

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 611-620

Posted by **chapter novel**, 38 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

Silence befell the ward after I left. Only the beeping sound of the devices resounded in the air. Christopher walked over to the window. "Now, can you tell me the reason you sent her away?" he asked coldly, turning around after confirming that I left in the car.

"Can you not? Yvonne just left and I'm still a patient. Stop scaring me like that." Lucas leaned against the headboard, glanced at Christopher's cold face, and said half-jokingly, "Judging from her personality, it's better if she doesn't know certain matters. But you're different. You're the son of the Lane family, the head of Lane Corporation, and a soldier from the special forces. You can do something about it if you know the truth."

"What do you mean? Did you lie to Eve?" As quick-witted as Christopher, he instantly caught the crux of Lucas' words.

Lucas shrugged and smiled. "Well, it's a white lie, so you can't say that I'm lying. She should keep being dense and live a carefree life. After all, a sad expression doesn't suit her well."

Christopher frowned. He had a feeling that Lucas was going to say something unpleasant. It was most probably related to Mark's businesses at the border. "Just say it. Stop beating around the bush."

"Okay. You might not sense the severity of the issue if I don't tell you the highlight." As soon as he said that, he took a document from the drawer and handed it to Christopher, signaling him to flip through it. "Take a look at this and we'll continue the conversation after that."

Christopher opened the document dubiously and his pupil constricted instantly upon reading the contents inside. This time, he failed to maintain his composure as he couldn't help but widen his eyes in disbelief.

On the 23rd of July, patient Isabelle Anderson was knocked on her chest by a heavy item, leaving her with two broken ribs. One of them stabbed her lung, and she was rushed to the emergency room and survived. There was also a fracture in her left shin due to an external blow. She was suspected of being subjected to domestic violence and required hospitalization.

The date on the first record was enough to make him raise his head and look at Lucas in shock. In the next instant, he lowered his head and continued reading.

To Christopher's surprise, the thick document was full of Isabelle's detailed treatment histories, including when and why she got hospitalized, how bad was her injuries, how long it took for her to recover, and what medicine she had.

Her suffering from inner bleeding after getting beaten up was a routine occurrence. The most severe one was when she went into a coma and almost died because her head was brutally hit. At that time, she was unconscious for one whole week and could only recover after three months.

As for the broken ribs and wounds on her body, they were not worth mentioning at all. For her, getting injured was nothing out of the ordinary.

Christopher couldn't recover from the shock after he finished reading the document. I thought of many possibilities, but not this. The relationship between Mark and Isabelle is far different from the definition of a loving couple. How did she manage to live such a tragic life for over ten years? It's a miracle that she's still alive.

"Where did you get this information? What on earth is going on here?" Christopher couldn't help but ask.

"I know several good doctors since I always get sick and stay in the hospital. Coincidentally, one of them was treating Aunt Isabelle when I visited him. He was also her doctor for quite some time. As long as I can pay for it, I can know anything I want."

Lucas raised his chin and gave a smirk. It was a hostile expression that not even I got to witness before.

"It's apparent that Aunt Isabelle isn't living a happy life. All we have seen before is just a perfect act that Mark Goldstein put on. Now, can we finally talk about our partnership?"

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Christopher scoffed, “Partnership? There are lots of people who want to partner with me. Mr. Goldstein asked me about it as well a few days ago. I didn’t expect that to be your aim as well.”

“I’m sure that his partnership meant nothing good. After all, I know him very well. Did he also threaten you with Yvonne?” Lucas said firmly.

Christopher didn’t answer him. Instead, he threw the medical record on the table. “How can I be sure that you’re telling the truth?”

Lucas replied calmly, “You can ask that doctor. His contact number is there on the medical record. I know about what happened to you at the border. With your identity, you will certainly not let go of any bad guy, especially when they attempt to end your comrades’ lives. As long as he’s still actively running his business there, your comrades will eventually lose their lives because of him.”

Christopher narrowed his eyes. “So, you want to cooperate with me to take down Mark Goldstein? Are you sure? He’s my father-in-law, so don’t you think you’ve gotten the wrong person?”

“I’m sure. If you aren’t related to Yvonne, I might need to reconsider. I don’t want to take the risk. After all, Uncle Mark is a cruel person who dared to harm me when I was young. If my father didn’t pretend to be useless and ignorant all these years, I would have died long ago.”

Lucas looked calm as if he was talking about the others and not himself.

“But he’s Eve’s father. If something happens to him, she will be sad. You should know that I won’t do anything that will upset her.” Christopher remained unfazed.

Truth be told, he had lost his composure deep down in his heart. If Yvonne knows about how Isabelle has been living, she will be devastated. However, it’s all the more reason for me to stay calm at this moment.

“But Aunt Isabelle is more important to her, right? You’ve seen how her life has been like all these years. No woman can keep living such a life, so perhaps it’s because of some reason that she can’t leave Mark Goldstein. If you can deal with him, then she can be free.”

Christopher kept staring at the medical record in silence. At once, all kinds of thoughts rushed into his mind.

Lucas then continued, “Besides, even if Mark gets exposed, he will only lose his freedom and end up in jail at most. Yvonne probably won’t be that devastated. At that time, if Aunt Isabelle can start a new life, she may feel grateful to you and let go of her hatred toward the Lane family. In the end, you and Yvonne will get her blessings. So, why not?”

Noticing how Christopher remained silent, Lucas knew he had won Christopher over successfully. Although Christopher was a calm man and was always smiling, no one could ever scheme against him easily. However, he had a weakness—Yvonne. As long as I can hold on to that, Christopher will help me achieve what I wished to do yet couldn’t all these years.

“Are you sure that it’s gratitude and not resentment? After all, love is beyond comprehension.” Christopher remained unmoved. It’s a grave matter, so I can’t rush to judgment.

“No. Aunt Isabelle is a decisive person. You see, she gave up on all the men who pursued her for Nathan Tanner back then. Even your brother, Darius, was rejected by her. So, it’s apparent how much she loved Nathan at that time. When Nathan brought Scarlett and Yvette back to the Tanner residence, she left without hesitation and completely forgot about him.”

After hesitating for a moment, Christopher asked in a low voice, “What can I get if I collaborate with you?”

