

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 121

Tears streamed down Crystal's cheeks as she walked toward Lyle. The couple embraced and lay on the grass. Soon, sounds of whimpering and moaning could be heard from them.

“Tell me, am I better than Bianca?” Crystal moaned.

“Wasn't she a gift from you? I don't even know where you have sent her off to now.”

Lyle thrust harder while positioning Crystal's body to accommodate him more smoothly.

By then, I was too exhausted to be bothered by what they were doing. There was a moment where I felt like I had stopped breathing. It was difficult for me to accept the truth. Moreover, the impact was especially devastating this time.

Since the wedding, Lyle had been unwilling to touch me. When Sharon found out about this, she tried to come up with ideas to help me, but to no avail. There was a time when we attended a party, I could feel that something was off with my body. As such, I returned to the room with Lyle only to lose consciousness right after because I was drunk.

In my dazed state, I felt someone on top of me and was thrusting into me rather gruffly, as though he was inexperienced. Because it was my first time, it hurt a little. But the pain

passed swiftly under the influence of drugs, and it soon turned into waves of pleasure.

Back then, I had thought that the person on top of me was Lyle, so I was crying out his name as I met his thrusts. I was happy that I was able to consummate my marriage with the man I love. What I thought would be a happy life from then on turned out to be a life filled with Lyle's cold indifference toward me.

No wonder he kept accusing me of being a slut. So that's why he has never touched me since then. He would choose to relieve it in the bathroom every time he needed a release rather than asking me.

I have always thought that I have given my first to the man I love.

Instead, I was discarded like a piece of trash and my purity was wasted on a man who I don't even know...

I gritted my teeth as my entire body trembled from anger. How could such a cruel person exist? Is this my fault? What sins have I committed for them to treat me this way?

When I found out that Lyle was cheating on me, I had wanted to get even. But now that

I know the truth; that my purity had long since been tarnished; that I don't even know who my first was, all I felt was pain, despair, and how dirty my body feels.

There were so many people in the hotel that day. Who knows, it could even have been

some old, disgusting, perverted, old men who slept with me. The coldness in my chest continued to spread. I held the area over my heart tightly as every breath I took hurt. It

seems that I failed to keep the promise I made to myself... that I would never shed another tear for anything that they did.

Stop it! It's not worth it to cry because of them. However, try as I might, I couldn't

contain the tears. I would've turned and walked away if I had encountered a situation

like this prior. But this time, I stood up, grabbed a handful of sand, and threw it at them

as I felt the last shred of reason left my mind.

Lyle and Crystal yelped at the sudden rain of sand. The couple quickly dived for their

clothes. When they saw it was me, Lyle was shell-shocked.

“Yvonne...”

I muster every ounce of strength I had and slapped him across the face, instantly

reopening my wound. The pain was excruciating, but it couldn't be compared to the

intense pain my heart felt. “Lyle, what have I ever done to you for you to humiliate me

this way?”

“I... I...”

“You're an as*hole!” My hand was injured, but I still have my foot. I

kicked his calf with

my heels. Not done venting my rage, I then grabbed his arm and bit down hard.

“Yvonne, let go of Lyle!” Crystal, who had put on her clothes, came to shove me away.

When she neared, I could smell the repulsive scent of sex on her. It made me gagged.

“Both of you disgust me.” Still gripped by anger despite having yelled at them, I turned on my heels and dashed for the forest.

This is who Lyle is. He told me he wished to start over with me, but the moment Crystal cried and offered herself up, he just forgot about everything else. The sheer audacity that they had to fool around at another’s party... not to mention in a forest where anyone could have passed by anytime.

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I walked briskly down the hallway, receiving some odd looks from the guests gathered for tea. Ignoring them, I bumped into Zachary when I took a turn. He noticed my bad mood and asked for the reason behind it. I simply kept my silence and ran back to my room. Once the door was shut, the dam that contains my emotions broke immediately. Despair gripped me as I wondered why in hell would they treat me this way.

The agony and anguish that I kept bottled up started to form a web around my heart. As it constricted, it stabbed into my heart, shattering it into a bloody mess. The man that I had a crush on for ten years and the two years of marriage we shared... do they mean nothing at all ?

