

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 26 - 30

Initially, everyone was trying to ease the awkwardness. However, Sabrina had made things worse by suggesting that stupid idea. "Remember, you must kiss the guy for at least three minutes and nothing less. We should all go by the rules of the game."

I intended to reject her request, yet she winked at me and motioned to me to take this chance to teach Lyle a lesson. Upon that, I pinched the bridge of my nose and sighed, indicating that I understood what she meant.

If Lyle was a real gentleman, he would have walked out of the room and passed the hallway deliberately. That way, I could have a chance to kiss my husband and rubbed it in Crystal's face. Frankly speaking, that would be the best way to crush any intentions she had in mind. Nevertheless, they weren't aware that Lyle and I were no more than strangers to each other now.

I didn't want to kiss somebody else, so I decided to say something to change their minds. Then, I gave Lyle a look, hoping that he would take the hint. Perhaps a word or even a kiss would end this stupid game immediately.

Yet, he just stared back at me mockingly. His stare was full of contempt like I was nothing but a used rag. Seeing that, I became enraged and decided to accept the dare.

I pushed my chair away and stood by the door. True enough, someone came by in an instant. I was stunned when I noticed it was Christopher. Then, I recalled the countless messages he had sent, but I didn't reply to them. However, for some reason, I met him here at this moment.

I ran toward him and blocked his path. The man looked at me in surprise as I cupped his cheeks and kissed him deeply, only letting him go after a long while.

Christopher was stunned by my sudden action. After all, I never wanted anyone to know about our relationship. Heck, I even insisted on drawing the line between us. But who knew that this day would come, that I actually kissed him in public.

"I... You..." He touched his lips as he stared blankly at me. It was obvious he didn't see this coming, but his expression was extremely adorable.

I tried to stay calm and replied, "I'm playing truth or dare with my friends, so I'm sorry if I've made you uncomfortable. But you can vent your anger on me if you're mad. I don't mind."

Christopher then came to his senses as I said so and noticed everyone in the room with their jaws dropped. He instantly grasped the entire situation and felt very pleased when his eyes fell upon Lyle's dark expression. Well, that was great. I was actually mad that you didn't respond to my messages, but I'll let it slip this once.

He smiled devilishly and leaned against the wall. "Why would I be mad if a beauty like you decides to offer me a kiss? You're cool with this, right, Lyle?"

Hearing that, I knew Christopher's intention right away. That man was just saying it on purpose to anger Lyle. I felt a sense of pleasure as I had gotten my revenge by the look on his face.

Well, well, would you look at that! You're not the only one who dares to embarrass me, y'know! I can do the same thing to you too. Don't you forget that I used to be outstanding as well... It's just that I chose to tone it down because of you.

Just then, Lyle slammed his wine glass on the table and walked out of the room, staring daggers at me when he left.

"Lyle!" Crystal ran after him. "Eve, you've crossed the line! How could you have kissed another man in front of him?" she reprimanded.

I smiled coldly as I watched them leave. Lyle had always called me a sl*t, and finally, I had proven him right today. You called me a sl*t, and a sl*t you shall have!

"My apologies, but I would like to make a move first. Have a good night!" I couldn't bear to think of what others would say about me once I left. The atmosphere was getting weirder by the minute anyway, so I had no intention to stay. However, my lower abdomen started to hurt because I was walking too fast.

Although it was a miscarriage during the early stages of my pregnancy, and I would be fine after a few days of rest, I was still a human. It was merely the third day since my miscarriage, and I was already out in the cold. Thus, it made me feel unwell. As soon as I left, Sabrina came running after me, saying that she wanted to send me home. Yet, I rejected her. I needed some time alone to process my thoughts as she wouldn't understand my frustrations.

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I walked aimlessly on the streets alone as I did not know where I should go. I couldn't imagine the scenario if I went home now and bumped into Lyle and Crystal. That would be a total disaster.

Even if Crystal wasn't in the picture, Lyle would still find fault with me. After all, his ego was what mattered the most. I used to be such a lowly person only to feed his ego, and he was treated like an emperor. However, the embarrassment he had to suffer today was a huge slap to his face, so I knew it was something he couldn't accept lightly.

True enough, I received a call from him as I was walking aimlessly at the city square. He was furious and demanded I go home immediately. Upon that, I let out a small laugh and asked, "Why didn't you accompany Crystal or the other girl? Aren't bored of an ugly woman like me?" After that, I ignored his roars and hung up.

