

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 571-580

Posted by **chapter novel**, 52 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

I was on pins and needles since I was afraid they would see eye to eye and bring me away against my will. Thus, I yelled, "Lyle, you better not try anything silly! I'm merely grateful you're around to do me a favor! There's no way I'm falling for you! I won't stop you if you're going to leave, but there's no way I'm leaving Christopher alone!"

Lyle turned around and looked at me in the eyes. A few minutes later, he marched in my direction. I got myself a rock to defend myself just in case he tried to bring me away against my will. To my surprise, he leaned over and reached for my phone in the bag instead.

Once he returned to Christopher's side, he handed the frail man the phone and asked, "Why don't you do everyone a favor and try getting in touch with your comrades? I'm sure it's not much of a challenge for you to send someone to rush to our rescue, isn't it?"

Christopher frowned since none of us took his words seriously. In the end, he gave up and took over my phone. He retrieved his broken watch and started disassembling the watch to acquire the parts he needed.

After another few minutes, he put everything aside and announced, "I've just delivered the message, but I'm not sure if we're going to make it out alive since it's going to take at least three days until they reach us. I'm afraid John will take us out before then."

It wasn't great news, but it was something for us to look forward to when we were stranded in the middle of nowhere.

I took a seat next to Christopher and tucked him in. It was then I found out Zachary had passed out due to his serious injury. He had caught on high fever, but there wasn't anything else I could do to turn the tables around since the antibiotic wouldn't even work.

Once Christopher accessed my phone, he started perusing the photos of us and responded with a frown as he took a trip down memory lane.

I urged, "Why don't you take a short nap?"

He remained silent and had a mouthful of water. All of a sudden, he stared dead ahead and announced, "It's almost dawn break."

I turned around and stared dead ahead when I caught the sun rising from the horizon. "What's wrong with us? Can we stop catching the sunrise whenever our lives are at stake? Once we make it out alive, we'll wake up early in the morning to catch the sunrise up the hills!"

Holding me in his arms, he assured me, "Alright, once we make it out alive, I'll take you somewhere to catch the sunrise!"

Lyle couldn't stand our interaction. The moment he turned around, he caught a glimpse of others closing in. He announced with his face scrunched up, "Someone is closing in with guns!"

"What?" The moment I craned over, I saw a few vicious-looking men closing in with guns.

"What are we supposed to do? Where's the gun?" As absurd as it might sound, I thought of taking out the man with Zachary's gun when I had merely fired a shot throughout my life.

Christopher sat upright and leaned against the boulder, aiming at those closing in from afar. A few seconds, he fired a shot and took the rest of the opposing party by surprise.

"You're such an exceptional marksman, Mr. Lane! However, I'm afraid you can't take us out with your limited bullets!" John guffawed and asked, "I'm sure it feels awful after spending a few days in isolation, huh? It's only a matter of time until you starve to death even if we stay away from all of you! Why don't you do everyone a favor and surrender yourself? I may consider doing you a favor and set the rest of your party free if I'm pleased!"

Christopher asked in a callous tone, "You don't think I'm going to fall for your promises, do you?"

"Wow! I can't believe you still possess the strength to talk back against me! I saw someone sneaking their way to your side last night! I'm sure one of them is the woman you hold dear in mind, isn't she? Are you sure you're going to leave her to death? As long as you surrender yourself, I'll do her a favor and set her free!"

I was on pins and needles since I was afraid they would see eye to eye and bring me away against my will. Thus, I yelled, "Lyle, you better not try anything silly! I'm merely grateful you're around to do me a favor! There's no way I'm falling for you! I won't stop you if you're going to leave, but there's no way I'm leaving Christopher alone!" Lyle turned around and looked at me in the eyes. A few minutes later, he marched in my direction. I got myself a rock to defend myself just in case he tried to bring me away against my will. To my surprise, he leaned over and reached for my phone in the bag instead. Once he returned to Christopher's side, he handed the frail man the phone and asked, "Why don't you do everyone a favor and try getting in touch with your comrades? I'm sure it's not much of a challenge for you to send someone to rush to our rescue, isn't it?" Christopher frowned since none of us took his words seriously. In the end, he gave up and took over my phone. He retrieved his broken watch and started disassembling the watch to acquire the parts he needed. After another few minutes, he put everything aside and announced, "I've just delivered the message, but I'm not sure if we're going to make it out alive since it's going to take at least three days until they reach us. I'm afraid John will take us out before then." It wasn't great news, but it was something for us to look forward to when we were stranded in the middle of nowhere. I took a seat next to Christopher and tucked him in. It was then I found out Zachary had passed out due to his serious injury. He had caught on high fever, but there wasn't anything else I could do to turn the tables around since the antibiotic wouldn't even work. Once Christopher accessed my phone, he started perusing the photos of us and responded with a frown as he took a trip down memory lane. I urged, "Why don't you take a short nap?" He remained silent and had a mouthful of water. All of a sudden, he stared dead ahead and announced, "It's almost dawn break." I turned around and stared dead ahead when I caught the sun rising from the horizon. "What's wrong with us? Can we stop catching the sunrise whenever our lives are at stake? Once we make it out alive, we'll wake up early in the morning to catch the sunrise up the hills!" Holding me in his arms, he assured me, "Alright, once we make it out alive, I'll take you somewhere to catch the sunrise!" Lyle couldn't stand our interaction. The moment he turned around, he caught a glimpse of others closing in. He announced with his face scrunched up, "Someone is closing in with guns!" "What?" The moment I craned over, I saw a few vicious-looking men closing in with guns. "What are we supposed to do? Where's the gun?" As absurd as it might sound, I thought of taking out the man with Zachary's gun when I had merely fired a shot throughout my life. Christopher sat upright and leaned against the boulder, aiming at those closing in from afar. A few seconds, he fired a shot and took the rest of the opposing party by surprise. "You're such an exceptional marksman, Mr. Lane! However, I'm afraid you can't take us out

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“Why is he aware of our presence?” It was then I figured out he had allowed us to sneak our way to Christopher’s side to lure him out of hiding. It had always been part of his plan to threaten Christopher with my wellbeing.

