

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 421-430

Posted by **chapter novel**, 62 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“Call an ambulance now! Please save my daughter!” Natalie wailed as she cradled Crystal’s head in her arms.

“Crystal! My grandchild!” Wendy screamed as she came up to me and shook me violently by the shoulders.

A heartrending chorus of screams and wails filled the air. I stood there in a daze until Christopher came to my side and held me tightly in his embrace. I was oblivious to what was happening around me until Lyle knocked Christopher to the ground.

I turned around abruptly and looked at where Sharon was standing. She had been standing beside me, but now she was gone. I looked around the crowd and spotted her standing behind Yvette. Josephine supported Sharon by the arm, and there was a calm expression on the latter’s face. It was as though everything that had happened had nothing to do with her.

When she caught me staring at her, she calmly turned her gaze away and said to Lyle, “Now’s not the time to ask what happened. All that matters is to get Crystal to the hospital quickly.”

Why was I pushed? I just looked at Sharon. As much as I wanted her to say something, there was no reaction from her at all.

“Yvonne, you b\*tch! If something serious happens to Crystal and she dies, I’ll make you pay for it. I’ll sue you, and I’ll make sure you go to jail,” Natalie said as she cradled Crystal. I flinched at her scornful glare as I heard her frosty voice tinged with bitter contempt.

Very soon, the ambulance arrived, followed by a police car. A policeman started questioning a few people at the scene before he came towards me and said, “You’ve been accused of murder, Ms. Tanner. Please come with us to the police station.”

“Murder?” Throughout my entire life, I’ve only killed one person, and that’s John. The death of a heinous man like him leaves me with no guilt. But now, I’ve inadvertently killed an unborn child.

I looked at Sharon and asked, “Do you have something to say, Grandma?”

Sharon stared at me for a moment before saying, "This is nothing but a mistake. It's alright. Just follow the police to the police station. Christopher and I will make sure nothing happens to you."

"Do you have anything else to say, Grandma?" I pressed further.

Why do others around me always take advantage of me? Have I been cursed?

Sharon had always been someone who I respected. Even though I knew that she was only using me from her previous conversation with Lyle, it didn't stop me from respecting her. That was because I felt her love and care in so many little ways. And from the moment she handed me my mother's share agreement, I had an even greater degree of respect for her.

I empathize with her, but why don't others empathize with me? Why do I always have to be exploited? Did she take advantage of me this way to stop Lyle from marrying Crystal?

"Don't be afraid, Yvonne. I'm still the one who cares about you the most," Sharon said as she averted my gaze, not wanting to see the anguish in my eyes.

Hot tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. I thought no one else would be able to hurt me anymore because those who had hurt me before are now negligible to me. I thought I would never be sad and disappointed again. Sadly, I've learned an important life lesson once again.

I was in utter desolation for being schemed by Sharon, whom I thought I could trust.

With Christopher next to me, the police did not dare to take me away with them. Everyone knew that I was married to Christopher, and I was related to the Lane family in so many ways.

I did not want to cause any trouble to the Lane family, so I reassured Christopher and followed the policeman to a police car. When I got into the car, I turned around to look back at Sharon, but the flashing emergency lights from the police car blinded me.

"You may be Mr. Lane's woman, but you can't flout the law. Please behave. Otherwise, we'll have to adopt forceful measures."

“Call an ambulance now! Please save my daughter!” Natalie wailed as she cradled Crystal's head in her arms. “Crystal! My grandchild!” Wendy screamed as she came up to me and shook me violently by the shoulders. A heartrending chorus of screams and wails filled the air. I stood there in a daze until Christopher came to my side and held me tightly in his embrace. I was oblivious to what was happening around me until Lyle knocked Christopher to the ground. I turned around abruptly and looked at where Sharon was standing. She had been standing beside me, but now she was gone. I looked around the crowd and spotted her standing behind Yvette. Josephine supported Sharon by the arm, and there was a calm expression on the latter's face. It was as though everything that had happened had nothing to do with her. When she caught me staring at her, she calmly turned her gaze away and said to Lyle, “Now's not the time to ask what happened. All that matters is to get Crystal to the hospital quickly.” Why was I pushed? I just looked at Sharon. As much as I wanted her to say something, there was no reaction from her at all. “Yvonne, you b\*tch! If something serious happens to Crystal and she dies, I'll make you pay for it. I'll sue you, and I'll make sure you go to jail,” Natalie said as she cradled Crystal. I flinched at her scornful glare as I heard her frosty voice tinged with bitter contempt. Very soon, the ambulance arrived, followed by a police car. A policeman started questioning a few people at the scene before he came towards me and said, “You've been accused of murder, Ms. Tanner. Please come with us to the police station.” “Murder?” Throughout my entire life, I've only killed one person, and that's John. The death of a heinous man like him leaves me with no guilt. But now, I've inadvertently killed an unborn child. I looked at Sharon and asked, “Do you have something to say, Grandma?” Sharon stared at me for a moment before saying, “This is nothing but a mistake. It's alright. Just follow the police to the police station. Christopher and I will make sure nothing happens to you.” “Do you have anything else to say, Grandma?” I pressed further. Why do others around me always take advantage of me? Have I been cursed? Sharon had always been someone who I respected. Even though I knew that she was only using me from her previous conversation with Lyle, it didn't stop me from respecting her. That was because I felt her love and care in so many little ways. And from the moment she handed me my mother's share agreement, I had an even greater degree of respect for her. I empathize with her, but why don't others empathize with me? Why do I always have to be exploited? Did she take advantage of me this way to stop Lyle from marrying Crystal? “Don't be afraid, Yvonne. I'm still the one who cares about you the most,” Sharon said as she averted my gaze, not wanting to see the anguish in my eyes. Hot tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. I thought no one else would be able to hurt me anymore because those who

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It was the first time that I entered a police station. As an upstanding citizen, I was instinctively in awe of the place. When a policewoman brought me to the cell, I was dazed and stood still. Thinking that I was reluctant to enter, she warned me in disdain.

