegler Corporation invited us to discuss our contract renewal. He specifically asked you to meet him. Since you were the one who closed the deal for our company in the first place, can you represent us in the meeting?"

I knew it. He only treats me nicely when he needs me. I closed my eyes, feeling even more dejected. After a while, I pointed at my face and said, "I just had a miscarriage, so it's important that I take a good rest in the hospital. How could you ask me to drink with your client tomorrow?"

"Well, it isn't necessary to drink. Since Mr. Ziegler is close to you, you can tell him that you aren't feeling well. I'm sure he won't make things difficult for you," Lyle persuaded. When I seemed unconvinced, he added, "It's okay if you're reluctant to go. After all, your health is more important. I'll ask Grandma to meet Mr. Ziegler instead."

"It's okay. I'll go. Just give me the address and bring me the attire that I need," I interrupted Lyle. He knew my weak spot well and was despicable enough to leverage it. Since he wanted to involve Sharon in the matter, I couldn't refuse his request.

In fact, she was the reason why I hadn't taken any substantive actions to get a divorce ever since I found out that Lyle was having an affair. After I was married into the Smith family, Lyle and Sally weren't nice to me. On the other hand, Sharon loved me like her own granddaughter and took good care of me. Hence, I was reluctant to trouble her with my problems.

Satisfied with the answer, he talked to me for a while before he left. This time, he didn't even bother to put up an act as he did so. At that moment, I finally believed the words he said back then—he had never loved me.

I couldn't help but feel pathetic. Back then, I thought that my life was the perfect fairy tale because I got to marry my first love. Who would have known that love was so vulnerable? In the blink of an eye, everything that I had turned into dust. Later that night, I tossed and turned in bed, yet Christopher didn't come over as I had hoped. I let out a self-mocking laugh as I thought about my predicament and only fell asleep in the middle of the night.

I must have been lonely for too long. Hence, when someone was nice to me, I would hope for more. Nevertheless, I understood that no one would treat another person that well for no reason. Judging from the BMW Christopher drove, he was definitely someone out of my league.

Even though Lyle never told me about Christopher's identity, I could guess that he wasn't merely a scion, judging from the way Sally always flattered him whenever he came over.

I had to admit that Lyle was very efficient. His assistant had delivered my attire and documents to the hospital early in the morning. Given that I had been a housewife for two years, I was a little dazed when I put on my business attire.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I felt as though I had transformed into the career woman I used to be. I recalled that I was competent at my job before I became a housewife who stayed at home all the time, idly waiting for my husband's return.

Ziegler Corporation's contract was the last business deal that I closed for the Smith family. Back then, the Smith family faced financial woes and needed the deal very much. Hence, I spent a lot of time and effort striving for it. Initially, they didn't have high hopes of me succeeding and even began to look for other alternative solutions. Surprisingly, a rare opportunity emerged, and I successfully closed the deal.

As I was deep in thought, my phone vibrated. I unlocked it and saw Christopher's message: I went home yesterday to deal with an urgent matter and only managed to settle it just now. I'm sure you were lonely and unable to sleep yesterday. Do you want me to come now? I have a surprise for you.

Admittedly, I was delighted to read the message. After all, I was terribly lonely, and his message reminded me that I still had a place in someone's heart. However, I didn't want our scandalous relationship to drag on. Moreover, I couldn't afford to love again.

Chapter 24

I quickly replied, saying I was fine, and I had been discharged from the hospital.

However, my fingers lingered on the keyboard as I hesitated to end this once and for all. In the end, I decided not to as I could not bring myself to hit the "send" button. That's just who I am. Because I've lost so much, I don't want to lose anything else anymore. I yearn for warmth and love, even if I myself find it hard to give love.

When I arrived at the clubhouse, I received a call from Sabrina. She was my only best friend who wouldn't hesitate to speak of her feelings. "Hey, I know you're married and living a happy life. But, it doesn't mean you should be cooped up in your lovey-dovey nest all day. You should really meet up with us sometime. It's not like your love would disappear the moment you step out of the house, right?" she teased.

I let out a bitter laugh and thought to myself. It's been two years since we got married, and I realized I had lost a huge part of me. No wonder Sabrina always complains. I used to think that those were really sweet moments, but all that's left was sadness. I can't believe my life has become like this – a world that's filled with Lyle and only him!

