

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 661-670

Posted by **chapter novel**, 43 Views, Released on July 13, 2022

I swore I had never met something this strange in my entire life. First, the weird lady rushed in, hugged my leg, and started sobbing with her long hair covering her face. She kneeled before me and kept on repeating the same sentence. Had it not happened in broad daylight, I would have thought that I bumped into a ghost.

Next, Tobey, who was seated opposite me, became a totally different man. He immediately rushed over to help the lady up as he said frantically, "Flora, why are you here? Stop kneeling and get up now. My heart aches for you when I see you kneel."

"No. I'm not getting up!" When Flora Dawson lifted her head, her hair parted and her tear-streaked petite face was revealed. She looked at me bitterly and remarked, "Ms. Goldstein, I understand that there's an arranged marriage between you and Tobey. However, I can't live without Tobey. Could you please spare him from the marriage? I'll die without him."

"Flora, stop begging her. I'll figure out a way to resolve this. Haven't I told you I'll settle everything and will definitely make you my most beautiful bride? Stop crying. If you are to continue crying, I'll feel like a criminal," comforted Tobey as he grabbed Flora's hands. With that, the two hugged each other right in front of me, with one kneeling and the other in a semi squatting position.

I felt like I was a villain, too. I was a sinner who separated two lovebirds.

"I mean, the two of you—"

"Ms. Goldstein, a pretty lady like you certainly doesn't lack anything. There should be plenty of men wanting to date you. I understand it might be offensive for me to say this. After all, Tobey is such a capable man. Which woman wouldn't fall in love with him after meeting him? I can understand if you have fallen in love with Tobey, but he and I belong together and we have promised that we will never leave each other."

The lady looked pitifully beautiful as she cried. She was all teary and fragile, and her crying was so much more pleasing to the eyes than Crystal's. However, the words that came out of her mouth had rendered me speechless. "I think you've misunderstood something here: there's nothing between Mr. Osborn and me. We're meeting up just to talk business; that's all."

Aren't you going a bit overboard in boasting about your guy? I gave him a good lecture a few days back. Must you say those words? I then shifted my gaze to Tobey. Nonetheless, he did not take note of my odd expression. Instead, he only had eyes on Flora, who was still kneeling on the floor. Tobey then pulled her up and hugged her in his arms.

"Ms. Goldstein, stop denying it. I know you must be crazily in love with Tobey. That's why you did all you could to get near him. However, I really cannot let you have Tobey. He is the most important person to me and I can't bear to lose him. A fish that's out of water has no choice but to die. Ms. Goldstein, could you please return Tobey to me? There's no way anyone could intervene in our relationship."

Flora then walked toward me. Just as she was about to kneel once again, I immediately got up and took two steps back. This lady must be delusional. I've told her that there's nothing between Tobey and me. How can she just ignore what I've said? Shocked, I wiped the sweat that had formed on my forehead.

"Wow, look at that lady. She is dressed so gracefully and elegantly. I thought she's a celebrity. Who knew she's actually a mistress?"

"Exactly. It's so awful of her to separate a couple just because she's wealthy. I really want to beat her up, if I could. So what if she's rich?"

"Never judge a book by its cover. These days, even pretty ladies become mistresses. They are just so shameless. If I was the poor lady, I would have splashed some hot water on that b*tch to ruin her looks. Let's see how she could remain a mistress after that."

The crowd surrounding us suddenly broke out into a discussion. I felt so embarrassed listening to their comments. The only thing I wanted to do then was to dig a hole and bury myself in it. I could not believe I was being treated like a mistress. Nonetheless, I was still delighted when they said I was pretty.

Seeing that the lady was about to go crazy once more, I quickly ran to the door of the cafe and shouted at Tobey, "Mr. Osborn, something came up and I need to make a move first. Please remember to assure and comfort your girlfriend before putting up such a show. Also, I really don't like you; please clarify this with her."

I swore I had never met something this strange in my entire life. First, the weird lady rushed in, hugged my leg, and started sobbing with her long hair covering her face. She knelt before me and kept on repeating the same sentence. Had it not happened in broad daylight, I would have thought that I bumped into a ghost. Next, Tobey, who was seated opposite me, became a totally different man. He immediately rushed over to help the lady up as he said frantically, "Flora, why are you here? Stop kneeling and get up now. My heart aches for you when I see you kneel." "No. I'm not getting up!" When Flora Dawson lifted her head, her hair parted and her tear-streaked petite face was revealed. She looked at me bitterly and remarked, "Ms. Goldstein, I understand that there's an arranged marriage between you and Tobey. However, I can't live without Tobey. Could you please spare him from the marriage? I'll die without him." "Flora, stop begging her. I'll figure out a way to resolve this. Haven't I told you I'll settle everything and will definitely make you my most beautiful bride? Stop crying. If you are to continue crying, I'll feel like a criminal," comforted Tobey as he grabbed Flora's hands. With that, the two hugged each other right in front of me, with one kneeling and the other in a semi squatting position. I felt like I was a villain, too. I was a sinner who separated two lovebirds. "I mean, the two of you—" "Ms. Goldstein, a pretty lady like you certainly doesn't lack anything. There should be plenty of men wanting to date you. I understand it might be offensive for me to say this. After all, Tobey is such a capable man. Which woman wouldn't fall in love with him after meeting him? I can understand if you have fallen in love with Tobey, but he and I belong together and we have promised that we will never leave each other." The lady looked pitifully beautiful as she cried. She was all teary and fragile, and her crying was so much more pleasing to the eyes than Crystal's. However, the words that came out of her mouth had rendered me speechless. "I think you've misunderstood something here: there's nothing between Mr. Osborn and me. We're meeting up just to talk business; that's all." Aren't you going a bit overboard in boasting about your guy? I gave him a good lecture a few days back. Must you say those words? I then shifted my gaze to Tobey. Nonetheless, he did not take note of my odd expression. Instead, he only had eyes on Flora, who was still kneeling on the floor. Tobey then pulled her up and hugged her in his arms. "Ms. Goldstein, stop denying it. I know you must be crazily in love with Tobey. That's why you did all you could to get near him. However, I really cannot let you have Tobey. He is the most important person to me and I can't bear to lose him. A fish that's out of water has no choice but to die. Ms. Goldstein, could you please return Tobey to me? There's no way anyone could intervene in our relationship." Flora then walked toward me. Just as she was about to kneel once again, I immediately got up and took two steps back. This lady must be delusional. I've told her that there's nothing

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When the gunshot sounded, Lucas' mind went blank and he could not think further. He even closed his eyes and waited for death in despair. In fact, he had no time to despair because he did not expect that Christopher would fire a shot at that point in time.

