

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 8

A warm, fluffy blanket was draped over me. The next moment, I felt a soft kiss on my cheek.

Afterward, I could hear him shuffling around the room, eventually realizing that he was cleaning up the mess we had made. My heart clenched inside my chest with a strange, foreign emotion that I couldn't place my finger on.

When he finished cleaning, he carried me to my bedroom and tucked me in, even remembering to pour a glass of water and set it out on my nightstand. What a good... friend.

Absolutely worn out, I drifted off to sleep not long after he left the house.

I vaguely registered someone lying down next to me in my sleep. When I jerked awake, I saw Lyle sprawling on the bed, reeking of alcohol.

So he hadn't gone to seek comfort in another woman but in alcohol instead?

I pinched my nose as disgust welled up inside me. Even so, I got out of bed to draw a bath for him. Then I helped him out of his clothes and into the tub before going downstairs to prepare some pain relief pills for his oncoming hangover.

I used to do this regularly for him in the past as I pitied him for staying out so late to attend business dinners and meetings, but looking back on it now, I wanted to laugh at my own stupidity. He hadn't deserved my pity at all.

After downing the pain relief pills, Lyle caught me off guard by pressing me onto the bed and trying to kiss me, the aftertaste of alcohol still in his mouth.

As he sat on top of me like a king sitting atop a throne, I knew that he had to either still be drunk or be mistaking me for another girl.

I turned my head to one side to avoid his mouth. Sex between us had never been a common occurrence. Moreover, I had grown an aversion to it after finding out that he was cheating on me.

However, he didn't take the hint, hovering over me and kissing my ear as his hands slipped under my pajamas. "Dear..."

Christopher had done this exact same thing to me before, but it felt gross when Lyle was the one doing it.

I briefly wondered if I had gotten addicted to Christopher as well. Is the saying that the best way to a girl's heart is through their body true after all?

"It's late. We should get some sleep," I told Lyle with my hands pressed against his chest in an attempt to push him away. "Besides, you have work tomorrow morning."

Without another word, I turned my back to him and pulled the covers all the way up to my chin.

He didn't say anything, flipping over and quickly dozing off.

Was he hoping for this? For me to not return his affections?

Lyle continued to come home late for the next few days. Although he no longer smelled of alcohol, he didn't dare look me in the eye, just like before.

My love for him had died out a long time ago, and I was getting ready to divorce him.

Christopher, on the other hand, kept making frequent trips to the house, calling me "Yvonne" in public and "minx" in bed.

"Did you miss me, little minx?" He appeared in my living room out of nowhere once again.

Before I even had the time to react, he had already pulled me into his embrace.

I turned my head slightly to squint at him. "Did you secretly steal a set of my house keys?" I was sure that I had locked the front door.

"What do you mean by 'steal'?" He held his key up in the air, waving it around with an innocent smile. "I've always had one."

Oh. I had forgotten that when the locks in our house were broken about half a year ago, Lyle had done nothing to fix the problem. Instead, Christopher had been the one to go out and find a locksmith for us.

Does that mean he's had our house key for half a year now? What does he plan to do with it?

"Have you planned on sleeping with me for six months straight?" I inquired curiously.

His smile faded, replaced by a completely serious expression. "You were always mine, to begin with."

I was moved by the statement. However, there was a small voice in the back of my head, reminding me that men's serenades and praises were not to be fully trusted. In fact, Lyle served as a good example.

He started laughing like an idiot when I didn't reply. "I'm hungry. What are we eating today?"

"Caramelized pork."

Instantly, his expression soured as if recalling the taste of the awful caramelized pork from before.

"Can we eat something else? Please, Eve?" he whined, nuzzling his face against the crook of my neck.

Holding back my laughter, I asked, "Why? Did you not like it when I cooked for you last time?"

He raised an eyebrow. "I loved it," he forced out.

This time, I couldn't stop my laughter from escaping me.