"I'm sorry. I got caught up with something. But I'll be available later. What's up?"

"It's just a small gathering with our friends at 301 clubhouse. You must attend, or I won't be friends with you anymore," Sabrina said in a childish manner.

I agreed to come as I was at the same place. The meeting went well, and Mary noticed that I lost weight. Hence, she asked if I was doing okay. I smiled lightly and told her I was discharged from the hospital a while ago.

She complained that I wasn't taking good care of myself and that she would have brought the contract to the hospital if she knew I was unwell. Furthermore, she also asked about Lyle. However, I merely smiled at her. How am I supposed to tell my business partner that my husband cheated on me and was the cause of my miscarriage? Besides, my husband was not the father to my baby.

Once the meeting was over, I walked toward the private room according to Sabrina's description and knocked. I immediately regretted it as soon as I entered the room. Because, in that room, were Sabrina and a bunch of familiar faces as well as Benjamin. He was Lyle's best friend who always looked down on me. In fact, that b*stard would take every chance to find fault with me.

The reason behind his attitude towards me was because I rejected him in public when he confessed to me in the past. I guess he felt pretty humiliated, and everything changed after that. Sure enough, he made me drink three glasses of whiskey the moment I stepped into the room. He even said I would be deemed rude if I rejected it. At that, the crowd began to cheer, and I glanced at him lightly. He glanced back in return, his eyes filled with disdain and provocation. It was obvious that he had bad intentions toward me, and he did not even bother to hide it.

It wouldn't make sense if Benjamin didn't know that I was hospitalized. Though Christopher and Lyle were best friends, Lyle and Benjamin were like brothers.

"Eve, what are you still waiting for? Drink up! We all know you drink like a fish, so three glasses of whiskey would be a piece of cake, right?" Sabrina urged.

It used to be true. However, I wouldn't risk my health like that right now. "I was just discharged from the hospital due to a miscarriage. Are you seriously going to force me to drink all these? Do you still have any conscience left in you?"

“What? A miscarriage? What happened, Eve? Why were you so careless?” Sabrina looked at me, dumbfounded.

“What a shame. Well, who knows who the father is. Perhaps she messed around with someone else, and something bad happened.” Benjamin snorted.

I could feel countless eyes staring at me as I replied, “I met a madman who wasn’t looking at where he was going and fell. Don’t worry. Although I can’t drink, we can still do something else.”

The door of the private room was pushed open as I said those words. It was Lyle who walked in. I frowned at the sight of him as a bad feeling crept into my heart. Lyle did not notice us as he said excitedly, “Everyone, look who’s here today!”

The crowd saw the mysterious person and began whispering among themselves. Who was this mysterious person that got Lyle so excited? I thought as I took a sip of my water. Then, I heard the sound of high heels clicking against the tiles.

I initially thought it was Bianca. Yet, I was proven wrong when I looked closely at the woman who was wearing a white dress and a sweet smile. It was none other than Crystal. I was taken back as the cup in my hand slipped and fell onto the ground with a loud clang.

She’s back, and at this time too? Why?

Chapter 25

The loud noise of the cup dropping onto the floor and caught everyone’s attention in the room, including Lyle’s. “Sorry about that, my hand slipped. Carry on.” I waved emotionlessly.

“Eve, what a coincidence! I didn’t know you’d be here!” Crystal flashed a sweet and innocent smile. Yet, I was nowhere near pleased to see my kin. That smile had made me suffer so much. I was not loved by anyone in the Tanner family. Heck, even the housekeepers would bully me, and it was all because of her.

The crowd looked at one another as the atmosphere turned awkward. Lyle’s expression dropped into a disgusted grimace as he stared at me like an uninvited guest. “Why’re you here?” he asked coldly.

I ran my fingers through my hair and answered casually, “I had a business meeting somewhere around here, so I decided to stop by.”

“Oh, really? I thought you were on a manhunt, judging from your outfit. Bet you were probably out seeking for a companion.” Benjamin sneered.

“For the love of God, Benjamin! Watch what you’re saying!” Sabrina snapped. She slammed her cup on the table and was ready to argue with him. Seeing that, I quickly held her back and shook my head, signaling her to stop. I then glanced sideways to observe Lyle’s reaction.

