

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 80-89

Chapter 80

“You silly girl!” Christopher heaved a sigh and took me in his arms. “Why are you overthinking again? Didn’t I say that we’ll do all these once we can hold hands openly? I don’t want you to think that I’m only dating you to have sex.”

“Huh?” I was taken aback by his words. Doesn’t he think I’m dirty?

He tapped on the tips of my nose gently before saying, “We’re a couple madly in love with each other. I’m pursuing you. Don’t you feel it? We shall abstain from intimate activities now. Once you’re divorced, I guarantee that you won’t be able to get off the bed every day.”

He tapped on my nose again and added, “Could it be because you can’t wait for it?”

“No!” I quickly answered.

I did indeed feel like I was in love. However, Christopher’s words tugged at my heartstrings. He always seemed like he didn’t have enough every time we had a brief body contact. That was why I always thought that he liked me because my body gave him a very different feeling. So has he actually taken all of my thoughts into consideration?

How could I not love a man like him?

I was so touched that tears welled up in my eyes. He suddenly carried me and put me on his lap. He then started to hit me a few times on my butt. I was dumbfounded by his action. “What are you doing?”

“I told you multiple times that you shouldn’t walk around without any shoes on. I’ll hit you the next time you do it again.” He furrowed his brows. I played along and nodded my head obediently. “I won’t do it anymore.”

“That’s more like it.” He put me back down on the couch. Perhaps it was because he was shocked by my tears but the lust he was having earlier seemed to have disappeared. The man took out a towel and wiped off the sweat on his body before helping me put on my shoes.

I felt like a princess when Christopher treated me to a candlelight lunch. The food was delicious, especially the soup. It was just perfect and I even praised it a few times throughout our meal. I told him that if I had the chance, I wanted to talk to the chef of the restaurant and find out how they made their soup so flavorful.

“There’ll be a chance,” he said as he looked at me with his gentle eyes.

I suddenly thought of something when I saw the peculiar expression on his face. I couldn’t help but ask, “Does this hotel belong to you? Why do you always bring me to the presidential suite here?”

“Maybe,” he answered, feigning ignorance.

“Liar. But speaking of which, this chef’s skills are amazing. You managed to find yourself a good cook.”

“Of course he’s a good cook. He’s an expensive hire too.” Christopher scooped some food onto my plate and said, “Eat up.”

“Okay!” Everything was delicious when I was in a good mood. I gave all of the dishes on the table a try. In the end, I patted my belly, feeling satisfied.

I took a glance at the time and realized that the lunch hour was almost over. I quickly urged Christopher to drive me back.

“Why are you in such a rush to leave?” He pointed at the bulge in his pants as he continued, “I haven’t had enough yet.”

I glared at him. He told me that he didn’t want to do it before I was divorced but wants to do it now. What exactly does he want? Then, I showed him my outstretched hand and asked, “Should I lend this to you?”

“Of course. Hurry up and serve the prince.” Christopher carried me into the bedroom. I helped him with my hand and he only let me go when my arm grew tired.

After that, he drove me back to work and stopped his car at the alley from before. Seeing that I was about to get off of the car, he called out to me. I turned to look at him and asked, “Is there something you need? Don’t tell me you’re reluctant to watch me leave?”

The man rested his chin in his palm as he seemed to be deep in thought. After a moment, he finally said, “Silly girl, I just wanted to tell you that no matter what happens, you have me.”

I felt my heart flutter when he said such a corny thing out of nowhere and I leaned over to kiss him. “I’ll remember that. You’ve said it multiple times. I’ll be clinging on to you so you better not say that I’m annoying in the future.”

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“Of course not. Should we give it a deadline?” Christopher asked as he cupped my face.

Should there be a deadline for these kinds of stuff? “How long should it be?” I asked with a frown.

“Forever?”

My face flushed red and I quickly hopped off the car. His sweet words were like an arrow that had hit my heart and I couldn’t calm down. Forever? It seemed so wonderful and I was looking forward to it.

Even though I knew that he was the mighty prince Christopher, I wanted to bet my everything and be a part of his world.

I finally arrived at the company and managed to handle all my paperwork quite swiftly. However, Lyle called while I was in the middle of my work. I felt that there wasn't anything between us to talk about anymore.

