

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 251

Lyle was like a wounded beast, breathing heavily as he stared at me with bloodshot eyes. His cold rage was so terrifying that I retreated in fear. As I stepped backward, he took a step forward. I retreated step by step until I was finally up against the wall. I had nowhere else to escape.

“What are you up to now, Lyle?” I roared.

His eyes were fixated on me. Suddenly, he stretched out his hand and seized me by the throat. “I heard from Crystal that you’re married to Christopher. Is that true?” he asked coldly.

“Hey... Let go of me...ugh...” The grip on my throat tightened and I could hardly breathe, and my vision blurred. Why is he going crazy again? I tried to pry his fingers from my throat, but he wasn’t going to let me go. Instead, he tightened the chokehold on my throat.

“Tell me, are you married to Christopher? Why would you do that, Yvonne?”

“Let go...” I grabbed his arm and clawed at the hand that was on my throat. His grip was so tight that tears pooled in my eyes. As I struggled to breathe, I felt a surge of anger in me. All of a sudden, I lifted my leg and kneed him in between his legs. Lyle let out a howl and released his grip on me. He was bent over, grimacing in pain, and his hands were on his crotch.

I took the opportunity to keep a distance between us by taking two steps back as I stared at him cautiously. It took him a while to straighten up before he glared at me and roared, “Yvonne, are you really together with Christopher? Why would you want to be

with him? Have you forgotten about who you are? Must you wait till he dumps you before you come to terms with it?" My face turned grim as I stared at him coldly. I fumbled with my hands behind my back until my hands came in contact with the door. When I realized I could push open the door, I calmed down and said, "It's none of your business who I'm with, Lyle. Are you accusing me of being unfaithful? Am I not allowed to be with other men even though we're divorced? That's utter nonsense." "What the hell do you know? I don't care about the things you've done to me, and yet you hurt me over and over again. A crush on me for eight years? That's just bullshit. It must have been you that caused Grandma to refuse her consent to my marriage with Crystal. How can you be so cruel, Yvonne?" Out of anger, he grabbed my hand, almost breaking my wrist. "Let go of me, b*stard!" I couldn't wrap my head around his words. What did he mean by the things I've done to him? What had I done to hurt him throughout our married life? Suddenly, he rushed towards me and gripped my lower jaw to kiss me. I clamped my lips shut to prevent him from pushing his tongue down my throat, but he kept forcing his mouth on me like a mad dog. I couldn't take it anymore and slapped him across the face. Hard. Lyle was taken aback as he stared at me blankly for a moment. I rubbed my mouth in disgust and spat on the floor. But I still couldn't rub off the revulsion in me after I wiped my mouth on my sleeve. Just as I predicted, Grandma did not consent to their marriage. She was always seething in anger whenever Crystal's

name came up. Of course, she wouldn't give them their blessing.
"Aren't I the one who gets hurt every time?" I stared at him, exhausted. I
always felt
helpless when I had to deal with his stubbornness and irrationality. He
lacked basic
empathy, and I was always enslaved in his dictatorship.
"Why are you still pestering me? We're divorced now. Didn't you say
you want to marry
Crystal? Grandma dislikes Crystal, and you've known this all along.
Instead of throwing a
tantrum at your ex-wife, you should think of how to make Grandma give
you her
consent. Can we just put an end between us, Lyle? Don't make me hate
you. I've tried
very hard to preserve the good memory of you saving me from drowning
when we were
young."

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Lyle pressed his lips into a thin line, and gingerly touched his face where
I had slapped
him. With sad eyes, he said, "It hurts, Yvonne. I don't know what's going
on with me. I
don't want to lose you. What am I supposed to do now? Why do you
have to be with
Christopher? From the beginning, that man has ill intentions, and he's
not a good
person. Please believe me. Don't be with him."
What's wrong with him? I don't understand how this man's mind works.
I let out a sigh
and rubbed my temple before saying, "So, you want me to continue to
be your
doormat? You want me to be with you so that you can walk all over me
and do
whatever you want to me? We're adults now, Lyle. Time to grow up and
be a man."
"You're so full of yourself. No doubt Christopher plays a role in that,"
Lyle said with
gritted teeth.

