

## Love Coming from the Least Expected

### Chapter 71

I touched my nose and realized that the remarks were odd enough coming from his mouth. This was Nathan Tanner, my father who could seemingly find fault with anything I did.

—Sorry, Dad. You should know I seldom go home all these years. I have no idea you changed a new car. ||

I cocked my head to one side and gave him an innocent smile. Dad was just shy of announcing in the papers that he had renounced me as his daughter following me refusing his arranged marriage proposal. The whole family did not pay heed to me after that. I would still go back every year for the holidays, but they did not care to spare me any niceties. Why should I go back and put myself through that?

—You unfilial brat. Even you admit yourself that you don't come back often, huh. Get in now. I have something to say to you, || Nathan pushed the car door open and said sternly.

I got into the car, but I was not willing to face the music coming my way. I tossed him a smile, saying, —I really want to go back. But Dad, you have a wife and another daughter, and you guys are such a happy family. I'd really hate to ruin that by going back to that house. So, you can imagine why I seldom go back nowadays. ||

—How dare you! || Nathan slammed on the horn, and the loud noise startled people passing by, causing them to start shouting profanities at my father.

I was not planning on taking the bullets lying down. Drive a dog into a corner and it will fight. I soon lost the patience to fake a smile and growled, —Dad, you always find fault with everything I do whenever I go back home for the holidays. You even ganged up with your sister to humiliate me. Aren't you guys doing this to me because I refused the arranged marriage back then?

—I think we both know very well if you've ever treated me like your daughter. There's no need for you to pretend to be a good father. Stop looking at me as if I'm the one

who only knows to disappoint you. Everyone suffers this way. Since you dislike me that much, why force yourself to come and see me? Just get to the point if you have something to say.||

—You brat! You're this disrespectful even when you talk to your own father. No wonder Crystal locked herself in the room ever since she came back. Everyone's saying you've bullied her, but she's still defending you. Why don't you take a look at what's written all over the news instead?|| Nathan dumped a pile of paper in front of me and snapped.

I lowered my head, and it was the same paper that I had read on the newsstand with the headline — Up-and? Coming Artist Is a Homewrecker. Is Crystal Yates Going Too Far for the Pursuit of True Love? I had not paid close attention to the headline before and had not appreciated how liberating it was to read it.

I replied coolly, —Isn't that the truth? Dad, are you saying I should apologize to Crystal instead? You'd better save the trouble because that is not going to happen.||

I had given up on any hopes of experiencing any fatherly love since I was young. After suffering bouts of despair, I learned to never trust anyone at home because there simply wasn't one worth my trust. My estranged father only reminded me of feelings of despair – nothing else.

—How dare you act like you're in the right here? Do you have any idea what kind of situation you've put Crystal in? She's a public figure, an up-and-coming artist. How is she going to survive after what you've done to her? I've arranged for a news conference to be held tomorrow. You are going to explain to the reporters how it is all a big misunderstanding. It is a fact that Lyle and Crystal were in love back then.||

What did I just listen to, exactly? Did my own father just favor his niece over his own daughter? Did he just ask me to be the black sheep and admit that I was the third wheel who stood in their way? Infuriated, words blurted out of my mouth almost instantaneously.

—Why on earth would I do that?||

—Crystal is your cousin. Are you not going to help her just

this once? It's such a small favor too!|| Nathan roared, seemingly like he was about to devour me.

—A small favor?|| I narrowed my eyes and managed a sweet smile. —Does she think she can trample all over me just because she's my cousin? Dad, I'm your daughter. Why are you favoring your niece over your own daughter? Are you really even my father?||

Noticing my unwavering attitude and stern tone, Nathan finally softened his attitude and sighed, —Crystal is a public figure, and she cannot afford to have negative news bogging her down. You are a nobody, and you have nothing to lose. Just do me a favor, will you?||

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I raised my head and drew in a sharp breath. For so many years, Dad has been giving me the cold shoulder. He rarely ever speaks nicely to me, yet the only time he softened his tone is because of Crystal. What have I done wrong to receive such treatment?

—Dad!|| I could not help but sob. —You would sacrifice everything I have just for Crystal? I'm human too. I'll get hurt!||

—This is an expedient strategy!|| insisted Nathan.

