

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 81

### My Love My Hatred Chapter 81– Meeting him again

I nodded and walked into the bathroom. When I was done, I walked out to see Lance squatting on the floor and holding the shirts that I bought for him. He asked, “Is this for me?”

“I don’t know what brand you like so I just simply choose one that I think looks good on you. Hope you like it, brother.”

He suddenly stood up and swept me off the floor and carried me bridal style. He walked towards the bedroom and threw me on the bed. His kisses litter all over my lips, nose and my neck.

I didn’t know how to react to his sudden lust so I just let him do everything he wanted. His mood changes like the speed of light every day, I didn’t want to piss him off again.

All of his cum was released inside of me after all of this ended.

The contraceptive pills he gave me didn’t trigger my allergic reaction, hence, he didn’t even try to control himself anymore when we have sex.

I felt warm and sweaty after he fell asleep so I decided to take a bath. I walked into the bathroom and turned on the water. I let the water hit my back while I squatted down on the floor.

I didn’t even realize how long I had been in the same position until the bathroom door swung open. Lance knitted his eyebrow together and scowled at me, “What are you doing, Jennie Gomez!”

I quickly stood up and my knees gave out, Lance was quick to catch me before I fell down. He held onto my naked body.

“You have been showering for an hour! Do you think I am dirty?!” Lance shouted.

I quickly shook my head and said, “No, I should be thankful that you didn’t think of me as a dirty person. Why would I think that you are dirty?”

Lance didn’t believe a word I said, “Then explain to me why you were standing under the water for an hour!”

“.....” I couldn’t explain why. Lance pushed me away and I fell onto the floor on my butt. It hurt so much that my tears were about to come out.

Lance calmed himself and was not angry anymore when he started to speak again, "Get up now, don't catch a cold."

I quickly dried myself and put on my clothes and went back to the bedroom. Lance wasn't in the bedroom so I went out to find him. He had a cigarette between his lips, he was holding a lighter. I was going to light the cigarette for him, but he didn't let me.

He stopped me and said, "I have quitted smoking!"

"Huh?" I looked at him, confused. Why would he quit smoking if he likes to smoke so much?

"What? Quit smoking is for my own health and my child!" He pulled me into his chest and I said, "Yeah, it's good for your health."

"Do you like your life right now, Jennie Gomez?" His chin rubbed the top of my head.

I nodded slowly and said, "This has been my dream life and I never thought that I will be able to live it."

"Do you like it then?" He asked again.

I nodded, "of course I like it."

"Good then." He said calmly.

He carried me back to the bedroom and hugged me to sleep.

In the morning, when he was about to leave for work, he even kissed my forehead which surprised me.

After he left, I got out of the bed and walked into his study room after I had breakfast.

When I was sketching the design, Rupert Robinson sent me a message asking me if I had already helped him prepare the money he needed.

I asked him if he had found the evidence. I told him that there would be no money for him if he didn't give me any useful evidence.

One billion isn't a small amount of money. I didn't even have one million, let alone one billion.

But that doesn't mean Lance Mason doesn't have it. All I needed to do was to lead Lance Mason into giving me the money.

A few days later, Rupert Robinson called me and told me that he had found the evidence and he wanted to meet me.

After Lance went out for work, I went out to meet Rupert Robinson. He handed me an audio record. It was the voice of Lance Mason. I was excited.

I listened to the audio recordings many times. If this is real, this wasn't enough to send him to the jail. That's what I told Rupert Robinson.

"This is just the beginning, I have more." He said.

"Show me then!"

Rupert Robinson smirked, "I have given you what you want, shouldn't you return a favour?"

"How much do you want?" I asked.

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 82

My Love My Hatred Chapter 82—*Back to Denmark, again.*

Rupert was just like a hunger prey, he wanted me to give him a million dollars on the spot. How was that possible? A not so strong evidence for one million dollars?

"Don't you worry, you will get the money. But I want to see real evidence. This thing that you found is not strong enough to send him to jail. Do you think I'm stupid?" I picked up my purse and stood up to leave. Rupert grabbed my wrist.

"What makes you think I have to trust you? You never plan to give me the money, or you can't even get so much money, right!" Rupert scowled.

He was right, I really didn't have so much money, and it's also not easy for me to make this money appear out of thin air.

I smirked and looked at him, "Evidence is here, and you're still worrying about not getting any money? You think Lance wouldn't have money?"

"Jennie Gomez, what do you mean?" Rupert didn't get what I mean.

I said, "Lance is also only human, he's also afraid of going to jail, if you have evidence to send him to jail, do you think he wouldn't give you the money you want? The ten million dollars you need? You weren't able to threaten him. Why? It's because you don't have a strong proof!"

Rupert said, "Then I should just go to him with this tape, why am I still here talking to

you?”

