

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 111-120

### Chapter 111

I ignored the knock, as I pricked my arm with the shard to maintain my wits about me. Was the plan for Lyle to spike my drink and for Crystal to catch me cheating?

It was a good plan, admittedly. Lyle had never wanted a divorce because he did not want the unbearable reputation of leaving his first wife. He was so unwilling that he had gone to the extent of fabricating the circumstances of my unfaithfulness to compel me to sign the divorce papers. In response to my reluctance to do so, they had come up with a plan as drastic as this.

There was no point. After Grandma had heard the unacceptable truth at the courtyard, I had already decided that I would agree to whatever condition that Lyle would come up with. But after everything that had happened, there would be no way in hell that I would agree to anything he says ever again.

I had discovered that I loved Christopher and wanted to marry him. Why would I allow my name to be tarnished and hinder our future happiness?

“Yvonne, are you in there?” Came Crystal’s voice again. “Benjamin told me that you were drunk. We’re here to check in on you.”

With an attempt to subdue my panting, I gazed at the wretched figure on the floor and recalled that he might possibly be a Mr. Wilson. It didn’t look like he was going to regain consciousness any time soon, much less have the strength to get up, courtesy of the bleeding gash on his temple.

Crystal kicked the door in at the lack of a response from me and rushed in at once. “Hey, Yvonne,” she shouted, scandalized. “How could you do something like this with Mr. Wilson? How could you betray Lyle’s love like that?”

Oh, what rubbish. Didn’t he already give you his love? I chuckled with a derisive look toward her. “What exactly was it that we did?” I asked icily.

“You... Both of you...” Crystal’s flabbergasted expression was priceless to behold, as she probably did not expect me to subdue Mr. Wilson. Her mouth dropped open in a perfectly round “O” and could not think of anything to say for a very long time.

A bustle of footsteps came from outside the door as the room filled up quickly with familiar faces. Crystal had planned ahead. The people she had brought along with her were all youngsters who were experts in turning a hint of scandal and gossip into the gospel truth. Elders who would have a much more discerning eye were conveniently absent. However, they too were struck dumb with surprise at the sight of the bloody scene before them.

“What’s going on in here? Yvonne!” Lyle pushed his way past the crowd. He did not look like he was in on their charade, but knowing him, it could be another layer of deception. Shouldn’t it be the first thing

he did to remove his jacket to cover up his wife in such a sorry state? To cover up my indecency and to spare me the shame?

I licked my lips, tasting Mr. Wilson's blood as I cackled. I drew myself up to full height, carelessly trampling on the broken shards of glass and blood to walk slowly toward Lyle. It must have been a frightening sight to behold, as Lyle flinched at my approach.

My arm was hurting badly, which was why despite wanting to leap toward my husband and claw at him in a savage rage, I was unable to. Looking him in the eye with as much sobriety as I could muster, I said, "I will never forget the fact that you have spiked my drink."

"What do you mean?" Lyle stammered as his eyes widened in shock.

I felt strange and was about to stab myself in the arm again but a hand caught me by the wrist in a grip of steel. As firm as it was, the hand trembled ever so slightly.

Next, I felt a coat being placed on my shoulders, still blissfully warm from its owner's body. Looking up at my savior, I saw that it was Christopher. He scowled, with eyes glittering with the intensity of glowing embers. He lifted his arm and I thought he was going to pull me in for an embrace, but he simply yanked the shard of glass out of my grasp.

"Have a doctor over as quickly as possible," Christopher turned toward the door and addressed the servant outside.

"Eve, what happened?" Sabrina hurried forward to support my swaying body, looking extremely worried.

"It's nothing. I have just been taken advantage of by an unscrupulous scumbag." Leaning against Sabrina, I managed to keep my balance. With a defiant gaze at Lyle, I said, "I've told you before, I would be willing to sign the divorce papers and be out of your life forever. However, if you were to compel me to sign them under by ruining my reputation, I will ensure that this plan of yours will never come to fruition."

## **Chapter 112**

Pausing to draw breath, I continued. "I would rather die or go to prison than to let you get away with this."

If Crystal had not appeared as early as she did, things would have gone down one of two ways. I would have either smashed Mr. Wilson's skull in and be charged for first-degree murder, or I would have had been raped and had my name dragged through the mud whilst being sedated.

"I did nothing of the sort!" Lyle exclaimed, shaking in fear. He glanced at Mr. Wilson on the floor and at the cuts along my arm, looking genuinely confused. Did he learn how to put on an expression like this from Crystal?

"Congratulations, you've failed to make yourself look like a cuckold," I said as with as much venom I could muster, sneering at him as I did so with zero regard for his embarrassment.

“Yvonne, you can’t say things like that to Lyle,” Crystal exclaimed with shock. This must have been a misunderstanding. You danced with Mr. Wilson at the ball, didn’t you? How could you slander Lyle for something you did?” She played her trump card.

