

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 651-660

Posted by **chapter novel**, 53 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

“Stop trying to block my view. I’ve already seen it,” I told Sabrina with a wave of a hand.

“Maybe Aunt Isabelle has a reason being there with Crystal, like some important investment regarding her. Didn’t you also mention that Crystal had someone supporting her? I think there’s more to it than we think. Yup! That must be it. Haha.”

Although Sabrina tried her best to convince me, she gave the same reasons I used to persuade myself before. Therefore, the more I heard about it, the more I thought it was unbelievable. I tried many ways to convince myself back then, but now, I can no longer believe in those lies.

I let out a soft chuckle and pointed at the television. “You saw it for yourself. My mom has time to participate in Crystal’s television show, but she can’t even make time for me. Isn’t that hilarious?”

“Maybe...” Sabrina had run out of words to comfort me.

“You don’t need to find an excuse for her, for I’ve done the same thing many times. However, I can no longer be convinced by it.” Staring straight at the television, I saw that Isabelle was wearing a beige fishtail dress embedded with diamonds. Under the lighting, she seemed elegant with her classy make-up and high ponytail. When standing hand-in-hand with Crystal, the two of them were stunning. The coffee that sat in my mouth had long gone cold, tasting horrible. Placing the cup down, I continued to torture myself by watching the show. When the waitress went and switched the channel, I waved at her and handed her a tip. “Go on and change the channel back, and the money here is yours.”

Immediately, the waitress rushed off to change the channel, and the duo appeared back on the screen. Even until the show ended and the advertisement started rolling, I did not avert my gaze away from the television.

“How about we go out and take a walk? It’s been a long time since you saw my kid, too.” Observing my darkened expression, Sabrina tried to lighten the mood.

“It’s okay. Let’s go out and get some beer instead.” I took hold of her hand and pulled her to the door.

“What? Beer? But-” Before Sabrina could finish her sentence, I was already dragging her to a bar near the corner of the street. It was empty as it was still in the afternoon. Walking over to the bar counter, I ordered a cocktail and gulped it down. Then, I immediately called for another three glasses.

Sabrina was taken aback by how fast I was drinking. Tugging on my sleeves, she said, “Don’t chug it down! You’ll get drunk easily.”

“Stop worrying about me and just let me be.” Initially, I wanted Sabrina to accompany me drinking. However, I changed my mind after seeing the child in her arms. Pushing her out of the bar, I said, “It’s not appropriate for a child to be here. Go on and bring Freddie out of here. I’ll be fine on my own.”

While letting out a burp, I pushed Sabrina out of the bar and downed beer after beer. At that moment, I only wanted to get drunk and cry to my heart’s content. Perhaps when I wake up afterward, I won’t feel that miserable. I always thought that those I care about would reciprocate my feelings. However, I finally understood that I was only making a fool of myself for concerning myself about her. Although I understood that not every pay gets a return, she’s my mom, not some random person on the street!

“Hello, gorgeous! It seems that you have something on your mind. Would you like to talk about it?” After gulping down a few pints of beer, I felt that the whole world was spinning. Suddenly, someone walked over and placed a hand on my shoulder.

“Who are you? Anyway, what does my matter have to do with you? Get lost,” I yelled. Although the man in front of me was blurry, I could tell that he was just some wealthy playboy or thugs wanting to have some fun in the pub.

“Come on! Don’t be so closed-off. I’m here to save you. If you come with me, I promise to give you the time of your life and make you forget all about your worries.” The man placed a glass of beer before me, gesturing for me to come with him.

Just when I wanted to pick up the glass, he suddenly placed his hands on my waist. My expression darkened, and perhaps it was true that alcohol made one braver, I snatched the beer bottle before smashing it onto his head.

“Stop trying to block my view. I've already seen it,” I told Sabrina with a wave of a hand. “Maybe Aunt Isabelle has a reason being there with Crystal, like some important investment regarding her. Didn't you also mention that Crystal had someone supporting her? I think there's more to it than we think. Yup! That must be it. Haha.” Although Sabrina tried her best to convince me, she gave the same reasons I used to persuade myself before. Therefore, the more I heard about it, the more I thought it was unbelievable. I tried many ways to convince myself back then, but now, I can no longer believe in those lies. I let out a soft chuckle and pointed at the television. “You saw it for yourself. My mom has time to participate in Crystal's television show, but she can't even make time for me. Isn't that hilarious?” “Maybe...” Sabrina had run out of words to comfort me. “You don't need to find an excuse for her, for I've done the same thing many times. However, I can no longer be convinced by it.” Staring straight at the television, I saw that Isabelle was wearing a beige fishtail dress embedded with diamonds. Under the lighting, she seemed elegant with her classy make-up and high ponytail. When standing hand-in-hand with Crystal, the two of them were stunning. The coffee that sat in my mouth had long gone cold, tasting horrible. Placing the cup down, I continued to torture myself by watching the show. When the waitress went and switched the channel, I waved at her and handed her a tip. “Go on and change the channel back, and the money here is yours.” Immediately, the waitress rushed off to change the channel, and the duo appeared back on the screen. Even until the show ended and the advertisement started rolling, I did not avert my gaze away from the television. “How about we go out and take a walk? It's been a long time since you saw my kid, too.” Observing my darkened expression, Sabrina tried to lighten the mood. “It's okay. Let's go out and get some beer instead.” I took hold of her hand and pulled her to the door. “What? Beer? But-” Before Sabrina could finish her sentence, I was already dragging her to a bar near the corner of the street. It was empty as it was still in the afternoon. Walking over to the bar counter, I ordered a cocktail and gulped it down. Then, I immediately called for another three glasses. Sabrina was taken aback by how fast I was drinking. Tugging on my sleeves, she said, “Don't chug it down! You'll get drunk easily.” “Stop worrying about me and just let me be.” Initially, I wanted Sabrina to accompany me drinking. However, I changed my mind after seeing the child in her arms. Pushing her out of the bar, I said, “It's not appropriate for a child to be here. Go on and bring Freddie out of here. I'll be fine on my own.” While letting out a burp, I pushed Sabrina out of the bar and downed beer after beer. At that moment, I only wanted to get drunk and cry to my heart's content. Perhaps when I wake up afterward, I won't feel that miserable. I always thought that those I care about would reciprocate my feelings. However, I finally understood that I was only making

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A hysterical scream sounded, and someone rushed over, aiming to slap me. Suddenly, a strong arm wrapped around my waist. When I looked up and saw Christopher's furious face, I nestled in between his arms and sobbed, "Chris, I feel terrible."

"It's okay. I got you." Christopher sat me down on the chair and said, "Wait for me here. I need to deal with some things first and will be right over. Okay?"

