

# Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 11 - 15

"I'll do it now." Stay calm, stay calm. I won't have to see her nor Lyle ever again very soon.

I could still hear her mumbling as I turned around to head to the kitchen, "Like a lifeless doll. I honestly don't know what my son saw in you."

To be honest, I didn't know either. Perhaps he liked my stupidity, or maybe he liked the fact that he could get away with having an affair without me finding out.

I wanted to tell her that what was left on the table—the pan-grilled fish—was lunch but was scared that I would provoke her if I did.

So, I swiftly prepared a simple salad as well as an omelet to go on the side.

"What is all this?"

"Lunch."

The half-eaten pan-grilled fish that Christopher had been picking at looked out of place among the other dishes on the dining table.

"Do you think I'm blind? I know it's lunch," she snapped. "I'm asking you what you cooked. Don't try to change the subject."

"Um... This is a pan-grilled fish, a salad, and an omelet."

Wendy huffed. "My son is working to the bone. Not only does he have to manage the company, but he also has to be the breadwinner of the family. And this is all you're feeding him?"

Yeah, right. I'm sure he's working just as hard to get into some other woman's pants.

I took a seat at the dining table, hanging my head as I let her words go in one ear and out the other.

My stomach was already grumbling out loud, and my patience was wearing thin. Are you done?

"You need to make a nutritionally balanced, full course meal next time with all sorts of options for him to choose from. Don't you know how tired my son is after returning home from work every day?"

No, but I bet he must be tired from his daily hookups. "All right. I'll make beef stew for him tonight."

"How shameless." She rolled her eyes at me.

Shameless enough to cheat on him. "You can go ahead and eat if you'd like. You said that you were hungry, right?" I offered, maintaining my polite smile despite feeling furious.

After all, I needed to keep up this act of a good wife before I brought up the topic of divorce to Lyle. This way, I would have more time to myself to settle my own affairs. I refused to be like other divorcees, who didn't even have somewhere to stay after leaving their ex-husband's house.

I seriously doubted that Lyle would pay any sort of alimony if we did get divorced.

Meanwhile, Wendy appeared at a loss for what to do, reluctantly taking the plate I was holding out to her.

She had barely taken a bite of the pan-grilled fish when her face suddenly flushed red, spitting out the contents in her mouth.

I stared at her as she dramatically clapped a hand to her mouth and fumbled around for a glass of water, then glanced back at the pan-grilled fish in confusion. Does it really taste that bad?

I cut off a tiny piece and slowly savored it in my mouth, nearly letting out a bark of laughter.

On the other hand, Wendy was desperately gulping down several mouthfuls of water. "What did you put in there?" she screamed at me.

I resisted the urge to grin. "Wasabi."

All the blood drained from her face. "Why would you use wasabi while cooking pan-grilled fish?"

Um... How am I supposed to explain this? "I was going to make a sashimi dish, but I changed my mind halfway and accidentally ended up cooking pan-grilled fish."

After all, I couldn't possibly tell her that this had been Christopher's doing.

Although she was furious, she didn't dare eat another bite of the fish. She picked at the other dishes for a while before quickly making an excuse to leave as if she was scared that I would ask her to stay for dinner.

What goes around comes around!

A minute after Wendy left, Christopher sent me a message: How did she like my culinary skills?

I giggled to myself, quickly typing out a reply: It was alright. Although, the taste of the wasabi may have been a little too overpowering.

He texted back and added a cheeky grinning emoticon at the end of his message: I'll keep that in mind.

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He then texted: You really suck at cooking.

I replied: So, will you cook for me again next time?

He did not reply for a long time. Just when I thought that I had been a bit too rude, he finally texted: If you eat my food, I'll have to eat you.

Rendered speechless, I replied: Haven't you already done that many times?

He then messaged: I have, but it's still not enough.

Not enough...

I laughed and texted back: You're the incapable one, but you're blaming it on me?

He immediately replied: I was just afraid that you would get tired. Otherwise, I can guarantee that you won't be able to get out of bed for three days.

This guy and his dirty talk. Merely reading his messages caused my face to heat up.

For the next few days, we continued to maintain such conversations via text. Every time we finished texting, I would always delete the chat records in case Lyle saw them.

However, Christopher never came again, and I assumed it was because he was busy.

Two days later, he suddenly sent me a location and texted: Come out.

After clicking it open, I realized that the location was the park near my home. Why did he go there? To take a stroll?

Just as I was hesitating whether or not to go, a new WhatsApp message came in. It read: Hurry up. It's hot.

Hot? It's winter now...

I replied: What's hot?

He messaged back: My heart.

