

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 581-590

Posted by **chapter novel**, 48 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

"I'm asleep, Mom, and it's getting late as well. Why don't we talk tomorrow?"

"All right, then. You go ahead and get some rest." As soon as her footsteps faded away, our surroundings fell silent again. Only the faint sound of the chilly night breeze blowing past could be heard.

I let out a sigh of relief and instantly relaxed. Then, slapping Christopher's head, I remarked, "If she had barged in here just now, I swear, the sky would have come crashing down."

"Don't worry. Am I not here to protect you in case that happens?" Smiling affectionately, he sat me up and positioned me in his arms, his lips once again falling upon mine as he kissed me gently.

I knew he was doing all he could to comfort me, and it did help me to feel better eventually. After our strenuous workout ended, I lay there on his sweaty and muscular chest, scrutinizing the scars on his tan skin. I had never asked him how he had gotten them, but ever since I found out he was in the special forces, I knew they could only be his battle scars.

As I traced my finger over them, Christopher's hand quickly flew over, gripping mine. Pointing at the scars, he asked, "What's wrong? Do you hate the sight of them? Well, I don't. I think it adds to my masculinity. Don't you agree?"

Rolling my eyes at him, I answered, "Of course, I hate seeing them! The mere sight of them frightens me."

In fact, those scars sent chills down my spine whenever I saw them. I never felt that way before I knew the reason he had them. However, once I did, the scars only reminded me of the horrifying battles he had fought.

"You don't have to be afraid. I promise I'll be extra careful in the future and won't do anything that might worry you, all right?" he assured, planting a few kisses on my forehead.

I nodded wordlessly. I knew that due to his identity, there were certain commitments he simply could not reject. In fact, even if he had a choice, he would still have chosen to do them anyway, as it represented his honor and

courage in battling alongside his comrades. Knowing there was no stopping him, I could only hope he would stay safe at all times.

As soon as dawn broke, Christopher climbed his way back out of the window. I did tell him he could simply go through the front door, but he refused to do so. Overcome with curiosity, I asked him why.

Lightly brushing his finger down my nose, he chuckled as he explained, "I'm leaving exactly the way I came. This is a secret rendezvous, isn't it? Of course, I can't possibly just walk through the front door!"

I snorted at him. A secret rendezvous? What's he talking about? We've been a couple for ages now. The way he puts it, he's making it sound as if it's an affair!

After he left, I returned to bed and slept for a few more hours. Then I woke up and went down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. However, as I approached the kitchen, I spotted Isabelle in there, already busy with cooking. Stunned, I froze in the doorway for a moment.

In fact, Isabelle's cooking was superb. I remembered tasting it as a child and thinking it was better than any chefs out there. Perhaps I did miss it a lot after not having it for years, as I stood there reminiscing about the taste, thinking that her cooking was the best I had ever had.

"You're up? Breakfast will be ready in a minute. Why don't you wash up first?"

"I've already done that," I said with a smile.

"I remember you used to love the banana pancakes I made. You should have as many as you can," stated Isabelle as she placed the dish on the table. Pointing at the pan behind her, she went on, "I fried a chicken omelet as well. That was your favorite, too, wasn't it?"

I watched as Isabelle scooped the dish onto a plate. This woman, who once felt like a stranger to me, was finally beginning to seem less like one.

I thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast that day and ate an awful lot, a smile hanging on my lips the whole time. After that, I gave Nathan a call to inform him that Isabelle would like to meet up with him for a chat. He sounded extremely emotional when he heard that and kept confirming if it was true.

“A-Are you serious a-about it? D-Did Belle really say she wants to meet me?” He could barely get the words out.

“Yeah. She said to meet her at Majestic Garden,” I stated flatly.

“A-All right. I’ll be there on time...”

“Look at you, Nathan! Aren’t you pleased to meet up with that woman? Let me tell you this. If you plan on reconciling with her, you’d better make sure you kill both me and Yvette first!”

“I’m asleep, Mom, and it’s getting late as well. Why don’t we talk tomorrow?”

“All right, then. You go ahead and get some rest.” As soon as her footsteps faded away, our surroundings fell silent again. Only the faint sound of the chilly night breeze blowing past could be heard. I let out a sigh of relief and instantly relaxed. Then, slapping Christopher’s head, I remarked, “If she had barged in here just now, I swear, the sky would have come crashing down.”

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I frowned unwittingly as Scarlett's voice rang out in the background on the other end. Isabelle had only just agreed to let the Tanners off the hook. If Scarlett made another ruckus at this time and pissed Isabelle off, the latter might just change her mind.

The chaotic noise went on for a long while before Nathan's voice came back on the line, asking in a hushed voice, "Did your mother say anything else?"

I shook my head. "All she said was that she needed to discuss something important with you in person. Anyway, you have nothing to worry about. I'm sure everything's going to be okay since she's already promised me she wouldn't take any action on your family."

“That’s good to know.” Nathan sounded relieved.

After a moment’s hesitation, I added tentatively, “Dad, I think it’d be better if you come alone. Mom’s temper is no longer as it used to be. I mean, she’s still a gentle soul, but you’ve hurt her quite badly. So... Do you get what I mean?”

Keeping in mind that he was my father, I was aware that there were certain things I couldn’t say without being outright inappropriate. However, I still had to give him a heads up about this.

“Yes, I get what you mean. Don’t worry, I’ll come alone later.”

It was indeed better that way. He and Isabelle would need to talk things out to resolve their issues. If a whole bunch of other Tanners tagged along – forget about talking – the meeting would inevitably turn into a full-blown wrestling match.

Crystal and the others, especially, would definitely seize the opportunity to find trouble with me.

After the phone call ended, I went and knocked on Isabelle’s door, entering only after she asked me to. She was in the midst of dolling herself up and was adding the final touch by slapping on some lipstick. Then she stood before me, twirling her long, red dress, asking, “How do I look? Is this too much?”

It had been years since she last saw Nathan. Seeing the amount of effort she put in to look her best, it was evident that she cared about this meeting immensely. As for Nathan, he clearly felt the same, judging from the way his voice lit up with excitement when he was speaking about Isabelle earlier. It really made me wonder, if they never stopped loving each other, then why had they still chosen to betray each other those years ago?

Is this simply how fate toys with people?

“Not at all. You look absolutely stunning in that dress.” Standing beside her, I smiled as I gestured at the dull-colored clothing I was clad in. “Look at you! You’re sparkling! If we were to walk on the streets together right now, people would automatically assume you’re my sister instead of my mother.”

“Well, you really do know how to make me happy, don’t you? All right, since you approve of it, then this is what I’m wearing to the meeting,” said Isabelle

as she fished around in her closet for a suitable handbag. Out of the many handbags of various colors and styles she owned, she eventually settled on a modest-looking, black-colored one. Then we left for the restaurant. I noticed a car tailing us as soon as we left the mansion, but I had no idea who was driving it.