He had always been like this. That man, whom I called “husband,” would never defend me whenever Benjamin ridiculed or said harsh things to me. I lowered my gaze and stared at the cup before raising my

head and replied, "Just so you know, my husband prepared this outfit and the contract in my purse. So perhaps the 'companion' that you mentioned earlier was also prepared by him."

"How would I know that?"

"Benjamin!" Lyle interrupted while looking at me, wide-eyed as if he was shocked by my insult. He had never seen this side of me as I'd never shown him my true self. After all, I'd always been very careful around him as I always behave like a lowly ant.

"Cut it out, you guys. We don't always have the chance to get together like this. Besides, I believe Eve isn't like that," Crystal chimed in.

However, she made things worse by saying that. My expression hardened at her words as everyone looked at each other awkwardly.

Moments later, the awkward feeling quickly went away as everyone shifted their attention to Crystal. She shared her studying days abroad as an art student, and some even encouraged her to open an art gallery.

Everything seemed fine until Lyle sat down by the couch, and Crystal quickly filled up the seat beside him. It seemed like she was claiming herself as Lyle's girlfriend.

They were indeed a loving couple in the past. However, Crystal decided to give up everything in Avenport and headed to Anglandur for the sake of her future. Or else, she would be Lyle's bride, not me.

"Hey, Lyle! Don't you think you should be sitting with your wife who had just gone through a miscarriage instead of her cousin," Sabrina said.

"Hey, don't say that. It's been a while since I last met Lyle, and I miss him. Besides, we're good friends," Crystal bit her lip stared at Sabrina innocently.

"Oh really? I highly doubt that!" Sabrina scoffed.

Lyle shot her a cold look and said, "I would advise you to stay out of other people's business, Sabrina."

I wasn't planning to start an argument with Lyle in public. After all, I was still processing the news of Crystal returning from abroad. Hence, I shook my head at Sabrina, signaling her to let it go. She shot me a dissatisfied look and finally sat down unwillingly as she gulped down a glass of whiskey angrily.

After a short while, everyone decided to play a game of truth or dare to ease the tension. I was selected and had no choice but to pick a dare as I could not drink. "Go stand by the door and have a steamy make-out session with the first guy who passes the hallway," Sabrina suggested.

Great, why did you have to propose this idea? I sighed, trying to make an excuse to reject it. However, I noticed Lyle's mocking gaze upon me, so I decided to accept the dare. With that, I pushed my chair aside and walked to the door. So this is what you want to play, huh? So be it!

Thus, as soon as I saw Christopher walking over, I head toward him and kissed the crap out of him.

Chapter 26

Initially, everyone was trying to ease the awkwardness. However, Sabrina had made things worse by suggesting that stupid idea. "Remember, you must kiss the guy for at least three minutes and nothing less. We should all go by the rules of the game."

I intended to reject her request, yet she winked at me and motioned to me to take this chance to teach Lyle a lesson. Upon that, I pinched the bridge of my nose and sighed, indicating that I understood what she meant.

If Lyle was a real gentleman, he would have walked out of the room and passed the hallway deliberately. That way, I could have a chance to kiss my husband and rubbed it in Crystal's face. Frankly speaking, that would be the best way to crush any intentions she had in mind. Nevertheless, they weren't aware that Lyle and I were no more than strangers to each other now.

I didn't want to kiss somebody else, so I decided to say something to change their minds. Then, I gave Lyle a look, hoping that he would take the hint. Perhaps a word or even a kiss would end this stupid game immediately.

Yet, he just stared back at me mockingly. His stare was full of contempt like I was nothing but a used rag. Seeing that, I became enraged and decided to accept the dare.

I pushed my chair away and stood by the door. True enough, someone came by in an instant. I was stunned when I noticed it was Christopher. Then, I recalled the countless messages he had sent, but I didn't reply to them. However, for some reason, I met him here at this moment.

I ran toward him and blocked his path. The man looked at me in surprise as I cupped his cheeks and kissed him deeply, only letting him go after a long while.

Christopher was stunned by my sudden action. After all, I never wanted anyone to know about our relationship. Heck, I even insisted on drawing the line between us. But who knew that this day would come, that I actually kissed him in public.