At this point, it can’t even be considered as a joke.

To keep his promise to Crystal, he would rather touch another woman than me. He even left me in the hotel when I was drugged. Coldness started creeping into my body. I covered myself with a blanket to ward off the chill, but I could still feel it. My gaze dropped upon a knife. The thought of killing myself crossed my mind. Feeling dirty and disgusted by myself, I kept rubbing my arms, hoping to get the non-existent dirt off me. Will Christopher still want me if he knew I wasn't touched by Lyle but by some random man?

The negative feelings and oppressive thoughts were taking possession of my brain. I unconsciously approached the table, picked up the knife, and placed the sharp edge over my wrist. If I slit it open, will my suffering end? I exerted a little pressure over the knife, feeling the sharpness and coldness biting into my wrist. Just a bit more pressure and blood would spill. Now that I think back, my whole life was depressing. My mother abandoned me, and my father never loved me. And after all the bullying and humiliation I've been through, I found out that the only person who had treated me well was merely using me. Now, I'm even getting my dignity trampled by a pair of adulterers. Why am I even alive?

“What are you doing?” A hand seized the knife.

Raising my head, I stared blankly at Christopher and started to struggle violently against him. “Let go! Let go of me!”

“Eve, look at me. It’s me, Christopher.” A look of horror was plastered on Christopher’s face as he pulled me into a tight embrace while using his other hand to grab the knife tightly.

“Go away! Just leave me alone! I’m unworthy of you. Please don’t ever look for me again. Let me be alone.”

The last shred of rationale left me, and all I wanted was to end my life. How could I even face him when I’m so filthy? I snatched the knife back and was ready to slide it over my wrist.

Christopher tightened his grip over the knife, cutting his palm open. When blood started to pour out, I was stunned and rooted in place, simply staring at his bloody palm.

To think that such a perfect-looking hand was now cut and oozing blood just because the owner didn’t want me hurt got me feeling even more pain. He cared so deeply for me, yet every time I thought about my defiled body, I just wanted to end my life.

Christopher noticed the crazed look in my eyes. He raised his hand and slapped me across the face. It was the first time he had ever hit me. It hurt, but it managed to snap some senses back into me, leaving me standing there dazedly.

Christopher hesitantly coaxed, “Let go of the knife, Eve. My hand hurts.

I don’t think you

would want to see my fingers get severed, do you?”

Shocked by his words, I released the knife, and Christopher immediately

threw it in the

bathroom. He pulled me into his arms and comforted me. “Don’t be

scared. Tell me

what happened. Eve, you have me. I’ll always be with you, so you

don’t ever have to be

afraid. Understand?”

His comforting words were the last punch to my crumbling walls. I

broke down in his

arms. After a while, I pushed him away. “Don’t touch me. I’m filthy. So

filthy.”

“No, you’re not. To me, you’re the purest.” Christopher had no idea

what I was saying,

yet he tried his best to calm me down by pulling me into his embrace

again.

“No, you don’t understand. You don’t know how filthy I am. Multiple

men had defiled

me when Lyle left me in the hotel. How can you still want me when I’m

so dirty?”

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I could lie to anyone in this world, but the only person I don’t want to

lie to is

Christopher. He was the first person who had treated me with kindness.

Even though

he’s two years younger than me and would sometimes behave like a boy

trying to get

his way, he has always tried his best to treat me well, adore me and

protect me.

“I want you, no matter how you are. Eve, look at me.” Christopher held my chin so that I would meet his gaze. “You’re the only woman that I want in my life.” I stared into his eyes. They were like the deep sea glittering with starlights, pulling me in.

Sincerity was evident in his facial expression as he gazed at me, willing me to believe his words.

“But, what if I don’t want you anymore? I feel soiled.” I raised my head and let the tears fall from the corner of my eyes. I’m grateful that there’s a man in this world who is willing to accompany me even at this moment.

“It doesn’t matter. You’re the person I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

Christopher sighed and placed me on the bed. “You’re not emotionally stable right now.

Get some sleep first, and we’ll talk after you wake up.”

“Will you stay here with me?” I asked.