“That’s easy. I can provide you with all the proof of Mark Goldstein’s illegal businesses at the border. With your ability, I’m sure you can defeat him even if he has someone behind him.”

Right then, Lucas coughed violently. “Don’t doubt my intention. I don’t want to drag Yvonne into this mess as well if it’s possible. The fact that she’s his daughter is what surprised me the most.”

Christopher scoffed, "Partnership? There are lots of people who want to partner with me. Mr. Goldstein asked me about it as well a few days ago. I didn't expect that to be your aim as well." "I'm sure that his partnership meant nothing good. After all, I know him very well. Did he also threaten you with Yvonne?" Lucas said firmly. Christopher didn't answer him. Instead, he threw the medical record on the table. "How can I be sure that you're telling the truth?" Lucas replied calmly, "You can ask that doctor. His contact number is there on the medical record. I know about what happened to you at the border. With your identity, you will certainly not let go of any bad guy, especially when they attempt to end your comrades' lives. As long as he's still actively running his business there, your comrades will eventually lose their lives because of him." Christopher narrowed his eyes. "So, you want to cooperate with me to take down Mark Goldstein? Are you sure? He's my father-in-law, so don't you think you've gotten the wrong person?" "I'm sure. If you aren't related to Yvonne, I might need to reconsider. I don't want to take the risk. After all, Uncle Mark is a cruel person who dared to harm me when I was young. If my father didn't pretend to be useless and ignorant all these years, I would have died long ago." Lucas looked calm as if he was talking about the others and not himself. "But he's Eve's father. If something happens to him, she will be sad. You should know that I won't do anything that will upset her." Christopher remained unfazed. Truth be told, he had lost his composure deep down in his heart. If Yvonne knows about how Isabelle has been living, she will be devastated. However, it's all the more reason for me to stay calm at this moment. "But Aunt Isabelle is more important to her, right? You've seen how her life has been like all these years. No woman can keep living such a life, so perhaps it's because of some reason that she can't leave Mark Goldstein. If you can deal with him, then she can be free." Christopher kept staring at the medical record in silence. At once, all kinds of thoughts rushed into his mind. Lucas then continued, "Besides, even if Mark gets exposed, he will only lose his freedom and end up in jail at most. Yvonne probably won't be that devastated. At that time, if Aunt Isabelle can start a new life, she may feel grateful to you and let go of her hatred toward the Lane family. In the end, you and Yvonne will get her blessings. So, why not?" Noticing how Christopher remained silent, Lucas knew he had won Christopher over successfully. Although Christopher was a calm man and was always smiling, no one could ever scheme against him easily. However, he had a weakness—Yvonne. As long as I can hold on to that, Christopher will help me achieve what I wished to do yet couldn't all these years. "Are you sure that it's gratitude and not resentment? After all, love is beyond comprehension." Christopher remained unmoved. It's a grave matter, so I can't rush to judgment. "No. Aunt Isabelle is a decisive person. You see, she

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"Mom, are you okay?" I asked concernedly, walking over when I saw the doctor treating my mom.

Mom had been bedridden for several days. I was worried about her as she had not been looking well. She seemed to be in good health this morning and had even gone out for a while with Crystal after having breakfast downstairs. I couldn't help feeling anxious when they came back with a doctor.

"Don't worry! It's just a headache after walking in the wind." She shook her head and turned to whisper something to the doctor. Shortly after, the doctor wrote down a prescription. I took a glance at it and could barely understand a single word as his handwriting was totally illegible.

"You should rest at home if you are not feeling well. Just tell me if you need anything." I squatted down by the bed while holding my mother's hand. Frowning, I mumbled, "What's so important out there that you have to go out early in the morning when you are not even yourself."

"I wanted to ask you to help me out, but you know nothing other than drawing." Isabelle shook her head with a smile on her face. "There's something that I have to do myself. Although the Tanner family is not a big family, they are indeed strong. When there are two people, the words will hold greater weight and likely be convincing. Don't you think so?"

I lifted my head and looked at Mom in shock. Mom, are you trying to explain why you've been staying with Crystal all the time?

"Mom..."

“Are you still angry? You are already in your twenties, but you still act like a child sometimes.” She held my hand and added, “That’s how you were when you were younger. You would be extremely stubborn once you put your head into something. You really take after me in terms of temper. Have you been holding a grudge against me over the past two days?”

I shook my head. “No! I’m not holding a grudge or whatsoever.”

“Still in denial?” She chuckled and covered her mouth. “I can’t give you a satisfying answer for certain matters, but what I’m doing now is all for the future. You just have to understand that I love you. That’s enough.”

However, I was still in a state of confusion. “Mom, Dad is taking care of the business, right? Even if he is overloaded with work, he still has Lucas’ dad to help him out. I don’t understand why you have to wear yourself out. What matters most is your health.”

She glanced at me. The look in her eyes was incomprehensible. I didn’t understand why she would put on such an expression that terrified me each time I mentioned Dad and his business. It felt as if she was scheming something.

“Mark is always sick. He has just gotten his health back after recuperating abroad for many years. How can I let him overexert himself again? I just want to reduce his burden. If I let things go undone, he will have no choice but to do it on his own. I can’t bear seeing him putting too much pressure on himself.” She grinned. There was a softness in her eyes when she talked about him.

I frowned as I took a glance at a bruise on her arm. “Mom, did you fight with Dad? Does he have a bad temper?”

I hesitated for a long time before uttering those words. Seeing her expression turn solemn, I immediately added, “You can just ignore what I said if you don’t feel like talking about it. I’m just worried about you. Don’t get mad, okay?”

“I’m not mad. You care about me. If anything, I’m pleased.” She gave a pat on my hand. “All couples fight. Mark is always sick, and so he feels very depressed. Despite putting on a smile all the time, he is, in fact, feeling inferior deep down. He desperately wants to be healthy, so he loses his temper sometimes. But everything’s fine. Don’t overthink it.”

Feeling inferior? It doesn't sound right to describe him in that way. There was a time I felt inferior to others and couldn't pull myself together for a long time. However, would people like Dad ever feel inferior?

