

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Childish Lance

"I'm bored and I don't want to connect to the public wifi here due to privacy, let's watch something on your phone then, if you don't want to watch the show on the TV." He explained.

He clicked on the Netflix icon in my screen and looked through my downloaded list of shows and movies. He clicked on a random show and started watching.

He seemed to like to watch reality shows.

My phone was snatched away by him. Since I didn't want to get too close to him but had nothing to do, I started counting every drop of liquid in the tube.

Lance noticed me not watching the show together with him. He scowled and asked in a low voice: "Why aren't you watching it with me?"

Let's just call this 'childish Lance'. I didn't want to even entertain him by answering him so I sighed. This was so not like the usual Lance.

I said to him: "I watched all those shows before, you watch it yourself."

Lance took out his mobile phone from his pocket and handed it to me. "I have Instagram inside my phone, use my private data and kill your time."

I was completely stunned at this point. Did Lance just hand me his phone? Since when did our relationship improve this way?

His change of attitude was a little bit strange. It caught me off guard.

"What are you staring at? Go on, use it. Or if you don't want, you can return me the phone." Lance said, noticing me not moving,

I stared at the phone, a thought crossed my mind.

This phone was the same as the one I picked up by the stairs back at his house, didn't he complain that it's dirty because I touched it and threw it away?

"Isn't this the phone you asked your maid to throw away? I touched it before." | emphasized on 'I touched it'.

He looked a little awkward and answered me after a brief pause. "Not that one, this is just the same colour and model."

I played with the phone in my hands and smirked: "Will you throw this away? I touched it."

He squinted my eyes at me. "I already touched you whole."

I knew what he meant.

I pressed on his phone's on button. The screen showed a 4 figure password lock.

"Unlock, please." I hand it to him.

He took his phone. We looked at each other's eyes but he didn't proceed to unlock. I laughed coldly and turn away.

He threw his phone on my lap and said: "9180."

He told me his password. What....?

I keyed in the password and sure enough, the phone unlocked.

I scroll through my Instagram, looking at my favourite celebrities' photos and stories. Then, I stalked my favourite male celebrity's profile.

Lance eyes' were not on the show he was watching, it was on my Instagram.

He noticed me searched up the male celebrity and asked: "Do you girls all obsessed with male celebrities like him?"

I tilted my head a little to look at him but who knew his face was so close to mine. Our cheeks touched each other, he felt cold like me.

Awkward.....

I moved my head away quickly and answered his question. "Um, I guess?"

"Hm..."

After a while, he spoke up again. "That male celeb isn't even handsome, I thought you girls like handsome celebs?"

I know Lance also has his own entertainment company, so he personally know a lot of celebrities.

"Not all women like good-looking celebs." I answered him again. Then, I looked at the phone and liked one of the celeb's photos, to show some support.

“Then why do you like this one? He’s a little older and not even handsome.” What was his problem? Why did he suddenly started chatting with me?

But I could only answer him, since he was my boss. “he’s funny. He’s a comedian. He has a wife, a son and a daughter and they are a very

loving family. Looking at his life, wish one day I can be like that too.”

We started chatting more and more.

I was never someone who would waste a lot of times on chasing celebrities and stuff like that. I only like one and that’s him, the comedian.

His shows are really funny and nice.

He once said something that I will never forget. He said, to live is to hope.

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Chapter 37

Lance looked at me and thought for a while, then asked: “You like kids?” I was stunned once again.

I didn’t understand why he would ask me this question so suddenly

“I can’t say I like or don’t like, you don’t have a choice when it comes to being a parent one day.” This was my answer.

But true enough, I can’t say I like nor doesn’t like kids. Maybe if one day I get my own child, I might know my own answer.

“Weren’t you pregnant before, how could you say you’ve never been a mother?” Lance’s face turned dark.

I was completely confused, why was he acting so strange?

“Then if you said it like that, you were once a father too. Any comments? Do you like kids?” I asked back angrily.