He’s such a lucky man! I thought I managed to take him out with a shot when he was on board! It turns out he’s still kicking and alive when he was supposed to drown to his death!

Instead of answering the man’s query, Christopher grasped the gun with all his might. It was then Lyle urged, “Can you fire another shot and render him incapable of speech?”

“The shot fired a few seconds ago was the last shot since I had run out of bullets.”

Christopher’s announcement took us by surprise since we would be dead the moment the vicious bunch made their way to our hideout.

Out of the blue, John yelled, “Christopher, I’ll take you out since you won’t stop coming after me when I’ve tried running away from you for more than once! I’ll consider doing you a favor and leave your wife alone if you surrender yourself! However, if you refuse, I’ll get my men to have some fun with her once I take you into custody!”

Christopher couldn’t stop himself from trembling in angst. As infuriated as he might be, he answered in a callous tone, “I’m pretty sure you’re trying to deceive me again! Once I’m dead, they’re going to end up in a similar manner! You don’t think I’m going to fall for your tricks, do you?”

“Well, we shall see if you’re going to make it out alive when you’re running out of ammo and supplies!”

“Chris!” Slouching against the man, I could feel his frigid limbs when there was a scorching sun above us. I started running my hands across him and felt a sense of security when I felt the dagger he had with him.

I thought I could stop them from trying anything silly as long as I took myself out when all hell broke loose.

It must be the power of love since I couldn’t even dissect a frog for my biology class during my high school days. I was able to rule out the pros and cons of the situation since Christopher was next to me.

I was on the verge of passing out in the middle of the day. As those around us started preparing their meals, I couldn’t stop myself from gulping in silence after having rations over the past few days.

I couldn’t even stop my stomach from grumbling when I caught a whiff of the food our foes made. Out of nowhere, someone alighted from an off-road vehicle and engaged himself in a conversation with John.

John carried himself as if he was inferior to the mysterious figure next to him. Upon another glance at the mysterious figure, I thought he seemed awfully familiar, yet I couldn’t recall the occasion I had run into him.

When he was about to leave, I finally recalled I ran into him next to Mark when we were at Anglandur. He was none other than Wesley, Mark’s assistant. I was confused since I couldn’t figure out the sort of relationship the Goldstein family had with John. It was then I thought the Goldstein family might be involved in some shady trades as well.

I stopped hesitating and rushed out of hiding, yelling the moment I made it to the sight of the rest, “Hold it right there, Wesley!”

“Yvonne, have you lost your mind?” Christopher and Lyle rushed out of hiding and stood next to me to keep me safe.

Wesley was equally surprised by my presence. He asked in return, “What are you doing here? Also, why have you stopped me?”

Unsure if it was the right thing to do, I instructed in a serious tone since I was aware it was my only chance to keep all of us safe, "Tell John to set us free!"

"What makes you think I'm going to listen to you?" Wesley asked with a scornful look.

"Well, it's because I'm the sole successor of the Goldstein family, Mark's only daughter!"

"Why is he aware of our presence?" It was then I figured out he had allowed us to sneak our way to Christopher's side to lure him out of hiding. It had always been part of his plan to threaten Christopher with my wellbeing. He's such a lucky man! I thought I managed to take him out with a shot when he was on board! It turns out he's still kicking and alive when he was supposed to drown to his death! Instead of answering the man's query, Christopher grasped the gun with all his might. It was then Lyle urged, "Can you fire another shot and render him incapable of speech?" "The shot fired a few seconds ago was the last shot since I had run out of bullets." Christopher's announcement took us by surprise since we would be dead the moment the vicious bunch made their way to our hideout. Out of the blue, John yelled, "Christopher, I'll take you out since you won't stop coming after me when I've tried running away from you for more than once! I'll consider doing you a favor and leave your wife alone if you surrender yourself! However, if you refuse, I'll get my men to have some fun with her once I take you into custody!" Christopher couldn't stop himself from trembling in angst. As infuriated as he might be, he answered in a callous tone, "I'm pretty sure you're trying to deceive me again! Once I'm dead, they're going to end up in a similar manner! You don't think I'm going to fall for your tricks, do you?" "Well, we shall see if you're going to make it out alive when you're running out of ammo and supplies!" "Chris!" Slouching against the man, I could feel his frigid limbs when there was a scorching sun above us. I started running my hands across him and felt a sense of security when I felt the dagger he had with him. I thought I could stop them from trying anything silly as long as I took myself out when all hell broke loose. It must be the power of love since I couldn't even dissect a frog for my biology class during my high school days. I was able to rule out the pros and cons of the situation since Christopher was next to me. I was on the verge of passing out in the middle of the day. As those around us started preparing their meals, I couldn't stop myself from gulping in silence after having rations over the past few days. I couldn't even stop my stomach from grumbling when I caught a whiff of the food our foes made. Out of nowhere, someone alighted from an off-road vehicle and engaged himself in a conversation with John. John carried himself as if he was inferior to the

mysterious figure next to him. Upon another glance at the mysterious figure, I thought he seemed awfully familiar, yet I couldn't recall the occasion I had run into him. When he was about to leave, I finally recalled I ran into him next to Mark when we were at Anglandur. He was none other than Wesley, Mark's assistant. I was confused since I couldn't figure out the sort of relationship the Goldstein family had with John. It was then I thought the Goldstein family might be involved in some shady trades as well. I stopped hesitating and rushed out of hiding, yelling the moment I made it to the sight of the rest, "Hold it right there, Wesley!" "Yvonne, have you lost your mind?" Christopher and Lyle rushed out of hiding and stood next to me to keep me safe. Wesley was equally surprised by my presence. He asked in return, "What are you doing here? Also, why have you stopped me?" Unsure if it was the right thing to do, I instructed in a serious tone since I was aware it was my only chance to keep all of us safe, "Tell John to set us free!" "What makes you think I'm going to listen to you?" Wesley asked with a scornful look. "Well, it's because I'm the sole successor of the Goldstein family, Mark's only daughter!"  
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"You? The sole successor of the Goldstein family? How is that even possible?" Wesley gaped at the things I brought up and asked with a serious look, "Although you're Isabelle's daughter, I'm not obliged to save you! It's better if they take you out without alarming others!"

