

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 341

"That's right, Ms. Tanner. Your physical condition isn't ideal, but it's treatable," replied the doctor with his head down.

I turned to Christopher. His sharp gaze was throwing daggers at the doctor, and it was as if he wanted to skin the doctor alive. I tapped him gently before asking the doctor, "Then, why do I keep vomiting blood? Also, I get nauseous and dizzy all the time, and I felt like I was about to die. The headache was ridiculous as well."

"The thing is, Ms. Tanner, we didn't make a mistake about you being infected. We prescribed you a number of pills, and one of them was an antidote for the poison. Nausea and dizziness were the antidote's side effects. You vomited blood because the antidote was working and was expelling the toxin for you. As for your headache, that happened because you have been taking the antidote for a while and have lost too much blood."

So everything is just a side effect? I twitched my lips a little but remained calm when I asked, "Does that also mean I got nauseous and vomited because my liver couldn't handle the high dosage and acted up? Wait, then my headache from the previous night is just because I lose too much blood and have a fever?"

"Uh, Ms. Tanner, you are physically weak at the moment, but you will be fine after recuperating. There won't even be any after effects," informed the doctor before he stood up and handed me the medical report so that I could take a closer look.

I took the report and examined it. All I was certain of was that I was not dead... Or rather, I would survive. I won't be haunted by cancer and will lead a long, happy life with Christopher.

"Congratulations, Ms. Tanner," said the doctor before extending his hand to shake mine.

I took a step forward and placed the report on the desk. Just as the doctor thought that I would shake his hand, I threw a sudden punch and bruised his eye. "F*ck you!" I shouted.

He screamed and covered his eyes before looking at me and scolded, "What the hell is wrong with you people? Stop punching me or I'll call the cops!"

I punched his other eyes and waited until he had both hands on his eyes before I kissed his cheek. "I freaking love you, doc," I said.

After that, I turned around and flung myself into Christopher's embrace.

He had already opened his arms and was waiting for me. We held each other tightly and kissed like there was no one else in the room. We kept kissing until someone knocked on the door. That got us to part reluctantly. When I look into his eyes, however, I grinned sweetly and in satisfaction. Without saying another word, I dragged him to my hospital room where a nurse was writing something on the logbook. I practically chased the nurse out before closing the door and locking it in one swift move.

I tackled Christopher and got him onto the bed after that. As I took his clothes off, I requested, "Christopher, love me. Use your kisses to tell me that this is all real. Tell me that I'm not dreaming."

What I had just gone through... It was so comical and ridiculous that it felt as if I was a character in a novel. I was in utter disbelief.

Christopher pulled me and got me onto the bed as well. He kissed me passionately until I was out of breath, then he teased, "No dreams can last for days in a row like that, my little id*ot."

"I will live! I can't believe it," I claimed before I pinched my arm and cried sadly, "What do we do? I pinched myself, but it didn't hurt at all. This is just a dream!"

"You're pinching my arm, so it'd be a miracle if you're the one who feels the pain," replied Christopher, who thought that my emotions were running too wildly. He pulled me into his arms and bit my lips. That got me to yelp, which in turn, gave him the opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth.

I lost myself in that passionate kiss and hugged Christopher tightly. At that moment, I was finally convinced that it was all real. I got so excited that I felt like crying and laughing at the same time. The issue that got us struggling for so long turned out to be nothing more than a misunderstanding.

Thinking back, the old TCM practitioner I met on the beach was telling the truth. I am physically weak but am actually free of any deadly illnesses. This is why he couldn't find anything wrong with me.

"I'm going to live, Christopher. It's so wonderful."

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If someone were to interview me right now and ask me how I feel, I would most certainly curse the crap out of the doctors. They were the reason I made all those extreme decisions and planned for my death while secretly distancing myself from Christopher. We were lucky that Christopher was persistent and came after me. If he hadn't, we might've lost each other forever.

In fact, if he was even a little less firm... he might've already married someone else and had a child by the time I learned that I was actually fine.

Christopher locked my hand in place and stopped me from moving about too much. He gestured the bag of saline attached to me and cooed, "Be good. They haven't removed the needle yet."

I pouted a little. Darn it. This man wouldn't touch me, even though it's so romantic. Shouldn't we be celebrating? My eyes glowed differently when I grinned mischievously. I held Christopher's face and asked, "Do you know what I really want to do now?"

"Tell me. I will stay by your side and do whatever you want to," promised Christopher as he caressed my face.