Click! It was the sound of the spring within the gun hitting the air: no shots were fired. Surprised, Lucas lifted his head and met Christopher's mischievous gaze. Fuming, he shouted, "What the hell? What are you thinking! Are you making a fool of me?"

"I'm sorry for scaring you. I was just joking." Christopher narrowed his eyes as he casually dismantled the gun.

"To hell with you!" Lucas collapsed onto the chair and started panting heavily. His forehead was breaking out in a cold sweat and he was drenched in sweat. After all, when faced with death, no one could accept it so naturally. One would definitely be terrified, and Lucas was no exception.

Christopher soon finished dismantling his gun. He gently turned the cylinder and took out the three remaining bullets. Lucas' eyes widened at that. So the gun has bullets in it!

“Christopher, what were you trying to do? Had you made a mistake just now, I would have died!” With that, Lucas raised his hand and gave Christopher a punch on the chin. However, Christopher managed to block the attack with his backhand. Once he was done reloading the gun, Christopher immediately aimed it at Lucas again.

“What I did just now was only a test. I guarantee that if I am to pull the trigger this time, you can bid the world goodbye. Although you’ve been weak since young, I believe that you still wouldn’t want to die at a young age. What do you say?” Christopher flashed a sinister smile that made him look no different from a devil.

Lucas’ face went pale by a few more shades. The moment he felt that Christopher was serious, he gulped to calm himself down and asked, “What are you trying to do? Let me know what you are planning. If you’re testing me, you’ve done it just now.”

“It’s simple. I want to know everything.” Christopher straightened his body and continued, “You should know that I hate being set up, especially if someone set me up using Yvonne. You’ve struck my raw nerve. Therefore, do you think I should open up a hole in your body to warn you about what you can use in your schemes and what you can’t touch?”

Lucas had calmed himself down by now. He stared at Christopher for a long while before bursting out into laughter. “You’re indeed Christopher Lane. When I was deciding whether to go ahead with this plan, I was worried about whether I could actually set you up. I only took this step after noting your concern for Yvonne. But I’ve never imagined that you would find out about it. What do you want to know? I’ll definitely answer all your burning questions.”

“Wow. You’re so straightforward. I thought you would give me all sorts of excuses.” Seeing that Lucas had been persuaded, Christopher placed his gun down. Nonetheless, it was still aimed at Lucas. If he tries anything funny, I’ll pull the trigger.

“You’re already aiming your gun at me. What else is there that I could hide?” Lucas gave a bitter laugh.

“The Franks are not backed by the Goldsteins. I am very sure of this as I have a good friend in the Frank family. You forged the evidence so that I would believe you and turn against Mark. Am I right?”

“You’re right. That was indeed a scam.”

“And then there’s Isabelle’s medical report. You purposely let me find out about it. Even hiding it from Yvonne was part of the plan. In that case, am I correct to assume that Isabelle took part in everything since the beginning and that your ultimate goal is Goldstein Corporation?” Christopher asked as he leaned against a couch. He then picked up a cigarette and gestured Lucas to light it for him.

Lucas’ expression changed upon hearing Christopher’s question. He never expected Christopher to have thought that far. Lucas then replied helplessly, “Isabelle indeed took part in this. As for her objective in doing so, I can’t let you know as we have signed an agreement. If you really want to know, why don’t you ask her directly?”

When the gunshot sounded, Lucas’ mind went blank and he could not think further. He even closed his eyes and waited for death in despair. In fact, he had no time to despair because he did not expect that Christopher would fire a shot at that point in time. Click! It was the sound of the spring within the gun hitting the air: no shots were fired. Surprised, Lucas lifted his head and met Christopher’s mischievous gaze. Fuming, he shouted, “What the hell? What are you thinking! Are you making a fool of me?” “I’m sorry for scaring you. I was just joking.” Christopher narrowed his eyes as he casually dismantled the gun. “To hell with you!” Lucas collapsed onto the chair and started panting heavily. His forehead was breaking out in a cold sweat and he was drenched in sweat. After all, when faced with death, no one could accept it so naturally. One would definitely be terrified, and Lucas was no exception. Christopher soon finished dismantling his gun. He gently turned the cylinder and took out the three remaining bullets. Lucas’ eyes widened at that. So the gun has bullets in it! “Christopher, what were you trying to do? Had you made a mistake just now, I would have died!” With that, Lucas raised his hand and gave Christopher a punch on the chin. However, Christopher managed to block the attack with his backhand. Once he was done reloading the gun, Christopher immediately aimed it at Lucas again. “What I did just now was only a test. I guarantee that if I am to pull the trigger this time, you can bid the world goodbye. Although you’ve been weak since young, I believe that you still wouldn’t want to die at a young age. What do you say?” Christopher flashed a sinister smile that made him look no different from a devil. Lucas’ face went pale by a few more shades. The moment he felt that Christopher was serious, he gulped to calm himself down and asked, “What are you trying to do? Let me know what you are planning. If you’re testing me, you’ve done it just now.” “It’s simple. I want to know everything.” Christopher straightened his

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"Hello, the person you called is unavailable. Please try again later." It was the fifth time I called Christopher but failed to reach him. If my memory served me right, Christopher hadn't mentioned or even hinted at going on a mission before he left.

