

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 6

In a playful mood, I held his face in my hands and made him look up at me. "Who do you think is prettier? Lyle's 'dinner' or me?"

"You," he answered instantly with an innocent smile on his face. If I weren't familiar with his personality, I might have mistaken him for a pure, excitable virgin.

To be completely honest, my heart did race at his sweet words. But I also knew that anything a man said was not to be trusted, especially not when he wanted to get you in his bed.

"You say that as if you've slept with her too."

"You say that as if I've never slept with her before."

I was rendered speechless. "But why?"

Instead of replying, he hoisted me off the floor and carried me all the way to the living room couch.

"Hey!" I panicked, struggling to close my legs firmly and get away from him.

As if having expected my reaction, he wasted no time squeezing in between my legs and hooking them around his waist.

If Lyle saw us in such a compromising position, he might just explode with rage.

That idea cheered me up greatly.

Christopher started to undo my shirt. "I know you've been thinking of me. I kept sneezing all day."

"You must have caught a cold," I retorted, trying to pull his hands away.

Taking advantage of my brief distraction, he gave up trying to take my shirt off and skipped right to slipping his hands under my shirt.

"Liar."

I couldn't deny that.

He took my silence as an affirmative answer, chuckling before pressing his warm lips to mine. Trapped under the heavy weight of his body combined with his fierce kisses, I could barely breathe properly.

“W-Wait...” I stammered out in between kisses. “I’m hungry... I want to have dinner first—”

“I’ll make sure to stuff you full.”

“I’m being serious.”

“I’m hungry too, little calf,” he replied with a sincere look. “Let me drink from you, please?”

Little calf?

I caved and lay there motionless, letting him do whatever he wanted to me.

Seemingly content with my response, he grinned up at me sweetly.

After he was done, I shoved him off of me to get up and cook dinner. As if knowing that I would make caramelized pork, he nuzzled his face into my neck. “I want caramelized pork.”

If I was a “little calf,” then he had to be the castle’s spoilt cat.

He watched as I moved around the kitchen, instantly approaching me and wrapping his arms around me from behind as soon as I had settled down in one spot.

“Are you going to use sugar?” he asked, his chin resting atop my head.

“Yes. Why?”

I was cooking caramelized pork; of course, I was going to use sugar. He replied casually, “Nothing. I just don’t like eating sweet stuff.”

“Then why do you want caramelized pork?”

“I’d love anything you cook.” He shrugged.

Upon hearing that, my initial exasperation turned into amusement, and I let out a chuckle. With his preference in mind, I made sure to add as little sugar as possible when cooking the caramelized pork.

However, the pork turned out to taste worse than I had imagined, and I couldn't bring myself to eat more than one helping. Meanwhile, Christopher was gobbling the food up heartily.

For a split second, I wondered if there was something wrong with his taste buds.

"I think I still prefer the taste of my little calf," he told me as soon as he had wiped his mouth after dinner.

I rolled my eyes.

"Why didn't you eat? I thought you said you were hungry."

"I was too busy admiring your pretty face," I came up with an excuse, forcing a dry smile.

He laughed at that. "Little minx."

I instinctively retreated when he leaned in and tried to kiss me, but I hadn't realized that one of his hands was already holding the back of my head, allowing him to deepen the kiss.

His flexible tongue that had the lingering taste of the caramelized pork pushed past my lips and slipped into my mouth.