

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 291-300

Chapter 291

"I'm not confident, to begin with. Christopher's family is just too good for me," I said bitterly, "I've thought about it a lot of times. I wouldn't mind if he were an ordinary man from an ordinary family. I don't need a fancy house or bottomless cash. All I want is a man who I can come home to every day after work and spend my life with."

"No one gets to choose the family they are born into, so there's no use thinking about it. You're not bad yourself. You're a Tanner." Sabrina nudged me in the arm.

"Yeah, I wonder who said I was the worst among all the children in wealthy families. I didn't even have the money to buy clothes for myself. You had to pay for everything for me."

"I don't care about the past. What matters is that you're with Christopher now. The picture is already out there on display at the art exhibition. Both of you have just undertaken another important milestone in life when y'all got married, so don't you even dare think about quitting. I'll be the first to give you a good lecture before Christopher does."

I sigh, thinking about the drawing. "I don't think I can do that anymore. I can't see a thing now."

"Can you please stop being so pessimistic, Yvonne Tanner? You're driving me nuts! I would've left you all on your own so you could wallow in your tears if not for Zach." I felt like she was on the verge of beating me to a pulp, but she held her anger in seeing me in dire straits. I had a bandage on my hand, after all, and I probably looked weak and frail.

I burst out laughing, imagining the expression on her face.

"You're so cute, Sabby. You're even more agitated than I am."

"Of course I am!" she cried out.

I cleared my throat and held my head high. "You should stop having unrealistic expectations about Christopher. He won't fall for you. Don't you even go near him. I'll get together with Zach and get pregnant with his baby if you do."

"Like you'll really do that."

Both of us laughed out loud as we bantered.

Sabrina's visit lightened my mood. I had been caught in limbo after I lost my sight, but I felt much better with her around.

"Don't worry, Zach only has eyes for you. He's not my type. I prefer someone passionate and dominant," I teased.

“It seems like you know yourself well. Don’t worry; you might get to see someone like that in a few days’ time. It’s just a matter of time before you regain your sight. There’s nothing to be afraid about. You’re not even afraid of death.”

What Sabrina said was true. There was nothing that unnerved me—not even death.

It turned out that no man was an island. We all needed someone to support and listen to us at some point in our lives. With Sabrina keeping me company, I felt better. I did not even refrain from going over to see Christopher when his parents were around. I even held his hand and talked to him when they were around.

The doctor informed us that Christopher was recovering quickly and that he would be awake latest by tomorrow morning. I was exhilarated when I found out about it and told Julia I would come again the next morning.

I overheard her talking to Darius when I was out in the corridor. She told him I was a good woman. If it were not for my reputation and my divorce, she would have fully supported Christopher and my marriage.

After taking some medication in the afternoon, I felt dizzy and uncomfortable. I figured I might have stayed indoors for too long, so I went to the garden to get some fresh air.

When Darius saw me in the garden, he came over to talk to me, but I felt my head was spinning around and could not hear a word he said. I soon blacked out as he was still talking.

“There’s something wrong with her brain nerves. I suspect that she was infected by a virus on the island. She will consistently lose a lot of blood and may even develop brain cancer. There’s no cure for it.”

I could vaguely hear someone speaking as I tried to shake myself back to reality. Are they talking about me? Am I dying?

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I had no idea how long I was unconscious for. It felt like a century had passed, but at the same time, I felt as if I was still in touch with the ticking time. I had not exactly passed out, but rather, I was unable to open my eyes or give any response despite being aware of what was happening around me. It felt as if my soul was trapped in an immobile shell.

I could feel someone breathing and sobbing beside me, and I wondered if they were sad.

Although I regained consciousness after some time, I continued keeping my eyes shut since I was unable to see anything anyway. I could hear Julia and Gordon talking.

“The doctor did a medical checkup. It’s really brain cancer. She will feel dizzy on the onset of the disease, but she will eventually fall unconscious for days. She won’t be able to eat as well because she will throw up if she does,” Julia said.

“But everything was fine with her when I came yesterday. She even called me Dad when I talked to her. How is this even possible?” Nathan questioned.

“She’s lost too much blood, and she’s contracted the disease. Some viruses are highly potent — they show symptoms very quickly. The doctor said this is a rare disease. There’s no cure so far.”

