

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 91

My Love My Hatred Chapter 91—A night before the Wedding

I went back to Lance's mansion. He didn't show up for 2 days in a row. The news were reporting about his marriage with Tiffany all day and all night.

There was a paparazzi who took some photos of Lance and Tiffany taking wedding photos outdoor. They look so good, handsome and beautiful, very matching.

On Sunday night, I watched the news while having dinner. The TV showed the Mason's Mansion back in Denmark all glowed up. Although it was in a hurry, the decorations were even fancier than Leo's wedding.

The news reported that the Mason's used different fancy cars such as Lambo, Ferrari and other much more luxurious cars to welcome Tiffany into the family. Lance Mason even gifted her the most expensive mansion in Denmark, plus 80 million dollars for as a newly wedded gift.

The wedding dress that Tiffany wore, according to the news, it was done by more than 10 tailors. It was custom made and full of diamonds, real diamonds. Even her wedding heels were the fanciest shoes I've ever seen.

Some netizens were envious of her and also happy for her, saying that she must have done something to save the world in her last life, to be able to marry a man like Lance.

But there were also some that were jealous. They said Lance had a mistress. They even knew that the mistress was just in California.

What I was really afraid of was that someone might found out who Lance's mistress was, and post it on the internet. If that really happened, I would definitely become the slut

or shameless mistress of Lance Mason.

Scrolling my ipad, I started to read the netizens' comments. A lot of them were scolding and judging Lance's mistress, who also happened to be me. They called her a slut, a whore, a shameless cow..... I was actually quite upset to see it with my own eyes.

I was just thinking about how peaceful my life would be if I hadn't made this deal with him. If my mother hadn't forced me, if I hadn't think about revenge....

But then, Lance hated me so much, even if I didn't go to him, he would have found a way to torture me.

I was deep in my own thoughts when I received an anonymous email, it was a photo of Lance playing golf with a few government officers.

To me, these were not good enough. These photos weren't strong enough to go against Lance Mason.

I sighed after realizing it.

The most important thing right now was make Lance allow me to get involved in the Lay Water Park project. Although I argued back with Niklaus about what he said, but was still suspicious of how Lance was able to get this piece of land.

His proposal and the data..... there was really a huge difference.

What Niklaus didn't know was, the data he wanted, I have seen it.

I just didn't want to let him know, because I didn't want to work with him anymore.

Lance came back one day before his own wedding. I took a shower and laid down on bed. I wanted to take a rest because I was feeling tired, plus my period was delayed. I had

a bad feeling.

The doctor told me before that I can get pregnant easily, plus the medicine that Lance gave me wasn't 100% effective.

I touched my abdomen and thought, if I really got pregnant, then I have to prepare to kill a second life.....

If Lance Mason is a human, he would have used a condom, not killing lives like that.

I was sound asleep in the middle of the night and suddenly felt a body beside me. He smelled like alcohol. His lips landed on my neck and he started to kiss me, while whispering, "I'm going to marry another woman tomorrow, and you'll become that kind of woman, Jennie, do you really not care at all?"

I opened my eyes.

I stared at Lance and said, "Why are you back? It's your big day tomorrow!"

Lance stared down at me from above me and sighed, "Seems like you don't care at

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 92– A Peaceful Night

All men are the same, they think women should love a man with all of their heart, that a woman should be crying and cause a scene when they know the man she loves is going to marry another woman, to show the man that how much she loves him.

Lance suddenly swept me off the floor and carried me bridal style, I was surprised by his action so I circled my arms around the back of his neck tightly. He carried me to the third floor to the small movie theatre.

He put me on the carpet in the middle of the room and sat beside me. I had no idea what he wanted to do. He turned on his laptop and logged into his email, suddenly the picture of Tiffany Abel was projected on the large screen projection. She was wearing a wedding dress and holding a bouquet of white roses. She looks beautiful in the picture.

Was Lance out of his mind? Why was he showing the picture of his wife to his mistress? Did he think that he could trigger me with this picture?

The picture of Tiffany changed to another picture of Lance and Tiffany, they were smiling at each other. This was the first time I ever saw Lance Mason smile like that, he looks good.

Every picture that Lance showed me that night was good. The bride is beautiful and the groom is breathtakingly handsome. They were meant to be together.

"Is the wedding dress beautiful?" Lance asked me out of blue.

"Yes, your wife looks beautiful in it, just like an angel." I said while looking at the large screen.