I went somewhere quiet before picking up the call. "If you're still insisting that I hold a press conference for Crystal, I suggest that you should just shut up. Grandma meant for us to wait for her seventieth birthday, but it seems to me that it's best if we don't meet during these six months. Enjoy Crystal's company during this time. Goodbye."

He fumed when he was met with a rebuff. "You've said it yourself, Yvonne. Don't regret it. Just treat it as though my conscience has been eaten by a dog, then."

"Conscience? You're talking to me about your conscience? I think you should save it." With that, I hung up but I still felt as though my entire body was boiling. I shouldn't have picked up the call. All it did was make me unhappy.

Fortunately, he didn't know that I was working nor did he know where I was. Otherwise, I wouldn't even have a peaceful place to go to anymore. I had decided that I wouldn't tell anyone that I was working, except for Christopher and Sabrina.

I suddenly thought of something when I entered the pantry to get myself a cup of tea. I didn't recall telling Christopher where I worked. It wasn't because I was trying to hide from him, I just forgot. I wondered how he managed to find my workplace and was so accurate with the location.

I went back to work and took care of my report. After that, I went to the copy room and heard a few people talking. I didn't pay attention to them at first but noticed that something was wrong after a moment. They were talking about the newcomer.

I was sure that I was the only newcomer recently.

"I was curious why Yvonne managed to get such a good contract when she just started here. It turned out that she's Mr. Smith's wife. She may look innocent but she's the wife of a wealthy CEO. You really can't judge a book by its cover."

"So what? She's still a mistress. They were in love with each other for ten years yet she deliberately broke them up. How shameless of her."

"Breaking them up was nothing. The most shameless thing she did was that she acted pitiful before the media. She made it look like the artist was the actual mistress. I heard the artist even tried to kill herself. Now even Yvonne's father couldn't bear to watch anymore and he clarified for his niece."

"What a tragedy. We shouldn't talk to people like her from now on."

I stood at the entrance as I listened to them talk, a foreboding thought emerging in my mind. Clarification? My father?

Right then, the pantry door was pulled open and the people inside saw me. “Yvonne?” the woman yelled out of shock.

Everyone looked in our direction. They started to scrutinize me with contemptuous eyes as they murmured among themselves. None of them were even trying to hide what they were doing. I stood rooted to the spot awkwardly; I didn’t even know what had happened.

“What are all of you doing? Don’t you have work to do? Does the company pay you to chit-chat at work?” Mr. Gordon scolded as he walked over and everyone left instantly.

He shook his head as he said, “You’ve finished up all the work you have on hand, right?”

I nodded blankly before he added, “I’ll allow you to head home early today to sort out everything you have to. Don’t take it to heart. There’s nothing in life that you can’t make it through. Take a look at the news and see if you can come up with a solution.”

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I sighed and said helplessly, “But he’s my father. He used to carry me on his shoulders when I was younger and we’d catch butterflies in the garden. He loved me so much back then. I always thought that he has a bottom line no matter how much he hated me. But it seems like I overestimated my worth. I feel so, so cold, Christopher. What should I do? I can’t seem to calm down.”

“You silly. Remember, but when you feel like you have nothing, remember that you still have me.” The sweet words that came from him sounded so beautiful.

At that moment, all I wanted to do was throw myself into his arms and hide within his safe harbor. So I said to him, “I have nothing now, but where are you?”

“Right behind you.” To my surprise, his voice sounded like he was closer to me than before.

I quickly turned to look and saw Christopher standing by the water fountain. Sunlight from the setting sun shone on him and it made him look as though he had stepped out of a painting.

His shadow was stretched long by the sun.

I probably wouldn’t be able to forget this scene because he looked so handsome. It was as if the Gods saw that my heart was filled with sorrow so they sent me a prince.

I rushed towards him without any hesitation and threw myself into his arms. I buried my face in his chest and took in the familiar scent of tobacco. I finally calmed down in his warm embrace. It didn’t matter how big of a storm there was because his embrace was my safe haven.

“Let’s go. I’ll take you somewhere.” Christopher held my hand and led me away. He walked very carefully and was protecting me in his arms, afraid that the pedestrians nearby would bump into me. I just needed to follow in his footsteps. I didn’t need to worry about anything else.

“Where are we going?” I shoved all the negative and troubling thoughts in the deepest recesses of my heart as I tried my best to be happy. Christopher was by my side. Why should I care about other people and the troubling matters? I need to be happy.