Lance was shocked by my response and question. He paused for a brief moment and moved his lips. Then he said: “Then it would depend

on who’s the mother of my child.”

I got what he meant. He meant, if the child was given birth by Jennie Gomez, then of course he wouldn’t like kids.

I'm not stupid.

I stopped talking to him to prevent embarrassing myself any further. I looked up at my drip-feeding tube. Good, it was almost done. I

pressed on the bell on my bench.

One more small tube and I could leave this man alone.

The nurse changed a new one for me and before she leave, she glanced at Lance again.

However, Lance didn't even look at the nurse, she seemed a little disappointed.

I searched for a novel from the web and started reading. This way, I could forget about the man sitting beside me.

Lance stopped watching the show and asked me: "Can I look through your album in your phone?"

My eyes opened wide and I stared at him, how the hell did he become a gentleman out of a sudden?

"If I say no, would you not?" I asked.

"Of course I will." he shrugged his shoulder.

I rolled my eyes and said: "Then why even bother to ask?"

*Jennie, aren't you getting braver and braver everyday? Since when did you have the guts to speak to me like that?" he must have noticed my bad attitude and eye-rolling. Did he felt challenged by a low worker?

"How do you want me to treat you? Should i have taken off my clothes and let the old man rape me last night?" I asked him back. I still couldn't let that incident off. I couldn't get over it. To be honest, I felt that I'm a cruel person, not to others, to myself. I kept hurting myself on the same wound again and again.

Lance face turned very pale, like he just saw a ghost.

A nurse called out suddenly. "Sir, your drip is done, why didn't you press the bell?"

The nurse's question got rid of our awkward atmosphere.

After changing to a new tube, Lance stopped looking or talking to me.

I was done with mine and I stood up to leave but was stopped by Lance. "Wait for me, I'm going to be done soon."

He already requested can I say no? I stayed and waited for him.

When he was done with his, the nurse that kept glancing at him came over and blushed when she saw his face. "Sir, can I get to know you?"

Lance looked at the nurse, put one hand around my shoulder and answered the nurse warmly: "Sorry, my girlfriend here gets jealous easily. She doesn't like it when I make female friends."

I looked at the blushing nurse, then looked at Lance's fake smile. I felt grossed out.

But what the hell? Girlfriend?

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Chapter 38 Public Transport

Lance and I walked alongside each other. We never walked together like this before, I would always walk behind him.

I let him walk in front of me too this time, but he slowed down until I was beside him, then continued the pace.

Lance is weird today, I could feel it. The change in his attitude was also huge, what is he thinking? Is he planning something?

I thought after running his plan yesterday, he would make my life a living hell, but instead he treated me a little better.

I even thought he might have the slightest feelings for me, like how a normal man would have for a woman, but after what he did to me last night, I threw the thought out of my mind

It's cold outside of the hospital.

"I'm not familiar with the places around here, you've been here for some time, do you know if there's any supermarket here? Need to buy some stuff." Lance asked me.

He's a rich and powerful guy, why would he buy stuff himself?

I bit my tongue and stopped myself from asking. I answered his question instead.

"There's a small supermarket two stations down, not far away."

"Then let's take the bus, shall we? I have never taken the bus."

His words showed how curious he is towards a public transport. I pointed at the bus stop: "There, wait there."

We crossed the road together. He pulled me from his right side to his left side and said: "I don't like it when people walk on my right side."

I don't care which side I walk on, but I do know that the cars are coming towards us on the right side. I didn't think much about what he said, I just thought maybe he just purely doesn't like people walking on his right side?

I took out a five dollar change from my purse as I didn't have smaller change.

We got into the bus. It was crowded, so we stood together with our hands holding onto the handle.

There are a lot of people in the bus. Everyone might touch each other once in a while due to the movement of the bus. I glimpsed at Lance's face and noticed that he doesn't seem too happy. Hahaha, seems like young master Mason here isn't used to this situation.