—Yeah, so what you mean by an expedient strategy is that my cousin will steal my husband away from me and ruin my family? Not only that, but I also have to resolve her scandals and admit that I'm the mistress, right? I have to send my husband to her, bestow him upon her, and wish her eternal happiness, huh?||

The anger I had suppressed for a long time finally erupted. I roared, —Dad, there's nothing else for us to discuss. Since she dared to do it, why should she be afraid of others talking behind her back? Don't even think about getting me involved in tomorrow's press conference!||

I pushed open the car door and got off angrily, ignoring Nathan's furious yells at me.

For so many years, I lived like an orphan. When I was bullied at home, no one would protect me. After getting married, I was still bullied. Even then, everyone ignored

me. Sometimes, I did not even know why I was living anymore. It was as if the entire universe wished for my demise.

If something bad happened to Crystal, it would be my fault. If something bad happened to Yvette, I would be at fault. I was to be blamed for everything.

When I returned to my house, I stood at the entrance and relaxed my stiff back. Only here would I have a chance to catch my breath and feel at peace. I took out my keys and opened the door, not noticing a man standing in the shadows.

After I pushed the door open and entered, someone forcefully shoved me inside from behind and slammed the door shut. I stumbled into the house and collapsed, almost hitting my head on the table.

When I turned around, I saw Lyle standing in the middle of the house, his eyes bloodshot. His shadow was cast on the ground, looking like the devil whom I would never escape from. I felt fear grip my heart.

—Lyle, what are you doing?||

—Why didn't you come home? Why did you destroy everything in the house? Yvonne, are you done kicking up a fuss?|| Lyle walked forward, grabbed me by the collar, and tossed me onto the couch.

—Home?|| I chuckled. —I don't have a home. I have a husband whose thoughts are always preoccupied with another woman, who detests everything I do. Is that home?||

I was already fed up with Lyle's unreasonable nonsense and unpredictable temper. He could put up such an affectionate act sometimes, making it seem as if we were so deeply in love. Yet, he could also say the most vicious words, breaking my heart every single time.

At that moment, he was glaring at me coldly, his eyes betraying a look of hurt and disappointment. He was the one who had done something wrong, yet he still acted so high and mighty. I did not know how he found this place, nor did I think he went to investigate my address because he loved me.

—I've known Crystal for so many years. You know that,

right? Why are you kicking up a fuss now?|| Lyle scanned the house and saw two cups coasters on the table. His expression changed as he suddenly charged into the house.

—Yvonne, are you hiding a man here? I knew you were starting to be restless. We haven't divorced yet, but you're already so eager to live together with another man, right?|| Like a madman, he kicked the bedroom door open.

My heart skipped a beat. If Christopher was actually in the room... If he got caught in the act by Lyle, my efforts in suppressing everything would be wasted. Lyle could team up with Christopher to force me into signing the divorce contract and shoulder the burden of guilt.

I rushed forward with all my might. I hugged him from behind and dragged him toward the living room. Blocking the entrance of the bedroom, I yelled, —Have you already gotten into the habit of framing me? When you and Crystal were hugging each other in front of so many people, why didn't you say that to yourself? Get lost!||

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—Feeling guilty now? I want to see who your lover is!|| Furious, Lyle grabbed the ashtray on the table and threw it toward me. I could not dodge in time, so it smacked my forehead. In a daze, I was dragged to the bedroom by him.

I did not dare to steal a glance inside. If there was anything related to Christopher inside, I would be doomed.

Lyle stood frozen to the spot as if he had just been jolted awake for a dream. When I noticed that he did not fly into a rage, I glanced over immediately and realized that the blankets in the bedroom were folded neatly. Other than some female pajamas, there was nothing else on the bed. My worry finally dissipated as a wave of relief washed over me.

—Are you done looking, Lyle?|| I asked coldly.

—Get lost!|| The man ran into the bathroom and the guest room. After combing through every inch of the house, he

realized that there were no men inside. Whirling around, he grabbed my neck and demanded, —Where did you hide your lover? Where’s Christopher?||

He was using so much force that I could barely breathe. I remembered that day in the hotel when I rushed to save him unhesitatingly. Even though I got slashed by the broken fragments of the chandelier, he just carried Crystal and left without sparing a single glance at me. I began crying again, though it was not out of sorrow. I would not feel sad because of Lyle’s actions again. Instead, it was because my neck hurt too much and I could not breathe. Prying his hands away forcefully, I said with much difficulty, —I’m so stupid. Why did I rush over that day when we were in the hotel? See, I could give up my life for you, yet you want to kill me. You’re right. I’m as pathetic as a dog, having to serve your every need.||

