

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 521-530

Posted by **chapter novel**, 54 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

A feeling of guilt and self-blame arose in my heart. I felt horrible thinking about how anxious Christopher must have been these past few days. If it were not for my impulsive actions, he would never have had to go through all that.

I could not imagine how he endured the past eight days. Perhaps he was standing by the bedside and blaming himself for not having protected me. Or maybe he had been smoking in the corridor and watching me through the glass. All the while, he was probably praying for me to wake up soon.

When the nurse came to give me my medicine, she saw me looking out the window. She quickly hurried over to shut it. "Don't expose yourself to too much wind. If you get infected, your husband will cause a huge scene in the hospital again. Last time he brought a gun here. Dr. Jennings almost passed out from the fear."

"Christopher wanted to shoot a doctor?" I was taken aback by this news.

"Yes. Your husband really loves you. You have no idea how saddened he was when your heartbeat stopped in the emergency room that day. He was close to ending his own life on the spot. All the medical staff were so shocked."

I shuddered. My hand went numb, and the cup I was holding fell to the floor. It smashed into pieces on the ground. Christopher almost ended his own life for me?

No one had told me about this, nor did I tell Christopher that I knew. The two of us just hugged each other softly in hopes that we could provide some comfort to the other.

A few days later, I received a parcel. Ustranasion was written on it, so I knew that it was an overseas parcel. Christopher handed it over to me and told me to open it myself. I did not recall having any friends overseas though. The only person I could think of was Remington in Anglandur. However, I did not see why it was necessary for him to write in Ustranasion to me even if he were to send me anything.

When I opened the parcel, I was frozen in surprise. It was a painting. Not just any painting, but the one I painted myself eight years ago. It was the Autumnal Panorama.

This painting held many memories and tears for me. Unexpectedly, it had now returned to my possession. Did Isabelle send this back to me to return it to its rightful owner?

I carefully ran my fingers over the painting. For a moment, I was lost in my emotions. The top right corner where Crystal's name used to be had been professionally removed. Now, it revealed my own name that I wrote all those years ago. It was almost as if the painting had never left me.

"I never thought I would see this again, especially not with my name on it." I looked toward Christopher and said lowly, "Chris, I rejected the invitation to join the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest. I even rejected it when they wanted to award me first place."

"I know." Christopher carefully kept the painting back in its box. "Even if you didn't, I would have rejected them for you. You deserve a bigger audience. Competitions like those are of no help to you."

In my time at the hospital, I was very well taken care of. Both Christopher and Julia took care of everything in detail. Even the food I ate was full of variety. Everything was just right for me and not too heavy either.

That day, Christopher pushed me into the garden to get some sunlight. To be honest, I was capable of walking already, but he was still unsure. He insisted on treating me like an incapacitated human being. I could not argue with him, so I did as he pleased. Anyway, I was glad to be taken care of.

Caring for me was probably the only time when Christopher was the least worried.

After some time, I started to get thirsty. Christopher set me down under a tree before leaving to go get me water. I shut my eyes slightly. The warm sunlight was making me sleepy. Suddenly, I felt someone's shadow tower over me. I thought that Christopher had come back, so I said, "I want orange juice. Can I not drink plain water? I've been taking so much medicine that I've lost almost all sense of taste."

I heard no response. Instead, the person in front of me just continued staring down at me. I could not help but open my eyes. Against the harsh sunlight, I saw Lucas' familiar face. However, he didn't look too good, and his face was pale. Clearly, something had happened.

“Lucas, why are you here? You...” I sat up to take a proper look at him. “Are you sick again?”

“You’ve seen him, haven’t you?” He cleared his throat before continuing, “You’ve seen my uncle?”

A feeling of guilt and self-blame arose in my heart. I felt horrible thinking about how anxious Christopher must have been these past few days. If it were not for my impulsive actions, he would never have had to go through all that. I could not imagine how he endured the past eight days. Perhaps he was standing by the bedside and blaming himself for not having protected me. Or maybe he had been smoking in the corridor and watching me through the glass. All the while, he was probably praying for me to wake up soon. When the nurse came to give me my medicine, she saw me looking out the window. She quickly hurried over to shut it. “Don’t expose yourself to too much wind. If you get infected, your husband will cause a huge scene in the hospital again. Last time he brought a gun here. Dr. Jennings almost passed out from the fear.” “Christopher wanted to shoot a doctor?” I was taken aback by this news. “Yes. Your husband really loves you. You have no idea how saddened he was when your heartbeat stopped in the emergency room that day. He was close to ending his own life on the spot. All the medical staff were so shocked.” I shuddered. My hand went numb, and the cup I was holding fell to the floor. It smashed into pieces on the ground. Christopher almost ended his own life for me? No one had told me about this, nor did I tell Christopher that I knew. The two of us just hugged each other softly in hopes that we could provide some comfort to the other. A few days later, I received a parcel. Ustranasion was written on it, so I knew that it was an overseas parcel. Christopher handed it over to me and told me to open it myself. I did not recall having any friends overseas though. The only person I could think of was Remington in Anglandur. However, I did not see why it was necessary for him to write in Ustranasion to me even if he were to send me anything. When I opened the parcel, I was frozen in surprise. It was a painting. Not just any painting, but the one I painted myself eight years ago. It was the Autumnal Panorama. This painting held many memories and tears for me. Unexpectedly, it had now returned to my possession. Did Isabelle send this back to me to return it to its rightful owner? I carefully ran my fingers over the painting. For a moment, I was lost in my emotions. The top right corner where Crystal’s name used to be had been professionally removed. Now, it revealed my own name that I wrote all those years ago. It was almost as if the painting had never left me. “I never thought I would see this again, especially not with my name on it.” I looked toward Christopher and said lowly, “Chris, I rejected the invitation to

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I was quite surprised that the first thing he said to me was regarding Mark. Lucas was a Goldstein, and Mark was his uncle. Hence, shouldn’t he know more about Mark’s situation than I?

Nodding, I said in confusion, “Yes, I have. He’s in Anglandur. Don’t you know that? Why are you acting as though this is news to you? Don’t tell me you’ve never seen him all these years.”

Lucas shot me a weird glance. He ignored my question and asked back, “I heard he got into a shooting in Anglandur. Do you know what’s going on?”

I assumed Lucas was here because he was concerned for his uncle. With an apologetic expression, I replied, “I’m sorry, I don’t know anything. The day the shooting happened, I was already on the plane. I only heard about it over the news. According to reports, they’re fine. Don’t worry too much.”