“Yes, I’ll be right here with you.” Christopher peppered kisses on my clenched fist as he held it in his hands.

I was exhausted from all the crying and the emotional beat down. I had thought that sleep would evade me that night. Yet, as I lay on his chest listening to his strong heartbeat, I soon fell sound asleep.

A nightmare haunted my dreams. It was more frightening than the time Lyle had tried to

drown me. I saw myself lying naked in the hotel surrounded by many men. They were

laughing sinisterly and were slowly approaching me.

I screamed as I sat up. Surrounded by Christopher's comforting warmth and scent, I

realized it was merely a nightmare. I turned and silently cried into his chest.

Crying was the weakest and most useless thing a person could do.

However, crying was

all I could do at that moment.

"You're crying again. You didn't even shed a tear when you suffered a burn. So why are

you crying even though you're in my arms now?" Christopher rubbed his face against

mine as he tried to comfort me.

I wriggled in his embrace, trying to find a comfortable spot.

"Christopher, I had a

nightmare again, but it felt so real this time. Perhaps it wasn't a dream, but a memory.

What am I going to do?"

"Can you tell me?" Christopher gently asked.

"If I told you, you would be disgusted with me as well..." Pausing for a moment, I shut

my eyes and finally told him everything about Crystal's conversation with Lyle. "When I

got together with you, I never thought that it was a loss being never able to give you my

first time since I had known Lyle first, and even got married to him. But now... when I

thought about how I had given my purity to someone that I don't even know, how could

I ask you to be with me?

“The woman that you have chosen has slept with multiple men,” I stated the harsh truth.

As I waited for Christopher's reply, I felt anxious, but at the same time, I felt a sense of

relief. He had treated me well, so I want to repay him as such.

Nonetheless, I don't think I'm qualified to treat him right. Even I would be disgusted by

myself. I doubt there are any women who could overcome such an experience...

I couldn't take the silence anymore, so I raised my head and glanced at him. There was

no surprise or disgust written on his face. Instead, he was giving me a weird look. He

held my face and said softly, “What if I tell you that the man who slept with you that

night was me. Will you believe me?”

I burst out laughing with tears still streaming down my cheeks. “I would say that you're

lying, for there's no way such a coincidence could exist...”

“But it's true!” Christopher said in all seriousness, gazing at me intently.

“No, you don't have to comfort me. The fact remains that I am just a dirty woman. Lyle

had called me a slut, and he was right.” I shook my head. Christopher was willing to lie

to me to give me peace of mind, but I didn't want to pretend nothing had happened.

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“What I said is true!” Christopher sighed, “What do I need to do for you to believe me?”

He added, “Aren’t you always curious as to why I would approach Lyle to get closer to you? Well, that’s because a year and a half ago, I met you at the hotel.” My head snapped up, and I looked at him warily.

Christopher patted my head. “I just returned from overseas that night and was attending a business party on behalf of my mother when I got drugged. They wanted to push

some random woman at me, but I didn’t want to have anything to do with them. So I left the private room and walked into your room. Maybe it was destiny.”

“Really?” I asked with a trembling voice.

“Yes, really. When I woke up and saw you beside me that night, I wanted to bring you with me. I left for a while and came back to find that you’ve left with Lyle. I asked around and found out that you are married to Lyle. Only then, I stopped looking for you.”

I believed his words because he even knew the hotel room number and that was something only the person involved could have known.

Nonetheless, it was all so cliché. I have only seen such a scene happening on TV. I

couldn’t believe that it would happen to Christopher and me. I was once again grateful

for him as he had unwittingly saved me from being defiled by other men.

“So you had already saved me once. That was what you meant when you said we had known each other early on? You were referring to that moment?” I guessed the world did work in miraculous ways. It all felt so surreal.

“Maybe even earlier,” Christopher joked.

“I know you’re lying to me this time.” I lay on his chest and let out a sigh. I suppose this is how it feels when you see a rainbow after a storm. Hang on, didn’t I just cut his hand with a knife?

I sat up, grabbed his wrist, and noticed the bandage on his palm. I apologized, “I’m sorry for hurting you.”

