

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 501-510

Posted by **chapter novel**, 55 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“Eve, I know you’re angry that I didn’t look for you throughout the years. I just... I just didn’t know how to face you, so I-”

Isabelle’s remark was tantamount to pouring fuel on the fire. I jerked my head up and glowered at her resentfully even as I roared, “Just because you didn’t know how to face me, so you decided to avoid me? For that reason, you simply pretended that you have no daughter? If it weren’t for this party today that had us bumping into each other, were you planning to avoid me for the rest of your life?”

“No, that’s not it. Let me explain, Eve. I-”

“Then, tell me this—was it you I saw on the street three days ago?” I snarled, all my sanity obliterated by rage. After so many years, the image of my mother has become increasingly faded. Sometimes, when I dreamed of her at night, I even doubted that I actually had no mother and all those wonderful memories were just fantasies my mind made up because I was missing my mother too much.

“You’ve grown up, Eve.” The look in Isabelle’s eyes as she gazed at me radiated an indecipherable sense of sorrow. She stared at me intently. “I’m really glad to see that you’ve grown up well and are even so outstanding now. It seems that your father took good care of you. It turns out that he has some conscience, after all. As such, I can finally rest easy.”

Haha! Sure enough, she has never paid any attention to me throughout the years. Otherwise, why would she say such a thing? Nathan is good to me and took good care of me? That’s the funniest joke I’ve ever heard! If it weren’t for my memories verifying the fact that I’m truly a Tanner, a daughter of the Tanner family, I’d suspect that I was merely adopted. Thus, they then had reason to be apathetic toward me, and my father could also treat me worse than a stranger!

“You only need to tell me this—was it you I saw on the street that day?” I demanded through gritted teeth. “I don’t want to listen to anything else.”

Isabelle went silent for a moment. At my obstinacy, she finally nodded before heaving a sigh and admitting, “Yes, it was me.”

“Haha!” I inexorably burst into laughter, cackling so hard that I doubled over. “You shouldn’t have attended this party. And even if you did, you shouldn’t have asked for a meeting with me. Since you didn’t want to see me in the past, what’s the point of doing so now?”

“Eve, I just... just... missed you too much, so I came to see you. I’m sorry.” Isabelle sighed again. She seemed to be enveloped by great sorrow, making her entire person seem melancholic.

“Did you miss me so much that you didn’t even have the time to give me a call?” Inhaling deeply, I lifted my head and tried my utmost best to hold back my tears that were on the verge of falling. I don’t want to cry, nor am I willing to do so! If I’m the only one who’d been anticipating this reunion that had been a long time coming, why should I shed any tears?

“It’s not that I didn’t want to give you a call, but I couldn’t do so,” Isabelle murmured.

“Please stop putting up an act. The moment I reached eight years old, I no longer had a mother. When my father beat me, I didn’t have a mother to protect me. When Yvette picked on me, I likewise had no mother to shield me. When Crystal pushed me in the water, causing me to almost drown... and when my reputation was ruined after my husband was snatched away, pushing me to the brink of ending everything, no one around me cared about me. Where were you then?”

That was exactly how human nature worked—one might not really care when it was something unattainable, but when one came to possess it, one couldn’t accept the pain of losing it. I yearned to see her, but I didn’t expect that I could actually bring myself to say something so outrageous after seeing her now!

“Nathan wasn’t good to you?” Isabelle demanded furiously as she finally registered the meaning of my words.

I didn’t want to continue talking to her anymore, so I spun on my heels to leave. However, she grabbed my wrist. “Eve!”

“I’m sorry, but I’m not all that close with you, Mrs. Goldstein. Please excuse me if there’s nothing else. I still have to attend the art exhibition and compete tomorrow, so I don’t have the time to tarry here.” Shaking off her hand, I bolted out of the room.

This time, Isabelle didn't chase after me, and I couldn't really tell whether I was more disappointed or sad. After leaving the room, I couldn't help bursting into tears. I wailed at the top of my lungs.

"Eve, I know you're angry that I didn't look for you throughout the years. I just... I just didn't know how to face you, so I—" Isabelle's remark was tantamount to pouring fuel on the fire. I jerked my head up and glowered at her resentfully even as I roared, "Just because you didn't know how to face me, so you decided to avoid me? For that reason, you simply pretended that you have no daughter? If it weren't for this party today that had us bumping into each other, were you planning to avoid me for the rest of your life?" "No, that's not it. Let me explain, Eve. I—" "Then, tell me this—was it you I saw on the street three days ago?" I snarled, all my sanity obliterated by rage. After so many years, the image of my mother has become increasingly faded. Sometimes, when I dreamed of her at night, I even doubted that I actually had no mother and all those wonderful memories were just fantasies my mind made up because I was missing my mother too much. "You've grown up, Eve." The look in Isabelle's eyes as she gazed at me radiated an indecipherable sense of sorrow. She stared at me intently. "I'm really glad to see that you've grown up well and are even so outstanding now. It seems that your father took good care of you. It turns out that he has some conscience, after all. As such, I can finally rest easy." Haha! Sure enough, she has never paid any attention to me throughout the years. Otherwise, why would she say such a thing? Nathan is good to me and took good care of me? That's the funniest joke I've ever heard! If it weren't for my memories verifying the fact that I'm truly a Tanner, a daughter of the Tanner family, I'd suspect that I was merely adopted. Thus, they then had reason to be apathetic toward me, and my father could also treat me worse than a stranger! "You only need to tell me this—was it you I saw on the street that day?" I demanded through gritted teeth. "I don't want to listen to anything else." Isabelle went silent for a moment. At my obstinacy, she finally nodded before heaving a sigh and admitting, "Yes, it was me." "Haha!" I inexorably burst into laughter, cackling so hard that I doubled over. "You shouldn't have attended this party. And even if you did, you shouldn't have asked for a meeting with me. Since you didn't want to see me in the past, what's the point of doing so now?" "Eve, I just... just... missed you too much, so I came to see you. I'm sorry." Isabelle sighed again. She seemed to be enveloped by great sorrow, making her entire person seem melancholic. "Did you miss me so much that you didn't even have the time to give me a call?" Inhaling deeply, I lifted my head and tried my utmost best to hold back my tears that were on the verge of falling. I don't want to cry, nor am I willing to do so! If I'm the only one who'd been

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The reunion between a mother and daughter who hadn't seen each other for many years should have been exceedingly touching. However, even Isabelle herself could sense the distance between us. Not only did her feeble consolation and words that cut me to the quick fail to reduce the distance between us, but they had blood gushing from my wound instead.

After she had left, and the family had an addition of a stepmother and her daughter, how good would my life be as a child with no mother? Had she never considered all that? I just wanted a hug from her and for her to tell me how much she missed me and console me for having suffered in her absence while sobbing. But she didn't say that to me. She merely uttered vapid words of how Nathan took good care of me!