If Tiffany Abel was an angel, I must be a rotten meat with maggots all around me.

Lance Mason's hand balled his hands into fists and released.

"You.....like it?" He asked me again.

"Every girl likes a beautiful wedding dress, so do you like it?" He added.

I buried my head in between my knees while looking at him, "You shouldn't be asking your mistress this kind of question. What if I said I like it? I won't be able to wear it. If I said no, will you be assuming that I am jealous of your wife?"

"Are you jealous then?" He asked me as soon as he heard what I said.

"Jealous of who?" played dumb.

"Tiffany Abel." He said calmly.

I tilted my head up to look at the screen again and said sadly, "I will be lying if I said no. But that's my fate."

She has everything, and I had nothing. Why wouldn't I be jealous?

"What are you jealous of?" He asked his mistress what she was jealous of over his wife. Was he in his right mind?

I was starting to be impatient, but it was not because he was going to marry Tiffany Abel tomorrow. I was sad and impatient to talk to him about his wife because Tiffany Abel is younger than me and the smile on her face was like a knife stabbing into my heart, I will never be able to smile like that again in my life.

How unfair was the world, God wasn't being fair to me, what have I done to deserve this miserable life?

"What are you jealous of?" He asked again because I didn't answer him.

My eyes were a bit moist so I tilted my head up so that my tears wouldn't roll down. Crying is for the weak, I can't cry.

I looked at Lance and said, "I am jealous because the wedding dress is so beautiful. You are right, every girl likes beautiful dresses, every girl hopes that they can wear the most beautiful wedding dress and marry their charming prince. But me? I don't have the chance to do so."

Lance stopped for a second after he heard what I said, "Have you ever dreamt of marrying Leo while wearing a beautiful wedding dress?"

I wasn't surprised that he used this to try to provoke me, I would only be surprised he doesn't do that anymore.

Why wouldn't I dream so? I had been dreaming about that every single day that I would be able to wear the wedding dress Leo had prepared for me and walk down the aisle with him telling him that I will love him for the rest of my life.

I didn't answer Lance's question that day. I moved my hand to the mouse and searched for a song and played it.

I stood up and reached my hand out to Lance and said, "Dance with me?"

Lance was very surprised; he must be thinking that I was out of my mind just like him.

He was right, we both had gone out of our mind.

Lance placed his big hand onto my small one and I held his hand ever so softly. When he stood up, I placed my other hand on his broad shoulder.

We were dancing waltz.

I wasn't hearing a heel so my eye level was at the broad shoulder of Lance, I slowly placed my head on his shoulder while we were dancing.

Thum along the lyrics; this is the first time Lance ever heard me singing. Leo never got to hear me sing before.

"Have you ever heard this song before?" I asked.

"Do you always listen to this song? You like it?" He asked.

"No, I just think that this is a nice song. The lyrics are meaningful. This is an old song. You weren't even born yet when this song was released."

"Why would you like to listen to such an old song?" He had so many questions that night.

"Let's just dance. We never get to be so calm with each other before. I am touched that you came to see me the night before your wedding day."

"Really?" He pulled away and tilted my chin up to meet his eyes.

I pushed his hand that was holding my chin away slowly and said, "Yes, this proves, that I am important in your heart."

He didn't respond and just lowered his head down to kiss my lips. We ended up rolling in the carpet.

He was so gentle that night.

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 93—Big Day

Lance was still asleep when I woke up in the morning. He was acting like he wasn't going to marry someone today.

I pushed his shoulder and said softly, "Wake up, brother."

! "What time is it?" Lance placed his hand on his forehead and said with his raspy voice.

I reached for his watch on the nightstand and looked at the time, "Seven thirty, wake up now, big day ahead!"

Lance sat up on the bed and leaned against the headboard of the bed. All this time had spent with him, I found out that he is just like a child. He will be unhappy when someone wakes him up.

He was acting like he didn't have a wedding to attend today. He wasn't passionate.

He sat on the bed for a while and got out of the bed and walked into the closet. I stayed in the bed thinking if I should get up too, but I had nothing to do so early in the morning.

Lance called for me in the closet.

He was just wearing a boxer when I walked into the closet.

Lance pointed at his side of the closet and asked me to help him choose a suit for his wedding.

I looked at the suits he has in his closet. He looks good in every suit he owns, but I was curious why didn't he customize a suit for his wedding? It felt like he didn't care much about his own wedding.

