

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 61

Chapter 61 Watch and Learn

After I answered him, Lance's face suddenly turned emotionless and he put me down on the floor. I stood beside him and he got up. "I'm going to my study room and work."

After he left, I looked myself in the mirror, looking at my own face. No, not face, my mask. The invisible mask that I had put on to pretend and act around him.

I sat on the bed, and thought. What was Lance thinking? Why did he suddenly decided to bring me to England just days before his most important project?

I didn't want to think about it anymore and started to pack my luggage. Once I finished packing mine, I stared at his empty grey luggage. I struggled internally if I need to help him pack or no need. I was afraid that he might find my actions extra and judge me again. Lance came in while I was in my thoughts and noticed the pile of clothes. "What is this?" he asked.

"Didn't you say we fly tomorrow morning? I am packing."

He folded his hands and watched me. I felt uncomfortable and asked: "Do you need me to pack for you?"

He put down his hands and said: "Be careful when packing, don't mess up my cupboard. Look at your cupboard, so messy."

I blushed in embarrassment and said: "Alright, I'll tidy it up later."

Lance has this perfectionist personality. He can't stand any messy or dirty things.

As for me, I don't really care for untidiness as long as I make sure it's clean.

I put his empty luggage on the floor and Lance pointed at his drawer. "My socks and boxers re inside."

I nodded and said okay. Then I asked packed his clothes and asked him if he needed any suit. He said just bring his white sneakers and casual wear, because we are going to travel, not work, so there's no need to bring his suits.

I folded his clothes very carefully, making sure I don't mess up his stuff, to prevent him from getting mad again.

Lastly, I put his shaver and cleaner into his luggage and zipped it up. My forehead was dripping with sweat.

I wiped my sweat and looked up at Lance. He was looking at me with a weird look. His eyes were filled with love and gentleness. But when he saw me looking at him, he quickly changed to a poker face.

"I'm done!" I said to him.

He replied with a 'hm' and said: "Let's go down for food."

I followed him down, but he turned around suddenly and pulled me into his arms. He pressed my face on his chest and said: "You're so short."

I looked at the tall man in front of me and said: "I'm not short, you're just too tall! I'm considered tall at this 165 cm height."

Lance is 187cm, of course compared to me, I'm short beside him.

Lance pulled me away from his chest and observed me. "Girls need to be at least 170cm, so they can look prettier. You're too short."

I wanted to vomit blood when I heard what he said. no logic at all.

I recalled Tiffany's height. Without further thinking, I said: "Ms Abel isn't even as tall as me, do you think she's short?"

"Are you comparing yourself with her?" he asked me back.

".... I could feel the blood and heat rushing to my cheeks. I blushed hard.

"Not at all, I don't deserve to be compared with her." I faked a smile and said. Tiffany Abel and me, we are of such a huge difference. She's the 'princess' of a rich and powerful family, what am I?

So, I didn't stand a chance.

Lance stared at me for a split second and didn't say a thing. Then he turned back around and went down, as if he agreed too.

To be honest, I was sad. Not because of Lance's attitude, but because of Tiffany Abel. She has everything, a loving family, money, power..... I had no thing.

At the dining table, me and Lance started to eat our food. He's the politest person on the dining table I have ever met. He doesn't make a single sound when eating. I almost thought he was a ghost. I had to force myself to eat slowly and carefully, to make sure I didn't make any noise and annoy him.

After dinner, Lance pulled me along to his study room. What was he planning to do?

Just when I was thinking hard what he could do, he switched on his computer and went to Pornhub.

What the hell? I didn't expect him to watch this kind of stuff. A man like him can simply find a woman willing to satisfy his needs. So why was he trying to masturbate to porn?

Lance made me sit on his lap, his down there was hard, poking into my butt. I felt a little uncomfortable. He knew I was on period, why was he doing this to himself?

The video started and I could hear the moans loudly. I blushed,

It's not like I have never watched porn before, last time when I was trying to seduce Leo, I watched one under my covers but wasn't able to finish it as it was too hardcore. The one I watched was censored. Lance was watching uncensored ones.....

"Watch properly, this is to teach you. You are like a dead fish on bed. Seems like I do you too well on bed you forgot how to serve me."

I was forced to watch closely. Gross.....

"Watch and learn, understand?!" and with that, Lance started to touch me and kiss me again.

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 62

Chapter 62 Teasing me

I didn't know what he wanted to do, the porn was still playing. He was teasing me with his hands, at this rate I felt that my period was going to flow like the waterfall.

Lance didn't stop teasing my body. I felt myself heating up. I was shy and embarrassed, plus it made me a little uncomfortable too.