Standing frozen to the spot, he released his grip. I slid onto the ground weakly and kept coughing. While I coughed, I let out a sorrowful chuckle and asked, —Would you like me to have a one-night stand with a random man on the streets and take some pictures for you? Or, you can spectate us at the side and discuss our various positions. That way, I’ll have a lover, and you can divorce me fair and square. Not only can you ruin my reputation, but you can also be together with Crystal again.||

—Stop talking!|| interrupted Lyle as he carried me and placed me on the couch. —Are you okay? I’ll pour you a glass of warm water.||

It was those carefully curated words again. He viewed them with so much importance, it was as if they were part of his bible. Every time he spoke those words, it meant that his attitude had softened. Lyle went to the kitchen and poured a glass of water for me, but I refused to look at him. I placed the glass on the table casually and remained motionless.

He kept glancing around the house, trying to search for something. In the end, he asked, —Is there really nothing going on between you and Christopher?||

Though I laughed, I was boiling with fury within. In a

hostile tone, I rebuked, —Why are you asking me? Don't you already have your own answer? Will you even believe what I say?||

The man turned quiet again as he stared at me with a frown on his face. If he had done this in the past, I would feel extremely uneasy and would wish for nothing more than to appease him again. Unfortunately, all I wanted to do now was to slap his haughty-looking face.

—Why did you buy this house? Did you already plan on leaving me earlier on?|| demanded Lyle in an interrogative tone.

I laughed. —Oh, I bought it after I saw the video Bianca sent me, featuring both of you in the bed. Do you want to watch it? It's really entertaining.||

I did not know why Lyle had come to look for me. Despite rebuking him so aggressively, he could still tolerate it and stay here. I continued, —If there's nothing else, I'd like to rest. Please leave.||

A grim look crossed his eyes. It looked like his temper was about to blow up, yet he forcefully suppressed it.

—Let's move back. Pack your belongings now.||

Seeing that I did not move, he dragged me toward the door. I flung his hand away forcefully and snapped through gritted teeth, —Lyle, I'm not your pet cat or dog. You can't just summon and dismiss me whenever you want. If there's anything you want to say, tell me directly. I have no time to waste with you.||

—Stop kicking up a fuss. Grandma told me to bring you home. Are you going to ignore her instructions too?|| Lyle glared at me.

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Only then did I remember that I had promised Grandma to get along well with Lyle. However, it was clear from his actions that he had no plans on getting along with me. After an internal conflict, I grabbed my bag and followed behind him.

When I left the house, I saw an inconspicuous silver BMW parked on the opposite road. It was a small sedan that merely cost a few hundred thousand — something a rich

heir would not be interested in. However, I recognized it as the car Christopher had bought a few days ago.

He had once said that it was a good decision for me to buy such a car since I liked to keep a low and mysterious profile. No one would harbor any thoughts or pay much attention to it. This way, he could send me to work and fetch me back. Others would only be envious that I had such a thoughtful boyfriend. They would not gossip about me behind my back.

I stood frozen to the spot momentarily but eventually got into Lyle's Porsche. When the car door closed, I saw the windows of the opposite car roll down. I noticed Christopher pursing his lips coldly, his gaze sorrowful and dark.

I had a sudden urge to fling the car door open, rush over rapidly and jump into his embrace. Screw Lyle and his professed love! Why should I make life difficult for myself when a man was willing to cook for me and pamper me? Why should I disgrace myself like this?

However, Grandma's old and lonely face surfaced within my mind, recalling my rationality back. Such an arrangement would only last for half a year. Anyway, Lyle would not treat me nicely. At the very most, he would only use me when it was convenient for him to do so. When I returned to the apartment I had lived in for two years, I thought it would still be in a state of utter mess, just like how I left it the previous time. Surprisingly, all the decorations were back in their original place. Even the wedding picture I had torn to shreds had been remade.

This time, the picture was placed in the middle of the living room instead of the bedroom. I smirked mockingly. What's the point of this? It's just a photoshopped wedding picture! It's fake. No one will be fooled by this.

—Crystal's back... Why is it you?|| Wendy walked out, holding a plate of fruits. Her smile immediately froze on her face when she saw me.

