

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 25

Chapter 25 Committed Suicide?

I reached the company and started the meeting.

Lance was on his seat looking annoyed while Lawrence reported. He kept yawning.

“Why are you so sleepy? I thought you always sleep early?” Lance scolded.

Lawrence was woken up by me last night to pick me up, that must be why he was so tired. I felt guilty.

Lawrence put down the sketch in his hands and stared at Lance. He then said word by word: “I went to save a lady last night. She was abandoned by a male friend in the middle of the road in the night, do you agree that this is call saving someone else’s life?”

I was shocked that Lawrence would speak to Lance this way, he was Lance’s worker!

Wasn’t he afraid that Lance would fire him for defending me?

Lance fiddled with the pen in his hands and smirked. He didn’t got mad. He looked at me and looked back at Lawrence. “Oh? This lady must be very gorgeous for you to get out of bed to save her!” he said.

“Yea, Lawrence, share the details! Is she pretty?” the other colleagues started asking.

Lawrence’s gaze fell on me and smiled: “Nah, just a friend, she isn’t interested in me don’t simple guess.”

“Seems like it’s one sided then!” another colleague said.

Why are these people such busy bodies?

“Don’t joke, please. Let’s get on with the meeting!” Lawrence glanced at me again and said.

He must be embarrassed that instead of scolding him, Lance and the others started questioning him about his love life or crush.

Lance’s eyes jumped from me to Lawrence and back to me again. He didn’t look too happy, but who the hell cares about him? He must already know Lawrence was the one who saved me yesterday. So what? Lance was the one who abandoned me.

There’s no law stating that a man can’t help a defenseless lady in the middle of the night.

Want me to die? Not so easy.

After the meeting, on our way back to our offices, Lance suddenly spoke to me. "I

Committed Suicide? really admire your seductions, only just a short amount of time and Lawrence is already doing anything for you."

The public thinks Lance is a gentleman, I wonder if they would change their minds if they heard how he just spoke to me?

"We are just friends." I didn't want to explain anymore.

But he didn't let me off. "What kind of friends would pick you up in the middle of the night and sacrifice his sleep?"

"Anyone who's human enough wouldn't throw a girl out there alone in a winter's night." I stopped and added: "Do you really hate me that much that you wanted me to die?"

I was sick of this. I was angry, upset, annoyed and full of hatred for this man.

This man, Lance Mason.

I seemed to have surprised him by my words. He froze and answered: "What are you saying? Hating someone needs efforts, you're just a toy to me."

And with that he went into his office. I stood there staring at his back, my hands turning into a fist. What he didn't know was how much I wanted to kill him right there.

I entered my office. My phone rang, it was a stranger's number. "Hello, is this Ms Gomez?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Yes, you are?"

"I'm from Hospital of Denmark, is Karen your mother?"

Hospital.....

I got a bad feeling.

"Yes, she is my mom, what happened?" I asked nervously.

"Your mom tried to commit suicide, she's now in the ER. Someone left this number for us to dial. Please come over as soon as you can."

My phone dropped from my hands and onto the floor.

My mom really tried to kill herself, she wasn't joking.....

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Chapter 21 Mutual Enemy

Lance's face turned really ugly, he must have not expected me to be that harsh.

I stared at me hard and left me alone in the office. I sighed in relief.

My stomach was growling in hunger. I didn't have mood to work anymore and went to the KFC store opposite of the office. I bought a burger and sat there eating alone.

I swiped my Instagram while eating, I don't really use Facebook much. I use it to contact my friends only. As for work, I use WhatsApp to contact my clients.

Facebook sent me a notification telling me that it was my birthday. Oh right, my birthday, the 17th.

Leo used to wish me birthday or even fly back in secret and celebrate it with me. Now he's already someone else's husband. Nobody would call me and say: "Happy Birthday, Jennie Gomez." Anymore.

There's no point celebrating birthday alone, plus I was never an extrovert so I didn't have many friends. The naïve little me used to think that having Leo was enough.

Now Leo didn't want me anymore. I realized how lonely it was.

Finishing the burger off, I went back to office. After the incident in the office just now, I didn't have the mood to continue working anymore. I cleaned my desk and informed Wendy that I was feeling sick so I needed to go home.

Wendy looked at me with sorry eyes and said: "Jennie, I can't decide for you, you need to talk to boss."

It was actually only 30 minutes to the end of office hours, but perhaps I just remembered that it was my birthday and decided to go home earlier. I planned to buy a small cake by the road side and celebrate it myself. Since no one love me, I should love myself right?

I knocked on Lance's office door. "Come in."

I pushed the door open and he looked at me from his desk. "Yes?"

"Boss, I'm not feeling well, can I leave early?"

He didn't answer me immediately, he looked at his watch and said: "Only 30 minutes left, what's the rush?"

"Boss, I'm not feeling well." I said once again.

Lance stood up and wore his coat. "Follow me."

Mutual Enemy

"I really am sick." I said, again.