"I want to go home," I replied before I hopped onto the floor. I didn't even turn around and look at Christopher before dragging him toward the door. Needles, medications... there was no point in having any of that anymore. Everything was just a joke. When I was unaware of my illness, I felt fine and it didn't matter what I eat or do. The false diagnosis was what got me so stressed that I lost my appetite.

With every misinformation cleared, all I wanted was to go home.

"No, you can't leave yet. You have to stay here a few days for observation," said Christopher, who took a few steps ahead to stop me.

"I'm perfectly fine now. Hell, I am as healthy as a horse. Hurry and catch up or I'll get mad," I teased before I unsuccessfully cracked my knuckles and showed off my non-existing muscles. I continued to drag him toward the elevator.

"Eve, you're still a patient. You shouldn't be so reckless," advised Christopher in exasperation.

"I don't care. You must spoil me and do whatever I want today to celebrate my newfound life. I'm gonna bite you if you keep dragging your feet like

that," I complained. I also made an exaggerated biting gesture before I grabbed a cab to go home. Immediately after Christopher opened the door, I pushed him to the wall and tore his clothes off. As I did so, I gestured for him to do the same to me.

I didn't realize that Christopher was still leaning against the wall until I had already taken my hospital gown off. He remained clothed, but his eyes shone with amusement. That got me to kick him a little and complained, "Your wife is already half-naked. I'll question my self-worth and beauty if you keep standing motionless like that."

Christopher's gaze suddenly burned with passion. He gently led me closer to him and had his body stuck on me. He deliberately positioned me so that I could feel how hard he was. Then, he whispered into my ear, "Are you getting ready to bite me?"

I blushed. He was being too straightforward. It had been a while since we were that unrestrained with one another, and I was surprised to learn that I was not used to it.

His warm breath spread out on my skin, and I detected a hint of minty scent. That was the unique scent of the shower gel he used, and I greedily took in that familiar, pleasant odor. If I could, I would drown myself in it.

"I'm not just going to bite you. I'm also going to lock you in place. Are you scared?" I challenged Christopher with my head held up high, even though I was blushing hard.

He spun us around and switched our position. In just a second, I became the one with my back on the wall. He lifted my chin and planted a kiss on me. "Darling, as you wish."

We started messing around near the door. Then, he carried me, and we played on the carpet in the living room. My annoying shirt hung on my shoulders and refused to fall away, but he refused to take it off for me.

I finally got the annoying shirt off and threw it away when we reached the couch. That was when I saw him taking a cigarette out to have a puff. I snatched the cigarette away and demanded, "I want more!"

"You have just recovered, and it's risky to exhaust yourself like that. Be good."

"You know, men who can't satisfy their women will be humiliated. Christopher, are you sure... Mmm!"

Naturally, there was no way Christopher would let any of that happen. Our conversation began with something like...

"Again," I requested, "I want you again."

"You torturous little minx. Don't come crying to me afterward," said Christopher.

Unfortunately, our conversation ended like this.

"No, I've had enough," I said, "I'm exhausted."

"You're the one who started this, so you have to be responsible for it," insisted Christopher.

Oh no... is it too late to apologize for my misdeed?

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I stayed at home for a few days to recuperate, and Christopher treated me like a queen during that period. Life was too good, and after the scare we experienced, we learned a valuable lesson. It was crucial to live in the moment.

I was lying on the couch and eating some fruits when Sabrina and Zachary dropped by. Christopher was still treating me like a queen and was feeding me after he peeled everything. I got to just sit back and watch tv without even lifting a finger. It was incredible!

Zachary was a boring man and couldn't bear to see all that, so he inched over and told Christopher, "You have got to stop this. If this goes on, you will end up being a henpecked husband."

"And what is wrong with that? It just means that my idol is doing right by my dear Eve and is treating her well. Do you have something against henpecked men?" demanded Sabrina as she pinched Zachary's ear. Zachary thought that he had kept his voice down, but I happened to turn off the tv at that time, so we ended up hearing everything clearly.

"N-no, not at all. Henpecked men are all amazing men, and we should learn from them. Don't be angry, okay? Increased blood pressure might hurt the baby," said Zachary as he massaged his ear. He scratched his head awkwardly and added, "Also, everyone's watching, so please don't be mad."

"That's better," said Sabrina as she tossed Zachary a glare. She clapped the dust off of her hands and sat on the chair before she commanded him to peel a grape for her.

That got us to laugh aloud. Now that is what I call a henpecked man! I am certainly not as fierce as Sabrina. The way Zachary smiled at Sabrina showed that he didn't mind. It proved just how much they loved each other.