Julia’s voice started breaking as she talked to Gordon. “What am I supposed to tell Chris? You know how much he loves her. He won’t be able to accept this.”

“Should we let her know? She saved Chris, after all.”

“I don’t know... I might not agree with their relationship, but I can tell she’s kind and loyal. What should I do...”

“Don’t cry. Everything will be okay. I’ll go talk to the doctor now. Ask Darius to get the best doctor when he comes over. I want all the experts to look into this matter.” Gordon coaxed his wife as if she was a child, trying to calm her down. “Don’t worry. I’ll tell her about it when she wakes up.”

I finally understood what was happening. This explained why I had been feeling dizzy the past two days.

It turned out what I heard earlier on was right.

I was really going to die because of cancer.

I could feel my body quivering underneath the blanket. I had no idea how things ended up resulting in this. Just when I was thinking about how I should continue life with Christopher, life dealt me a fatal blow.

The event that happened on the cruise had taught me that life was fragile. I was grateful to get a second chance at life after I was saved. Although I had many questions about why all this happened to us, and even when I was facing tremendous pressure from Christopher’s family, I felt genuinely happy that Christopher and I were still alive. However, my joy was fleeting.

Overwhelming grief suffocated me. I felt like running to the window for some fresh air. I also felt like running into Christopher’s arms to cry my heart out, but I did not. I lay without moving an inch on the bed. It was not until Julia and Gordon left that I gave in to tears.

No one could be calm and accepting in the face of death—neither could I. I was human like everyone else. I had my fears.

Sabrina said I was a courageous person because I would risk my life to save Christopher. That was true, but I could not accept the fact that death had pursued me relentlessly and cornered me once again. This time, I was ensnared by death without being able to do anything. I knew I would have no choice but to leave Christopher soon enough.

People always said there would be rainbows after a storm, but clearly, my rainbow never came. God was so unfair. He usually closed all the doors and left one window open, but he did not this time.

I cried myself into another slumber. I had no command over my body as I slipped into unconsciousness. When I woke up again, it was already time for me to take my evening medication. The nurse passed me some tablets and a glass of water.

No one came to tell me about my sickness, which made me wonder if I had been dreaming just now.

With this futile hope, I looked at the nurse and asked timidly, "Did anyone alter my medical record?"

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The nurse took a look at my medical record and fell into silence. "Ms. Tanner... I'm sure the doctors will figure a way out," she muttered.

Her words fell on my ears like a final verdict that sealed my fate. The glass in my hand slipped to the ground and shattered. I was not dreaming.

"Are you okay, Ms. Tanner?" the nurse cried out and ran to grab a towel to dry my hands. My heart warmed upon receiving kindness from a stranger.

"Sorry to trouble you," I said, trying to put on a smile. "Could you pour me another glass of water?"

The nurse got me some water, and I took my medication under her watchful gaze. I sat back in my bed, listening intentionally for my own heartbeat. I wondered if my heart would stop beating anytime soon.

Sturdy footsteps soon echoed down the corridor outside and stopped right outside of my door. I turned my head toward the door, anticipating someone. "Darius?"

"How are you feeling?" It was Gordon.

"I'm fine. Thanks, Mr. Lane." I lowered my head, bracing myself to hear the bad news.

"Well..." There was hesitation in his voice. Before long, he cleared his voice and changed the topic. "I know my wife doesn't like you dating Chris, and I hope you don't mind her honesty. She tends to overthink things, but rest assured, I approve of this relationship. You might find our family intimidating, but I will readily welcome anyone my son loves. I don't really care about finding a daughter-in-law with good family background. I'm sure my son made the best choice."

"Thank you, Mr. Lane. That's very kind of you." Our exchange was purely for cordiality's sake. I was not in the capacity to demand the family to accept me. After all, I was a dying person.

"Get some rest. Darius will bring the doctors later."

The man did not break the news to me in the end. He was worried I would not be able to take it. I could tell he had my best interests in mind. To be honest, I knew Christopher's family was genuinely amiable and kind. I would be the most blissful thing in life if I were still in my best health and could gain their blessing, but that wish would remain unfulfilled at this rate.

The day felt unbearably long. I did not go to see Christopher because I was afraid I would break down in front of him. I did not know how to let him know I would be leaving him for good.

He would not be able to come to terms with it.

