

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 601-610

Posted by **chapter novel**, 39 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“My mom is so weird. She’s so nice to Crystal. Shouldn’t she be nicer to me? We haven’t seen each other for years, so it’s fine if she’s estranged from me, but she treats my arch-enemy really well. Crystal’s an opportunistic b*tch. Even my mom can’t resist her charms. Gosh, she must be a seductress! She charms and manipulates the important people in my life, including my mom.”

As soon as Christopher asked me, I began to pour out my sorrows.

I babbled on, “I should be the one spending time with Mom as her daughter, be it shopping, getting a facial, having lunch, or joking around. Since when did I become a stranger to her? It’s fine if Mom didn’t defend me when I got bullied by Crystal, but she wanted me to apologize to her! Who is her daughter now? Me, or Crystal?”

Christopher listened with a serious expression on his face. He frowned as something crossed his mind. He fell into silence for a while before saying, “Don’t be angry. You haven’t seen each other for years, so it’s normal for a barrier to exist between you two. Your mom doesn’t like it when you meet my family. Thus, she’ll have her own opinions about it. Perhaps she’s behaving like this to get you to be nice to her and let go of the Lane family.”

“Really?” I thought Christopher had a point. “But why Crystal? She’s the bane of my life, and I can’t shake her off. Have I been cursed by her?”

“I met Mr. Goldstein this morning. He’s supportive of us, so you don’t have to worry about it,” Christopher said coolly.

“You’ve met my dad?!” I blinked.

“Yeah, we talked about business. Mr. Goldstein seems rather friendly as if anyone can get some goodies from him. But when it comes to business, he’s really shrewd. I was nearly ensnared by him,” Christopher said.

“What? You should be careful, then. Don’t be manipulated by him. Julia left the Lane family’s business to you, so you must guard it properly,” I replied hastily.

“Relax. Do you think I’ll be easily manipulated? Even though Mr. Goldstein is your father, I won’t sacrifice my business for my lover,” he said.

With a smile, Christopher gently brushed a finger against my nose. Still, there was a flash of worry in his eyes. Undoubtedly, what he had discussed with Mark was related to the latter's illegal dealings that brought huge profits to him. Now that his business had expanded, he wanted Christopher to join him and grow the business further, instead of putting a stop to it.

As a soldier from the special forces, Christopher would not tolerate people who did such things under his watch. He had advised Mark against it. In return, Mark scowled and gave him an ultimatum.

"Christopher, you have two choices now. One, join us. Two, become our enemy. Whether you become our friend or foe, it's up to you to decide. However, I must remind you that if you become our enemy, Yvonne will get hurt regardless of the outcome. You'd better think this through," Mark threatened.

This issue bothered Christopher, and he still had not made his decision. Mark was right. If he became an enemy of Mark and something bad happened to him, Yvonne would be devastated. Similarly, if something horrible occurred to Isabelle and Mark, she would be upset, too, as they were the parents she always longed for.

Christopher was stymied. The challenge he faced had transformed into an unalterable situation. He wanted to come up with a win-win solution so that Yvonne would not be caught in between, but his effort was in vain.

"My mom is so weird. She's so nice to Crystal. Shouldn't she be nicer to me? We haven't seen each other for years, so it's fine if she's estranged from me, but she treats my arch-enemy really well. Crystal's an opportunistic b*tch. Even my mom can't resist her charms. Gosh, she must be a seductress! She charms and manipulates the important people in my life, including my mom." As soon as Christopher asked me, I began to pour out my sorrows. I babbled on, "I should be the one spending time with Mom as her daughter, be it shopping, getting a facial, having lunch, or joking around. Since when did I become a stranger to her? It's fine if Mom didn't defend me when I got bullied by Crystal, but she wanted me to apologize to her! Who is her daughter now? Me, or Crystal?" Christopher listened with a serious expression on his face. He frowned as something crossed his mind. He fell into silence for a while before saying, "Don't be angry. You haven't seen each other for years, so it's normal for a barrier to exist between you two. Your mom doesn't like it when you meet my family. Thus, she'll have her own opinions about it. Perhaps she's behaving like this to get you to be nice to her and let go of the Lane

family.” “Really?” I thought Christopher had a point. “But why Crystal? She's the bane of my life, and I can't shake her off. Have I been cursed by her?” “I met Mr. Goldstein this morning. He's supportive of us, so you don't have to worry about it,” Christopher said coolly. “You've met my dad?!” I blinked. “Yeah, we talked about business. Mr. Goldstein seems rather friendly as if anyone can get some goodies from him. But when it comes to business, he's really shrewd. I was nearly ensnared by him,” Christopher said. “What? You should be careful, then. Don't be manipulated by him. Julia left the Lane family's business to you, so you must guard it properly,” I replied hastily. “Relax. Do you think I'll be easily manipulated? Even though Mr. Goldstein is your father, I won't sacrifice my business for my lover,” he said. With a smile, Christopher gently brushed a finger against my nose. Still, there was a flash of worry in his eyes. Undoubtedly, what he had discussed with Mark was related to the latter's illegal dealings that brought huge profits to him. Now that his business had expanded, he wanted Christopher to join him and grow the business further, instead of putting a stop to it. As a soldier from the special forces, Christopher would not tolerate people who did such things under his watch. He had advised Mark against it. In return, Mark scowled and gave him an ultimatum. “Christopher, you have two choices now. One, join us. Two, become our enemy. Whether you become our friend or foe, it's up to you to decide. However, I must remind you that if you become our enemy, Yvonne will get hurt regardless of the outcome. You'd better think this through,” Mark threatened. This issue bothered Christopher, and he still had not made his decision. Mark was right. If he became an enemy of Mark and something bad happened to him, Yvonne would be devastated. Similarly, if something horrible occurred to Isabelle and Mark, she would be upset, too, as they were the parents she always longed for. Christopher was stymied. The challenge he faced had transformed into an unalterable situation. He wanted to come up with a win-win solution so that Yvonne would not be caught in between, but his effort was in vain.

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Remington carefully placed the painting on the table and pointed at a corner of the canvas. “Here, you're very skilled at drawing plants. Draw this part for me, and once I get Spencer to autograph it, this painting is complete. I'm going to display the works of The Three Art Musketeers of Avenport at the front row of the art exhibition for everyone's viewing pleasure.”

“Haha! The Three Art Musketeers!” I could not help but laugh. “Have you been reading too many adventure stories, Remington? I didn't expect you to think of this nickname. How cheesy.”

