

# My Visions His Reality Chapter 71-80

, 818 Views,

## Chapter 71

I nervously clinged my binder and laptop to my chest as I eyed the closed **door** in front of me. Anyone passing by me could sense that I was nervous and honestly, I think I had a right to be.

I had always been friends with the same people all my life **so** I didn't know how the beginning stages of friendship worked. I didn't know what was 100 early or **too** elingy **and** I was suffering because of it

If I had known how this kind of stuff worked, I wouldn't have been standing in the hallway, **looking** like an idiot, wondering if I should knock on

the

door or not.

I mean as I thought about it, it had been two weeks since Ethan picked me up from the library for the first time, **and in** the two weeks, he has picked me up another nine times. There was a **steady** flow of conversation between us, so that meant we were friends, right!

I shook my head at my thoughts. I was overthinking too much and what was the worst thing he could do if I asked him, to deny me? Laugh at n Okay, so that would be pretty bad and my courage dwindled as other fictional responses come to my mind.

uld do

I needed to stop stressing about it I wouldn't be here if I didn't need to be here. He was a reasonable person, he would understand that, right? Right?

Before I could **think** some more and stress some more, I knocked on Ethan's door with my free hand. I heard no movement on the other side of the door. I counted to ten **in** my head, if he wouldn't open the door by then, then I would **just** back around and suffer in my room alone.

Disappointment hit **me** in waves as the door didn't open after my count finished and I released a very tense breath from my body. I turned **around** and braced myself for going inside my sister's apartment. Before I could take a step, the door behind me flew open and I jumped a little in fear. Ethan was dressed in baggy sweats and was rubbing his sleep-filled eyes and for a second I felt guilty for coming here but then I remembered what was waiting for me in my sister's apartment and I realized that it just had to be done.

p and down and then frowned. “Zara, what are **you** doing here? Is **something** wrong?”

He looked me up:

I shook my head and became nervous under his stare. What was I supposed to say, it was just too embarrassing.

“Um, Emily: **and Adam** were fighting **a** few hours ago

He raised an eyebrow **at** me as if waiting **for** me to

to continue bur

**but** I was already mortified and was second-guessing the decision to come here.

“And now.

uh, they are making up. I clutched my stuff to my chest more tightly and whispered,” Very loudly” I cringed as the sound of their **very** loud moans reverberated in my room. No sister should have to go through this kind of torture. Did they even think about my poor little ears?!

His eyes widened as he slowly understood what **was** saying and I flushed under his amused stare.

“And I need to complete this book report **and** the

walls are too thin. And I can’t concentrate.”

And here goes my nervous rambling!

He chuckled and folded his **broad arms** over his chest. “So, I was wondering if I could just stay **at** your place till, you know, they stop,” I mumbled and I could feel my cheeks growing hot under his stare.

“Till they stop making up?” He chuckled, obviously **making** fun of my circumstances and I rolled my eyes. This was not funny and I knew he wouldn’t let it go without making a smartass comment **laugh** I was helpless here and had no place else to go.

He opened the door and I thanked him for not teasing me further about it. I walked inside and **had** a look around the apartment. Ethan’s apartment

as a mirror image of Emily’s, everything that was on the left side of her **apartment** was on the **right side** of his

For a bachelor pad, Edhuri’s place was remarkably in pristine condition. It was way too clean, I couldn’t even see dust settlements on flat **surfaces** Someone had cleanliness issues. He would freak out wheus if he could see my room **back** home.

Without a word, I walked to the dining table **and** put all my stuff on it. **I sat as gracefully as** I could, but considering that it's in me

mentally cringed at my demeanor

powered my laptop and opened my notes but I didn't have the strength to look at him. I thought after letting me in the hallway, after all, sleep was my main

goal. I raised my eyebrows at him, but he had just gotten up and had the shamochi

glared at him and grasped the table

and booped (appreciated it)

and said, "Thank you for stopping on my way around." He shook his head to the side

2:45 PM

Chapter 71

eighteen-year-old girl who didn't know how to make her own life decisions,

which I low-key was, but I didn't need to tell him that.

He smiled as he saw me take the beer from his hands and settled himself opposite me. I watched **as he took a sip from his** bottle before his eyes returned to me.

His stare broke my perusal of his bobbing Adam's apple and I flushed as I realized he knew where my attention was. I was grateful he didn't mention anything though, I would have died of embarrassment otherwise.

"So, how's school?" He asked casually while rolling the bottle between his fingers. His long, thick, and calloused fingers. Attractive fingers. I resisted the urge to blush because so much blushing around anyone wasn't healthy.

"Um, school's good. The extra classes with David are helping me catch up." I smiled genuinely because this was probably the safest topic in my life right now. School was probably the only thing that I had full control over and I didn't know if it was **just** sad or pathetic. Or both.

Ethan had a love for beers, this much I had already deduced from our conversations and by the time I spent with him. So, it was not a surprise when he stood up from his chair **before** discarding the empty bottle **and** retrieving a new **one** while I hadn't even drunk half of mine.

He uncapped the bottle and I watched, mesmerized, as his muscles strained to complete the action I averted my **eyes** to my notebook before he could see me ogling him. I took a deep sip from my bottle because it looked like I needed something desperately to not be so flustered around him. I **was** just so unreasonably aware of **him**.

He walked towards me and took his previous position before taking another sip of his beer. It was a good thing that werewolves didn't get drunk easily otherwise he would have some problems in standing straight

I **could** feel his eyes move over me and I shifted in my seat, but I kept my eyes glued to my notes and pretended I was typing instead. I didn't want my attraction to be **too** apparent to him.

You know I didn't take you for a girl who likes **silver**

“**What?**” I frowned my eyebrows in confusion, I didn't like Silver at all, where did he get this ridiculous idea?

He tipped his bottle in my direction and pointed to the silver bracelet in my hand. “Ten talking about **that** I have never seen you take it off”

My eyes moved to take in the bracelet on my hand which **Sebastian had** given to **me to dull** the effects of the **bond on me**. Of **course**, I never **took** it off. I wasn't masochistic **and** had no plans to suffer through the same pain ever again,

But what was I supposed to say **to** Ethan!