"I... You..." He touched his lips as he stared blankly at me. It was obvious he didn't see this coming, but his expression was extremely adorable.

I tried to stay calm and replied, "I'm playing truth or dare with my friends, so I'm sorry if I've made you uncomfortable. But you can vent your anger on me if you're mad. I don't mind."

Christopher then came to his senses as I said so and noticed everyone in the room with their jaws dropped. He instantly grasped the entire situation and felt was very pleased when his eyes fell upon Lyle's dark expression. Well, that was great. I was actually mad that you didn't respond to my messages, but I'll let it slip this once.

He smiled devilishly and leaned against the wall. "Why would I be mad if a beauty like you decides to offer me a kiss? You're cool with this, right, Lyle?"

Hearing that, I knew Christopher's intention right away. That man was just saying it on purpose to anger Lyle. I felt a sense of pleasure as I had gotten my revenge by the look on his face.

Well, well, would you look at that! You're not the only one who dares to embarrass me, y'know! I can do the same thing to you too. Don't you forget that I used to be outstanding as well... It's just that I chose to tone it down because of you.

Just then, Lyle slammed his wine glass on the table and walked out of the room, staring daggers at me when he left.

"Lyle!" Crystal ran after him. "Eve, you've crossed the line! How could you have kissed another man in front of him?" she reprimanded.

I smiled coldly as I watched them leave. Lyle had always called me a sl*t, and finally, I had proven him right today. You called me a sl*t, and a sl*t you shall have!

"My apologies, but I would like to make a move first. Have a good night!" I couldn't bear to think of what others would say about me once I left. The atmosphere was getting weirder by the minute anyway, so I had no intention to stay. However, my lower abdomen started to hurt because I was walking too fast.

Although it was a miscarriage during the early stages of my pregnancy, and I would be fine after a few days of rest, I was still a human. It was merely the third day since my miscarriage, and I was already out in the cold. Thus, it made me feel unwell. As soon as I left, Sabrina came running after me, saying that she wanted to send me home. Yet, I rejected her. I needed some time alone to process my thoughts as she wouldn't understand my frustrations.

Chapter 27

I walked aimlessly on the streets alone as I did not know where I should go. I couldn't imagine the scenario if I went home now and bumped into Lyle and Crystal. That would be a total disaster.

Even if Crystal wasn't in the picture, Lyle would still find fault with me. After all, his ego was what mattered the most. I used to be such a lowly person only to feed his ego, and he was treated like an emperor. However, the embarrassment he had to suffer today was a huge slap to his face, so I knew it was something he couldn't accept lightly.

True enough, I received a call from him as I was walking aimlessly at the city square. He was furious and demanded I go home immediately. Upon that, I let out a small laugh and asked, "Why didn't you accompany Crystal or the other girl? Aren't bored of an ugly woman like me?" After that, I ignored his roars and hung up.

I sat by the flowerbed and shuddered as the night breeze hit me. I then instinctively hugged my shoulders to keep myself warm. All of a sudden, a warm jacket with a hint of tobacco scent was placed around my shoulders. Looking up, I saw that it was Christopher and stared at him dazedly.

“What? Now that you’ve seen Prince Charming, are you in love with him, or should I say... me?” Christopher looked at me. He smiled, and I couldn’t help but stare at his jaw and eyebrows that were carved into perfection. His smile was incredibly stunning, like the brightest in the night sky.

I pulled his coat tightly and asked, “Why’re you here?”

“I found a stray cat as I was passing by, and I plan to bring it home.” Christopher lifted me. “You shouldn’t be sitting out here, especially when you just got out of the hospital.”

Then, he brought me into his Bentley before I could ask any further. I wanted to ask him to let me down, but I hesitated because his coat was so warm that I didn’t want to come out of it. Just like that, I ended up in a hotel with him. It then hit me that I had decided to break off this relationship with him just this morning.

“Come here, kitty! Have some milk!” Christopher passed me a cup of warm milk out of nowhere.

I took the glass of milk and asked, “I thought you named me as little calf? Why am I a kitty now?”

Licking his lips, Christopher’s eyes were glued to the deep V-neck dress that I was wearing. “You look very charming today, like a Persian cat.”