I couldn't stop myself from perspiring, but I had to give it a try since Wesley was the only one capable of saving us. He had just returned to Avenport from Anglandur. Therefore, I was certain he wasn't aware of the things going on. In an attempt to keep the rest safe, I announced, "Aren't you aware I'm not Nathan's daughter? He has announced Crystal's identity as the sole successor of the Tanner family! He also mentioned that was precisely the reason he had been mistreating me over the years!"

Halfway through the orated speech, I cast the newspaper I brought along to keep the rations safe in his direction and said, "Why don't you go ahead and check it out? The news had long made it to the headline since Mark was the only one my mother was in love with apart from Nathan!"

I can't believe the newspaper is the one doing me a huge favor! As a matter of fact, this seems to be the only thing leading us to safety!

Wesley's eyes flickered as he couldn't be sure if I had been telling the truth. He instructed the ones next to him, "Hurry up and bring me the newspaper!"

Someone stepped forward to retrieve the newspaper and sprinted back to Wesley's side once he caught a glimpse of the gun Christopher had with him.

Wesley had his fair share of doubts even after perusing the things the journalist mentioned. He repeated after me, "Are you seriously telling me you're Mark's daughter?"

"Who else could it be? I'm not sure of the things my father is up to, but I'm pretty sure he's going to take you out if he's aware you're trying to kill his only daughter! I'm sure he's currently searching high and low for me since the news has made it to the headline! You don't think he's going to let you off the hook if he figures out the things going on here, do you?"

It was one of the most ridiculous lies I had to tell throughout my life. I wasn't even certain if Mark was my father as I hadn't met Isabelle in person ever since the news made it to the headline.

"I'm well aware you're one of his most trusted aides since you were next to him when he was at Anglandur. In fact, I'm also aware you're the person in charge of the subsidiaries in Anglandur. With that being said, you don't think he values you more than his daughter, do you?"

"If that's the case, why hasn't Ms. Anderson mentioned anything in front of us?" Wesley repeated his question again.

I started making things up to deceive the man in front of me. "When I met Mr. Goldstein in person, he told me his daughter would be around my age if things turned out just fine back in the day. Don't you think he's going to be thrilled by my presence?"

The doubtful man gaped at my announcement and asked when he thought of something, "Why don't you come over here and allow me to keep you safe because there's no way we're setting Christopher free—he's a foe of ours!"

As thrilled as I might be, I carried on with the conversation in a callous tone, "I'm afraid that's impossible since we're talking about my husband and my father's son-in-law! I'll never allow you to lay a finger on him!"

"I-I—" Wesley was at a loss for words to carry on with the conversation.

Meanwhile, John was on pins and needles. In an attempt to get his revenge, he urged, "Sir, Christopher is a member of the special force! We can't let him



off the hook since he's aware of the things we're up to! Otherwise, he's going to be a pain in the ass in the future!"

"Shut up and stay away from me!" Wesley launched a powerful kick at John and announced, "I need to verify if you're telling the truth with those relevant! With that being said, there's no way I'm letting you off the hook because of something you brought up out of the blue! You need to show me you're sincere!"

How am I supposed to prove myself sincere? Is he having his doubts? What am I supposed to do to convince this suspecting man? I couldn't even think properly since I knew we would end up dead if I couldn't convince him. Shortly after I made up my mind, I pushed the men next to me aside and marched in Wesley's direction.

"Yvonne!"

"Stay away from me!" I paid no heed to them and continued marching in Wesley's direction. It was then I brought myself to a halt and started stabbing myself with all my might using the dagger Christopher had with him.

"You? The sole successor of the Goldstein family? How is that even possible?" Wesley gaped at the things I brought up and asked with a serious look, "Although you're Isabelle's daughter, I'm not obliged to save you! It's better if they take you out without alarming others!" I couldn't stop myself from perspiring, but I had to give it a try since Wesley was the only one capable of saving us. He had just returned to Avenport from Anglandur. Therefore, I was certain he wasn't aware of the things going on. In an attempt to keep the rest safe, I announced, "Aren't you aware I'm not Nathan's daughter? He has announced Crystal's identity as the sole successor of the Tanner family! He also mentioned that was precisely the reason he had been mistreating me over the years!" Halfway through the orated speech, I cast the newspaper I brought along to keep the rations safe in his direction and said, "Why don't you go ahead and check it out? The news had long made it to the headline since Mark was the only one my mother was in love with apart from Nathan!" I can't believe the newspaper is the one doing me a huge favor! As a matter of fact, this seems to be the only thing leading us to safety! Wesley's eyes flickered as he couldn't be sure if I had been telling the truth. He instructed the ones next to him, "Hurry up and bring me the newspaper!" Someone stepped forward to retrieve the newspaper and sprinted back to Wesley's side once he caught a glimpse of the gun Christopher had with him. Wesley had his fair share of doubts even after perusing the things the journalist mentioned. He

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As blood gushed out of the wound, I gritted my teeth to withstand the racking sensation I felt coming from my arms and withdrew the dagger.

Wesley is against the idea of setting us free since he has his doubts. In order to convince him, I need to prove I'm telling the truth.

"Eve!" Christopher rushed over to my side to support me when I was about to fall.

"I'm fine!" I managed a smile. For the first time, I was brimming with the confidence that I must bring Christopher out of here, alive.

I turned around and warned Wesley, "I'm pretty sure you're going to have it tough if I'm dead! What do you think he's going to do if he figures out you're trying to take out his sole successor over something trivial? You better take the consequences of your actions into considerations!"

As Wesley remained silent, I stabbed myself in the arms once more without holding back. I was impressed as blood continued gushing out of the wound as if there was an endless supply of it in my system. To be precise, I was surprised I was still conscious at that point in time.

Glaring at Wesley in the eyes, I licked the blood staining my lips off and asked, "Is that enough to prove myself yet?"

Out of the blue, I stabbed myself in the arm one last time in an attempt to force him into submission since it was my only chance to make it out alive with the rest of the party.

"On the count of three, if you think it's not enough, I'll stab myself in the heart and see if luck is on your side or my side!" I raised my volume and spilled some of my blood in his direction.

As a result, he staggered and gaped in disbelief.