“Oh, by the way, who’s your father bringing along?” asked Isabelle.

“He’s coming alone.” I knew I had to be careful answering this question.

“Hmph!” Isabelle crossed her legs and propped her chin on her hand as she remarked disdainfully, “At least he’s doing something right for once.”

As the car stopped in front of Majestic Garden, two bodyguards came out of the car behind and opened our doors for us. It was only then that I realized we were being followed by bodyguards.

“Mrs. Goldstein, Ms. Tanner.” They bowed respectfully as we alighted from the car.

Not used to being waited on in such a manner, I waved at them dismissively as I exited the car.

“Belle!” yelled Nathan from the entrance of the restaurant. Upon spotting Isabelle, he was unable to move his gaze away from her. The two simply stood there in silence, eyes locked on each other, for what seemed like an eternity. Turning sideways to glance at Isabelle, I was taken aback to see her eyes glistening with tears.

They were tears of an aggrieved woman, which had sprung forth as her sight fell upon the man she longed.

I refrained from spoiling their moment and merely stood quietly at her side. After a while, Isabelle was the first to speak. “Shall we go in? Or would you prefer to discuss the Tanner family’s matters out here?” she asked in a mild tone.

“S-Sure, let’s go in.” Pointing at the restaurant, Nathan croaked, “I-I’ve booked a private room.”

Alas, in his state of anxiousness, he turned around only to carelessly bump head-on into the revolving doors.

I frowned unwittingly as Scarlett's voice rang out in the background on the other end. Isabelle had only just agreed to let the Tanners off the hook. If Scarlett made another ruckus at this time and pissed Isabelle off, the latter might just change her mind. The chaotic noise went on for a long while before Nathan's voice came back on the line, asking in a hushed voice, "Did your mother say anything else?" I shook my head. "All she said was that she needed to discuss something important with you in person. Anyway, you have nothing to worry about. I'm sure everything's going to be okay since she's already promised me she wouldn't take any action on your family." "That's good to know." Nathan sounded relieved. After a moment's hesitation, I added tentatively, "Dad, I think it'd be better if you come alone. Mom's temper is no longer as it used to be. I mean, she's still a gentle soul, but you've hurt her quite badly. So... Do you get what I mean?" Keeping in mind that he was my father, I was aware that there were certain things I couldn't say without being outright inappropriate. However, I still had to give him a heads up about this. "Yes, I get what you mean. Don't worry, I'll come alone later." It was indeed better that way. He and Isabelle would need to talk things out to resolve their issues. If a whole bunch of other Tanners tagged along - forget about talking - the meeting would inevitably turn into a full-blown wrestling match. Crystal and the others, especially, would definitely seize the opportunity to find trouble with me. After the phone call ended, I went and knocked on Isabelle's door, entering only after she asked me to. She was in the midst of dolling herself up and was adding the final touch by slapping on some lipstick. Then she stood before me, twirling her long, red dress, asking, "How do I look? Is this too much?" It had been years since she last saw Nathan. Seeing the amount of effort she put in to look her best, it was evident that she cared about this meeting immensely. As for Nathan, he clearly felt the same, judging from the way his voice lit up with excitement when he was speaking about Isabelle earlier. It really made me wonder, if they never stopped loving each other, then why had they still chosen to betray each other those years ago? Is this simply how fate toys with people? "Not at all. You look absolutely stunning in that dress." Standing beside her, I smiled as I gestured at the dull-colored clothing I was clad in. "Look at you! You're sparkling! If we were to walk on the streets together right now, people would automatically assume you're my sister instead of my mother." "Well, you really do know how to make me happy, don't you? All right, since you approve of it, then this is what I'm wearing to the meeting," said Isabelle as she fished around in her closet for a suitable handbag. Out of the many handbags of various colors and styles she owned, she eventually settled on a modest-looking, black-colored one. Then we left for the restaurant. I noticed a car tailing us as soon as we left the mansion, but I had no idea who was driving it. "Oh, by the way, who's your



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"Belle, these are your favorite dishes. If you don't like them, I can ask them to prepare some other dishes instead." Nathan looked at Isabelle, who was sitting across from him. There was a hint of awe in his eyes.

"It's fine. I'm not here for a meal anyway." Isabelle started taking a few bites, and then she said to the waiter behind her, "Change all of these to something spicy. I like spicy food now."

Mom was lying about that. She was having a light and healthy meal last night, and she wouldn't have ordered something spicy if it wasn't for me.

Nathan stiffened upon hearing that, and he quickly told the waiter, "Just go and prepare what she asked for."

He turned around and said, "You're still as beautiful and youthful after these many years, but I'm already an old man."

Isabelle chuckled enticingly. "You're indeed older. It's normal for you to look older when your business is in trouble."



“You...” Nathan hesitated for a moment before asking, “When will you let go of this then?”

“We’re finally getting to the point. I was worried that you won’t address the elephant in the room.” Isabelle placed her palm under her cheek as she smiled at him. “I’m just curious. I was so naive and ignorant that I put everything under your name. Now that I think of it, they belong to me in the first place. Do you agree with what I said?”

It was a difficult question. I noticed Nathan’s expression darkened right away upon hearing that. He got a little icier as he said, “You should know that I was the one managing the company all this while, and I’ve made most of the huge decisions even back in the old days. You’ve left for so many years, and you’re asking me to give you back everything now that you’ve returned. Do you think things work this way?”

“Ha!” Isabelle curled her lips sarcastically. “You’re finally dropping the loving act and showing your true colors now. We both know what exactly happened back then, and time doesn’t erase everything. Nathan, I will always remember what you’ve done behind my back.”

Nathan’s gaze fell on me, with a hint of something else. I frowned, knowing that he was about to say that I wasn’t his daughter. I shook my head subtly at him as anxiety flashed across my eyes. This wasn’t a negotiation but a fight. Nothing good would ever come out from this. Nathan gritted his teeth and swallowed back his words.

Naturally, Isabelle took in all of our silent interactions. It was impossible for her to not notice. I saw through her expression that she wasn’t feeling guilty about me being there at all, and her gaze toward Nathan was icier.

The atmosphere was getting awkward. I had to say something, hence I smiled. “Mom, let’s eat first. The dishes here are amazing. You should try them.”

Seeing that Isabelle had picked up her cutlery, I shot Nathan a glance. He snorted softly and then downed his glass of wine.

After a while, Isabelle placed her cutlery away, and she said to Nathan, “I know why you’re here today. You want me to stop attacking the Tanner family. I can promise you that. It was Mark’s decision anyway, and I’m sure Mark will

listen to me. He doesn't care much about the Tanner family. But, I do have one condition."

"What is it?" Nathan and I looked at Isabelle at the same time. I saw how anxious he was, and my heart was thumping wildly too. If Isabelle was to say something beyond our expectations, this negotiation would be a failure.

