

Love Her to No End Chapter 13

Chapter 13 Time Flows

The setting sun sank silently to the bottom of the ocean, taking away with it the last rays of the day. Glowing orange merely moments before, the ocean slowly descended into blackness, making everything seem inexplicably melancholy and sad.

Michaela was seated atop the hood of her Land Rover as she gazed into the distance where the ocean and the sky met, hidden by a mysterious veil of the night.

Shadowy figures could be vaguely seen on the beach not far away. Running barefoot, they were engaged in carefree play upon the shore. The occasional peals of laughter completed the beautiful innocence of the scene.

The breath of the sea lingered, sighing with the ebb and flow of the tide. Michaela remembered the last time she came here. It was the night she and Zack got engaged.

Back then, she was only eighteen years old. She had come alone to clear her thoughts from the dread of finally becoming an adult.

Though she knew that everybody in the world had their own baggage and that she was not entitled to lament her fate, she could not help but feel sad to lead a life that was not hers.

Never had she expected that she would be there this time because of the cancellation of her engagement. To her surprise, all she felt was calmness instead of sorrow.

Such is life, I guess. I did my best then, and I did my best now. At least I realized this now and not after ten years of an unhappy marriage.

Immersed in the quiet space she had created for herself, Michaela did not notice the silent arrival of a black Lincoln not far away.

Its passenger did not descend immediately after rolling to a halt. Instead, a window wound down, and a pair of thoughtful eyes studied the slender figure not far away.

At the same time, a tall man quickly got out of the Audi in the adjacent parking space and walked to the open window before addressing the passenger respectfully, "Mr. Xander."

"Has she been sitting like this the entire time?"

His voice was as calm as water, yet his sad, dark eyes shone brightly against the fairness of his handsome face. Since his arrival, the man's deep and fathomless gaze did not leave the figure of Michaela.

"Yes, Ms. Lingard did not cry or throw a tantrum. She seems very calm." The tall man's expression remained stoic.

A slight smile appeared in Jonathan's eyes at the unexpected answer.

It seems that I have been worrying over nothing!

He thought she would have gotten drunk alone in her temper like most girls tended to, but her calmness had managed to surprise even him.

"Stay here. I'll go have a look."

Jonathan pushed the door open and walked toward the Land Rover.

Walter scrambled out of the passenger seat at the departure of his boss and hurried toward the large man with a curious expression on his face. "Gary, why do you think he is so concerned for the girl? So much for being a cold and emotionless person who has no interest in women, eh?"

"You think you know what Mr. Xander is thinking now, do you?"

Gary glanced at him coldly as he took a step to the left, deliberately widening the distance between them.

Walter was unaware of the dangerous position he was placing himself in by edging closer toward his companion with a grin. He then stretched out his hand to tug on the cuff of his suit. "Mr. Xander can't hear us anyway. Let's talk about it!"

"You should have seen how furious Mr. Quentin and Mdm. Yvonne were. The consequences would be unimaginable if they knew that Mr. Xander was behind everything."

"I thought the boss only cared about Ms. Lingard for Old Mr. Simmons's sake, but something feels off. Gary, Mr. Jonathan trusts you the most. Do you know what's going on? Can you tell me about it?"

"Keep your hands off me!"

Gary jerked his hand away uncomfortably, his voice ringing with warning. "Feel free to discuss Mr. Xander's private affairs loudly if you want a trip to the Southern branch. I would gladly help you along."

At the mere mention of the Southern branch, a particular image appeared in Walter's mind and made him shiver involuntarily despite the hot summer air. "Didn't we agree to be brothers for life?" he said, his tone becoming somewhat resentful. "It turned out to be a lie, after all. I won't ask anymore, happy?"

Gary shot him a silent glance before turning his attention back to the boss' movements.