I softly touched his hands to stop him, hoping he would take my hint, but he didn't stop. Instead, he became even more passionate. He licked my earlobes and softly bit me, while his hands slide down into my pants, touching me through my pads.

"Don't..... please stop." I moaned out uncomfortably. It felt good, but it was also uncomfortable.

Lance turned my body around and made me sat facing him. We stared at each other, and I could feel his dick getting harder and harder beneath me. I didn't know if I should move or stay frozen.

He put his fingertips on my chin and pushed my head up, raising my eyes to meet his. He stared at me with lusty eyes for a whole minute, and I didn't know what to do. I just stared back and held my breathe.

I saw him slowly lowering his head, his long eyelashes making some shadows beneath his eyes, his tall nose and strong jawline.... I must admit this man right here is devilishly handsome!

When our lips touched, I could feel how gentle Lance was this time. Lance has kissed countless times, and every time was harsh and he even bit my lips a few times. This time was different, he was gentle and soft, slowly licking my lips, and using his tongue to push open my teeth, gaining access to my mouth and tongue. He slowly sucked on my tongue, teasing me further.

He was weird today, treating me bad then treating me so gently.

Just when I was about to go out of breath, he removed his lips from my mouth and moved downwards to my breasts.

At this point, I felt like if there's even a slight spark, it would lit my whole body on fire. When Lance's hand pinched my nipples, I accidentally moaned out in pleasure. Shit, I should have controlled myself.

Lance seemed to be very satisfied with my reaction and whispered into my ear: "Moan out if you can't take it, I like to hear you moan."

He likes to hear me moan, so I forced myself to moan more.

When our little foreplay session ended, I was like a ragged doll in his arms. I was already almost naked, leaving only my panties.

Because he teased the hell out of me and this triggered my body's hormones, my period flowed like there's no tomorrow. It even stained Lance's grey sweatpants.

I blushed and said to him awkwardly: "Um, sorry. I stained your pants again."

Lance played with my hair, the corner of his lips slide upwards a little: "Did *you* feel good just now?"

My cheeks blushed even harder. Under his gaze, I was forced to nod my head.

Lance was satisfied with my response and chuckled. Then put his hands behind my head and pressed my lips onto his again.

This time, his kissed me really hard, like he wanted to swallow me whole.

In the middle of our kiss, he whispered: "Be a good girl, I won't treat you badly again."

I put my hands around his neck and kissed his chin, speaking in a sweet voice: "I will be a good girl."

Lance was happy with my answer and carried me up like a child. My chest was pressed against his hard and ripped chest. Thankfully the servants are not allowed to come upstairs during the night, or else they would see me naked.

Lance wanted to carry me into the bathroom and so he did. He opened the shower and prepared warm water, then he took off his stained pants and threw it in the laundry bin. He walked towards me and started to scrub my body. The water on the floor became red, because my period was flowing. I guess all of my embarrassment will be witnessed by this man.....

My cheeks were hot and red because I was truly embarrassed.

After finish scrubbing me, Lance

patted my butt and said in a happy tone: "Go put on some clothes and a thick pad. I don't want to wake up in the middle of a blood pool tomorrow. You women are strange creatures, losing so much blood every month but still alive."

I nodded my head and quickly wrapped a towel around my body. Then I took a piece of night use pads and went to the closet room. I sighed out in relief and patted my own red face.

I took out my sweatpants and hoodie. Just when I was putting on my pad, Lance came into the closet room and witnessed me putting on my pads and pulling up my sweats.

I didn't dare look at his face, was he laughing at me or was there a perverted smile.....?

He came over to me when I was done and carried me up again, then he headed towards the bed. He put me on the bed and climbed beside me quickly, he even put his arms out to allow me to lie on it.

To be honest, his sudden change or attitude towards me surprised me.

I didn't under why he suddenly changed.

He was just like the devil, I never know what to expect when I'm with him.

He pulled me into his embrace and closed his eyes. I didn't felt very comfortable so I waited until I was sure he slept and moved slightly to get out of his arms.

Who knew, he suddenly opened his eyes and scared the hell out of me.

"What are you doing? Stop moving around!" He sounded irritated.

I felt wronged and said: "It's not that I don't want to sleep, your arm is very hard, it's uncomfortable

Lance didn't look happy and pulled his arms away. Then he turned around with his back facing me and slept.

Looking at his very fit back with beautiful muscle lines, I thought, he was letting his guard down around me, if I put a knife in him from the back, he would die.