“Fine?” Lucas’ eyes shifted around. I had no idea what he was thinking. He was standing still, but his mind looked like it was running in a thousand different directions.

I had never seen Lucas like this before. He had always been extremely put together and well-mannered. Due to his physical condition, he never got involved much in the business world. He mostly gave off a scholarly vibe. However, now he seemed to have a sort of darkness enveloping him.

“Did something happen?” I could not help but ask.

He shook his head in response. After that, he asked me a little about how I was doing before preparing to leave. I had no time to react. Right before he went, something suddenly clicked in my brain. “Wait! Did you already know about my mother and your uncle? Do you know where they are?”

If that was not the case, how could he have known I would meet Mark when I went to Anglandur? It was a huge country, after all. The only possible explanation was that he knew where Isabelle had been all along.

Lucas turned his head back, revealing the calm expression on his face. Perhaps because the wind was too strong, but he coughed fiercely several times. At some points, I even thought that he might cough his lungs out. It was quite some time before he calmed down and said to me lightly, “Yes. I remember asking you if you wanted to see your mother, but you declined.”

It was true that I had rejected his offer. At the time, I thought that if Isabelle still remembered me, she should come to see me of her own volition. My egoistic thoughts prevented me from asking Lucas about her whereabouts, even though I had always wanted to know. To be fair, I never expected him to know it in such detail.

“Back then, I thought that all you knew was that she was in Anglandur. I had no idea I was so close to knowing the truth.” I laughed bitterly. “When I saw her there, I was really surprised. I’ve imagined countless scenarios of how I would react if I ever saw her again. When I actually met her that day, my mind just went blank. All I wanted to know was whether she was doing all right.”

“I understand. She looks like she’s doing well. My uncle is good to her.” Something flickered in Lucas’ gaze. He was ready to go, but he deliberately came back just to say those words to me.

“Well, since you’ve said so, I guess I don’t need to worry about her anymore then.” I smiled. “Perhaps I really shouldn’t disturb her personal life, nor should I step into it.”

Lucas did not stay any longer. I felt like there was more he wanted to say to me, but he did not. There was no point in guessing what it could be, so I decided to just forget about it. The Goldstein family was a big family. There was no way they were as stable as they seemed on the surface. Judging from how fiercely the last generation battled, I was not stupid enough to get myself involved in anything. As long as Isabelle was fine, there would be no problems.

After being discharged, I was treated significantly better. Christopher wanted to take me home, but with Julia around, the house would be run by the Lane family. After dinner, I assumed I would have to sleep in the guest room. To my surprise, the servant brought me to Christopher’s bedroom instead.

I could not believe it. In fact, I actually thought that there was some sort of mistake. “Is the guest room not ready?” I asked the servant.

“Why do you need the guest room, Mrs. Lane? Do you have friends coming over?” asked the servant respectfully.

Mrs. Lane? Hearing this term, I paused for a moment. Then, I coughed slightly and asked, “Isn’t it a little inappropriate for you to be calling me that?”

I was quite surprised that the first thing he said to me was regarding Mark. Lucas was a Goldstein, and Mark was his uncle. Hence, shouldn't he know more about Mark's situation than I? Nodding, I said in confusion, “Yes, I have. He's in Anglandur. Don't you know that? Why are you acting as though this is news to you? Don't tell me you've never seen him all these years.” Lucas shot me a weird glance. He ignored my question and asked back, “I heard he got into a shooting in Anglandur. Do you know what's going on?” I assumed Lucas was here because he was concerned for his uncle. With an apologetic expression, I replied, “I’m sorry, I don't know anything. The day the shooting happened, I was already on the plane. I only heard about it over the news. According to reports, they're fine. Don't worry too much.” “Fine?” Lucas' eyes shifted around. I had no idea what he was thinking. He was standing still, but his mind looked like it was running in a thousand different directions. I had never seen Lucas like this before. He had always been extremely put together and well-mannered. Due to his physical condition, he never got involved much in the business world. He mostly gave off a scholarly vibe. However, now he



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coughed slightly and asked, "Isn't it a little inappropriate for you to be calling me that?"

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It would be bad if my future mother-in-law heard that and assumed I was the one who taught the servants to call me that. Though Christopher and I were already married, it was unwise for me to get too ahead of myself at this juncture.

"But, Mrs. Lane, aren't you and Mr. Lane already married? Madam specifically instructed us to call you that," the servant explained matter-of-factly.

W-What? I started wondering whether my stay in the hospital had messed with my brain. This must be a hallucination; if not, there was no way to explain Julia's odd behavior. I was so preoccupied with my thoughts that I failed to notice Christopher entering the room.

"Why are you gaping? Did something amazing happen?" He grazed the tip of my nose gently with a finger.

"No... It just doesn't make sense." I pointed toward the staircase. "Your mom instructed the servants to address me as Mrs. Lane. I must be hearing things, aren't I?"

My words must have amused him as Christopher broke into a light chuckle. In one swift motion, he lifted me and spun a few rounds around the room before setting me gently on the bed. "Have more confidence in yourself. My mom's actually a softie on the inside. Since you treat her well, she'll do the same to you. Otherwise, you wouldn't be in my room right now."

"So... I've been officially recognized?" I stared wide-eyed at him. "About what your mom said at the hospital... That she'll prepare a wedding for us, that was all real?"

"Thinking of bailing out?" he suggested teasingly. "Too late, Mrs. Lane. Wedding preparations are already underway, so you're technically the Lane family's daughter-in-law now. No running away."

My eyes lit up. Wedding! The word made my insides tingle with excitement. Being with Christopher for such a long time, I had always dreamed of walking down the aisle with him. I could already imagine the scene of us exchanging our sacred vows in front of a crowd.



I was not one for wanting a high-profile wedding, but it was a once-in-a-lifetime event. Although in my case, this was the second time. But, with a guy like Christopher, who loved and adored me, I wanted everyone relevant to witness and recognize our wedding. It would be my greatest honor to recite my vows proudly in front of everyone.

Mid-thought, I felt a tug on my lingerie. I looked down in time to see it fly across the room, joining my pile of clothes strewn on the floor.

I gave Christopher, who was busy loosening his tie, a light kick. "Weren't we just talking about our wedding? Why this all of a sudden?"