A few doctors came in not long after, bringing some machines to do a thorough check-up on me. "Please do everything you can to save her. She's my friend," Monica said to them.

She probably knew about my situation, else she would still be spiteful and snarky. I could tell she felt bad for me from her tone alone.

It was a familiar tone I used to hear growing up. I had lived on the kindness of people, and it was not like I had a choice not to now.

When everyone finally left, I turned aside and gave way to my emotions. Life was slipping away second by second, but there was nothing I could do. My tears were my only futile protest against the imminence of my death.

"How are you feeling, Ms. Tanner?" Darius' sudden voice startled me. I did not know there was someone else in the room. I wiped away my tears quickly and shook my head.

"You should think on the bright side. It will be good for your mental health too." He walked over, and I could feel his gaze falling on me. "You look a lot like your mother when you don't speak. I remember she would sit quietly in the library buried in her books as I looked at her."

Darius must have known my mom really well. Deep in my heart, I had always yearned for motherly love. That was why I was jealous of Crystal. "Could you tell me about my mom? She left when I was still young, so I could not remember a thing about her. I don't even remember how she looked like now."

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Darius sat down and let out a deep sigh. "She was a dashing woman. She was beautiful, and she was good at her studies and dancing. Many guys at our university were head over heels for her. They would go to the library just to see her," he said, his voice drifting as his mind thought about the distant past.

"Back then, my designated seat in the library was right opposite your mother's. A lot of the guys would come to me asking me to give up my seat to them. When your mom found out that some seniors were pressuring me to change my seat with them, she thought of a good idea. She suggested I ask them for money in exchange for my seat, and that was exactly what I did. That was how I ended up getting money from them every day. Your mom never went to the library ever again, though. She went up to the rooftop to read. We were all so young and carefree back then. I'll always remember her sweet and friendly smile. Her eyes curved in a crescent shape every time she smiled, you know?"

"She must have been really beautiful," I whispered.

"She was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. She left an impression on every man who beheld her." I could tell from Darius' voice that he was pleased reminiscing about the past. "But your mother

loved your dad, and only him. That's why everyone boycotted your dad back when we were at university."

"She must really love him, right?" I finally uttered the burning question I had kept hidden over the years. I had wondered if Mom really loved Dad all this while. If she loved him, why would she leave? If she did not, why did she marry him in the first place?

"Of course she loved your dad." Darius was taken aback that that was even a question. "She loved him relentlessly. They fell in love at university, got married, and then they had you."

"But... I don't understand. What happened between them? My dad ended up having another woman, and my mom left."

"I have no idea what happened eventually as I graduated before she did. When I heard news about her again, she had already left Avenport." Although I could not see his face, I could tell he was feeling regretful and resigned.

A brief silence ensued. "Could you tell me how long I have left?" I looked up and finally confronted my fear.

Darius was surprised by how direct I was. He chuckled bitterly. "So you knew? Dad and Mom were still thinking about breaking it gently to you."

"Yeah. It's better to know about it sooner than later." I forced a smile and swallowed my tears back.

"The doctors say you have three months left. You will lose your sight in the beginning."

"And after that? You can be honest with me. I already knew about it anyway." I closed my eyes, expecting the worst.

"You will lose your sense of smell and hearing. They also said you will start to faint more often," he said slowly. "I'm sorry. I promised to take care of you."

"Don't be. Things happen, but I have to say, three months is really too short." I could not believe my life would come to an abrupt end after twenty-two good years. I could have had a long and happy life, but fate could not allow me that luxury.

I was afraid; there was no denying it.

I finally understood why the elderly would break down in tears when they knew they were going to die although they were already advanced in years. Death was disconcerting.

"I'll ask the Martins to get the best doctors. You have to hang in there."

It was easier said than done. My sickness was out of my control, and I felt helpless. When I went over to see Christopher again, my eyes were red and swollen from all the crying I did. No one said a word when they saw me.

Monica, who had been playing the piano, left to give us some space.

Chapter 295

I sat down beside Christopher silently. There were so many things I wanted to tell him, but words failed me. I was choking in tears as I recalled his face. There would come a time when I completely forgot his face, and I would return to dust.

I held his hands to my face gently, recalling his evil smile, his brows bending in a playful curve, his wink when he pranked me, and his hearty laugh.

