

Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 331-340

Chapter 331

It had been two months since I last met Lyle, and right now, he looked disheveled and not as imposing as before. Moreover, perhaps due to his previous injury, his left leg was less agile.

“Well, well, Mr. Smith. Would you like to have dinner together?” Christopher proposed casually.

Although Christopher was merely inviting him out of courtesy, Lyle pretended that he couldn't tell the connotation and sat beside me right away. Hence, I pursed my lips and glared at him in disdain.

Didn't Crystal treat him terribly? Why is he still in the mood to show off before me? I believe he'll have a lot more problems in the future if he doesn't control his bad temper.

Mary despised husbands who mistreated their wives. Considering that we hadn't separated back then, she bit her tongue and didn't comment about it. Now that we got divorced, she lectured Lyle straightforwardly. “Mr. Smith, since you and Ms. Tanner got divorced, I don't think it is appropriate for you to sit beside her. Otherwise, others might misunderstand you, and it won't serve Ms. Tanner well. It is all a matter of common sense.”

Unperturbed, Lyle pulled a long face and began criticizing me. “Yvonne, are you that impatient to let everyone know that we got divorced? Besides, why are you meeting Mrs. Ziegler? Are you planning to persuade her to terminate her contract with the Smiths? I've never known that you're such a wicked woman! You've betrayed Grandma, who misses you even until today!”

While pursing my lips in dissatisfaction, I felt sorry for Sharon. Also, I could imagine that she was heartbroken many times for having a grandson, who was often confused and acted on impulse.

I could still let it go if he only threw tantrums at Christopher and me. However, he wasn't qualified to be a CEO as he could not even hold his temper even with Mason and Mary here.

Lyle, Lyle, when will you become more mature? I heaved a sigh and thought to myself.

Although I didn't refute Lyle's allegations, Mason couldn't tolerate it. Hence, he slammed the table and berated, “Mr. Smith, Ms. Tanner persuaded us to keep our contract with your family even though you got divorced. Don't you feel guilty for speaking ill of her? Regardless of what happened, she was once your wife. How can you be so cruel just because you found someone else?”

Lyle's expression turned grim upon hearing it. A moment later, he pointed at Mason and said, “Hehe, you'll surely stick up for Yvonne. After all, she had slept with you in exchange for the contract. You pretend to be lovey-dovey with your wife in public but betray her secretly. What makes you think you have the right to criticize me?”

Lyle paused for a while and continued, "I wonder how many times you guys had slept together? Don't you dare think that no one realizes it just because you're good at concealing it! Do you think everyone is an idiot?"

Deep down, I was shocked by his ability to stir up a hornet's nest.

Meanwhile, all colors drained from Mason's face once Lyle finished. After glancing at Mary anxiously, he calmed down and yelled, "Young man, you can't just say whatever you want! When you're slandering us, have you thought that you're hurting your ex-wife?"

"Well, you definitely won't admit it, or else your wife will be mad at you. Nonetheless, I witnessed it by myself." Lyle stared at Mason ferociously as though he was about to devour Mason.

As I couldn't bear listening to the nonsense, I interrupted, "If you want to dwell on it, tell us exactly how you witnessed that Mr. Ziegler and I have an affair. Besides, tell us why you acted like nothing happened if you saw it."

Lyle pointed at me in disdain and snickered. "Well, I'll make it clear today to show your true colors. Back then, the Ziegler family wasn't interested in signing a contract with the Smith family. When my grandma knew that you went to see Mr. Ziegler, she asked me to go with you. After all, an ordinary girl might get the short end of the stick in negotiations.

So, I followed you and saw you and Mr. Ziegler entering a hotel room. Are you going to deny it? Besides, you stayed in the room throughout the night, and Mr. Ziegler drove you home the next day. You might wish to think that I wasn't around, but unfortunately, I hid in my car outside the hotel and saw it with my own eyes."

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"So you stood there and watched as your wife get into the room with another man. You didn't bother stopping me or doing anything; instead, you turned around and left. Then, you showed up on the following morning to catch us in bed together, so that you can hold it against me."

I felt Christopher holding my hand, and that got me to grin. The truth was that I no longer cared about what Lyle did to me. Time could heal all wounds, and all I wanted at that moment was to enjoy the love I shared with Christopher, which had helped me overcome so many hurdles.

Lyle's expression stiffened. I could relate that he was truly angry at the time, and he wanted to get me in trouble, but he later got a call from Crystal wand that gave him the courage to do what he did then. I am sure he wanted to get back at me thinking that I have betrayed him.

I couldn't help but snigger. Seeing that, Lyle's expression took a sharp turn. Fury rose within him before he retaliated, "Don't change the subject. You still can't deny that you slept with Mr. Ziegler!"