I replied coldly, "You have no say on the matter between Christopher and me. If you're here to determine if I'm married to Christopher or not, then let me tell you this, we're married. Satisfied?"

"Yvonne..."

"Stop following me, Lyle. Go back to Crystal and don't pester me anymore. I've really had enough of you. You're so annoying, don't you know that?" As if I was avoiding the plague, I pushed the door open and quickly locked the door after slamming it in his face.

Lyle knocked on the door several times before finally turning to leave. I breathed a sigh of relief when I was certain that he was gone. Sometimes, I had the misperception that

Lyle loved me. Of course, I knew that his love for me—if he even loved me at all—was

incomparable to his love for Crystal.

He always felt that the women around him should be in love with him.

And even if he

were to break off the relationship, he expected the woman to be still in love with

him. I'm not a fool. Why would I wait with a broken heart for him to come back to me?

He wanted both women to himself. How can a man love two women at the same time?

If he really does, then he's a jerk.

I leaned against the door and let out a deep sigh. When I lifted my eyes, I locked eyes

with two pairs of eyes in the room. My pupils dilated with horror as I stared at them. At

that moment, I was so stunned that I forgot to breathe.

There were two men in the room, and they were lying in bed together.

One was lying on

top of another, and they were only covered up to the waist with a thin quilt. It was

obvious what kind of activity they were doing in bed. Both are men. Or am I dreaming?

“You should leave, miss. You’re intruding,” the man below the other man said angrily as he glared at me. His sweet, feminine voice gave me the goosebumps. “What are you staring at? Get out.” After seeing how shocked I was, he wrapped his arms around the man above him and started fidgeting. He deliberately stretched out his leg from the quilt and dug his hind foot into the man’s back. I couldn’t believe my eyes, and in the next instant, I lifted my hand to cover my eyes. What the hell? That’s something that I can’t unsee. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to barge in. I’m going to leave now.” I didn’t dare to lower my hand from my eyes for fear of seeing more than I should. I turned around quickly, and since my eyes were still covered, I ran into a wall, painfully injuring my face. “Get out of here!” the man who was on top roared. He threw an object at me, and it struck my foot. The object rolled on the floor and came to a stop right in front of me. My eyes widened in embarrassment when my brain registered that thing on the floor as the sex toy that Christopher wrote about.

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I quickly opened the door and ran out, not stopping until I reached the third floor. With my heart pounding in my chest, I shut the door behind me. Earlier on, Christopher’s friend teased him for being gay. I couldn’t believe that I had just witnessed two gay men having sex, and it was a jarring sight. I couldn’t sleep, so I lay in bed with flushed cheeks. After a long while, Christopher finally returned. He appeared disheveled as though he had gotten into a fight, and there were even bruises on his arm. I quickly went to retrieve the first aid kit and tended to his wounds.

Christopher leaned back on the couch with his eyes half-closed. A moment later, a message popped up on his phone. At a glance, I saw that it was a picture of a man. As I looked at the picture, it dawned on me that the person seemed familiar, so I asked,

“Who’s that?”

Christopher replied, “He’s the bad guy. Please be careful in the next couple of days, and try not to go out, Eve. Once the ship docks at Summerbank’s port, you’ll disembark first.

I have a few matters to take care of.”

I remembered his other identity and had the recollection of the horrible gaping wound

in his chest. I couldn’t help but start to worry as I asked softly, “Is it dangerous?”

“Don’t worry about me. Nothing bad will happen to me.” He played absently with a few strands of my hair as he explained further, “Sean’s cover has been blown, so it’s not easy

for him to get into action. Since I happen to be more famous, those people won’t keep their guards up around me. I couldn’t possibly watch my friends get into danger. I hope you can understand that.”

I nodded with a heavy heart. “I understand. I can’t help but worry. You have to be careful, Chris. Whatever you do, please remember that I’ll be waiting for you to come back to me.”

Christopher looked at me, and he suddenly burst into laughter. “What were you thinking, Eve? We’re just dealing with a cunning man, and we’re laying low to avoid raising suspicion. Were you thinking of me as a lonesome hero in some gunfight movie?”

Is that not the case? I blinked in confusion.