“You’re not wrong, but if you give the evidence to Lance, aren’t you worried that he would take his revenge on you? Compared to him, you’re an ant, he’s an elephant. He could make your life meaningless in just a matter of seconds. I know him very well, so if you don’t have any strong evidence, you better work with me.” I said.

And with that, I stood up and left. I figured Rupert Robinson wasn’t a dumb man, of course he would understand what I meant.

When I arrived at the mansion, Lance was already home. Strange, he normally reaches home at either around 6pm or 8pm. Why was he so early today?

We met each other at the door.

Lance was just entering the house. He looked at me and knitted his brows together, “Where have you been to? Why didn’t you bring along the driver?”

I have already thought of an excuse to tell him the moment I saw him, so I smiled and said, “I went to the alumni gathering, the driver always drives luxurious cars, I don’t think it was suitable for that..... I didn’t want my friends to be curious.” Back to Denmark, again.

Lance knew what I meant.

He gave me a cold chuckle and smirked, “Didn’t you say you don’t care about this new status of yours? Hm?”

“I did say that, but who would want their own friends to know that they are sugar babies or mistresses?”

Lance shot me a cold stare and didn’t say anything. He went into the house and I followed behind. His phone rang out of a sudden and he answered the call. I saw his rapid of change of expression.

Then he called the airport to schedule of an immediate flight using his private plane.

I didn’t dare go near him as he was obviously not in a good mood, the aura he was giving off could freeze me to death.

He then turned around and yelled at me, “What the hell are you waiting for? Go pack! We’re leaving!”

I already guessed it, it must be Mrs Mason.

No one else would be able to make Lance this mad, it will always be either his brother, Leo Mason, or his grandmother, Mrs Mason.

But what did this have to do with me? Why should I go back? I never want to step into that house ever again.

I stood on the same spot and didn't move. Lance glared at me, "Are you deaf?"

"Is it Mrs Mason?"

"Are you hoping that something will happen to her?!" Lance asked back.

At this point, he must be thinking how cruel I was, because I could see it in his eyes, the way he looked at me.

"No, why are you always assuming the worst of me?" I said.

He suddenly came up to me and grabbed my hair. He pulled me nearer in front of him, the skin of my head was hurting like hell, I groaned out in pain.

"Jennie Gomez, why did you and your mother had to come to our family? Huh? Both of you are the reason why my mom died, and now my grandma!"

While he was yelling, his pulled harder and harder. I could already see some strands of my hair on the floor. The servants were all too afraid to move.

I struggled in his hands, crying out, "I didn't kill your mother, I didn't do anything to your grandmother too, why are you always blaming me for the things that I have never Back to Denmark, again. done?!"

With his hands still in my hair, he threw me across the ground, my abdomen hit the corner of the sofa. Pain shot through me and I groaned out in pain, yet I still forced myself to laugh, "I'm here, yet when something happens to your grandmother the first thing you do is blame me! Why are you always so cruel to me? What did I do wrong? Is it because I'm Karen's daughter?"

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 83

My Love My Hatred Chapter 83– ***Chased out of the Mason's***

Lance stared at me, who was groaning out in pain on the floor, his face was cold.

I continued, "If I can choose, of course I would want to have a life like your fiancé! Loving parents, loving siblings, money and perfect life!"

“Jennie Gomez! Enough, don’t think that you can speak to me like that to soften *my* heart towards you, you don’t deserve it!” Lance yelled. Then, he demanded the driver to bring me to the car.

His plane arrived at Denmark after a few hours. The Mason’s Mansion, to me it will always be a nightmare. If I had the choice, I would not take a step into this house.

Lance demanded his driver to send me home while he headed straight to the hospital. I didn’t know if Leo came back from America.

When I arrived at the doorstep of their mansion, I saw mom standing in front of the door, bawling her eyes out. The door was shut, it was obvious she was chased out of this family again.

To me, my mom will always be a failed woman. She worked hard to stay in this family for twenty years, but nothing changed. And in the end, she was still chased out.

I remember mom and my dad separated when I was three years old. At that time, my dad told me mom went to work in the city to make more money, so that I could have more beautiful clothes. I was young and naïve, so I believed it. And after a long time, my father fell ill and died, mom didn’t even come back to see us. Then only did I realize that mom didn’t work, she just abandoned me and dad.

But no matter what, when my own grandparents refused to take care of me and raise me, mom still came back for me. Although I didn’t have a good life in the Mason’s Family, I was still able to survive until I was old enough to work and earn my own money

So, to me, I have a love-hate relationship towards mom. I hate her, but I also still see her as my mom.

Mom saw me and her eyes shined with hope. She rushed towards me and grabbed my wrist, “Jennie, your Uncle Mason really dumped me! Help mom, okay? I can’t live without them!”

Mom didn’t change after all. But what could I do? Beg Lance again? I was already so low in front of him, would he even help me again? He already blamed us for his mother’s death and now his grandmother, if he didn’t punish us, I would be grateful enough!