“I’m taking you to seek happiness.” His eyes shone like stars in the night sky as he blinked. A slight smile hung on his lips, making him seem a little childlike. Then, he pointed in the direction before us and said, “Come on. I’ll bring you to your happiness.”

“Can happiness be found on your own?” I shook my head and let him drag me along. I didn’t care where he was taking me. I would be happy to follow even if he led me through a sea of fire.

“Of course. Humans should seek their own happiness. This way, they wouldn’t live in vain. It’s just like how I saw the beautiful scene in the sunset, and... how I saw you!”

It was obvious that Christopher wouldn’t lead me through a sea of fire. However, I didn’t expect him to bring me to an amusement park. We stood before the merry-go-round as we listened to the children laughing. I was dumbfounded for a moment. I pointed at the merry-go-round with snot-covered children as I said, “You’re not telling me to get on that, right? How childish.”

“You talk as though you’re old. Don’t forget that you’re only twenty-four years old. Come on, your prince is bringing you to experience the beauty of childhood.” He didn’t care that I was being hesitant and bought our tickets. Then, he led us to the revolving machine and we shared a horse. “This is to ensure that you’re safe,” he said.

My face flushed red. I could feel the children staring at us and I felt even more awkward. However, I forgot about the awkwardness soon after the merry-go-round started to move.

I was really happy while I listened to the nursery rhymes and watched as the children laughed. My childhood was just like a nightmare to me, but there were still a few happy memories.

I had also gotten onto a merry-go-round ride back when my mother brought me to an amusement park. She sat behind me and held on to me. What I was experiencing right then brought me back to those days.

After the ride, Christopher led me to the rollercoaster. I had seen people on the television talking about it before and I heard that it was exciting but also scary. I didn’t dare to get on it but he insisted. “I’m here. I won’t let anything happen to you,” he guaranteed as he patted his chest.

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When the roller coaster went down, I was so terrified that I closed my eyes. At that moment, I could only hear the sound of the howling wind, a shrill scream, and Christopher’s voice.

“Eve, let’s scream to vent out your sadness and frustration. Then you will feel happy.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Have I ever lied to you?” said Christopher firmly.

When I parted my lips, a gust of wind blew into my mouth as if it was trying to knock me down and stop me from screaming. However, I stubbornly screamed, “Ahhhh!”

“Say I’m the king of the world!”

Usually, I wouldn’t say this kind of thing. But now, I have been conquered by Christopher, and I felt happy. Hence, I shouted loudly, “I’m the king of the world! I’m the king of the world!”

“Again!”

“I’m the king of the world!”

“I want to conquer the world! I want to be the master of my own life!”

“I want to be the master of my own life! I’m the king of the world!” I screamed.

At the same time, I spread my arms open to release all the suppressed emotions I had been feeling these days. My feelings, much like the roller coaster, went up and down. I laughed, I cried.

I was in the dark a second ago, then I saw a ray of light the next moment. It was so bright that it brightened my life.

When the roller coaster stopped, I was still overwhelmed by emotions. Everyone looked at me with confused looks. Christopher reached out to wipe away the tears from my face and asked gently, “Why are you crying again? Do you know that my heart aches when I see you cry?”

I sniffled. “Because I’m happy.”

“So you cry when you are happy?”

“No, these are tears of joy! I’m happy to have you with me.” I pounded his chest coquettishly. Then, he grabbed my hand and locked his brooding eyes on me as he said in a sincere tone, “I hope that you will never cry in the future.”

Facing the sunset, I stared at him and blurted out, “Christopher, I think I have fallen in love with you. What should I do?”

“Then love me even more.”

After that, I decided to go to the apartment to pack up my things, but I did not let Christopher come along. At that, he looked at me with a conflicted expression on his face because he was worried about me. “Tell me if you face any difficulties, okay?”

“Okay!” I had fallen in love with this man’s gentleness at that time, and I would believe everything that he said.

When I was about to get out of the car, he pulled me back. After kissing me heartily, he let go of me and sighed. "It seems like I still have to work harder."

"Work harder?" I didn't know what he meant.

"You can go now." He didn't elaborate any further but patted my head. After that, I held his hand and rubbed my face against his palms.

