

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 191-200

Chapter 191

The corner of my lips curled into a smile. Actually, I did not like smiling back then because I thought I was much too ordinary to look good even while smiling. I did not have Yvette's innocent charms, nor was I as alluring as Crystal.

However, at the sight of Christopher, the only face that I wanted to give him was a smile. I blinked and said, "Even though I've done something bad, I've settled a problem, haven't I? Nobody will pester me anymore, maybe the guy will try to trouble me. Then again, doesn't a guy look bad when he's disturbing a woman?"

"Please leave this sort of thing for me. You just need to stand and watch." Christopher strode toward me and reached out his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

"Do I have the honor of inviting you to dinner, Miss Pretty?"

"Can I say no?" I asked deliberately.

"Of course not!"

He took my hand and brought me to the car parked by the roadside. When the car pulled away slowly from the driveway, I could see that Lyle was protecting Crystal behind him like she was the only thing that mattered to him.

I smiled, though not feeling as pleased as I should be.

When Christopher mentioned taking me out for dinner, I thought he meant that he was taking me to a fancy restaurant for a scrumptious meal. Surprisingly, he went to a market and decided to buy some groceries to cook dinner instead.

I watched as he squeezed his way into the discount corner, and snatched the discounted seafood with a bunch of women, picking out the vegetables as he complained about how the portion was way too big or grumbled about how the groceries were not fresh enough. It was safe to say I was taken aback to see this side of him.

Is he still the domineering CEO whom I know? His family's jaws would have dropped at the sight of him picking out vegetables at the market.

"Come and help me pick out some. It's already over five. If we get home late, dinner is only going to be ready by eight something." Christopher noticed that I was in a daze and dragged me alongside him to pick out the vegetables.

I picked out a bunch and tossed it into the shopping basket. "I thought I was going to have a fancy dinner someplace nice. It's so disappointing that I have to make my own dinner instead."

“It feels homier if we make our own dinner. Besides, we can have fancy dinners any time. Today is a special day, and I want to cook a meal together with you.” Christopher took out the bunch of vegetables that I picked out and replaced it with a fresher-looking one. I had to admit that he had a good eye for it.

I looked at the vegetables and said, “Don’t you think buying groceries is beneath you? You could have delegated this chore to your countless servants and just be the cool CEO. Why do you come here and squeeze your way through a bunch of aunties in the discounted section?”

Christopher pinched my nose and replied, “Everything feels meaningful with you around, and there’s no such thing as something being beneath me when you’re by my side. Besides, we’re going to put this in our mouths. Why don’t we choose the best?”

“Your sweet-talking is getting better by the day, but I’m not buying it.” I lowered my head as I tried to conceal the smile on my face. How is he so good at this? Everything he says is like molten chocolate to my ears. How many girls has he pursued for him to be able to so smooth with the ladies?

“You can choose not to listen, but I’m still going to say it.” Christopher raised a brow and noticed that I was holding an alive terrapin. The man grinned mischievously and said, “You want to buy this, huh? Alright, I like the way your mind works.”

I carried the terrapin in a bag provided and was confounded. What’s he insinuating?

“No, I’m just looking. I’m going to put it back into the water.” After I put it back into the water, the terrapin crawled its way with all its might, fumbling its short feet. In the end, it made its way from the eighty-eight sections to the one-hundred-twenty-eight section.

Christopher made his way over and stood by my side. At the peculiar sight, he snapped his fingers to summon the staff and ordered, “I’m going to buy this one. This little fella is trying all his might to increase his value, and I’m going to honor his effort by paying more.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “Do you have too much money to spend?”

“I’m happy today.” Christopher circled my waist and pecked on my cheek before putting his hand on my head. “You have to say yes since I’m in a good mood today.”

Chapter 192

“No, you’re being unreasonable!” I was used to living from mouth to mouth, and extravagant lifestyle and waste were not my thing. “Does your family know that you’re a spendthrift?”

“My family has never given me an upper limit for the amount that I can spend. Alright, I value frugality in my girlfriend. I should be so honored.”

“Who’s your girlfriend?” I nudged at him. Even though I was already divorced, I still couldn’t get used to him being all lovey-dovey with me in public.

The staff who was supposed to prepare the terrapin for us overheard our conversation and stifled a laugh. "Mister, the two of you look really cute together."

"Of course, this is my wife. I've been pursuing her for years, and finally I have made a little progress today. Give me the most expensive ingredients you offer, I am rich!" Christopher exclaimed.

My face flushed crimson red as I took a step back, refusing to be associated with the man beside me. He could be really childish sometimes.

