

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 201-210

### Chapter 201

"If I don't care about you, would I ignore Grandma's wishes and ask her to agree to our marriage?" Lyle snorted.

I decided to stop eavesdropping on them. It was none of my business, anyway. When I stood up, I nearly toppled over as my leg was numb. Immediately, I let out a yelp and held onto the tree for support.

My sudden yell alerted the both of them. I forced out a smile and fought back the urge to slap my foolish self. Waving at them, I said, "Fancy running into you here. I still have some stuff to do, so I'll go now."

With that, I spun on my heels and fled the scene.

I could hear Lyle roaring behind me. Feeling exasperated, I wondered why I had to escape whenever I run into them. I berated myself for being a coward.

Back at home, I found an outsider lying on my couch lazily. It was Sabrina, who was munching on a piece of fruit while watching TV. I walked over and gave her a kick so she would remove her legs from the coffee table. She wasn't ladylike at all. It would be a shocking scene if someone else got to see her in this state.

"This is your house. I don't have to act all ladylike. Honestly, sometimes I feel like I was born in the wrong body. I should be a delinquent instead," said Sabrina. She removed her legs from the coffee table and flopped back onto the couch while stretching lazily.

"Well, Ms. Delinquent, please cover your cleavage. I have a boyfriend, and your idol is mine." Sabrina was the proud owner of a pair of 36Ds, and I didn't want Christopher to see her cleavage.

Sabrina whistled and pointed at Christopher, who was busy cooking in the kitchen. "Life's treating you well, huh? Look how blissful you are. Tsk, women who are in love do indeed act differently."

"If you want, you can do the same," I acknowledged her words.

Sabrina inched nearer to me in a nosy manner. "I thought you and Christopher would only hold hands and kiss, but turns out you've hit a home run! That's fast. Tell me, are you prepared to be Mrs. Lane now?"

"Stop it!" It was still too early to talk about marrying Christopher. After all, his family was already a difficult hurdle for us to get past.

"Why? I'm waiting to attend your wedding. The monetary gift I prepared for your second wedding is about to grow moldy." Sabrina yawned and clicked her fingers when Christopher stepped out of the kitchen. "My idol, why are you so virtuous? It should be against the law to be so irresistible. What if I fall in love with you? If that happens, I can't be friends with Eve anymore."

"I'm not going to covet for a friend's wife," came Christopher's calm reply as he placed a dish on the table. He then ordered me to prepare the utensils.

I found his words strange, for Sabrina wasn't married yet. Why did he say that?

"Who says I'm going to marry Zachary? I have nothing to do with that scum! Stop spouting nonsense!" Sabrina jolted up from the couch and exclaimed nervously.

"Fine. Since you have nothing to do with him, I won't give you Zachary's phone number, then," Christopher arched a brow and declared. "Anyway, I heard that he's recently tasked with protecting a gorgeous, elegant, and noble young lady. Perhaps it would be a story of the special forces soldier and the daughter of the commander."

"What? Give me his phone number. I must disturb him at least five times a day!" Sabrina ran toward Christopher and stretched her hand out while gesturing for me to side with her.

I was amused by Sabrina's reaction. Previously, I could sense there was something going on between Zachary and Sabrina. Turns out my sixth sense was accurate.

"But you claimed to have nothing to do with Zachary. So why are you interfering in his love life? He's single, and so is she. It's perfectly normal for them to end up together," I commented as I took Christopher's arm.

"Oh? So you're working together to set me up! Eve, how could you? Do you still want to be my friend?" Sabrina placed her hands on her hips and pretended she was upset.

Christopher took one step forward and stood in front of me in a protective stance. He ordered sternly, "Alright, that's enough. Let's eat first."

## **Chapter 202**

"Okay." He managed to intimidate both Sabrina and me. We went to the dining table obediently and sat down. A moment later, when we were about to take our first bite, we exchanged gazes as though asking why we listened to him obediently.

Immediately, we burst into a fit of laughter.

Before we finished our meal, someone rang our doorbell. I glanced at Sabrina before turning to Christopher. The only friends I had were all here, so I couldn't figure out who was at the door.

"Go answer the door," said Christopher.

"Why should I? Why can't you answer the door?" I refused to budge from my seat. Recently, I've grown used to acting coy in front of him. He was spoiling me.