I had made up my mind—there was no way I would come back to this apartment again no matter what. Back at the apartment, I packed all my stuff up and didn't touch anything else because those things did not belong to me.

Lyle bought those accessories and ornaments after moving in. It seemed like he was preparing to live with me, but actually, that was just his way of asking me to take the blame for Crystal.

I left without having a sense of melancholy because they weren't worth it. After that, I went back to my house. I had sweet dreams through the night.

The next morning, I woke up feeling refreshed. I had a good complexion. Hence, a light makeup would do the job. After changing into a fresh set of clothes, I stood in front of the mirror.

I found that I looked quite shabby wearing old-fashioned sportswear and had my hair up in a ponytail. Hence, I took out a beautiful dress and wore a cardigan over it, and put on some makeup before leaving for work.

Initially, I thought my colleagues would spread rumors about me because few of them had realized my identity the day before. However, I never expected that no one had brought up the matter, and they even treated me better now.

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At that, I smelled something fishy. How could people who don't like to gossip ever exist in this world? But I felt even weirder when I realized that the three ladies who gossiped about me yesterday had gone missing. After handling some paperwork, I could not help but ask a colleague beside me about their whereabouts.

The colleague shrugged. "They made a big mistake in the reports yesterday, so they were fired."

Upon hearing that, my instincts told me that they were fired because they gossiped about me yesterday. But, this is not my company. Why do I have such special treatment?

However, it was merely a passing thought. Anyway, it was a good thing for me. I was just an ordinary person. Even if people discovered my identity, no one would pay attention to a haggard wife. They might as well pay attention to a pretty lady like Crystal.

Everything in the office progressed smoothly that day. After work, I took a cab to the Smith residence. Since the news on the Internet had gone viral, I thought Sharon must have known everything. Now that things had come to this, I guessed she wouldn't insist on asking me to get along with Lyle anymore.

I knew Sharon was kind to me. She didn't disdain me and even asked the man whom I've had a secret crush on to marry me. However, this man didn't love me nor care about me at all, so I thought it was time to end our marriage.

"Mrs. Smith, Old Mrs. Smith was just talking about you," said Josephine enthusiastically as she opened the door for me.

"I miss Grandma too. Oh, I brought her a box of tea. It can help to reduce blood pressure. Remind her to drink it every day. Here you go. Brew a pot of tea for her."

With that, I passed the tea to Josephine. When I passed by the yard, I saw Lyle's Porsche was parked under the tree. I frowned as I queried, "He's back?"

"Yes. Mr. Smith is here to visit Old Mrs. Smith today, and it just so happens that you're here too. Old Mrs. Smith will definitely beam in delight later," said Josephine with a smile.

I hesitated for a little upon hearing that but eventually decided to enter the house. Since I was already here, how could I leave without seeing Sharon? Anyway, it might not be a bad thing that Lyle was here. I could take the opportunity to let Sharon know about my relationship with him so that she wouldn't force us to continue our marriage.

This marriage must end! I didn't mind if Lyle loved Crystal or anyone else—it's none of my business.

Soon, I reached the garden. When I was about to knock on the door, an argument was heard in the room.

"Grandma, why do you dislike Crystal? She is a talented and knowledgeable lady, fitting the profile for the daughter-in-law of our family. As compared to Yvonne, she is much better. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't part with her for two years and couldn't be together until today."

"Then tell me what's bad about Eve. She is loyal to you and always takes good care of you. Does she ever give you problems after she married you? When I was sick, it was Eve who stayed up all night to take care of me, and you were messing around with other women at that time!"

At that, Sharon glared at Lyle with disappointment and barked, "You little rascal! Even my granddaughter-in-law treats me better than you!"

"Grandma, I know you like Yvonne. But why should I sacrifice my happiness? Back then, if you didn't change the painter's name of Autumnal Panorama from Yvonne to Crystal and forced Crystal to make the decision, she wouldn't go to Anglandur."

Hearing that, my eyes opened wide. What did I just listen to? My application to St. John's University was successful, but Sharon changed my painting to Crystal's name? So this is the truth?

At that moment, I thought there couldn't be anything worse than that. However, I did not expect that something more tragic was awaiting me.

Sharon picked up a teacup and smashed it on Lyle's head as she roared, "As you said, she left you for the sake of her future. If she didn't want to go, am I even able to force her?"