I sat by the flowerbed and shuddered as the night breeze hit me. I then instinctively hugged my shoulders to keep myself warm. All of a sudden, a warm jacket with a hint of tobacco scent was placed around my shoulders. Looking up, I saw that it was Christopher and stared at him dazedly.

"What? Now that you've seen Prince Charming, are you in love with him, or should I say... me?" Christopher looked at me. He smiled, and I couldn't help but stare at his jaw and eyebrows that were carved into perfection. His smile was incredibly stunning, like the brightest in the night sky.

I pulled his coat tightly and asked, "Why're you here?"

"I found a stray cat as I was passing by, and I plan to bring it home." Christopher lifted me. "You shouldn't be sitting out here, especially when you just got out of the hospital."

Then, he brought me into his Bentley before I could ask any further. I wanted to ask him to let me down, but I hesitated because his coat was so warm that I didn't want to come out of it. Just like that, I ended up in a hotel with him. It then hit me that I had decided to break off this relationship with him just this morning.

"Come here, kitty! Have some milk!" Christopher passed me a cup of warm milk out of nowhere.

I took the glass of milk and asked, "I thought you named me as little calf? Why am I a kitty now?"

Licking his lips, Christopher's eyes were glued to the deep V-neck dress that I was wearing. "You look very charming today, like a Persian cat."

He then placed my hand between his thighs as he said, "Look, one look at you, and I've gone hard. Don't you dare wear these types of clothes when you go out in public."

The bulge beneath my hands was throbbing, and his tone extremely domineering. It seemed like he was treating me like one of his possessions. However, I knew nothing of him except that he was a rich kid.

"Why do you seem so thirsty? Was it because your little girlfriends aren't satisfying your needs?" I said and tried to retract my hand. Yet, Christopher slipped my hand into his pants.

"Can I take it that you're jealous?" He raised his eyebrows playfully.

I had to admit that I was fascinated by the man in front of me. His captivating aura was slowly drowning me, making me sink deeper and deeper into the abyss.

"As if! Just let me drink my milk!" I took a big gulp of milk and leaned over to kiss him. Then, I pried his lips open with my tongue and let the milk seep into his mouth. "There! You should have some too."

Thrilled, Christopher quickly held the back of my head and returned my kiss. He slipped his tongue into my mouth and swept the perimeters of it until there was no trace of milk. Finally, he decided to let me go.

I wanted to let loose, so I stripped myself and went on top of Christopher. As bad as it sounded, I had to admit that I had fallen into temptation. Who knew I would have done something so shameless to get back at Lyle.

Nonetheless, I always felt a sense of respect whenever I was with Christopher. In fact, I could feel my pride and self-esteem regaining because of him. Although they were in fragile, shattered pieces, it was better than nothing.

Once we were both naked, Christopher went on top of me and positioned himself between my legs. I closed my eyes as I loathed my own shamelessness as I prepared for what was coming next.

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Christopher sighed as rolled to the side, doing nothing else. Just then, I opened my eyes and gave him a weird look. From the size of his tool in my hand, I knew that he still had plenty of energy left.

“Hey, don’t look at me like that. A good man is someone who can withstand the urge even at the toughest times. Got it?” He flicked my forehead. “Even if you don’t care about your body, I do.”

I was touched by his words and could feel my heartbeat increasing. It was as if something that was once dead in me came alive. I could tell that he was struggling to resist himself and suggested, “Why don’t we take a cold shower?”

“In your dreams!” Christopher wrapped his big hands around mine and placed it on top of his member. He then guided my hands in a slow repetitive movement to pleasure him. One might be surprised, but that was actually the first time that I gave anyone a h*ndjob. Although I’d tried many things behind closed doors, I still couldn’t help myself but feel embarrassed. The thought of that was enough to make my face piping hot.

Once he released himself, I thought he was already done. But for some reason, he was back at it again. He grabbed my hands that were covered with the sticky residue and smeared it across my chest.

Then, he quickly leaned forward and hugged me before I had the chance to get mad. Even so, he was very careful not to touch my lower abdomen. I stared at the sticky residue that covered my chest and felt disgusted with my behavior. At that, I went into the shower and poured a large amount of shower gel onto my body.

