

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 471-480

Posted by **chapter novel**, 69 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“That woman was so galling though, so it’s not my fault.” Christopher let out a snort before adding on, “Besides, everybody in Avenport should have heard about our relationship by now. Hence, the people who still want to go on a blind date with me despite knowing that must have some other malicious intent in mind. I don’t want to have anything to do with those people.”

“The thing that you said just now, about her being pregnant with a baby. Is that true?”

“Yeah. Zachary was the one who provided me with this information. It can’t be wrong.” Christopher fed me some pastries before continuing, “I must admit, Sabrina is a nice friend to have. I’m impressed that you were able to find a friend like her.”

“Of course. I’m a good judge of character. If I am not, I wouldn’t have liked you.”

As I said that, I noticed someone’s shadow behind us. When I turned around, I was startled by who I saw. Julia was standing behind us all this while! I quickly got out of Christopher’s arms and sat up with my back straight.

Julia ignored my presence and started lecturing Christopher, “Why do you always have to upset your dates, Christopher? This time you even brought her along to the date. How could you do such a thing? Can’t you at least show some respect for your date? Rachael gave me a call just now wailing about her encounter with you. You dare to call yourself a man after what you’ve said to her?”

“Mom, I’m your son. You know my personality better than anyone else. Here, have some coffee. It’ll help to calm you down.” Christopher passed the cup of coffee in front of me over to her. But that’s mine... Tch!

Julia pushed the cup of coffee away and retorted, “Calm down? How can I be calm right now? Rachael isn’t going to give you another chance anymore. What a shame, she was such a classy girl. She would’ve been the perfect fit for you.” She glanced at me before continuing, “She would’ve been a way better partner for you than this woman here.”

I sat back down and remained taciturn as she rambled on. For my sake, Christopher has disobeyed Mrs. Lane a couple of times before and even got into a fight with her. I can't cause him any more trouble. I should just remain silent and wait for her to calm down.

"Mom, a classy woman wouldn't have gotten herself pregnant with some random guy before marriage. I know you're dying for a grandchild, but do you really want me to raise a baby that isn't even mine? Sorry, I can't do that."

With an apathetic look on his face, Christopher crossed his legs and ordered a few more snacks onto the table.

"What? What are you talking about?" Julia was bewildered after hearing his statement. "She's a fine woman. Stop your nonsense."

"You think I'm making this up? If you don't believe me, you could ask Darius to do an investigation on her."

Julia's face suddenly turned somber. "You should come back home for dinner tonight."

"Okay, I'll bring Eve along with me," Christopher replied.

"Humph!" Julia was miffed.

Seeing as such, I uttered, "Mom... I mean, Mrs. Lane, don't worry. I'll make sure he returns home for dinner tonight."

"You'd better!" Julia responded in a harsh tone.

Yes, of course! I wouldn't dare to go against my future mother-in-law. I wonder if she'll ever stop being so hostile toward me.

Meanwhile, Crystal was captured and brought to the police station. She was arrested for harming an elderly man. The old man who was pushed down by her was still being treated in the hospital. On top of that, Crystal was also indicted for plagiarism. She had been using someone else's artwork to increase her popularity without their permission.

All the people who were previously bullied by her came together to sue her. Originally, I didn't want to involve myself in any of this. However, Nathan came to ask me for my help personally.

“That woman was so galling though, so it's not my fault.” Christopher let out a snort before adding on, “Besides, everybody in Avenport should have heard about our relationship by now. Hence, the people who still want to go on a blind date with me despite knowing that must have some other malicious intent in mind. I don't want to have anything to do with those people.” “The thing that you said just now, about her being pregnant with a baby. Is that true?” “Yeah. Zachary was the one who provided me with this information. It can't be wrong.” Christopher fed me some pastries before continuing, “I must admit, Sabrina is a nice friend to have. I'm impressed that you were able to find a friend like her.” “Of course. I'm a good judge of character. If I am not, I wouldn't have liked you.” As I said that, I noticed someone's shadow behind us. When I turned around, I was startled by who I saw. Julia was standing behind us all this while! I quickly got out of Christopher's arms and sat up with my back straight. Julia ignored my presence and started lecturing Christopher, “Why do you always have to upset your dates, Christopher? This time you even brought her along to the date. How could you do such a thing? Can't you at least show some respect for your date? Rachael gave me a call just now wailing about her encounter with you. You dare to call yourself a man after what you've said to her?” “Mom, I'm your son. You know my personality better than anyone else. Here, have some coffee. It'll help to calm you down.” Christopher passed the cup of coffee in front of me over to her. But that's mine... Tch! Julia pushed the cup of coffee away and retorted, “Calm down? How can I be calm right now? Rachael isn't going to give you another chance anymore. What a shame, she was such a classy girl. She would've been the perfect fit for you.” She glanced at me before continuing, “She would've been a way better partner for you than this woman here.” I sat back down and remained taciturn as she rambled on. For my sake, Christopher has disobeyed Mrs. Lane a couple of times before and even got into a fight with her. I can't cause him any more trouble. I should just remain silent and wait for her to calm down. “Mom, a classy woman wouldn't have gotten herself pregnant with some random guy before marriage. I know you're dying for a grandchild, but do you really want me to raise a baby that isn't even mine? Sorry, I can't do that.” With an apathetic look on his face, Christopher crossed his legs and ordered a few more snacks onto the table. “What? What are you talking about?” Julia was bewildered after hearing his statement. “She's a fine woman. Stop your nonsense.” “You think I'm making this up? If you don't believe me, you could ask Darius to do an investigation on her.” Julia's face suddenly turned somber. “You should come back home for dinner tonight.” “Okay, I'll bring Eve along with me,” Christopher replied. “Humph!” Julia was miffed. Seeing as such, I uttered, “Mom... I mean, Mrs. Lane, don't worry. I'll make sure he returns home for dinner tonight.” “You'd better!” Julia responded

in a harsh tone. Yes, of course! I wouldn't dare to go against my future mother-in-law. I wonder if she'll ever stop being so hostile toward me. Meanwhile, Crystal was captured and brought to the police station. She was arrested for harming an elderly man. The old man who was pushed down by her was still being treated in the hospital. On top of that, Crystal was also indicted for plagiarism. She had been using someone else's artwork to increase her popularity without their permission. All the people who were previously bullied by her came together to sue her. Originally, I didn't want to involve myself in any of this. However, Nathan came to ask me for my help personally.

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After sending Christopher to his office, I met Nathan and Natalie at the entrance to my apartment. Both of them looked rather agitated and worried. This can't be good.

"Dad, Aunt Natalie, is there something wrong?"