"Okay." I nodded. Immediately, Christopher turned around and gave the thugs a beating, knocking them to the ground. When a few bouncers approached him, he muttered something that caused them to apologize repeatedly and leave. The bartender even sent a cocktail over to my table for free.

Seeing that I was about to reach for the cocktail, Christopher immediately snatched it from me and gulped it down. Then, he wrapped his arms around me and asked softly, "Let's go home. All right?"

"No. I don't want to." It was my first time rejecting him so straightforwardly. "Chris, I want to continue drinking. Stay and drink with me, won't you?" I asked while pointing at the glass.

"Getting drunk is a terrible thing. Trust me when I say that you'll regret it tomorrow morning," he advised helplessly while kissing my forehead.

“It’s okay. I’ll only worry about it tomorrow. For now, I just want to be happy.” I laughed and placed Christopher’s hand to where my heart was. “Chris, it aches here, and only alcohol can make it better. So drink with me, okay?”

“Okay. I’ll drink with you.” After seeing how heartbroken I was, he accepted my request and agreed to drink with me. While drinking, we talked about nonsense, and he would second anything I said. Even when I insisted that it was morning, he would not refute me. In reality, my phone showed that it was currently five o’clock in the evening.

“Chris, am I destined to be alone? Besides you, no one is willing to treat me well. Am I really that horrible? Everyone hates me,” I mumbled while holding the glass.

“That’s not true. Isn’t Sabrina one of your long-time friends? Zachary, too, admires you for your straightforwardness,” Christopher replied while chugging down my entire glass of beer. I realized that I had not been drinking much since he came, and most of my beer had been downed by him.

“Stop drinking my beer! I’m warning you.” I burped and asked the bartender for another glass. “Anyway, this is different. Compared to Crystal, my own family treated me so much worse than the treatment they gave her. Is an eloquent speaker more important than someone related to you? I don’t get it.”

Christopher pulled me into his arms and assured me, “It’s okay if you don’t get it. I only want you to know one thing, in my heart, you’re more important than anyone else, even myself.”

“Chris...” Finally, I could no longer hold it back and started sobbing. The sorrow hidden deep in my heart was unexplainable, causing me to want to cry my heart out, get drunk, and have a good night’s sleep. Perhaps, if I do that, everything would be different tomorrow?

“Stop crying.” Christopher patted my back soothingly, which only caused me to cry even harder. He tried to help me out of the pub a while later, but I refused and whined for more beer.

At that, he cupped my face and comforted me gently, “Don’t cry. Should we go and watch the meteor shower? I heard there will be a rare one tonight. There’s a saying that if you wish under the meteor showers, your wish will come true. Would you like to go?”

"Is it really true that my wish will be granted if I wish under the stars?" I asked puzzledly before stumbling into his arms.

"Of course. When have I ever lied to you?"

"If that's the case, I want to wish that-"

"Shush!" Christopher silenced me. "You can't say your wish out loud because it won't come true that way!"

A hysterical scream sounded, and someone rushed over, aiming to slap me. Suddenly, a strong arm wrapped around my waist. When I looked up and saw Christopher's furious face, I nestled in between his arms and sobbed, "Chris, I feel terrible." "It's okay. I got you." Christopher sat me down on the chair and said, "Wait for me here. I need to deal with some things first and will be right over. Okay?" "Okay." I nodded. Immediately, Christopher turned around and gave the thugs a beating, knocking them to the ground. When a few bouncers approached him, he muttered something that caused them to apologize repeatedly and leave. The bartender even sent a cocktail over to my table for free. Seeing that I was about to reach for the cocktail, Christopher immediately snatched it from me and gulped it down. Then, he wrapped his arms around me and asked softly, "Let's go home. All right?" "No. I don't want to." It was my first time rejecting him so straightforwardly. "Chris, I want to continue drinking. Stay and drink with me, won't you?" I asked while pointing at the glass. "Getting drunk is a terrible thing. Trust me when I say that you'll regret it tomorrow morning," he advised helplessly while kissing my forehead. "It's okay. I'll only worry about it tomorrow. For now, I just want to be happy." I laughed and placed Christopher's hand to where my heart was. "Chris, it aches here, and only alcohol can make it better. So drink with me, okay?" "Okay. I'll drink with you." After seeing how heartbroken I was, he accepted my request and agreed to drink with me. While drinking, we talked about nonsense, and he would second anything I said. Even when I insisted that it was morning, he would not refute me. In reality, my phone showed that it was currently five o'clock in the evening. "Chris, am I destined to be alone? Besides you, no one is willing to treat me well. Am I really that horrible? Everyone hates me," I mumbled while holding the glass. "That's not true. Isn't Sabrina one of your long-time friends? Zachary, too, admires you for your straightforwardness," Christopher replied while chugging down my entire glass of beer. I realized that I had not been drinking much since he came, and most of my beer had been downed by him. "Stop drinking my beer! I'm warning you." I burped and asked the bartender for another glass. "Anyway, this is different. Compared to Crystal, my own family treated me so much worse than

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Eventually, night fell, and the moon shone brightly as stars dotted the sky, making it seem like there were glittering snowflakes being reflected in the lake a distance away. When the night wind blew, the lake rippled, creating different images of the moon reflected off it. The entire atmosphere was filled with romanticness.

I placed my head on Christopher's chest while holding a beer bottle. Of course, it was not for me but for him. I had already gotten a headache from the alcohol, and after getting pinned to the tree for a kiss, I gave him the beer bottle obediently. If I refused, he would continue kissing me till I faint.

The feeling of getting drunk had gotten me high. Although I knew that I would get a pounding headache the following day, it did not matter as long as I was happy right then. Even if the sky collapsed right now, I would no longer care.

"Chris, do you think we're the couple everyone's jealous about in our previous life? Hmm... Maybe I was a daughter of the king and was super popular!" I laughed lowly while nuzzling into his neck.

"Why couldn't it be that I'm the king, and you're the daughter of a minister? Isn't that more appropriate?" After seeing my hands fumbling over the hem of his shirt, Christopher grabbed my hands and placed them on his cheek.

Rolling my eyes, I poked his shoulder and explained, "Isn't that obvious? Look at you. You're the spitting image of a tall, handsome, rich guy every woman is pining for! As for me, I'm just a loser. Since my life is such a mess, it must mean that my previous life was nothing less than perfect. Therefore, I'm definitely a daughter of an elite family that everyone raves about."

Christopher burst out in laughter at my words. After he finished laughing, he continued earnestly, "If that's the case, I must be a warrior that betrayed the entire country in my previous life. Plus, I must have some sort of grudge with you. Thus, I came here to repay my debt from my last life to you."