The shower gel stung as soon as it touched my skin. Somehow, it made me furious, so I picked up the bottle and threw it in his direction. He avoided it as he held me in his arms. Not minding that I was covered in soap, he said, “What’s with the attitude, babe? We had a great time together awhile ago, and now you’re acting as if we’re strangers.”

I was speechless when he said that, so I decided to change the topic. Hence, I pointed at my currently red and swollen chest and said, “Look what you’ve done. My twins are in bad shape now.”

“Oh my little minx, don’t look at me like that. Things might escalate from here.” He took the showerhead and helped me get cleaned. After that, he carried me into the room and laid me on the bed. Then, he went to his bag to grab an ointment for my wounds.

However, it turned into a full-body massage instead of treating my wounds. I could feel his big hands that were decorated with calluses against my smooth back. The man couldn’t help but smothered me with kisses in the process. His eyes were filled with sincerity as if he was admiring a piece of art.

At this point, I was feeling rather tired, so I moved his hands away and closed my eyes. Despite that, he didn’t stop as his hands continued to roam across my body. I couldn’t stand what he was doing as he did not stop caressing and licking me. “Are you a dog?” I roared.

“That’s right. I thought you already knew that.” Christopher lifted my legs and placed his hands on my feet. He noticed it was rather cold and rubbed it a few times until my feet became warm. Consequently, he began nibbling on my toes.

“Aren’t you worried that it would stink?” I was going to pull my leg away, but I couldn’t as he had a strong grip on it. The man made it seemed like he was holding a delicate piece of crystal in hand as he held my feet. He was also observing them with a gentle gaze.

What I had said would have killed the mood, but he was unfazed by my remarks. Instead, he kissed my feet lovingly. “Don’t worry. I’ll love you unconditionally no matter what. You’re mine.”

My heart skipped a beat when I heard those words, and it was almost like time was at a standstill. I turned my head away to avoid his gaze. “Christopher, let’s call it quits. I don’t think we should continue this relationship,” I said.

I could sense the temperature in the room going cold the moment I said those words. His usual cynical expression disappeared and was replaced with a cold look. I had never seen him in this state, and it scared me.

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"I'm tired. Let's sleep!" Christopher said as he warmed my other foot before he lifted the quilt to cover both of us and closed his eyes. I knew he didn't want to continue the topic that I had started earlier.

Yet, I wasn't going to run away again. I turned and looked at him seriously while saying, "I only went to the bar because my emotions got the best of me. I didn't think I would meet you there or that we would end up this way. But I can't be someone who's as lowly and shameless as him. I'm sorry."

I apologized to Christopher because he really treated me like a queen. Nevertheless, he was a playboy – a man who'd constantly be surrounded by many women. Thus, I didn't think that his life would experience any significant changes without me. As for me, I was still Lyle's wife at the end of the day. Therefore, I didn't intend to cause trouble before I divorced him. To top it off, Crystal was back.

I had a feeling that her return would complicate things and make me suffer greater. Consequently, I would have to think about how to face these upcoming difficulties coming my way.

"So, I think it's best if we-" I noticed his expression turning gloomy as if there were dark clouds hovering above him. For a moment I thought he would leave the room. However, he turned around and plastered his lips onto mine, stopping me from saying anything further.

"You-" I tried to break free from his grasp, but he was too strong. He had one arm firmly wrapped around me while placing the other at the back of my head with his fingers running wildly in my hair. The man was kissing me hungrily as if he wanted to devour me.

He noticed I was trying to speak, so he bit me hard on the lip. I began to tear out of pain and was on the verge of crying. Noticing that, he quickly brought his lips to my eyes and licked the tears off the corners of my eyes. As soon as his lips left mine, I took the chance to gasp for air before he kissed me once again.

His tongue was as flexible as a snake, for he explored every part of my mouth. I finally gave up resisting him and rested on his body to catch my breath after that. My brain was fuzzy and could not recall a single thing that was on my mind earlier.

Christopher picked up his cigarette case that was placed by the bedside and lighted one stick before smoking silently. I could see his dark eyes looking downwards through the white smoke. To my surprise, he seemed to be upset.

Was it because of what I said?

This thought merely appeared for a split second before it disappeared. Nah... it can't be. I'm not that attractive or charming to make a guy like him head over heels for me.

I'm just a woman that even my own husband loathed.