“Took you long enough to remember my injury. You didn’t even glance at it when you went crazy earlier. I’m still angry about it.” Christopher glared at me, pretending to be angry. However, he wasn’t able to keep his act up for long, and he soon laughed out loud.

“It’s just a small cut. The doctor was exaggerating. Don’t worry.” Even though I lost my rationale, I knew he bled a lot. He insisted his injury wasn’t severe because he didn’t want me to feel bad for it. That thought saddened me. Christopher

would end up hurt whenever he was with me. He would tolerate me even when I lost my temper.

“Next time, slap me a few more times if this happens again. That way, I’ll get to calm down, and you won’t get hurt.”

“There’s a next time? Eve, if you do this a few more times, I might die from a heart attack.” Christopher flicked at my forehead lightly.

We were cuddling on the bed as we talked when I suddenly recalled something. I blinked and smacked him playfully. “Don’t tell me you were planning to steal Lyle’s woman from the beginning? So that’s why you’re friends with him despite the difference in social status. Don’t even deny it. Your motive was clear as day when you took my identification to buy a house for me.”

“Yes, how smart of you. Are you happy now that a handsome, dashing, and romantic guy like me fell for you?” Christopher asked, grinning slyly.

“Of course I am.” I smiled. I am grateful to have a boyfriend like him. I might’ve used up all my good luck in this lifetime to meet him.

“My goodness! What happened to you? Your eyes are so swollen. Don’t tell me you got in a fight with him?” Sabrina didn’t mention Christopher’s name because rumors could spread, and there was a chance of others hearing it even if we were in a private room.

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I got out of bed when I saw Sabrina brought food for me. I snacked on a grape as I

rubbed my eyes. “Don’t even mention it. My eyes were only swollen because they got defiled by the sight of a pair of cheaters.”

Lyle and Crystal are the most disgusting and cruel people I have ever met. In the past, even if I disliked him, I would still treat him with civility because of Grandma.

But this time, I hate him to my very core. If I could, I would never want to see him again.

And if I do see him, I would want nothing more than to give him a slap or two to vent my frustration.

“I’m guessing you’re talking about Lyle and Crystal, am I right?”

Sabrina leaned in nearer and whispered, “Don’t tell me you still have expectations for Lyle? If so, even I will look down on you. You have a much handsome and better guy in all regards compared to Lyle by your side now. And if you’re still hung up on him, we are through. If your current guy isn’t your boyfriend, I would’ve hit on him.”

“I’m not dumb.” I shrugged as I stuffed myself with fruits while thinking about what I should wear to the cruise party tomorrow.

“You are dumb. That’s why you fell for that idiot, Lyle. Christopher is so much better than him. Do you know that?” Sabrina pointed to somewhere far.

“Your happiness is right around the corner. If you don’t catch it, don’t come crying to me when you lost

your chance.”

I followed the direction where her fingers were pointed at and saw Christopher with a group of outstanding men passing by the lake. Even so, he was the most dazzling among the group. Many girls were hitting on him as well. He was, without a doubt, the center of attention everywhere he goes.

After all, in every young girl’s heart, their first crush would always be a man with a dangerous smirk.

“Even though we should advise ways for a marriage to last and not end, now that things had turned out this way, there’s no need for you to hold on to this marriage anymore.

You would only end up getting hurt more should they try to do something terrible to you in the future.”

“Sabby, I know what you’re worried about. You’ve said so yourself, now that things had turned out this way, I would much rather find a tree and hang myself than settle for peace.”

I hit Sabrina gently with my fist. Worried about my injury, she chided, “Hey, be careful!

You just recovered from a burn. It might scar.”

“No way!” I instantly became nervous at her comment. I couldn’t care less about my looks or if I might get a scar if I don’t have a loved one. But now that I have a man that I

love, there's no way I wouldn't care about it. "Should we drive to the hospital for a quick check-up, then? Maybe do some skin grafting?"

Sabrina cackled, "Look at you being so nervous. What a rare sight indeed. Let's go, then."

After we got into the car, I noticed that we were not heading for the hospital but toward a luxury shopping district. Curious, I asked, "Where are we going? Aren't we going to the hospital?"