"I prepared dinner alone, so it's your turn now. Well, I can help you take a shower tonight. How does that sound?" Christopher flashed an evil smirk.

“Shut up! Shame on you!” I glared at Christopher. He had grown increasingly cheeky to make a dirty joke in front of Sabrina.

“I’m merely flirting with my girlfriend. Any problem with that?” Christopher shot Sabrina a look.

“My idol, you’re such a badass! Eve is the kind who would only give in to persuasion and not coercion. You’re the perfect match for her! By the way, remember to give me Zachary’s full address later. Thanks in advance.”

Sabrina sold me out without hesitation.

“You’re such a hiberdate. Fine, I shall answer the door.” I rolled my eyes and went to the door. When I spotted the person outside, I instinctively slammed the door shut. Alas, Lyle was quick enough to grab the door before I could slam it shut. I was no match for his strength, so I stood in his way and refused to let him in.

I had hurt Lyle back then and humiliated him. So why is he here? Is he here to kick up a fuss?

As a delicious aroma wafted out of the house, Lyle looked at me icily. “Aren’t you gonna invite me in?”

“I don’t think so.” I remained rooted to my spot. It was clear that he wasn’t welcomed here.

“Yvonne, am I your enemy now? I didn’t even make a fuss after what you did to me. Do you seriously think I don’t have a temper?” Lyle held the door and refused to let me close it.

“Just think of me as an ignorant person. To you, I’ve always been someone who you could bully anytime. I’m no longer your punching bag. Your fight with Crystal has nothing to do with me. If you want to vent your frustration, go to your friend instead of me.”

Lyle had never been nice to me. He found it troublesome to even comfort me.

“I haven’t eaten yet. It’s normal to treat your ex-husband to dinner, right?” Lyle was about to head in, but I stretched my hands wide to stop him.

“I prepared my own dinner. There’s nothing for you.”

“You cooked crabs. I could smell it from here,” Lyle refuted my words in displeasure.

What’s with his sense of smell? Is he a dog?

“Lyle, just tell me what do you want? If you’re here for a meal, you can leave right now. If Crystal finds out you’ve been here, she’ll kick up a fuss again. I don’t want to get involved in your mess.”

I shot Lyle an impatient glare. If possible, I wanted to execute a shoulder throw before slamming the door shut.

Lyle lit up a cigarette as sorrow flashed across his gaze. "Eve, I fought with Crystal. She's unreasonable and not as obedient as you."

I was rendered speechless. What the f\*ck? I'm not his love advisor! We're divorced, for God's sake! Does he think he's a heartthrob? Or does he think I'm a fool? Christopher, your girlfriend is being bullied here. Where the hell are you?

## **Chapter 203**

"I know. I saw you arguing at the hospital. You should talk to Crystal instead of coming to me. If she finds out you came here, your conflict will only increase," I calmed down and told Lyle coolly.

"Have you ever regretted divorcing me?" Lyle stepped forward and tried to take my hand, but a pair of large hands reached out to block him from doing so.

I turned back to look at Christopher and almost got a nosebleed. Christopher was clad in loose pajamas as he leaned against the door. There was a relaxed smile playing on his lips as he yawned lazily. His hair was also a disheveled mess.

The hickey on his neck was visible when he looked up. His half-unbuttoned pajama top revealed his tanned skin and chiseled chest. There were even a few scratches right on his chest. It was an alluring sight.

My eyes bulged so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out of my sockets. It was such a steamy scene. I couldn't help but wonder when did Christopher change into pajamas and how he got the scratches on his chest. It wasn't me, for I never liked to scratch people.

"Darling, why are you so slow? I'm waiting to have dinner with you. By the way, where did you put my underwear? I can't find it anywhere. I'm going commando now. It's terribly uncomfortable." Christopher narrowed his eyes and gave me a warm smile.

"It's in the closet. Can't you see it?" I glowered at him and replied coyly.

I was certain Christopher did it on purpose. After all, he changed into this outfit swiftly and even asked me for his underwear. He was rarely this adorable.

"Why are you here?" a scowling Lyle demanded in fury. "Christopher Lane, how could you covet your friend's wife? You might be from the Lane family, but that doesn't mean you can do anything you want!" He glared at Christopher and gritted his teeth in anger.