"You persuaded her to write her name on Yvonne's painting and recorded a video as evidence. Then, you said you would post it online to tell everyone that she impersonated Yvonne if she didn't agree to your request and leave Avenport. You're the one who set Crystal up!"

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Lyle roared like an enraged cub, "Grandma, why must you force Crystal to leave? Why can't I marry Crystal?"

"I did it for your own good, you bastard!" Sharon's face turned red with anger.

"For my own good? Do you mean that you're asking me to marry a person that I don't love for my own good? If it weren't for you, who told me that Yvonne's mother owned our family's shares, and I would get the shares after marrying her, I would never propose to Yvonne. Now, I've gotten the shares. Why should I continue the marriage with her? I want to marry Crystal!"

Upon hearing that, I felt like I had lost all the strength in my body, and I felt a wave of dizziness. It turned out that Sharon broke Lyle and Crystal up and wanted Lyle to marry me because of my mom's shares.

At that moment, I felt like an idiot being played in their palms. My marriage was nothing but a tool for the Smiths to reclaim their shares.

Alas! I've fallen to their schemes again! I trusted Sharon so much, and I was respectful and grateful to her, but in the end, she was the one who tricked me.

No one would understand the eagerness in me to succeed while painting Autumnal Panorama. I used to wish that I could leave Avenport and go overseas. No matter how tough my life would be, at least I could have my dream job.

But in the end, my dream was shattered because of the Smith family's shares that my mom left for me. I didn't even know about that, and it was transferred to others without my knowledge.

I staggered away after hearing their conversation. I was in total despair at that time. The person whom I trusted the most tricked me. There was nothing else in that house that I cared for.

The argument in the room was ongoing, but I didn't care about it anymore. I only came back to my senses when a hot liquid poured on my hand.

“Ah! I’m sorry, Mrs. Smith. Are you alright? I didn’t know you were here. I’ll go get the doctor for you now.” Standing in the corridor, I stared at the scalded wounds on the back of my hand expressionlessly. The porcelain teapot was shattered into pieces while the tea was spilled on the floor.

Suddenly, someone opened the door of the greenhouse. Sharon walked up to me and asked softly, “Eve, when did you arrive?”

I guessed what she really wanted to ask was, “Did you overhear our conversation?” Looking at her, I smiled bitterly and replied, “I just arrived. I’m sorry, Grandma. I accidentally knocked over the tea that Josephine brewed for you.”

Previously, I would never express my apology over such a trivial matter. But right then, I felt estranged from Grandma.

“What are you doing here?” Lyle’s expression darkened upon seeing me.

“Oh, I’m just passing by, so I decided to come and visit Grandma,” I replied expressionlessly. Although my hand was scalded by boiling water, I didn’t feel pain at all because my heart was aching even more at that moment.

“Are you injured?” When Grandma found the blisters on my hand, she barked, “What are you doing here? Yvonne is injured! Why don’t you get the doctor for her? Quick, get some cold water and ice!” With that, she patted Lyle’s back, signaled for the latter to apply the ointment for me.

“No need. I’ll do it myself!” I flung Lyle’s hand away and went to the sink. I began to feel the pain when I ran cold water over my wound.

When Josephine returned with the medical kit and was about to apply the medication for me, Lyle pushed her away and took the kit from her. “Let me do it!”

At that time, I didn’t push him away and allowed him to apply the ointment on my wound. He gently blew at the wound and said that the pain would go away after applying medication. At that, I said nothing and only put on a cold smile on my face.

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I was heartbroken by every word that they said. Deep down, I felt that I was under a curse to have to go through the excruciating pain every day.

If Christopher didn’t comfort me, I would have gone insane and perhaps ended my life.

“Why didn’t you take care of yourself? Yvonne, I’m disgusted by your attitude. You always behaved meekly as though the whole world is bullying you,” Lyle began to criticize.

Isn’t it the truth? Everyone around me bullied me, and none was sincere to me.

“Don’t touch water for the next few days. If you need anything, ask the housekeeper to do it for you. Stay in the old mansion for a few days before going back,” he chastised me while seemingly distracted by some thoughts.

“Say something. Why do you keep silent all the time? Do you know that I’ll be irritated...” Lyle suddenly stopped and gazed at me bewilderedly. A moment later, he reached out to my face and said, “Are you crying!”