Sabrina handed an invitation card to me and grinned while saying, "It's so amazing. Good fortune keeps coming our way. By the way, remember to doll up and be as beautiful as possible on my wedding day, okay? I'm too beautiful, and you can't steal my thunder no matter how beautiful you are, anyway. Still, you have to stand proud as the date of my idol and be the incredible goddess who matches up to him."

Goddess... It felt strange to hear someone using that word to describe me. I stood up and stretched a little before I sighed and pointed out. "I think there's a better chance for me to show up as a mortal maid. The environment I grew up in had definitely restricted my imagination."

Christopher pulled me into his arms and waited until I instinctively planted a kiss on his cheek before he said, "You are a goddess and the goddess I will spend the rest of my life worshipping."

I giggled and rested in his arms.

Sabrina rolled her eyes and complained, "There you go, showing off your love again. Alright then, remember to show up on time. If you're late to my wedding, I will topple this little ship we call friendship and never talk to you again."

"Don't worry, I will show up early even if it means I have to step on burning coal. I promise I will show up in a beautiful dress and watch as you marry the love of your life."

I got Sabrina's wedding invitation right after I recovered from my illness. It truly was an amazing time because we both found the love we were looking for. Christopher took me out after walking Sabrina and Zachary out. We went to pick out a dress for me, and Christopher seemed focused when he did that.

"Eve, how about we go to the Lane residence today? I want to introduce you to my parents and make our relationship official. We're already married, but I want to throw a grand wedding reception."

"M-meeting your parents?" I blurted as my eyes bulged. Anxiety coursed through my veins, and I asked, "Isn't that a little hushed?"

"Not at all, Eve. You love me so much that even my parents won't have an excuse to keep us apart. We have to strike while the iron is hot and get them to accept you as a part of the family. That way, my mom will stop

worrying about my relationships. Things will be bad if she ambushed me and set me up on blind dates,” informed Christopher with a straight face on.

“Wow, so Monica isn’t the only one being sent? More women are coming your way? Thank the heavens that we’re living in the modern age. Otherwise, I might have to deal with your mistresses before we even got married.”

“Well, there is nothing we can do about it. It’s your fault for having such an incredible husband. I am so good that if we were living in the high middle ages, I would be a lord or a king. I would still love you and only you, though,” said Christopher, who took that opportunity to be corny.

“Oh, shut it. Let’s head over today and at least make an appearance.”

I was nervous. Christopher and I had been through so much before we finally settled down, the challenge ahead of us... I will fight to the end, even if my mother-in-law is mean, or if she turned out to be a backstabber like Natalie and Scarlett.

“Alright, let’s buy some gifts and head over now.”

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I was dragged into the gift shop soon after. When I was picking the gift with Christopher, I found out that something was off. Did Christopher just con me into visiting his family? He knew that I was nervous about it, so he deliberately triggered my nerve by talking about his mom setting him up on blind dates. That is what got me to agree to visit his family! Oh, that sneaky b*stard.

Christopher told me that we would be buying some gifts, and I thought that he would be getting something especially wonderful. I assumed that he would get rare gemstones or classic paintings that the rich seemed to like. They probably won’t be happy with just random things.

Yet, Christopher brought me to a random supermarket and bought two boxes of walnut cookies as gifts. It was just like the last time, and the way he was going through the motions got me to shake my head in disapproval.

“This is way too half-hearted, Christopher. I may be penniless, but I still grew up as a member of the Tanner family. No daughter-in-law will ever

buy gifts so cheap on her first visit. This won't do. Let's go buy some more stuff."

Christopher dragged me back to him and insisted, "Don't worry. Walnut cookies are fine. There's no point in buying anything else anyway because I called home yesterday and told my mom that I will be bringing you over. Everyone is waiting for us now. The chef at home is really good, so remember to chow down. You don't need to hold back."

He called home yesterday... I slowed down. That man had always done something behind my back, but he did everything for my sake. I never needed to worry about those miscellaneous tasks.

I recalled how things were after Lyle proposed. We were already preparing for the wedding, and it was only right that we visit his family. However, he suddenly said that he had to run some errands that day and refused to pick up the phone afterward. Wendy bullied me when I visited and made things so embarrassing for me. She even nudged me while I was pouring tea and got me to scald my hand.

I didn't know what Wendy told Lyle later that night, but he never came to see how I was doing. He even scolded me over the phone and thought that I was disrespectful toward Wendy by leaving early.

Christopher was perfect, even without being compared to Lyle. That got happiness to blossom in my heart, but I deliberately put on a grouchy expression and said, "You called your mom on the night before? Why didn't you tell me? What have you done behind my back?"