Realizing her dissatisfaction and anger, I laughed at myself mockingly and said, "Will you believe me if I say I didn't do it?"

"I don't have the power to decide it because only the court can make a ruling. If Ms. Tanner considers bribing me, I suggest that you can save it." With that, she pushed me into the cell forcefully and purposely handcuffed me near the iron bars.

My wrist hurt whenever I moved my arm. However, the policewoman locked the gate and yelled, "Be quiet!"

I was insane to talk to her just now. After all, who else will ever believe me besides Christopher? Leaning against the iron bars, I recalled Sharon's indifferent expression when I left.

After standing for a while, I began to feel tired, while my legs went numb. I couldn't sit down because I was handcuffed near the upper iron bars. Deep down, I believed that the police officer did it on purpose.

After all, I would be furious if I read the news about a lady pushing a pregnant woman down the stairs and killing the woman's baby.

When I was brought into a police car earlier on, the journalists rushed toward it and began taking pictures. Hence, I believed I would become the headline of the news the next day.

Besides, I felt I had an oversimplified view of human nature in the past. Now, I realized that everyone would make choices when it came to benefits. Many years ago, Sharon replaced my Autumnal Panorama to send Crystal away. Now, she had abandoned me once again to stop Crystal and Lyle from getting married.

Since my legs got increasingly numb, I had no choice but to stand on one of my legs and keep changing it with the other. As I felt dizzy, I leaned my head against the iron bars and closed my eyes.

Suddenly, I felt that someone was touching me. Shocked, I opened my eyes and realized that it was a cellmate. Much to my surprise, she slapped me and shouted, "Da\*n it! What a poor loser! You're wearing nice clothes but don't have anything valuable."

When she wanted to slap me again, I kicked her and grabbed her hair tightly. "Get lost! Don't irritate me."

The woman who slapped me was shocked by my ferocious response. She stopped making trouble and lay on her bed. After a while, she suddenly asked, "Are you a murderer?"

I laughed sinisterly and replied, "I didn't kill anyone. Do you believe me?"

Upon listening to my response, the woman dared not ask any other questions. She murmured to herself, probably saying that I wasn't a pushover. Besides, she even waved her pocket knife in front of me for a while before lying on her bed.

I heaved a sigh of relief, shrugged at her, and leaned against the iron bars. When the cells fell silent, I could hear some bizarre hissing sounds.

It was indeed a terrible night to weather through. I could only keep standing and gazing around the cell to ensure that I was safe. Although the green lights that flickered in the corridor were creepy, I wasn't terrified. After all, I had experienced a lot of frightening nights on a deserted island.

The next morning, an older police officer opened the gate and said, "You can go now."

My entire body was numb because of standing throughout the night. I stood still and merely shook my handcuff in response.

Upon seeing that I was handcuffed, the police officer freed me immediately. Then, I dragged myself feebly as though I would collapse in no time.

"Everything's fine now!" Christopher was standing at the other end of the corridor. Upon seeing me, he strode forward and took me into his arms.

It was the first time that I entered a police station. As an upstanding citizen, I was instinctively in awe of the place. When a policewoman brought me to the cell, I was dazed and stood still. Thinking that I was reluctant to enter, she warned me in disdain. Realizing her dissatisfaction and anger, I laughed at myself mockingly and said, "Will you believe me if I say I didn't do it?" "I don't have the power to decide it because only the court can make a ruling. If Ms. Tanner considers bribing me, I suggest that you can save it." With that, she pushed me into the cell forcefully and purposely handcuffed me near the iron bars. My wrist hurt whenever I moved my arm. However, the policewoman locked the gate and yelled, "Be quiet!" I was insane to talk to her just now. After all, who else will ever believe me besides Christopher? Leaning against the iron bars, I recalled Sharon's indifferent expression when I left. After standing for a while, I began to feel tired, while my legs went numb. I couldn't sit down because I was handcuffed near the upper iron bars. Deep down, I believed that the police officer did it on purpose. After all, I would be furious if I read the news about a lady pushing a pregnant woman down the stairs and killing the woman's baby. When I was brought into a police car earlier on, the journalists rushed toward it and began taking pictures. Hence, I believed I would become the headline of the news the next day. Besides, I felt I had an oversimplified view of human nature in the past. Now, I realized that everyone would make choices when it came to benefits. Many years ago, Sharon replace my Autumnal Panorama to send Crystal away. Now, she had abandoned me once again to stop Crystal and Lyle from getting married. Since my legs got increasingly numb, I had no choice but to stand on one of my legs and keep changing it with the other. As I felt dizzy, I leaned my head against the iron bars and closed my eyes. Suddenly, I felt that someone was touching me. Shocked, I opened my eyes and realized that it was a cellmate. Much to my surprise, she slapped me and shouted, "Da\*n it! What a poor loser! You're wearing nice clothes but don't have anything valuable." When she wanted to slap me again, I kicked her and grabbed her hair tightly. "Get

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Having a sleepless night in the police station wasn't a big deal to me. However, my emotions erupted once I saw Christopher, and tears streamed down my face.

After crying for a while, Christopher wiped away my tears and said gently, “I'm here to pick you up and go home. Don't worry. Everything has been solved.”

Given Christopher's influence, I was sure that the police would release me sooner or later. Besides, he would have rescued me last night if I wasn't that popular recently.

Besides tiredness and hunger, my heart hurt the most. “Chris, did Sharon see you yesterday?”

“She asked if I could get you out. When I said yes, she left in satisfaction.” Christopher was considerate and didn't ask what happened between Sharon and me.

Sharon probably thought that I wouldn't be in trouble. However, how can she ignore the consequences of that incident?

I chuckled, feeling that I was too naive to think Sharon would wait for me outside to explain it to me.

Christopher handed some breakfast over to me and held my hand to leave the police station. When we were leaving, the policewoman whispered, “She committed murder and should be found guilty by now. Why is she being released? I’m dissatisfied with it. If a criminal like her isn’t punished...”

“Christopher, I felt that I’m like a type of animal now.” I gazed at Christopher and pointed at my face. “Do I look like a rat?”

