

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 6 - 10

In a playful mood, I held his face in my hands and made him look up at me. "Who do you think is prettier? Lyle's 'dinner' or me?"

"You," he answered instantly with an innocent smile on his face. If I weren't familiar with his personality, I might have mistaken him for a pure, excitable virgin.

To be completely honest, my heart did race at his sweet words. But I also knew that anything a man said was not to be trusted, especially not when he wanted to get you in his bed.

"You say that as if you've slept with her too."

"You say that as if I've never slept with her before."

I was rendered speechless. "But why?"

Instead of replying, he hoisted me off the floor and carried me all the way to the living room couch.

"Hey!" I panicked, struggling to close my legs firmly and get away from him.

As if having expected my reaction, he wasted no time squeezing in between my legs and hooking them around his waist.

If Lyle saw us in such a compromising position, he might just explode with rage.

That idea cheered me up greatly.

Christopher started to undo my shirt. "I know you've been thinking of me. I kept sneezing all day."

"You must have caught a cold," I retorted, trying to pull his hands away.

Taking advantage of my brief distraction, he gave up trying to take my shirt off and skipped right to slipping his hands under my shirt.

“Liar.”

I couldn't deny that.

He took my silence as an affirmative answer, chuckling before pressing his warm lips to mine. Trapped under the heavy weight of his body combined with his fierce kisses, I could barely breathe properly.

“W-Wait...” I stammered out in between kisses. “I'm hungry... I want to have dinner first—”

“I'll make sure to stuff you full.”

“I'm being serious.”

“I'm hungry too, little calf,” he replied with a sincere look. “Let me drink from you, please?”

Little calf?

I caved and lay there motionless, letting him do whatever he wanted to me.

Seemingly content with my response, he grinned up at me sweetly.

After he was done, I shoved him off of me to get up and cook dinner. As if knowing that I would make caramelized pork, he nuzzled his face into my neck. “I want caramelized pork.”

If I was a “little calf,” then he had to be the castle's spoilt cat.

He watched as I moved around the kitchen, instantly approaching me and wrapping his arms around me from behind as soon as I had settled down in one spot.

“Are you going to use sugar?” he asked, his chin resting atop my head.

“Yes. Why?”

I was cooking caramelized pork; of course, I was going to use sugar. He replied casually, “Nothing. I just don't like eating sweet stuff.”

“Then why do you want caramelized pork?”

"I'd love anything you cook." He shrugged.

Upon hearing that, my initial exasperation turned into amusement, and I let out a chuckle. With his preference in mind, I made sure to add as little sugar as possible when cooking the caramelized pork.

However, the pork turned out to taste worse than I had imagined, and I couldn't bring myself to eat more than one helping. Meanwhile, Christopher was gobbling the food up heartily.

For a split second, I wondered if there was something wrong with his taste buds.

"I think I still prefer the taste of my little calf," he told me as soon as he had wiped his mouth after dinner.

I rolled my eyes.

"Why didn't you eat? I thought you said you were hungry."

"I was too busy admiring your pretty face," I came up with an excuse, forcing a dry smile.

He laughed at that. "Little minx."

I instinctively retreated when he leaned in and tried to kiss me, but I hadn't realized that one of his hands was already holding the back of my head, allowing him to deepen the kiss.

His flexible tongue that had the lingering taste of the caramelized pork pushed past my lips and slipped into my mouth.

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 7

When I had finally awoken from my feverish daze, I was completely naked and pinned to the couch.

Christopher's shirt was nowhere to be seen, and the sight of his firm torso above me took my breath away once more. "Christopher..."

He hummed slightly, lifting his gaze to meet mine. "What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Such a handsome face. Too bad we're just friends with benefits.

"We won't go any further than this, okay?"

Since I was going to divorce Lyle, I didn't want to drag Christopher into this.

Furrowing his brows, he pressed his face so close to mine that I could feel his breath on my lips.

I thought that he was going to tell me off, but he merely stuck his tongue out and licked at the corner of my mouth. "Greedy little kitten. You didn't clean yourself up properly after eating," he teased.

I wasn't sure how to respond to that.

So, I resorted to teasing him back while looping my arms around his neck. "So do you prefer greedy kittens or minxes?"

He brushed his thumb across my lips as he chuckled. "You could be a kitten by day and a minx by night."

Is that a compliment?

I knew that he was used to sweet-talking people like this, yet I couldn't stop myself from falling for it each and every time.

Without waiting for me to respond, he continued his actions swiftly.

I had to admit that not only was he aggressive, but he was also very skillful. His hands didn't stay still for a single second, dipping in between my legs and nearly making me see stars.