A little confused, I then texted back: Huh?

He replied: I want you. There was a pitiful-looking emoticon at the end of the message.

I had to admit that he was really good at flirting.

Without hesitation, I put on a random coat and headed out. After all, Lyle would not be back that early.

When I got there, he was sitting at a pavilion in the park. Dressed in a black suit and a white shirt, he looked a bit tired with ruffled hair and his tie casually pulled aside.

As soon as he saw me, he broke into a smile and stood up. Stretching his hands out, he said warmly, "Come here, Eve."

Eve!

I was stunned for a moment, feeling touched. Other than my parents, he was the only one who called me that. Even Lyle only called me Yvonne.

As though I was possessed, I obediently walked over and put my hand in his.

His palms were large, while his fingers were pale and thin. Gently but firmly, he then pulled me into his arms.

He seemed to have had a bit to drink but still appeared to be sober. "I missed you so much, Eve."

Upon hearing his slightly hoarse voice, my heart skipped a beat. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Without even realizing it myself, I was overcome by a strong urge to care for him.

He hugged me tightly, his chin resting on my head as he replied softly, "I'm fine. Just a little tired."

I was slightly relieved at that. "If you're tired, then go back, take a bath, and sleep well. Why'd you come over here?"

He suddenly smiled and asked, "Are you reprimanding me? Feeling sorry for me?"

I was taken aback by his question. Indeed, I felt sorry for him, although I did not even notice when I started to have such feelings.

I knew that we were playing with fire. I haven't even gotten myself out of the situation with Lyle, so how can I get involved with Christopher too?

Conflicted, I pushed him away, trying to keep a distance from him while not making it too obvious.

However, he pulled me back again and pressed his lips against mine. The kiss was so passionate that I almost melted in his arms.

I noticed that it was different from his previous kisses. Although it was just as intense as before, this one was a little more desperate. It was as though he found a bottle of water when he was dying of thirst.

He held me tightly in his arms as we made out, and soon, I was out of breath. With the remaining strength left in me, I reached out to push him away.

It was slightly embarrassing that I was defeated by a mere kiss when we finally met up.

A long while later, Christopher let go of me reluctantly and licked my lips. He then shot me a charming smile.

Meanwhile, I slumped in his arms, gasping for breath weakly.

He carried me and sat back on the bench. "I said you wouldn't be able to get out of bed for three days, didn't I?"

Tsk, he really holds grudges.

Just as he leaned in for another kiss, I raised my hand to block him. "Don't. Others will see."

Pulling my hand away, he said, "Who would come here so late at night? I wouldn't either if it weren't to eat you."

I was speechless at his words.

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However, he had a point. No one would go out so late at night, except those with ulterior motives. For instance, the man and woman turning the corner about ten meters ahead.

I patted him and gestured at them with my chin. "Your friend's here."

He glanced over indifferently, then kissed me on the cheek when I was not paying attention. Only then did he reluctantly let go of me. "Definitely not mine."

The pair arrived just as we stood up.

The moment Lyle saw me, his expression darkened. "You, you..."

He stuttered for some time but did not manage to finish his sentence.

Yet, although he was inarticulate, his eyesight was good. Almost immediately, he noticed that Christopher was beside me. With that, his face fell even more.

Initially, I thought that he would just lash out at me right there and then. However, instead of doing so, he stepped forward and gave me a tight slap.

Stunned, I was overwhelmed with indignation. But you were the one who cheated on me first!

It was apparent that Lyle had completely forgotten that his mistress was still beside him. Just then, Christopher pulled me behind him before he questioned in a disdainful tone, "Lyle, don't you think it's unseemly for you to slap Eve when you brought another woman to the park at this hour?"

Lyle froze for a moment. Then, he discreetly shook off the woman's hand. "This is my family matter. You don't need to worry about it. Also, you're not in the place to call her Eve. You'd better take care of your other dalliances first."

As soon as he was done speaking, he came over and grabbed my hand. However, I flung his hand away. It was the same one that he used to hold that woman just now. "Don't touch me after you have touched another woman."

He had probably not expected that I would go against him. As a result, he stood rooted to the spot with an unfathomable expression.

However, no thief would admit to stealing. He merely froze for a moment before immediately disguising his guilt with rage. "Great. I've suspected you two for a long time now. Previously, for some reason, you two shared the same bowl. When Mom told me that you two were being fishy, I even made up excuses for you."

Well, he was not wrong. After all, I did cheat on him by getting involved in a love affair with Christopher. Thus, I had nothing to say about that.