I’m a rat that everyone hates!

Christopher knocked on my head gently and replied, “If you’re a rat, I’m a rat as well. Well, being mice means that we are fertile. In that case, we can have a nest of baby mice.”

Imagining the nest of mice and my flat belly, I said shockingly, “I don’t want to be a mouse. You can give birth to babies by yourself.”

“I wish I could do it, but God has decided it otherwise.” Christopher shrugged helplessly.

I chuckled upon hearing the joke. Christopher came here in a black Porsche and parked it by the roadside. When we walked toward it, some journalists showed up out of nowhere and surrounded us.

“Ms. Tanner, why did you push Crystal down the stairs? Haven’t you divorced Lyle already?”

“Ms. Tanner, some people said that you still love Lyle, and thus you are jealous of Crystal for having his baby. Do you regret getting a divorce?”

“It is confirmed this morning that Crystal had a miscarriage. Besides, their marriage was postponed from this month to the end of next month. What caused you to have such malicious thoughts and be cruel enough to kill an unborn baby?”

My heart sank upon hearing their words. Although I hated Crystal for her arrogance, it didn’t mean that I would harm an unborn and innocent child.



Christopher shielded me carefully and continued walking toward the car. Once he opened the door, a journalist grabbed my hair and poured down some cold drink on my hair.

As the cold wind blew, my body shivered while my lips turned blue.

Overwhelmed by anger, Christopher threw a punch and a kick at the journalist. The journalist collapsed immediately. I grabbed Christopher's hand and took him into my arms. "Chris, calm down. I'm fine."

Given that the Lane family was involved in politics, the news about Christopher beating someone would affect the family's reputation.

More journalists came forward upon seeing that. Meanwhile, the journalist who got beaten rolled on the ground and wailed, "Mr. Lane beat me. He wanted to beat me to death. The Lane family is rich, powerful, and can do whatever they like."

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At that time, I got furious and more emotional than Christopher. I rushed toward the journalist to scratch him in retaliation. When the journalist stood up and wanted to hit me, Christopher was swift enough to throw a kick at him as fast as lightning and send him flying.

Then, Christopher glanced at the journalist's name tag and said coldly, “I'm going to throw a kick three times more powerful than what I did just now. Does anyone want to try it?”

Instantly, the journalists were stunned by Christopher's imposing aura and took a few steps back. As such, we could open the car doors and leave the scene. Nonetheless, I was unwilling to leave and wanted to deal with the journalists once and for all.

Hence, I stepped forward to grab a microphone from a journalist and yelled, “Listen up. You guys want to know whether I pushed Crystal, became a homewrecker, and harmed her baby. Well, let me get this straight.”

Then, I mustered my energy and yelled, “I’m tired of all these questions. Even if I’ve become a homewrecker, does it have anything to do with you? Do you guys have to kneel before Crystal because she raised you and paid you? The judge will find me guilty if I did something wrong. However, none of you should gossip about it.”

I paused for a while and continued, “If you want to ask if I feel guilty, my answer is clear—I don’t feel guilty. I have nothing to hide or fear, for I’ve never killed anyone. Also, I did dig the graves of your deceased family members. Write whatever you want and continue making up stories, but I’ll still live my life. All the more so, I’ll live it better than all of you. Do you think mounting up public pressure through slanders will force me to back down? I was once weak and would take any humiliation. However, from now on, I’ll not be afraid of anyone anymore.”

After that, I walked closer to a camera, pointed at it, and announced, “To those who want to bring me down, scheme against me, or humiliate me, open your eyes and watch this. You can hurl all sorts of accusations at me, but I’ll not compromise nor surrender.”

Tears slid down my face as I was too emotional. However, I continued while emphasizing every word, “I’m not even afraid of death. So, what else would I be afraid of?”

With that, I flung the microphone away and leaned against Christopher’s chest. I flashed him a smile and said, “Chris, let’s go home. I didn’t sleep the whole night and feel really tired now.”

“Sure, let’s go!” Christopher opened the door and held my arms as I got into the car. After we left, the journalists were still rooted to the ground and staring at us. I saw that they began to disperse when our car had driven away.

I mustered all of my courage to stay strong earlier on. Once I couldn’t see the journalists, my hands and my legs turned to jelly. I leaned on the seat while my heart pounded vigorously.

A moment later, I blushed once I realized that Christopher was looking at me from the rearview mirror. I recalled I was very aggressive in front of the journalists just now, and Christopher would despise me for that. After smoothing my hair awkwardly, I asked, “Was I rude? Did I frighten you?”

However, Christopher shook his head and kept looking at me, making me feel uneasy. Once we reached the gate of our house, Christopher climbed from his driver's seat to the back seat. The next moment, he kissed me ferociously, so much so that I almost couldn't breathe.

When I began to feel that I was losing consciousness, Christopher let go of me and burst into laughter. "Eve, you were stunning and looked like the first time I met you thirteen years ago. I couldn't forget you ever since."

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Once I got home, I fell asleep and only woke up at about 6 p.m. Although I had caught up on my lost sleep, I still felt dizzy and didn't feel relaxed.

Then, I heard Christopher talking to someone, who sounded like a woman, in the living room. I listened carefully for a while and realized that it was Julia's voice.

What is she doing here?

I put on my clothes and came out of the bedroom to look outside. They were seemingly having a family meeting as Julia, Gordon, and Darius were all present.

"Chris, you were too impulsive today. How could you beat someone in public? Besides, you beat a journalist! Do you know serious the consequences can be?"

Julia couldn't help but feel that many bad things were related to Christopher recently. She probably thought that I am a jinx. How can he ever marry someone like me? I'll cause a lot more trouble in the future!

"They would continue to bully Eve if I didn't stop them. As a member of the Lane family, I will not stand by as someone bullies my wife." Christopher

leaned back on the couch, crossed his legs, and rested them on the coffee table.

“Couldn’t you just take her away? There were many ways to get out of that situation. As a company CEO, was it necessary for you to do it yourself? Besides, were you out of your mind the minute you saw Yvonne?” Julia bellowed as she was irritated by Christopher’s indifferent manner.