But, is Lance Mason such a kind man? No. Chased out of the Mason’s

I stared at my mom with a cold face and asked, “Didn’t you already know your daughter has a relationship with both of his son? How low do you want your daughter to go? Are you asking me to climb into Uncle Mason’s bed right now?”

Seeing how my mother was behaving, if climbing into his bed meant allowing her to stay, she would agree.

My mom widened her eyes and said, "Jennie, how could you speak to me like that? I was the one who made sure you survived!"

Why did I want to kill Lance when I was 12? It was because I wanted to protect mom. I was only 12. And my mom was near 50 years old, yet still didn't know when to protect her own daughter.

I shrugged my mom's hand off me, "I have some money, I'll rent a condo for you. This place is not for you."

Mom rushed to me and grabbed onto my arms tightly, she begged, "Jennie, please don't be so cold to me. Without him, I can't live. You must have a way, right? Can you beg Lance again?"

I glared at her and smirked, "No, mom. Even if you threaten to die this time, I won't help you anymore."

"PAK"

My mom slapped me really hard, staring at me like a witch, "Ungrateful brat! I should have let you die back then!"

This slap was really hard, the corner of my lips was even bleeding. I looked up at her cruel face. She really didn't deserve to be a mother. She gave me life, but never gave me protection.

"Even if you beat me to death, this house is not a place you can stay anymore. I don't know how Mrs Mason was able to know about my relationship with his grandsons. This time, she fell sick, so Lance would definitely blame us both. Instead of worrying about staying here, why not worry about what Lance would do to you?" I said, and handed her a card. I added, "As a daughter, I don't owe you anymore. But you, as a mother, ask yourself if you really don't owe me anything."

I left afterwards. This mother, even if she really die, I wouldn't do anything for her anymore. I don't have the strength and power to help her, and she doesn't deserve my help.

I walked far away from her and I could still hear her scolding me and crying.

I called a cab and got in. Then, I couldn't hold it in anymore and started crying. How depressing could my life get? There's not a single person in the world who deserves me. Chased out of the Mason's my unconditional love anymore, and no one who loved me.

I'm just a lonely loner in this world.

Leo Mason called me, I didn't answer. But he kept calling me, so in the end I picked up his call. He asked me if I followed his brother back.

He wanted to meet, but I didn't want to see him. His attitude was tough, he insisted, so we agreed to meet at a café nearby.

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 84

My Love My Hatred Chapter 84– *Leo Mason*

When I arrived, Leo was already there. He didn't even stand up to greet me, he just pointed at a seat and asked me to sit.

I sat down, "What's up?"

The looks he gave me were not loving anymore, it was cold, my heart was cold too.

He spoke up, "Jennie, we were in love before, and to be honest I really can't accept the fact that you became the type of women I hate most. But no matter what, I still want to warn you, leave my brother. He's..... he's getting married."

Leo took out a cheque from his pocket and handed it to me, "This is the pay that I get from my previous research. Take this and leave him, I only have so much."

It was a 3 million dollar cheque. All of Leo's property and cars are given by Lance, he stopped getting money from Lance a few years ago. So I knew very well this 3 million dollar cheque, was everything he had, everything.

I looked at the cheque. I never thought someone would humiliate me with money like that, plus this time, it was the man I loved so much.

I heard my heart broken into pieces, but I didn't care anymore, I was already way too deep into this pile of bullshit. So what if the man I loved misunderstood me? I'm destined to be alone forever, no one would love me, everybody would only end up abandoning me.

I put on a fake look and scoffed, "Only 3 million dollars? I was just spending over 3 million dollars of your brother's money a few days ago. This amount isn't enough for me to buy a few Hermes bags."

Then I put the Hermes bag I bought a few days ago on the table,

I smiled and put a hand on his hand, slowly touching the back of his hand. "If brother Leo can give me more, I don't mind coming back into your arms."



“PAK!” Leo slapped my hands away from his hands.

He said, “Jennie Gomez, since when did you become so disgusting?!”

Disgusting? Huh, right, me right now was really disgusting.

I tilted my head towards him and smiled seductively. “I don’t think I’m disgusting! Isn’t this normal?”

He stood up, looking at me with the corner of his eyes. “Do you know what you will become once my brother gets married?” “Of course I know, his mistress, his secret lover. What’s wrong about that?” I asked.

Leo must be really shocked to hear me say it out of my own mouth in such a calm and casual manner. There was no going back, we were already so far away from what we used to be.

I looked up at him and smiled. “I know you look down on me, and I don’t mind. I am just like that, the same type of woman like my mom. You are born with a silver spoon, no, wait, golden spoon in your mouth, you won’t understand the poor like us.”

Leo stared at me with disgust, “Don’t try to find excuses for your behavior.”

“Everyone wants to have a better life, it’s just they way it is. Just because you are rich, you have always been on top of us, so in your eyes, people like us who appreciate money and love money are considered as gold-diggers.” I said.

