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I stared at the text message for a long time and couldn't believe my eyes. Since when did Christopher and Crystal become acquainted? To my knowledge, they had nothing to do with each other. However, it seemed to me that they were meeting up with each other behind my back.

I held my breath as I continued to stare at the text message. I tried to keep calm, but my breathing was becoming erratic, and my emotions were running wild.

What kind of relationship do they share?

Countless wild thoughts ran through my mind, almost overwhelming me. I inadvertently ended up looking at the notes on the table and my gaze settled upon the flamboyant handwriting.

I took a deep breath and calmed myself down. These romantic gestures from him definitely took him a lot of patience and care to make it happen.

How could I suspect Christopher based on a vague text message? I knew that it would be unfair to him if I were to judge him without listening to his explanation first.

I approached the couch slowly and sat down before taking a deep breath. It was only yesterday when Crystal came to look for me with the intention of provoking me. She probably found out about my relationship with Christopher and decided to provoke me in this manner.

I froze when that thought flashed through my mind. I slapped myself in the face and tugged at my own hair as punishment for doubting Christopher. I chuckled out loud, for I couldn't believe how foolish I was. If Christopher was interested in Crystal, then why would he come and play with my feelings? There was absolutely no need for him to do that.

It was also impossible to think that perhaps he fell in love with Crystal, and as such, was only doing her bidding by approaching me with the end goal of dumping me once I was in love with him. That kind of scenario only exists in dramas.

I did not how long I was stuck in my thoughts, but the next moment, the doorbell started to ring incessantly. Before I could get up to open the door, the door swung open by itself. Christopher scrambled in, dressed in his suit and leather shoes. When he saw me sitting on the couch, he strode over and sat by my side. "You're up early. Why didn't you sleep longer?"

I waved the phone in my hand and said with a smile, "You left your phone. Did you miss your flight?"

"It's no big deal. I'll just get another ticket." Christopher took the phone from my hand and put it in his pocket. When he saw that I was neatly dressed and there was a bag next to me, he asked, "You're heading out?"

"Yes. I've got to go to work." After seeing the text, I didn't believe that he had a plane to catch now. Otherwise, Crystal wouldn't have asked to meet up with him. There had to be something going on between Christopher and Crystal, and it probably had something to do with me. The thought of that was making me a little unhappy.

I felt uncomfortable knowing that my man was approached by a woman that I disliked. As such, I made a bold decision that I would get to the bottom of this.

"What work? You must be dazed with sleep. It's Saturday. Do you have to work extra hours with your kind of job?" Christopher tapped on my nose lightly, exasperated.

"Uh..." Hearing that, realization dawned on me that it was the weekend. D*mn it! I must have lost my mind after being provoked by Crystal yesterday. Of course, the main reason that I lost my mind was definitely the man who was smiling heartily in front of me.

I glared at him before getting up from the couch and pushed him out of the door. "Go and catch your flight. You're terribly late now. Don't complain if you missed an important meeting."

"I'll just blame it on my insatiable libido." I caught on to what he was implying at once.

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I pushed him out the door and into the elevator. Then, I pressed the button for the first floor and said, "Stop with the nonsense, or I'll get a courier to ship you abroad."

"You're so cruel. Aren't you going to give me a goodbye kiss before I leave? I..." His sentence was left hanging as I pressed my lips to his.

I kissed him the way he had kissed me—passionately and domineering. When he wanted to kiss me back, I took a few steps and exited the elevator. Just as Christopher was about to reach out to pull me back into the elevator, the elevator doors began to close. Before the doors were completely shut, I stuck out my tongue at him and smiled cheekily.

Christopher gritted his teeth in exasperation and annoyance. Right before the doors shut, I saw him raised his hands and made a gesture of grabbing my bosoms.

I understood what he meant. He was telling me that when we reunite later, he was going to ravage me and cover my fair body with red love marks. Hence, the nickname red bunny.

"You used to call me a little calf. And now I've turned into a red bunny," I muttered to myself.

"Both of you are so sweet and loving to each other. Just watching the two of you fills me with envy. Not to mention he's so handsome." A middle-aged woman, who had been watching us a few feet away, spoke to me with a kind smile.

Feeling rather embarrassed, I quickly waved my hand and said, "You've got it wrong. He's not my husband."

"He must be your boyfriend then. I'm a good judge of character, and I can tell that he'll be your husband in the future." The woman patted me on the shoulder and continued earnestly, "But next time, do keep it down a little at night. My granddaughter kept questioning me last night about a cat meowing away. I lied to her saying that it's just some cats fighting. She then told me she wanted to get up to look for the stray cat and give it a home. I can't go on lying to her now, can I?"

