

Love Her to No End Chapter 61

Chapter 61 Hugging A Handsome Boyfriend To Sleep

In Jonathan's mind, Michaela was a gentle and obedient girl. Even when she was betrayed by Zack, she never drowned her sorrows in alcohol.

Therefore, when he learned that she had gone out drinking with Lorelei, he developed a negative impression of the latter. However, his resentment for her eased right after he heard her flattering comments about him.

You have taste! I gotta give you that.

Sometimes, alcohol could cloud one's judgment, just like the drunkards in front of him.

Both of them covered their mouths as they giggled over the gossip they shared as if he couldn't hear what they said at all.

The very next second, Michaela got to her feet by supporting herself against the bar. Suddenly, she felt her knees buckle and lost her balance.

Fortunately, Jonathan caught her in time. Threading his large hands around her waist, he pulled her into his embrace. "Be careful!"

"Hey, handsome, did you hear that? Lorelei says that you're my boyfriend." As if she hadn't had enough, Michaela reached out to rub Jonathan's cheeks. Smiling gleefully, she mumbled, "Oh my, my boyfriend is really handsome! Given how real it feels, I'm probably not dreaming, am I?"

Meanwhile, Walter and Gary, who were standing by the side, felt their hearts skip a beat when they saw Michaela pinch the sides of Jonathan's face.

Ever since Michaela entered Jonathan's life, she seemed to have pulled him down from his pedestal and broke all the protocols he used to have.

Just when they were taken aback by what was going on, they were unaware of the shocking scene that was about to follow.

Despite having his face contorted by her, Jonathan wasn't bothered at all. Instead, he remarked affectionately, "Mich, that's enough drinking for the night. Let's go home."

"Didn't we say that we wouldn't leave until we're drunk?"

Michaela widened her glistening eyes and blinked at him reluctantly.

Jonathan couldn't hold back his smile, as the look she gave him melted his exasperation away. Thus, he suggested in a gentle tone, "In that case, let's drink at home, all right?"

"What about Lorelei?"

"She's coming with us!"

Upon hearing Jonathan's approval, Michaela cracked a vibrant smile and exclaimed, "All right! Let's go with my boyfriend's idea. Lorelei, come, I'll challenge you again when we're home!"

Challenge? Is she revealing her true self under the influence of alcohol?

After giving Walter a knowing look, Jonathan helped Michaela through the crowd.

When he saw that Lorelei was beginning to doze off with one hand on the bar, Walter gave Gary a pleading look.

However, all he got in response was Gary turning around and leaving with an indifferent expression.

Left without a choice, Walter frantically tried to find an appropriate place to hold her. In the end, he closed his eyes to steel himself before putting her hand around his shoulder and hurrying after Jonathan.

Even though he was single, Walter didn't find the drunk Lorelei attractive at all. Instead, he resented his task.

A short while after they left, Lucille and her gang returned to their seats after having a blast on the dance floor.

However, they were startled to see the two vacant seats at the bar.

When he saw the increasing amount of drinks Michaela had downed, Liam's eyes began to sparkle in excitement. Tonight is certainly a wonderful opportunity.

Just a moment ago, Lucille was wondering what excuse she should use to provide an opening for Liam. However, by the time they finished dancing, Michaela was nowhere to be found.

When they enquired with the bartender, the latter told them he wasn't paying attention.

After all, seeing couples going off for one-night stands was a common occurrence in a bar. Since everyone was doing so willingly, there was no reason for him to take special notice at all.

Upon learning that Michaela had left, Liam was visibly disappointed. Having lost his mood for fun, all of them went home after a few more drinks.

Meanwhile, Michaela was especially quiet on the journey back.

After they had started driving for five minutes, she fell asleep amidst her grogginess. As she nodded sleepily, her head almost knocked onto the car window a couple of times.

Not knowing what else to do, Jonathan gently pulled her into his arms and murmured in a tender tone, "You have outdone yourself this time."

While the driver was focused on the journey, Gary was sitting in the front passenger seat. After pondering a moment, he informed, "Mr. Xander, I saw Lucille at the bar just now."

"Looks like she knows how to enjoy life," Jonathan responded with an emotionless expression.

While that foolish nephew of mine is working hard for a living, she actually has the mood to go drinking? What an inconsiderate woman!

"She saw Ms. Lingard too!" Gary continued to report. "As Lucille is a vengeful person, I'm worried that she will hold a grudge over what happened the last time and exact revenge on Ms. Lingard."

"If she has a death wish, I'll gladly send her on her way."

As Jonathan spoke in a high-and-mighty tone, the gentle expression on his face was quickly replaced by a ruthless one, stunning even Gary.

Given how reserved Mr. Xander has always been, it's rare for him to bare his fangs. Looks like only Ms. Lingard is capable of eliciting such emotion from him.

"Don't worry, Mr. Xander. I will protect Ms. Lingard with my life!"

After having served Jonathan for a long time, Gary would be a fool if he still didn't know how to read the latter's mind.

Moreover, after almost being defeated during Lucille's unexpected visit, Gary felt as if he hadn't done justice to all that Jonathan had taught him. Consequently, he wasn't going to let Michaela come to any harm this time.

"Thank you."

Lowering his gaze at Michaela who was sleeping soundly, Jonathan's eyes were filled with warmth and bliss.

Once they arrived home, Jonathan instructed Walter to send Lorelei to the guest room, while he carried Michaela back to hers.

Having drunk a lot, Michaela reeked of alcohol. Nonetheless, Jonathan didn't mind it at all. After lowering her onto her bed, he wet a towel in the bathroom so that he could wipe her face.

However, by the time he returned, he could no longer find her there.

"Mich?"

Seized by a sudden panic, he threw the towel aside and almost dashed out to search for her when he suddenly heard someone sobbing softly.

Tracking the sound to its source, Jonathan finally found her curled up in a corner of the wardrobe. Her arms were wrapped around her knees as tears streamed down the side of her cheeks.

As an inexplicable heartache swelled within him, he asked in a trembling tone, "Why are you hiding here?"

Feeling the weight in his feet, Jonathan was about to approach her and carry her out when he heard her choking voice. "I have already tried my best. So, why do you have to treat me this way? Is it because I'm not worth it? Is selfish interest more important than family ties? Or, am I not good enough for you? However, my heart really hurts!"

Ever since the incident, Michaela had put up a strong front. Even though she was the victim, she was willing to sacrifice her own interest for the sake of others.

Therefore, everyone assumed that she had gotten over the matter. In truth, no one knew how much pain she was in.

While she was disappointed in Lucille and Zack, it was the repeated blows that Jacob dealt her that were truly devastating.

Upon hearing her words, Jonathan exuded a frosty aura and couldn't hold his emotions back any longer. Subsequently, he carried her back into the room.

"Mich, stop crying now, will you?"

Just when he reached out to help her wipe her tears, he noticed that her breathing had slowed down. Lowering his gaze, he noticed that she had already fallen asleep. Nevertheless, her lack of security caused her to grab onto Jonathan's shirt tightly, refusing to let go.

“Mich...” With a gentle look in his eye, he asked in a deep and raspy voice, “What can I do to make you feel better?”

Just as he spoke, Jonathan kissed her on the forehead before carefully pulling her into his embrace.

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Chapter 62 A Staggering Fluke

The next morning, Lorelei woke up feeling mildly suffocated and was always about to choke with every breath she took. While her senses were still yet to be fully awakened, she subconsciously glided her hands to her chest area, where she felt something pressing down on it, and caught an arm.

As her brain was still starting up its engine, despite feeling something was off, she only moaned in annoyance and yeeted the arm off her chest.

Right when she wanted to get back into sleep, her eyes flicked open, and she sat up violently.

Her clouded eyes turned crystal clear in a flash.

Lorelei remembered that she went drinking at a bar the night before and bumped into Michaela. They were chugging drinks like nobody's business, and what came next was an absolute blur.

Argh! What happened after we drank? She rubbed the ball of her thumb on her aching forehead and groaned.

Lorelei couldn't really hold her liquor, and she barely drank. She has been the model girl-next-door since day one and wouldn't have tried to drown her sorrows a few days in a row if it weren't for Alois.

What she could faintly recall was that she and Michaela had tons to drink the night before. I wonder where she went? she thought and turned her head to the other side of the bed.

On top of a handsome face, a naked body of a man was presented before her. She was so shocked that she literally jumped out of bed and fell onto the floor. With her hands pressing on her eyes, “Ah!” she screamed.

“Why are you shouting so early in the morning? Shut up!”

The man, irritated by her reaction, complained. He didn't bother to open his eyes, nor did he sit up to see who was next to him before getting back to sleep.

"Who are you? Why are you on my bed? Don't act like you didn't hear me. Get up now and put on your clothes, you thug!"