“It isn’t cheesy; it’s manly.” Remington lifted his head proudly. “You should know that every man fantasizes about swashbuckling. I’m just projecting my swashbuckling dreams. I’m sure Spencer will love this nickname, too.”

I shook and tried to stifle a laugh. I pointed at the blank spot in the middle of the canvas and chuckled. “I think you’d better paint an iris that represents the fleur-de-lis from The Three Musketeers. It suits the whole picture, and you’ll also please your flower-loving friends.”

“Good point!” It was merely a casual remark on my part, but little did I expect Remington to take it seriously and agree to it. “The Three Musketeers is good! I resonate with the fleur-de-lis. Great, I’ll go with it, then.”

“All right, I’ll look at some pictures of The Three Musketeers when I get back. I promise I’ll finish the painting.” After that, I got out my own painting and placed it on the table. “It took me a long time before I managed to paint this landscape painting. I wanted to support your first art exhibition. Take a look and tell me what you think of it.”

Instead of using brightly colored paint, I used muted colors for the entire painting. Remington was trained in classical landscape paintings, whereas I loved modern oil paintings. If a painting with vibrant colors appeared in the midst of paintings with dark colors, it would either seem like I was trying to steal Remington’s spotlight, or I was trying to offend him. That would not be good.

To accommodate Remington’s preference, I pondered for a long while before I finally came up with this classical piece.

Remington’s eyes lit up with glee when he saw my painting. He gave me a thumbs-up and praised, “I knew I was right about you. When I first saw you at the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest, I knew you weren’t a regular participant, Yvonne. You should be learning classical landscape paintings instead of modern paintings. I won’t be able to achieve fame with you around.”

“You’re too kind. I know my abilities.” I rubbed my nose. In recent years, Remington had been hailed as the most promising young artist in the nation’s art sector. The older, established artists would sing praises about his artwork. An amateur like me was nothing compared to him.

“Don’t humble yourself. Didn’t you notice how Christopher snorted when he heard your remark? It shows that I’m a good judge of talent.” Remington winked at me and smiled charmingly.

I rolled my eyes at him. I’m just being humble. It’s not like I can agree with whatever praises thrown at me. I might not know all the ways of the world, but I’m no idiot, either.

“Is this painting still unfinished? I notice a blank spot.” After admiring the piece for a while, Remington pointed at the middle of the canvas and asked the question.

“Yes.” I nodded and groaned, “It’s my first time painting a piece with muted colors. Whenever I try to add something to the middle of the canvas, it just seems inappropriate. Thus, I decided to leave it blank. I brought this painting over today because I want you to advise me on the most suitable thing to include in the blank spot.”

Remington studied the piece silently. Then, he suggested, “Perhaps you want to add a bird’s nest on this tree branch and two flying birds. Not too big. Just a dab.”

“All right, I’ll add the birds.” I clapped joyfully. Indeed, Remington was an expert. He could easily identify the error of the painting and offer me a good suggestion.

We were chatting happily when Spencer entered. He tossed Remington’s phone to him. “Your phone has been ringing all day, but you didn’t pick it up. Answer your phone now.”

Remington accepted his phone call. Suddenly, he looked at me. “What? Did you say Crystal?”

Remington carefully placed the painting on the table and pointed at a corner of the canvas. “Here, you’re very skilled at drawing plants. Draw this part for me, and once I get Spencer to autograph it, this painting is complete. I’m going to display the works of The Three Art Musketeers of Avenport at the front row of the art exhibition for everyone’s viewing pleasure.” “Haha! The Three Art Musketeers!” I could not help but laugh. “Have you been reading too many adventure stories, Remington? I didn’t expect you to think of this nickname. How cheesy.” “It isn’t cheesy; it’s manly.” Remington lifted his head proudly. “You should know that every man fantasizes about swashbuckling.

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The slice of fruit in my mouth slipped out and landed on the floor. I turned toward Remington and realized that Crystal had called him. Doesn't she know that a righteous man like Remington hates frauds like her?

"I'm sorry, Ms. Yates. This is just a small, personal art exhibition organized by me. It's not a large exhibition by a famous artist, so you don't have to lower your standards. This year, a number of foreign young artists will come over to our country for an exchange program. You're the most capable heiress of the Tanners, Ms. Yates, and I'm sure you'll be able to participate in that program. All right, I have to go now. Goodbye, Ms. Yates," he said.

Remington looked pissed after hanging up. He slammed his phone onto the table and threw a sideways glance at Spencer. "What a coincidence. I received a call from Crystal as soon as you came in. Don't you agree, Spencer?" He spoke in a low voice.

Spencer looked away, and the muscles on his face twitched. He let out a dry laugh. "Yeah, what a coincidence. Haha!"

"Hmph!" Remington laughed coldly. "I hope this coincidence doesn't happen again!"

Apart from Remington, Christopher and I could tell that it was Spencer who connected Crystal with Remington. His purpose was to make Remington agree to Crystal's participation in the art exhibition.

I frowned and got anxious. Crystal had said something to me at my house two nights ago, and it deeply troubled me. As a result, I had been on guard for the past two days. I feared that if I let my guard down, Crystal would gain the upper hand over me, and my reputation would be ruined.

I did not expect Crystal to call Remington. Apparently, she was hell-bent on using this opportunity to restore her reputation as a new school artist and redeem herself.

My lips curled into a smile, and I chuckled. Crystal can do whatever she wants, but there's one thing she can't do. She can't affect me.

"Spencer, I recall that you hate people who steal the works of other artists. Years ago, someone stole your artwork, and you nearly lost the opportunity to become my junior. If our mentor had not seen your art earlier, you wouldn't have had the opportunity to study under him. Back then, you were harsh toward that thief, and you haven't changed much recently. So why do your principles change when you're dealing with a different person? Or should I say, everything is forgivable if Crystal's the one who committed it?" Remington said.

I wanted to clap and cheer after hearing Remington's words. He said my thoughts out loud. Why are her bad deeds justified just because she's Crystal Yates?

Spencer glanced at me and sighed. He said to Remington, "I just don't have the heart to reject Crystal. We used to regard her as a promising artist. However, she has fallen from grace and detached herself from art. She has already received her punishment, and if she wants to come back, why can't we give her a chance? I implore you, Remington."

"Yvonne, you're the biggest victim here. Tell him your decision." Remington regarded me with a darkened expression.