I gazed unblinkingly at her without a word. My expression was probably terrifying to behold, as I had just beaten a man unconscious. Crystal was taken aback at the intensity of my countenance.

“Lyle, I have never met a more despicable man than you. How could you call yourself a man with the way you’re making things difficult for a woman who is your wife? Even if you don’t love her anymore, do you have to destroy her reputation?” Sabrina shouted, her face contorted in rage. She pushed me into Christopher’s arms and dashed forward to slap Lyle twice across the face.

“It’s bad enough that you have another woman in your cheating heart, and you still plot to ruin Eve’s life. What has she done to you to make you want to go to such lengths to make her miserable?” Sabrina dropped all pretenses at being a lady to slap and claw at Lyle like a madwoman, which I found oddly admirable.

Though I still felt slightly dizzy, it was comforting being in Christopher’s arms with my eyes half shut. He hugged me tightly as he quivered with rage. His entire being looked as though it was going to explode under the intensity of the fury he was keeping under control. I knew that he was worried for me and my heart ached with sorrow for his pain.

It was a rare sight to see him trying to suppress his volcanic rage.

Lyle did not attempt to avoid Sabrina’s strikes as he was still in a state of disbelief. Crystal could not bear to watch any longer. Rushing forward to stop Sabrina, she demanded, “Why are you hitting Lyle, Sabrina? Are you insane?”

“I’m going to slap you too!” Sabrina bellowed as she raised her arm. Unfortunately, Crystal had many protectors. Benjamin and Benson both stepped out in unison to shield Crystal from Sabrina.

“Sabrina, you’re godd\*mn insane,” Benjamin shouted angrily. “What does this have to do with Crystal? It’s all Yvonne’s fault for being indecent and bringing misfortune onto herself.”

“Misfortune, my ass!” Sabrina yelled. “You boys are being played like a fiddle by Crystal and you don’t even know it! Don’t regret it when it’s too late.” Being unable to strike Crystal, Sabrina settled for lashing back verbally.

“Mind your own business, Sabrina,” Benjamin retorted coldly. “Don’t assume that you can do whatever you want just because you’re a Zimmer.”

The doctor arrived promptly and got to work treating my wounds. He had even had the unconscious Mr. Wilson carried away. I called out to Sabrina to cease her assault as she was being outnumbered. It was about time that this fiasco ended.

"I had drunk something with some kind of a sedative in it. Please would you summon me a doctor?" I turned to address the man holding me in his arms. Take me away, I silently pleaded. As soon as I spoke, my vision went dark.

I slept deeply. Perhaps due to being aware that Christopher was always watching over me, I cast the traumatic events of the evening to the back of my mind and slept without worry.

Upon waking, I sat up on my bed groggily, without a clue as to where I was. I saw the familiar silhouette by the window and watched him silently, as if in a trance. The silvery moonlight fell weightlessly against his body, encasing him a pale wispy glow. It was faint, but the moonlight made him appear warm.

I said nothing, content with staring at him forever. Sometime after, my involuntary laughter broke the silence. Christopher jumped and looked behind him, striding quickly over to me when he saw that I was up. "How're you feeling?" he asked urgently.

### **Chapter 113**

"Not well." I shook my head whilst pulling a morose expression.

Christopher panicked. He touched my forehead and examined the wounds on my arm. "Does it hurt? I'll get the doctor."

"Don't leave!" I hurriedly called after him as I rubbed my belly pitifully. "I'm so hungry. I'm craving a big slab of meat."

Christopher stood frozen for a couple of seconds before bursting into laughter. "Little scamp! You gave me quite the fright," he said as he felt my forehead to ascertain that I was feeling better.

As he spoke, he took out a lunchbox from the counter and offered it to me as if he was bearing gifts to royalty. A delicious scent of chicken soup met my nose as I opened it. "Eat up! Good thing I had prepared this in advance."

Christopher did not hand me a spoon. Instead, he tried to feed me. I had taken merely a sip before raising my hand to stop him. "It is my left arm that is hurt, not my right. I can feed myself."

"I would like to feed you!" He did not relinquish the spoon, but brought another spoonful of soup to my lips, looking rather serious. I decided to cooperate by opening wide and letting him feed me. I woke up starving because I had the champagne on an empty stomach during the party.

The container of delicious soup was soon emptied one spoonful at a time. Glancing out of the window, I deduced that it was the middle of the night; everybody would have been asleep. The fact that Christopher was watching over me at this time at night showed just how much he was worried about me.

It was very reassuring to gaze upon him as soon as I woke up.

Christopher held me tightly. "Do not harm yourself ever again, do you understand?" he chastised, suddenly stern.

I understood that he spoke in this manner out of concern for me. Nodding obediently, I replied. "I will only eat and drink what you give me, that way I would never be drugged again."

"I did not protect you well enough," Christopher lamented with a sigh. "No matter what it is, contact me at once whenever you need help."