"I'm thought I'd surprise you. Aren't you happy?"

"Surprised? Yes. Happy? Not really," I lied, then circled my arms around his waist to pinch him a little. When he went to answer his phone, I slipped into the gift shop on the other side and bought some expensive gifts before sneaking them into the bag. I got acquainted with Christopher's parents and brother after we returned from the island, but I still thought it was better to get nicer gifts.

I was holding Christopher's hand when I stepped foot into the Lane residence for the second time. We were smiling lovingly as we entered the house, and I didn't feel anxious at all. The courage to face anything and the determination to be with Christopher were the only things I felt.

Darius was playing with his kid when he saw us. He smiled warmly and greeted, "Welcome. Our parents are waiting inside, and we have an extra guest tonight."

"Is this my future aunt? Hi, my name is Dylan Lane," greeted a boy before he put his hand out and requested, "I've already called you aunt, so where's my reward?"

"You little rascal," said Christopher before he got some cash out of his pocket and handed it over to the boy. "You're not allowed to buy robots anymore, though. Seriously, can't you get something else instead?"

"Thank you, but as a man, I shall remain loyal to my robots," said Dylan, who ran into the house with the money in his hand. As he ran, he shouted, "Grandpa, Grandpa, come quick. Uncle brought his future wife here. She's a nice lady."

I blushed hard when I heard how the boy called me Christopher's future wife.

Julia and Gordon came out from the house and saw how I was standing healthily in front of them. They seemed pleased, and Julia said, "I'm glad you're okay. Come and take a sit."

I followed them along and saw Monica inside the living room. That was when I understood what Darius meant when he saw there was an extra guest.

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Christopher frowned as well when he saw Monica there. He had a grouchy expression on, and it was obvious that he was upset. I secretly tugged his arm and got him to ease up. His expression turned warmer when he gestured me to Julia and Gordon before introducing me, "Mom, Dad, this is Ms. Yvonne Tanner. You guys already know each other, but I think it's only right to make an official introduction. She is the woman I courted for two years before we got together, and we are dating with marriage in mind."

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Lane. This may not be the first time we meet, but here are some gifts. I hope you'll accept it," I interrupted. I could tell that Christopher was about to tell everyone that we were already married, so I cut in. After that, I handed the gifts over.

"You're too kind, Ms. Tanner," said Julia before she gestured for the servant to put the things away. Her gaze seemed a little complicated when she waved and had Monica sit right next to her. After that, she turned to me and asked, "How are you feeling?"

"I feel much better now. As it turned out, it was just a misdiagnosis, and I will recover after getting some rest. Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Lane," I replied with a smile. I noticed that Monica had been staring at me, and her gaze seemed off. However, I didn't pay much attention to it. She seems especially quiet today and isn't behaving as proud. Is this change because Christopher is around?

"Why are you calling her Mrs. Lane? You're supposed to call her mom now. Don't forget that we've already gotten our marriage certificate. You're not thinking about messing with me, are you? Don't even think about it, Yvonne Tanner," said Christopher before he let go of my hand and retrieved the wedding ring, which I hid in my bag. He put it on me while everyone was staring and insisted, "Are you messing with me because you know that I will never marry anyone else? We're already married, so how dare you refer to yourself as my girlfriend? Let me be clear. You are stuck with me, and I will never leave, so call her mom now!"

I was speechless. For a second there, I felt like massaging my head. I didn't know that Christopher had already told his family about how we were already married. That got me lost, and the way he threw a tantrum made it so that I didn't even know where to put my hand.

I peeked. Gordon didn't react much to it. In fact, when we first met, he had told me that he was not against Christopher and me being together. Julia, however, stiffened. It took her a while before she pretended that she never heard anything. She told me, "Dinner is ready. This is the first time you drop by, Ms. Tanner, so let's have dinner together before you leave."

"Ah yeah, sure. Haha, I happen to be hungry, too," I replied. I thought that the situation was turning a little awkward, so I laughed. My mind was wrecked as I tried to come up with a way to ease the tension. I secretly kicked Christopher the second we sat down. Didn't we agree to go slow? Why trigger everyone like that when they already know about how much we care for each other?

"Chris, come sit here," requested Julia when she saw how Christopher was instinctively sitting beside me. The seat she pointed at, however, was right next to Monica's.

"Mom, my girlfriend is here, so why are you asking me to sit close to you? Just ask dad to get the dishes you want for you. If he won't do it, you can get Shelley to do so. I need to stay by Eve's side because this is the first time she's here. I'm sure she'll feel too embarrassed to dine with us, so I have to take care of her."