"That makes sense. I like what you're proposing." I nodded and tilted my head, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "Okay. You're my slave right now. Since you're indebted to me, does it mean that I have the right to order you around?"

"Please instruct me, Master." Christopher caressed my cheek lightly, his eyes filled with gentleness.

I tugged him into my arms and raised an eyebrow. "Make love to me till I cry."

"Yes, Master!" Immediately, he picked me up and ran to his car. The way he ran made me feel like he was running a marathon. He then placed me at the car's back seat and climbed into it after me, closing the door and rolling up the partition screen.

I leaned on the back seat and stared at the man in front of me. He always seemed to have a sly-looking smile on his face, but he had a different expression that day because of my tease. With a smile, I positioned myself on top of him. If one can choose to be naturally conjoined with another, I would gladly be with Christopher. That way, we will never be separated and will do everything together. It'll be even better if he could put me inside his pocket.

A couple of new calluses formed on Christopher's palm and thumb. That made me wonder what he had been doing secretly for his hand to be so rough. When his hands glossed over my chest, I felt goosebumps on my skin.

I could not help but let out a moan, and my fingers traced his face. Smiling, I said, "Did you take up a mining job to provide for me now that your family's business is in a slump? Is that why you have so many calluses?"

"Even if I took up a mining job, I'll be the best in it so that I could definitely provide for you." Christopher planted a kiss on the lid of my eye. Then, he

interlaced our fingers. At that moment, there was nothing else that made me more satisfied than the fact that both our hearts and bodies were linked as one.

“I don’t want you to provide for me. Why can’t I be the one to support you instead?” I sat up and mounted his waist, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“You want to support me?” He lifted an eyebrow and had a huge grin on his face. However, his smile was rather odd-looking.

Eventually, night fell, and the moon shone brightly as stars dotted the sky, making it seem like there were glittering snowflakes being reflected in the lake a distance away. When the night wind blew, the lake rippled, creating different images of the moon reflected off it. The entire atmosphere was filled with romanticness. I placed my head on Christopher's chest while holding a beer bottle. Of course, it was not for me but for him. I had already gotten a headache from the alcohol, and after getting pinned to the tree for a kiss, I gave him the beer bottle obediently. If I refused, he would continue kissing me till I faint. The feeling of getting drunk had gotten me high. Although I knew that I would get a pounding headache the following day, it did not matter as long as I was happy right then. Even if the sky collapsed right now, I would no longer care. “Chris, do you think we're the couple everyone's jealous about in our previous life? Hmm... Maybe I was a daughter of the king and was super popular!” I laughed lowly while nuzzling into his neck. “Why couldn't it be that I'm the king, and you're the daughter of a minister? Isn't that more appropriate?” After seeing my hands fumbling over the hem of his shirt, Christopher grabbed my hands and placed them on his cheek. Rolling my eyes, I poked his shoulder and explained, “Isn't that obvious? Look at you. You're the spitting image of a tall, handsome, rich guy every woman is pining for! As for me, I'm just a loser. Since my life is such a mess, it must mean that my previous life was nothing less than perfect. Therefore, I'm definitely a daughter of an elite family that everyone raves about.” Christopher burst out in laughter at my words. After he finished laughing, he continued earnestly, “If that's the case, I must be a warrior that betrayed the entire country in my previous life. Plus, I must have some sort of grudge with you. Thus, I came here to repay my debt from my last life to you.” “That makes sense. I like what you're proposing.” I nodded and tilted my head, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Okay. You're my slave right now. Since you're indebted to me, does it mean that I have the right to order you around?” “Please instruct me, Master.” Christopher caressed my cheek lightly, his eyes filled with gentleness. I tugged him into my arms and raised an eyebrow. “Make love to me till I cry.” “Yes, Master!” Immediately, he picked me up and ran to his car. The way he

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"Why? Are you looking down on me? Do you think I can't provide for you, or that I can't do so? I'm a new school artist, you know. My artwork sells like hotcakes. Since you underestimate me, I'm going to punish you."

"How so? Please don't be too harsh on me, for I'm delicate. Be gentle, okay?" Christopher lay on the seat and would sometimes let out low grunts. His hands that supported my waist would run down my thighs from time to time.

"Since you're so delicate, I promise to go easy on you. However, before I punish you, I need to cover your eyes. Are you okay with that?" I chuckled and realized that my principles were out of the window when the alcohol entered my system. I even started to think of ways to tease him.

"Cover my eyes?" Christopher blinked. Suddenly, he thought of something, and an evil grin appeared on his face. "Sure."

At that, I climbed over and started to kiss him before reaching for his necktie at the front seat. Unexpectedly, Christopher nestled his head into my chest,

causing me to let out a gasp. Although I managed to grab the necktie, he had me pinned down before I could even touch his face.

In the end, the person being blindfolded turned out to be me instead. Blind to everything, I could only rely on my other senses. I could hear his grunts and how affectionate he was when he kissed me.

Just when I was about to reach my climax, Christopher suddenly took off my blindfold and kissed me deeply. It was as if he wanted to swallow me whole. It wasn't until I was gasping for air and felt like fainting that he released me.

After that, we snuggled into each other's arms silently, basking in the moment that belonged only to us. Even though we spent most of our time together, the recent happenings made sure that we weren't able to have a quiet moment to ourselves.

Suddenly, the sky turned brighter, and a shooting star could be seen flashing through, immediately outshining the other stars. After that, more and more shooting stars shot through, filling the entire night sky with its brightness. It was a sight to behold and definitely the most beautiful scenery I had ever seen in my life.

"It really is shooting stars! We should make a wish quickly." I nudged Christopher before making a wish in my heart.

What I wished for was simple and not anything ambitious or grand. All I ever wanted was to have a harmonious family that cherished me and that we could live together happily.

Mom, it'll be great if we can change our circumstances after I make this wish. I do wish that you could love me just like how you did during my childhood.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that Christopher had just finished making a wish too. I felt curious and asked, "Chris, can you tell me what you wished for?"

"Do you want to know?" He pinched my cheek lightly. "Well, it's simple. I hope that the stars could give me the strength to love and be loved so that I can support you for life."

After hearing how plain it was, I was sure it was fake and kicked him lightly. "Are you trying to fool me? Jokes on you, though, because I'm not falling for

it.” Before I could retract my leg, Christopher grabbed onto it and started tickling the soles of my feet. I immediately laughed and tried to stop him. “It tickles. Let go of me.”