Christopher took my phone to search for his own number. Next to it, he added the words "Little Dog". Chuckling at his ingenuity, he saved his number to speed dial. "Keep your phone with you at all times, don't lose it again."

"Yes, I'll do as you say." I snuggled in his embrace. Gazing up at his haggardness and bloodshot eyes, my heart ached for him. "You should get some sleep; I'm feeling better already. My right arm still works even if my left does not."

"I want to keep you company." Christopher was unwilling to let go of my hand. Instead, the both of us fell into bed and snuggled underneath the quilt together. "Sabrina is outside," he informed me. "She volunteered to care of you today. If someone comes by, she will notify me at once."

I have never imagined what it was like to be caught cheating. The incident from the night before was witnessed by people who saw that it was getting out of control. Lyle would not be willing to lose face. I did not believe that he would actually make a big deal out of this and place himself and Crystal in the spotlight. As for Mr. Wilson, I did not want to think about how he found me. I suspected that he had planned it from the beginning with one of the fellows in that group.

As a consequence of my excessive loss of blood, I felt drained of energy, in addition to my brain feeling foggy and heavy. I fell asleep quickly in Christopher's arms. In the peripheral of my consciousness, I felt a pair of hands touch my face, followed by a pair of lips brushing my forehead gently.

I smiled sweetly in my sleep.

"Lyle, what are you doing? Do you know what time it is? Keep your insanity to yourself."

"I want to see Yvonne!"

"Eve is resting, now is not a good time."

"What do you mean 'not a good time'? I'm her husband!"

"Well, I'm her best friend. And that actually means something. Get the hell lost!"

I was awakened by the voices from outside the room, especially Sabrina's who sounded shrill and scathing. I had a vague suspicion that she spoke at this volume intentionally to alert us. What a good friend she was. She had called Christopher a scumbag but on the other hand, allowed him to spend the night with me.

It appeared that she trusted Christopher immensely, though it remained a mystery to me as to how he had obtained her trust. I nudged him and he opened his eyes reluctantly. Flipping over, he held me in his arms from the other side. "What kind of an inconsiderate prick shouts like that this early in the morning," he muttered, still half asleep.

## **Chapter 114**

"Get up!" I implored anxiously. "What if Lyle barges in and sees us together? There would be a lot of people with him. All of his wicked friends." I shoved him again. If he wanted to be with me, we cannot be seen together yet.

"Alright. Give me a kiss, and I will obey you, albeit reluctantly." Christopher rubbed his eyes and sat up. Without his usual mischief, coupled with his disheveled hair, he looked just like a child forced to wake up before he had slept his fill.

The voices outside grew more intense; it wasn't the time to argue. I hurriedly kissed him on the cheek so that he would leave.

He stretched and threw open the window. To my amazement, he crawled out of it like in the movies and disappeared out of sight. I hurried over to the window with my heart thumping fearfully only to discover to my relief that I was merely on the first floor.

Christopher turned back to wink before disappearing into the shade of the foliage. At the exact moment, the door swung open, revealing Lyle at the entrance with a stony expression. Behind him, Sabrina winked at me and peered around Lyle to confirm that Christopher had left before giving me a thumbs up.

Lyle saw that I was already awake and that displeased him. "Why didn't you come out since you were awake?" He shouted. "Do you have anyone hiding in here?"

Does he have anything new to accuse me of? I ignored him, save an indifferent glare at his direction.

Lyle tugged on his hair hesitantly. He did not seem to have meant what he said but spoke before thinking it through. It was a pet peeve of mine which he did so often that I have learned to suppress the anger quickly.

Due to this man's shamelessness, I have learned my lesson countless times. The only thing I could do was to put myself in his shoes to gauge his thoughts. That meant channeling the worst aspects of myself to match his.

"I'm sure you can see for yourself if there's anybody hidden here," I snapped. "Why don't you summon another one of your boys to lie in wait in my room before inviting a crowd over to witness my shame? Heck, why don't you call the elders too? If this gets blown out of proportion, no amount of explaining would clear my name. Isn't that what you wanted?"

In actual fact, I felt a guilty twinge in my conscience for saying those things because I was already involved with Christopher. But Lyle's antics and his unwillingness to grant me a divorce had absolved me of my guilt a long time ago. I have no reason to respect a man who does not respect me in return.

"I'm sorry, Eve. I couldn't stop this mad dog from coming in."

"Sabrina, sometimes it's better to remain silent," Lyle snarled. Turning back to me, he said, "Can we talk?"

"What is there to talk about, scumbag? Try and harm Eve again with me here and see what happens. In a world of scumbag men, one as scummy as you is a rare sight indeed." Sabrina stood in between us and shielded me from Lyle's gaze.

"Yvonne!" Lyle implored, looking over Sabrina at me.

"Sabby, you've been up all night. Why don't you grab something to eat and take a nap." Of course, I wasn't intending on discussing matters with Lyle, but Sabrina really was exhausted. She could not stop yawning.