After saying his piece, Christopher told me that we were having Chanaen food and got me to start eating. He even switched the dishes around, so that my favorite dishes were right in front of me. It was obvious that he was telling me to act like I'm home.

I secretly peeked at Julia once more and noted how her expression seemed to have darkened even more. The truth was, I would definitely be on the receiving end of some concealed, passive-aggressive insults if nothing had ever happened between Christopher and me. Fortunately, they already know all about us, so it wasn't appropriate for them to say anything.

Julia cleared her throat a little. "Please feel free to act like you're home, Ms. Tanner. You saved Chris' life, and that makes you the family's savior. We should've thrown you a welcoming party earlier." She got me some food after she finished her piece.

I thanked her quickly. It didn't take long before my favorite dishes piled up on my plate. Christopher was eating while piling my plate up, so I nudged him to get him to behave.

Just then, Julia ambushed me with a sentence. "Ms. Tanner, how about I take you in as my goddaughter? I don't have a daughter, and you are our family's savior, so you're perfect as my goddaughter."

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Goddaughter? I put my cutlery down and was troubled. At the end of the day, Julia liked Monica more. The former's stance had been clear from the second I stepped into the house. She wanted Christopher and Monica to get together.

Christopher was upset about that. He pointed at Monica and said, "Mom, if you want a daughter that much, then you can just take Monica in as your goddaughter. We've known each other for so long anyway, and I've always regarded her as my sister."

"Stop making a scene!" growled Julia angrily before she slammed her cutlery onto the table. Her breathing was uneven at the time.

"Don't be angry. Watch your blood pressure," said Monica as she hurried over to stroke Julia's back.

"Oh, come on now. The kids are all here, so why are you letting yourself get so riled up? Let's eat up," said Gordon to soothe Julia as if she was a kid. He even got some food and fed it to her, "Here, try this. I cook this for you. It's your favorite."

The more I look at it, the more Gordon's cooing style seemed familiar. That was when I suddenly realized that was how Christopher cooed me. The

only difference was that Gordon was a little grimmer while Christopher was a little more relaxed. I guess he learned it from his dad.

Julia ate it before she nudged Gordon and whispered, "What are you doing? It's not appropriate. The kids are watching."

Still, Julia stopped talking about taking me in as a goddaughter. That being said, it didn't take long before Julia instructed, "Monica loves the dish right beside you, Chris. Get some for her."

"Okay, I'll do that right away," replied Christopher. He put some more food on my plate before he picked up the entire plate of the dish Julia was talking about. Then, he placed the plate beside Monica and claimed, "Huh, I didn't know that your taste has changed. Chow down. You and my mom are the only ones into this dish, though. No one else cared much for it."

Julia put her cutlery down once more. She stared at me with a complex expression before claiming, "I'm full. You guys can eat up."

"Jules!" called out Gordon. He stroked his beard when he noted how his wife was ignoring him. That got him to grin at me and say, "Please enjoy your meal. I need to go now."

"I'll go check up on Julia," said Monica before she stood up as well.

It didn't take long before the few of us were the only ones left there. I noticed that Christopher remained seated, so I asked softly, "Is this really okay? Shouldn't you chase after her?"

"There's no need for that. My mom is just throwing a tantrum, and everything will be fine soon," replied Christopher before he added, "Don't worry, just eat."

I had lost my appetite by then. "Is this really just a tantrum, though?"

"What else could it be? Think about it. She lost her temper in front of you, and that means she regards you as a part of the family. She never does that in front of others," insisted Christopher before he fed me some food.

I honestly hoped that was the case. I shoved the food down my throat and planned on leaving immediately after, but Christopher insisted that I take a walk in the garden. He even pointed at the cruise ship on the lake and winked at me.

I blushed a little. What we did earlier on the other cruise ship was simply too embarrassing. No matter what, I would not follow his lead again. I had a very different mission to accomplish that day.

Christopher was going to drag me over, so I shook my head before flinging his arm away. I didn't dare to dilly dally after that and ran to the other side of the garden immediately. I had just reached the door to the living room when I heard someone talking.

"I am not being materialistic, but Yvonne was married to another man in the past. Have you boys even thought about what the consequences would be if Chris marries her?" said Julia. Those words got me to pause. I stood out there and started eavesdropping.

"And then there's Alyssa. Her life is involved. Have you guys even considered that?"

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Who is Alyssa? And why is her life on the line? I can't believe that something like this actually has anything to do with the love I share with Christopher. I was confused and couldn't make heads or tails of what was going on.