Why am I crying? I promised myself that I wouldn’t cry for Lyle ever again.

Avoiding his hand, I touched my face and realized that tears were all over my face. I was downcast, for someone I cared for hurt me deeply. I couldn’t help but wonder if Sharon’s affection towards me was sincere.

At that point, I didn’t know what was real anymore.

I covered my face and sobbed silently. As much as I tried, I couldn’t stop my tears from rolling down. I had not one, but many times, persuaded myself not to cry; nonetheless, all attempts were to no avail. Whenever I thought I had sunken into deep despair, there was more devastating news awaiting me.

I wondered if God had tormented me because I had committed some unforgivable crimes in the past.

“Lyle, have you brought along the divorce agreement? If you have it, I can sign it now. I’ll agree to all of your requests. You can accuse me of being a mistress or a slut, and I’ll admit to it willingly.”

I had fallen into a trap and was severely tormented by it. Although getting a divorce meant that I would lose everything, I was prepared to accept it wholeheartedly. At the very least, I could live a better life going forward. Even if it were short-lived, it would still be worth it.

“What did you say?” Lyle looked at me in disbelief. Perhaps, it never came to his mind that I would willingly agree to the harsh conditions.

“I said that I don’t want anything and will admit to all accusations as long as we get a divorce. Let’s do it now. Even if you accuse me of having an affair with every man in Avenport, I won’t mind,” I yelled. The sound of glass shattering in the living room came.

“But... everyone will look down upon you,” Unexpectedly, Lyle hesitated.

I smiled bitterly and took out a newspaper clipping from my bag to show it to him. “Would it make any difference? I mean, I’ve already become a homewrecker anyway.”

“Yvonne...” As Lyle gazed at me, I couldn’t tell and wasn’t interested to know what was on his mind. He beat me and intended to rape me when he forced me to get a divorce. Yet, when I agreed to it, he became hesitant.

“Eve, Lyle, come here,” Sharon called us from the living room. At that moment, I was reluctant to see her. Recalling their conversation, I could only feel anger.

The mysterious shares that I wasn't aware of until recently destroyed my career and my life.

Many dishes were on the dining table as it was already dinner time. When Sharon asked us to come over, I thought about walking off without saying goodbye. However, my heart softened once I saw her begging gaze.

Chapter 88

Despite her ulterior motive, she treated me well. When I was driven out of my home and left helpless, she took me in. She could be faking it, but her kindness toward me was tangible.

I took my seat and began to eat my food like a machine. At that moment, I didn't care what I had put into my mouth. Meanwhile, Sharon kept picking up some food for me and asked Lyle to do the same. However, I picked the food out silently, put it on a small plate, and continued eating.

"Try other dishes; they are good for your health. By the way, you seemed to slim down lately." Lyle noticed that something was wrong with me. As such, he picked up some vegetables for me and asked, "Do you want a glass of hot water?"

Since I couldn't stand him anymore, I put down my cutlery and bellowed, "I don't like vegetables and prefer meat only. Besides, when I feel uncomfortable, a glass of water won't make me feel better. Please don't repeat the same thing to me from now on; I'm bored of listening to it."

Sharon's expression turned grim upon hearing it. The next moment, I put down the spoon and said weakly, "Grandma, I don't have the appetite. I want to go out and get some fresh air. Also, I have something to tell you after dinner."

"Eve!" Grandma stopped me and said, "I know what you want to tell me. Nonetheless, tomorrow is old Mr. Lane's sixtieth birthday party. Since Mr. Ziegler is his cousin, he will be there. We're close to the Ziegler family due to years of cooperation. Can you attend the party with Lyle? We'll discuss your request again when the party is over."

I didn't know much about the social circles in Avenport, for I rarely attended big parties. Back then, Crystal and Yvette always made fun of me during parties. Hence, I became repulsed by parties over time. I was only aware then that Mr. Ziegler was old Mr. Lane's cousin.

Wait a minute. It's the sixtieth birthday of Christopher's dad!

I suddenly came back to my senses. Knowing that it was Christopher's house, I suddenly felt curious and was interested in the event.

Mr. Ziegler was the CEO of Ziegler Corporation, but he always jokingly addressed himself as a low-ranking manager. Also, he was a hilarious senior. Speaking of which, it was a coincidence that I could get a contract of great value from him.

