

Chapter 92 A Smart Move

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Desperate to get through, he redialed multiple times, but to no avail.

A suffocating feeling gripped him as if he were running out of air.

He couldn't take it anymore. He stormed out of the office and raced to the underground parking lot, where his Maybach awaited.

The engine roared to life, and he sped off into the night, the stars twinkling above him.

Meanwhile, in an opulent bathroom of the Lambert family's house, Yolanda lay in the tub, her wrist decorated with a fake cut and smeared with fake blood.

Her phone rang incessantly, lighting up with dozens of missed calls. She was filled with smug satisfaction, basking in the knowledge that she had succeeded in her plan to deceive Liam.

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Yolanda gazed at her grandmother, admiration glimmering in her eyes. "Grandma, you're a genius!"

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"Ha! It's not a big deal. I always get what I want. That's how I managed to snare your grandfather," Vera boasted, her chest swelling with pride.

She picked up a fruit knife and handed it to Yolanda. "Once Liam arrives, I'll give you a sign. All you need to do is cut a shallow wound."

The cold gleam of the knife made Yolanda shiver. "Do we really have to go through with this? It's going to hurt..."

Vera's demeanor shifted, and she scolded Yolanda with a sharp tongue, "It's all your fault for treating Liam badly before. If you want to win his heart and become his wife again, you must be ruthless!"

"The future of the Lambert family rests on your shoulders, Yolanda. Someday, you'll take my place as the matriarch," Vera added with a stern tone.

Yolanda was surprised by the sudden attention from her grandmother, Vera.


In the past, Vera had always favored Andrew, and Yolanda was merely an afterthought.

But now, Yolanda felt a newfound importance attached to her that filled her with pride.

Overwhelmed with emotions, Yolanda made a solemn vow. "Grandma, you have my word. I'll do everything in my power to ensure that the Lambert family flourishes under my leadership."

Meanwhile, Liam was on his way to the Lambert family's house and made it there in a matter of ten minutes.

As Liam's car screeched to a halt outside the grand villa, Vera was lurking outside. Upon sighting Liam's car, she strode towards him, feigning a friendly smile and asked, "What brings you here, Liam? Are you here to see Yolanda?"

Liam's face was a mask of pure anger as he bolted inside the villa, screaming at the top of his lungs, "Where's Yolanda's bathroom? Take me there, now! She's hurt herself!" 

Vera's face immediately twisted into a look of horror as she clutched her chest in disbelief. "Yolanda! Oh no!" she cried, and then turned on her heels and rushed upstairs with Liam trailing closely behind.

As they were about to reach the upper floor, Vera dramatically tripped on the step, letting out a high-pitched shriek.

"Ah!" she howled. Her scream was so blood-curdling that Liam momentarily halted in his tracks, his heart pounding in his chest.

Although Liam was concerned, Vera vehemently urged him to move on without her. With tears in her eyes, she pointed toward the bathroom and yelled, "Go! Leave me! Find Yolanda and save her!"

Liam's heart was racing as he stormed towards the bathroom, his breaths becoming shallow and rapid.

Inside, Yolanda was trembling with fear and anticipation.

She had cut her wrist as instructed, but the pain was far worse than she had imagined.

Her entire body was shaking with agony, but she refused to make a sound.

As Liam burst into the bathroom, Yolanda closed her eyes and went limp. She didn't want to give away the fact that her "wound" was just a ruse.

Moments later, she felt Liam's strong arms enveloping her, holding her tight. It was a warm and comforting embrace.

Liam's heart raced with fear as he thought Yolanda was already in a coma. "Yolanda, don't leave me. Wake up. I'm here, I'm right here beside you." He gently shook her, hoping to rouse her from the deep slumber that had taken hold of her.

Yolanda's eyes fluttered open, and she saw Liam's anxious face. Her heart swelled with joy.

She knew that Liam loved her deeply, and now she was playing with fire, but she couldn't help it.

She weakly whispered, "Liam, I didn't betray you. I'm sorry for what I've done. Can you forgive me before I

depart from this world?"

Liam couldn't bear to see Yolanda in such a vulnerable state, and his eyes brimmed with tears.

"I forgive you, Yolanda. Please, don't talk like that. I will take you to the hospital. Please, hold on," he said as he lifted her up in his arms.

Yolanda was on the brink of confessing her love to Liam when a sharp pain shot through her wrist, causing her to lose more blood and her lips to pale.

Her eyes fluttered shut as weakness consumed her body.

When she awoke, she found herself in a hospital room.

"Liam, where are you?" she called out, scanning the room for any sign of him, but her search was in vain.

She felt a sharp pang of anger and disappointment, wondering why he had left her alone in such a state.

As Yolanda cried out Liam's name, Vera, sensing her distress, rushed into the room.

As the pain in her wrist overwhelmed her, Yolanda threw herself into Vera's arms and wept bitterly. "Grandma, he doesn't love me anymore..."

Vera gently patted her granddaughter's quivering shoulder, before slowly making her way to the door to lock it securely.

She returned to Yolanda with a sly smile. "Oh, my dear.

Do you really believe that Liam doesn't love you?"

Yolanda's tears continued to fall, her voice trembling as she replied, "If he truly loves me, why didn't he stay with me after I tried to end my life?"

Vera's smile grew wider, and her voice took on a mysterious tone. "I anticipated all of this, my child."

Frustration and confusion etched themselves into Yolanda's face.

"Why are you still smiling, Grandma? Without Liam, what are we going to do?"

Finally, Vera decided to put an end to the riddle. She grinned triumphantly, "It was late last night, so I asked Liam to go home and rest. Initially, he refused to leave, but I urged him several times before he departed. He adores you, darling."

Hope bloomed in Yolanda's chest like a fragile flower. She felt like she was walking on air.

"Grandma," she exclaimed, "why did you ask him to go home? Wouldn't it have been better if he had stayed? I want to call Liam now!"

"Absolutely not!" Vera exclaimed, halting Yolanda's plan to call Liam. "He needs to feel like he's missing you and wondering about your state. The longer you hold off, the more he'll start to fret about you, and the more he'll want to come running back to you!"

Vera shook her head with a wise expression, adding, "Remember, men don't fancy women who appear too needy. It's crucial to keep some distance if you want to maintain his love for you."

Yolanda marveled at her grandmother's sagacious advice. "Grandma, you truly have a way with men!"

Yolanda's emotions were still running high, but she took a deep breath and then felt a sharp pain shooting from her wrist.

She gazed at her well-wrapped wrist, and her thoughts shifted to the possibility of a scar. Worriedly, she asked her grandmother, "Grandma, do you think there will be a scar on my wrist? Will Liam dislike me for it in the future? What if we get married someday, and I look ugly?"

A reassuring smile graced Vera's face, and she replied, "No, my dear, there won't be any scars. Liam had already arranged for the best doctors to treat you last night. They assured us that there would be no trace of your injury left behind."


In fact, Vera thought it was better if there was a scar left, as it would be a constant reminder to Liam of the incident and his love for Yolanda.

Yolanda felt reassured by Vera's words and made a silent vow to do everything in her power to win Liam's affection and keep it forever.

As the minutes ticked by, the early morning light began to filter into the ward.

Suddenly, the door creaked open and Liam appeared.



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