"I don't think it's a good idea," Sabrina said hesitantly.

"Don't worry. We're in broad daylight." I smiled.

"Alright, then. Do be careful. Scream for help if anything happens. I will be here with my knight in shining armor." Sabrina winked at me and gave Lyle one last contemptuous glare before departing.

"You..." Lyle was rigid with anger as he had trouble finding the words to retort. Suddenly, his face grew ashen as something caught his attention. He strode quickly toward the bed and threw off the cover.

I grew anxious, worried that Christopher had left something of his on the bed. It was only when the cover was completely off that I caught sight of the large pillow before I understood what Lyle was suspecting.

I stifled a laugh with difficulty. Christopher was crafty. I thought he was just being playful when he stuffed the pillow under the quilt to approximate the shape of a person. He had laid a trap for Lyle to walk right into.

I wasn't about to give up an opportunity as ideal as this to torment Lyle. I walked over to hug the pillow. "Here is my adulterer. Would you like to take a picture?" I said with a cheeky smile along with my most infuriatingly innocent voice.

## **Chapter 115**

Lyle drew a deep breath. I could feel the intense disappointment comically subduing the rage that grew rapidly. He looked like he was in agonizing pain.

Lyle stood rooted on the spot as he breathed deeply to will himself to calm down. Finally, he spoke in a relatively placid voice. "How're you feeling?"

“I’ll live, unfortunately for you,” I replied bluntly.

“I really did not know what happened with the incident last night.”

Lyle tried to explain his side of the story to me but I was not in the mood to listen. However, at his insistence upon his innocence, I became convinced that he had no part in my ordeal. Lyle had a superiority complex as a result of being spoiled by me and Crystal. If he really had done it, he would not only have admitted to it, but he would also point an accusative finger at me, claiming that I was too salacious to have seduced Mr. Wilson for him to be interested in me.

He really did not do it. But does that mean that I should forgive him for everything else that he has done?

“I know you didn’t,” I replied shortly.

“You believe me?” Lyle asked joyfully.

“I do. Someone as shameless as you would admit to doing something as nasty as that, wouldn’t you?” I could not resist another jab as I opened up the thermos on my nightstand and helped myself to a drink. After a sip, I realized that it contained honey water. I usually did not enjoy plain water, so Christopher must have prepared this especially for me. I was determined to savor every last drop.

Lyle’s expression grew dark again. This man’s face changed quicker than a set of traffic lights during rush hour traffic. After a while, he strode over to sit next to me. With an arm around my waist, he spoke softly. “Eve, I’ve thought about it a lot last night. We have had too many misunderstandings between us. No matter what, we are still husband and wife. What say you that we leave the past behind and start anew?”

“Pfft!” I had not managed to swallow when he came up with that ludicrous proposition that I sprayed a mouthful of honey water all over Lyle’s face, as I descended into a coughing fit. The vibrations jarred my wounds which hurt so bad that I hastily covered my mouth to cease the coughing. Did he say this on purpose just to get me to choke on my drink?

“Eve, are you alright?” Lyle asked anxiously.

I shoved him away and stood up, feeling disgusted after being embraced by him. Upon close examination of his face, he appeared to be normal, aside from looking slightly tired from the lack of sleep, “Are you having a fever?” I enquired.

“Eve!” Lyle cracked a rare smile. “As I watched you being escorted off by Christopher yesterday, covered in blood, my heart felt fit to break at your suffering. I do not want to lose you. Let’s forget about the past, shall we? Let’s start fresh.”

This was probably the most romantic speech I have heard from Lyle in over a decade of knowing him. If it was a year ago before Crystal came back, when she had bullied me, when Dad couldn’t wait to see me



off, all of those times when he had stood by my side just once, I may not be this determined to cheat on him with Christopher.

My vision became blurry from tears. This overdue confession must not have been easy. Every single time when I had wished that Lyle would trust me just once, or to have my back, I have been disappointed with the sight of his back as he walked away, or his cold, disapproving glare.

I have already given up hope on us and there he was, wanting to start over.

“Give me another chance, will you?” Lyle pleaded. He attempted to wipe away the tears that streamed down my cheeks, without even getting angry when I slapped his hand away. “We will do it right this time, and have a happier marriage than before.”

It sounded familiar. The last time when Lyle took me back from that other house, he had spoken of starting over, but only to fulfill Grandma’s wishes to help Crystal out in the short term.

“What about Crystal?” I wept, not because I had feelings for Lyle, but because I felt sorry for myself. When my husband had detected the presence of another man in my life, the conquering nature of his sex emerged, determined to keep me as his. When I used to fawn all over him in the past, he wouldn’t even look twice at me.

Lyle’s expression froze. “Crystal has a lot of admirers,” he said quietly. “She will be fine.”

I laughed at his words. “You can’t even let go of her,” I jeered. “Why would you want to start over with me? I don’t believe a word you say, Lyle. I...”