"Look at you being all nervous over a minor injury. You're really different now that you're in love. You actually care about your appearance now. Relax, there wouldn't be any scarring if you received immediate treatment for a minor injury such as this. Besides,

the doctor hired by the Lane family isn't some quack, you know."

Sabrina suddenly stopped her car at the side of the road. I was left puzzled. "Then what are we doing here?"

"There's a cruise party in the afternoon. Crystal will steal your limelight if you attend it dressed like this. So of course we have to shop for a new outfit. You need to doll yourself up in the most beautiful outfit."

I raised my right arm which was thickly bound in bandages, then waved the heavily taped left hand. Even being covered by diamonds from head to toe can't save me from all these bandages.

“Come on.” Sabrina pushed me into a boutique that sells evening gowns.

Once we had bought a gown, we immediately headed back. When I entered my room, I was surprised to find a package waiting for me. The package was wrapped in a way that it looked messy and ugly. What’s this? I didn’t order anything online. Also, the address is wrong.

What I found laying inside the hideous package after tearing it open was an exquisite looking pink evening gown. It was gorgeous. There was even a matching set of ruby pendants next to it as well.

“Looks like I got worried for nothing. You have someone who spoils you now, unlike me.” Sabrina choked out a few fake sobs as she spoke.

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I remembered she had a blind date with a handsome man quite some time ago. They must have been incompatible. As much as I loathed the pink dress, I had no choice but to put it on.

I stared at myself in the mirror; it complemented my skin tone well. I couldn’t pick on the flawless dress that seemed to have been tailor-made for me.

I couldn’t wait to show Christopher the dress he had chosen me. Thus, I got ahead of Sabrina and headed over to the yacht, which cost at least hundreds of millions, docked

nearby.

As I made my way over while holding my dress, I noticed most of the invited guests had boarded the yacht ahead of me. When I stepped into the hall, the guests were about to have their first dance. Upon a simple glimpse, I noticed most of the guests were couples.

Lyle and Crystal were in the middle of the crowd as well. They had a great time dancing together. I was irked by Crystal's seemingly flawless moves.

No matter how graceful they appeared, it doesn't change the fact they're both corrupted deep down!

Seconds after I spotted Christopher in a conversation with Gordon, I saw Monica approaching Christopher and asked him to join her for a dance.

Although Christopher mentioned they were not romantically involved with one another,

I couldn't stand the sight of my crush hugging another woman by the waist, dancing.

Nonetheless, I would be surprised if he approached me for a dance.

He turned around and smiled when he saw me losing myself in a train of thoughts. I no

longer felt frustrated when I saw him licking his lips. He indicated he was intrigued by my look.

A waiter approached me and asked if I wanted something to drink. I didn't have the energy to lift even the lightest of items, let alone a glass of drink. It would be

embarrassing if I were to spill all over. Staring down at my hands, I politely rejected the waiter.

Out of nowhere, Zachary showed up next to me and asserted once he glanced at my hand, “You’re not exactly in the condition to join them. Things will get even nastier if you hurt yourself further.”

Huh? Are we even close in the first place? Why is he expressing concern over my condition?

“Thanks for the heads-up, but I have no intention to join them as well.”

Duh! How am I

supposed to show up when my so-called husband is having a great time dancing with another woman?

Zachary followed me when I headed elsewhere. Confused, I asked,

“Zachary, why aren’t you mingling around with others?”

He deadpanned, “Well, everyone’s aware I can’t dance.”

“Alright, please suit yourself. I’ll head over to the deck and enjoy the breeze.” I couldn’t

help but wonder if others had ever made fun of him because of his indifferent look.

“Wait! You’re not supposed to go anywhere!” Zachary got ahead of me and stopped me once again.

“W-What’s wrong?”

“He has instructed me to keep an eye on you and keep you safe throughout the ball. I’m

not supposed to leave you even when you're in the restroom. He said if anything were to happen to you, he would take me out in a similar manner."

Upon hearing that, my cheeks reddened as I choked on saliva. To stop things from getting more awkward, I asked, "I'm pretty sure he's just kidding, isn't he?"

"No matter what, I won't be going anywhere else apart from keeping an eye on you!"