Lorelei had read novels encompassing plots of one-night-stands under the influence of booze, but never had she imagined that she would, one day, be like the heroines in the stories.

She was too scared to move her hands away from her eyes, and her face turned as pale as a ghost.

Vincent sprung up into a sitting position when he heard the voice of a woman. That shook him wide awake before he looked down at his naked body. While on tenterhooks, he frantically covered his manly organs with his hands and cursed the unclear situation he was in. "F*ck!"

"Wow, Jonathan. Just wow! My mom asked you to introduce a girl to me, and you sent her straight onto my bed! I trusted you so wholeheartedly and this is what you do to me?" Vincent mumbled to himself while scuffling his clothes on.

It wasn't Vincent's first time staying at Shappiray Mansion.

He would usually stay at that mansion when his drinking sessions ended in the wee hours. Since he had quite a lot to drink the night before, his driver sent him to the mansion directly per usual protocol.

The only recollection he could summon was stumbling his way to the room he usually slept in, taking off his clothes, dumping himself onto the bed, and dozing off instantly. He definitely wasn't expecting to see a woman lying next to him the next morning.

He had been a carefree character and wasn't restricted by any rules at the mansion. Also, sleeping naked was his thing, and it was never an issue here since he was usually the only guest present.

He was mortified by the thought of being fully exposed to a woman!

After having his arms tucked into the sleeves of his shirt and his slacks zipped, he turned his head toward Lorelei who was still blindfolding herself with her hands. "Who are you? What did Jonathan offer you in return?" He was still seething in anger.

Lorelei didn't utter a reply, and that made him more aggressive. "You've already seen everything, haven't you! What's the point of covering your eyes now?"

“What makes you think I wanted to see your body willingly?” Lorelei flung her hands down and stared into Vincent’s eyes. “You are the one who made yourself comfortable on my bed, and now you’re making a fuss about it? Unbelievable!”

“Are you saying that I have to be responsible?”

Vincent had a solemn face a second ago, but he broke into an impish grin when he saw Lorelei’s face. It seemed like he had something mischievous up his sleeves

Lorelei narrowed her eyes to the familiar voice and was surprised after recognizing the man in front of her. “You?”

“Not too bad. You still remembered me. Aren’t you sweet?”

Vincent pushed the buttons on his shirt into their respective holes one by one in slow-mo while looking at Lorelei with a conniving smile.

The latter, however, didn’t catch what he was trying to say and furrowed her brows in confusion. “Huh? What?”

“Nothing,” Vincent replied insouciantly and gave her another glance. “How did you get to know Jonathan?” Curiosity was in play.

“Who?”

Jonathan?

“Ah! Are you talking about Jonathan of the Xander family? I don’t know him.” After analyzing the situation they were in, Lorelei figured out who Vincent was referring to.

Although Jonathan’s name frequented newspapers and magazines, pictures of him were never published, which explained why Lorelei didn’t recognize him.

This wasn’t the answer Vincent was expecting, and he gave Lorelei a sidelong glance. “You don’t know him? Then how on earth did you get into this mansion?” he asked her with suspicion.

Wait a minute. I thought Jonathan put her on my bed. Did I get it wrong? Anyway, I’ll just go to Jonathan and ask him what’s going on later.

Vincent then took his jacket, and again, looked at Lorelei before leaving. “I see that you’re okay now. If there’s nothing I need to be responsible for, peace out!”

How could he be so bold and tell me that I looked okay? We slept on the same bed last night! Lorelei was on the warpath and wanted to chastise Vincent but stopped when she noticed she was in the same dress from yesterday.

It was in a mess from the sleeping and tumbling and was showing some skin. Lorelei blushed at the sight and quickly straightened and readjusted the dress to cover whatever needed to be covered.

After she was done with that, she lifted her head only to see Vincent looking at her like she was a weirdo. He swiftly turned around and was ready to get out of the room.

The moment the door was opened, two of them almost jumped out of their skin to see two tall figures outside. It was Walter and Jonathan.

During his morning exercise, Walter heard a scream from Lorelei's room and made his way here as fast as he could.

As for Jonathan, he was planning to have a chat with Lorelei before Michaela got up when Walter told him about the scream, making the two of them run to Lorelei's room.

Little did they foresee that they would come across two familiar faces instead of one after opening the door.

To add fuel to the fire, Lorelei's face was as red as a tomato, whereas Jonathan was unkemptly dressed with a jacket in his hand. Jonathan's imagination ran wild and simpered at them

"Jonathan, w-w-we—" Vincent was trying to explain himself to the person he was blaming silently a moment ago.

"Ms. Summerfield, I have some matters to discuss with you. Someone will bring you to me after you've freshened up." Jonathan put on a lopsided smile and perked his brows a few times while looking at Vincent before shifting his attention to Lorelei.

He left after conveying his message, leaving Vincent and Lorelei in the room.

After darting a confused glance at the lady, Vincent closed the door and ran after Jonathan. "Hey, Jonathan, you did this on purpose, didn't you?"

"It's very audacious of you to justify your actions like that after sleeping with my guest!"

"N-N-No! You know that I've been using this room since day one. I was so drunk last night, so how am I supposed to know that someone was using the room?"

Jonathan swirled his eyeballs toward Walter, and the latter immediately dropped his head and explained what had taken place. "It was Ms. Summerfield who had insisted on using that room last night. I thought it would be alright since Mr. Sullivan wasn't in."

Jonathan's death stare was so spine-chilling that Walter didn't dare to admit that he was the one who asked Lorelei to use the room as she was reeking alcohol. He couldn't stand it for another second and decided to toss her into the nearest room they had.

Of course, he didn't expect Jonathan to come over that night.

"Listen to me, Jonathan. I'm not the one to be blamed!" Vincent was still trying to defend his innocence.

Jonathan came to a halt all of a sudden and looked Vincent in the eye steadfastly.

"Vincent, aren't you averse to body contact with women? Could it be that Ms. Summerfield is an exception?"

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Chapter 63 The Shocking Truth Of Jonathan

Legendary libertines were known to be at the helm of all their impermanent relationships. They had mastered the art of courting and knew if they should charge or retreat at any given point in time. Every step they executed was well calculated to give them the desired outcome.

They, with minimal to no effort, could pique one's interest and make their targets swoon over them. Similarly, they could exit stage left like a seasoned performer, making women willingly accept that it was merely a game.

Rumors had it that Vincent was a particularly dashing one, who played this game very well, and that his life was a party with no strings attached.

It was true that Vincent got to know many famous actresses, models, and socialites due to the nature of his profession.

However, the rumors of him swinging from one woman to another were marketing stunts intended by others and not himself. He chose to ignore them and couldn't care less about clearing his name. It was his way to conceal the malign intentions of others so they wouldn't lose their creditability.

The real Vincent, contrary to common beliefs, was never a philanderer. On top of that, he genuinely had this aversion to physical contact with women.

He was in an accident when he was a child, but no one knew exactly what had happened. Since then, Vincent developed this peculiarity.

Only a few of his closest friends knew about it. He even kept this a secret from his parents.

Vincent had never skipped a session with his psychologist regarding this matter, but the consultations didn't seem to be working.

Jonathan believed that a gentleman like Vincent could get any woman he had his eyes on. He needn't come to his mansion and take advantage of his guest.

What bewildered him was how Jonathan could share a bed with a woman without realizing it.

Even Jonathan himself was baffled by that.

At the dining table, Vincent seemed more interested in the conversation that was happening in the other room. He tried to munch as soft as he could, but the words remained inaudible.

Losing his interest in filling his tummy up, he put down his sandwich, got up, and pussyfooted to the door.

He was curious about what Jonathan and Lorelei were talking about. What could they be possibly talking about? Nothing! he thought.

"Ms. Summerfield, please, have a seat."

Jonathan pointed at the seat across from him as he sank into his armchair. He had his long legs crossed and his body leaning on the arm in a languorous manner. The cozy-looking tracksuit he was in didn't discount his powerful aura.

On the other hand, Lorelei appeared cautious and kept telling herself to be on her guard. Nevertheless, she couldn't help but adore Jonathan's physique. Wow, the stories about this guy are true. No layman is comparable to him in terms of looks and the energy he exudes. Only very few were lucky enough to have seen Mr. Xander in person, I supposed.

The thought of this unlikely chance to be sat right in front of the legendary Jonathan Xander launched Lorelei into exultation!

She was wallowing in this proud moment when a cold voice knocked her out of her daze. "Ms. Summerfield?"

"Huh?" Lorelei was scooped back to reality. "Oh, okay." She plonked her shuddering body on the couch after Jonathan patiently pointed to it the second time.

She clasped her hands tightly, and the elation she was experiencing a moment ago was replaced by apprehension. Any movement she made felt gawky.

“Ms. Summerfield, I brought you back last night because everything happened so quickly. My apologies for not having your consent beforehand, and I hope you understand that I meant no harm. Please forgive me.”