“You’re not wrong, it’s normal to want a better life, but are you ONLY living a better life now? I already told you, brother will get married soon, and what will you become when the time comes? You know it very well. If you are willing to give up your own values and principals just for money, I’ll just pretend I never know you.”

Leo left after throwing me these words.

I was like a frozen lake, frozen on my seat, I couldn’t feel my blood flowing through my veins. The man I loved told me, “If you are willing to give up your own values and principals just for money, I’ll just pretend I never know you.”

I stayed in the café for a very, very long time. The waiter even came to me and asked if I wanted to order another cup of coffee. I left after that.

It was the beginning of Spring, yet I felt like it was Winter.

Th world abandoned me, so I abandoned it too.

I didn't even know if there's any reason for me to exist anymore, would I be happy in the end? I walked around aimlessly in the streets of Denmark, looking at the cars and people. In such a hectic city, every one seemed to be working hard to achieve their life goals.

How many among them are worrying about loans and debts, rentals and child care.....

They worry about things like this, do married couples fight over things like this too? The middle-class may seem to be living a tough life, but this is also a form of happiness.

I stared at the blue sky. I never get to see such blue skies in this city.

I got into the public bus and went for the back seat. I sat down and looked out of the Leo Mason window. Then, my phone rang. It was Lance Mason. I let it ring and didn't pick up the phone.

A kind-looking old man in front of me said, "Young lady, your phone is ringing."

I smiled sincerely at him and said, "It's alright, not important."

He gave me a weird look and smiled back awkwardly, then he turned back around. the phone stopped ringing after a few more calls.

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 85

### My Love My Hatred Chapter 85—*Hometown*

This bus will stop at the train station. I got down when it reached the train station and bought a ticket back to the place where I was born, for the first time in nearly 20 years, I'm finally going back.

In the middle of my journey back, Lance called again, and I ignored him still. I was going back to see the only person that has ever loved me sincerely in this world.

I didn't want any disturbance from the world.

Looking out of the window, I stared at the scenery with no feelings, no nostalgia, no emotions.

I arrived after some time. It was still the same old place, not developed and looks poor.

When I arrived, a few kids saw me on their way back home from school and gave me weird looks. This is a small village near the countryside, everyone knows each other around here. I left this place so long ago, it was only normal if they see me as a stranger.

I took out some candies from my purse and asked, "Do you want some sweets?"

They were well educated children and didn't accept candies from strangers.

Using my memory, I slowly look for my father's house, which is now my grandparents' house, since he passed away.

I found the house and stood outside for a long time, I didn't know if I should go in.

Just when I was about to leave, an old lady with white hair came out of the house, She stared at me for a long time and widened her eyes, "Are you Jennie?"

I didn't expect her to still be able to recognize me after all these years, plus I looked completely different.

I nodded my head and said, "Yea it's me, how's your body?"

I remembered how cruel she was to me when I was little, father was still alive that time. I don't think I have ever called her 'grandma'.

The old lady came to me and took my hands, she led me into her house and said, "Look at you, all grown up! Time flies....."

I didn't see grandpa around then I looked around the house and saw two photos on the cabinet, it was my father's and my grandpa's. Then I realized grandpa passed away too. Suddenly, my hatred for him and grandma seemed to disappear.

Grandma pulled my hands and led me into the kitchen. she continued cooking and said, "I wanted to go to the city to see you, but I don't know anything, so I wasn't able to leave the countryside."

I was curious why she would want to see me, "See me? For?"

She sighed and said, "Your grandpa died last year, before his last breath, he said that we owe it to you. When your mom took you with her, we were always worried if she would treat you badly. But whenever both of us see you, we were always reminded of your mother so we didn't try to make you stay."

They don't owe me anything. I used to hate them for refusing to accept me after father died, but now I understood.

"I know, no more hard feelings, don't worry. I'm fine now."

At least her worries and concern for me at this point, was sincere. I was touched.

After dinner, I helped grandma clean up her house. Looking at the old woman in front of me, I suddenly pitied her. She was already so old, her husband and son all left her behind.....

We are all pitiful people, I guess.

Just when I was about to take a rest, grandma came and sat beside me. I asked, "Anything you need, grandma?"

She looked at me hesitantly, didn't know how to speak up. "You can just ask me anything." I assured her.

She struggled internally for a bit and finally asked, "These years, were you and your mother alright?"

I nodded my head. "Yes, I guess."

"Why are you so thin? Did your mom and that family treated you badly?" she asked.

I smiled and reassured her, "No, they treat me very well. I'm fine, really."

"Good. Before your grandpa died, he told me to tell you about your family background if I even have the chance to see you."

"Background?" I asked, I was completely confused. What background can a person like me have?

"You are not a child of the Gomez family." She added.

I was completely stunned. I didn't know how to react or response. Hometown

After a long paused, I asked, "I'm not my father's child?"

