

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 66

My Love My Hatred Chapter 66—I want you to beg for death

Leo looked at me and then back at Lance, his face seemed to be judging me and it was filled with disgust. He must have guessed my relationship with Lance by now.

“Brother, why?” Leo let go of my hands, I could never forget the look he gave me, it was disgust, and hatred.

Like I was the trash beside the road, all of the good memories about me, ruined by Lance Mason.

This must be in his plan. Did he purposely brought me here and directed this whole drama so that the man I loved so much would start to be disgusted by me? This was the worst punishment I could ever imagined. Yes, I admit, Lance succeeded. He succeeded in making me want to die instead of live.

“No reason, we are grown adults. She’s willing to give me her body while I’m willing to give her money. *You* were seduced by this woman’s appearance, she’s not as clean and innocent as you thought she was. Don’t forget who her mother is. I told you many times before, Leo, and you never listened. I didn’t want to let you because you are my only brother, but I didn’t want you to sink into this bullshit any further. I love you very much, brother, so I wanted you to see her façade.”

Lance finished speaking and looked at me, who was already on the ground, my knees have given out.

So, I’m a woman like that. What a nice ‘she’s willing to give her my body’. If you said this is the second time, what about the first time? *When you raped me and took my virginity away?*

Leo squatted down and raised my chin. His face was cold.p: “Is my brother telling the truth? JENNIE GOMEZ!”

I stared at my ‘second brother’, not a single tear formed. My heart had taken in all my tears, my heart wilted.

“Willing? You were willing to do that? Seriously?” Leo asked me once again.

I stared at him with empty eyes. If Leo was disgusted by me and started to hate me, then for real this time, I have nothing left. Nothing.

“Leo, we are brothers, before mother died, I swore beside her bed that I will become powerful and protect you. Don’t blame me for doing this, this woman and me? We are just trading, a woman like this doesn’t deserve you.” Lance said. And before he left the

room, he added: "Leo, Jennie said she doesn't like the bracelet you gave her, the ruby. She prefers the diamond bracelet that's worth a few thousand dollars. Have you seen her

I want you to beg for death wearing it? Beautiful isn't it?"

I was really wearing the bracelet Lance gave me, it was hidden under my sleeve right now. But I wore it not because I liked it, it was to make Lance happy. I never expected him

to use this as a weapon against me to hurt Leo.

Lance left the room and closed the door, leaving me and Leo alone on purpose.

Leo asked: " Which wrist?"

I put out my wrist, the one with my scars. The shiny diamond revealed itself. Leo looked at the expensive piece of jewelry and laughed coldly. I could sense the sarcasm and irony in his laugh. Before he left me Lao e, he said: "After so many years, I thought you were different from your mother, seems like I was wrong."

I didn't know where to look at, my eyes were empty. Just before the door shut close, heard myself mumbling in a very soft voice: "You're wrong."

Leo left in a hurry, he didn't even had dinner and went back to America,

Lance came back in the room, i was still on the floor. He yelled: "I want to work, get out."

I raised my head, my face was emotionless. I said: "Did you have to do this? I know I'm not important, you can bully me however you want, but he's your brother, doesn't it break your heart to hurt him like that?"

Lance sat behind his desk and said: "Look at yourself, you're nothing to him. Don't think that you're anybody."

I laughed coldly and stood up from the floor. "OKAY." I said.

I didn't know how I got out of his study room. I went to the bathroom and did as he said, I looked at myself in the mirror. I have such a young face, such beautiful features, but my face is dead. There's no soul, no spirit.

I filled a bucket of cold water and put my head in it, trying to numb myself with cold water.

I sat on the bed, eyes empty, recalling the time's when we were all younger. I remember one summer afternoon, when I just entered their family. It was very hot, and Lance handed Leo an ice cream. It looked very delicious and Leo started eating it. Lance watched Leo happily while he eats, and patted his head lovingly, saying: "Little brother, you finish you ice cream here alright? You can only eat one, I need to go do my homework."

