

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 4

"I'm here for a free breakfast meal. You don't mind, right, Yvonne?" It was Christopher. Lyle didn't have any other close friends besides him, and only Christopher would dare to act so casually around both of us.

Without waiting for a response, he took my utensils from me and started helping himself to the dishes set out on the table.

Lyle gave him a sidelong glance. "Those are hers."

"Wait, really? Here you go, Yvonne." Christopher casually handed them back to me. However, I couldn't just resume eating breakfast using these utensils after he had used them, could I?

When I didn't take the utensils from him, Lyle spoke up with a slightly sour expression, "It's fine. Just take them and be more careful next time. People will run their mouths if they see this."

"You're right! I'll make sure to be more careful in the future." Christopher grinned brightly. "You have to be careful too, Yvonne. If he eats another woman's food, that would mean he's cheating on you."

He then gave me a playful wink.

Meanwhile, Lyle had stiffened, his hand frozen mid-air in the midst of flipping a newspaper page.

His reaction satisfied me greatly, but I kept quiet.

After forcing out an awkward cough, Lyle changed the topic to focus back on Christopher. "I haven't seen you recently. Where've you been hanging out?"

"Ugh, don't bring it up. My friend's boyfriend cheated on her, so I had to accompany her while she caught him in the act," Christopher replied casually. "You should have been there to see it! She and an entire group of girls stripped the guy and the homewrecker down to their underwear and paraded them around in the streets. It was a sight."

Lyle coughed again, turning around to grab a glass of water for his suddenly dry throat.

"Yvonne, if you ever want to go catch him cheating on you, remember to bring along a reporter," Christopher pressed on. "He absolutely detests reporters."

As soon as he said that, Lyle accidentally knocked over the glass of water, spilling it all over himself and the counter. I could almost sense the anxiety emanating from him.

"I... I'm going to get changed. You guys can continue chatting." With that, he ran off with his tail between his legs.

Christopher kicked back and crossed his arms behind his head, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

When I turned to stare at him gratefully, he wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me over to sit on his lap.

My face instantly reddened at the sudden intimacy, and I pressed my hands against his chest as my blood pounded in my ears. "What are you doing? He's right there."

He let go of me but remembered to peck my cheek before doing so. "You still have some fighting spirit left in you? Looks like I wasn't rough enough last night."

His words left me feeling flustered and shy.

When Lyle came back out, Christopher grinned at him. "You're done? Let's get going."

Instead of leaving, Lyle walked over to me and lifted his chin slightly, gesturing for me to knot his tie for him.

I hadn't done so in such a long time, and the last time I had, he called my knot messy and ugly, so I wasn't sure why he wanted me to do it now of all times.

After I was done, he pressed a kiss to my forehead out of nowhere. "Wait up for me tonight," he said stiffly. "I'll come back to have dinner with you."

I hummed in response and took a peek at Christopher's cheery, mischievous expression, watching as he swiftly chucked something into the trash bin.

Not long after the two men walked out the door, I heard Lyle say, "Where's my flight ticket? I thought I had it on me..."

"Maybe you lost it," Christopher replied. I couldn't see his face, but I could hear the proud tone in his voice as he added, "I'll ask someone to buy one for you later."

I picked up the crumpled piece of paper from the trash bin. As I had expected, it was Lyle's flight ticket. I smiled to myself and sent Christopher a text message: You're so childish.