He then placed my hand between his thighs as he said, “Look, one look at you, and I’ve gone hard. Don’t you dare wear these types of clothes when you go out in public.”

The bulge beneath my hands was throbbing, and his tone extremely domineering. It seemed like he was treating me like one of his possessions. However, I knew nothing of him except that he was a rich kid.

“Why do you seem so thirsty? Was it because your little girlfriends aren’t satisfying your needs?” I said and tried to retract my hand. Yet, Christopher slipped my hand into his pants.

“Can I take it that you’re jealous?” He raised his eyebrows playfully.

I had to admit that I was fascinated by the man in front of me. His captivating aura was slowly drowning me, making me sink deeper and deeper into the abyss.

“As if! Just let me drink my milk!” I took a big gulp of milk and leaned over to kiss him. Then, I pried his lips open with my tongue and let the milk seep into his mouth. “There! You should have some too.”

Thrilled, Christopher quickly held the back of my head and returned my kiss. He slipped his tongue into my mouth and swept the perimeters of it until there was no trace of milk. Finally, he decided to let me go.

I wanted to let loose, so I stripped myself and went on top of Christopher. As bad as it sounded, I had to admit that I had fallen into temptation. Who knew I would have done something so shameless to get back at Lyle.

Nonetheless, I always felt a sense of respect whenever I was with Christopher. In fact, I could feel my pride and self-esteem regaining because of him. Although they were in fragile, shattered pieces, it was better than nothing.

Once we were both naked, Christopher went on top of me and positioned himself between my legs. I closed my eyes as I loathed my own shamelessness as I prepared for what was coming next.

Chapter 28

Christopher sighed as rolled to the side, doing nothing else. Just then, I opened my eyes and gave him a weird look. From the size of his tool in my hand, I knew that he still had plenty of energy left.

“Hey, don’t look at me like that. A good man is someone who can withstand the urge even at the toughest times. Got it?” He flicked my forehead. “Even if you don’t care about your body, I do.”

I was touched by his words and could feel my heartbeat increasing. It was as if something that was once dead in me came alive. I could tell that he was struggling to resist himself and suggested, “Why don’t we take a cold shower?”

“In your dreams!” Christopher wrapped his big hands around mine and placed it on top off of his member. He then guided my hands in a slow repetitive movement to pleasure him. One might be surprised, but that was actually the first time that I gave anyone a h*ndjob. Although I’d tried many things behind closed doors, I still couldn’t help myself but feel embarrassed. The thought of that was enough to make my face piping hot.

Once he released himself, I thought he was already done. But for some reason, he was back at it again. He grabbed my hands that were covered with the sticky residue and smeared it across my chest.

Then, he quickly leaned forward and hugged me before I had the chance to get mad. Even so, he was very careful not to touch my lower abdomen. I stared at the sticky residue that covered my chest and felt disgusted with my behavior. At that, I went into the shower and poured a large amount of shower gel onto my body.

The shower gel stung as soon as it touched my skin. Somehow, it made me furious, so I picked up the bottle and threw it in his direction. He avoided it as he held me in his arms. Not minding that I was covered in soap, he said, “What’s with the attitude, babe? We had a great time together awhile ago, and now you’re acting as if we’re strangers.”

I was speechless when he said that, so I decided to change the topic. Hence, I pointed at my currently red and swollen chest and said, “Look what you’ve done. My twins are in bad shape now.”

“Oh my little minx, don’t look at me like that. Things might escalate from here.” He took the showerhead and helped me get cleaned. After that, he carried me into the room and laid me on the bed. Then, he went to his bag to grab an ointment for my wounds.

However, it turned into a full-body massage instead of treating my wounds. I could feel his big hands that were decorated with calluses against my smooth back. The man couldn't help but smothered me with kisses in the process. His eyes were filled with sincerity as if he was admiring a piece of art.

At this point, I was feeling rather tired, so I moved his hands away and closed my eyes. Despite that, he didn't stop as his hands continued to roam across my body. I couldn't stand what he was doing as he did not stop caressing and licking me. "Are you a dog?" I roared.

"That's right. I thought you already knew that." Christopher lifted my legs and placed his hands on my feet. He noticed it was rather cold and rubbed it a few times until my feet became warm. Consequently, he began nibbling on my toes.

