

NO ESCAPE FROM MR. CEO'S DANGEROUS LOVE

Chapter 7 No More Cry in Future

After Harry and Lola sat at the table, Mrs. Herbert was about to leave to do something else. "Mrs. Herbert, please have a seat and join us for dinner." Lola said and cautiously had a glance at Harry, who was eating a piece of spare ribs in an unhurried manner, wondering whether it is appropriate...

"No, thanks. Please enjoy yourself with Young Master. I forgot to buy a cleanser. I gotta buy one now." Mrs. Herbert washed her hands, put on shoes, and got ready to go out.

"Well, then, it's dark outside. Please be careful." Lola said no more, thinking that they may have their own rules.

After Mrs. Herbert went out, Lola picked up chopsticks and started eating. She felt extremely hungry when

she saw the dishes. She has been mired in a hot mess recently. Finally she could have a chance to enjoy a meal well, though with a stranger at the table... Maybe they would not be strange to each other in a few days, Lola thought when looking at Harry who is having dinner gracefully.

When Harry finished dinner, Lola still had one third millet congee in the bowl. So she finished off the congee in a hurry, wiped her mouth, and began to clean the table.

"Did you also do this when you were at home?" Harry looked at Lola who was cleaning the table unskillfully.

"No, I didn't." Lola recalled her past life with tears in her eyes. She certainly didn't have to do such trifles when she was in Nixon's house. She was just that kind of people who did not need to touch the cold water in March. But she was homeless already. She

cannot be thoughtless any longer.

"Lola, this is your home from now on. You are not a guest here. Just relax!" Harry snatched the empty bowl in her hand, and gripped her wrist to go upstairs.

Lola looked at his big hand on her wrist sadly. She felt so tired and also wanted to relax herself. But could she?

When they arrived on the second floor, Harry didn't let her go. Instead, he took her to his study.

Harry fetched out two cards from the drawer of the desk, walked to Lola and gave the cards to her.

"I don't have cash. Take these two cards to withdraw cash or buy things, whatever you want."

Lola recognized that one of them was a limited-edition

VIP Black Card. Only 88 cards of this kind were issued all over the world, no credit limit, offering top-notch credit card experience worldwide, including a range of priority services at high-end stores and airports. She saw a card of the same kind once when she attended a wine tasting party with Mike last year, which was held in the hand of a boss of a leading enterprise. It was said that he was the only one who owned this card in Dreles.

She raised her head to look at Harry who kept a poker face, and fell into confusion. Why did he treat her so well while they are just strangers? Was it just because they had spent their first night together?

"Harry, I don't love you." That's true. She didn't love him, and she didn't want to cheat him. Mike was the only one she had loved. But then the only feeling she had towards him was hate.

"Go to bed early. We will go to apply for a passport tomorrow." Harry pushed her out with no more talking.

Was he angry? Lola looked at the closed door of the study in front of her, gripped the cards in her hand, and went to her room.

She was deeply touched and occupied by the appearance of Harry in the day, while now she was alone in her room, filling her mind with a myriad of thoughts and ideas.

Dad had lost his company; grandma had passed away; dad had grey hair overnight and disappeared. She lost everything because of Jacob and his son. The deepest hurt came from people's venom rather than the fact that she lost the company...

Lola sat on the sofa in the balcony sadly and looked at Dreles by night outside, tears streaming down her

face. She wanted to be strong. But everything happened all of a sudden. How could she be strong?

Harry intended to ask Lola where her household register was. But he heard her sobbing at the door of her room. Opening the door, he saw Lola huddling up in the balcony. He had thought her a strong woman, not caring about anything.

Lola was scared by a sudden hug and stopped crying immediately. When noticing that it was Harry, she cried more sadly: "Why are you here? You catch me crying. How ashamed I am."

"..." She was full of stubborn pride. Harry stood there, while Lola cried in his arms for half an hour.

He looked at Lola, who began to sob, with a frown. Her tears had wet his clothing. "Just this once. No more cry in future."

"Why should I do as you say?" Lola cried more sadly. Was he bullying her?

"You have cried for a long time. Does that help anyway?" Harry didn't know why he felt uncomfortable when he saw her crying.

On second thoughts, Lola stopped crying. She didn't like crying, either. But she just felt so sad.

"You got wine?" She blew her nose and looked at him pitifully.

Harry couldn't bear to turn down her request, "You wanna drink?"

"Sure! I have made up my mind. I will let what have happened recently go with wine!" She used to drink wine with the company of Mike or Sara. Now that she

had decided to abandon the past and live a better life, she needed to fight for herself, even though she had to use the help of the man in front of her...

Lola went to the bathroom to wash her face, and wore her straggly long hair in a bun.

Looking at the wine rack, Harry got a bottle of wine and two glasses with a little hesitation.

"I don't want red wine. I want to drink baijiu." Only the strong alcoholic drink could remove her worry and anger.

Ignoring what she said, Harry opened the bottle and poured the wine into the two glasses. Lola pouted dissatisfiedly and drank the wine off. Looking at the empty wine glass, she recalled that it was because she drank the red wine that Mike handed her that she had sex with the man in front of her. That red wine

must have been drugged then. Lola gave a sardonic smile.

Harry didn't plan to give her more wine and he put the wine bottle at his side. Alcohol was not good for her as she was just discharged from hospital. Why did he even agree to let her drink just now?

Lola stood up angrily, got the bottle, filled her glass full with red wine, and drank it off. She burped happily, not noticing Harry's displeased face.

When she was going to refill her glass, her wrist was gripped. "What's up? Don't be so mean! I just drink a little of your wine." Lola disdained.

Harry stood up, pulled her up from the chair, and took her to the bathroom.

He turned on the shower and pulled her under it. The

cold water sent a chill through her.

Her clothes got wet and clung to her body, revealing her beautiful body shape. "Harry, are you crazy? I have not taken off my clothes yet!" Lola felt perplexed and looked at Harry's non-nice face, shivering again and wondering if he was angry. He looks so terrible...

He knew that she was in a bad mood, and really had no intention to touch her. But she left him with no choice but to take some measures as she just challenged him again and again.

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