"You're the organizer. Why are you asking me?" I detested hearing Crystal's name. It was repulsive.

"Yvonne, you're Crystal's cousin. No matter what happened between you two in the past, she's still your cousin. Please, would you help her just this once?" Spencer begged me.

Spencer must have loved Crystal. Else, a proud man like him would not have lowered his pride for a woman.

I sighed and said coldly, "Spencer, I'm not going to involve myself in this issue. It's your business if you manage to persuade Remington. You probably don't know how much I hate her. Whenever I bump into her, simple things will eventually turn out to be complicated and a pain in the *ss. I don't care about your intentions, but me helping her is out of the question."

I no longer hid my true feelings. I was not a saint. I helped Nathan because he raised me, but there was no reason for me to help Crystal.

“Let’s go, Chris!” I tugged Christopher’s arm and strode out of the studio angrily.

“Christopher!” Spencer cried loudly. “Please help me, just this once. I’ll owe you a favor if you do so. Please persuade Yvonne for me.”

The slice of fruit in my mouth slipped out and landed on the floor. I turned toward Remington and realized that Crystal had called him. Doesn't she know that a righteous man like Remington hates frauds like her? “I'm sorry, Ms. Yates. This is just a small, personal art exhibition organized by me. It's not a large exhibition by a famous artist, so you don't have to lower your standards. This year, a number of foreign young artists will come over to our country for an exchange program. You're the most capable heiress of the Tanners, Ms. Yates, and I'm sure you'll be able to participate in that program. All right, I have to go now. Goodbye, Ms. Yates,” he said. Remington looked pissed after hanging up. He slammed his phone onto the table and threw a sideways glance at Spencer. “What a coincidence. I received a call from Crystal as soon as you came in. Don't you agree, Spencer?” He spoke in a low voice. Spencer looked away, and the muscles on his face twitched. He let out a dry laugh. “Yeah, what a coincidence. Haha!” “Hmph!” Remington laughed coldly. “I hope this coincidence doesn't happen again!” Apart from Remington, Christopher and I could tell that it was Spencer who connected Crystal with Remington. His purpose was to make Remington agree to Crystal's participation in the art exhibition. I frowned and got anxious. Crystal had said something to me at my house two nights ago, and it deeply troubled me. As a result, I had been on guard for the past two days. I feared that if I let my guard down, Crystal would gain the upper hand over me, and my reputation would be ruined. I did not expect Crystal to call Remington. Apparently, she was hell-bent on using this opportunity to restore her reputation as a new school artist and redeem herself. My lips curled into a smile, and I chuckled. Crystal can do whatever she wants, but there's one thing she can't do. She can't affect me. “Spencer, I recall that you hate people who steal the works of other artists. Years ago, someone stole your artwork, and you nearly lost the opportunity to become my junior. If our mentor had not seen your art earlier, you wouldn't have had the opportunity to study under him. Back then, you were harsh toward that thief, and you haven't changed much recently. So why do your principles change when you're dealing with a different person? Or should I say, everything is forgivable if Crystal's the one who committed it?” Remington said. I wanted to clap and cheer after hearing Remington's words. He said my

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The relationship between Spencer and Christopher came to my mind, and I stopped in my tracks. Their families were very close, and both Spencer and Christopher were best friends. I should not only think about my own feelings.

"Don't worry, Eve. Just do whatever you want." Christopher took me into his arms and grinned. He knows what I'm concerned about. How can I not worry about it?

I turned around and stared at Spencer, who had fallen under Crystal's charms. In a low voice, I said, "You'll regret this, Spencer. You'll definitely regret this."

"No, I won't regret this," Spencer asserted.

I shook my head. Sometimes, I did not understand what was so appealing about Crystal, to the point that so many men were bewitched by her. I guess I'll only understand this when I become a man in my next life. Why am I a woman? I'm straight, so I don't find other women attractive.

I sighed and told Remington, "I'm not against it, Remington. Just think of it as granting a lovesick man's last wish."

In spite of my approval, I regretted my decision as soon as I walked out of Remington's house. My head drooped as I scolded myself for being too soft and allowing myself to be waylaid by a proud man. Christopher noticed my expression and could not help but laugh. He patted my head and grinned. "Look at you. Earlier, you sounded so confident when you said that you were granting another man's wish. I bet you regret what you said now."

"Yeah, it's Crystal we're talking about. She's invincible and hard to shake off! I'm really nervous, and I have a bad feeling that something will go wrong at the art exhibition if she's around." I shrugged and rested my head on Christopher's chest. "I'm not sure whether I'm overthinking, or whether I'm traumatized by Crystal."

"I bet you're traumatized by her, which resulted in your constant catastrophizing. What is there to fear? You're a daughter of the Goldstein family, and you're also my wife. You can do whatever you want in Avenport, and no one will dare to offend you. If anyone does so, you'll just have to smack them in the face, and we'll clean up your mess afterward," Christopher consoled me.

"Yeah, I can do whatever the heck I want. I'm so sick of hearing this." I pouted and let out a bitter smile. I decided not to tell Christopher that Crystal had looked for me earlier. Nothing has happened yet, but I'm already catastrophizing. He must think that I'm a wimp.

The following morning, I placed my painting on the table and pondered over my next strokes. All of a sudden, a servant knocked on the door and told me that Isabelle was looking for me. I placed my brush on the table. Usually, I would spend these hours in my studio, and people tended to leave me alone. Why would Mom visit me today? Isn't she supposed to attend some party or luncheon with Crystal?

I stored my painting and descended the stairs. Then, I saw the servants putting various objects from the house into the car. Upon closer inspection, I realized that those objects were meant for mourners. Who is Mom going to mourn?

"Why are you standing there? Get in the car now. I'm waiting for you," Isabelle urged when she noticed that I was standing still in the doorway.

“Mom, who are you going to mourn?” I got into the car, and I was not surprised to see Crystal who was ready to head out with us. In fact, I would not be surprised either if Isabelle told me one day that she would make Crystal her goddaughter.

“Today’s your uncle’s death anniversary. I told you when I came back, but you’ve forgotten about it,” Isabelle muttered unhappily.

Isabelle did say that. However, I remembered clearly that she did not mention the exact date. Nevertheless, she must be in a bad mood as it was my uncle’s death anniversary. Therefore, I decided not to talk back to her.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I forgot,” I replied calmly.