Raising a finger to caress the hickey on his neck, Christopher answered, "Lyle, we're friends. I know I shouldn't covet a friend's wife, but Eve is no longer your wife, am I right? Or did I remember things wrongly? Didn't some woman get pregnant with your child, causing you to get a divorce?"

"Christopher, even if Yvonne and I are divorced, you can't fool around with her. Leave right now, or I shall teach you a lesson!" Lyle's fist landed on the wall with a loud thud.

“Lyle Smith!” I interjected. “We’re divorced. I’m your ex-wife, so you have no right to interfere in my affairs. I’m not your backup woman nor a puppet that is at your beck and call.”

Lyle’s scowl deepened at my words. He barked, “Yvonne, you immediately hooked up with Christopher after our divorce. You must’ve cheated on me before our divorce, right? How dare you put up a pitiful act when you’re nothing but a cheating b\*tch?”

So what if I’m a cheating b\*tch? I’m not pitiful at all. I retorted icily, “You know full well how Christopher and I got to know each other. I didn’t get pregnant with another man’s child and force you to divorce me. You have no right to criticize me.”

Lyle snorted and pointed at Christopher. “Do you think you’ll be happy with this man? When I first met him, I gave him the twins to get his investment. He fooled around with them for at least six months before he got tired of them. Look at him. He has a childhood sweetheart waiting to get engaged to him. Are you going to be his mistress? Aren’t you afraid I’ll tell your dad about you both?”

I tamped down my fury and the urge to give him a few slaps. The disdain on my face heightened as I retorted, “That’s none of your business. So what if I want to be his mistress? Go back to your Crystal. I’m your ex-wife, so stay out of my business. It’s over between us, get it?”

“Yvonne, just you wait. You shall regret your decision one day.” Lyle turned and left in a fit of fury. He even gave the elevator door a kick before he stormed in.

I rolled my eyes at his action. Isn’t he afraid the elevator will malfunction?

## **Chapter 204**

“Darling, come on in. Dinner’s getting cold. Just ignore those crazy people.” As I was standing at the window and staring down, Christopher pulled me back into the house and shut the door.

I shook his hand off and sat beside Sabrina, who couldn’t hold back her laughter. She slammed her hand on the table and declared, “It was my idea. That was satisfying, right? Hurry, feed me now!”

“Ha!” I laughed along with her before pointing at the hickey on Christopher’s neck. “Did you do that?”

Sabrina hurriedly shook her head in denial. “Of course not. I’m not bold enough to do that. I don’t mind offering my idol a kiss, but I’m going to get myself a boyfriend soon. So I can’t do that to my future husband.”

Christopher sat in his chair and leaned over, gesturing for me to feed him the crab. “I pinched my neck and scratched my chest. It was really hard. I demand a reward.”

I poked his forehead gently before helping him to remove the crab shell. As I fed him a mouthful of crab meat, I asked, “If my dad suddenly shows up to demand an explanation, what will you do?”

“What do you want me to do?” Christopher threw the question back to me.

Glancing at his amused expression, I knew I couldn't lie to him. Back then, Nathan slandered me to clear the rumors of Crystal being a homewrecker. Christopher was smart enough to guess that we were at odds.

Nathan wasn't worried that I'd be fooled by other men. His first thought would be using me to increase the Tanner family's profit.

Hence, he called me and ordered me to make the necessary introductions, as he wanted to get the most out of the situation.

I glowered at Christopher. "It's up to you. It doesn't concern me at all."

After Sabrina finished dinner and successfully got Zachary's phone number, she left happily. Her lips were curved into a pleased grin when she left. I had only met Zachary a few times, but he struck me as a nice and dependable man. I knew Sabrina would be happy with him.

That night, we did our usual bedtime activity. I flung my arms around Christopher's neck and forced him to talk about the twins.

Christopher proceeded to ravage me. After our intimate session, he caressed my swollen lips and said, "I don't even remember what they look like. We barely even held hands. Nothing happened."

I knew I was being unreasonably jealous. Pouting, I replied, "But they're still your lovers in name, right?"

"No!" Christopher was about to go to bed. However, he changed his mind after seeing how stubborn I was. He reached out to grab a condom, but the box was empty. His brows furrowed at the discovery. Still, he pounced at me and forced my legs open.