Leo nodded happily, and I stood far away from them, watching Leo eat. I was drooling.

Leo noticed and gave me half of his ice cream. He didn't care if i was dressed in torn shirts. He gave me half and said: "Hurry up, finish it. Don't let brother notice, if not he's going to make you kneel under the sun again."

After that, when I was older, I only realized Leo loves ice cream, but it makes his stomach hurt so Lance didn't allow him to eat ice cream, he could only eat it once a week, and Leo gave half of his ice cream to me when I wanted.....

That was the best ice cream I have eaten.

The same year, during winter, was also the first winter I spend in the Mason's Mansion. I wore my thin jacket, since I didn't have any thick ones and got high fever for many days. Leo covered me in his branded jacket and said in his boyish voice: "You will need injection when you get sick, it hurts. So you need thick clothing to prevent getting sick."

That was the first warmth I've ever gotten from the Mason's.

He even gave me his imported medicine. Leo's body was weak when he was a kid, and Lance loves him a lot so he gave Leo the best things he could afford.

Five year old me..... I didn't not if I liked the jacket he put on me, or the boy who cared for me, so when Lance came back from high school and saw me wearing Leo's jacket, he punished me by asking me to kneel in the snow. Nobody helped me, including my own mother. It was Leo who cried like there's no tomorrow in Lance's arm, begging him to release me, did Lance really released me, because he was afraid that Leo might hurt his throat for crying too much.

The care and love that he gave me helped me survive until now. If there's no Leo in my life, I would have died a long time ago.

My first ever pads was even bought by Leo. He accompanied me to the convenient store and bought it for me.

If you ask me what is Leo to me, I would say he was my life and my faith.

When Lance came into the room, I stopped reminiscing. I even smiled at him, I really salute myself for being able to be so strong, even after all of the shit he has put me through.

Lance didn't smile at me, although I did. He went straight to the bathroom.

When he got out of the bathroom, I was already downstairs. The servants served the dishes. He came down and saw me waiting for food and scoffed: "I can't believe you still have the mood to eat."

I smiled at him and said: "Humans need food to survive, right?"

(Lance Mason's short POV: The night before we departed for England, she dreamt

and called out a Leo's name. And beside her, I listened to her calling out for Leo Mason the whole night....)

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 67

My Love My Hatred Chapter 67– My Job

Between me and Lance, we fought, we pretended and acted around each other, and after so many years, I still hadn't found a suitable way to communicate and interact with him. Purposely pretend around him didn't seem to be working anymore.

Lance sat down and picked up his fork. I ate two plates of food and that shocked the servant.

On the other hand, Lance didn't seem to have an appetite, he took a few bites and stopped eating. The butler asked if the cook changed the recipe as he could taste something different.

Lance didn't blame the cook and instead, he said: "Not bad, see how Ms Gomez is swallowing down all the food?"

I knew he was being sarcastic so I smiled awkwardly the butler and the cook: "I'm grateful to even get to eat."

Lance scoffed and said something about me talking nonsense and always bullshit.

If there were strangers, they would though me and Lance are a couple, to be able to speak sarcastically to each other like that.

But it was just moments ago that we wanted to kill each other, now we were sitting on the dining table, dining together. How fake and pretentious can we humans get?

After dinner, I went to take a shower. When I was done and got out of the bathroom, Lance was already on the bed, reading a sports magazine. He seems to like football a lot, he was always looking at the football pages.

I sat beside him and suggested: “ There’s a football match tomorrow, wanna go see?”

Lance shifted his attention on me and I could see the look of surprise on his face.
“*You* watch football?”

“I never watched live, but I watch it on stream.” I said,

Lance looked really surprise. He must not have thought a woman would like watching football, but it’s true, not many women likes football.

But I do know a lot of girls who like basketball. The girls in my class back in high school likes basketball, all they ever talked about was the NBA players and the games. But do they really liked basketball? No, they just wanted to show the boys in 5th the class that they are different from other girls.

As for me, I watch football because I like the idea of the game. It’s very competitive and full of hope, to me.