Lorelei was smashed the night before, and if Jonathan didn't take her in, something worse could have happened to her. She was in no position to criticize his action let alone forgive him.

When she recalled that Michaela also drank quite a fair sum, she realized how serious the problem was. She propped herself up on her feet, and with a red face, apologized for what had transpired. “Mr. Xander, I'm so sorry. Mich drank because of me. I promise that things like this will never ever happen again. Mr. Xander, please, don't be mad. I—”

“Ms. Summerfield, take it easy. I'm not blaming you for anything.”

Jonathan was angry at first when he knew that Michaela was drinking because of Lorelei.

Though, thanks to that, he got the chance to sleep with the lady he was so in love with in his arms. Sharing a bed with someone might not be the most enjoyable to him, but sharing it with Michaela was a dream he never dared hanker after.

After Lorelei had calmed down and showed eagerness to know what was going on, Jonathan spoke. “Ms. Summerfield, I called for a discussion as I'd like to ask you a favor.”

“Mr. Xander, please tell me what it is. I'll do anything I can to help you out!”

Jonathan was a fabled figure in the country. It wouldn't be exaggerating if one said that every participant in the business industry had to play on his terms, which more often than not, altered according to his mood.

His slightest displeasure could shake the whole industry.

It was only natural for Lorelei to feel uneasy and anxious that someone so eminent was asking for her help.

Jonathan was pleased by Lorelei's enthusiasm. “Michaela had just graduated and is still a simple girl with pure thoughts. What I'm asking from you, Ms. Summerfield, is to keep an eye on her and let me know immediately if she was caught in any trouble.”

“Yes, Sir!” Sharp-witted Lorelei could somehow see where the conversation was going. “Mr. Xander, you're worried that Mich might fall prey to people like Lucille again, right?”

Don't worry. You can count on me. I guarantee you'll be the first to know if anything were to happen to Mich, Mr. Xander!"

To Lorelei, Jonathan's concern for Lorelei was purely platonic. Hmm... Jonathan is Zack's uncle. Why does he show Michaela so much care? Was it because Zack betrayed her, and Jonathan felt guilty about it?

Lorelei had no intention to dig deeper into Jonathan and Michaela's relationship.

After exchanging numbers with Jonathan, she sang her praises. "Mich is so lucky to have an uncle like you to care for her!"

"Uncle?" Jonathan looked as cross as two sticks when he heard that. Obviously, he wasn't happy with that label.

Lorelei sensed the sudden change in Jonathan's face from warm and smiley to cold and steely. Hmm? Did I say something wrong? But it can't be! I'm complimenting him!

"Mich and I are not related by blood," Jonathan blurted calmly just as Lorelei racked her brain on what she had done wrong.

His deep and husky voice sent shivers down her spine, and she could only get herself to nod and stutter. "I-I-I understood!"

She already knew that they weren't related by blood when she got to know that Jonathan was a Xander, and she didn't see a problem with that.

"Also, Mich and I have decided that we're going to be a couple. We made that decision last night." Jonathan went on.

"What?" It was a jaw-drop moment for Lorelei. She was shocked to the hilt.

All the things that had happened that day hit her like a train, and she desperately needed some time to process them.

Vincent, who was eavesdropping by the door, walked up to Jonathan, looking dumbfounded. "What did you just say? I didn't catch it. Say it one more time!" He wanted to double-check what he had heard and put his hand behind his ear as if it would capture every word.

Jonathan only nodded, and his eyes gleamed with happiness.

His response after announcing his relationship with Michaela proved that he wasn't joking. Before Vincent could pull himself back into his senses, Jonathan gave him a pat on the shoulder and left.

Vincent was thrown into a daze until Jonathan's silhouette completely disappeared from his sight. "What the hell? I was wondering why you've become so nice and diligent all of a sudden. Now I know! You're into your nephew's ex-wife!"

The term "ex-wife" felt like thorns in Lorelei's ears, and she had her heart in her mouth.

Oh my god! This is like the biggest secret of the century! Will they kill me for knowing about it?

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Chapter 64 Not Hate But Like

It was fall. Leaves rustled in the chilly wind.

Michaela's biological clock was what woke her up. When she opened her eyes and saw the familiar scent in front of her, she closed her eyes in despair.

It seemed like she had drunk quite a lot the night before, for she could not remember how she even came back.

It was only until the sounds of running water traveled into her ears did Michaela abruptly sat up.

The room seemed familiar, but after a closer look, Michaela realized that it was not quite the same. The monotonous color scheme for the interior told her that it was Jonathan's room.

Could it be that I went to the wrong room after drinking too much last night?

Michaela then rubbed her temples. She could not believe that the first drink she had would be the strongest alcohol—whiskey. Furthermore, as she was suffering a hangover, she felt a gnome pounding away in her head.

Even if I've gone to the wrong room, what's with the sound from the bathroom?

Right as Michaela was about to get out of bed and find out what really was going on, someone opened the bathroom door from inside. Then, Jonathan, in a black bathrobe, walked out.

The black bathrobe had a low V-neck, and Jonathan had only loosely tied the bathrobe's belt around his waist.

Jonathan was usually an elegant gentleman, but in that bathrobe, he looked even more attractive than usual.

Right then, a bead of water rolled down his cheek and to his collarbone before disappearing down his chest.

Just a brief glimpse at him, and Michaela could already see Jonathan's great figure.

The suave man had the perfect body shape of an inverted triangle, and he had defined muscles. As his bathrobe reached his knees, his muscular calves could be seen. They were a flawless mix of beauty and strength, a deadly temptation.

In the blink of an eye, Michaela's face turned bright red. She did not know where to look, but she could not tear her eyes away either.

It was especially so when she saw Jonathan's smiling eyes. Subconsciously, Michaela pulled her blanket higher to block her line of sight.

Jonathan smiled at her actions. He then dried his hair with the towel for a while before heading straight to the bed and sitting down beside Michaela.

Upon feeling the cave-in of the bed, Michaela's face turned even hotter. As a matter of fact, the heat from her face traveled to the tip of her ears. Just then, a magnetic voice sounded out, "You're now shy after a night of us sleeping together?"

Instantly, Michaela's eyes widened, and she whipped her head around to look at Jonathan in disbelief.

She then saw Jonathan raise a brow and uttered in a low voice, "What's the matter? Have you forgotten everything that happened last night? Do you need a reminder? Hmm?"

The way he dragged his last word made Michaela's heart skip a beat.

Panicking, her temples throb. Her brows knitted, and snippets of memories of last night flashed past her mind.

Finally, with Jonathan's reminder, her memories gradually returned.

When she recalled calling Jonathan her boyfriend, Michaela immediately covered her face and wished for the ground to open up and swallow her whole. That way, she would not need to see anyone else for the rest of her life.

This is so embarrassing! I even caressed his face! Oh my god!

When she turned to look at Jonathan to see him looking at her with a gentle smile, Michaela felt certain that she would soon be murdered.

I have to lie on the bed I make. There's no way I'll be able to avoid this issue by pretending to be an ostrich.

"Mr. Jonathan, I'm sorry. I..." What Michaela wanted to say to him was that she had drunk too much and to ask him not to be mad at her.

However, before she could finish her sentence, the man's magnetic voice rang by her ear, "It's fine. Letting yourself go wild is a way of ridding yourself of stress. You don't need to take the matter to heart."

It was an unexpected answer that made Michaela snap her head upward. Instantly, her eyes met his sharp ones. He had a solemn expression on, but the words he said made her face red and her heart skip a beat.

"Moreover, I should be forgiving and nice to you as your boyfriend."

Boyfriend?

All of Michaela's blood rushed to her face at the mention of that word, making both her face and neck flushed.

Michaela did not know how to respond to his blunt words, but still, she tried to explain, "Mr. Jonathan, I drank too much last night and was spouting nonsense. How can you take my drunk speech seriously?"

"But I did." Jonathan stared at her with a burning gaze. "Don't they say that people speak only the truth after drinking? I never thought that you've always had a crush on me, Mich."

"No, that's not it. I—" Michaela instinctively denied, but the next thing she saw was Jonathan gazing at her with a hurt look.

"Do you hate me, Mich?"

"No!" Michaela denied again.

Jonathan was the only one who treated her extremely well other than her grandfather and mother. She knew that he was sincerely nice to her. Perhaps it was all because of her grandfather, but still, she was grateful for his kindness.

Therefore, she did not hate him. Even the initial anxiety she felt upon meeting him again slowly dissipated as the two met more and more frequently.

However, if someone were to ask her to clarify the feelings she had for Jonathan, she would find herself at a loss for words.

A tinge of delight entered Jonathan's eyes as he watched Michaela deny everything in a panic. It was as if she was terrified of him misunderstanding her. He then uttered, "If you don't hate me, Mich, it means you like me. I knew it!"