"Aren't you worried that it would stink?" I was going to pull my leg away, but I couldn't as he had a strong grip on it. The man made it seem like he was holding a delicate piece of crystal in hand as he held my feet. He was also observing them with a gentle gaze.

What I had said would have killed the mood, but he was unfazed by my remarks. Instead, he kissed my feet lovingly. "Don't worry. I'll love you unconditionally no matter what. You're mine."

My heart skipped a beat when I heard those words, and it was almost like time was at a standstill. I turned my head away to avoid his gaze. "Christopher, let's call it quits. I don't think we should continue this relationship," I said.

I could sense the temperature in the room going cold the moment I said those words. His usual cynical expression disappeared and was replaced with a cold look. I had never seen him in this state, and it scared me.

Chapter 29

"I'm tired. Let's sleep!" Christopher said as he warmed my other foot before he lifted the quilt to cover both of us and closed his eyes. I knew he didn't want to continue the topic that I had started earlier.

Yet, I wasn't going to run away again. I turned and looked at him seriously while saying, "I only went to the bar because my emotions got the best of me. I didn't think I would meet you there or that we would end up this way. But I can't be someone who's as lowly and shameless as him. I'm sorry."

I apologized to Christopher because he really treated me like a queen. Nevertheless, he was a playboy – a man who'd constantly be surrounded by many women. Thus, I didn't think that his life would experience any significant changes without me. As for me, I was still Lyle's wife at the end of the day. Therefore, I didn't intend to cause trouble before I divorced him. To top it off, Crystal was back.

I had a feeling that her return would complicate things and make me suffer greater. Consequently, I would have to think about how to face these upcoming difficulties coming my way.

"So, I think it's best if we—" I noticed his expression turning gloomy as if there were dark clouds hovering above him. For a moment I thought he would leave the room. However, he turned around and plastered his lips onto mine, stopping me from saying anything further.

“You-” I tried to break free from his grasp, but he was too strong. He had one arm firmly wrapped around me while placing the other at the back of my head with his fingers running wildly in my hair. The man was kissing me hungrily as if he wanted to devour me.

He noticed I was trying to speak, so he bit me hard on the lip. I began to tear out of pain and was on the verge of crying. Noticing that, he quickly brought his lips to my eyes and licked the tears off the corners of my eyes. As soon as his lips left mine, I took the chance to gasp for air before he kissed me once again.

His tongue was as flexible as a snake, for he explored every part of my mouth. I finally gave up resisting him and rested on his body to catch my breath after that. My brain was fuzzy and could not recall a single thing that was on my mind earlier.

Christopher picked up his cigarette case that was placed by the bedside and lighted one stick before smoking silently. I could see his dark eyes looking downwards through the white smoke. To my surprise, he seemed to be upset.

Was it because of what I said?

This thought merely appeared for a split second before it disappeared. Nah... it can't be. I'm not that attractive or charming to make a guy like him head over heels for me.

I'm just a woman that even my own husband loathed.

“Christopher, perhaps we should...”

I was determined to continue the conversation once again. One might say that I was very stubborn at times, especially when it was something that I had decided; I would not stop until I had achieved my goal. For example, I believed it was purely bad luck being married to Lyle. Ever since I was a child, I had always been a coward, and everything I had insisted on never ended well.

But as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, Christopher leaned in and placed his lips on mine. He also deliberately huffed the smoke into my mouth. Inhaling it accidentally, I began to choke. Thus, he took this chance to slip his tongue into my mouth.

My mind went blank from his kisses. I was confused about what was going on. When I came to my senses, I realized he had lighted yet another cigarette. I pondered for a while to consider if I should continue the topic.

However, this time, he made the first move. He puffed a mouthful of smoke and placed a finger on his lips. It was an indication to keep quiet as he raised his eyebrows and stared deeply into my eyes. “Shhh, don't say a word and kiss me!”

I was unable to say a word the entire night. Whenever I tried to speak, Christopher would plant his lips against mine, and the cycle would repeat again. The man gave me no chance to even speak about it. Yet, every time he pulled away from the kiss, he would ask me what was on my mind.

In the end, I passed out in embarrassment from his passionate kisses.