“Well, I knew very well what was happening. That was why I would always protect Eve instead of someone who has been scheming against me.” Christopher hinted at something while fiddling with the nail clippers.

Julia’s expression turned grim upon hearing it. Although Julia’s heart wrenched because of what happened to Monica, Christopher went against her all because she protected Monica.

“Gordon, did you see what happens to our son? He doesn’t respect his mother at all.” Julia looked at Gordon helplessly and asked for his help.

Gordon intentionally coughed and said, “Calm down and talk nicely, or Chris will have misunderstandings about you. Why don’t you tell him straightaway that you’re here because you’re worried about Yvonne? I mean, admitting it isn’t something to be ashamed of.”

“Who says I’m worried about Yvonne? I am not amused that she’s slandered by others and drags the Lane family through the mud with her. Besides, I don’t understand why she is so unlucky and has to encounter all kinds of unfortunate incidents.” Julia blushed, kicked Gordon in frustration, and turned away.

Meanwhile, I felt touched upon hearing it. Although Julia disliked me, she remembered that I saved Christopher once and was still grateful for it.

We were startled once our eyes met. I came to my senses and greeted Julia. However, she merely sneered and looked away, pretending that she didn’t hear it.

Unperturbed, I apologized to Darius. “Darius, I’m so sorry for troubling you. It was all my fault. Chris beat the journalist because of me.”

“No worries. It was just a trivial matter. The journalist was sent by our enemy to create trouble.” Darius flashed me a warm smile, waved his hand, and

continued, "Initially, our enemy will grab the chance to attack us because Chris beat the journalist. However, everyone shifted the focus toward you because of your declaration."

"Is that true?" I blinked my eyes and gazed at him in disbelief. Back then, I wanted to stop the journalist from slandering Christophe; nonetheless, I ended up mustering my courage to vent my feelings.

"We're fine now. However, the media will spread a lot of unpleasant news and rumors about you. Since Natalie has hired a lot of internet trolls to stir cause trouble, I'm sorry that we can't overturn the situation at the moment," Darius explained.

"It's not a big deal. I'll stay at home for the time being," I replied smilingly and shook my head.

"Well, you can't stay at home forever. The Lane family will settle this matter as soon as possible. For the time being, you should stay here for a few days," Julia made a sinister remark and snickered without looking at me.

Once I got home, I fell asleep and only woke up at about 6 p.m. Although I had caught up on my lost sleep, I still felt dizzy and didn't feel relaxed. Then, I heard Christopher talking to someone, who sounded like a woman, in the living room. I listened carefully for a while and realized that it was Julia's voice. What is she doing here? I put on my clothes and came out of the bedroom to look outside. They were seemingly having a family meeting as Julia, Gordon, and Darius were all present. "Chris, you were too impulsive today. How could you beat someone in public? Besides, you beat a journalist! Do you know serious the consequences can be?" Julia couldn't help but feel that many bad things were related to Christopher recently. She probably thought that I am a jinx. How can he ever marry someone like me? I'll cause a lot more trouble in the future! "They would continue to bully Eve if I didn't stop them. As a member of the Lane family, I will not stand by as someone bullies my wife." Christopher leaned back on the couch, crossed his legs, and rested them on the coffee table. "Couldn't you just take her away? There were many ways to get out of that situation. As a company CEO, was it necessary for you to do it yourself? Besides, were you out of your mind the minute you saw Yvonne?" Julia bellowed as she was irritated by Christopher's indifferent manner. "Well, I knew very well what was happening. That was why I would always protect Eve instead of someone who has been scheming against me." Christopher hinted at something while fiddling with the nail clippers. Julia's expression turned grim upon hearing it. Although Julia's heart wrenched because of what

happened to Monica, Christopher went against her all because she protected Monica. "Gordon, did you see what happens to our son? He doesn't respect his mother at all." Julia looked at Gordon helplessly and asked for his help. Gordon intentionally coughed and said, "Calm down and talk nicely, or Chris will have misunderstandings about you. Why don't you tell him straightaway that you're here because you're worried about Yvonne? I mean, admitting it isn't something to be ashamed of." "Who says I'm worried about Yvonne? I am not amused that she's slandered by others and drags the Lane family through the mud with her. Besides, I don't understand why she is so unlucky and has to encounter all kinds of unfortunate incidents." Julia blushed, kicked Gordon in frustration, and turned away. Meanwhile, I felt touched upon hearing it. Although Julia disliked me, she remembered that I saved Christopher once and was still grateful for it. We were startled once our eyes met. I came to my senses and greeted Julia. However, she merely sneered and looked away, pretending that she didn't hear it. Unperturbed, I apologized to Darius. "Darius, I'm so sorry for troubling you. It was all my fault. Chris beat the journalist because of me." "No worries. It was just a trivial matter. The journalist was sent by our enemy to create trouble." Darius flashed me a warm smile, waved his hand, and continued, "Initially, our enemy will grab the chance to attack us because Chris beat the journalist. However, everyone shifted the focus toward you because of your declaration." "Is that true?" I blinked my eyes and gazed at him in disbelief. Back then, I wanted to stop the journalist from slandering Christophe; nonetheless, I ended up mustering my courage to vent my feelings. "We're fine now. However, the media will spread a lot of unpleasant news and rumors about you. Since Natalie has hired a lot of internet trolls to stir cause trouble, I'm sorry that we can't overturn the situation at the moment," Darius explained. "It's not a big deal. I'll stay at home for the time being," I replied smilingly and shook my head. "Well, you can't stay at home forever. The Lane family will settle this matter as soon as possible. For the time being, you should stay here for a few days," Julia made a sinister remark and snickered without looking at me.

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I looked at her, then looked at Christopher. He shrugged at me with a helpless expression, and I burst out laughing. Julia, who heard my laughter turned around, and I immediately covered my mouth and looked at her with an innocent face.

I suddenly realized that Christopher, who was from a wealthy family, did not grow up to become a jerk but became an outstanding man because he had very supportive and reliable family members.