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### My Love My Hatred Chapter 86– *Not My Father's Child*

Grandma nodded her head. "Yea, if you were his child, how could your grandpa and I rejected you and let you follow that mother of yours? We were always afraid that you would turn out like her."

I couldn't really digest the fact.

I confirmed once again, "I really isn't father's child? You're not kidding me, right?"

How could this be? I couldn't believe it, then why did father love me so much and cared for me so much? If he wasn't my biological father, how was he able to love me like his own blood and flesh?

"Jennie, this is also one of the reasons why me and grandpa wasn't able to accept you. We only have a son, and then it turns out that you're not his daughter. How do you expect us to accept you? You have to understand, Jennie."

My mind exploded into million pieces. If I wasn't from the Gomez, family, then which family am I really from? Who is my real father?

"Then, who is my real father?" I asked empty.

Grandma's eyes were full of sorrow. "You have to ask your mother, perhaps she doesn't even know who your father is."

I got even more confused. "What do you mean by that?"

Grandma sighed and started to speak in a low voice, "Somethings were actually not meant for us to tell you, it was meant for you to find out yourself. But then if I don't tell you, you would ask your mom too. Then I shall just tell you, just pretend that you didn't hear anything from me and go on with your life alright?"

I nodded my head.

Grandma said, "Your father brought your mother back after a a year of working in the city. Your mother, to be honest, is the most beautiful woman I have ever met in my life. Your father loved her a lot, but we all could see that your mother didn't even care for him. After not long, your mother gave birth to you. I forced my only son to tell me the truth. It turns out that they never even slept together. Honestly, me and your grandpa knew what kind of job your mother did when she was young..... so, if you ask her, she might not know who your real father is."

Father, father loved me unconditionally even if I wasn't his child, plus he knew.

I never expected myself to be the child of a whore and a client. I was grossed out by myself. The father I love so much isn't my real father, why did he raise a bastard child? Not My Father's Child

Lance called me a bastard a few times, I still talked back to him. Now, seems like he wasn't wrong to call me a bastard.

I've been through so much, why did grandma decided to tell me this now? To let me know I'm the product of a whore and a rich dirty client? To let me know, that my own mother and real father are not embarrassing people. Did I really not deserve a good father

at least?

Grandma patted the back of my head and said, “After you were brought away by your mom, we were always worried that you would become like her. But at least you still came

back to see your father’s grave and see us. Jennie, tell me the truth, do you have a nice job and living a good life, unlike your mother, in the city?”

Nice job? Yes, Good life? Haha…… I don’t deserve to talk about good life. Lance was getting married soon and I was still his mistress. I was the type of woman that other women hate.

I remained silent for a long time. Grandma looked at me with disappointment on her face, “Jennie, don’t tell me you are like your mother now.”

I quickly shook my head and lied, “No, …… I just can’t really digest the fact about my own background. Grandma, I’m tired, can you leave me for now?”

Grandma nodded and left me alone. I hid under the covers but I couldn’t cry.

I got out of bed in the middle of the night, at around 5am. I put a stack of cash on the table in the living room. Before I left, I took one last look at father’s photo. He wasn’t a good looking man, but his smile was the warmest smile I have ever received in my life. I really missed him.

He was a good father, but too bad he wasn’t my real father. I thought, if my mother died, I will bury her beside him. She owed that much to him, so she needs to pay even if she died.

Father loved her so much, so he must have wished if one day she dies, she would be by his side.

I was by the small street when a black Mercedes Benz stopped beside me. Who could afford such a car in this small village I wondered?

The driver got down and approached me, “Ms Gomez, Mr Mason told me to bring you home.”

The man in front of me handed his phone to me. I put the phone on my ear and heard Lance’s low voice, “I’m the one who asked the bodyguard to drive you, come back.”

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Lance hung up after finishing his sentence, without even waiting for my reply.

I got in the car. I know very clearly Lance Mason wouldn't just let me get away even if he got married, I would still be his secret mistress. Perhaps this was *my* fate.

Grandma said, Jennie, you must not be like your mother, you should be a good woman.

But I don't deserve to be a good woman anymore.

The driver sped the whole way back, we arrived at Lance's mansion after around 5 hours.

Lance wasn't here, the servants served breakfast for me. I ate a little while watching the morning news.

According to the news reporter, the master of the Mason's Family, Lance Mason, also the CEO of the Mason's Company, would be marrying Tiffany Abel next Monday.

According to the news, Lance Mason and Tiffany Abel have known each other for they were younger, it wasn't just a marriage for business, they have feelings for each other too.

The radios and tabloids were also announcing the news. It was Thursday today, so it means Lance would be getting married in a few days' time.

I didn't realized Lance came back and sat beside me. He was me watching the news about him and switched off the TV>

He put his fingers on my chin, raising my head, he squinted his eyes at me and said, "I'm getting married."

I grinned at him. "Congratulations!"