Zachary was a man of his word. Thus, I knew there was nothing I could do to change his mind.

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"I don't want you to waste your precious time with me! You know what? I'll stand where you can easily spot me! That way, you get to have fun while ensuring I'm safe!" It would

be awkward to hang out around Zachary since he was a friend of Christopher, not mine.

He dismissed my suggestion and insisted on following me everywhere. When I was about to suggest something else, Darius approached me and asked, "Care to join me for a dance?"

"M-Me?" I pointed at myself with my eyes widened in disbelief.

Darius replied with a bright grin, "Who else could it be?"

"B-But—" I looked at my hands and added, "I don't think that's possible."

"It's fine. I'll hold your wrists." Upon Darius' insistence, I dared not reject further. After all,

not only was he Christopher's brother, he was also the mayor of Avenport. Rumor had it

that he was about to rise above the ranks soon.

Zachary was against the idea. He asked, "Are you sure you want her to join you for a dance?"

"I'll return her to you within a few minutes, okay?" Judging by Darius' look, I was pretty sure he had misperceived our relationship.

Thus, I decided to play along with Darius and winked at Zachary.

Coming to think of it, it

was an honor to dance with the host. The moment I joined him for a dance, I could feel I had stolen the limelight.

Those who had been scowling at me since I showed up got their curiosity piqued

because Darius was a married man. They must be wondering the sort of relationship

Darius and I had.

Darius must have caught a glimpse of my scrunched-up face. "Can't get used to it?"

I was impressed because he could guide me—a complete rookie—at ease.

There were a

few times when I almost stepped on his feet. However, he could evade it all while

carrying on with the dance.

Does it have something to do with the fact that he's from the Lane family?

They're all

equally exceptional!

"I'm not used to being the center of everyone's attention."

Darius asserted with a smile, “Ignore those people and enjoy the dance. At least that’s the way things work for me.”

I was pretty sure my eyes had been gleaming all while dancing. If I had to choose a role model, Darius would be the one. He was a successful man and a loving husband.

That got me thinking, though—why was Darius so kind towards me ever since our first meeting? Initially, I thought he was an amiable person and that my treatment was no different than others. However, that was not the case. Having been here for the past few days, I’ve seen him being stern.

Oh, God! Has he figured out the sort of relationship Christopher and I have? My heart skipped a beat when that particular thought crossed my mind.

Darius asked, “What’s wrong? Are you not feeling well?” “N-No!” After I rephrased the question I had in my mind, I queried, “This is going to sound silly, but please enlighten this foolish woman in front of you. I appreciate your kind gesture in asking me for a dance. However, may I know the reason behind it?”

It was a silly question indeed! At that point, my curiosity had gotten the better of me. I just had to know the reason why. Since there were other prominent figures in the ball, why would he bother to pay any attention to a nobody like me?

I wouldn't be surprised if Darius told me to stay away from his brother. However, he went dead silent for a few seconds. After staring at me in silence for a short while, I looked elsewhere to avoid his gaze because I couldn't take it anymore. I repeated my question, "Can you please tell me?" He broke the silence and whispered, "I'm sorry if you're startled by my actions. Actually, you bear a striking resemblance to a close acquaintance of mine." "Is it a friend of yours?" I started imagining all sorts of things—the scene of him being torn apart with his loved ones. Although it sounded absurd, I recently noticed that the life of the rich behind closed doors was unthinkable. So, nothing much could surprise me then.

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"No, it's your Mom," Darius replied melancholically. His reply took me by surprise as he lost himself in another train of thoughts. "D-Do you know her?" Never had I heard anything about my mom ever since she left. To be precise, I couldn't get my hands on her whereabouts. It felt as though she had disappeared into thin air. Nathan once said Mom had eloped with another man, but I refused to believe him. I

held a grudge against her for leaving me alone when I needed her the most.

If she had planned to leave me, she shouldn't have brought me to into this world. I

ended up suffering because of her—being bullied and missing my mother sorely.

Most of the time, I was jealous of Crystal because she had a protective mother—
someone would look after her and support her in every stage of her life.
“Yes. We were schoolmates. I encountered her during homecoming.”