## **Chapter 116**

“Eve, stop it. We are husband and wife. I won’t bring up the matter of divorce from now on. And don’t you think about getting a divorce.” Lyle appeared saddened as he gazed mournfully at me. The sorrow and longing that spilled from his eyes made it seem like I was the one who was unsatisfied with our marriage, not him.

He had always said that I caused trouble, for which I had always found an excuse. I had transformed from being a meek and soft-spoken woman to a prickly one. The type whose thorns kept people at bay. And all of that because of whom?

I gazed at him in disdain, without even bothering to anticipate what he would come up with next. I was just content with watching his charade. Besides, the next time when Crystal came causing trouble with me, he would cast me aside without hesitation anyway.

This was the day after the party. The Lane family’s massive villa had architectural elements which were reminiscent of a medieval castle. Its ability to house such a long guest list impressed me as well. Sabrina had mentioned that only the people who were present the night before were aware of the incident. As for Mr. Wilson, he had slipped away that very morning.

When I was having breakfast with Sabrina in the dining hall, I felt the full extent of the Lanes' grandeur as I admired the beautiful decor and silverware. I became distinctly aware that my self-esteem would be crushed just by attempting to deduce Christopher's net worth.

The frustrations of the poor are incomprehensible to the rich.

I sighed as I bit hard into a piece of foie gras. Sabrina glared at Lyle who clung to me like a lost sheep. "What's the situation with him?" She asked with a wink and a jerk of her chin at Lyle's direction.

"The end of the world, I guess. We're back together and working things out." Despite the apparent good news, I was dejected.

Lyle meant what he said of wanting to start anew with me. He began to act like the model husband, fetching whatever I desired during breakfast, even serviettes for me to wipe my lips after I was done. I wasn't used to this sort of affection from him, and could not repress a slight shudder.

As we spoke, Sabrina's phone rang. She glanced at it and then at me with a strange expression on her face. She dashed off to the kitchen and returned with a heavy porcelain bowl, which she placed in front of me. "Eat up, this will help replenish your blood, supposedly."

I eyed the contents of the bowl curiously and found a dark mass of red, which I identified as deer liver. It was supposed to be very expensive. I took a tentative taste and found it to be surprisingly sweet and smooth. "Did you have the kitchen prepare it for me?"

Sabrina giggled and burst into song. "Who was it that brought me to you? It was the moon, the moon, the moon..."

I understood at once. Christopher must have called Sabrina to ask her to bring the bowl of deer liver over. Since this was his house, he must have had the kitchen prepare it ahead of time. I looked up in an attempt to seek out the familiar figure out of the crowd in that extravagantly decorated dining hall.

I was not disappointed. Spotting Christopher and his brother sitting in a corner, they appeared to be having their lunch. Several other important-looking young men shared their table, all of whom were immersed in discussions. The crowd gave their table a wide berth.

Christopher must have felt my gaze, for he cast a casual eye in our direction and turned swiftly back. He tapped a finger on the table and placed it gently on his stomach. This tiny gesture may have been missed by any other observer, but I got the message loud and clear: I was to finish the entire bowl of deer liver.

I smiled. At the same time, Lyle whispered angrily in my ear. "What are you looking at? I've told you that Christopher has a fiancée, if you were to be involved with him, you're asking for humiliation."

"Hah!" I scoffed at his words with blatant shamelessness. "This is the Lane family mansion. I was just contemplating on whether or not I should go over and greet our host."

"They are discussing important manners," Lyle said disapprovingly. "Your status is not important enough to participate."

“That’s right, which is why I’m only worthy to sit here with you,” I said with a cold laugh. Noticing that Sabrina was eyeing my bowl mischievously, I felt slightly embarrassed, prompting me to slide the bowl over. “Would you like a taste?”

“I don’t need my blood replenished,” Sabrina responded hastily. “You’re the one who has had an ordeal. You should finish it. Besides, I don’t want to cause any trouble,” she added in a soft voice.

“Have some fish, it’s good for you,” Lyle interrupted, feeling left out because he did not understand our conversation. He slid a plate of fish over.

I pushed it away with revulsion. Though I used to cook a large variety of fish at home, that did not mean that I enjoyed eating them. Lyle loved fish, which was what made me learn to cook them I had also perfected the art of pretending to enjoy the taste of fish, too.

## **Chapter 117**

“I’m sorry, but I never liked to eat fish. I prefer desserts and caramelized pork ribs. If you like, you can eat more.”

As expected, enemies meet frequently. Before I could even finish my meal, Crystal sauntered into the dining room glamorously. A bunch of guys was following after her as if they were her bodyguards protecting her. It was a grand spectacle indeed. She raised her chin arrogantly, looking as proud as a queen.

The ones nearest to her were still Benson and Benjamin. I remembered that the two men did not get along well when they were younger. The reason being one was the legitimate child, while the other was illegitimate. Since the age difference between them was very narrow, it was clear that one of them was an illegitimate child.

