

Meeting Her 19

Chapter 19 The Rumors Are Real She fell silent. This creepy pervert is trying to feel me up again! Rachele held back the sudden urge to chop his hand off that suddenly arose. She covered her chest and glared at him. However, instead of feeling threatened, her glare only proved to turn him on even more as he saw it as a flirty, shy gaze. Jensen just chuckled. Well, well, well... "You're in my room, you used my bathtub and you're sitting on my lap dressed like this. It's a little bit too late to be embarrassed now, isn't it? Or..." He trailed off as he looked at her milky white thighs. "Are you seducing me on purpose?" Over my dead body! Rachele stood up rapidly. Jensen only continued to laugh maniacally.

Oh my, teasing her is truly fun. He stood up slowly and cornered her. He lowered his head and his warm breath fluttered across her face. "Maybe it's time we do things that married couples do, Baby." No f*cking way! Rachele couldn't hold it back anymore and lifted her knee abruptly, aiming it between his legs. Unexpectedly, Jensen managed to block it. That was definitely not an accident. Jensen's expression darkened and his eyes shone like a predator watching his prey. "Quite the temper you have there, huh? I'm free tonight, so I'll be sure to have a great time with you." He had only just finished speaking when he heard a low growl. Lutz suddenly leaped up onto their balcony. He entered the room and his large, dark eyes darted from Rachele to Jensen. He immediately figured out that his two owners were fighting. His master was fighting his mistress! Lutz waved his tail helplessly and nuzzled Jensen with his head as if it was trying to stop the fight. Jensen looked at the fur on his pant leg and sighed. This freaking tiger is truly useless. "Lutz!" Lutz instinctively looked at Jensen as he continued to wave his tail around. Jensen warned him dangerously, "Get out. If you barge in here again, I will be making myself a new frost tiger coat!" Lutz whined deeply, feeling wronged.

Jensen's aura was so intimidating that Lutz was forced to walk away, looking back at them uncertainly every few steps before leaping into the forest once again. Jensen chuckled from pure anger and glared at Rachele coldly. "You hold out pretty well." The tiger he had been taking care of for so many years had begun to protect Rachele after just a few days. Jensen went to the bathroom to wash up since he had mysophobia. Rachele sighed in relief the moment the bathroom door closed. She silently changed back into her usual conservative pajamas and was prepared to look for somewhere else to sleep tonight. However, once she reached the doorway, she heard a loud bang coming from the bathroom. It sounded like something heavy had fallen to the floor. Rachele jumped and waited for a second, but there were no other sounds from the bathroom. She walked over hesitantly and opened the bathroom door only to be shocked by what she saw.

Jensen had collapsed while still dressed in his bathrobe with a face that was as pale as paper. He looked almost like a corpse. Rachele's expression darkened and she rushed forward to test his veins for him.

Her silent, calm gaze became slightly confused and suspicious. She had been under the impression that Jensen was simply pretending to be sick to the public. After all, he didn't look sick at all. She was surprised to find out that those rumors were real. His pulse readings were a mess—weak and unstable. It didn't seem like a simple illness, either. It seemed more like he had been sick for a long time, causing his readings to be completely erratic. From the readings alone, it looked like the rumors about Jensen not living for much longer were actual true. An invisible lightbulb lit up over Rachele's head as she realized something. While Lisette had frequent headaches and was also weak, she could rely on medicine and treatments.

They wouldn't heal her from the root cause of her ailments, but at least they would help. The reason that Remus lived in Grand View Manor all year-round was not for Lisette alone, but it was most likely because of Jensen. "W-what are you doing?" Jensen awoke and lashed out the moment he saw the woman kneeling in front of him. "Who let you touch me? Get out!" he roared. He flung Rachele away and her back crashed heavily against the cabinet behind. It was so painful that she teared up. "Get the f*ck out or I'll kill you!" Jensen bellowed, veins popping up on his forehead from rage. He looked more like a beast than a man right now.