"One! Two! Three!" At the end of the countdown, I knew I had to do it to prove myself. Otherwise, he would get suspicious and think it was nothing more than a bluff.

In the nick of time, he broke the silence and stopped me from stabbing myself. He was impressed as it was written all over his face. "You're quite something

else, Ms. Goldstein! To be honest, there's no way Nathan's capable of giving birth to such a courageous daughter!"

"If that's the case, can you instruct them to leave us alone?" I was on the verge of passing out, but I knew I had to pull myself together until we were safe.

He took the blood-stained dagger away from me and ran his fingers across it, announcing with a smirk, "It turns out a woman is as capable as a man in times of emergencies! Tell your men to leave us alone, John!"

"Thank you so much!" I couldn't stop myself from grinning since I had finally made it when it might be just another bluff.

"Sir, we can't afford to set Christopher free since he's a member of the special force! Otherwise, he's going to come after Mr. Goldstein in the future!" John got in our way and tried to stop us from leaving.

Wesley launched another powerful kick at John and bellowed, "Stop getting full of yourself and yelling at me! Get out of my sight and stop causing me more troubles!"

I couldn't even walk without others' support since I had to lie in an attempt to keep the rest of the party safe. Horrified by the things awaiting us once they figured out the truth, I thought I was about to pass out again.

I was completely drenched in sweat as we continued marching our way through the ones surrounding us. All of a sudden, I caught a glimpse of John reaching for his gun and pulling the trigger.

Bam!

As blood gushed out of the wound, I gritted my teeth to withstand the racking sensation I felt coming from my arms and withdrew the dagger. Wesley is against the idea of setting us free since he has his doubts. In order to convince him, I need to prove I'm telling the truth. "Eve!" Christopher rushed over to my side to support me when I was about to fall. "I'm fine!" I managed a smile. For the first time, I was brimming with the confidence that I must bring Christopher out of here, alive. I turned around and warned Wesley, "I'm pretty sure you're going to have it tough if I'm dead! What do you think he's going to do if he figures out you're trying to take out his sole successor over something trivial? You better take the consequences of your actions into considerations!"

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I couldn't believe John had the guts to defy Wesley's instructions. When he fired a shot in Christopher's direction, I rushed over to his side, shrieking at the top of my lungs, "Chris, watch out!"

My mind went completely blank as blood was all over my face the moment I heard the thunderous crack filling the desolate desert.

A few seconds later, Lyle ended up in my arms with blood gushing out of his injured chest. When he tried to say something, a mouthful of blood gushed out of his mouth.

The barely conscious man responded with a satisfied beam, snapping me out of bewilderment. “Stay with me, Lyle! You’re going to be fine! We’ll make it to the hospital soon! I’ll rush you to the hospital at once!”

His vital organs had sustained irrevocable injuries. There was no way he could make it out alive since we were in the middle of nowhere. Although I was certain he couldn’t get the medical attention he required, I dragged him along with me.

“We won’t make it in time!” Lyle remained stagnant in my arms and tried to caress my cheek, but he couldn’t even move his hands anymore.

In the end, I grasped his hand and placed it on my cheek, assuring him as torrents of grief streamed down my cheeks, “Stay with me! You’re going to be fine! Grandma is still anticipating our return! Just pull yourself together and stay with me!”

“I-I’m just glad you’re fine—” Lyle finished his sentence with a gentle grin just like the time he rushed to my rescue when I was on the verge of drowning at the age of eight.

He gasped out the things he had in mind with a smile the moment I regained consciousness shortly after he brought me back to the shore, “Thankfully, you’re fine!”

“Why? Why have you rushed to my rescue again?” I thought it was over for us since he was head over heels in love with Crystal. He wouldn’t even think of me if she continued keeping him in the dark. Nonetheless, he rushed to my rescue in the nick of time.

“I-I’m not sure as well—I-It turns out I still have a thing for you—”

Once he finished his affectionate statement, he was about to pass out in my arms again. I could feel his limbs slowly turning frigid.

“Lyle! Stay with me!” I repeated his name over and over again, hoping he would remain conscious until someone rushed to our rescue.

“Do you think I’m a foolish man since I have given up on you for Crystal when she’s merely trying to drive us apart?”

I wailed hysterically and assured him, “No! You’re the most exceptional man I’ve ever seen throughout my life!”

“You need to stop lying since I’m aware of the grudge you’re holding against me when I have brought upon nothing but your misery over the years. I wonder if reincarnation is truly a thing. If it is, can you promise to marry me in the future? I’ll do everything to keep you safe and happy.”

“S-Sure! If reincarnation is a thing, I’ll definitely find you and get married to you! It’s a promise!”

“I’m pretty sure you’re lying again, but it doesn’t really matter since it feels great. Can you do me a favor and hold me in your arms for one last time?” he continued with blood gushing out of his mouth, streaming all the way to my palm.

“Lyle! Stay with me!” I couldn’t figure out the reason the lives of those around me were constantly at stake when their safety was my sole concern.

“I’ll see you when I see you again—” Lyle’s limbs drooped over his shoulders as he slowly passed out in my arms.

“Lyle!”

I couldn't believe John had the guts to defy Wesley's instructions. When he fired a shot in Christopher's direction, I rushed over to his side, shrieking at the top of my lungs, “Chris, watch out!” My mind went completely blank as blood was all over my face the moment I heard the thunderous crack filling the desolate desert. A few seconds later, Lyle ended up in my arms with blood gushing out of his injured chest. When he tried to say something, a mouthful of blood gushed out of his mouth. The barely conscious man responded with a satisfied beam, snapping me out of bewilderment. “Stay with me, Lyle! You're going to be fine! We'll make it to the hospital soon! I'll rush you to the hospital at once!” His vital organs had sustained irrevocable injuries. There was no way he could make it out alive since we were in the middle of nowhere. Although I was certain he couldn't get the medical attention he required, I dragged him along with me. “We won't make it in time!” Lyle remained stagnant in my arms and tried to caress my cheek, but he couldn't even move his hands anymore. In the end, I grasped his hand and placed it on my cheek,

