

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 441-450

Posted by **chapter novel**, 65 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

Wendy had a hot temper and always saw Crystal as her daughter-in-law. To her, I was nothing but a caregiver in charge of looking after Lyle.

As if she had seen something terrifying, she was screaming at the top of her lungs and shoving everyone around her aside as she made her way toward me. "Because of you, Crystal has lost her child, and I have lost my grandson! How dare you show your face here, Yvonne? You b*tch, are you here to screw up the wedding? I won't let you have your way!"

Why does she always think that I'm trying to hurt or sabotage someone when the real villain has been right beside her the whole time? With that in mind, I couldn't help but wonder if Wendy was suffering from persecutory delusion.

"Mom, the wedding is about to start, and we've still got a lot of guests to greet," Lyle interrupted her. Back then, he would've taken her side and joined her in insulting me without any hesitation, but that no longer seemed to be the case.

"To hell with greeting them! I'm telling you, Yvonne is nothing but trouble! I mean, look at how she's still hanging around you after being with Christopher! I bet she's up to no good showing up here today. Make sure to keep her out of the hall, or she'll bring bad luck to both of you! Honestly, I would've kicked her a*s if it weren't your big day today!" Wendy shouted with her finger pointed at me.

Had Christopher not been standing next to me at the time, her nails would probably have jabbed into my forehead by now.

"My apologies. You see, I wasn't planning on coming either, but your son came to me a few days ago. He told me he was going to get married and wanted to discuss with me what I should give him as a wedding gift. It'd be rude to refuse his sincere invitation now, wouldn't you agree?" I said while handing Wendy the wedding invitation that Lyle and Crystal gave me.

After that, I simply kept quiet and waited to see what else she would say to me.

Wendy glanced at the invitations before looking at Lyle in shock. "Why'd you invite her? Have you not had enough trouble from her as it is? Your son is

dead because of her! The Lane family's powerful influence is the only thing keeping her out of prison right now!"

There were a lot of people at the entrance of the hotel, and Wendy's actions were attracting a lot of attention from them. Some of them were pointing fingers at me and making fun of us. Seriously, does the word "discreet" mean anything to Wendy at all? It's no wonder Sharon doesn't like her either! She doesn't know when to stop!

There was a look of surprise in Lyle's eyes when he saw my makeup, but it quickly faded when he saw Christopher standing right next to me. "She's my ex-wife. It's only natural that I have her watch me get married, right?"

Unsure of what Lyle was playing at, Wendy shot me a threatening glare and said, "You'd better get the hell out of here, Yvonne! I'll skin you alive if you dare ruin my son's wedding! A homewrecker like you has no right to attend the wedding of your ex-husband! You'd better stay away from Lyle if you know what's good for you!"

"Pfft!" Christopher let out a snicker all of a sudden. He then wrapped an arm around my waist as he said with a chuckle, "You're so funny, Mrs. Smith! Why would Eve want to go back to Lyle when she has me?"

Sabrina chimed in as well, "I know, right? Do you really think praising your son is going to hide how much of a scumbag he is? Surely you haven't forgotten why he married Eve back then, right? You may have gotten so used to twisting the facts to your liking, but we haven't!"

"An outsider like you should stay the hell out of our family business, Ms. Zimmer!" Like a hen protecting its chicks, Wendy blocked the entrance with outstretched arms and refused to let me in no matter what.

"Let's go inside, Mom. It's rude to behave like this in public." Lyle then looked at me as he continued, "Besides, having her watch me get married is the best way to make her give up! Wouldn't you agree, Mom?"

Wendy had a hot temper and always saw Crystal as her daughter-in-law. To her, I was nothing but a caregiver in charge of looking after Lyle. As if she had seen something terrifying, she was screaming at the top of her lungs and shoving everyone around her aside as she made her way toward me.

"Because of you, Crystal has lost her child, and I have lost my grandson! How dare you show your face here, Yvonne? You b*tch, are you here to screw up

the wedding? I won't let you have your way!" Why does she always think that I'm trying to hurt or sabotage someone when the real villain has been right beside her the whole time? With that in mind, I couldn't help but wonder if Wendy was suffering from persecutory delusion. "Mom, the wedding is about to start, and we've still got a lot of guests to greet," Lyle interrupted her. Back then, he would've taken her side and joined her in insulting me without any hesitation, but that no longer seemed to be the case. "To hell with greeting them! I'm telling you, Yvonne is nothing but trouble! I mean, look at how she's still hanging around you after being with Christopher! I bet she's up to no good showing up here today. Make sure to keep her out of the hall, or she'll bring bad luck to both of you! Honestly, I would've kicked her a*s if it weren't your big day today!" Wendy shouted with her finger pointed at me. Had Christopher not been standing next to me at the time, her nails would probably have jabbed into my forehead by now. "My apologies. You see, I wasn't planning on coming either, but your son came to me a few days ago. He told me he was going to get married and wanted to discuss with me what I should give him as a wedding gift. It'd be rude to refuse his sincere invitation now, wouldn't you agree?" I said while handing Wendy the wedding invitation that Lyle and Crystal gave me. After that, I simply kept quiet and waited to see what else she would say to me. Wendy glanced at the invitations before looking at Lyle in shock. "Why'd you invite her? Have you not had enough trouble from her as it is? Your son is dead because of her! The Lane family's powerful influence is the only thing keeping her out of prison right now!" There were a lot of people at the entrance of the hotel, and Wendy's actions were attracting a lot of attention from them. Some of them were pointing fingers at me and making fun of us. Seriously, does the word "discreet" mean anything to Wendy at all? It's no wonder Sharon doesn't like her either! She doesn't know when to stop! There was a look of surprise in Lyle's eyes when he saw my makeup, but it quickly faded when he saw Christopher standing right next to me. "She's my ex-wife. It's only natural that I have her watch me get married, right?" Unsure of what Lyle was playing at, Wendy shot me a threatening glare and said, "You'd better get the hell out of here, Yvonne! I'll skin you alive if you dare ruin my son's wedding! A homewrecker like you has no right to attend the wedding of your ex-husband! You'd better stay away from Lyle if you know what's good for you!" "Pfft!" Christopher let out a snicker all of a sudden. He then wrapped an arm around my waist as he said with a chuckle, "You're so funny, Mrs. Smith! Why would Eve want to go back to Lyle when she has me?" Sabrina chimed in as well, "I know, right? Do you really think praising your son is going to hide how much of a scumbag he is? Surely you haven't forgotten why he married Eve back then, right? You may have gotten so used to twisting the facts to your liking, but we haven't!" "An outsider like you should stay the hell

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I couldn't help but laugh at the excuse Lyle came up with because I knew the real reason he had invited me. He was unhappy that I wasn't threatened by him being with Crystal, so he wanted me to see him marry her and live a happy life together. He thought it would make me regret leaving him, but he had no idea how happy I was being with Christopher.