"Yvonne, help your cousin out, would you? She has suffered enough, don't you think? If she ends up going to jail, it'll be all over for her," Nathan uttered solemnly, with a pleading look on his face.

I let out a sigh in response. Crystal has done so many ill deeds in the past. She's made a lot of enemies because of that and they are now seeking revenge on her. Honestly, she deserves all of this. It was her own fault for doing all those dreadful things to others.

Whenever I looked at Crystal's artworks back then, I always figured that the styles of her artworks were abnormally different from each other. Who would've thought that she didn't actually create any of her own artworks.

Though I must say, her imitation skills are quite impressive.

"Dad, why don't you ask Benson for his help instead. He has a close relationship with Crystal. Not to mention, he's the successor of the Miller family. He must have a way to get her out of this quagmire."

"We did try to look for him but to no avail. The current head of the Miller family doesn't want to have anything to do with us. Please, Eve. Do this for the family, okay?" Nathan begged in a low voice. It was the first time I'd seen him like this.

The person begging in front of me right now is my father. Whenever he did something awful to me back then, I would just endure it by reminding myself that he's my father.

"Dad, if the one going to jail right now is me, would you just ignore me like you did last time?" I'm not holding a grudge or anything like that. I just don't want to be hurt again.

"I've gone into jail once. Thankfully, Christopher was there to help me through those tough times. Where were my family members then? Oh, right. Dad was too busy taking care of Crystal in the hospital."

Nathan gazed at me with his back hunched and responded, "I'm sorry, Eve. It's all my fault. But please, Crystal can't go to jail now. Help her out, would you? Do it for me."

"Yvonne, she's your cousin! You can't just leave her to rot!" Natalie yelled out loud. She bowed before adding on, "Please, I'm begging you. Is that still not enough? What else do you want me to do?"

"Chill Aunt Natalie. There's no need for this." I took a few steps back. She isn't just begging for my help anymore. She's trying to guilt-trip me. "I envy my cousin a lot, you know. No matter what she does, you two would always support her. Me, on the other hand, had never ever gotten any acknowledgment from either of you."

I paused for a while before continuing, "Dad, I can't help Crystal even if I want to. You know that, right?"

"You have the Lane family behind your back. If you ask for Christopher's help, surely he'll be able to solve this situation." Nathan gritted his teeth and uttered, "You've always wanted to know where your mom is, right? I could tell you her whereabouts."

Is this some kind of a sick joke? He didn't go and find Mom even when he knew where she was?

I let out a maniacal laugh. "Dad, don't you think it's sad that I have to make a deal with my own father just to find out where my mother is."

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As a teenager, I used to always run to my mother's room and sob whenever I was bullied ruthlessly by Crystal and Yvette. And I would always take advantage of my father's good mood to question him about my mother's whereabouts. Despite that, he would often fly into a rage and slap me across the face. Gradually, I stopped asking him.

"I'm a grown-up now, Dad. You said it yourself before that once I become an adult, then I don't need your care and concern anymore." After saying that, I took a long deep breath. It was late summer, and the air was warm and humid. However, I somehow felt chilled to the bones.

Nathan's face darkened at my remark. He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but no words came out of his mouth. There was no remorse on his face, only calmness.

"You've grown up indeed, Yvonne. I can't tell you what to do anymore."

"You're wrong again, Dad. How can I pretend I didn't see it when you've already said so?" In the end, I couldn't ignore his opinion.

When Christopher returned, I told him about the conversation I had with my father. There was a weird expression on his face as I recounted the conversation. All the while, he kept sighing at me as though he was at a loss of what to say.

"I'm a fool, ain't I? Is that why you have nothing to say to me?" I asked as I scratched the back of my head. Not waiting for him to reply, I leaned over and wrapped my arms around his waist, and rested my head on his back. "I often think of myself as a fool. You were the only one who came to see me when I was in prison. None of my family members were there for me. He brought up the news about my mother, and I couldn't refuse him."

"He told you about it?" Christopher asked as he tapped the tip of my nose lightly with his finger.

"I didn't agree to his terms." The truth is, I'm a little surprised by all this myself. I said with a wry smile, "Chris, maybe I don't miss her as much as I thought I would. So what if I know about her whereabouts? Am I supposed to go and find her? It's been so many years, and she would have started a new family of her own. She probably had forgotten about me."

“Well, that sounds reasonable. You should think of a way to win over my mother. I promise you, once you’ve won her over, she’ll shower you with love and warmth. You’ll love her to bits,” Christopher said earnestly and went on to speak highly of Julia.

According to Christopher, Julia would rouse them every morning and serve them breakfast. And instead of having high tea with her wealthy friends during her spare time, she would stay home and play online computer games with them.

I couldn’t imagine Julia as someone with such high levels of motherly affection, partly because she always seemed like a snobbish woman with a successful career.

“Alright, I’ll try my best,” I said with a shrug. “Don’t put so much hope on me. I don’t expect her to shower me with love, but I’ll be more than happy if she treats me the same way she treats Shelley.”

I could always rely on Christopher to do his best to take care of things for me. The next day, he went to inquire about the lawsuit against Crystal. Once he had the information in hand, he called me to relay the news.

According to Christopher, things had gotten out of hand for Crystal. She had become the talk of the town, and many of her fans had grown to hate her. And since she had a high-profile career, it was impossible to deal with the matter discreetly.

I was surprised to see that even Christopher thought that this was a critical problem at hand. Feeling stumped, I asked, “What are we going to do now?”

“Silly woman. There’s nothing that money can’t solve. Well, all it takes is to pay those who sued Crystal so that they will drop charges against her. Leave it to your father to deal with that. If he can’t even handle that, then I have nothing else to say,” Christopher said and chuckled over the phone.

“What if money can’t solve this? You have to know, some artists regard their artwork more valuable than their own lives.”

“If that’s the case, then too bad. That will serve her right.”