“No way. I’m never letting go.” He pulled me over to him. With a push, he was once again inside of me. At that, I tilted my head, and a moan slipped through my mouth. I immediately covered my mouth and shot daggers at him. “Hey. Isn’t it over? Why are you still going for another round?”

“Do you think I’m satisfied with just one round? Besides…” he bit down at my toes and said, “My beloved Master, you haven’t cried yet.”

“Why? Are you looking down on me? Do you think I can't provide for you, or that I can't do so? I'm a new school artist, you know. My artwork sells like hotcakes. Since you underestimate me, I'm going to punish you.” “How so? Please don't be too harsh on me, for I'm delicate. Be gentle, okay?”

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That night, I did not talk for quite a long time after returning home. It was not that I did not want to, it was just that my voice was hoarse after using it for too much. Lying on the bed, I punched at the pillow. Do I have a death wish or something? Why did I provoke Christopher when I knew how great his stamina is?

The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt, and I flung a pillow toward the door. To my surprise, Christopher just happened to come inside. Catching the pillow, he grinned and said, "Master, are you not satisfied with my performance just now? If that's the case, I don't mind going for another round."

D*mn it! Just when I wanted to retort, my throat started throbbing. "What a jerk." After mustering my energy to get the few words out, I burrowed into the blanket and even covered my head. Although I tried to pretend that I did not hear anything, I could not help but peek through the slit in the blanket.

Urgh, it should be against the law for the man to be so irresistible. Christopher only had a towel hanging by his waist, covering his most important body part. As a result, I could get a full view of his long, and lean legs. He was leaning

against the door frame on purpose, and water droplets dripped down from his hair to his cheeks.

As the water ran in rivulets down his broad chest, eight-pack abs, and Apollo's belt, he looked like a living aphrodisiac. Although I wanted to avert my gaze before he caught me, I found it hard to do so and continued admiring his body. Well, he is my husband! It makes me proud looking at him.

"Are you done sizing me up?" Before I could regain my senses, Christopher was already in front of me as he lifted the blanket off of me.

After wiping the nosebleed off my nose, I shook my head and answered, "Nope."

"Okay, then. I'll switch on all the lights for you to admire me clearly." It was evident that he was satisfied with my response. After switching on all the lights in the room, he walked over. When he lay down beside me, I could not move my gaze away from the towel that hung loosely on his waist.

"Let's sleep. I'm tired." I poked his body and warned, "Don't try to fool around."

"No can do! I'm scared someone would snatch you away from me when I'm away for a few days," Christopher replied.

"Where are you going for a few days?" I sat up and asked, surprised.

"I have some company matters to settle at Bellridge, and it's quite tricky. Mom was initially in charge of it, but since she's stepping down from everything regarding the company, I can only go there and handle it personally. Do you perhaps want to come with me?" Christopher asked while hugging me tightly.

Although I was reluctant to let him leave, there was no way I could follow him wherever he went. After all, women are not supposed to be a nuisance to their husbands when they do something important. Besides, Christopher would worry about my safety if I went. Thus, I shook my head. "It's okay. I can wait for you at home." I then warned, "That being said, don't you dare hug someone else when you're in a social event, even if it's just for show. Otherwise, I'm cutting ties with you."

"What do you mean?" Christopher pretended not to understand and asked.

“It’s what you think it is.” I scoffed. “No sex for three months. Let’s see if you dare to play around.”

Nevertheless, there was no way I would dare to deprive him of sex for that long. Previously, when it was just for a month, I almost collapsed when we finally slept together. The only memories I had of that time was only of us on the bed and nothing else.

The following day, I sent Christopher off at the airport. Watching him leave, I felt a sense of sorrow. It was apparent how much he was worried about me, for he could not stop nagging me to call him if something happened and to spend some time at Sabrina’s place if I was bored. If it wasn’t for me pushing him to the gate, he would have been late for his plane.

“Eve, promise me that you’ll never let yourself get hurt. Understand?” Christopher yelled at me while standing at the gate.

I gave him a soft smile and nodded at him. Then, I placed the lollipop he bought for me in the palm of my hand and gestured a number three. The gesture represented the love we had for each other, and how persistent we were when it came to the relationship we shared.

That night, I did not talk for quite a long time after returning home. It was not that I did not want to, it was just that my voice was hoarse after using it for too much. Lying on the bed, I punched at the pillow. Do I have a death wish or something? Why did I provoke Christopher when I knew how great his stamina is? The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt, and I flung a pillow toward the door. To my surprise, Christopher just happened to come inside. Catching the pillow, he grinned and said, “Master, are you not satisfied with my performance just now? If that’s the case, I don’t mind going for another round.” D*mn it! Just when I wanted to retort, my throat started throbbing. “What a jerk.” After mustering my energy to get the few words out, I burrowed into the blanket and even covered my head. Although I tried to pretend that I did not hear anything, I could not help but peek through the slit in the blanket. Urgh, it should be against the law for the man to be so irresistible. Christopher only had a towel hanging by his waist, covering his most important body part. As a result, I could get a full view of his long, and lean legs. He was leaning against the door frame on purpose, and water droplets dripped down from his hair to his cheeks. As the water ran in rivulets down his broad chest, eight-pack abs, and Apollo’s belt, he looked like a living aphrodisiac. Although I wanted to avert my gaze before he caught me, I found it hard to do so and continued admiring his body. Well, he is my husband! It makes me proud

looking at him. "Are you done sizing me up?" Before I could regain my senses, Christopher was already in front of me as he lifted the blanket off of me. After wiping the nosebleed off my nose, I shook my head and answered, "Nope." "Okay, then. I'll switch on all the lights for you to admire me clearly." It was evident that he was satisfied with my response. After switching on all the lights in the room, he walked over. When he lay down beside me, I could not move my gaze away from the towel that hung loosely on his waist. "Let's sleep. I'm tired." I poked his body and warned, "Don't try to fool around." "No can do! I'm scared someone would snatch you away from me when I'm away for a few days," Christopher replied. "Where are you going for a few days?" I sat up and asked, surprised. "I have some company matters to settle at Bellridge, and it's quite tricky. Mom was initially in charge of it, but since she's stepping down from everything regarding the company, I can only go there and handle it personally. Do you perhaps want to come with me?" Christopher asked while hugging me tightly. Although I was reluctant to let him leave, there was no way I could follow him wherever he went. After all, women are not supposed to be a nuisance to their husbands when they do something important. Besides, Christopher would worry about my safety if I went. Thus, I shook my head. "It's okay. I can wait for you at home." I then warned, "That being said, don't you dare hug someone else when you're in a social event, even if it's just for show. Otherwise, I'm cutting ties with you." "What do you mean?" Christopher pretended not to understand and asked. "It's what you think it is." I scoffed. "No sex for three months. Let's see if you dare to play around." Nevertheless, there was no way I would dare to deprive him of sex for that long. Previously, when it was just for a month, I almost collapsed when we finally slept together. The only memories I had of that time was only of us on the bed and nothing else. The following day, I sent Christopher off at the airport. Watching him leave, I felt a sense of sorrow. It was apparent how much he was worried about me, for he could not stop nagging me to call him if something happened and to spend some time at Sabrina's place if I was bored. If it wasn't for me pushing him to the gate, he would have been late for his plane. "Eve, promise me that you'll never let yourself get hurt. Understand?" Christopher yelled at me while standing at the gate. I gave him a soft smile and nodded at him. Then, I placed the lollipop he bought for me in the palm of my hand and gestured a number three. The gesture represented the love we had for each other, and how persistent we were when it came to the relationship we shared.