Regardless of the animosity they felt toward each other, the brothers were still willing to stand together for Crystal, putting their grudges aside to protect her. It could be said that men’s minds were really strange at times.

That being said, Crystal’s thinking was even weirder. Although she had a bunch of eligible bachelors surrounding her, she was still not satisfied. Instead, she insisted on being together with Lyle, but Judging from her expression every time she whispered to me, it did not seem like she loved him a lot as she claimed.

She simply wished that all the men in the world would love her. Honestly, her morals were completely twisted.

When Crystal spotted Lyle, her eyes lit up and she ran toward our table. She said flirtatiously, “Lyle, I’ve been looking for you. Turns out that you’re eating here with Yvonne!”

“Why are you looking for me?” Lyle sounded distant and his tone was exceptionally cold. Crystal’s face sank immediately and an awkward expression crept onto her face. Sitting on the chair looking pitiful, she

forced out a smile and asked, “Lyle, there’s going to be a party on the cruise ship at the lake. Let’s go together, okay?”

“I need to accompany Eve, so I’m not free,” rejected Lyle.

“Oh...” Tears brimmed in Crystal’s eyes, threatening to fall. However, she continued forcing out a smile and pretended to be amicable. “Yeah, you should accompany her. After all, Yvonne just had a traumatic experience last night. It’s only natural that you would want to spend more time with her.”

I placed my cutlery down, my appetite completely gone. Gosh, I swear this woman is like gum, always sticking to me wherever I go...

“Lyle, have you gone mad? How can you speak to Crystal like that?” Benjamin roared at Lyle; displeasure written on his face.

Lyle suddenly stood up and punched Benjamin. As everyone did not expect him to suddenly act violently, they were stunned. Benjamin staggered backward after being hit. Returning to his senses, he bellowed furiously, “Are you nuts? How dare you hit me?”

Remaining silent, Lyle aimed a punch at Benjamin’s stomach this time. No one knew what the former was angry about. Benjamin finally fought back and kicked Lyle. A brawl ensued between the two men, and everyone quickly rushed over to pull them apart.

Benson dragged Crystal further away from the fight. Anxious, she cried out, “Lyle! Benjamin! Stop fighting. Please, let’s talk it out.”

“Talk it out? Where did you go with Benjamin last night?” Lyle shot a cold glare at Crystal as if he was trying to see right through her.

Crystal cowered a little and sobbed, “We went to the lake. I was frightened by how Yvonne was acting last night. And since you were taking care of her the entire time, Benjamin decided to accompany me because he was worried about me. Don’t be angry, okay?”

In other words, Lyle was jealous and decided to come back to me—his backup plan. I should have seen this coming. Now that he had shown his true colors, I could finally escape his insistent pestering. I said to Sabrina, “I’m full. Let’s go.”

“Yvonne!” Lyle called out behind me.

I had no intention of turning around and simply kept walking, but he chased after me. He grabbed my left hand, which sent a pang of searing pain up my arm. Furious, I stomped on his foot, flung his hand away, and left.

“Watch out, Eve!” yelled Sabrina.

It could only be said that I was really unlucky. When Lyle was fighting with Benjamin earlier, both of them escaped unscathed. On the other hand, only I was unfortunate enough to be implicated. While they were fighting, there was a servant who was standing in a corner, holding a bowl of piping hot soup.

## Chapter 118

When I turned around to leave, my right hand brushed against the bowl of hot soup. With that, both my arm were now injured.

When the doctor came to check on my injury, he was looking at me strangely. Although wealthy families would always have their own designated private doctor, it must have been weird for the doctor to get called over repeatedly as it was rare for someone from a wealthy family to keep getting into accidents.

“You’re really careless, Ms. Tanner.” The doctor was speechless.

“What can I say, it seems that fate likes to play jokes on me seeing how I am always the unfortunate one.” I sighed. My right arm was hurting like hell, and I wished for nothing more than to pounce into Christopher’s arms and cry. Why did I have to attend such a boring party? It’s really tiring to deal with all those scheming people.

That being said, this was still Christopher’s home, and being here was a good chance for me to experience the place he had grown up in.

“I’m so sorry, Ms. Tanner. It was because of our negligence that you’ve gotten injured.” Darius stood behind the doctor and nodded to me with an apologetic expression on his face.

Pleasantly surprised, I quickly shook my head. “No, it’s because I was careless.”

Is everyone in Christopher’s family so nice? For some reason, I kept feeling that Darius seemed to be treating me really nicely. After checking on me, he addressed Benjamin and the rest. “Mr. Miller and Mr. Smith, did our party fail to take care of your needs? What were the two of you doing?”

“You’ve misunderstood us, Mr. Lane. We just had a small quarrel, that’s all. Please excuse us.” As Benjamin’s face was completely bruised by the fight, it was bandaged and he did not speak. On the other hand, Lyle had a way with words and quickly explained.