Why can't I get through? What on earth is going on? Could it be that Christopher is indeed on a mission? Otherwise, why didn't he let me tell Mark his whereabouts? After all, Mark is my father. Anyway, perhaps there is something sensitive that I shouldn't know about.

Later, I drafted a text message on my phone. In it, I asked Christopher to be careful and remember that I would be waiting for him at home.

Feeling that the draft wasn't good enough, I rewrote it to sound overbearing. Christopher, since you're my right-hand man, I have a lot of things to assign to you. Remember to come back early. Also, remember that I am your chairman.

After sending the message, I put the phone aside and went to the kitchen. Since Tobey showed up late at the cafe, I only managed to have some appetizers before Flora came and accused me of being a homewrecker.

When the doorbell rang, I opened the door and was shocked to see Isabelle. It was the first time she visited me ever since I moved out from the Goldstein residence.

I welcomed her into the house and asked, "Mom, do you prefer coffee or tea?"

"It's okay. I won't take up too much of your time. Are you having a late-night snack?" She was surprised to see food on the table.

"It's my dinner." I shrugged. Noticing that Isabelle frowned, I added, "I didn't ignore Tobey. On the contrary, he showed up late and his girlfriend ruined our dinner. Do you know how embarrassed I was? His girlfriend kneeled before me right away and begged me tearfully not to separate them."

"Did you say Tobey's girlfriend crashed the party?"

Isabelle was surprised by the dramatic turn of events. After remaining silent for a while, she finally said, "Well, who doesn't have past romantic relationships? Since Tobey is an outstanding man, it's nothing unusual for other women to fall for him. It's fine as long as he doesn't betray you after marriage."

Isabelle refused to give up on matchmaking us. Feeling a headache, I replied, "It appears that I'm the homewrecker now. Besides, I think Tobey isn't fond of me. I mean, he has fixed his gaze on Flora ever since she showed up. Under such circumstances, our marriage might turn out to be miserable."

"I'll talk to Tobey to resolve the problem." Nonetheless, Isabelle was seemingly unbothered by what happened.

"You can't resolve it right away, can you?" I murmured. Since Tobey doesn't like me anyway, why does Mom want me to marry him?

"The Osborns won't let an unworthy woman marry into their family. Given that you're a Goldstein, I believe they won't mistreat you."

The way Isabelle worded her sentences made me feel like I would very soon marry Tobey. I was hungry before Isabella came over but lost my appetite after having the conversation. Well, I guess I'll go on a diet today! I put the plate back on the table and heaved a sigh silently. Then, I tried to change the subject of the conversation. "Dad was happy when I delivered lunch for him this afternoon."

"By the way, what's your dad's opinion about putting me in charge of the Kenfort project? Has he agreed to it? And your dad won't call for a board meeting to remove me from my vice president position, will he?" Isabelle finally stopped talking about Tobey and asked me nervously.

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"Dad has agreed to it and will sign the documents once you're back to the office. Also, he asked me to pass you the document about tomorrow's meeting."

Before Mark left the office, he gave me the document and said that Mom would be delighted upon reading it. He even blinked mischievously and assured me that Mom would agree to all demands that I made.

Just as expected, Isabelle's lips curled into a grin as soon as she opened the document. It was as though she had won the lottery. However, I couldn't help but feel slightly upset, for it proved that Isabelle was way more obsessed with self-interest than I thought. In the end, I didn't ask anything of her.

I disdained using the contract to exchange for things that I needed. If we had to maintain our mother-daughter relationship using such tactics, I wondered what was left between us. Perhaps there will be nothing left.

As the weather had become colder, I draped a shirt on myself before leaving the house. I was surprised to see Tobey standing outside my main door. Given that his shirt looked slightly damp, I guessed he had been waiting out there for quite some time. Meanwhile, Tobey handed me a bouquet of red

roses and said, “Good morning. I hope you’ll be as beautiful and cheerful as roses every day.”

I put on a faint smile and took the roses from him. “Are you gifting the flowers to me as an apology? If not, I’ll throw them into the garbage bin right away.”

“Well, roses, especially these eleven roses, symbolize eternal love.” Then, Tobey glanced at the closed door behind me and asked, “May I come in?”

“I’m afraid it’s a bit inconvenient. After all, I don’t want to make your girlfriend jealous.” After I blinked my eyes and declined his request, Tobey’s expression turned grim.

“You’re right. Despite being together for many years, we didn’t get married or have a wedding. Because of that, Flora always cries and goes berserk whenever I’m with another woman. Anyway, I’m so sorry for what happened yesterday,” Tobey apologized.

“It’s okay. If we still have to meet up next time, I’d suggest that you communicate with Flora. If you can’t promise me this, I won’t show up next time. When that happens, please don’t accuse me of disrespecting you. I’ll refuse to show up no matter how many times you ask me. After all, I don’t want to be seen as a homewrecker,” I responded half-jokingly.

“Well, I still hope that you can agree to my win-win proposal. We will be married on paper only and you can decide when you want to get a divorce. In that case, getting married won’t stop you from doing anything. Isn’t it a good plan—”

“Enough! If you dwell on that, I’m afraid we can’t even be friends,” I interrupted.

After seeing Tobey off, I decided to go to Lane Corporation to find out what Christopher had been working on lately. Since I was the company’s major shareholder, I wished to assist Christopher and lessen his burden.

When I was at the junction, a white car sped toward me. I couldn’t help but frown while taking a few steps back. How can they drive that fast? I mean, they’ll be in deep trouble if they crash into a kid!

As I was pondering about it, the car suddenly stopped next to me. Then, two strong men in black shirts hopped out and rushed toward me. When I wanted to escape, one of them suddenly pulled my hair to drag me back.