"Mr. Smith!" growled Mrs. Ziegler before I got to speak up. It was likely that she couldn't bear to continue listening, so she calmly pointed out. "You shouldn't tarnish a woman's reputation when you know nothing. Ms. Tanner and my husband weren't the only ones in the room that night. I was there too."

“I can’t believe you’re making such a heinous lie just to cover up for your husband,” insulted Lyle.

“And I can’t believe there’s a man who is that eager to show off how he was cheated on,” commented Christopher. He tended to remain quiet, but he always hit the bull’s eye whenever he spoke.

It seemed like Mary had never dealt with someone as unreasonable as Lyle because she responded by massaging her temple in exasperation. After that, she continued, “Do you really think I’d protect my husband and his mistress if he cheated on me? A lot happened that night, Mr. Smith. A malicious businessman used some underhanded tricks to attack me, and I almost got a divorce. Ms. Tanner happened to stumble upon the truth, so she got my husband and me into the same room and cleared the misunderstanding. That is the only reason we remained married and loving all these years.

“It doesn’t matter if you believe it. The truth remains. Naturally, if you insist on getting to the bottom of it all, you can look into the surveillance footage in the hotel. You’ll see that I am only telling the truth.”

I remembered what happened that day... Or, to be more accurate, I remembered everything that happened during that time. It was the third month we got married, and I was sweet and loving to Lyle, so he had started to pay attention to me as well.

That night, I went to negotiate a business deal, but I ended up learning how someone was going after Mrs. Ziegler. They even got a stranger into her room without her knowing. I immediately went over to explain the situation to Mr. Ziegler, who was making a scene and insisting on getting a divorce. Fortunately, I made a short recording when I learned the truth, and that ultimately cleared the air for them.

Lyle suddenly changed after that night. At the party later that month, he left me alone in the hotel room, even though I was drunk and drugged at the time.

“That is not possible!” blurted Lyle. He was a little lost. The truth that he had firmly believed for years was suddenly revealed to be a lie. He probably couldn’t accept that.

That didn’t matter to me, though I finally understood what had happened. I chuckled aloud before sipping some tea and pointing out. “Is this why you kept calling me a slut? Or why you have remained disrespectful to me in the two years that we were married? Crystal isn’t the only reason why you behaved that way, right?”

“Yvonne, I...” said Lyle after his entire body trembled. It was as if he had just been dunked in icy water, and he was sweating profusely.

The truth was extremely insulting. In the past, Lyle would talk to me in a strange tone whenever I went out to meet up with Mr. Ziegler. The former’s passive-aggressive taunts had always made me especially troubled, and I never knew how to respond to him.

“Lyle Smith, you are such a hypocrite. You assumed that I had sex with another man in exchange for a lucrative contract; but, you enjoyed the benefits brought about by that contract. Most importantly, you hated me for the very same thing you enjoyed. No wonder you’ve always acted strangely whenever I

drop by the Ziegler family's place to discuss extending the contract. You even insisted that I dress up for the meetings. Have you ever considered being stronger and challenging yourself to get the contract without sending me in?"

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Things had progressed to that extent, and it was inappropriate to keep bothering the Zieglers, so I respectfully apologized to them. After that, I left while holding Christopher's hand. Honestly, I would say that it was nauseating to deal with something like that.

I had made a mental note to never get in touch with Lyle again. What a troublesome a*s.

"Yvonne!" called out Lyle, who exited the restaurant, ran after us and was blocking our path.

"What?" I asked impatiently.

"Was it really all just a misunderstanding?" asked Lyle in an emotionally crushed state as he looked into my eyes. Why the hell is this grown man looking so sad for no reason? It looked as if Lyle felt wronged and was upset about missing out on something great.

"Mrs. Ziegler had already told you everything. Why bother asking me if you don't believe it?" I asked before grinning and adding, "The truth doesn't matter, though. It's no longer important. Our relationship is in the past, and an adult shouldn't hold on to the past like that. You should go to Crystal and lead a life with her."

"Yvonne... Yvonne!" called out Lyle. He refused to back down and even tried to hug me. However, Christopher wasn't going to let him get close. He pulled me into his arms and stopped Lyle from trying anything.

"We will leave now if there is nothing else you have to say, Mr. Smith. I am on a date with my wife, so it's probably best if you don't get in our way."

I never even looked at Lyle again. Instead, I left with Christopher. The wind was a little chilly at the time, so Christopher wrapped us both up in his windbreaker and helped me readjust my scarf. When I got into the car, I heard Lyle shouting from behind me in a very sad voice.

He ran over and slammed his palm against the window, so I had no choice but to roll it down. I waited for him to speak.

Lyle was nervous about expressing himself, so he mumbled for a long time before he finally forced some words out of his lips. "Yvonne, I have thought about building a life with you. I truly considered it back in the days," said Lyle.