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advantage of my father's good mood to question him about my mother's whereabouts. Despite that, he would often fly into a rage and slap me across the face. Gradually, I stopped asking him. "I'm a grown-up now, Dad. You said it yourself before that once I become an adult, then I don't need your care and concern anymore." After saying that, I took a long deep breath. It was late summer, and the air was warm and humid. However, I somehow felt chilled to the bones. Nathan's face darkened at my remark. He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but no words came out of his mouth. There was no remorse on his face, only calmness. "You've grown up indeed, Yvonne. I can't tell you what to do anymore." "You're wrong again, Dad. How can I pretend I didn't see it when you've already said so?" In the end, I couldn't ignore his opinion. When Christopher returned, I told him about the conversation I had with my father. There was a weird expression on his face as I recounted the conversation. All the while, he kept sighing at me as though he was at a loss of what to say. "I'm a fool, ain't I? Is that why you have nothing to say to me?" I asked as I scratched the back of my head. Not waiting for him to reply, I leaned over and wrapped my arms around his waist, and rested my head on his back. "I often think of myself as a fool. You were the only one who came to see me when I was in prison. None of my family members were there for me. He brought up the news about my mother, and I couldn't refuse him." "He told you about it?" Christopher asked as he tapped the tip of my nose lightly with his finger. "I didn't agree to his terms." The truth is, I'm a little surprised by all this myself. I said with a wry smile, "Chris, maybe I don't miss her as much as I thought I would. So what if I know about her whereabouts? Am I supposed to go and find her? It's been so many years, and she would have started a new family of her own. She probably had forgotten about me." "Well, that sounds reasonable. You should think of a way to win over my mother. I promise you, once you've won her over, she'll shower you with love and warmth. You'll love her to bits," Christopher said earnestly and went on to speak highly of Julia. According to Christopher, Julia would rouse them every morning and serve them breakfast. And instead of having high tea with her wealthy friends during her spare time, she would stay home and play online computer games with them. I couldn't imagine Julia as someone with such high levels of motherly affection, partly because she always seemed like a snobbish woman with a successful career. "Alright, I'll try my best," I said with a shrug. "Don't put so much hope on me. I don't expect her to shower me with love, but I'll be more than happy if she treats me the same way she treats Shelley." I could always rely on Christopher to do his best to take care of things for me. The next day, he went to inquire about the lawsuit against Crystal. Once he had the information in hand, he called me to relay the news. According to Christopher, things had gotten out of hand for

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Nathan spent a lot of money to pay off those who filed the lawsuits against Crystal; as a result, all lawsuits were withdrawn. Even the old man who tried to blackmail Crystal eventually withdrew his case after accepting one million as a pay-off from Nathan.

Needless to say, Crystal would not be put into prison now that all lawsuits had been withdrawn, and she would be released within 24 hours. However, Natalie couldn't bear the thought of Crystal spending another minute in jail, so she came and pester me about this matter.

I roared as I couldn't take it anymore, "Has she ever treated me as her cousin? I don't think so. Why should I help you guys when you did nothing but bully me? Don't take me for a fool."

Natalie stopped pestering me after that. Then, I picked up a newspaper that was sitting on the shelf and flipped through it. There was news coverage on economic development and some other news in Avenport. Then suddenly, I noticed a piece of news in a small section of the newspaper.

Darius was re-elected and appointed as mayor. On the other hand, more than a dozen officials filed a joint report to accuse the Walker family of embezzlement and siphoning funds. As a result, the Walker family failed to run for the position of mayor.

I was a little stunned and read it a few times again. In Avenport, there was none other than the Walker family who was a huge threat to the Lane family. The Walker and the Lane families had a long history of competing with each other, and this outcome was rather surprising.

It was rumored that the Martins were related to the Walkers. The last time I met Monica, I perceived her as someone dangerous. One night, when I woke up in the middle of the night, I overheard Christopher on the phone with someone, and Monica's name was mentioned.

I walked over quietly and leaned against the door.

Christopher said in a whisper, "Monica, together with Benson and Crystal, are working together with the Walker family to go up against us. Thanks to Crystal, we can't depend on the Smiths and the Tanners anymore. You have to be careful, Darius. Mitchell is a shrewd person, don't be careless, and you'd better watch your back."

Upon hearing that, I realized that Monica collaborated with the Walker family to go up against the Lane family. That's utterly ridiculous. Monica had always talked about how much she loved Christopher, but yet she kept doing things that anger him. Does that approach count as loving someone?

The whole charade by Monica and Crystal was just to go up against the Lane family. They probably couldn't stand seeing me together with Christopher and tried to break us apart.

Many times, I had asked Christopher about this privately. But he would always tell me to ignore those petty matters and just focus on my paintings. But how could I ignore those so-called petty matters? Unfortunately, even if I knew what was going on, I wouldn't be able to come up with a solution.

I'm so useless.

Thank goodness that the ploys by Monica and the Walkers didn't work. I was relieved that their conniving ways did not affect the Lane family and Christopher.

When I went to pick up Crystal, I saw her squatting in the corner behind bars. Her sunken eyes were downcast, and she looked so forlorn. She was no longer high-spirited as before.

Her bed was occupied by another woman whom she shared in the cell.

"Crystal, someone is here to pick you up," the guard shouted as she opened the door.

A look of surprise flashed in Crystal's eyes before she jumped up and shouted at the fat woman in her cell, "I'm telling you, don't be too happy. My mom is here to pick me up. And I have told you before, once I'm out of here, I will screw you over. Just wait and see."

Nathan spent a lot of money to pay off those who filed the lawsuits against Crystal; as a result, all lawsuits were withdrawn. Even the old man who tried to blackmail Crystal eventually withdrew his case after accepting one million as a pay-off from Nathan. Needless to say, Crystal would not be put into prison now that all lawsuits had been withdrawn, and she would be released within 24 hours. However, Natalie couldn't bear the thought of Crystal spending another minute in jail, so she came and pester me about this matter. I roared as I couldn't take it anymore, "Has she ever treated me as her cousin? I don't think so. Why should I help you guys when you did nothing but bully me? Don't take me for a fool." Natalie stopped pestering me after that. Then, I picked up a newspaper that was sitting on the shelf and flipped through it. There was news coverage on economic development and some other news in Avenport. Then suddenly, I noticed a piece of news in a small section of the newspaper. Darius was re-elected and appointed as mayor. On the other hand, more than a dozen officials filed a joint report to accuse the Walker family of embezzlement and siphoning funds. As a result, the Walker family failed to run for the position of mayor. I was a little stunned and read it a few times again. In Avenport, there was none other than the Walker family who was a huge threat to the Lane family. The Walker and the Lane families had a long history of competing with each other, and this outcome was rather surprising. It was rumored that the Martins were related to the Walkers. The last time I met Monica, I perceived her as someone dangerous. One night, when I woke up in the middle of the night, I overheard Christopher on the phone with someone, and Monica's name was mentioned. I walked over quietly and leaned against the door. Christopher said in a whisper, "Monica, together with Benson and Crystal, are working together with the Walker family to go up against us. Thanks to Crystal, we can't depend on the Smiths and the Tanners anymore. You have to be careful, Darius. Mitchell is a shrewd person, don't be careless, and you'd better watch your back." Upon hearing that, I realized that Monica collaborated with the Walker family to go up against the Lane family. That's utterly ridiculous. Monica had always talked about how much she loved Christopher, but yet she kept doing things that anger him. Does that approach count as loving someone? The whole charade by Monica and Crystal was just to go up against the Lane family. They probably couldn't stand seeing me together with Christopher and tried to break us apart. Many times, I had asked Christopher about this privately. But he

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The fat woman jumped out of bed and rushed forward to hit Crystal. Crystal let out a scream instantly and scurried out of the cell. Then, she turned around and cursed at the woman before she lambasted the prison guard, "Close the door now before she sneaks out."

