

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 221

Dreams were great. In there, Christopher explained everything to me. He was terribly worried too. How nice it would be if reality were the same. Silently, I wept. No one would know if I ever did that in a dream. I could cry to my heart's content without having to care what anybody thought.

A pair of hands gently wiped away the tears from the corners of my eyes. It must be Christopher's hands. They were so warm. I hoped I never had to wake up from this dream.

"Christopher... Christopher..." I called his name in between sobs as I buried myself in his arms.

I was soon awakened by the divine aroma of food. Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I sat up on the bed. Christopher was in front of the dressing table, smoking quietly. An orange-reddish glow flickered near his lips while the wisps of smoke shrouded his dark eyes, so much so that I could not catch the light in his orbs.

"Oh, you're awake. I've prepared some food for you. Come eat." Christopher stubbed out his cigarette and opened the windows, inviting the wind.

I got up from the bed, allowing my warm body to be exposed to the air. Christopher grabbed a thick garment from the wardrobe and put it on me. "It's gotten cold recently. You should wear more layers."

I touched the cotton-based top covering me. It was a Chanel product that was quite expensive. Basically, the designer outfits in the wardrobe were all supplied by

Christopher. I had never purchased such high-end fashion for myself. The size fitted me

just right, and the style suited my taste. He knew every inch of my body better than I

knew myself.

Looking up at him, I was surprised to see how pale he was. I had not seen him in two

days, yet he appeared as though he had not rested in a long time.

Exhaustion loomed

over him. There were dark circles under his bloodshot eyes, and the stubble on his chin

had clearly been overlooked.

Has he been that busy?

I got dressed, took a quick shower, and came to the dining table. A marvelous meal

containing all my favorite dishes had been prepared. Christopher's cooking skills were

greatly improving. In the past, his food was either too salty or too bland; he sometimes

added too much salt, and other times, not enough. Now, all the food he cooked was

tailored according to what I like.

Is this a farewell feast? I helped myself to a piece of crab. and managed to dig up some

crab roe. Christopher grabbed a porcelain bowl, his fair fingers holding onto the edge.

So slender they were, much more eye-catching than the porcelain bowl in his hand.

Using a ladle, he scooped some soup and poured it into a bowl for me.

"It's chicken

broth. Helps replenish the blood. Drink up."

I felt that our relationship seemed to have taken a one-eighty. On the day he left, no

matter what I said or how I acted, all he did was ignore me. He did not say a word. Now,

he was the one who spoke, but it was my turn to go mum.

I did not know what to say, and I dared not ask him when he planned to marry Monica. I

feared I could not accept it if it were to happen soon. I also dared not ask him what he

planned to do with me after he and Monica got engaged.

I forced myself to gulp some food even though I did not have much of an appetite.

When I put down my fork and intended to put away the food, Christopher stopped me. He chided me, saying that I had not eaten my fill. Stubbornly, he scooped more food onto my plate and refilled my bowl of soup, sternly instructing me to gobble them up. Not wanting to disappoint him, I picked up the utensils to start eating. In a few short minutes, I emptied my plate. When I was done, I took to clean up the table when he pulled me back and pressed me onto the couch. "Your wounds aren't completely healed yet. Just stay here and rest." I merely smiled and said nothing. I looked on affectionately as he got busy in the kitchen. When he came out and lifted me onto his lap, I looked up and stroked his face. That was when I finally opened my mouth to ask, "When shall I move out?" If Christopher wanted me out of his sight right then, I would gladly oblige. When the man registered my query, his face fell. He tossed me aside and narrowed his eyes at me. Vigorous anger-filled those orbs as the raging storm around him sought to destroy me. He's mad again! A moment later, I heard him snort. He turned around and strode out, slamming the door behind him. I was left alone, staring blankly at the closed door. Soon after, I came back to my senses. I rose to my feet and rushed to the door. I opened it and gave chase. I still wanted him to stay with me in the short time we had left.

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I thought I would be chasing after his shadow as I had done during the day, begging

him not to leave. But I had barely made my way out the door when I saw him hastily making his way back. To my dismay, I could not stop myself in time for I was running too fast. I fell into his arms when our bodies collided. He had a firm chest, as solid as a rock, so when I bumped into him — nose first — the pain caused me to tear up. I pounded his chest with all my might, crying at the same time. “You think you’re all that just because you have sturdy pecs? You think you can have your way with other people?” He gripped my hand. Then, like a hawk who had caught its prey, he brought me inside and tossed me on the bed. He barked at me, “Yvonne, you idiot! Do you want to piss me off? Is that it?” “Yeah? So what if I do? You’re a jerk, a stupid jerk!” Following my aching nose, tears flowed down my cheeks as a way to conceal the pain in my heart. “You think you’re pissed? I’ve been pissed for longer than you have!” I let you stay with me. I turned a blind eye when you got engaged to another woman. I allowed you to pretend not to know me when we crossed paths. Urgh, I want to bite you! I kept cursing him in my mind as I bit on his fingers, face, and neck. However, Christopher was no pushover. With his finger tightly gripping my waist, he started tearing at my clothes, biting my lips harshly whenever he could. Something like this could easily lead to another. I longed for his touch, for him to hug me, so much so that I deliberately rubbed myself onto him. He’s obviously mine. Why should I give him up? I know I’m cheap. If someone treats me well, I want them all to myself. But this was Christopher we were talking about. He has always been kind to me. If I

could put aside my dignity for two years, as I did for Lyle, why can't I do it for

Christopher? Why can't I strive to make him mine?