曲

, 1263 Views,

Chapter 72

It had been two weeks since that episode in Ethan's **apartment** where he had asked about my silver bracelet. I have no idea but at that moment I didn't have it in me to lie. Not because I couldn't think of a good lie, but because I didn't want to lie. To him.

When I had the realization, I was confused and he elicited such a response from me, frustrated.

Why was I feeling this way? I had only known than for a month and a **half** now and yer.

I tapped my foot to the bass of the music pumping in my earphones while I **stood in front** of the **school library**, **waiting** for Ethan to pick me up. Both **Adam and** Emily couldn't be happier wh

en they came to know that **Ethan was** good with picking me up, it just **meant that** they **had** more time to catch up and not rush from one point of the city to the other

Ethan's car rolled in the distance and I opened the passenger door to get in. He looked as good as he always **did and** I resisted the **urge** to eyeball

him.

He had, very maturely, let go of the subject of my silver **bracelet** after I had told him that I would tell him when the right time came. **I** had genuinely believed at the moment **that** there would be a time shortly when I would tell him about having Harper as a mate, or he would come to know about it myself. I had no idea how he would react to this information, so I was **enjoying** his friendship right now, without any complications hanging over my **head**. Well, none that he knew currently about

Dressed in casual faded jeans and an orange polo shirt, he smiled at me and I couldn't help but return his smile.

**I don't** know about you but I missed breakfast and I'm gonna get some food first. Wanna get something?"

I snapped my seat belt shut and looked at him with wide eyes. "You're buying?"

He chuckled **and** started **driving** in the direction **of** the nearest McDonald's drive-through. "I am."

"Then I won't **say** no to free food." He chuckled like he expected my response. Hell, maybe he did

He **parked at** the drive-through **and gave** our orders to the computerized voice **on the** speaker. He may have raised an **eyebrow at** my order but he was smart enough not to comment on it. What **can** I say, **a** girl has got to eat.

He paid for our orders and drove around while I tried not to admire his side profile. The warm food in my lap kept teasing me **but I** stopped myself from munching down on my burger while he was driving. I may or may not have swiped a few of his fries and if he noticed it, he didn't comment on it. Good man.

He parked in the parking lot **of** the city park where we could see kids playing around and having fun. "Nice spot", I said, admiring the view.

"I come here most of the time to eat." He casually shrugged and took his bag of food from my lap. His fingers brushed against my Jean-clad legs but even the small touch was enough to send **a** zap

of electricity through me. I prayed to the heavens to not let Erhan notice my extraordinary reaction

to **his** touch.

going to get **cold**.” His **voice** snapped me out of my reverie and I met his eyes, confused at his words. He pointed to the **bag** of food growing gold in my lap and I flushed at my absence of mind. Of course,

I unwrapped my burger **took a** big bite of it and moaned. It was so damn good. Ethan chuckled at my reaction while muffling my laugh wouldn't send food bits flying into his car. Pretty sure he won't appreciate that.

“You're really pretty when you eat.” Ethun **laughed and** I coughed mid-chew while giving him the middle finger.

so **that i**

“Never seen a girl eat! Doesn't Cecelia eat like this?” I fired back while still struggling to get my breathing under control. Etlan laughed while landing me a water bottle.

I chugged down mouthfuls of water and sighed in relief when I felt **my airway** clear. I was way too young to die.

“Geertia don not eat like this” Ethan laughed while looking at my horrible way **of** eating and I felt a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach as he mentioned his girlfriend, who may I add. had been going strong for seven months now. Not that I was counting or anything

in her around? Why was I asking him that i didn't want to know about his perfect relationship with his perfect girlfriend.

because she's finally preparing

myself

dermi exam“ Fiban said while popping a try in his musubi and regarding me with a he could have perfected “Why are you asking me about her anyway?”

I shrugged trying to be casual

asking myself the same thing why

Tumi about her “I don't **know**. She probably **popped** up from my maid:

took a big bite out **of** my burger to myself finally

\*So you're telling me, while I'm preparing for my exam, you are being my chauffeur and getting me food **from** drive-thru thoughts" | I leaned my head on the headrest and turned to look at him already hacking

## Chapter 72

"I guess I am." I looked into his **blue** eyes, which held no trace of humor. Not anymore. We looked at each other for I don't know how long, forgetting the remaining food in our laps, or anything for that matter.

A traitorous thought popped into my mind then. How would it feel if I just leaned forward and kissed him? How would his lips taste? Would his lips **taste** the beer he so dearly loves or the taste of his burger or some other manly taste that was all him!

By the looks of it, we were having a moment because I **have** seen enough movies and read enough romance novels to know what one looks like. What I have always wanted to know is, if these crazy and jumbled thoughts race through the male brain too, or if this overthinking **is** reserved for the female **brain?**

Thoughts being the other women flew right out of **the** window when I realized the way he was looking at me I didn't think even he knew what he was doing to me right now.

Maybe I would have leaned in or maybe he would have, I don't think we will ever know because right then a piercing pain erupted in my chest and I gasped at the sudden sensation in my body.

**What** a way to break a moment!

I clutched my chest as waves of pain traveled over my body. It felt like a million needles stabbing me **all** at once.

Ethan must have got out of the driver's side and ran around the car because the next second he **was** kneeling in front of me, asking **me** what was **wrong**. He gripped my face with both of his hands and made me look at **him**.

How I would have enjoyed this five seconds ago when I **wasn't** gasping in pain. The universe had shitty timing.

"Take me home." I moaned as another wave of **pain** washed over me and I clutched his shoulder with both of my hands because the pain was soon becoming unbearable.

I knew the only thing that could stop this gut wrenching pain was the two silver rings that I had kept in my bedside drawer. This was the exact kind of pain I had felt over a month ago when I was driving away from Harper. **Sebastian** had **come** to my rescue then and told me it was because the mate **bond** between us wanted the both of us to be closer to each other and the

only way to stop **this** pain was to wear silver, so the effect of the bond on my side **could** be numbed **for a** short time.