I choose a red colour suit for him. I had been together with him for such a long time, I have only seen him wear a red suit for once. Seems like he doesn't like red.

Lance knitted his eyebrows together, looking like he wasn't pleased with my choice, so I explained, "You look good in red."

He looked at me and nodded slightly, accepting my choice. I helped him into the suit and found him a tie. Looking at the man standing in front of me, he looked extra good today.

"There you go, groom of the day."

Lance suddenly grabbed my hand while I was smoothing his suit with my hand. He looked at me with intense eyes, lowered my head down, he let go of my hand and tilted my head up with his hand, "Do you have any more words for me, Jennie?"

He was acting weird from the night before till this moment, he didn't look like a man who was going to get married today. I really couldn't understand Lance Mason.

He was waiting for me to answer him, I thought for a second and smiled at him, "wish you a happy marriage."

How ironic, his mistress wishing him a happy marriage.

Lance let go of my hand while knitting his eyebrows together for minutes, and suddenly he smirked at me, "I was always happy, you are the one who wasn't happy."

Was he showing off that he had a better life than me?

He was right, the person who will never be happy is me.

Somebody's life is born to be miserable and somebody's life is born to be happy, and me and Lance are the example of these two kinds of people. How ironic.

After he left the house, I was left with only two maids. The others had followed Lance out to his wedding.

I felt suffocated staying in this enormous mansion, I just wanted to get out from here.

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I wanted to go to places where Leo and I had been to before. It was when he got married that Lance Mason came into my life and ruined me slowly.

It was a crowded and busy market. I had been here more than once with Leo. He loves animals so much, especially small animals, he always brings me to the bird market. He likes the corgi, rabbits, and also cats.

He is kind and lovely and I just realized that maybe Leo Mason never loved me before, it was all about pity. He felt bad for me.

When I knew what the mansion in England meant to the Mason brother, I knew that Leo never loved me before.

And I loved him so much back then because I was weak and I needed love and attention from someone.

"Buy a baby Samoyed, little girl, it is very easy to feed them!" an old lady said.

I squatted down and reached for the baby Samoyed in the cage to bring it out. Its fur was so white, I ran my hand through its fur and the baby Samoyed rubbed its face against my hand.

The sun was so bright today but it wasn't able to warm my cold heart.

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I paid for the baby Samoyed and brought it with me. I remembered that Lance Mason is allergic to dogs, that's why all the pets Leo had were put at another place.

But Lance fed wolves, he should feed a wolf because he was just like them!

Thad been out there walking for a long time, I was tired and the dog was sleepy and hungry too. I brought it back to Lance's mansion. The volume of the television was a bit loud, I assumed that it was the news of his wedding today. I heard two young maids were talking in the living room. One of the maids says, "Look at the Mason's mansion! It was so big and beautiful! The diamonds on the bride's wedding dress are so shiny! And Mr. Mason looks so good!"

Another maid said, "Quit looking, we will be in trouble if the woman comes back now."

Am I the woman she was talking about?

Another maid said, "What are you afraid of, didn't you see what Mr. Mason had done to her that day on the sofa? For Mr. Mason, she is just a bitch. Why should we be afraid of a bitch?"

The other maid said, "You're right, what a shameful mistress, still staying here even though Mr. Mason is getting married to another woman."

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 94– Reminiscing

I walked past them without any facial expression, with the dog in my arms. They were surprised to see me appearing suddenly in front of them and said, "You're back Miss Gomez."

I looked at them for a second and said nothing and just brought the dog upstairs with me.

One of the maids looked at the baby Samoyed in my arm and said, "Miss Gomez, you didn't know that Mr. Mason is allergic to dogs?"

I had known Lance Mason for so many years, of course I know he is allergic to dogs. They were just the maids that Lance had hired to take care of me, even though I was a mistress they shouldn't be talking to me like that.

I was about to scold them when I realized what they said just now was true. Now that Lance was married, there would be more people talking behind and in front of me, all I could do was to ignore all of them.

I tightened my arms around the dog and said, "Mind your own business."

It was when I almost reached the second floor that I heard the maid, "How can someone be so shameless!"

Another maid said, "Just calm down, it seems like Mr. Mason doesn't like her a lot, she is just his sex toy."

Sex toy.....

