

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 20

Chapter 20 Again

He didn't continue, he patted my face and said: "I know you just underwent surgery. I don't want a bloody mess in the middle of it. I was just trying to scare you, you coward."

He let go of me and even helped me tidied up my attire.

He carried me off from the desk and put me on the chair. I internally sighed in relief. I was really scared for a moment there.

Lance sat on my desk and stared at me for a long time. Out of nowhere, he caressed my face gently. Wait, why did I think he was gentle?

I must be crazy.

"Jennie, do you hate me?" he asked.

I looked up at him. "You're asking me stupid question."

He nodded his head. "True, stupid question indeed. But what am I supposed to do? I felt like you are a very interesting toy for me, very interesting. Do you know what scares people like me the most?"

Wow, was he trying to chat with me?

But it didn't mean I was in the mood to chat with him. "People like you are most scared of going to hell."

His happy face turned into a scowl. He growled: "A cruel woman like you who could kill a 3 months old baby should go to hell, not me."

"Maybe." I answered.

He stared at my pale face and didn't say anything for a while. Then he asked: "Do you regret not using the baby to ask money from me?"

I laughed out loud and answered him. "Sorry, no. I don't do this kind of stuff. Plus, the child would be an illegitimate child with no love and care, just like me. So no, I don't regret my choices."

"You didn't even give birth to the child, how would you know it would be a tragedy? If the child is mine, even if illegitimate, you would not think twice to keep this child!" he yelled. He must have been waiting to explode on me.

What the hell?

I thought for a moment and asked: "Regarding my abortion, you seem to be over-reacting a little, aren't you?"

"That was my..... you think too much, my child doesn't deserve to be given birth by woman like you." He threw these words onto me harshly.

"I know, that's why I aborted it." Compared to his anger, I was pretty calm.

Perhaps I really didn't care about that child.

He asked: "Why did you wait until 3 months? What did you plan to do?"

"I had no intentions. That day, I drank the white wine and my stomach got really pain. A driver was kind enough to send me to the hospital when I fainted in his car. It was at that time that I know that I was 3 months pregnant. I made an appointment next day and didn't hesitate to abort the child because it was yours and the child can only die."

I stared at Lance's face turning uglier and uglier. I guess my assumptions must be at least correct a little.