"Darling, you've been hospitalized for two whole months! You could've been out by the first month, but Mom insisted you stay longer for precaution's sake. Any healthy man would have lost it by now." Even in the midst of his explanation, his hands remained focused on stripping himself. Soon, he slipped under the blanket with me.

He planted a kiss on my forehead. "Aren't you afraid some other woman might try and seduce me away?" he suggested seductively.

"They won't succeed!" While entertaining him, I returned his kiss. "It's only been two months... What happens when I'm pregnant? We won't be able to do it for an entire year. You won't really find a temporary wife during that period, will you?"

"Don't worry about that. I've still got my well-trained hands. They'll take over your role during that period." Then, he pressed me back to the mattress, his head nuzzling against my breasts. Meanwhile, his hands trailed against my thighs, setting my skin ablaze with every touch.

"Then why didn't you use them during these two months?" My voice was becoming raspy, my breathing uneven.

"You're not pregnant, yet." Christopher spread my thighs and lowered his hips between them. "We've been married for a year now. You should bear my child soon... Did you see that weird look Sabrina keeps giving us?" And, that piece of shit, Zachary, keeps saying there's something wrong with my manhood! Though, I did punish him for that."

His reply cracked me up. However, the sound of my laughter was very quickly replaced by a high-pitched moan as Christopher pushed forward in a strong

thrust. Remembering we were still at the Lane residence, I hurriedly covered my mouth.

It would be bad if my future mother-in-law heard that and assumed I was the one who taught the servants to call me that. Though Christopher and I were already married, it was unwise for me to get too ahead of myself at this juncture. "But, Mrs. Lane, aren't you and Mr. Lane already married? Madam specifically instructed us to call you that," the servant explained matter-of-factly. W-What? I started wondering whether my stay in the hospital had messed with my brain. This must be a hallucination; if not, there was no way to explain Julia's odd behavior. I was so preoccupied with my thoughts that I failed to notice Christopher entering the room. "Why are you gaping? Did something amazing happen?" He grazed the tip of my nose gently with a finger. "No... It just doesn't make sense." I pointed toward the staircase. "Your mom instructed the servants to address me as Mrs. Lane. I must be hearing things, aren't I?" My words must have amused him as Christopher broke into a light chuckle. In one swift motion, he lifted me and spun a few rounds around the room before setting me gently on the bed. "Have more confidence in yourself. My mom's actually a softie on the inside. Since you treat her well, she'll do the same to you. Otherwise, you wouldn't be in my room right now." "So... I've been officially recognized?" I stared wide-eyed at him. "About what your mom said at the hospital... That she'll prepare a wedding for us, that was all real?" "Thinking of bailing out?" he suggested teasingly. "Too late, Mrs. Lane. Wedding preparations are already underway, so you're technically the Lane family's daughter-in-law now. No running away." My eyes lit up. Wedding! The word made my insides tingle with excitement. Being with Christopher for such a long time, I had always dreamed of walking down the aisle with him. I could already imagine the scene of us exchanging our sacred vows in front of a crowd. I was not one for wanting a high-profile wedding, but it was a once-in-a-lifetime event. Although in my case, this was the second time. But, with a guy like Christopher, who loved and adored me, I wanted everyone relevant to witness and recognize our wedding. It would be my greatest honor to recite my vows proudly in front of everyone. Mid-thought, I felt a tug on my lingerie. I looked down in time to see it fly across the room, joining my pile of clothes strewn on the floor. I gave Christopher, who was busy loosening his tie, a light kick. "Weren't we just talking about our wedding? Why this all of a sudden?" "Darling, you've been hospitalized for two whole months! You could've been out by the first month, but Mom insisted you stay longer for precaution's sake. Any healthy man would have lost it by now." Even in the midst of his explanation, his hands remained focused on stripping himself. Soon, he slipped under the blanket with me. He planted a kiss on my

forehead. "Aren't you afraid some other woman might try and seduce me away?" he suggested seductively. "They won't succeed!" While entertaining him, I returned his kiss. "It's only been two months... What happens when I'm pregnant? We won't be able to do it for an entire year. You won't really find a temporary wife during that period, will you?" "Don't worry about that. I've still got my well-trained hands. They'll take over your role during that period." Then, he pressed me back to the mattress, his head nuzzling against my breasts. Meanwhile, his hands trailed against my thighs, setting my skin ablaze with every touch. "Then why didn't you use them during these two months?" My voice was becoming raspy, my breathing uneven. "You're not pregnant, yet." Christopher spread my thighs and lowered his hips between them. "We've been married for a year now. You should bear my child soon... Did you see that weird look Sabrina keeps giving us?" And, that piece of shit, Zachary, keeps saying there's something wrong with my manhood! Though, I did punish him for that." His reply cracked me up. However, the sound of my laughter was very quickly replaced by a high-pitched moan as Christopher pushed forward in a strong thrust. Remembering we were still at the Lane residence, I hurriedly covered my mouth.

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That night, I learned never to make him starve ever again. The next morning, I woke up feeling achy all over my body. I forced myself out of bed, not wanting to sleep in right after being accepted as their daughter-in-law.

I looked toward the bathroom when I heard a cheery hum coming from there. Seems like someone's in a good mood. Seeing Christopher shaving his stubble, I walked over, grabbed him by his waist, and spun him toward me. He released a soft groan, holding my wrist with his free hand. "Darling, are you trying to murder me?"

"You read my mind!" I said indignantly.

"Who dares to anger my wife?" A satisfied Christopher seemed to find my temper ironic on such a beautiful, sunny day. "It's still early. Why don't you sleep a little longer?"

"You dare suggest that?" I raised my fist, hitting his chest lightly a few times. "Everyone will look at me weirdly if I only appear at lunchtime."

"Don't worry about it. Just listen to me and sleep. The Lane residence doesn't have that many rules except toward strangers. But you're family, so you don't have to stick to them. My mom and dad would never blame you even if you do

mess up. If anything, they'd do everything to protect you." After wiping his face, he scooped me up and tucked me back into bed. "There's no need to be so cautious."

"As if you'll understand!" I rolled my eyes.

Truth be told, the atmosphere here was great. I was sure I would be able to live a comfortable life in this house. Even so, it did not feel right to let myself be overly spoiled by Christopher, who was still insisting I sleep a bit longer.

After he was done changing his clothes, I got up and prepped myself as well. I came down to find Christopher and Gordon intently discussing today's news. It was something related to the country's defense. Completely clueless about that, I greeted them and headed straight for the kitchen.