"But you missed your shot. No one would wait forever, and everyone will inevitably leave after being ignored for too long," I pointed out. I was Lyle's secret admirer for eight years and was married to him for two years. That was ten years of my life.

I waste the most precious and most youthful time of my life on him. Fortunately, I was young. I was lucky to have met Christopher after all that ordeal, but I couldn't help tearing up a little. Why couldn't I have met Christopher earlier? If I had, I would have had more than two months with him. Fate couldn't force me to leave him after these precious two months.

"Yvonne!" exclaimed Lyle before he suddenly held my wrist, "You're crying. That means you still love me, don't you? We can start over."

What the f*ck? This narcissistic idiot is only capable of interpreting my tears that way. I swung my hand a few times, but I couldn't break free of him. I was about to bite the guy's hand when Christopher stopped me and pinched Lyle's hand hard. There's no saying how he actually managed it with just a pinch, but Lyle let go immediately. His eyes, however, kept staring at me as if his heart were burning with unending love.

"Yvonne, I love you!"

"Sorry, but you are crossing a line here. I am your friend's wife so please do go off-limits. You should know that," I warned him. Just then, I noticed that Christopher had led my hand away, and that got me to roll my eyes at him. He's not speaking up or helping me at all! He is just watching as I struggle with this mad man.

"Don't bite the guy. I worry that you'd get infected with something nasty," scolded Christopher before he tapped my forehead a little to punish me. After that, his expression turned serious, and he said, "Oy, Lyle. Stop being an a*shole and move out of the way."

Christopher hit the gas upon finishing his words. The car sped ahead and left Lyle in the dust. I later noticed that Christopher was holding my hand while driving, so I reminded him in a worried tone, "Let go now. You'll give me a heart attack if you keep driving while holding my hand like this."

Christopher stopped the car all of a sudden and turned to me. He had his puppy eyes on like he had just been wounded, and he opened his arms before requesting, "I can't believe you cried in front of your ex-husband. I'm jealous, and I demand a hug."

I couldn't help smiling at the big baby who was being coquettish again. My eyes were watery when I leaned into his arm and commented solemnly, "How great would it be if you were the one I met ten years ago? My life wouldn't be as short if that were the case."

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"We'll be together forever," promised Christopher as he held me tightly in his arms.

I felt like crying again. I couldn't believe that there was nothing I could do to fight death. What will Christopher do if I were to die? He is so fiercely loyal and emotional. He'd probably be especially heartbroken.

I hadn't stayed in Avenport for a while, but so much had happened there. That was especially true within the Miller family. At first, Benjamin was deemed to be the heir of the Miller family, but for some

unknown reason, Benson became the center of attention and even went on the news after I got back. Didn't Benson and Crystal go to the same school back in the day?

I guess that means Benjamin has since fallen from grace. He's probably having a hard time now. I pointed at the tv screen and asked curiously, "What happened? Are the Miller brothers fighting?"

"Yeah. That's not surprising, though. One brother's an illegitimate child of a mistress while the other is the legitimate son. It'd be weird if they are civil to each other," replied Christopher. He had brought me over to the store to buy some clothes, and he insisted that I pick his outfit for him.

I chose two outfits for him, and he looked especially dashing in both. It was as if he was a model, and I felt ever so envious because I was not the type that could pull off just any outfit.

"I met the boys a few times and thought that the two siblings interacted well together. They even hung around Crystal like a team and didn't seem to be at odds."

The drama had always been abundant within rich families, and Benjamin's situation with Benson was just like how things were between Yvette and me. I used to be envious of Benjamin's ability to ease the tension and interact well with his siblings. Turns out, they simply have different battlefields. Men fight for power, and that makes the argument between ladies look like nothing.

"You don't actually think that they were sharing Crystal, do you? There was definitely a competition between them... I mean, unless Crystal can somehow split into two or something," replied Christopher as he stared at me like I was an idiot. In an instant, I felt dissed, so I secretly stepped on his toe.

What I never anticipated was that I would meet Benjamin soon after. He actually dropped by in person to look for me. Huh... that's strange. We don't know each other well and never interacted outside the public. The only time we ever spoke was when he passive-aggressively insulted me.

I was actually surprised to hear that he didn't marry Crystal, who didn't seem to be really into Lyle. She acted like Lyle was just a toy she wanted to take away from me. Unfortunately, Benjamin was the kind of guy who would sacrifice himself for the woman he loved and actually set Lyle and Crystal up.

My guess was that Crystal only kept Benjamin hooked and never got together with him because he never made the first move. Lyle was more passionate and always took the initiative.

"Yvonne Tanner, tell me where Crystal is right now!" demanded Benjamin as he stormed toward me. He kicked the grocery I just bought aside, and it was obvious that he was here to cause trouble.

