

You Are Mine

Chapter 35: Dream

"I'll take a shower first," Stuart said while returning to his room. Edie didn't expect him to shower since she had hoped to get it over and done with as soon as possible. Her courage to "sacrifice" collapsed at once. She had no choice but to return to her own room.

The insulation of the house was really sufficient, and she could not hear any noise from the other room. She got sleepy lying on her bed and gradually drifted off into a dream.

It might have been because of her encounter with Victoria today that the nightmare that she used to have appeared. This was a recurring nightmare that she had for years.

"You don't have a Dad! Hahaha! You're a bastard! I heard that your mom is a mistress? Do you know what the daughter of a mistress called? A prostitute! It doesn't matter, and we will raise her as if we're raising a dog."

"Edie! Who permitted you to touch my books? Your dirty hands don't deserve to touch anything of mine! You're a bastard and can never be called Greg, and you don't deserve it! Miss Lara, you should be ashamed of yourself for hurting someone as kind-hearted as Joanna?"

In the dream, she was flooded with insults coming from every direction. She ran desperately with her ears

covered, but the voices would not stop. It mocked, it sneered, it wanted her dead! She fought alone, and she was so exhausted.

A bottomless gap formed under her feet. Victoria's screamed by her ear, "Edie! Why are you still alive? No one loves you. No one needs you. You're only a nuisance to others, why aren't you dead? WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD!"

No one loves her.... No one needs her. She lifted her foot up in a vacant state of mind and stepped into the bottomless pit... Suddenly, her surroundings gradually turned warm. It was as if a cloud was embracing her. The cloud smelt fresh, and it was the smell of someone who just took a shower.

The embrace was extremely gentle as if she was some kind of treasure as if she was born to be taken care of. Edie's weak hands finally had something to grip on, and she hugged the "cloud" tightly like she was seeking redemption. If she did this, could she get away from her unbearable past?

The atmosphere slowly changed without anyone noticing. It all started from the first kiss on her forehead, then her slightly wet lashes, then her small but delicate nose, at last, her flower-like sweet, tender lips.

His lips and tongue were invasive, but not intrusive enough to harm her. The warmth of his body was enchanting, and his breathing deepened, he went further and further... The big hand fondled her waist, then

gradually moved upwards and came to the most tender place on her body.

Eddie gradually sobered up, discovering that someone was on top of her kissing her; she started to resist in a hazy state. When Eddie began to resist, Stuart stopped all of his actions at once.

Feeling the weight on her body start to tense up, Eddie finally opened up her eyes and froze. Stuart's arms were pushing against the bed, stranding Eddie in between. His bewitching black eyes looked at her condescendingly.

The muscle on his half-naked body was toned and tense. His lower body was wrapped roughly in a towel. The atmosphere between them was dangerous, nearly climaxed to the point of no return.

Eddie screamed out loud, "Stuart! Why are you in my room!" Stuart stood up slowly, even without his expensive customized suit, he still had the aura of a British royal.

"It seems like you have a bad memory; let me remind you. You're the one who asked to help me apply the cream." Eddie was nearly driven crazy by him, "Why aren't you wearing any clothes?"

"How are you going to apply the cream on me if I have my clothes on?" Eddie couldn't think of a rebuttal immediately since what he said was too reasonable, and the way he said it was too confident.

"But... but why did you... kiss me...." Edie's volume lowered involuntarily on her last two words. Stuart was still calm, "I only came to check on you, and I could see you were having a nightmare.

You were the one who desperately hugged and kissed me as if you were drowning. It was me who made the mistake of not pushing you away immediately." Stuart's attitude was too honest, and he had no guilt in him at all.

She apparently forgot the person in front of her is the CEO of L.N. Group. What hadn't he been through on the conference table? There is a rare percentage that he would lose his manner because of this little accident.

As for his physiological reaction, under his discreet cover, Edie did not notice at all as she was immersed in her own trouble. Edie thought for a second and recalled that she indeed hugged him first. She didn't even dare to think about the kiss anymore. That was so embarrassing!

How eager was she? Hugging and kissing a gay man! "I... I was in a daze, I had mistaken you for someone else!" Edie had no choice but to give this for an explanation.

Upon hearing her words, Stuart's face suddenly sank into the gloom, he reached his hand to squeeze her jaw and stared at her fiercely, "Mistaken? Who have you mistaken me for?"

Stuart didn't give Edie the chance to reply, he squinted and said in an icy cold voice, "Is it, Donald Lynch?"

You're still thinking about him?"

An excuse made out of embarrassment got her into trouble. He was displeased and lost control of his strength, and it made Edie's jaw hurt, she frowned and said, "It hurts." Stuart immediately loosened his hand, Edie rubbed her stiff jaw as soon as he let go. How much strength did he use? She felt as if her jaw was broken.

Stuart's facial expression was as bad as it could look, just like when she first saw him. He was surrounded by an aura of "don't come near me." He glanced at her and got ready to leave.

"It wasn't Donald!" Seeing him leave Edie's heart fluttered for no reason. Stuart stopped but didn't turn around. Edie slowly opened her mouth, "It was my mother, she passed away ten years ago, and I miss her very much.

I had a terrible nightmare just then, in the dream, it was my mother who saved me." Edie didn't lie, and she truly missed her mother. For the past ten years, it was her mother who supported her when she faced obstacles.

Thinking about her mother looking down on her from heaven gave her the strength to keep ongoing. The distant aura that surrounded Stuart faded away, he sat on the side of the bed and gently hugged the woman who just woke up from her nightmare. He couldn't hide the sympathy in his cold eyes.

He was too rushed, and he knew how hard her life had

been. Caution and mistrust filled her heart, but he was always so eager to please. They had only known each other for one month, and he was already so anxious to help her in any way that he could.

He shouldn't have forced her. At the instance of his embrace, Edie widened her eyes, she knew it wasn't right, but being surrounded by a fresh and warm scent made her loath pushing him away. His scent was too comforting. His chest was too addicting. He was too irresistible.