I didn't stay at the party. Christopher kept comforting me after returning to the hotel, but I remained despondent.

"Since you missed her so much, why didn't you talk to her nicely? You really should have kept a tight rein on your temper. Look, you only caused yourself

to be so crestfallen and regretful instead. I've truly pampered you too much," Christopher lamented with a sigh as he hugged me.

"Perhaps I expected too much." I rubbed my red and swollen eyes before forcing a chuckle. "Chris, I really wanted to throw myself into her arms and exclaim for joy that I've finally found her and now have a mother at long last. But I truly couldn't bring myself to do so anymore at her feeble words of consolation. Do you think I went overboard?"

"You only did something many people will do, so it's human nature. When you see her next time, talk to her nicely."

Talk to her nicely? I inwardly heaved a sigh. I'm afraid that I might not know what to say to her.

"She might still put in an appearance at the party tomorrow, so communicate with her properly then."

"Okay," I answered wanly. Instead of anticipating meeting her again, I was instead filled with apprehension.

On the second day of the party, a charity auction was held at the Pelagic Museum. Ansley donated an old painting from his collection and declared that he would be channeling the proceeds from the auction of the painting to impoverished areas. Likewise, the rest of us could also donate the proceeds from the auction of our paintings to the country on the spot.

Entering the banquet hall with Christopher, we sat in the seats arranged by the organizer. I immediately started searching the place, but I saw no signs of my mother. Instead, I only saw Mark sitting in the frontmost seat alone.

"That's the patriarch of the Goldstein family, yes?" I asked Christopher.

Christopher cast a glance at the elegant man in front before nodding. "Yup, he's Lucas' uncle and has been recuperating in Anglandur all these years. Rumor has it that his health isn't all that great."

"Does he have any children?" I inquired in a whisper. Would I have other siblings? If Mom has other children, I think I'd be a good sister.

"There haven't been any rumors about that matter," Christopher explained.

Back then, there was a very fierce internal strife in the Goldstein family in a bid to vie for power. In the end, the position of the patriarch fell to Mark. His uncles, who fought him for the position, all ended up in bad shape. It was said that his poor health was due to someone else setting him up. For that reason, he entrusted Lucas' father to manage the Goldstein family."

Perhaps I was staring too hard that Mark abruptly turned and looked at me. Then, he even flashed me an amicable smile and beckoned at me, saying, "Why don't you come over and sit here?"

Forcing a smile, I politely declined.

I was looking forward to my mother's appearance the entire night, but she never turned up. Finally, I gave up.

The host of the auction was skilled at making the atmosphere lively. As such, painting after painting was auctioned off at high prices. Just then, the host on the stage suddenly cried out, "The next painting to be auctioned off is a painting known as Autumnal Panorama, the work of Hawen's new school artist, Crystal Yates! She's an apprentice of Oliver Horne, and Mr. Horne has had high praises for this painting! Now, let's all enjoy the autumnal feeling of the painting..."

The reunion between a mother and daughter who hadn't seen each other for many years should have been exceedingly touching. However, even Isabelle herself could sense the distance between us. Not only did her feeble consolation and words that cut me to the quick fail to reduce the distance between us, but they had blood gushing from my wound instead. After she had left, and the family had an addition of a stepmother and her daughter, how good would my life be as a child with no mother? Had she never considered all that? I just wanted a hug from her and for her to tell me how much she missed me and console me for having suffered in her absence while sobbing. But she didn't say that to me. She merely uttered vapid words of how Nathan took good care of me! I didn't stay at the party. Christopher kept comforting me after returning to the hotel, but I remained despondent. "Since you missed her so much, why didn't you talk to her nicely? You really should have kept a tight rein on your temper. Look, you only caused yourself to be so crestfallen and regretful instead. I've truly pampered you too much," Christopher lamented with a sigh as he hugged me. "Perhaps I expected too much." I rubbed my red and swollen eyes before forcing a chuckle. "Chris, I really wanted to throw myself into her arms and exclaim for joy that I've finally found her and now have a mother at long last. But I truly couldn't bring myself

to do so anymore at her feeble words of consolation. Do you think I went overboard?" "You only did something many people will do, so it's human nature. When you see her next time, talk to her nicely." Talk to her nicely? I inwardly heaved a sigh. I'm afraid that I might not know what to say to her. "She might still put in an appearance at the party tomorrow, so communicate with her properly then." "Okay," I answered wanly. Instead of anticipating meeting her again, I was instead filled with apprehension. On the second day of the party, a charity auction was held at the Pelagic Museum. Ansley donated an old painting from his collection and declared that he would be channeling the proceeds from the auction of the painting to impoverished areas. Likewise, the rest of us could also donate the proceeds from the auction of our paintings to the country on the spot. Entering the banquet hall with Christopher, we sat in the seats arranged by the organizer. I immediately started searching the place, but I saw no signs of my mother. Instead, I only saw Mark sitting in the frontmost seat alone. "That's the patriarch of the Goldstein family, yes?" I asked Christopher. Christopher cast a glance at the elegant man in front before nodding. "Yup, he's Lucas' uncle and has been recuperating in Anglandur all these years. Rumor has it that his health isn't all that great." "Does he have any children?" I inquired in a whisper. Would I have other siblings? If Mom has other children, I think I'd be a good sister. "There haven't been any rumors about that matter," Christopher explained. Back then, there was a very fierce internal strife in the Goldstein family in a bid to vie for power. In the end, the position of the patriarch fell to Mark. His uncles, who fought him for the position, all ended up in bad shape. It was said that his poor health was due to someone else setting him up. For that reason, he entrusted Lucas' father to manage the Goldstein family." Perhaps I was staring too hard that Mark abruptly turned and looked at me. Then, he even flashed me an amicable smile and beckoned at me, saying, "Why don't you come over and sit here?" Forcing a smile, I politely declined. I was looking forward to my mother's appearance the entire night, but she never turned up. Finally, I gave up. The host of the auction was skilled at making the atmosphere lively. As such, painting after painting was auctioned off at high prices. Just then, the host on the stage suddenly cried out, "The next painting to be auctioned off is a painting known as Autumnal Panorama, the work of Hawen's new school artist, Crystal Yates! She's an apprentice of Oliver Horne, and Mr. Horne has had high praises for this painting! Now, let's all enjoy the autumnal feeling of the painting..."

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I sprang to my feet and stared intently at the painting that the staff was unscrolling slowly. The painting was preserved very well. Subsequently, the

blooms under the autumn moonlight and the back of someone missing her mother were then revealed right before my eyes. That was the painting I painted stroke by stroke as I wept during a rainy night when I missed my mother.

I cast my gaze into the crowd, and sure enough, I spotted Crystal sitting right in the middle. When she saw me looking at her, she flashed me a wide grin. Then, she gave me a thumbs-up which she then inverted provocatively.