assuring him as torrents of grief streamed down my cheeks, "Stay with me! You're going to be fine! Grandma is still anticipating our return! Just pull yourself together and stay with me!" "I-I'm just glad you're fine—" Lyle finished his sentence with a gentle grin just like the time he rushed to my rescue when I was on the verge of drowning at the age of eight. He gasped out the things he had in mind with a smile the moment I regained consciousness shortly after he brought me back to the shore, "Thankfully, you're fine!" "Why? Why have you rushed to my rescue again?" I thought it was over for us since he was head over heels in love with Crystal. He wouldn't even think of me if she continued keeping him in the dark. Nonetheless, he rushed to my rescue in the nick of time. "I-I'm not sure as well—I-It turns out I still have a thing for you—" Once he finished his affectionate statement, he was about to pass out in my arms again. I could feel his limbs slowly turning frigid. "Lyle! Stay with me!" I repeated his name over and over again, hoping he would remain conscious until someone rushed to our rescue. "Do you think I'm a foolish man since I have given up on you for Crystal when she's merely trying to drive us apart?" I wailed hysterically and assured him, "No! You're the most exceptional man I've ever seen throughout my life!" "You need to stop lying since I'm aware of the grudge you're holding against me when I have brought upon nothing but your misery over the years. I wonder if reincarnation is truly a thing. If it is, can you promise to marry me in the future? I'll do everything to keep you safe and happy." "S-Sure! If reincarnation is a thing, I'll definitely find you and get married to you! It's a promise!" "I'm pretty sure you're lying again, but it doesn't really matter since it feels great. Can you do me a favor and hold me in your arms for one last time?" he continued with blood gushing out of his mouth, streaming all the way to my palm. "Lyle! Stay with me!" I couldn't figure out the reason the lives of those around me were constantly at stake when their safety was my sole concern. "I'll see you when I see you again—" Lyle's limbs drooped over his shoulders as he slowly passed out in my arms. "Lyle!"  
Posted by **chapter novel**, ? Views, Released on July 13, 2022

I managed to keep Christopher and Zachary safe at the cost of Lyle's life. Holding the unconscious man in my arms, I continued recalling the last moments of his life since he had proven himself an affectionate man prior to his death.

Unwilling to embrace the fact he had passed on, I started wailing hysterically and asked those around me, including Christopher, to get the unconscious man a doctor. I wasn't even aware of the things going on as I continued repeating Lyle's name until I was unconscious.



I had a lucid dream when I was unconscious. Seated next to the pool, Lyle, who had brought me to the shore, introduced himself and assured me things would be fine.

We ended up engaging in a conversation in my dream. I introduced myself in return, "I-I'm Yvonne."

"Can I drop by and pay you a visit every once in a while in the future?"

I responded with a nod and assured him, "Of course!"

Halfway through the conversation, he collapsed to the ground in front of me as blood continued gushing out of his chest.

"Lyle!" I shrieked and roused myself from sleep.

Holding me in his arms, Christopher continued caressing my back, reassuring me we were in great hands, "Eve, it's fine! It's going to be fine! You're safe!"

Once I snapped out of confusion and figured out we had made it to the hospital, I asked with my eyes gleaming, "We finally made it out alive, hadn't we? It was nothing more than a nightmare, wasn't it? Where's Lyle? Is he fine?"

Christopher furrowed his brows and turned around instead of answering my queries. I repeated my questions and confronted him, "He's fine, isn't he? The horrifying scene was nothing more than a nightmare of mine, wasn't it?"

"Calm down, Eve!" He wrapped his arms around me with all his might to stop me from getting overly worked up.

"I'm fine! Tell me if it was merely another one of my nightmares? There was no way the selfish Lyle would take the bullet on my behalf! If Crystal's life was the one at stake, he might change his mind, but that wasn't the case since I was the one on the verge of death!"

I forced a smile and brought up all sorts of things to deceive myself.

"The Smiths has sent someone to bring him back with them. I'm so sorry, Eve. You wouldn't have to go through any of these if it weren't because of me."

Once again, he held me in his arms in an attempt to console me.

“What do you mean?” Once emotions came flooding out, I started trembling in angst. I tried to stop myself from weeping, but my effort was to no avail.

“Lyle!” I ended up wailing hysterically for a few minutes.

“Just take things out if it makes you feel better! Eve, I’ll always be here for you!” Christopher muttered.

I ended up crying for a long time and fell into a deep slumber in his arms. It was already evening by the time I roused from my sleep. Slouching against the man’s chest, I murmured, “Chris, I shouldn’t have allowed him to tag along with me! I should’ve stopped him from making the trip!”

Christopher remained silent throughout the session since he knew I merely needed a pair of ears.

“He had always been an arrogant and self-centered man! The only one he cared about was himself! When we were in a relationship back in the day, he wouldn’t stop getting on my nerves! As a result, I thought I was the one at fault! In the end, I gave up on him when I found out Crystal was the only one he had in mind!”

After pausing for a few seconds, I added, “With that being said, he wouldn’t stop showing up in front of me as much as I tried getting rid of him! Ironically, I brought upon his demise at the end of the day! He should’ve stayed away from me since the affection we had for one another wasn’t mutual!” Halfway through the orated speech, I burst out laughing due to extreme frustration, remarking in a sarcastic manner, “He did a great job since I have to keep him in mind and spend the rest of my life in guilt.”

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“You need to stay strong since he has sacrificed himself just to keep you safe. We need to spend the rest of our lives together in spite of the challenges awaiting us.”

I nodded since I was of the same idea. “You’re right! We need to stay strong!”

After stabbing myself in the arm more than once, I had sustained quite a serious injury. It took me a few days until I could move my arms around again.

On the day of Lyle’s funeral, Christopher told me everything and brought me to the cemetery to send Lyle off for one last time.

I stood afar since I was afraid of approaching the rest of his family, including Sharon. She was the first to show me some mercy throughout the years. Although it was part of a greater scheme, she was the first who truly made me feel safe.

It must be tough for her to send the sole successor of the family, her grandson, off when her son had long passed on years ago due to an accident. Lyle was the only one she had in mind throughout the years.

“What am I supposed to do, Christopher? I’m afraid to join them! I’m afraid Grandma is going to take things out on me since I had brought upon Lyle’s demise!” I stood next to Christopher in fear of startling the rest.