I soon felt something hard poking my lower abdomen. Christopher had me pressed on

the bed. Despite this compromising position, I was indignant. I turned over so that he

was under me. But, for once, I was too aggressive, and both of us rolled onto the floor.

He cushioned my fall, so I was fine. When I was on top of him, I extended an arm to grab

hold of his belt. I fiddled with it but to no avail. It would not come off. I was not familiar

with belts, after all. So I changed my mind and aimed for his buttons instead.

Christopher held my waist, wrapped his arms around me, and pushed me back. Of

course, a woman's strength could not compare to that of a man, so I was instantly

flipped over. We rolled around on the floor, Christopher and I, until we reached a corner

of the room. Fortunately, the floor was soft and carpeted.

Fighting at close quarters like this was particularly exciting. We exchanged blows like a

game of chess. After a while, we were out of our clothes and facing each other.

Christopher sank his teeth on my shoulder and I, not willing to be outdone, gnawed at

his neck like he was a piece of drumstick.

"Now, do you know what you did wrong?" The man tightly clenched my jaw and sucked

on my lips. His cold fingers traced across the wound on my arm before rubbed his cheek

against it. His fingers gradually reached down and lifted my foot, providing him a better

view when he examined my ankle.

"I don't. I really don't! Lyle's my ex-husband now, you know that. Do you still intend to

come between us and whatever conflicts we have? You're unreasonable, you know? I did

nothing wrong, and I never have.” I kept my chin up, refusing to give in. All of a sudden, Christopher entered me, not giving me time to prepare. I arched my back, unable to speak, then I leaned in his arms, convulsing all over. He merely paused, giving me time to adapt to the feeling, and when I did, he continued with his frenzy.

I rolled around on the floor as Christopher had his way with me, but he was not satisfied.

While he was doing that, he kept asking me the same question, probing for an answer.

“Say it, what have you done wrong?”

I must have been dizzy by then. I remained stubborn as I tried to cooperate with him. “I

didn’t do anything! You b*stard! Idiot! Liar! I’ll bite you, clamp you tight, suck you dry...”

Christopher frowned at my response. He said nothing as he continued to torture me,

and after each deed, he would lift my head and ask whether I knew what I had done

wrong.

“I did... nothing wrong... You b*stard... You’re engaged... F*ck off! Go look for your fiancée.”

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Physical intimacy was a pretty strange act. I did not like the feeling at the beginning, but

as things progressed I grew to like it. However, it gradually made me uncomfortable

again. Yet, Christopher was still angry at me. He kept on biting my sensitive skin,

demanding me to admit my mistake.

In the end, I could not bear it anymore. I burst into tears, but my wailing did nothing to

quell the beast within him. Instead, it somehow spiced up our little sport.

It did not stop

him from pursuing his own release.

Right then, I came to a complete understanding of Christopher's terrifying physical prowess. I was exhausted from all the action, having lost every bit of strength that the only thing I could do was breathe. Sleep overtook me eventually. In a daze, I felt a hand stroking my face, and then my back. It offered a cooling touch. Christopher must be changing my bandages. When he began massaging my ankle, I finally managed to open my tired eyes. "You're awake?" The man leaned over to check on me, his face sullen. I noticed his hair was wet. Deep down, I was still mad at him, so I yelled, "Just so you can continue!" "Do you have to be like this?" Christopher's face darkened. "That's the way I am. Do you have a problem with it?" I turned my head away because I did not want to look at him. "I swear, one of these days I'll break that attitude of yours!" Christopher let out a low growl as he lifted the covers and got on top of me again. I tried to struggle, but it had little effect on him. To a strong man like him, it was nothing more than a tickle or an itch. With no way out, I looked up at the ceiling and bit my lips. Occasionally, when it got too painful, I let out a whimper. It turned out that exhaustion could offset every single shred of joy, just like what I was experiencing then. Christopher and I had merged into one, but all I wanted to do was close my eyes and get a good night's sleep. In ancient times, this would be considered a kind of torture. They would keep the prisoner awake, prevent them from falling sleeping. Even if they wanted to, they would be woken. It was a form of mental torture. Christopher was definitely a jack-of-all-trades. Sometime later, I fainted again.

