

## Love and Hatred Run Bone-Deep Chapter 04

The moment he said it, the entire hall fell silent. Then, whispers erupted all around the venue seconds later as people's gazes shifted.

The color drained from Cecilia's face as she quickly snatched the bracelet back from Felix's hands. She chastised, "What nonsense are you spouting? This is clearly buffalo bone! Who told you to say this? Was it Corinne?"

Felix looked taken aback. "I'm a professional, okay? Don't falsely accuse me. I've been studying this bracelet for a while now; something about it seemed off, even from a distance. I can tell the difference between buffalo bone and human bone."

"Say one more word, and I'll sue you for slander!" Cecilia warned sharply. She hurriedly added, "You call yourself an appraiser? You're just a fraud trying to scam people!"

"I'm just stating my opinion. You will be held responsible for slandering me," Felix replied firmly, pointing to the camera on his chest. "I've recorded the entire exchange. I wouldn't risk my reputation over this. If you don't believe me, get an expert to examine the bracelet."

"Someone get him out of here! And take his camera!" Cecilia shouted frantically.

Just as the security guards approached, Evan snapped out of his daze and raised a hand to stop them. His voice shook slightly as he asked for confirmation. "Say it again. What bone did you say this is?"

"It's human bone! I am positive it is human bone!" Felix shouted, struggling against the guards. He warned, "Mr. Lane, it is illegal to own human bones. Most people can't tell the difference, so I know you've definitely been deceived. The one who did this is malicious and despicable!"

The banquet hall was filled with murmurs again as Evan stared down at the bracelet. His hand was trembling as he asked Cecilia in a barely audible voice, "Whose bone is this?"

"Evan, don't listen to his nonsense! This is buffalo bone. Why would we do something illegal? He's just a fraud. Don't believe what he said!" Cecilia answered in a flustered manner.

Her face was pale as she scanned the crowd, as if looking for a way out. In the next moment, she called out, "Peter, come here! You helped make this bracelet. Are you just going to stand and let him slander us?"

Peter strolled over leisurely and cast a cold glance at Felix. "You can just run your mouth and say anything you like. What proof do you have that it is human bone?"

“If you don’t believe me, have it tested!” Felix countered.

Peter stared at him intently and said, “How do we know you aren’t up to something? You’re spreading lies without proof. How bold of you! Did Corinne put you up to this?”

“First, her crazy mother shows up to cause a scene, and now this. What’s next? Is she trying to ruin Evan and Cece’s engagement? Does she think Evan’s still as gullible as before?”

He raised his voice and continued, “Corinne has already done Evan so much harm, and she still won’t leave him alone. Does she want to ruin him completely?”

“And you—I’ve seen your videos. You’ll do anything for clicks, and it is all for money. You have no sense of decency!”

Felix tried to defend himself but was swiftly dragged out by security. The guests all exchanged uneasy glances.

Oblivious to his surroundings, Evan kept his gaze fixed on the bracelet he’d worn for three years. His hand was still trembling.

Peter patted him on the shoulder and asked with a laugh, “What’s wrong? You don’t actually believe him, do you? Corinne must’ve heard about your engagement and came back. She’s trying to ruin things for you and Cece.

“She left her mom high and dry for three years, but now she’s using her to sow discord for her own sake. She’s heartless!”

“Don’t let this ruin you and Cece’s engagement party. I’ll find Corinne and bring her to your mother’s grave to beg for forgiveness.”

The only trace of me left after that night was those twelve beads polished from my femur. The world no longer had any trace of me. Even the last photo left was torn to pieces.

If Peter wanted to find me, he’d have to go to hell to do it.

The engagement party ended abruptly as Evan lost interest. He answered a call and quickly excused himself, still gripping the bracelet tightly.

When the driver asked him where he would like to go, he stared at the beads for a long moment before replying in a somewhat shaky voice, “Find me an antique appraisal center.”

The result confirmed that the beads were indeed human bone.

And the bone used to make the bracelet—without a doubt—was mine.