“Who are you? Let go of me—” I tried to wriggle free from the man and bit his hand. In response, he punched me on my back. I staggered and nearly fell to the ground. At that moment, one of them grabbed my hand and covered my nose and mouth with a handkerchief.

The strong chemical smell wafted into my nose and I soon lost consciousness.

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I could only curse internally before I passed out. After all, I didn't think I had ever offended anyone recently to deserve being abducted and tortured.

To outsiders, I was the high-and-mighty Ms. Goldstein whom Mark pampered. Besides, Christopher also claimed that I was his wife. In other words, I had the backing of the two most powerful figures in Avenport.

Crystal was arrogant but dared not offend me. Although Isabelle pampered her, all she could do was tease me. She would not have the courage to abduct and torture me. As such, I could not think of anyone who would do this to me.

I wasn't sure how long I had lost consciousness. By the time I woke up and opened my eyes, I was shocked to see a face right before me. My body flinched backward instinctively, yet I was restrained and could not move an inch.

Meanwhile, she came up to me and scanned me from head to toe. As my eyes slowly adapted to the light, I saw a girl who looked pure and naive.

"I admit that you're beautiful, yet you're no match for me. Tobey used to say that my vulnerable look is catnip for men's protective instincts. He likes it whenever I blush. Besides, I can look shy but seductive at the same time. On the other hand, you appear strong and stubborn, and so you can never give him what he desires."

Tobey?

Tobey Osborn?

Eventually, I remembered that the young woman before me was Flora. She was the one who showed up at the cafe and begged me to leave Tobey. As soon as I thought about that, I almost lost my temper and swore out loud. My goodness! She's my abductor? What an unexpected disaster!

At that moment, I was dying to know the reason why she abducted me.

"Flora, is there any misunderstanding between us? Nothing happened between Tobey and me. You can call and ask him if you don't believe me. I can tell that he loves you very much. When you showed up at the cafe that day, he didn't even glance at me for a second. So, it shows that the only woman he loves is you. Instead, we met up only because we were forced to do it. So, don't you think you're overreacting here?"

Gazing at Flora, I felt increasingly confused. What on earth does she want?

"Stop lying to me with your sweet talk! I'll never believe women like you ever again. Those who claimed that we were friends always betrayed me by sleeping with Tobey. I won't let you succeed in snatching Tobey away from me."

Flora did not buy my clear and concise explanation; instead, she became increasingly emotional. She glared at me and moved her fingers ferociously as though she wanted to skin me alive. Deep down, I couldn't help but think that someone had probably betrayed her in the past.

"All you have are your beautiful looks and strong family background. What else do you have? Can you die for Tobey? Will you be with him if he is deprived of everything? I could do everything for him, but what about you?" Flora went berserk and yelled at me. Aside from that, she also let out some weird noise from time to time.

My heart skipped a beat. At that moment, I couldn't help but feel that Flora was similar to Crystal. Back then, Crystal broke down when her true color was revealed during the wedding. She also went nuts and the only thing in her mind was to murder someone.

I gulped in fear and decided not to irritate her. After a while, I said gently, "You're right. I can't do all these because I already have my loved one—Christopher. Yes, you heard me right. He is Christopher Lane. He and I are considered public figures in Avenport. You can try asking around or looking us up on the internet. After all, there are a lot of gossips about us."

I could only curse internally before I passed out. After all, I didn't think I had ever offended anyone recently to deserve being abducted and tortured. To outsiders, I was the high-and-mighty Ms. Goldstein whom Mark pampered. Besides, Christopher also claimed that I was his wife. In other words, I had the backing of the two most powerful figures in Avenport. Crystal was arrogant but dared not offend me. Although Isabelle pampered her, all she could do was tease me. She would not have the courage to abduct and torture me. As such, I could not think of anyone who would do this to me. I wasn't sure how long I had lost consciousness. By the time I woke up and opened my eyes, I was shocked to see a face right before me. My body flinched backward instinctively, yet I was restrained and could not move an inch. Meanwhile, she came up to me and scanned me from head to toe. As my eyes slowly adapted to the light, I saw a girl who looked pure and naive. "I admit that you're beautiful, yet you're no match for me. Tobey used to say that my vulnerable look is catnip for men's protective instincts. He likes it whenever I blush. Besides, I can look shy but seductive at the same time. On the other hand, you appear strong and stubborn, and so you can never give him what he desires." Tobey? Tobey Osborn? Eventually, I remembered that the young woman before me was Flora. She was the one who showed up at the cafe and begged me to leave Tobey. As soon as I thought about that, I almost lost my temper and swore out loud. My goodness! She's my abductor? What an unexpected disaster! At that moment, I was dying to know the reason why she abducted me. "Flora, is there any misunderstanding between us? Nothing happened between Tobey and me. You can call and ask him if you don't believe me. I can tell that he loves you very much. When you showed up at the cafe that day, he didn't even glance at me for a second. So, it shows that the only woman he loves is you. Instead, we met up only because we were forced to do it. So, don't you think you're overreacting here?" Gazing at Flora, I felt increasingly confused. What on earth does she want? "Stop lying to me with your sweet talk! I'll never believe women like you ever again. Those who

claimed that we were friends always betrayed me by sleeping with Tobey. I won't let you succeed in snatching Tobey away from me." Flora did not buy my clear and concise explanation; instead, she became increasingly emotional. She glared at me and moved her fingers ferociously as though she wanted to skin me alive. Deep down, I couldn't help but think that someone had probably betrayed her in the past. "All you have are your beautiful looks and strong family background. What else do you have? Can you die for Tobey? Will you be with him if he is deprived of everything? I could do everything for him, but what about you?" Flora went berserk and yelled at me. Aside from that, she also let out some weird noise from time to time. My heart skipped a beat. At that moment, I couldn't help but feel that Flora was similar to Crystal. Back then, Crystal broke down when her true color was revealed during the wedding. She also went nuts and the only thing in her mind was to murder someone. I gulped in fear and decided not to irritate her. After a while, I said gently, "You're right. I can't do all these because I already have my loved one—Christopher. Yes, you heard me right. He is Christopher Lane. He and I are considered public figures in Avenport. You can try asking around or looking us up on the internet. After all, there are a lot of gossips about us." Posted by **chapter novel**, ? Views, Released on July 13, 2022

"Are you telling the truth?" Flora tilted her head and gazed at me naively as though she was pondering over the credibility of my words.