After Christopher picked out a few more vegetables, we paid for the groceries and headed out of the market. All of a sudden, I stopped in my tracks because I finally knew what he meant by buying the terrapin.

Terrapins are aphrodisiacs. Christopher was trying to crack a dirty joke back there.

"Pervert!" I gritted my teeth and glared at him upon the revelation.

"Well, I'm your pervert." Christopher grinned and peered at my collar that I tore off. He took off his jacket and draped it over me, claiming that other men had no right to see me exposed.

After reaching home, Christopher carried me over to the sofa. He handed me a glass of water and headed toward the kitchen.

He had just healed, and it was inconvenient for him to do washing. I sipped on the water and went into the kitchen. Noticing that Christopher was trying to figure out how to deal with the ambitious little terrapin, the two of us broke into a chuckle after exchanging glances.

How is this man so adorable?

"You're right on time. I've forgotten that I've never actually cooked terrapins. Do you know how to make it?" Christopher turned to me and asked.

"Why did you buy it then?" I walked over to his side and took a knife and tapped on the terrapin's shell. I had wanted to showcase my skills but put down the knife moments later. "I think I've forgotten how to, erm, I don't know."

After a few moments of silence, Christopher dashed over to the living room to take his laptop. He downloaded a video recipe for terrapin cuisine and showed it to me. "Darling, I've prepared everything for you. You just to make this dish, and I will handle the rest."

I really wanted to hit him on the head, but I could not bring myself to do it.

After we were done with dinner preparation, the night fell. I made terrapin soup, and Christopher handled the rest as agreed.

I laid out the dishes on the table and noticed that Christopher lit candles on the table, and even prepared a bottle of red wine. It was obvious that he was preparing for a candlelight dinner. My lips curled into a smile at his heartwarming gesture.

Right then, Christopher took out a bouquet of ruby red roses from behind the sofa like he had performed magic of some sort, and handed it over to me. "Hey gorgeous, you're looking as stunning as these roses tonight. I am honored to have the opportunity to dine with you on this beautiful night."

I took over the roses. Roses were common, but I seldom received them. So, I did enjoy his little surprise.

"Let's toast to you finally being a free woman, and that you're going to be able to be together with me. Congratulations to myself that I'm finally going to be able to hug you to sleep every night. They're all good causes for a frisky night."

I was at a loss for words to reply him. He may have thought that his little gestures went unnoticed, but I knew that he picked up on a lot of condoms when we were shopping just now.

I took a sip of the red wine, and it was rich in taste. The first thing that came to my mind was that it must have cost a fortune. Anything that Christopher fancied was sure to have a hefty price tag.

I headed into the kitchen to do the dishes after we were done, and overheard Christopher on the phone in the living room.

"Mom, haven't I already dealt with the business at Coldbridge? Why do you insist on me going over there? Haven't we spent millions to appoint a CEO to take care of things? Why do we have to worry about every single little thing?"

"Okay, okay. I will be sure to go home and accompany you for dinner tomorrow. Did you quarrel with Dad and need me as an ammunition against him?"

"Yes, I will be sure to stand by your side and reprimand my own father for forgetting about movie night with you while he's out entertaining his old friends. But, I really do have something extra important on tonight. Not even the sky falling down is going to stop me from doing it. Even you said that Monica is your guest, then what does it have anything to do with me? Just ask her to quit waiting if she still insists. Alright, until later, Mom. Ciao."

Chapter 193

I stopped what I was doing for a moment upon hearing Monica's name. We had only met for a short moment but I could tell that the Lane family really liked her.

Especially Christopher's parents, who were exceptionally satisfied with her.

Even though Darius didn't try to stop Christopher and me from dating each other, I could tell that he didn't approve of us. He just didn't want to stop us.

Still in a daze, the bowl in my hands fell onto the ground and shattered. I quickly bent down to pick the broken pieces up but I accidentally cut myself.

“Ouch!” I stood up instantly and my vision darkened when I saw the blood dripping down.

Christopher heard me and walked over to take my hand. “How careless of you,” he said.

“I’ve always been stupid. It’s not the first time this has happened.” My lips twisted into a pout and I was about to tidy up the mess I made.

However, he quickly stopped me and said, “Don’t move. I’ll do it.”

Christopher bent down and cleaned up the place before picking me up in his arms. I couldn’t even react to it as he walked out of the kitchen and all I could do was wrap my arms around his neck.

“What are you doing? Put me down!”