Perhaps I repeated twice, he seemed annoyed. "I'm not deaf you know. Who's the boss now?"

He walked to me and said: "Let's go!"

We left the office and I entered his car.

"This is the route to the cite." I said.

"Did I say we are going there?" he asked back.

"Then where are you bringing me?" I asked.

"You'll see." Lance answered.

Since he didn't want to tell me, then I stopped asking. He asked me in the afternoon, what he is most afraid of. Of course I know. People like him are most afraid of getting bored and have nothing to do. He said I was his most interesting toy.

He treated me like his personal toy. "You're calm, are you not afraid that I'm going to sell you?" he took a glance at me.

I smiled. "Impossible. I'm not worth a lot."

"Well, you seem to know yourself a lot." He smirked.

I sighed and said: "Yea, I know my status and my place." I sounded sad.

Lance didn't say anything after that.

He stopped his car at a luxurious clothing store. "What?" I asked in confusion.

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He parked his car properly and got down the car. He walked to my side and looked at me. "There is ball tonight at a hotel. I need to get you some nice outfits, your current outfit will embarrass me."

We entered the store and Lance waved for the staff there. "Dress her up."

The 2 female staffs pulled me away and chose a black evening gown for me. The back of the gown was very revealing and it was a very sexy dress. My body has always been in good shape so this gown would fit me perfectly, I guess. They picked a pair of heels for me too.

Then, a male makeup artist approached me and started putting makeup of my face. I was a little flustered and awkward. I wasn't used to people touching my face.

Lance sat on the sofa beside, staring at me, not saying a word. What's there to see?

"Your store doesn't have a female makeup artist?" he asked suddenly.

The male makeup artist was shocked, he must have thought that Lance was judging his skills. The staffs smiled awkwardly and said: "He's our best artist here."

Lance furrowed his brows and said: "Change to a female."

I waved my hands and said: "It's fine, I'll do my own makeup."

I'm a lady who likes to stay pretty, of course I would know how to put on my own makeup.

"Why didn't you say anything just now, since you know makeup and still allowed a man to touch you? Don't you know how revealing your gown is? He could literally see anything from the back!"

Lance mumbled out of nowhere. I stared at him in shock. A thought crossed my mind but I told myself to stop, it was a stupid thought.

I put on sheer makeup and tied my hair into an elegant bun, with a little bit of side hair falling beside my face, making me look very elegant.

In the gown and makeup, I look stunning. I turned around and asked Lance: "How do I look?"

He seemed to be lost in his own thoughts, staring at me he said: "Not bad."

When Lance swiped his credit card, I caught a glimpse of the price. My jaw nearly dropped, it was almost twenty thousand dollars, but I should have known, the brand was Niklaus Sands Versace.

Getting in his car, I noticed Lance throwing me glances every now and then. Although I was leaning towards the window, pretending to look outside, I still noticed but I didn't confront him.

Seems like Lance wasn't as different as any other men.

Arriving at the ball, everyone came up to Lance when they noticed him. They were all trying to welcome him and greet him.

"Mr Mason came all the way to attend to ball, I apologize if this doesn't meet your standard!" the one who said this was a man in a maroon coloured suit. he was tall, and had a very nice body structure. Although he was a man, he was very pretty.

Although he looked feminine, he didn't give off the feminine vibe.

"After so many years, Mr Sands looked even more beautiful! My heart nearly skipped a beat." Lance shook the man's hand and joked. The people around laughed at his joke.

The guy named Mr Sands stared at me up and down and said: "Not as beautiful as this young lady here, introduce her, Lance."

Lance let go of his hands and pointed at me: "Just a partner."

"Oh? Partner?" Mr Sands emphasized 'partner' long enough.

Everyone around us immediately thought I was 'that kind of partner. Lance put me in an ugly spot.

I heard Mr Sands said: "Lucky you to have such a gorgeous partner."

"Just a woman, no such thing as lucky or not lucky." Lance said casually.

The people who attended this ball were all upper class people. People who were rich and powerful, even nobles.

From the guests' conversations, I heard that this ball was the biggest ball of the year, organized to welcome Mr Sands back from the States. He finished his PhD studies and was only 26 this year. His family owns the one of the biggest property company in this place.

The Sand's Family is the Mason's biggest rival in the project for the Lay Water Park. I thought it's time for me to get to know Mr Sands.

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Chapter 23 Winter's Night guy?" I said.

He scoffed and said nothing else.

On our way home, Lance seemed to be getting angrier and angrier. He chased me out of the car in the middle of the road and told me to go home myself. It was near 12pm in the winter night, how dare he asked a lady to get out of the car in the middle of nowhere!

"It's late, dangerous for a woman like me." I tried to explain.

"Do you think I care? Do you want me to throw you out?" he yelled.

"Do you think I'll be able to call a cab at this hour?" I argued.

"Since you were trying to seduce young man back there, go! Ask them to drop you home." He yelled back.