Isabelle raised her chin as she looked at me. "It's simple. Crystal will be the only heir to the Tanner family, not anyone else. Do you get me?"

"What?" I stood up. How could this be?

Nathan was taken aback too. He couldn't understand Isabelle's decision as he frowned and asked, "Why? I do like Crystal. She's my niece, and I'm willing to love her as my daughter. But still, her last name is Yates. She's not a Tanner."

"Belle, these are your favorite dishes. If you don't like them, I can ask them to prepare some other dishes instead." Nathan looked at Isabelle, who was sitting across from him. There was a hint of awe in his eyes. "It's fine. I'm not here for a meal anyway." Isabelle started taking a few bites, and then she said to the waiter behind her, "Change all of these to something spicy. I like spicy food now." Mom was lying about that. She was having a light and healthy meal last night, and she wouldn't have ordered something spicy if it wasn't for me. Nathan stiffened upon hearing that, and he quickly told the waiter, "Just go and prepare what she asked for." He turned around and said, "You're still as beautiful and youthful after these many years, but I'm already an old man." Isabelle chuckled enticingly. "You're indeed older. It's normal for you to look older when your business is in trouble." "You..." Nathan hesitated for a moment before asking, "When will you let go of this then?" "We're finally getting to the point. I was worried that you won't address the elephant in the room." Isabelle placed her palm under her cheek as she smiled at him. "I'm just curious. I was so naive and ignorant that I put everything under your name. Now that I think of it, they belong to me in the first place. Do you agree with what I said?" It was a difficult question. I noticed Nathan's expression darkened right away upon hearing that. He got a little icier as he said, "You should know that I was the one managing the company all this while, and I've made most of the huge decisions even back in the old days. You've left for so many years, and you're asking me to give you back everything now that you've returned. Do you think things work this way?" "Ha!" Isabelle curled her lips sarcastically. "You're finally dropping the loving act and showing your true colors now. We both know what exactly happened back then, and time doesn't erase everything. Nathan, I will always remember what you've done behind

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“If you can't understand why I'm saying this, then there's no way you can revive your business. It's no wonder the Tanner family is still being trapped in this place.” Isabelle wiped her hands and gave me a piece of the dessert. She said with a smile, “Yvonne is the only reason why I've shown mercy to Scarlett and Yvette. I will never agree to let them be in charge of the Tanner family.”

“I...” Nathan looked troubled. “Is there no room for discussion?”

“Not at all.” Isabelle stood up and slammed the table. “You can only hand over the Tanner family to Crystal if you want them to still exist. If Scarlett or Yvette somehow managed to get their hands on the Tanner family, things will be done between us.”

I had never expected Isabelle's stance to be this firm. Her tone kept increasing, and by the end of the sentence, she was basically yelling at us.

“Mom!” I shouted and held her hand, which she quickly shoved me away. She sneered, “Nathan, don’t blame me for this. You should be thanking Eve. If it wasn’t for her persuading me again and again, I’d have asked for more than this.”

Nathan kept silent for a long while before finally letting out a long sigh. “Fine. I can do that.”

“You’d better.” Isabelle sat back down in her seat. “I’ll give you three days to release a statement to the media, announcing that Crystal is the heir to the Tanner family. I promise I’ll make sure everything goes back to normal once I saw the statement, and I can give you back the project too.”

“I don’t need three days. You’ll see the statement by tomorrow.” Nathan sounded defeated.

On our way back, I was still puzzled. Although Isabelle didn’t make things too difficult for Nathan, and her reasoning made sense too. But, I was still flustered by her request to make Crystal the heir to the Tanner family.

I felt even more uneasy than making Yvette the heir. Why Crystal? Especially after everything she had done? Why was she eligible of leading the Tanner family? I wasn’t someone who hold grudges, but I had to admit I hated Crystal. It was as if she would always be causing me troubles.

I woke up early the next morning. The first thing I did was to read the newspaper. I wanted to see if Nathan released the statement. In the end, I turned on the television news instead, and I was stunned. Nathan did hold a media conference, stating that Crystal would from now on inherit everything in the Tanner family, including the power to make decisions.

This did gain some noise in the industry, but it wasn’t the trending news. Instead, it was something related to me. Earlier that morning, Mark held a grand press conference in front of Goldstein Corporation. Aside from briefing the media about Goldstein Corporation’s recent projects and planning, he also revealed something important. He announced that I was his stranded daughter.

“Yvonne Tanner is my stranded daughter. My heart aches to not learn about her existence for so many years. I hadn’t been healthy, and it was hard for me to have kids. Little did I know, I have a daughter out there, and she’s already an adult. I was surprised and excited. To express my gratitude to the Tanner

family for bringing her up, I've decided to share this project with them. Also, Yvonne will be the eldest daughter in the Goldstein family from now on. You'll have to ask me before crossing her line."

I stood in front of the television, trying to process everything I just heard. Was I really Mark's daughter?

The last time when we were in the desert, I lied because I wanted to rescue Christopher and the others. I never expected Mark to announce at a press conference that I was his daughter.

"H-How is this possible?" The cup in my hand slipped, and the milk inside was spilled everywhere. My mind went blank. After a while, I finally regained my senses. I grabbed the servant, who was busy cleaning up after my mess, and asked, "Where's Mom?"

"If you can't understand why I'm saying this, then there's no way you can revive your business. It's no wonder the Tanner family is still being trapped in this place." Isabelle wiped her hands and gave me a piece of the dessert. She said with a smile, "Yvonne is the only reason why I've shown mercy to Scarlett and Yvette. I will never agree to let them be in charge of the Tanner family." "I..." Nathan looked troubled. "Is there no room for discussion?" "Not at all." Isabelle stood up and slammed the table. "You can only hand over the Tanner family to Crystal if you want them to still exist. If Scarlett or Yvette somehow managed to get their hands on the Tanner family, things will be done between us." I had never expected Isabelle's stance to be this firm. Her tone kept increasing, and by the end of the sentence, she was basically yelling at us. "Mom!" I shouted and held her hand, which she quickly shoved me away. She sneered, "Nathan, don't blame me for this. You should be thanking Eve. If it wasn't for her persuading me again and again, I'd have asked for more than this." Nathan kept silent for a long while before finally letting out a long sigh. "Fine. I can do that." "You'd better." Isabelle sat back down in her seat. "I'll give you three days to release a statement to the media, announcing that Crystal is the heir to the Tanner family. I promise I'll make sure everything goes back to normal once I saw the statement, and I can give you back the project too." "I don't need three days. You'll see the statement by tomorrow." Nathan sounded defeated. On our way back, I was still puzzled. Although Isabelle didn't make things too difficult for Nathan, and her reasoning made sense too. But, I was still flustered by her request to make Crystal the heir to the Tanner family. I felt even more uneasy than making Yvette the heir. Why Crystal? Especially after everything she had done? Why was she eligible of leading the Tanner family? I wasn't someone who hold grudges, but I had to

admit I hated Crystal. It was as if she would always be causing me troubles. I woke up early the next morning. The first thing I did was to read the newspaper. I wanted to see if Nathan released the statement. In the end, I turned on the television news instead, and I was stunned. Nathan did hold a media conference, stating that Crystal would from now on inherit everything in the Tanner family, including the power to make decisions. This did gain some noise in the industry, but it wasn't the trending news. Instead, it was something related to me. Earlier that morning, Mark held a grand press conference in front of Goldstein Corporation. Aside from briefing the media about Goldstein Corporation's recent projects and planning, he also revealed something important. He announced that I was his stranded daughter.