I sighed while looking at the two maids. I noticed that the dog had been hiding in my arms, it seemed like it was afraid of the two maids because they weren't friendly, I softly patted it and said, "Don't be afraid, I will protect you and no one is going to hurt you."

Ironic. I can't even protect myself. How do I protect a dog?

I named the baby Samoyed with my nickname, Nini, my father used to call me Nini when he was still alive. I recalled that I once told Leo that he could call me Nini if he wanted, but he said he was already used to call me Jennie. Thinking about it now just made me realize that he just didn't want to change for me because I wasn't important enough.

When Lance Mason had sex with me without my permission, I was afraid that Leo would eventually find out about that. But I also hoped that he could save me from that living hell back then. I had imagined Leo to be my shining knight in armour and save me from my nightmare countless times, but after all it was just my silly imagination.

I recalled when I was arguing with Lance, he said, "Do you really think that Leo loves

Leo didn't love me back then, so he never touched me before, even after he found out what I had been doing with his brother behind his back he didn't do anything he just left with a look of disappointment.

I once asked myself if Leo loved me before. Sadly, I couldn't feel his love and I still loved him.

He was the best thing that ever happened in my life.

The next day, one of Lance's bodyguards came and picked me up to go back to California. Lance brought his wife to Greece for honeymoon. It would be very inappropriate if I followed.

I went back to the Pavilion Resident, I had nothing to do so I just decided to go back to my small apartment, there was a lot of memory that I shared with Leo there.

I pulled out a box from under the bed with a thin layer of dust on it. When I opened the box, I saw a green handkerchief that was covering all the pieces of a jade bracelet. This

is the jade bracelet that Leo bought in a small shop when he went travelling, he was scammed. This is just a cheap jade bracelet.

But it was precious to me, just like my life.

Leo wasn't the one who would always give me a gift, so when he did, I would be very careful with the gift and appreciated it.

There was a small red jacket in the box, it was Leo's. I was wearing it when Lance saw me so he asked the maid to throw it away, everything I touched was considered dirty, so I didn't get to wear any of Leo's clothes anymore.

I walked a long way with my broken shoes in the winter when this jacket was thrown away. I found it laying in between the rubbish.

I quickly held the down jacket against my chest when I found it and I didn't dare to take it back because I was scared that Lance would ask me to kneel on the snow again if he found out. So, I found a plastic bag and put it inside. Then I dug a hole in the soil and placed it there. I would always come here to check if it was still there. When I went to primary school, I would always bring the jacket with me no matter if it was winter or not.

I didn't have much memories with Leo because he was sent abroad to study by Lance. The time I got to spend with him wasn't much, let alone to be left alone.

I was slowly falling for him from the second he placed this red jacket on my shivering body.

I took in the smell of the jacket. My tears slowly rolled down my cheek. There wasn't any scent of Leo anymore, just like how he will never ever walk into my world anymore.

My phone suddenly rang when I was in the depth of memories. It was Lance, I quickly picked up

"Where are you?" He sounded very angry so I assumed that he just had a fight with his wife.

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I looked at the jacket in my hand and sniffed. "I will be back soon; I will be out for a while."

"You're crying!" Lance said.

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 95– Miscarried?

"N-No, why would I be crying?"

"Quit lying, you are crying, just listen to your voice. Where are you? I'll come fetch you." He demanded.

I told him where I was and hung up. I used the bed sheet to wipe away my tears and put everything back to the box.

I sat on the small sofa to wait for Lance.

Lance arrived in 20 minutes. I opened the door to let him in. His face looked pale and he had dark circles under his eyes, he doesn't get them easily even though he didn't sleep well. Seems like he had been having a good time with his wife every night.

That's good too at least he wouldn't have the energy to humiliate me now.

"Why are you here?" He asked with a serious voice.

I didn't look at him and said, "I was afraid that it would be smelly if I didn't come back from time to time, so I just came here to have a look."

He didn't say anything. He closed the door forcefully and carried me to the small sized sofa, he quickly came on top of me.

I knew what he wanted to do without even thinking more. I had been together with him for a long time now. He had a schedule for his sex life. He would have sex with me 5 times in a week and he wouldn't do it on Monday and Friday.

When he was in good mood, he would pound me 3 or 4 times a day, and if he was not in the mood he would do me 1 or 2 times, then take a bath before he sleeps.

I didn't feel right to be sleeping with him right now. He was sleeping with his wife all these days until he looked so exhausted. Just thinking about sharing the same man with another woman makes me feel so dirty.

