

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 1 - 5

I had never once thought that I would one day be hooking up with someone. As a conservative woman, I dated my husband for two years before finally losing my virginity to him on the night of our wedding.

Am I really doing this? The guy in front of me was extremely handsome even though he was in a drunken stupor. He was my husband's best friend with whom he had grown up together.

I had given up something as precious as my virginity to my husband, and what did the asshole do?

He cheated on me! To make matters worse, he did it with his friend's young admirer, of all people! It would only be fair for me to have an affair with someone else behind his back as well.

So, while he was out chatting up other women, I was here seducing his best friend. An eye for an eye.

Christopher was so drunk that he barely recognized me, taking me as one of his impressionable fans. Unable to pass up such an easy chance, he took my hand and led me to his hotel room.

He pressed his warm body against mine as soon as he had shut the door, the smell of his cologne invading my senses.

Christopher had the type of charming appearance that made him look like a mischievous playboy but had the personality of a strong, domineering man hidden underneath his good looks.

"You here alone?" he whispered in a deep and husky voice.

"I'm with you now, aren't I?" I glanced up at him, meeting his half-lidded stare. I noticed how his eyes curved into the shape of a crescent moon when he smiled and how pretty his eyelashes were.

Actually, this isn't too bad.

As he let out a chuckle, his fingers brushed against my face and eventually wandered down to my collarbones, sending a shiver down my spine. There was a valid reason why he had so many girls falling head over heels for him.

“Nope. Not completely.”

“What are you talking about?” I knew that this wasn’t the point, but I was curious. At the same time, I was worried that he would lose interest in me after I asked him the question.

Fortunately, he didn’t seem to mind my curiosity. He bent down and grabbed ahold of my legs to effortlessly lift me up in a bridal carry. “I’m not with you until I’m inside of you,” he said with a grin.

“Huh?” I blinked owlshly for a few seconds before finally getting it, his bright laughter ringing in my ears as he placed me atop the bed. I wasn’t sure if I was blushing because I felt embarrassed for falling for that joke or because I was shy.

He leaned over me, rubbing his face against my skin and leaving absentminded kisses on my ear. A little sensitive, I flinched and ducked my head.

“Uncomfortable?”

“Would you let go of me if I was?”

“Nope.”

“Then why did you ask?” I retaliated in irritation.

His fingers tapped on my lips lightly before tracing down my neck, slowly unbuttoning my shirt. Before long, my breasts were exposed to him.

I saw his hands falter and his breath quicken at the sight before him. The movements of his chest rising and falling were so rapid that his shirt was on the verge of bursting open.

“Because I respect your feelings,” he tossed out nonchalantly.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. If you respect my feelings, then why won’t you let go of me? “Pleasure is a feeling, but whether or not I let go of you is my choice to make.”

“So?” I didn’t understand his logic. If I hadn’t known him before tonight, I would have thought that I had accidentally hooked up with a psychopath.

Right then, he took off his shirt to reveal a firm upper body with a toned six-pack.

His skin was fair, but his body reminded me of those hot, beefy Hollywood actors. Abruptly, my breath hitched in my throat.

“So, I’ll take note of your reactions to see if you feel good and go with the flow from there on out.”

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 2

I was rendered speechless.

Then I felt Christopher’s hand slowly move up my leg, lifting my skirt up and touching the inside of my thighs.

I instinctively tried to close my legs, but his knee slid in between them before I could do so. He proceeded to kiss me fiercely, starting with my lips and moving all the way down my neck.

My breathing quickened, flames licking at me from the inside.

“Did you just take a shower?” he asked all of a sudden. “You smell like milk soap. Don’t shower next time; I’d prefer your natural scent.”

“I have body odor. I doubt you’d like me if I didn’t shower.” Of course, it was a joke, and I merely wanted to see his reaction.

He immediately froze, his lips still pressed to my stomach in the middle of a kiss.

I thought that he was going to kick me out the very next second. Instead, he lifted his head to give me another disarmingly charming smile.

Then, he gripped my waist and pulled me toward him in one swift movement. In the blink of an eye, I felt the sharp pain of his length filling me up, and my arms grabbed onto him reflexively.

He seemed happy with my reaction, gazing at me warmly as he firmly held the back of my head in place so that he could kiss me.