I cringed as I realized that the pain I was going through was going to be tenfold for Harper, as he could feel **the** effects **of** the bond more than me.

The silver in **my** bracelet must have not been able to overcome the pulling of the mate bond between me and Harper. So, the only answer to this pain was more silver.

The pain was too much for me to handle **and** I didn't know **how** much time had elapsed when I looked **out** and saw we were parked in the **parking** lot of our apartment building

I had to comment to Ethan that he was calm about everything, here **I** was gasping in pain and his face was set in stone, his muscles bunched, **ready**. for action. He shot out **of his** seat and was on my side of the car **in a** second. He unlatched my seat belt and pulled me in his arms **to** carry me to my sister's apartment.

I **would** have found the gesture to be extremely sweet if **I** wasn't in so much pain.

He put one of his arms **around** my back **and** the other under my knees to carry me and I curled **into** him as much as I could. I whimpered in pain **as** another **wave** of unadulterated **pain** washed over me. I had no clue why, but being close to him was helping my mind to be **at ease**.

thanked

**my** stars

**that** Ethan was a

a **a** werewolf **because** he carried me to my room without a grunt or any complaints at **all**.

I put my arms around his **neck**, snuggled into his warm chest, and closed my eyes as I waited for another wave of pain. At this **rate**, I would be unconscious within a few minutes

**was** laid on my bed gently and as soon **as** Ethan let me go, I **dived towards** my **nightstand** to look for the **rings Sebastian** had **given** to me. **As** soon as I found them. I did one onto my middle finger and relaxed **as** the pain numbed to several degrees and slowly vanished.

took a deep breath and relaxed as the silver took effect on the bond between me and Harper,

so, you ha

a mate you're running away from My head whipped towards Ethan who had a **blank** look on his face and was looking at me with a



Before I could say anything he stormed out of my room and slammed my door on his way out  
, 1239 Views,

## Reclaiming Her Heart

### Chapter 73: Raising you, not because you are useful

As soon as Selena entered the house, she saw a woman of about twenty-eight years old sitting on the sofa, crossing her legs and watching TV, while her aunt Erin was cog, as if serving the old lady.

The woman sitting on the couch saw Selena and put down the apple she was eating in her mouth. “You, we’re back from the city, the house is dirty, just pick a spot to sit.”

A flash of embarrassment appeared on both Brian and Erin’s faces, but it was hard to say anything.

Erin pulled Selena over and looked around, and couldn’t help but ask worriedly, “Skinny, is your dad spoiling that woman and all but ignoring you?”

That must be the case, her mother had been dead for many years, men were all thin-skinned, when they meet a prettier one, who still remembers the dowager wife in your family.

The woman who spoke was about twenty-eight years old, Selena’s cousin’s wife, the daughter-in-law of the family.

With a sarcastic look on her face, she took another look at the kitchen.

“The food isn’t even ready yet, what’s the point of catching up.”

Erin had to let go of Selena’s hand first, “Selena, sit down, I have two more dishes to finish.” Selena’s brow furrowed.

The other party rolled her eyes, “Am I not telling the truth, your family’s properties are all that woman’s now, look at your father who hasn’t come back to burn paper for a few years, and now keeps you, not because you’re useful.”

Selena raised her head slightly and looked at her cousin’s wife who spoke, suppressing the fire that was inexplicably stirred in her heart,

“I don’t need to worry about my family’s affairs, so don’t worry about your cousin’s wife.”

Dave rolled her eyes again, “Yes, your family is so rich in the city, and also opened a big company, I heard that a car is several millions, why do you need to bother with a small poor person like me, ah, the money we earn in a lifetime, not as much as you earn in a day.”

1/3

### Chapter 73: Raising you, not because you are useful

Brian pulled Selena down and told her not to take it personally, even with a little begging meaning.

After dinner, Selena and her aunt offered to leave, and Erin hastened to pull them along.

“Selena, your room is all ready, I just changed the sheets, you still have to spend money to stay in

hotel and it’s not safe, just stay here.”

Dave on the side can not help but snicker, Claire said:

“People spend a two hundred dollars to stay in a hotel as a sprinkling of water, you feel for her then do what? It’s better to worry more about ourselves.”

Selena’s mouth pulled at the corners, if not for the face of her aunt and uncle, she would have disliked Dave so much that she couldn’t say a word.

Erin’s hand was still tightly pulling her, with guilt, and uneasiness.

L

Selena smiled and soothed, "Auntie and uncle, it's really not necessary, my hotel has already  
The words had not finished before someone suddenly came knocking on the door..

Brian went to attend the door and saw that it was Patrick, their neighbor who had come over.  
Patrick saw Selena, as if he had seen a savior.

"Oops, so the college student really came back, the above specially asked me to come over to ask  
for something, said it wants to receive your guests in the courtyards white wall but with a  
a mural which painting, now the white always looks empty, and they are worried about buying  
might be too earthy, so the guests are not satisfied, and since Selena is from New York Academy  
of Fine Arts, they let me come to ask you if you are willing to come, and they will provide you  
with a hotel to stay, but also an extra thousand dollars, how about it?"

Selena breathed a sigh of relief, just so you can use this as an excuse.

"Okay, I'll go over there, what kind of painting do you want?"

"Well, the surrounding scenery can be compatible for the good, Brian told me this afternoon that  
you are coming, but blame me to say this, let the person in charge hear, recently You County has  
been visited by the big man a lot, do not dare to make mistakes, if you are willing to help, that is  
really good."

Selena looked to Li Dong and Erin..

2/3

Chapter 73: Raising you, not because you are useful

"Uncle, aunt, you heard it too, there is a need for a painter."

Erin couldn't stop it anymore and followed Brian to send her to the door.

Selena's hand carried the small box and got into her car.

The car in front was leading the way, and she followed behind.

When she arrived outside the compound, she saw the Bentley parked outside, and the license  
plate number was vaguely familiar.

Chapter Comments

, 862 Views,

< SHARE

Reclaiming Her Heart

Chapter 74: Did he owe this woman something in his past  
life?