The next few days, I stayed at home and did nothing apart from painting. Sometimes, I would go on Twitter, but the comments and discussions about me worsened when I looked at the trending page. Reading them would only infuriate me, so I closed the website.

Although I was acting domineering and mighty in the presence of the journalists, I was actually nervous and didn't know what to do at that moment. Ever since Monica slandered me, I was at a disadvantage. That said, I had been labeled as notorious since the time Crystal and Nathan slandered me.

Now that Crystal made her situation worse, I was affected in the process and became a common enemy of most people.

During the press conference, Crystal said, "I won't blame Yvonne, no matter what she did, because she is my cousin. We are from the Tanner family. We grew up together and ate from the same table. We are a family. But it was a pity for my unborn child."

I just smiled after watching the video and didn't care about it.

Painting was a dream that I had for more than ten years of my life, but I was forced to give it up. Sadly, I had to give up painting because of the tough life I had then. Now, I would pick it up for the sake of Christopher.

After I calmed down, I seemed to have gained more inspiration. I picked up the brush and started brandishing, pouring my emotions onto the canvas until I was interrupted by a knock on the door.

I raised my head and massaged my sore neck. I was about to complete my painting, and I could finish the rest in three days. I got more satisfied the more I looked at it, as though I regained all of the passion I had lost in a single night. This painting would definitely stand out in the next exhibition.

Crystal, I await your next move, and I will take back whatever belongs to me. I can face you even without Eastsummer and a master.

"Eve, I know you're inside. Can you open the door?"

It was Lyle. I frowned as I wondered why he came looking for me at this hour.

I walked to the door and looked through the peephole; Lyle was outside the door all by himself. Without letting him in, I opened the door and asked indifferently, "What is it?"

He was annoyed by the attitude I gave him. "Yvonne, must you speak to me like that?"

"What do you think? You've never appreciated the times when I spoke nicely to you."

Lyle looked like he was about to get angry, but he suppressed his anger after a while, stomped into the house, and sat on the couch. He saw that I was painting, and his eyes turned grim. "I warned you not to get involved with Christopher, but you didn't listen. Look what you have become. With his influence, he could easily put an end to these rumors, but he did nothing. He doesn't care about you at all!"

"You came just to tell me this?" I despised Lyle for his self-righteousness. "I'm swamped. I have no time to waste on you."

"Yvonne, do you still want to be delusional?" He pointed his finger at me and shouted. "Do you think you can still participate in the art exhibition? Believe it or not, with your current reputation, your painting would be thrown to the ground and stepped by everyone. They took down your painting at the exhibition today. It would have become scraps of paper if Christopher didn't have someone take it away."

My eyes twitched as I was reminded of Crystal's influence on the art exhibition. My heart thumped, but I pretended to look calm. "I'm an artist, not a celebrity. My job is to paint, and my art has nothing to do with my personality."

I looked at her, then looked at Christopher. He shrugged at me with a helpless expression, and I burst out laughing. Julia, who heard my laughter turned around, and I immediately covered my mouth and looked at her with an innocent face. I suddenly realized that Christopher, who was from a wealthy family, did not grow up to become a jerk but became an outstanding man because he had very supportive and reliable family members. The next few days, I stayed at home and did nothing apart from painting. Sometimes, I would go on Twitter, but the comments and discussions about me worsened when I looked at the trending page. Reading them would only infuriate me, so I closed the website. Although I was acting domineering and mighty in the presence of the journalists, I was actually nervous and didn't know what to do

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“Yvonne, why are you still so naive even after so many years?” He scoffed and smiled disparagingly.

I was about to chase him out of the house, but my phone suddenly rang. I thought Christopher was calling me, but when I rushed to pick up the phone, I heard an unfamiliar voice from a man. “Ms. Tanner, due to the fact of your current reputation, you’re no longer qualified to participate in our art exhibition. Your work has been delivered back to your home. Please take good care of it.”

The voice was full of ridicule and mockery.

“Send to my home?” I exclaimed. “What’s wrong with my painting? Why can’t I compete?”

“Ms. Tanner, are you kidding me? Having someone like you participate in the art exhibition makes everyone think it is insulting to have you as a fellow artist.

I stared at the phone in a daze feeling powerless. There had been scandals of other artists before, and those artists just disappeared without a trace.

At that time, those were remotely irrelevant to me because one must first be a famous artist before a scandal could break out. The fact that I had a scandal even before I became an artist seemed funny to me.

Lyle lit a cigarette and took a few puffs. Seeing me petrified with the phone in my hand, he said, “As a new school artist, Crystal has an exceptional influence on the newer generation of artists. Now that you’re exposed, how could they allow you to participate in the competition? Even if you do participate, they will only come up with countless nitpicks on your work to remove you from the competition.”

“So you knew it all along?” I took a deep breath. I had always thought that Christopher and I had broken through the most challenging hurdle, but it seemed like our journey to happy ever after still had a long way to go.

“What do you think? Spencer and Julian only left Crystal’s ward this morning.” Lyle stood up and walked to me.

“So you’re here to ridicule me?”

I gave him a stern look and said, “Now that you had your fill, and I’m already feeling miserable; what else do you want? Do you want to avenge your unborn child by having me dead?”

“Eve!” Lyle took a step forward and hugged me from the back. “Don’t be afraid, Eve. I can help you. If Christopher doesn’t care about you, then I will!”

“Let go of me!” I recalled the last time Lyle assaulted me and stiffened my body to struggle.

“Eve, I can help you. Please don’t turn me down.” Lyle constricted me like a brute, and I was unable to move. He rubbed his head on my shoulders, and it gave me goosebumps.

“Look, Christopher doesn’t even solve such a menial matter for you, which shows that he doesn’t care about you at all. If he really cares about you, he won’t let you fall into such a crisis, but he’s nowhere to be found. It would be best if you forget about him. As long as you’re willing to give me another chance, I will prove that I will be helpful to you. I will clarify the matter for you and help you resolve everything. I will let everyone know that you are innocent.”