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked concernedly, walking over when I saw the doctor treating my mom. Mom had been bedridden for several days. I was worried about her as she had not been looking well. She seemed to be in good health this morning and had even gone out for a while with Crystal after having breakfast downstairs. I couldn't help feeling anxious when they came back with a doctor. "Don't worry! It's just a headache after walking in the wind." She shook her head and turned to whisper something to the doctor. Shortly after, the doctor wrote down a prescription. I took a glance at it and could barely understand a single word as his handwriting was totally illegible. "You should rest at home if you are not feeling well. Just tell me if you need anything." I squatted down by the bed while holding my mother's hand. Frowning, I mumbled, "What's so important out there that you have to go out early in the morning when you are not even yourself." "I wanted to ask you to help me out, but you know nothing other than drawing." Isabelle shook her head with a smile on her face. "There's something that I have to do myself. Although the Tanner family is not a big family, they are indeed strong. When there are two people, the words will hold greater weight and likely be convincing. Don't you think so?" I lifted my head and looked at Mom in shock. Mom, are you trying to explain why you've been staying with Crystal all the time? "Mom..." "Are you still angry? You are already in your twenties, but you still act like a child sometimes." She held my hand and added, "That's how you were when you were younger. You would be extremely stubborn once you put your head into something. You really take after me in terms of temper. Have you been holding a grudge against me over the past two days?" I shook my head. "No! I'm not holding a grudge or whatsoever." "Still in denial?" She chuckled and covered her mouth. "I can't give you a satisfying answer for certain matters, but what I'm doing now is all for the future. You just have to understand that I love you. That's enough." However, I was still in a state of confusion. "Mom, Dad is taking care of the business, right? Even if he is overloaded with work, he still has Lucas' dad to help him out. I don't understand why you have to wear yourself out. What matters most is your health." She glanced at me. The look in her eyes was incomprehensible. I didn't understand why she would put on such an expression that terrified me each time I mentioned Dad and his business. It felt as if she was scheming something. "Mark is always sick. He has just gotten his health back after recuperating abroad for many years. How can I let him overexert himself again? I just want to reduce his burden. If I let things go undone, he will have

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Perhaps I have jumped to conclusions. It suddenly reminds me of Lucas. From what I have overheard earlier, I know he was originally healthy. Because of Dad, he ends up being dependent on drugs and can't live without them. Was it caused by inferiority as well? I will never accept such a reason. Maybe I should try to understand him. In fact, I have eventually accepted the fact that he is my father. As a daughter, it seems that I have never paid attention to him and fulfilled my duty as a daughter. I shouldn't be so ignorant.

The next day, I added some color to the drawing that Remington asked me to sketch. The drawing turned out well. After that, I covered the painting and went out with a jar of broth that I cooked earlier.

"Ms. Yvonne, do you need a driver?" the servant asked respectfully.

"Get me a car. I want to head to the office." I smiled. Mark had been so nice to me. He even introduced me to all the servants on the first day I moved to the house.

Not long after, I arrived at Goldstein Corporation. When I walked past the reception counter, I saw the woman who stopped me the other day. Her expression stiffened as she caught sight of me. Staring at me, she put on an awkward smile on her face.

"I'm sorry. I was in a bad mood and took it out on you the other day. I hope you don't mind."

“Don’t worry about it. Ms. Yvonne, you are too kind. It’s me who was ignorant and not aware of your identity. I’m glad that you are not angry.” The receptionist waved her hand and smiled apologetically at me.

I couldn’t help but feel emotional at that very moment. When I was with the Tanner family, people always looked at me with compassion in their eyes. Unlike now, people respect me. That said, it somehow made me feel a little giddy. It seems that I don’t have the qualities of being a goddess even though my social status is high.

“I’m pleased to hear that,” I replied seriously.

I knocked on the door when I reached the office and waited until a voice echoed from inside. I then entered the room. Mark was reading a document with a couple of executives standing before his desk. They lowered their heads as if they had made a mistake.

It wasn’t until they left that I walked over and set the jar of broth down on the table.

“Eve, what brings you here today? Did you miss me?” After dismissing those executives, he waved at me. I stood by his side and smiled. “Indeed. Have you had lunch yet? I made some broth. Have some while it’s hot.”

“You made this yourself? Give it to me. I’m really hungry now.”

“My culinary skills are not as good as those chefs you have recruited, but you can’t complain. Even Mom loves my cooking.” I stuck out my tongue, grinned playfully, and put the broth before him.

Perhaps he was really starving. He finished the broth shortly after and said, “It feels so good to have a daughter. You even cook for me. It’s the thought that counts even if the chefs cook better.”

“I’m glad you like it. I will cook as often as possible.” I suddenly feel Dad’s loneliness. Although he is rich and lives in a mansion, he is lonely. I then made up my mind that I would spend more time with him.

I talked to him for a while. Just when I was about to excuse myself and leave, he suddenly stopped me and handed over a document to me. “I planned to give it to you on your birthday. Now that you are here, I will just pass it to you then. It’s your birthday gift.”

"Dad, you have already given me a lot of things. You shouldn't have!" I waved my hand.

"Take a look at it first!" Mark said seriously.

I had no choice but to take it. Taking a glance at the document, I realized he was giving me the shares of Goldstein Corporation and stocks of some projects, which were worth a lot as the budget alone cost hundreds of millions.

"Dad, I don't need these. You should keep these for yourself."