He would push me to the bed when he was angry. I recalled how he would demand me to call his name when we made love. He would kiss me passionately and bite my neck when he got carried away. He was already spent when he rested against the rocks on the deserted island, but he still asked me to live on.

Christopher was the perfect man every girl would dream of. He might look like a playboy on the outside, but he actually took our relationship seriously. He was not someone who gave up easily, and he cherished our relationship dearly; he did everything he could to keep it.

That was why I had fallen for him.

“Darling, I’m so scared. What should I do? There’s really nothing I can do this time.” It was the first time I called someone that term of endearment after I said it to Lyle on the first day of our marriage. After the man rebuked me severely for doing so, I had not dared do it again.

I did not call Christopher darling after we got married either. He would beg me to, but I refused because I wanted him to keep asking.

I regretted what I did. I should have called him that whenever I could. Now life had given me a harsh punishment — I only had three months left.

I suddenly felt Christopher’s finger moving against my face. I could not see if he was awake, but I could feel him sit up and gaze at me up close. I could feel his breath beating against my skin as he muttered, “Eve? Why are you crying? What did they do to you?”

I shook my head slightly and smiled at him. All he could think about was me even when he was not well.

“It’s nothing. It’s just a nightmare.”

“Sleep here with me. I’ll hug you to sleep so you won’t have any nightmares anymore.” Christopher wrapped his hand around my waist, and I lay down beside him, avoiding the injury on his lower abdomen.

“I’ll put you to sleep,” he said softly, patting on my back. He moved his head closer and bit my ear lightly. “I had a nightmare too. I dreamed that you went missing. I’m so happy you’re still here when I woke up.”

Incipient tears welled up in my eyes as I whispered, "It's just a dream."

"I even dreamed that we were stranded on an island when we went on vacation. It was so scary. We should get some sleep. We will forget all about it after that." His voice trailed off as he spoke.

I shifted closer to hear what he was speaking. "I love you, Eve... Please don't leave me..."

His words brought me to tears. His breathing soon turned stable as he fell back into slumber. He had another dream not long after he dozed off—probably a good one—because he was chuckling in his dream.

I snuggled beside him, savoring every moment I had with him greedily. It was not until the doctors came in to check on the man again that I got up.

After they were done, Monica asked the nurses to leave and sent me back to my room herself. I could sense her gaze on me as she helped me to my bed. Weirdly enough, I felt a warm drop of liquid on the back of my hand as I moved. Is Monica crying? I brushed the thought off immediately. There was no way she would cry for me.

She suddenly fell to her knees and implored me, "Ms. Tanner, I beg of you, could you please don't go and see Chris anymore? Don't see him again after he wakes up, please."

Chapter 296

I was dumbstruck at once. I never once thought Monica would go on her knees and say something like this. I was dying, and there was no point trying to separate me from Christopher anymore.

"What do you mean, Ms. Martin?"

"I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be saying this, but I really don't want to see Chris devastated. He will really lose it if he sees you like this when he wakes up fully."

"Ms. Martin, you know I only have three months left. Christopher is my husband. I should spend my remaining days with him. Who are you to stop me from seeing him?" My body stiffened as I questioned her unreservedly.

"Are you depriving me of the chance to spend my last days with the man I love?" I asked harshly.

"No! That's not what I mean..." Monica asserted as she cried, "You know how much he loves you. He will be over the moon to see you tomorrow, but he will plunge into the deepest abyss when he sees you in this state. This is just too cruel for him."

She looked at me intently and moved closer. "Do you know why I hate you so much after I saw you and him together? Given your reputation and family background, there's no reason for me to be jealous of you. I'm better than you in all regards, but I know Chris well. He's someone who doesn't change his mind once he has decided on something. Nothing can ever sway him. I can imagine how broken he will be when he knows you're about to leave forever."

Monica held on to my hand beseechingly. “You can hate me, or even hit me. I don’t care, but please, don’t go and see Chris anymore. This is me begging you. This will be too much for him.”

“Do you know what you’re asking for, Ms. Martin? This is the cruelest request you can make. Christopher is the only thing I’m living for now.”

I sat motionless as her words resounded in my head. Indeed, there was a kernel of truth in what she said. Christopher would be over the moon when he saw me, but I could imagine his despair when he found out about my disease.

Losing hope once was bearable, but holding on to hope only to lose it again would be crippling. I had experienced it myself, and I almost went crazy. There was no way I wanted Christopher to go through the same thing.