I rolled up my sleeves, beginning to prepare a few of my specialty dishes. After the table was set up, everyone gathered around and enjoyed the meal together.

Breakfast was filled with laughter. Dylan cracked a joke, making Julia laugh. I, too, had a great time conversing with them.

After breakfast, everyone headed off to where they needed to be. After Gordon's retirement, he found interest in chess and had retreated to his room to mull over his moves, leaving only us ladies left.

Feeling a bit nervous, I took out a pack of poker cards and suggested we play a few rounds. The winner would get to paste paper strips on the loser's face. The game ended up with Shelley and I having our faces covered with paper because I did not have the courage to do it to Julia.

Fortunately, Julia was also having a fun time. She laughed hysterically while we were executing the punishment. "Seems like I have a talent with poker as well. I really should flaunt my skills out there. Ahh... which reminds me, I used to be a favorite at card games because I kept losing money to my opponents. Both of you must have given in to me quite a bit, didn't you?"

I smiled at her comment, pretending not to understand. Then, just as I bent over to pick up a fallen card, I carelessly revealed the hickeys on the back of my neck.

Julia's eyes lingered on them for a few seconds before she returned her attention to the game. "Chris is usually a considerate child. But, once he acts up, he can go a bit overboard. Don't give in to him all the time. Someone should reign him in a bit," she said languidly.

Realizing what she was talking about, my hands instinctively rushed to cover the hickeys. A scarlet flush reddened my skin. I was suddenly conscious about the amount of noise I was making last night. Did they hear us?

Then, Julie continued, "Some of my friends have invited me over to play poker. You should come too. It will do you good to know more people in our social circle. Oh, and I've called the family doctor over. You should get yourself checked to make sure your body's fully recovered. Fragile bodies we have, don't we? That's why you shouldn't let Chris have his way with you all the time."

Despite feeling embarrassed, her words sent a warm tingling sensation over me. So this is how a mother's love feels like...

That night, I learned never to make him starve ever again. The next morning, I woke up feeling achy all over my body. I forced myself out of bed, not wanting to sleep in right after being accepted as their daughter-in-law. I looked toward the bathroom when I heard a cheery hum coming from there. Seems like someone's in a good mood. Seeing Christopher shaving his stubble, I walked over, grabbed him by his waist, and spun him toward me. He released a soft groan, holding my wrist with his free hand. "Darling, are you trying to murder me?" "You read my mind!" I said indignantly. "Who dares to anger my wife?" A satisfied Christopher seemed to find my temper ironic on such a beautiful, sunny day. "It's still early. Why don't you sleep a little longer?" "You dare suggest that?" I raised my fist, hitting his chest lightly a few times. "Everyone will look at me weirdly if I only appear at lunchtime." "Don't worry about it. Just listen to me and sleep. The Lane residence doesn't have that many rules except toward strangers. But you're family, so you don't have to stick to them. My mom and dad would never blame you even if you do mess up. If anything, they'd do everything to protect you." After wiping his face, he scooped me up and tucked me back into bed. "There's no need to be so cautious." "As if you'll understand!" I rolled my eyes. Truth be told, the atmosphere here was great. I was sure I would be able to live a comfortable life in this house. Even so, it did not feel right to let myself be overly spoiled by Christopher, who was still insisting I sleep a bit longer. After he was done changing his clothes, I got up and prepped myself as well. I came down to find Christopher and Gordon intently discussing today's news. It was something related to the country's

defense. Completely clueless about that, I greeted them and headed straight for the kitchen. I rolled up my sleeves, beginning to prepare a few of my specialty dishes. After the table was set up, everyone gathered around and enjoyed the meal together. Breakfast was filled with laughter. Dylan cracked a joke, making Julia laugh. I, too, had a great time conversing with them. After breakfast, everyone headed off to where they needed to be. After Gordon's retirement, he found interest in chess and had retreated to his room to mull over his moves, leaving only us ladies left. Feeling a bit nervous, I took out a pack of poker cards and suggested we play a few rounds. The winner would get to paste paper strips on the loser's face. The game ended up with Shelley and I having our faces covered with paper because I did not have the courage to do it to Julia. Fortunately, Julia was also having a fun time. She laughed hysterically while we were executing the punishment. "Seems like I have a talent with poker as well. I really should flaunt my skills out there. Ahh... which reminds me, I used to be a favorite at card games because I kept losing money to my opponents. Both of you must have given in to me quite a bit, didn't you?" I smiled at her comment, pretending not to understand. Then, just as I bent over to pick up a fallen card, I carelessly revealed the hickeys on the back of my neck. Julia's eyes lingered on them for a few seconds before she returned her attention to the game. "Chris is usually a considerate child. But, once he acts up, he can go a bit overboard. Don't give in to him all the time. Someone should reign him in a bit," she said languidly. Realizing what she was talking about, my hands instinctively rushed to cover the hickeys. A scarlet flush reddened my skin. I was suddenly conscious about the amount of noise I was making last night. Did they hear us? Then, Julie continued, "Some of my friends have invited me over to play poker. You should come too. It will do you good to know more people in our social circle. Oh, and I've called the family doctor over. You should get yourself checked to make sure your body's fully recovered. Fragile bodies we have, don't we? That's why you shouldn't let Chris have his way with you all the time." Despite feeling embarrassed, her words sent a warm tingling sensation over me. So this is how a mother's love feels like...

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

The Scotts decided to hold a one-month-old party for the baby in a few days. In actuality, he had already exceeded one month old at that moment. However, due to the tradition in Avenport, it was better to celebrate it as close to when the baby was two months old as possible so that he could live a longer life in the future. As stubborn as Sabrina was, she, of course, chose the day right before the baby reached two months old. Yet, as a result, I could



attend it. Otherwise, I would have had to give her my blessings while in the hospital.

Previously, I would always attend such a party alone. Even after knowing Christopher, I still seldom joined a party with him openly. The few times we were together, we had always ended up getting tangled in a mess or being the center of gossip.

This time, I attended it with Julia. As soon as I arrived at the hall in a gown prepared by Julia and a pair of high heels, I instantly noticed how the crowds' gazes on me had changed.

"Hi, darling! Come here and let me hold you for a while." As I carried the baby in my arms, I found it hard to tear myself away from him. He kept giggling when he saw me as if he remembered that I had taken care of him for two days before.