However, his words caused everyone to break out into a buzz. The reason was that he was standing in front of Crystal, while I was sitting on the chair alone, surrounded by doctors. At such a juncture, he should have been taking care of his injured wife instead.

But that was how Lyle was like. He would always embarrass me in front of everyone, while thinking that he was justified. He had always thought that he was handling his relationship well, but the reality was that plenty of people already knew what was happening between us.

I guessed that many people were also aware of what happened last night, for the moment we appeared in public, we instantly became the center of attention. The people were giving me glances filled with mockery and pity.

Yet, I was unperturbed by it because I was too used to people staring at me like that. All I felt was numbness. During every party at the Tanner residence, I would receive gazes of pity and disdain. As such, I had reached a point where I no longer felt bothered by it.

Now that I had both my hands bandaged, I decided to leave sneakily. When Lyle followed after me, I turned around and shot him a glare. Gritting my teeth, I snapped, "If you don't want me to humiliate you in front of so many people, I suggest you disappear from my sight right now."

"Get lost, jerk!" Sabrina was definitely a beacon of righteousness in her previous lifetime. Now, she was determined to be my guardian angel. She shoved Lyle and said, "All you do is bring misfortune to Yvonne."

Naturally, Lyle started arguing with Sabrina while I took the opportunity to sneak away. I thought that Christopher would continue discussing with the others. Surprisingly, when I returned to the guest room which the Lane family had arranged for me, he was already sitting on the couch with an unpleasant look on his face.

A lot of thought went behind the allocation of rooms for the guests at this party. Couples were supposed to be arranged in the same room. However, as Christopher had a hand in it, I was assigned a room that was meant for single people.

I reckoned he had done so because he was reluctant to let me stay in a room together with Lyle, but more than that, it was probably because he wanted to find me more conveniently.

"Come here." Christopher beckoned me over with his finger. Noticing his unhappiness, I walked over obediently and explained, "It's not like I wanted to keep sticking by Lyle's side, but he suddenly went crazy. Instead of pestering Crystal, he insisted on acting all lovey-dovey with me. I'm equally frustrated!"

Christopher carried me and placed me on his lap. As he stared at my right hand, an unfathomable look flashed across his eyes. I hurriedly said, "I'm fine. I just got burned. I've suffered a lot of injuries since young, so this doesn't hurt at all."

To placate his worries, I deliberately waved my hand around. However, it really hurt and I hissed in pain.

## **Chapter 119**

"How can you be so foolish?" Christopher sighed and leaned his forehead against mine. "Sometimes, I wish that I could just hang you onto my belt so that I could watch over you all day long. That way, you won't keep getting into accidents. I was right there, but something still happened to you."

I pouted and mumbled softly, "If I'm not foolish, how can you appear more amazing in comparison? If I'm too impressive, you wouldn't have the chance to act like the hero, nor would you have known me."

A strange glint flashed past Christopher's eyes. "Perhaps you were the hero and you were the one who's given me the chance to know you."

"Haha! Did you dream that I saved you, so you were all prepared to give yourself up to me?" I joked.

He gazed at me as though he was telling me that what he said was the truth. However, I knew that it was impossible for me to forget such an outstanding man like Christopher unless I had lost my memory.

“Yeah, you saved me when I was in danger. That’s why I fell in love with you, a heroine who could do something so bold despite being so foolish and scared.” Christopher stared at me intently.

For the next half an hour, we spent it being lovey-dovey with each other, during which Christopher’s phone rang multiple times. It was obvious that he needed to attend to something. Thinking that I shouldn’t delay him any longer, I said, “Hurry on back. I’ll be careful for the remaining days and I promise to stay away from that despicable man.”

“Don’t let your injury come into contact with water, and don’t eat any spicy food. You need to take care of your injury. Also...” Christopher was usually a serious person who was stern and decisive during formal business discussions. It was difficult to imagine him becoming so naggy in front of me.

I chuckled and pushed him to the window. “I’ll just avoid everything that can harm me, alright?”

“You silly girl!”

Christopher kissed me again before flipping out of the window agilely. Just around the corner of the secluded garden outside was the Lane family’s courtyard. I had observed it before and I reckoned that he would appear in the house first before walking out through the main door.

Since I was injured, there was no need for me to go out unless there was an important event where everyone had to attend. Looking at the bandages on my hands, I lamented my pitiable state before burying myself under the blankets.

Before I knew it, I fell asleep. After I woke up, I felt like I had become a pig who only knew how to eat and sleep. After asking the servant to send some food over, I then decided to take a stroll outside.

I walked toward the capacious garden and peered over. There was a pavilion a distance away, with pretty shrubs and sculptures. The scenery was rather pretty. How big is the Lane family? I guess only the Goldstein family can compare to its wealth, huh.