Fury built within me bit by bit until my eyes were blinded by rage.

Well, well... She's really daring! She has already been sued by many painters in the country and would still be in prison right now if it weren't for Nathan spending tons of money and bustling about to get her out. Yet, she still has the temerity to auction off my painting! Back then, I didn't know that she stole my paintings, and when I did realize it, everything was too late. And now, she actually dares to auction off my painting ten years ago right in front of me? Does she really think that I'm easy prey?

"Ladies and gentlemen, please place your bids now! The starting bid is a million!"

No sooner had the host's voice fallen than Christopher spoke out of the blue. In a languid voice, he drawled, "One."

The host was stunned for a moment before he remarked with a chuckle, "You're really humorous, Sir."

"I'm not being humorous. Since this is the painting, my price is very apt. There's no amount higher than that," Christopher countered smilingly.

"Why must you pick trouble with me, Christopher? Are you telling me that this painting is not worth a million?" Crystal cried out and reproved him resentfully.

Grasping my hand lightly, Christopher casually chuckled. "This painting is naturally worth more than a million. However, if it's coming from you, then it's only worth that much. Do you need me to share the news about you here as well, Ms. Yates?"

"How dare you?" Crystal's countenance paled before it flushed bright red. But when Christopher swept a sharp gaze over her, fear showed on her face, and she bit her lip indignantly.



Upon seeing that the atmosphere had turned dreary, the host cracked a few jokes to ease the tension. Then, he resumed the auction. "Earlier, Mr. Lane made a joke, so please continue bidding now..."

"I, Christopher Lane, am declaring right here that this painting is only worth one. I personally hope to own this painting, so I hope all of you will do me a favor. As such, I don't think any of you will fight me on this, yes?" Christopher stood up and looked around arrogantly with a quirked brow and a wicked smile on his face.

Because of his words, some of his friends whispered among themselves and gave up bidding. Meanwhile, others felt that it wasn't necessary to offend him because of an unknown woman, so they zipped their mouths as well.

The host finally realized the problem. His expression turned extremely awkward, and he didn't quite know how to continue the auction. At that precise moment, the banquet hall doors were suddenly pushed open. Following that, a gentle and sweet voice drifted into the air. "I'll pay a million for this painting."

"Great! Congratulations on winning the bid for Autumnal Panorama! Now, let's proceed to the next item for auction." The host wiped the sweat off his forehead as though having been saved from a fate worse than death.

The familiar voice had me stiffening. I looked back over my shoulder and gaped incredulously at the woman who was walking in.

The woman slowly strolled over from the shadows, coming increasingly closer to me. Her red floral dress with gold embroidery rendered her graceful figure all the more slender and taller. As she slowly ambled in, her gaze swept over me and stilled for a brief moment. In the end, she stopped beside Mark and sat down next to him.

In a placid voice, she asserted, "I like this painting very much, and I think the painter must have painted it meticulously in the middle of the night. Therefore, it's worth a million."

I had no idea why my mother would help Crystal out, but her gaze was pinned on me as she spoke. Tugging at Christopher's sleeve, I quietly sat back down.

Perhaps she doesn't know that the painting is Crystal's. That was the only thought that occurred to me while my emotions were a tangled mess.

Soon, it was my painting's turn to be auctioned. Ansley once lauded Moonlight Heaven, so the starting bid was five million. I should have been waiting on pins and needles, but my thoughts weren't on my painting at all because I saw Crystal going over and saying something or other to my mother. My mother's smile was very gentle, causing jealousy to swamp me.

I sprang to my feet and stared intently at the painting that the staff was unscrolling slowly. The painting was preserved very well. Subsequently, the blooms under the autumn moonlight and the back of someone missing her mother were then revealed right before my eyes. That was the painting I painted stroke by stroke as I wept during a rainy night when I missed my mother. I cast my gaze into the crowd, and sure enough, I spotted Crystal sitting right in the middle. When she saw me looking at her, she flashed me a wide grin. Then, she gave me a thumbs-up which she then inverted provocatively. Fury built within me bit by bit until my eyes were blinded by rage. Well, well... She's really daring! She has already been sued by many painters in the country and would still be in prison right now if it weren't for Nathan spending tons of money and bustling about to get her out. Yet, she still has the temerity to auction off my painting! Back then, I didn't know that she stole my paintings, and when I did realize it, everything was too late. And now, she actually dares to auction off my painting ten years ago right in front of me? Does she really think that I'm easy prey? "Ladies and gentlemen, please place your bids now! The starting bid is a million!" No sooner had the host's voice fallen than Christopher spoke out of the blue. In a languid voice, he drawled, "One." The host was stunned for a moment before he remarked with a chuckle, "You're really humorous, Sir." "I'm not being humorous. Since this is the painting, my price is very apt. There's no amount higher than that," Christopher countered smilingly. "Why must you pick trouble with me, Christopher? Are you telling me that this painting is not worth a million?" Crystal cried out and reproved him resentfully. Grasping my hand lightly, Christopher casually chuckled. "This painting is naturally worth more than a million. However, if it's coming from you, then it's only worth that much. Do you need me to share the news about you here as well, Ms. Yates?" "How dare you?" Crystal's countenance paled before it flushed bright red. But when Christopher swept a sharp gaze over her, fear showed on her face, and she bit her lip indignantly. Upon seeing that the atmosphere had turned dreary, the host cracked a few jokes to ease the tension. Then, he resumed the auction. "Earlier, Mr. Lane made a joke, so please continue bidding now..." "I, Christopher Lane, am declaring right here that this painting is only worth one. I personally hope to own this painting, so I hope all of you will do me a favor. As such, I don't think any of you will fight me on this, yes?" Christopher stood up

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"I offer ten million for this painting!" No sooner had the auctioneer's words fallen than Christopher doubled the price in the blink of an eye. I silently counted how many zeros were in ten million before nudging him lightly and whispered, "Why are you offering so much money when I drew this myself? We can't be buying it and hanging it at home, can we?"

"Your painting is priceless to me." Christopher flashed me an indulgent smile.

"Anyway, stop bidding on it, okay?" The moment my words fell, someone called out a bid of fifteen million, so Christopher again hollered, "Twenty million!"

At that, I shot him a glare. Argh! This man is truly spending frivolously! "If you really think that you've got too much money, you can give it to me. I'll help you deposit it in the bank. And if you like it so much, I'll paint you a replica of it back home."

"Nope. I want this one." Christopher winked at me, causing the mole at the corner of his eye to twitch, giving him a devilish and nonchalant air. "You told me there are two vague silhouettes in the shadows that represent us, so I naturally have to take it home and treasure it. I'm not going to allow anyone else to take it away."

"Thirty million!" As the familiar voice drifted into my ears, I couldn't help shifting my glance to Isabelle. She had her back to me and didn't look back either, sounding as though she was speaking of something unremarkable. At that turn of events, my brows furrowed.