He didn't know how well Christopher treated me nor how much he would spoil me. While I was indeed in a pinch at the time, I knew very well that it was only temporary, and that things would change for the better.

After Lyle and Wendy had gone back inside, I winked at Christopher and made an ushering motion. “Lyle said he wants to make me give up on him! Should I go in and take a good long look at him getting married?”

“Of course you should! Make sure you burn that image into your head so I can rest assured!” Christopher replied as he took my arm and motioned at me to walk ahead.

Noticing the camera flashes through the corner of my eye, I frowned as I saw a lot of journalists around the hotel. Why are there journalists here? Is it because of my recent drama with Crystal and Monica?

The press was highly capable of twisting the facts and making people believe their lies. Having experienced that first hand, I knew just how devastating false rumors could be and was really afraid of them.

“Why have you stopped?” Christopher asked.

I pointed in the direction of the journalists and said, “See those journalists over there? I bet they're going to sneak into the wedding later!”

“Don't worry, they'll be so busy when the wedding starts that they won't have time for you at all.”

Busy? Is something big going to happen later? Wait, Christopher once told me it was impossible for Lyle and Crystal to get married. I wonder why... Hmm, what did he and Sharon talk about the other day? Why were they being so secretive about it?

As we made our way toward the hall, some of the guests came over to greet Christopher. Of course, they made sure to greet me as well, but I could feel the obvious disdain in their tone.

Once a woman was branded as a homewrecker, she would have an incredibly hard time in this industry. This was evident with how people have dared criticize me publicly despite Christopher's high social status.

Gordon, Julia, and Darius entered the hall shortly after we did. Given the nature of their identity, having just one of them attend the Smith family's wedding would've sufficed. As such, the three of them showing up at the same time drew quite a lot of attention, and we had no choice but to go greet them.

As we were all in public, Julia accepted my regards with a polite smile on her face. When it was time for us to be seated, she quickly walked up to us and smacked Christopher's hand off mine before sitting down between us. "I like this seat. It has a great view of the ceremony."

Um... Okay... What else can I say, right?

Realizing that his seat had been taken, Christopher got up to swap places with Gordon, but Gordon simply shook his head and mouthed at him, "Just bear with it."

Being a former governor, Gordon was both a great father and a loving husband who managed all his family relationships really well.

I pursed my lips and smiled as I helped pour them some tea. Having changed her clothes, Monica came over all of a sudden. Her eyes lit up when she saw me sitting next to Julia, and she made her way over as she said, "We have a lot of empty seats at our table, Julia! Would you like to sit with us instead?"

"No, I prefer it here. Don't worry, the Smiths will arrange for people to fill up those empty seats at your table."

"But, Julia... I..."

“Now, now... The ceremony is starting soon, and everyone else is already seated. It'd be rude to stand here like this, so you should hurry on back to your table! Mr. Martin is waiting for you!”

I couldn't help but laugh at the excuse Lyle came up with because I knew the real reason he had invited me. He was unhappy that I wasn't threatened by him being with Crystal, so he wanted me to see him marry her and live a happy life together. He thought it would make me regret leaving him, but he had no idea how happy I was being with Christopher. He didn't know how well Christopher treated me nor how much he would spoil me. While I was indeed in a pinch at the time, I knew very well that it was only temporary, and that things would change for the better. After Lyle and Wendy had gone back inside, I winked at Christopher and made an ushering motion. “Lyle said he wants to make me give up on him! Should I go in and take a good long look at him getting married?” “Of course you should! Make sure you burn that image into your head so I can rest assured!” Christopher replied as he took my arm and motioned at me to walk ahead. Noticing the camera flashes through the corner of my eye, I frowned as I saw a lot of journalists around the hotel. Why are there journalists here? Is it because of my recent drama with Crystal and Monica? The press was highly capable of twisting the facts and making people believe their lies. Having experienced that first hand, I knew just how devastating false rumors could be and was really afraid of them. “Why have you stopped?” Christopher asked. I pointed in the direction of the journalists and said, “See those journalists over there? I bet they're going to sneak into the wedding later!” “Don't worry, they'll be so busy when the wedding starts that they won't have time for you at all.” Busy? Is something big going to happen later? Wait, Christopher once told me it was impossible for Lyle and Crystal to get married. I wonder why... Hmm, what did he and Sharon talk about the other day? Why were they being so secretive about it? As we made our way toward the hall, some of the guests came over to greet Christopher. Of course, they made sure to greet me as well, but I could feel the obvious disdain in their tone. Once a woman was branded as a homewrecker, she would have an incredibly hard time in this industry. This was evident with how people have dared criticize me publicly despite Christopher's high social status. Gordon, Julia, and Darius entered the hall shortly after we did. Given the nature of their identity, having just one of them attend the Smith family's wedding would've sufficed. As such, the three of them showing up at the same time drew quite a lot of attention, and we had no choice but to go greet them. As we were all in public, Julia accepted my regards with a polite smile on her face. When it was time for us to be seated, she quickly walked up to us and smacked Christopher's hand off mine before sitting down between us. “I like

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“Chris?” Monica was clearly upset by Julia’s response, and I couldn’t help but cringe at the saddened look on her face.

Had Monica not drugged Christopher when she was trying to get at me back then, Julia would undoubtedly be our biggest obstacle as she always takes Monica’s side. Monica had better not pick a fight with me, or things are going to get really nasty! Unlike everyone else, I won’t go easy on her just because we’re in public! Julia will probably get upset as a result, but I must stand my ground or Christopher will get angry!

I thought to myself and acted like I was invisible as I sipped on my tea.

Christopher frowned as he swapped my cold cup of tea for a hot one before turning toward Monica. “What?”

Monica pursed her lips, and her eyes began to tear up.

Unable to stand her antics anymore, Mitchell moved toward the empty seat next to Christopher and waved at Monica as he said, “All right, you can sit here if you want. We’ve got some room left at this table.”

Julia simply glanced at them without saying anything.

“Mrs. Lane is being cold toward Monica? That’s strange... I thought the Lane family and the Martin family were determined to be connected by marriage!”

“I know, right? I see Mrs. Lane is being really nice to Yvonne! Heck, she even chose to sit next to her! Tsk, tsk, tsk... Yvonne sure is something else, being able to win Mrs. Lane over so quickly! The Martin family is in for a tough fight!”

“There is a lot of weird stuff going on this year! I mean, why would Mrs. Lane be so nice to someone who would even harm a pregnant woman? There’s definitely more to this than meets the eye!”