Christopher grasped my hand and suggested, “You need to send him off since you were the only one he had in mind during his last breath. You don’t have to worry since I’m right next to you.”

I mustered my courage and marched in the direction of Lyle’s resting ground. When I was a few feet away from the resting ground, I heard Wendy wailing hysterically as if she couldn’t care less about others’ opinions.

“Lyle! How could you leave me? What am I supposed to do without you?”

All of a sudden, I was overwhelmed with guilt. The vicious woman who wouldn’t stop picking on me throughout the years was no longer my irritating mother-in-law.

At that point in time, she was just another heartbroken and sorrowful mother who couldn’t help but mourn her son’s passing.

Instead of bawling her eyes out, Sharon had her eyes glued to Lyle's resting ground in silence. She seemed to have aged over the night since she couldn't even maneuver around without her wheelchair. Josephine brought her around in an attempt to pay her final tribute to her grandson.

"Yvonne, how dare you show up in front of us? You were the reason Lyle was dead!" Crystal yelled at me since she was quite far away from the rest of the Smith family. They were against the idea of having her around as well. I would've returned the favor and yelled at her back in the day! However, am I in a position to pick on her when I'm the one at fault? She's merely repeating the truth!

In the end, I lowered my head in guilt and heard the commotion coming from the rest of the attendees while marching ahead to pay my last tribute to Lyle. I got the man his favorite lily bouquet and thought he would've loved it.

Staring at the weeping Wendy, I expressed my utmost apology with a bow, "I'm so sorry for your loss!"

"You're the one who has brought upon his demise! You're a murderer!" Wendy rushed to my side and launched a powerful slap in my face.

I felt a tingling sensation coming from my cheek, but those were nothing as compared to the heart-wrenching sensation I felt.

"Where's my son? Stop expressing your apology because it won't bring him back to me! I want you to bring him back to me!" Wendy let loose of her emotions and started beating me to a pulp.

Instead of evading her brutal punches, I braced myself through the blows and thought it was not a big deal if those were the things it would take to bring Lyle back to life.

Holding me in his arms, Christopher turned around and took the serious blow from Wendy on my behalf.

"Yvonne, you're just a good-for-nothing! I hate you so much! I want you to bring him back to life!" Wendy stepped aside to throw a punch at me.

"You need to stay strong since he has sacrificed himself just to keep you safe. We need to spend the rest of our lives together in spite of the challenges awaiting us." I nodded since I was of the same idea. "You're right! We need to

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Grandma turned around and looked at me in the eyes. A few seconds later, she instructed, "That's enough! Stop making a fuss when we've gathered around to send Lyle off for one last time!"

"Boohoo—" Wendy unfastened her grip and collapsed to the ground, wailing at the top of her lungs.

Standing in front of Lyle's resting ground, we were the only ones left apart from the members of the Tanner family. It started drizzling shortly after a flurry.

The bouquets in front of Lyle's grave were all over the place due to the squall. It felt as if God was equally disheartened by Lyle's passing.

As guilt slowly caught up to me, I couldn't even catch my breath when we were on our way out of the cemetery.

"Yvonne!" Nathan and the rest of the Tanner family were next to the car when we were out from the cemetery. It was evident they were there for me.

I couldn't stand against the pent-up fatigue anymore, but I pulled myself together and greeted them, "Uncle Nathan, what brings you to me today?"

Nathan asked in a hushed voice when he saw my bandaged arms, "Are you okay?"

Actually, I couldn't even recall the last time he expressed concerns over me. Nonetheless, I assured him with a nod, "It's nothing serious."

"Why don't you hurry up and get into the car? Otherwise, you're going to catch a cold again."

Unable to get used to the affectionate side of his, my eyes started brimming with tears. "Thank you so much, Uncle Nathan."

Things were hectic for the Tanner family ever since my trip to Yorksland. Others wouldn't stop talking about the financial predicament of the Tanner family as we were on the way to the cemetery.

I knew Nathan was there to acquire my aid to stop Isabelle from going after him, but he couldn't bear to bring up his request when he found out I wasn't in good shape. "I'm so sorry for the delay, Uncle Nathan. I'll get Mom to stop causing you troubles as soon as possible. It's the least I can do to repay your favor for taking care of me over the years."

I was eighteen when I left the Tanner family. Although I had a miserable life in the first two decades of my life, things weren't unbearable since I had a place to call home. Otherwise, I might've ended up in the orphanage.

"Thank you so much!" Nathan was sincere when he expressed his gratitude.

I forced a smile and assured him, "I'm just trying to return the favor."

Christopher rushed me to the hospital once we wrapped up the conversation. He got the doctor to check on my wounds since there was a drizzle when we were at the cemetery.

I wasn't even drenched since he was next to me, keeping me sheltered from the rain. Holding his hand, I assured him, "I'm fine!"

Christopher tucked me in and suggested, "Why don't you go ahead and take a short nap? I'm sure things will turn out fine by the time you wake up!"

I fell asleep with him next to me. He was there to keep me company until Isabelle was here to pick me up on the day I was discharged from the hospital.

She seemed as if she had just figured out I was involved in an accident when I was there over the past few days. Her face scrunched up the moment she saw Christopher next to me.

"Mom!" I got in her way to stop them from starting another fight. I couldn't stand them picking on one another anymore.



Isabelle resisted the urge to reprimand me and asked in a callous tone, "What's wrong with you? Why have you been rushed to the hospital? Why were you caught up in an accident again? Can you do me a favor and stop giving me the shock of my life?"

Huh? What is she talking about? What sort of accident was it? Is it something the special force has made up to keep others in the dark? Well, apart from Grandma, no one, not including Wendy, was aware of the truth of Lyle's demise since it was a confidential mission.

"I'm so sorry for the troubles I have caused you." I couldn't think of anything else to tell her as I didn't feel comfortable opening up to her. Similarly, it felt as if she couldn't care less about me.

I hope I'm merely overthinking things, but it feels like we're growing apart from one another when she's my mother.

"Shall we return home? I have asked others to get our meal ready." She brought me out of the hospital with her without allowing me to bid farewell to Christopher.

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In an attempt to bid farewell to the man, I turned around and saw him placing his hands on his chest with a satisfied beam, indicating he would always hold me dear in his mind. I responded with a smile, indicating I was of a similar idea.