"So she was divorced. Big deal. She met the wrong guy, but that doesn't mean she's not allowed to find love again. Come on, Jules. You're a woman. Why do you insist on making things difficult for another woman? Besides, I think this daughter-in-law is pretty amazing," replied Gordon before he added weakly, "As for the issue involving Alyssa... Well, we can do something about that in the future."

"Why do I make things difficult for another woman? Is that really the issue here? Do you really take me as such a mean woman? I'll admit that Yvonne is an amazing woman with a graceful aura. She is a rare and great woman," said Julia.

She then added hesitantly, "But Monica's mom saved my life. In fact, she died in the hospital because of that. I took Monica in and loved her like a daughter this entire time, and she likes Chris. That is why I agreed to make her a part of our family. How will I face Alyssa in the afterlife if I make things so bad for her daughter?"

My heart trembled. Wait, so that's the problem? Julia is okay with me being a part of her family, but she is burdened by all that past.

"We know that, but you saw how the kids are. After everything they've been through, are you really okay with breaking them up? You saw how Chris was after Yvonne left. I honestly worry about what might happen if they are separated again," said Gordon in a worried tone.

"But what about Monica? She told me not to worry about her just before she left, and she is such a good girl. I won't be this sad if there is a way to do right by both of them."

"Hmph!" grunted Darius, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa. He complained, "We may owe the Martin family, but Chris is an adult! He has his own plan and life, and he is not a tool for you to repay your debt with. Mom, you should take his well-being into account, instead of forcing him to marry a woman he doesn't love. Seriously, all this just because you owe someone else a debt? This is despicable."

"Darius, how can you say that?" said Julia, who looked a little taken aback.

"How else am I supposed to phrase it? This drama is from your generation. We are innocent of it. Yet, we are supposed to bear the burden for you as your children without ever considering our own well-being? Are we unfilial just because we don't want to spend the rest of our lives living in misery?" roared Darius before he pushed his chair away and sped out of the living room. I had never seen Darius being so out of control before.

He had always been grounded and reliable, so I saw him as someone who would never spiral out of control.

"Darius!" called out Julia as she chased after him.

I quickly crouched down and pretended I was simply admiring the beauty of the potted plant in front of me. At that moment, I was terrified of being seen, but I was lucky. Both Julia and Darius were too preoccupied to notice me.

I stood up and turned around to see that Gordon was actually standing by the door. I wanted to crouch down again to hide away, but I was too late. Gordon already saw me, so I laugh dryly. Getting caught eavesdropping. This is so embarrassing.

"Hi, Mr. Lane. I just got here. I saw Darius and Mrs. Lane walking away earlier. Were they in a hurry?" I asked to make things less awkward.

"Yeah. Where's Chris?" asked Gordon, who didn't comment on my terrible lie.

"He was with me earlier, but I don't know where he is now," I answered quickly.

"Please tell him to meet me in the study later."

That was my first official visit and things didn't go as planned, but I stayed there that night. Christopher was their son, and I already married the guy, so there was nothing wrong with me staying there. It's too cowardly to keep shying away like this.

I considered the situation. His family already knew that we were legally married, so it'd just be weird if I keep backing away like that. Hence, I decided I might as well stay the night. I wasn't brave enough to share the room with Christopher, though. Instead, I went to the guest room Julia prepared for me.

I could tell that she was struggling and conflicted because she was quite cold when she spoke to me, but her words were polite. At the end of the day, she was a leader who used to dominate the business world, and I couldn't read through her poker face at all.

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I couldn't sleep that night. My mind kept thinking about Christopher and Julia, and about how everyone was troubled. I couldn't bring myself to blame Julia because I would probably be conflicted too if I were in her position.

Monica's mom died while saving Julia, and that was why Monica lost her mom at a young age. Julia raised Monica as her daughter... or more accurately, the former raised the latter while assuming that the latter would marry into the family in the future. Everyone would be happy if Christopher fell in love with Monica and married her. Unfortunately, I showed up out of nowhere and disrupted that peace. Under those circumstances, Julia was considered incredibly strong to be able to remain civil with me.

I slowly became drowsy as the night progressed. Suddenly, I felt the blanket becoming heavier. I could barely breathe under all that weight. Am I being haunted? I heard that huge houses like these tend to be haunted... I trembled, and the more I thought about it, the more scared I became.

I woke up instantly. At first, I wanted to open my eyes to see what was going on, but I worried that I won't see anything if I open them. It would be even scarier if the weight remained, even though there was nothing there. I was drowning in fear until a hand slid under my pajamas. That got me to fling my eyes open and grab the hand before complaining, "What the hell, Christopher? Don't you know that a person can get a heart attack if they get too frightened?"