“You’re silly, Eve. Do you think anyone can simply buy a gun?” He broke into a peal of

laughter, clutching his stomach as it was starting to ache for laughing too hard.

I'm so silly. Otherwise, why would I have the impression of him in body armor, with AK47

in his hand, and grenades attached to his waist belt? I spent way too much time

watching TV indeed.

Christopher changed his clothes, and both of us nestled in bed for an afternoon nap.

When I woke up, an image flashed across my mind. I became anxious all of a sudden

and shook Christopher to rouse him from his sleep. "I know that man. I know him. Wake

up!"

"What man?" Christopher sat up in bed. "You went to find another man behind my

back?"

"Knock it off. I'm being serious." I grabbed his phone from the bedside table and

opened the text message from this afternoon. I pointed at the man in the picture and

said, "I saw him this afternoon. If you're looking for him, I know where he is."

Christopher's eyes glinted with delight and asked urgently, "Where did you see him?"

I flushed in embarrassment and recounted the shameful event that I witnessed this

afternoon to him. But I left out the part about Lyle. When I finished, I pointed at the

photo and said, "That's the man. He's the man on the bottom, and he's the one who

talked in a strange tone. He was in room 2046 on the second floor. I remember him

clearly because he glared at me."

"Are you sure?" Christopher asked gravely.

"Yes, I'm sure." I nodded.

Christopher picked up his phone and quickly made a call to Sean. He gave him the

address and said, "Get the men to keep a close eye on him, Sean. Let's catch him when

we have the chance. Once John is caught, we'll be able to get him to confess to the serial case."

He placed the phone down and pulled me into an embrace for a kiss.

"You're my lucky

star, Eve. Sean and the others have been searching the ship for two days, but they

couldn't find that man. It's a good thing that you bumped into him."

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"Hahaha. Sounds great," I smiled awkwardly. There was no way I was going to thank

Lyle, but I have definitely heard about John.

I got invited to a party in the afternoon, so I went and got ready at my dressing table.

The initial thought was to go with a more enigmatic appeal, with some heavy eye

shadow, but it turned out a little too seductive for my liking.

Christopher's teammates

would be there as well, so I really do not want to give them the wrong impression.

Thus, I removed the makeup and went with something clean and simple.

In the end,

after applying some lipstick, the reflection inside the mirror looked cute and elegant,

just the way I wanted it. So, I gave my reflection a firm nod of approval before nagging

at Christopher to get dressed.

It looked like he was deep in thought with a stern look on his face. I had to shout at him

repeatedly before I got a response. "Didn't you say you don't like these sorts of events?"

Why are you so excited all of a sudden?" Christopher snapped out of it and spoke.

"Not all of the people on the boat are from Avenport, so there will only be a few familiar

faces. I'm going to be fine. No one's going to care." I told him as I picked up my

sapphire necklace. Sabrina recommended this place to me so I could relax.

It would have been so much better if Lyle and Crystal were not here, though.

So, after Christopher changed into something more formal, he took me by the hand and we went to the entrance of the hall together. A receptionist came along and gifted us a rose, which Christopher handed to me before we walked in.

While we were there, I figured that someone would definitely recognize Christopher since he was a prominent person in Avenport. He should be famous enough that even people from other places would know about him. And lo and behold, people started approaching us and greeted him hospitably.

After a bit of conversation, Christopher came to me and held out his hands to me. "O fair lady, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

So, I placed my hand in his, and he led me onto the dance floor. "Let it be known. I'm not much of a dancer. I still remember the look on Darius' face when I stepped on his feet back then.

"It's fine. I can teach you."

Christopher and I twirled around on the dance floor for a bit. Our movement was somehow perfectly graceful. "It's finally my turn." Christopher leaned into my ear. "I was so jealous of Darius back then. I actually wanted to snatch you away from him. Now, I can finally have you in my arms in front of everyone."

"That's your brother, for god's sake. How could you be jealous of him? You remember how old your nephew is, right?"

"Even if he's my brother, he's still a man. He got lucky to be able to dance with you before I do," Christopher huffed.

After the dance, he took me to the buffet area to look for something to eat. Christopher knew me very well. He knew that I was there because I liked to try out all the delicious

cuisines served. So, he picked out all the food that looked appetizing and brought it

over to a table just for the two of us. We sat there and enjoyed the food while watching

the people dance.