“You’re injured so of course, I have to carry you.” He continued to hold me in his arms as he sat down on the couch. He then put my bleeding finger in his mouth before wrapping a band-aid over it.

“It’s my finger that’s hurt, not my leg. Besides, it’s only a tiny cut. I’m not that fragile.” I withdrew my hand and applied the band-aid properly.

Christopher immediately took my hands again and said, “I’m happy to spoil you. I’m going to spoil you even if you’re not happy with it.”

His words were domineering, but why was I feeling so happy? I was just an ordinary woman with no ambitions or dreams to be a lady boss. All I wanted was a family and a man who would love and pamper me.

I watched him hold my hand as he examined the band-aid on my finger. My gaze landed on his side profile and it looked as though it was God’s most flawless work.

I tugged on his sleeves and asked softly, “Christopher, your family really likes Monica, right? What kind of a woman is she?”

He looked at me and seeing that I was being so careful with my words, he patted my head and answered, “You’re overthinking again. I have told you that she’s a family friend. We know each other well because our families meet from time to time.”

“But I noticed that your family really likes her. She looks pretty and is so outstanding. She’s so poised and sophisticated no matter what she does. Both of you are a perfect match for each other.”

I was just an ugly duckling compared to her. Christopher and I weren’t in the same league at all.

Hearing that, he flicked my forehead and said, “If my family likes her, then it’s their business, not mine. I only see her as my little sister. Besides, it is my business as to whom I will be marrying and having kids. It’s none of my family’s concern at all.”

“But...” I was still feeling troubled.

His face darkened suddenly and he asked seriously, “Did my brother say something? That bas*ard! How dare he sprout nonsense to you. I’ll have to give him a good beating when I go back. It’s been so long since I last fought him. I wonder if he remembers how it feels to be bullied by his little brother.”

I couldn’t imagine how it would be if Christopher fought with the mayor of Avenport. It was scary just to think about it. Darius had more of a scholarly vibe. He wasn’t as sharp or tough as his brother so he would probably lose miserably.

“That’s not it. Darius was really nice and he didn’t say any nonsense nor did he give me money and threatened me. All he did was treat me to a cup of coffee and give me his phone number, telling me that I can go to him if I have trouble.”

“What? He gave you his phone number? He’s definitely planning something. Delete it now!” He then looked around, looking for my phone and he said while rolling up his sleeves, “I’ve gotta fight him.”

I didn’t know how to react to his words as I reached out to stop him. “Don’t do anything rash, Christopher. Darius is a good person. Don’t bully him just because you’ve gone through training in the force.”

Christopher was utterly amused at my panicked look. “You’re not thinking that Darius is just a defenseless scholar, are you? He hasn’t lost a fight since he was young and had even gotten third place in a mixed martial arts tournament in the army.”

Chapter 194

“What?” I exclaimed.

“I got first place, of course.” He lifted his chin proudly.

I was shocked at his words. How much more outstanding can this family get? Must they crush the confidence of ordinary people like us So what if they’re elite people? Did we, the ordinary people, offend them in any way?

As these thoughts flooded my mind, I realized that Christopher was getting unruly. His hand that was once holding me was inching upwards and slowly made its way to my arm.

My mind was a mess and I pushed him away before running to the bathroom. “I’m going to wash up.”

“Alright. You need to wash up before going to bed anyway,” he said, emphasizing the words ‘wash up.’

My face blushed as I hid in the bathroom. I stared at my reflection in the mirror as I brushed my teeth.

A slight smile hung on my lips. Perhaps it was because I had been having a great time lately, but I looked really happy.

I spent almost half an hour brushing my teeth. I didn't know what had happened. Before my divorce, Christopher and I would mess around doing everything under the sun and the moonlight. However, after the divorce, I felt awkward with everything even though I was finally free.

My face burned at the thought of all the shameless things we had done since we got together.

After a moment, the living room finally quietened down and I slowly walked out of the bathroom. Then, I said to Christopher who was on the couch, "I'm going to sleep."

Right after I finished my sentence, I rushed into the bedroom and closed the door behind me. I walked around the room for a while before deciding to lock the door. The bedroom next door would be cleaned every day as Sabrina would stay over from time to time anyway.

My mind was in a mess as I was feeling both excited and afraid. In the end, I resolved to stop thinking about it and just get to sleep.

Just as I was tossing and turning in bed, I felt a weight on me. Something was pressing down on me and I could hardly breathe.

I immediately opened my eyes and pulled the covers off. Christopher was laying on the covers and he stared at me with raised brows. "Are you going to let your man sleep in an empty room? That's immoral."