I crossed my arms. No longer wanting to maintain a courteous pretense with her, I said calmly, —I'm surprised



too. Why am I back here?||

Wendy slammed the plate of fruits on the table forcefully, turned around, and asked her son, —Lyle, what are you doing? Why did you bring this little b\*tch home? Didn't I ask you to bring Crystal back?||

—Mom, stop talking. I just brought Eve back. If there's anything, let's talk about it in the future. Go back home first.||

—Are you chasing me away?|| Wendy pointed at her face and widened her eyes in disbelief. Suddenly, she spun around and slapped me. —You little b\*tch must have bewitched my son again. He dares to be fierce to me!|| I staggered a few steps backward, wishing for nothing more than to rush up and rip her face apart. Their family was so used to slapping people without providing any warning beforehand. With a hand on my cheek, I spat, —If possible, I don't want to return anymore. If you want Crystal here, tell your son to bring the divorce contract over. I'll sign it right away and agree to any conditions you raise.||

With that, I ignored whatever protests they had, headed to the bedroom, and locked the door behind me. I did not want to sleep in the same room as Lyle. Grabbing my phone, I debated over whether I should send a message to Christopher.

However, I had still come back with Lyle like a loser, so how could I have the audacity to message Christopher? Whenever I relented because of Lyle, he would feel exceptionally disappointed and hurt. I did not even know if he was truly in love with me.

However, I could sense that his feelings of hurt and sorrow were genuine. If even those emotions were fake, there was nothing else in this universe that could be genuine. Now that I had nothing, there was no point in scheming against me.

Finally, I made a decision and called Christopher.

Surprisingly, no one picked up the call, even until after the ringing tone stopped. A feeling of disappointment and unease engulfed me, making me even sadder than when Lyle slapped me.

Walking to the window, I opened it and let the night breeze blow in, trying my best to suppress my anxiety and unease. I had lived here for two years, but now that I had returned, I did not feel at peace at all. There was only one thought in my mind—escape!  
Escape as far away as possible!

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Christopher... I recited his name silently. Suddenly, the car lights from far away flashed. Focusing my gaze on it, I realized that it was Christopher's BMW under the dim light of the lamps.

Thinking I was seeing things, I rubbed my eyes forcefully, trying my best to see it clearly. As if Christopher could sense what I was thinking, the owner of the car flashed the car lights again.

For a moment, I felt like my surroundings were awash with light again, enveloping my face. Hope was right in front of me. I was so excited that I had an urge to jump down and hug him. Even my hand, which was gripping my phone, was trembling.

A text message popped up on my phone. You fool, why did you call now? What if someone overhears you? Only then did I realize that he did not pick up the call because he was thinking on my behalf. All my anxiety and unease flew away in an instant. Holding onto my phone, I grinned foolishly toward the window and sent another message: Do you know the story between planes and love?

When I was young, I saw it on the television. Back then, I thought that the female character in the drama was adorable and impressive. Although she was as foolish as me, she understood such philosophical stuff.

Christopher sent me a confused emoji. Is it a fairytale? You already have a prince, so why are you still thinking about fairytales?

I replied: It's because I met a prince that I have even more faith in fairytales. You fool, it's getting late. Go back home quickly.

Christopher then messaged: Can you bear for me to

leave?

I replied exasperatedly: I haven't saved the world yet. When I accomplish such an amazing feat, I'll come and pick you up in grandeur.

Christopher sent another reply quickly: Don't worry, I've got some tricks up my sleeves. Sleep now and remember not to kiss him. Otherwise, I'll beat him up.

Chuckling, I told him to leave first and that I wanted to watch him leave. The man flashed the car lamps three times, signaling that he was going to leave first. Only then did he drive away. Gazing at his car, I smiled.

It was my fortune to have such a man for me to rely on during my lowest point. I did not know what the outcome would be between Christopher and me, but at the very least, he was the only glimmer of hope in my life now. Instead of leaving the bedroom to wash up, I lay on the bed with my clothes on. A moment later, Christopher messaged me and asked: Do you know what flashing the car lamps thrice means?

I blinked. Are we asking each other a question from a fairytale? Not knowing the answer, I was about to ask him when I heard urgent knocking on the door and Lyle's furious yells. He said that if I did not open the door, he would kick the door open just like what he did in the afternoon at the apartment. I had no choice but to open it.

The moment Lyle entered, he pushed me onto the bed. His hands started roaming on my body almost instantly. The memories of when he tried to force himself upon me were still crystal clear. Shoving him away forcefully, I mocked, —So you called me back because you want to force yourself upon me again? Did your mistress fail to satisfy you?||

The man raised his arm, wanting to slap me. I did not avoid him, nor did I even intend to dodge it. Instead, I stared at him coldly. In the end, he did not slap me. He wrapped his arms around me, collapsed onto the bed, and hugged me tightly.