Michaela froze. She was baffled.

Does not hating him mean I like him? Is that really how things work? Is he really still Mr. Xander who is supposedly uninterested in girls? Why is he so childish?

"I... I..."

Michaela was panicking to the verge of tears. No matter what she said, she could not win against Jonathan. It felt as though none of her words would be able to clarify the situation.

It was until Michaela's face and ears were as red as a tomato did Jonathan finally change the topic. "There's honey water by the bedside. Drink it after you wash up. Then, come downstairs for your meal. If you don't start moving, you're going to be late."

"Huh?"

At that, Michaela turned around to glance at the time. Upon registering the time, she tossed the frustrating issue to the back of her mind and pulled the blanket off her. In the next second, she was up and running toward the bathroom of the opposite room.

The smile on Jonathan's face deepened at the sight of the young woman's hurrying figure. He stared at her unblinkingly, seemingly unwilling to miss out even a second of her.

By the time Michaela changed and went down the stairs, Jonathan was already seated at the dining table. At the thought of what happened earlier, Michaela walked to the other side of the table and sat down opposite Jonathan.

The girl's always been sitting with Mr. Xander, but she's deliberately sitting on the other side today. Could it be that the two are arguing? Wayne wondered. That can't be, right? Mr. Xander looked thrilled this morning. I thought the two have confirmed their relationship, but what's going on with them right now?

Despite the confusion he felt, Wayne still brought Michaela's breakfast to her. After giving Wayne a soft thanks, Michaela dug in.

When she sensed the burning gaze opposite, Michaela was even more afraid to lift her head and meet his eyes. All she could do was steel herself and pretend as if she did not notice his staring.

Jonathan did not push Michaela any further when he noticed her avoidance.

The change in their status already delighted him enough. He knew that she needed time to accept the fact, and he was worried that pressuring her might end up backfiring on him.

However, Jonathan never knew that would continue until Friday.

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Chapter 65 Avoidance

In the afternoon on Friday, Michaela received a message from Jonathan. He was asking her to head to the Xander residence after work first, for he had a meeting at night and would only be able to go there later.

Michaela was relieved to go to the Xander residence by herself.

When she found out that the two elderly of the Xander family was coming back, she immediately realized they must have returned because of Zack and her. After work, she went to buy some supplements before rushing to the Xander residence.

In the past, she used to go to the Xander residence with her mother, so her mother was the one to prepare the gifts. Now that she was alone, she had to make sure to be as polite as usual.

The Xander residence was located in a remote area away from the noisy crowds. It was a brilliant place for the elderly to live at.

By the time Michaela reached her destination, the sky was darkening. Even from afar, she could see a figure standing by the doorway of the courtyard. When she came closer to the house, she realized it was Mavis.

Mavis was old, and her white hair was combed neatly. Although her face was full of wrinkles and her skin was sagging, anyone would realize from her features that she used to be a beauty when she was younger.

Even as time went by, the elegance in her behavior never went away. Instead, she became more and more graceful over time.

At that, Michaela's heart melted, and she hastily opened the car door to greet her. "Old Mrs. Xander, why are you standing here. It's cold out here at night. You might catch a cold here!"

"You've always been sweet and sensible since young. Zack's a fool to not appreciate you. This is our fault..."

Mavis and her husband had been in remorse ever since they learned about the incident.

Back then, they thought both Michaela and Zack would click with each other since they were around the same age and Zack was a hardworking child. Neither thought that there would be a day when both of them would misjudge the situation.

There were a few times when Mavis woke up in the middle of the night and found her husband sitting alone in the study, looking at Adrian's photo. She had heard him muttering his apologies to Adrian, as Zack had caused Adrian's beloved granddaughter to be aggrieved.

Mavis' heart ached even more for Michaela when she found out about what Lucille had done. That was why she had waited by the doorway when she learned that Michaela was coming for a visit.

When Michaela saw the tears welling in Mavis' eyes, she quickly shook her head. "Old Mrs. Xander, please don't say that. I know that Old Mr. Xander and you both dote on me."

"What a good girl you are. Come on, come with me into the house."

Right as she said that, Mavis held Michaela's hand and walked into the courtyard. When she saw the supplements that Michaela was carrying, she uttered, "Don't be so courteous in the future, or else I'll be upset."

"I should be nice to you and Old Mr. Xander!"

Michaela's docile demeanor only made Mavis' heart melt even more. At the same time, she sighed inwardly, Zack's really an idiot!

By the time the two entered the house, Nick had already put down the newspaper in his hands. He then raised his head to look at her before softly saying, "Mich, you're here. Come over and take a seat."

Nick, who was sitting with a straight back, was wearing an old-fashioned cotton dark blue suit. He looked lively, and the smile he had on his face was a doting and soft one.

Michaela walked over to him and asked, "Old Mr. Xander, I heard from Mr. Jonathan that you were unwell a while ago. Are you feeling better now?"

“I’m feeling fine with me in your thoughts! Mich, about Zack’s matter... You must have had it tough.”

Although Zack was the one at fault, the profuse apologies from Mavis and Nick made Michaela, who was indeed upset about the matter, feel awkward. She quickly said, “Old Mr. Xander, let’s not talk about past matters. If both of you get angry and become ill because of this, I’ll be sorry too!”

“You’re so thoughtful, silly girl,” Mavis chimed in an approving tone.

Indeed, she felt bad about the matter, but she was also concerned about the old man’s body.

He was old, and everything seemed to be malfunctioning—from high blood pressure to heart issues.

Therefore, Michaela was right in that anger would make him ill. Mavis was worried that Nick would become sick from the anger he felt over the incident.

Hence, when Mavis heard the young woman’s words, her eyes reddened. Similarly, the smile on Nick’s face deepened. Despite his prior arrangements, he subtly changed the topic. “I heard from Jonathan that you’ve gone to work at a charity. I’m sure your grandfather will be at peace to know that. How is your work?”

“It’s fine,” Michaela softly replied.

When Jonathan was done with the video conference and rushed home, he returned to find the young woman sitting beside his parents, chatting away merrily.

The moment Michaela saw who was by the doorway, she quickly stood up and called out, “Mr. Jonathan!”

Mr. Jonathan?

Jonathan narrowed his eyes as a displeased look appeared on his face.

The young woman had been avoiding him for two whole days, and she even had her breakfast and dinner outside. In other words, she left home early and returned late. Once she was home, she would then hide away in her room and refused to come back out.

When he saw that the lights were on in Michaela’s room the night before, he knocked on her door. Perhaps it would have been better for him not to have done that, for the moment he knocked on the door, the young woman turned off the lights and pretended to be asleep.

Still, he was not angry about that. He thought that she was only hiding from him because she was shy. Yet, this was what greeted him.

Michaela had been in a merry conversation with Jonathan's parents, but Jonathan's appearance made her turn tense.

Nick noticed the exchange and thought that Jonathan did not treat her well. Thus, he scowled and shot Jonathan a look before turning to Michaela. "Mich, sit. Ignore him. He's just an unwanted old man. Even I feel embarrassed for him!"

An unwanted old man?

Upon hearing that description, Michaela gave Jonathan a look of sympathy, having forgotten about the awkwardness between them for a moment.

Is Jonathan that lowly in the family? Still, it's not as bad to the point he's unwanted, right?

As far as she knew, Jonathan was a man many women wanted. Unfortunately, it was difficult to rouse his interest, and Michaela could not begin counting how many women's hearts he had broken.

When Jonathan saw the look Michaela gave him, he lowered his head. Is she feeling bad for me? Sometimes, making himself look pitiful was a way to win her back.

Meanwhile, when Mavis heard her husband's comment about her youngest son, she frowned. However, as Michaela was there, she could not possibly begin an argument with Nick. Therefore, she shot Nick a glare and said, "Jonathan's back, so we can start with our dinner."

Mavis then stood up and began walking to the dining area. At the start, Jonathan wanted to take the opportunity to talk to the young woman, but Michaela swiftly went to Mavis' side. "Old Mrs. Xander, let me hold you."

"My, at the end of the day, daughters are the best. My greatest regret in life is that I didn't have a daughter. Instead, I gave birth to three brats," Mavis said in a soft tone. She then held Michaela's hand tightly and continued, "Mich, if you don't mind me being a naggy old woman, please come and keep me company more often. I really adore you!"

Of course, Jonathan and his brothers were filial children as well.

However, despite everything, boys were not as meticulous as girls. Mavis always felt sad that she had not been able to have a daughter, and every time she mentioned that, she would sigh wistfully.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, who was behind the two of them, heard everything they said. Then, he heard Michaela say, “No, Old Mrs. Xander, I’m lucky that you’re so kind to me.”

Old Mrs. Xander?

Jonathan raised a brow. Doesn’t that sound awkward? Michaela, she will be your future mother-in-law!