"It's true. Why would I fool you? I swear that I will only love Christopher for the rest of my life." I would have raised my hand to formally swear an oath if I wasn't restrained on the chair.

"Really?"

Flora kept pacing up and down in the room. One moment, she mentioned Christopher and Tobey's names softly; the next moment, she gazed at me in confusion and mumbled non-stop. Meanwhile, I grabbed the chance to look around. I realized that we were in a small apartment.

When I saw my handbag on the coffee table, I thought I could escape once I managed to retrieve my phone from it. Unfortunately, I was tied up and could not move an inch. Meanwhile, Flora walked in circles repeatedly.

Is she mentally ill? But if that's true, how could she speak coherently? Besides, how is it possible that she could plan so meticulously to abduct me?

Thinking that Flora was convinced, I mustered up my courage and said, “As I said, I don’t have any feelings for Tobey. I mean, it’s a waste of time to see him, not to mention marrying him. I’d rather spend my time with my beloved Chris.”

“You’re lying!” Flora shrieked all of a sudden as though I triggered her emotions somehow. Then, she grabbed the knife on the table and swung it before me. I was terrified and worried that she would accidentally stab me to death.

“You women always make up a lot of stories to be close to Tobey. In the end, all of you are liars! I’ll never fall for your tricks ever again!”

As Flora was shouting, she suddenly burst into tears and continued, “We only wanted to be together. Why is it so difficult? Why must everyone disagree with it? Why must everyone stop us? Why can’t we fulfill our simple wish—”

Unknowingly, Flora’s words assuaged my nervousness. Moreover, I couldn’t help but feel dejected when I thought of the obstacles between Christopher and me. As such, my eyes reddened and tears nearly streamed down my face.

I used to feel as confused as Flora and say similar things. Until now, I couldn’t say wholeheartedly that Uncle Robert’s death was an accident and that Julia was innocent.

However, I was relieved that I met Christopher instead of the indecisive Tobey. Christopher never compromised in the face of harsh reality but went against all odds to be with me. We went through ups and downs, yet he loved me all the same. On the contrary, Tobey always prioritized self-interest above all else.

“Don’t be sad. Try talking to Tobey to change his mind, and I believe things will take a different turn. Anyway, you can’t have your cake and eat it, too. Tobey has to give up some things that matter to him if he decides to be with you—”

“Shut up! Who are you to badmouth Tobey? I’m the only one who has the right to comment on him. No one can ever bully him other than me!” Flora stood up and wiped away her tears clumsily. With a grimace, she came closer and swung the knife in front of my face. I did not dare twitch a muscle because I was afraid she would disfigure me with the knife.

“Hehe, Tobey only looks at you because you’re pretty. Will he pay attention to you if you turn ugly? He won’t! In that case, you mustn’t look beautiful.”

With that, Flora grabbed my face and aimed her knife at me.

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I had been disfigured. Half an hour ago, as I stared at that hideous face in the mirror, I did not even have the energy to cry. In fact, I did not know if I should laugh or cry. I wondered what kind of ordeal a woman must have gone through to have ended up that way.

From what Tobey said, it seemed like Flora and he had gone through a lot together. If that was the case, why did he not protect her well and allow such a kind woman to go mad?

When Flora applied lipstick on my lips, she had intentionally smudged it, causing my slender lips to look much thicker than it actually was. After sizing me up for a while, she clapped her hands and exclaimed, “Perfect! This is how you should look like. I’m sure Tobey will never take a second glance at you again.”

“There’s really nothing between Tobey and me. How many times do you want me to tell you?” I felt rather upset. My feelings were clearly shown on my face, which was reflected in the mirror. I looked so ugly that even I felt disgusted with myself.

Flora did not add any cuts to my face with the knife, but she had given me a special makeover. I was not sure where she had managed to get black paint, which she had used to cover my entire face, from. After doing that, she added a layer of foundation on it as she seemed to have found it too black. I looked slightly fairer after that, but she was still not happy with it and proceeded to add a few layers of blush to my face.

As such, my face turned out to be a deep crimson color. In addition to my extremely thick eyebrows and messy hair, I was pretty sure that even Christopher would not be able to recognize me if I snapped a picture of myself and sent it to him.

“Hehe, now that you look like this, I’m sure Tobey won’t like you anymore. As expected, I’m much prettier than you.” Flora walked a few rounds around me, observing my new look. Finally, she clapped her hands in satisfaction. She even wanted to take a picture of me and send it to Tobey.

I was secretly overjoyed and immediately said, “Sure, that’s a great idea! After you send my picture to him, he’ll definitely stop talking to me. That’s also what I want.”

“What are your intentions? Are you playing any tricks? Don’t you even dare!” Flora bellowed and kicked the chair. However, she did not have enough strength to kick it over and hurt her toe instead. The woman was so angry that she slammed her phone to the ground, shattering it.

I was speechless. That was the strangest way of kidnapping someone. Flora was also probably the lousiest kidnapper ever.

The woman went to search for her phone, only to realize that she had smashed it after a while. She picked up the pieces from the floor and stared at them for a long time. Suddenly, hugging the remnants of her phone, she started wailing. “This is a gift from Tobey, but I’ve destroyed it. What should I do? What should I do? I can feel my heart breaking.”