"What are you thinking?" He asked while biting on my lips.

He would be angry if I wasn't paying full attention when we do it.

"Answer me!" He snapped and bit harder on my lip that it started to bleed.

He liked to bite on my lips until it bleeds, it was like he be happy every time I was in pain.

I licked my lips and said, "Nothing, I was just wondering if you need any rest, you look

He slowly moved his hand to the top of my thighs and kiss my lips again. Then, he slide into me impatiently.

My period had been delayed a few days; I might be pregnant.

His movements were aggressive. He had always been aggressive while f*cking me like he wanted me dead.

I felt pain forming in my stomach. Just when he was about to finish, his big hand gripped my side. I was slowly falling apart because of the pain from my belly, and suddenly my world fell dark. My hands on his shoulder slowly slide down.

I wanted to see what his reaction was when I fainted. Maybe he would just stand up calmly and call the ambulance?

***** When I woke up again, I was in the private ward.

I recalled being here before when he had fever last time. Was he guilty that he made me miscarriage so he let me use his private ward?

I was alone in the ward and still felt pain in my stomach.

I put my hand on my flat abdomen and thought Another baby died in my stomach:

The door was opened by Lance suddenly. When he walked into the ward, he looked paler and his eyes were bloodshot. I turned my head to another side not wanting to look at him. I hope he felt guilty for killing his own baby.

I was upset that I lost another baby from me. It was like a part of me had gone with the baby.

I felt Lance slowly approach me and when the other side of the bed sank, I knew he was sitting on the bed, I hoped he would say something.

“Do you know you are pregnant earlier? Did you purposely plan to not tell me, Jennie Gomez?” His voice was ice cold.

I never thought that the first word he said to me will be this.

I thought he would say, ‘Does it hurt still? Do you need anything? I will give it to you no matter what! Just like the time when he accidentally burnt me with his cigarette.

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 96– Baby?

I stared at the white ceiling of the ward, there was a glass lamp on the ceiling reflecting me and Lance Mason.

I could see the back of his hair and my emotionless face.

“Have you been planning this? To make me kill my own child? Do you want me to live in guilt forever?” He said while pinching my chin between his fingers, he looked angry.

I looked at his bloodshot eyes and said, “Will you be guilty? No, you won’t. You might want a child now but the child will never be from me. You told me before, the child I carry will always be an illegitimate child, he/she will die anyway. You wouldn’t be sad if you lose this child, Lance Mason. Let alone feel guilty towards me, because that’s who you are. How would I dare give birth to this child?” With that, a tear rolled down.

He was sitting on the bed looking at me. Not so angry anymore. What I said to him just now was what he told me before.

I thought I saw a glimpse of hurt in his eyes, but who am I kidding? Why would he be hurt? He should be happy that the child was gone. If he wanted a child, he could have it with his wife and not me, the mistress.

“You wanted that child?” Lance asked me after minutes of silence.

I softly rubbed my abdomen which was still in pain. I couldn’t deny that I love that child, but I couldn’t imagine giving birth to Lance Mason’s child too. If it wasn’t the child of Lance Mason, of course I wanted that baby.

“I want this baby but I can’t, I know what I am to him.” This is his words he said before and now I use it to answer him.

Lance looked at me intensely and said, “So you wanted it?” he asked again.

At this moment, I didn’t want to talk about the child I had just lost, it was too much for me.

I was in pain and he felt happy, his features slowly turned to a good mood. How cruel was this man?

“Torturing you will make me feel good you said, how do you know that?” He placed his hand on my heart and asked, “By your heart?”

I didn’t let out a word and I know I was right. But looking at him acting like this made me felt like I was wrong.

Lance let out a cold laugh and said, "Oh, how could I forget that you gave your heart to someone else so that makes you a heartless woman."

He sounded so cold. He had been talking weird things and I wouldn't think too much about his words anymore.

He got up from the bed and started to pace around the ward, he looked like he was frustrated. I didn't piss him off right?

When he sat down again, he placed his large hand on my stomach and rubbed it ever so softly. I was surprised by his action; he was so gentle.

"The baby is still here!" He looked into my eyes and said.

"W-what do you mean?"

"The baby is still here! If you want to have it, have it then."

"Really? The baby is still with me?" I asked after I calmed myself down.

Lance nodded slowly and seemed like he had been thinking about the baby, "The doctor said the baby was strong and if you want to give birth to this baby, do it then. I can

afford raising a child."