Patrick also saw that car for the first time and couldn't help but show off.

"Selena you

saw that car did you not? I heard that it costed tens of millions, and tonight it came but with a big  
boss, the persons in charge are accompanied by several rounds of wine, but also he said that the  
white wall looked a little empty, I just thought of you, these bosses have tricky tastes, and drive  
these kinds of cars, they may also have a bad temper, but you do not have too much pressure.

The compounds were the best places to stay in You County, said to be in accordance with the  
standards of the five-star hotel to create, never open to the public, the reception were for You  
County investment businessmen.

For Selena, it was also the first time to go in.

The paint is ready, now want to go to the scene to see?"

"I can see that the other party is a bit anxious," Selena put her thing's aside and nodded, "Then

please lead me over.”

When they got there, they realized that the location of the white wall was indeed in the most conspicuous place, and people passing by would basically see it.

About three meters long, reflecting the elegant scenery around, for people who seeked details, this blank space was indeed a little bit oligarchic.

Selena surveyed the paint prepared by the other party, although not as good as what she was used to using, but it was not bad.

“I’ll move my brush later.”

The person next to her wanted to say that she should be careful, but when she thought that she was from New York Academy of Fine Arts, she swallowed her words.

Selena sat down on a chair and looked at it carefully while she was thinking about it in her head.

With an idea in her mind, she bent over and set her paints, ready to start writing.

Back in the reception room, Raymond raised his hand and rubbed his brow. The people who were present tonight were a few heads of local companies, many of them old, and it was clear that they

1/3

16:18 Sat, Oct 5 333

Chapter 74: Did he owe this woman something in his past life?

really wanted to do something for this small place.

He didn’t like to drink when negotiating, but tonight he made some exceptions.

John saw him rubbing his temples and thought he had a headache, “Why don’t you take a break and I’ll have them make some sober soup and bring it over?”

Raymond took off his tie and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt, and the smell of alcohol seemed to dissipate a little.

The man sat on the couch, his face handsome and sharp, his brow bones deep, his nose high, and he waved his hand.

“No, I’ll go out later and take a look around, you go get some rest.

John nodded, “There are no large factories on this side of You County, and the air quality is really good, so maybe the top is thinking of developing this into a tourist area precisely because of this

John folded the suit he had taken off and handed it over to the people waiting outside.

The cool breeze of the night was pleasant, and Raymond swept his eyes out the window and walked outside.

Selena had already drawn the outline of the surrounding area and determined the general composition of the painting before she realized that it was already dark.

She had painted a picture of an old man fishing, with a few elements, the river and the mountain, and the lonely old man against each other, not stealing the limelight from the surrounding scenery, but not overly bland.

Noticing that the paint tray was already a little dirty, she intended to go to the faucet not far away to wash her hands and change the water along the way.

It was ten o’clock at night and there was no one around, so she walked faster with her things, but when she looked down to organize her painting equipment, she bumped into a pair of faintly wine-scented arms.

The unused black paint in her hand spilled onto the white shirt and also onto Selena herself.

Raymond looked down, looked at the shirt that was splashed all over, obviously thinking he could no longer wear it, brows wrinkled, as his deep black eyes set off a cool coldness.

He also found that the person who hit him was somewhat familiar, and when Selena raised her eyes, the two pairs of eyes met.

2/5

16:19 Sat UCT D

Chapter 74. Did he owe this woman something in his past life?

When she saw him, she seemed even more shocked, her eyes twitched unexpectedly, and she almost didn't hold the things in her hands.

"Mr. Montague, what are you doing here?"

Chapter Comments

, 743 Views,

Chapter 75: Heaven's Favorite

Raymond didn't answer her back, a sudden dry turmoil rose in his chest, depressed inside.

Yesterday, her dog put him in an odd situation and let a stranger misunderstood and scold him.

Today, in the middle of the night, Raymond was splashed with paint. For a moment, it was hard for him not to believe that he owed this woman something in his past life.

Selena looked at the man's extraordinarily cold face and realized that she was not hallucinating.

She also knew she was in trouble and could only try to remedy the situation by saying, "Does Mr.

Montague have any spare clothes? I'll wash this for you."

Raymond looked at the paint tray she was holding and turned around and took a few steps away.

Selena stood in place, indeed a bit chagrined, wondering why most times they met something off happened.

Raymond saw that she didn't follow, and said in a deep voice: "Didn't you want to help me wash it? Since you spilled it, you should be responsible."

Selena followed up quickly, "I didn't mean to avoid responsibility."

"Eighty thousand.

His tone was light, his gaze falling on her face.

Selena didn't react for a moment to what it meant, but froze for a moment before she realized that this was the price of the shirt.

She was a bit staggered, never wore such expensive clothes in her life.

Make it like this, and she did not know if she could wash it later.

The actual fact was that he was be able to get a lot more than just a few of these.

Raymond looked at this low brow look of hers and inexplicably remembered her other face at the gambling table when she sneered back at Joseph and narrowed his eyes.

He walked back to his room and John, who was waiting nearby for his return, heard the commotion and was about to say hello when he saw Selena behind him, his pupils shrank and he had the good sense to find an opportunity to slip away.

1/3

Chapter 75: Heaven's Favorite

Raymond entered the door, unbuttoned his shirt and threw it to Selena.

Selena just stepped in and felt a dress come over her face.

She blushed and took it off in a hurry, her eyes glanced around the room, but immediately after, her eyes did not move.

Raymond was wearing such a shirt, at that moment took it off, and the upper half of his body

was naked, now with his back to her, broad shoulders and narrow waist, his figure was really good, and his legs were long and slender, in terms of art, this was definitely the golden ratio. She couldn't help but fix her eyes on it and saw that his butterfly bones were also very long, every inch of them looked like they had been carefully polished.

She couldn't help but sigh, this man, was really the favorite of the heavens.

Raymond was just about to open the cupboard to find new clothes to put on, but felt a burning sight behind him.

He frowned and turned to look at Selena.

Selena's eyes still rested on his waistline, mermaid line, abs, everything.