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The plane heading to Bellridge flew over Christopher as he waited on the lawn. After a while, he thought it was about time and walked out from another

exit. As soon as he reached the door, an assistant came over immediately and helped him with his luggage while a car stopped beside Christopher.

The car window rolled down and Lucas' face peered out. "Get in; I have arranged everything!" said Lucas.

Christopher opened the door and got into the car. After looking at the message that Yvonne sent him just now, he turned off his phone and changed the SIM card before turning it back on. "How are the preparations?"

"Everything is ready. Lucas' black market trade will be held in Kenfort this time. Many bigwigs are in contact with him. Luckily, I participated once before, so I'm confident I can bring you inside."

Lucas looked solemn. "Is the information reliable? What's the quality of the source?" he asked.

"Don't worry. Even if I don't care about your safety, I still care about my own." Lucas shrugged and continued, "Look, I chose to go with you because I want you to trust me. Mark has some plans regarding this mayoral election. He was the one who pledged to support Darius' opponent."

"You are saying the Frank family is supported by Mark?" Christopher was a little surprised when he heard that. The Franks have always had a good reputation within the political circle. The Kents used Monica's family to try to get themselves elected in the last election, but they failed and remained silent since. This year, the Franks came out of nowhere and Darius is not prepared for them at all.

"You may not believe me, but Uncle Mark doesn't just take things one step at a time. He has plotted this since a long time ago. He has long harbored huge ambition and wants to be the top guy in Avenport. Your family wouldn't have taken control of the city for so many years if he hadn't gotten hurt in an internal power struggle and was forced to recover abroad in Anglandur," Lucas said confidently.

Christopher frowned; he couldn't refute Lucas' words. There was no way for them to know what would have happened then. In Lucas' eyes, Mark was an obstacle that he could never overcome. Moreover, Mark was also Yvonne's father.

“So, you are telling me that even if I don’t want to target Mark because of Yvonne, I still have to consider if Mark wants to deal with the Lane family? Am I right?” Christopher smiled as he rested his chin on his hand.

Lucas frowned when he noticed the underlying meaning in Christopher’s words. “You think I’m lying to you? Christopher, It won’t end well if we can’t even trust each other while we work together. Uncle Mark is not as easy as he seems. Do you remember having almost lost your life in Yorksland? If Yvonne hadn’t revealed her identity by accident and caused Garfield to stop because he didn’t want to hurt her, or if Lyle didn’t risk his life to help you two, both of you would have lost your lives. You wouldn’t be here to mull over Aunt Isabelle.”

Lucas became a little anxious. It hasn’t been easy bringing Christopher to our side. My reasons were a little far-fetched then but Christopher agreed. Looking at him now; is he going back on his word? Is this because Mark agreed for him and Yvonne to be together?

“If you are hesitating to act because Mark is supportive of you and Yvonne, I would suggest that you investigate the Frank family. We can talk about the Kenfort matter after the investigation. I know I won’t survive if you really set me up.”

“What you said seems to make sense,” Christopher said nonchalantly as he rolled down the window. He seemed to be uninterested in the matter. His gaze deepened when he saw the sweat on Lucas’ forehead.

The plane heading to Bellridge flew over Christopher as he waited on the lawn. After a while, he thought it was about time and walked out from another exit. As soon as he reached the door, an assistant came over immediately and helped him with his luggage while a car stopped beside Christopher. The car window rolled down and Lucas’ face peered out. “Get in; I have arranged everything!” said Lucas. Christopher opened the door and got into the car. After looking at the message that Yvonne sent him just now, he turned off his phone and changed the SIM card before turning it back on. “How are the preparations?” “Everything is ready. Lucas’ black market trade will be held in Kenfort this time. Many bigwigs are in contact with him. Luckily, I participated once before, so I’m confident I can bring you inside.” Lucas looked solemn. “Is the information reliable? What’s the quality of the source?” he asked. “Don’t worry. Even if I don’t care about your safety, I still care about my own.” Lucas shrugged and continued, “Look, I chose to go with you because I want you to trust me. Mark has some plans regarding this mayoral election. He was the

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“Of course it makes sense. Christopher, we have known each other for a while now. Please tell me if you have anything on your mind. Stop being so mysterious; you are making me anxious.” Lucas could not help but wipe his sweat away.

“You are anxious?” Christopher blinked and chuckled softly.

“Maybe if you let go of that gun on your hand, I will talk to you nicely.” Lucas focused his attention on Christopher’s waist after he noticed Christopher’s hand resting on a gun that had been concealed by his clothes.

“Looking at you now. Could it be that you are not on guard against me?” Realizing that Lucas had noticed him, Christopher stopped hiding his gun. He took out his gun and pointed it at Lucas. “Don’t move!”

Lucas’ expression changed and he didn’t dare to move. He tried his best to calm down and said, “What are you doing? Are you betraying your ally or have you been bewitched by Mark?”

Christopher was surprised. “Are you really not on guard against me at all? You don’t have guards in the car and you haven’t even armed yourself with a gun?”

Lucas’ heart raced as he thought Christopher didn’t look like his normal self. He is normally loyal and honest but now he is just as scary as Mark. Lucas grew frightened as he looked at a smiling Christopher, so he pulled over by the roadside.

“I just trust Yvonne’s judgment. She is a truthful woman. A man who falls in love with her must be trustworthy so I’m confident you won’t shoot me. Christopher, if you have any demands, we can discuss them together. It would be bad if the gun went off accidentally.”

“You are wrong. I’m only nice to Yvonne, not everyone. Goodbye, my friend.” Christopher didn’t seem to want to talk further so he pulled the trigger.

Lucas’ mind went blank. The last thing he heard was the sound of a gunshot...