I was surprised to even have this thought crossed my mind. I cannot think this way, or else one day I might really kill him.

This isn't the ending I wanted.

Lance had a very bad habit, he likes to keep a small lamp on when he sleeps. At first when I started sleeping together with him, I couldn't get used to it and was unable to sleep for a few days. It was only after that I slowly got used to it. I'm actually very impressed by my own adaptation.

But I started to get insomnia again these few days.

I stared at the ceilings, hoping to be able to fall asleep soon, counting sheep.

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 63

Chapter 63 Cunning Fox

The next day, I woke up under Lance's slap. He slapped my butt hard.

I got up and rolled my eyes with my hands. I looked at him with blurry eyes and noticed he didn't look like he had a good night's sleep. He's a busy person, he never had enough time to sleep.

"Go get my shirt for me in the closet." Lance demanded.

I felt a little bit annoyed, doesn't he have legs?

I went to his closet and picked a pair of sweatpants, his Nike shirt and his pair of Adidas sneakers. I smiled coldly, isn't this a wife's job? What am I? Who am I?

Lance seemed to be quite satisfied with my choice of clothes and took it from my hands with a slight smile. He said on the bed and started to put on the clothes. I have been sleeping with him for quite some time already and I have never known that he had this

habit of wearing clothes on the bed. it was strange seeing him acting like a child, and I was like his mother.

I started the school myself internally, what am I thinking? How could last be a child? And I'm not a kind mother.

We both have hatred for each other yet we are still living with each other peacefully.

Humans like us are always putting on a mask and acting like everything is okay.

"Help me put on my socks and shoes." Lance put both of his feet on the bed.

I was completely speechless, a 30+ year old man, didn't he have his own hands? Although I didn't want to help him and I feel insulted but I had to do as he said since I have already embarrassed myself in front of him many many times.

I kneeled down slowly in front of him, although his heat doesn't smell, but I still didn't want to touch his feet. Just when my hand was about to touch his leg, Lance suddenly raise his late and used his toes to touch my face. At that moment I really wanted to stand up and give him a slap.

He must have done it on purpose to insult and embarrass me further.

"You don't look good, do you think my feet smell?" Lance asked with an unhappy face.

I smile bitterly and shook my head: "No, are you kidding me? Let me help you put on your socks!"

Lance pull back his own legs and snatched the socks away from my hands. With an annoyed tone, he said to me: "since you don't look like you are willing to do so then fine I'll do it by myself!"

After putting on his own socks, he went to the bathroom to wash up. I quickly went to the closet and change my own outfit.

Although Lance Mason is already 30+ years old but seeing him in a casual outfit, he looks really young, just like a university student.

We boarded the plane but it wasn't his private plane, Lance seemed to be very tired and slept in the plane for many hours.

When he woke up after a few hours, he stretched his back and took a sip of water. He moved his face near me to see what I was reading then he took the book from my hands and looked at the cover asking me: "what is this book?"

I answered him: "Novel, romance novel, to kill some time."

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I like to read this sort of book because I thought that I was lonely and I needed to read some happy and romantic stuff to fill the emptiness in my heart.

Lance flipped a few pages and I guessed he didn't know what the book was talking about so he asked me: "What is the story about?"

I looked at him and didn't answer him immediately. He shifted his attention away from the book and on to me and asked: "I'm asking you a question?"

"Men wouldn't get interested in this kind of stories." And with that, I took my book back from his hands but he didn't let go. Instead, He said: "You didn't even tell me how would you know that I wouldn't be interested in this?"

Since he wanted to know, alright I'll tell him.

"Well, it is just the same oh romance novel. The male lead treated the female lead very very bad and hurt her deeply, then he only realised that he had already fallen in love with her. Later, he started to treat her better. In the end, the female lead forgives him and they had a happy ending."

I explained the storyline simply. Lance stared at me with emotionless eyes and I stared back. It was as if we were both holding our breaths. He looked stern, then he tossed the book back to me and said: "Have you been reading a lot of books like that? Please do remember that I am not a male lead and you are not the female lead of the book."

I smoothen the pages that were crumbled by Lance and forced a chuckle: "No I didn't, don't misunderstand me. Why would I think that I'm the female lead? Since when was my life so lucky? I'm fated to never have anyone love me, you treating me this way, giving me

food and clothes and a place to stay..... I'm grateful enough."

Lance didn't say anything anymore and closed his eyes. His expression was still very stern and serious.

I looked out the window and saw the sunrise. We must be getting near to England. What will happen in this trip I wonder?