We did not reconcile. When I woke up, Christopher charged at me again. It was madness! I did not know how many days had passed, but we kept on going for some time, only stopping for food and to use the toilet. Other than those, I basically never left the luxurious bed. Christopher seemed to dedicate all his energy to be spent in these few, short days, and every time he would not stop until he had stripped me of my consciousness.

Ring... Ring...

I woke up to the sounds of the wind chimes hanging from the window. When I opened my eyes, I felt odd. My body was in an erratic state — it did not feel like it was mine. Even the simplest action of peeling off the covers took a ton of effort. “I’ve made some soup for you. It’s still hot. You should have some.” Christopher walked over to me and propped me up so that I was leaning against the headboard. When his broad hands wrapped around my feet, I flinched out of reflex. He chuckled when he saw my reaction. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson. I thought I could never tame you.”

Devoid of energy, I just glared at him. “It’s none of your business!” “Huh, I guess you haven’t.” Christopher knitted his eyebrows, looking equally troubled and defeated. A bitter smile crossed his face as he sighed. Holding me in his arms, he said, “Is it really that hard to say you’re sorry?”

Clinging onto him, tears escaped my eyes. I could no longer hold them back. I had always been a sucker for the gentle approach. When Christopher chided me, I was adamant that I had done nothing wrong. Once his tone softened, even slightly, all my grievances poured out like a raging river, as though I had just found an exit.

“I was wrong, okay. Christopher, I was wrong,” I whimpered. “Don’t stay mad at me. Can you do that? I’m scared... I’m scared that you don’t care about me anymore.”

“Silly girl!” The man pressed his forehead on mine and gently wiped away my tears. “Do you know how scared I was that day when I witnessed that man stab you with that sharp knife? Any closer and I would have lost you forever.”

“I’m so sorry! I’ve let you down.” I could not control my tears. I knew always made him worry, getting myself hurt in turn. It was my fault.

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“Yes, you’ve let me down. You promised me you would protect yourself, but it seems

like you keep running into danger wherever you go. I’ve even thought about how I

won’t have a reason to live anymore if you die.”

Christopher stared deeply at me. There was a flicker of pain in his eyes, mixed with a

shred of overwhelming anxiety and fear.

I could tell that he was really afraid. Otherwise, how could a man as tough as he was—a

man who would not even blink in the face of a gunshot—bear such a panicked

expression on his face?

“Don’t say that!” I covered his mouth. “If it helps, I promise, the next time I sense danger,

I’m going to avoid it like the plague. I won’t go charging in again, guns blazing.”

“You mean there’s going to be a „next time“?” Christopher raised an eyebrow.

“No! Absolutely not! This is the last one.” I quickly waved my hands to show that I had

learned my mistake. In my mind, I used to think Christopher got mad because he saw

Lyle and I in each other’s arms. He might have thought we still kept in touch. Hence, his

disappointment turned into rage.

I had never once considered that he was furious because I did not know how to protect myself.

How am I worthy of this man's attention?

"The next time you see me angry, you should come forward to coax me, comfort me.

Don't get all tensed up and go off the deep end on your own. If you see me on the

streets, you should stop me. Treat me to a meal or grab me a cup of coffee as an

apology. Don't act like you don't know me." Christopher began to list out my faults one

by one.

Not to be outdone, I snapped back, "Well, next time you see me in a bad mood, you are

not to ignore me. Talk to me if you have any issues. It's not like you don't know I can be

as stubborn as a mule. The more you rage, the more persistent I get.

Can't we just talk

things out?"

"Are you reasoning with me?" Christopher brushed my nose with the tip of his finger

lightly.

In the end, both of us promised that whatever happened in future conflicts, we would

reflect on our mistakes and communicate nicely. No more cold shoulders.

Problem

resolved.

We still had other issues to settle, but as long as he would listen to me, the rest did not

seem as important as I thought they should be. I did not ask about

Monica because I did

not want to ruin a good moment.

Christopher did not mention anything to me either. I stayed at home to rest for the

whole day. When I went outside for a short walk, I felt completely alive.

As I walked, I

massaged my sore neck. Even with clothes on, I could see the dense row of hickeys

Christopher had planted there. My mouth twitched at that. It would be a few days

before I would dare to go out in public.

Plus, I did not own a turtleneck sweater high enough to hide all the hickeys. People

would notice them eventually, and that would certainly be embarrassing.

Christopher, on the other hand, seemed to be full of vim and vigor. After walking a

certain distance, he pummeled his back and sighed, "Gosh, my back is killing me!"

Rolling my eyes at him, I mumbled, "And here I thought you're as fit as a fiddle. What's

wrong? Is too much sex taking a toll on you? Figures."

The man smirked. He raised a brow proudly and said, "Worry about yourself. My goal in

life is to conquer you."