Then, he entered me without warning, and the sudden fullness caused me to wince and dig my nails into his arm.

He was still focused on my breasts when he heard my cries, letting out a short bark of laughter. "Sorry. I was a little hasty."

"Are you saying that I didn't satisfy you enough last night?"

“Well, would you believe me if I told you that you were a drug and I was addicted?”

Right then, I felt another deep thrust and gasped.

I was getting way too caught up in the atmosphere that he had created and started to flirt back. “Does it matter whether I believe it or not?”

He kissed my chin and nibbled at it gently. “If you believe it, then I’ll go harder.”

“If I don’t believe it, will you get up and leave?”

Upon hearing that, he paused his motions. I was worried that he might just get up and leave. After all, we had already gotten started, so we might as well go all the way.

He stared at me with narrowed eyes for a long while before his lips quirked up into a smirk. Then he grabbed my waist and held me in place. Suddenly, he snapped his hips forward in a deep thrust.

It hurt like hell. “Slow down! You’re hurting me.”

He grinned and continued just as roughly. “You wanted to know what I’d do if you didn’t believe me, right?”

I nodded.

He pinched my chin using his forefinger and thumb. “I’m going to make you cry from pleasure.”

Oh my god.

It was half-past ten at night when we were finally done; we had gone at it for more than three hours straight. That man had way too much stamina in him. As a result, I barely had the strength to keep my eyes open as I lay on the couch.

Meanwhile, Christopher got up as if nothing had happened and put his clothes back on. I figured that he was probably heading home after getting what he wanted.

Keeping my eyes shut, I pretended to be asleep. My heart raced in anticipation, although I didn’t know what it was.

I heard his footsteps slowly grow farther and farther away. Suddenly, he came to a stop before walking back to the living room. Did he forget something?

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.

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 9

Out of kindness, I decided not to cook caramelized pork anymore. Instead, I opted for trying my hand at pan-grilled fish in an attempt to show off my culinary skills.

Christopher laughed as he leaned against the sink, watching me roll my sleeves up dramatically.

I gave him a sidelong glance. "What are you laughing at?"

He shook his head, but his eyes were still sparkling with mirth. "Let me clean the fish. You might get hurt."

He took off his coat as he said so, draping it over my head and using me as a human coat hanger. The faint, intoxicating smell of tobacco enveloped me, and I almost couldn't bear to take the coat off.

In no time, he was done and promptly took over the rest of the preparation process; pouring oil into the pan, frying up some chopped onions and garlic, and finally putting the fish in the pan. Unfortunately, he had put it down a little too quickly, and drops of boiling hot oil splashed out of the pan as soon as he did.

Thanks to Christopher's quick reflexes, the oil didn't splash onto me but onto his outstretched arm protectively covering mine. I noticed his skin instantly start to become an angry shade of red in certain spots.

"Are you okay? I'm going to go grab the first-aid kit," I fretted, holding his hand up close to inspect it. For some inexplicable reason, I felt my heart clench at the sight of his reddened hand.

"I'm fine." He pulled me into his arms as he patted my head comfortingly. "I've dealt with worse before."

I raised my gaze to meet his. "You're used to cooking for yourself?"

Lyle could never cook or do anything useful in the kitchen, so I had naturally assumed that Christopher couldn't either, completely forgetting the fact that just because they were friends didn't mean that they were the exact same person.

Christopher shrugged and silently turned back around to focus on the fish in the pan.

At that moment, I had the sudden urge to hug him from behind and comfort him. It must have been hard living by himself all this while.

But I didn't do so for two reasons; the first being that I couldn't muster up the courage, and the second reason was that the doorbell rang.

I was about to go and open the door when he suddenly said, "I swear, I'm going to remove the doorbell one day."

“Why?” What had it done to offend him?

He reached out to hold my chin while replying playfully, “I don’t want it to keep interrupting us in the middle of our sessions.”

The doorbell rang once more, and I didn’t dare keep the mystery guest waiting.

I opened the door to see Lyle’s mother, Wendy standing there with a gloomy expression on her face. “Why did you take so long? What were you doing? Needed some time to hide away your boy toy, huh?”

I was aware that she was never particularly fond of me, but her words caught me off guard and caused my palms to grow clammy.

Fortunately, she was just picking on me and spouting nonsense like usual before squeezing past me to conduct a cleanliness check on the house.

She brushed her finger against one of the decorations on display, squinting at it in disdain. “This is dusty.”

Of course, there’s dust. We’re on earth, after all. There’s dust everywhere.

Despite my thoughts, I kept mum, not wanting to provoke her even further. I merely followed behind her as she walked around.