After comparing him with Sabrina, I said with a smile, "The more I look at him, the more he resembles Zachary. Sabby, your genes seemingly aren't strong enough. I can't find a feature on him that resembles you."

"So what?" Sabrina had always been open to joking. At that moment, she sat on a rocking chair with a servant pushing the chair continuously beside her. While eating imported grapes from Anglandur, she said, "If he inherits his father's genes, he will be as handsome as his father in the future. When we go out together in the future, the women will surely be jealous of me, knowing that I have two extremely good-looking men by my side! Haha!"

Seeing her getting carried away, an urge to slap her surged through me instantly.

"Don't make a fuss in front of Zachary. He's an honest man, so he'll take anything seriously. He even kept questioning Chris about why we don't have children yet. After getting beaten by Chris, he still acted innocent. As a result, Chris mentions it in resentment whenever we get into bed. I have to bear the consequences as well, you know."

Finishing that, I touched the baby's tender face lightly. Interested, he grabbed my fingers and started to play with them.

"Well, it serves Zach right! Every day, he keeps bugging me about having seven to eight children. I'm not a breeding machine, so why the hell should I

give birth to so many children? Yet, he doesn't know when to give up. If I don't teach him some lessons, he'll never learn."

Well, now I know that she did it purposefully. I twitched my mouth before saying in resignation, "Be careful. If Zachary ends up getting hurt, don't come crying to me. I won't sympathize with you then."

"Don't worry. I believe in Zach's abilities."

That's probably how an affectionate couple is. It's indeed the most blessed thing in my life that both my friend and I have found our happiness.

The hall was lively and crowded. Some passersby would greet me now and then. Most of them were the sons of wealthy families who hadn't mingled with me before. It was at such a moment that I felt my status was elevated.

After getting bombarded by nonstop blabbering from the people around me, I finally understood why Christopher always hid in a corner whenever he attended a party. I can't stand it anymore. It's so noisy that my head feels like it's about to explode.

After finding a quiet corner out on the balcony, I sipped at some wine. Just as I planned to relax, I suddenly saw Benjamin running out to the balcony with Crystal following after him. While crying, she hugged Benjamin from behind. "Benjamin, please don't be angry anymore. I got deceived by Benson into helping him do all that. Can you forgive me?"

Yet, Benjamin struggled out of her arms, turned around, and looked at her coldly. In a calm tone, he said, "Then, Ms. Yates, can you preserve yourself some dignity? Why do you keep bothering me?"

Crystal widened her eyes in disbelief at his words. As she blinked her eyes, a tear rolled down her face. "Benjamin, even if I did deceive you, even if the person who saved you before was Yvonne, are you going to deny me just because of these? We still have a wonderful past together. All those memories belong to both of us, not Yvonne. You even promised me that you'll protect me forever regardless of what happens."

Hearing that, Benjamin stretched out two of his fingers and lifted her chin. After looking at her for a moment, he suddenly tossed his head back and laughed. Then, he remarked slowly, "The one I want to protect is the kind

woman who was once willing to risk her life just to save me, not a promiscuous b\*tch!"

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Crystal's face turned pale instantly. The comparison was like a direct blow on her. As if she couldn't believe herself getting treated like that by Benjamin, she froze in place, stunned.

Meanwhile, I curled up in a corner, pretending like I wasn't there. Well, Crystal brought this on herself. Benson can never return after the head of the Miller family sent him overseas. Now that even her last hope has crumbled, she has no choice but to find Benjamin. Fortunately, Lyle isn't here to witness this. Otherwise, he will pass out in anger for sure. Then again, I guess he was already incredibly outraged the day Benjamin married Crystal, so most probably, he won't care about this anymore.

“You can't do this to me! You've drawn a beautiful future for me, yet now, you plan to crush it. No! You're the one who spoiled me and taught me how to live

an easier life in the Tanner family by stepping on Yvonne. How can you abandon me after you made me into a bad woman? Why? Is my love an excuse for you to trick and use me?"

The argument between Crystal and Benjamin went on nonstop. One was crying while begging; another remained cold the entire time. Nevertheless, I couldn't stay there forever. I came with Julia, so it wasn't appropriate to leave her alone. On top of that, she was my future mother-in-law.

Just as I was busy brainstorming an idea to get myself away from the balcony, my phone rang abruptly. The melodious ringtone quickly attracted Crystal's and Benjamin's attention, causing both to look over in my direction concurrently.

"Yvonne, why are you here?" Crystal shrieked.

"I-I'm only an unrelated person. Please ignore me and go on with your conversation." With that said, I quickly dashed past them and left the balcony. With how unstable Crystal was right now, she would definitely pick on me if I continued staying there.

Back at the hall, I couldn't help but recall how Crystal seemed to have grown weirder recently. Her words are becoming more extreme, and her expressions strange. It's as if she has a mental problem. I shouldn't get involved with her anymore. What she did before is already considered crazy. If she's truly gone mad, I can't imagine what she will do in the end.

The call was from Julia. Since she had a meetup with her friend that afternoon, she reminded me not to stay out late and left. After sending her off, I turned around to find Benjamin beneath a tree, looking at me with a strange expression.

Thus, I nodded slightly at him as a greeting. When I walked past him, he suddenly said, "If I had been the one who saved you from drowning in the lake back then, would you have fallen head over heels for me just like how you did Lyle?"

At that, I frowned. Lyle and I are already in the past, so isn't it inappropriate for him to mention this now? I then turned around and let out a chuckle. "Mr. Miller, what do you mean?"

Benjamin cast me a meaningful gaze and smiled bitterly. "Recently, I've been dreaming about what happened that year. I was lying on the ground and couldn't move at all. The next thing I remembered, a girl with a pink hairpin was carrying me on her back. She kept walking forward while talking to me, saying, 'Don't be scared. Everything will pass. We won't die here. The bad guy will get his dues one day. Since we didn't do anything bad, we're good guys.'"

After pausing briefly, he continued, "When I opened my eyes forcefully to see your young face, I told you that I would protect you forever."

I understood Benjamin's persistence on the matter. Indeed, I was once the same as him, treating Lyle as the light of my life. After all, it was natural to fall for the one who pulled you out of hell when you were in utter desperation.

Strangely enough, Christopher, Lucas, and the others knew that I was the one who saved Benjamin, so they had never believed Crystal.

"Mr. Miller, it's all bygones, so let's not dwell in the past."