I noted how he hadn't shaved and looked exhausted with his bloodshot eyes. I almost clapped in admiration. This man is under tremendous stress from work, but he is still so determined that he made the time to ask me about Crystal. I didn't need to ask or wonder how he learned where I was living because I knew that Lyle must've played a role in that.

I sighed as I massaged my head. Once again, I repeated, "Crystal was with Lyle, so can you guys please ask him about her whereabouts? Why is everyone targeting me? Is it because I seem like an easy target to bully?"

“Lyle refused to say anything, and I saw how he was chasing after you earlier today. Tell me. Did you seduce Lyle and get him to hide Crystal away? Don’t overplay your hand, Yvonne. I know that you have been bullying Crystal ever since you were a kid, and I won’t hold back if you don’t give me a satisfactory answer today.”

Benjamin cracked his knuckles. He looked like he would assault me if I didn’t tell him the truth.

At that moment, I regretted asking Christopher to go to the other side of the city and buy some fresh seafood. He’d be gone for a long while, and that gave Benjamin the opportunity to come and harass me.

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I poured myself a glass of water and drank it to calm myself down because I could feel my fury affecting my heartbeat. After that, I turned to Benjamin and replied, “You are so imaginative that it’s a shame you’re not a novelist. I’ve made things clear when Natalie first went to the hospital and made a scene. I don’t care if you believe me, but I will repeat this one last time. A ship from Jetroina came and took Crystal and the others away. Why do you insist on assuming that she died? Do you expect me to just lie and say that I have killed her?”

“If that is the case, then why can’t we find her? And why hasn’t she contacted us?” growled Benjamin before he pushed me. I stumbled backward and accidentally got a medical report to fall onto the floor. I reached out to pick it up, but Benjamin beat me to it.

I finished the water in my mug before I refilled it with some boiling water. If Benjamin were to attack me, I would splash the water on him. “How is it my fault that she isn’t getting in touch with you? My gosh, we’re all adults, so can we be rational? Do you really think that I spend all my time thinking of ways to hurt Crystal? I’m not that free, you know? I have to cook for Chris, and you should leave as soon as possible. If you don’t... well, just don’t blame me for making things worse when Chris comes back and kicks your a*s.”

Benjamin stared at me in astonishment after he read the medical report. It was likely he never thought that I was dying, and his hands trembled a little before he asked, “Is this legit?”

That was the result of the initial test, and I had been keeping it hidden in my bag the entire time. It was likely that Christopher accidentally left it lying around when he was looking for something else. I retrieved the report and threatened, “That is none of your business. Shouldn’t you leave now? I can call the cops and tell them you broke into my home if you stay. Well, your reputation is tarnished anyway, so I’m guessing you don’t mind adding trespassing onto the list of bad coverage the media has on you?”

Benjamin scoffed after he got over his initial shock. He insulted, “You’re not thinking about using your medical condition to get Lyle to pity you, are you? Is that how you plan on making him get back together with you?”

I knew it. Benjamin is still the same old guy he has always been. Regardless of the situation, he would never say anything nice to me. I sighed at his incredible imagination once more. Then, I tore the report into pieces and threw it in the bin before saying, “Just keep your eyes on your pal and don’t let him come around to pester me, okay? Please f*cking leave now.”

I parted my hair and picked up a hair clip to tie it up. Benjamin, however, stiffened upon seeing that. His expression took a sharp change, and he suddenly rushed over to take my hair clip away. He shouted, "How dare you steal from Crystal. I knew it. You are a despicable person."

"What the hell are you talking about? Give it back! My mom left that for me," I demanded quickly. The only possession my mom left me, the only thing that survived all those years, was that diamond hair clip. That was why I kept it. What is wrong with him?

"F*ck off!" growled Benjamin as he pushed me away and insisted, "This belongs to Crystal. There's no way I'd let you keep it as your own. You better pray that she is fine or I will come after you!"

Benjamin turned and left after saying his piece. I chased after him, but he was already inside the elevator when I got there. I pressed the buttons. Unfortunately, the elevator had already left.

"F*ck! Lunatics are everywhere," I complained as I stomped on the floor. I was going to chase after him, but I thought about the situation. Mom is nowhere to be found, and I'll be gone soon. What's the point of getting her hair clip back? At the end of the day, we will all be forgotten. Gah, Benjamin can keep it if he wants it so much. It's not that expensive, anyway. It's annoying how he ruined my mood, though.

Christopher came back with a stack of books. Those books were all about cancer and what to look out for when caring for a cancer patient. The truth, however, was that there was no point in reading them anymore.

Neither one of us wanted to leave the house after dinner, so he hugged me on the couch and buried his face in my neck.

I could feel that the man was crying internally. Tears never left his eyes, but I knew that he was heartbroken, and I tried to offer some comfort. Unfortunately, I couldn't find the right words, so I ended up kissing his lips to try to ignite his lust and distract him. My fingers slipped past his neck and crawled under his shirt.