Well, my heart was breaking too. I was already almost going insane. At that moment, I suddenly had a newfound respect for Tobey. I wondered how he had managed to stay normal after being with such an edgy and suspicious woman for so long. He even had a good sense of humor, although he could be rather mercenary at times. I really had to give it up to him. If I were him, I would have been driven to the brink of insanity long ago.

“Umm, there’s a phone in the bag on the table. You can use that,” I suggested cautiously, hoping that she would take the bait.

“Really?” Flora had a confused expression on her face as she looked toward the bag on the table. Tilting her head, she seemed to be deep in thought.

“When did I have a bag like that? I really don’t remember.”

“That’s not important. What’s important is that you can use the phone to send the photo. Isn’t that what you wanted to do?” I tried to persuade her to take the phone while observing her at the same time.

Indeed, she fell for it and went to retrieve the phone from my bag. Then, she quickly walked over and took multiple shots of me, but found that it was lacking contrast. As such, I suggested that we take a photo together. By doing that, not only it would clearly show how hideous I look, her beauty would also be emphasized.

Flora did exactly as I proposed. At that moment, I came to a conclusion. Flora was not just mentally unstable, but her condition was really serious.

“Who should I send the photo to? Where’s Tobey’s number? Why isn’t it saved?” Flora mumbled to herself as she scrolled through my contacts anxiously, looking as if she was about to cry.

“It’s at the top of the list, saved as “My Love”. That’s Tobey’s number. Just send the photos over.”

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I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. That was actually Christopher's number. If Flora sent our photos over, my plan to be rescued would be on its way to success. Even though I did pity Flora, I did not wish to die yet. I wanted to spend more time with Christopher and grow old with him.

Flora smiled after sending the photos. She paced around the room excitedly, while mumbling to herself, "Tobey is mine. He belongs to me." I was feeling increasingly sorry for her. Tobey should really reflect on himself for causing so much pain to the woman.

Indeed, Christopher did not disappoint me and called at once after the photos were sent. In a cheery tone, he asked, "What are you doing? You've made a new friend and even had a makeover. I'm scared of a lot of things, but not ghosts."

I was so overjoyed that I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. I yelled in the direction of the phone immediately, "Chris, I'm kidnapped by Flora, Tobey's girlfriend! She's mentally unstable. Get Tobey to come over and settle her!"

"Shut up! You're not allowed to talk to Tobey!" Flora growled, interrupting my cries for help. She spoke gently into the phone, "Tobey, you've seen the photos right? Look how ugly she is now. She's not good enough for you at all. I'm the one who loves you the most. I'm prettier than her too. Can you don't talk to her ever again?"

Flora had turned on speaker mode, and I could clearly hear Christopher trying to steady his breath. Wanting to reassure him that I was alright, I said softly, "I'm fine, I just got a shock. Don't worry."

Finally, Christopher spoke. Addressing Flora, he said, "You're definitely the most beautiful woman I've ever met. I'm going over to look for you right now. Can you dress up and wait for me? Are you at home now?"

"Yup, I'm at home. I have been waiting for you but you didn't show up. I finally managed to see you yesterday but you left so early. I'm so sad."

"I'm so sorry, I wasn't thoughtful enough. I didn't expect such a thing to happen. Don't be scared, I'll be there right away," Christopher said gently.

When I heard his deep and gentle voice, I could no longer hold back my emotions and burst into tears. Even though it seemed like he was addressing Flora, he was actually talking to me, telling me not to worry.

I lifted my head up and hummed a tune, pretending to be relaxed. It was a very old love song, where the lyrics talked about not giving up, regardless of the obstacles one faced in life. I could relate to that very well. As long as I

could be together with Christopher, I would feel blissful and would be able to endure any obstacles along the way.

"I appreciate your kind intentions," Flora replied.

What followed was a long wait, with Flora pacing to and fro soullessly and aimlessly. She was in an excited mood and seemed to have completely forgotten about me. She headed into the kitchen and after a while, she emerged with a plate of colorful stuff that looked like different vegetables blended together.

After that, she sat down and waited quietly. When the clock on the wall suddenly rang, Flora was alarmed and jumped up. She dashed toward me aggressively, and I thought that she had finally decided to beat me up, which was what kidnappers usually did. However, to my surprise, she dropped to her knees and started crying while hugging my legs.

"Please leave him and give us your blessings. I can't live without Tobey. I would rather die than lose him. Life would be meaningless without him."

I was at a loss for words at her sudden dramatic display of agony.

After a while, I finally heard the sound of the door unlocking from outside. When the door was swung open, Tobey and a few men who were dressed in white coats rushed in. He took an anxious glance at me first, making sure I was alright, before heaving a sigh of relief and walking toward Flora.

"Tobey, you're finally here! I love you. I love you so much! Can you kiss me? Let me feel your love for me," Flora said emotionally.

"What on Earth do you think you're doing?" Tobey lifted his hand and gave Flora a tight slap across her face.

I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. That was actually Christopher's number. If Flora sent our photos over, my plan to be rescued would be on its way to success. Even though I did pity Flora, I did not wish to die yet. I wanted to spend more time with Christopher and grow old with him. Flora smiled after sending the photos. She paced around the room excitedly, while mumbling to herself, "Tobey is mine. He belongs to me." I was feeling increasingly sorry for her. Tobey should really reflect on himself for causing so much pain to the woman. Indeed, Christopher did not disappoint me and called at once after the photos were sent. In a cheery tone, he asked, "What

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Not only was I stunned by his action, but Flora was also shocked as well. She covered her hands with her face and started sobbing while apologizing to Tobey. I could not help but frown at the scene. Somehow, the happiness which I had felt just a moment ago when help arrived had greatly diminished.

The men in white coats hurried over and restrained Flora, before bringing her upstairs. Flora kept struggling while shouting Tobey's name, crying her heart out.