What does he mean by that? How disappointing. If that's the way he sees it, his mission

was completed right after we had a one-night stand. Why does he have to call me his

lifetime goal?

"That's a lousy goal. Can't you think of something else, like conquering the sea of stars,

for instance?"

"The sea of stars cannot compete with your beauty. I'm sure of that."

"Oh, bother! Just shower me with praises, why don't you?"

After a day spent loitering in the house, I waited for the sun to rise. I sat in front of the

dressing table, staring at the faded hickeys in the mirror. They looked like a dense bush;

Christopher had planted them so close to one another. Gah, I'll stay in for one more day.

"Why don't you take a day off? You're just going to get a telling off if you go anyway."

Christopher grabbed my waist from behind.

At that, I giggled. I had already been dismissed, so applying for leave was moot. "No

need for that. I don't want to work there anymore, so it doesn't matter if I don't go. You

said you "I'll take care of me for the rest of my life. Does the offer still stand?"

Christopher shot me a knowing look. "Are you being bullied at work?"

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"No, my colleagues and manager at the office are very nice to me. I'm just tired of going

to work. You gave me an invitation, no? I'm thinking of just trying my hand at painting

and joining the selection this time. What do you think?" I murmured with a smile.

"Sure. No matter your choice, I'll support you." Christopher didn't pursue the question

further.

In truth, I was planning to look for a job. I decided not to tell him about the trivial matter

of me having been dismissed. After all, I would lose him in the end if he were destined

to be engaged to Monica, so I had to learn to stand on my own two feet.

Fortunately, it wasn't difficult to be independent. Just like before, there were plenty of

jobs available. I wasn't picky, so I didn't mind even if it were delivering newspapers or

parcels as long as I could support myself. It was no secret that I was the ex-wife of Lyle

Smith in the entire Avenport, so those white-collar employees naturally resented having

me work at their office.

After having disappeared for a few days, Sabrina suddenly appeared at the door of my

apartment. She was dressed much more conservatively than before, with her dress

falling below her knees. Nonetheless, her long and slender legs were still very alluring.

Her makeup wasn't as heavy as before, the subtle enhancement rendering her

refreshing and incredibly stunning.

I was gobsmacked the moment I laid eyes on her. Whoa! Love is truly something else. It

has transformed a tantalizing beauty, who once radiated bold sultriness, into an

innocent maiden!

“Hey! Is it necessary to stare at me for such a long time when I’ve just changed my

dressing and makeup style? No matter how intent you scrutinize me, you can’t compare

to my beauty.” Sabrina nudged me with a snort.

“Indeed, I’m no match for your beauty. I was just astonished. Have you always had

feelings for Zachary? There seemed to be sparks flying between the two of you back at

Lane residence then.”

Opening the door, I tossed the key on the table. When I turned around to pour Sabrina

a glass of water, she snickered out of the blue. With a pair of men’s briefs hooked on a

finger, she brandished it in front of me. “Look at the hickeys on your neck first before

turning on me. From the sheer number of hickeys, I’d say that the two of you have been

going at it like rabbits for the past few days.”

With my cheeks aflame, I rushed forward and snatched the briefs from her hands before

shoving them into the washing machine. I had messed around with Christopher on the

couch last night, so I woke up very late this morning. I had already checked my neck

carefully when I eliminated all traces of our passionate night, so I didn’t expect something to have slipped past me in the gap in the couch.

Can I say we hadn’t been going at it like rabbits in the past two days but the two days

before that? If she showed up a few days earlier, neither I nor Christopher would’ve had

time to entertain her. Right then, we would’ve been between the sheets, tussling on the

bed.

“So what? Isn’t it normal to be going at it like rabbits? It’s only natural for a couple to be

intimate. Don't tell me you're still at the stage of holding hands with Zachary. I'm not going to believe that!"

It was a casual remark, but Sabrina instantly looked as though she was going to break down in tears. She sprang to her feet, swishing her dress so much that she was flashing me. Covering her face with both hands, she lamented, "Please don't remind me of that. I've already employed every trick up my sleeve to entice him, but to no avail. I wore my most beautiful semi-translucent nightgown and flounced myself before him, yet he could calmly drape his jacket over me and sit there sipping tea. I'm even wondering whether I'm not feminine enough to beguile him."

"Hmm? Aren't men very much aggressive in this aspect?" I rubbed my chin. Well, comparing Christopher with him, they're as different as chalk and cheese!

"Aggressive, my foot! He'll even blush when we hold hands. Worse still, he forbade us from wearing matching outfits and hugging on the streets. Even kissing is only allowed after meeting my parents, and sex is reserved for after marriage. Last night, he even told me in all seriousness that the only things we'll be doing, now that we're dating, are holding hands, going to the movies, and having meals together. That's all!"

Sabrina then threw herself onto the couch in a huff. "I feel really defeated. I've offered myself to him on a silver platter, yet he's still unmoved. Is he a saint?"