"How did you get in?" My eyes instantly darted to the door I had locked earlier but it was wide open. Where did he get the keys? And more importantly, why didn't I hear the door open?

"Darling, did you already forget about my occupation? If I can't even do something as simple as opening a door, then I'd be a disgraced captain who should be cast aside."

It was only then that I remembered that Christopher was in the military. He was someone in an elite team too. If that was the case, did that mean that he was in the special forces?

He was in no hurry to remove the covers as he pulled out the condoms and started to count them. He was feeling rather troubled once he was done counting.

"Oh no, I forgot to buy more earlier. The box I bought only has five in it. This might not be enough."

I blushed and snatched the box from him. "You're talking nonsense again."

"Nonsense? I am being serious!" He threw himself at me and burrowed underneath the covers. His slightly cold body pressed onto mine and his eyes shone under the dim light.

"I can finally have you to myself openly now, Darling."

I was just divorced, and it was nothing unusual. "Are you planning to take me to meet your parents tomorrow?" I muttered.

“That’s not a bad idea. Should we go to my house tomorrow?” Christopher asked.

I was actually joking so when he suggested it, I quickly waved my hands and refused, “No. I was just joking.”

I wasn’t confident enough to go to the Lane family, and I refused to go there too. I didn’t know how I should even talk to them when I was such a wreck.

Christopher’s parents were easy-going people, and they would get along well with anyone. Frankly speaking, people like them were the hardest to get along with because you never know if they had a problem with anyone.

“Are you afraid?”

Chapter 195

I was indeed afraid. Before my divorce, I was always thinking of ways to get divorced so that I could finally be with him. Yet, once I was finally divorced, the things that I didn’t put much thought into previously came swarming to me, leaving me especially confused.

I gently hit on Christopher’s chest and asked softly, “I’m very useless, ain’t I?”

He hugged me and sighed. “To me, you will always be the best. Don’t care about others. It doesn’t matter if it’s Monica or Crystal, none of them are as important as you.”

“Okay,” I mumbled in response but I still couldn’t calm down. He held my head in his palms and kissed my cheek. “Do not back down from this, okay? I won’t let go of you even if you’re scared.”

I felt his hand under my pajamas and he put it over my heart. I heard my heartbeat as he stared at me with gentle eyes. “We shouldn’t think about anything troubling now. You just have to think about me.”

“And then what?” I asked.

“You just have to cry out for me.”

Christopher buried his head in my chest and he started to ‘play the piano’ on my body. Every time his fingers touched my skin, I felt as though electricity was coursing through my body.

I couldn’t help it as my toes curled up and he lifted my leg before straightening my toes again. Then, he rubbed my feet against his cheek and positioned himself between my legs.

He didn’t let go of my feet as he praised, “How beautiful!”

I admit that my legs were beautiful. I wondered what God was thinking when He was creating me. He didn’t give me a pretty face but instead, gave me a pair of porcelain-fair legs. Even Sabrina had teased me previously, saying that only my legs were pleasing to the eye.

If we were in ancient times, I could have managed to marry a rich and powerful man just by relying on this pair of legs.

“They’re only legs. Their only purpose is to help me walk around no matter how nice they look.” I narrowed my eyes and went into a daze before going limp on his body.

“Well, only I can touch them anyway.” Christopher glided his slender fingers over my leg and slowly made his way upwards. His fingers finally reached my stomach. I wanted to retort by saying that many people had already seen my legs and that the doctor had touched them too.

But before I could get the words out, he closed in on me. My body trembled and I couldn’t stop myself from letting out a moan. Then, Christopher held my head and pressed his lips against mine.

His kiss was especially passionate and his body felt hot as if it would melt mine anytime soon. I did my best to accept him, wanting to show him my best. We were such a perfect match that we managed to reach the peak together.

Before I could recover from it, my body was suddenly suspended in the air. By the time I snapped out of it, all I could see were the checkered bed sheets and I had almost fallen off the bed. I tried to reach out to hold on to something and my hands were fumbling around. Christopher grabbed hold of my hands from behind me and started to plant kisses on my back.

All I could do was breathe. He had always been gentle but passionate and I was always charmed by it. Suddenly, my phone that was on the bed rang and I reached out for it. However, I had only managed to move my hand a little when Christopher took my hands and held them behind my back.

“No... The phone’s ringing!”

“Leave it be. You just have to focus on me.”

The phone kept ringing and I forcefully turned to take a look at my phone. I saw that it was from Sabrina and it was the fifth time she was calling. Feeling worried that something might have happened to her, I answered the call with my chin.