Christopher picked me up and took me to the bedroom where we made passionate love. He kept hugging me and refused to let me go. When I woke up in the middle of the night, I realized that the lamp by the desk was still on. I turned over and saw that Christopher was reading. He was focused and made sure that he never missed even an alphabet written on the pages. That gripped my heart.

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He is trying to save me. He made many calls and managed to hire every available doctor in the two days that we were back. An expert from Anglandur would be heading over as well, but the good doctor's flight would only land on the day after.

Christopher received a call after we had our breakfast. He told me he was heading out of the house, but he didn't tell me what he would be doing. My guess was that the Lane family had called him. He had already returned to Avenport, after all, so he had to visit his family. I love the man, but I couldn't ask him to abandon them for me.

Hence, I helped him with his tie even though I was reluctant to part with him.

A new month had started, so I wondered how much time I had left.

I got the trash in a bag before I opened the door and threw it in the collection area. I was about to close the door when I suddenly caught someone hiding around the corner and spying on me with bloodshot eyes. Frightened, I jumped and hurried to close the door.

Unfortunately, I was too late. The man hiding around the corner rushed over and used his foot to stop the door from closing entirely. He panted after that.

I relaxed a little when I took a closer look and realize that the lunatic in question was Lyle. Thank the heavens that he is not some robber or criminal. Unfortunately, as the fear within me dissipated, the hatred in me bloomed. I complained impatiently. "Lyle Smith, haven't we already made things clear? What are you still doing here? Are you here to ask about Crystal as well? You saw her get on the ship with your own eyes, so will you please stop pestering me over her?"

I have received countless calls after I got my old number back. Everyone was asking about Crystal, and I heard all sorts of insults and curses. At that point, I really hoped that Crystal would show up. I might actually hunt her down and bring her back just to get some peace and quiet.

"No, we didn't make things clear. It is not clear at all," insisted Lyle before he forced his way into the house and said, "I regretted my decision, Yvonne. I truly regret the way I treated you. What should I do? I don't want to lose you."

What did regret feel like? It was probably best described as that immense heartache that burned one's soul upon thinking about a person or an incident. That was the first time I saw that on Lyle's expression when I looked at him closely.

He didn't say anything but just look at me fixedly.

There was a time when we shared a bed, and we were so close that all he needed to do was reach out. If he had tried, even a little, to get to know me, or if he had a passing thought of doing right. I wouldn't have left him.

Unfortunately, it was too late when he finally learned everything. I had left when he turned around and tried to be better. He was an idiot who cared for a fake treasure chest and lost the real prize in the process.

He was so devastated that he almost killed himself when Crystal abandoned him on that forsaken island. At that time, he was ridiculously jealous of Christopher. I was the woman who was supposed to love him; instead, I was taking care of Christopher now. We were supposed to go through thick and thin together, but Lyle practically tossed that love away.

"Our relationship is in the past. Seriously, don't you think that it is a little too late to say all this now?" I complained as I glared unhappily at him. I gestured the door to get him to leave.

“No, it’s not too late,” said Lyle. He acted like he had suddenly gone nuts and hugged me tightly in his arms before he added, “We can start all over. We can pretend that this is just the beginning. You are only twenty-two, and I am just twenty-three, so we’re just two youngsters. Yvonne, please give me another chance.”

“Let go of me, you a*shole! What do you take me for? An emotionless doll that you can treat however you want?” I growled and was so angry that I slapped him across his face. That slap was so hard that my palm was going numb, but he didn’t react to it. He simply pushed me onto the coffee table.

“Go on, slap me. Your anger will dissipate, and you will return to your old self after that. Yvonne, you were supposed to be mine. You were my wife. Christopher is the one at fault. He seduced you and blinded your judgment, and that is why you left me. Tonight, I want you to be my wife. We can have a future together, Yvonne.”

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Lyle acted like he had gone crazy. He attacked me without any reason, and his lips licked my face endlessly to try to kiss me. I kept my lips shut and turned my face to try to push him away. Unfortunately, Lyle seemed determined to have me. He never gave me the opportunity to fight back, and he reached out to tear my clothes apart.

“Stop it. Stop this madness, Lyle!” I shouted. I was truly horrified because I had been feeling weak lately, and I no longer had the strength to fight Lyle like I used to. I didn’t even have the strength to pick up the items on the coffee table. Lyle’s madness got me dizzy, and my vision blurred. My entire body felt weak.

“No, I won’t! I want to be your husband, Yvonne. From now on, we will be the most loving couple ever. Forget all about Christopher. Do you remember you were married to me before he came along?” reminded Lyle. He tore my clothes apart and buried his face in my neck. He even tried to tear my undergarments.

I was so infuriated that I was trembling. I struggled but couldn’t break free, so I kept shouting and begging for help. The door was open, but no one was in the corridor. No one came to help.