Perhaps I have jumped to conclusions. It suddenly reminds me of Lucas. From what I have overheard earlier, I know he was originally healthy. Because of Dad, he ends up being dependent on drugs and can't live without them. Was it caused by inferiority as well? I will never accept such a reason. Maybe I should try to understand him. In fact, I have eventually accepted the fact that he is my father. As a daughter, it seems that I have never paid attention to him and fulfilled my duty as a daughter. I shouldn't be so ignorant. The next day, I added some color to the drawing that Remington asked me to sketch. The drawing turned out well. After that, I covered the painting and went out with a jar of broth that I cooked earlier. "Ms. Yvonne, do you need a driver?" the servant asked respectfully. "Get me a car. I want to head to the office." I smiled. Mark had been so nice to me. He even introduced me to all the servants on the first day I moved to the house. Not long after, I arrived at Goldstein Corporation. When I walked past the reception counter, I saw the woman who stopped me the other day. Her expression stiffened as she caught sight of me. Staring at me, she put on an awkward smile on her face. "I'm sorry. I was in a bad mood and took it out on you the other day. I hope you don't mind." "Don't worry about it. Ms. Yvonne, you are too kind. It's me who was ignorant and not aware of your identity. I'm glad that you are not angry." The receptionist waved her hand and smiled apologetically at me. I couldn't help but feel emotional at that very moment. When I was with the Tanner family, people always looked at me with compassion in their eyes. Unlike now, people respect me. That said, it somehow made me feel a little giddy. It seems that I don't have the qualities of being a goddess even though my social status is high. "I'm pleased to hear that," I replied seriously. I knocked on the door when I reached the office and waited until a voice echoed from inside. I then entered the room. Mark was reading a document with a couple of executives standing before his desk. They lowered their heads as if they had made a mistake. It wasn't until they left that I walked over and set the jar of broth down on the table. "Eve, what brings you here today? Did you miss me?" After dismissing those executives, he waved at me. I stood

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"That wasn't a request. Be good and sign the document. I'll earn more money for you so that when you're married, you don't have to worry about suffering while living with your in-laws with a lucrative dowry." Mark guffawed after saying those words.

In reality, I wanted to tell him that I wasn't short of money. However, I had no choice but to sign the document since he would not allow me to leave if I refused. In fact, I had a few similar documents like the one I was about to sign with me. The most important one I had was the share transfer agreement under Christopher's name.

Not only that, I was in control of all the properties that belonged to Christopher. If that news somehow got exposed to the public, I believed the women in Avenport would most definitely be envious of me and curse me for being so lucky behind my back.

When Christopher had told me to sign the document back then, I was unwilling to do it no matter what. In the end, he thought of a plan by bringing me to drink tons of beers and having a crazy moment at home.

In a word, we embraced each other passionately as soon as we entered the house. When I lay on the bed because of exhaustion, the sly Christopher seized the opportunity to coax me into signing the document. As I woke up the next day and remembered what happened the other night, Christopher told me that he was my kept man from that day onward and wanted me to treat him better. He even had a cunning smile on his face as he uttered those words.

That b*stard! I cursed inwardly as those thoughts came back to me.

“You’re thinking about Christopher again, aren’t you? My baby daughter has grown up indeed.” Mark blinked his eyes at me playfully as he spoke.

“I’m not.” I refused to admit it. Shortly afterward, I questioned him with a stern expression, “Are you going to let go of what Mr. Garfield is dealing with right now, Dad?”

Once I asked that question, I felt chills running down my spine. Mark was staring at me intently before replying with a question of his own, “Did Christopher ask you to persuade me on this matter?”

“No, Chris didn’t even mention it.” It was true that Christopher didn’t tell me about that matter. Nonetheless, I couldn’t pretend that I knew nothing about it since the issue was right in front of me.

“I’ve witnessed what happened at the border with my own eyes, Dad,” I said solemnly. “That is why I understand what Mr. Garfield is in charge of better right now. I’m genuinely worried about you. Can’t you give up on such a business since you’re already so wealthy?”

It took me quite some time to decide whether to tell Mark about those things. Such a detrimental business would not only harm others, but the perpetrator would not have any benefits as well. Whenever I thought about the number of people who would suffer because of that, I felt a sense of sorrow in my heart.

“There are some things that a young woman like you doesn’t understand. So stop asking such questions.” Without answering my question, Mark went on with a displeased tone, “A woman like you should focus on shopping and entertainment, not that kind of stuff.”

“I’m already in my twenties, Dad. Didn’t you say it yourself earlier?” I didn’t want to give up on pursuing that topic since I had heard everything about the

conversation between Mark and Christopher the other day. What should I do if it really comes to that?

"I need to prepare for a meeting later. There's an antique auction taking place tonight. If you feel bored, you can go there and have a look. I'll have my men prepare number tags for you. Feel free to buy anything you fancy." Mark stood up with the document in his hand and urged me to leave.

"Dad!" I shouted, not inclined to give up so soon.

"Behave yourself." It was apparent that Mark was unwilling to talk about the issue at the border with me any longer as he raised his voice all of a sudden.

Reality hit me hard at that point as I realized that changing a matter was impossible using my words alone.

I heaved a sigh, took the document, and left Goldstein Corporation. While walking by the roadside, I noticed Christopher's familiar figure and swiftly followed behind him. The second I was about to call out his name, I saw a pretty lady beside him. It looked to me that they were having a great time together.

That charismatic-looking lady was wearing a blue T-shirt and a pair of cropped trousers, her hair tied into a bun. The way she walked was full of vigor as well. Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks and I saw them hugging each other.

I was very close to crying out in bewilderment when I saw their intimate action. Fortunately, I managed to cover my mouth in the nick of time.

"That wasn't a request. Be good and sign the document. I'll earn more money for you so that when you're married, you don't have to worry about suffering while living with your in-laws with a lucrative dowry." Mark guffawed after saying those words. In reality, I wanted to tell him that I wasn't short of money. However, I had no choice but to sign the document since he would not allow me to leave if I refused. In fact, I had a few similar documents like the one I was about to sign with me. The most important one I had was the share transfer agreement under Christopher's name. Not only that, I was in control of all the properties that belonged to Christopher. If that news somehow got exposed to the public, I believed the women in Avenport would most definitely be envious of me and curse me for being so lucky behind my back. When Christopher had told me to sign the document back then, I was unwilling to do it no matter what. In the end, he thought of a plan by bringing me to drink tons