“I’m sorry... I’m so sorry...” Monica was disconcerted as she looked at the dejection on my face. “It’s all my fault. I care too much for Chris. I would fight you for his love on level ground if you were all healthy and well. I would gladly take you as an equal rival. Who knows, we might even become friends. You’re a good-natured person, Yvonne, and I know we would be good friends if we met at a better time, but please, could you spare Chris?”

I shook my head in determination. “No. I’m not leaving Christopher. I promised I would die with him. I promised him we would face everything together. Please, don’t make me do this!”

What she said zapped me like a lightning. I shook my head in denial and shouted at the top of my lungs, “Get out, Monica Martin! Get out! You care for Christopher, but so what? I’m the person he loves! Not you!”

I completely lost it and lambasted her, “I only have three months left. I will have Christopher with me for only three months. You can do whatever you want with him after that! You can marry him, and you guys can a family together. Why can’t you leave me alone? Get out! Now!”

I grabbed the pillow beside me and lunged it at her. Monica knelt on the ground, unmoving even when the pillow hit her. She apologized over and over to me as I shouted in a frenzy. I lifted my hand and swept across the table, sending the tray and cups flying across the room.

“I will die with Christopher. I will never leave him!”

Chapter 297

There was no shattering of glasses. Instead, there was a deep thud and Monica’s sharp cry of pain. The cup must have hit her.

“Please, Ms. Tanner. Could you please consider leaving Christopher alone? You know how guilty he will feel if he finds out about this,” she uttered.

“Get out!” I howled at her with all my might.

Why must it be me? Why? We had been on a vacation when death brushed by us. Just when we managed to break free from its claws, it came knocking at my door again.

When Monica finally came back to her senses, she stood up and apologized seriously, "Forgive me. All I could think of was Chris. I really shouldn't have said such things. I should've thought about you too. Just forget everything I said. I shouldn't have come in the first place."

Monica stood still for a second and before long she turned around and locked her gaze on me. "Perhaps he might think you died on the seas. That would be better for him. At least he will be spared of the grief of watching you die right in front of him."

With that said, she closed the door. I was left alone again in the cold room, separated from the warmth of the outside world. I felt so cynical about life all of a sudden. A voice in my heart told me that I should have died on the island.

It would be better if I had sacrificed myself for the man I loved and died there and then. I would not need to go through the agony of facing my own death or think about how Christopher would take it if I had died, but life was fixated on playing a joke on me.

I had survived. I was delighted when I knew both of us had made it out alive, but I was quickly faced with death again.

Soon after, night descended, and dizziness took hold of me again. Although it felt worse than the other episodes I had earlier, I did not completely blackout.

I panted desperately as I lay in my bed. Just when I was feeling better, Darius came in and brought me some candies. At the sight of them, my eyes lit up briefly. I did not have a habit of eating lollipops when I was a kid, and even after I grew up, I did not have a chance to enjoy such indulgence.

Darius told me that my mom had a sweet tooth; she used to love lollipops. I had a try, savoring the sweetness on my tongue, but somehow, it had a slight taste of bitterness to me. It was probably because I was too caught up in my sorrow.

"The bodyguard told me something happened in the afternoon. Did Monica say something to you?" I could tell Darius was concerned.

I shot him a smile and shook my head. "No, she didn't. I'm just not used to her showing me pity. I have my ego too."

"Do you want to go to Anglandur? They have the best experts over there, and they have seen more cases of your disease compared to the doctors here. They might be able to cure your disease if you go abroad. They have better technology over there too."

"Anglandur..." His proposal gave me hope, but I did not want to leave Christopher behind. I could not bear to be apart from him.

“I’ll decide after Christopher wakes up. He’ll be so mad if I leave him alone. He always gives me the silent treatment when he’s angry.”

I could not sleep the whole night. When Darius told me Christopher had woken up, I got off my bed and stumbled my way to his ward, but I could not muster my courage to enter.

“Darius, tell him I died. I don’t want to see him.”

Chapter 298

I spent every second of the past four days praying that Christopher would wake up sooner, but when he finally did, I could not bring myself to see him. No matter how much I hate Monica, I had to admit that what she said was true.

I knew she had no ill intentions, but with just a few words, she had managed to change my mind. It would be easier for Christopher to accept my death if they told him I died on the island.