I used to even stay up late to watch live match, and it slowly became a hobby.

But ever since I started to be with Lance, I rarely watch matches anymore, because I felt like there’s no point anymore. My life has no more hope, why should I watch something so full of hope?

I must have sparked his interest as he asked: “Do you have any favorite player?”

pointed at the man inside his magazine and said: “Him, I’ve been watching him since he last time.”

Lance looked at me with wide eyes. “He isn’t even good looking, he’s got dark skin too, I thought women don’t like men like this.”

Men always thought all girls like sports player for their looks. No, not me. And I admit, the player that I admire isn’t good looking.

“Yes, he isn’t good looking, when I started to like him, he just became an adult and had dark hair, plus he was skinny.”

“Then what do you like about him? He’s not as good as Messi, but of course he’s the best among the 90s players.” Lance started chatting with me about football.

I stared at the young man in the magazine and thought about why I admire him so much. He's very competitive and doesn't give up easily, and when he sweats like hell running in the fields, chasing after the opponent, he attracted my attention. And ever since that, I have been his fans.

"Perhaps he has something that I envy."

Lance turned his head and looked at me. "What?"

He pretended to be mysterious and said: "Can't tell, why not you guess?"

Lance scoffed. "Who do you think you are? I don't care."

And with that, he continued to read his magazine while I closed my eyes to nap.

I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight, but I still closed my eyes and pretended that there's no problem at all, that I could sleep.

I just closed my eyes and heard Lance speaking softly: "I like Messi, because we are similar in some ways. We are not that extroverted, and nobody knows what we want. I've met him a few times, he's a nice guy."

He said, but I didn't reply him. It's nothing, I shouldn't waste my time on this.

But, he said he isn't good in expressing his feelings. What a joke. He never failed to express to me how much he hated me, he also did a good job always punishing me and making me suffer.

He's always very good at being sarcastic and saying really harsh words.

The next day when I woke up, he asked me a strange question. "You didn't dream last night?"

I looked at him with confusion. What dream? Why would he ask me about my dream?

I shook my head and said: "perhaps I was too tired so I slept soundly last night."

"Really, then try to go out and play or do more activities in the day time, don't dream too much at night." Lance said.

What is his problem. Then I realized I must have disturbed him. "Did I disturb you when I dream? Did I make any noise?"

Lance didn't answer me and went to change his clothes. Then he came back and paused for a brief moment. "You clenched your teeth a lot, it's annoying."

I clench my teeth when I sleep? Impossible. When I stayed with a few roommates during my high school, nobody told me about this. He must be lying, there must be a specific reason why he suddenly cared about me dreaming or not.

"If I annoyed you, then I'll sleep in the guest room tonight." I said, since I would prefer to not sleep in the same bed as him if given the chance to.

Lance picked up his expensive watch and put it on, then he glanced at me and smirked: "You make those noises every night and I'm already used to it. I can't believe you're acting like you're someone who can even decide on anything, right now I'm happy with you sleeping on my bed and I can what to do you whenever I can, isn't this your job, sister?"

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 68– The Forest

Bosses always want their workers to be responsible, seems like this rich boss right here was hinting that he needed his bed lover to be responsible now,

Although Lance hinted me, he didn't touch me last night.

After breakfast, Lance told me to stay in the mansion and don't go out. He needed to meet some friends and it wasn't suitable to bring me along. I said okay, since I needed to check out the underground room.

When he left, I started to wander around the mansion. His house was really huge, I got lost in the middle of wandering around and couldn't even find the underground room Niklaus told me about.

I didn't want to be so obvious so I pretended like I was trying to find the wine cellar and asked the servants. The rich always have a wine cellar, right? I thought Lance might be the same as well.

The servants told me there was no wine cellar here, but there's a glass cupboard full of wine in the 3rd floor.

They were all the wines that Lance collected. The servant asked me if I wanted to drink wine, and told me that all his wine are very expensive and are like treasure to him. She said to not touch it if he didn't give his permission.