I guess my calmness and what I said must have been out of expectation, he just stared at me and didn't say anything. what did he expect me to do? Scream and shout? Ask him not to marry Tiffany? Joke.

After a long moment, he smirked and said, "You know once I get married, what will you become."

I smiled and said, "I know, and I told you before I don't mind, As long as you give me money, I'll be your mistress willingly. Didn't you say that I'm like my mom?"

I spoke casually, like I didn't care. I noticed the rapid change of expression in Lance's eyes. His fingers on my chin started to grab me harder, I almost felt my chin breaking. I knitted my eyebrows in pain. He told me he's getting married and I congratulated him,

wasn't this enough? Did he expect me to beg him in his arms, asking him not to marry that woman?

Or did he expect me to make a big deal out of this, screaming and shouting at him, confessing my love to him? Hahaha....

If I really did that, what awaits me would be his words of humiliation and insults.

Please, I have been pretending for so many days, and I'm tired of it. I would rather pretend to love money than to act like I love him, at least pretending to love money is easier.

Lance looked at me with observing eyes, "You really want to be a mistress that everybody hates?"

"Do I have the choice to choose?" I asked instead of answering him.

When I was back in Denmark, I thought about this. If Lance Mason let me go and not find me anymore, then I would learn to forget about what he's done to me and move on, live a peaceful life.

But Lance will always be Lance, there's no way he would let me go this easily.

He had someone brought me back here just to torture me slowly, isn't it?

I didn't care, I wasn't the old Jennie Gomez anymore, I have nothing left, no one to lose. What can I still be afraid of? If I really didn't succeed, I don't care making Lance die together with me.

Lance suddenly pushed me down on the sofa and ripped my shirt apart. The servants were cleaning the dining room, they would see me getting humiliated by him, was this what he wanted?

His sudden anger confused me a little. Like, what the hell?

Without any foreplay, he pushed himself into me harshly. Pain shot through my body, it was as if he tore my body into half. It was so painful I had to bite my own lips to stop myself from crying out loud.

The servants saw what happened and hurried away, afraid to stay there any longer,

Lance looked at my face and saw my bleeding lips. Then, he lowered his head and kissed me, sucking the blood from my lips.

He stared right into my eyes and asked, "Painful?"



I forced out a smile on my pale face and said, “No, I’m enjoying it.”

I was already numbed by the pain, to be honest.

He must not have expected this kind of answer from me and gave me strange look. The, he started to pound me even harder. I gripped the edge of the sofa with my fingers.

He released after his last stroke and got up from my body.

I slowly closed my legs, his semen flowing out from me, staining the sofa. My clothes were all over the floor.

I reached out to take my clothes.

Lance watched me from above, his eyes filled with arrogance, “Jennie, this is how a mistress should behave. When the master needs to be pleased, you have to be willing to open your legs whenever I want it.”

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 88

My Love My Hatred Chapter 88– *Family Wrecker*

Lance’s voice was loud. He must have done it on purpose to let the servants hear.

I looked back at him with an oddly calm face, like I didn’t care that I just got humiliated.

“I know, this time we did it in the living room, what’s next? The car? No problem! That’s my job.” I said.

Lance was triggered by my words, the veins on his forehead were threatening to pop out.

“You are really just like your mom, a slut mother bares a slut daughter!”

His words have always been harsh.

I remained very calm, putting on my panties, bra and shirt. Lance stood in front of me, watching me .

I always wondered how mentally strong I was, to be able to remain such calmness even after being humiliated.

“Jennie Gomez, do you know what you look like now?” Lance asked.

“What? Do tell.”

He bent down and raised my chin. He spoke in a cold tone, "A whore."

I didn't get mad, instead I laughed so hard tears started forming in my eyes. I didn't even know myself anymore.

"A whore? You're right, you give me money and I give you my body. I'm a whore and you're my client. Why not we try to make a bastard baby? Hm? What do you think?" I said, while smirking.

He looked at me like I was a monster and pushed my head away, releasing his hands from my chin. He did it so hard my neck nearly snapped.

He never failed to be harsh on me, I shivered in pain. Lance glared at me with clouded over eyes and said, "Your mother was chased out of my family....."

"I know." I cut him off.

My mother was chased out of his family, Lance must have expected me to come begging him again, but I didn't. "Why didn't you beg me this time?"

"Beg you? With what? I've given you anything I could." I said.

It was the truth. This body? He's already f\*cked this body countless times. What could I possibly give him?

I also didn't want to do anything for mom anymore. After knowing how she treated father, who loved her with all his heart, I developed hatred for her. She didn't appreciate a man who loved her, and always dreamed of unrealistic fantasies. I hate her for giving me such a low status. A bastard child.

Lance gave me one last glance and left. His look showed that he agreed with what I said.

I put on my clothes and sighed. The servants all came back out after Lance left. Two young ladies kept stealing glances at me, they must be thinking how dirty I was.

But, I didn't care anymore.