"Forty million!" Christopher upped the bid without the slightest hesitation. When the people around saw that the price had gone so high, they all zipped their mouths. They were only attending the auction to join in the fun and donate some money to gain a good reputation in the first place, so if someone took things seriously, they wouldn't simply poke their noses into it.

"Fifty million!" Isabelle raised the bidding paddle in front of her.

"Sixty million!" Christopher murmured mildly.

When he had raised the price to eighty million, I tugged at his sleeve. "Forget it, Chris. Don't increase the bid anymore since she wants to buy it. The Goldstein family doesn't lack money anyway."

"I sense that you don't want her to get the painting." Christopher handed me the bidding paddle. In other words, he was handing the decision to me.

Lifting my head, I glanced at Isabelle. She was also looking in my direction, and her smile turned affectionate when she saw me gazing at her. In the end, I put down the bidding paddle and said to Christopher, "You're right. I shouldn't be sulking since she's my mother at the end of the day. I'll go and look for her later after the auction has ended."

Upon hearing that, Christopher flashed me a pleased smile. "I'll go with you."

In the dim banquet hall, only the lights on the huge platform flickered. All the other works that were auctioned after that were by renowned painters. The longest painting was three meters long and was auctioned off at a sky-high price of a hundred and fifty million. It was none other than Ansley's painting.

"Congratulations on such tremendous success, Ms. Tanner!"

"Hear, hear! Hawen is truly blessed to have an outstanding young artist like you, Ms. Tanner. Please rest assured that we'll be using the money appropriately. All the money will be donated to schools in the impoverished mountainous areas to build primary schools. For every payment, we'll be sending you the accounts records for your perusal."

"You flatter me. As a fellow citizen, I'm also very glad that I get to contribute to the country." I then signed the donation form. When all the works were auctioned off and the lights in the banquet hall lit up, I suddenly noticed that Mark and Isabelle had already walked over to the entrance.

I hastily pushed the person in charge of Cross Organization who wanted to take a photo with me away and dashed out the banquet hall. Just then, a low-key Ferrari drove past me. I glimpsed Isabelle in the passenger seat and wanted to call out to her, but the car was already speeding toward the corner, giving me zero chance of speaking.

I stood rooted to the spot for some time as a bitter smile born of helplessness hovered over my lips. When Christopher caught up to me, I shrugged at him. "She has left, Chris. We should go back as well."

I had no idea why my mother didn't stay to meet me, but I had also lost the courage to chase after her once more. The distance between us was negligible, but it seemed as though we were no different from before. It's difficult for me to even see catch a glimpse of her.

The next day, I insisted on going back to Hawen. Seeing my resolution, Christopher asked his assistant to book flight tickets back. After boarding the flight, I suddenly saw a news report of a shooting with Isabelle's photo attached. All at once, my heart skipped a beat.

"I offer ten million for this painting!" No sooner had the auctioneer's words fallen than Christopher doubled the price in the blink of an eye. I silently counted how many zeros were in ten million before nudging him lightly and whispered, "Why are you offering so much money when I drew this myself?"

We can't be buying it and hanging it at home, can we?" "Your painting is priceless to me." Christopher flashed me an indulgent smile. "Anyway, stop bidding on it, okay?" The moment my words fell, someone called out a bid of fifteen million, so Christopher again hollered, "Twenty million!" At that, I shot him a glare. Argh! This man is truly spending frivolously! "If you really think that you've got too much money, you can give it to me. I'll help you deposit it in the bank. And if you like it so much, I'll paint you a replica of it back home." "Nope. I want this one." Christopher winked at me, causing the mole at the corner of his eye to twitch, giving him a devilish and nonchalant air. "You told me there are two vague silhouettes in the shadows that represent us, so I naturally have to take it home and treasure it. I'm not going to allow anyone else to take it away." "Thirty million!" As the familiar voice drifted into my eyes, I couldn't help shifting my glance to Isabelle. She had her back to me and didn't look back either, sounding as though she was speaking of something unremarkable. At that turn of events, my brows furrowed. "Forty million!" Christopher upped the bid without the slightest hesitation. When the people around saw that the price had gone so high, they all zipped their mouths. They were only attending the auction to join in the fun and donate some money to gain a good reputation in the first place, so if someone took things seriously, they wouldn't simply poke their noses into it. "Fifty million!" Isabelle raised the bidding paddle in front of her. "Sixty million!" Christopher murmured mildly. When he had raised the price to eighty million, I tugged at his sleeve. "Forget it, Chris. Don't increase the bid anymore since she wants to buy it. The Goldstein family doesn't lack money anyway." "I sense that you don't want her to get the painting." Christopher handed me the bidding paddle. In other words, he was handing the decision to me. Lifting my head, I glanced at Isabelle. She was also looking in my direction, and her smile turned affectionate when she saw me gazing at her. In the end, I put down the bidding paddle and said to Christopher, "You're right. I shouldn't be sulking since she's my mother at the end of the day. I'll go and look for her later after the auction has ended." Upon hearing that, Christopher flashed me a pleased smile. "I'll go with you." In the dim banquet hall, only the lights on the huge platform flickered. All the other works that were auctioned after that were by renowned painters. The longest painting was three meters long and was auctioned off at a sky-high price of a hundred and fifty million. It was none other than Ansley's painting. "Congratulations on such tremendous success, Ms. Tanner!" "Hear, hear! Hawen is truly blessed to have an outstanding young artist like you, Ms. Tanner. Please rest assured that we'll be using the money appropriately. All the money will be donated to schools in the impoverished mountainous areas to build primary schools. For every payment, we'll be sending you the accounts records for your perusal." "You

flatter me. As a fellow citizen, I'm also very glad that I get to contribute to the country." I then signed the donation form. When all the works were auctioned off and the lights in the banquet hall lit up, I suddenly noticed that Mark and Isabelle had already walked over to the entrance. I hastily pushed the person in charge of Cross Organization who wanted to take a photo with me away and dashed out the banquet hall. Just then, a low-key Ferrari drove past me. I glimpsed Isabelle in the passenger seat and wanted to call out to her, but the car was already speeding toward the corner, giving me zero chance of speaking. I stood rooted to the spot for some time as a bitter smile born of helplessness hovered over my lips. When Christopher caught up to me, I shrugged at him. "She has left, Chris. We should go back as well." I had no idea why my mother didn't stay to meet me, but I had also lost the courage to chase after her once more. The distance between us was negligible, but it seemed as though we were no different from before. It's difficult for me to even see catch a glimpse of her. The next day, I insisted on going back to Hawen. Seeing my resolution, Christopher asked his assistant to book flight tickets back. After boarding the flight, I suddenly saw a news report of a shooting with Isabelle's photo attached. All at once, my heart skipped a beat. Posted by **chapter novel**, ? Views, Released on July 13, 2022

"Mr. Lane, Mr. Goldstein and his wife live in a mansion on Hallowed Avenue where the wealthy resided. They usually keep a very low profile and seldom leave the house. In the past two years, they have a listed shipping company in Anglandur, and it's doing pretty well. However, rumor had it that they got into a spot of trouble and offended a local gang. But considering Mr. Goldstein's capabilities, he'll probably resolve such a trivial matter in no time."