The little drama at our table had quickly drawn the attention of the guests around us, and I could hear them talking about us even though it was noisy in the hall. I then decided to keep my head low and pretend I didn’t hear anything. Sitting beside me, Julia stared at both Monica and me before letting out a sigh.

She’s probably comparing the two of us and feels conflicted over her disappointment in Monica and her dissatisfaction toward me... Well, I’m feeling conflicted too! Lyle has been glaring daggers at me every now and then while greeting the guests, and it’s sending chills down my spine! I feel like I’m being targeted by a venomous snake or something poisonous! On top of that, Monica and Mitchell are also staring at me from time to time! If looks could kill, I would’ve died ten times over by now!

Suddenly, Christopher held a candy up to my face and said with a smile, “Here, have a candy. It’s sweet and tastes pretty good!”

His actions got even more people staring at me, and I was blushing hard from the attention as I didn’t know whether I should eat it or not.

“Ahem!” Julia cleared her throat loudly and snatched the candy from his hand as she said, “You can eat all the candy you want when you’re home! You’re both adults, so quit acting all lovey-dovey in public! Have you no shame?”

Christopher then quickly held another candy to her mouth and coaxed her, “Here, this is for you, Mom!”

“Oh, you mischievous little...” Although Julia was still frowning at us, a faint smile had formed on her lips.

She said we can eat all the candy we want when we’re home... Does that mean she has acknowledged my relationship with Christopher? Ah, I know! Julia must be the type that acts all fierce when she takes a liking to

someone! The thought of that got me all excited, and I felt my heart racing with joy.

“Here, have some tea, Mrs. Lane!” I said cheekily while handing her a cup of tea, only to have her turn her head away and ignore me. A few moments later, I saw her take a sip from it with an obvious smile on her face.

Oh, my god! Both Julia and Christopher are so similar in how they behave when they are flustered! How can they be this cute!

Right as I was about to comment on it, Nathan approached me and said, “Could you come with me for a second, Yvonne? I have something for you.”

“Chris?” Monica was clearly upset by Julia's response, and I couldn't help but cringe at the saddened look on her face. Had Monica not drugged Christopher when she was trying to get at me back then, Julia would undoubtedly be our biggest obstacle as she always takes Monica's side. Monica had better not pick a fight with me, or things are going to get really nasty! Unlike everyone else, I won't go easy on her just because we're in public! Julia will probably get upset as a result, but I must stand my ground or Christopher will get angry! I thought to myself and acted like I was invisible as I sipped on my tea. Christopher frowned as he swapped my cold cup of tea for a hot one before turning toward Monica. “What?” Monica pursed her lips, and her eyes began to tear up. Unable to stand her antics anymore, Mitchell moved toward the empty seat next to Christopher and waved at Monica as he said, “All right, you can sit here if you want. We've got some room left at this table.” Julia simply glanced at them without saying anything. “Mrs. Lane is being cold toward Monica? That's strange... I thought the Lane family and the Martin family were determined to be connected by marriage!” “I know, right? I see Mrs. Lane is being really nice to Yvonne! Heck, she even chose to sit next to her! Tsk, tsk, tsk... Yvonne sure is something else, being able to win Mrs. Lane over so quickly! The Martin family is in for a tough fight!” “There is a lot of weird stuff going on this year! I mean, why would Mrs. Lane be so nice to someone who would even harm a pregnant woman? There's definitely more to this than meets the eye!” The little drama at our table had quickly drawn the attention of the guests around us, and I could hear them talking about us even though it was noisy in the hall. I then decided to keep my head low and pretend I didn't hear anything. Sitting beside me, Julia stared at both Monica and me before letting out a sigh. She's probably comparing the two of us and feels conflicted over her disappointment in Monica and her dissatisfaction toward me... Well, I'm feeling conflicted too! Lyle has been glaring daggers at me every now and then while greeting the guests, and it's sending chills down my spine! I feel

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Does he want to give me something? Judging by the fierce look on his face, I bet it's nothing good! He confronted me at my place the day Crystal had a miscarriage from falling down the stairs, and I still remember the look on his face... I could tell he was wishing he never had me for a daughter, and he wouldn't have left if Christopher weren't around at the time. I'm not sure what his intentions are, but he's definitely up to no good!

With that in mind, I simply sat there and stared silently at Nathan.

"What, you don't even recognize your dad now that you've found yourself a rich husband?" Nathan asked sarcastically.

I glanced at Julia and Gordon who were sitting next to me and decided it wouldn't be appropriate to argue with him. I then stood up and was about to go with him when Christopher got up and said, "We'll go together."

“Mr. Lane, I know you and Yvonne have a very strong relationship and all, but I would like to have a private conversation with my daughter. I don’t think it would be appropriate for you to join us.”

“Of course, I wouldn’t mind if it really is just a private conversation. But…” Christopher left his sentence hanging, but the smile on his face said it all.

“What, you think I’d harm my own daughter?”

Noticing that Nathan was getting angry as the gentle smile on his face had faded, I quickly shook my head and told Christopher, “Don’t worry, I won’t be gone for long!”

I had prepared myself mentally for Nathan to hit me, but he simply gave me a conflicted look after bringing me to a quiet corner. There was a hint of melancholy in his eyes, and it took me a while before I realized he was missing Amelia.

Although my appearance was average, I was definitely quite the beauty after dolling myself up. Could it be that I look a little bit like Mom?

“What is it, Dad? Let’s get over this quickly. Christopher will worry if I stay here for too long,” I said calmly.

Nathan continued to stare at me for a little while longer before replying, “You’re twenty-five now, Yvonne. You’re not a kid anymore, so you should know to not take things too far as it benefits no one.”

Me? Take things too far? Aren’t they the ones who are doing that? I know he’s referring to me pushing Crystal down the stairs, but I only feel bad for that unborn child, not Crystal.

“What do you want me to do, Dad? Just give in and let everyone walk all over me like fifteen years ago?”

“Are you saying the Tanner family has been mistreating you all these years, Yvonne?” Nathan asked sarcastically while placing his teacup down.

Mistreating? That doesn’t seem like a very fitting word to use here. He’s making it sound like I’m some outsider that’s been living under the Tanner family’s care when I’m actually a direct descendant!

Our brief moment of silence was interrupted when Natalie came over all of a sudden. "Hey, Nathan! You promised me you'd get rid of Yvonne, didn't you? Why is she still here?"

She then walked straight toward me and attempted to slap me, but I saw it coming and stepped back the moment she raised her hand.

Natalie then pulled her hand back when she noticed I was standing at the entrance of the hall as she knew causing a scene at her daughter's wedding was a bad idea.