After turning off the phone for one night, I opened it to find numerous messages and missed calls. Browsing through the call logs, I noticed one of them was from Sabrina and the rest of them were all from Mom. It was five in the afternoon and I was still drinking in the bar with Sabrina.

Mom must have been mad because I didn’t go back. Feeling a bit melancholic, I did not even bother to read the messages. They can’t be

anything nice, anyway. Christopher has just cheered me up; I'll be upset again if I read the messages.

Before I could turn off the phone, Mom called again. I hesitated to pick up the call and just let it ring. Suddenly, someone walking by knocked into me and caused me to press the "receive" button.

"Yvonne, are you trying to pretend nothing happened by not coming home and evading my calls? Are you trying to make me mad?"

My eardrums almost ruptured when I heard Mom yelling at me from the other end. I frowned as I didn't know what to say. Lately, Mom seems to keep harping on our relationship. She would also speak with a threatening tone. There are clearly better ways of communicating but she chose to say the same words over and over again. I'm so sick of her for calling me a horrible daughter. Nathan used to scold me a lot, too, and she obviously knows I don't like being yelled at in that manner. Why can't she consider my feelings?

"Why are you not talking? Have you gone mute? Get back home now! Are you abandoning this home because of Christopher?"

"Of course it makes sense. Christopher, we have known each other for a while now. Please tell me if you have anything on your mind. Stop being so mysterious; you are making me anxious." Lucas could not help but wipe his sweat away. "You are anxious?" Christopher blinked and chuckled softly. "Maybe if you let go of that gun on your hand, I will talk to you nicely." Lucas focused his attention on Christopher's waist after he noticed Christopher's hand resting on a gun that had been concealed by his clothes. "Looking at you now. Could it be that you are not on guard against me?" Realizing that Lucas had noticed him, Christopher stopped hiding his gun. He took out his gun and pointed it at Lucas. "Don't move!" Lucas' expression changed and he didn't dare to move. He tried his best to calm down and said, "What are you doing? Are you betraying your ally or have you been bewitched by Mark?" Christopher was surprised. "Are you really not on guard against me at all? You don't have guards in the car and you haven't even armed yourself with a gun?" Lucas' heart raced as he thought Christopher didn't look like his normal self. He is normally loyal and honest but now he is just as scary as Mark. Lucas grew frightened as he looked at a smiling Christopher, so he pulled over by the roadside. "I just trust Yvonne's judgment. She is a truthful woman. A man who falls in love with her must be trustworthy so I'm confident you won't shoot me. Christopher, if you have any demands, we can discuss them together. It would be bad if the gun went off accidentally." "You are

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“I had something to handle last night, so I...”

“I think you just don't want to come back. Stop coming up with excuses. Mark is very angry. Yvonne, you listen well: you will resolve this matter properly. Do you hear me?” Mom roared from the other end of the line.

If I'm standing in front of her now, not only would she yell at me but she might even hit me. The words that I told her yesterday—did they have any effect at all? She just doesn't care; that's why she is acting like this now. I can't take this! I have said everything I wanted to say, yet nothing has changed. Mom, is it so hard for you to love me a little more? Can you not make me sad because of the people around you?

I didn't manage to speak out the words in my mind.

“I will find Dad and explain to him myself. Mom, you ask me to calm down but I think you should calm down, too. We both need some time to cool off, so we

should stop meeting for the time being. It hurts our bond if you threaten our relationship every time we talk, so don't talk like that again, okay?"

"Fine. Mark was furious last night. He didn't even finish his meal at home. He even instructed people to take away all my authority at Goldstein Corporation. After you see Mark, ask him to restore all that he has stripped away and ask him to make me the Goldstein Corporation representative in Kenfort. Do you understand?" Isabelle said plainly.

"Got it. The Kenfort representative. I will ask Dad about it." I lowered my gaze. So, she is mad because her interests are affected. Does she always place her own interests above me?

"Good that you know that! You are at the mansion, right? I will get someone to bring some tasty lunch over to you. You will take them to Mark's office and settle the matter."

Before Mom could hang up, I couldn't help but ask, "Mom, don't you have anything else to say to me?"

"What?" Isabelle was a bit stunned.

"I... It's nothing. I will call you later after I head to the office." I am already used to the disappointment. I would rather things stay the same and not ask any further questions. Nothing is going to change anyway.

"There is no need to call me. I will go and meet you downstairs from the office."

Mom had a lot of secrets and she kept them close to her heart. Those secrets seemed to burden her. They made her unapproachable and unable to trust the people around her.

"Mom, maybe you should try trusting me a little. I'm your daughter, after all. No matter what happens, I will be there to share your burden. Even if there are no benefits for me, I will still help you. After all, you are my family."

I rarely got emotional in front of her. After saying that, I quickly hung up the phone as my heart raced. Seems like I still want to go back to the way things were with Mom.

The trip to Goldstein Corporation to see Dad was relatively smooth. Mark had always pampered me. As soon as I mentioned the matter about Mom, he agreed.

My phone rang. I looked down and saw it was a message from Mom. Tonight at Moonlight Cafe. Help me deal with Tobey.

Looking at the message, I shook my head and smiled. She's tried to word it nicely; I shouldn't turn her down.

"I had something to handle last night, so I..." "I think you just don't want to come back. Stop coming up with excuses. Mark is very angry. Yvonne, you listen well: you will resolve this matter properly. Do you hear me?" Mom roared from the other end of the line. If I'm standing in front of her now, not only would she yell at me but she might even hit me. The words that I told her yesterday—did they have any effect at all? She just doesn't care; that's why she is acting like this now. I can't take this! I have said everything I wanted to say, yet nothing has changed. Mom, is it so hard for you to love me a little more? Can you not make me sad because of the people around you? I didn't manage to speak out the words in my mind. "I will find Dad and explain to him myself. Mom, you ask me to calm down but I think you should calm down, too. We both need some time to cool off, so we should stop meeting for the time being. It hurts our bond if you threaten our relationship every time we talk, so don't talk like that again, okay?" "Fine. Mark was furious last night. He didn't even finish his meal at home. He even instructed people to take away all my authority at Goldstein Corporation. After you see Mark, ask him to restore all that he has stripped away and ask him to make me the Goldstein Corporation representative in Kenfort. Do you understand?" Isabelle said plainly. "Got it. The Kenfort representative. I will ask Dad about it." I lowered my gaze. So, she is mad because her interests are affected. Does she always place her own interests above me? "Good that you know that! You are at the mansion, right? I will get someone to bring some tasty lunch over to you. You will take them to Mark's office and settle the matter." Before Mom could hang up, I couldn't help but ask, "Mom, don't you have anything else to say to me?" "What?" Isabelle was a bit stunned. "I... It's nothing. I will call you later after I head to the office." I am already used to the disappointment. I would rather things stay the same and not ask any further questions. Nothing is going to change anyway. "There is no need to call me. I will go and meet you downstairs from the office." Mom had a lot of secrets and she kept them close to her heart. Those secrets seemed to burden her. They made her unapproachable and unable to trust the people around her. "Mom, maybe you should try trusting me a little. I'm your daughter, after all. No matter what

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“Look at your reluctance. Who just sent you a message?” Mark asked.