"You don't have to tell me what to do," the prison guard snapped at Crystal and slammed the door shut.

Choking back her tears, Crystal turned around and flew into Natalie's arms. She sobbed, "I'm scared, Mom. We've got to do something about those wicked people who tried to put me in jail. We have to make them pay for it."

"My poor girl." Natalie hugged her tightly and patted her on the back to console her. At the same time, tears rolled down her face as she comforted her daughter. "Don't worry. I'll go after those people and make them pay for this."

"Let's get out of here, Mom. I don't want to be here a second longer. The guards didn't even bring me anything to eat. I..."

Crystal took Natalie's hand and turned around to leave when she suddenly noticed me standing in the corridor. Her sullen expression changed to a look of pride before saying, "What are you doing here, Yvonne? Are you here to have a good laugh at me?"

“Sorry to disappoint you. If it weren’t for Dad, I don’t think I ever want to see you again,” I said coldly.

“Tell her to get lost, Mom. I don’t want to see her,” Crystal said as she straightened her clothes and lifted her chin haughtily. She shot me a resentful glare before turning her head away.

“That’s enough, Crystal. Yvonne is the one who got you out of jail,” Nathan said tactfully.

“What did you say? How can that be? Why would she help me get out of jail?” Crystal sputtered as she flailed her arms in exasperation.

Instead of feeling grateful, Crystal continued spitefully, “I don’t want your help, Crystal. Stop trying to act nice. I don’t need your help or pity. I’m going back in. I’m not going to let Yvonne get me out of jail.” After saying that, she turned around and was about to enter the cell again.

Upon seeing that, the prison guard swung open the cell door and sneered, “If you want to be in here again, by all means, go ahead.”

“Don’t be foolish, Crystal. Let’s go home,” Natalie said as she tugged her daughter away.

After watching Crystal’s embarrassing act with my arms folded, I said to Nathan, “I’ve done what you asked me to do, Dad. I’ll take my leave now.”

“Hold up!” Nathan shouted when I reached the end of the corridor. He rushed up to me and asked with a stern expression, “Yvonne, don’t you want to know where your mother is?”

A strong sense of annoyance filled my heart and roared, “I’ve told you before, I don’t have the desire to look for my mother anymore. You don’t have to tell me where she is. She’ll come back when she wants to.”

Whenever I saw Natalie and Crystal’s mother-daughter interaction, it would always fill me with a pang of sadness. Why should I go looking for my mother, who has left me for more than ten years?

I ran out angrily. When I reached the prison gates, I saw Christopher smoking a cigarette as he leaned on his Maserati. The moment he saw me coming out, he raised his eyebrows and smirked devilishly.

I ran up to him and asked with a smile, "What are you doing here?"

"I don't feel comfortable whenever you're alone with them. I'd rather wait here so that I can be here to protect you the moment they bully you. How's that? Are you touched?"

I rushed into his arms and snuggled my head on his chest. He's such a considerate man and so irresistible. I've fallen so hard for this guy.

"Get in the car. We're going to the airport," Christopher said as he opened the car door for me.

"What for?" I blinked and asked.

"To see Monica."

The fat woman jumped out of bed and rushed forward to hit Crystal. Crystal let out a scream instantly and scurried out of the cell. Then, she turned around and cursed at the woman before she lambasted the prison guard, "Close the door now before she sneaks out." "You don't have to tell me what to do," the prison guard snapped at Crystal and slammed the door shut. Choking back her tears, Crystal turned around and flew into Natalie's arms. She sobbed, "I'm scared, Mom. We've got to do something about those wicked people who tried to put me in jail. We have to make them pay for it." "My poor girl." Natalie hugged her tightly and patted her on the back to console her. At the same time, tears rolled down her face as she comforted her daughter. "Don't worry. I'll go after those people and make them pay for this." "Let's get out of here, Mom. I don't want to be here a second longer. The guards didn't even bring me anything to eat. I..." Crystal took Natalie's hand and turned around to leave when she suddenly noticed me standing in the corridor. Her sullen expression changed to a look of pride before saying, "What are you doing here, Yvonne? Are you here to have a good laugh at me?" "Sorry to disappoint you. If it weren't for Dad, I don't think I ever want to see you again," I said coldly. "Tell her to get lost, Mom. I don't want to see her," Crystal said as she straightened her clothes and lifted her chin haughtily. She shot me a resentful glare before turning her head away. "That's enough, Crystal. Yvonne is the one who got you out of jail," Nathan said tactfully. "What did you say? How can that be? Why would she help me get out of jail?" Crystal sputtered as she flailed her arms in exasperation. Instead of feeling grateful, Crystal continued spitefully, "I don't want your help, Crystal. Stop trying to act nice. I don't need your help or pity. I'm going back in. I'm not going to let Yvonne get me out of jail." After saying that, she turned around and was about to enter the cell again. Upon

seeing that, the prison guard swung open the cell door and sneered, "If you want to be in here again, by all means, go ahead." "Don't be foolish, Crystal. Let's go home," Natalie said as she tugged her daughter away. After watching Crystal's embarrassing act with my arms folded, I said to Nathan, "I've done what you asked me to do, Dad. I'll take my leave now." "Hold up!" Nathan shouted when I reached the end of the corridor. He rushed up to me and asked with a stern expression, "Yvonne, don't you want to know where your mother is?" A strong sense of annoyance filled my heart and roared, "I've told you before, I don't have the desire to look for my mother anymore. You don't have to tell me where she is. She'll come back when she wants to." Whenever I saw Natalie and Crystal's mother-daughter interaction, it would always fill me with a pang of sadness. Why should I go looking for my mother, who has left me for more than ten years? I ran out angrily. When I reached the prison gates, I saw Christopher smoking a cigarette as he leaned on his Maserati. The moment he saw me coming out, he raised his eyebrows and smirked devilishly. I ran up to him and asked with a smile, "What are you doing here?" "I don't feel comfortable whenever you're alone with them. I'd rather wait here so that I can be here to protect you the moment they bully you. How's that? Are you touched?" I rushed into his arms and snuggled my head on his chest. He's such a considerate man and so irresistible. I've fallen so hard for this guy. "Get in the car. We're going to the airport," Christopher said as he opened the car door for me. "What for?" I blinked and asked. "To see Monica." Posted by **chapter novel**, ? Views, Released on July 13, 2022

I had just pulled the safety belt out, but Christopher was already helping me buckle up. When he was done, he kissed me on my cheeks before he started driving.