From our landing until we got in the cab, Lance didn't speak to me at all. I seem to know what he was angry about, but at the same time I also wasn't sure. I think I must be going crazy to be guessing what Lance Mason was thinking about the whole day.

Lance had a driver here that I didn't know, he drove us to the heart of London, we arrived at a beautiful mansion. It was an English Style mansion.

When we got down the car, a middle age man, home I think is the butler, use very fluent Mandarin and spoke to Lance: "Sir, welcome home."

A very fair maid with blonde hair helped us carry our luggage. There were also other servants waiting outside the mansion for us. The scene in front of me was like watching a TV show

Lance nodded at the butler and went into his mansion. I quickly followed behind. This mansion was a lot bigger than the Mason's mansion back in Denmark. There is a golf field and even a swimming pool.

I knew Lance is rich but I never knew he was this rich. London is the most expensive city in the UK and yet he owns such a big mansion in the city.

I followed him up to the third floor, the big room was huge and there was even a walk in closet for both of us, the size of it was like my whole bedroom back in my condo.

Looking at the men's clothes in the closet, then looking back at the grey luggage I suddenly felt like laughing. This isn't travelling this was basically Lance Mason coming back home!

Lance is a very hygienic person and the moment he stepped into his bedroom he went to the bathroom and take a shower.

I observed the bedroom. It was full of European and English decoration, plus Lance had purchased a lot of different paintings from famous artists. Such a big house and expensive decoration, plus the servants and butler..... I wonder if this was Lance's real house, and if he had anything hiding in this house.

Every cunning fox has 3 dens, was this his most important one ?

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 64

Chapter 64 Niklaus?!

Lance finished taking a shower and got out of the bathroom in his khaki pants and white T-shirt. He was also wearing a very nice jacket, he looked really handsome. To be really honest here, right now he looked just like Leo Mason. It was because Leo likes to dress in this kind of outfit, I stared at him like he was really Leo.

Lance approached me and patted on my head. He scoffed: " what are you staring at? Let's go I'll bring you out."

Once held my hand and together we left the mansion. This time, he drove himself. The scenery was breathtaking.

I told him I was hungry and he brought me to a French restaurant. When the food was served, he ordered wine for both of us.

Just when I was going to drink the wine I saw a familiar face, a man. It was Niklaus Sands.

. I was pretty surprised why he would appear in England. Lance's biggest rival in this project is Niklaus

, why are these two men travelling to a different country just when the project was going to start?

"What are you looking at?" Lance asked when he noticed me looking behind him.

I answered him: "someone that you know."

Lance listened to what I said and turned around, Niklaus was walking hand in hand with a blonde girl. He was walking towards us.

With a sarcastic tone, Lance turned back around and said to me: "you have great eyesight."

I lowered down *my* head and didn't know what to say. This isn't about my eyesight, it was just because Niklaus is a very tall man and he is very beautiful, how could I not notice him?

Together with the blonde girl, Niklaus approached us and said: " seems like CEO Mason doesn't want to see me."

Lance that up and shook his hands, saying: " You think too much, Mr Sands."

They let go of each other's hands and Niklaus shifted his attention towards me. He looked at me while speaking to Lance: " Isn't this your little secretary? Why is she with you anywhere you go?"

Lance's lips twitched-up and and he said: "My secretary is very caring and makes me comfortable, I like to bring her around for work."

My face reddened. Everybody knows what a man means when he says a lady makes him 'comfortable'.

Niklaus gave me a long stare and smirked: "Ms Gomez sure is cute, what a lucky man you are, Mr Mason."

Lance looked at the pretty blonde girl beside Niklaus and said: "You too, Mr Sands."

Niklaus and that pretty blonde girl sat at our table. Lance and him started to chitchat about life, but not a word about business.

I felt a little bit too full in the middle of the meal and said: "I need to go to the washroom."

Lance nodded his head in approval. I went into the bathroom and splashed some cold water onto my face clear my head and mind. I leaned against the wall, feeling a little irritated. I had a plan, and I also knew my goals and intention, but the thing was, I couldn't find out what dirty things Lance did.

Right at this time, the blonde girl came in and smiled at me. I smiled back. She took out her makeups and started to freshen up.

She is a really beautiful woman, her body is great too. This is the type of woman that can seduce a man easily. I didn't expect Niklaus' taste to be this spicy and hot.

"Sis, how old are you?" The girl asked.

Did she just call me 'sis'? I looked at myself in the mirror, true, I don't look like a teenager anymore but I don't look old too! I even looked a little younger than her!

"Nearly 23." I answered.

She put on her lipstick and mascara, then she said: "I'm 21!"