“What’s up, Sabby?” I said while trying my best to sound normal.

“Wow, Yvonne. You managed to get back at Lyle and Crystal. Did you know that they were surrounded by a bunch of reporters and there were so many nasty articles written about them? I only saw your back in the video but I guessed immediately that it had something to do with you. Come on, tell me how you managed to do it.”

Chapter 196

“I... I was just so angry... That’s why...” What could have been a complete sentence became an intermittent one due to Christopher’s eager kisses. I wanted to hang up but he wouldn’t let go of my hands. That was why I was forced to hold in the feeling of pleasure as I bit my lips to stop myself from making any weird noises. I was about to go crazy soon.

“Hello? What are you doing? Are you out running? Why do you sound like you’re panting? See, I told you you should’ve exercised and clean yourself up to look prettier. Only then would a handsome man fall for you.”

Sabrina would never expect me to be talking to her through the phone when I was doing it. She continued, “You told me a few days ago that you’ve already settled the divorce with Lyle. Are you done with it already? Don’t act all calm and indifferent all day when I’m dying of anxiety here.”

“We’re already divorced. It was during the afternoon... Ah...” Christopher was probably displeased that I wasn’t paying him my full attention and was talking to someone else while we were doing it. He was becoming more and more aggressive and I couldn’t hold it in anymore.

I turned back and glared at him before gesturing for him to either help me hang up or let go of me. But he was grinning from ear to ear and even got more aggressive with his moves. The look in his eyes clearly said, “I told you not to answer. You can hang up with your chin now.”

I was on the brink of tears as I noticed that I had unknowingly put some distance between the phone and myself. His hands were around my waist with such great force it was as though he wanted to break my waist.

Is it too late to apologize now? I wanted so much to cry and my eyes had already reddened. What I didn’t know was how alluring I looked at that moment.

He held my head in his palms and leaned over to kiss me. I couldn’t even turn my neck, so all I could do was beg with my eyes. His lips hovered over my eyes before kissing the tears away and before letting me go.

“Really? That’s great! Now we can finally go have a good time without having to worry. Hey, how’s your progress with my idol? Should I hold a party so you can both hook up with each other? You can even show your love to Lyle and the rest. Let’s see how they can stay on their high horses then,” the woman continued to chatter on and gave me ideas.

I buried my head in the blankets and didn’t dare to say anything else. I gritted my teeth, afraid that I would embarrass myself.

“Hey! Talk to me!” Not receiving any response, Sabrina started to shout through the speakers.

“Sabrina, we’re busy right now. Don’t look for Yvonne in the next few days,” Christopher finally said and he was panting as he spoke.

“You’re with Eve... Oh sh*t! My ears are going deaf soon,” she cursed and instantly hung up. I was embarrassed and I didn’t even dare to look up. Unfortunately, he didn’t want to let me off the hook. He turned me around and a wicked smile hung on his lips.

It was a wild ride and I was in a daze. I wasn’t even able to move my fingers by the time I heard him say something. All I could do was lay below him as if I was a dead fish.

In the end, I drifted off to sleep because I was too tired.

“You must not know how long I’ve had a crush on you.”

Who’s talking? That’s weird. I tried to look around but I couldn’t open my eyes.

“Why didn’t you wait for two years? If I knew that you would marry Lyle and go through all this pain, I wouldn’t have joined the military. That way, both of us will be happy.”

Will I be happy? I wasn’t sure, but I was sure that I was very happy now.

“Back then, I thought that you would go overseas and do what you wanted with your paintings. That was why I thought of joining the army. That way, my family wouldn’t force me to marry Monica. After that, I would go overseas and look for you when I made a name for myself and retire. Yet, when I saw you and Lyle holding hands in the hotel, I couldn’t bring myself to walk away anymore. I only knew then that you didn’t go to Eastsummer, nor did you continue to paint. You had gotten married to someone else instead.”

Chapter 197

“That night, my medicine wasn’t enough to make me lose my mind completely. But when I saw you lying on the bed and gazing at me so beautifully, I couldn’t help it anymore. All I wanted to do was to take you into my arms. I thought that it would be the best memory of my life. But when I saw the blood on the sheets and when you cried out Lyle’s name as you held onto me, only then did I realize that you weren’t doing well.”

He paused, then continued, “Eve, we’ve missed out on each other for so many years. This time, no one can take you away from me. You can only be mine no matter what.”

“You’re mine, Eve. Do you know that?” Christopher whispered affectionately.