To say that the golden ratio was still low was crazy, this was in the art material, more standard than the top male models.

She was so engrossed that she was even thinking about where to start if she were to draw it down.

As a result, she heard a deep male voice ask, "Very nice?"

This wasn't the first time Raymond had asked this question, he had asked it the last time Selena had stared at his hand in disbelief.

Selena nodded honestly, to be precise, it was very well drawn.

Raymond was amused again to see her so honest.

But thinking that she was already married, such behavior was more or less diabolical.

He quickly took a shirt and put it on, and then his tone became nonchalant.

"Still not going?"

Selena snapped back, and after getting her clothes, it was time to go.

2/3

16:19 Sat, Oct 5 333

Chapter 75: Heaven's Favorite

"Good, Mr. Montague you get some rest early."

白蚁363%

63%量

Raymond was not at all interested in why she appeared here, instead he completely lost the ideal of going out for a stroll.

Selena took the shirt and was just about to go out, but noticed that from the time they met he raised his hand to rub his temples from time to time, and the shirt in his arms was also tainted with the strong smell of alcohol, so she knew he should have had a few more drinks, and now his head hurt.

This sight wasn't exactly new to her. When the Fair family just started that time, James whole day became to social it was almost outrageous, every time he came back with a headache, her mom would prepare a good sober soup, and help him press the head.

Later, when her mother left, she became the one who learned to do these things.

As habit would have it, what she said next was a bit thoughtless.

"Mr. Montague, would you like me to press your head?"

Chapter Comments

21

, 637 Views,

Chapter 76 Raymond smokes.

The room became very quiet. Raymond's hand, which was pressing on his temples, paused for a moment, and he looked up at her. Selena finished speaking and seemed to realize that being alone

in a room with a man could lead to inappropriate thoughts.

She smiled and said, "I was just joking. Raymond looked at her and really wanted to know if she was this proactive with other men, and whether her husband was aware of her deviant behaviors.. He lowered his gaze, and his tone became far from polite. "Get out." Selena thought he didn't like contact with the opposite sex and wanted to maintain his purity for the Stone family. "I have no intention for anything else, Mr. Montague, then please have a good rest." She said as she hastily

left.

She really didn't mean anything else, she just did it out of her work habit to offer help to needed client so as to win his or her favor. Raymond still hasn't replied or made any suggestions about the sketch plans.

Although she was always confident in her work, this person not saying a word made her start to feel uncertain about the whole thing.

Selena returned to her room, changed her clothes, put the paint-stained shirt in a basin, scrubbed it a few times with minimal pressure as she had promised, washed it twice with clean water to make sure there were no stains left, and then hung it by the window to dry.

After doing all this, she returned to where she was before and washed the brushes and palette, and began to mix the colors again. Then she returned to the white wall and continued painting the rest.

Inspiration, once it comes, must be seized quickly, she thought. Otherwise she could not guarantee its presence if she slept overnight, feelings and thoughts often change in art.

Selena painted very seriously for a while. The light from the night illuminating her right hand attracted a few moths, but other than that, everything was quiet.

At three o'clock in the morning, she rubbed her eyes in exhaustion and decided to wash her face to wake herself up.

As she walked past the circular arch near the washstand, she saw a slender figure leaning on the railing of the traditional Chinese corridor in the courtyard. He seemed to be deep in thought, holding a cigarette between his fingers.

The man's expression exuded casualness mixed with a hint of tiredness, but also carried a sense of

Chapter 76 Raymond smokes.

distance that made people feel his presence,

She couldn't remember if she had ever seen him smoke, but in this beautiful ne, surrounded by pavilions and towers, with the moon high in the sky, and the corridor gleaming like water, she couldn't bear to disturb the tranquility.

Raymond flicked the ash off his cigarette with his fingertips and casually watched the artificial mountain and flowing water in the courtyard.

He had held a disciplined sleep schedule for all these years, but tonight he couldn't sleep.

Hearing footsteps near the arch, he couldn't help but look up, catching a glimpse of a figure disappear around the corner.

Raymond raised an eyebrow slightly he extinguished his cigarette, and walked toward the direction he had seen the movement.



Selena was already back in front of the white wall. There was bound to be some noise when she turned on the faucet, and even the slightest sound could disturb the person over there. She had only hoped that the cold water would quickly wake her up, but her overwhelming drowsiness seemed to vanish instantly.

She smiled and painted faster.

Just half an hour later, as she put the brush back into the voice in her ear.

Paint palette, she suddenly heard a

“They sent you here?” Raymond asked with a hint of curiosity.

Selena was caught off guard making her heart skip a beat, she turned her head and saw Raymond less than a meter away.

“Mr. Montague, do you know that this is enough to scare someone to death?”

Probably because he had just smoked, there was still a faint smell of smoke on him, mixed with the scent of pine trees from the wooded area, giving the night a touch of chilliness.

With the breeze blowing, it seemed to cling to the skin, unable to be wiped away,

Raymond did not approach, but instead looked at the painting on the white wall, with a touch of appreciation in his eyes.

He had never seen her paint before, he had only seen the things she designed. He didn't expect her to have such talent.

2/3

Chapter 76 raymond smokes.

ince you paint as well, why didn't you continue ter graduation? Raymond enquired casually.

Selena slightly lowered her head, pausing her motion of mixing colors. “Mr. Montague, didn't you

hear it firsthand?”

“Just because of that? He retorted.

These words floated lightly, like a soft needle, piercing her heart, not painful exactly but impossible to ignore.

The

person before her had been born with privilege and was out of touch with ordinary people and their struggles. So of course he wouldn't know how terrifying it was for an ordinary person to be faced with slander and insults, resulting in disdain from those around them..

Yes, just because of that.” She responded as calmly as she could.

She turned her back, continuing with what she was doing, her tone carrying a hint of defiance

Raymond stood behind her, his gaze unintentionally falling on her waist.

Chapter Comments

, 620 Views,

Chapter 77 The Seductive Eye of the Human Body

The scene from that night replayed in his mind. He found himself remembering the two indents. on her lower back, above the coccyx and on either side of the lumbar vertebra, known as the dimples of Venus in art, the seductive eye of the human body.