I didn't want to argue further and I got down the car. He drove off and left me alone. I didn't know who to call so I dialled Lawrence's number. He was asleep, I shyly asked him to come pick me up. He asked me to stay right there and don't move until he arrives.

When he arrived, I got into the car. I figured he must have noticed my evening gown and asked: "Jennie where did you go?"

"I attended a ball with Lance. I didn't know what I did or said to make him so angry and threw me out of the car."

Lawrence heard my story and looked mad. He punched the wheel and asked: "How could boss act this way? Doesn't he know how dangerous this is?"

I smiled bitterly. "he must have wanted me to be in danger."

My words shocked Lawrence. "Jennie, what is your relationship with him? He was never so cruel to any of the workers! He is a gentleman at work."

I didn't know how to explain our 20 year history to him. "nothing, I guess we are born to be like this."

Lawrence sent me home, I wanted to invite him up to my place to celebrate my last few minutes of birthday but then I didn't invite him. I didn't want to put him in danger, Lance's danger.

Before he left, he patted on my shoulder and said: "Jennie, if you ever need anything, I'm just a call away, alright?"

I was touched, I nodded and smiled.

I entered my condo and my phone rang. It was mom. I was so happy that she finally remembered my birthday.

I cried out happily: "Mom!"

Mom cried on the other side of the phone: "Jennie, Uncle Mason dumped me, he has a new woman out there!"

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Chapter 24 Stranger's Message

I thought my mom called to wish me birthday, but no she didn't. I was a little disappointed. But I not too upset, she had been infatuated with Uncle Mason since 20 years ago

My mom used to be a very gorgeous woman when she was young, but even now, near 50 years old, she still looked stunning, but she's getting older.

For a man like Uncle Mason, rich and not even 60 yet, I knew one day like this would come. He must have gotten sick of my mom and wanted a new younger lady.

I didn't know what to say to mom.

Mom got a little annoyed at my silence and asked: "Jennie, did you hear me? What should I do?"

I sighed and answered: "Yes, but what are you going to do?"

Mom started crying like a child. I was speechless. "Mom, since he wants another woman, leave him!"

She cried even harder at my words. "I can't leave him like that!"

"Mom, you said it yourself, he has a new woman out there? What's the point of staying? You want to wait until they chase you out?" I tried to reason with her.

She continued sobbing. "Your Uncle Mason, he..... he chased me out already, he wants to marry that little b*tch!"

I told mom to leave the Mason's and come stay with me, but she cried and said no, she couldn't live without him.

"Then tell me how I can help. Stop crying and stop being so naïve. You are going to be 50 soon, you should stop all your naïve thoughts." I sighed. I really didn't know what to do. My mom was acting like a child.

I didn't want to burst my mom's bubble but she needed to be clear about the situation.

Perhaps my attitude angered her, she suddenly yelled like a mad woman: "Jennie, is this how you speak to your mother? If not for me, do you think you could live a life as luxurious as you have? You were treated like a young mistress!"

Young mistress? I nearly scoffed out loud.

If she wasn't my mom, I would have hung her up.

"Mom, I was clear enough. I can't do anything for you. You can only come stay with me and I'll take care of you." I sighed once again, hoping that mom would understand.

Mom got even more triggered and screamed: "If you don't help me stay in the family and get rid of that woman, I'll go and die!"

I couldn't believe my own ears, why is my mom so.....

"Mom, who do you think I am? Do you think I can stop Uncle Mason from marrying any woman?" I argued.

Mom didn't care about what I said at all and continued crying: "Jennie, mom knows you have your own ways, Leo treated you so well I know you like him too. I also knew you two liked each other. Please, help mom."

I couldn't believe mom knew about me and Leo, and yet she forced me to attend his wedding?!

Haha.....

This is my mom.

"impossible." I was tired.

"Then I'll die!" she threatened.

I didn't want to talk any further and hung up, then I switched my phone off.

Maybe I knew deep down that mom wouldn't kill herself for a man.

I didn't even shower and went straight to bed with my makeup on.

In the middle of the night, someone kept ringing my door bell. I got out of the bed and go to the door. I was Wendy.

'Hey, what's up, it's late!' I opened the door and asked.

"Hi, sorry for waking you but here's a sketch from boss. He wants you to improve part B and hand it to him tomorrow. He's been in a bad mood lately, let's all be careful so that he doesn't explode, okay?" Wendy explained.

I smiled at her and thanked her. "Thanks for coming all the way, appreciate it."

"No problem, let's do our best, okay? Sorry again to wake you, go sleep, bye!" she said cheerfully.

"Goodbye, be careful on your way home!" | closed to door and go back to bed.

The next day, I woke up and improved the sketch a little. Then I headed to the office.

On my way in the LRT, I switched on my phone and saw a message from a stranger wishing me happy birthday.

'Happy Birthday

I try to think who would wish me birthday, my friends have already wished me, who could this be?

I checked the number's address. Not from Denmark. Yea, he already has a wife now, why would he remember my birthday?

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