If he knew I died because of a terminal illness—and that he was the cause—he would never walk out of the guilt.

Behind the door, I could hear Christopher struggling to speak with his weak voice.

“Where is Yvonne? She was with me on the island. Did you see her, Mom? She’s the girl who gave you walnut cookies last time.”

“Chris...” Julia was hesitant.

“She’s my wife, Mom. She did everything she could to save me. Please, tell me where she is now.” Christopher was getting agitated. His voice became more assertive, but it soon broke into a violent cough.

“Calm down, Chris. She’s still resting in her ward. I’ll bring you over to see her when you’re feeling better, is that okay?”

“No, I want to see her now. How can I rest here without knowing she’s doing fine?”

A loud thud followed right after, and a commotion ensued. Julia and Gordon were shouting, and the noise grew louder as it got closer to the door. I grabbed Darius’ hand, preventing him from opening it.

I recalled how determined I was when I told Monica I would stick to Christopher even in death, but now that I heard his voice, I knew I loved him too much to let him go through the pain of watching me die.

Christopher was my guardian angel. He treated me like a gem and protected me over and over again. I was the first thing that came to his mind after he woke up. There was no way I could let someone like him suffer because of me.

“What’s the matter?” Darius asked.

I closed my eyes as tears flowed down my cheeks. I covered my mouth, hoping Christopher would not hear me. "Bring me back to my room. I don't want to see him," I said, tugging Darius on his hand.

Darius was evidently surprised at my request. He asked if that was really what I wanted, and I insisted with feigned calm. The moment I got back to my room, however, I completely lost it.

I kept telling myself life was good. I had a man who loved me dearly, and I had everything anyone ever wanted in life. It was just that my joy was short-lived. I should not be so selfish as to bring the person I loved most with me down the vortex of misery.

"Chris is really worried. Are you sure you don't want to see him?"

"Darius, I only have three more months to live. There's nothing I can do to make Christopher feel better."

Darius watched me silently, not knowing what to say.

My body was still shaking uncontrollably although I had stopped crying. I took a deep breath and turned toward Darius, saying, "Don't tell Christopher about my illness."

"But it'll just be a matter of time before he finds out. He's a smart guy. There's no way we can hide your condition from him."

I scooped the blanket in my embrace and held on tightly to it, shaking my head. "Don't even tell him I survived. Just say I died on the island, my body was washed away by the tides, and no one ever found me. It will be easier for him to accept that I died on the island."

"Ms. Tanner, you don't have to do this." Darius then said after a sigh, "You don't have to shoulder this on your own. Chris is a responsible man. He will go through this with you till the very end."

"Do you know how difficult it is for me to accept my sickness? How can I put Christopher through the same thing and demand that he watch me die in his embrace? It will be better for him to not see me at all. He will forget about me very soon anyway."

Chapter 299

I did not know if my decision was right, but I knew one thing for sure. There was nothing more heartbreaking than seeing your loved ones die before your very eyes. I would never leave Christopher, no matter how much the Lanes despised me.

I was confident that we would pull through it together and finally earn their recognition despite how difficult it could be. After all, we had been through thick and thin together.

We had been stranded on the island for a good whole week. We had depended on each other then and made it through.

Likewise, I felt inferior in front of Monica because of her beauty and family background. The woman's words put me to immense shame, but Christopher's smile was enough to fade all these disheartening emotions. I would have held on to the end no matter what we faced, but not this time.

Darius finally caved to my adamantness. He changed me to another room directly above Christopher's at my request. I wanted to be closer to him before I left.

I sat on the balcony, listening to what was happening downstairs. Monica came to see me once as if she could not wait for the moment I left.

I could read in between her lines that she wanted me to leave the hospital entirely.

"My family has other hospitals in Avenport. I can ask them to get you transferred so you can get the best treatment. Rest assured that I will ask them to do everything they can to help you. There is still hope."

Her voice was surprisingly soothing and calm. That was how she usually spoke. Her voice was like a breath of fresh air to everyone who listened to her. I figured someone as gentle as her would treat Christopher well.

"You have nothing to worry about, Ms. Martin. I already said I won't see him. He's still sick, so there's no way he will be able to walk around the hospital."