Love Her to No End Chapter 66

Chapter 66 Playing With Fire

At the table in the dining room long enough to accommodate a dozen-odd people, the two elder Xanders sat on one side while Michaela and Jonathan took their places opposite them.

Coming in, Michaela was under the impression that the head of the Xander family would preside over the table. That way, she might seize the opportunity to sit with Mavis and away from Jonathan.

Little did she anticipate being grabbed by the wrist as soon as she stepped in.

The sensation of the large mitts wrapped around her wrist had the immediate effect of putting a thorough blush upon Michaela’s dainty cheeks.

There was no way she could have expected Jonathan to behave so insolently in front of the elder Xanders. In the midst of her trepidation, Jonathan said, “My father wants to sit with my mother, so you should come and sit next to me!”

So, it would seem that having been so loving throughout their lives, the older couple were equally inseparable even at mealtimes. That was something that had come to be normalized within the Xander family.

Michaela was somewhat uneasy about returning to Jonathan’s side once more. Her movements became extremely conservative out of fear that she might make contact with any part of Jonathan’s body.

There was still a warmth left around the circumference of her wrist where he had held her a moment ago. It left a titillating sensation so overwhelming that it nearly swallowed her whole. Hence, she was fearful of making any further physical contact with him again.

Mavis was oblivious to the awkwardness between the pair. All that was apparent to her was Michaela scraping away at only what was on her plate with her head bowed. Eventually, she said, "Since you are seated closer, Jonathan, help serve some food to Mich!"

"Got it!"

Correspondingly, Jonathan did as he was told, only to hear Mavis let out a sigh of disapproval, "How could you ever hope to bring home a wife for yourself being as klutzy as you are? Even your Dad and I wonder whether we would ever live long enough to see you have a family of your own!"

Klutzy?

In Michaela's esteem, she felt strongly that Mavis did not understand her own son well enough.

Never mind starting one family, her son was so adept at the game of seduction that starting several families at a time would be considered child's play to him.

"Have I not arranged for you to undergo anywhere between a minimum of eight to over ten matching-making sessions previously? You weren't happy with any of the options presented to you, and even that girl from the Johnsons failed to catch your eye. Although I am aware that you possess some great qualities, Jonathan, surely you cannot expect to spend the rest of your life alone? Your Dad and I can't possibly be around to keep you company forever, so won't you make it so that we could depart without worries?"

In consideration of her youngest boy's predicament, Mavis' consternation became palpable on her face. In the end, she placed down her utensils and looked over with mixed emotions. "Mich isn't an outsider, Jonathan, so you can give it to me straight today. What sort of girl do you fancy? That way, I might have a better idea as to what sort of prospects I should be scouting for on your behalf. Unless you mean to tell me that you are interested in men, just like they are saying out there?"

Him interested in men?

With her head lowered, Michaela attempted to restrain her own amusement.

Old Mrs. Xander is really progressive, able to so have the mention of same-sex attraction roll so casually off her tongue. It's as if she'd be receptive to anyone who is remotely human.

That scenario was, in actuality, a monthly spectacle within the Xander family.

Mavis would rehash the same thing as and when Jonathan came home to eat, as though being without a girlfriend was a matter of aggravating shame.

Jonathan was especially skilled at maneuvering his way out of such insipidity. Only that time, he had his playful impulses surprisingly drummed up in response to that little lass' gleeful gloating at the side. "Actually, I'm already attached," he declared in ambiguity.

"What?"

That pronouncement that came out of nowhere left Mavis her momentarily stunned. Reflexively, she exchanged a look of astoundment with her husband beside her.

"Attached? To whom? Tell me, what's the name of this girl? Where does she work at? How did you become acquainted, and when did you both start dating? Is she someone known to your Dad and me? If this was true, why did you not tell us about it earlier? You know, Jonathan. Your father and I have always taught you to be honest and forthright since you were little. It's okay if you don't have a girlfriend, but don't you try to lie to us about stuff like that!"

Amidst the well-meaning nature of Mavis' words was a measure of self-reproach, as she wondered if she had been heaping too much pressure on her own son.

Who was to expect that Jonathan would maintain his own stance in the face of Mavis' doubts. "I have a girlfriend and that's a fact. Why would I need to lie about it?"

Being as poised as he was since young, not once has Jonathan ever said anything that he was unsure of.

Seeing the steadfastness in his demeanor, Mavis' eyes glinted with joy. "Then, when do you intend to bring her home to meet us? Since we have no need to engage in strategic unions, we aren't that particular about her family background, so long as she is a young lady of fine character. We have no objections so long as you love each other and are happy together!"

Jonathan refrained from responding immediately and instead cast Michaela a meaningful glance. "She's right..."

Choking on a mouthful of soup, Michaela started coughing up a fit until her lovely face turned red from ear to ear.

"Oh dear. How careless you are!"

Jonathan's low inflection was tinged with chastisement, prompting Michaela to regard him askance. Whose fault was that? Do you mean to scare me to death?

In spite of being told that words of the inebriated cannot be taken at face value, he seemed intent on being as loud as possible about it, as though hoping that the whole world would come to find out about them as a result.

Regardless of how Jonathan viewed the situation, the fact that he was Zack's uncle would be scandalous enough in itself should word about this spread.

She was almost embarrassed to the core.

In the belief that she was merely there for a simple meal, she had not anticipated that Jonathan might seek to set her up. That, per se, was a misstep on her own part.

As much as Jonathan was eager to let everyone in on his relationship with Michaela, he was aware that the timing was premature for that big reveal then. He could ill-afford to ruffle that young lass' feathers, or at the very least, not before she was fully committed to him.

In truth, he only meant to have some fun at her expense. Only after Michaela's coughing subsided did Jonathan steadily state before the two elders' watchful eyes, "She's a little shy and besides, we've barely started becoming serious. That's why I'd probably have to wait to have her over at a more appropriate time!"

"Oh, praise the heavens above! Our Jonathan now has himself a girlfriend!" Smiling broadly, Mavis, however, did not neglect to caution Jonathan, "May I remind you, Jonathan, you absolutely have to treat her right. Getting a girl to think enough of you isn't that easy, so you better make sure that you hold on to her!"

"Roger that! I'd keep that in mind!"

While he answered in his deep inflection, Jonathan saw Michaela's cheeks reddened once more in the corner of his eyes. She seemed to be on the verge of wanting to throttle someone.

At that very moment, Nick, who had been silent all that while, chimed in, "Yes. Chances are, this girl who has taken a fancy to you must be someone kindhearted in spite of lacking a discerning eye. I bet she probably took pity on you for still being single at your age. Seeing that it's the company's anniversary next month, you might as well invite her over to see us. After all, such a girl is really hard to come by nowadays!"

Could there be anyone else in this world who would diss his own son any more than he does?

That heartstopping meal served to lead Michaela to a singular realization; the rumor of Jonathan being the apple of two elders' eyes would seem largely unfounded.

After dinner, the few of them chatted briefly about Hannah's effort to start a school in Gerton over coffee.

Through a call with her mother, Michaela learned that things were not going swimmingly over in Gerton. Within the week, they were not even successful at their aim of acquiring all the materials they needed, and Hannah also really had her work cut out for her.

Initially, Michaela wanted to inquire of Hannah when she would be returning. She decided against asking about that after she heard what happened, and only requested that her mother take care of herself.

In response, Mavis purposefully instructed Jonathan to reach out to Hannah to help pull some strings to smooth things out whenever possible.

Naturally, Jonathan was not going to pass up on the opportunity to get on his mother-in-law's good side. He, however, felt conflicted. For in the event that everything became settled in Gerton would mean that Michaela would be moving away from him.

He had planned to discuss the matter with her in-depth after they returned home later at night. That was until they were both unexpectedly asked to stay over at Mavis' insistence. Giving Jonathan no choice in the matter whatsoever, Mavis went on to have the butler settle Michaela in a guest room.

Jonathan's expression grew increasingly sullen as he watched Michaela happily follow the butler upstairs.

Did she think that staying in the family home would allow her to be free from his grasp? Haha. Fat chance! c

Love Her to No End Chapter 67

Chapter 67 | Yield

"I don't have any clothing here that's suitable for young women, Mich. What I do have is a new nightie that I've recently bought, so try to make do with it today. I'll have someone get that sorted out tomorrow."

"It's okay, Old Mrs. Xander. I've already imposed myself on you quite enough already. My mom might get upset with me if she were to find out how much work I'm putting you through."

Most kids nowadays are ill-bred and incurably willful, being spoilt rotten the way they are. That, however, is not the case with this girl right here; she is polite, gracious, witty,

competent, unfussy with food, and dresses modestly. Mavis' fondness for the young woman only grew the more she saw of her.

To her, the young woman before her possessed all the qualities that would make her the ideal wife one day. As such, she could not help but lament the fact that the Xanders simply did not have the good fortune to have her become part of their family.