of beers and having a crazy moment at home. In a word, we embraced each other passionately as soon as we entered the house. When I lay on the bed because of exhaustion, the sly Christopher seized the opportunity to coax me into signing the document. As I woke up the next day and remembered what happened the other night, Christopher told me that he was my kept man from that day onward and wanted me to treat him better. He even had a cunning smile on his face as he uttered those words. That b*stard! I cursed inwardly as those thoughts came back to me. "You're thinking about Christopher again, aren't you? My baby daughter has grown up indeed." Mark blinked his eyes at me playfully as he spoke. "I'm not." I refused to admit it. Shortly afterward, I questioned him with a stern expression, "Are you going to let go of what Mr. Garfield is dealing with right now, Dad?" Once I asked that question, I felt chills running down my spine. Mark was staring at me intently before replying with a question of his own, "Did Christopher ask you to persuade me on this matter?" "No, Chris didn't even mention it." It was true that Christopher didn't tell me about that matter. Nonetheless, I couldn't pretend that I knew nothing about it since the issue was right in front of me. "I've witnessed what happened at the border with my own eyes, Dad," I said solemnly. "That is why I understand what Mr. Garfield is in charge of better right now. I'm genuinely worried about you. Can't you give up on such a business since you're already so wealthy?" It took me quite some time to decide whether to tell Mark about those things. Such a detrimental business would not only harm others, but the perpetrator would not have any benefits as well. Whenever I thought about the number of people who would suffer because of that, I felt a sense of sorrow in my heart. "There are some things that a young woman like you doesn't understand. So stop asking such questions." Without answering my question, Mark went on with a displeased tone, "A woman like you should focus on shopping and entertainment, not that kind of stuff." "I'm already in my twenties, Dad. Didn't you say it yourself earlier?" I didn't want to give up on pursuing that topic since I had heard everything about the conversation between Mark and Christopher the other day. What should I do if it really comes to that? "I need to prepare for a meeting later. There's an antique auction taking place tonight. If you feel bored, you can go there and have a look. I'll have my men prepare number tags for you. Feel free to buy anything you fancy." Mark stood up with the document in his hand and urged me to leave. "Dad!" I shouted, not inclined to give up so soon. "Behave yourself." It was apparent that Mark was unwilling to talk about the issue at the border with me any longer as he raised his voice all of a sudden. Reality hit me hard at that point as I realized that changing a matter was impossible using my words alone. I heaved a sigh, took the document, and left Goldstein Corporation. While walking by the roadside, I noticed Christopher's familiar figure and swiftly followed behind

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

At that moment, I was wondering how I would react if I found out that the man I loved with all my heart had an affair.

Of course, I wouldn't doubt Christopher's love for me for no reason. I was pretty confident that the probability of him having an affair was even smaller than the sun turning blue.

Is the lady one of his consequences for being a casanova in the past? Or is it because I've spent too much time in the Goldstein residence recently that he became thirsty? Is he doing this to quench his thirst?

While pondering whether I had failed my duty as a wife, I saw them entering a restaurant. As one would expect, I followed along stealthily. It was not a novel thing for me to do, as I had followed Crystal and him once before. That was also when I realized the many things Christopher did for me in secret.

When I approached the restaurant, I discovered that Christopher was not alone with the lady. To my surprise, the people sitting at the table were the ones I was familiar with, including Sean and a few of his comrades I met on the ship earlier.

Concerning that lady beside Christopher earlier, she was a mixed-blood. It seemed to me that she had lived overseas for quite some time, judging from her open-minded reception toward everyone at the table. The thing that shocked me was that she grabbed Sean's hand after finally returning to her seat. Is she Sean's friend?

I chastised myself for being petty and thought it was not a big deal for a friend to hug Christopher. However, what startled me more was that Lucas was at the table too. What is he doing here? It doesn't look like he can fit in with this group of people at all.

“Yvonne!” As I turned around, wanting to leave, Christopher’s voice sounded from behind.

I wanted to flee there and then, but I glanced back in response and let out a couple of dry chuckles as I waved at him. “Oh, you’re having a meal here too? What a coincidence.”

Christopher walked over to me and wrapped his arm around my waist. “What a coincidence indeed. Why didn’t you greet me and throw yourself into my arms after following me for so long? What are you trying to do?”

Does catching an adulterer count? Regardless, I would never foolishly admit to the wild and speculative questions in my mind earlier.

“I wanted to know more about your life when I’m not around you. Anyway, I’m by your side now.” I stuck my tongue out at him, leaning against his chest.

“I knew you’re going to overthink whenever I’m not around you,” Christopher said, tapping my head. “Let’s go in and greet everyone in the restaurant.”

I intended to refuse initially, but I also recognized that it was inappropriate to pretend not to know Christopher’s friends.

Following the formalities, I sat beside Christopher and saw Sean place a glass of beer in front of me. “You have to finish this glass as a punishment for being late, Yvonne.”

“No thanks. I can’t hold my liquor.” I rejected by waving my hand.

“Come on, Yvonne. Drink it. You’re the only person left,” that lady said to me as she handed the glass over. I declined her offer, but she was adamant.

“Are you looking down on us, Yvonne?”

“Um...” I looked at Christopher in a dilemma, not knowing how to react. That sentence from the lady was an indication that she was antagonistic to me. I was pretty sure that she had a thing for Christopher. Moreover, my woman’s instinct told me that she must have had ulterior motives when she hugged Christopher earlier.

Still, my alcohol tolerance was honestly very poor. Judging from how the others were drinking, I would probably be drunk after two or three glasses.

"I'll drink on her behalf!" Christopher intended to take away the glass meant for me.

"You can't do that, Christopher. It's only a glass of beer. You're being too protective of Yvonne." The lady insisted that I should drink the beer.

I lowered my gaze in displeasure upon hearing those words and acknowledged one thing—a woman would never show mercy to her love rival. I lifted my head and raised that glass of beer while staring at the lady. "Well then, let's drink together! Are you up for the task?"

"Of course! Let's drink to our heart's content today!" The lady agreed to my challenge without a hint of hesitation.