Soon enough, I noticed that he was staring. "What are you looking at? Is there

something on my face?"

"Come closer." He gestured for me to get nearer to him. "I'll help you wipe it off."

"Okay!" I leaned forward. Christopher raised his hand and caressed my face for a brief

moment before pulling me in all of a sudden. His hand pressed on the back of my head

as he stamped a kiss onto my lips. His lips shifted around mine as they slowly pried

them open, intruding forcefully with passion.

It was the first time he kissed me for so long. There was nothing I could do but accept it.

I did not even have time to react. After a while, I fell into his arms, limp.

There were a lot

of people there

at the moment, so I felt embarrassed and nudged him away.

That said, Christopher did not let go. "Don't move. I see him. He's at my eight. I need to

confirm how many men he brought with him. Just stay like this for a bit.

Play along for

me."

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Hearing what he said, I immediately froze and acted like we were still kissing.

Christopher's lips shifted from my cheeks to my forehead as he concentrated his

attention on the dance floor, just like in the movies.

They do the same thing in the movies! How exciting!

"Wow. Those two have been at it for quite some time now. That guy must be an

exceptional kisser."

“I wish I could get a kiss like that. Maybe I should try flirting with him. I’m much prettier than that woman with him.”

I kept quiet. I knew it was an act, but it still felt awkward. I moved my neck a little, uncomfortable as I heard people talking about us and felt their eyes on the two of

us. Don’t you dare mock me like that! I’m only a tad pale compared to Crystal and

Monica. I’m definitely prettier than most average janes!

A moment later, Christopher helped me up. I noticed that lipstick was smeared all over

his mouth and burst out into a laugh. “Christopher, you’re wearing lipstick too now. It’s

doesn’t look half bad. I’ve never actually realized how charming you look until now. You

might even be prettier than Crystal if you wore a dress!”

Christopher proceeded to wipe his mouth, and my mouth as well while he was at it.

“Your lipstick tasted really sweet. We’ll pick up where we left off next time.”

“Don’t change the subject!” I got nearer to him, fluttering my lashes.

“Why don’t you put

on a dress some time and let me take a look?”

“Stop fooling around!”

Right as I was just about to show my cute side by retorting coquettishly, Lyle appeared

and cleared his throat. He was looking at us with a straight face. Seeing him made me

let out a sigh. What does he want this time? It feels like none of what I said actually got to him.

“Something wrong, Mr. Smith?” Christopher sat beside me, preventing Lyle from doing that.

So, Lyle sat opposite of us and looked at us with his piercing gaze.

“Christopher, who

would have thought that you had the guts to marry the used shoes I threw out..”

My expression immediately darkened after hearing that. This b*stard's definitely looking for a beating.

"Used shoes?" Christopher narrowed his gaze. "You know full well whether or not it's used. As far as I know, you never even touched Eve. As to who the real used shoes are, it's rather obvious, if I may say."

"Ha!" Lyle took a glance at me with a sinister look on his face before tapping on the table with his finger and sneered. "I never touched her because she's filthy. Mr. Lane, you don't know, do you? Right after we got married, she went ahead and slept with some other guy in a hotel. Who knows? Maybe there's more. Are you sure that's not by definition, a used pair of second-hand shoes? There's a chance she seeing people behind your back."

His word left me in shock as I stared at him. I could not believe what I was hearing nor fathom the consequences of that statement if the man I was with back then was not Christopher.

"Lyle Smith!" I grabbed the drink on the table and splashed it onto his face. "You've made it, Lyle Smith. You're the first person that I actually wholeheartedly hate. Congratulations."

Lyle touched his face and looked at me mockingly. It was like he was telling me that there was no escape, that I would always be living in his shadow, and no one could have me even if he cast me aside.

"Are you upset? You didn't tell him, did you? Tell him. Tell him how you spent the night with that man, how you enjoyed it to your heart's content. The marks on your body said it all back then."