In Avenport, only the Goldstein family could compare to the Lane family. However, the Goldstein family had been keeping a low profile recently, rarely interacting with the other prominent families. The reason seemed to be that the patriarch of the Goldstein family was suffering from poor health and had gone overseas to recuperate.

I found a secluded area and sat on a stool. Propping my chin up, I stared at the clouds. The evening sky was bathed in a golden hue by the sunset, while fluffy clouds dotted the vast sky. Occasionally, some white clouds would be illuminated in a red glow due to the setting sun.

The sky darkened gradually, signaling the passing of the day. I was planning to go back to the doctor to get a fresh change of bandage before going to sleep so that I could prepare for the cruise party

tomorrow when I heard footsteps coming from the shrubbery behind, which was quickly followed by a heated argument.

My first thought was that a couple was arguing. Although I did not like to eavesdrop on others, I recognized who the couple was the moment both of them spoke. Their conversation piqued my curiosity, so I hid behind a sculpture, craned my neck, and peered over.

“Why did you pass me the spiked drink last night?” Lyle stared at Crystal coldly, which was something unprecedented. It seemed like he was indeed oblivious to what happened last night and was used by Crystal. Considering how proud and weak-willed Lyle was, he definitely could not tolerate others keeping him in the dark.

## **Chapter 120**

“Lyle, don’t you believe me? I told you that it wasn’t me.” Crystal stared at Lyle with a hurt expression.

“Who else could it have been if not you? Crystal, you shouldn’t have lied to me. You know full well that I detest being deceived the most. So why did you still lie to me?” Lyle’s gaze was filled with disappointment.

“Lyle...” Crystal sobbed. “It wasn’t me; it was Benjamin. It’s true that I know about it and I never wanted to lie to you. But don’t you know the reason why I did that? I just want to be together with you.”

“Still, you shouldn’t have done that. Don’t you know how unfair this is to Yvonne?” said Lyle in a deep voice.

I was surprised that Lyle would actually defend me one day. As expected, Crystal was even more surprised. She gazed into Lyle’s eyes deeply, her eyes filled with grievance. After a moment, she spoke, her voice choked with tears. “Lyle, have you fallen in love with Yvonne? Didn’t you say that you will love me forever? We agreed that after I return from Anglandur, we’ll get married.”

“Of course not! There is no way I will ever fall in love with her!” denied Lyle directly, his tone urgent.

“Really? Then why aren’t you willing to divorce Yvonne? You’ve been dragging this for so long to the point where I wonder if you really intended to divorce her.” Her eyes reddening, Crystal continued, “Do you know, Lyle? Whenever you notice a man by Yvonne’s side, you would act really bothered. You might not notice it yourself, but I did. Lyle, am I going to lose you?”

Lyle was stunned for a while before he shook his head vigorously. “Crystal, you of all people should know how I feel about you.”

“But you’re still unwilling to get a divorce! Can’t you see? That the reason why I did what I did last night was so that I could be together with you. When the two of you got married, you told me that you’ll divorce her immediately after you obtain her stocks.” Crystal wiped at her tears.

“There’s a saying that love is built on time spent together, while distance could break even the strongest bond. After spending two years together with her, perhaps Yvonne’s better suited for you than I am.



After the two of you were married for half a year, I returned to visit you. Do you know how much my heart ached when I saw you walking out of the hotel with Yvonne, looking like a blissful couple?"

"But you were the one who said that after you leave, she will take your place staying by my side. And that I was supposed to transfer all of my longing for you to her."

"Yes, I did say that I was going to present her to you as a gift. However, every time I think about how the two of you would sleep on the same bed, doing the things that only we can do, my heart aches terribly." Crystal clutched her chest, looking like she was on the verge of collapsing.

I could feel my heart aching too. However, it was not because of Lyle's heartlessness. Instead, it was because of how Crystal referred to me as a "gift." I'm a human, not an object. What right did Crystal have to give me to another man as a gift? How shameless could she be to play me like a fool for so many years?

Hearing that, Lyle's expression turned extremely grim. He growled, "Didn't you know? I've never touched Yvonne."

"But I saw with my own eyes how the two of you walk out of the hotel together..."

Lyle said through gritted teeth, "I've never touched her. Although Grandma deliberately spiked our food that night, she didn't expect that we'd leave so coincidentally. When I noticed that something was amiss, I just so happen to receive your call. In the end, I left her there in the hotel and I left to soak myself in a cold bath for the entire night."

"Then... who was the one who slept with Yvonne?" asked Crystal, puzzled.

"How would I know? There were so many bachelors in the hotel that night. Any one of them could have entered the wrong room, being drunk and all. Besides, it was such a chaotic night. Who knows, there might even be more than one person involved. After all, the three brothers from the Frank family had no qualms about sharing a woman." Lyle clenched his fists.

"Lyle, I can't wait anymore. I want to be your bride. Hold me, won't you?" Crystal pulled her zipper down. The white lace gown slid off her body, revealing her curvaceous figure.