However, I was infuriated that he had the audacity to accuse me of being unfaithful when he was the one who cheated first. How bold and thick-skinned.

Christopher sneered as he retorted, "What a shame. We only shared a bowl, unlike both of you who've already slept in the same bed."

"You!" Lyle said furiously. Knowing that he could not win the argument, he decided to take action instead.

Seeing that the situation was gradually getting out of hand, I was afraid that they would actually get into a fight, intending to pull them apart. However, before I could do anything, I suddenly felt dizzy, and my legs went weak, causing me to slump onto the ground.

I've taken my meal just now, so why's my blood sugar so low?

Christopher wanted to help me up, but Lyle pushed him away.

As my head was spinning, I could only let Lyle leave with me in his arms.

Once we were home, he acted unusually caring toward me. "How do you feel, dear? Are you still dizzy? I'll go get you a glass of warm water."

At first, I was a little moved by his kind gesture. However, as soon as I heard the words "warm water," those feelings faded away instantly.

It seems that warm water is the cure to everything. Whenever I have cramps or I'm down with a cold, he would ask me to drink it. But I'm dizzy now, so what's the use of drinking warm water? You might as well make a cup of sugared water.

Nevertheless, I couldn't be bothered to correct him as I knew that it would be pointless.

Seeing as I did not speak, he assumed that I had agreed and dashed out of the room.

Meanwhile, I lay back on the bed and rested. Although my world no longer spun, I was still a little dizzy. Moreover, I felt nauseous and had a strong urge to vomit.

Nausea, vomit...

At that moment, an ominous thought flashed across my mind. Have I missed my period for two months? What are the early symptoms of pregnancy?

I quickly picked up my phone. Right then, a notification popped up. It was a message from Christopher: You okay? I'm outside the door.

Ignoring him, I hastily typed out a few words and began to search for answers while a shiver ran down my spine.

How is it possible...

I felt like the world was coming to an end.

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 14



I had been married to Lyle for two years, which was also the amount of time I waited to carry a child. However, I had not gotten pregnant at all during the past two years. So how did I get pregnant all of a sudden? Moreover, it happened during the period in which I had slept with Christopher.

I was overcome with anxiety, for I was not sure who the child belonged to.

Furthermore, regardless of whether the child was Christopher's or Lyle's, the outcome was not what I had hoped for.

After all, I was already planning to get a divorce, so having a child would only be an extra burden to me.

Just then, Lyle came back with a glass of water. He carefully helped me up and said, "Here's your water, dear. Drink it slowly. It's a bit hot."

Afterward, he gently blew on the water to cool it down before slowly bringing it close to my mouth. As though he was worried that I would burn myself, he watched me like a hawk.

Calm down, Yvonne. You have to calm down.

Although I was so nervous that my entire back was drenched with sweat, I still pretended to be calm as I took the cup. "I can do it myself."

In the past, a single greeting from him used to make me happy for two days. However, his actions only made me feel awkward at that moment.

Without saying a word, he sat by the bedside and stared at me until I felt a little uneasy.

I was so worried that he would notice something amiss, and my palms started sweating. Although I could have finished the glass in two gulps, I sipped on it for half an hour instead.

Initially, I thought he would lose patience and leave soon. However, he was in a good mood that day and waited until I finished drinking.

Since I had no other choice, I could only finish the water and hand him the cup. After that, I muttered, "I'm a little tired. I'm going to sleep."

He then grabbed onto me and said, "Wait a minute. I have something to ask you."

Can you not?

Unbeknownst to me, I was gripping my phone tightly in the midst of my panic, and the screen was displaying Christopher's contact.

He pulled me into an upright position, and his hands suddenly reached out to hold my shoulders.

Thinking that he was going to hit me again, I trembled and tried to retreat.

However, there was no room for me to move, for the bed and wall were directly behind me.

To my surprise, he apologized, "I'm sorry, dear."

"Huh?" Am I hearing things?

He then repeated himself, "Dear, it was my fault. Please forgive me."

Finally, I heard it clearly that time. He really is apologizing to me.

However, I did not understand why he was doing so. Because he misunderstood the situation and hit me? Although, it wasn't a misunderstanding. Or is he going to admit to his cheating? He'd better not. Otherwise, it would become my fault instead if I don't forgive him.

However, I had clearly overthought things. As an explanation for his cheating, he said, "I had a social gathering today and drank a little too much. I was afraid I'd smother you with the smell if I came back, so I went to take a walk with Bianca to help me sober up."

Bianca? Oh right, his mistress. I almost forgot that her name is Bianca.

I merely replied with an "Oh."

Unable to figure out what I was thinking, he said, "I won't do it again in the future, dear. Please forgive me."