As Lyle spoke, he turned me around to face him. “Please trust me just one more time, okay? Give us both a chance. If you agree to dump Christopher and be with me, I’ll let you do whatever you want.”

His words sounded familiar. Before I was divorced, Christopher did joke about something similar after we had our lovemaking. That was when I finally understood Lyle’s intentions for coming over. The trip to the deserted island had affected him, causing his love for Crystal to wane, and he started to cling to me again.

“And what if I don’t?” I scoffed. “If I don’t agree to your terms, will you stand and watch as I burn? And help Crystal take me down together?”

“Yvonne, why are you still so naive even after so many years?” He scoffed and smiled disparagingly. I was about to chase him out of the house, but my phone suddenly rang. I thought Christopher was calling me, but when I rushed to pick up the phone, I heard an unfamiliar voice from a man. “Ms. Tanner, due to the fact of your current reputation, you're no longer qualified to participate in our art exhibition. Your work has been delivered back to your home. Please take good care of it.” The voice was full of ridicule and mockery.

“Send to my home?” I exclaimed. “What's wrong with my painting? Why can't I compete?” “Ms. Tanner, are you kidding me? Having someone like you participate in the art exhibition makes everyone think it is insulting to have you as a fellow artist. I stared at the phone in a daze feeling powerless. There had been scandals of other artists before, and those artists just disappeared without a trace. At that time, those were remotely irrelevant to me because one must first be a famous artist before a scandal could break out. The fact that I had a scandal even before I became an artist seemed funny to me. Lyle lit a cigarette and took a few puffs. Seeing me petrified with the phone in my hand, he said, “As a new school artist, Crystal has an exceptional influence on the newer generation of artists. Now that you're exposed, how could they allow you to participate in the competition? Even if you do participate, they will only come up with countless nitpicks on your work to remove you from the competition.” “So you knew it all along?” I took a deep breath. I had always thought that Christopher and I had broken through the most challenging hurdle, but it seemed like our journey to happy ever after still had a long way to go. “What do you think? Spencer and Julian only left Crystal's ward this morning.” Lyle stood up and walked to me. “So you're here to ridicule me? I gave him a stern look and said, “Now that you had your fill, and I'm already feeling miserable; what else do you want? Do you want to avenge your unborn child by having me dead?” “Eve!” Lyle took a step forward and hugged me from the back. “Don't be afraid, Eve. I can help you. If Christopher doesn't care about you, then I will!” “Let go of me!” I recalled the last time Lyle assaulted me and stiffened my body to struggle. “Eve, I can help you. Please don't turn me down.” Lyle constricted me like a brute, and I was unable to move. He rubbed his head on my shoulders, and it gave me goosebumps. “Look, Christopher doesn't even solve such a menial matter for you, which shows that he doesn't care about you at all. If he really cares about you, he won't let you fall into such a crisis, but he's nowhere to be found. It would be best if you forget about him. As long as you're willing to give me another chance, I will prove that I will be helpful to you. I will clarify the matter for you and help you resolve everything. I will let everyone know that you are innocent.” As Lyle spoke, he turned me around to face him. “Please trust me just one more time, okay? Give us both a chance. If you agree to dump Christopher and be with me, I'll let you do whatever you want.” His words sounded familiar. Before I was divorced, Christopher did joke about something similar after we had our lovemaking. That was when I finally understood Lyle's intentions for coming over. The trip to the deserted island had affected him, causing his love for Crystal to wane, and he started to cling to me again. “And what if I don't?” I scoffed. “If I don't agree to your terms, will you stand and watch as I burn? And help Crystal take me down together?”

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My response stumped Lyle. He let me go and sat back on the couch and lit another cigarette. He leisurely smiled and said, "I have presented the way to glory right in front of your eyes. As long as you're willing to become my woman, I'll give you everything you want. However, if you're not willing to do so, you will be in a situation far worse than what you're facing right now."

"Are you threatening me?" I shook my head and smiled. When did I become so desirable? He even threatened me to make me his woman.

"No. It's just a suggestion. Eve, I am doing this for you. We were once husband and wife. Come back to me and be my wife again; be a loving daughter-in-law. You'll just be returning to where you started. That's all." Lyle turned on the TV casually as he spoke.

The TV was showing an official news broadcast, and the report was about the incident on how I pushed Crystal down the stairs at the hotel. They even showed the screenshot of the hotel video and reported it as breaking news.

Homewrecker Pushes The Actual Wife And Causes A Miscarriage, Almost Killing Two Lives.

I looked toward Lyle and saw him looking at me with eyes of determination, expecting me to give in. He was filled with arrogance, just like when he proposed to me two years ago, waiting for me to go to him. That was probably the primary difference between Lyle and Christopher.

Christopher would never stand and wait for me to go to him. He would come to me, express his love for me, work hard to treat me well, and pamper me.

"I still remember that you were the one who proposed to me," I said.

"I will clarify with the journalists. I believe Grandma will also be willing to stand up and speak for you," Lyle explained.

I smirked and said to Lyle, "I have three words for you. Take a guess."

Lyle paused for a moment, and suddenly, he showed a glimmer of excitement and joy in his eyes. He rubbed his fingers and said excitedly, "I knew it. You still love me. Come here. Say those three words loudly to me now. It will be the most beautiful confession we ever have."

Lyle opened his arms, welcoming me into his embrace. I walked toward him, slowly closing in, and the smile on his face gradually became brighter and brighter.

“Eve, when we were on the island, I was captivated by your kindness and beauty. Your tenacity and persistence attracted my love like a magnet. I never knew that my wife was such a wonderful woman. I’ve regretted countless nights for not treating you better. Fortunately, we still have a chance, I-”

“Slap!” The ringing sound of a slap interrupted Lyle.

Without showing any sympathy, I slapped him real hard. Does he think that love can be obtained by threatening me? It is too late for regrets now.

“The three words that I wanted to tell you is—f\*ck you ass\*le!” I smirked and said to him

“Yvonne!” Lyle was startled by my actions. He rubbed his cheek and was stunned. After a while, he raised his arms and wanted to hit me, but I didn’t avoid him and just looked at him coldly.