"oh, well you are quite young." I said.

"Sis, how many times have you aborted?"

"WHAT?!" I was shocked to hear her question.

I sighed and said calmly: "never."

She smiled at me and said: "Sis, don't like to me, these rich men don't treat us as humans. For me, I aborted twice already. Sigh, I got together with Nik at the age of 16,4 years, and yet he never said anything about marrying me."

"Are you British? Or mixed?" I asked, I was just curious.

"I'm half British half Chinese, but I look more like the British side, my father is from here, my *mom* is British born Chinese." The girl answered.

i nodded then thought about what she said just now. Niklaus looks like a gentlemen, yet he's just like Lance, this made me worried if he would really work with me to go against Lance.

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 65

Chapter 65 Secret Message

"You must have aborted too, looking at your pale face and weak body. Let me tell you this, Sis, men are not anything good, especially pretty men. Money is still the most important thing."

She finished speaking and touched her latest edition Chanel bag. She was covered in branded all over her body, even her makeups were Lancôme. I looked at myself and felt a little embarrassed.

I was dressed in a very casual outfit today. A pair of jeans and a T-shirt plus a jacket.

I knew what this pretty girl meant, but what she didn't know was, I stayed beside Lance not to marry him or for his money. I didn't have a choice, if someone ask what's the relationship between me and Lance, I could only say hatred.

Yes, there was only hatred between us.

We went back together, Lance glared at me, not happy that I was gone for so long.

After bill, Lance needed to go to the washroom, so Niklaus and the pretty girl left first, I stood at the entrance waiting for Lance. Then I received a message. I know this sender's number, I didn't dare to save it so I memorized it.

The message: Lance has a huge mansion in England, have you been there?

I replied: Yes, it's very huge, but i didn't find anything.

Another message: try the underground room, check it out there.

I asked: anything there?

The sender replied: How would I know? That mansion is very strictly guarded, my men have never been able to get in successfully. I just know there's an underground room.

According to what I know, he's been doing some dirty stuff in Europe these few years. Lance is a very power-hungry man, local businesses wouldn't be able to satisfy him.

I quickly read the message and replied with an 'okay'. Then I deleted all the message and put my phone back into my purse. Lance came out and said: "Let's go, I'll bring you to see River Thames and the Big Ben."

It was quite windy and I didn't bring a hair band to tie my hair, so my hair kept blowing and covering my face. I had no choice but to pulled Lance's hand, whom was walking in front of me.

"What's wrong?" He asked, looking back at me.

"it's windy and cold, why not we go back?" I sald.

Lance nodded in agreement and said: "Alright then."

We didn't go to see the Big Ben, I followed him back, and after that, we never went to see it too.

On the way home, while Lance was driving, he answered a phone call. I only heard him saying 'alright, got it.' Then he gave me a weird look and hung up.

I initiated a conversation with him but he didn't talk to me at all, so I shut my mouth and didn't speak anymore.

Lance had been acting strange, especially his temperament. Sometimes he was jolly, sometimes he was gloomy. Sometimes when we go out he looked happy, then when we got back home he became cold and distant.

Lance parked his car in his garage, there were a lot of fancy cars parked there. I saw a not so fancy car parked there and was found it strange. Lance never liked normal cars like this.

He must have noticed me staring at that car and said: "That is Leo's car. You must know he likes car like this, right?"

Why did I sense sarcasm in this words.

I lowered down my head and mumbled: "I'm not clear about this."

"Hah..... lance laughed coldly and got out of the car, I quickly followed right behind him.

The butler came to us and spoke to Lance softly: "Young Master Mason is here."

Young Master Mason? Who's that?

Don't tell me it's Leo Mason I could feel myself slowly becoming a stone.

Lance turned around and looked at me, smirking: "Why aren't you moving? Your favorite brother is here, shouldn't you see him?"

I didn't expect Leo to turn up here in England, wasn't he in America doing research for cancer?

Why was he here? Did he know I was here with Lance? Or did he somehow find out about me trying to work against Lance with Niklaus?

I became very worried and nervous. I know Leo wouldn't harm me, but still, the business is his family's business, and Lance Mason is his only brother.

This pair of siblings are very close and they love each other very much, they would do anything to make sure one another is safe.

My confidence of Leo siding me went down the hell, I knew if one day he found out about this, no matter how much he loved me, or still loves me, he would choose his brother's side. Blood is thicker than water.

I stared at Lance, I didn't even dare to look at Leo who was already beside us.

But what happened next, proved that I think too much. And what actually happened next, broke my heart even further. I have never felt so low and so heartbroken in my life.