—I'm really happy you saved me that day. You still love me. Let's spend the rest of the days we have together

happily, okay? We shall forget about the past.||

I did not reply to his words. If I spoke, I would only rebuke him with harsh words. There was no point in arguing endlessly.

Before the peace could continue for a second more, Lyle's phone rang. He continued hugging me, perfectly playing the part of a gentle and loving husband. After rejecting the call, his phone rang two more times. When I saw his conflicted expression, I felt uncomfortable.

—Are you sure you aren't going to pick the call up? There might be an emergency.||

At that comment, Lyle got up. Noticing my calm expression, he glanced at his phone and answered it, unable to hold himself back. When he heard the voice on the phone, his expression changed. Dragging me outside, he broke into a run and demanded, —Hurry up! We need to go to the hospital.||

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—The hospital?|| Thinking something bad had happened to Sharon, I quickly followed Lyle to the hospital. There was a crowd of people standing in front of the emergency room's entrance when the two of us arrived. Even Dad, Aunt Natalie, and Yvette were there.

Doctors and nurses hurried around the hospital. Feeling confused, I asked, —Dad, what's going on?||

—It's all your fault, you jinx! My daughter wouldn't have ended up like that if not for you. I will kill you if anything happens to her.|| Natalie rushed up and gave me two tight slaps as she scolded.

Her daughter? Is it not Sharon? My cheeks felt numb after getting slapped so many times today. I asked coldly, —What do I have anything to do with Crystal getting hospitalized?||

—Nothing to do with you?|| Natalie looked as if she wanted to tear me apart badly as she grabbed my hair. —If you didn't accuse her of being a homewrecker in front of the reporters, she wouldn't have committed suicide. She was supposed to host an art exhibition this time around. Everyone was looking forward to it, but it was no longer

possible because of you, you b\*tch.||

I finally understood what was going on. Crystal's reputation as an up-and-coming artist was ruined after news of her being a homewrecker made the headlines. She attempted suicide because she couldn't handle the pressure. But what does that have anything to do with me? Things wouldn't have turned out this way if she didn't pick a fight with me in public.

Sabrina was right. She got what she deserves! Serves her right.

At the moment, the emergency room door was pushed open. Crystal laid on the hospital bed; her face was pale and ghastly. Natalie immediately pushed me aside and rushed up to Crystal. Crystal stared at me and said weakly, —Don't worry, my dear cousin. I just came back to host an art exhibition and will leave for Anglandur in a few days. Please forgive me if I've offended you in any way.||

She looked frail, innocent, and pitiful as tears welled up in her eyes. That expression of hers, coupled with the white hospital gown, made me look like the wicked witch of the west.

Of course, Yvette had to play along. She burst into tears and said, —Yvonne, please don't be mad. There's really nothing going on between her and Lyle. Yes, they were in love, but that's all in the past. Why can't you let bygones be bygones? Why do you have to tarnish Crystal's reputation?||

It's always the same scenario. I looked at my husband, who was holding onto Crystal's hand. He looked like he was having difficulty breathing as his heart ached for her. —Eve, please help Crystal out just this once. She's leaving next week.||

She's leaving? How is that even possible? I'm not buying it. Did Lyle have a sudden change of heart because Crystal is leaving soon? Is that why he's putting up a good front? Is he treating me like her replacement?

—Eve, please help to clear Crystal's name at the press conference tomorrow,|| Nathan spoke up. He was still pleading for me to pay for Crystal's actions as usual.

—Yeah, you should agree to his pleas. She looks so miserable. Everyone has an ex.|| A nurse couldn't stand it anymore and stood up for Crystal.

I took two steps back and stared at everyone coldly. They were all taking Crystal's side. Natalie suddenly ran up, knelt before me, and cried, —Yvonne, I'm begging you, please let Crystal off. You forcefully broke them up and married Lyle back then. She already left for Anglandur, and you got what you wanted. Why do you still have to do this? Are you trying to kill us?||

Some were taking photos while others were talking. I couldn't really hear what they were talking about, but they were all pointing fingers at me for forcing Crystal away. It happened so frequently that I was beginning to think I was actually the culprit too. But I hadn't done it. I was very sure of that fact.