Back then, Sharon was deeply troubled by the Smith family's financial woes. After Lyle proposed to me, I wished to prove my worth to them. During a meeting with Mary, I happened to bump into a man pestering her and recorded it down. At that time, Mr. Ziegler was planning to get a divorce, for he was suspicious that his wife had an affair.

I handed over the video to Mason and the couple soon reconciled. Hence, they were kind to me and willing to sign my contract. Perhaps Sharon had wanted me to attend the Lane family's party because she was afraid of losing the contract.

I intended to decline her request, for I was already tired of being used by her.

Besides, the shares that I never saw probably belonged to the Smith family now. In that case, why must I do it for her? Nonetheless, my heart softened again once I saw Sharon's earnest look. I nodded in response and promised myself silently that I would be her pawn for one last time.

I considered it as paying her back. Even though she wasn't sincere, she did help me when I was homeless and stayed in the basement like a stray dog. Apart from that, she supported me to further my studies and got a well-paid job as a result.

"Okay!" I nodded and said, "I'll attend the party tomorrow."

I eventually stayed until after dinner. Later, Lyle was insistent on coming with me as I left the old mansion. However, I flung his hand away and walked away. Meanwhile, I thought it was probably the last time that I would be here. From then on, I wished that I wouldn't have to be here ever again.

Perhaps I could finally stay away from the troubles after paying her back and using up my remaining values.

"Yvonne, what are you doing!" Lyle trailed me in his car. Also, he rolled down the window and yelled at me.

"Are you seriously asking me?" I scoffed, "I heard everything you guys said in the greenhouse."

Chapter 89

"Well, I'm worth nothing to you now. Why do you care about me? Anyway, I'll attend the party tomorrow. Since I promised Grandma, I wouldn't go back on my word. So, you don't have to face your ugly wife all day."

Meanwhile, Lyle's face turned red with fury. Nonetheless, he held in his anger and said, "Why did you push me away at the hotel?"

Doesn't he know the reason? Well, he probably thinks I wanted to do something. I replied coldly, "I lost my vision and my mind. Are you satisfied with my answer?"

"You love me, don't you?" Lyle's expression turned grim as he said, "But why did you..."

He bit his tongue, but I wasn't interested to know what he intended to say. "Does it make a difference if I love you or not? Crystal is yours now, and you've maintained your reputation. Are you not content with it? Please don't disturb me anymore."

I entered an alley furiously to escape from his unsightly Porsche. Deep down, I thought Lyle was probably hesitant about getting a divorce because I saved him. In that case, I would rather travel back in time to stop myself from saving him. Then, he would have stopped overthinking everything.

Initially, I thought he wouldn't catch up with me. Nonetheless, I overestimated his shamelessness. When I exited the alley, he was already waiting for me in front. The moment I showed up, he pinched me against the wall furiously and yelled, "You want a divorce because you wish to be with Christopher, am I right? How dare you claim that there is nothing between you two? If that's true, why did you two hug each other?"

"Are you out of your mind? While you can have multiple concubines, I should be grateful because I still have a tiny place in your heart? Should I kneel before you and thank you for remembering me once in a while? Are you that shameless to think that you're an emperor, and everyone has to do as you wish?"

"How dare you make excuses!" Lyle lifted his hand and threw a pile of photos at me. The wind gusted through and scattered them all over the ground. I was startled to find out that they were taken when Christopher and I went to the amusement park. In the photos, I looked a little silly but smiled happily.

"Did you follow me?" I never thought that Lyle was that perverted to follow me.

"What if my answer is yes?" Lyle gripped my shoulder tightly and continued, "Since when did you have an affair with him? What did you guys do behind my back?"

"We did everything. Are you satisfied?" Impulse brought out the worse in me.

Slap! Lyle slapped on my face and bellowed, "You're a b*tch!"

"Yes, I'm a b*tch. That is why I married to a scum!" I threw a kick at his leg and pushed him away forcefully. Then, I pointed at the photos and said, "These photos were taken yesterday. Even though you were the one who proposed to me, I was labeled as a homewrecker instead. Where were you when I was slandered? I guess you were by Crystal's side to comfort her, right? Yet, I was left helpless and stood by the roadside like a stray dog. Did you read the news? The only thing that I didn't do was jump off a building. If Christopher didn't show up, I'd have ended my life already."