With a sore and painful body, I slowly walked up the stairs. When I walked past Lance's study room, I was a little irritated so I wanted to smoke. I didn't even care if he had any CCTV around, I just entered his office and took a cigarette from his desk. I never smoke, because I have mild chronic bronchitis.

I took a breath in after lighting the cigarette. I started to cough very hard, but it was as if coughing would make me cough out all the unpleasant feeling.

After a few minutes, I couldn't stand it anymore. I put off the cigarette. I had to admit, it really did help me get rid of the irritation.

There was a photograph of Lance dressed in suit and tie on his desk. To be honest, he looked like a noble gentleman when he's calm and quiet like in the photo. But I know very well, he isn't. He may look like a gentleman, but he's an animal inside. I didn't know what came over me, I took a pen and wrote a long sentence on the back of his photo: If you die one day, I will thank God; if you die one day, I would even laugh in my dreams. I want you to die so badly.

I finished writing and realized how childish I was, but I couldn't erase it anymore. So I putt back into the frame.

I sat in his office for a while and left. My phone rang when I just stepped into the bedroom. It was Niklaus' number. Strange, why did he call me so suddenly?

"Jennie, can you come out? Let's meet." He said through the phone.

I took a peep at the servants downstairs and said, "Are you here? Can we talk on the phone? I cant go out."

"It's hard to tell you through phone call! Think of a way to get out." Niklaus said.

I went back to Lance's bedroom and looked for a women's hoodie. This was his other mansion so it was *my* first time here, we were always staying at Pavilion. Seems like he had a sugar baby too, last time. `I dressed up and got out. The butler didn't ask me anything and the driver agreed to fetch me. I tried to call Lance but he didn't answer. Then I texted him telling him that I'm meeting up with a high school friend.

After sending the message, I called Hailey. She's my best friend, I went to her house a lot back in high school.

She waited for me at a café, the driver waited for me outside.

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 89

### My Love My Hatred Chapter 89– Hailey

Hailey saw me and gave me a big hug. Seems like I still have one person who cared for me.

She spun me around, looking at me. The worried look on her face touched me, really.

"Jennie, why did you lose so much weight?!"

"Work was hectic, I didn't eat properly. But I'm fine, how about you?" I asked.

We sat down, Hailey held my hand and said, "I changed job. I'm finally working for the Mason's Company, that was my dream! I just saw Lance Mason, the CEO yesterday, he's so handsome!"

Hailey didn't know about my relationship with the Mason's family, she always thought I was an orphan because I didn't tell her about it.

"Wasn't your previous job alright? Why did you suddenly change?" I asked.

Hailey said, "The Mason's is a big company, a lot of people work for them and I plan to find a boyfriend too. My father introduced me some guys but nah, not my taste. The most important thing is, I get to see Lance Mason sometimes, he's really hot."

Hailey likes Lance Mason, I know. Those who don't know Lance personally, of course they would fall for him, right?

"He's getting married, didn't you see his news?" I asked. I didn't want my friend to dream the unrealistic.

Hailey sighed and said, "I know, his fiancé is also his childhood friend. But I heard rumors that he's got a sugar baby (mistress). Seems like the rich are all the same, but, that woman is so disgusting! He's getting married and she still doesn't leave! What a family wrecker. Karma will get her!"

I never told Hailey about my background because I was afraid that she might look down on me. Now, I've become the family wrecker she hates so much.

"Sometimes, things might not be as they seem. What if it was the man that didn't want to let the woman go?" I asked.

Hailey didn't seem to be happy with my response and said unhappily, "How would you know if it's the man or woman that doesn't want to let go? Perhaps Lance Mason wanted to get rid of her for a long time, but she just wouldn't leave. I heard that she even wanted to use a child to force Lance Mason. Do you know what happened next?" she asked.

I pretended to not know and asked, "what?"

"He forced the woman to abort it. But it makes sense, why would he allow such a slut to bare his child? Family wreckers and mistresses should all rot in hell." She said.

I couldn't even imagine how awkward my smile was at this point.

"How do you know all of this?" Only me, Lance and Wendy knew about this, but I don't think Wendy would be so brave to spill her boss' private matters.

"The upper-class circle is huge, one person knows? Everybody knows." Hailey said.

I was shocked to hear what she said. I asked, "Then do you know who the mistress is? Is there any photos of her on the internet?"

Hailey ate the last piece of cake in the plate and said, "No, there's no photos yet, but I think it will be revealed soon. Karma is a b\*tch."

We continued chatting and then we went up to the mall. Niklaus was waiting for me there.

Hailey wanted to buy a new pair of shoes. But I told her I'm meeting someone and I'll go back to her once I'm done.

When I saw Niklaus, I said, "Sorry to keep you waiting."

He shook his head and said, "No, just a while. Why is Lance controlling your movements now?"

"No, I guess he's just being careful."

There's a bubble tea shop in the mall. Niklaus led me there and ordered a drink for me, we sat down.