"I don't care why you're here tonight, but you'd better behave yourself, Yvonne!" Natalie's eyes were filled with anger, and she was looking at me like she wanted to swallow me whole as she continued, "Crystal and Lyle were meant to be together, but you ruined their relationship and split them up just like that. I know you're upset about them dating, but will you at least spare Crystal? You've already killed her four-month-old baby! Are you not satisfied until you kill her too?"

That's funny... As far as I know, Crystal has always been the one picking fights with me, and I only retaliated afterward. With that in mind, I replied with a cold sneer, "You're exaggerating a little, Aunt Natalie. It's perfectly fine to love your daughter and all, but I'm someone else's daughter too."

Does he want to give me something? Judging by the fierce look on his face, I bet it's nothing good! He confronted me at my place the day Crystal had a miscarriage from falling down the stairs, and I still remember the look on his face... I could tell he was wishing he never had me for a daughter, and he wouldn't have left if Christopher weren't around at the time. I'm not sure what his intentions are, but he's definitely up to no good! With that in mind, I simply sat there and stared silently at Nathan. "What, you don't even recognize your dad now that you've found yourself a rich husband?" Nathan asked sarcastically. I glanced at Julia and Gordon who were sitting next to me and decided it wouldn't be appropriate to argue with him. I then stood up and was about to go with him when Christopher got up and said, "We'll go together." "Mr. Lane, I know you and Yvonne have a very strong relationship and all, but I would like to have a private conversation with my daughter. I don't think it would be appropriate for you to join us." "Of course, I wouldn't mind if it really is just a private conversation. But..." Christopher left his sentence hanging, but the smile on his face said it all. "What, you think I'd harm my own daughter?" Noticing that Nathan was getting angry as the gentle smile on his face had faded, I quickly shook my head and told Christopher, "Don't worry, I won't be

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As if my words had offended him, Nathan slammed his hand against the table and jumped to his feet in response. His eyes were like that of a raging beast, and he had a look of disdain and disgust on his face as he glared at me.

Before I knew it, he stepped forward and swung his hand toward me with all of his might. It all happened too quickly, so I had no chance to dodge it at all.

Damn it, I knew coming here with him was a bad idea! I thought to myself as I closed my eyes and braced myself for the incoming attack.

“Oh, wow! Things are looking pretty lively over here! Long time no see, Mr. Tanner!” said a familiar voice from behind.

The slap never came, and I was surprised when I saw the man standing next to me after I opened my eyes.

He was very well-groomed, dressed formally, and had a very gentlemanly air about him. “Hi, Yvonne! It’s been a while!” he said with a wink when he noticed me staring at him.

“Lucas? What are you doing here?” I asked in shock. This is the guy I met in town a while back! He was the one who kept me company while I was down in the dumps!

“It’s the wedding of the new school artist, Crystal Yates, and all the celebrities in Avenport are here tonight. Being the only son of the Goldstein family, it’s only natural that I show up as well! Isn’t that right, Mr. Tanner?” Lucas said while letting go of Nathan’s hand and stepping next to me to shield me from Nathan.

“Lucas?” As if he was reminded of something terrifying, Nathan began trembling uncontrollably all of a sudden and had fear written all over his face.

“Your temper sure has gotten worse over the years, Mr. Lane. I don’t think it’s very appropriate to hit someone at such a grand event. You might scare the guests, and that would be bad for your family,” Lucas said and coughed a few times before gently wiping his mouth with a handkerchief. Despite the warm and friendly smile on his face, he looked rather domineering and intimidating.

It was the first time I had seen Lucas behave so aggressively, but it wasn’t all that surprising given his family background.

“Hmph!” Nathan pulled his arm back and looked the other way, refusing to speak to Lucas any further.

I could tell he was very afraid and nervous when dealing with Lucas.

Natalie shouted, "You shouldn't stick your nose into our family matters, Mr. Goldstein! You and Yvonne didn't end up together, so an outsider like you should just mind your own business! This is a big day for us, and we do not welcome troublemakers! Please leave..."

"Shut up!" Nathan cut her off before dragging her out of the hall, and I couldn't help but feel like he was actually making an escape.

I waited for them to disappear from sight before flashing Lucas a smile as I said, "Thank goodness you came! I'd be getting a lot of unwanted attention if I were to return with my face all red and swollen! Anyway, when did you come back?"

"Oh, just a couple of days ago. I was thinking of paying you a visit, but then I heard about the wedding and figured you'd probably be here, so I came over. Man, I've been missing you guys throughout those few months! Also, why did your super protective husband let you come here all by yourself?" Lucas casually leaned against the wall as he put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Because of my dad, Lucas. Speaking of which, why does my dad seem like he's afraid of you? Did something happen between you two?"

Lucas glanced at the crowd and chuckled as he shook his head. "He's afraid of my uncle, not me."

Uncle? As in, the guy who got Mom to leave us and run away with him? Just what kind of a man is he?

"In that case, why would he try to get us engaged back then? What do you know?" I was always curious about the Goldstein family.

As if my words had offended him, Nathan slammed his hand against the table and jumped to his feet in response. His eyes were like that of a raging beast, and he had a look of disdain and disgust on his face as he glared at me. Before I knew it, he stepped forward and swung his hand toward me with all of his might. It all happened too quickly, so I had no chance to dodge it at all. Damn it, I knew coming here with him was a bad idea! I thought to myself as I closed my eyes and braced myself for the incoming attack. "Oh, wow! Things are looking pretty lively over here! Long time no see, Mr. Tanner!" said a familiar voice from behind. The slap never came, and I was surprised when I saw the man standing next to me after I opened my eyes. He was very well-