I could hear someone constantly talking to me. However, I was falling in and out of consciousness and could not hear it clearly. Finding it somewhat annoying, I then waved my hand and mumbled dazedly, “You’re noisy. I’m tired and I want to sleep.”

“Sleep, I’ll protect you.”

Upon hearing those words, I closed my eyes and finally fell into a deep sleep.

When the morning sunlight shone in, I woke up from my sleep to see Christopher hugging the blankets and sleeping soundly. There was a slight smile on his face. He even has an unruly smirk when he sleeps.

Looking at such a child-like sleeping face, I laughed silently, eager to record that moment in a painting.

Dragging my sore body, I took out my unfinished art piece and placed it on the easel, then began to paint. I studied Christopher’s face as I drew, and soon, I completed my painting.

I was very satisfied as I looked at it. Christopher was depicted full of charm, and it was as if he had come to life in the painting. The piece was a testimony of love.

Just as I was admiring the art piece, his face came into view in front of me suddenly, and he pulled me into a gentle embrace. His voice had the dullness of having just woken up and was low and attractive as he said, "Why are you up so early? You're wearing so little. Your body is all cold."

He then wrapped me in the blankets and held onto my slightly cold hands.

"I couldn't sleep, so I got up," I replied, leaning into his arms with my eyes still on the painting.

He glanced over at it and pressed his lips together. "I'm right in front of you. Why're you looking at this drawing? Look at me!"

In response, I took the art piece and held it up to him as if it were a treasure. I shook it and asked, "Look, Christopher. I used the brush you gave me to paint it. Don't you have anything to say?"

He took the painting from me and flipped it around. Then, as soon as he saw it, his eyes brightened, but he purposely said, "Mm, it's not bad. At least you got my handsome face right. Keep up the good work."

"Of course. I'm not bragging, but my art skills are excellent. If it weren't for Crystal..." I then sighed. If she hadn't replaced me, I would've been the new school artist instead.

"Why have you stop talking?" he asked upon seeing that I stopped my sentence halfway. He pulled me into a hug, pressing me against his chest.

After a pause, I replied, "Actually, it's not something I can't say. I used to have a piece called Autumnal Panorama. I was going to take it to Eastsummer to participate in an exhibition and was supposed to get an apprenticeship position. But Grandma gave it to Crystal and forced her to leave Avenport. I only learned about it recently."

After all, I could even talk about how Lyle had left me in the hotel. Thus, what else could I not say?

I continued, "I drew it for three months. A friend of mine who's very knowledgeable in painting said that it was enough for me to get a position as a famous master. I could even go elsewhere to get better development and escape from my difficulties. Well, it's okay. At least, now I know that I'm not as useless as I thought, so that's good."

His eyes suddenly brightened a little. After looking at me for a moment, he asked softly, "Have you ever thought of starting afresh and doing what you want to do?"

"Start afresh?" I asked, glancing at him sideways. In all honesty, I was surprised to be able to pick up a brush and paint again. However, I dared not think about continuing to pursue my dreams.

"Yeah, I'll support you. As long as you want to do it, I'll always support you!" he said as he looked at me seriously, his expression was particularly solemn.

Chapter 198

"I'll think about it!" I did not know whether I still had that kind of enthusiasm to take a gamble and pursue my dream.

Then, seeing that I was not in high spirits, he did not continue the topic.

In the next few days, Christopher and I had a very wild time together. Just like he said, he hugged me to sleep every night, and we made love, did all kinds of crazy things in bed every day.

During that time, I had almost forgotten who I was. Fortunately, I did not forget that I still had to go to work.

Although my work was easy and no one would say anything if I made mistakes occasionally, I still worked hard. In my spare time, I would flip through the newspapers only to find that Crystal was in it again.

When she was previously in the newspapers, she was negatively perceived because of me and was in a difficult position. Nevertheless, she always had a way to make everyone think she was a beautiful, innocent person. As long as she cried while looking at everyone aggrievedly, it was as if they would all believe she was innocent. It was indeed a world that focused on appearances.

This time, she was to participate in an art exhibition, so she sent over her work. The centerpiece was said to depict a hundred birds facing a phoenix and was anticipated by many.

As I put the newspaper down, I recalled what Christopher said. My fingers indeed itched. After all, I was not someone who liked to work a nine-to-five job. Otherwise, when I studied finance back then, I would not have stopped after only a while.

After work, I unexpectedly got a call from Sharon. She wanted me to go to the hospital. Since she did not know about my divorce with Lyle, I was nervous and afraid that she would find out. However, since things had turned out pretty ugly the other time, it was rather impossible that she did not know.