Of course he can afford it, he can raise ten children at once and didn't have to even worry about the money, let alone one.

Even though he had agreed to let me have this baby, I couldn't. The reason is it was his child. The man that I hated so much. I couldn't give birth to his baby.

With the lack of my response he started to talk sarcastically, "Why aren't you speaking? You weren't so happy that the baby is still alive?"

His hand was still on my stomach and he slowly balled his hand into a fist and said, "I can help you if you don't want this baby, one punch and he/she will be gone."

I looked at his fist and said, "I know you don't want this child, but can you arrange an abortion for me? I wouldn't be able to take your punch; it will be a lot of pain...."

I wasn't able to finish my sentence when I heard a loud bang beside my face. His fist landed just beside my face.

I widened my eyes and looked at this angry man.

My chin was suddenly pinched between his fingers and he said, "How f*cking dare you, Jennie Gomez!"

With that, he left the room.

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 97—Hard to Get Pregnant

Lance threw those words at me and left me alone on the bed, trying to digest why he suddenly got so angry.

I couldn't guess why, and I didn't want to guess also.

I touched my abdomen, it was mostly a one month old fetus, so if I take an abortion pill, it would flow out together with my period, right?

When the doctor came to check on me; I told him my thoughts and asked if he could anything for me.

The doctor looked at me nervously and said, "Sorry, miss, without Mr Mason's command we couldn't do anything. He's a powerful person, if he sues us, we cannot take the consequences."

I talked to the doctor for a long time, yet he still didn't want to help me.

Lance Mason would not want this child, this, I was pretty sure. I explained to the doctor, "Lance Mason is so famous, you also know he got married recently. You must know who his wife is. Who am I? He wouldn't want this child! So, he will not blame you, plus the child is inside of me, I have the right to choose, no?" Just when I was still explaining, Lance came in, his face dark.

I was so focused on talking to the doctor that I didn't notice Lance's face when he heard me insisting to abort the child.

The doctor saw him and said, "Mr Mason, Ms Gomez and the child are all in good health for now."

Lance nodded. The doctor led the nurses and went out of the ward.

Lance's expression remained the same, cold and mad. I stared at him while he took his steps slowly towards me. He looked like he was going to explode anytime soon.

To be honest, Lance like this did scare me, really. I gulped and quickly said something before he explodes. "Lance, we need to talk about the child."

Lance sat on the bed beside me and put his hand on my abdomen. His cold face slightly became warmer. "When Tiffany was on her first days of period, she caught a cold. The doctor said this affected her body, plus her body wasn't the type to get pregnant easily. And I also don't want her to suffer just to bare me a child. Since you are already pregnant, why not give birth to this child and let me and Tiffany raise him/her? We'll tell the world that the child is mine and Tiffany's. I need an heir."

Lance's word made my mind blank. I was in despair.

He wanted me to bare his child for 9 months and give it to his wife? How cruel.....

It was only a small ball of cells at this point and I was already feeling a little unwilling, although it was Lance's child, but if he ask me to give it to his wife, could I do it? No!

"If I tell you I'm unwilling to?" I stared at his eyes while I asked. At this moment, i couldn't pretend to be a gold-digger anymore.

Lance glanced at me and forced a smile, "The child is inside of you, so you can choose. Just like how your life is in my hands, I can also choose to end you."

And with that, he put his hands around my neck.

With a cold tone, he said, "I know you don't care about your mother anymore, and to me it's bad news, because I can't control you anymore. But as for you, I think you're very terrified of dying."

I remained silent.

He then let go of my neck and said, "I'm not young anymore, I'm 33 and has a wife. The older generation of the family will urge me to have a son. The fact about Tiffany being hard to get pregnant? I have already make sure no one in the public will know of it. If you can help me bare a son and give him to me and Tiffany, I'll let you go and give you one billion dollars."

Money? Not what I wanted at all. But letting me go? Yes.

Lance continued, "Jennie, stop pretending. I know what you have done behind me, trying to work with Niklaus and Rupert..... you think I'm that dumb, don't you?"

He added on with a cold laugh, "You're so naïve, I've been in this industry for so long now, do you think you can outsmart me?"

He patted on my face and smirked. My blood ran cold, I never expected him to know everything I did behind his back. Seems like I'm a joker, a joke to him.