Once I wrapped up the conversation, I returned with Isabelle as she was there to take me home with her. It was pretty obvious it was an attempt of hers to keep me away from Christopher.

When we were on the way back, we passed by the subsidiary of the Tanner family. Isabelle had her flickering eyes glued to the building, but I couldn't figure out the sort of things she had in mind. I asked when I recalled the conversation I had with Nathan, "Mom, can you do me a favor and let the Tanner family off the hook for once?"

Unable to fathom the things I had brought up, Isabelle asked with a frown, "What? Are you seriously asking me to forgive those from the Tanner family? Aren't you aware I'm the rightful owner of the company? Are you telling me to hand over the ownership over it to someone else?"

Indeed, the Tanner family had acquired the initial capital to venture into the corporate world from the Anderson family. After much consideration, I asked, "Mom, you're currently living a blissful life with Mr. Goldstein, aren't you? Why don't you let bygones be bygones and forget about it?"

Isabelle's face puckered in irritation as if she was irked by the things I mentioned. Gritting her teeth, she announced, "That's enough! You're not supposed to poke your nose into my business!"

She seemed to be holding a strong grudge against the members of the Tanner family, especially Nathan—she would get increasingly worked up whenever I mentioned something about them up.

In order to persuade her, I enunciated, "Mom, I'm already twenty-five-year-old. I'm not sure of the things bothering you, but don't you think it's time to move on in life? Don't you think we owe him at least this much for bringing me up even when he's aware I'm not his daughter throughout the years? It's the least I can do to return the favor."

Isabelle remained silent and turned around, staring dead ahead of her. A few minutes later, she turned around and let out a long sigh. "I've never seen such a silly woman like you throughout my life. Why are you trying to do him a favor when you're aware you're not related to him at all? On top of that, you paid me a visit for something similar when you weren't even aware of the truth. Aren't you holding a grudge against him for mistreating you?"

I shook my head and remarked, "I once resented them for the miseries they brought upon me throughout the years, but I thought it was impossible for me to sever ties with him. When I was made aware of the truth, I knew I was in no position to pick on him since he wasn't even obliged to raise me. Can you consider doing me a favor to salvage the only memories left?"

Sighing, she gasped out her answer, "Alright, we'll meet them in person to discuss the next best course of action tomorrow. I want him to know I'm merely trying to do you a favor."

I heaved a long sigh of relief since I had successfully resolved the issue. In spite of the urge to figure out the identity of my father, I knew it wouldn't be wise to bring it up since she wasn't in the mood to talk about it.

Isabelle asked me to spend the night with her. I thought she had many things to share with me, but she tucked herself in and slept like a log once she carried out her evening routine.

"Mom, I have so many things to tell you, but why does it seem as if you have no intention to talk to me? Can you tell me what I am supposed to do next?" I muttered to myself and continued tossing and turning in bed.

In the end, I brought myself out of the room and returned to my room next door since I couldn't fall asleep. Standing next to the window, I lost myself in a train of thought while staring at the stunning cityscape.

As I tried to gather my thoughts, I caught a silhouette next to the window. A man sneaked his way into my room and took me by surprise.

I was glad I hadn't shrieked since the mysterious figure was none other than Christopher. He greeted me with a smile, "Eve, I'm here to keep you company."

In an attempt to bid farewell to the man, I turned around and saw him placing his hands on his chest with a satisfied beam, indicating he would always hold me dear in his mind. I responded with a smile, indicating I was of a similar idea. Once I wrapped up the conversation, I returned with Isabelle as she was there to take me home with her. It was pretty obvious it was an attempt of hers to keep me away from Christopher. When we were on the way back, we passed by the subsidiary of the Tanner family. Isabelle had her flickering eyes glued to the building, but I couldn't figure out the sort of things she had in mind. I asked when I recalled the conversation I had with Nathan, "Mom, can

you do me a favor and let the Tanner family off the hook for once?” Unable to fathom the things I had brought up, Isabelle asked with a frown, “What? Are you seriously asking me to forgive those from the Tanner family? Aren't you aware I'm the rightful owner of the company? Are you telling me to hand over the ownership over it to someone else?” Indeed, the Tanner family had acquired the initial capital to venture into the corporate world from the Anderson family. After much consideration, I asked, “Mom, you're currently living a blissful life with Mr. Goldstein, aren't you? Why don't you let bygones be bygones and forget about it?” Isabelle's face puckered in irritation as if she was irked by the things I mentioned. Gritting her teeth, she announced, “That's enough! You're not supposed to poke your nose into my business!” She seemed to be holding a strong grudge against the members of the Tanner family, especially Nathan—she would get increasingly worked up whenever I mentioned something about them up. In order to persuade her, I enunciated, “Mom, I'm already twenty-five-year-old. I'm not sure of the things bothering you, but don't you think it's time to move on in life? Don't you think we owe him at least this much for bringing me up even when he's aware I'm not his daughter throughout the years? It's the least I can do to return the favor.” Isabelle remained silent and turned around, staring dead ahead of her. A few minutes later, she turned around and let out a long sigh. “I've never seen such a silly woman like you throughout my life. Why are you trying to do him a favor when you're aware you're not related to him at all? On top of that, you paid me a visit for something similar when you weren't even aware of the truth. Aren't you holding a grudge against him for mistreating you?” I shook my head and remarked, “I once resented them for the miseries they brought upon me throughout the years, but I thought it was impossible for me to sever ties with him. When I was made aware of the truth, I knew I was in no position to pick on him since he wasn't even obliged to raise me. Can you consider doing me a favor to salvage the only memories left?” Sighing, she gasped out her answer, “Alright, we'll meet them in person to discuss the next best course of action tomorrow. I want him to know I'm merely trying to do you a favor.” I heaved a long sigh of relief since I had successfully resolved the issue. In spite of the urge to figure out the identity of my father, I knew it wouldn't be wise to bring it up since she wasn't in the mood to talk about it. Isabelle asked me to spend the night with her. I thought she had many things to share with me, but she tucked herself in and slept like a log once she carried out her evening routine. “Mom, I have so many things to tell you, but why does it seem as if you have no intention to talk to me? Can you tell me what I am supposed to do next?” I muttered to myself and continued tossing and turning in bed. In the end, I brought myself out of the room and returned to my room next door since I couldn't fall asleep. Standing next to the window, I lost

myself in a train of thought while staring at the stunning cityscape. As I tried to gather my thoughts, I caught a silhouette next to the window. A man sneaked his way into my room and took me by surprise. I was glad I hadn't shrieked since the mysterious figure was none other than Christopher. He greeted me with a smile, "Eve, I'm here to keep you company."