Christopher didn't seem bothered about being caught at all. He even lifted the blanket and crawled right under it. "I frightened you? Come on. You didn't think that there'll be any pervert in the house, did you?"

Naturally, I wasn't going to admit to something as embarrassing as suspecting ghosts, so I complained, "There is a pervert in the house. You!"

"Hmm.... well, I am here to do something dirty. Alas, my lady, having sex in the dark is one of the best things on Earth. Give yourself to me, for you are mine tonight. Let me teach you the pleasure of being a woman," said Christopher in a weird accent before he kept his head up high and smiled mischievously at me. His finger traced my face before he licked me and asked, "Are you ready for my assault?"

I blushed. Oh my gosh, how corny can the guy get? He is acting up more often, and things just got worse after my misdiagnosis is confirmed. It's like he suddenly turned into another person. He kept hanging out around me all day and demanded hugs every now and then. He even let his lust run wild without warning! What the hell? Gah, I bet he's only behaving this way because he knows I am too nice to reject him.

That thought prompted me to push Christopher away and pull the blanket away from him. Then, I warned, "Oy, don't you misbehave now. We're at your family home, and your mom is upset enough about our situation. It's a miracle that she didn't chase me out, so don't do anything that will make things awkward for everyone."

"Don't worry. My mom doesn't walk around the house in the middle of the night. Besides, you're my wife. Isn't it sinful for you to abandon your husband and let him sleep on his own?" replied Christopher before he crawled under the bed again and held me tight. His hand started wandering once more.

I struggled for a bit, but I couldn't push him away, so I negotiated with him. When he hovered over me, I said angrily, "Just once. You're not allowed to be too reckless, and you must leave afterward. This is your family home, and regardless of the situation, you should still consider your mom's feelings. I will give you the silent treatment if you don't reel it in."

"Fine, just once. It's better than nothing," replied Christopher while having a scowl on. He was obviously unhappy with that arrangement.

Turned out, I was too naïve. Men never mean it when they said that they would only do it once. His lust was not something that could be settled in one go. He wouldn't stop even if I tried to reject his advances. He'd kiss me until I lost my mind and couldn't get a word out. If I struggled against him, I would be punished so severely that I ended up begging for mercy and tearing up a little.

In the end, Christopher stayed in my room for over two hours. He only got up reluctantly after I got all teary and called him an a*shole. As he put his clothes on, he said, "You haven't recovered yet, so we should pace ourselves. Let's go do a full-body check-up tomorrow. I'll collect what you owe me once we are certain that you have recovered."

"A*shole," I complained before tossing a pillow at him, "Get lost!"

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Christopher chuckled and pinched me a little before he snuck out of the room. Naturally, he had to go out through the window. Before he left, he squeezed my bosom. "I feel that they have gotten bigger. The books are right. Boobs need to be massaged regularly so they can grow bigger."

I grabbed another pillow and threw it over. By then, Christopher had already jumped to the other side. He was so athletic that I was a little jealous. I felt all sticky at the time, so I went to take a shower. That was when I heard my phone vibrating.

I dried my hands and got my phone from my bag. To my surprise, no one was calling me. What's strange was that the sound of a vibrating phone kept echoing in the room. I looked around and finally found Christopher's phone under the bed.

My lips twitched. That man... He must've tossed his clothes randomly to the side and didn't even know that he had dropped his phone. I picked the phone up and checked the screen to see that the call was from a person who only saved as thirteen in Christopher's contact list. I didn't know if I should accept the call and wanted to get the phone to Christopher immediately. Unfortunately, our rooms were too far apart, and the caller might hang up before I reach his room.

I rushed to put my clothes on, but the phone had stopped vibrating. The person called a second time right away, and it sounded like an urgent matter. I hesitated for a moment before I accepted the call and said, "Hi, you're looking for Christopher, right? He's not here now. Do you mind waiting for about ten minutes? I will have him call you back soon. May I know your name?"

There was a short silence from the other end. "Yvonne, is that you?" asked an excited person who sounded youthful and strong.

"And you are?" Is he Christopher's friend? I blinked.

"This is Sean. We met on the cruise ship," replied Sean.

"Oh, it's you. I'm so glad you're fine," I said. Things were hectic earlier, so I almost forgot about the guy. I thought about him, but I never asked Christopher if everyone was alright. I didn't want to risk reminding him of the sad past.

"Yeah, everybody survived. I need to speak to Sir. Please have him call me right away because he repeatedly told me that it is urgent and to call him as soon as the investigation bore fruit."