However, Lyle ended up not hitting me. He exclaimed with anger, “Yvonne, know your place. You will regret this. You think you will have a happy ending with Christopher, but it’s impossible. This is the last chance I’m giving you. I will marry Crystal at the end of the month. I hope you will not regret it.”

Of course, I wouldn’t regret it. I would be relieved if he married Crystal. At least he would stop bugging me. I pointed to the door and spoke, mimicking Christopher’s nonchalant expression. “I have three more words for you. Do you see the door? Get out now!”

That night, I received a package. It was from the art exhibition. Holding the box, I carefully opened the wrapper and took out all of my competing art. Tears were pooling at the edge of my eyes. My works were all destroyed by people, and I couldn’t see their original form anymore.

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I expected the package to be my paintings from the exhibition, but I didn't expect them to be destroyed. Apart from the third painting that Christopher took away, the other two were supposed to be collectibles to be kept in the gallery for future visitors to admire and copy.

When I was in university, I saw many entries in the competition. At that time, I imagined that one day, when someone wanted to learn to paint, they would treat my paintings as references and discover their inspiration through my paintings.

When I took the two paintings out of the box, there were in shreds, and as their original painter, I couldn't piece them together. As the saying goes, a battle between women was a battle without gunpowder. But this wasn't a battle; it was simply a disaster for me.

I carefully held the shredded pieces in my arms and cried silently. Monica and Crystal were so ruthless; they completely destroyed me. If it weren't for my romantic relationship with Christopher, probably even Christopher would have given up on me.

I spread out a piece of paper and gathered the broken pieces, attempting to piece them back together. After trying for a while, I only managed to piece back a few parts. Everything looked crooked, and I scoffed at my incompetence.

I was terrified and desperate, but I couldn't vent it out. In the end, nothing changed since the beginning. I was still a pitiful soul. The only change that positive change was probably having Christopher in my life.

I didn't have his support and encouragement five years ago, not even his love. However, I have him with me now.

I kept the paintings locked in the closet and walked to the easel to finish my painting to calm myself down. If no one would be willing to look at it, I could paint it for Christopher. He was Key, my confidant, and my lover.

Christopher came home that evening looking tired and saw me sitting at the easel. He walked over to hug me and said softly, "Have you been home all day? Did anything happen today?"

I smiled and shook my head. I didn't tell him about my disqualification from the art exhibition and the fact that Lyle came today. "I'm getting famous now. People will surround me if I go out. I'm not stupid enough to do that, so it's better to stay at home."

"It's okay. Bear with it. Give it a few days, and everything will be fine." Christopher held my face and kissed me gently on my cheek and then on my lips.

I kissed him back, and my hand involuntarily wrapped around his neck. At this point, I could only remain calm with Christopher by my side.

He bent over and picked me up and put me on the bed. He kissed my nose, eyes, then mouth, and guided me to respond to him. He ran his fingers over my collarbone and moved downward.

I gently grabbed onto his waist, tugged his necktie, and pulled him onto the bed. I turned around and sat on him, smiling at him while swinging the bra that I had taken off. "I'm not used to you being too restrained recently. Could it be that you're recuperating?"

"It's good to recuperate. A good recuperation will keep us steady, am I right?" Christopher smiled, buried his face in my chest, and moved his hands all over me.

"So are you done recuperating, lover boy?" I gently ran my fingernails over his glistening chest. I lowered my eyebrows, exuding allure from my eyes, and my fingers flicked on his belt. "Or do you want to continue to hibernate?"

Christopher immediately turned over and pressed me under him, showing me how well he had recuperated. I could feel waves of explosion in my lower abdomen. I bit my lip as I sensed the pain given to me by Christopher.

Even if it hurt, it felt good.

When he reached the deepest part, Christopher suddenly held my face and said in a serious tone, "Eve, do you trust me? I won't make you wait for too long."

I nodded without hesitation. "My man has always been the strongest being in existence."

I expected the package to be my paintings from the exhibition, but I didn't expect them to be destroyed. Apart from the third painting that Christopher took away, the other two were supposed to be collectibles to be kept in the gallery for future visitors to admire and copy. When I was in university, I saw many entries in the competition. At that time, I imagined that one day, when someone wanted to learn to paint, they would treat my paintings as references and discover their inspiration through my paintings. When I took the two paintings out of the box, there were in shreds, and as their original painter, I couldn't piece them together. As the saying goes, a battle between women was a battle without gunpowder. But this wasn't a battle; it was simply a disaster for me. I carefully held the shredded pieces in my arms and cried silently. Monica and Crystal were so ruthless; they completely destroyed me. If it weren't for my romantic relationship with Christopher, probably even Christopher would have given up on me. I spread out a piece of paper and gathered the broken pieces, attempting to piece them back together. After trying for a while, I only managed to piece back a few parts. Everything looked crooked, and I scoffed at my incompetence. I was terrified and desperate, but I couldn't vent it out. In the end, nothing changed since the beginning. I was still a pitiful soul. The only change that positive change was probably having Christopher in my life. I didn't have his support and encouragement five years ago, not even his love. However, I have him with me now. I kept the paintings locked in the closet and walked to the easel to finish my painting to calm myself down. If no one would be willing to look at it, I could paint it for Christopher. He was Key, my confidant, and my lover. Christopher came home that evening looking tired and saw me sitting at the easel. He walked over to hug me and said softly, "Have you been home all day? Did anything happen today?" I smiled and shook my head. I didn't tell him about my disqualification from the art exhibition and the fact that Lyle came today. "I'm getting famous now. People will surround me if I go out. I'm not stupid enough to do that, so it's better to stay at home." "It's okay. Bear with it. Give it a few days, and everything will be fine." Christopher held my face and kissed me gently on my cheek and then on my lips. I kissed him back, and my hand involuntarily wrapped around his neck. At this point, I could only remain calm with Christopher by my side. He bent over and picked me up and put me on the bed. He kissed my nose, eyes, then mouth, and guided me to respond to him. He ran his fingers over my collarbone and moved downward. I gently grabbed onto his waist, tugged his necktie, and pulled him onto the bed. I turned around and sat on him, smiling at him while swinging the bra that I had