I was taken aback by her remarks, and I quickly apologized before rushing into the elevator and pressed for the doors to close. I was beyond embarrassed to know that my moaning was heard by somebody else other than Christopher.

This is all Christopher's fault! It was so embarrassing that I began to scold him inwardly. When I got out of the building, I caught sight of Christopher's car leaving. Wasting no time, I quickly hailed down a taxi and ordered the driver to follow his car.

Not long after, the car stopped at the entrance of Moon Village Restaurant. I took my time paying the taxi driver, waiting for Christopher to get out of his car and enter the restaurant. Once he disappeared behind the restaurant's entrance, I quickly got out of the taxi and followed him.

The taxi driver's voice came from behind me. "By the looks of it, I'm guessing you're here to catch your husband in the act of cheating, huh. You have my sympathy, Miss."

Caught by surprise, I lost my balance and almost fell flat on the floor. Fortunately, the valet caught hold of me just in time and helped me to my feet.

I crouched down and snuck into the restaurant like a thief. The place was crowded with people, but I was able to spot Christopher in no time. He was sitting at a cubicle next to a window, and Crystal was seated opposite of him. They appeared to be in the middle of browsing through the menu.

Seeing that, I had the urge to storm over, plop myself down on Christopher's lap, and sneer at Crystal before telling her to keep her hands off my man. But I kept myself in check because I was curious about their conversation.

Moon Village Restaurant was an Oriental restaurant, and they were renowned for their breakfast that was made by chefs from all over the country. Thanks to Sharon, I was able to patron this restaurant twice.

I pretended to look for a table and inched my way toward them. Just when I was halfway there, Christopher turned and looked in my direction. I quickly grabbed a menu on the table and used it to shield my face. After a while, I waited for him to turn away before starting toward them.

When Christopher turned in my direction again, our eyes met. When I saw that he had spotted me, I quickly turned and ran out of the restaurant. With my heart thumping, I stopped at the entrance and looked back. Surprisingly, Christopher didn't come after me, in fact, he was still looking in the direction where he spotted me. I followed his gaze and saw that there was a painting on the wall. I finally breathed a sigh of relief when I realized that he had been staring at the painting instead of me.

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Christopher was staring at a painting on the wall. I was relieved he didn't notice me.

"Miss, can I have the menu? You can't take this away." A waiter came up to me and reached out his hand.

I didn't want to attract any attention, so I murmured some random dishes and hid behind a partitioned table. I immediately slumped down into the seat and kept my ears open.

The waiter turned a blind eye to odd behavior. Soon, he returned with my first order. I ate and eavesdropped as they talk.

Since there was a small gap in the partition, I peeked. Christopher gracefully took a few bites of the exquisite bun before he sipped his soup as Crystal fidgeted in her seat.

"Christopher, why did you send those to me?" she asked anxiously.

"Let's talk after we eat. I'm starving," he replied nonchalantly. "Well, if you can't wait, you can leave now. And what I do with them will be none of your business."

It was rare to see her in shock. He had gotten hold of her Achilles' heel. I somehow felt contented to see her cornered.

"Fine.. I haven't had my breakfast as well, so let's eat." She shared some of her food with him and flashed an innocent smile. That b*tch! How dare she flirt with him!

However, Christopher left hers untouched and continued to eat his meal. When he'd finished, he drank another spoonful of soup before he gazed up at her. "I think you know how significant that thing is."

"Of course! That's why I'm sitting here with you now. What can I do to have it back?" Crystal set her fork down. Then she traced a finger seductively from her chin to her neck, stuck her tongue out, and licked her lips.

"Please, I will do anything. You have my word," she said with a breathy voice that could make men go wild.

I rolled my eyes and cringed. To distract myself, I ate. Suddenly, I coughed and spluttered my mouthful of food.

"Miss, are you okay?" a passing waiter asked politely. "If you can't handle the spiciness, try it with bread."

My mouth and throat were burning. It was too painful to speak, so I signaled her for a glass of water. She gazed at me with pity for a moment, then immediately did as told. I gulped the drink in one go. Eventually, I calmed down and thanked her.

"Haha!" Suddenly, I heard Christopher's laughter. How dare he smile! I'm going to teach him a lesson when he gets home. I pricked up my ears again and paid attention to their conversation.

"I can't do that. I've put so much effort to be a part of Vilas Art Exhibition. I can't give up my spot to someone else." Crystal declined.

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"You're very right. In fact, your effort is obvious in the piece of evidence which I have in my hands." Christopher smiled nonchalantly and continued, "But you need to be eligible to participate in the competition. If the rumor about you framing your senior reaches out to the public, do you think you can survive in the art industry?"