Crystal spoke up once again upon seeing me keep quiet. She smiled bitterly and sobbed, —Please stop giving my dear cousin a hard time. I deserve this. After all, I'm still in love with Lyle. But fate is cruel. We're simply not meant to be together.||

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—Crystal!|| Lyle seemed overwhelmed as he held on to Crystal's hand. —I didn't know you're still in love with me. I'm sorry for everything. It's all my fault.||

—Lyle, it's not your fault I fell for you, but love is forever. We've known each other for ten years, became a couple for two years, and broke up for two years. I tried to forget you, but I couldn't do it. I'm sorry, Lyle. I should have restrained myself from expressing my love.||

The two of them hugged and looked at each other affectionately. I, on the other hand, was getting accused and forced to apologize. Lyle had also long since forgotten what he said about living a good life with me. I would have relented in the past. However, I was surprisingly calm instead of succumbing to pressure. I sneered as if I just watched a good show and clapped.

—This is so touching. But why am I not aware that I broke you two up? You want me to admit I'm a homewrecker?

Dream on!||

—Miss, why do you insist on making things difficult for Crystal when she's such a nice girl?|| A stranger spoke up, displeased. I shot him a look and suddenly recalled that I had met him at Crystal's party last time.

No wonder he looked so familiar. He appeared as Crystal's senior whenever she was interviewed for her paintings that were published in the news. He was also the one who had pushed me into the water when I was a kid. He was Benjamin's brother, Benson who had been out of the picture for quite some time.

—Eve!|| Lyle walked over and pulled me into his arms, ignoring the fact that I was struggling to get away from him. I almost vomited when I caught a whiff of Crystal's perfume on him. —Crystal is leaving soon. Why can't you agree to such a simple request? We can live a good life after this, okay?||

I pushed him away forcefully. There wasn't even a glint of disappointment in my eyes anymore. I only felt numb and wronged after everything. I pointed at myself and asked, —Crystal, oh Crystal, how affectionate of you. Her career is important, but mine's not? Don't you know I'm the one who's going to get hurt if I agree to this?||

—But you don't even have a job. No one would care.||

—So you're saying I should be wronged because no one cares about my existence? Mr. Smith, is that what you mean by living a good life with me? You expect me to submit to you when I'm being called a homewrecker? I'm sorry, but I don't need that. Have you forgotten what you wrote in the divorce papers?||

I would never forget it. The photos he took were enough to ruin the rest of my life when I wanted a divorce. —You took so many pictures of me with countless men. I didn't even know I had so many boyfriends. Moreover, they're all good friends of yours. Call them all over since you like to get cheated on so much. Let's try it. It's the perfect opportunity since I don't even know some of their names.||

I felt like I was going crazy. Things had taken a turn for the worse in such a short time. I pushed Lyle away and

ran out of the hospital. Fu\*\* his true love, fu\*\* his good life. These two fu\*\*\*\*\* can do whatever they want, I don't care anymore.

As for Crystal trying to commit suicide, I found it very funny. It was blatantly obvious to me that she was putting on an act. How could she ever commit suicide when she was such a coward? She was simply asking for sympathy to clear her name.

I hailed a cab back to the apartment on my own, locked the door, and buried myself under the sheets. Lyle wouldn't be coming back home tonight anyway. I was so tired of the never-ending quarrels and schemes.

It was as if my cousin was deliberately going against me. She would create trouble whenever I had peace of mind. Sometimes, I really don't get why she does it. She's successful in her career, pretty, and surrounded by eligible bachelors.

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In short, she has the looks and the money. Why does she have to hold it against me? I could only come up with one reason after giving it much thought. She must be crazy. She's regretting her decision to leave Lyle when she loves him so much.

What a b\*tch. She's so melodramatic.

Even though I felt troubled by everything, I didn't forget to go to work the next morning. It was important for me to treat work seriously since my livelihood depended on it. I got into my role relatively quickly thanks to the work I used to do for the Smith family.

Work was relatively easy, considering it was my first day. My colleague, who was the manager's secretary, was in charge of everything. She was very kind and patient with me despite my clumsiness and ineptness. It was great.

I took a look at the bit of money I had left in my bag during lunchtime and decided to buy something cheap for lunch. Sometimes, I wondered why I was leading such a miserable life even though I was considered an heiress. I must be doing something wrong.