Tobey walked toward me and untied me from the chair. "Ms. Goldstein, are you alright? Do you want me to send you to the hospital?" he asked cautiously.

I shook my head, making a mental note to myself. Indeed, Tobey was a man motivated by self-interest. Otherwise, he would have definitely checked on Flora first before showing concern toward me.

"I'm fine. I just need to wash my face. She didn't really do anything else to me."

"I'm glad to know that. That's good, that's good!" Tobey repeated that a few times, his voice slightly trembling from the lingering fear. Beads of perspiration had already formed on his forehead.

Any good feelings I had developed toward Tobey previously were completely gone because of Flora. In fact, I did not want to talk to him at all. After washing my face, I headed out of the door immediately.

Tobey ran out and caught up with me, offering to send me back. As I was tired, I accepted his offer. When I was about to alight after we reached back at the mansion, Tobey suddenly spoke, "Ms. Goldstein, what happened today is an accident, can you please keep it from Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Goldstein? I don't want it to affect the cooperation between the Goldstein and Osborn families."

I narrowed my eyes and replied in displeasure, "Aren't you worried about Flora at all? If my dad knows that I was kidnapped by Flora, he would definitely not let her off."

Not understanding what I meant, Tobey shared his thoughts, "I did not expect Flora to do such a thing. She's mentally unstable now and does things unexpectedly. She's just a lunatic and is not aware of what she's doing. If you let her off the hook this time around, I will get someone to watch her closely and ensure that she will never appear in your life again. So, can you please forgive her just this once?"

Even though Flora had kidnapped me, I wasn't very pleased with the way the man kept referring to her as a lunatic. Not only that, I was starting to lose any remaining respect I had for him. I sneered and said, "It's all because of jerks like you that cause women to lose their minds just for love. Tobey, let me tell you, you will never meet another woman like Flora, who loves you so wholeheartedly, ever again. You'll definitely regret this."

After I finished speaking, I turned and ran into the house immediately, fuming. When Tobey wanted to enter, I slammed the door shut. From the time I was kidnapped until now, I had been uncontactable for exactly one entire day. I had a few missed calls on my phone, mostly from Mark. There were also a few texts from Sabrina. After sending messages to the two of them, I lay down on the bed and fell asleep straight away.

When I closed my eyes, a thought suddenly occurred to me. If I had really died, would my mom be the last person to find out? She's never concerned about my whereabouts. However, what bugged me most was that I had not looked for Christopher yet.

Due to shock and hunger, I got a sudden fever in the middle of the night. Feeling rather disoriented, I climbed out of bed with much difficulty, trying to find some fever medicine. After looking around the house for a while, I suddenly remembered that I had moved in for barely half a month and had not gotten any medical supplies for the house yet.

Feeling weak, I slumped on the sofa and took out my phone, wondering who I could call for help. Sabrina had a kid, so it wouldn't be convenient for her to come over, and Christopher was still out of town. Finally, I decided to call Isabelle. However, I tried calling her three times, but she did not pick up.

I hung up in disappointment and called the ambulance instead. I remained on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance to arrive alone. Suddenly, I was transported back to my loneliest days. It was during those days when I was still together with Lyle. He did not care about me at all. In fact, there was no one who cared about me then. When I fell sick, I had also laid on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance alone. However, in the end, it was Christopher who appeared.

Would Christopher also appear this time round?

While I was drifting in and out of consciousness, I suddenly heard rustling sounds. Seconds later, I was being lifted up. I struggled to open my eyes and saw Christopher's worn-out face. Widening my eyes in disbelief, I called out, "Chris..."

"Everything's fine, I'm here now. Don't be scared. I've told you before that no matter where I am, I'll be right by your side whenever you need me."

Not only was I stunned by his action, but Flora was also shocked as well. She covered her hands with her face and started sobbing while apologizing to Tobey. I could not help but frown at the scene. Somehow, the happiness which I had felt just a moment ago when help arrived had greatly diminished. The men in white coats hurried over and restrained Flora, before bringing her upstairs. Flora kept struggling while shouting Tobey's name, crying her heart out. Tobey walked toward me and untied me from the chair. "Ms. Goldstein, are you alright? Do you want me to send you to the hospital?" he asked cautiously. I shook my head, making a mental note to myself. Indeed, Tobey was a man motivated by self-interest. Otherwise, he would have definitely checked on Flora first before showing concern toward me. "I'm fine. I just need to wash my face. She didn't really do anything else to me." "I'm glad to know that. That's good, that's good!" Tobey repeated that a few times, his voice slightly trembling from the lingering fear. Beads of perspiration had already formed on his forehead. Any good feelings I had developed toward Tobey previously were completely gone because of Flora. In fact, I did not want to talk to him at all. After washing my face, I headed out of the door immediately. Tobey ran out and caught up with me, offering to send me back. As I was tired, I accepted his offer. When I was about to alight after we reached back at the mansion, Tobey suddenly spoke, "Ms. Goldstein, what happened today is an accident, can you please keep it from Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Goldstein? I don't want it to affect the cooperation between the Goldstein and Osborn families." I narrowed my eyes and replied in displeasure, "Aren't you worried about Flora at all? If my dad knows that I was kidnapped by Flora, he would