Worried that Michaela would be unable to settle in well since she was staying over for the first time, Mavis spent some time chatting with her before getting up to leave. Nevertheless, she did not neglect to remind Michaela to turn in early.

Michaela saw Mavis to the stairs where she watched the elderly lady descend them with assured steps. She was about to turn back when she spotted Jonathan who was standing not too far away.

Already changed out of his suit, Jonathan was dressed in a more casual outfit that was more comfortable to be worn around the house. For some inexplicable reason, it conferred upon him the geniality of a boy-next-door that was conspicuously absent from his usual high-and-mighty bossman persona.

He had his hands tucked inside the pockets of his pants as he regarded her with a laid-back expression, and when their eyes met, the man's deep-set eyes and unfathomable gaze were akin to a bottomless pit that threatened to suck her in.

Steadily curling up his lips, he cast her a devilish smile that made her shudder, and in response, Michaela turned and broke into a run, almost without apprehension.

"Stop right there, Michaela Lingard!"

Jonathan furrowed at the woman's audacity to torment him by her avoidance. Did she really expect to be able to get away scot-free during our time at the Xander residence after entertaining herself at dinner at my expense?

Getting too far ahead of herself, I'd say!

Jonathan's long and narrow eyes squinted. His pretty and piercing gaze, coupled with the fact that there was not much physical separation between them, to begin with, sent a chill down Michaela's spine.

Unexpectedly, Michaela's limbs betrayed her at the most crucial moment. Her slightly trembly hands failed to open the door no matter how hard she tried, leaving her fretful to the verge of tears.

At that moment, Jonathan unhurriedly strolled over to her side and leaned his forearm against the wall next to the door. Smiling wryly, he said, "Where do you think you're

going? Have you forgotten that this is the place where I lived growing up? Don't tell me that you intend to flee to the ends of the world?"

He stared at her intently, his gaze burning, causing her to shrink away. "My bad, Mr. Jonathan!"

"Oh?" His lips curled up subtly as though he was in a splendid mood. "Now, why don't you tell me, Mich, who is in the wrong here?" he said in his deep and husky inflection.

"I-I..."

Michaela was so unnerved that her eyes reddened. She could certainly start pointing fingers, but she had no idea how to get started.

While she struggled with her indecision, Jonathan had already leaned in with his deep-set eyes fixated upon her. "Why did you try to avoid me?"

"I-I didn't!"

Although she was prompt to answer, she could not help but feel a little self-conscious under the glare of Jonathan's intense scrutiny. Not daring to regard Jonathan directly, she began to avert her gaze.

Gaining herself a boyfriend under such ridiculous circumstances was not something that she wanted. Apart from avoiding him, Michaela did not know what else to do.

In Michaela's esteem, with his background and stature, there was no woman out of Jonathan's reach. He's merely toying with me, and this entire affair is nothing but one practical joke taken too far.

"Are you refusing to look at me? Do you find me that repulsive?"

Jonathan pressed her once more with a mystifying look in his eyes as though to penetrate Michaela's innermost thoughts. When she did not respond, he nodded, and growled sonorously and dourly, "Fine. In that case, I'll swear that I'd never show myself in front of you again!"

After his voice trailed off, Jonathan swiftly turned to depart, only to hear the woman's firm denial. "It's not what you think! Besides, this is your home. If anyone should leave, it should be me."

Michaela had her own reservations, as it was the Xander residence they were in. Hence, she sought to suppress her own voice until it tapered down to barely more than a squeak toward the end.

What came unexpectedly to her was the lack of surprise from the smirking Jonathan. I just knew that she could not bear to be apart from me! Sometimes, it takes the right sort of duress to help one confront one's own true feelings.

Once more, Jonathan turned to face Michaela and lifted her chin with his slender digits. When Michaela declined to meet his gaze, he snickered. "Then, what do you say to the two of us staying put?"

His attitude changed so quickly that it rendered Michaela speechless.

He never had any intention of walking away. If nothing else, he was really looking to score sympathy points!

Before Michaela could speak, she heard Nick's energetic voice ringing out from downstairs. "Have you any idea what time it is already? Why are you still going back and forth like that? I reckon that Mich should be asleep by now, so why don't you give it a rest?"

"I'm telling you. Girls have always been accustomed to sleeping in familiar beds, you old coot, but you just wouldn't listen. This warm milk that I have here can help. Run along to bed now. I'll be back once I have this sent over to her."

Footsteps were heard coming up the stairs right after Mavis' voice faded off.

Michaela's eyes widened asudden, especially when it occurred to her how intimate Jonathan and her must appear right now. Pushing the man away without any hesitance, she prepared herself to duck back inside the room.

Seeing how eager Michaela was to avail herself of him, Jonathan reached out and pulled her into his arms outright. Then, he regarded her with an ambiguous smile. "How do you think my mother would react if she saw us together like this?"

Infuriated, Michaela sought to free herself, only to find his grasp tightening around her several-fold. In the end, she could only resign herself to her fate. "Please stop fooling around, Mr. Jonathan."

"Mr. Jonathan?" His thin lips curled up charmingly as he said, "I don't like the way you address me, Mich."

"Well, you're my elder, so I—"

"Didn't you address me as Jonathan without inhibition back then? Besides, we aren't related by blood. Or could it be that you are still harboring hopes of getting back together with Zack? Is that why you are so insistent on being so formal with me?"

"It's nothing like that..."

Reflexively, Michaela tried to remonstrate but before she could do that, the man went on to force the issue. "If that's not the case, then let's hear you call me by my name, shall we?"

There was a sliver of coaxing in his tone that set a flush upon her dainty cheeks.

The sound of every tap of the foot that echoed up the stairs seemed like a direct encroachment upon Michaela's psyche. Her heart only pounded ever harder the closer they approached.

Unable to withstand that sort of distress, she could only yield. "Jonathan."

Her voice was tender and supple. Even though it was just a single word, it fueled his yearning to get more intimate with her still.

Now emotionally gratified, Jonathan decided not to continue to make things difficult for Michaela. Pushing downward with his hand, he opened the door and had her carried into the sanctuary of the guest room. In the same crisp sequence, he had the door locked behind them and also the lights turned off.

That series of maneuvers from Jonathan only made Michaela even more discombobulated inside.

She was under the impression that it was about time Jonathan ought to have let her off then. But to her astonishment, the man was brazen enough to follow her into the room. What should we do if Old Mrs. Xander were to catch us like this?

In that instant, Michaela became livid and perturbed. "What are you thinking, coming inside my room? How do you expect me to explain your presence here to Old Mrs. Xander if she saw you? Hurry up and get out of here!"

Love Her to No End Chapter 68

Chapter 68 Coaxing

It was a pretty heart-pounding night, which made Michaela angry and frustrated.

Despite her attempts to leave, she couldn't, because Jonathan was too strong. His one-meter-and-eighty-five-centimeter tall figure didn't budge as he stared at her calmly. "It's too late for me to go out now! If you don't want my mother to know, then you better stay quiet! It doesn't matter to me either way, so do as you please!"

His threatening tone made her face flush with red silently.

In the dark, she glared at him with frustration. However, she quickly realized she was still trapped in front of the handsome man's strong, broad chest.

While their clothes still physically separated them, she could clearly feel the warmth coming from his body continuously. His unique scent was also flowing into her nose.

Michaela uneasily squirmed, but she was quickly stopped by Jonathan. Soon, a warning uttered by a deep voice entered her ear. "Stop moving!"

His hot breath brushed past her ear, making it slightly itchy. Although, it felt more like a ball of flame passing her by. It made her internal organs tremble as she froze.

At that moment, knocking sounds were heard on the door, which was then followed by Mavis' voice. "Mich? Are you asleep? Mich?"

Jonathan might have locked the door, but Michaela was still worried about it. Her heart thumped faster as she started having difficulty breathing.

When she thought about how Mavis was just right outside of the door while she was hugging Jonathan so tightly, it made her feel embarrassed.

The knocking continued for a few more moments before Mavis assumed Michaela had fallen asleep and stopped. She descended the stairs and muttered, "It's just as he said!"

It wasn't until the footsteps were completely gone that Jonathan stared at the woman in his embrace.

With the help of the dim light coming from outside the room, he saw how she was pouting at him in anger.

Upon noticing his attention had shifted to her face, she glared at him and pushed him away without hesitation. Then she walked over to the bed and sat. Creepy old man! He really will do anything, including scaring me and embarrassing me!

Jonathan smirked silently. He knew he had gone overboard tonight, so he sat next to her and softly comforted, "Are you angry?"

"I wouldn't dare!" Michaela was so furious that steam was about to rise from her ears.

She had no choice but to submit to him in her current circumstances, which was something she didn't expect she would experience in the past.