"Did something happen to Monica? Where is she going?" I asked as calmly as I could, but the mere mention of Monica sent me on high alert. That woman had tried to kill me multiple times, so every time she and Crystal were brought up, I'd pay attention so I wouldn't fall for their schemes ever again.

"She's going to Anglandur to work as a pianist. She's exhausted the domestic opportunities, and Anglandur provides a better environment for her. She can perform better overseas," Christopher answered calmly.

Hmm, so she would be going overseas for years. Is she finally giving up? I was surprised if that was the case since she never stopped trying to get rid of me. If she wanted to, she could set me up so badly and get Christopher to marry her.

But now she's going overseas? I was reminded of the news I saw before. The Avenport incident garnered a lot of attention the moment it was reported. Most people didn't mind who the mayor was, but for people like us, this change propelled the Lane family to greater heights.

That was why Christopher had been busy these past few days. He didn't have time to handle Crystal's matter, so he asked his assistant to settle it for him.

The Walkers' failure meant Monica's failure too. Is that why she left Avenport?

My prolonged silence was perceived as an act of jealousy by Christopher, and he chuckled. "You're getting jealous again, aren't you? My mother ordered me to send her off, or she's disowning me. I can't go against her, can I?"

"I'm not jealous. She's still your sister after all, even though you aren't blood related. It's normal to send her off." He must be really sad. After all, he grew up with Monica, but all of a sudden, he found out she has been scheming to get her hands on the Lanes' power and wealth.

If the Lane family was the one who lost the battle, we couldn't have even lived in peace. Fortunately for us, Crystal's scheme was exposed, and thanks to her, the three families' alliance with the Walkers ended in failure. If they managed to work together, the Lanes might have been the ones who lost everything.

When we arrived at the lobby, I decided to stay in the car. "I don't think I should go. Monica wouldn't want to see me at this moment, so I'll be waiting right here."

"Someone seems very confident." Christopher arched his eyebrow.

"Oh, just go. She's waiting for you." I pushed Christopher, closed the door, and waved at him. He valued the people close to him, so I knew he wouldn't cheat on me or anything.

After he was gone, I wanted to play some Candy Crush to kill the time. But before the app could load, someone knocked on the car's window. I thought we were getting in someone's way, so I nudged the car closer to the sidewalk.

But even so, the knocking didn't stop. Curious, I looked up from my phone, but what I saw nearly triggered a heart attack? Who the heck is out there? Oh, wait. Monica? Isn't she in the lobby? Why is she here?

She was waving at me, so I opened the door and pointed at the terminal. "Chris is inside. You can look for him in the terminal."

"I saw him." Monica looked at me, her gaze complex. "But I'm here for you."

"Me?" I stared at her in confusion, since I didn't think there was anything we could talk about.

Monica was wearing a casual tracksuit, but even so, that couldn't hide her beauty. "I don't think I should see him, since I did... a lot of things. Julia and Chris shrugged it off, but I can't bring myself to see them. Which brings me to you." Her eyes were filled with sadness and guilt, and when she brought Christopher up, her voice broke.

I had just pulled the safety belt out, but Christopher was already helping me buckle up. When he was done, he kissed me on my cheeks before he started driving. "Did something happen to Monica? Where is she going?" I asked as calmly as I could, but the mere mention of Monica sent me on high alert. That woman had tried to kill me multiple times, so every time she and Crystal were brought up, I'd pay attention so I wouldn't fall for their schemes ever again. "She's going to Anglandur to work as a pianist. She's exhausted the domestic opportunities, and Anglandur provides a better environment for her. She can perform better overseas," Christopher answered calmly. Hmm, so she would be going overseas for years. Is she finally giving up? I was surprised if that was the case since she never stopped trying to get rid of me. If she wanted to, she could set me up so badly and get Christopher to marry her. But now she's going overseas? I was reminded of the news I saw before. The Avenport incident garnered a lot of attention the moment it was reported. Most people didn't mind who the mayor was, but for people like us, this change propelled the Lane family to greater heights. That was why Christopher had been busy these past few days. He didn't have time to handle Crystal's matter, so he asked his assistant to settle it for him. The Walkers' failure meant Monica's failure too. Is that why she left Avenport? My prolonged silence was perceived as an act of jealousy by Christopher, and he chuckled. "You're getting jealous again, aren't you? My mother ordered me to send her off, or she's disowning me. I can't go against her, can I?" "I'm not jealous. She's still your sister after all, even though you aren't blood related. It's normal to send her off." He must be really sad. After all, he grew up with Monica, but all of a sudden, he found out she has been scheming to get her hands on the Lanes' power and wealth. If the Lane family was the one who lost the battle, we couldn't have even lived in peace. Fortunately for us, Crystal's scheme was exposed, and thanks to her, the three families' alliance with the Walkers ended in failure. If they

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"Say, what do you want to tell me? I'll see what I can do," I answered seriously.

Monica wiped her tears off and smiled. "That's fast. Aren't you worried I might ask for an impossible favor?"

"If you do, I'll just refuse. But if it's something menial, I can help you out if I get the chance. Christopher still sees you as his sister after all." I rolled my eyes. "I'm not an idiot, you know," I mumbled.

"I know you can do this. It's a simple request." My answer amused her, and she laughed. When she was done laughing, she handed me a little box. "Tell him I said sorry. He's a great brother, but I let him slip from my hands unknowingly. This is my parting gift for him.

"I'll be going overseas to pursue my dreams and career. My mentor told me I can rise to greater heights as long as I work for it. Alas, love made me stop my pursuit, but now that I've unloaded the baggage, it's time to resume the pursuit for happiness."

“I’ll relay your message to him, but I think he’ll be happier to hear you tell him yourself. No matter what, you two grew up together, and you’re just like a sister to him. He won’t mind the little details.”

It had been a while since I last saw Monica, but her change was tremendous. She used to be arrogant and ostentatious, but she looked calmer and restrained now. She was as soft spoken as ever, but her newfound calmness added to her charm. If I didn’t know better, I would have thought she was a goddess on earth. In zoomer terms, she passed the vibe check hard.

The more I looked at her, the more insecure I was. Yes, I was hot as well, but I was nothing compared to Monica. “Good thing I’m not friends with you. It’s gonna be hard standing beside you. I mean, you’d steal the limelight all for yourself,” I muttered under my breath.