"But, I..." Benjamin looked as if he had something he wanted to say desperately. However, I shook my head, smiled, and quickly interrupted, "Mr. Miller, you aren't a bad guy, but you can't deny that you're spoiled. You like to prank people, so you get along well with Crystal. Our personalities have always been different from the beginning, so you would never have helped me. Moreover, even if it turns out that you saved me that time instead of Lyle, we wouldn't have ended well either."

Upon pondering for a moment, I added, "In the end, we would have only ended up as another tragedy."

Crystal's face turned pale instantly. The comparison was like a direct blow on her. As if she couldn't believe herself getting treated like that by Benjamin, she froze in place, stunned. Meanwhile, I curled up in a corner, pretending like I wasn't there. Well, Crystal brought this on herself. Benson can never return after the head of the Miller family sent him overseas. Now that even her last hope has crumbled, she has no choice but to find Benjamin. Fortunately, Lyle isn't here to witness this. Otherwise, he will pass out in anger for sure. Then again, I guess he was already incredibly outraged the day Benjamin married Crystal, so most probably, he won't care about this anymore. "You can't do this to me! You've drawn a beautiful future for me, yet now, you plan to crush it. No! You're the one who spoiled me and taught me how to live an easier life



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Despite looking grim, Benjamin didn't say anything, as he knew I was right about it. According to his personality, I would always be the type of person he despised. After all, I wasn't clever and would only cry like a loser when I faced issues. Moreover, I had noticed him mocking me disdainfully several times when he saw me getting bullied before.

A while later, he suddenly said, "What I'm going to say next might make you laugh at me, but the girl with the pink hairpin was my first love. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

I shrugged. "A bit. Anyway, who doesn't have a few dark incidents in their past that they hope to erase? Stop dwelling on it. We're all grown up now, aren't we? Usually, we'll bury our first love in our hearts. Nonetheless, thank you for loving that girl sincerely. She's felt it and was happy."

All of a sudden, Benjamin walked over and hugged me tightly. Just as I planned to push him away, he quickly backed away. "I'll go overseas the day after tomorrow as per my father's instruction. Since I'm too depressed currently, I need time to heal. Can you send me off while wearing the pink hairpin? Just treat it as fulfilling my childhood dream."

A moment later, I nodded hesitantly. "I'll go." It's for the sake of drawing an end to his dream.

"Thank you, and sorry."

Thank you for giving me a dream. At the same time, sorry for hurting you before.

I was in time to see Sabrina greeting the guests with the baby in her arms when I returned to the hall joyfully. Instantly, I brushed off everything that happened a few moments ago and rushed over to help her.

At that instant, two people suddenly entered the hall. Upon sensing their presence, many guests quickly stood up in shock. The crowd near the entrance went into an uproar.

“Isn’t that Mark Goldstein?”

“Is the one beside him his wife? I’m not seeing things, right?”

What? I couldn’t see them clearly since the crowd in front of me blocked my view. Nonetheless, my hope rose at the mention of Mark. If Mark is back, who would be with him if it isn’t Mom?

“Sabby, hold him.” In a hurry, I shoved the baby into her arms and rushed past the crowd. The moment I saw Isabelle, I froze in place. That’s my mom. Is she back? For real?

Overwhelmed, I bit my lip and gazed at her. She looked graceful as she smiled gently at the crowd surrounding her. However, I didn’t dare to approach her, not knowing if it was appropriate for me to appear in front of her at that moment.

When she noticed me soon after that, she immediately let go of Mark’s hand and walked over. Then, she held my hands and smiled gently before saying amicably, “My daughter, I’m back now! Sorry for coming back late.”

Her smile and words overlapped with the ones I had dreamed of before. In my dream, she would hold my hands and smile like this. Next, she would tell me that she was back with teary eyes.

At that instant, I could think of nothing but her gentle smile. I opened my mouth to say something, yet no voice came out. In the next second, I turned around and ran out of the hall abruptly, as I was afraid that I would end up sobbing the moment I opened my mouth.

“Eve!” Instantly, Isabelle chased after me. When she caught up with me in the garden to see me standing there, crying nonstop, she attempted to approach me. Yet, I quickly stopped her, shouting, “Don’t come near me!”

As a result, she halted in her tracks and didn’t dare to take another step forward. She was nothing like her graceful self back in the hall. Instead, she looked like she was at a loss as she cast me a worried look. Carefully, she said, “Eve, I know that you’ve suffered a lot these few years. Trust me when I

say that I'm heartbroken as well. I came back this time as I wanted to know how you were doing. It's fine if you hate me since I deserve it. After all, I left you in the Tanner residence alone back then. I'm so sorry."

"I don't want your apology!" That's right! I don't need that right now.

Hearing that, she bit her lip as she grew even more anxious. "Eve, my dear daughter, you've been through a lot over the years. I was not a responsible mother. It's my fault. I-I only want to look at you. If you don't want to see me, I promise that I'll never show myself in front of you after this."

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"I knew it! You still plan to leave me alone here to be bullied by the others again! If that's the case, why did you come back? Go away! I don't want to see you! After all, I've gotten used to not having a mother after so many years! Go!"

Why is she thinking of leaving right after she's back? I only want my mom to stay by my side. It isn't willful, as it's only an expectation from a daughter toward her mother.

"I-I'm not! That isn't what I meant! I wasn't thinking of leaving. I-I-" Isabelle seemed to be stumped at my words. The once eloquent woman suddenly seemed to have lost her way with words. First, she said that she wouldn't leave. Then, she said she would leave if I didn't want to see her. After that, she said she was sorry. It was as if she didn't know what she was saying at that point. In the end, she shut her mouth. With tears streaming down her face, she just kept apologizing to me.

I could no longer hold myself back anymore, so without caring about anything else, I jumped into her arms and started wailing. "Mom! Mom!"

This is my mom! Even though we had so much conflict back in Anglandur, it only takes one sentence from her for me to brush it off and forget everything.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she patted my back lightly. "I'm sorry. We were facing some problems back then in Anglandur. I was afraid that you might get tangled in our mess, so I didn't dare to speak more to you. Can you forgive me? How can I not know your father? So I know for sure that you've lived a difficult life in the Tanner residence. However, there was someone after us at that time. I was scared that they would target you, so I had no choice."

"No! I didn't blame you for any of it. I know that you love me!" Although tears blurred my vision, I could still see her tears and the guilt and devastation in her eyes.

"Yvonne, my darling! Let me have a look at you!"