“Who else do you remember apart from the Lane family? If I were uninformed, I would have assumed you were a member of that family,” Isabelle scoffed and chided me.

“Mom!” I frowned. Why the sudden change in Mom’s attitude? She was still rather gentle and kind when she first returned. Later, she behaved harshly toward me, particularly when the Lane family was involved. There was simply no room for negotiation.

The relationship between Spencer and Christopher came to my mind, and I stopped in my tracks. Their families were very close, and both Spencer and Christopher were best friends. I should not only think about my own feelings. “Don’t worry, Eve. Just do whatever you want.” Christopher took me into his arms and grinned. He knows what I’m concerned about. How can I not worry about it? I turned around and stared at Spencer, who had fallen under Crystal’s charms. In a low voice, I said, “You’ll regret this, Spencer. You’ll definitely regret this.” “No, I won’t regret this,” Spencer asserted. I shook my head. Sometimes, I did not understand what was so appealing about Crystal, to the point that so many men were bewitched by her. I guess I’ll only understand this when I become a man in my next life. Why am I a woman? I’m straight, so I don’t find other women attractive. I sighed and told Remington, “I’m not against it, Remington. Just think of it as granting a lovesick man’s last wish.” In spite of my approval, I regretted my decision as soon as I walked out of Remington’s house. My head drooped as I scolded myself for being too soft and allowing myself to be waylaid by a proud man. Christopher noticed my expression and could not help but laugh. He patted my head and grinned. “Look at you. Earlier, you sounded so confident when you said that you were granting another man’s wish. I bet you regret what you said now.” “Yeah, it’s

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Isabelle would always mock me with what happened in the Lane family when she was unhappy. Truth be told, I thought Crystal treated me way better than her at some point.

“You said before that you would give me time. Can you please give me some space during this period and stop mentioning the Lane family in front of me? If you’re unwilling to do so, why did you suggest it in the first place? You’re just ruining everyone’s mood.”

“Yes, I did say that I would give you some time, but that doesn’t mean that you can take forever. Are you trying to keep delaying so that you can stay with your enemy forever?” Isabelle did not even plan to sit down and talk nicely to me. She continued fiercely, “Listen, don’t even think about it! There’s no way I’m letting the two of you get together.”

She got so agitated that she raised her hand high, wanting to give me a slap. However, she gave up doing it the next second as a desolated expression crept on her face.

“Mom...” I was still angry with her, but before I could say anything, I noticed a bruise on her fair, delicate wrist. Instantly, I pulled her arm over and pointed at it. “Mom, what is this?”

Isabelle panicked upon hearing that. She struggled to withdraw her arm back and stuttered out of nervousness, “N-Nothing. I accidentally fell down.”

“Let me have a look. Is it serious?” The purplish bruise was large. It was a terrifying sight. I could not help but feel sorry for her.

“It’s okay. I’m fine. Get your hand off now,” Isabelle yelled frantically. As we struggled, I accidentally pulled up her sleeves.

The next second, my whole body stiffened up. Isabelle’s arm was covered with wounds and bruises. Not one part of her arm was left unscathed. She struggled so hard to free herself from my grip that some of her wounds started bleeding.

I was no longer an ignorant kid. After all, I used to have those marks around my body too. Lyle had hit me before when we were together, but my scars were still not as bad as hers.

“Mom!” I stared at Isabelle in a daze. My mind went blank, and I was left speechless. “What happened to you?”

Isabelle withdrew her hand back swiftly. Then she pulled down her sleeves to cover her skin. I scanned through her body slowly and noticed that she was wearing a white turtleneck, which had completely covered her neck.

“I told you that I fell down accidentally. Sit still. I’m going to drive now.” Isabelle turned her head away to avoid my gaze. She stepped on the accelerator, and the car started moving.

I fixated my gaze on her face, but she remained silent all along the journey, the impudent aura of hers disappearing all of a sudden. However, I found it hard to relax as if I was sitting on thousands of needles. Who injured Mom? Was it Mark? But then, why would he do that?

I always thought that they had a happy relationship. Moreover, Mark looked like a loving and caring husband. Is he pretending? Is everything fake? I did not stay long in the Goldstein residence. Hence, there were many things I did not know. Perhaps it was time for me to go and see Lucas. I believed he would know what was going on with the Goldstein family since he was the only son.

After what happened to Lyle, I was utterly afraid to visit any cemeteries as I tended to recall how he lost his life to save me. Words could not describe the pain. It was really unbearable.

Robert’s grave was located deep inside a forest. There were a lot of old-looking tombstones in that area. Some of them got abandoned, so there were weeds growing around them. Robert’s tomb, on the other hand, was clean and neat. The turfs around it looked like they had been moved before.

As soon as I saw Robert’s name on the tombstone, I realized that was my first time visiting him. My uncle, Robert Anderson, was a clever man who died at a young age. He was the man whom Julia had pushed down from Centurion Tower.

Mom walked to the grave and bent down to put her flower. Suddenly, she shouted and lunged forward.

Isabelle would always mock me with what happened in the Lane family when she was unhappy. Truth be told, I thought Crystal treated me way better than

her at some point. "You said before that you would give me time. Can you please give me some space during this period and stop mentioning the Lane family in front of me? If you're unwilling to do so, why did you suggest it in the first place? You're just ruining everyone's mood." "Yes, I did say that I would give you some time, but that doesn't mean that you can take forever. Are you trying to keep delaying so that you can stay with your enemy forever?" Isabelle did not even plan to sit down and talk nicely to me. She continued fiercely, "Listen, don't even think about it! There's no way I'm letting the two of you get together." She got so agitated that she raised her hand high, wanting to give me a slap. However, she gave up doing it the next second as a desolated expression crept on her face. "Mom..." I was still angry with her, but before I could say anything, I noticed a bruise on her fair, delicate wrist. Instantly, I pulled her arm over and pointed at it. "Mom, what is this?" Isabelle panicked upon hearing that. She struggled to withdraw her arm back and stuttered out of nervousness, "N-Nothing. I accidentally fell down." "Let me have a look. Is it serious?" The purplish bruise was large. It was a terrifying sight. I could not help but feel sorry for her. "It's okay. I'm fine. Get your hand off now," Isabelle yelled frantically. As we struggled, I accidentally pulled up her sleeves. The next second, my whole body stiffened up. Isabelle's arm was covered with wounds and bruises. Not one part of her arm was left unscathed. She struggled so hard to free herself from my grip that some of her wounds started bleeding. I was no longer an ignorant kid. After all, I used to have those marks around my body too. Lyle had hit me before when we were together, but my scars were still not as bad as hers. "Mom!" I stared at Isabelle in a daze. My mind went blank, and I was left speechless. "What happened to you?" Isabelle withdrew her hand back swiftly. Then she pulled down her sleeves to cover her skin. I scanned through her body slowly and noticed that she was wearing a white turtleneck, which had completely covered her neck. "I told you that I fell down accidentally. Sit still. I'm going to drive now." Isabelle turned her head away to avoid my gaze. She stepped on the accelerator, and the car started moving. I fixated my gaze on her face, but she remained silent all along the journey, the impudent aura of hers disappearing all of a sudden. However, I found it hard to relax as if I was sitting on thousands of needles. Who injured Mom? Was it Mark? But then, why would he do that? I always thought that they had a happy relationship. Moreover, Mark looked like a loving and caring husband. Is he pretending? Is everything fake? I did not stay long in the Goldstein residence. Hence, there were many things I did not know. Perhaps it was time for me to go and see Lucas. I believed he would know what was going on with the Goldstein family since he was the only son. After what happened to Lyle, I was utterly afraid to visit any cemeteries as I tended to recall how he lost his life to save me.