Monica was surprised I’d say that, she chuckled politely. “You’re an interesting woman, Yvonne. If it weren’t for the history between us, I would have wanted you as a friend.”

I scratched my head and smiled dryly. “We can still be friends now.”

“Let’s put that on the shelf for now.” Monica shook her head adamantly. “Don’t forget to invite me to your wedding. I’ll be sure to attend it. We can be friends then.”

Eventually, the announcer was calling all the passengers to board the next flight. It was Monica’s flight, so she looked at the time and told me, “It’s my flight soon. Take good care of Christopher... he deserves every ounce of kindness in the world. He cares for you a lot, so don’t break his heart. If you do that, I’m coming back from Anglandur to take him for myself no matter what.”

“Then you can forget about that plan because you’re never getting that chance,” I gave her my promise, though I was slightly annoyed. I’d appreciate it if you don’t crack that kind of joke.

“Goodbye, Yvonne.” She waved me goodbye before going into the terminal. Just before she disappeared from my sight, I stopped her, “Are you sure you don’t want to say goodbye to Chris, Monica?”

“You talk too much. I might just kiss him if we meet, you know. It’ll make the headlines tomorrow, and you can do nothing about it, you dummy.” She

stretched her hand and poked at the air. It was supposed to be a thuggish move, but it looked lovely when she did it. Cute.

Maybe that was how Monica was really like. Honestly, I'd take that over her indifferent attitude any day. She was so down to earth.

As her flight took off into the skies, I stared up to see it off, until the airplane was nothing but a speck among the clouds. Goodbye, Monica.

"Say, what do you want to tell me? I'll see what I can do," I answered seriously. Monica wiped her tears off and smiled. "That's fast. Aren't you worried I might ask for an impossible favor?" "If you do, I'll just refuse. But if it's something menial, I can help you out if I get the chance. Christopher still sees you as his sister after all." I rolled my eyes. "I'm not an idiot, you know," I mumbled. "I know you can do this. It's a simple request." My answer amused her, and she laughed. When she was done laughing, she handed me a little box. "Tell him I said sorry. He's a great brother, but I let him slip from my hands unknowingly. This is my parting gift for him. "I'll be going overseas to pursue my dreams and career. My mentor told me I can rise to greater heights as long as I work for it. Alas, love made me stop my pursuit, but now that I've unloaded the baggage, it's time to resume the pursuit for happiness." "I'll relay your message to him, but I think he'll be happier to hear you tell him yourself. No matter what, you two grew up together, and you're just like a sister to him. He won't mind the little details." It had been a while since I last saw Monica, but her change was tremendous. She used to be arrogant and ostentatious, but she looked calmer and restrained now. She was as soft spoken as ever, but her newfound calmness added to her charm. If I didn't know better, I would have thought she was a goddess on earth. In zoomer terms, she passed the vibe check hard. The more I looked at her, the more insecure I was. Yes, I was hot as well, but I was nothing compared to Monica. "Good thing I'm not friends with you. It's gonna be hard standing beside you. I mean, you'd steal the limelight all for yourself," I muttered under my breath. Monica was surprised I'd say that, she chuckled politely. "You're an interesting woman, Yvonne. If it weren't for the history between us, I would have wanted you as a friend." I scratched my head and smiled dryly. "We can still be friends now." "Let's put that on the shelf for now." Monica shook her head adamantly. "Don't forget to invite me to your wedding. I'll be sure to attend it. We can be friends then." Eventually, the announcer was calling all the passengers to board the next flight. It was Monica's flight, so she looked at the time and told me, "It's my flight soon. Take good care of Christopher... he deserves every ounce of kindness in the world. He cares for you a lot, so don't break his heart. If you do that, I'm coming back from Anglandur to take him for myself no matter

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Christopher came back a short while later, but the first thing he did was call his mother. “Mom, she's not in the terminal.” He sounded annoyed. “Are you sure you got the time right? I went around the place, but I didn't see her. Couldn't get through to her phone either. What? She's already gone? Hey, that's not my fault. I came as you asked.”

The call obviously upset Christopher, so he kept quiet for a while after he hung up. When I patted his shoulder, he pulled my hand away. “Not now.”

“Say, a pretty lady wanted you to have this. Wanna have a look?”

I handed the box to him, but he pushed it away without even looking at it. “Now now, Eve. There's this lump in my throat, but I can't make it go away. Monica used to be this lovely little girl who came with me everywhere I went. We used to be really happy, just like how real siblings would. But now...”

“Then open this gift, and I guarantee the lump will go away.” I poked him a few more times.

My insistence got the better of him, so he took the box from me and took the lid off. When he realized what was inside, he froze up for a moment.

“Handmade truffle cookies?”

He quickly stared at me in shock, while I stuck my tongue out. “Told you you'll feel better. The lump's all gone now, eh?” I grinned.

Christopher popped a cookie into his mouth, and his eyes lit up. “Yep, she made this alright. She sucks at baking, but she’s one tough cookie. No pun intended. I used to love handmade cookies like this, so she made it for me once. Tasted like crap though, so I only took one bite and shoved the rest to Zachary. Her pride was scarred, but she didn’t say it. Over the next couple of months, she spent a lot of time making these cookies and baked a bunch for me on my next birthday.

“But since I was just a kid back then, I stuffed as many cookies as I could at every chance I got. By the time she gave me her cookies, the novelty had worn off, so I gave all of them to Darius. Didn’t think I’d see this again. Brings back memories.”

“She said she’d come back for our wedding,” I joked.

“Why don’t we get married as soon as possible? Then, you can see her again.”

Christopher was shocked that Monica would say that, but his eyes shone with relief. “I see. She has really let it go, huh? Did she say anything else?”

“She told me to take good care of you, or she’d come back and take you away from me.” I leaned on his shoulder and smiled. “Looks like I have to bring my A game now, or she might just take you away.”

“And I’ll still come back even if she were to do that.” He wrapped his arm around my waist and gave me a French kiss. His tongue pried my lips open, had a taste of my mouth, and started waltzing with my tongue.

His kiss was strong and passionate. While he was kissing me, he pushed the seats down, so I had to lean back. As I responded to his kiss, I wrapped my arms around his neck so I could taste him deeper. Once we were done, he went to pull up the shades. “We’re in a car park. There are lots of people here, so cut it out.” I was breathing heavily, my face red.

“Relax. Nobody would spend their time staring at cars in a car park.” Once he pulled the shades up, the car was plunged into darkness. After he turned the lights on, I realized he was already pinning me down against the chair.