"Yvonne Tanner is my stranded daughter. My heart aches to not learn about her existence for so many years. I hadn't been healthy, and it was hard for me to have kids. Little did I know, I have a daughter out there, and she's already an adult. I was surprised and excited. To express my gratitude to the Tanner family for bringing her up, I've decided to share this project with them. Also, Yvonne will be the eldest daughter in the Goldstein family from now on. You'll have to ask me before crossing her line." I stood in front of the television, trying to process everything I just heard. Was I really Mark's daughter? The last time when we were in the desert, I lied because I wanted to rescue Christopher and the others. I never expected Mark to announce at a press conference that I was his daughter. "H-How is this possible?" The cup in my hand slipped, and the milk inside was spilled everywhere. My mind went blank. After a while, I finally regained my senses. I grabbed the servant, who was busy cleaning up after my mess, and asked, "Where's Mom?"

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

"Madam had gone out early in the morning, but I don't know where she went. Ms. Yvonne, why don't you give her a call?" The servant was visibly alarmed.

My hand was still trembling as I took out my phone. I struggled for a while before making the phone call.

"I'm sorry, the number you've dialed is not available. Please call again later."

Is Mom missing again? I sighed. It seemed like a habit for her to disappear whenever something happened. It was as if she was trying to hide from me and the issue surrounding my background. I wanted to talk to her, especially now that Mark had claimed to be my father.

Feeling frustrated and in disbelief, I smashed my phone to the ground. The screen cracked, and I could only think of finding Christopher at that moment.

Seeing Christopher was the only way to keep me calm.

I took a cab to Christopher's office. This was my first time here. I didn't come here before everyone knew we were a thing, and I didn't want to upset Julia. After that, I chose to not come here because I didn't want to alert the journalists and upset Isabelle in return.

Standing in front of the skyscraper, the security guard stopped me from going in. I didn't want to explain much so I showed them the newspaper. "I'm Yvonne Tanner, and I'm here to see Christopher Lane."

"Ms. Goldstein, welcome!" His expression was initially full of disdain, but after hearing what I said, it was almost a one hundred and eighty-degree change in his attitude.

"I'm Yvonne Tanner!" I glanced at the security guard before walking into the building. No one was there to stop me. It did seem like everyone in Lane Corporation had already known about my relationship with Christopher. They would greet me respectfully upon seeing me and then whisper behind my back. I couldn't know what they were talking about.

I went to the reception counter, and they gave me access to Christopher's office. He was stuck in a meeting, and I could only sit on the couch while waiting for him. I noticed a picture on his desk. Feeling curious, I flipped the picture around, and I was shocked to see who it was in the picture.

The girl inside was wearing a long white dress. She looked beautiful and youthful, and her smile was so bright. There was a painting behind her.

It was me when I was sixteen years old. I've won the champion in the national high school competition. My smile was so bright and happy when I was standing on the podium. Sadly, none of my family was there with me, and I didn't get to snap any pictures myself to commemorate that day. I didn't expect to see this picture in Christopher's office.

"I heard from them that you're here." Christopher walked into the office. After noticing that I was staring at the picture, there was a rare shy expression on his face, and he walked over to me. He took the picture away and led me to the couch as he wrapped his arms around me. "It's your first time here in my office. What's the matter? Did you miss me?"



"I miss you." I leaned on his shoulder, and then I handed the newspaper to him. "I feel a little heavy after seeing this news as I can't confirm if it's true or not."

Christopher must have been having back-to-back meetings since morning. Otherwise, he would have known about this news. He took over the newspaper, and shortly after, he was visibly taken aback too. Glancing back at me and the newspaper, it took him a while to process this before slamming the newspaper on the desk with a frown.

"Isn't this too much of a coincidence? Are you really the eldest daughter of the Goldstein family?" Christopher was shocked.

"I don't know. Mom left early in the morning, and I didn't get to ask her." I shook my head. "This is more shocking to me than you. If Mark is really my father, then why didn't Mom tell me anything? I'm about to go crazy over all of these."

"I'm more worried about the fact that you may be Mark's daughter." Christopher rested his head on mine and sighed. "There are consequences for Mark to have dealings with the criminals at the borders."

"Madam had gone out early in the morning, but I don't know where she went. Ms. Yvonne, why don't you give her a call?" The servant was visibly alarmed. My hand was still trembling as I took out my phone. I struggled for a while before making the phone call. "I'm sorry, the number you've dialed is not available. Please call again later." Is Mom missing again? I sighed. It seemed like a habit for her to disappear whenever something happened. It was as if she was trying to hide from me and the issue surrounding my background. I wanted to talk to her, especially now that Mark had claimed to be my father. Feeling frustrated and in disbelief, I smashed my phone to the ground. The screen cracked, and I could only think of finding Christopher at that moment. Seeing Christopher was the only way to keep me calm. I took a cab to Christopher's office. This was my first time here. I didn't come here before everyone knew we were a thing, and I didn't want to upset Julia. After that, I chose to not come here because I didn't want to alert the journalists and upset Isabelle in return. Standing in front of the skyscraper, the security guard stopped me from going in. I didn't want to explain much so I showed them the newspaper. "I'm Yvonne Tanner, and I'm here to see Christopher Lane." "Ms. Goldstein, welcome!" His expression was initially full of disdain, but after hearing what I said, it was almost a one hundred and eighty-degree change in his attitude. "I'm Yvonne Tanner!" I glanced at the security guard before

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"No matter if it is a drug deal or a private arms deal, it would not be easy to gloss over once caught. Although there may not be evidence, people will eventually notice if he continue to cause a stir. Then, it would be bad for the Goldstein family," Christopher said.

I knew Christopher would never say something without basis. Furthermore, we saw Wesley at the border. Now that such an incident had happened, Wesley would inform Mark. Perhaps it was due to that incident that Mark found out I was his daughter.

“I will mention this matter with my mother. However, I’m not sure it will help.” Since Christopher was willing to hide Wesley’s existence, it was a concession on his part for Isabelle. For someone of his stature, it was something hard to accept.