“It's nothing. Sabby wants me to follow along as she visits a few daycare centers. You know, boring stuff.” I didn't mention Mom to Mark because I would get upset if they fought again.

“What about the kid from the Lane family? Where is he?” asked Mark suddenly.

“He is busy with work so I didn't ask him to come along with me.” I remembered what Christopher said before he left. He asked me to tell no one about him leaving, not even my own family.

I didn't really understand the reason but I would never turn down Christopher's request. He has a special identity. He must be tasked on some special mission again. It's best if I didn't expose his whereabouts.

“When Julia was young, she was very capable in doing business and had great achievements even in a male-dominated environment. After getting support from Gordon, everyone came to suck up to her. Today's Lane Corporation is the result of Julia's superb management. If you are half the woman Julia was, I wouldn't be so worried about Goldstein Corporation.” Mark sighed.

“Dad, do you mean you want me to take over Goldstein Corporation? I'm not fit to lead a company,” I said as I shook my head. I had never thought about the matter and I didn't dare to do so, either.

“You are my daughter. Who else am I going to hand the business to? I'm just worried you are too kind and will get tricked easily,” Mark said.

“You are being ridiculous. What about Lucas? He may not be healthy but he is very smart. He is way more capable than I.” I instantly regretted my words after I said them. There was some conflict between Lucas and Mark which I knew little about. As such, there was no way Mark would hand over the company to Lucas.

Even if Dad really handed the company to Lucas, I don't think he would dare to accept it.

As expected, Mark frowned in displeasure at my words. He said solemnly, “Yvonne, we have to keep the power in our own hands instead of giving it away to outsiders. You want everyone to get along, but not everyone wants the same thing as you. They will take everything from you and leave you with nothing. Do you understand?”

It was not like I had no experience regarding these things. The Tanner family had their own circle of associates in Avenport, too. Dad is right, but Lucas and I have been close since young, and I don't think Lucas is that kind of person.

“I think Lucas is a good person. We have known each other for a long time. He won't do anything malicious to me.” I trusted Lucas.

“Shut up!” Mark suddenly slammed on the table and yelled, “Don't say those words ever again! Christopher and Lucas have always eyed the shares in my hands. They just haven't shown you that facet of theirs. You weren't in the Goldstein family then, so there was no conflict of interest between you and Lucas. But now, you have to be on guard. Do you understand?”

I widened my eyes in bewilderment as I was surprised by his anger. This was the first time he lost his temper with me.

I heard that there was previously a lot of infighting within the Goldstein family and that Dad had gotten his position from his uncles. He used to have a lot of cousins, but now only Lucas and a few others were left. The internal struggle for power must have been quite bad. It's understandable that Dad didn't trust anyone around him.

“I understand what you mean, Dad. I will be more careful from now on.” I might never be like Dad because I always firmly believed that some people valued family, friends, and love over their own self-interest.

Mark sighed. "I shouldn't have lost my temper with you, but this is for your own good. The ones who stab you in the back are always the people you trusted the most. So, never trust anyone easily."

"Look at your reluctance. Who just sent you a message?" Mark asked. "It's nothing. Sabby wants me to follow along as she visits a few daycare centers. You know, boring stuff." I didn't mention Mom to Mark because I would get upset if they fought again. "What about the kid from the Lane family? Where is he?" asked Mark suddenly. "He is busy with work so I didn't ask him to come along with me." I remembered what Christopher said before he left. He asked me to tell no one about him leaving, not even my own family. I didn't really understand the reason but I would never turn down Christopher's request. He has a special identity. He must be tasked on some special mission again. It's best if I didn't expose his whereabouts. "When Julia was young, she was very capable in doing business and had great achievements even in a male-dominated environment. After getting support from Gordon, everyone came to suck up to her. Today's Lane Corporation is the result of Julia's superb management. If you are half the woman Julia was, I wouldn't be so worried about Goldstein Corporation." Mark sighed. "Dad, do you mean you want me to take over Goldstein Corporation? I'm not fit to lead a company," I said as I shook my head. I had never thought about the matter and I didn't dare to do so, either. "You are my daughter. Who else am I going to hand the business to? I'm just worried you are too kind and will get tricked easily," Mark said. "You are being ridiculous. What about Lucas? He may not be healthy but he is very smart. He is way more capable than I." I instantly regretted my words after I said them. There was some conflict between Lucas and Mark which I knew little about. As such, there was no way Mark would hand over the company to Lucas. Even if Dad really handed the company to Lucas, I don't think he would dare to accept it. As expected, Mark frowned in displeasure at my words. He said solemnly, "Yvonne, we have to keep the power in our own hands instead of giving it away to outsiders. You want everyone to get along, but not everyone wants the same thing as you. They will take everything from you and leave you with nothing. Do you understand?" It was not like I had no experience regarding these things. The Tanner family had their own circle of associates in Avenport, too. Dad is right, but Lucas and I have been close since young, and I don't think Lucas is that kind of person. "I think Lucas is a good person. We have known each other for a long time. He won't do anything malicious to me." I trusted Lucas. "Shut up!" Mark suddenly slammed on the table and yelled, "Don't say those words ever again! Christopher and Lucas have always eyed the shares in my hands. They just haven't shown you that facet of theirs. You weren't in the Goldstein family then, so there was no

conflict of interest between you and Lucas. But now, you have to be on guard. Do you understand?" I widened my eyes in bewilderment as I was surprised by his anger. This was the first time he lost his temper with me. I heard that there was previously a lot of infighting within the Goldstein family and that Dad had gotten his position from his uncles. He used to have a lot of cousins, but now only Lucas and a few others were left. The internal struggle for power must have been quite bad. It's understandable that Dad didn't trust anyone around him. "I understand what you mean, Dad. I will be more careful from now on." I might never be like Dad because I always firmly believed that some people valued family, friends, and love over their own self-interest. Mark sighed. "I shouldn't have lost my temper with you, but this is for your own good. The ones who stab you in the back are always the people you trusted the most. So, never trust anyone easily."

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

It was six in the evening. I had just finished my coffee and eaten two slices of cake. Feeling bored, I asked the waiter to bring me some ice cream from the outside.