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I reached out a hand to hold her, but it was already too late. She tumbled forward as she fell down and knocked her forehead against the tombstone. Seeing that, I rushed over to help her up. As I bent down, I noticed the injury on her neck. My gaze darkened, and I lowered my eyes.

“Mom, are you okay?” My voice was full of concern.

“I’m fine.” Mom looked exhausted. She fell onto me weakly as soon as I helped her up. She panted heavily, trying hard to respond to me.

I glanced at Crystal, who was looking around beside us. However, I did not manage to ask her any questions in the end. After all, she was an outsider, so it was inappropriate to tell her everything.

I rolled up my sleeves to clean up the grave with Mom. Then, I put a bouquet of lilies in front of the tombstone.

On the tombstone was a picture of a handsome-looking man. He was smiling brightly, with a hint of mischief in his eyes. It was a charming and attractive smile. Uncle Robert must be famous back then!

I crouched and prayed inside my heart, Uncle Robert, this is my first time here. I’m sorry that I never showed up over the past few years. If you’re watching Mom in heaven now, I hope you can bless her with a happy life. That’s my only wish.

Suddenly, a drop of warm water fell on the back of my hand. I turned around confusedly and noticed that Mom was wiping her tears. She was trying so hard to hold herself back that I could not even hear her sobs.

It was such a heartbreaking scene and tears began to roll down my cheeks uncontrollably. I never understood how much Mom had suffered. Grandma used to tell me that Mom had a hard life, but I could not imagine her pain. Surprisingly, I could sense her agony right at that moment.

“Mom!” I stood up and wrapped my arms around Isabelle. “It’s okay, Mom. Everything will be fine no matter what happens. Don’t be sad. You still have me by your side. I’ll protect you, okay? I’ve grown up now.”

I sent Mom home after leaving the cemetery. Mark was the first person who appeared in my mind as soon as I walked out of the house. I had so many questions that I wanted to ask him. What’s going on? Why is he doing that to Mom?

I knew he was the one who did that. After all, no one else would dare to lay a finger on her. Molten rage rolled through me as my eyes reddened. I gritted my teeth hard, my body trembling in anger. Although Mark is my biological father, he doesn’t have the right to treat Mom like sh*t. That’s really too much. A couple will never do that even if they get into an argument.

Back then, Lyle hated me a lot, but he never mistreated me. How dare Mark do that? How can he?

“I’m sorry, Miss. You can’t enter.”

“Get lost!”

“Miss, you can’t go up without an appointment. Please stop right here, or I’m calling the security guards.”

As soon as I reached Goldstein Corporation, a man walked forward to stop me from going upstairs. I wouldn’t have made a fuss under normal circumstances, but I was so furious right then I could not even think straight. I pushed him away hard and roared, “Do you know who I am? How dare you get in my way? Get lost!”

The receptionist got terrified upon seeing my vicious expression. She stood there with a helpless look, but she did not plan to move away. It was fortunate that I was considered famous in the company. After a man approached her to tell her my identity, she swiftly walked away.

I headed upstairs and walked toward Mark's office. Before I could push the door open, Christopher's voice sounded from the inside. My expression changed drastically as I stood still in front of the door.

"Mr. Goldstein, are you sure you want to get involved in this? I can ask Darius to stop pursuing this matter, but you can't hide it forever. Someone will definitely find out what you're doing right now in the future. If that happens, Eve is the one who's going to get upset. Why don't you give up now and stay away from all these crimes?"

I reached out a hand to hold her, but it was already too late. She tumbled forward as she fell down and knocked her forehead against the tombstone. Seeing that, I rushed over to help her up. As I bent down, I noticed the injury on her neck. My gaze darkened, and I lowered my eyes. "Mom, are you okay?" My voice was full of concern. "I'm fine." Mom looked exhausted. She fell onto me weakly as soon as I helped her up. She panted heavily, trying hard to respond to me. I glanced at Crystal, who was looking around beside us. However, I did not manage to ask her any questions in the end. After all, she was an outsider, so it was inappropriate to tell her everything. I rolled up my sleeves to clean up the grave with Mom. Then, I put a bouquet of lilies in front of the tombstone. On the tombstone was a picture of a handsome-looking man. He was smiling brightly, with a hint of mischief in his eyes. It was a charming and attractive smile. Uncle Robert must be famous back then! I crouched and prayed inside my heart, Uncle Robert, this is my first time here. I'm sorry that I never showed up over the past few years. If you're watching Mom in heaven now, I hope you can bless her with a happy life. That's my only wish. Suddenly, a drop of warm water fell on the back of my hand. I turned around confusedly and noticed that Mom was wiping her tears. She was trying so hard to hold herself back that I could not even hear her sobs. It was such a heartbreaking scene and tears began to roll down my cheeks uncontrollably. I never understood how much Mom had suffered. Grandma used to tell me that Mom had a hard life, but I could not imagine her pain. Surprisingly, I could sense her agony right at that moment. "Mom!" I stood up and wrapped my arms around Isabelle. "It's okay, Mom. Everything will be fine no matter what happens. Don't be sad. You still have me by your side. I'll protect you, okay? I've grown up now." I sent Mom home after leaving the cemetery. Mark was the first person who appeared in my mind as soon as I walked out of the house. I had so many questions that I wanted to ask him. What's going on? Why is he doing that to Mom? I knew he was the one who did that. After all, no one else would dare to lay a finger on her. Molten rage rolled through me as my eyes reddened. I gritted my teeth hard, my body

