

Chapter 23

Eva's entire life was built around a man that shattered her. From a young age after the death of Eva's mother, as if it was planned, she was drilled on how to become his pillar of support, after Eva stopped modeling, her father forced Eva to help Mark manage his multi-million cooperation, she wasted her time learning how to handle paperwork, secretly helping him fulfill his position when he was absent, she was his safe haven, and also a perfect wife.

Eva thought she was doing all of this out of her love for Mark. However, all of her training and endless night of working hard was completely shattered within the span of nine months. In just nine months, Mark had forced Eva to her lowest point because he betrayed and fell in love with Christine.

Nathalia knew that Eva was hurting so bad, because a similar situation had happened to her mother. It was like a *deja Vu* for Eva.

Eva sighed, not angry about the fact that she was being yelled at by Nathalia. "Okay, fine. I'll think about it but.....I haven't given you a specific answer."

"Alright....I agree with that." Nathalia easily agreed.

After cooking dinner and enjoying it with Nathalia.

"I have to go home." Nathalia announced after she was done helping Eva wash the dishes.

"Was it related to the phone call you received early?" Eva asked. She was thinking that Nathalia would be staying over for the night with

her.

"Yes, my annoying manager called me to remind me the time I'll be having the photo-shoot tomorrow." She explained while wearing her heels and grabbing her purse from the table.

"I understand." Eva nodded slightly.

"I'll call you when I'm done tomorrow and I hope to get a positive response about that." Nathalia reminded.

"Yeah, whatever, now get out of my house, Miss Evan."

After Nathalia left, Eva turned her attention back to cleaning up the rest of the mess in the kitchen, and headed to her bedroom to shower. After she was done showering and changing into a new set of clean clothes, she decided to spend some time in her office.

For some reason, she found that office very tranquilizing. The room had a very large window which gave her access to the perfect view of the city, the bright light from the cars beneath and the different colors of light on each building. The calmly scent in the room made her feel extremely comforted.

Eva stared at the city below her as she sat down on the large window aisle. Twirling the wine glass in her hand before taking a sip from it, she let out a small chuckle at the taste of ordinary water.

She was trying so hard not to drink alcohol because it always brought back those horrible memories she was trying to forget.

While she was watching the scenery of the city, without realizing she unknowingly fell asleep.

'Paahhh!!'

The sound was loud, so loud that the sound reverberated in the noisy hall eliciting a hushed silence from the murmuring crowd. The slap evidently caught everyone by surprise, even Christine and Mark.

The hall fell into a deep silence as everyone present struggled to assimilate the shocking scene that had just been displayed for them. The silence lasted more than a minute before it erupted into a commotion.

Eva who was wearing her beautiful wedding dress stood in front of Christine who held her cheeks with wet watery eyes.

Eva raised her hand to land another successful slap on Christine when she was suddenly pushed and thrown onto the floor.

Her perfectly wavy hair that was styled into a bun became messy, her already ruined makeup, and visible bruises that were beginning to form on her wrist.

Evangeline looked up to see who had pushed only to be greeted with glowering eyes filled with pure hatred and disgust stared down at her.

It was Mark who had pushed her, he was supposed to be her loved fiance, the man she was supposed to get married to today. Yet, here he was, standing right in front of her glaring dagger into her.

Her long slender fingers curled into a fist. She was the one who was supposed to be angry in this situation, why was it Mark? Because of her stupidity and naivety, she had decided to fall deeply in love with

him.

Mark narrowed his eyes at her pathetic state. He couldn't believe that he had considered this lowly woman to be his wife despite her bad character and ruined reputation. . When she was a child she was quite normal and caring, but her attitude started changing. Now that she has gotten older, it had become worse and hee saw how much of a crazy woman she was. 1

How despicable!

He was fine when she displayed signs of jealousy. After all, what man didn't want a beautiful woman desiring after him? However, Eva had severally crossed the lines when she dared to slap and bully his lover, Christine.

Who does she think she is? He had allowed her to use and exploit the title of 'Mark Johnson's fiancée' to a high extent. Just because he had silently been watching the way she acted rudely and arrogantly using her influence as his fiancée, that doesn't mean he was just keeping shut and watching her bullying Christine.

"I tried to tolerate you even though your character does not hold a candle near Christine yet you choose to come after her and harm her."
" He continued to berate the woman in front of him.

She had already fallen from grace, but that didn't mean he understands the meaning of mercy. He had tolerated her nonsense because his parents saw her as a life partner, but she only saw it as a despicable joke.

"I am giving you this warning considering our past friendship and relationship. Stay away from me and my wife." Mark's voice was

chilling cold.

If looks could kill she would have long been dead in a different unimaginable way. The atmosphere turned frigid, ripping Eva's heart, everything finally cracked and crumbled right in front of Evangeline. She almost burst into a fit of laughter when she heard the title he placed over Christine.

'Wife?' Or more like a mistress.

"Do you understand me clearly?" Mark hissed in anger when he saw the distant and dazed expression on her face. He bent down and roughly gripped her chin up to make her look at him.

Eva winced in pain by his rough treatment, which made him tighten his grip harder. She knew it was going to leave a nasty visible bruise on her jawline.

"Stay... Away... From... Christine." His voice was so calm that it was beginning to scare the crowds.

Eva gritted her teeth from the pain she was feeling from his tight grip, she has never been treated in this kind of way before. Suddenly, a bubble of confidence surged within Eva. It was fueled and generated by her anguished heart that desired revenge for being torn, stomped and disregarded.

"And....what....if....refuse to?" She retorted back at him in the same calm voice he used. Her fiery temper began to surface to come out again.

'PAK!'