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I stared at him blankly, at a total loss of how to react. "I can't believe you actually did this. Did it never cross your mind that I might be sleeping with my mother, and you'd actually be sneaking into an empty room?"

"It's fine. If that was really the case, then I would just have climbed back out of the window," he stated, grinning widely as he came toward me. "I haven't seen you for ages. You moved out right after I returned. I became so lonely that I had to come up with a way by myself to reunite with my queen."

"Your queen?" I punched him on the chest playfully. "How I wish I were an actual queen! Then I would get to do as I please, and no one would be able to stop me."

"Well, I just missed you so much I couldn't bear to be away from you for another second, hence this secret rendezvous. Surely you feel the same way, don't you? Please say you do, or you'll be breaking my heart," he pleaded as he clutched his chest and put on a forlorn expression.

"If you really don't wish to see me, then I'll just leave," he said, walking to the window and pretending as if he was indeed about to climb out.

Rolling my eyes at him, I hurriedly pulled him back into the room. "You know full well how I feel. Don't you dare step out of that window now, or I'll never talk to you ever again."

He then pulled me into his embrace and pressed his lips onto mine, giving me a kiss that was somehow both forceful and tender at the same time. After having been through such a terrifying event together, we were both filled with nothing but an overwhelming desire to hug each other tightly. It was only by feeling each other's warmth and breath that we could finally find our peace again.

"I've missed you so much, Chris. I really have. When I got to know that something bad happened to you, the only thought that came into my mind was that if you couldn't be found, then I wouldn't want to live anymore either." I

gazed at him with reddened eyes and added softly, "Don't you think I'm stupid? I'm nothing but a fool."

"No, you're not stupid at all. If it were not for the very the fact that you're smart, we would inevitably have died in that place." He planted his lips on mine again, simultaneously sweeping me into his arms and carrying me to the bed. His kisses remained relentless even as his fingers busied themselves with unbuttoning my blouse.

Nestled in his arms, I went along with him and began undoing the buttons on his shirt as well. Warmth and strength radiated from his being as our bodies pressed together, and a sigh of contentment escaped my lips.

"Chris, let's never separate, okay? I can't bear worrying about you again. I'm so afraid, Chris. I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to live without you!"

"Okay, then let's never be apart!" Forcefully thrusting into me, he landed a bunch of kisses on my lips while repeatedly calling out my name, "Eve... Oh, Eve..."

Although our behavior was wild, we were cautious to keep our voices low the whole time. With our bodies joined, it was as though we had melded together into one.

Just as we were getting lost in the moment, there were suddenly footsteps outside the room, followed by the sound of someone knocking on the door. I almost jumped out of my skin in fright.

Isabelle's voice rang out. "Eve? Why did you disappear? Have you come back to your own room now?"

Pushing Christopher's face away, I cleared my throat before answering in a soft tone, "I'm asleep, Mom."

"Silly girl. Were you uncomfortable sleeping with me?" asked Isabelle with a soft chuckle, a hint of displeasure apparent in her voice.

Remembering that I had not locked the door when I came in earlier, I hurriedly answered her so that she would not barge in, "That's not it, Mom. It's just that with everything that's been going on, I've been having trouble falling asleep lately and didn't want to wake you up. Don't get upset over this, okay?"

“Oh, I’m upset! I’m very upset indeed!” Isabelle answered jokingly. “Shall I come in to keep you company? We haven’t seen each other for a long time. I think it’s good time we talked.”

“No!” I yelled out just as Christopher pushed into me again. Fortunately, he was not too aggressive this time. However, upon seeing the glare I shot at him, he deliberately added more force to his actions. Annoyed, I tried kicking him away, but he swiftly grabbed my legs and lifted them, kissing the backs of my thighs fervently.

I stared at him blankly, at a total loss of how to react. “I can’t believe you actually did this. Did it never cross your mind that I might be sleeping with my mother, and you’d actually be sneaking into an empty room?” “It’s fine. If that was really the case, then I would just have climbed back out of the window,” he stated, grinning widely as he came toward me. “I haven’t seen you for ages. You moved out right after I returned. I became so lonely that I had to come up with a way by myself to reunite with my queen.” “Your queen?” I punched him on the chest playfully. “How I wish I were an actual queen! Then I would get to do as I please, and no one would be able to stop me.” “Well, I just missed you so much I couldn’t bear to be away from you for another second, hence this secret rendezvous. Surely you feel the same way, don’t you? Please say you do, or you’ll be breaking my heart,” he pleaded as he clutched his chest and put on a forlorn expression. “If you really don’t wish to see me, then I’ll just leave,” he said, walking to the window and pretending as if he was indeed about to climb out. Rolling my eyes at him, I hurriedly pulled him back into the room. “You know full well how I feel. Don’t you dare step out of that window now, or I’ll never talk to you ever again.” He then pulled me into his embrace and pressed his lips onto mine, giving me a kiss that was somehow both forceful and tender at the same time. After having been through such a terrifying event together, we were both filled with nothing but an overwhelming desire to hug each other tightly. It was only by feeling each other’s warmth and breath that we could finally find our peace again. “I’ve missed you so much, Chris. I really have. When I got to know that something bad happened to you, the only thought that came into my mind was that if you couldn’t be found, then I wouldn’t want to live anymore either.” I gazed at him with reddened eyes and added softly, “Don’t you think I’m stupid? I’m nothing but a fool.” “No, you’re not stupid at all. If it were not for the very the fact that you’re smart, we would inevitably have died in that place.” He planted his lips on mine again, simultaneously sweeping me into his arms and carrying me to the bed. His kisses remained relentless even as his fingers busied themselves with unbuttoning my blouse. Nestled in his arms, I went along with him and



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