At this moment, with her back turned, her figure was graceful, slightly bent

The action reminded him of that night when he was holding her waist and playing with her intensely.

Raymond's eyelashes fluttered and his throat clenched.

The atmosphere began to develop a hint of ambiguity, and Selena, holding the paintbrush, could feel a slight warmth spreading through her body.

She heard footsteps approaching, and a wave of heat came from behind. She immediately stiffened, but Raymond just brushed past her and leaned over to pick up another paintbrush.

His chest lightly touched her back for just a moment, a brief touch before separation.

But that temperature from the brief contact seemed to penetrate their clothes and seep into their skin.

Selena froze and dared not move. She watched as Raymond dipped the paintbrush in the palette of colors and made a few strokes on the wall.

He did not damage the artistic conception of this painting. His ideas seemed to merge perfectly with Selena as she had a similar intention for that part of the painting.

She hastily pushed away other thoughts in her mind and continued to calmly work on this section.

Perhaps Raymond just wanted to practice, as after he had made a few strokes he put the paintbrush down.

"Mr. Montague, it's late. Why aren't you resting?" Selena simply enquired.

"I have a headache." Was the matter of factedly response she received.

Selena stopped speaking and secretly calmed her emotions, continuing to diligently work on the unfinished part.

1/3

#### Chapter 77 The Seductive Eye of the Human Body

An hour later, she couldn't help but turn around to take a look.

Raymond was long gone; there was nothing behind her.

She let out a sigh of relief, and her efficiency increased in this solace.

She worked through the night until 7 a.m., feeling like she was walking on air. Finally she had finished the sense of accomplishment filled her.

She neatly packed away the paintbrushes and palette, knowing that someone would come to tidy up later, and stumbled back to her room.

After a quick shower, she collapsed onto her bed and fell asleep almost instantly upon touching the soft pillow.

The painting on the white wall was already complete, by the time the housekeeping staff had began their daily activities.

L

After Raymond dealt with the company's business for the day, he heard John knocking on the door, saying that someone had come to invite him for a meal.

Raymond left the room and saw several executives waiting outside.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, they mentioned that a batch of high-quality yellow croakers had arrived late last night, and steaming them would be the most delicious way to prepare them, so of course they wanted to treat a VIP like him.

Unable to refuse their hospitality, Raymond had no choice but to follow them.

As they walked through the hallway, they inevitably passed by the wall.

One of the executives stopped and couldn't help but praise.

"Mr. Montague, do you like this painting? You mentioned yesterday that this white wall was too dull, and coincidentally, the student who was accepted into The New York Art Academy came back, so we invited her over, and she finished it overnight."



Speaking of Selena, a smile appeared on the executive's face.

"That child is so capable. She used to attend our school as a guest student. It seems like her mother passed away, and her father was running the company alone"

The executive continued, "She came here for high school, and who would have thought she became the only one in the county to be accepted into The New York Art Academy. Until now  
2/3

Chapter 77 The Seductive Eye of the Human Body

none of our other students have managed to match the marks she attained that year, she holds the title of highest overall marks attained in a single year. She even managed to negotiate with the higher-ups for..."

"Raymond smiled, his demeanor calm yet teasing. She painted it very well, living up to the reputation of the New York Academy of Fine Arts, he remarked. The person in charge heard his words and smiled even more, naturally treating Raymond, a big boss, with flattery.

Raymond mentioned that it was monotonous, so the person immediately went to find someone to fill in the blank wall. It seems like he found the right person. If Mr. Montague wants to meet her, can I have someone call her?"

No need, Raymond replied. She probably stayed up all night last night.

Chapter Comments

В ПОСТ ГР

POST COMMENT NOW

, 572 Views,

Chapter 78 Can you give me a ride?

Selena slept until noon, and when she woke up, her head was throbbing. Her phone was buzzing like crazy, so she quickly answered the call. It was her aunt Erin, sounding worried.

Selena, I called you several times and you didn't answer. Are you okay? I was even thinking of asking your uncle to come find you. Selena glanced at the missed calls. Her aunt had called five times, so it's no wonder she was concerned.

"I'm fine. I slept late last night and was too

tired to hear anything". Was Selena's reply. Erin sighed in relief. Are you still going to visit your mother's cemetery today?"

Yeah, I'm already up and getting ready. I'll buy some flowers and go later."

Your uncle has already bought the flowers. I had him wait outside your residence, so you can find him when you wake up and have him drive you there, as well. Selena hung up the phone, she took less than five minutes to get ready, and met Uncle Brian outside.

Uncle Brian handed her the things he bought and said, "Your aunt said you slept late last night. I'll drive, and you can take a nap in the passenger seat. Okay, thanks, uncle."

Selena sat in the passenger seat and caught a whiff of the all too familiar smell of gasoline. Brian had been driving this car for many years, and even with regular maintenance, the smell of gasoline and leather couldn't be completely eliminated.

They bumped their way to the destination. Selena got out of the car with the purchased paper and walked toward the cemetery, finding the grave she had come to visit.

Selena comes here every year, although sometimes she's delayed by things and has to come a few

days earlier or later, but she knows her mother wouldn't blame her for that. Think out the

recent pile of troubles with the Fair family, her mood was not good, and she wanted to talk to her mother alone.

Now that her uncle was waiting nearby, it was not appropriate to say much or to bare her soul in the way she had wanted to. The grave had been tidied up, and she squatted down to lay the flowers on her mother's tomb carefully.

After morning in silence for a while, Selena gently rubbed her eyes off tears and walked towards Brian. 'Uncle, let's go. Brian was smoking and saw her red eyes, he wanted to say something but in the end he remained silent not knowing the best way to comfort her.

He just held the cigarette in one hand and patted her shoulder with the other. Just as they were about to get in the car, they saw a motorcycle coming closer.

1/3

Chapter 8 Can you give me a ride"

There was a man and a woman on the bike. Megan got off the bike when they stopped in front of them and snatched the car keys from Brian's hand, in a rather aggressive manner.