"What's their address exactly?" Christopher inquired after listening to his assistant's report.

His assistant took out a business card and placed it before Christopher and me. "Here's the address and also their usual itinerary. They're mostly at home and rarely go out. If you want to see them, you can go straight to the mansion. Should I prepare a car?" the assistant asked.

Christopher then placed the address in front of me. "Here's the location. If we drive there, it'll take less than half an hour."

Having not talked to Isabelle at the auction yesterday, I had been in a despondent mood. And naturally, Christopher could tell, so he investigated Mark's residence early in the morning and presented it to me.

I picked up the business card and placed it in my hand. As the thin piece of paper came into contact with my palm, it was immediately soaked with sweat. Recalling her resolute departure last night, I shook my head with a smile. "Never mind. Let's go back to Hawen. There must be a pile of work waiting for you in the office since you've been away for so many days. Also, Julia is probably going to reproach me when we return."

"Are you sure you don't want to go?" Christopher was a touch surprised since he knew full well that I longed to see Isabelle.

Flashing him a faint smile, I tried my best to make myself appear relaxed. "Yeah, it's okay. From the look of things, she must be living a good life now. Perhaps I shouldn't disrupt her life. Many years have passed, after all, so there's no point doing so."

"What a silly girl!"

At my insistence, Christopher didn't mention going to see Isabelle anymore. Instead, he asked his assistant to book two flight tickets for the premium economy class. When we were leaving, I looked back at the bustling streets of Norham while standing at the boarding gate before I finally headed toward the cabin resolutely.

Some things are just that unexpected. At the turning point in my life, I encountered a piece of beautiful scenery, but I didn't stay. Instead, all that was left were melancholy and loss.

Sitting on the comfortable couch, I suddenly caught sight of Isabelle's photo in the newspaper in the hands of the person right in front of me.

Truth be told, I never expected to see a news report about her in the newspaper. In the next second, I glimpsed the word "shooting" and instantly shuddered as fear struck me. I snatched the newspaper from the person's hands and clutched it tightly in my hands. The man cursed me out, but I ignored him. Noticing the situation, Christopher's assistant hurriedly went over and mollified the man.

The newspaper briefly reported about a shooting that took place after the auction last night. Someone wanted to kill the Chairman of Illuminati Shipping, Mark, and even attempted to kidnap his wife to blackmail him. Fortunately, he sensed something amiss and worked with the police, so the perpetrators had been apprehended. At present, both he and his wife were fine.



Only when I saw that they were fine did I breathe a sigh of relief. At that moment earlier, my heart had leaped to my throat, and a sheen of cold sweat broke out on my forehead. Exchanging a glance with Christopher, I let out a long sigh of relief.

With the newspaper in hand, I read it again and again. When we disembarked from the plane, my mood already improved significantly. The sky seemed bright, and the ground felt exceedingly solid. The scenery that lay before my eyes was also incredibly stunning. Strolling around the garden in the airport, I pointed at the huge fountain and grinned idiotically. "Look, Chris, I never thought that the scenery at the airport could be so lovely."

Without warning, a group of journalists came out of nowhere and started snapping away at me, and some even tried to get close to me. Seeing that, Christopher promptly pulled me into his arms and shielded me while his assistants surrounded us and acted as a barrier.

"Ms. Tanner, can you please say something about your painting being exhibited at Mr. Ansley's art exhibition? How do you feel about that? You and Remington are the only two painters among the younger generation in Hawen who have their works exhibited at such a grand art exhibition. How did you accomplish that?"

"Ms. Tanner, your painting of Moonlight Heaven was auctioned off at a sky-high price of eighty million, and you even donated all the proceeds to the impoverished mountainous areas. This matter has caused a stir in Avenport. Besides, your technique of making flowers bloom when water was splashed on them had been widely circulated on the internet. Many people are curious about how you accomplished that. Do you mind explaining it?"

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At first, I thought that someone had set me up again, and those people were there to pick trouble with me. Only after listening to them did I realize that I had been completely whitewashed because my work was exhibited at Ansley’s art exhibition. I then uttered a few words to the journalists in a daze. It wasn’t until Christopher led me into the car and we left did I finally realize that I had become a renowned figure.

I peered into the rearview mirror and looked at my face before glancing at the journalists who were still chasing after the car at the back. Pointing at my face, I turned to Christopher. “Chris, I seem to have become a renowned figure. What an incredible feeling!”

“You’ve always been renowned. What’s so incredible about it?” Christopher teased.

“That’s different. In the past, I was interviewed because of negative press. This time, however, I’m the heroine of my own story.” I was still feeling as though I was dreaming, so I patted my cheeks lightly. When a smarting pain shot through me, I finally realized that my path to transformation had already begun right then.

“So, my beautiful heroine, do you mind adding a hero in your story?” Christopher pinched my cheek. When we stopped at the traffic light, he grasped my chin and kissed me long and deep.

“That depends on your performance. If you don’t perform well, I’ll just give you a minor role.” I deliberately lifted my head and put on a haughty expression. Before Christopher laughed, I began chortling myself, finding myself very much silly.

That night, Christopher placed me on the bed and tormented me many times to celebrate my success. Only when he was finally satisfied did he carry me to the bathroom for a bath. While washing me, he couldn’t control himself and devoured me again.

As I lay in the warm water, I merely submitted to him, having no strength to even hook my arms around his neck. All I could do was to emit some low or high-pitched whimpers and protest occasionally. “This is my celebration, so why are you the one enjoying yourself? I object.”

Upon hearing that, Christopher scooped me up and flipped over, placing me atop him. Brushing his long and slender fingers across my smooth back, he drawled with a chuckle, “All right, you enjoy yourself, then. Here, please help yourself, my queen. I won’t refuse any request you make. Let me reiterate that you can make any request of me.”

My hands and legs were drained of energy, but I still had my mouth. Having been teased in such a manner, I dipped my head and bit his shoulder without showing him any mercy. Christopher, on the other hand, was inflamed by my bite. Grabbing my waist, he started tormenting me again and even purposely asking, “Do you feel particularly proud now that you’re on top? Do you need me to add some romance to your enjoyment?”

Ugh! What a pompous man!

In the next moment, he surged up while holding my waist, cutting off the words that were on the tip of my tongue and filling me deeply. After his torment, I almost couldn’t straighten my waist anymore. Subsequently, he snagged the bubble machine, tossed it into the bathtub, and turned it on. In no time, bubbles filled the entire bathroom.

