



Chapter 20 When I'm Good Enough for You

“So... soon?”

Sandra was caught off guard.

“But... Brian is Samuel's only son. The Quentin Group will do anything to protect him. Even if his ight career is over, he will still come out to make trouble when the heat wears off in a while.

“Also, given Kim's character, she will never sit back and wait to be shunned. Maybe she is already hatching her plot...”

Before she could nish presenting her arguments, Christopher's sharp eyes met hers as he said, “Cut to the chase!”

Sandra pressed her lips together and then said, “I'm just saying, the best time to announce our marriage... has not come yet...”

“You're rather ambitious...”

Christopher looked her up and down with his bright eyes. The look on his face was unfathomable.

Sandra did not know how to explain herself.

She had promised Christopher that they would make their relationship public when she got back all the things that had originally belonged to her.

She was not trying to evade her promise, it was just that...

“Yes, I've already got what I want, and I don't intend to continue to make things dicult for them, unless they do that to me,” she continued to explain candidly. “But the thing is, I still feel that I'm not good enough for you.”

Christopher leaned over, watching her out of the corner of his eye. “What do you want?”

“I want you to wait until the day I can stand beside you with condence, if you're okay with that,” she said rmly.

Sandra's eyes were clear and stubborn. Her eyes glistening under the light were captivating... Now that she had said this, how could he say no and compel her into doing what he wanted?

The light in Christopher's eyes was indistinguishable. In a cold voice, he remarked, “But it doesn't prevent you from living here.”

The car pulled up.

The housekeeper and servants came out in a queue to greet them. They hailed in unison, “Hello, Mr. Yates and Mrs. Yates!”

Sandra muttered in her head, “Christopher must have brought tons of women to the house, right? Look, the servants are all used to this. Whenever they see a woman, they'll call her Mrs. Yates. What a foolproof title.”

Christopher stretched out his long legs and marched to the house without pausing. Sandra scurried to follow him.

When they stepped into the house...

Christopher paused and looked back at her. “From now on, this is your home.”

“Am I going to stay here from today on?” she asked hesitantly.

“You still want to nd some excuse to postpone it?”

“No, not at all,” Sandra looked around and answered.

Not at all?

The vigilance and uneasiness in her eyes had betrayed her. Oh, woman...

Christopher lifted his long legs and strode over to Sandra in an instant. The servants behind him hurriedly went away.

Facing the advance of this domineering man, in a panic, Sandra had no choice but to step back. Soon, she was pressed against the wall, having no place to retreat.

Her eyes blinked evasively, her long eyelashes uttered uncontrollably, and her cheeks turned scarlet red.

Christopher pinned her tightly in place. Something in his heart seemed to have broken through the soil and was beginning to grow rapidly. Trying to control his breathing from getting steadily heavier, he bent over and leaned closer and closer to her.

His face was inches from hers now. His tall, straight nose almost touched the tip of her cool nose.

Sandra's breath had long been ragged. “Is he sure that he is gonna do this... right here?” she wondered.

At this precise moment, a clear voice suddenly rang in the doorway. “Christopher! Turns out that you're at home! Tell the cook to prepare a meal for me. I'm starving!”

As soon as Xavier entered the house, he saw the man and the woman in a weird position, wearing different, indescribable expressions on their faces. Instantly, he realized what was going on...

Christopher froze for a moment and then loosened his tie, which was bugging him. His eyes turned gloomy as he bellowed, “Then go to hell!”

“Okay, okay, okay! I'll go back to my room and kick the bucket right now!” Xavier quickly sprinted upstairs.

“Are you sure it's proper for you to spend the night here?”

“I got besieged by my fans this evening and I can't shake them off. I promise I'll leave tomorrow! I won't disturb you two. I know every minute you two love birds spend together is worth a thousand pounds of gold!”

Xavier's gure and voice quickly disappeared from the corner of the second oor.

Christopher adjusted his breath, trying to return to the same mood he'd been in before they got interrupted. Looking at Sandra, who had turned her head away to avoid him, he cleared his throat.

“Go upstairs.”

He took her to the bedroom, closed the door, and leaned over. Then, his deep voice and fragrant breath snaked into her ear. “Let's continue...”