"This isn't about John, right?" I asked nervously. My reaction was justified because John truly traumatized me. He was the first person I shot, and he became so crazy that he wanted to drag us to the sea with him and drown us. He was such a lunatic.

"No, he is dead. Don't worry, Yvonne," replied Sean before he added, "I am not in a position to tell you what it is about, though. I'm sure Sir will share this with you soon enough, so please don't ask about it."

Sean being that mysterious only got me to feel more nervous. Did something big happen?

I asked Sean to wait for a moment. After that, I put on my clothes and held the phone before heading over to Christopher's room. I scanned around and made sure that no one was around before I sighed a breath of relief. My gosh, we're married, but we're still sneaking around like teenagers.

I was going to knock on the door, but I later realized that it wasn't closed properly, so I pushed it gently.

"Chris, it took me a lot of courage to come to you tonight, but I really want to know," said a woman. Through the gap of the door, I saw that Christopher was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed and was playing with his lighter. Standing in front of him was none other than Monica.

My eye twitched and immediately backed out. I spied and acted like I was an accessory on the door.

Christopher lit up a cigarette and took a few puffs before he said, "You already know my answer, don't you? You profess your love to me every year since you were eighteen, and I've always rejected you and made things clear. I never even leave you any room for imagination. How many times do I have to tell you? I only see you as a sister."

Monica's gaze turned dim. She had her head down and asked, "But I really don't understand. Why am I nothing compared to her? We met first, and I fell in love with you before she did. Why would you choose Yvonne?"

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"There's no such thing like that in love. All it takes is a fated meeting, that's all. Not everyone's gonna be a perfect fit, and just because you came earlier doesn't mean you get to call dibs on anyone. Humans aren't objects." Christopher's lighter made a clicking sound as he closed it. "Do you get it now?" He looked up calmly.

"I-I don't understand. I've always loved you, Chris. Why can't you love me back?" Monica started crying.

"Because the one I love is Yvonne. And there's no question about that. I never regret falling in love with her, even if she only has three months left to live," Christopher answered.

Monica sobbed. She tried to hug Christopher, but he pushed her away. Seeing that, Monica resolved herself. She suddenly unbuttoned her skirt, and it fell to the ground, revealing her naked body.

Monica held Christopher's face, forcing him to look at her. She was going to kiss him, while I almost barged in. Let him go! I'll take it from here! I thought.

Fortunately, I managed to hold myself back. I had faith that Christopher could resist any temptation since he did choose to be with me out of all those women out there.

Just when Monica was about to kiss him, Christopher blocked her out with his hand. "Why are you doing this?" he whispered. "Don't do this to yourself."

"Chris, am I not feminine enough? Am I not attractive to you?" Monica was already crying. Once again, she went up to Christopher and sat astride on his lap, putting his hand on her chest.

"See? I'm not that bad? At least not compared to Yvonne. Why don't you try me out? Maybe you'll change your mind. Chris, you can take me whenever you want. You're the only one I love. I can't imagine falling for anyone else. I-I can sleep with you even if you don't love me."

"Monica!" Christopher shoved her off him and stood up. "If that's all you want to talk about, then you should leave." He turned away. "I won't

change my mind about this. Sex isn't the only thing in a relationship. It's a dance between two loving souls. What you're comparing is just the physical aspect. It's not the most important thing."

"Chris!" Monica hugged him from behind, sobbing. "B-But I don't understand. When did you fall in love with Yvonne? You changed after coming back from that trip. I-Is she that important to you? Is it more than my love for you? But you have just met her!"

"Yes and no. I've noticed her when I was still a teenager. Love was still an alien concept to us back then. You haven't even fallen in love with me, but I have fallen for her since then, and that has never changed. A man's love begins the moment he takes interest in a woman." Christopher pushed Monica away again.

This time, he picked her skirt up and helped her wear it with his eyes closed. Then, he tossed a jacket on the couch to Monica. "It's cold out there. Have a safe trip, and be careful."

"B-But I've loved you for a long time too, Chris. I-I don't want to let you go. I really don't want to do that!"

I was still observing the situation quietly outside the room. Whenever Christopher brought me up, his eyes would light up, as if I was right there before him. On the other hand, I got more and more surprised as the conversation went on. He's already had his eyes on me back then? Is that true? Or is he just trying to calm Monica down?

Back then, he was the young master of the Lane family, while I was just a poor girl who was bullied constantly. Logically speaking, we shouldn't even have met.

And then the sound of my ringtone broke the silence of the night.