Crystal's expression changed drastically. After taking a deep breath to calm down, she pulled down her low-cut dress slightly and exposed breast cleavage. She sashayed over to him and planted herself on his lap.

Christopher had no choice but to wrap his hand around her tiny waist so she wouldn't fall. With a sexy smile, she raised her hands to touch his face, but he immediately grabbed her wrist. She then took advantage and pulled the back of his hands on her cheek. She made flirtatious eye contact with him.

"Christopher, is there something else I can do for you? I really can't agree to this. Please. You see, I've worked so hard for the spot in the competition. I'm sure you won't take it away from a weak girl like me?" she pleaded with her hand on his chest.

My heart was racing. At that moment, I vowed to leave him if he ever touched Crystal, who was the reason for my miserable life.

Anyway, why would he want her spot in the competition? Does he have an artist friend?

While I was battling my inner anxiety, Christopher shoved her to the ground. She let out a muffled groan as tears formed in her eyes.

He took out a handkerchief to wipe his hands and outfit. After he had done, he threw it into the trash can.

It infuriated Crystal. She got up onto her feet and bellowed, "What on earth do you want from me?" Her seduction had failed. "I can't just give you the qualifying ticket. Only the

notabilities can join the competition. If your friend is an unknown artist, they won't even let him enter the exhibition. Are you still insisting on it?"

Crystal's words hit him. She's right. I have to change the condition. "Alright, then. I'll sell the information to the reporters. I bet I can make a great deal from it."

She burst into tears. "Please. You don't have to do this. What did I do to deserve this?"

Christopher watched her pretty face, soaked with tears. After a long while, he suddenly slammed his hand on the table and said, "Oh, yeah! There's something else you can do for me."

"What is it?"

"I want you to make Lyle divorce Yvonne divorce within two weeks," he drawled.

For a few minutes, Crystal stood in stunned silence. "I've been trying, but Lyle can't decide between me and her," she said through gritted teeth.

"I don't care. If you can't do it, I'll pass the evidence to Sabrina. She is interested in you, after all."

Her face was distorted with rage. "Fine, I'll do it. But first, hand over the video."

"Sure!" Christopher sent the file to her and deleted his copy. "I hope you don't fail me. You don't want to test me."

"I won't!" When I saw Crystal turned around, I immediately hid behind the menu. Just as she was about to leave, she asked him, "By the way, why are you doing this?"

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"Well, I just can't stand the sight of you. Besides, I want to see you make a fool out of Lyle. Seriously, you two make a great couple." Christopher had a wicked grin as he narrowed his eyes.

Although Crystal was livid, she dared not confront him, so she stomped out. Her high heels echoed in the restaurant. He watched her until she walked out of sight before he stood up and left. He paused at the door and looked in my direction.

Oh, no! Did he see me? While I was in a panic, he left. I watched him drive away and for the waiter for the check.

"Miss, someone has paid your bill. He also wanted me to pass you this digestive tablet because you'll need it."

Confused, I asked, "Who?"

"You're not mute?" She was stunned. No wonder she gave me a pitying look when I was choked. Again, I asked, "Who do you mean? Is he the handsome guy in the black suit?"

"I'm sorry to let you down, but it was actually a lady," she faltered. I was dumbfounded.

Outside the restaurant, I slowed my pace to focus on my thoughts. He pretends he doesn't care about my divorce in front of Crystal. I know his motive. He wants her to pressure Lyle into it.

I was a little moved. Christopher had assisted me in so many things without my knowledge.

Did he know I was at the restaurant? I was still confused.

I must be down on my luck because I bumped into Yvette and Scarlet at a shopping mall when I was picking a shirt for Christopher. They pulled a mocking grin.

"Yvonne, are you shopping for Lyle? Oh, my. Do you still remember his size? By the way, does he have time to meet you at night? I mean, he basically lives in Tanner residence now."

"Yvonne, don't be so rude. Although your sister is not talented or pretty, you have to applaud her love for your brother-in-law. Okay?" Scarlett was a wolf in a sheep's clothing. Every time I was accused, she would make me suffer more by pretending to back me up.

"I know Yvonne loves him so much, but she is no match for Crystal. That woman said she was not feeling well this morning and was craving deer liver. The next moment, Lyle returned with the food to satisfy her. His unconditional love for her is real! Yvonne, you better divorce him before you ruin your own reputation. You certainly don't want to be left without a single cent." Yvette had a hint of smugness in her voice.

Scarlett chimed in. "Yvette, don't be so blunt. Your sister won't bear a grudge, but she will get upset."