How could someone so despicable actually exist! It was like it was his life's mission to destroy my life, and that left me trembling in anger. If it were not for Christopher pulling me back, we would be throwing punches at each other. "Relax, darling," Christopher calmed me down and patted my shoulder. Then, he stood up all of a sudden and flung his fist straight into Lyle's face before kicking him in the gut. The kick was so powerful, Lyle fell back to the floor along with the chair. However, it was not enough for Christopher, so he went ahead and kicked Lyle again in the chest.

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Lyle got up immediately with his hands on his stomach. "Christopher." There was no anger in his voice. On the contrary, Lyle was smiling. "It doesn't feel good, right, using a used product? Yvonne was mine. Why did you have to take her away from me?"

Meanwhile, Christopher held his hand in front of me, signaling for me to help him wipe it. So, I took out some tissue. After I was done, he threw the tissue onto the floor and curled his lips. "I should actually thank you for leaving Eve all alone and giving me the chance to slip in. Thank you for making Eve mine and mine alone. You're a good guy."

Lyle was stunned after hearing that. "That's impossible." He gasped. "Nothing's impossible!" Christopher pulled me into his arms and turned to kiss me before continuing, "Don't tell me you don't know that I befriended you just because of her? Did you think it was really because of your talent? Why would I marry some other man's woman?"

Lyle was shaken; he staggered backward and sat down. He looked at Christopher, then

at me. "You're lying, lying! Christopher Lane, what you said makes no sense. I left Yvonne at the hotel, and she was drugged. There's no way she could've met you. You're overseas back then."

"Coincidentally, I got back that day. Sorry about that, Lyle. Did you think I approached you without a reason?" Christopher looked at Lyle like he was looking at a clown.

"That's impossible! That's too much of a coincidence!" Lyle was starting to waver as he looked at us.

Despite that, I felt no sympathy for him. This time, I succumbed to my hatred. Back then, I would always worry that Crystal might toy with him. But at that moment, my only wish was to see him suffer.

What did I do to deserve such treatment? Did I do something during the eight years that made him this way? Where did the kind and gentle Lyle I knew go? At that moment, Lyle suddenly shot up from the chair. "So you had ulterior motives all along? How despicable of you to be laying hands on a friend's wife!"

"I merely acquired a treasure that you decided to bury. You did not appreciate it, so why not give it to someone else that did? You know this better than anyone else. I'll settle everything with you after we return."

After that, Christopher took me by the hand, and we left the hall. While we were leaving, I took a glimpse at Lyle. He was sitting there with a blank face, looking distraught.

I closed my eyes as my heart sank. I felt weak, so I leaned on Christopher.

"What do I do, Christopher? This is the first time I hated someone so wholeheartedly. I don't want to waste my energy on someone I'm trying to forget, but Lyle is just too much. He never considered the consequences of his words."

He wanted to utterly destroy me. If it were not for Christopher, if the man that night was not Christopher, I might as well jump ship and kill myself then and there. "Don't worry. I'm here. I'll pay him back for everything he did to you," Christopher said as he plucked away a streamer from my hair and smiled. "It's all in the past now. No matter what anyone thinks, we are happy together." "Okay." I looked back towards the direction of the hall. Crystal was talking to Lyle, but he shoved her aside and left.

It did not seem like their relationship was as strong as I thought. They always seemed to find their way into an argument whenever they met.

That night, probably because of what happened, I heard a sudden gunshot in my sleep and immediately opened my eyes to find a gun pointed at my head.

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The cold metal pressed tightly onto my forehead, sending chills down my spine. I stayed

completely still and did not dare to make a sound. I was afraid that any movement

would alert the person in front of me and cause him to pull the trigger.

Never had I imagined something like this happening to me. I thought that this would

only happen on TV. At that moment, Christopher was about 10 feet away from the bed,

looking at me anxiously as he signaled for me to stay calm with his eyes.

That said, his

hand was shivering with a gun in it.

I could feel how tense he was just by looking at him as even his fingers were trembling.

"You better stay put, or my finger might just accidentally pull the trigger." The guy with

the gun smirked and raised my chin with his other hand.

It was then that I realized that that man was actually one of the gay couples I saw on the

second floor in the afternoon. He did not sound feminine like then.

Currently, he

sounded vicious and menacing. In that case, he was just faking it in the afternoon.

Sometimes, people's minds become sharper and clearer when their lives are at stake. For

me, now was the moment. I recalled the person called John and the kidnapping.