taken off. "I'm not used to you being too restrained recently. Could it be that you're recuperating?" "It's good to recuperate. A good recuperation will keep us steady, am I right?" Christopher smiled, buried his face in my chest, and moved his hands all over me. "So are you done recuperating, lover boy?" I gently ran my fingernails over his glistening chest. I lowered my eyebrows, exuding allure from my eyes, and my fingers flicked on his belt. "Or do you want to continue to hibernate?" Christopher immediately turned over and pressed me under him, showing me how well he had recuperated. I could feel waves of explosion in my lower abdomen. I bit my lip as I sensed the pain given to me by Christopher. Even if it hurt, it felt good. When he reached the deepest part, Christopher suddenly held my face and said in a serious tone, "Eve, do you trust me? I won't make you wait for too long." I nodded without hesitation. "My man has always been the strongest being in existence." Posted by **chapter novel**, ? Views, Released on July 13, 2022

For an extended period, I became very silent. Even with Christopher's care and affection, my emotions didn't change much. Humans were social animals, so when everyone rejected them, only those with a strong heart would not waver.

I was never someone with a strong will. I would be lying to say that I wasn't affected by this incident.

Sometimes, I even felt that I hadn't made any progress compared to ten years ago. When Crystal framed me ten years ago, I was alone and helpless. I knew the truth, but I couldn't say it out. Now, even if I said it, no one would believe me.

I knew everything had to do with Crystal. I even knew the identity of the person who set me up. But I had no way to resolve the situation, and I had no choice but to be manipulated by their schemes.

"Eve, come and see me. I have something to tell you."

I wasn't surprised when I received Sharon's phone call. What she did that day put me in such a devastating situation, and it had been going on for almost a month. Additionally, Lyle and Crystal's wedding would be held at the end of the month.

Whatever was going to happen would happen, and there was no way to prevent it. Sharon must be anxious, and she wants to make use of me again.

“Sharon, I think I’m no longer useful to you. What more can I do for you?” I calmly faced my troubles.

Humans would become resilient when faced with an unfavorable situation. It would also make them steady and not be rash.

“Yvonne, come over. I’m begging you,” Sharon pleaded on the other side of the phone.

I held on to the phone and remained silent for some time before nodding in agreement. “Hang in there. I haven’t finished my painting yet. There’s still a little bit left to do. How about tomorrow afternoon? I will be free tomorrow.”

“Is Sharon looking for you?” Christopher popped his head up from the computer.

“Yes, she wanted to see me!” I didn’t know why Sharon was looking for me, but I will never agree to whatever she asked this time. All of my respect for her had vanished back when the police took me away.

“Let’s go. I also have some matters to discuss with her.” Christopher skillfully tapped his way on the keyboard. I didn’t need to look to know that he was arguing with the haters who were slandering me online. It was a very naive thing to do, but Christopher was enjoying it, as though it was the only way he could vent his anger.

“What’s there for you to discuss with Sharon?” I asked as I was surprised.

“Just some menial matters that Sharon will definitely agree with.” Christopher pointed at the monitor and said, “Haha, watch me argue with this guy to the point that he is speechless. He will certainly cry in front of his computer.”

“That’s so childish!” I rolled my eyes.

“Well, I’m indeed younger than you, Eve.” Christopher took a handkerchief, wiped the paint that I accidentally splattered on my face, and sat me on his lap while hugging me.

I leaned over and peeked. Initially, I thought everyone was slandering me on the computer. Surprisingly, many people were still saying good things about me. There were topics about emotional blackmailing and Crystal reaping all the benefits of me and that they were just a bunch of ignorant fools.

What was most interesting was a person named Veracity. He shared a very long post, analyzing my affairs in detail.

Everyone seems to think that Yvonne is a heinous woman. But why do I think otherwise? Look. As the eldest daughter of the Tanner family, Yvonne was kicked out of her family when she was eighteen years old, but they sent Crystal to Eastsummer to learn painting under a master as a disciple.

As a new school artist, Crystal indulged in everyone's admiration, but Yvonne has always been an ordinary employee of the Smith family. Naturally, people who didn't know about it would have the impression that Crystal was actually the eldest daughter of the Tanner family.

Yvonne married Lyle but got a divorce when Crystal came back from Eastsummer. Now that Yvonne is with Christopher, Crystal has a miscarriage. Wow, I got the chills just by thinking about it. I have never seen such a pitiful eldest daughter and such a heinous person. All of her benefits were taken away by Crystal. Are you all stupid or what?

For an extended period, I became very silent. Even with Christopher's care and affection, my emotions didn't change much. Humans were social animals, so when everyone rejected them, only those with a strong heart would not waver. I was never someone with a strong will. I would be lying to say that I wasn't affected by this incident. Sometimes, I even felt that I hadn't made any progress compared to ten years ago. When Crystal framed me ten years ago, I was alone and helpless. I knew the truth, but I couldn't say it out. Now, even if I said it, no one would believe me. I knew everything had to do with Crystal. I even knew the identity of the person who set me up. But I had no way to resolve the situation, and I had no choice but to be manipulated by their schemes. "Eve, come and see me. I have something to tell you." I wasn't surprised when I received Sharon's phone call. What she did that day put me in such a devastating situation, and it had been going on for almost a month. Additionally, Lyle and Crystal's wedding would be held at the end of the month. Whatever was going to happen would happen, and there was no way to prevent it. Sharon must be anxious, and she wants to make use of me again. "Sharon, I think I'm no longer useful to you. What more can I do for you?" I calmly faced my troubles. Humans would become resilient when faced with an unfavorable situation. It would also make them steady and not be rash. "Yvonne, come over. I'm begging you," Sharon pleaded on the other side of the phone. I held on to the phone and remained silent for some time before nodding in agreement. "Hang in there. I haven't finished my painting yet. There's still a little bit left to do. How about tomorrow afternoon? I will be

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