groomed, dressed formally, and had a very gentlemanly air about him. "Hi, Yvonne! It's been a while!" he said with a wink when he noticed me staring at him. "Lucas? What are you doing here?" I asked in shock. This is the guy I met in town a while back! He was the one who kept me company while I was down in the dumps! "It's the wedding of the new school artist, Crystal Yates, and all the celebrities in Avenport are here tonight. Being the only son of the Goldstein family, it's only natural that I show up as well! Isn't that right, Mr. Tanner?" Lucas said while letting go of Nathan's hand and stepping next to me the shield me from Nathan. "Lucas?" As if he was reminded of something terrifying, Nathan began trembling uncontrollably all of a sudden and had fear written all over his face. "Your temper sure has gotten worse over the years, Mr. Lane. I don't think it's very appropriate to hit someone at such a grand event. You might scare the guests, and that would be bad for your family," Lucas said and coughed a few times before gently wiping his mouth with a handkerchief. Despite the warm and friendly smile on his face, he looked rather domineering and intimidating. It was the first time I had seen Lucas behave so aggressively, but it wasn't all that surprising given his family background. "Hmph!" Nathan pulled his arm back and looked the other way, refusing to speak to Lucas any further. I could tell he was very afraid and nervous when dealing with Lucas. Natalie shouted, "You shouldn't stick your nose into our family matters, Mr. Goldstein! You and Yvonne didn't end up together, so an outsider like you should just mind your own business! This is a big day for us, and we do not welcome troublemakers! Please leave..." "Shut up!" Nathan cut her off before dragging her out of the hall, and I couldn't help but feel like he was actually making an escape. I waited for them to disappear from sight before flashing Lucas a smile as I said, "Thank goodness you came! I'd be getting a lot of unwanted attention if I were to return with my face all red and swollen! Anyway, when did you come back?" "Oh, just a couple of days ago. I was thinking of paying you a visit, but then I heard about the wedding and figured you'd probably be here, so I came over. Man, I've been missing you guys throughout those few months! Also, why did your super protective husband let you come here all by yourself?" Lucas casually leaned against the wall as he put the handkerchief back into his pocket. "Because of my dad, Lucas. Speaking of which, why does my dad seem like he's afraid of you? Did something happen between you two?" Lucas glanced at the crowd and chuckled as he shook his head. "He's afraid of my uncle, not me." Uncle? As in, the guy who got Mom to leave us and run away with him? Just what kind of a man is he? "In that case, why would he try to get us engaged back then? What do you know?" I was always curious about the Goldstein family.

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Lucas frowned when he heard my questions, and his hesitation fueled my curiosity even further. “Is it something you can’t tell me?”

Lucas shook his head after a brief pause. “Well, not exactly. Seeing that you two aren’t that close, I suppose I could tell you. Your family set its sight on a decent project that would resolve a company crisis back then, and I happened to be in charge of that project. When Nathan came to me, I told him a man like me who could die anytime wouldn’t have much use for money, and I offered to give him the project if he let me marry his daughter.”

“And my dad said yes?” I asked with a helpless chuckle.

“Yeah, he agreed to it right away and even advertised our engagement in the newspapers. After that... Well, you already know the rest of the story,” Lucas replied with a shrug.

Of course, I do. Nathan asked me to marry a playboy with a bad reputation when I was eighteen, and I ran away from home after refusing his request firmly. Even so, given how well things were for them then, I’m pretty sure they managed to get their hands on the project anyway.

“Seems to me you’ve lost both the bird in hand and the two in the bushes!” I said half-jokingly in an attempt to cheer myself up.

“Now that you mentioned it, that does seem to be the case... I don’t think your dad knows this, but I would’ve given him the project even if he didn’t come to me,” Lucas mumbled while stroking his chin.

“Why?” The Goldstein family is just as powerful as the Lane family! Sure, they may have been keeping a low profile and missed out on events throughout the past two years, but they are indeed one of the two most prominent families in Avenport! There are tons of others out there who would kill to have a partnership with them! The Tanner family is nothing compared to them!

Lucas simply stared at me without saying anything, and I looked down at myself to see if there was anything wrong with my outfit. “What? Is there something on my face or what?”

Lucas shook his head and leaned in closer as he said in a serious tone, “Believe it or not, you and I have actually met a long time ago.”

“Huh? You too?” I was a little confused. Christopher said he had met me before, and now Lucas told me the same thing! How come I don’t remember any of that? They’re both such outstanding men, so there’s no way I wouldn’t remember meeting them! This doesn’t make any sense!

“What do you mean ‘you too’?” Lucas asked.

“Ah, you see... C-Chris said he met me a long time ago, and that he had been paying close attention to me ever since...” I stammered nervously, wondering if they were both just lying to me about it.

As if he had thought of something, Lucas broke into a smile and said, “I suppose that could be the case. Who knows, we might’ve been the best of friends if I weren’t sick since I was a child.”

The music in the hall changed all of a sudden, and it seemed like the ceremony was about to start.

“Come on, let’s go watch the ceremony. Since you rarely attend such events, people are bound to be curious about you, so you could help divert some of their attention away from me!” I suggested while glancing at the hall outside. Christopher would surely come and look for me if I don’t head back now!

Seeing that Lucas was still standing there, I motioned at him to hurry up and get a move on. He then adjusted his necktie and jammed his hands into his pockets as he came out through the door with me. That was when I realized there were more eyes on me than when I went in earlier. With the amount of attention we were receiving, one could easily mistake us as the stars of the event.

“You silly girl! How am I going to divert their attention if we come out together? I suppose it is true that women become stupid when they fall in love!” Lucas teased me with a playful pat on the shoulder.

Lucas used to be a well-behaved gentleman, so why did he become so mischievous after befriending Christopher? I thought to myself as I shot him a fierce glare. Lucas then walked straight to our table and whispered into Mitchell’s ear, “Mr. Martin, could you get up, please?”

Unsure of what Lucas was playing at, Mitchell did as told and stood right up, only to have Lucas pull the chair out and motion for me to sit down.

I... Fine... Seeing as the seat is right next to Christopher's, I'll forgive him for behaving in such a high-profile manner...

Lucas frowned when he heard my questions, and his hesitation fueled my curiosity even further. "Is it something you can't tell me?" Lucas shook his head after a brief pause. "Well, not exactly. Seeing that you two aren't that close, I suppose I could tell you. Your family set its sight on a decent project that would resolve a company crisis back then, and I happened to be in charge of that project. When Nathan came to me, I told him a man like me who could die anytime wouldn't have much use for money, and I offered to give him the project if he let me marry his daughter." "And my dad said yes?" I asked with a helpless chuckle. "Yeah, he agreed to it right away and even advertised our engagement in the newspapers. After that... Well, you already know the rest of the story," Lucas replied with a shrug. Of course, I do. Nathan asked me to marry a playboy with a bad reputation when I was eighteen, and I ran away from home after refusing his request firmly. Even so, given how well things were for them then, I'm pretty sure they managed to get their hands on the project anyway. "Seems to me you've lost both the bird in hand and the two in the bushes!" I said half-jokingly in an attempt to cheer myself up. "Now that you mentioned it, that does seem to be the case... I don't think your dad knows this, but I would've given him the project even if he didn't come to me," Lucas mumbled while stroking his chin. "Why?" The Goldstein family is just as powerful as the Lane family! Sure, they may have been keeping a low profile and missed out on events throughout the past two years, but they are indeed one of the two most prominent families in Avenport! There are tons of others out there who would kill to have a partnership with them! The Tanner family is nothing compared to them! Lucas simply stared at me without saying anything, and I looked down at myself to see if there was anything wrong with my outfit. "What? Is there something on my face or what?" Lucas shook his head and leaned in closer as he said in a serious tone, "Believe it or not, you and I have actually met a long time ago." "Huh? You too?" I was a little confused. Christopher said he had met me before, and now Lucas told me the same thing! How come I don't remember any of that? They're both such outstanding men, so there's no way I wouldn't remember meeting them! This doesn't make any sense! "What do you mean 'you too'?" Lucas asked. "Ah, you see... C-Chris said he met me a long time ago, and that he had been paying close attention to me ever since..." I stammered nervously, wondering if they were both just lying to me about it. As if he had thought of something, Lucas broke into a smile and said, "I suppose that could be the case. Who knows, we might've been the best of friends if I weren't sick since I was a child." The music in the hall changed all of a sudden, and it seemed like the