Christopher and Darius also mentioned him at the hospital. The man was a mafia leader

in the underworld for some good, long years.

The realization made my pupils constrict. Fear started spreading throughout all my

limbs. My lips were shivering even though I was not speaking. No wonder Christopher

looked odd when he talked about him. He was worried that I'd get scared.

The man had blood flowing from his abdomen, and he exerted pressure on it as he sat

down beside me.

"Don't be reckless, John," Christopher spoke calmly.

Hearing that, John burst out into laughter and grabbed my neck. "Mr. Lane, I think

you're confused about the situation. I'm the one with the right to demand here. You

should be the one listening to me, or your girl here dies with me. Now, step back and

toss that gun away. I'm not going to say that again."

Christopher's expression darkened. He looked at my pale face and his gaze turned

profound. "This is between you and me." His voice was cold. "Are you sure you want to

involve innocent people? You've committed countless sins and caused the death of your

wife and children. Do you really want to continue on that path? It's not going to end

well for you."

"I said to toss that gun aside!" John exclaimed and slammed the gun handle on my

head.

The hit got me a little dazed. I could feel something warm flowing from the top of my

head. It stung my eye, but I dare not touch it. The only thing I could do was grit my teeth and try my best to not make a sound. I should not drag Christopher down at times like this, and I definitely should not do anything that might distract him. That was the only way we both survive from this.

“Stop!” Christopher exclaimed as soon as he saw me get hit. His face was white as a sheet, and I could see that he was staring at his gun. So, I quickly signaled to him with my gaze not to do what John said. If he did, we both would be doomed. “What are you waiting for?” John saw that Christopher was hesitating, so he smashed my head with the gun again. I bit my lips, but I still could not stop myself from letting out a faint grunt. My body was sliding downward unknowingly, so John immediately pulled my hair and pointed my face towards Christopher.

“Do you want to see your woman get beaten to death?” John asked, gesturing to hit me again.

“Stop!” Christopher exclaimed. He looked at me for a moment before tossing his gun to the corner of the room shortly after, biting his lips as he did. Right then, I started to panic. What could I do to save the both of us? Why do I always cause problems for Christopher?

If it was not for me, Christopher would have subdued John with ease. But instead, he was forced to toss his weapon away.

Right then, the boat shook violently for a short moment. It swayed from side to side like it was about to tip over and made me roll towards the other side of the bed. John got caught up as well. So, when I heard him grunt, I immediately reached out for the gun. He was quick to react and pointed the gun back at me.

Bang! A gunshot cut through the dark silence.

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The bullet flew past my ear and the shock wave rendered me deaf for a short moment. I

could not hear anything as I gritted my teeth and saw Christopher tackling John to the ground.

He shouted at me before he fought John, but I could not hear a thing.

Nevertheless, I

could still move, so I crawled my way to the corner of the room and found the gun that

Christopher tossed away, pointing it towards the two.

That said, they were moving too fast, rolling about on the floor. I dared not pull the

trigger for fear of hitting Christopher. "Stop moving or I pull the trigger!"

I shouted. It

was the only thing I could do.

I was not familiar with guns, and that particular one was quite heavy.

At that moment, I suddenly heard a sharp whistle coming from outside.

There were faint

screams as well.

"The ship is sinking! Everyone run!"

"The ship hit a mine and water is coming in! Run!"

The voices kept echoing in my head, and my heart sank. It was a one in a million chance

for someone to experience a cruise ship leaking at that day and age, so, to make sure, I

dived towards the door and opened it.

This time, the voices were much clearer. "The ship is sinking, everyone!

Get out of here

right now!"

"Yvonne, go! Don't worry about me!" Christopher was caught in John's chokehold at the

moment. "The lifeboats are just outside."

"No! I'm not leaving without you!" I shouted as I raised the gun again.

"Christopher Lane! You've killed so much of my men and destroyed my hideout!" John

pulled a knife out of nowhere. "Today, you're dying with me!" He

stabbed the knife into

Christopher's chest.