Although I knew in my head that Monica was not an inherently vice person, my heart could not seem to be friendly toward her.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been more sensitive." After a brief silence, she walked over and stuffed something in my hand. "This is the least I can do for you. Five million is enough to cover a lot of expenses."

I frowned, trying to get my head around what she was saying. I was soon reminded of the cliché scene where the other evil woman would throw money at the wife, demanding that she leave her husband.

"What is this supposed to mean, Ms. Martin?"

"Don't take this the wrong way," she hurried to explain herself, "I just want to thank you for everything you did for Chris. Although you did it voluntarily, I'm still grateful for what you did. I'm happy that there's someone else who loves Chris so much. Even if you're my love rival, you're still someone I respect. I'm sure we would've been friends if we had met each other earlier."

Friends? I thought of Sabrina. She was someone who had her own mind and was verbal about it. Sometimes, she would even try to weasel herself out of a difficult situation, although her arguments might be strained.

"I know what's happening at home, so take this. I'm sure Christopher would do the same. He would do everything he can to make things easier for you."

True. Christopher loved me. He had already asked to see me twice today after he woke up. He threw things in anger when they rejected his request. He even got into a fight with Julia refused to take his medication.

It was not until Gordon came in that Christopher finally gave in and fell asleep after that. I bet they gave him sleeping pills.

I fidgeted with the card in my hand and called on Monica just as she was leaving. "Take this back. I'm not going to use your money. If I leave Christopher, I'll do it on my own accord. I'm not doing this because of anyone else. I don't need your pity."

Chapter 300

"I've already got the ticket. You're flying tonight. Is there anything you want to do before you leave?" Darius asked, handing me the flight ticket.

"I just want to see Christopher. Nothing else." I clenched the ticket in my hand.

"What about your family?"

Nathan was the only family member I had, but he only came to the hospital once after I got admitted. He came not because he was worried about me, but because he was worried about Crystal. He did not even call.

"I'm good. They wouldn't care less if I were to disappear completely out of their lives. They might be surprised, but they'll not look for me."

Darius came over and gave me a hug. "Take me as your brother. I'll always be here to help. Are you sure you don't want to go to Anglandur? You might have a better chance of surviving over there."

"It's fine. I don't want to spend my remaining days in the laboratory doing all sorts of tests. I'd rather spend my time in peace. Thanks for everything you've done for me, Darius." Then, I hesitatingly asked, "Did you... Did you like my mom too back then? You said she was beautiful."

The man was caught off guard by my direct question. He stood still for a good few seconds.

I had found out about this matter on my own. Darius was older than my mom by roughly ten years. Given this age gap, he would not have known my mom's likes and dislikes, even if they were schoolmates.

However, he knew that Mom loved to wear white dresses. He also knew she liked to keep her black hair long, and that she liked having spicy shrimps. He even knew what her favorite movie and song were — Gone with the Wind and Love Story.

There was no way he could know so much if he took her just as his junior. This explained why he had been so nice to me the first time we met. He had even helped me out at the ball his family hosted.

It took him a while to answer my question. "Your mom is a star that attracts everyone's attention. She has an irresistible charm, and I have to admit that I fell for her too."

"Were you guys ever together?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Well, she loved your dad, and no one could put them apart. Besides, I'm the eldest son of the Lane family. I can't just marry anyone I like." His voice betrayed the regret and helplessness he felt.

I finally understood that Darius had once loved my mother unrequitedly, but he had succumbed under the pressure of his family.

Although I had fallen out of favor in my family, I still knew enough to know that every family that was involved in politics. They needed someone strong and decisive at the helm in order to protect the family.

I knew Darius' wife was also heavily involved in politics.

Then, a strange thought popped into my head. What if Mom had married Darius in the first place? Would she have been happier? Darius will never do what Dad did. He will never have an affair and even bring home another child.

Mom must have been deeply hurt by what Dad did back then. That's probably why she left without me.

I was a reminder of the betrayal she felt. She gave her whole heart to Dad, but all he did was stab a dagger in her heart with his own hands.

This outrageous thought put a smile on my face. I could not have dated Christopher if Darius were my father. I did not want to be his sister.

I stayed in the hospital for just one day. Christopher would ask to see me the moment he woke up. I lay on the floor listening for his movement downstairs, longing that I could go past the ground and touch him, but all I could feel was the cold hard ground.

It pained me to tears to be able to hear him but not touch him.