definitely not let her off.” Not understanding what I meant, Tobey shared his thoughts, “I did not expect Flora to do such a thing. She's mentally unstable now and does things unexpectedly. She's just a lunatic and is not aware of what she's doing. If you let her off the hook this time around, I will get someone to watch her closely and ensure that she will never appear in your life again. So, can you please forgive her just this once?” Even though Flora had kidnapped me, I wasn't very pleased with the way the man kept referring to her as a lunatic. Not only that, I was starting to lose any remaining respect I had for him. I sneered and said, “It's all because of jerks like you that cause women to lose their minds just for love. Tobey, let me tell you, you will never meet another woman like Flora, who loves you so wholeheartedly, ever again. You'll definitely regret this.” After I finished speaking, I turned and ran into the house immediately, fuming. When Tobey wanted to enter, I slammed the door shut. From the time I was kidnapped until now, I had been uncontactable for exactly one entire day. I had a few missed calls on my phone, mostly from Mark. There were also a few texts from Sabrina. After sending messages to the two of them, I lay down on the bed and fell asleep straight away. When I closed my eyes, a thought suddenly occurred to me. If I had really died, would my mom be the last person to find out? She's never concerned about my whereabouts. However, what bugged me most was that I had not looked for Christopher yet. Due to shock and hunger, I got a sudden fever in the middle of the night. Feeling rather disoriented, I climbed out of bed with much difficulty, trying to find some fever medicine. After looking around the house for a while, I suddenly remembered that I had moved in for barely half a month and had not gotten any medical supplies for the house yet. Feeling weak, I slumped on the sofa and took out my phone, wondering who I could call for help. Sabrina had a kid, so it wouldn't be convenient for her to come over, and Christopher was still out of town. Finally, I decided to call Isabelle. However, I tried calling her three times, but she did not pick up. I hung up in disappointment and called the ambulance instead. I remained on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance to arrive alone. Suddenly, I was transported back to my loneliest days. It was during those days when I was still together with Lyle. He did not care about me at all. In fact, there was no one who cared about me then. When I fell sick, I had also laid on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance alone. However, in the end, it was Christopher who appeared. Would Christopher also appear this time round? While I was drifting in and out of consciousness, I suddenly heard rustling sounds. Seconds later, I was being lifted up. I struggled to open my eyes and saw Christopher's worn-out face. Widening my eyes in disbelief, I called out, “Chris...” “Everything's fine, I'm here now. Don't be scared. I've told you before that no matter where I am, I'll be right by your side whenever you need me.”

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

Christopher had a strange ability to calm me down. I had always felt safe with him around. Even if the world was coming to an end, as long as he was with me, I would not be afraid.

Perhaps, to me, he was invincible. I truly believed that he was capable of anything.

I leaned in Christopher's arms while stroking his haggard face, being hooked on an IV drip after I was sent to the hospital. I could also feel the stubbles on his chin. Obviously, he had not shaven in a few days. I rubbed his chin a few times, loving the familiar feeling. I was reminded of a time when Christopher had also taken care of me when I was not feeling well. At that time, he also had stubbles as he did not have the mood to shave. Even though his stubbles felt prickly against my face, not only did I not mind at all, I had even taken a liking to his rugged look.

"Chris, maybe you should consider changing your name to Omnipresent instead."

"Is it because I always appear whenever you need me?" Christopher asked in a hoarse, yet gentle voice, while rubbing my face lovingly.

"Yup, to me, you're omnipresent, just like God. Whenever I think of you, you'll always appear right next to me. Or... are you actually a mind-reader?" I joked.

"I'm not a mind-reader. A handsome man like me is probably more like your angel, guarding you. I don't mind being your hero as well." Christopher laughed.

"Yup, you're my angel, and my hero." I laughed along.

My fever was pretty bad this time around. I rarely fell sick, but once I did, it was always quite serious. The fever caused me to drift in and out of consciousness, and I was just stuck to my bed, unable to go anywhere else.

My fever only subsided the next day. Tobey had come to visit me once, but as I did not wish to see him, I told Christopher to send him away. I received a call from Isabelle after I woke up. As she was not aware that I had fallen sick, she had requested that I attend the shareholders' meeting at Goldstein Corporation, asking me to support her. It was only then that I remembered

that I was still a shareholder of Goldstein Corporation, and had the right to attend the shareholders' meeting.

"Yvonne, the meeting at three in the afternoon today is very important to me. I don't care where you are right now, just come to the company immediately. Remember, no matter what others tell you, you should only listen to what I say. If voting is necessary, you just have to vote for me."

"Mom," I said helplessly while tapping my head a few times to feel more awake. "So sorry, I don't think I'll be able to attend the shareholders' meeting today."

"Why can't you attend? Even if you're upset with me, it's not the time to act recklessly. We can talk after the meeting. Stop acting like a willful child," Isabelle chided.

I could tell that she was angry but had tried to keep her tone under control as she needed my help. I noticed that Christopher's face had already completely darkened, and he looked like he was ready to snatch my phone away. I shot him a reassuring look at once and said anxiously, "Mom, I'm in the hospital now. I had a fever the night before, and my lungs have been infected. It's quite serious. My fever is not completely gone yet, so I'm afraid I won't be able to leave the hospital."

"Are you really hospitalized?" Isabelle asked, feeling annoyed. "Why do you have to fall sick at such an inopportune moment?"

Can't she tell that my voice is hoarse, and I sound so weak? I let out a bitter laugh and replied, "If it's really that important, I guess you can vote on my behalf since you're my mom. I don't think anyone would object to that."

"That won't do. Proxy voting is not allowed. Why don't I go pick you up now? You just have to show your presence," Isabelle suggested anxiously.

"... Sure then. Let me pack up first." Just as I was about to sit up after the call ended, Christopher pushed me back onto the bed. With a stern expression, he said, "You should focus on recuperating. Let me handle the rest."

"No!" I grabbed his hand. "Please don't be mad. She's my mom after all. I guess, if it isn't really urgent, she wouldn't have offered to come here and pick me up."

“Is the shareholders’ meeting really more important than your health?” Christopher let out a cold snort. “She didn’t even ask anything about your health.”

Previously, it was always Christopher who tried to comfort me, saying nice things about my mom. However, it was currently the other way round.

“My mom has lots of secrets, and she needs to gain power and take care of her own interests. She’s always very anxious when it comes to times like this. We’ve been apart for so many years, and this is the only thing I can do for her. Even though I am a little disappointed and upset as well, I’m still happy to be able to help her.”

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