ceremony was about to start. "Come on, let's go watch the ceremony. Since you rarely attend such events, people are bound to be curious about you, so you could help divert some of their attention away from me!" I suggested while glancing at the hall outside. Christopher would surely come and look for me if I don't head back now! Seeing that Lucas was still standing there, I motioned at him to hurry up and get a move on. He then adjusted his necktie and jammed his hands into his pockets as he came out through the door with me. That was when I realized there were more eyes on me than when I went in earlier. With the amount of attention we were receiving, one could easily mistake us as the stars of the event. "You silly girl! How am I going to divert their attention if we come out together? I suppose it is true that women become stupid when they fall in love!" Lucas teased me with a playful pat on the shoulder. Lucas used to be a well-behaved gentleman, so why did he become so mischievous after befriending Christopher? I thought to myself as I shot him a fierce glare. Lucas then walked straight to our table and whispered into Mitchell's ear, "Mr. Martin, could you get up, please?" Unsure of what Lucas was playing at, Mitchell did as told and stood right up, only to have Lucas pull the chair out and motion for me to sit down. I... Fine... Seeing as the seat is right next to Christopher's, I'll forgive him for behaving in such a high-profile manner...

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Everyone at the table fell silent upon witnessing Lucas' actions. The Lane family were simply surprised by what he did, but Mitchell didn't take too kindly to it.

The guests in the hall were utterly shocked to see Christopher being perfectly fine with our friendly interaction.

If I were an escort, I would probably be viewed as the most powerful escort due to my close relationship with the heirs of Avenport's two prominent families.

Christopher shot Lucas a look of disgust. "What are you doing here? This place is crowded and has terrible ventilation. It'd be a real pain to call you an ambulance if you end up fainting!"

"Haha, you let me worry about that! Now, how about you pour me a cup of tea and express your gratitude, big guy?" Lucas retorted as he placed a teacup in front of Christopher.

Lucas was extremely polite when talking to Christopher's parents, but sounded like a completely different person whenever he talked to Christopher.

I was so busy recovering from my illness during my time on the island that I didn't realize they had become such close friends.

Seeing them bicker like kids amused me greatly, and I had forgotten all about the nasty stuff Nathan said and did earlier.

The music was then changed into a romantic one, and Crystal appeared in front of everyone in a stylish wedding gown. The layers of lace, the shiny tiara above her head, and her elegant posture made her look like a proud princess.

She then lifted the hem of her wedding gown and slowly walked across the red carpet as she made her way toward Lyle.

The deafening applause and cheers from the guests sounded like irony to my ears, and I let out a wry chuckle in response.

Crystal is talented, scheming, beautiful, and pretentious. She always knows how to present her best side to everyone, and nothing I ever do affects her in the slightest. Even though most of them knew Crystal was the actual homewrecker, she was still able to claim the moral high ground with her miscarriage and make everyone hate me instead. Most of the guests here tonight are celebrities in Avenport who have benefited from Crystal and have come to support her in view of the kidnapping incident. I mean, that's exactly why Gordon and the others are here, isn't it? I've always ended up losing my battles with Crystal no matter how hard I fought, and now she has stolen my one and only dream from me... While I sit here in this corner with my horrible reputation, she's there receiving the praises and blessings from thousands of people...

While I was lost in my train of thoughts, Christopher reached out and wrapped his arm around my waist. "You're going to look even prettier at your wedding," he said while gazing deeply and affectionately into my eyes.

My smile returned upon hearing that as I realized I should be thanking Crystal for letting me have an amazing man like Christopher all to myself.

I pouted and pretended to be angry at him. "Are you saying that I'm not pretty now, then?"

He leaned in closer and whispered into my ear, "Oh, you're always pretty to me!"

I then shifted my attention back toward Lyle and Crystal who were making their marriage vows with a priest on the stage. When the two of them were exchanging their rings, Lyle shot me a quick glance before putting the ring on Crystal's finger.

Suddenly, a loud voice was heard coming from the door. "What do you mean my name isn't on the guest list? That's my grandson getting married! Are you all not planning on inviting me all along?"

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The old woman's tone was filled with rage, and she ended up coughing from yelling very loudly. The entire hall was in an uproar, and the people at the door quickly stepped aside in response.

Josephine held Sharon's trembling body steady as the two of them made their way toward the stage. Sharon was so furious that the veins on her head were bulging from under the skin. She then pointed a finger at Lyle with disappointment in her eyes before kicking over the flower stand in front of the stage.

The flowers scattered everywhere as the stand fell to the floor, and it was a melancholic sight to behold.

Sharon's sudden appearance had caught Lyle completely off guard, and the look on his face was frozen in place as he asked awkwardly, "Grandma? Didn't you go on vacation?"

"Oh, Lyle... Is this how you treat your grandma who watched you grow up? First, you promised me you'd love Yvonne for life, only to divorce her behind my back. Then, you claim you're not planning on getting married for the time being and send me on vacation, all so that you could secretly marry this woman?"

Sharon was so furious that she kept trembling uncontrollably all over as she said that. The flames of anger in her eyes looked like they could burn the

entire hall to the ground, and she was so exhausted from her outburst that her legs began to give way.

Josephine quickly waved at the crowd upon noticing that, and someone fetched Sharon's wheelchair seconds later.

Lyle and Crystal sent her off on a vacation? So that's why I haven't seen Sharon around... Worried about her health, I was about to stand up when I recalled what Sharon told me as well as Christopher's conversation with her.

I then sat back down as I realized Sharon's rage was probably a part of her act. Crystal had changed the date of her wedding many times, but there was no keeping it from Sharon who found out about my divorce from Lyle just a few days after. That was especially the case for something so grand that pretty much everyone in Avenport knew about.

"No, it's not what you think. Lyle and I chose not to tell you because you said you didn't like noisy places... I know you don't like Crystal, but you can't force Lyle to hang on to Yvonne either! Since you don't approve of their marriage, it would be pointless to invite you anyway!" Wendy explained reluctantly, unhappy that a perfect wedding had been ruined.