trembling in anger. Although Mark is my biological father, he doesn't have the right to treat Mom like sh*t. That's really too much. A couple will never do that even if they get into an argument. Back then, Lyle hated me a lot, but he never mistreated me. How dare Mark do that? How can he? "I'm sorry, Miss. You can't enter." "Get lost!" "Miss, you can't go up without an appointment. Please stop right here, or I'm calling the security guards." As soon as I reached Goldstein Corporation, a man walked forward to stop me from going upstairs. I wouldn't have made a fuss under normal circumstances, but I was so furious right then I could not even think straight. I pushed him away hard and roared, "Do you know who I am? How dare you get in my way? Get lost!" The receptionist got terrified upon seeing my vicious expression. She stood there with a helpless look, but she did not plan to move away. It was fortunate that I was considered famous in the company. After a man approached her to tell her my identity, she swiftly walked away. I headed upstairs and walked toward Mark's office. Before I could push the door open, Christopher's voice sounded from the inside. My expression changed drastically as I stood still in front of the door. "Mr. Goldstein, are you sure you want to get involved in this? I can ask Darius to stop pursuing this matter, but you can't hide it forever. Someone will definitely find out what you're doing right now in the future. If that happens, Eve is the one who's going to get upset. Why don't you give up now and stay away from all these crimes?"

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Crimes? I did not need to guess to know that they were talking about the incident at the border. The border in Yorksland was close to the delta. There were many criminals, and it was the most dangerous place. Zachary told me before that John and his men used to sell some illegal drugs there.

However, Zachary had to listen to everything Wesley said. That was enough to prove that Mark was the mastermind behind everything. I had never brought it up because I did not know how to intervene in that matter. Although Mark treated me well, I could not find a good time to talk about it.

Hearing their conversation, I realized that Mark had dragged Christopher into that matter too. How can he do that? No matter what, I'll never allow that to happen.

"Young man, no, I should address you as my son-in-law. Although you and Eve did not have a wedding, you two have collected your marriage certificate. You're now part of my family. Since we are a family now, why don't we help each other and do something good together? I'm not getting any younger. I'm going to give every penny I earn to Eve, and everything that belongs to Eve's

is going to be yours in the end,” Mark replied casually. His tone was slow and gentle.

“But I don’t wish to have a father-in-law like you. Mr. Goldstein, you use Eve to threaten me. Don’t you think that’s inappropriate? That’s not what a husband should do.” My heart started beating so fast when I heard that. I got so terrified that I did not dare to open the door.

“So, you’re not joining us?” Mark’s voice turned cold all of a sudden.

“It’s not that I don’t want to join you. Of course, everyone wants to get wealthier. But there are still other ways to earn money, right? Lane Corporation is now one of the biggest companies in Avenport. The amount of money I have is sufficient for Eve and me to live comfortably for the rest of our lives. The same goes for you, Mr. Goldstein. Why are you so obsessed with money? You’re not going to bring them with you after you’re dead. Besides, Eve will never want those dirty money.”

Christopher was calm. I could picture his expression when he said that. He must be lifting his chin with a light, distant smile now.

“So, you’ve decided not to join us, have you?” Mark questioned again.

“That’s right. I’ll never accept your request, even though you’ll stop putting in a good word for me and Eve in front of Mrs. Goldstein. I’ve promised Eve that I’ll only marry her in my life, so I won’t get myself involved in those matters. I told Eve that I’ll stay with her forever. I don’t want to spend my life in prison. I can’t leave her alone.”

In fact, I had heard him saying those countless times. Hence, I was already used to it. However, I got so touched that I began to cry upon hearing that through the door. He’s the best thing that ever happened to me.

“Does that mean that you’re seeing me as your enemy now?”

“No. Rejecting that mission from you is the only thing I can do for you. Mr. Goldstein, there’s still time for you to give up now. Otherwise, Eve will only end up getting hurt in the end. It took her some time to reunite with her father. I don’t wish to see my friend send my father-in-law to jail.”

“Hmph! If you’ve already made up your mind, I don’t want to waste any more time talking to you. From now on, you go your way and I’ll go my way. Please leave, Mr. Lane.”

“Oh, before I go, I have something to tell you. The higher-ups are aware of what you’re doing. The son of a high-ranking officer was involved in the incident at the border. No one in Avenport dares to go against him, including my dad. If anyone plans to take the Goldstein family down, you’re going to lose everything. Please reconsider your decision, Mr. Goldstein.”

I silently left Goldstein Corporation. Neither did I open the door to interrogate Mark, nor did I see Christopher. What they were talking about was far beyond my reach. I could not stop them or make any decision for them. However, I was determined to stay by Christopher’s side no matter what.

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"Mom, are you feeling better now? Do you want to go to the hospital for a checkup?" I carried a bowl of soup to the bed and cooled it down before passing it to Isabelle.

"There's no need for that. It's just a mild illness." Frowning, Isabelle shook her head and took a sip of the soup.

"Do you want to try a candied fruit?" I handed some snacks to her.

Isabelle waved her hand at me. Then, she held her breath and drank all the soup. She retched as soon as she turned around. The soup tasted terrible, but it was good for health. I patted her back lightly before wiping her face with a warm towel.

A moment later, Mom finally recollected herself. She lay down on the bed, saying nothing. Her face was ghastly pale, and her gaze turned blank as she stared at the ceiling in a daze. After pondering for a second, I asked softly, "Mom, are you having a fight with Dad? Can you tell me what happened?"

"It's just a mild conflict," Mom answered my question calmly, but her expression turned even grimmer.

"Are you sure? Mom, I'm your daughter. You can tell me everything. Are you hiding something from me? Tell me, please? I can help you." I pushed her arm lightly.

Isabelle turned around and stared at me. Her gaze was calm, and she did not even blink. She shook her head after some time and said, "Nothing. I'm feeling a little tired. You go on with your thing. I need to take some rest before attending an important social event tonight."

"What? You still plan to go out when you're already sick? Can't you skip it? I can attend the event for you if it's really that important." I tried to stop her.

"No. I have to go. I have to attend it personally." Isabelle flashed me a warm smile. "Thank you. I know you're trying to help me, but I'll be fine once I get some sleep."