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My Love My Hatred Chapter 98– Two Options

My palms were sweating, forehead was soaked with cold sweat. I was just like a complete joke to him. How pathetic..... I didn't even have the chance to do anything to him!

I was still in my own depths of despair when Lance touched my abdomen and said, "Jennie, you once told me that to live is to hope. I'm already sick of hating one person for so long, I don't want to hate anymore. Give birth to this child for me and I'll let you go, for real this time. Think about it."

Just when he was about to leave, I stared at his back and said bitterly, "I want to live, but you, you don't give me a choice. I've been asking myself all these years, what did I do wrong? Why do you have to blame me for what your father and my mom did? Do you know how low I am? I'm the child of a whore and a dirty client! Even the father who loved me so much wasn't my real father! You shouldn't blame me, you really shouldn't treat me

e Mason, why didn't you just let me go when both of us could?"

Lance turned back around, looking at me who was already full of tears. I've stopped crying in front of him, and I have never spoken so much at once to him.

After so many years, I learned to swallow my own sorrow. Whatever I experienced or felt, I swallow it down alone. I never cried out or sobbed to anyone like this, I was too bitter this time. So bitter that I couldn't take it anymore. I cried in despair.

I'm depressed.

Lance's expression changed rapidly, my tears blurred my vision and I couldn't see clearly. I didn't even want to see anything clearly now.

Lance stood in front of me, watching my cry my eyes out bitterly,

After a long time, he spoke in a cold tone, "You have two options. Give birth to this child and I'll let you go, or I'll send you to jail for trying to ruin my image."

"You said it before, that you will never allow me to bare your child, so why?" I asked. I really didn't understand.

"No reason, you are already one month pregnant, plus grandma is very old I need an heir to make sure Tiffany's position in the family is fixed and strong."

Seems like he really loved this new wife of his. He would allow the woman he hated so much to bare his child, in order to help his wife.

"If the child is a female? Are you still willing to let me go?"

If the child is a boy, I would be cruel to myself and leave, but if the child is a girl, does

"The doctor used the most advanced technology and checked. The child is a boy, and once he informed me, my hatred to you actually reduced..... just bare with it for 9 months and I'll give you the money you need and let you go."

Lance tried to persuade me. How could he do this to me?

Treat me like trash then ask me to bare his child? Plus he wanted me to give him and his wife My child?

I never know anyone could be this cruel and cold-blooded. Now I know, Lance Mason is my first example.

I stared at him with empty, hollow eyes and said nothing.

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Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 99

My Love My Hatred Chapter 99- Heir

The rich always wish that their heir will be a boy, especially for family like the Mason's. The Mason's family was so happy when Lia was pregnant.

Lance didn't look at me after he finished his sentence.

How ironic it was when he told me to give birth to the son of his and Tiffany Abel's.

I found out that Lance had the same blood type as me, RH blood. So, if he had a baby with another woman, a situation like haemolysis will happen and will also cause death. Therefore, I was the most suitable woman have his child.

So, he had made the decision to let me give birth to this baby

To make my life to be better, I never talked about abortion anymore.

I was yearning for freedom that I made a deal with Lance to exchange my freedom with this child.

I had been in the hospital for a long time. After that, I was discharged and being sent back to the mansion. Everything in the mansion had changed, there was carpet everywhere even in the washroom, the bedsheet of Lance's bed had been changed into a lighter colour that will make pregnant lady feel better than looking at the distressed black bed sheets.

I started the life of nourishing the baby in this mansion. Lance didn't come back as often as before, because Tiffany Abel was in California too. So, I thought that he must be busy accompanying his wife.

He would come back once or twice in a week, but he would be working when he came back. He would ask for my opinion on the design of the project but I would just simply say something to put him off.

So, he stopped asking opinions from me. We were always in the same room but in silence.

I didn't have morning sickness when I first got pregnant, but it started after I hit the fourth month of pregnancy. I would throw up everything I took in and I couldn't sleep in the night.

The butler told Lance about my situation and on that night, I saw the man I haven't seen in a month.

He was darker and slimmer; the Lay Water Park project had just started so he had to go to the construction site every week.

I would often see the news of him and his wife attending some events like the

I was throwing up violently when he saw me, he took some tissue to wipe my mouth after I was done. He looked worried.

I laid my head on his broad shoulder and he stroked my face, "You've lost a lot of weight, have you been eating properly?"

Looking at him like this just made me think that he must have thought I wanted to starve his and Tiffany Abel's son.