The repetitive movements of his hips were hurting me, and I must have accidentally scratched his back out of sheer pain. Despite that, he didn't even flinch, merely lowering me back onto the bed and pausing briefly to ask, "Are you nervous?"

When I replied "no," he nibbled at my lips. "Then loosen up."

"I feel quite loose already, though."

He let out a bark of laughter. "Then I must be too big for you."

While I was rolling my eyes in exasperation, he added, "Right?" However, before I could ask what he was talking about, he suddenly picked up his pace. I cried out in pain, my vision growing blurry with tears.

I was grateful that we were in a five-star hotel with soundproof walls.

The realization that this a**hole was asking me whether or not I thought his length was too big dawned upon me.

Nevertheless, I had to admit that he was good at this.

"Ah!" The pain I felt down there made me yelp out once more. His thrusts had abruptly increased in speed and depth as if he was venting his frustration.

"Wait, stop..." I tried to push him away. "You didn't put on a condom..."

"I can't stop..." He bit down on my neck, his movements growing even more powerful and desperate than before.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally collapsed onto his sweaty body, completely drained of all energy.

Just like that, I drifted off to sleep.

When I finally came to, the sun hadn't risen yet. He was lying next to me with his face buried in my hair and his arm thrown over my shoulder, sleeping soundly as he used my body as a human pillow.

I should probably tell him that I also shampooed my hair.

But instead of doing so, I carefully pushed his arm off of me, trying to get out of bed and put my clothes back on without waking him. To my chagrin, I fell back into bed with a simple tug of his arm, finding myself trapped in his embrace once more.

I turned to meet his sleepy, half-lidded gaze. "Yvonne," he mumbled out calmly.

For some reason, I was the one suddenly overcome with nervousness. "I..."

"You?" He blinked at me with his long lashes, opening his mouth as if to continue although no words came out. For some unknown reason, I squirmed uncomfortably.

After a beat of hesitation, I reached forward and looped an arm around his neck, pulling him in for a kiss. "What a coincidence," I smiled at him. "I was just in the mood for some fun last night. I didn't think I'd bump into you."

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 3

I was trying my best to appear calm, desperately hoping that he would believe my lie. But my heart was pounding in my chest, and my palms were sweaty.

I was pretending to act like I was used to doing this sort of thing so that he wouldn't feel as guilty, but he seemed unperturbed, even smiling brightly at me.

Why do I feel like our roles are reversed?

"I should leave," I told him, climbing out of bed.

"Want me to send you?" He sat up and got down from the other side of the bed, turning his back to me. Right then, I saw the long red marks on his back.

He noticed me staring and turned to glance at me in amusement. "You're the first person to ever scratch me."

"I didn't mean to scratch you," I argued.

"Then what was it?"

"You were hurting me, so I did it in self-defense."

He laughed. "You're the one who was too tight."

"I thought you were saying that you're too big?" The words escaped me before I thought any better of it, my cheeks instantly flushing after saying so.

"Lyle must have really hurt you, huh." And just like that, he chalked up all of my actions to be the result of his best friend's extramarital affairs.

So he knew all along that Lyle was cheating on me. I should have seen this coming. After all, birds of a feather flock together. I'm such an idiot.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I demanded agitatedly.

He shrugged as he buttoned up his shirt. "Tell you what? That Lyle hooked up with one of my friends? Or should I have brought you to catch them in the act?"

I was rendered speechless.

He reached out for my hand. "Let's go."

"I don't need you to send me home," I snapped, slapping his hand away and standing up to leave. The truth was, I wasn't actually angry with him. I just thought the gesture was unnecessary since I merely had a one-night stand with him to get back at my husband, and nothing more than that.

He didn't follow me out the door.

Upon leaving the hotel, I hurried to a pharmacy to buy some morning-after pills and gulped them down, feeling slightly more at ease than before.

Lyle was already asleep when I arrived home. He must have really trusted me as he didn't even text me to ask where I was when I didn't come back home last night.

I closed the curtains and got ready for bed when my phone buzzed with a notification. To my surprise, it was a text message from Christopher: What are you closing the curtains for? I've already seen everything.

I jumped in shock and quickly drew back the curtains to reveal a car parked downstairs.

Christopher? Did he follow me home?