"Hey, we've run out of condoms. You can't do this." I was panting as I tried to stop him from proceeding.

"It's fine. You're mine, anyway." Christopher trailed kisses down my nape and touched my cheek gently.

I had one concern, though. "Christopher, I don't want to get pregnant before I get married," I told him firmly.

After hearing what I had to say, Christopher glanced at me without stopping his roaming hands. Suddenly, he lifted me up and turned me around so I was facing the window. I could sense how desperate he was judging from his heavy pants.

Bitterness washed over me instantly. I avoided his lips when he tried to kiss my cheek.

If I got pregnant before getting married, what will the others think of me? Will they think I'm someone who resorts to despicable means in order to marry into the Lane family?

Christopher had always cared for my feelings. I had stated my reluctance, but he refused to stop. Are all men the same? They won't treasure you once they get bored with you.

## Chapter 205

I shivered and rested my weight against the chilly window. I pressed my cheeks against the curtain and felt the coolness of the window. A few moments later, I realized something was wrong. I turned back to Christopher in shock.

He had buried his face in my neck and was panting heavily. It looked like he had done everything, but he didn't finish the last step. In a small voice, he protested, "Darling, you can't stop at the very last minute. Why didn't you tell me we had run out of condoms? I need to stock up tomorrow."

I flashed a smile and said nothing.

The weekend had arrived. The next day, Christopher and I left home early in the morning as he wanted to go to stock up on groceries and buy some clothes. I recalled his clothes in the closet and asked, "You have plenty at home. Why do you need to buy more?"

"Those are all formal outfits. I need to buy at least a dozen casual outfits." Christopher floored the accelerator and sped away in his yellow Maserati, which was flashy, just like him. The car zoomed down the road and attracted everyone's attention easily.

I propped my chin on my palm and gazed at Christopher. When he was driving, his lips were curled up in a grin as he swayed along to the music. His pink suit and floral tie didn't look awkward on him. Instead, he looked like a flamboyant peacock.

"A walking spotlight," I muttered under my breath. Christopher will be a popular celebrity with his looks. That tease will easily become an award-winning actor.

After a while, I grew thirsty and went to get ourselves some drink at a dessert store.

I sipped on my drink as Christopher read a book diligently. I leaned over to see what he was reading. It was an Ustranasion book. I immediately blushed upon seeing the content before I snatched the book away from Christopher to forbid him from reading it.

"Seriously? Why are you reading this in public? As a CEO, shouldn't you be reading finance or academic books?" I couldn't believe he had brought an erotic novel out. I immediately spotted a few steamy scenes when I glanced at it earlier.

Christopher put on a stern front and responded, "Human beings need to improve themselves. If I don't, I'll end up being a boring robot."

I gnashed my teeth in anger. What can he learn from erotic novels? Improve his sexual skills? I stuffed the novel into my bag. "No, you can't read it."

"Eve, you're being authoritative. We're a harmonious family, so I have my democratic rights." Christopher reached over to take my bag. He winked at me before giving my earlobe a tiny nibble. I could smell his tobacco-scented breath.

“Or, do you want to read it yourself? You pretended to confiscate it so that you could read it in secret.”

I trembled involuntarily as my earlobe was particularly sensitive. Pushing him away hastily, I covered my ears. “Why would I read it? These kinds of books are useless. I’d rather read something else.”

Resting his chin on his palm, Christopher tilted his head and smirked. I nearly got lost in his alluring gaze as he asked, “What do you think?”

I refused to listen to what he had to say. Covering my ears, I tried to change the topic, but I blurted out, “Don’t say it out loud. You must’ve learned nonsense from those books.”

After saying that, a strong sense of foreboding nagged at me at once. Indeed, Christopher flashed an evil grin and said, “Books are a great inspiration to human beings. We can learn various positions to bring us to climax. We can also...” He trailed off deliberately before concluding, “Learn what our limits are.”

I refused to answer and simply rolled my eyes at him.

## **Chapter 206**

Before finishing my drink, I spotted Christopher’s mother on TV. This time, instead of wearing an evening gown, she was decked in a professional black suit. Clearly, she was an intimidating career lady. Her expression was calm as she answered the reporters’ questions with a pleasant smile on her lips.