He must not want to go into a public transport ever again.

A middle-aged man kept pushing against me. His hands already touched my butt many times. I have no choice but to lean nearer towards Lance.

Lance noticed my behaviour, my head was already almost in his chest. "What's wrong?" he asked.

I answered him in a low voice. "It's crowded here."

He glanced at my back and then suddenly, he pulled me behind him and turned around, his back facing the middle-aged man who touched my butt.

The lady behind me was also pushing against me. Lance didn't say anything and pressed me against his chest. He then whispered into my ear: "See, easy."

His breath was warm on my ears, making me a little uncomfortable.

My face was pressed against his chest, I could smell the faint orange-y smell on him. I know he loves oranges, his dessert after meals are always oranges.

He even asked his servants to get him orange scented spray for clothings.

I continued taking in the smell of him and I realized although we have stayed in the same house for so many years and we never interact, I still know what he likes and what he doesn't like.

He is a really tall man, perhaps he's tired, he rested his chin on my head. This may seem better for him as he can be more relaxed but my neck hurts from trying to stand his head's pressure pressing down against me.

We arrived very quickly. I pushed him softly and reminded him: "We're here."

He seems unhappy. "Why so fast?"

"It's only two stations from the hospital!" I answered.

Getting down the car, Lance suddenly tried to hold my hands but I moved my hands away. His face turned cold and he glared at me, then he walked in front of me. I followed behind.

Entering the supermarket, I pushed a trolley and walked behind Lance. I noticed he didn't take anything from the racks, he just walked around casually.

I asked from his back: "Lance Mason, aren't you getting anything?"

He stopped walking and turned around, his face looked better than just now. "Get some vegetables and cook at home. I'm hungry." He pointed at the cabbage.

I remembered he hired servants and even cooks, why is he buying his own groceries?

"Why are you staring at me like that?" he asked, after seeing me not moving.

I chuckled awkwardly. "Hahaha, nothing. I just wanted to ask you what food you like."

He heard me asking me what he likes. What surprised me was he smiled awkwardly. What the hell? Is this the cold blooded Lance Mason? "Do you know how to prepare fish? I love fish." Lance asked.

I know how to steam and fry fish very well, because Leo loves eating fish. This pair of siblings are only different in terms of personality, what they like and their appearances are actually very similar.

Lance's calm behaviour and attitude sometimes make me thought it was Leo in front of me.

"Yes, I know. But not very tasty." I said to Lance. I knew what he wanted me to do, to cook meals for him. I'm a patient with high fever. I sighed.

Seems like I have to be his one day cook. I thought.

I walked to the fish area and picked a few fresh-looking fish. I plan to cook sweet and sour fish.

“What else do you want?” I asked after getting the fish.

A smile was plastered on his face. Strange enough he even helped me push the trolley. We looked like a couple buying groceries together.

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Chapter 39 My House

I blushed at the thought and internally scolded myself for having this kind of thoughts.

“What else do you know how to prepare?” he asked.

“A little bit of everything.” I answered shortly.

“Then get a few crabs. When mother was still alive, she always made crabs for me and Leo.”

This was the first time Lance mention his mother to me, in a good way.

Leo’s name made my heart skipped a beat. I know Leo loves crab, so naturally I tried to learn how to prepare crabs too last time. I learned everything that Leo loves.

My mom got into a relationship with their father even right before their mother died, so of course Lance would blame my mom for their mom’s death.

Perhaps, I should suffer for this. It’s only natural for me to suffer for my mom’s actions.

Lance wanted crabs, so we took 4 big crabs.

We took a few more different vegetables and went to the counter for bill. Lance suddenly asked me what I like to eat and told me to go get it too. I told him I’m not a picky eater, so I’m okay with the food we just chose.

The reason why I’m not a picky eater is because I was sent to stay at the school’s hostel since middle school, I knew being a picky eater

would naturally lead to more expensive meals, so ever since that time, I try to eat everything that’s given to me.