Half my body was covered with bubbles while Christopher and I embraced each other. We were still joined together, but he wanted to gaze at the stars with me in his arms. With only our heads poking out, we stood in front of the window and gazed at the stars outside in an extremely suggestive posture. Altair and Vega were far apart, yet we were hugging each other tightly.

As a rather renowned figure right then, I should contemplate my itinerary upon waking up the next morning and plan my future. Alas, dreams were great, but the reality was harsh. The next morning, I could only lie on the bed like a dead dog and rest after having gone wild the entire night.

On the contrary, Christopher got out of bed and went to work energetically. If I were to ignore his slow walking posture, I would really think that he wasn't human. My condition was so bad that I could only open the door for Sabrina in my nightgown when she came over in search of me. After doing that, I plopped onto the couch right away, not in the mood to move at all. It felt as though even my limbs were no longer listening to my orders.

“Good Lord! How wild were you guys last night? Even when I saw my idol just now, he appeared to have overindulged. I almost thought that I got the wrong person.”

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“Can you please be a bit more tactful? Or do you not want to be friends with me anymore?” I massaged my waist and retorted weakly. Sure enough, I've been allowing Christopher too many liberties in this aspect that Sabrina is looking at me in contempt.

“I was actually planning to ask you out on a shopping spree since you’ve finally returned, but look at you now. You’re just a step away from needing a wheelchair!” Sabrina eyed me with even more disdain in her eyes even as she draped a thin blanket over me. “Cover up for a bit. Did you two consider the feelings of the pregnant woman when putting on a public display of affection?”

Ugh! How utterly embarrassing! I reached out and stroked her stomach, asking in hushed tones, “You’re probably going to give birth soon since your stomach is so big now, huh? Yet, you dared to wander around? Aren’t you afraid that you’ll give birth by the roadside?”

“Good grief! Stop exaggerating! My expected delivery date is the day after tomorrow.” Flipping her hair, Sabrina started counting with her fingers. “My confinement will be a month, and I’ll also have to recuperate for a month. Oh no, I’ll only get to go break my fast two months later. How saddening! My Zach is so yummy, yet I can only look without gobbling him up. Oh God, how am I going to survive? Why on earth did I get pregnant as soon as I got married? That was simply a miscalculation on my part! I only got to enjoy Zach a few times.”

“Haha.” Other than giving a bark of dry laughter, I had no other way of expressing my thoughts.

In the end, I couldn’t hold out in the face of her request and dragged myself up to go shopping with her. We went to the mall by car, with me driving. Despite my less-than-stellar driving skills, I adamantly refused to allow her to drive. Well, she’s in a delicate condition now, so she really shouldn’t do anything strenuous.

Alas, perhaps my remark jinxed us. I had just parked the car at the mall entrance and helped Sabrina out of the car with her bulging stomach leading the way when she abruptly clutched her stomach and cried out in pain before we had even entered the mall. All at once, fear struck me, and my face drained of color.

“Quick, I’ll drive you to the hospital!”

“Yes, yes, let’s go to the hospital!” Half of Sabrina’s weight was on me, and she arduously made her way down the stairs outside the mall. No sooner had she taken a few steps than she suddenly collapsed onto the ground with a cry. In the next second, liquid gushed out from under her dress.

Even if I were ignorant, I still knew that her water broke. “Oh God, this is bad! Your water broke! Quick, don’t sit here anymore. We’ve got to rush to the hospital right away! Don’t tell me you really want to give birth at such a public place where people come and go?”

“But I can’t walk anymore! What should I do? Quick, Eve, call an ambulance for me! You really jinxed me! And why do I feel the baby slipping down now?”

Whipping out my phone, I rang the doctor even as my heart leaped into my throat. When the doctors and nurses arrived after a flurry of panic, a nurse shrieked upon seeing Sabrina’s condition, “I can see the baby’s head! The expectant mother must deliver the baby right now, or the baby will suffocate!”

I stood beyond the group of medical personnel and watched as they held up a tarp to cordon off the area. When I saw that they were going to have Sabrina deliver the baby by the roadside, my entire being was numb. Oh my God, she’s really giving birth by the roadside now!

When Zachary received my urgent call, he was still dressed in fatigues, carrying real guns and live ammunition. A few men followed behind him with rifles on their shoulders and various high-end instruments hanging from their waistbelts. That procession frightened all the onlookers away.

As soon as he entered the space enclosed by the tarp, I heard Sabrina’s previously agonized cries turning into a roar. “Zachary Scott, you b\*stard! I’m dying of pain here! I’m not going to give birth to any more children for you in the future!”

“All right, all right, we won’t give birth anymore. Your word is law, okay?”

“Nonsense! The baby’s head is already out, yet you’re saying not to give birth anymore? You don’t even love your own child? Is that it? I want to divorce you, Zachary Scott!”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant. Just bear with it for a while, okay? It’ll be over soon.”

“Next time, you give birth, you b\*stard! Then, you’ll know how the pain feels like! You can talk if you give birth to a dozen or so babies! Of course, it’s easy for you to talk! Why don’t you bear with it instead?”



"I'm sorry for having said the wrong thing. Look, there are women during the ancient times who even gave birth on the battlefield! My Sabby is definitely stronger than them all! Just push a little harder. In the future, I'll give birth to our babies. I'll give birth instead, okay?"

Pfft! Zachary's colleagues who came with him guffawed softly when they heard that exchange. I couldn't help but laugh as well while I wiped the cold sweat off my forehead. I swear that I'll never wander around like this if I get pregnant! This is just too scary! And she's the only one with such a forceful style!

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

Waa! The moment a baby's loud wail pierced the air, I was so thrilled that tears almost escaped my eyes. Oh my God, that's my godson!

"Congratulations! It's an adorable baby boy! Both mother and child are doing fine. Please send your wife and the child to the hospital for further examination."

As Zachary cradled the baby, he grinned like a fool. The doctor had to repeat himself several times before he finally gathered his wits about him and handed the child to me.

I carefully cradled the tiny and delicate baby. He had just entered the world, so even opening his eyes was a strenuous task to him. He cried for a while at first before he started looking around curiously, blinking his black eyes every so often. When I gently touched his cheek, he giggled at me.

A maternal instinct spread all over me, and I dipped my head to peck him on his soft cheek.

Even after placing the child into the incubator, I still couldn't bear to part with him. Through the glass, I gently stroked his tiny hand, and he likewise waved his hands before touching it to my palm.

"Aw, how adorable! My heart is melting at the sight of him!"

"Why is he so unsightly? He's wrinkly, and his face is also bright red. How ugly! But then, both Zachary and Sabrina have decent looks..." A frown marred Christopher's face, and bemusement was written all over his face after he beheld the child.

Hah! It's rare that there's something he doesn't know! I poke his forehead huffily. "A baby is naturally wrinkly when he has just entered the world, okay? He'll need a few days to grow, and he'll look just fine then. You've got no common sense at all! You're lucky I wasn't the one giving birth. Otherwise, I'll definitely get angry if you say such a thing."