"What an innocent man!" I exclaimed in admiration, my eyes going wide. Ah, he sounds exactly like the kind of man who's particularly responsible! When a woman marries him, she'll definitely have no fear that he'll fool around outside.

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“Innocent my foot! He’s secretly reading X-rated novels and lied to me that it was teaching materials for military use. If I hadn’t spotted them when I was cleaning in the morning, I would’ve really thought that he didn’t know anything at all! What a jerk!”

With an exceedingly frustrated expression on her face, Sabrina tapped her leg on the coffee table. Eyeing her, I dissolved into laughter, sauntering over and plopping down beside her. “Well, I think you simply can’t wait to get married, eager to make things official with your Prince Charming. In that case, why don’t you just hold a grand wedding with Zachary? With that, the home run you’re hankering after will be a reality soon enough.”

“My mother is still traveling the globe, and my father is trying to persuade her back so that he can work on giving me a brother. How is he to meet my parents when both of them are away?”

Honestly speaking, the Zimmer family was indeed very bizarre. Their businesses were vast, but every patriarch had a cavalier attitude. In the previous generation, it was a renowned wastrel who invested in everything and suffered massive losses. In the end, he miraculously recouped his losses with a single project. And in the generation before that, it was a rake who was showered with affection — his life a mess with women fighting over him. He didn’t pay any mind to the family business. As such, it was truly a miracle that the family hadn’t gone bankrupt by the time Sabrina’s father took over the reins. The man was unreliable as well, galloping all over the globe with his wife. He entrusted all company matters to the vice president, so it was a wonder that he hadn’t been swindled.

Christopher had told me that he wasn't coming back today since he had something important to handle, but I didn't ask him where he was going. Unlike me, he still had family and friends, so he naturally couldn't stick with me every day. Not in the mood to cook dinner, I took Sabrina out for a meal. On our way to dinner, we bumped into Zachary, who drove past with a group of men all dressed in military uniforms. It seemed as though they were protecting some big shot, so Sabrina didn't greet him impulsively. She merely wound down the car window and stared at him. The moment Zachary looked in our direction, he immediately flashed his headlights thrice. It wasn't until he disappeared from sight did Sabrina marvel, "How handsome! He's built according to my specifications! It'll really be a travesty of our meeting if I don't put my stamp of ownership on him and bring him home." I reached out and flicked the headlights a few times. Every time Christopher left, he likewise loved to flash his headlights thrice at me. I asked him what it meant, but he acted all secretive and refused to tell me. "Sabby, was there any meaning when you flashed the headlights thrice just now? Or was it simply to apprise Zachary of your presence?" At that, Sabrina beamed from ear to ear. "Don't you know the meaning of that? You're really behind things, girl. Flashing the headlights thrice means „I love you.“ I was expressing my abiding love to him." "Huh?" I blinked. So, that's what it means by flashing the headlights thrice. No wonder Christopher always flashes his headlights at me! All at once, a sense of warmth suffused me. Fishing out the lollipop he bought me yesterday, I unwrapped it and placed it into my mouth. The sweet caramel taste spread from my tongue to my heart.

I then sent Christopher a text: The lollipop tastes great. I love it!
Remember to have your
dinner.

In no time, the man replied: I'm having dinner now. My mother is
having a fit, and the
entire family doesn't know why. Meanwhile, my father is prepared to
be punished
however she sees fit. Women are truly scary when they get up in arms.
Can you please
don't punish me in the future? Then, he even added an emoji at the
end.

My fingers brushed against the image of the emoji. The familial bond
among the Lane
family is truly wonderful! From his words alone, I could sense that they
were an
incredibly happy family. I then countered in another message: What
about kicking you
out of the room instead, then?

In response, Christopher sent a row of crying emojis before ending it
with a hug,
writing: Then, I'll suffer the punishment with you. I'll take the bottom
while you take the
top.

Oh God, the conversation took a suggestive turn all of a sudden! What
strange things
were in those X-rated books he read that he has such a great desire to
explore in bed?

After ending the conversation with him, I glimpsed a banner on the wall
outside the car
window. Recalling Christopher's impending engagement to Monica, I
asked, "Sabby,
when do you think Christopher is going to get engaged to Monica?"

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Upon hearing that, my friend turned to me with a piercing expression on
her face. Then,
she rolled her eyes at me. "Say, what's playing in your brain all day long,
Eve? You've got
to be firm in some things and yield in others. Life is a gamble. Show your
hand when

you sense that things are amiss. Conversely, you can't waver if you think that you can win. Otherwise, you'll lose everything you have. Do you understand me?"

"Uh... Sabby, I'm a bit lost now that you're speaking metaphorically with me." My mind was chock-full of scenes depicting Christopher and Monica's engagement, my imagination supplying me with resplendent and grand images that I simply couldn't shake off.