I finished cooking and placed all the food on the dining table. There were plenty of dishes, but all of them tasted ordinary. I had not been cooking for some time, so my culinary skills had dropped. After moving to the Lane residence, I had lost almost all of my skills since I did not have to do anything on my own.

It tasted awful when I took a bite of the caramelized pork, so I thought of ordering some takeaways for Christopher. Right then, I heard someone unlocking the door. Immediately, I opened the door and threw myself into Christopher's arms.

Christopher was terrified when he saw me appearing in the doorway out of the blue. He spread his arms wide and pulled me closer upon seeing me. "Why didn't you tell me that you're here? I would have come back earlier if I knew you were waiting for me."

I shook my head and buried my face in his chest. My heart gradually calmed down as I smelled the faint scent of sandalwood and tobacco on his body. "It's

okay. Work is more important. I can come back anytime. Just give me a call whenever you miss me.”

“I can’t do that.” Christopher carried me up as he kicked the door close. Spinning around with me in his arms, he chuckled. “You’re the most important to me.”

“I’ve never seen myself as such a big shot,” I mumbled with an upset look. I was still in a bad mood.

“You’re my precious darling, so I have to come back earlier for you.” Christopher planted a kiss on the tip of my nose. “I want to stay with you when you miss me. Otherwise, you’re going to zone out on your own.”

“Let’s eat. I made all the dishes on my own, but they don’t taste really good.” I handed him a set of cutlery. However, he stopped eating after taking a bite of the caramelized pork. “Is it really bad? Should I order some delivery then? I haven’t been cooking for so long that I’m going to become a useless woman.”

“No. It tastes as good as before.” Christopher pulled me over to the seat beside him. “Don’t worry. You still have me, even if you turn into a useless woman. I’m determined to be a good husband. I can learn everything, except giving birth.”

“Mom, are you feeling better now? Do you want to go to the hospital for a checkup?” I carried a bowl of soup to the bed and cooled it down before passing it to Isabelle. “There’s no need for that. It’s just a mild illness.” Frowning, Isabelle shook her head and took a sip of the soup. “Do you want to try a candied fruit?” I handed some snacks to her. Isabelle waved her hand at me. Then, she held her breath and drank all the soup. She retched as soon as she turned around. The soup tasted terrible, but it was good for health. I patted her back lightly before wiping her face with a warm towel. A moment later, Mom finally recollected herself. She lay down on the bed, saying nothing. Her face was ghastly pale, and her gaze turned blank as she stared at the ceiling in a daze. After pondering for a second, I asked softly, “Mom, are you having a fight with Dad? Can you tell me what happened?” “It’s just a mild conflict,” Mom answered my question calmly, but her expression turned even grimmer. “Are you sure? Mom, I’m your daughter. You can tell me everything. Are you hiding something from me? Tell me, please? I can help you.” I pushed her arm lightly. Isabelle turned around and stared at me. Her gaze was calm, and she did not even blink. She shook her head after some time and said, “Nothing. I’m feeling a little tired. You go on with your thing. I need to take

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I couldn't help but burst into laughter. “Well, giving birth is something we can learn actually. I'm telling the truth. We have in-vitro fertilization nowadays, right? If you do that, I don't even have to bother thinking about kids.”

“You wish!” Seeing that I did not dig in, Christopher pulled me into his arms and fed me instead. “My children have to be birthed from your womb. Otherwise, they won’t be the fruits of our love anymore.”

That night, when I lay in his embrace, I felt a rush of calmness in my heart despite having so many problems troubling me. It had always been like that. Being wrapped in his arms could bring peace to my mind that I stopped thinking about everything and relaxed.

Slowly and gently, Christopher’s kiss fell on my lips and trailed further down. Once he entered me, he gazed at me intently and uttered in a soft voice, “Eve, it’s been some time since we stayed together in the house just like this. Looks like I have to find a way to marry you as soon as possible so that we can become a true married couple.”

“Christopher, I only want you in my life! If I can’t marry you, I’ll never get married.” I responded to his advances with my open arms, trying to please him with all my might. After all, I was willing to do anything for him because he was worth it.

I didn’t bring up his conversation with Mark the entire time, as I was confident that he could solve it. Even if I did mention it, he would only end up getting worried.

“No, that can’t do. We’ve got our marriage certificate, and I even stole you from your husband. Holding a mere wedding ceremony shouldn’t be any more difficult than that.” As he blinked his eyes, his breathing grew heavier.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulder before turning around to sit on him, pressing his shoulder to stop him from moving. In reality, it was during such a moment that men would wish for the woman to take the initiative since they wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered as well.

“I guess only you can make such a shameless remark while sounding justified.” I was a bit speechless at that. When I noticed his rapid breathing, I leaned forward and opened my mouth without hesitation.

“Don’t!” Knowing that I wasn’t fond of doing it, he quickly lifted my chin to stop me. However, I pushed his hand away and bent over persistently. I was determined to show him that I was willing to do whatever I could to please him.

After satisfying his urges, he pulled me into his embrace. At that moment, I was already sweating profusely. Once again, I couldn't help but admit that a woman's strength was incomparable to that of a man's. Christopher could always go for three rounds without taking a rest, yet I could only pant nonstop in his arms after only once.

"Chris." After pondering for a while, I decided to tell him what I saw when I went to the graveyard early that morning. "I found many wounds on my mom's body. Do you think she fought with Mark? Those wounds look severe. They looked like the results of serious domestic violence on television. Should I talk to Dad about it?"

"What?" Christopher exclaimed. He looked even more surprised than me. "Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein look so in love; I didn't expect that to come at all."

Hearing that, I smiled resignedly. "That's what I thought as well, but Mom was so upset this morning. I could even sense a huge wave of despair from her just by looking at her. What should I do?"

"You're worried that your dad didn't treat your mom well, aren't you?" Christopher was quick to point out what troubled me the most. Following that, he said calmly, "They're adults, so we can't just butt in without understanding what's going on. Mr. Goldstein cares about you. If you ask him directly, he might feel humiliated. In the worst-case scenario, he might even take out his anger on your mom."

His words convinced me. Despite how strong my grudge, anger, and the urge to talk to Mark were, I could only suppress them for now. Even though I had yet to call him "Dad," deep down in my heart, I had acknowledged him as my father. After all, it was undeniable that we were blood-related.