I glanced at the TV and realized it was about a new amusement park being developed by his family’s business. Christopher’s mother was the idol of all women.

“Christopher, is your mom a fierce woman? Is she scary?” I asked in a small voice.

Christopher put his coffee down and pondered my question. After a while, he answered, “She’s quite fierce. My dad dare not utter a word whenever she gets mad. No one in my family dares to go against her.”

“Oh...” I swallowed nervously. Will she give me a hard time? Christopher will protect me, of course, but that’s his mother. If she finds out about me, I doubt she’ll accept me easily.

Perhaps my expression seemed grim, for Christopher burst out laughing and ruffled my hair. “My mom will only yell at her loved ones. If she hates someone, she will flash them a wide grin. I’ll be delighted if she yells at you the first time you meet.”

I shot him a smile and said nothing else. Shortly after, a couple behind me started feeding each other ice cream and drinks. The lady even ended up sitting in the man’s lap.

There was a partition between us, but I could see everything clearly through the gap. I found the sight disgusting and whipped my head around. Seeing my reaction, Christopher slapped his thigh and declared, “Come on up.”

Bemused, I shook my head. I refused to act intimately with him in public. It would be embarrassing if we ran into someone we knew.



After that, we went to a few clothing stores. I picked a few outfits for Christopher, which he paid for. In the end, he picked one for himself. I compared the prices between the ones I chose and the one he chose for himself. The ones I chose were around one hundred grand each, while he paid four hundred and seventy thousand for his after getting a twenty percent discount. Is he compromising his standard because of me?

I was so engrossed in my thought that I stood in front of a store without moving. Suddenly, Christopher pulled me into his arms and brushed a finger across my waist. "I nearly forgot to get that. Thank goodness you still remember it. Let's go stock up for the next six months."

"Ah!" I belatedly realized where we were after he pulled me in. It was an adult shop. This was my first time here, so I lowered my head shyly without looking at the shop owner. Christopher showed me a few boxes of condoms and inquired earnestly, "Do you want spiral condoms? Super thin condoms? Or dotted ones?"

"How would I know!" My cheeks flared up in embarrassment as I kicked Christopher's leg.

"Darling, I'm being liberal here. That's why I'm asking for your opinion." Christopher didn't even flinch at my kick. He waved his hand and told the shop owner, "Get me five boxes each."

"Sure! I also sell other interesting stuff in my shop. Are you interested?" The shop owner proceeded to introduce the various stuff on his counter. I never knew there were so many sex toys available and started wringing my hands nervously, eager to leave the shop. Alas, Christopher gripped my arm and showed no signs of leaving.

"Let me go!" I pinched his waist.

"No can do. If you try to leave, I'll kiss you right here, right now." Christopher narrowed his gaze and snickered. I knew he would do just that, so I dared not move an inch.

Instead of finding out what Christopher bought, my gaze landed on some contraceptive pills. I told the owner, "I'd like to buy one box of this."

When the owner handed me the box, I was about to take it from him when Christopher toss it back with a frown. "Don't use this."

## **Chapter 207**

"Why?" I blinked in confusion. With the pills, we can still have sex if we run out of condoms. Isn't it a good alternative?

Christopher grabbed the box and tap it on my forehead before returning it to the owner. "You silly girl. This kind of thing is harmful to your body. Why would you take it?"

Glancing at Christopher, I was about to tell him that taking one pill occasionally would be fine but promptly changed my mind. As I thought about how he showed his concern for me, warmth enveloped my heart.

Christopher had asked the store owner to wrap everything up in an enormous shopping bag. I was stunned to see his purchases. What did Christopher buy? This is such a huge bag.

When we exited the store, I was in a hurry and nearly ran into someone at the corner. I hastily stepped back and picked up the person's bag, which had dropped to the ground. "I'm sorry. It was an accident. Are you all..." I trailed off after noticing who it was.

Christopher and I had just talked about Julia earlier, and now we've bumped into her.

"Are you from the Tanner family?" Julia glanced at me and took her bag from me. It was a question, but she sounded sure about it.

"Hello, Mrs. Lane!" I straightened my back nervously, as though I was a child about to meet the principal after making a mistake.