I've tried my best to be on time but Tobey is late. Is he intimidated by my words last time? No, I mean, did Christopher's domineering presence scare him?

After playing around with my phone to entertain myself, I decided I would go home if he didn't show up in thirty minutes. I have done my part and attended the meeting. Whether he chooses to show up is none of my business.

"What are you doing here?" I heard someone say. "I'm just getting... Ahem," I said without thinking.

I almost said what I was thinking out loud before realizing it was Tobey's voice. I cleared my throat to cover my embarrassment, put down my phone, and said, "Mr. Osborn, a gentleman shouldn't be late for dates. I'm angry that you have made me wait for thirty minutes."

"Oh really? I thought you would be happy instead since we can keep our interaction to a minimum. Don't you think so?" Tobey smiled, seemingly unaffected by the incident last time. He sat down across from me and asked the waiter to take my coffee away and bring me a cup of warm milk.

"Girls should drink more milk and less coffee. It's better for your health."

“You do seem like an honest man. If we didn’t have conflicts of interest and if you could stop mentioning self-interest every time you open your mouth, I might actually consider being friends with you.”

To be honest, I quite liked Tobey’s honesty; he was not one to play dirty behind the scenes. However, I just could not stand how he viewed his relationships. If I have to choose between love and self-interest, I would not hesitate to choose the former. I’m just that simple.

“Just friends?” Tobey took a sip of his coffee and continued, “When you agreed to meet with me, I thought you have decided to agree to our relationship. Looks like I am overthinking it.”

“I rarely change my decision once I have decided. Apart from my family, I would never compromise with anyone, especially on matters regarding Christopher. I firmly believe that as long as I keep persevering, I will find an opportunity to change things for the better,” I said confidently.

“All right, then. I wish you success in your pursuits.” Tobey raised his cup of coffee as he said that. “You are a straightforward person. If I didn’t have someone in mind, I might even fall in love with you.”

“Thank goodness you have someone in mind! Otherwise, there would be trouble.” I treated his words as a joke and poked my tongue out cheekily.

I knew a little about the Osborn family but not because I wanted to know about them. After Christopher found out Mom had introduced a man to me, he investigated Tobey thoroughly. He even found out about how much wealth the Osborns possessed.

After he completed his investigation, Christopher presented me with the information and analyzed it with me. He compared his own height, body measurements, relationship history, loyalty, wealth, and even performance in bed with Tobey’s.

He tried his best to convince me that he was ten times better than Tobey and asked me to not consider Tobey.

“I’m that bad?” Tobey sounded a little hurt.

“It’s not that I don’t want you; I simply met someone better. So, no matter how compatible you are with me, you cannot compete with Christopher in my eyes.

Do you get it? I'm sure you feel the same. I will never be better than the lady you have in your mind—that is, if you are serious about her.”

“All right, I admit you are making a lot of sense. I cannot deny any of your words. Looks like I will have to miss out on something during this trip to Avenport. What a shame.”

“If you are talking about business, I can introduce you to Lane Corporation for collaborative opportunities. I can't get involved when it comes to Goldstein Corporation, but if you have the capability...”

I was about to talk to Tobey about doing business together before sending him on his way when suddenly a woman wearing a white dress ran in and grabbed my leg. “Please! Don't separate us, please! Tobey and I are in love with each other!”

It was six in the evening. I had just finished my coffee and eaten two slices of cake. Feeling bored, I asked the waiter to bring me some ice cream from the outside. I've tried my best to be on time but Tobey is late. Is he intimidated by my words last time? No, I mean, did Christopher's domineering presence scare him? After playing around with my phone to entertain myself, I decided I would go home if he didn't show up in thirty minutes. I have done my part and attended the meeting. Whether he chooses to show up is none of my business. “What are you doing here?” I heard someone say. “I'm just getting... Ahem,” I said without thinking. I almost said what I was thinking out loud before realizing it was Tobey's voice. I cleared my throat to cover my embarrassment, put down my phone, and said, “Mr. Osborn, a gentleman shouldn't be late for dates. I'm angry that you have made me wait for thirty minutes.” “Oh really? I thought you would be happy instead since we can keep our interaction to a minimum. Don't you think so?” Tobey smiled, seemingly unaffected by the incident last time. He sat down across from me and asked the waiter to take my coffee away and bring me a cup of warm milk. “Girls should drink more milk and less coffee. It's better for your health.” “You do seem like an honest man. If we didn't have conflicts of interest and if you could stop mentioning self-interest every time you open your mouth, I might actually consider being friends with you.” To be honest, I quite liked Tobey's honesty; he was not one to play dirty behind the scenes. However, I just could not stand how he viewed his relationships. If I have to choose between love and self-interest, I would not hesitate to choose the former. I'm just that simple. “Just friends?” Tobey took a sip of his coffee and continued, “When you agreed to meet with me, I thought you have decided to agree to our relationship. Looks like I am overthinking it.” “I rarely change my decision once

I have decided. Apart from my family, I would never compromise with anyone, especially on matters regarding Christopher. I firmly believe that as long as I keep persevering, I will find an opportunity to change things for the better,” I said confidently. “All right, then. I wish you success in your pursuits.” Tobey raised his cup of coffee as he said that. “You are a straightforward person. If I didn't have someone in mind, I might even fall in love with you.” “Thank goodness you have someone in mind! Otherwise, there would be trouble.” I treated his words as a joke and poked my tongue out cheekily. I knew a little about the Osborn family but not because I wanted to know about them. After Christopher found out Mom had introduced a man to me, he investigated Tobey thoroughly. He even found out about how much wealth the Osborns possessed. After he completed his investigation, Christopher presented me with the information and analyzed it with me. He compared his own height, body measurements, relationship history, loyalty, wealth, and even performance in bed with Tobey's. He tried his best to convince me that he was ten times better than Tobey and asked me to not consider Tobey. “I'm that bad?” Tobey sounded a little hurt. “It's not that I don't want you; I simply met someone better. So, no matter how compatible you are with me, you cannot compete with Christopher in my eyes. Do you get it? I'm sure you feel the same. I will never be better than the lady you have in your mind—that is, if you are serious about her.” “All right, I admit you are making a lot of sense. I cannot deny any of your words. Looks like I will have to miss out on something during this trip to Avenport. What a shame.” “If you are talking about business, I can introduce you to Lane Corporation for collaborative opportunities. I can't get involved when it comes to Goldstein Corporation, but if you have the capability...” I was about to talk to Tobey about doing business together before sending him on his way when suddenly a woman wearing a white dress ran in and grabbed my leg. “Please! Don't separate us, please! Tobey and I are in love with each other!”