I said alright

I didn't find out anything from the servants, so I started to panic. What if I couldn't find the underground room?

There's a huge forest behind his house and it looked dark and scary. I slowly walked towards it, I was curious. I wanted to know if there would be anything inside.

The forest was surrounded with wires. Why did he surround a forest with wires? Was he hiding something?

I looked around and still couldn't find any entrance. Since I have been doing my own chores at a young age, I was able to climb up the wires slowly and carefully. When I got in, I smelled something weird, like raw flesh and meat.

Raw flesh? I widened my eyes, don't tell me someone died here.....

What was Lance up to? Why did he even have a piece of land here, a forest, and surrounded it up with wires? He must be hiding a secret.

I admit that my imagination is a little too creative, but I knew for sure Lance was hiding something, and he's done dirty business for sure.

Perhaps this piece of forest would reveal his ugly and dark side? It made me even more excited

I didn't know who gave me extra guts but I walked further into the forest, the smell got stronger and stronger. My heart was beating fast.

I clenched my hands into fist, convincing myself to stay calm and don't scare myself.

Suddenly, I heard a howl. It sounded like a wolf, and far away from me, I saw a pair of green shiny eyes staring at me. I realized I was in danger and started to run.

But of course, I wouldn't outrun two wolves, right? They started to run very fast towards me.

I didn't only failed to find out about what Lance was hiding, I also nearly lost my life here.

I hadn't even reach the wires and the two wolves had already surrounded me. I was stuck in between them.

The two white wolves howled at me. I couldn't think or move, I might become their lunch.

I was extremely terrified, my mouth was shaking, my teeth were clattering.

Right at this moment, I wished someone could save me, even if it is Lance Mason. I didn't want to die, I still had many things to achieve, I still hadn't avenged myself, I didn't want to die like that!

But the two wolves slowly approached me, opening their wide mouths.

They just needed to take one step and jump on me, then I'm dead. I would become their lunch. I didn't dare to even imagine that scene.

I screamed out loud for help, hoping that someone would hear me.

The two wolves must have been triggered by my scream. They were going to jump on me but suddenly I heard 2 gunshots.

Then the two wolves fell on the ground lifelessly, blood stained the ground. Lance Mason appeared in front of me with a gun in his hands. He slapped me hard.

He yelled: "Who allowed you to come here? Are you out of your f*cking mind?!"

The two wolves scared the hell out of me, plus the gunshot terrified me too. My knees gave out and I fell to the ground.

Lance came and held me up by my waists, using his body as a wall for me to lean against

"Answer me!" He yelled once again.

He was glaring at me with extreme anger. I knew if I simply give him an excuse, he wouldn't believe me. But I couldn't just tell him that I thought he murdered someone here, right?

"..... I was bored and curious so I came out to have a look." I lied. It was a stupid reason, but I still said it, because I couldn't make up any excuses on the spot.

"Bored and curious? Then how did you come in?" Lance's voice was cold like ice, slicing through my skin.

".....I climbed in from the fence, the wire fence." I answered him honestly.

Lance glanced at the fence and scoffed: "How bored were you to climb up such tall fence? Plus you're a woman!"

I knew he was being sarcastic, I lowered down my head and accepted his scolding. At this time, I should remain silent.

Lance brought me out of the forest and back into our room. He gave me a cold glare and said: "Jennie, you better stop your plots and intentions. Don't think other people are stupid. You think you're the only smart person here? I know what you are thinking, you plan to find if I have any criminal records and report me, right? Hahaha..... you're so naïve I want to laugh."

I was stunned, I never thought he would know everything that I was thinking of. How did he guessed what I was plotting just by looking at me? Why did I still fail to read him even when I try to observe him everyday and even slept beside him every night?

Is this the difference between us? Will he always be the winner, and I, the loser?

If so, then what I had been doing for so long, must have been a joke to him.

"Why aren't you speaking? I guessed correctly, right? I don't want to warn you or anything anymore, if you play any games with me, I will send you back to enjoy your jail food." And with that, he turned around and left the room.