“That’s enough. Don’t think about it anymore. I’m not worried about this. After going through so many things, I’m used to it. Furthermore, you have to learn to get used to it too. Come, let’s go for a meal,” Christopher said.

“It’s only slightly past ten o’clock. Isn’t it too early for lunch?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes, but poor me woke up this morning without my wife by my side and only an alarm clock to greet me. Furthermore, I don’t get to have homemade breakfast made by my wife, making me the most pitiful married man in the world.” Christopher slung his arm on my shoulder and continued with a pitiful expression, “I’m famished, so shouldn’t you have breakfast with me?”

I gave Christopher a hard slap on his back. “You didn’t eat breakfast? Are you picking a fight? Go and have your breakfast quickly. Skipping breakfast is bad for your health.”

I chatted with Christopher in the company and had breakfast with him. After that, he still wanted to skip work to go out with me. Therefore, I stopped him because many unfinished documents were waiting for him on his office desk. His assistant kept complaining as he carried in the said documents, saying it would be a disaster if Christopher did not deal with them soon.

Thus, it would be inconsiderate of me to want Christopher to spend time with me.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to spend time with you? It’s not every day that I make such an offer. How can you bear to reject me so heartlessly?” Christopher placed a hand over his heart and put up a heartbroken expression.

“Go back to your work. Can you act your age?” I pointed to the Lane Corporation building and said, “If you don’t deal with your work properly, Julia will be here to catch you. I don’t want to be blamed for making my husband skip work and turning him irresponsible.”

“Are you completely sure that you don’t want me to spend time with you?” Christopher repeated as I pushed him toward the company’s entrance.

“Go in. I’ll come to see you again tomorrow, is that okay?” I pushed Christopher into the company lobby.

“You’ve said it, so you must be here tomorrow.” Christopher suddenly seemed excited. “I’ll go prepare for tomorrow.”

“Prepare what?” I asked curiously.

“Condoms!” Christopher smiled exuberantly. He seemed thrilled as he said in a solemn tone, “I’ve never done it in the office. I think it will be more fun than doing it at home.”

“I…” I had nothing to say. We had only separated for a few days, and this was all he could think about.

I went home. However, when I walked into the compound, two men in black suits came over to me and bowed politely. “Ms. Yvonne, sir and madam are waiting for you. We are to bring you over to them.”

“Sir?” I blinked in confusion.

A servant came up from behind them and explained, “It’s Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein. They are at Memoria Opera House. Madam Anderson said she tried to call you, but your phone is broken. Then, she called here.”

It was time for me to meet Mark anyway. The newspapers had caused such a stir, but I had not met my fabled father.

“Let’s go!” I immediately got into the car. One of the bodyguards gave me a box. I opened it and saw the latest phone model. It was beautiful. They even fitted in the sim card I threw away last time.

The bodyguards brought me to Memoria Opera House. It was a place for opera performances, and the singers sang in a language that I could not understand. If I were to watch a show here, I would fall asleep quickly.

Isabelle sat alone on a cushioned seat and said, "Sit down. Mark will be here soon."

I looked at Isabelle. Although I had a lot to say, I asked instead, "Mom, who is my father? Whose daughter am I?"

"No matter if it is a drug deal or a private arms deal, it would not be easy to gloss over once caught. Although there may not be evidence, people will eventually notice if he continue to cause a stir. Then, it would be bad for the Goldstein family," Christopher said. I knew Christopher would never say something without basis. Furthermore, we saw Wesley at the border. Now that such an incident had happened, Wesley would inform Mark. Perhaps it was due to that incident that Mark found out I was his daughter. "I will mention this matter with my mother. However, I'm not sure it will help." Since Christopher was willing to hide Wesley's existence, it was a concession on his part for Isabelle. For someone of his stature, it was something hard to accept. "That's enough. Don't think about it anymore. I'm not worried about this. After going through so many things, I'm used to it. Furthermore, you have to learn to get used to it too. Come, let's go for a meal," Christopher said. "It's only slightly past ten o'clock. Isn't it too early for lunch?" I asked in surprise. "Yes, but poor me woke up this morning without my wife by my side and only an alarm clock to greet me. Furthermore, I don't get to have homemade breakfast made by my wife, making me the most pitiful married man in the world." Christopher slung his arm on my shoulder and continued with a pitiful expression, "I'm famished, so shouldn't you have breakfast with me?" I gave Christopher a hard slap on his back. "You didn't eat breakfast? Are you picking a fight? Go and have your breakfast quickly. Skipping breakfast is bad for your health." I chatted with Christopher in the company and had breakfast with him. After that, he still wanted to skip work to go out with me. Therefore, I stopped him because many unfinished documents were waiting for him on his office desk. His assistant kept complaining as he carried in the said documents, saying it would be a disaster if Christopher did not deal with them soon. Thus, it would be inconsiderate of me to want Christopher to spend time with me. "Are you sure you don't want me to spend time with you? It's not every day that I make such an offer. How can you bear to reject me so heartlessly?" Christopher placed a hand over his heart and put up a heartbroken expression. "Go back to your work. Can you act your age?" I pointed to the Lane Corporation building and said, "If you don't deal with your work properly, Julia will be here

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Isabelle saw that I was agitated, so she came over and said, "That's enough. I'll tell you about it later. Mark hates noises, so you should calm down first and sit down. If you keep speaking loudly, he'll be unhappy."

"I can't calm down, Mom. I've wanted to ask you since Nathan said I'm not his daughter. It's been so long, but you keep hiding the truth from me. I've been waiting patiently with nothing to show. Can't you tell me? I'm your daughter. Can't you comfort me a little when I'm down and helpless?" I retorted.

I burst out with discontentment. Isabelle was never around whenever I needed her. She was my mother, so I wished she would encourage me a little whenever I was down and needed support.

“When Nathan said that I’m not his daughter, I was scared and wanted to see you. However, you did not say anything and hung up on me. Mom, do I not matter to you because we haven’t seen each other for more than a decade? Am I nothing to you? Is that why you abandoned me with the Tanners?”

Isabelle looked at me with a shocked expression. I was usually mild-tempered, so she did not expect me to lash out at her. After a moment of silence, she sighed and said, “It’s not that I don’t want to say anything. Some matters have to be revealed at the right time. Since you have grown up, I don’t want to cause you pressure by restricting you like a child. I’m sorry, Eve.”

I was always reluctant to make Isabelle angry. When she said that to calm me, I began to feel guilty again. I realized that I should not hurt her, as she must have been sad in all those years. Otherwise, she would not be so busy after returning to the country.

“I shouldn’t have lost my temper.” I took a deep breath to calm down. Then, I set aside the newspaper I was holding and asked, “All I want to know is who my father is. Mom, can you tell me?”

Isabelle frowned and seemed conflicted. She looked up quickly. After glancing at my expression, her gaze turned to somewhere behind me, and she chuckled. “It has been reported in the newspaper. Didn’t you read it?”