Lance stared at me with disbelief: “What century are you living in? I can’t believe there’s still people out there who isn’t picky with food. I thought 90s kids like you are all very picky eater.....” . Seems like people have very huge opinions on the 90s kids..... .

“Picky eaters are not according to age, only the rich pick what they eat, poor people eat what they have.” I rolled my eyes.

He burst out laughing: "Don't bullshit, I know you don't like fish, pork ribs and beef, right?" he looked at me with confidence in his eyes.

He must have noticed this when we ate at the same table, that was because I knew he would judge me or insult me. He would not have eaten the food that I took.

I smiled and said: "I only like rice."

It's our turn to pay, so our conversation regarding picky eater stopped just like that.

I rushed forward to pay, Lance didn't have any cash with him. What he had in his wallet were all kinds of black cards. Of course the

supermarket would allow us to use credit cards, but I was afraid of what people might think or look at us if he took out his black cards. I

stopped him before he could do anything and smiled at him. "We've known each other for 20 years, and have been eating and using Mason's money, why not let me pay for this?"

Lance stared at me in disbelief, he must think I've gone mad.

Under his disbelieving eyes, I took out my cash and paid for the grocery. Lance helped me carry some stuff and we exited the supermarket.

I stared at him with a weird look. "Why are you staring at me like that again?"

I chuckled softly. "I just felt so unbelievable."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because this is the first time you're being a gentleman towards me." I answered.

His face immediately turned dark after what I said. What the hell? How can he switch his mood so fast?

Jennie Gomez, I'm being nice to you, don't try anything."

I nodded my head immediately. "Alright, sir, you're nice to me so I must be grateful."

I called a cab and we entered the cab after 2 minutes of waiting. At first I thought we would be heading to his mansion in the Pavilion Residence, instead he told the cab to head to my place.

I wanted to refuse, that's my little safe haven, I don't want him to ruin it. Plus there are a lot of me and Leo's memories inside, if he sees it, he would definitely destroy it!

“My house is very dirty, next time, alright?” I asked nicely.

Lance furrowed his brows and said: “Why are you acting like a man is hiding at your place?”

I sighed and looked out the window. Fine. Seems like there’s no way I can stop this man.

I think about Leo and sighed once again. Fine, he’s someone else’s husband now, I should move on and not hold on anymore.

Reaching my place, Lance followed behind me, waiting for me to unlock my door.

The condo I rented has 2 rooms. Leo’s stuff is locked inside a small room.

Lance entered my house casually and put down all the bags of groceries. He looked around my small condo, I could feel the judgment in his eyes. He’s used to big mansions and luxurious life, of course he wouldn’t like my place.

“Have a seat, I’m going to cook.”

I started preparing the dishes. I don’t feel like cooking, all I wanted to do was to lie in bed and rest.

I was cleaning up the crab when Lance burst into the kitchen with cold eyes and said: “Man came over!”

He wasn’t asking me, he was stating it.

I lifted my eyes and looked at him. I was lazy to explain. “Many men came over, what are you trying to say?”

No matter who came, Lance Mason has no right to care about it.

“Did Leo come?” he asked.

I wasn’t surprised. Of course he would ask me this question.

I looked at him straight in the eyes and said: “Yes, he used to stay here during his university breaks.”

“hahaha.... no wonder.” Lance laughed coldly. Then he added: “No wonder he didn’t come home, he came to your place instead.”

Lance suddenly approached me and came behind me. He hugged me from behind and lowered down his head. He put his head in my neck and sniffed. "Let me smell how seductive you are!"

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Chapter 40 Toy Replacement

Lance's lips touched my neck. He was gentle, but his behaviour terrified me, I wasn't sure if he would open his mouth and bite my neck at this point.

His lips moved downwards. Seems like my worry was extra.

"Aren't you hungry? I was going to cook!" I said. I haven't even recovered fully from my previous surgery, and after the terrifying incident last night, I don't think I was strong enough to handle anything today.