"Don't you know I have plans with my friends today? I already told you not to touch the car for three days, but you didn't listen. Now you can walk back yourselves" Megan shouted.

Go ahead, my friend is still waiting for me."

The Lin family only had one car, which they had been using for many years. It cost over two hundred thousand, but it was a low-end BMW.

Megan needed this car to show off to her friends, but when she saw that the car wasn't there, she asked Erin and found out it had been taken here.

Now that she had the keys, she jumped into the car and shut the door with a loud bang, stepped on the gas pedal, and left in a cloud of dust.

Selena frowned, "Uncle, have you and Aunt just let her treat you like this all the time?"

She had always known that Megan had been domineering in this household, but she didn't expect her to be this arrogant. They say family matters shouldn't be aired in public, but in front of Selena, Brian's face had been disgraced.

What's worse is that they were left here basically stranded. Did they really have to walk back? It was too far from home, it would take at least two hours to walk back.

"Uncle. I'm sorry you had to endure this. Let me have my colleague come pick us up."

Selena met Megan for the first time and found her to be an arrogant selfish to the extreme. But Brian and Erin tolerated her, and as a junior, Selena couldn't say anything.

It was all because of her cousin, who left Megan. Uncle and Aunt had always felt indebted to Megan.

"Uncle, I'm fine. I just feel sorry for you. She hasn't had a job for years, and you give her your salary every month. You don't even know where she spends it, and she's always bossing you around at home. If my mom knew.

At this point, she fell silent and stopped speaking, slowly walking back the way they came.

Brian, like a scolded child, followed stiffly.

The sound of car horns came from not far away, followed by two cars stopping in front of them.

2/3

Chapter 78 Can you give me a ride?

Han rolled down the window and saw Brian, "You guys came to the gravesite and didn't bring a car?"

Brian quickly explained, "The car was taken by someone else, Han, can you give us a ride?"

Han looked at the backseat hesitantly, where two supposed important guests responsible for

Ridge-field development were sitting.

The two responsible executives were very easygoing, “Come on up, but there’s only room for one- person in the car. Let your daughter ask the person in the car ahead if she can get in.”

That car ahead only had two people in it, and no one else dared to get in. Selena already knew that the car ahead belonged to Raymond. Raymond was the boss who was coming to develop the tourism industry in Ridge-field, she thought to herself.

She walked up to the car window and politely knocked on it.

“Mr. Montague, we encountered a little mishap. Could you please give me a ride?”

Chapter Comments

61

, 531 Views,

Chapter 79 Can I consider it as helping my uncle?

When Raymond heard the voice, he frowned and looked up from a stack of documents, and sure enough, he saw Selena standing outside the car with a smile on her face.

The scenery in

I was beautiful, and at this moment, only visible, her eyes seemingly reflecting the splendid sunlight outside.

the upper half of her face was

The tension in his grip on the documents tightened involuntarily. How did he keep running into her wherever he went?

However, Selena did not sense his unease and continued to speak. The moment was unusual, and Selena knocked on the window again, “Mr. Montague, can I come in?”

Raymond lowered his gaze and spoke calmly, “Come in.” Selena opened the car door and got in. The sunlight outside was scorching, it was around noon now. As she opened the door, along with the heat wave rushing into the car, there was also a faint fragrance emanating from her body.

Brian, who was standing behind, saw Selena get into the car, and he felt relieved. He followed and got into the back seat of the second vehicle.

They had only driven about three kilometers when they saw a BMW ahead. It was the car Brian had been driving. Megan was standing at the front of the car, talking on the phone, and next to her was the thug sitting on a motorcycle.

The moment the man saw Raymond’s car, his eyes widened. “Megan, do you know how much this car costs?” Megan really didn’t know, but this was the most beautiful car she had ever seen.

“How much?” she asked.

The man pretended to be mysterious and raised a finger. “One million?”

“Over ten million!” was the reply from the unsavory character.

Megan almost dropped her phone. Over ten million dollars for a car! She had never seen a car that expensive in her life. If she exchanged it for cash, how many houses could she buy? She wondered

silently.

In shock, she immediately spotted Brian sitting in the back seat of the other car and quickly waved at him.

Brian had no choice but to signal the driver to stop.

1/3

to

“Thail, this car in anot of gas. How could you forget trenfivet before coming out? Now bone an i going to drive hurt y

An apologetic look crossed Brian’s face. “Megan, wait a moment, let me call a colleague to come and reford for you”

Megan scanned the car but didn’t see Selena. Instantly, her mind went to the over ten million dollar car in front. Could Selena be in that car?

With a quick thought, Megan said urgently, “Is Selena in the car ahead? Give her a call and ask the driver to come back and pick me up.”

Before Brian could respond, the other two executives frowned. “Mr. Montague is busy, don’t waste

his time.

“If Selena can ride, why can’t I? Dad, quickly call her!” Megan’s tone became somewhat impatient as she saw the car getting farther and farther away, urging Brian.

Brian had no choice but to take out his phone and call Selena

“Selena, your sister-in-law’s car ran out of gas on the road, and our car can’t accommodate anyone. Can you... talk to your boss and give Megan a ride?”

Brian’s tone was humble, even begging. Selena understood immediately that it was Megan’s idea.

She had taken the car and left, and now that it was out of gas, they had to solve the problem.

“Uncle, I’m sorry, Mr. Montague is pressed for time and needs to go back to handle business. He doesn’t have time to come back and pick up someone.”

Megan’s friend has a motorcycle, I can have him bring Megan over. Please ask the boss to drive slower. Selena, I can’t just leave your sister-in-law here. Just consider helping your uncle out.”

Selena fell silent for a moment. She had come to Ridge-field in her last year of high school and had stayed at her uncle’s house. Her uncle had always been good to her, and she appreciated it, but she couldn’t agree to this.

She couldn’t allow Megan’s unbridled behavior to continue without consequences; it would inevitably lead to disaster. The car wasn’t hers, and with Megan’s unpredictable nature, who knows what she would do once she got into the car

Selena was about to speak when Megan’s voice came through the phone. “Tell your boss next t you that you meddle too much. Don’t forget that your whole family owes me.

to

2/3

Chapter 79 Can I consider it as helping my uncle?