"I mean, you have to be firm when you've made your decision. Do you get it now?"

Sabrina was rendered speechless at my obtuseness.

Likewise, I was flabbergasted. "Can you please speak English?"

Growing irate, Sabrina thumped the steering wheel hard. Then, she reached out and

pinched my cheeks forcefully, only dropping her hands when my face was almost

squashed. "How could you have so little confidence in my idol? Is he a shameless jerk

like Lyle?"

At that, the corners of my mouth twitched, and I sighed. "Sabby, if I hadn't known that

you like Zachary, I would really suspect that you have a crush on Christopher. How on

earth did he brainwash you that you trust him so much? It's as though you trust him in

everything he does."

"Of course! Zach said that Christopher is honorable and responsible.

He's a man who

will never change his mind once he has decided upon something. Zach definitely won't

lie to me, so I'm naturally in favor of my idol getting together with you!"

Flooring the gas pedal, Sabrina drove me to the mall. As she pointed at the throng of

women coming and going, she commented, "Look, people bustle and hustle around,

but they all seek different things. A simple woman like you, for instance, seeks

confidence. Come with me. I'll take you for a makeover so that you'll become a woman worthy of Christopher."

I felt that her words indeed made sense. My lack of confidence in Christopher wasn't because I didn't trust him. On the contrary, I didn't trust myself. Since he loves me so much, why am I so adamant about remaining dowdy? Thus, I tried on beautiful clothes one after another and bought tons of the trending new styles for every season at Sabrina's advisement to present myself better. Finally, we went to the cosmetics shop and bought the most popular cosmetics nowadays.

When I paid with my card, it maxed out. I had no way of footing the bill, but Sabrina waved a dismissive hand and said to consider it a gift for my pursuit of happiness. "You owe me a favor, so it means that your man owes me a favor. If there are any good projects in the future, I can ask my idol for them! This investment is undoubtedly worth it! Eve, you're sure to be my lucky star in due course!"

"Alright, then. I'll tell him to keep the good stuff for your family business." I gazed at my reflection in the mirror. I had to admit that I indeed looked good after the makeup artist touched up my makeup; my countenance was delicate and my smile was sweet.

Just when we had exited the mall, Sabrina ruthlessly kicked me out of the car. Claiming that it wasn't appropriate to have me as the third wheel since she was going on a date with Zachary, she told me to ask her idol out to keep me company instead.

As I choked on the cloud of smoke she left behind, I was gripped by the urge to yell out that we shouldn't meet anymore since our friendship had now ended. Trudging across the plaza, I sat down on the bench with a hand propped against my

chin. I braced myself to watch the announcement of Christopher and Monica's engagement once again. Perhaps I might calm down after watching it a few more times.

After all, confidence only comes in desperate times.

A while later, Christopher's handsome countenance manifested on the huge screen. He

was sitting on the couch casually in a dark gray suit with a reporter interviewing him at

the side. Oh my God, it's the latest news! Even as I perked up my ears, my eyes remained

riveted on the screen without blinking even once.

"Mr. Lane, has a date been set for your engagement with the lady of the Martin family?"

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Chapter 228

When I heard that, apprehension assailed me — I felt as though I was the person being

interviewed. As I was afraid of hearing something I wouldn't be able to accept, my heart

hammered wildly. Throughout it all, I held my breath in fear that I might mishear a

single word.

With a hand propped under his chin, Christopher lounged on the sofa languidly. It was a

simple posture, yet he emanated regality, making many of the women standing below

the screen shriek in excitement. A few brazen women even started whistling,

commending his good looks.

"I'll have to disappoint you about the engagement date. I'll be taking legal action

against the media channels that used groundless gossip to attract readers or viewers to

protect my rights. Monica and I are good friends who grew up together. Our

relationship is as close as siblings, and there are no romantic entanglements between us

as rumored."

All of a sudden, Christopher's eyes turned cold and piercing. Stricken by terror, the reporter stammered, "Um... Then, what did it mean when you sent Ms. Martin roses during her piano recital?"

"This sister of mine loves roses, so she would've probably been displeased had I given her any other flowers. I didn't want to upset her, for she would complain to my mother, saying I bullied her. Honestly speaking, my mother loves her like a goddaughter, so I'm also happy to have such a sister on whom I can shower my affections."

Picking up his teacup, Christopher took a sip of tea. As he dragged his finger along the porcelain cup, the smile on his face widened. "She's very popular in Avenport, so please don't impede her from finding her own happiness with false reporting. That will really place me in a pickle."

"Oh, it turns out that the two of you are god-siblings. In that case, what's your requirement for an ideal partner, Mr. Lane? Would you mind telling us that?" the reporter inquired.