He showed me a pack of condom. I thought he’d use it, but instead he snickered and tossed it aside before thrusting Christopher Jr. in me. Then he

buried his head between my breasts, while his hands were touching my body all over.

“You said you wanted a child, so I guess we’re doing it raw today.”

His fingers felt cold and slimy as if they were snakes brushing across my body. The sensation made me shiver, and I glared at him. “I think I’ve been giving you too much free rein. Sabrina told me that women should be a bit more aggressive in sex, or men would get a big head.”

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“So did I get a big head?” Since he was doing it raw, Christopher was especially excited about it. He was moving like a virgin who was having sex for the first time, or in other words, he was just ramming it in.

“I mean, one of your heads is thrusting me.” I could do nothing but clench down on him as I try to make him finish.

“True, but I'm not finishing this soon. This is something to be savored.” Christopher held my head and leaned down to kiss the corner of my eyes, licking the tears I shed.

Christopher came in me twice before he was done with me. After we came back, I started feeling like a failure. Sabrina had told me a lot about sex, but every time I tried to take her advice, I would fail. Crestfallen, I decided I'd stay in bed and do nothing. Christopher's gonna cook and feed me today.

But then a courier called me. “Hi, it's your courier here. Mind coming out to take your package?” I quickly took the package from him and opened it. The moment I did, a red invitation card laced in gold slid out.

Christopher came out of the kitchen, but he was still wearing the cartoon apron. When he noticed the invitation on the floor, he asked, "Is that a wedding invitation?"

I picked the invitation up and put it on my palms. This is finely made. The main color was red, and it was laced in gold. There was a simple drawing of a dragon and a phoenix in the center. After I opened it, I noticed the invitation was written in a beautiful, elegant font. Judging by the artistic value alone, the words were enough to make this invitation a work of art.

It was an invitation for Ansley's art exhibition. The time and venue were also listed, but that didn't register in my brain, since I couldn't think of anything else when I realized what the invitation was for.

I've received the news two weeks ago, but I didn't process it then. Back then, Christopher was going on a blind date, then Julia forced him to get another fiancée. However, Christopher and I messed things up. I thought we could catch a break after that, but then the problem with Crystal popped up.

In the end, the invitation completely slipped my mind, but now that it was in my hands, I had a lot of questions to ask.

"What? What happened?" Christopher came over to take the invitation from me. When he saw the content, he was visibly happy for me. But when he realized I wasn't showing any reaction, he patted my cheek and huddled closer. "What? You are too happy that you can't talk?"

I shook my head and took the invitation back, then I led him to the sofa and told him to have a seat. Once he did, I hunkered down to meet him in the eye. "Chris, Ansley's assistant has called me two weeks ago," I said seriously. "They wanted me on his art exhibition. Ansley took an interest in Moonlight Heaven, so he wanted it to be exhibited during his exclusive exhibition."

"Well, that's good news then. You have proved yourself to the world. I knew you can do it. You're the best." Christopher had a broad grin on his face, looking happier than he did if he were to become the mayor.

I placed the invitation in his hands and whispered, "But I remember that you kept Moonlight Heaven in your bedroom after I gave it to you. So why did it show up in Anglandur?"

Christopher chuckled, then he huddled closer, his nose was just millimeters away from me. "Because that's the perfect spot for it." He grinned. "I can't let such a great artwork collect dust in my room, can I?"

"That's its perfect spot?" My eyes widened in shock. That's the same thing he told me when he asked for my painting. I never told Christopher about it after I was disqualified from the competition, but apparently, he knew what had happened all along.

"Yes. That's the perfect spot for Moonlight Heaven." Christopher opened the invitation and smiled.

"Will you come with me then?" I asked dumbly.

"It's your exhibition, so of course I'm going. I'll bear witness to your glory."

That made me tear up. Of all the things he told me, that was the one that hit the hardest and sweetest.

"So did I get a big head?" Since he was doing it raw, Christopher was especially excited about it. He was moving like a virgin who was having sex for the first time, or in other words, he was just ramming it in. "I mean, one of your heads is thrusting me." I could do nothing but clench down on him as I try to make him finish. "True, but I'm not finishing this soon. This is something to be savored." Christopher held my head and leaned down to kiss the corner of my eyes, licking the tears I shed. Christopher came in me twice before he was done with me. After we came back, I started feeling like a failure. Sabrina had told me a lot about sex, but every time I tried to take her advice, I would fail. Crestfallen, I decided I'd stay in bed and do nothing. Christopher's gonna cook and feed me today. But then a courier called me. "Hi, it's your courier here. Mind coming out to take your package?" I quickly took the package from him and opened it. The moment I did, a red invitation card laced in gold slid out. Christopher came out of the kitchen, but he was still wearing the cartoon apron. When he noticed the invitation on the floor, he asked, "Is that a wedding invitation?" I picked the invitation up and put it on my palms. This is finely made. The main color was red, and it was laced in gold. There was a simple drawing of a dragon and a phoenix in the center. After I opened it, I noticed the invitation was written in a beautiful, elegant font. Judging by the artistic value alone, the words were enough to make this invitation a work of art. It was an invitation for Ansley's art exhibition. The time and venue were also listed, but that didn't register in my brain, since I couldn't think of anything else when I realized what the invitation was for. I've received the news two

weeks ago, but I didn't process it then. Back then, Christopher was going on a blind date, then Julia forced him to get another fiancée. However, Christopher and I messed things up. I thought we could catch a break after that, but then the problem with Crystal popped up. In the end, the invitation completely slipped my mind, but now that it was in my hands, I had a lot of questions to ask. "What? What happened?" Christopher came over to take the invitation from me. When he saw the content, he was visibly happy for me. But when he realized I wasn't showing any reaction, he patted my cheek and huddled closer. "What? You are too happy that you can't talk?" I shook my head and took the invitation back, then I led him to the sofa and told him to have a seat. Once he did, I hunkered down to meet him in the eye. "Chris, Ansley's assistant has called me two weeks ago," I said seriously. "They wanted me on his art exhibition. Ansley took an interest in Moonlight Heaven, so he wanted it to be exhibited during his exclusive exhibition." "Well, that's good news then. You have proved yourself to the world. I knew you can do it. You're the best." Christopher had a broad grin on his face, looking happier than he did if he were to become the mayor. I placed the invitation in his hands and whispered, "But I remember that you kept Moonlight Heaven in your bedroom after I gave it to you. So why did it show up in Anglandur?" Christopher chuckled, then he huddled closer, his nose was just millimeters away from me. "Because that's the perfect spot for it." He grinned. "I can't let such a great artwork collect dust in my room, can I?" "That's its perfect spot?" My eyes widened in shock. That's the same thing he told me when he asked for my painting. I never told Christopher about it after I was disqualified from the competition, but apparently, he knew what had happened all along. "Yes. That's the perfect spot for Moonlight Heaven." Christopher opened the invitation and smiled. "Will you come with me then?" I asked dumbly. "It's your exhibition, so of course I'm going. I'll bear witness to your glory." That made me tear up. Of all the things he told me, that was the one that hit the hardest and sweetest.