“Let me go. Lyle Smith, you a*shole. You want me to hate you. Is that it? Are you really that adamant about making me hate you?” I shouted. My headache was getting worse, and it was as if someone had hit me hard on my head. My vision was turning black as well, and I could barely see the beast in front of me.

At the same time, something kept swirling inside my throat. I had never had a headache like that before, and it was only getting worse. My heart felt terrible as well, and the rhythm of my breathing was off. I suddenly had a bad feeling about it. My condition is worsening. Am I going to die now?

Lyle turned me around and was about to force himself on me when my body finally gave up on me. I vomited blood. Blood was spewing from both my mouth and my nose, and I had never seen that much blood before. It was as if my body was like a fountain show. I tried to stop myself from vomiting too much blood by covering my lips with my hand. Unfortunately, the blood kept flowing and crawling down from the gap between my fingers.

I was scared. If I die now, I won't be able to see Christopher one last time. No, this can't be. This cannot be! I struggled to reach for the phone on the couch. I wanted to see him one last time, and I refused to fade away just like that.

"Y-Yvonne!" blurted Lyle. He had taken his shirt off and had already stuck his body to me. However, when he saw me vomiting blood like that, he got scared and nervously called out my name.

"Christopher... Christopher..." I said weakly and prayed that he would be home soon.

Just then, my blurred vision detected a tall figure entering the room and pushing Lyle onto the floor. The figure punched Lyle mercilessly, and as he did so, he cussed. He even stomped hard on Lyle's back. I reached out to Christopher and asked for him, "Christopher..."

"Don't worry, Eve. We'll go to the hospital now. I'll take you over right away!" promised Christopher as he rushed over while panicking. He took his coat off to cover me up before he ran right out.

"I don't want to go to the hospital, Chris. We have some medicine at home. Can I just take a pill instead of going to the hospital?" I asked. My entire body was freezing, and I could feel a chilly aura seeping out of me. Even an embrace as warm as the one from Christopher couldn't warm me up.

"That's nonsense. We'll go to the hospital. Don't be scared. I will be by your side the entire time."

Christopher set me down on the backseat of the car before he sped toward the hospital. I caught his hands trembling as he drove. Perhaps it was because I was about to die, but I felt calmer than I had ever been. I didn't feel uncomfortable even after I vomited all that blood. If anything, I felt less burdened and more relaxed.

It was just as the books had described, and it felt like I was floating towards the light.

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"Christopher!" I called out as I forced myself to sit up. I leaned against the backrest and stared at the guy without blinking. If I must die in the next few minutes, then I want to at least etch this man's face in my mind.

I scanned his face while calling out to him. Christopher actually wanted me to call him Chris or darling, but I preferred calling him Christopher. That name carried a different meaning in my heart because that was what I called him when we first met. It got me feeling warm and fuzzy, and safe.

Christopher carried me out of the car and ran toward the hospital. Lyle rushed over as well. He probably never anticipated that his attempted rape would get me to vomit blood and might even kill me. Hence, he looked like he was scared out of his wits

Christopher held me in his arms and lifted his leg to kick Lyle aside. After that, the former rushed toward the hospital. I never pitied Lyle. I simply draped my arm around Christopher and buried my face in his neck.

“You are too handsome, Chris. I don’t think I will ever get tired of watching you, even if I spend my entire life doing so. What should I do about it?”

“You should stay and stare at me forever!”

Christopher took me to the emergency room. A number of doctors were standing by to examine my condition, but I didn’t want to let Christopher go. I kept holding his hand and requested, “Please stay by my side. Don’t leave.”

“Okay, I will be right here. I won’t budge. Be good and cooperate with the doctor. We will be out of here soon,” promised Christopher as he held my hand tightly.

I kept staring at him and refused to even blink. My eyes remained open until the doctor gave me some sedatives. That got my eyelids heavy, and my vision blurred, but I never let go of his hand. I demanded unreasonably, “Chris, you’re not allowed to slip away, okay? I want you to be the first person I see when I open my eyes. Understand?”

“Okay, I will stay by your side forever, and I will watch you. Listen up, Eve. You are my wife. We’re married, and I’ll be waiting for you to wake up so we can have a grand wedding reception. You’re not allowed to sleep forever. Do you hear me?” said Christopher as he held my hand and planted a kiss on it. I couldn’t see well, but I knew that he was crying.

Warm droplets kept dripping onto the back of my hand before they rolled down. It was so hot that I felt like it might scald me.

“Don’t cry, Chris. The Christopher I know is a manly dude who didn’t even frown when a bullet tore through him. He’s not a crybaby, so don’t cry, okay?” I cooed. I tried to reach out to caress his face, but I missed him a couple of times.