But this man obviously doesn't care that much about me.

He carried me up and walked out of the kitchen. He lowered his head towards mine and grinned: "Yes, I'm hungry, but not for food, for....."

He didn't even finish talking and threw me on my bed. Then, he came on top of me.

"What are you thinking about?" he stared straight into my eyes and asked.

His hands were everywhere: "You're lost in your own thought, did another man slept in this bed before?"

I stopped his hands with my hands and said: "I don't know what kind of bullshit you're saying, I'm hungry and I want to go cook, get up please."

Me and Leo slept on this bed before, but we only slept and didn't do anything else. So when Lance pressed against me on the same bed, I felt uncomfortable.

I tried to push Lance's body away, but I couldn't. He's a tall man with a proud height of 187cm plus he goes to the gym regularly. I glared at him after failing to push him away. "Get off."

"Jennie Gomez, did you forget your own place again? How dare you reject me?" Lance's true colours finally showed again, after half a day of pretending to be a gentleman.

"That's right, your true colour is out. Isn't this the real you, Lance?"

His eyes were shooting daggers at me at this point, like I killed his whole family.

He really didn't pity me at all. It was painful, very painful.

My eyes were empty, staring at the ceiling while he moved his body, doing what he wants with my body.

My tears wet my pillow.

Leo's brother was doing this to me fiercely, does he know? If he knew how his brother was treating me, would he regret not touching me?

I moaned out between my lips, like I have completely lost my mind. "Leo, I really love you. I love you so much."

The man on top of me stopped moving and move his lips away from mine. I opened my eyes a little and I pretended Lance was Leo.

I must have lost my mind, but they look to similar to each other.

I thought Leo moved away from me and I hold onto his neck, but it was actually Lance's neck. I pressed his head down onto my chest and whispered gently: "Leo, take me, take me right here will you?"

I felt a huge slap across my face, it hurt.

The slap woke me up from my hallucination too, I opened my eyes completely and saw Lance on top of me, not Leo! My tears rolled down again.

Lance's face was as cold as the tundra now, like he could freeze me to death any moment.

His blood shot eyes glared at me hard. We stared into each other's eyes. When I opened my eyes and saw Lance, not Leo, I was disappointed. I think I must have shown my disappointment on my face and provoked Lance even further.

He put his hands in between my hair and pulled hard. My head lifted but my skin was pain.

He never treated me gentle at all. I glared at his face.

He looked like a hungry lion at this point, "Slut, who did you moan out for just now? I dare you to call out his name again."

I was in despair, but yet I laughed. I laughed out loud coldly.

I laughed in a high pitch, like a mad woman.

"I called Leo's name, my second brother. Lance, you two look a lot like each other don't you know that? Seeing your face makes me think for a split second that you are Leo. Every time we do it, I imagine you are Leo, so that I could at least feel a little better you know?"

I knew the consequences of saying this, I knew it, but either way he would make me suffer, so I didn't care anymore and tried to provoke him.

I know Lance love Leo a lot, he's his only brother, Lance wouldn't go for him and instead, would shift his anger onto me.

Yes, I did provoke him. His hand raised up again to slap me, seeing the height of his raised hands, I knew how painful it's going to be. "You said I'm your toy, then you're my replacement for the man I love.

"I'm a toy, you're a replacement, hahahahaha....." I laughed like a woman from the asylum.

His hand never landed on my face. Instead, it turned into a fist and punched the pillow beside my face. It was a huge blow that I could even feel the wind.

He glared at my face for a long time, thousands of emotions exploding in those beautiful eyes of his. I wasn't sure anymore if it was anger I saw, or disappointment and despair that I saw in his eyes.

He didn't say anything and got out of the bed.

After a while, I heard the door banged shut. Good, Lance Mason left my house, good news to me.

I picked up the blanket on the floor and covered my own body. Then I started sobbing.

What kind of life is this?.....