Additionally, she really was afraid that he would do far more extreme things to her. If that happened, then she wouldn't be able to explain herself, no matter how hard she tried.

So, she turned her head to the other side and ignored him.

Jonathan sighed and spoke in an aggrieved tone. "I didn't know that you're such a playgirl, Mich! Sometimes you're passionate, other times you're cold. Even though you hugged me and slept with me all night when you were drunk, you refused to admit it when you woke up! Then there's the time during the bar. You threw yourself at me and told me I'm your handsome boyfriend. You seemed pretty happy at that moment, and now..."

The more he spoke, the more embarrassed and angrier Michaela got. Her ears couldn't help but turn red again.

Thus, instead of waiting for him to finish, she stretched her hand out and covered his mouth to stop him from speaking any further.

However, because her movement was so sudden, both of them lost their balance and fell to the bed, with her lying on top of him.

Her eyes widened speechlessly. Jonathan, on the other hand, put his hand on the back of his head and teased in a deep voice, "I didn't know you can get this passionate, Mich! It's a blissful, eye-opening experience for me!"

"What the hell are you saying? I didn't do it intentionally!" Michaela was absolutely furious at just how shameless he was.

Right as she was going to get off his body, he held her waist and switched their positions. He stared down at her and teased further with his magnetic voice. "But I am."

"What are you doing? Are you crazy?" She was seething with anger while gritting her teeth. That intimate position was making her very uncomfortable.

"Shush..." He propped his body up on the bed with one hand while using the other hand to make a silent gesture. "My parents are pretty old, so it's pretty easy to wake them up. If you aren't worried they'll come knocking on the door again, feel free to speak loudly!"

The threat was effective as she promptly shut her mouth, though her eyes still blazed with a look of resistance.

Jonathan stopped giving her a hard time. He lay down next to her, held her hand, and put it on his chest.

Michaela could feel the muscles beneath his clothes clearly, especially his obviously powerful heartbeats and his warm body temperature.

She moved uneasily, which only made him hold her hand tighter. His warm and magnetic voice filled the room. "Do you feel that? It's because of you that it's pounding right now."

Despite the fact the room was still dark, she could feel her cheeks turning red after listening to his flirtation.

Jonathan had already gotten up to the side as he continued to support his head with one arm and stared at her with affection. "You heard my mom, Mich. If I lost you, I won't be able to explain myself! You aren't cruel enough to let me get reprimanded by my parents, are you?"

"What I'm trying to say is that, since you don't hate me, if you think I'm OK, how about you try to accept me? I can give you time, and I'll respect you as well as hide our relationship for now. I just hope you'll give me a chance, even if it's out of pity. Look at me. At my age, I still haven't had a romantic relationship before. Maybe if we stay together, we'll get something unexpected out of it? I've already told my parents about it. If you don't agree, then I really have no idea what to say to them! Think of this as me asking you for a favor, okay? Promise me just this one time, all right?" His voice sounded very sweet and persuasive.

It was as though he was advising her and begging her at the same time. It made her head spin and a tingling sensation crawled into her body.

After a while, under his watchful eyes, she nodded.

If Jonathan had done it the hard way, she would've just rejected it outright.

However, at that moment, his neutral tone and puppy eyes had softened her. She couldn't bear to reject him when he was pleading lowly.

Besides, if the man in front of her really was the living legend whom everyone admired and praised, then it would make her feel bad for rejecting him.

It was like she was in a dream. It felt so unreal to her until she felt a warm sensation on her forehead.

It was gone in a flash, but it managed to pull her heartstring.

"Good girl!" His deep, magnetic voice rang out again. "There's no rush, Mich. We can take it slow!"

He had waited for five long years, and he endured it. She's lying next to me right now. I can see her and touch her. Am I in heaven right now?

Because he was afraid of scaring her and ruining all his efforts, he had been holding himself back.

That wasn't the case any longer as he was currently filled with confidence. We're meant to be with each other. It took us five years to establish and strengthen our bond. There's no way anyone can separate us ever again.

Upon achieving his goal, Jonathan reminded her to sleep early and left satisfactorily.

It wasn't until she heard the sound of the door closing that Michaela snapped back to her senses and abruptly sat up.

Her heart was still pounding with anxiety, and her mind was still in a daze. She wanted to take a shower in the bathroom but had to turn back when she realized she didn't bring her pajamas with her.

It was beyond Michaela's wildest dream that she would one day become her ex-fiancé's Aunt!

The truth was so wild that it was mortifying!

Love Her to No End Chapter 69

Chapter 69 Jerk

Michaela couldn't sleep well that night.

She was staring wide-eyed at the ceiling while lying on her bed after taking a shower. Her mind was still in a daze.

The scene from earlier replayed in her mind. Jonathan's sickly sweet voice continued to ring in her ear, stirring her emotions.

It took a long while, but she did manage to calm herself down and enter dreamland.

She had a similarly heart-pounding and cheek-blushing experience in the dream.

In the dream, she found herself taking the initiative and wrapping her arms around his neck. Once his lips were close enough, she kissed him. Even though it was a dream, she could clearly feel her disordered breath and pounding heart.

That made Michaela wake up abruptly. As she sat on the bed, she realized the sun was already hanging in the sky.

The dream affected her pretty greatly. Her entire body was covered in sweat as she panted. I can't believe I had that kind of dream! How shameful!

She got off the bed, took a bath to wash her sweat away, and changed her clothes. Just as she descended the stairs, she saw the elder Xander couple sitting in the living room watching the morning news.

"Good morning, Old Mr. and Mrs. Xander!" she greeted.

Upon hearing her voice, Mavis removed her glasses and smiled at her. "Good morning, Mich. Why didn't you sleep in?"

Whenever her grandchildren returned, they would sleep until the sun was hung up high in the sky. She knew how nice it was to be able to sleep that long, and she knew young people loved to sleep. Therefore, she was used to it.

It was why she was surprised by how early Michaela woke up. Is it because she's not used to sleeping here?

"I had a good sleep, Old Mrs. Xander!" Michaela replied sweetly. It's all thanks to your son. He managed to chase my sleepiness away, so now I'm really energetic!

"Jonathan just returned from his morning exercise and is currently taking a bath upstairs. We'll eat breakfast together once he's done," the old woman informed.

"Then I'll help out in the kitchen!" Michaela didn't feel comfortable living in their house and eating for free even though they were close with her granddad.

When she finished speaking, she zoomed into the kitchen, as though she was worried Mavis was going to stop her.

"The more I interact with Mich, the more I like her. Zack is an unfortunate man. I can't believe he was captivated by that woman and did such a horrible thing." Mavis shook her head and sighed. "I don't know what he's doing."

When that was brought up, Nick's face darkened as fury burst out of his eyes. He stood up and spoke in a deep voice. "We'll eat first. Once that punk returns, I'll teach him a lesson!"

Jonathan arrived at the dining room just as his parents were seated.

The moment he saw Michaela help setting up the table, a gentle look surfaced in his eyes. I can never get sick of watching her!

When she heard footsteps, she turned around subconsciously and saw him. That triggered her mind to pull out the images from her dream again and made her blush. "Good morning, Mr. Jonathan!"

He blinked. Is she feeling shy right now?

Even though all he could think of was her, he still had to act serious and replied warmly, "Good morning!"

Mavis waved at Michaela. "You can stop now, Mich. Come and eat with us!"

"Okay!" Michaela replied and sat next to Jonathan.

Both of them were sitting pretty close to each other. The fragrant smell coming from him, because he was fresh out of the bath, caused images to pop into her mind again. It made her blush so hard that she had to lower her head to prevent the old couple from noticing it.

Because the couple was pretty old, the breakfast consisted of nutritious and easily digestible food. It was plain but tasty.

Surprisingly, Jonathan put food on Michaela's plate.

It was a big enough improvement that it prompted Mavis to take a few extra glances at them. Nothing seems out of order, but I can tell something's different about him compared to yesterday. Is it because of love? The power of love sure is great. It's hard to believe that he is finally in a relationship. Maybe he'll get married soon.

At that moment, the butler walked in and took a glance at Michaela before announcing, "Mr. Zack is here!"

Before Mavis could say anything, Nick ordered in a deep voice, "Make him wait in the living room!"

"Understood!" the butler replied. However, instead of leaving, he looked like he got more to say.

"There's more?" Nick raised his eyebrow. The butler gulped and continued, "Mr. Zack has also brought Ms. Lucille with him!"

"Hmph!" Nick slammed the fork in his hand down on the table, as though his mood for eating had been ruined. His face darkened further. "What a jerk! I can't believe he's this stubborn."

“Well, since they’re already here, just let them wait!” Mavis finally said something. There was a similar frown on her face. It’s unbelievable that he still has the guts to come back here with that mistress of his after everything.

Michaela’s heart dropped when she heard Zack had arrived with Lucille. As much bad blood as there is between us, we shouldn’t cause a scene here!