I shook my head, "It's okay, I lost some weight because I have been puking lately."

He picked me up from the floor and carried me to the bed and placed me down. Lance asked the servant to prepare some soup for me.

When Lance wanted to feed me the soup, I moved my head aside refusing to drink it, "I would want to puke again if I drink this, I just want to sleep. You don't have to come back if you are busy, I will take good care of myself and the baby."

I knew why he was worried; he was worried that I wouldn't take good care of his son. He values this son very much because all his family members had been pressuring him regarding an heir for the Mason's Company

For a family like Mason's, they value their heir, more than anything.

The butler who was standing beside told Lance that, "It's okay if Miss Gomez doesn't want to drink the soup, it's dinner time soon."

The words of the butler saved me. Lance let the butler take the soup away.

The butler left the room, leaving me alone with Lance. He placed his hand on my baby bump and said apologetically, "The project had just started and I was busy so couldn't come back so often. I know you are having a hard time now, but I will be free by the time you go into labour, then I will be by your side by that time."

I know the reason why he was being so nice to me was because of the baby in my belly now

I smiled at him, "It's okay, you don't have to come if you are busy. There are so many maids here to take care of me, the baby will be fine."

He looked down at my baby bump and rubbed it softly with his large hand.

Foetus which are four-month-old are be able to move now, the baby started to kick at the place where Lance placed his hand at.

Lance was surprised by the movement and said excitedly, "He's moving! He's moving!"

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 100

My Love My Hatred Chapter 100– Body Check-up

The smile Lance had on his face at that moment showed that he was really happy. I have never seen him be this happy ever.

But the baby stopped moving afterwards.

Lance waited for a long time to feel his movement again but the baby just stopped moving, he tilted his head up and looked at me disappointedly, "Why isn't he moving?"

I was speechless and felt that Lance had become more stupid.

"How would I know? The doctor said the movement of the baby will be more often when he gets bigger."

Lance rubbed my baby bump again and asked, "The next appointment is around the corner, right?"

I thought for a second before I spoke, "Yes, it's next Monday, to do the Down Syndrome screening test."

"What is that for?" Lance asked.

"To check if the baby is deformed, if yes, we will need to do abortion." I answered.

Lance knitted his eyebrows together when he heard the word 'abortion' and said, "Deformity? Are you saying that the baby will be deformed?"

He looked at me coldly and that made me shiver with good bumps.

"It is just a check-up! To check on the baby!"

I explained to him and I saw him looking at me intensely.

"How could you say the word 'deformed' so easily without any emotions!" He barked.

I didn't know how to respond to Lance.

Maybe he needs a healthy heir, that's why he was acting agitated.

He didn't wait for my answer, he just pinched my chin between his fingers and said, "You must be very thrilled if you find out the baby is deformed."

This baby had been in my belly for four months, I have felt his movement not only once but many times, I had been controlling myself not to grow feelings for this baby, but as his mother, why would I want my child to be deformed?

Once again, Lance misunderstood me and I shook my head. "Even though I wouldn't get to raise this child up by myself after he was born but he is still my child, why on earth will I wish that my child will be deformed?"

Lance looked at me coldly and said, "You better be."

"Take good care of my son." He said before he left.

I was just like a container for him, to carry his child.

The next time he came back the night before the Down Syndrome screening test, he was in a good mood that he bought a Gucci sandal for me that cost a lot of money.

I guessed this was to show appreciation to a container like me.

The next morning, I didn't eat anything because I know the doctor is going to draw some blood from me for the test.

I knew it because last time I had my breakfast before I went for a check-up, the doctor couldn't draw blood to do the check-up for me.

Lance Mason didn't eat anything in the morning too. Being a good mistress, I showed some care for him and said, "You should eat something, the test will take a lot of time."

He was wearing some comfort clothes today instead of his usual suit and tie. He squatted down to tie his shoe lace and when I squatted down and tried to help him like I always did, he quickly placed his hand on the small of my back, not letting me do so, "I'll do it myself, you are pregnant."

I sat in the back seat of the car with Lance as driver drove us there. The car suddenly braked and when my head almost hit the back of the front seat, Lance placed his hand in front of my head to prevent me hitting it.

"Are you okay?" Lance asked worriedly.

I shook my head.

"Don't you know there is a pregnant woman in the car?!" Lance scolded the driver.

The driver quickly apologized but Lance didn't accept his apologies.