Christopher grabbed my hand and placed it on his face. His voice was raspy, and it was obvious that he was suppressing his sobs when he lied, “I’m not crying. My eyes are just watery because some dust flew into them. This is all your fault, you know? You can’t even walk right, and I had to carry you, so I couldn’t protect my eyes from that gust of dusty wind. I will have to spank and punish you for it when you recover.”

“You’re being mean again, but I like it when you tease me. Christopher, I am so glad to have met you.”

Maybe it was because of the medication, but I lost my vision once more. Darkness filled my eyes. Unfortunately, just before I lost my sight, I saw Lyle barging into the emergency room. I pointed in that direction and requested, “Chris, I don’t want to see that man. Will you chase him away? I don’t want to be bothered even at the last moments of my life.”

“Okay, I will kick him out right now. I will keep him away so that we’re the only ones here.”

"I'm sorry, Yvonne. I-I didn't know that you were sick, and I am so sorry," said Lyle, whose voice was getting softer and softer until it disappeared completely. The doctor put a pin on my finger soon after, and I guessed that they were measuring my heartbeat.

My anxiousness prompted me to wave my hand in the air. Luckily, Christopher came back soon after. I grinned in that direction and asked, "Chris, am I pretty?"

"Yes. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met."

"That's good. I'm pretty, and you're handsome, so we are a match made in heaven," I said as I caressed his face. My breathing could no longer get my body to keep functioning, so with great difficulty, I added, "Except right now, I really hope that you have never met me."

"No! Meeting you is the best thing that has ever happened to me, and I have no regrets!"

I couldn't make out what Christopher said afterward, and I felt weaker while my senses went numb. At that point, I couldn't even tell what the doctor was doing. All I knew was that I was getting colder, and my surrounding was becoming quieter. I was the only one left there, and I was slowly descending into darkness...

Chapter 339

I never realized that death was that sorrowful. I definitely didn't know that closing my eyes for the last time would be that pitiful. Christopher's heartbroken screams filled my ears, but as time passed, his voice became softer and more distant. The ceiling above me turned dark, and that darkness slowly spread until it consumed me.

It was a place without light, and I felt like I was the only one there. The dead silence told me that no one was there and that no one would go there either.

I thought that I would stay in that darkness for a long time, but I soon saw a dim light. It felt like the light was waving at me, so I ran toward it as quickly as I could. In the end, I stepped into the light.

I opened my eyes slowly and saw that Christopher was right in front of me. His eyes were bloodshot as he stared, and I reached out to caress his face. He held my hand quickly and put it on his cheek.

I tested the waters by pinching his cheek a little. He was soft and warm. Am I dreaming?

I stared at Christopher and parted my lips to speak. Unfortunately, no sound came. So this is a dream.

"Shh, don't talk. You developed a fever, and your throat is severely inflamed, so you can't talk now," explained Christopher softly as he helped me adjust my blanket.

This dream is so surreal. Christopher even explained why I can't speak! Just then, a doctor came in and injected some medication into my saline bag. The medication looked colorful and got me to rub my eyes a little. Those colors made me certain that I must be dreaming.

I had never seen medication in that color before.

“Is Eve up?” asked Sabrina. I forced my eyes open, and as suspected, I saw Sabrina heading over quickly. She was hugging Zachary’s arm and was staring at me with a worried gaze on her. Glee donned her face when she saw me opening my eyes. “Eve, how are you feeling?” asked Sabrina, “Is there any discomfort?”

I wasn’t feeling off, but my head was feeling dizzy. Everything felt surreal, and it was like I was hallucinating. I couldn’t speak, so I pointed at my lips to tell them that I had something to say.

“Are you thirsty?” asked Sabrina before she gestured for Christopher to pour some water.

Christopher, however, never moved a muscle. He replied, “The doctor just injected your throat with a strong medication, so you can’t drink water for now.”

I wet my lips a little. Yep, this is definitely a dream. There is no other explanation as to why Christopher wouldn’t let me have some water.

Sabrina crouched beside me and said, “You gotta get better quickly, okay? My wedding preparation is done, and all that’s left is for someone to fill in the spot of the bridesmaid. I am so nervous now because my baby bump is about to show. If you can’t make it to my wedding before my baby grows too big, my parents will learn about my secret, and they will kill me.”

I bulged my eyes. I can’t believe that Sabrina is pregnant. My gosh, they work so quickly! They had just gotten together, and now they’re expecting, I thought before I gave Sabrina a thumbs up. After considering the situation, I gave Zachary a thumbs up as well.

Zachary scratched the back of his head like he was embarrassed, but Sabrina grinned in exasperation. She complained, “For some unknown reason, I feel like punching something when you give me a thumbs up like that. Oh, I almost forgot. When will you be free? We’ve looked into the almanac and we’d like you to be our baby’s godmother. Will you do it?”