"Hello, Ms. Tanner!" Monica nodded and flashed a smile. Beside her was Darius' wife, Shelley Lighton. Their hands were laden with shopping bags. It was obvious that Julia was here to spend quality time with her future daughter-in-law. My expression grew awkward.

"Are you shopping?" Julia asked calmly. She seemed quite pleasant. I knew that was how influential people treated other ordinary people—with a distant and polite smile.

"Yes, I'm here to stroll around." I was praying fervently that Christopher had spotted his mom and sister-in-law, and would be smart enough to hide somewhere until they left.

I wasn't prepared to reveal my relationship with Christopher to the public as I wasn't confident at all. My thought was that we needed to hold it back for at least one month. If Julia found out I slept with her son right after I got a divorce, the consequences would be horrible.

Alas, Christopher hadn't heard my prayer.

"Why did you run away so fast? Help me with the stuff. They're so heavy." Christopher's voice rang out from behind me. Stuck in a tight spot, I could only offer Julia an awkward smile.

"Chris? Why are you here?" Julia asked in surprise when she spotted him. Her gaze also flitted to me.

"To stock up on stuff. Mom, didn't you say you have an important afternoon tea date? Why are you shopping now?" Christopher didn't seem worried at all. He gestured at the shopping bags in his hands. I immediately imagined the scene of Julia spotting the adult products in the bag. Ugh, I wish the ground would open up and swallow me whole.

"Yes, it's an important afternoon tea date. I've asked Monica out a few days ago. You told me you're busy and refused to accompany us. But look at you now, you're clearly not busy at all," Julia chided unhappily and pulled Monica to stand in front of her.

“Monica’s going to hold a piano concert a few days later. She is kind enough to make time for me, so it’s time for you to do the same. Come with us now.”

Christopher scratched his head, seemingly stumped. “I can’t. Ms. Tanner agreed to help me choose some stuff and hold my shopping bag. In return, I have to deliver her luggage to her house. I don’t want to go back on my word.”

Having said that, Christopher tossed the shopping bag in my direction. I instantly reached out to catch it, but the stuff was too heavy and landed on the ground instead. Without hesitation, I gritted my teeth and picked the bag up.

“Oh? Chris, you know Ms. Tanner?” Monica pointed at us in surprise. My heart raced in alarm as I was afraid Christopher might say something inappropriate. It felt like my heart was about to leap out of my chest any minute.

“Of course we know each other. Besides...”

## **Chapter 208**

When Christopher paused deliberately, my heart almost stopped beating. If we weren’t in public, I would’ve leaped onto him and pinched him forcefully.

After shooting me an assuring look, Christopher replied, “Mom, you know her too. Why are you so forgetful? Ms. Tanner gave you your favorite walnut cookies on Dad’s birthday. I remember you only shared it with Dad that night and refused to spare me one. I would never forget that.”

“I’m old and forgetful,” came Julia’s cool reply. “Can’t you hold your stuff yourself? Stop bullying her. Put the shopping bag in the car instead of asking her to hold it.”

“Chris, you shouldn’t bully women, especially a married woman. If someone else finds out, they will mock us,” said Shelley. Her unkind statement sounded like she was insinuating that Christopher and I were involved in an immoral relationship. Frowning, I racked my brains to recall when did I offend this woman.

“Shelley, don’t worry about it. I paid Ms. Tanner to carry my stuff. Who dares to mock me? I can help that person carry their stuff as long as they can offer me what I want, right?” Christopher replied nonchalantly while lighting up a cigarette.

“Chris, you’re smoking again. How many times I’ve said that smoking is bad for your health? You always like to smoke in front of me, huh?”

“See? Monica cares so much about you. What an ungrateful brat,” reprimanded Julia as she tugged on Christopher’s earlobe. “I’ll ask the driver to send Ms. Tanner back home. Let’s go to Clove Eatery now. Monica has two movie tickets. I don’t have time to watch the movie with her, so you should go with her.”

I realized Monica had retreated backward while frowning at Christopher. There was a hint of tenderness in her gaze as she stared at Christopher adoringly. I felt uncomfortable with her action. After all, the man she was staring at was my boyfriend, yet I could not and dared not admit it.

I was nothing compared to Monica. Clearly, Julia adored her and treated her as a future daughter-in-law. It was obvious by the way she kept trying to match them up. As her love rival, my only advantage was that Christopher loved me.