At that moment, I was wondering how I would react if I found out that the man I loved with all my heart had an affair. Of course, I wouldn't doubt Christopher's love for me for no reason. I was pretty confident that the probability of him having an affair was even smaller than the sun turning blue. Is the lady one of his consequences for being a casanova in the past? Or is it because I've spent too much time in the Goldstein residence recently that he became thirsty? Is he doing this to quench his thirst? While pondering whether I had failed my duty as a wife, I saw them entering a restaurant. As one would expect, I followed along stealthily. It was not a novel thing for me to do, as I had followed Crystal and him once before. That was also when I realized the many things Christopher did for me in secret. When I approached the restaurant, I discovered that Christopher was not alone with the lady. To my surprise, the people sitting at the table were the ones I was familiar with, including Sean and a few of his comrades I met on the ship earlier. Concerning that lady beside Christopher earlier, she was a mixed-blood. It seemed to me that she had lived overseas for quite some time, judging from her open-minded reception toward everyone at the table. The thing that shocked me was that she grabbed Sean's hand after finally returning to her seat. Is she Sean's friend? I chastised myself for being petty and thought it was not a big deal for a friend to hug Christopher. However, what startled me more was that Lucas was at the table too. What is he doing here? It doesn't look like he can fit in with this group of people at all. "Yvonne!" As I turned around, wanting to leave, Christopher's voice sounded from behind. I wanted to flee there and then, but I glanced back in response and let out a couple of dry chuckles as I waved at him. "Oh, you're having a meal here too? What a coincidence." Christopher walked over to me and wrapped his arm around my waist. "What a coincidence indeed. Why didn't you greet me and throw yourself into my arms after following me for so long? What are you trying to

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Sure enough, I was drunk in the end. As one would expect, I made the lady drunk as well before I got myself drunk. Although we were both trading insults against each other, the others did not interfere when they saw us drinking open-heartedly. That was mainly thanks to their forthright personality as soldiers.

I listened to Christopher reminiscing about his army days with Sean and the others. Seeing that the lady was still badgering me to drink with her, I placed my hand on Christopher's waist and squeezed it with all my strength. Hmph! I'll make you pay for flirting around!

"Let's have another one!"

“You’re a formidable woman indeed, Yvonne! How about we down a whole bottle of beer?”

“Bring it on! I’ll show you who’s the boss!”

Having a mad drunkard at a table was already enough to cause headaches, not to mention two drunkards.

Not surprisingly, Christopher was the one who carried me away from the restaurant. I was already excessively drunk at that point. By the time he placed me on the bed, I could barely open my eyes. Even when I managed to open them, I could only see multiple images of the same thing. “Wow! You’re like that mythic creature with numerous heads and limbs, Christopher! Impressive!”

“Hmph. I have something even more impressive,” Christopher responded, lifting the blanket and unbuttoning his shirt.

“What is it? Let me see.” I sat up from the bed and looked around his body. “What goody are you hiding?”

“I’m hiding some delicious milk. Wanna try?” Christopher spoke in a very suggestive way while touching my chin. When I felt his hot breath on my body, I flinched and pursed my lips. “Now that you mention it, I do feel a little thirsty. Where’s the milk? Show me.”

I gave a few pokes on his sturdy chest before giggling and pointing at my chest. “My chest is even bigger than yours. You can verify my words by touching it.”

The saying that drunkards would act irrationally was accurate without question as I didn’t even understand what I was saying.

As soon as he heard my words, Christopher removed my clothes straight away and left me stark naked. He groped my bosom and even squeezed them deliberately before uttering with a straight face, “They’re big indeed. I feel like they’ve gotten bigger a little. This feeling is amazing.”

“Right?” I let out a drunken belch and leaned against his chest feebly. “Where’s the milk? I’m thirsty already.”

"I'll give it to you now." Immediately after removing all his clothes, Christopher looked at me with excitement as if he was about to devour me. "The milk's right over here."

I lowered my head to take a closer look and questioned him in puzzlement, "There's nothing. Where is it?"

"You'll find the milk when you give this a kiss." Christopher put on an upright expression and pointed at his groin area. It seemed like he had no sense of guilt at all for coaxing a drunk woman to perform an unspeakable action.

Subsequently, I discovered that Christopher was breathing heavily. Then, I managed to taste that so-called milk, but I was upset with it and even threw a tantrum. "You liar! Your milk tasted freaking awful! Hmph! I'm off to take a shower!"

The second I jumped off the bed, Christopher grabbed my arm and pinned me on the bed. He then caressed my cheeks, a mischievous grin on his face. "I'll teach you to do something more interesting thing. Sounds great?"

His magnetic and alluring voice had successfully bewitched me as I nodded my head in obedience. "Don't lie to me again. I'll be mad at you if you do it once more."

Sure enough, I was drunk in the end. As one would expect, I made the lady drunk as well before I got myself drunk. Although we were both trading insults against each other, the others did not interfere when they saw us drinking open-heartedly. That was mainly thanks to their forthright personality as soldiers. I listened to Christopher reminiscing about his army days with Sean and the others. Seeing that the lady was still badgering me to drink with her, I placed my hand on Christopher's waist and squeezed it with all my strength. Hmph! I'll make you pay for flirting around! "Let's have another one!" "You're a formidable woman indeed, Yvonne! How about we down a whole bottle of beer?" "Bring it on! I'll show you who's the boss!" Having a mad drunkard at a table was already enough to cause headaches, not to mention two drunkards. Not surprisingly, Christopher was the one who carried me away from the restaurant. I was already excessively drunk at that point. By the time he placed me on the bed, I could barely open my eyes. Even when I managed to open them, I could only see multiple images of the same thing. "Wow! You're like that mythic creature with numerous heads and limbs, Christopher! Impressive!" "Hmph. I have something even more impressive," Christopher responded, lifting the blanket and unbuttoning his shirt. "What is

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When I woke up the next day, I was so embarrassed that I stayed in the bathroom and was unwilling to go out. What I did last night was simply unimaginable.

To make matters worse, everything I had done last night would appear vividly in my mind whenever I closed my eyes. The man who's responsible for this is despicable! Yet, that man is my beloved husband. Argh!

"Hmph!" I stomped my feet on the ground in frustration. The only thing I wished for at the moment was to blot out those memories from my mind.

A few moments later, I heard a few knocks on the door as well as Christopher's mischievous laughter coming from the outside. "You've been in the bathroom for an hour now. Are you stuck? Need any help?"

"You b*stard!" I roared, covering my face, unwilling to turn around.

"Well, don't girls like bad boys? Besides, I thought you thoroughly enjoyed our intimate session last night. Come on. We're a married couple. There's nothing to be embarrassed about." Even without seeing his face, I could already imagine how annoying he looked when he spoke in such a teasing tone.

When Christopher mentioned the word "embarrassed," I went berserk and dashed over to open the door. Looking at the rascally smirk on his face, I pounced on him and hit his chest.

"You shameless jerk! How could you do that to me when I was drunk? I don't want to talk to you anymore." Christopher was not upset when I hit him. He held me in his arms and allowed me to vent my anger on him.