"Naturally, that'll never happen. Even if our child is wrinkly, he or she is the most good-looking one!" Christopher proclaimed domineeringly as he waved a hand firmly.

Hmm... Okay, then. He's always unreasonable when it comes to his family!

As a new mother, Sabrina struggled quite a bit. On the very first day she took care of the child, she made quite a number of mistakes. She either inverted the diaper when changing his diaper or placed him down before he had eaten his fill when feeding him. I only helped out at the hospital, but I was already dead tired.

In fact, I was so exhausted at the end of the day that I sprawled on the couch, not wanting to move the slightest bit. "Oh God, it's so difficult to be a mother!"

"Just consider it advanced training. Anyway, you're still going to be a mother in the future." After coating the baby to sleep, Sabrina carefully placed him into the crib.

At that, I looked down at my stomach. Speaking of that, Christopher and I haven't been using protection for more than a month now. Yet, there's no news at all. Could it be that I'm not as fertile, so it's difficult for me to get pregnant?

"Sabby, is it easy to get pregnant?" I questioned inquisitively. I had only ever been pregnant once in my entire life. After getting together with Christopher, I inexplicably got pregnant. I didn't even know when that happened, so I had no knowledge about this.

"Well, it probably depends on fate. If it's not time yet, the child will come later."

"B\*llshit!" I flipped my middle finger at Sabrina. When she got pregnant, she kept saying that it was science, but now that it came to me, it has become fate! Don't tell me she thinks that I haven't gotten pregnant even after getting together with Christopher for a year? We'd been very meticulous in preventing pregnancy before this!

While we were chatting, my phone rang out of the blue. When I picked up the phone and saw the caller ID, I jolted in fright. I even rubbed my eyes, thinking that I might be seeing things.

"Who's calling that you're so nervous?" Sabrina leaned over for a peek.

"It's a call from my future mother-in-law, and this is the first time she ever phoned me. I'm so nervous! What should I say after answering the call? Should I act simpering or serious?"

“What future mother-in-law? You’ve been married to Christopher for a year now. You know what? When you think you’re pregnant, go to Lane residence with Christopher for a visit. I guarantee you that Mrs. Lane will be more anxious than you,” Sabrina muttered.

Clearing my throat, I only answered the call after I had composed myself. Trying my best to sound normal, I smilingly greeted, “Hello, Julia. It’s been a long time. Is something the matter?”

“What nonsense are you spouting? You and Chris came over and had dinner just the evening before yesterday. It’s only been two days.” Subsequently, Julia demanded in a chagrined voice, “Where are you now? Didn’t you say that you’ll go shopping with me today? Yet, I see no sign of you! Are you this disrespectful toward your elders?”

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I opened my mouth, but words eluded me. After a long time, I finally remembered that Christopher took me home for dinner after we came back in the evening the day before yesterday. Julia asked me to accompany her

shopping today, and I casually agreed. However, Sabrina suddenly gave birth by the roadside yesterday, and Zachary had to go on a mission today, thus having no time to take care of the baby. I came over to take care of the baby and was so busy that I put the matter at the back of my mind.

Realizing that, I hastily apologized. "I'm sorry, Julia. I was tied up with something earlier. Where are you now? I'll go and look for you right away!"

"I'm right below your apartment, and I want to see you in half an hour!"

A disconnect tone sounded as the person hung up the phone. I stared at my phone before shifting my gaze to Sabrina. All of a sudden, I sprang to my feet with my phone and hand and wailed, "Oh God, I'm doomed! I stood my future mother-in-law up! I'm dead!"

"What's going on? Didn't you say that Mrs. Lane usually ignores you? The previous time, she even introduced a dozen or so ladies to Christopher at a single go. When did your relationship with her become so close that you even have a date to go shopping with her?" Sabrina inquired in puzzlement.

"I don't know either. I thought she was joking when she said she wanted me to go shopping with her, so I totally forgot about it. You've got to give me some tips, Sabby! How do you usually interact with your mother-in-law? Just give it to me straight so that I can brace myself." My face was all crumpled.

"Oh, my mother-in-law is really easy to get along with. She usually doesn't interfere in our affairs and only asks to meet us if there's something specific. We normally keep in contact by phone. She'll urge me to rest more and never raised her voice to me." Sabrina scratched her head as she recalled her usual interaction with her mother-in-law. Then, she spread her hands helplessly.

"Gah! That wasn't helpful at all!"

"All the best." Sabrina gave me a chin lift. "Hurry up and go meet the true queen of your family. She is likely accepting you since she asked you to accompany her shopping. After winning over your mother-in-law, you can then officially become Christopher's wife and receive everyone's blessings. Isn't it rather exciting?"

Exciting... my foot!

I swiftly ran out and hailed a taxi. Alas, when it rained, it poured. During the drive, there was massive congestion. A long line of cars stood at a standstill in front of me, stretching as far as the eye could see. I then glanced at the time. If I truly wait for the traffic to ease, Julia will be home long by the time I reach. She won't wait for me!

Therefore, I had no other choice but to alight from the taxi and go on foot. By the time I reached home, I was already so weary that I was panting for breath. Standing in front of Julia's car, I couldn't even utter a single word. After some time, I stammered, "Julia, you... I'm sorry for having made you wait... I apologize... Where are we going?"

Upon seeing that I was panting, Julia unexpectedly ceased speaking. She handed me a piece of tissue and waited until I had gotten my breath back before asking, "What kind of attitude is this when you've already promised to meet me? Not only did you fail to take the initiative to ask me out, but you even went out by yourself."

"Sabby gave birth, so I was taking care of her in the hospital." I flashed her a sheepish smile. Well, if I were to say that I forgot because I thought it was just a courtesy, then I'm truly an idiot!

After hearing that explanation of mine, Julia's expression eased. "Is it a boy or a girl?" she queried. "Zachary's parents would love a girl since they've always been grouching about him being so insensitive."

"Oh, I'm afraid they'd be disappointed, then. Sabby gave birth to an adorable baby boy!" I chortled. Hmm... The term "insensitive" is really apt to describe Zachary! He's always with that grim face that's devoid of expression. Even when he consoles Sabby, his expression remains indifferent.

"Ah, it's a boy!" Julia's gaze then fell on my stomach. She stared for a very long time, frowning sometimes and smiling faintly at other times as though she was contemplating something. "Chris was very mischievous when he was young. I wonder if his child would also be a naughty one like him."

Embarrassed at her length stare, I immediately clapped my hands over my stomach. "We use protection! We definitely won't force your hand with a child before you agree, so don't worry!"

The corners of Julia's mouth twitched, and she actually looked speechless.



As realization dawned upon me, my hands almost flew to my big mouth. Oh my God, what did I just say? I actually discussed the issue of protection with my mother-in-law? Ugh! I'm making it clear as day that I'm a moron!