Darius kept his
reply short and simple.

I was confused. Christopher once told me his brother had doted on him since young
due to their huge age gap—his brother was thirteen years older than him.

In other
words, Darius was merely eleven years older than me.

My mother gave birth to me when she was twenty years old. Thus, it
wouldn't make any
sense for them to be schoolmates. Conscious of the questions I had in
mind, he said, “I

was part of the academic acceleration program. I admitted into college
when I was
thirteen.”

I gaped at his reply. When I thought no one could beat Christopher,
Darius proved me
wrong by telling me he was a college freshman when he was just
thirteen years old.

Seconds after I snapped out of confusion, I whispered, “Do you know
anything about
her?”

Actually, I wanted to know if he had seen her over the past few years, but I thought that would be inappropriate since they were merely schoolmates.

Shaking his head, he glanced at the center of the hall and asserted, “If you need any help, feel free to approach me. Nothing can get in my way in Avenport for the time being.”

I looked in the direction of his glance and saw Lyle and Crystal. It was a huge favor, considering he was just a schoolmate of my mother. “Thank you so much for the offer, but that won’t be necessary for the time being. I’ll reach out to you if I ever need your help.”

The moment I walked away from the hall after the dance, Zachary showed up next to me. I was speechless. “Seriously?”

Zachary explained with a stern expression, “He told me to stop you from joining others for a dance because you’re way too gorgeous today.”

Obviously, Zachary was aware of the relationship between Christopher and me.

Otherwise, he would never bring up such a sensitive topic. I feel uneasy knowing there’s a third party who knew about our affair.

Unable to carry on with the awkward conversation, I suggested, “Shall we head over to the deck and enjoy the sceneries? Others told me the Lane family had all sorts of fish in

the lake meant for consumption.”

He nodded and said, “Since I won’t have to stop others from approaching you over there, that actually sounds like a great idea.”

“Were you a member of the army? Can you stop behaving as though you’re currently on a mission or something?”

That random speculation of mine turned out to be true. He nodded and answered, “He used to be my platoon commander. Perhaps it has become a custom. Now, I can’t help but carry out his order.”

Wait! Christopher used to be a member of the army? Is that the reason he’s equally skilled in combat skills? No wonder he’s able to climb over the fence at ease!

Although it was merely the second time I met Zachary in person, I could tell he was a good friend of Christopher through their interaction. I chuckled when the scene of Christopher teasing Zachary crossed my mind.

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 129

It was sunset, and as we basked in the sunlight, the reflection in the lake seemed so surreal. It took my breath away. However, I was afraid to go anywhere near the lake because of a traumatizing experience I had as a child.

Suddenly, Sabrina showed up and yelled, “Didn’t you promise to join me for a dance?”

What the heck are you doing here? Hurry up and come with me!” The infuriated woman tried to bring Zachary away with her.

Zachary stood right where he was with an awkward expression. “Can you calm down and let go of me? Stop embarrassing yourself in front of others! We’re not the only ones around here!”

I chuckled when I saw the duo bickering. Sabrina had always been known as an aggressive woman. Thus, I was pretty sure Zachary would be intimidated by her.

Sabrina refused to let go of Zachary. She rebuked, “Stop diverting my attention when Yvonne is the only one here! As my best friend, she won’t make fun of me!”

I had no idea since when had the duo gotten so close with one another. As Zachary wouldn’t talk back against Sabrina, I was pretty sure they had been keeping in close touch for quite some time.

Zachary ran out of ideas to get himself out of the nasty situation. He looked at me and requested, “Yvonne, stop laughing at me and say something!”

I shrugged my shoulders in return and announced, “There’s nothing much I can do because I’m afraid of offending my best friend over there. Why don’t you join her for a dance? I’ll be fine!”

“H-Hey—” Zachary wanted to say something, but Sabrina dragged him away with her

against his will.

I burst out laughing on the deck when I started imagining the life after the duo got married. As Zachary was a reliable man, he would try his best to keep Sabrina happy.

Well, for the first time in forever, Sabrina has made the right choice, huh?

Although I think she's going to be the dominant one in their relationship, things will turn out just fine at the end of the day.