When she thought about the awkward meeting she would have with the two of them later, her expression darkened too.

Upon realizing the change in her expression, Jonathan held her cold, little hand under the table despite the presence of his parents. He comforted, “Don’t worry. My parents are here. They’ll help you out.”

The old couple didn’t notice what they were doing below the table because they were paying attention to what Jonathan was saying. Mavis turned to Michaela and assured tenderly, “The both of us were the ones who called Zack over, Mich. That brat did something unforgivable to you, and so he must give you an explanation for it.”

However, Lucille’s appearance was not part of the plan.

It was pretty obvious that Lucille wanted to be acknowledged as Zack’s partner.

Quentin and his wife had always treated the old Xander couple with respect. If the latter couple accepted Zack’s relationship with Lucille, then the former would stop getting in their way.

Sadly, Zack would not receive the old Xander couple’s blessing, and his plan would not go smoothly.

Michaela wanted to tell them there was no point in it since the wedding wasn’t held. Besides, she didn’t really want a guy like Zack, anyway.

However, she couldn’t just swat the old couple’s kindness away.

Just as Mavis finished speaking, Nick uttered, “Don’t worry, Mich. With the two of us supporting you, there’s nothing you need to be concerned about.”

The old couple exchanged a glance before leaving the dining room. Only Jonathan and her were left in the room, and they were still holding each other’s hands underneath the table.

Suddenly, Michaela felt her heart thumping loudly, and she subconsciously removed her hand. Jonathan didn’t stop her. He simply smiled at her and asked in a hoarse voice, “Did you sleep well last night, Mich? I didn’t sleep well. I missed you a lot, and I wanted to talk to you, but I was afraid of disturbing you. How about we go back home tonight?”

His words unintentionally triggered her to think about her dream again, which caused her face to blush once more.

She hurriedly lowered her head. This man... I promised to try last night, yet he's already saying this kind of sweet nothings in the morning. I can't help but wonder if he was lying about not falling in love before.

Suddenly, all she could feel was embarrassment, so much so that it pushed away all the uneasiness in her heart.

Love Her to No End Chapter 70

Chapter 70 Pet

Zack wrapped up the business trip Jonathan asked him to attend, so yesterday afternoon, Lucille intentionally rushed over to the airport to pick him up. They didn't expect to receive a call from the Xander residence right after they entered the car.

When Zack received the call from the old Xander couple, he knew he couldn't hide the cancellation of the wedding anymore. Thankfully, his parents were out on a business trip, so he decided to make the best out of that opportunity and brought Lucille with him.

He knew the old Xander couple loved him the most compared to their other grandchildren. If he sincerely begged for forgiveness, then the old couple would stop giving him trouble.

Upon hearing his suggestion, Lucille was overjoyed. She really wanted to obtain her rightful title as soon as possible, so she didn't refuse when Zack proposed his idea to her.

Both of them were so eager to complete their plan that they rushed to the Xander residence without eating breakfast.

Their idea was to accompany the old couple and made them happy before resolving the issue. However, things went differently than Zack had imagined. He was told by the butler to wait in the living room first.

It was something that had never happened before, which was why, despite his calm appearance, he was feeling a little uneasy.

Seeing how nervous Lucille was, he comforted, "Don't worry. They both love me very much. It's going to be fine!"

“What if they don’t like me? After all, I was the one in the wrong with what happened to Michaela. I don’t want to put you in a difficult spot, Zack.” While she was anxious, the most important thing to her was testing his loyalty.

She wanted to know what kind of decision he would make when facing opposition from multiple sides. Would he continue to stay with her, or would he give up on their relationship? That was what she was trying to figure out.

Lucille’s thoughtfulness always made Zack’s heart ache. When he heard that, he tenderly wrapped his arm around her shoulder and comforted, “It won’t happen. Don’t worry, no one will stop us from being together!”

“You’re so nice, Zack!” She smiled happily upon receiving the answer she wanted to hear.

Her body lay joyously in his embrace.

The butler, who was standing at the side observing the both of them, shook his head in his mind. No wonder the old couple is disappointed in him. It only takes a few sweet words from her to mesmerize him. Seems like today’s discussion is doomed to be an upsetting one.

As expected, when the old Xander couple walked out of the dining room, they were not happy to see Zack and Lucille acting all lovey-dovey.

In fact, Nick was so angry that he looked as though the fire was about to burst out of his eyes at that moment. Mavis was worried about her husband’s health, so before he could explode in fury, she coughed lightly to remind the young couple not to go overboard.

At the same time, her cold glare swept across Lucille’s face. Her look was sharp, as though she was trying to read the young woman’s mind.

Lucille intentionally picked an outfit with a warm color to leave a good impression on the old couple’s minds.

She wore a pair of beige trousers, which left her pale feet naked, with the same-colored short-sleeved windbreaker and a white shirt. It made her look innocent and pure.

Sadly, no matter how well-dressed she was, Mavis didn’t care.

“Grandma, Grandpa!” Zack immediately let go of Lucille when he heard the coughing and greeted them politely.

He wanted to hold Nick as he used to, but the old man pushed him away and sneered mercilessly, “I’m not that old to need someone to hold me! You just need to take care of yourself.”

Even though he could feel Nick's fury, he still forced himself to go along with it. "Yes, you're still strong and healthy despite your age, Grandpa."

"Why don't you learn something other than being a sweet-talker!"

Zack's obvious attempt at pleasing Nick only garnered a contemptuous glare from the old man. Nick then sat on the couch with Mavis.

"What did Albert tell you yesterday on the phone, Zack?"

Albert Thompson, the butler, told Zack that Nick was inviting him to the Xander residence. And yet, Zack made the decision to bring Lucille along. It was no wonder that Nick was pissed off at Zack.

Feeling guilty, an embarrassed look flashed across Zack's eyes. He then pulled Lucille closer to him and stood in front of the old couple. "Grandpa, Grandma, Lucille is my girlfriend now. She's not an outsider!"

Turning to Lucille quickly, he urged, "Greet them, Lucille."

Lucille took in a deep breath and felt the intense pressure building up in the living room. She knew the old couple didn't like her, but she still squeezed out what she thought was a perfect smile.

Before she could speak, Mavis uttered in an indifferent tone, "No need! If I remember correctly, she's the one who's adopted by the Lingard family, right?"

Lucille had suffered endless mockery since she was a child due to that fact. When she understood what the old woman truly meant, all she could do was bit her lip and pretended to look pitiful.

"Grandma..."

"Shut it, Zack! Go stand at the side!"

Last night, Mavis spent a lot of effort persuading her partner. After all, Quentin wasn't their biological child, so even if Zack did something wrong, they still had to do things by the book to avoid hurting the family's harmony.

However, she changed her mind when she saw Zack hugging Lucille in the open and going all out defending his "girlfriend".

Mavis could no longer suppress her rage and exploded in fury.

She turned back to Lucille again and questioned, "Where are you living right now? Do your parents know you're here today?"

Lucille didn't expect the old woman's question to be that straightforward. Her expression froze as she squeezed out a smile. "They don't know yet."

"Of course they don't know! Because ever since Mich and Zack's wedding was canceled, you haven't returned to the Lingard family! Instead, you moved into Zack's condominium. Am I right?"

The old woman's sharp words drained the blood from Lucille's cheeks. The latter uttered in a small voice, "Yes!"

"It was my idea, Grandma! You can't blame her!" Zack tried to explain their situation, but all he got was a cold look from his grandmother.

Mavis roared at him. "I asked your Uncle Jonathan to arrange a condominium for you because I was worried you would waste a lot of time on the road traveling back and forth to the company. I wanted to give you more time to rest. Instead, you use that space to raise a pet."

In a rich family, if a woman was called a pet, it meant she was just one of the women the man was playing with.

It sounded nice, but it was pretty degrading.

After all, it meant the woman was merely a pet and was entirely at the master's mercy.

Despite Lucille's efforts, it would appear that was all she was in the eyes of the Xander family.

Such harsh words turned her small face pale. Her body felt light as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Zack's heart ached terribly, but he didn't have the guts to step forward. Instead, he just stood at the side silently.

"I'm an old woman now. I can't keep up with you young people's tempo or understand the way you love. There's just something I don't get, and I hope you'll help me clear up my confusion, Miss." Mavis narrowed her eyes at Lucille.

Lucille knew the old woman was intentionally putting her in a tough spot, yet the former didn't have the nerve to show her displeasure. All she could do was ask in a soft tone, "Please ask."

"As the Lingard family's adopted daughter, not only did you fail to repay the kindness your foster parents had shown you, you also snatched their biological daughter's fiancé away. I'm wondering, how could you do such a cruel and traitorous thing?"

Tears welled up in Lucille's eyes. Her lips were trembling, yet no words escaped her mouth.