With fruit in my hands, I approached the hospital, a little afraid to go in.

What should I tell her when I'm inside? Do I continue to lie to her or tell the truth?

Unexpectedly, Sharon did not ask me anything. Once I went in, she began to chat about everyday topics with me. Seeing that I looked healthy, she even praised me for becoming more beautiful recently. I must say, a woman did look better if she lived well.

With Christopher's care, I had indeed been living a good, luxurious life recently.

He would cook, cheer me up, and would give me everything I wanted. Other than the fact that he went hard on me when we were in bed, everything else was good. When I was doing my makeup in the morning, I even found that I had gained some weight. As a result, the dimples I had when I smiled were almost gone.

"You young people are busy all day long. I've been in the hospital, but you guys don't even come and visit me. Ah, once you're old, you'll really be ignored. You brat, I've loved you in vain," she said, pretending to be angry as she patted my hand.

I hurriedly smiled. "I'm here now, Grandma. Don't be angry. I promise to keep you company often in the future, okay?"

Lyle cares about Grandma quite a bit. Doesn't he come to visit? There's also Crystal. Since they're going to get married, doesn't he plan to bring her over?

"That's more like it. Even if you're divorced, don't tell me you don't intend to see me as your grandma anymore?" she suddenly replied.

At that moment, my heart skipped a beat, and I looked over at her. There was a flicker of light in her turbid eyes that was sharp enough to see through everything. I lowered my head and whispered, "I'm sorry, Grandma. I was too agitated that day. I shouldn't have done that."

"It's not your fault!" she said, sighing heavily. "I know my grandson. Crystal's going to be the calamity in his life. But I can't control him for too long. I hope he can realize the truth in time and not be tricked by her."

Grandma's attitude toward Crystal can't be worst. What exactly did Crystal do back then? Grandma's so fearful of her.

"It's also good that you've divorced. Back then, I was selfish. I shouldn't have trapped you because of my selfish desires. If you find someone suitable next time, remember to tell me. I'll give you a big check as your wedding gift." She then sighed again.

"You've suffered because of the kidnapping incident last time. Too bad things were already over when I found out about it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have let you suffer anymore; and I also don't have the heart to make you stay with Lyle. Please remember to tell me if you face any difficulties in the future."

Chapter 199

I was shocked that Sharon would know everything, as she had always been in the hospital. But when I thought about it, it made sense for Sharon to realize something was wrong after Lyle took out one billion from the bank account.

"I will, Grandma. You're the person I respect the most."

"Do you really not want the shares? They belong to you, after all. Your mom left them to you. The interest alone has accumulated to a few million by now." Sharon mentioned the shares again.

I flashed a smile and shook my head. My instincts told me not to accept those stuff. Inwardly, I still blamed my mom. No matter how hard life was for me, I wanted to work hard so I could face her without fear one day and tell her, "Look, even though you left, I worked hard to lead a great life."

I knew it wasn't a good mindset, but my resentment had built up over the years. It would probably only disappear after I met Mom again.

When I was on my way out, I saw Lyle and Crystal being handsy with each other while making their way here. My brows furrowed up. Why did I have to run into them here? How unlucky. I recalled how I set Lyle up back then during our divorce.

I knew that if I were to run into them right now, it would be a disaster. As such, I entered a random ward without hesitation and shut the door. Through the gap, I saw them walked past me. Finally, I could heave a sigh of relief.

I noticed Lyle was scowling while Crystal seemed like she was about to cry. Clearly, their life wasn't happy at all even though I was gone.

Life had always been about mundane things. It wasn't that easy. Their life would be hard if they refused to compromise.

"Miss, why are you here?" a man's voice rang out from behind me.

I turned at my shoulder and shot him an awkward smile. Pretending to be a visitor, I told the handsome patient lying in his bed, "I'm sorry. I must've entered the wrong ward."

"Oh? It's you?" The man was shocked to see me. Obviously, he knew who I was.

"You know who I am?" I asked in astonishment. This was an elegantly decorated VIP ward, so I guessed he was some rich brat. I was a forgetful person, so even after attending parties and meeting the upper-class society, I promptly forgot their faces.

The man's expression froze. After a brief silence, he introduced himself awkwardly. "I'm Lucas Goldstein."

"Oh, Mr. Goldstein. Long time no see!" I greeted him with a polite chuckle. I still couldn't remember who he was, but I figured I could greet him and get away with it.

The man's expression grew increasingly awkward. He hesitated before saying, "I'm from the Goldstein family. Looks like you don't remember who I am. We nearly got engaged back then."