"Shut up, you two-faced b*tch! None of this would've happened if you didn't show up and cause so much trouble!" Sharon slammed her hand against the table and hurled a glass of wine at her.

"Ah!" Wendy screamed as her white gown was stained red instantly. After a brief pause from the shock, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "What the hell is wrong with you, Mom? Are you trying to ruin Lyle's happiness?"

Sharon ignored Wendy and turned toward Lyle as she shouted, "If you see me as your grandma, then cancel this wedding right now! It's either that, or we cut all ties between us!"

I shook my head and let out a sigh after hearing what they said. People are already pointing their fingers at me as it is, and how they mention my name in their argument isn't exactly helping... Lyle has always been targeting me, to begin with, so there's no way his narcissistic ego would let him give in to Sharon's request!

Lyle's stubbornness kicked in as expected, and he retorted angrily, "This is my wedding day, Grandma! It's fine if you don't want to give us your blessings,

but you shouldn't come here and cause a scene like this! You've always objected to our marriage, so I sent you away to spare you the eyesore! Why'd you have to make it all sound so wrong?"

After that, he turned toward the priest and ordered, "Continue with the wedding!"

"You unfilial ingrate! So, you absolutely must marry Crystal, huh? Well, I guess you don't need the Smith family's business then!" Sharon got up from her wheelchair and was about to make her way on stage, but Wendy quickly stood in front of her to block her path.

The old woman's tone was filled with rage, and she ended up coughing from yelling very loudly. The entire hall was in an uproar, and the people at the door quickly stepped aside in response. Josephine held Sharon's trembling body steady as the two of them made their way toward the stage. Sharon was so furious that the veins on her head were bulging from under the skin. She then pointed a finger at Lyle with disappointment in her eyes before kicking over the flower stand in front of the stage. The flowers scattered everywhere as the stand fell to the floor, and it was a melancholic sight to behold. Sharon's sudden appearance had caught Lyle completely off guard, and the look on his face was frozen in place as he asked awkwardly, "Grandma? Didn't you go on vacation?" "Oh, Lyle... Is this how you treat your grandma who watched you grow up? First, you promised me you'd love Yvonne for life, only to divorce her behind my back. Then, you claim you're not planning on getting married for the time being and send me on vacation, all so that you could secretly marry this woman?" Sharon was so furious that she kept trembling uncontrollably all over as she said that. The flames of anger in her eyes looked like they could burn the entire hall to the ground, and she was so exhausted from her outburst that her legs began to give way. Josephine quickly waved at the crowd upon noticing that, and someone fetched Sharon's wheelchair seconds later. Lyle and Crystal sent her off on a vacation? So that's why I haven't seen Sharon around... Worried about her health, I was about to stand up when I recalled what Sharon told me as well as Christopher's conversation with her. I then sat back down as I realized Sharon's rage was probably a part of her act. Crystal had changed the date of her wedding many times, but there was no keeping it from Sharon who found out about my divorce from Lyle just a few days after. That was especially the case for something so grand that pretty much everyone in Avenport knew about. "No, it's not what you think. Lyle and I chose not to tell you because you said you didn't like noisy places... I know you don't like Crystal, but you can't force Lyle to hang on to Yvonne either! Since you don't approve of their

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“The Smith family’s business was mine to begin with! Who else could you possibly hand it to anyway? Have you forgotten that you’ve already transferred the company’s shares to me?” Lyle said coldly.

Hearing that made my blood boil, and I jumped to my feet immediately. Does Lyle even hear himself right now? His words must hurt Sharon so much! Everything Sharon does is for the sake of the Smith family, and she has suffered in Crystal’s hands as a result. I remember her crying when she told me about it in the yard the other day! She gave the family everything, only to have Lyle lash out at her in public like this... There’s no way her old heart can take such abuse!

Lyle’s words hit Sharon like bolt from the blue, causing her to go pale instantly. She then slumped weakly against the wheelchair and clutched at her chest, seemingly struggling to even breathe properly. Shocked by what she saw, Wendy screamed in terror, “Why do you have to show up and crash

Lyle's wedding, Mom? What if you die here or something? Word would spread in Avenport that the heir to the Smith family has angered his grandma to death! Lyle was right to not invite you!"

This is unbelievable! How could she say such a thing? I glanced at Christopher at the thought of that, and he flashed me an encouraging smile in response.

Feeling the warmth of his smile in my heart, I no longer cared about the people watching and ran straight toward Sharon. "What is it, Grandma? Are you okay?"

"M-Medicine..." Sharon said weakly while grabbing onto my arm, and I realized her hand was as cold as ice.

"The medicine, Josephine!" I then grabbed a glass of water from the table and fed Sharon the pills Josephine handed me. A few moments later, Sharon was feeling slightly better and patted me on the hand with a guilty look in her eyes. She then turned toward Lyle and asked, "Are you absolutely sure you want to marry this woman?"

"This is a wedding, Grandma. Is it not a clear enough indicator of my decision? You should go get some rest at the hospital if you're feeling unwell. I'll make it up to you once this is over. I'm a grown man now, Grandma. I'm no longer that little boy who just blindly obeys everything you say. I have my own thoughts and ideas, so you should stop treating me like some puppet of yours," Lyle said as he made his way down the stage.

Although he had eased up on his tone when he saw Sharon's condition worsen, he was still determined to follow through with his decision.

Sharon fell silent and continued taking deep breaths to calm herself down while Josephine rubbed her back to help comfort her. Having regained her composure, the look in her eyes turned vicious and cold once again.

"I know you don't like me, Grandma, but Lyle and I are truly in love with each other! Are you still unwilling to accept me after so many years? Is the Smith family more important to you than Lyle? Will you please just give us your blessings?" Crystal cried out with teary eyes while squeezing hard on the wedding ring.

Sharon had once told me how Crystal threatened her with the Smith family's weakness to keep the truth from Lyle, so I knew what Crystal said was actually a threat in disguise.

Sharon ignored Crystal and simply motioned at Josephine to take her to the table. After escorting her to an empty table in the first row, I was about to leave when she grabbed hold of my hand and said, "I'm sorry, Yvonne. It's all my fault that your reputation is ruined."

She's right... Had she not given Crystal my Autumnal Panorama, forced me to be with Lyle, and push me while Crystal was pregnant, none of this would've happened... No, Sharon had her reasons for doing all of that, and I had my own choices to make. As much as I don't want to forgive her for her repeated attempts at sabotaging me, I am still grateful for her helping me out when I was most helpless.

With that in mind, I simply shook my head and flashed her a smile.

"Carry on with the wedding." Sharon told the band and the priest before continuing, "Don't blame me, Lyle. You made this choice yourself, so I hope you don't regret it. I can't help you out of this now, so you'll have to bear the consequences yourself."