Lifting his head, Christopher looked right into the camera. His eyes shone with tenderness, and his gaze turned incredibly gentle. With a faint smile, he answered, "My partner doesn't need to be incredibly smart. I find it adorable when she bumbles about. I like someone who'll act coquettish with me and love eating my cooking. Even if it's half-cooked, she'll still eat it without any change in expression. Most importantly, she'll only love me. Then, I'll treasure, indulge, and protect her. I will make her the happiest woman in the world."

"It looks like your future wife will certainly be the happiest woman in the world, Mr. Lane."

Right then, my heart was racing madly, threatening to pound right out of my chest. I

couldn't control the smile blossoming on my face. As I placed my hand against my heart and sensed my heartbeat, my lips split into a grin, and I grinned like an idiot.

The truth is, Christopher was well aware of my concerns. He didn't use worthless words

for trifling explanations to comfort me. Instead, he employed such a method to confess

his abiding love for me on the huge screen!

His thoughtfulness hit me squarely in the chest, making me fall head over heels for him

once more. If he were in front of me then, I would definitely throw myself at him and

blurt out everything I want to tell him.

How can he be so good to me? He gives me everything I want in the best way possible.

I love you, Christopher Lane! I love you! These words echoed in my mind on a loop, and

I sprinted all the way back to our house. Yesterday, I was wondering about moving out,

but I now flung myself onto the bed like a child. A bubble of bliss enveloped me as I

rolled all over the bed.

The urge to send Christopher a message to tell him of my present feelings hit me, but I

then felt that it wasn't solemn enough. In the end, I sat on the bed and awaited his

return foolishly with my cell phone in hand.

Even when I woke up in the middle of the night, groggy with sleep, Christopher still

hadn't come back. Despite thinking that he wasn't returning that night, there wasn't a

trace of dejection within me. Surprisingly, I felt at ease although he wasn't by my side. I

spread out the canvas again and started painting. Shortly after, a light bulb went off in

my head.

I should paint how happy I feel on this canvas and use it to join the youth art exhibition

this time! I'm going to show everyone my talent and no longer muddle through life.

Most importantly, I want to transform myself into a woman who's worthy of Christopher

instead of waiting for him to change my circumstances!

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Happiness was a very abstract word. One could only sense it in contrast, but I could

infuse my happiness in each stroke of my brush so that others could perceive it. I

wanted to share it with them and have them envy me.

The long night passed in a blur. When the first rays of sunlight flooded in, I took a good

look at my painting. By then, the half-done painting I had intermittently worked on was

basically completed. The only thing left was the final coating.

Yawning, I decided to drink some water before getting some sleep.

When it came to

painting, it was natural to work overnight as inspiration struck, but extreme fatigue

would also affect its quality. I couldn't allow the painting to have the slightest flaw, for I

would be the butt of the joke if it happened to be eliminated during the first selection.

Ambling into the kitchen, I got myself a piece of toast and stuffed it into my mouth.

Then, I went to heat up some milk. At that precise moment, the sound of the door lock

turning sounded. As soon as I heard it, I left the glass on the countertop and rushed out.

I was greeted by the sight of Christopher with his back to me; he was closing the door

and changing into slippers.

I flew toward him, hugging him from the back. Going on tiptoes, I pecked him on the

cheek. Christopher instantly turned and kissed me back. When our deep kiss ended, he

tapped me on the nose.

“You missed me so much though it’d only been a day since we last saw each other?”

“A day without you feels like an eternity!” I boldly pushed him back and pinned him

against the wall along the hallway. It was something he usually initiated, but I wanted to

hug him tightly and savor his warmth right then.

While kissing him, I unfastened the buttons on his suit jacket. After unfastening two of

them, I slipped my hands into his clothes. I didn’t know how else to express my love for

him, so I could only resort to the most primitive way to please him.

Sensing my urgency, the man’s gaze smoldered, a flaming fire blazing in his eyes. With a

heave, he carried me up. While suspended in midair, I hooked my arms around his neck

and pointed at the bedroom. “Let’s go to the bedroom!”

“Why don’t we do it in the living room?” Hugging me, Christopher rolled us onto the

ground. Just like the heroic rescue scenes on television, we flew past the tiles and

landed on the carpet. As we moved around on the floor, my clothes flew into the air like

rag.

Scooping me up, he placed me on the coffee table. As he kissed me, he carefully

checked the injury on my arm. He didn’t forget about my leg either, deliberately

checking it over to ensure that it had healed entirely when he held it up to brush his lips

along the limb. As he grazed his fingers along my instep, he murmured, “Your legs really

truly stunning, Eve.”

“Didn’t you call my feet beautiful the previous time? It has now changed to legs, huh?”

Gazing at him with glazed eyes, I instinctively hooked my legs around his waist and

raked my fingers across his back lightly. Then, I bit him on the shoulder.

“Mmph!” With a grunt, Christopher buried himself in me.

My eyes went wide, and even the tinge of pain he brought me gave me great euphoria.