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

Ansley's art exhibition had brought endless inspiration to me. I cooped myself up in the house to study the various techniques of painting, as well as to study some related information.

Right then, I earnestly hoped for a master's guidance. Even though I could learn it all on my own, I knew that my learning process would be much accelerated if there was a master guiding me. It seemed like my Eastsummer trip was wasted though, and Crystal did not seem to appreciate it enough.

I stayed at home for three days, and my draft drawings were strewn across the floor. I drove myself to exhaustion and snuggled myself into the blanket to sleep. Christopher dragged me out of my blanket and dressed me up as he said, "Follow me."

"Where are we going? I have new inspiration popping into my head today, and I'm not going to let it go to waste." I rejected the man outright, knowing full well that my bloodshot eyes were quite scary.

"Fine. I'm going to go myself if you don't feel like going then." Christopher wiped my face and went to open the wardrobe. Just when I thought he was really going to leave me alone, he made his way over and draped a coat over me. Oblivious to what he was about to do, I yawned and was about to add a few strokes to my artwork yesterday. However, Christopher came over and slung me over his shoulder.

Stumped, I shouted, "What are you doing?"

"I'm heading out. It's none of your business," Christopher said impassively.

"Da*n it. I couldn't care less if you're going out. Why did you carry me on your shoulders though?"

Christopher did not pay heed to my protests and carried me to the car. He secured my seatbelts and stepped on the pedal. I was taken aback by the speed, and could not help but notice that his impetuous manner kind of resembled Sabrina sometimes.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To see someone very important," he said.

I guessed that he was going to bring me to see his best friends but only realized that he was taking me to see two quite old friends instead. One was the famous painter, Spencer Lynch while the other one was the incredibly skilled painter, Remington Fowler.

"What are you getting at?" I pointed at the two and asked Christopher.

"You're participating in an art exhibition soon, and is always yapping on about finding some seniors to guide you. I just think that these two are qualified to do so. Feel free to ask them any questions. Should they fail to answer you,

then you just scold them.” Christopher wrapped his arms around himself in a domineering manner.

“Ha-ha.” I let out a dry chuckle, not at all amused by his suggestion. Did he just say that these two were just qualified? Was he oblivious to the fact that most people would be over the moon to be able to get the guidance of these two at the same time? I would not even dream of scolding them both.

“Greetings, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Fowler. It’s been a long time since we last met. Thank you for helping me out at the art exhibition last time. I haven’t been able to thank you guys enough as I’ve been occupied.” I walked over and greeted the two reputable painters.

However, I noticed that Spencer was not quite comfortable looking at me, and he did not even seem like he wanted to talk to me. Was Christopher certain that he had helped me?

“You’re most welcome, Ms. Tanner. I’ve always admired your artwork. Even though your sexual orientation is quite a mystery, and you seem to swing both ways, but I’m quite liberal in that aspect. Hence, I could understand and respect your ways. I just hope that you’re not the type to engage in messy romantic affairs,” Remington said as he shook my hand.

I almost choked on his words. What did he mean by my sexual orientation was a mystery? And what was up with him thinking that I was inclined to engage in messy romantic affairs? I’d only messed with Christopher, okay?

“Thank you, Mr. Fowler,” I said dryly. I did not know what else to say, to be honest.

Christopher chuckled out loud upon hearing what they had to say. He did not seem like he had any intention of clearing the air as he piled on deliberately and said, “Remington, don’t worry. She won’t dump me.”

When the two were not paying close attention, I took the liberty to step on Christopher’s toes, making him jump in pain.

Meanwhile, the two of them were discussing some golf techniques, and turned around to ask, “What’s the matter?”

“A mosquito bit me on my toes,” Christopher hugged his legs and joked.

Ansley's art exhibition had brought endless inspiration to me. I cooped myself up in the house to study the various techniques of painting, as well as to study some related information. Right then, I earnestly hoped for a master's guidance. Even though I could learn it all on my own, I knew that my learning process would be much accelerated if there was a master guiding me. It seemed like my Eastsummer trip was wasted though, and Crystal did not seem to appreciate it enough. I stayed at home for three days, and my draft drawings were strewn across the floor. I drove myself to exhaustion and snuggled myself into the blanket to sleep. Christopher dragged me out of my blanket and dressed me up as he said, "Follow me." "Where are we going? I have new inspiration popping into my head today, and I'm not going to let it go to waste." I rejected the man outright, knowing full well that my bloodshot eyes were quite scary. "Fine. I'm going to go myself if you don't feel like going then." Christopher wiped my face and went to open the wardrobe. Just when I thought he was really going to leave me alone, he made his way over and draped a coat over me. Oblivious to what he was about to do, I yawned and was about to add a few strokes to my artwork yesterday. However, Christopher came over and slung me over his shoulder. Stumped, I shouted, "What are you doing?" "I'm heading out. It's none of your business," Christopher said impassively. "Da*n it. I couldn't care less if you're going out. Why did you carry me on your shoulders though?" Christopher did not pay heed to my protests and carried me to the car. He secured my seatbelts and stepped on the pedal. I was taken aback by the speed, and could not help but notice that his impetuous manner kind of resembled Sabrina sometimes. "Where are you taking me?" "To see someone very important," he said. I guessed that he was going to bring me to see his best friends but only realized that he was taking me to see two quite old friends instead. One was the famous painter, Spencer Lynch while the other one was the incredibly skilled painter, Remington Fowler. "What are you getting at?" I pointed at the two and asked Christopher. "You're participating in an art exhibition soon, and is always yapping on about finding some seniors to guide you. I just think that these two are qualified to do so. Feel free to ask them any questions. Should they fail to answer you, then you just scold them." Christopher wrapped his arms around himself in a domineering manner. "Ha-ha." I let out a dry chuckle, not at all amused by his suggestion. Did he just say that these two were just qualified? Was he oblivious to the fact that most people would be over the moon to be able to get the guidance of these two at the same time? I would not even dream of scolding them both. "Greetings, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Fowler. It's been a long time since we last met. Thank you for helping me out at the art exhibition last time. I haven't been able to thank you guys enough as I've been occupied." I walked over and greeted the two reputable painters. However, I

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