

Chapter 91 Act First And Seek Forgiveness Later

The three of them then took their seats. Shortly after, a server came over with a menu.

When Hannah ordered, Michaela was seemingly parched, for she snagged the cup of coffee the server had just placed on the table and brought it to her mouth. Alas, Jonathan promptly snatched it away from her. “You can't drink this!”

Ignoring her pitiful expression, he turned to the server. “A cup of warm milk, and please make it quick.”

“Sure!” the server replied before picking up the walkie-talkie and repeating the order.

Clocking their interaction, Hannah eyed them both in puzzlement. When did Mich develop an intolerance to coffee? And why didn't I know about it when I'm her mother?

Despite the unanswered questions within her, she didn't pay it much mind. After she had ordered, she handed the menu to Jonathan. “Take a look and order whatever you'd like to eat. It must have been tiring for you to take care of Mich for me in the past few days, so it's my treat today!”

“Okay!”

Jonathan didn't bother to stand on ceremony either. Scanning the menu, he ordered a nourishing soup before handing it back to the server.

In no time, the warm milk was served. As Hannah watched her daughter sip at the milk, she inquired, “Are you not feeling well?”

“Huh?”

At her question, mystification was written all over Michaela's face. When she noticed her mother's gaze on the warm milk, realization dawned upon her, and she flushed bright red.

Oh God, I can't possibly admit that it's because I'm on my menstruation that Jonathan specially ordered me a cup of warm milk, can I? If I do, she'll definitely suspect something, and I won't be able to explain things at that time!

While she was at a loss, Jonathan came to her rescue, fibbing, “It's because my mother said that she was too thin when we went to the Xander residence for dinner back then. Thus, she especially urged her to drink some warm milk every meal.”

At once, understanding dawned upon Hannah. At the thought of the Xander family's meticulous care toward her daughter when she was away, she nodded and murmured, “Mich has really been an imposition to you all in the past few days.”

“Not at all, Mdm. Simmons! She has been a doll! Besides, my parents like her a lot!” Jonathan turned his gaze to Michaela with undisguised indulgence in his eyes.

Hannah's eyes narrowed a fraction as a bold conjecture flashed across her mind. But then, she felt that it was rather unlikely. Just when she was nixing it surreptitiously, Jonathan spoke again. “My father said that he hasn't seen you in a long time, so he'd like to have a meal together when you come back, Mdm. Simmons. Just notify me when you've decided on a time, and I'll handle the rest.”

“Sure!” Hannah nodded in agreement.

The more she interacted with him, the greater her admiration toward him.

While he looks gentle and benign, not at all cold and ruthless as rumored, his aura is so strong that one can't ignore him because of his tender age. I wonder what kind of woman will be able to handle a man like him in the future!

Soon, the food was served. Throughout the meal, Jonathan treated Michaela with great care and behaved like the perfect gentleman. Even when it came to Hannah, he was gentle and courteous.

It wasn't until the dinner was drawing to an end that he picked up the cup of hot coffee before him and stood up. Pinning his eyes on Hannah, he declared, “Mdm. Simmons, there's something I'd like to tell you right away.”

“What's going on here? Just remain seated even if you've got something to say.”

His sudden action gave Hannah such a fright that her head throbbled. She was just going to put a stop to things when the man spoke again. “Please remain seated and listen to me. I don't drink, so I can only substitute the wine with coffee, but please believe in my sincerity!”

Not only was Hannah bewildered, but a sense of dread also abruptly rose within Michaela at Jonathan's solemn and formal words. She instinctively shot to her feet and attempted to divert Hannah's attention. “Mom, I'm done eating, so hurry up and foot the bill!”

Just when Hannah was about to chastise her daughter for being ill-mannered, Jonathan pulled Michaela over to his side and grasped her hand tightly.

Michaela seemingly suffered quite a scare, for her face drained of all color, and her hands turned icy cold. Even as he took her hand, she remained stiff, neither struggling nor cooperating.

With amusement in his eyes that were as dark as night, Jonathan flashed her a smile and coaxed softly, “Be good, Mich. You must listen to me in this matter. Since we chose to be together, we naturally can't keep Mdm. Simmons in the dark. Furthermore, I can't do that either!”

“I...”

Michaela was left without a retort.

Since Jonathan's confession of love at the Xander residence, there had indeed been some sparks between them that she didn't even know how to regard him at times.

However, all intimate interactions had been restricted to them both, even if she had once suspected that the man was only toying with her and was intentionally teasing her.

The fact that they were voicing it out in front of her mother then changed the significance of things.

At the sight of her mother's expression gradually becoming grave, Michaela was so terrified that words eluded her. She merely hung her head and allowed Jonathan to hold her hand.

Subsequently, the latter's voice drifted into her ears. “Mdm. Simmons, Mich and I are dating. We hope that you'll give us your blessings.”

Never had Hannah imagined that her decision to ask Jonathan to help take care of her daughter would end up benefitting the man at the end of the day.

Casting her mind back to their interaction ever since they entered the private room, she realized that they were all alarm bells—Jonathan ordering Michaela warm milk, taking food for her, and the adoring look in his eyes when he gazed at her.

When she previously heard that the man took her daughter away for a vacation, she even felt that he was really conscientious. But from the look of things then, he had an ulterior motive from the very day he came and insisted on addressing her intimately.

It wasn't that the possibility had never crossed her mind. Instead, she merely felt that it wasn't quite possible and urged herself not to allow her imagination to run wild.

Admittedly, he's a pretty decent man, not only elegant in his words and graceful in his deeds but also steady and self-sufficient. Over the years, he hasn't had many scandals either. Gentle and low-key, he treats Mich well, too. Indeed, he can protect her. But who is he? He's Zack's elder, and even Mich addressed him deferentially in the past. Although they're not related by blood, it's still inevitable that others will gossip if they really get together. Besides, it has only been a short while. As such, I can't help but suspect that he's only doing this because of Father, and this is his way of making up for Zack's misdeed.

After a bout of deep contemplation, Hannah suddenly frowned deeply. Without warning, she stood up and strode out of the room.

She had only taken a few steps when she halted in her tracks and swept her gaze over the couple's interlocked hands. In a miffed voice, she demanded, “Come out with me for a while, Mich!”

As soon as her words rang out, she spun around and stalked out of the room.

She couldn't do anything about Jonathan since their association was neither deep nor shallow. However, Michaela was her daughter, so she could at least put her questions to her.

Unexpectedly, when Michaela was going to break free of Jonathan's hold and follow her mother out, the man abruptly held her back.

“My mother told me to—”

“I'll go and speak to Mdm. Simmons while you stay here obediently. Be good and drink some soup!”

As Michaela watched Jonathan leave the room, she had steam coming out of her ears.

Argh! Drink soup? It's far more apt for me to drink a potion that will turn back time! He's really going to doom me sooner or later! How could he not tell me about such a monumental matter beforehand? He's using the glorified excuse of giving me a surprise, but it's none of my business! He promised to give me time, but what's the meaning of this now? Act first and seek forgiveness later? Verily, I'm about to burst a blood vessel at his refusal to play by the rules!