Yeah, right. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, merely humming in reply.

He then said, "If there's anywhere you want to go next time, remember to tell me. I'll make time to accompany you."

The implication in his words was that he still doubted Christopher and me, and he wanted me to keep a distance from Christopher.

Although I was a little disheartened, I knew that it was for the best. After all, it was time to put an end to our ambiguous relationship. "I won't meet him alone next time."

With my assurance, he immediately smiled. "That's my girl."

Having said that, he pulled me into a hug, wanting to get intimate with me. However, I wriggled out of his arms. In truth, I wasn't angry at him. I merely felt awkward and no longer wanted to have any physical contact with him.

However, he seemed upset about it. Seeing as he was about to throw a tantrum, I quickly changed the subject. "I still feel a little dizzy, Darling. Please help me make a cup of brown sugar tea."

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Upon hearing my words, he forgot about his displeasure moments ago and pressed his hand to my forehead nervously, testing whether or not I had a fever. "Okay, wait a minute. I'll make it right now."

The moment he left the room, I hopped off the bed and hurriedly took out a pregnancy test kit from the drawer. I then hid in the bathroom and locked the door in a panic.

In fact, I had bought that pregnancy test kit two years ago. Never did I expect that I would use it in such a difficult situation.

Now that I think about it, has it expired?

Taking advantage of the fact that Lyle was not there, I quickly took the test and waited for the result nervously. Deep down, I prayed hard, begging for it to be negative.

However, the test result showed two lines. Perhaps it is my retribution for cheating.

At that moment, I felt as though I was struck by lightning. My legs gave way, and I almost fell to the ground.

I was not panicking because I was pregnant but because I did not know whose child it was.

While my mind was in disarray, my phone kept ringing. Christopher's name appeared on the screen, causing me to become even more upset, and I hung up the call directly.

Yet, within a second, he called again.

After hanging up again, I sent him a text: ?

He replied almost immediately: Are you okay?

The next second, he messaged me again: Did he make things difficult for you? I'm coming in now.

The moment I saw that message, I was scared out of my wits, and I hurriedly replied: Don't!

He hesitated for a while before he asked: Why? You're just gonna push me away after having your way with me?

He had probably realized that I was fine, thus beginning his idle chatter again.

However, I was not in the mood for that. Oh gosh, I feel like dying now, and you're teasing me?

Just then, I heard rapid footsteps from outside; Lyle must have come back. Hence, I tidied myself and hid the pregnancy test kit, then regained my composure before I walked out.

He put down the cup of brown sugar tea and came to help me. "Why didn't you ask me to help you to the toilet? Weren't you feeling dizzy? What if you fall?"

Before I exited the bathroom, I had already decided to conceal my pregnancy and get a divorce as soon as possible. I was adamant about raising the child by myself.

Lyle seemed to behave differently after the incident at the park. Once he got off work, he immediately went home.

Occasionally, he would even spoil me with candlelight dinners, roses, or chocolates.

If he had done that in the past, I would have been overjoyed. However, I felt nothing when he showered me with surprises now.

I was already familiar with his temperament after being married to him for two years. After all, the harder it was to get something, the more they wanted it.

In the past, he only thought of me as a housewife who had no saying in the family. But now that Christopher came into the picture, he was panic-stricken all of a sudden.

Although I accepted Lyle's kind gestures, I would later discuss divorce matters with a lawyer in secret.

What I did might be a little unscrupulous, but the Smiths were no ordinary family; they were affluent and powerful. Hence, if I did not make full preparations, I would not even be able to step out of their front door.

For the past few days, Lyle had been spending all his time with me. Thus, I slowly counted the days to see how long Bianca could tolerate before she took action.

Sure enough, I only had peace for less than a week before she finally came over to have a showdown.

The moment the doorbell rang, I already had a gut feeling that it was her.

Lyle had his own keys, so there was no need for him to ring the doorbell. Moreover, I had not seen Christopher for many days, and it was unlikely that he would visit so suddenly. As for Wendy, she was probably still too angry to turn up.

I cracked open the door and gave the visitor a once-over, starting from the bottom. What greeted my eyes first were a pair of fair, slender legs. With a pink scarf tied around her neck, she wore a figure-hugging mini skirt and a backless halter top, looking sexy and glamorous.

At that moment, she stood at the door with her arms crossed and her chin slightly raised, proud as a peacock.

She gave me a sidelong glance with a disdainful expression.

Indeed, that was exactly how a mistress was looking at the wife of her lover. She must not have had the spouse of a lover strip her and had her nudes taken before.