I squeezed my way through a crowd of construction



workers to buy myself some food. Just as I was contemplating whether to have lunch at the park opposite or in my office, my Prince Charming appeared in a BMW. Christopher rolled down the car window and motioned for me to get in with his chin. —Get in.||

—I need to get back to work in a bit.|| I carefully held on to my lunchbox. I couldn't hide my joy at seeing him again as I grinned from ear to ear. I think I'm in love. How else would I explain the joy I felt whenever I was with Christopher. It felt entirely different from when I was with Lyle.

—I'll send you back later. I promise you won't be late. Hurry up, I haven't eaten lunch yet.|| The man opened the car door and pulled me onto his lap. Luckily for me, his car windows were installed with reflective window films. I quickly scrambled over to the passenger seat.

—Don't do that. We're in public.|| I handed him my lunchbox. —I just bought this. Do you want to have some?||

Christopher stared at the overcooked dishes in disgust before he sighed and patted my head. —Come on; I'll buy you something nice for lunch.||

—Will I be satisfied?||

—You bet.|| He took a look at my breasts, frowned, and fondled them. —It's getting bigger. It must have been my massaging techniques. Looks like I'll have to work harder to make it busty.||

My eyes widened in surprise at his weird antics. I finally returned to my senses when he reached into my clothes and pushed his hand away. —Cut it out, Christopher.

Aren't we going for lunch? I'm hungry.||

He sighed. —It's been a few days since I've satiated my hunger. Poor me.|| Christopher pointed at his private part and pouted before he continued, —As a man, I'll get injured if I try to hold it in for too long.||

I didn't know what to say in response to that. He had chosen to take care of things himself than lay a finger on me last time. I said through gritted teeth, —Should we head to a hotel to feed you then?||

—Good idea!|| Christopher's face lit up at my suggestion.

He looked like a child in a sweatshop as his face crinkled up in a smile. I was struck dumb as I stared at his stunning face.

I had thought he was the most good-looking guy I ever saw from the first moment I laid eyes on him at the gathering. Not even the two most popular bargirl sitting on either side of him was good enough.

In the end, he really brought me to a hotel. He opened the door of the lavish presidential suite with a swipe card and let me in. I felt a little eager as I thought we were really going to have a passionate love-making session. There was no way I was going to get back together with Lyle again anyways, not unless he was the only man left in this world or if a miracle happens. Feeling shy, I lowered my eyes. It felt like we were about to have sex during our honeymoon phase.

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In the end, however, he pulled me over to a dining table. I stared dumbfounded at the mouth-watering delicacies laid before me. The room was decorated with pink curtains, pink carpets, and a pink tablecloth. Flower petals also littered the carpeted floor and hung on the walls.

Christopher changed into a pink suit and tie. Although the color was often associated with femininity, it looked really good on him. His suit was buttoned up to the third button, and a wicked smile graced his handsome features. He looked alluring.

I had never seen someone as charismatic as him. In fact, I was sure he could make any woman drool.

Christopher sat down opposite me and smiled. —Your pumpkin carriage has brought you to the prince’s castle. All these here belongs to my princess. You can do anything you like here. Do you like it?||

He amazes me every day. Since I couldn’t really express the joy I was feeling, I threw myself into his arms and planted a kiss on his lips.

I was obsessed with his lips, his brows, and his eyes; he occupied every part of my mind. I knew I had fallen head

over heels with him. This man, who always appeared by my side whenever I needed him most.

Christopher was stunned when I took the initiative to kiss him. He didn't react when I sucked on his lips. Just as I was about to break away, he snapped to his senses and pulled me onto his lap in one swift movement.

He gripped onto my chin and tongue kissed me with a note of urgency. I leaned into his embrace and got so turned on as I moved my mouth against his.

This time around, I took the initiative to unbutton his shirt as he started to grope me underneath my clothes. I mimicked his movements and rubbed my hands all over his back. His breathing quickened as he carried me up bridal style and put me down on the sofa.

I lapped up everything about him and allowed his hands to roam my body freely. Tremors ran through me as his fingers trailed fire wherever they went.

He held on to my feet as if they were precious gems and kissed his way up my inner thighs. I wrapped my arms around his neck, feeling my body grow hot. At that very moment, I only had eyes for him.

Just as I thought we were going to have dessert, Christopher suddenly stopped. He turned away and took a few deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself down. —What's wrong?|| I asked, confused.

He then grabbed my face and kissed me all over. In the end, he plunged his head into the bathtub. He was making me feel like I was going crazy. Moreover, I swore I was willing to give myself away. So why wouldn't he touch me?