What did he say? He don't mind sending me back to jail? The jail, a place that I never want to step into ever again, that is hell, not jail.

I sat on the ground in the room, laughing at myself. I never expected myself to be such a failure. Lance could guess anything by just spending time with me, and yet here I was trying to plot his death. This was the biggest joke of my life.

So, what now? What do I do?

Did he find out about me looking at his project files about the Lay Water Park?

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 69

My Love My Hatred Chapter 69– He Found Out

I was so embarrassed I started to cry, I couldn't control myself anymore.

After crying for a while, I went to the bathroom and washed my face. Then I told myself to not give up so easily.

If I don't give up, I believe I would one day find out about his dirty deeds.

I knocked on Lance's study room door. He raised his voice and said 'come in'. I pushed the door open and entered, he was reading his documents. I stood in front of his desk.

He looked up at and said:" What do you want? Trying to look for private and confidential business files? Are you really that dumb?"

My hands turned to fists, telling myself I have to calm down. Calm the hell down.

I put on a pretentious look and acted innocent, I knew he wasn't going to believe what I was about to say, 99% sure, but I was still willing to bet on that 1%.

"Brother, why do you like to misunderstand me so much? You always like to think of me so lowly, you know very well what kind of person I am. I'm not born into a rich and powerful family like you. I have always been a simple person, I just want a person to protect me, to not let me get hurt anymore. It used to be Leo who gave me protection, then I woke up, I know it's impossible between me and Leo. When you saved me from the jail, I already decided to follow you. I hope you can protect me, no matter if I will only ever be your bed lover, I don't care. I just don't want to live under anyone's shadow and get bully ever again. You told me if I obey you, you wouldn't make my life hard, right? If you really mean it, can you please treat me better? I'm also a woman, I have a heart, I as strong as you think. I'm afraid of getting hurt too, it really hurts." I touched my heart while saying this, tears forming in my eyes, threatening to roll down.

I noticed the slight change of expression on Lance's face.

Sometimes, woman can be weapons too. It just depends on how we use ourselves; I've been wrong this whole time. But this time, I also wasn't sure if I was making the right move, but I had no choice but to try

If I fail, then I have no choice but to die in his hands.

Lance stared at me, who was full of tears now. His furrowed eyebrows meant he didn't believe a single word I said.

Of course, if what I say would make him believe me easily, I wouldn't have been through all of this nonsense.

But this was my last chance, I needed to find a perfect solution slowly. And slowly, I shall cut open his heart and see if it's really as cruel and as evil as he behaves.

"Since you're so sincere, then can you explain why you went to that forest just now? Did you think I would hide something there?" Lance asked calmly.

I see, seems like we still couldn't move away from this topic. Perhaps the excuse I gave just now really sucked.

"Brother Leo, he has very good drawing skills." I said.

Lance raised an eyebrow, confused why I would bring up Leo.

"What are you trying to say?" he asked.

* I once saw Leo's portfolio. I saw this forest and just wondered how it looks like."

I wasn't willing to bring up Leo, because every time I do, my heart hurts like hell. But I had no choice but to use his name now, so that he might at least believe me and let his guard down a little.

I know this was a b*tch move, but I really had no more choice.

Lance's face was full of anger right now.

Thad a very daring thought, if Lance loves Leo so much and still purposely let Leo know about our dirty relationship, hurting his dear brother, what was he really thinking?

Did he really just wanted Leo to see what kind of woman I am? Was this his ONLY intention?

I wouldn't ask Lance: do you like me

No, I wouldn't do that like I used to anymore.

I've been by his side for some time now, I knew some things are best left unspoken.

"Get out!" Lance yelled, pointing at me.

How harsh, but it made me excited. I believe if there's danger, there will also be a change

What if the change is Lance's feelings for *me*?

I started to bet again.

I left his study room and sighed out in relief. I remember reading a book, the author said if a man falls in love, it wouldn't affect his IQ or EQ, if a man really falls in love, they like to numb themselves, making them look like they are easy to fool.