“I’m Mark’s daughter? This...” I found it hard to believe that Isabelle had an affair with Mark while with Nathan. It turned out that I was Mark’s daughter.

“It’s rude to call your father by his name.” A gentle and warm voice came from behind me.

I turned around immediately and saw Mark dressed in a beige suit. He seemed refined and outstanding. Even though he was past his fifties, he had a mature charm. People were right to say that men age like wine. When he stood beside Isabelle, he did not seem old. Instead, they looked beautiful together.

I wondered if he was really my father, and I still found it quite hard to believe.

“Please have a seat. I know that you love spicy food. The restaurant here has a chef famous for his spicy cuisine, and he makes the best spicy dishes. I’m certain that you will like it.” Mark looked at me kindly. He seemed courteous, and his eyes crinkled with a smile as he passed the menu to me.



I held the menu and looked at his kindly expression without saying a word.

“Is something wrong?” Mark reached out to pat my head, but I dodged his hand. Therefore, he smiled in exasperation, retracted his hand, and said calmly, “I’ve also just known about this. If Wesley did not tell me, I would never have guessed it. It’s all my fault. I left you in another family all these years. You must have suffered.”

I glanced at Isabelle and saw that she did not seem excited. After Mark appeared, she turned quiet and only listened to him speak.

“I know it’s hard for you to accept it now. However, it’s fine. You’re my only daughter, so from now on, I’ll take good care of you.” Mark smiled kindly and poured me a cup of tea. “Yvonne, can you call me Dad?”

Isabelle saw that I was agitated, so she came over and said, “That's enough. I'll tell you about it later. Mark hates noises, so you should calm down first and sit down. If you keep speaking loudly, he'll be unhappy.” “I can't calm down, Mom. I've wanted to ask you since Nathan said I'm not his daughter. It's been so long, but you keep hiding the truth from me. I've been waiting patiently with nothing to show. Can't you tell me? I'm your daughter. Can't you comfort me a little when I'm down and helpless?” I retorted. I burst out with discontentment. Isabelle was never around whenever I needed her. She was my mother, so I wished she would encourage me a little whenever I was down and needed support. “When Nathan said that I'm not his daughter, I was scared and wanted to see you. However, you did not say anything and hung up on me. Mom, do I not matter to you because we haven't seen each other for more than a decade? Am I nothing to you? Is that why you abandoned me with the Tanners?” Isabelle looked at me with a shocked expression. I was usually mild-tempered, so she did not expect me to lash out at her. After a moment of silence, she sighed and said, “It's not that I don't want to say anything. Some matters have to be revealed at the right time. Since you have grown up, I don't want to cause you pressure by restricting you like a child. I'm sorry, Eve.” I was always reluctant to make Isabelle angry. When she said that to calm me, I began to feel guilty again. I realized that I should not hurt her, as she must have been sad in all those years. Otherwise, she would not be so busy after returning to the country. “I shouldn't have lost my temper.” I took a deep breath to calm down. Then, I set aside the newspaper I was holding and asked, “All I want to know is who my father is. Mom, can you tell me?” Isabelle frowned and seemed conflicted. She looked up quickly. After glancing at my expression, her gaze turned to somewhere behind me, and she chuckled. “It has been reported in the newspaper. Didn't you read it?” “I'm Mark's

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I held the teacup in my hand and sneaked a peep at him quietly. The eyes of the matured man sitting in front of me were full of gentleness. The moment they met with my gaze, I could feel his desire to pull me into his arms. However, the moment he wanted to reach out to me, he stopped.

Sorrow filled my heart at that sight, but I could not get myself to call him Dad. Although it was merely one word, I could not manage to muster my courage to say it out loud. I tried to open my mouth, but nothing came out.

"I'm so sorry," I muttered under my breath.

"You don't have to apologize. Come on, let's eat." Mark did not seem to mind my awkwardness and ordered the dishes.

During the meal, he specially ordered a wine. Isabelle tugged his sleeve gently and persuaded, "Mark, don't drink. It's not good for your health."

“It’s fine!” Mark interrupted and smiled. “Today is a special day! Three of us can finally reunite as a family. How can we celebrate without drinking wine?”

“But...” Isabelle got agitated, worrying that he might get more irritable than usual after drinking wine.

“All right, Isabelle.” Mark put down his wine glass and held her within his arm. He brushed her nose with the tip of his finger lightly and looked at her dotingly. “I know what you’re thinking about. But, don’t worry. Eve is a thoughtful girl. She will not deny me as her father because of some misunderstanding.”

“Hmmm... Okay,” replied Isabelle hesitantly. Letting go of Mark’s hand, she forced out a smile. However, once she placed her trembling hands down on her lap, she felt immense pain. Her legs were full of traces of abuse. With wounds and bruises all over her legs, it looked terrifying.

After Mark finished his remarks, I could see Mom’s expression turned ashen. Although she tried to maintain her smile, it looked unnatural.

Why is Mom unhappy? Is she unwilling to let me know that I’m Mark’s daughter? Or is she having other concerns?

“Come on, Eve. Eat more.” Mark kept adding food to my plate.

“Thank you, Mr. Goldstein. But, I’m full.” I tried to stop him.

“Still calling me Mr. Goldstein?” Mark looked disappointed at that instant. I immediately shut my mouth, not daring to say a word.

“It’s fine. I’m not going to force you. After all, I’ve missed your childhood and growth.” After regaining his composure, he continued, “I remembered that you went to Anglandur with the heir of the Lane family. He is Christopher, right?”

“Yes.” Once I heard Mark asking about Christopher, I tensed up subconsciously for some reason.

“Good taste! He’s indeed a good, reliable man. Do bring him home when you guys are free. Both of you are not young anymore. It’s time to settle down now.”

What?

I was taken aback upon hearing that and shifted my gaze toward Mom intuitively. I never dared to mention Christopher in front of her and to ask her to give us her blessing. I'm afraid that I might mess up everything by mentioning it at the wrong timing. To my surprise, Mark had opened up the conversation about it in the first place.

"I'm sorry. I need to go to the restroom. You guys can continue." As expected, Mom's expression darkened. Immediately after, she stood up and left.

At the sight of her disappearing figure, my eyes grew dim.

"Don't worry, Eve. Your Mom can't accept it for now. But, after some time, I'll try to persuade her." Mark patted my shoulder, trying to comfort me.

I lifted my gaze at him and asked the questions that had bothered me for a long time, "Aren't you against us being together too? If you support us, Mom will be mad. After all, she seemed persisted in this matter."