Is he disgusted by my past? Or did he get mad when I left with Lyle yesterday?

I panicked, rushed into the bathroom, hugged him from behind, and sobbed. —Please don't do this, Christopher. I'm willing, really.||

Tears welled in my eyes, blurring my vision as I spoke. I was sick and tired of living life. Nobody cared about me, and I was tired of being alone; I was tired of getting bullied.

—I'll make you happy, Christopher. Please don't leave me,

okay?|| I was already at my lowest. I couldn't bear to let happiness slip through my fingers after being abandoned again and again.

With that, I bent down and was about to help him out when he suddenly pulled me up. —Why are you crying?|| He seemed surprised.

I wiped away my tears and rubbed myself against him.

—Nothing happened between Lyle and I last night. I mean it. Nothing happened. Do you believe me?||

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—You silly girl!|| Christopher heaved a sigh and took me in his arms. —Why are you overthinking again? Didn't I say that we'll do all these once we can hold hands openly? I don't want you to think that I'm only dating you to have sex.||

—Huh?|| I was taken aback by his words. Doesn't he think I'm dirty?

He tapped on the tips of my nose gently before saying,

—We're a couple madly in love with each other. I'm pursuing you. Don't you feel it? We shall abstain from intimate activities now. Once you're divorced, I guarantee that you won't be able to get off the bed every day.||

He tapped on my nose again and added, —Could it be because you can't wait for it?||

—No!|| I quickly answered.

I did indeed feel like I was in love. However, Christopher's words tugged at my heartstrings. He always seemed like he didn't have enough every time we had a brief body contact. That was why I always thought that he liked me because my body gave him a very different feeling. So has he actually taken all of my thoughts into consideration?

How could I not love a man like him?

I was so touched that tears welled up in my eyes. He suddenly carried me and put me on his lap. He then started to hit me a few times on my butt. I was dumbfounded by his action. —What are you doing?||

—I told you multiple times that you shouldn't walk around

without any shoes on. I'll hit you the next time you do it again. || He furrowed his brows. I played along and nodded my head obediently. —I won't do it anymore. || —That's more like it. || He put me back down on the couch. Perhaps it was because he was shocked by my tears but the lust he was having earlier seemed to have disappeared. The man took out a towel and wiped off the sweat on his body before helping me put on my shoes. I felt like a princess when Christopher treated me to a candlelight lunch. The food was delicious, especially the soup. It was just perfect and I even praised it a few times throughout our meal. I told him that if I had the chance, I wanted to talk to the chef of the restaurant and find out how they made their soup so flavorful. —There'll be a chance, || he said as he looked at me with his gentle eyes.

I suddenly thought of something when I saw the peculiar expression on his face. I couldn't help but ask, —Does this hotel belong to you? Why do you always bring me to the presidential suite here? ||

—Maybe, || he answered, feigning ignorance.

—Liar. But speaking of which, this chef's skills are amazing. You managed to find yourself a good cook. ||

—Of course he's a good cook. He's an expensive hire too. ||

Christopher scooped some food onto my plate and said,

—Eat up. ||

—Okay! || Everything was delicious when I was in a good mood. I gave all of the dishes on the table a try. In the end, I patted my belly, feeling satisfied.

I took a glance at the time and realized that the lunch hour was almost over. I quickly urged Christopher to drive me back.

—Why are you in such a rush to leave? || He pointed at the bulge in his pants as he continued, —I haven't had enough yet. ||

I glared at him. He told me that he didn't want to do it before I was divorced but wants to do it now. What exactly does he want? Then, I showed him my outstretched hand and asked, —Should I lend this to you? ||

—Of course. Hurry up and serve the prince. || Christopher carried me into the bedroom. I helped him with my hand and he only let me go when my arm grew tired.

After that, he drove me back to work and stopped his car at the alley from before. Seeing that I was about to get off of the car, he called out to me. I turned to look at him and asked, —Is there something you need? Don't tell me you're reluctant to watch me leave? ||

The man rested his chin in his palm as he seemed to be deep in thought. After a moment, he finally said, —Silly girl, I just wanted to tell you that no matter what happens, you have me. ||

I felt my heart flutter when he said such a corny thing out of nowhere and I leaned over to kiss him. —I'll remember that. You've said it multiple times. I'll be clinging on to you so you better not say that I'm annoying in the future. ||