I grinned and nodded slightly. Thinking back, Sabrina and Zachary had been fooling around for some time, so it was expected that she got knocked up. One’s passionate while the other is shy, but they’re both inexperienced. They probably never even thought about birth control measures. I guess it’s only natural that she’d gotten pregnant.

“Come on, Eve just woke up, so don’t wear her out. Please go show your love off somewhere else,” said Christopher impatiently to chase the visitors away. Sabrina glared over at Christopher, but she tugged at Zachary before leaving while pouting.

Christopher turned back to me. He noticed how I was staring in the direction where Sabrina had left, so he stroked my hair to comfort me. He promised, “If you want, we can try having a baby as soon as you recover. I will love our child, regardless of whether we have a boy or girl.”

I pointed at myself to tell him that I wanted our firstborn to be a girl. Daughters are nice. They are more caring, and it’s better if the girl is a little older. If my son turns out to be a mischievous prankster, he will have to deal with the age gap first before he even considers going after his sister.

“Okay, then we’ll have a daughter first,” replied Christopher, who got my message and nodded.

Chapter 340

I didn’t know how long I was drowsy, but when I opened my eyes again, I was ambushed by the bright sunlight. That got me to close my eyes instinctively to let them adjust a little before I open them again. The warm light spread out on me and the entire room, and it painted the white walls into a beautiful gold.

Christopher opened the door and saw that I was up, so he poured me a cup of warm water. My throat was dry, so I downed every drop. Still, I was thirsty, so I stared at Christopher with my puppy eyes and requested, “Can I have some more?”

I was especially afraid of being parched after returning from the island. Even the slightest hint of thirst would prompt me to drink a ton of water. I wouldn’t feel safe until I had done that. Christopher poured me another glass of water, and I felt alive after I finished it.

I cleared my throat a little and was glad that my voice was finally less raspy. The next thing I did was to rub my tummy and say, “I’m hungry. Did you get me anything to eat?”

“I knew you’d be hungry once you’re up, so I had someone prepare this for you,” answered Christopher. He opened a thermos flask and placed it next to me. I held my spoon and sipped some soup. The taste was exquisite, so I bit my spoon and stared at Christopher as I drank. My smile had to be rather bright at the time.

“Christopher, I used to go to the restaurant to have the soup you prepared. I complained that it tasted bad when I first tried your cooking. Strangely, the soup tastes better after that. Did you secretly learn how to cook?”

Christopher showed no signs of being embarrassed despite the fact that I caught him doing something romantic from behind the scenes. He held his head up high and lied, “I am talented in everything, so I didn’t need to learn at all. I just watch the chef do it once and had it all down. Look at how you’re gloating. You must feel so honored to drink the soup I prepared.”

“Of course. I am so very honored,” I replied with a smile. I sweated a little after finishing my soup, so I lay down on the soft bed and curled up in the blanket. Throughout the entire process, I felt like I had forgotten something important. Then, it happened. My eyes suddenly bulged, and I turned to Christopher before I held his hand urgently and asked, “How am I not dead?”

Christopher was speechless. His lips twitched a little, and he probably thought that I was a little dumb for asking a question like that. He ended up knocking on my head a little and scolded, “Aren’t you reacting a little too weirdly? Also, never use the d-word again, got it?”

“Okay, but how is my condition? Don’t lie to me, Christopher. I want to know the truth,” I requested while hugging his neck. I needed him to face me and look right into my eyes so that he couldn’t lie.

Christopher stared at me. His expression was a little strange, but after a while, he carried me like a princess and walked toward the door. He informed, "I'll take you to the doctor, and he will tell you everything."

I felt anxious upon learning that I have to talk to the doctor again. It haunted me, and I worried that I'd hear bad news, so I kept rubbing my fingers nervously. It was so bad that I didn't even feel embarrassed when Christopher carried me and walked past all the nurses and doctors there.

My doctor was reading a report when he saw me enter. He greeted me with a smile, but the first thing I did was to ask the doctor about my condition.

The doctor cleared his throat a little before explaining simply, "The toxin in your body has more or less been cleared, and the blood clot in your eye has also dissolved completely. You won't have any trouble or lose your vision again. All you need to do is rest well and recuperate."

"Huh?" I blurted and blinked. What is that supposed to mean? I thought before I pointed at my head and swallowed hard. I asked nervously, "W-what about the tumor in my head?"

"Oh, you're actually fine, Ms. Tanner. A woman with the same name as you came to the hospital on the day you did. The time of two appointments was also close, so I mixed up your medical reports and ended up giving you the wrong news," answered the doctor, who finally moved his hand away from his eyes. The fresh bruise showed that he had been punched earlier. Still, he apologized bitterly, "I am so sorry, Ms. Tanner, for all the trouble I caused."

My mind turned robotic and spun as I tried to catch up with what the doctor said. Mixed up... does that mean...? "So, I don't have cancer. Is that it?" I asked numbly.