I held the teacup in my hand and sneaked a peep at him quietly. The eyes of the matured man sitting in front of me were full of gentleness. The moment they met with my gaze, I could feel his desire to pull me into his arms. However, the moment he wanted to reach out to me, he stopped. Sorrow filled my heart at that sight, but I could not get myself to call him Dad. Although it was merely one word, I could not manage to muster my courage to say it out loud. I tried to open my mouth, but nothing came out. "I'm so sorry," I muttered under my breath. "You don't have to apologize. Come on, let's eat." Mark did not seem to mind my awkwardness and ordered the dishes. During the meal, he specially ordered a wine. Isabelle tugged his sleeve gently and persuaded, "Mark, don't drink. It's not good for your health." "It's fine!" Mark interrupted and smiled. "Today is a special day! Three of us can finally reunite as a family. How can we celebrate without drinking wine?" "But..." Isabelle got agitated, worrying that he might get more irritable than usual after drinking wine. "All right, Isabelle." Mark put down his wine glass and held her within his arm. He brushed her nose with the tip of his finger lightly and looked at her dotingly. "I know what you're thinking about. But, don't worry. Eve is a thoughtful girl. She will not deny me as her father because of some misunderstanding." "Hmmm... Okay," replied Isabelle hesitantly. Letting go of Mark's hand, she forced out a smile. However, once she placed her trembling hands down on her lap, she felt immense pain. Her legs were full of traces of abuse. With wounds and bruises all over her legs, it looked terrifying. After Mark finished his remarks, I could see Mom's expression turned ashen. Although she tried to maintain her smile, it looked unnatural. Why is Mom unhappy? Is she unwilling to let me

know that I'm Mark's daughter? Or is she having other concerns? "Come on, Eve. Eat more." Mark kept adding food to my plate. "Thank you, Mr. Goldstein. But, I'm full." I tried to stop him. "Still calling me Mr. Goldstein?" Mark looked disappointed at that instant. I immediately shut my mouth, not daring to say a word. "It's fine. I'm not going to force you. After all, I've missed your childhood and growth." After regaining his composure, he continued, "I remembered that you went to Anglandur with the heir of the Lane family. He is Christopher, right?" "Yes." Once I heard Mark asking about Christopher, I tensed up subconsciously for some reason. "Good taste! He's indeed a good, reliable man. Do bring him home when you guys are free. Both of you are not young anymore. It's time to settle down now." What? I was taken aback upon hearing that and shifted my gaze toward Mom intuitively. I never dared to mention Christopher in front of her and to ask her to give us her blessing. I'm afraid that I might mess up everything by mentioning it at the wrong timing. To my surprise, Mark had opened up the conversation about it in the first place. "I'm sorry. I need to go to the restroom. You guys can continue." As expected, Mom's expression darkened. Immediately after, she stood up and left. At the sight of her disappearing figure, my eyes grew dim. "Don't worry, Eve. Your Mom can't accept it for now. But, after some time, I'll try to persuade her." Mark patted my shoulder, trying to comfort me. I lifted my gaze at him and asked the questions that had bothered me for a long time, "Aren't you against us being together too? If you support us, Mom will be mad. After all, she seemed persisted in this matter."

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

Mark put on a stern expression and said matter-of-factly, "Initially, I do oppose to it. After all, your Mom still can't let go of the past. However, whenever I saw the both of you together, I thought of your Mom and me when we were young."

That was the thing that I had wanted to know the most. What had happened in the past that had separated them and subsequently caused Mom to marry Nathan? Darius had told me that Nathan was the one Mom loved, but why did she choose Mark over him in the end?

"Your mom and I had suffered a lot when we were young due to our family problem. At that time, the Anderson family was very influential, but the Lane family had just started to engage in the business field and was yet to be developed. Meanwhile, the Goldstein family had monopolized the malls in Avenport at that time. The first time I saw your Mom, I had fallen for her. Unfortunately, everyone was opposing our relationship."

Talking about the past, Mark put on a melancholic expression and continued, “We suffered a lot in the past. Your grandparents had tried to cause trouble to your mom’s family to drive us apart. Without any choices left, I was forced to leave her. In the end, Isabelle had even pretended to fall in love with another guy to prevent my parents from suspecting us. Although we are back together again now, I’m still feeling guilty for what had happened to us back then. If I was strong enough, we will not be separated.”

Mark looked straight into my eyes and added, “So, don’t blame your mom anymore. She had been through a lot of hardship these years. Besides, some matter can’t be forgotten so easily even if time passes.”

“I understand.” Mom did have a hard time. After what had happened in the past, no one could let it go without any effort. Moreover, I never blamed her for being inconsiderate. I just felt a little upset occasionally. After all, I could feel her trying to distance herself away from me.

What had surprised me the most was that all the love stories between Mom and Nathan that had caused envious among the girls turned out to be fake. Hah! How ironic it was? No wonder Nathan would be so mad.

“You won’t understand. You are still young.” Mark chuckled and continued, “Whenever I see you and Christopher, I will think about the time when we were young. He is indeed an outstanding young man. Among the younger generation, I am afraid that only a few can compare with him. To be honest, we had always respected his father back then. No wonder his children are all so formidable.”

Blinking my eyes, I locked my gaze at him. After twenty-five years, it was the first time I saw my biological father. It was something unbelievable. I even had the thought that everything that happened was merely a hallucination.

“But... Am I really your daughter?” The words came out of my mouth before I filtered them through my mind.

“When I heard it from Wesley, I also found it unbelievable. After all, when your mom married Nathan, there was some misunderstanding between us. We didn’t contact for a long time since then. So, if you don’t believe it, I can understand.” Mark sighed.

“It’s not that I don’t want to recognize you as my father. It’s just that it’s hard for me to believe in it,” I mumbled, fidgeting.

Mark took out a DNA report from his briefcase and placed it in front of me. "Take a look at it. This is the DNA result."

I took over the report and turned it to the last page. In actuality, I already knew the answer before I opened it. After all, Mark did not have to cheat me on this matter. He could not even get any advantage from me. However, I still had the desire to get a firm answer.

Running my fingers on the result, I saw the word 99.99% match. Out of a sudden, tears welled up in my eyes, and the surge of crying overwhelmed me. So, in the end, I'm Mark's daughter! I'm the heir of the Goldstein family!