Consequent to that beating, I panted in exhaustion. Conversely, Christopher acted like nothing had happened and grabbed my hand. "Let's have something to eat. You can hit me all you want once you regain your energy."

"No! I don't want to eat anything!" I refused to eat breakfast and remained seated on the couch. Without any complaints, Christopher brought the food over and fed me. He was like the perfect husband a woman longed for at that moment.

Thanks to his loving actions, the fury in my heart dissipated. Since I didn't want Christopher to treat me as a kid, I took the bowl from him and devoured the breakfast he prepared on his own.

While eating, I noticed that Christopher was staring at me affectionately. My heart melted once again, but somehow, his expression was a little hilarious. I could not help but burst into laughter and reach out my hand to cup his face. "Your comrades' and employees' jaws will most definitely drop to the floor if they witness how you're looking at me right now."

"That's not a big deal at all. They will be so envious to know that I dote on my beloved wife so much."

"Enough!" I glared at him with a tinge of embarrassment.

"Say, why did you go to Goldstein Corporation yesterday?" Christopher questioned, holding me in his arms.

Christopher's question caused my eyes to dim a little as I recalled my conversation with Mark. As I didn't want him to be worried, I only picked the topics suitable to tell him, like delivering food for Mark. Later, I pointed at the bag I brought back yesterday and went on, "My dad has given me a few shares. I didn't want it, but he was very insistent. Have a look."

"Shares?" Christopher's expression darkened as he took out the document from the bag.

"Yep!" I put down my spoon and calculated something with my fingers. Shocked by the numbers, I continued solemnly, "I just realized that I'm worth billions! I can spend money lavishly for a very long time just by selling some of those shares. I'm not sure if I can get used to this."

"That's good news for you, is it not? Women are experts when it comes to spending." He paused, and after skimming through the document, he asked in surprise, "Are these what he gave you?"

"Yes. What's wrong?" The smile on my face faded a little when I saw a shadow cross Christopher's face.

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Posted by **chapter novel**, 45 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“No!” Christopher shook his head, his eyes glinted. “I'm just a little taken aback. Even though I have given you so much money, Mr. Goldstein is still concerned about you and fears that you don't have enough money to spend. I mean, he even gave you such a significant dowry – isn't he afraid that I might just keep your dowry to myself?”

“Will you do that?” I teased him. Since I was not facing him, I was unaware of Christopher’s upset reaction upon reading about the shareholding.

“This is entirely possible. I’ve recently decided to expand a few projects. So why don’t you transfer your shares to me and I’ll combine our shares to make a bigger profit? What do you think?”

“Huh?” I turned around to look at Christopher and asked, “Do you really want to do that?”

“Of course! Do you find it upsetting that I want to take your shares?” Christopher pretended to be in pain and sprawled on the table. He then said, “Poor me! My shares are gone and I’m trying to borrow money from my Honey, only to be turned down. So, what should I do next? I can’t stand it anymore; I’m going to jump into the river!”

“Remember to bring me with you when you jump. Tell your beautiful assistant to draw up a document, and I’ll sign it for you later,” I said while lightly tapping Christopher’s shoulder.

Obviously, I did not believe that Christopher would take possession of my assets. However, since Christopher stated he wanted it, I would simply give it to him. The naive me would not have an idea what was going on with these projects.

I then went to the office of Lane Corporation and completed all of the relevant procedures and formalities. I was not hesitant at all when it came to the signing. “If my dad wants to see me in the future, I’ll tell him to contact you directly.”

To avoid unnecessary trouble, it is best not to tell Mark about it. At that time, I had no idea about Mark’s purpose in giving me these documents.

After a long time, when everything had happened, I realized it was all a scam and Christopher was the ultimate target. Perhaps no one would expect me to so easily hand over to Christopher something worth more than a billion.

I was feeling grateful at the time. I loved Christopher, and he also loved me. We trusted each other, and even if some bad things happened along the way, we would still have faith in each other. That was why we could get through our crisis.

I checked my phone but did not see anyone sending me a text message. The only message I had received was from Remington, who was urging me to finish the painting quickly. He asked me to stay focused on my current task instead of chatting with Christopher all the time.

I replied coldly to him: Mr. Artist, you do not understand the world of love. You should look for someone to share your artistic world with. If you don't, you'll be lonely when you get older, and no one will be by your side to appreciate your artwork.

As soon as Remington saw my message, he replied: Even if you're having a great time with your partner, you still need to finish your artwork. Aside from that, please tell Crystal to bring her artwork to me as soon as possible. I'm not just going to sit here and wait for her.

When I saw his message, I realized Remington was possibly aware of Crystal getting closer to my mom. After all, Avenport was only a small city and Remington's clients were rich and prestigious. It was only normal for him to know about it.

I let out a sigh. The thought of having to find Crystal for such things made me feel very uneasy. I must have owed Crystal in my previous life. Perhaps I was the one who took her life. Otherwise, why does she keep bullying me in this lifetime?

When I returned to the Goldstein residence, the housekeepers were concerned about me and asked where I had gone the night before. In contrast, my mom did not say anything when I did not return home last night. I was befuddled.

If she became overly concerned about me, I was afraid she would keep asking me about Christopher. If she did not appear to be worried about me, I would think she was so preoccupied with Crystal that she no longer cared about her biological daughter.

Perhaps this was a fundamental bad habit, but I still believed that the main reason I became like this was that the person who was always by my mother's side was Crystal.