"The Smith family's business was mine to begin with! Who else could you possibly hand it to anyway? Have you forgotten that you've already transferred the company's shares to me?" Lyle said coldly. Hearing that made my blood boil, and I jumped to my feet immediately. Does Lyle even hear himself right now? His words must hurt Sharon so much! Everything Sharon does is for the sake of the Smith family, and she has suffered in Crystal's hands as a result. I remember her crying when she told me about it in the yard the other day! She gave the family everything, only to have Lyle lash out at her in public like this... There's no way her old heart can take such abuse! Lyle's words hit Sharon like bolt from the blue, causing her to go pale instantly. She then slumped weakly against the wheelchair and clutched at her chest, seemingly struggling to even breathe properly. Shocked by what she saw, Wendy screamed in terror, "Why do you have to show up and crash Lyle's wedding, Mom? What if you die here or something? Word would spread in Avenport that the heir to the Smith family has angered his grandma to death! Lyle was right to not invite you!" This is unbelievable! How could she say such a thing? I glanced at Christopher at the thought of that, and he flashed me an encouraging smile in response. Feeling the warmth of his smile in my heart, I no longer cared about the people watching and ran straight

toward Sharon. "What is it, Grandma? Are you okay?" "M-Medicine..." Sharon said weakly while grabbing onto my arm, and I realized her hand was as cold as ice. "The medicine, Josephine!" I then grabbed a glass of water from the table and fed Sharon the pills Josephine handed me. A few moments later, Sharon was feeling slightly better and patted me on the hand with a guilty look in her eyes. She then turned toward Lyle and asked, "Are you absolutely sure you want to marry this woman?" "This is a wedding, Grandma. Is it not a clear enough indicator of my decision? You should go get some rest at the hospital if you're feeling unwell. I'll make it up to you once this is over. I'm a grown man now, Grandma. I'm no longer that little boy who just blindly obeys everything you say. I have my own thoughts and ideas, so you should stop treating me like some puppet of yours," Lyle said as he made his way down the stage. Although he had eased up on his tone when he saw Sharon's condition worsen, he was still determined to follow through with his decision. Sharon fell silent and continued taking deep breaths to calm herself down while Josephine rubbed her back to help comfort her. Having regained her composure, the look in her eyes turned vicious and cold once again. "I know you don't like me, Grandma, but Lyle and I are truly in love with each other! Are you still unwilling to accept me after so many years? Is the Smith family more important to you than Lyle? Will you please just give us your blessings?" Crystal cried out with teary eyes while squeezing hard on the wedding ring. Sharon had once told me how Crystal threatened her with the Smith family's weakness to keep the truth from Lyle, so I knew what Crystal said was actually a threat in disguise. Sharon ignored Crystal and simply motioned at Josephine to take her to the table. After escorting her to an empty table in the first row, I was about to leave when she grabbed hold of my hand and said, "I'm sorry, Yvonne. It's all my fault that your reputation is ruined." She's right... Had she not given Crystal my Autumnal Panorama, forced me to be with Lyle, and push me while Crystal was pregnant, none of this would've happened... No, Sharon had her reasons for doing all of that, and I had my own choices to make. As much as I don't want to forgive her for her repeated attempts at sabotaging me, I am still grateful for her helping me out when I was most helpless. With that in mind, I simply shook my head and flashed her a smile. "Carry on with the wedding." Sharon told the band and the priest before continuing, "Don't blame me, Lyle. You made this choice yourself, so I hope you don't regret it. I can't help you out of this now, so you'll have to bear the consequences yourself."

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The wedding march began playing once again, but there was an unsettling tension in the atmosphere this time. With an ex-wife like me and a grandma who objected to the wedding in attendance, the laughter and praises from the guests had significantly reduced. Instead, they were mostly murmuring and whispering among themselves about what was happening.

The two of them then exchanged their wedding rings, and the wedding ceremony was only a step away from completion. Didn't Christopher say they wouldn't be able to complete the wedding? Why is it so peaceful and quiet? What did he and Sharon plan on doing? Is it going to just end like this? This can't be right...

"Mr. Smith and Ms. Tanner have known each other since they were kids and spent over ten years of their lives together. Ms. Tanner has painted a series of pictures to commemorate their love, so let us all bear witness to their beautiful relationship..."

A painting then appeared on the huge screen. It was a simple yet vivid image of Lyle and Crystal sitting on a meadow, with one of them painting a picture while the other sat there and propped his head on his elbow while waiting patiently.

The next painting was one of Crystal dancing by a lake while Lyle played the piano next to her.

I couldn't help but feel that those weren't Crystal's work because she simply wasn't that great at painting. The next thing I knew, a video popped up on the screen and began playing.

"Thanks to the dirt you got on Benjamin which ruined his reputation completely, my dad finally entrusts me with the more important tasks and projects!" Benson was lying on the couch with Crystal in his embrace as he ran his hand all over her body.

Crystal nuzzled against Benson's chest and reached her hand into his shirt as she said coquettishly, "I bet Benjamin would never expect for me to expose his shameful deeds! You'd better thank me properly for that!"

"Of course, darling. I'll make sure you feel my power!" Benson then scooped her up and placed her on his laps before passionately making out with her.

Benjamin jumped to his feet and kicked the chair in front of him in a fit of rage as he stared at the screen in disbelief. The woman that he treasured most had betrayed him with his own brother.

Crystal had a victorious smile on her face after taking care of Sharon's sudden appearance earlier, but the smile quickly vanished when she saw the video.

She was trembling all over as she wondered what was going on and why the original video had been changed.

The surround sound system was able to clearly project the audio throughout the entire hall, so everyone could hear it despite how noisy the place was.

So Crystal and Benson were the ones behind Benjamin's unfortunate event? But he was so nice to her! Why would she do such a thing? Has she lost her mind?

I thought to myself and glanced at Christopher, who then motioned at me as he whispered, "This is my trump card. What do you think?"

I was so shocked that I couldn't say anything in response.

In the video, the two of them were kissing as they continued to talk.

"Dad has decided to make me the heir to the Miller family. He'll definitely be impressed even more once we take care of the collaboration with the Smith family."

"That's a piece of cake! I have that idiot Lyle wrapped around my finger, so he'll do anything I say. As for that old hag, I managed to get her off my back with a couple of threats! With the Yates family's assistance, we'll be able to build a family as powerful as the Goldstein family! That old hag wouldn't dare put the Smith family at risk, so there's nothing she can do to me even if she knows I have bad intentions! It's a shame she didn't die from anger on the spot, but that's no problem. Once Lyle and I get married, the Smith family will be mine after her death! With you being the head of the Miller family, we'll have both families at our fingertips!"

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