In the end, I left the party early, following Isabelle into her car. I kept holding her hand the entire time, terrified that I would lose her again once I released my grip. It made me feel like I was a child. As Isabelle sized me up, a proud smile crept onto her face. "You grew up already. The time sure passed in the blink of an eye. Yet, you have always been so young, petite, and obedient in my memory."

"Yeah! I'm an adult now!" In return, I paid so many prices to grow up. "Mom, were you fine after the shooting incident? I was so worried about you, but I didn't know if I should bother you or not."

With that, I started to examine her thoroughly and was just one step away from touching her with my hands.

"Don't worry. I'm fine since we prepared in advance. Fortunately, you left that day. I was so scared that you would also face danger when you were with us." The more she thought about it, the deeper the fear set in. As she caressed my face, I couldn't help but notice how gentle her touch was. It was very different from Christopher's.

A moment later, she asked, "Why do you seem thinner than before? Doesn't your boyfriend take good care of you?"



Since I didn't want her to know about me getting shot by a shotgun, I quickly explained, "He and his family members treat me well. Moreover, isn't it good that I got thinner? Many women hope to lose some weight, yet they fail. After all, the society nowadays prefers skinny beauties."

"I still prefer you to be chubbier. It's good for your body if you can eat a bit more." Isabelle then took out her purse, pulled out a photo from it, and started to look at it intently. I leaned closer and found a six-year-old chubby me who beamed while standing in the garden in the photo. She had dressed me up as a princess at that time.

The photo was a tad yellowish, but Isabelle had preserved it so well. Its worn edges showed that its owner had held and caressed it often.

"Look at how cute you were when you were younger. Eve, can you let me take care of you from now on? Regardless of what happened, I'll forever stand behind you, be your support, and protect you."

"I knew it! You still plan to leave me alone here to be bullied by the others again! If that's the case, why did you come back? Go away! I don't want to see you! After all, I've gotten used to not having a mother after so many years! Go!" Why is she thinking of leaving right after she's back? I only want my mom to stay by my side. It isn't willful, as it's only an expectation from a daughter toward her mother. "I-I'm not! That isn't what I meant! I wasn't thinking of leaving. I-I-" Isabelle seemed to be stumped at my words. The once eloquent woman suddenly seemed to have lost her way with words. First, she said that she wouldn't leave. Then, she said she would leave if I didn't want to see her. After that, she said she was sorry. It was as if she didn't know what she was saying at that point. In the end, she shut her mouth. With tears streaming down her face, she just kept apologizing to me. I could no longer hold myself back anymore, so without caring about anything else, I jumped into her arms and started wailing. "Mom! Mom!" This is my mom! Even though we had so much conflict back in Anglandur, it only takes one sentence from her for me to brush it off and forget everything. Tears welled up in her eyes as she patted my back lightly. "I'm sorry. We were facing some problems back then in Anglandur. I was afraid that you might get tangled in our mess, so I didn't dare to speak more to you. Can you forgive me? How can I not know your father? So I know for sure that you've lived a difficult life in the Tanner residence. However, there was someone after us at that time. I was scared that they would target you, so I had no choice." "No! I didn't blame you for any of it. I know that you love me!" Although tears blurred my vision, I could still see her tears and the guilt and devastation in her eyes. "Yvonne, my darling! Let me

have a look at you!" In the end, I left the party early, following Isabelle into her car. I kept holding her hand the entire time, terrified that I would lose her again once I released my grip. It made me feel like I was a child. As Isabelle sized me up, a proud smile crept onto her face. "You grew up already. The time sure passed in the blink of an eye. Yet, you have always been so young, petite, and obedient in my memory." "Yeah! I'm an adult now!" In return, I paid so many prices to grow up. "Mom, were you fine after the shooting incident? I was so worried about you, but I didn't know if I should bother you or not." With that, I started to examine her thoroughly and was just one step away from touching her with my hands. "Don't worry. I'm fine since we prepared in advance. Fortunately, you left that day. I was so scared that you would also face danger when you were with us." The more she thought about it, the deeper the fear set in. As she caressed my face, I couldn't help but notice how gentle her touch was. It was very different from Christopher's. A moment later, she asked, "Why do you seem thinner than before? Doesn't your boyfriend take good care of you?" Since I didn't want her to know about me getting shot by a shotgun, I quickly explained, "He and his family members treat me well. Moreover, isn't it good that I got thinner? Many women hope to lose some weight, yet they fail. After all, the society nowadays prefers skinny beauties." "I still prefer you to be chubbier. It's good for your body if you can eat a bit more." Isabelle then took out her purse, pulled out a photo from it, and started to look at it intently. I leaned closer and found a six-year-old chubby me who beamed while standing in the garden in the photo. She had dressed me up as a princess at that time. The photo was a tad yellowish, but Isabelle had preserved it so well. Its worn edges showed that its owner had held and caressed it often. "Look at how cute you were when you were younger. Eve, can you let me take care of you from now on? Regardless of what happened, I'll forever stand behind you, be your support, and protect you."

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Filled with even more questions, I grabbed on to her tightly and asked anxiously, "Will you be leaving again soon? Are you going to stay in Anglandur forever?"

Since she was already Mrs. Goldstein then, I understood a lot of things were not up to her to decide. It would not be possible for her to stay if Mark had to leave the country. Still, it would break my heart to see my mother leave again.

"I'm not going anywhere. This time I'm staying here for good. You're the reason why I'm here, and I'm not going to leave your side again." After wiping the tear hanging at the corner of my eye, Isabelle started crying herself. "Everything happened so fast back then, and not bringing you with me was my

greatest regret. You have no idea how relieved I am to see you safely grow up. Whatever the Tanners did to you, I'll make sure they pay for it. Don't you worry."

When my mother mentioned Nathan, I could see her contempt toward the man in her eyes. I thought she loved my father because that was what Darius told me too. He insisted that my father was the love of my mother's life.

"Mom, what exactly happened back then? Why did you have to leave so suddenly? You were gone for years!" I could no longer keep those questions to myself. I was convinced that my mother only left me because something serious had happened. She loved me, this I could tell, so there had to be a reason.

Looking at me guiltily, Isabelle seemed reluctant to provide me with an answer.

"Is it something you can't tell me?" My gaze dropped to the floor in disappointment. "You know, people have told me a lot of bad things about you, but I didn't listen to them. You only did what you did because Dad was in the wrong. He cheated on you, right?"