As Lyle was irritated, he lifted his hand and wanted to slap me again. Seeing that, I leaned closer to him and pointed at my face provokingly. "Come on. Hit me here to leave handprints on both of my cheeks. Let me attend the party tomorrow with handprints on my face to show that we're a loving couple."

In the end, Lyle didn't hit me. Instead, he looked a little tired, as though he was troubled. "Regarding the incident with Crystal, I called you and wanted to stop your dad. However, you weren't willing to come with me. My initial plan was to let you tell the reporters that there was nothing between Crystal and me. Also, I hoped you could explain that you two were good friends, and the entire fiasco emerged due to some rumors spread by certain newspapers."

I was shocked to hear that Lyle cared about my feelings. Sadly, I didn't believe a word of it as I replied coldly, "I said that I will attend the party tomorrow. Rest assured that I won't tell Mr. Ziegler anything that might jeopardize the contract. So, you have nothing to worry about."

Chapter 90

"You don't believe me!" Lyle glared at me, his expression turned grim.

Meanwhile, I gazed at him coldly, as if I was looking at a random stranger on the street. Then, I said while emphasizing every word, "Do you there is still trust between us? Come on. You'll treat me well only when you need my help, right? So, you don't need to fake it in front of me."

Once I finished, I strode and left. When I came to a corner, Lyle stood still and looked dejected somehow. However, I would never believe that he was sad because of me.

I felt I could hardly understand Lyle—he cared about me at times but was also ruthless. Perhaps with Christopher's presence, he was surprised to find out that someone would love his haggard wife. It proved once again that humans were ungrateful brats and would cherish something only when they were losing it.

With a palm print on my cheek, and my left hand scalded, Christopher would be worried when he saw me. As such, I bought some ointment to reduce the swelling on my face. My hand's injury wasn't serious because Josephine had treated it for me immediately.

The moment I opened the door, I could smell the aroma of food. Then, I saw Christopher wearing an apron and busy preparing food in the kitchen. Hearing the sound, he turned around and said, "Dinner is almost ready. Don't rush into the house yet. I've bought a new pair of slippers, and they're in the shoe cabinet. Try it."

Don't I have a pair of slippers already? Why did he buy a new one?

I opened the shoe cabinet to take a look. Although it was autumn then, he had already bought the slippers for winter. They were a pair of fluffy slippers with a cute rabbit. Besides, he purposely chose pink for me. Since it was something that a teenage girl would love, I somehow felt that Christopher pampered me like a young girl.

I walked to the kitchen door in my fluffy slippers and leaned against the wall to watch him prepare the meal. He chopped the vegetables steadily as though there was some magical charm around his hands. Unknowingly, I was captivated by his charming figure while cooking.

After a while, I shifted my gaze toward the dining room and saw four dishes, and they were all my favorites. I couldn't help but feel touched. I was like a wife who was tired after work. When I got home and saw my husband preparing dinner, I would be cheered no matter how tired I was.

Christopher probably noticed that I was watching him. He turned around, raised his eyebrows, and said playfully, "What's up? Are you mesmerized by me?"

“Yes, you’re the most handsome guy—my hero, and my prince.” I chuckled and hugged him from behind. “Christopher, please don’t treat me so well. I’m worried that I’ll be devastated if I get used to your kindness now but lose you later.”

“In that case, I’ll have to treat you well forever. No worries!” Christopher pinched my nose gently and placed a bowl of soup on the table. However, a glint flashed across his eyes once he saw the injury on my hand. He grabbed my hand and asked, “What happened? Did Lyle give you any trouble!”

“No!” I gave up on Lyle totally but was heartbroken after knowing the truth about Sharon. I explained, “I made some tea for Sharon but spilled it accidentally. Anyway, it’s a minor injury, and it should recover tomorrow. Don’t worry too much.”

“Why didn’t you take good care of yourself? Should I tie you with me so that I can always keep an eye on you?” Christopher heaved a sigh.

Although his words were similar to Lyle’s, I was touched by his. “I’m worried you might get bored of me if I’m tied to you all the time.”

“How did the discussion go?” Christopher asked casually.

I knew that he referred to the outcome after I met with Sharon. After all, he saw that I behaved resolutely yesterday. A moment later, I explained helplessly, “Once the Lane family’s party is over tomorrow, everything should be done and dusted.”