Mark put on a stern expression and said matter-of-factly, "Initially, I do oppose to it. After all, your Mom still can't let go of the past. However, whenever I saw the both of you together, I thought of your Mom and me when we were young." That was the thing that I had wanted to know the most. What had happened in the past that had separated them and subsequently caused Mom to marry Nathan? Darius had told me that Nathan was the one Mom loved, but why did she choose Mark over him in the end? "Your mom and I had suffered a lot when we were young due to our family problem. At that time, the Anderson family was very influential, but the Lane family had just started to engage in the business field and was yet to be developed. Meanwhile, the Goldstein family had monopolized the malls in Avenport at that time. The first time I saw your Mom, I had fallen for her. Unfortunately, everyone was opposing our relationship." Talking about the past, Mark put on a melancholic expression and continued, "We suffered a lot in the past. Your grandparents had tried to cause trouble to your mom's family to drive us apart. Without any choices left, I was forced to leave her. In the end, Isabelle had even pretended to fall in love with another guy to prevent my parents from suspecting us. Although we are back together again now, I'm still feeling guilty for what had happened to us back then. If I was strong enough, we will not be separated." Mark looked straight into my eyes and added, "So, don't blame your mom anymore. She had been through a lot of hardship these years. Besides, some matter can't be forgotten so easily even if time passes." "I understand." Mom did have a hard time. After what had happened in the past, no one could let it go without any effort. Moreover, I never blamed her for being inconsiderate. I just felt a little upset occasionally. After all, I could feel her trying to distance herself away from me. What had surprised me the most was that all the love stories between Mom and Nathan that had caused envious among the girls turned out to be fake. Hah! How ironic it was? No wonder Nathan would be so mad. "You won't understand. You are still young." Mark chuckled and continued, "Whenever I see you and Christopher, I will think about the time



when we were young. He is indeed an outstanding young man. Among the younger generation, I am afraid that only a few can compare with him. To be honest, we had always respected his father back then. No wonder his children are all so formidable.” Blinking my eyes, I locked my gaze at him. After twenty-five years, it was the first time I saw my biological father. It was something unbelievable. I even had the thought that everything that happened was merely a hallucination. “But... Am I really your daughter?” The words came out of my mouth before I filtered them through my mind. “When I heard it from Wesley, I also found it unbelievable. After all, when your mom married Nathan, there was some misunderstanding between us. We didn't contact for a long time since then. So, if you don't believe it, I can understand.” Mark sighed. “It's not that I don't want to recognize you as my father. It's just that it's hard for me to believe in it,” I mumbled, fidgeting. Mark took out a DNA report from his briefcase and placed it in front of me. “Take a look at it. This is the DNA result.” I took over the report and turned it to the last page. In actuality, I already knew the answer before I opened it. After all, Mark did not have to cheat me on this matter. He could not even get any advantage from me. However, I still had the desire to get a firm answer. Running my fingers on the result, I saw the word 99.99% match. Out of a sudden, tears welled up in my eyes, and the surge of crying overwhelmed me. So, in the end, I'm Mark's daughter! I'm the heir of the Goldstein family!

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“I have a big fight with your mom when you're pregnant. I believe the baby is Nathan's when your mom is pregnant, so I got to ask her about it. But I'm not expecting your mom to admit it outright. Now that I think about it, I'm a complete moron. An angry woman will confess to anything.”

Mark let out a sigh and poured himself a beer. I was unsure why, but I also craved a beer, so I poured myself some.

“If I act rationally that year and not purposefully stimulate your mother, there will be less misunderstanding now. Then you will not have to suffer as much in the Tanner family. I should have been more ruthless with my means and let Nathan taste the feeling of being desperate,” Mark said as he smashed his beer bottle on the table.

“Please don't be angry.” Mark's violent action shocked me. He was a gentle and kind man, but when he became angry, he was terrifying.

“In any case, Uncle Nathan raises me even though he is aware that I am not his daughter. I’ve informed my mom about this. Can you stop attacking the Tanner family? They have already agreed to my mom’s request.”

Mark and I had a lengthy conversation. The majority of it was questions I wanted to ask Isabelle before, and I was able to get answers from Mark. During the conversation, I felt that the relationship between Mark and me as father and daughter was gradually closing.

“Come here, Yvie, I’d like to give you some pocket money, and you can’t refuse it.” Mark gave me a card.

When I looked at the Centurion card, I had a funny feeling about it. I remember when I was poor, I had to keep track of my expenses to eat a full meal. However, my fortune had been following me ever since I met Christopher. Remington had a studio, and with my skills added to it, I also had a steady income. Not to mention that I had another Centurion card from Christopher in my bag, as well as a complete list of his projects and properties.

On the other hand, Christopher was forcing me to sign it because he said that if he ever stopped loving me, I could take all of his money and properties and leave nothing for him. Another card was given to me by Isabelle, and when combined with another given to me by Mark, I could buy whatever I wanted without looking at the price tag. I could just select the most expensive option.

“No, I don’t need any of that.” I turned down the card.

“I mention that you can’t turn down my offer, and I know you’re not short on cash. Your mother will not let you go without money, and the boy from the Lane family will also give you money to spend. This is just a small gesture on my part. I only realize you exist after twenty-five years, and I want to do something for you to make up for what we owe you. Is that right, Belle?”

“You just keep it on you. There’s nothing wrong with having some extra cash on hand.” Isabelle lightly sighed.

I hesitated for a while before keeping the card.

“Let’s go. Today, the three of us should celebrate at the Goldstein residence.”

“Isabelle, you b\*tch! You dare to let Nathan give up control of the Tanner family to Crystal! You salacious woman, do you believe you have the right to control the Tanners family’s affairs? I’m going to end your life!”

As we were about to leave, a woman charged out from the walkway, shouting at Isabelle and threatening to hit her with the beer bottle in her hand. Fortunately, the bodyguards who stood nearby prevented her from doing so.

When I glanced closer, I realized she was Scarlett. Her hair was a mess, and her face was badly battered as if someone had intentionally hurt her. Even though the bodyguards restrained her, she still wanted to kick Isabelle with her legs.

“Who are you? Isabelle turned to face Scarlett, who was making a threatening gesture. She did not recognize her at first sight. That was because Scarlett was a smart, lovely, and shy woman back then, so it was natural that Isabelle didn’t recognize her. Not to mention that she now acted like a shrew. It was not unusual for people to not recognize each other as they grew older.

“Mom, that’s Scarlett, Yvette’s mother,” I whispered as I gently pulled her sleeves.

“Scarlett?” Isabelle was perplexed for a moment before realizing Scarlett’s identity. Then, she approached her, but I stopped her and nervously said, “Don’t go near her, it’s too dangerous.”

“I have a big fight with your mom when you're pregnant. I believe the baby is Nathan's when your mom is pregnant, so I got to ask her about it. But I'm not expecting your mom to admit it outright. Now that I think about it, I'm a complete moron. An angry woman will confess to anything.” Mark let out a sigh and poured himself a beer. I was unsure why, but I also craved a beer, so I poured myself some. “If I act rationally that year and not purposefully stimulate your mother, there will be less misunderstanding now. Then you will not have to suffer as much in the Tanner family. I should have been more ruthless with my means and let Nathan taste the feeling of being desperate,” Mark said as he smashed his beer bottle on the table. “Please don't be angry.” Mark's violent action shocked me. He was a gentle and kind man, but when he became angry, he was terrifying. “In any case, Uncle Nathan raises me even though he is aware that I am not his daughter. I've informed my mom about this. Can you stop attacking the Tanner family? They have already agreed to my mom's request.” Mark and I had a lengthy conversation. The majority of it was questions I wanted to ask Isabelle before, and I was able to

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