"No!" Christopher shook his head, his eyes glinted. "I'm just a little taken aback. Even though I have given you so much money, Mr. Goldstein is still concerned about you and fears that you don't have enough money to spend. I

mean, he even gave you such a significant dowry - isn't he afraid that I might just keep your dowry to myself?" "Will you do that?" I teased him. Since I was not facing him, I was unaware of Christopher's upset reaction upon reading about the shareholding. "This is entirely possible. I've recently decided to expand a few projects. So why don't you transfer your shares to me and I'll combine our shares to make a bigger profit? What do you think?" "Huh?" I turned around to look at Christopher and asked, "Do you really want to do that?" "Of course! Do you find it upsetting that I want to take your shares?" Christopher pretended to be in pain and sprawled on the table. He then said, "Poor me! My shares are gone and I'm trying to borrow money from my Honey, only to be turned down. So, what should I do next? I can't stand it anymore; I'm going to jump into the river!" "Remember to bring me with you when you jump. Tell your beautiful assistant to draw up a document, and I'll sign it for you later," I said while lightly tapping Christopher's shoulder. Obviously, I did not believe that Christopher would take possession of my assets. However, since Christopher stated he wanted it, I would simply give it to him. The naive me would not have an idea what was going on with these projects. I then went to the office of Lane Corporation and completed all of the relevant procedures and formalities. I was not hesitant at all when it came to the signing. "If my dad wants to see me in the future, I'll tell him to contact you directly." To avoid unnecessary trouble, it is best not to tell Mark about it. At that time, I had no idea about Mark's purpose in giving me these documents. After a long time, when everything had happened, I realized it was all a scam and Christopher was the ultimate target. Perhaps no one would expect me to so easily hand over to Christopher something worth more than a billion. I was feeling grateful at the time. I loved Christopher, and he also loved me. We trusted each other, and even if some bad things happened along the way, we would still have faith in each other. That was why we could get through our crisis. I checked my phone but did not see anyone sending me a text message. The only message I had received was from Remington, who was urging me to finish the painting quickly. He asked me to stay focused on my current task instead of chatting with Christopher all the time. I replied coldly to him: Mr. Artist, you do not understand the world of love. You should look for someone to share your artistic world with. If you don't, you'll be lonely when you get older, and no one will be by your side to appreciate your artwork. As soon as Remington saw my message, he replied: Even if you're having a great time with your partner, you still need to finish your artwork. Aside from that, please tell Crystal to bring her artwork to me as soon as possible. I'm not just going to sit here and wait for her. When I saw his message, I realized Remington was possibly aware of Crystal getting closer to my mom. After all, Avenport was only a small city and Remington's clients were rich and

prestigious. It was only normal for him to know about it. I let out a sigh. The thought of having to find Crystal for such things made me feel very uneasy. I must have owed Crystal in my previous life. Perhaps I was the one who took her life. Otherwise, why does she keep bullying me in this lifetime? When I returned to the Goldstein residence, the housekeepers were concerned about me and asked where I had gone the night before. In contrast, my mom did not say anything when I did not return home last night. I was befuddled. If she became overly concerned about me, I was afraid she would keep asking me about Christopher. If she did not appear to be worried about me, I would think she was so preoccupied with Crystal that she no longer cared about her biological daughter. Perhaps this was a fundamental bad habit, but I still believed that the main reason I became like this was that the person who was always by my mother's side was Crystal.

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

I removed the canvas from the easel because the painting from yesterday had almost dried completely and was nearly finished. However, it still took me another two hours to complete the part Remington asked me to draw. And just as I was about to sign on my work, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in." I put down the brush, turned around, and took out the other painting I had completed but which I also had not signed. I was still debating where to place my signature on both of my paintings.

"Is this the project you've been working on?" Isabelle's voice sounded.

"Mom!" I turned around and looked at the outside of the door and was relieved when I did not notice Crystal's presence. She is in good shape today. Looks like she's been resting for some time and that she's recovering. "Yes, I'm working on this for Remington's art exhibition. In the past few years, he has been the most influential young painter in the country. Since he rarely holds an art exhibition for himself, I can't mess this up."

"It looks beautiful." Isabelle walked over, gently ran her fingers across the canvas, and said softly, "You've always enjoyed drawing since you were a child. Just before important occasions or major festivals, you would ask me to buy you a different paintbrush. Not only that, but you would also study some famous works and try to grasp the painters' styles. At the time I thought it would be your short-lived interest, but who knew you would end up becoming such a talented painter? I am really proud of you!"

The pride in my heart suddenly rose beyond my control. I had been praised by many people before, but aside from Christopher, my mother's acknowledgment had given me the most joy. I was even more delighted than when I attended Mr. Sawyer's academic exchange.

"It's all because I've been well taught by you, Mom," I humbly said.

"I did not teach you any of this, you silly girl. This is the result of your own efforts. You are a wonderful young lady and I am pleased to have you as my daughter." Isabelle then approached me, gently tapped the back of my hand, and smiled. "You will be even more outstanding in the future."

"Thanks, Mom!" I replied with a smile.

"Oh, there's something I need you to help me with, but I'm not sure whether you are willing to," Isabelle suddenly remarked.

"What is it? You can just tell me, Mom. We are family. Do you still need to be polite with me?" I pretended to be angry and glanced at Isabelle before simply saying, "What exactly do you want me to do? I'd be happier than ever if I could assist you with something."

Isabelle was hesitating as she looked at the two paintings. It was either that she did not want to say anything, or did not know how to ask. I then said, "You can just say it to me, Mom. Really, it's fine."

Isabelle then sighed and said in all seriousness, "I hope that you will not attend the art exhibition this time and that you'd put Crystal's name on both of these paintings."

Thud! The paintbrush in my hand fell on the floor. As I heard what she said, I unintentionally staggered backward and knocked over the paint on the table. I was too shocked. That painting, which resulted from my collaboration with Remington, was instantly dyed with the spilled paint – it was completely destroyed.

I screamed and hurriedly tried to save the painting amid the chaos. Unfortunately, even the side I worked on was ruined by the paint. I stood motionless on the ground. After a while, I lifted my head with barely a smile and asked, "You're kidding, right, Mom? Is it possible that I misheard what you said?"

"No, you heard it correctly. I'm sorry, Eve. I understand how difficult it is for you to do this, but I hope you will do it for me. You are very talented and can create many more of these paintings. All you need to know is that your inspiration and talent are unique and can never be stolen by others. Am I correct?"

Isabelle did not hesitate when she said this. Her words shattered all of my illusions. I stood up and almost cried as I placed the ruined painting on the table. I was really disappointed in myself for feeling so wronged after only hearing one sentence of hers.

Perhaps I felt so devastated simply because the person who said it was my mother.

"If I turn down your request, will you be angry?"

"Eve, I hope that you will agree." Isabelle sounded firm. At this moment, she spoke like a boss talking to her subordinates, and I felt like I was being ordered to obey her command.

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