I racked my brains for a while before letting out an exclamation. "Ah!" The only Goldstein family I knew was the family Nathan once tried to force me to marry into. Lucas Goldstein was the son of the current CEO of Goldstein Group. He was rumored to be a cruel playboy who loved fooling around with celebrities. After he nearly tortured a celebrity to her death, it caused an uproar in Avenport.

The Goldstein family was prominent enough to be on par with the Lane family. When Nathan found out about their existence, he forced me to marry Lucas. That was why I fell out with Nathan.

I couldn't believe the weak guy in front of my eyes was the playboy I read about. As the tension grew thick, I rubbed my fingers and forced out a smile. "Oh, you're that Mr. Goldstein. Well then, I still have some things to attend to so I'll take my leave now."

At once, I dashed for the door and pushed it open. Lucas suddenly called out, "I can't move. Can you get me a glass of water? I'm parched."

I wanted to say no, but the young man seemed pitiful sitting on the bed alone. I couldn't bring myself to leave and trudged back to pour him a glass of water.

Chapter 200

Lucas was clearly parched, for he gulped down three glasses of water before placing the glass down and thanked me gratefully. I felt awkward. Back then, when I refused to marry Lucas, the upper-class society mocked him saying that even a nobody like me wasn't willing to marry him and that he was destined to be alone forever.

Although I had never met him, I could imagine how horrible it must have been when everyone else was taunting him.

Still, he seemed like a different person from what I heard. His gentle demeanor caught me by surprise. He didn't even fly into a rage when I barged into his ward.

"Are you afraid of me?" Lucas asked when he saw that I was standing a distance away from him. A bitter smile played on his lips as he leaned back on his pillow weakly. "But I guess that makes sense. Women are afraid of me because of my horrible reputation."

I couldn't bring myself to continue the conversation and changed the topic hastily. "Why don't I fill your thermos and put it on top of your bedside drawer? That way, you can drink warm water whenever you want."

"Thank you!"

After ending the strange conversation, I escaped from the hospital swiftly as though someone was hot on my trails. It was mind-blowing to run into my ex-fiancé lying in the hospital. Ugh, that was so awkward!

Downstairs, I sprained my foot as I was wearing heels. A sharp pain flared up from my ankle. At once, I held the wall for support. Limping toward a flowerbed behind a tree, I sat down with a huge thud. D*mn it. Seems like the hospital and I are at odds. I keep getting hurt here.

I decided to give Christopher a call. He was always busy with something. I knew his company and family were taking up his time, but he still insisted on carrying out our bedtime activity despite the fact that he was starting to get dark eye circles.

However, before I could reach my phone, a water bottle flew in my direction and nearly hit my head. Immediately, I felt a flash of irritation. What kind of brat just throws a bottle like that? Don't they know it might hurt someone else?

Littering was wrong as the greenery was meant to cleanse the air.

“Lyle, how could you? We finally get to be together. Why are you mad at me?”

I immediately recognized the voice as Crystal’s, as it was whiny. I cowered behind the flowerbed and peeked out carefully. Lyle was glaring at Crystal angrily. They were clearly arguing.

They must’ve been the ones that threw the water bottle in my direction. D*mn it. Why am I always dragged into their mess?

“I’m mad? Crystal, do you know what’s going on? I don’t mind you being intimate with Benjamin back then. But now that I’m divorced and ready to be with you, why are you still entangled with him? Have you ever considered my feelings?” demanded Lyle.

“Entangled? Don’t make it sound so disgusting. I’m a public figure. Of course I need to attend the party with a male partner. We were just dancing with each other as usual. You had just gotten a divorce, so you couldn’t announce our relationship for the sake of your company’s reputation. I understand that. So why can’t you understand me?”

Crystal’s eyes were red as she stared at Lyle pitifully, seemingly about to cry at any minute. I bet she would cry turning her head sideways. She would probably also tilt her head up while a drop of tear trickled down her cheek. After all, these two expressions were her prettiest crying expressions.

“Dancing? Why were your cheeks stuck against each other, then? Why did you press your lips to his when you were dancing? If you like Benjamin that much, why marry me?” Lyle was unreasonable when he was furious as Wendy had spoilt him.

“Lyle!” As expected, tears streamed down Crystal’s cheeks as she tilted her head. “I’ve explained to you, right? Benjamin was drunk and thought I was his lover. Why are you being so unreasonable? I’m utterly disappointed in you. I didn’t even get mad when your grandma ordered me around in the hospital. Do you even care about me?”