“No!” Out of reflex, I pulled the trigger.
Bang! Another gunshot. This time, it hit the mark. Blood splattered all over, and John fell to the floor. His knife fell to the floor as well and made a clanging sound while I stared at the gun. “Ahh!” I screamed as I tossed the gun away. I just killed someone. It was not the time for thoughts like that, but my mind was overwhelmed with fear.

Meanwhile, Christopher used whatever strength he had left to stand up and walk to me. “It’s alright! Everything’s fine now, but we need to hurry!” He grabbed my hand and immediately started running outside.

With a heavy heart, I stumbled my way outside the bedroom with Christopher. The corridor was already empty, but there were faint screams and cries coming from the direction of the ship deck. There were also explosions going on that sent heat waves throughout the ship, swaying it violently.

I used all my remaining energy to run forward, somehow losing my shoe along the way, but I had no time to dwell on it. Nonetheless, I kept stepping on things and it hurt.

On the second floor, I saw a lot of people running in front of us. Everyone was panicking as the space was filled with men cursing and women crying. A woman fell just beside me, but I did not even have time to consider helping her up. “Don’t stop. We need to keep going. Everything’s going to be fine.” Christopher comforted me as we kept on running. His grip on me was very tight. I could tell that he was really scared about losing me.

That said, death was slowly creeping up to us as the ceiling above us suddenly collapsed. I did not have time to react and watched as the ceiling came crashing down.

“Eve!” Christopher wrapped his hand around me and rolled to the side as splinters of wood flew everywhere. Dust clouded the area, and I felt a sharp pain coming from my leg. My leg was hit by a log, so Christopher quickly pushed it away and pulled me up.

“Can you still walk?”

I gave him a firm nod. The fear I felt at the moment was strong enough to overwhelm any sort of pain. Other than that, there were other people that got caught in the collapse. Some fell to the floor and stopped moving after a bit of struggling. Blood was coming out of their mouths profusely as they cried and pleaded for help. Nevertheless, many left their wife and children to their demise, and there were corpses everywhere. It was a living hell.

I had to steel myself and act like I could not see nor hear the man that was holding on to my foot, pleading for help. I swiftly made my way out of his grip and continued

forward. I don't want to die. And I don't want Christopher to die either.

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 259

Luck was not on our side. When we arrived at the escape route, the door was actually

locked. A pretty girl hurried over and tried to open it. When she realized it was not

going to budge, she immediately broke down and started banging at the door. “I don't

want to die! I'm only eighteen! There's so much I haven't done. Please!”

She started

crying.

“Step aside!” Christopher shoved the girl aside and took a look at the lock. Once he

realized that there was no way to unlock it, he backed away and started kicking the

door. It took a few kicks, but the door eventually budged and looked like it was about to

fall.

A man behind picked up a chair from the floor and shouted, "Let me do it!" He smashed

the chair onto the door as soon as he finished.

The metal door finally collapsed and the crowd flocked through. As soon as that

happened, I was squeezed to the side and got separated from

Christopher. I called out

to him repeatedly and reached my hand out, but I could no longer see him. At that

moment, I wanted to cry.

But then, I saw Lyle and Crystal rushing out from the crowd on the other side. They were

headed to the deck as well, and when they saw me, Lyle told me to go with him to the

lifeboats.

"I need to wait for Christopher! You guys go without me!" I flung Lyle's hand away and

took a step back, searching for Christopher's silhouette in the crowd.

"You idiot! Die with him then!" Lyle took off with Crystal while I stayed there shouting

Christopher's name as I moved towards the direction of the lifeboats.

When I reached the deck, I saw that Christopher was looking everywhere for me, so I

finally calmed down. "I'm here!" I shouted at him.

"Eve!" Christopher pushed his way through the crowd and pulled me into his arms, his

palm covered in sweat. There were a lot of people on the deck. Everyone was moving

around, even though the crew and sailors were trying their best to maintain order. They

told everyone that the lifeboats were enough for everyone and that we should not

panic.

Nonetheless, no one listened. Everyone kept shoving forward in hopes that they could

get on the lifeboats first. Some even dragged the women and kids off the lifeboats.

Morals meant nothing to them in the face of death.