When he was fully inside me, I sat up. Staring deep into his eyes, I stated in a slow and

firm voice, "Christopher Lane, have I ever told you that I love you?"

Christopher was stunned for a moment, the expression on his face softening

considerably. Sheer delight and excitement radiated from him. The turbulent emotions

coursing through me robbed me of my speech, and I felt as though I was drowning as

wave after wave of pleasure inundated me. With everything coming at me, I was soon

drained of all energy.

While Christopher frantically "tormented" me, he demanded, "Repeat your declaration

earlier right this instance!"

"I... love..." I wanted to repeat it, but just when I had started speaking, he deliberately

teased me by brushing his calloused fingers across my back. Then, he shifted us to the

sofa.

As he went deeper within me, words eluded me entirely. I almost fell to the ground, so I

could only cling to his neck tightly and try my best to cleave at him.

"Be good and say it again, Eve." When Christopher calmed down, he gazed at me deeply

with so much adulation in his eyes that it almost overflowed.

Completely lost in his tenderness, I started, "I love..."

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In the end, I still didn't manage to utter the entire phrase because

Christopher was even

more worked up than me, acting as though he had taken an aphrodisiac.

We had just

gone wild a few days ago, and he even grumbled about lower back pain.

Now, however,

he had no qualms carrying me and supporting my weight as I suspended midair without

leaning against any other surfaces.

At long last, he carried me back to the bedroom. Taking out everything he bought from the adult store back then, he started studying them one by one and even urged me to try them with him. I couldn't imagine my mortification if I truly used them, so I vehemently disagreed, stuffing them all into the closet and locking them up.

"Are you sure you don't want to try them? I spent a fortune on them, so it'll truly be a waste if we don't use them all." Christopher rubbed his face that was etched with stark regret against mine.

"No way! I prefer being a normal person." I shook my head as I refused to contemplate the idea. Although I was once married to Lyle and had even surreptitiously watched X-rated films that happened to contain kinky scenes as an adult, that was my limit. I would never do such a depraved thing.

"Oh God, I've been abnormal ever since I met you, Eve. You've got to take responsibility for me." Christopher pouted aggrievedly, his expression exactly like a little boy whose cell phone was confiscated by the teacher and his favorite game uninstalled after being caught playing it during class.

"What else do you want when I've already given myself to you?" Rolling my eyes, I moved my fingers to his waist and pinched him hard.

Even as Christopher hissed in pain, he asked with a pout, "Are you not going to try the toys with me?"

All at once, I was rendered speechless. Ugh! Why is he still harping on that topic? Pulling the covers over my head, I feigned sleep.

A few days later, I furtively took my completed painting to the art gallery for the selection and handed it to the staff. I didn't tell Christopher about it since I wanted to

give him a surprise. As I stood there among the bustling crowd, I saw many people walking in with rolled-up paintings, anticipation shining brightly on their faces.

"It looks like the competition will be intense." When I made my way out, I spotted

Crystal and the others. It was a huge group of people, including Lyle, Wendy, and the entire Tanner family. They were all surrounding Crystal and grandiosely sauntering in my direction.

We met head-on, and Crystal acted as though she had seen an interesting toy. She

immediately came forward and greeted me, "Oh, it's you, Yvonne? I heard you've

recently turned unemployed. Why are you here? Don't tell me you're here to find a job?

This place doesn't seem to have any suitable jobs for you here."

Right on the heels of that, Yvette added, "Yvonne, stop pestering Lyle.

He's doing great

with Yvette now, and they even have a child on the way. Everyone will be troubled if you

continue harassing him shamelessly, so why make yourself a nuisance?"

"You're such a shameless woman, Yvonne Tanner! I just knew you're still hounding my

son! You'd better stay away from us, or I'd rip your face to ribbons!"

Wendy shielded

Lyle behind her as though she was a hen protecting her chick. Puffing up her chest, she

lifted her chin and looked at me disdainfully.

Damn it! I must have forgotten to consult my daily horoscope before leaving home

today. While I have no inkling what the hell they're doing here, I certainly wouldn't have

come if I'd known that they would be here.

I took a gander at Nathan, only to be greeted by the sight of him standing beside

Scarlett with his arms crossed and an indifferent expression on his face.

He regarded me

as a complete stranger. Oh, that's right. I am an outsider, after all.

“This art gallery is a public space. Can’t I be here when the lot of you are here? When did the Tanner family have such great power?” I retorted through gritted teeth.

“Who knows what ulterior motive brought you here? What a skank! I just saw you entering the movies with a man a few days ago, acting all intimate with him. Can’t you do something else besides seducing men? You’ve thoroughly humiliated the Tanner family!” Natalie sneered.

Good grief! She’s really blind. I went to the movies with such a recognizable person as Christopher, yet she actually didn’t recognize him and took him as some lowly man!

Just then, someone suddenly shoved me. As I stumbled forward, I so happened to fall right into Lyle’s arms...