Lance is too smart, I wouldn't be able to outsmart him.

I didn't have any other choice, if I want to get further evidence, I have to get his heart. I have to own his heart, make him fall in love with me.

And only this way, would he let his guard down. This way, I can dive deep into his and get what I want.

I admit, I'm acting like a total b*tch now.

What I said in the study room to Lance? Bullshit. But one sentence is particularly true. I'm tired of getting bullied everyday.

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 70

My Love My Hatred Chapter 70– Hurt

In the noon at around 3pm, Lance asked me if I wanted to join him in watching the football match

Since he asked, of course I had no choice but to say yes. If I spend time with him more, I might become more important to him, I guess?

Lance drove us to the stadium. He didn't bring any of his servants or driver, it was just us, alone. We drove from London to Manchester City. It took us around 3 hours to arrive. We ate at a restaurant near the stadium and went in to wait for the match.

I looked around and noticed more and more British and Whites entering the stadium. I got a little scared for no reason, they were all very tall and big, and they didn't look particularly friendly.

Lance noticed my discomfort and turned around, looking at me he asked: "What's wrong?"

I whispered into his ears and said, "Do you know what is famous in England?"

"What?" he asked in confusion.

"Football gangsters, look at these people with fierce faces. If their favourite team didn't win, they would start fighting. If we sit between them, we might not get lucky." |

said.

Lance listened to what I said and looked around. "You really do know something about football, you still know their team jersey."

Since our topic of conversation came to football, I didn't mind chatting with him.

We talked a lot about different teams before the match started. I was able to chat with him regarding football, as I am really someone who watched football a lot. And due to my good memories, I have always been able to remember stuff about football.

Lance stared at me with wide eyes, he must not have expected a little woman like me would have so much knowledge about football. He must have thought I said I like football just to make him happy.

He started to talk to me more about football, he seemed to be really into this topic.

"If you like, you could always set up a small football club, since you don't even care about those small amount of money, why not? It may help bring some profit too." I said and winked.

From his eyes, I knew Lance was satisfied with my behaviour right now.

"You're right, I don't mind the small amount of money, but if we want to do it, we must do it well. However, for now, I don't have the time or energy for this yet." Lance said.

I thought about it for a while and the corner of my lips twitched up, "Why not you let me do it? I'm interested in this!" i exclaimed.

"You..... What can a woman like you do for football?" Lance smirked, perhaps he has always looked down on woman like me.

I shrugged my shoulder, "I was just suggesting, nothing serious."

The match started in no time, we sat on the bench and watch the players running around on the green field.

During the first half, the two teams got a tie. It wasn't a very competitive match and not very excited.

The next half match on the other hand, was much more exciting. The two teams kept taking turns in scoring. Nobody knew what to expect until the end of the match!

This made me think, it's not confirmed yet who would be the winner or loser, me or Lance Mason.

Perhaps we were like this two teams, nobody would know who wins until the end of the match, until one side dies.

When the match ended, me and Lance stood up t leave, but just when we were about to exit the stadium, we heard gunshots. In Western countries, people are allowed to own guns, but it was still unbelievable to me that someone actually brought guns into a sports stadium!

The football fans started to go crazy in the stadium. Everyone panicked, it was a mess. Lance pulled me into his arms and hugged me tightly. Nobody knew if the bullets would enter their body just like that.

I was so terrified that I was shaking in his arms. I have never seen such a scene. On the other hand, Lance was pretty calm, like he had already witnessed and experienced something like this.

"Don't worry, we'll be fine, I'll get us out safely." Lance comforted me.

I nodded in his arms, not even speaking a word.

Suddenly, a black guy with a gun aimed at our direction. I was so shocked that I pushed both of us down. Lance didn't know what happened and I landed on top of him. The bullet pierced into my skin. It hit my back.

I couldn't believe myself. Why did I save him instead of myself?

Why the hell did I take a bullet for the man I hated so much?