I opened my mouth, but words eluded me. After a long time, I finally remembered that Christopher took me home for dinner after we came back in the evening the day before yesterday. Julia asked me to accompany her shopping today, and I casually agreed. However, Sabrina suddenly gave birth by the roadside yesterday, and Zachary had to go on a mission today, thus having no time to take care of the baby. I came over to take care of the baby and was so busy that I put the matter at the back of my mind. Realizing that, I hastily apologized. "I'm sorry, Julia. I was tied up with something earlier. Where are you now? I'll go and look for you right away!" "I'm right below your apartment, and I want to see you in half an hour!" A disconnect tone sounded as the person hung up the phone. I stared at my phone before shifting my gaze to Sabrina. All of a sudden, I sprang to my feet with my phone and hand and wailed, "Oh God, I'm doomed! I stood my future mother-in-law up! I'm dead!" "What's going on? Didn't you say that Mrs. Lane usually ignores you? The previous time, she even introduced a dozen or so ladies to Christopher at a single go. When did your relationship with her become so close that you even have a date to go shopping with her?" Sabrina inquired in puzzlement. "I don't know either. I thought she was joking when she said she wanted me to go shopping with her, so I totally forgot about it. You've got to give me some tips, Sabby! How do you usually interact with your mother-in-law? Just give it to me straight so that I can brace myself." My face was all crumpled. "Oh, my mother-in-law is really easy to get along with. She usually doesn't interfere in our affairs and only asks to meet us if there's something specific. We normally keep in contact by phone. She'll urge me to rest more and never raised her voice to me." Sabrina scratched her head as she recalled her usual interaction with her mother-in-law. Then, she spread her hands helplessly. "Gah! That wasn't helpful at all!" "All the best." Sabrina gave me a chin lift. "Hurry up and go meet the true queen of your family. She is likely accepting you since she asked you to accompany her shopping. After winning over your mother-in-law, you can then officially become Christopher's wife and receive everyone's blessings. Isn't it rather exciting?" Exciting... my foot! I swiftly ran out and hailed a taxi. Alas, when it rained, it poured. During the drive, there was massive congestion. A long line of cars stood at a standstill in front of me, stretching as far as the eye could see. I then glanced at the time. If I truly wait for the traffic to ease, Julia will be home long by the time I reach. She won't wait for me! Therefore, I had no other choice but to alight from the taxi and go on foot. By the time I reached home, I was already so weary that I was

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I was so embarrassed that I wished I could sink through the floor. As expected of Julia, she regained her composure soon and broke the awkward silence while starting the car engine. "Hurry up and get in. The sun is going to set soon. I'm not interested in taking a leisurely drive with you at night."

In actuality, I was not interested in hanging out with my future mother-in-law at night as well.

As soon as I got into the car, Julia stepped on the accelerator and sped up. Surprisingly, she was an aggressive driver and her behavior behind the wheel was totally different from her usual gentle personality. The car continued to

accelerate, overtaking all the other cars on the road. Her driving skills were on par with Christopher's. I wondered if Christopher learned how to drive from her.

Soon, we arrived at the most prosperous area in the city. After taking a turn, a Porsche sports car suddenly overtook us. The front window of the Porsche was down and a young man raised his middle finger while swearing at us, as if he was extremely excited after overtaking us.

I almost died of fright. While I was wondering who that guy was and how he would dare say things like that to Julia, I secretly took a glance at her, only to see that she was calm and unaffected. Abruptly, she said, "Fasten your seat belt!"

Before I could react, the car suddenly gained speed and zoomed forward. Strong gusts of wind continuously blew at my face through the half-opened window. I could not even keep my eyes open.

If the person sitting next to me were not Julia, I swore I would have screamed by then. It would have been a miserable scream, too.

"Mrs. Lane, we're downtown right now. There are a lot of people and cars here. Shouldn't you drive slower?" I asked while trembling in fear.

"Ten minutes!" she replied calmly.

However, I could not comprehend what her words meant. She used her superb driving skills to shuttle through the endless traffic. After a while, the Porsche reappeared before our eyes. Suddenly, she smiled and uttered, "Gotcha!"

With that said, she continued to accelerate. At that moment, the car was already drifting, and everything outside the window was flying past. Luckily, a luxury car like this Maybach could withstand that kind of driving. All of a sudden, Julia made a hundred and eighty-degree turn, which caused my head to involuntarily knock on the front seat. The car drifted and stopped after the sharp turn, blocking the Porsche's path.

Instantaneously, the young man in the Porsche got out of the car and walked over. Banging on the window of the Maybach, he shouted, "Damn it. Who are you? How dare you overtake me! I can make sure that you'll have a hard time surviving in Avenport. My cousin is Zachary Scott!"

Hearing that, I immediately mourned for the young man in my heart.

Meanwhile, Julia rolled down the car window and glanced casually at him. Raising her eyebrows, she questioned coldly and disdainfully in a way that reminded me much of Christopher, "What do you want?"

Dumbfounded, the expression on his face changed in a flash. He was no longer arrogant and replied with a tremble, "M-Mrs. Lane, I was drunk and talking nonsense. Please forgive me."

"Enough. Drive slower next time and don't provoke every person you see. You may leave now." Then, Julia rolled up the car window and drove off.

I sat in the back seat in shock. Feeling the newly made bump on my forehead, I quietly observed her in the rearview mirror. Judging from the young man's attitude, Julia had to be an existence equivalent to a devil in his eyes.

At that moment, I found that my impression of her had changed again. At first, I thought that she was just a high and mighty lady. However, she was, in fact, pretentious. Although she acted coldly on the surface, there was a fiery demon inside her. I could not help but in awe at her dominance earlier.

"What are you looking at? Is my hair messed up?" Julia inquired abruptly.

"N-No!" I definitely could not let her know that I thought she was pretentious.

I was so embarrassed that I wished I could sink through the floor. As expected of Julia, she regained her composure soon and broke the awkward silence while starting the car engine. "Hurry up and get in. The sun is going to set soon. I'm not interested in taking a leisurely drive with you at night." In actuality, I was not interested in hanging out with my future mother-in-law at night as well. As soon as I got into the car, Julia stepped on the accelerator and sped up. Surprisingly, she was an aggressive driver and her behavior behind the wheel was totally different from her usual gentle personality. The car continued to accelerate, overtaking all the other cars on the road. Her driving skills were on par with Christopher's. I wondered if Christopher learned how to drive from her. Soon, we arrived at the most prosperous area in the city. After taking a turn, a Porsche sports car suddenly overtook us. The front window of the Porsche was down and a young man raised his middle finger while swearing at us, as if he was extremely excited after overtaking us. I almost died of fright. While I was wondering who that guy was and how he would dare say things like that to Julia, I secretly took a glance at her, only to

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