Meanwhile, I could feel that the ship was slowly sinking because the sea level was getting really close. I figured I might be able to sink the ship with just a powerful stomp as I waited in line with Christopher's hand tightly in mine. Christopher took out his phone and fiddled with it for a bit. It looked like he was trying to send a message even though it was impossible for any phone on board to get a signal at sea. That said, after a while, Christopher wiped away his sweat and spoke, "Everything's going to be fine. I've sent out a message via satellite transmission. Rescues will be on their way soon enough." "There aren't many people on this ship since it's not the holiday season. So, I got confirmation that the lifeboats are enough for everyone here." "As long as you're with me, I'm not worried." I tried my best to smile more nonchalantly and relaxed because I noticed how nervous Christopher was. He was sweating profusely even though it was near the end of autumn. I figure he was worried about me since he usually would not even bat an eye even if he shot someone. It was a long wait as we watched the lifeboats leave one by one with passengers on them. The slant of the ship was getting extremely serious as the left side was almost completely pointing downwards. It was said that the area we were in was used as a location for military practices, so there were mines that were yet to be disarmed. It was marked as a restricted area, but that cruise company somehow did not get the news. At that moment, I could see Crystal at the front of the line. She pulled her collar and suddenly bumped into the man at the very front. "Mister. Is it okay for me to stand

beside you? I'm a little scared. I have no idea how long do I need to wait."

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 260

The man took a few glimpses of Crystal's exposed cleavage and pulled her in. "Hehe.

Sure. Stand beside me. I'll take care of you."

From my angle, I could see it very clearly. How Crystal was intentional facing away from

Lyle and how she pulled the man's hand into her shirt, licking her lips coquettishly.

"You're so kind, mister."

I was disgusted, seeing that Lyle was completely unaware of what went on as he

tirelessly tried to get a signal. I shook my head. Lyle trusts Crystal too much. It's totally

different from how we used to be.

But then, Crystal smiled and turned towards Lyle. "Lyle, come quick. This kind man here

is willing to let us cut the queue."

Lyle hurried over, and soon there was a commotion at the front, but I did not concern

myself with it. Right then, there was another explosion coming from the left side of the

ship.

This time, it was fairly close. As soon as that happened, smoke blurred out my vision,

and the ship started shaking violently. Fire burst out as splinters flew everywhere. The

people at the epicenter of the blast were instantly engulfed in flame.

The people around it, however, were not as lucky. Their bodies were blown into pieces.

There was even a head that flew from the blast towards me and Christopher. We were

both on the floor at the moment with me in his embrace, so all I could feel was the heat

until that head appeared beside my hand.

It was the head of a fine young man, eyes wide open and covered in blood.

Life was fragile. You could be alive and kicking for one second and blown to bits in the next. No one would care about what happened to the remains, and it would just sink into oblivion along with the ship. However, when I saw the head, I did not even make a sound. I did not even have time to be afraid because a man pointed at the blast and shouted, "The lifeboats got destroyed! We're all doomed!" He was crying, a six-foot-tall man, crying, while I was doing my best not to shed a tear. "There are rafts over there. Let's go!" Christopher did not panic. On the contrary, he became calmer, pushing through the crowd with me in his hand. After a brief moment, he was afraid that we would get separated again, so he decided to tie our hands together with the rope he picked up along the way. Suddenly, the mast snapped because of the shaking and fell directly towards me. I froze up and closed my eyes, not knowing what to do. I was in shock, and my legs just would not budge. Christopher immediately shielded me with his body as the mast barely missed us, falling right beside us. The tremor I felt as it smashed onto the ground reminded me how close death was at that moment. "Lyle, Lyle! Are you okay? What happened? Wake up! Is there someone who can help us?" Crystal was crying while holding onto Lyle's hand. I turned around and saw that Lyle was lying on the ground with Crystal in front of him. It looked like he pushed her out of the way and got hit by the mast. His leg was under it, mangled. "Crystal, leave me be and run!" Lyle's face was pale as snow. I turned towards Christopher and met eyes with him. He instantly understood what I was

thinking and headed over to Lyle with me. We tried pushing the mast away, but it was just too heavy.

“Come help!” I shouted at Crystal seeing that all she did was cry.

With that, Crystal immediately got up and helped us. With our forces combined, we

managed to push the mast away, letting Lyle escape. That said, he could only stand with

Crystal’s help as his left leg was covered in blood.