"It's not that I can't tell you." Isabelle sighed, and she had never looked sadder. "Eve, you're right. Something did happen back then. But now is not a good time to talk about it. I'll tell you everything when it's over, I promise. For now, you'll just have to trust me. I'll never do anything to hurt you, Eve."

In the end, I decided not to dwell on the question. I did not go back to the Lane residence that evening, and neither did Isabelle to the Goldstein's. We got ourselves a hotel room and talked there the whole night through.

Isabelle got upset when I mentioned my past with Lyle. "Old Mrs. Smith used to be a very capable woman, so you can understand why I find it hard to believe that she would spoil her grandson like that. It just doesn't make sense to me."

"Grandma actually treated me okay." I was content with what I had then, and the past just seemed like distant history.

"I left those shares for you, but not only did old Mrs. Smith decide to hide it from you, but she also took all the dividends earned. No matter what she told you, those shares belong to you. Do you hear me?" Isabelle poked my

forehead lightly. "Tomorrow, we'll go get what's yours, and you can spend the money however you like."

Even though I had no idea why Grandma did that to me, I would rather not find out. That way, I could save myself the sorrow.

"How has, uh... How has Mark been treating you, Mom?" I asked my mother hesitantly, seeing how she had never mentioned her life with the man since we met. The only time she did was when we talked about business. That was why I could not help thinking that the two had grown apart.

After glancing at me, Isabelle gave me a forced smile. "He's good to me. Though, he's too focused on his career sometimes. The man's always trying to figure out how to expand his empire, so all he can think about is how to make profits. Hey, if Mark said anything to you that sounded weird, just ignore him, okay?"

Nestled in my mother's arms like when I was younger, I could feel my eyelids getting heavier and heavier before I soon fell into a deep sleep.

Filled with even more questions, I grabbed on to her tightly and asked anxiously, "Will you be leaving again soon? Are you going to stay in Anglandur forever?" Since she was already Mrs. Goldstein then, I understood a lot of things were not up to her to decide. It would not be possible for her to stay if Mark had to leave the country. Still, it would break my heart to see my mother leave again. "I'm not going anywhere. This time I'm staying here for good. You're the reason why I'm here, and I'm not going to leave your side again." After wiping the tear hanging at the corner of my eye, Isabelle started crying herself. "Everything happened so fast back then, and not bringing you with me was my greatest regret. You have no idea how relieved I am to see you safely grow up. Whatever the Tanners did to you, I'll make sure they pay for it. Don't you worry." When my mother mentioned Nathan, I could see her contempt toward the man in her eyes. I thought she loved my father because that was what Darius told me too. He insisted that my father was the love of my mother's life. "Mom, what exactly happened back then? Why did you have to leave so suddenly? You were gone for years!" I could no longer keep those questions to myself. I was convinced that my mother only left me because something serious had happened. She loved me, this I could tell, so there had to be a reason. Looking at me guiltily, Isabelle seemed reluctant to provide me with an answer. "Is it something you can't tell me?" My gaze dropped to the floor in disappointment. "You know, people have told me a lot of bad things about you, but I didn't listen to them. You only did what you did because Dad

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The next morning, I woke up with a big, satisfied smile on my face. It was as if everything would work out as long as I had my mother by my side. A servant of the Goldsteins was already waiting for us when my mother and I walked out of the hotel. "Madam, I was ordered to take you back home."

Refusing to let my mother go, I immediately grabbed her by the hand. "Can't you live with me?"

"I'm a Goldstein now. Of course, I have to stay at the Goldstein residence, silly," answered my mother with a warm smile as she ran her fingers through my messy hair.

She made me realize that I had acted selfishly, so I loosened my grip. “Can I go visit you then? Mr. Goldstein isn’t against that, is he?”

“You can come to visit me anytime. It’s just that I’m afraid he might be upset that I didn’t go home yesterday night, so wait for my call, okay? Be good, Eve.”

I tried my best to control my emotions as I watched Isabelle leave. It was six in the morning when I reached home, and sitting on the couch in the living room was Christopher with a stony expression on his face. It was only after I saw Christopher in person that I remembered I had not contacted the man since I met my mother the day before.

“Chris!” I called out to the man, but he chose to ignore me.

Obviously, Christopher was mad at me, just like Mark was after my mother’s disappearing act. After setting up the table, I asked Christopher what he would like for breakfast, but still, he would not talk to me. Like an upset overgrown child, Christopher pouted and gave me the cold shoulder, which I found to be slightly amusing.

I then scooped up a spoonful of oatmeal and tried to feed the man-child with an apologetic smile. “Open up. I know you want some. Come on, don’t be mad at me. I just got a little too excited yesterday, that’s all. I know it was wrong of me to forget to call you.”

“Hmph!” Christopher turned his head sideways, then picked up a random book on the table and pretended like he was reading. “As you can see, I’m quite busy now.”

“About that... your book is upside down,” I reminded the pouting man by pointing at his book cover. After realizing that I was right, Christopher decided to toss the book aside and turned on the TV, continuing to pretend like he could not be bothered with me.

“It’s a shame that no one wants this bowl of oatmeal. I would’ve eaten it myself if it wasn’t meant for someone special. Heck, I even queued all morning so that that special someone could have a nutritious meal. Not to mention I didn’t get any sleep at all last night.”

With that, Christopher immediately turned around. “What? Why didn’t you sleep? Doesn’t your mother care about your health?”

“Oh, so you do care?” I quickly covered up my mouth to stop myself from laughing while Christopher’s face hardened even more. Seeing that, I inched closer with a sweet smile.

“It seems to me like all you need is your mother. I’m surprised that you still remember you have a husband,” huffed Christopher.

“Well, I’m back, aren’t I?” I set the spoon down and embraced Christopher. “I finally got to see my mother again. I think you can understand why I needed to give her my full attention, right?”

“If you have to do this again, at least give me a call next time.”

“I promise. No matter where I go, you’ll get a full report from me.” I then wagged my phone in front of my husband. “It’s dead. I didn’t ghost you on purpose, okay? Hey, you know what would be a great idea? You should install a tracking device on my phone so that you’ll always know where I am. How does that sound?”

“You think I haven’t done that already? Why else did you think I was waiting at home?” sneered Christopher condescendingly at me as if I was a complete idiot.

In response, I stared at the man in disbelief and wondered when he managed to install the device without my knowledge.

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