Monica was born into an influential family and had graduated overseas. She was also a famous pianist. On the other hand, I had nothing to boast about.

“Mom, are you seriously asking me to watch a yucky romance movie? I’ll fall asleep during the movie. Ask Shelley to watch the movie with Monica. Darius is busy inspecting some upgrading work in the city, so he’s too busy to spend time with her. Alright, that’s enough. I need to go now. Zachary is waiting for me,” declared Christopher hastily.

He wagged a finger at me. “Well? Why are you standing there? Hurry up and bring the stuff to my car.”

Finally, the ordeal was about to end. I wiped the sweat off my forehead and gripped the huge bag in my hand, about to leave. Suddenly, Shelley stopped me and asked, “Chris, what did you buy? This is such a huge bag.”

She reached out promptly to open the bag. My mind went completely blank. Shit. It’s full of condoms and random mysterious adult stuff. How should I explain and pretend I know nothing about them?

Christopher grabbed her arm to stop her. “Shelley, some men’s stuff isn’t suitable to show women.”

“Huh? You’re being secretive.” Shelley’s interest was piqued.

“Of course. Only Zachary and the others can go through the bag. Are you sure you want to take a look?” In return, Christopher folded his arms and gestured for Shelley to go ahead.

“Shelley, stop it. Some things are better left unknown.” Julia gave a dismissive wave and ordered, “We’ll be waiting for you at Clove Eatery. If you don’t show up, I’ll tell your dad tonight that you bullied me and Monica.”

“Mom, you’re no longer young. Don’t you feel shy saying that in public?” Christopher seemed exasperated.

Seeing that, I finally realized where Christopher got his childish and coy actions from.

## **Chapter 209**

In the car, I returned the bag to Christopher and collapsed into the chair quietly. Christopher ruffled my hair affectionately with a smile. “Were you scared?”

I glared at him. “I was so frightened my legs went wobbly. Your mom saw me holding a bag full of condoms. I’m so embarrassed!”

Christopher burst out laughing and teased me for being a coward. I took a condom out of the bag and tossed it at him. "Hurry up and send me back home. You have a pretty date waiting for you at Clove Eatery, after all. Remember to take away some food for me later."

"Do you want me to bring you back a couple's set?" Christopher teased. "You're jealous."

"No, I'm not!" However, my denial sounded like the cover-up of a guilty person.

"Alright, you're not jealous. By the way, I left something for you on the coffee table. After considering carefully, give me your answer. I'll be waiting for you," said Christopher out of nowhere.

When we arrived, Christopher gave me a steamy kiss and flashed his headlights three times as usual. He was about to leave when I yelled out, "Christopher, what does flashing the headlights thrice mean?"

"Why don't you make a guess? Eve, I'll wait for your correct answer." With that, Christopher stepped on the accelerator and sped away. It just so happened that a car was driving past, so he flashed the headlights three times on purpose and stuck his head out of the window.

"If you get it correct, you'll get a prize. Let's see who gets the correct answer first. I still remember the story about the planes and love." Christopher grinned.

I watched as his flashy sports car sped away. Pouting, I muttered to myself, "Why is he so mysterious? I'm sure I'll be able to get it right!"

Back home, I rummaged around the coffee table before noticing a card. It was an invitation card, so I thought it was for a party or something similar. When I read it carefully, it turned out to be an invitation to join a contest—the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest.

It seemed like it was a reputable event that would be held three months later. I spotted a few renowned artists among the judges who I got to know when I first started learning how to draw. Recently, most contests had turned into publicity stunts and advertisements, but still, the top three winners of the contest had to be capable enough to secure the spots.

Where did Christopher get the invitation from?

I held the card as mixed emotions overwhelmed my heart. Christopher seemed strangely confident in my skills. He was sure I could produce a breathtaking art piece. I had no idea where he got his confidence from.

My first thought was to say no. The contest would be held three months later. It would take around six months for the few rounds of exhibitions to end. I was certain I wouldn't even qualify for the second round with my horrible drawing skills.

Strangely, Monica's face popped up in my mind. She was glowing brightly like the moon, while Christopher was burning like the sun. One of them was burning with passion, while the other was as gentle as flowing water.