If it weren’t for your cousin going to your family’s company, could he have run away? It’s been so long and there has been no trace of him. I’ve been left alone in the house, subjected to the judgmental eyes of those around me.”

“This is all your fault!” Selena hung up the phone immediately. Megan’s face changed when she heard the hang up. She looked at Brian angrily.

“She hung up on me. I can see that she feels no guilt at all! If she comes back again, don’t let her stay in our house. She’ll think we’re beneath her!”

Brian felt extremely uncomfortable, not wanting to inconvenience the two important guests he had with him. He quickly got out of the car and said, “Megan, why don’t you take my seat, and I’ll walk back.”

Chapter Comments

My Visions His Reality Chapter 81  
, 492 Views,

Chapter 80 Did I hit a nerve?

Megan frowned, knowing that this was the only option left. The driver, Han, who was driving in front, couldn't help but intervene. "Old Lin, your leg isn't good. It will take us another two hours to walk from here. Megan has a friend with a motorcycle. Megan can ride on the motorcycle.

Before Han could finish speaking, Megan interrupted him. The sun is too harsh. It's too hot for my **skin to bare**. I don't want to ride a motorcycle. My friend doesn't like squeezing with old people, so I let him go ahead. My dad is in good health; letting him walk will be good exercise. Han, please just drive us."

Han was furious, and seeing that Brian had already gotten out of the car, he couldn't say anything more. Brian got out of the car and the scorching sun outside made him dizzy. He didn't want to bother anyone else by calling for a **ride**, so he decided to walk back.

When they arrived at the courtyard, Selena got out of the car and waited for the second car to arrive. The responsible executives and Han got out of the car, and Megan was the last one to get out.

When Megan saw Raymond standing in front of the black **car**, her whole body froze, her face flushed red. This was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life.

He clearly had great taste, and his suit made him look both restrained and cool. If she could be with him, she would be willing to do anything. Megan's heart burned with desire, and she quickly walked a few steps to stand beside Raymond.

"Mr. Montague, right? Hello, hello. Thank you for coming to Ridge-field. Actually, there are a few more beautiful places in Ridge-field. If you don't mind, I can show you around."

"Let me take you there, I can also treat you to a meal, Megan's gaze was fixed on Raymond, her thoughts undisguised. Raymond's face immediately darkened, and the responsible individuals exchanged glances, inwardly thinking this isn't good, and quickly went forward to pull Megan

**away.**

Megan struggled twice, "What are you doing? Can't I even talk to Mr. Montague? Didn't you say in the car that Mr. Montague is staying here for a day? It's only natural for me to invite him to dinner in order to show the hospitality of the Ridge-field people."

Greed was evident in Megan's eyes, sometimes looking towards the luxury car worth millions, and sometimes at Raymond's face.

If she could entangle him, her whole life would be prosperous, so why bother staying in this poor place called Ridge-field.

1/3

Chap 80 bid hit a nerve?

Rasmond remained indifferent, there was no need to argue with her, he lifted his foot and was able to walk away. Megan was relentless and was about to grab his sleeve, but this time she was blocked by Selena.

Selena furrowed her brows, "Where is Uncle? Isn't the person who is supposed to sit in this car Uncle? Selena thought. Megan rolled her eyes. "He's walking"

"It's thirty-six degrees Celsius outside today, and you let Uncle walk alone? Megan, do you have any conscience at all!"

Megan didn't care about these things, she pushed Selena aside and was about to go after Raymond. Finally encountering such an extraordinary mail, she absolutely couldn't let

Selena directly grabbed her wrist, holding her back and coldly said, "Go back and bring Uncle back."

Megan's face changed color due to the pain, and she started to mutter.

That old man's health has always been fine, what's wrong with him walking? Besides, he wants to walk by himself, who can blame him? He is willing to indulge me like this, so what does it have to do with you?!"

Megan struggled a few times but couldn't break free, then she looked at her friend on the motorcycle and shouted, "What are you standing there for if you're not going to help?!"

The thug immediately got off the motorcycle and, seeing Megan being bullied, came aggressively.

He over

"Bitch! Do you fucking know where this is? In Ridge-field, I have the final say. How dare you mess with my friend, let go of her!" was the command of the thug.

Selena's hand still held Megan's and didn't let go. The thug lifted his hand and was about to strike her hard. But before it landed, his wrist was suddenly grabbed tightly.

The thug's face turned pale, but he didn't want to admit his fear and swallowed a few times.

“Who the hell are **you**? What does it have to do with you if I teach this bitch a lesson?”

Selena followed the long and beautiful hand with her gaze, and to her surprise, it was Raymond who had returned.

Raymond only glanced at the thug, expressionless, and twisted his wrist, throwing him to the side. The others who had followed quickly called security, and they dragged the man away.

213

Chapter 80 Did I hit a nerve?

Selena also let go of Megan, who was about to curse, but then saw security approaching, and she to curse, but then saw security approaching, and she begrudgingly stopped. Gritting her teeth, “Just you wait, I'll take care of you when I get back!”

Selena, however, paid her no mind and turned to Raymond, saying, “Mr. Montague, thank you.”

Raymond glanced at her and took the disinfectant wipes that John handed to him. He wiped his hands and walked inside.

Selena intended to go find her uncle, but Megan stopped her.

“Don't think you're so amazing just because you've read a few books. My dad told me about you. You're married, but your husband doesn't even like you. He's fooling around with other women every day. You're so pitiful. You finally got the chance to study abroad, but in the end, you're just like me, alone at home. What's so great about you? Your dad has a wife and daughter, but he doesn't like you. Otherwise, why would he send you to Ridgefield for boarding...”

Selena coldly interrupted her, “Are you done talking?”

L

The more uncomfortable Selena felt, the more triumphant Megan became. “What's the matter? Did I hit a nerve? My husband ran away, but your husband is just a piece of trash who cheats on you.”

Chapter Comments

