

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 5

When I received no reply, I decided to go back to minding my own business.

Keeping Lyle's promise of coming back for dinner in mind, I went to the market to buy the ingredients for his favorite food. After returning home, I habitually checked my phone, but there were no message notifications.

Why am I waiting for a message from Christopher? This realization made me frustrated and disappointed in myself. With that, I chucked my phone onto the sofa.

The phone rang as I was busying myself in the kitchen. For some reason, my heart skipped a beat.

I scrambled out of the kitchen to pick up the phone, but all the excitement instantly disappeared when I saw that it was Lyle calling. "Hello?"

"Hey, dear. I have a meeting tonight, so you don't have to wait up for me. Remember to sleep early after dinner, alright? Good girl." With that, he hung up the call without even giving me a chance to respond.

I scoffed. A meeting? Like a hands-on, private meeting in a hotel room somewhere? His employees are so lucky to have such a caring boss.

To my surprise, I didn't feel upset at this news. I checked my phone again, but there were still no new messages.

I couldn't help but start wondering if I had acted too harshly toward Christopher this morning and pissed him off. Did my text message cause some sort of misunderstanding?

Just as I was debating over whether I should call him to clear things up, the doorbell rang.

My mind blanked. Didn't Lyle say that he'd be busy tonight? Why is he suddenly back home?

When I opened the door, an unexpected guest leaned against the doorway. The golden rays of the sunset highlighted his handsome features, making him look like a Prince Charming who had come right out of a fairytale.

My attention was drawn to the multiple red marks on his neck. "Sorry. Looks like I've grown addicted to the smell of your milk soap and couldn't bear to let you go," he teased.

Are those... the hickeys that I left behind? I felt my face grow warm.

He tried to slip past me into the house, but my arm shot out to block his way. "He's not at home," I told him in a warning tone, but what I really meant to say was, "Please leave."

Pretending not to catch my drift, he insisted, "It's fine. I'll just wait for him."

"Then wait outside." I pushed him back, but he took the chance to grab hold of my wrist and pull me closer toward him.

I found myself almost face to face with him with barely a hair's breadth of distance between us. Startled, I stumbled backward into the house.

However, he seized this chance and dashed into the house, catching me before I could lose my footing and closing the front door behind him.

As an uneasy feeling settled in my gut, I tried to open it. He then proceeded to corner me against the door with his front pressed to my back.

"You like this position?" I asked, not budging an inch.

He leaned down, his warm breath tickling my neck as he muttered, "No, this kind of position is reserved for immature, dumb girls. That's not what you are."

"Then what am I?" My interest piqued, I turned around to face him.

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you," he said with a smirk. He held his cheek out and tapped it with a finger.

I tried to push him away, but I was no match for his strength. It felt like I was pushing against a wall made out of steel. "You need to go. He's coming back soon."

That was a lie. There was no way that Lyle was coming home this early tonight. I just wanted to prevent this spark between us from developing into something much more dangerous.

However, Christopher seemed unbothered, leaning in to kiss me. When I turned my face away, he naturally moved to kiss my cheeks, slowly moving down to my neck. "He hasn't even started on his 'dinner' yet. There's no way he would be coming home so soon."

So he knows.