After our previous discussion, Christopher didn't mention he wanted to bring me back home again. Is he giving me a chance to show my talent and let me shine so I can visit his parents confidently?

As I caressed the card, my heart leaped in joy. He had paved the path for me, so I should forge ahead bravely and show my talents. No one would want to be a nobody. In the end, I kept the card carefully in the drawer.

I took out my easel as inspiration flowed out like water escaping a dam. I hurriedly drew everything out on paper. Eyes that couldn't cry; the blissful feeling; everything could be expressed in a painting.

When my phone rang, I thought it was Christopher. I answered and asked with a smile, "What is it?"

Lyle's voice sounded over the line. "Yvonne, forgive me for saying those words back then. I was too mad to see you and Christopher together. Come downstairs. I'm waiting for you here. I need to talk to you about something important."

## **Chapter 210**

The phone screen clearly displayed an incoming call from Lyle. Having never reset my data or deleted his number, his contact was still saved as "my beloved" in my phone, and the sight of it made me want to throw up. I need to change his contact name as soon as this call is over.

No, I needed to change my phone number to a new one. That way, Lyle wouldn't be able to call me if he found himself locked out again.

"Can't you just tell me through the phone?" I wasn't stupid enough to go and meet him in person all by myself.

"It has to do with your grandma," he replied. "You care about her, don't you?"

There was a brief pause from my side. "Wait for me."

I couldn't care less about Lyle, but my grandma was a completely different story. I'd been worried about her ever since Lyle had gotten himself involved with Crystal, who I was sure was planning something sinister. Every time Crystal and I had a conversation, she would talk about Lyle as if he was a toy we were fighting over.

Whatever decisions Lyle made were his business and his business only. What concerned me was if grandma would get hurt as a result of him and Crystal getting married.

Descending the stairs, I spotted Lyle smoking a cigarette as he stood under a large tree by the entrance. He seemed stressed; there was a constant wrinkle between his eyebrows, which was surprising. I thought he'd be constantly over the moon considering the gorgeous lover he had waiting at home for him.

I approached him and stopped with about six feet of space left between us. "What happened with Grandma?"

"You're living together with Christopher now?" he retorted.

“Why are you asking me that?” His tone annoyed me greatly. “I’ve already told you that it’s none of your business.”

“I’ve been thinking, Yvonne,” Lyle suddenly interjected. “You can’t go on like this. I know you feel hurt because I chose Crystal. But did you really have to go and become Christopher’s mistress just because of your grudge against me? What’s going to happen when he marries Monica? You can’t let yourself get thrown away and fall into despair once more.”

Not this again. “You care way too much about your ex-wife,” I huffed, frowning. “Besides, the story of you and Crystal getting married has already been published in the papers. Aren’t you scared that a reporter might take a picture of us here like this? Aren’t you scared of what they might write about us? Or is that what you want: to be the main character of a love triangle?”

“I care about you out of the kindness of my heart, for goodness’ sake.” He rolled his eyes. “You once told Bianca that you hated mistresses and homewreckers the most, so why are you becoming one yourself?”

At that, my breath hitched in my throat. Those words had stabbed right through my chest like an invisible dagger. Back then, I’d chosen to marry Lyle because I loved him all while knowing that the girl he was truly in love with was Crystal. And now, Christopher and Monica were yet another picture-perfect couple that I was trying to insert myself into because of my love for Christopher.

Christopher could eat dinner with Monica and his family every night while I was left alone at home, ordering delivery food and waiting for him to pay me a visit.

This is embarrassing.

Lyle perked up when he saw that I didn’t have a response, mistakenly thinking that he had managed to convince me. “Listen to me: leave Christopher. If you need anything, you can always come to me! I’ll help you as much as I can. All I want is for you to lead a better life than this, Eve.”

I instantly snapped awake from my daze and pushed him away. “I’ve become this way because of you! What were you thinking? Did you not want your ex-wife to have another guy in her life so that she’d stupidly wait around for you to come back to her? Just for her to then get all heartbroken again when that doesn’t happen? I won’t fall for that anymore, so leave me alone!”

I raised my chin high up in the air as I swept my hair over my shoulder. Pride and insecurity; vulnerability and stubbornness; these were all the qualities that made me who I was as a person.