

Warning 951

[Chapter 951 Join In For Friday Dinner](#)

Marcel's POV:

"Hah! You're kidding me, right?" But Clare was not. The air around me thickened suddenly. My hand subconsciously loosed its grip as I looked at Clare in disbelief. I took a step back, trying to keep myself standing under the shock.

My mind had given me all kinds of possible rejection reactions from Clare when I prepared to come here, but not this one. Never this one! I couldn't even possibly imagine the man from last night to be her husband.

She got married? For God's sake! How could she? We were lovers. So, Clare must be lying. She couldn't possibly marry someone else. No, it just couldn't be true!

With a cold and calculated look toward me, Clare said in a firm tone, "It's the truth. The person you met is my husband. We just got married two days ago. And, even if I am not married, why do you care who he is?"

[Chapter 952 Lennon's Treat](#)

Clare's POV:

It all happened so quickly that I did not get a chance to call Lennon and tell him that I could not move to his place tonight. When we walked out of the law firm, I saw that he was already waiting there for me. He was standing in front of his car and waving at me wearing a bright smile.

My curious, gossip-loving colleagues were also around in their numbers. I sauntered across to him and said apologetically, "I'm so sorry I could not call you and inform you earlier that I'm having dinner with a client this evening. You can go back now."

Lennon peered over my shoulder at the people behind me. He immediately noticed Marcel. He scoffed and inquired, "Is the ex-boyfriend of yours the client you are referring to?"

[Chapter 953 Making Trouble On Purpose](#)

Clare's POV:

I stared guiltily at Lennon on our way to the restaurant. "I'm sorry. I had no idea Marcel would show up. You could have ignored him."

Lennon grabbed my hand and smiled. "It has absolutely nothing to do with him. I should invite all your co-workers to dinner and get to know them since we're married."

I was grateful and touched when I felt the warmth of his palm. I beamed at him sweetly.

The Imperial Court was lavishly decorated. It was full of wealthy individuals because ordinary people couldn't afford the food in this place.

[Chapter 954 Filled In The Wrong Address](#)

Clare's POV:

Stewart smiled as he stepped in and waved to the people behind him. Several waiters followed in, pushing a cart filled with costly wines.

As soon as he saw me, he said, "Mrs. Torres, it's nice to meet you again. Feel free to order whatever you like."

I stared at him, surprised. I had no idea Stewart was also the owner of this restaurant. I was surprised at how many properties he owned.

My coworkers were also astounded. Horace took out his phone and looked up the cost of a bottle of wine. Then, in a shaky voice, he stated the price. Everyone gasped. I was also taken aback by the pricing.

[Chapter 955 Stay Here](#)

Clare's POV:

Lennon's apartment was on the nineteenth floor. The location and the environment here were far better than where I lived. Although the decor of his home was simple, it was stunning. The black, grey and white theme colors of his apartment made it look really spacious and peaceful.

I eased Lennon onto the sofa and poured him a glass of warm water which he drank up in one thirsty gulp.

He then handed me the empty glass and remarked with his signature smile, "This is your first visit to my home. Let me show you around."

"No thanks. You should rather turn in now. It's quite late already and I have to head home." I placed the glass on the table and then picked up my bag to leave. But as soon as I stepped forward, Lennon grabbed my hand.

[Chapter 956 Not Ready For Sex](#)

Clare's POV:

I knew that I had aroused Lennon. He held me tightly in his arms and gently pulled me closer to him. He planted his soft lips on mine and began to lick my lips with hot even strokes. Then he kissed me passionately, deepening his kisses and overwhelming me at the same time. I did not respond immediately so he thrust his tongue into my mouth and French kissed me. I could feel his tongue

exploring every inch of my mouth.

[Chapter 957 We Slept Together Last Night](#)

Clare's POV:

In the morning, I woke up to the sound of the doorbell. Drowsily, I tried to open my eyes and lifted the blankets to get out of bed and see who was at the door. But suddenly, I was pulled back by a strong masculine hold as my back touched him. In his sweet, hoarse voice, he said, "Sleep. I will see who it is." And suddenly, my sluggish drowsiness disappeared into thin air.

I was wide awake when I realized I was sleeping on the same bed as Lennon. My head was on one of his arms, while his other arm was on my waist. In conclusion, we hugged intimately in bed. Abruptly, I sat up straight and stared at him as if he were some ghost. "Why are you sleeping here?"

[Chapter 958 Meeting Lennon's Parents](#)

Clare's POV:

"Do you have any plans in mind today?" Lennon suddenly asked when we finished eating breakfast.

I thought for a moment and slowly shook my head in response. "No."

As it was weekend, there was no need for me to go to work. Besides, I finished most of my work yesterday afternoon. Just when I thought Lennon was going to bring up the topic of moving, he said something else.

He handed his phone to me and said, "I'll take you to Sila to see my parents. Just fill in your personal information, and I'll book us the flight."

[Chapter 959 It's You](#)

Clare's POV:

For a while, Mrs. Torres' eyes widened as she stared at me in surprise. Eventually, she looked at me and Lennon and gave us a gentle smile. "Come on in. Why didn't you tell me that you were coming in advance? I could've prepared myself."

"I wanted to surprise you and Dad," Lennon explained. "If I told you in advance, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?"

Mrs. Torres simply gave him a reproachful look before she invited us into the house. I was so nervous that I felt like my heart was about to leap out of my chest. I even tried calling her "Mom", but I ended up stammering.

[Chapter 960 I Never Regret Marrying Him](#)

Clare's POV:

Mr. and Mrs. Torres were cooking a variety of dishes. I wanted to assist them, but they refused. "Go chat with Lennon while waiting for dinner."