My phone buzzed again: Don't take any pills next time. I'll wear a condom. The corner of my mouth twitched. He wanted a "next time"?

Right then, I heard the sound of Christopher's car revving its engine downstairs.

My fingers hovered over the screen of my phone for a moment. Instead of replying to his messages, I deleted our entire chat history.

This will do for now.

It was during breakfast the next day that Lyle asked me, "Where'd you go last night?"

I froze up, nearly dropping my fork onto the floor.

When I snuck a nervous glance at him, I saw that he was absentmindedly flipping through the newspaper and paying me absolutely no mind.

I swallowed the bitter taste in my mouth. Even my one-night stand followed me all the way home because he was concerned for my safety. Yet, my darling husband was asking about my whereabouts without any hint of worry.

I smiled wryly. "I went to the beauty salon with my friends."

He accepted my flimsy excuse, making a simple sound of acknowledgment to signal the end of the conversation.

Sadly, I had grown used to this silence after being married to him for two years.

I was about to get up to put the dishes in the sink when I felt something press down on my shoulder, forcing me back into my seat.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure dressed in white sit down in the chair next to mine.

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 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.

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 5

When I received no reply, I decided to go back to minding my own business.

Keeping Lyle's promise of coming back for dinner in mind, I went to the market to buy the ingredients for his favorite food. After returning home, I habitually checked my phone, but there were no message notifications.

Why am I waiting for a message from Christopher? This realization made me frustrated and disappointed in myself. With that, I chucked my phone onto the sofa.

The phone rang as I was busying myself in the kitchen. For some reason, my heart skipped a beat.

I scrambled out of the kitchen to pick up the phone, but all the excitement instantly disappeared when I saw that it was Lyle calling. "Hello?"

"Hey, dear. I have a meeting tonight, so you don't have to wait up for me. Remember to sleep early after dinner, alright? Good girl." With that, he hung up the call without even giving me a chance to respond.

I scoffed. A meeting? Like a hands-on, private meeting in a hotel room somewhere? His employees are so lucky to have such a caring boss.

To my surprise, I didn't feel upset at this news. I checked my phone again, but there were still no new messages.

I couldn't help but start wondering if I had acted too harshly toward Christopher this morning and pissed him off. Did my text message cause some sort of misunderstanding?

Just as I was debating over whether I should call him to clear things up, the doorbell rang.

My mind blanked. Didn't Lyle say that he'd be busy tonight? Why is he suddenly back home?

When I opened the door, an unexpected guest leaned against the doorway. The golden rays of the sunset highlighted his handsome features, making him look like a Prince Charming who had come right out of a fairytale.

My attention was drawn to the multiple red marks on his neck. "Sorry. Looks like I've grown addicted to the smell of your milk soap and couldn't bear to let you go," he teased.

Are those... the hickeys that I left behind? I felt my face grow warm.

He tried to slip past me into the house, but my arm shot out to block his way. "He's not at home," I told him in a warning tone, but what I really meant to say was, "Please leave."

Pretending not to catch my drift, he insisted, "It's fine. I'll just wait for him."

"Then wait outside." I pushed him back, but he took the chance to grab hold of my wrist and pull me closer toward him.

I found myself almost face to face with him with barely a hair's breadth of distance between us. Startled, I stumbled backward into the house.

However, he seized this chance and dashed into the house, catching me before I could lose my footing and closing the front door behind him.

As an uneasy feeling settled in my gut, I tried to open it. He then proceeded to corner me against the door with his front pressed to my back.

"You like this position?" I asked, not budging an inch.

He leaned down, his warm breath tickling my neck as he muttered, "No, this kind of position is reserved for immature, dumb girls. That's not what you are."

"Then what am I?" My interest piqued, I turned around to face him.

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you," he said with a smirk. He held his cheek out and tapped it with a finger.

I tried to push him away, but I was no match for his strength. It felt like I was pushing against a wall made out of steel. "You need to go. He's coming back soon."

That was a lie. There was no way that Lyle was coming home this early tonight. I just wanted to prevent this spark between us from developing into something much more dangerous.

However, Christopher seemed unbothered, leaning in to kiss me. When I turned my face away, he naturally moved to kiss my cheeks, slowly moving down to my neck. "He hasn't even started on his 'dinner' yet. There's no way he would be coming home so soon."

So he knows.