"Why are you suddenly here?"

Niklaus stared at me and said, "I came to do some business, plus attend Lance's wedding."

I nodded my head and took a sip of my drink. "Don't look at me like that, I really don't give a damn if he gets married."

Niklaus gave me a suspicious look. "Really?"

"Yes, you don't know our relationship, if you know, then you would know that I want him to DIE." I said.

Niklaus raised an eyebrow. "So serious? What kind of relationship do you two have that you want him to die? Jennie, why do I suddenly feel like you're a scary woman?"

I laughed. "Am i? its you, men, who are scary, women are just men's toys, aren't we?"

Niklaus chuckled and shook his head. "I don't agree with you."

I didn't want to waste anymore time on this topic.

“So, what do you want to tell me?”

“I found out that the material Lance bought are not eco-friendly material. The money he used to purchase it were nearly half the amount he reported. He’s lying to the people...”

## Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 90

### My Love My Hatred Chapter 90– *I Don’t Trust You Anymore*

“What do you need me to do?” I cut him off.

“Try to get his data and snap it down to me. I suspect that he didn’t even put in a lot of money for this investment. He tried to get the investment from the government, and the profit would all be his.”

“Niklaus, I’m not dumb, you know. This is a billion dollar project, all eyes are on him. Lance might have done some stuff to increase his profit, but he wouldn’t dare to change the project too much. Don’t think that you can use me easily, Niklaus.”

Hailey told me just now that Niklaus’ family used to be in the raw material sector, just recently, they slowly explore the business world more by going into property sector. I figured Niklaus wanted to sell Lance all the materials, so he needed the data to estimate what kind of price he would give Lance.

By the time, I would become his one way ticket to profit.

I’m not so dumb.

“The data you want, you would have to look for it yourself. Don’t you think that you have overestimated me? To Lance Mason, I’m nothing but his sex toy. I guess we really can’t be allies after all. I used to think Ms Sands would help me collect evidence of Lance’s

crimes, and go against him, now when I think about it, I was amused at how naïve I was. Someone like Lance, of course he would make sure no evidence is left when doing his dirty deeds. Even if you have anything against him, you wouldn’t give it to me, you would use it to your own advantage.” I finished speaking and Niklaus clapped his hands.

“Am I wrong?” I asked.

He didn’t nod or shake his head. Instead, he said, “You are correct on one part. Businessmen prioritize profit, so in this business world, there’s no friends or enemies, only benefits. But you are wrong on another point. Me and Lance are not as close as you think, we are not in the friends in terms of profit. If you check the history of the Sands, you would see that the Abel and the Sands are related. We are distant families, but the Mason’s and the Abel stood together last time and chased us out from Denmark,

so my family came to California and started all over again. They nearly made us go bankrupt.”

I didn’t expect that Niklaus Sands and Tiffany Abel, they come from the same bloodline, but not directly related. This means that they are distant relatives.

So, Lance’s fiancé, is Niklaus Sands’ distant cousin then?

“I don’t care about your family history with the Abel’s or Lance. To conclude what I want to tell you, I can’t get the data you want. As for my own goal, I will try to work on it . I Don’t Trust You Anymore myself.” And with that, i stood up and leave.

Niklaus’ voice sounded from behind me. “What can you do? Rely on the useless Rupert Robinson? Don’t be so naïve, you already said it, Lance would make sure he leaves no evidence for his dirty deeds.”

I was naïve and stupid, but now, of course I knew I couldn’t rely on that foolish Rupert!

I turned back around to face him, “Don’t try to trigger me, I don’t trust you anymore. The data you want? Get it yourself, don’t ask me.”

And with that I walked towards the exit. Niklaus is a businessman, he wants money. So it was obvious what both of us wanted were not the same, of course we couldn’t be allies anymore. He didn’t want Lance’s life, he just wanted money.

After saying goodbye to Hailey in the mall, I went back to the driver who was waiting for me. My phone rang twice, it was a stranger’s number. I picked up and a woman’s voice came from the other side of the phone.

“Hi, is this Jennie Gomez?”

I said yes. “Ms Gomez, your mother Karen, tried to cut her own wrist and she’s now not in danger anymore after emergency treatment. Can you come and have a look at her?”

Mom tried to commit suicide again, but I wasn’t surprised at all.

I didn’t know if it was my heart who hardened, or did I started to hate her? Hate her for treating father this way, hate her for never giving me protection like how mothers usually do.

I answered her cruelly, “She’s not my mother, you must have made a mistake.”

I hung up after that. I knew my mother wouldn’t really kill herself. I already gave her a card with a huge amount of money inside. Those were the money I saved up to buy a house. But I gave it to her, so I don’t owe her anymore. I just hope she will wake up from her fantasies and live a peaceful life.

If she really wanted to die, she wouldn't let someone call me and inform me. I already knew it, so I didn't answer her call when she called me.

**New novel**