

## Love and Hatred Run Bone-Deep Chapter 03

Peter had indeed harassed me before. It wasn't out of affection but of malicious desire. He wanted everything Evan had; if he couldn't get it, he'd take it by force. If he couldn't make it his, then he'd destroy it.

That was how despicable and deceitful Peter was, yet he was a master at hiding it.

Evan, how could you keep being fooled by him?

This time, I thought he'd believe their lies again. But to my surprise, he went to confront Peter.

After a few rounds of drinks, everyone was a bit tipsy. Evan suddenly asked, "Peter, are we good friends?"

Peter laughed and responded, "Of course, what kind of question is that?"

Evan went on, "I spoke with someone who knew Corinne today. They told me that while I was in a coma, you harassed her and even hit her. Did you two have some kind of conflict?"

He wasn't smiling as he stared at Peter intently. "Why?"

Peter's expression remained unchanged. However, Cecilia quickly chimed in, "Why else? To argue with her, obviously! You were still in the hospital back then, and she didn't even care.

"Instead, she went off with other men. Peter tried to talk some sense into her. If we'd known she was so shameless, we wouldn't have been so nice to her. We could've prevented Mrs. Lane's death if we'd realized that sooner."

As the conversation shifted to Jane, a brief silence came over them.

Peter slowly added, "I want nothing but to keep my distance from such a toxic woman. You listen to people too easily. Don't be fooled. For all we know, she could be hiding nearby and spying on you. I bet that person you met was in cahoots with Corinne. Maybe she paid him to say that."

Cecilia agreed, "She's been missing for three years and doesn't even care about her mom. And suddenly, these baseless rumors pop up. She probably heard about our engagement and wants to drive a wedge between us. Don't let her get to you, Evan."

Evan looked at Cecilia for a moment and let out a self-deprecating laugh. "You're right. She'd do anything and abandoned her mother for three years. How could I have fallen

for such a worthless lie? If she dares show her face, I won't let her off. I'll make sure she pays dearly for her sins."

As Evan said that, he clenched the bracelet in his hand, causing the beads to creak in his grip.

I saw Peter's lips curling up into a very pleased smile.

After three years, I'd moved past my initial anger and pain. Now, all I wanted was for Evan to keep hating me. As long as he hated me, he wouldn't give up on searching for me. And as long as he didn't give up, he might someday uncover the truth.

But, Evan, could you at least be kinder to my mom?

Cecilia loved grandiose gestures. Their engagement party was grand, and people from all around the city attended. Halfway through the event, my mom somehow showed up, looking disheveled and ghastly thin. Her presence drew whispers from the crowd.

She ignored the murmurs and gossip completely. When she saw the people on the stage, her hollow gaze turned to one of terror and then to rage.

Suddenly, she pointed at the stage and shouted, "You killed my daughter! I saw it all. It was you! You're all evil people! I'll kill you all to avenge my daughter!"

My mom tried to charge the stage, but security held her back as she yelled her head off.

Cecilia's face contorted in anger. "Why are you all just standing there? Get this crazy woman out of here! Throw her out!"

As the guards dragged my mom away, Evan stopped them. He looked down at my mom with a cold gaze and demanded, "Explain yourself. Who killed your daughter?"

"It was you guys!" my mom shouted and spat at Evan. "Stop pretending! You're all in it together! You all killed Cori!"

Evan didn't flinch. Instead, he pressed on, "How did you find this place? Has Corinne come back? Did she tell you to say this? Answer me!"

My mom glared at him. "Not only did you kill my daughter, but you also—"

"Shut up! Corinne was the murderer!" Cecilia shouted, stepping forward to slap my mom across the face. She went on a barrage. "She's the reason Evan ended up like this, and you have the nerve to show up and cause trouble! You and your daughter are disgusting!"

Cecilia's slap was very harsh. My mom's face became red and swollen immediately. She thrashed around even more frantically.

Her eyes were bloodshot as she screamed, "You monster! You murderer! You killed my daughter—I'll make you pay with your life!"

Startled by her deranged expression, Cecilia took a few steps back. She then angrily raised her hand to strike again.

I rushed forward, shouting at Evan, asking if he was blind. How could he just stand there and let Cecilia hit my mom like that?

Just as Cecilia was about to land another slap, a hand passed right through me and caught her wrist firmly.

"Are you going to let her run her mouth and slander me like this, Evan?" Cecilia questioned, exasperated.

"I'll handle it," Evan said calmly, signaling for Aaron. "Have her taken back home, and don't let her out without my permission."

He then turned to Cecilia, and his expression softened a bit. "Don't let a madwoman ruin our big night. Let's carry on."

Reluctantly, Cecilia agreed. She glared daggers at my mom as she was escorted away.

From the beginning till the end, Peter stood to the side and watched the scene unfold like a spectator at some absurd play.

Afterward, Evan went to change his clothes. When he came back, he managed to cheer up the sulking Cecilia before taking her hand and leading her back to the stage.

Once upon a time, he'd held my hand like that and proudly announced our wedding date. Now, there was a different woman by his side.

I covered my ears, not wanting to hear those empty promises of eternal love.

As Evan finished speaking and was about to step down from the stage, someone in the crowd suddenly called out, "Mr. Lane, may I take a look at that bracelet on your wrist?"

The question was abrupt and out of nowhere. It made Evan's brows crease.

Cecilia's face paled as she snapped, "Who are you, and why are you stirring up trouble here?"

A man stepped forward. His name was Felix Nichols, and he was a well-known jewelry appraiser who had recently gone viral online.

Felix ignored Cecilia and the murmurs from the audience. He walked up to the stage and examined the bracelet closely. The frown on his forehead deepened with each passing second.

“Didn’t you hear what I said? Get off the stage!” Cecilia shouted, trying to push him away.

However, Felix suddenly announced loudly, “Mr. Lane, this bracelet is not made of buffalo bone—it’s made of human bone!”