It was apparent that she was here to find faults with me, so talking back to her would be falling right into her trap. Besides, I didn’t have the energy to deal with it right now.

“What is this?” She picked up a sock from the ground while I was silently praying for her to leave as soon as possible.

“That’s Lyle’s sock. I must have dropped it after washing it this morning.”

Her eyebrows were knitted together. “Washed? This is clearly still grey with dirt!”

But that’s... the color of the sock. It’s a grey-colored sock.

She must have quickly realized her mistake, but instead of apologizing to me, she chucked the sock into a nearby rubbish bin. “You need to buy white socks for him from now on. And remember to dry them out in the sun after washing them so that the germs are all properly killed...”

Yes, yes. I nodded along. Whatever you say goes, oh great mother-in-law.

Wendy seemed disappointed at how quickly I admitted to my mistakes as she was now unable to find fault with me.

Then, she turned to focus her attention on Christopher, who was sitting at the dining table. "Why are you here, Christopher?"

Nearly every muscle in my body tensed up from sheer nervousness.

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 10

Christopher didn't even lift his head to look at her as he cut up a small piece of the fish and ate it before drawling out, "I'm here to help Lyle retrieve a document. Yvonne just happened to be cooking, so I stuck around for a free meal."

His mouth curved into a mocking smirk. "Is there a rule that outsiders can't come into the house, or..."

That took her aback, and she whipped around huffily to glare at me. "What kind of dish is this? It has too many bones, and it's way too raw. What if Lyle chokes on a fishbone?"

What is he? A child who can't pick bones out from his own food?

What a load of crap.

She continued to nitpick by adding, "Look at this lunchbox! It's ugly, and you used way too much oil! How is Lyle supposed to eat this? Are you trying to make him starve?"

Anger flared up within me. How could there be such a vile and wicked woman? Wait... Lunchbox?

I glanced at Christopher, who winked at me. No wonder the lunchbox was so ugly. Lyle was lucky that Christopher hadn't hidden some fishbones inside it on purpose.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you!" Wendy screeched.

Yes, yes. Sorry for getting distracted and not acknowledging your godly presence.

"I'll make a new one." Picking up the lunchbox from the table, I tried to use it as an excuse to make my escape.

"Where are you going? I'm not done with you yet!" she interrupted. "Oh, you're upset because I gave you some constructive criticism, aren't you? Starting to grow sick of me already?"

I exhaled deeply through my nostrils. "I wouldn't dare think of such a thing."

She scoffed. "Is there anything on earth that you wouldn't dare do? You would have hit me if it weren't for my position as your mother-in-law, wouldn't you?"

Well, she's not wrong.

She was about to go on when Christopher suddenly slammed his hand down on the table, startling both of us.

When we turned to look at him with wide eyes, he gave us a sunny smile. "This fish tastes amazing, Yvonne! It's much better than anything my housekeeper makes. Lyle is a lucky guy to have married such a sweet and diligent wife. Oh, I do wonder where I'll be able to find a woman like you."

Wendy froze in place, her expression immediately souring. Without another word, she turned around and went upstairs to continue her inspection.

I snuck a glance at him as I followed her up the stairs. Meanwhile, he raised an eyebrow at me, mouthing the words, "Pay me back with your body later."

My cheeks flushed. He's way too good at that.

Of course, she wasn't satisfied with the rest of the rooms either but didn't say a word in Christopher's presence. She merely sat down on the couch, seemingly waiting for him to leave before she could finally blow up at me.

Christopher tried to hang around for as long as he could, but apparently, something urgent that he needed to attend to came up. He even whispered to me, "Want me to find a reason for us to leave together?"

I contemplated the idea for a moment before shaking my head. After all, I would only be delaying the inevitable if I left now.

There was nothing else he could do, so he just reminded me to call him if I needed anything and left.

As I had expected, her face fell as soon as Christopher walked out the door. "You've grown quite the nerve now that there's someone standing up for you."

I forced a polite smile. All thanks to you.

"What? Are you really not going to say anything?" Her glare grew sharp, and she started to throw a tantrum. "Who are you going to play the victim for now that he's gone? Do you think I don't understand what goes through your mind? You wanted to act all innocent and timid in front of other people so that they would think your mother-in-law was being cruel to you, didn't you?"

She's quite an imaginative one, isn't she?

I knew that she would refuse to listen to my explanation. Thus, I didn't answer.

Frustrated, she pressed on, "What are you standing around for? Go and serve me dinner! Are you not going to serve me even a glass of water while I'm here?"

You didn't even give me the chance to do so, but okay.