"Christopher, perhaps we should..."

I was determined to continue the conversation once again. One might say that I was very stubborn at times, especially when it was something that I had decided; I would not stop until I had achieved my goal. For example, I believed it was purely bad luck being married to Lyle. Ever since I was a child, I had always been a coward, and everything I had insisted on never ended well.

But as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, Christopher leaned in and placed his lips on mine. He also deliberately huffed the smoke into my mouth. Inhaling it accidentally, I began to choke. Thus, he took this chance to slip his tongue into my mouth.

My mind went blank from his kisses. I was confused about what was going on. When I came to my senses, I realized he had lighted yet another cigarette. I pondered for a while to consider if I should continue the topic.

However, this time, he made the first move. He puffed a mouthful of smoke and placed a finger on his lips. It was an indication to keep quiet as he raised his eyebrows and stared deeply into my eyes. "Shhh, don't say a word and kiss me!"

I was unable to say a word the entire night. Whenever I tried to speak, Christopher would plant his lips against mine, and the cycle would repeat again. The man gave me no chance to even speak about it. Yet, every time he pulled away from the kiss, he would ask me what was on my mind.

In the end, I passed out in embarrassment from his passionate kisses.

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When I was roused from sleep in the afternoon, Christopher was nowhere to be seen anymore. I had long gotten used to him disappearing into thin air without informing me beforehand. If it weren't because we were acquainted, I would've thought he was a criminal or something.

The lavish presidential suite had been furnished with all sorts of luxurious items. While brushing my teeth, I started wondering if I had enough with me to pay for the room since I left in a hurry without my wallet last night.

It turned out those were none of my concerns because someone had settled the bill in advance. The staff brought me a brand-new set of clothes and my brunch when I woke up.

He handed over a bowl of soup and said, "Miss, please finish this before leaving."

Upon a simple glimpse, I noticed it was the soup I had been craving for when I was kept grounded in the hospital.

I could feel my eyes started brimming with tears because of the things Christopher had done when Lyle didn't even bother to bring me one. Can you stop flirting with me when you're no longer around? It feels bad to feel great! I'm afraid the day to say goodbye will hurt so much because of the great memories we have!

Although it was a relatively ordinary soup, I gulped the entire bowl down within seconds. Once I finished the soup, I remarked, "Please let the chef know it's slightly under seasoned to my likings."

The staff responded with a smile in silence. I stopped poking my nose into their business and left once I retrieved my bag. If I had turned around for one last time, I would have seen Christopher at the entrance with the staff that had approached right next to him.

Sometime after Christopher and I got married, he then told me he was the owner of the hotel. In other words, he had personally prepared the soup for me.

As a housewife, I wouldn't have to worry about being late. I departed after dropping by the headquarter of the Smith family and then handed over the signed contract to the receptionist.

When I switched on my phone, I was in a foul mood because of the nasty messages from Lyle. I couldn't help but wonder if things had gotten to the point of no return for us.

While losing myself in a train of thoughts, I received another call from him. After a few seconds of hesitation, I picked it up and asked, "Yes?"

It was evident that Lyle, who was on the other end, was taken aback by my callous tone. He remarked sarcastically in return, "What? Are you trying to get rid of your husband

after spending a night with Christopher? I can't believe he has a thing for a loose woman like you!"

I could no longer suppress my wrath when he started insulting me. "I'm so sorry to let you down, but I'm not as capable as you! There's no way I'm going to engage in such a raunchy session after a miscarriage! Why does it sound like you're the one who's having the best time of your life without me?"

"Are you trying to deceive me again? If that wasn't the case, why had you switched off your phone? Where were you?"

"Why? Am I supposed to make my way back and allow you to humiliate me with another woman you have brought home?" I couldn't be bothered by his remarks anymore. It turned out I was capable of defending myself all along. Unfortunately, I had to learn my lesson the hard way.

After a few seconds of pause, I added, "Shall we stop picking on one another when we're pretty much the same? Since you consider me a loose woman, why don't you hit on Crystal and see if she's going to take you seriously?"

"Shut your mouth and stop insulting Crystal!" the infuriated man yelled at me in return. If I was next to him, I would have been slapped in the face again.

Crystal was the one he was head over heels in love with. Over the years, he would make a trip to Anglandur to celebrate her birthday. I had never once confronted him because I wasn't a match for her in many aspects.