I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Well, giving birth is something we can learn actually. I'm telling the truth. We have in-vitro fertilization nowadays, right? If you do that, I don't even have to bother thinking about kids." "You wish!" Seeing that I did not dig in, Christopher pulled me into his arms and fed me instead. "My children have to be birthed from your womb. Otherwise, they won't be the fruits of our love anymore." That night, when I lay in his embrace, I felt a rush of calmness in my heart despite having so many problems troubling me. It had always been like that. Being wrapped in his arms could bring peace to my mind that I stopped thinking about everything and relaxed. Slowly and gently, Christopher's kiss fell on my lips and trailed further down. Once he entered me, he gazed at me intently and uttered in a soft voice, "Eve,

it's been some time since we stayed together in the house just like this. Looks like I have to find a way to marry you as soon as possible so that we can become a true married couple." "Christopher, I only want you in my life! If I can't marry you, I'll never get married." I responded to his advances with my open arms, trying to please him with all my might. After all, I was willing to do anything for him because he was worth it. I didn't bring up his conversation with Mark the entire time, as I was confident that he could solve it. Even if I did mention it, he would only end up getting worried. "No, that can't do. We've got our marriage certificate, and I even stole you from your husband. Holding a mere wedding ceremony shouldn't be any more difficult than that." As he blinked his eyes, his breathing grew heavier. I wrapped my arms around his shoulder before turning around to sit on him, pressing his shoulder to stop him from moving. In reality, it was during such a moment that men would wish for the woman to take the initiative since they wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered as well. "I guess only you can make such a shameless remark while sounding justified." I was a bit speechless at that. When I noticed his rapid breathing, I leaned forward and opened my mouth without hesitation. "Don't!" Knowing that I wasn't fond of doing it, he quickly lifted my chin to stop me. However, I pushed his hand away and bent over persistently. I was determined to show him that I was willing to do whatever I could to please him. After satisfying his urges, he pulled me into his embrace. At that moment, I was already sweating profusely. Once again, I couldn't help but admit that a woman's strength was incomparable to that of a man's. Christopher could always go for three rounds without taking a rest, yet I could only pant nonstop in his arms after only once. "Chris." After pondering for a while, I decided to tell him what I saw when I went to the graveyard early that morning. "I found many wounds on my mom's body. Do you think she fought with Mark? Those wounds look severe. They looked like the results of serious domestic violence on television. Should I talk to Dad about it?" "What?" Christopher exclaimed. He looked even more surprised than me. "Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein look so in love; I didn't expect that to come at all." Hearing that, I smiled resignedly. "That's what I thought as well, but Mom was so upset this morning. I could even sense a huge wave of despair from her just by looking at her. What should I do?" "You're worried that your dad didn't treat your mom well, aren't you?" Christopher was quick to point out what troubled me the most. Following that, he said calmly, "They're adults, so we can't just butt in without understanding what's going on. Mr. Goldstein cares about you. If you ask him directly, he might feel humiliated. In the worst-case scenario, he might even take out his anger on your mom." His words convinced me. Despite how strong my grudge, anger, and the urge to talk to Mark were, I could only suppress them for now. Even though I had yet to call him "Dad," deep down in

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

I went to find Lucas that afternoon, but he hadn't been in the Goldstein residence recently. Due to his weak body, he was hospitalized once again after catching a cold from attending a party. When Christopher and I arrived at the hospital, he was flipping through his medical record. Upon seeing me rush in, he frowned. "Did the Goldstein residence catch fire? Why are you in a rush?"

"It's something even more serious than that." Seeing that he looked fine, I went straight to the point. "It's about my mom and... Dad. How much do you know about them? Is there anything that I don't know?"

Lucas was at a loss for words. A while later, he finally asked, "What do you mean? They are your parents. If you, as their daughter, don't even know what's going on, how the hell am I supposed to know? Are you out of your mind? I'm your cousin, not your biological brother."

"But you grew up in the Goldstein residence, so shouldn't you know more than me?" I was a bit desperate at that point.

"What do you want to ask?" Lucas asked. He knew I had some questions in my mind and his anxiousness rose when I couldn't bring myself to voice them after a while.

I began to panic when I recalled hearing weird sounds from Isabelle's side whenever I called her. Quickly, I turned to Christopher for help.

He patted my back lightly to comfort me before saying in a calm voice, "She wants to ask you about the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein. Are they enamored with each other? Or do they quarrel frequently behind people?"

Hearing that, Lucas cast me a meaningful gaze. "You should at least tell me the reason for asking me that out of the blue, no? Otherwise, I don't know what I should say."

I took a deep breath and forced myself to face the issue. "I found some wounds on my mom and I don't know what happened since I wasn't home these two nights. Did they fight?"

Despite struggling for so long, I only managed to utter those words. Lucas was amused. "Isn't it normal for a couple to quarrel? Why are you so nervous? It's because you and Christopher are still a new couple; that's why you two have never fought before. Haven't you heard of the seven-year itch?"

"But Mom is badly injured!" In actuality, I, too, felt strange for asking such questions, yet I couldn't stop worrying if I didn't ask.

"Uncle Mark is cruel, but he treats all the women around him fairly well. He's not interested in women. Your mom is the only woman beside him for years. He was madly in love with your mom when he was young. Now, do you still think that they are on bad terms? Don't be so paranoid. If Uncle Mark hears about this, he will surely be sad. After all, you're his daughter."

He then paused briefly before continuing, "Sometimes, people tend to lose control when they are too stressed out. It's just once in a while, so don't worry. I bet he's even more upset than you are right now. Instead of running your mind wild here, why don't you go back and take care of Aunt Isabelle?"

The meaningful gleam in Lucas' eyes went unnoticed as I was too concerned about Isabelle.

"It's odd to hear such words from you." I sighed. "Forget it. Perhaps I'm truly overthinking. You're my friend, so I trust you won't lie to me."

I was somewhat relieved at his reassurance. "Get some rest. I'll go back to take care of my mom then."

"How heartless! I'm sick and you didn't even ask me about my wellbeing. And you call yourself a friend? Am I a tool that you can throw away after using it?" A bitter smile crept onto his face as he looked at me.

Ignoring Lucas, I leaned closer to Christopher and exchanged a passionate kiss with him. After that, I walked out of the ward while saying, "I'll let Chris accompany you for a while. He's a busy person and his rate is more than a hundred thousand each second. Now that he's doing it for free, you should feel honored."

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