Can I return to Christopher's side yet? I miss him so much, but I can't stand seeing another woman next to him! Urgh! What am I supposed to do to sever ties with my useless husband? Just what the heck is Lyle up to?

"What's my dear cousin doing here when she's in her best fit? It was quite a hassle because Lyle insisted on having me join him for a dance. I'm sure you won't be mad, right?"

Out of nowhere, Crystal showed up on the deck. I narrowed my eyes to a slit and glared at her in the eyes, regretting the decision to chase Zachary away. In fact, I was certain Crystal had been keeping an eye on me all this while.

Has she no shame at all? How the heck can she show up in front of me as though she has done nothing wrong in the woods?

As she approached me, I took a few steps back because I had a feeling she was up to

something. On top of that, I had made up my mind to stay away from her as much as possible to avoid causing myself more trouble.

“Why are you in such a hurry? Are you afraid of me?” Crystal beamed in satisfaction, asking in a sarcastic manner.

It was an attempt to lure me into another trap. Nonetheless, I brought myself to a halt because I couldn't stand her getting full of herself. “I just don't wish to waste my time with a hypocrite!”

Grinning, Crystal remarked, “I guess you have gotten better with your words, huh? No wonder Lyle has repetitively expressed his intention to take you out.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 130

The hypocrite went on and added, “Have you always deemed me a hypocrite? Well, I guess it's inevitable when the guy you're head over heels with over the past eight years turns his back against you over the night! I must say it's quite a pleasant sight!”

“Why don't you keep those to yourself? Lyle is but a jerk. If you want him so badly, just take him away. You're the only one who appreciates him.” I meant every single word I said. I had enough of dealing with the vicious duo.

Crystal leaned against the pillar and asked with her face scrunched up in irritation, “Why

don't you stop putting on a strong front instead? Aren't you aware it's bad for your health? Can you recall our first encounter? You behaved all superior to me and turned me down when I requested to have a look at your drawings.” Chuckling, she added, “In the end, I acquired the drawings after throwing a tantrum! I had ever since then made up my mind to get my hands on everything that belongs to you!”

I guess this is Crystal's true color, huh? Why can't she move on from the past? On top of that, why would I want to share something that belonged to me with her? I can't believe she has been picking on me over such a trivial matter. After snapping out of the train of thoughts, I looked at her in the eyes. “Well, I guess the ones you were able to get your hands on were never meant to be mine. What belongs to me will always be mine. You'll just end up with something that others couldn't even be bothered with.” “Hahaha!” Crystal burst out laughing as she found my statement hilarious. After all, I was the unlucky one over the years. One way or another—my life, my career, and my wedding ended up miserably. “You're so adorable! I wonder if Lyle hasn't filed for divorce with you because of your naivety! Anyway, I'll get him to make up his mind soon!”

Curious, I looked at the laughing woman and asked, “Did you get together with Lyle just to take revenge on me? Were you ever serious about your relationship with him?”

“What do you think?” she asked while sticking out her tongue in a coquettish manner.

The thought of her messing around with Lyle crossed my mind, but it was not something that concerned me.

I found Lyle pitiable because he took their relationship seriously. At the end of the day, it turned out he was as pathetic as me—deeming Crystal his one and only when the latter only used him as a tool for revenge. At that point in time, I was just glad I would soon sever ties with him.

“You know what? I’ll teach you another lesson! You need to learn from Yvette and grovel yourself at my feet! If you do, I will consider showing you mercy and stop picking on you in the future!”

I had a bad feeling about the things awaiting me, but I decided not to run away. She would just accuse me of something I hadn’t done. Since I was innocent, it wouldn’t be necessary to run away from her.

A few seconds later, Crystal started strangling her hair with all her might. Her cheeks were swollen after she slapped herself in the face without holding back.

Her attempt to pounce on me failed as I had foreseen her tricks beforehand. As she fell to the ground, she started wailing hysterically on the deck. After she tossed and turned, she yelled, “Can you stop it? I’m not trying to pick on you! Please stop coming after me!”

While glaring at her in the eyes with a deadpan look, I heard footsteps closing in. She had always come prepared. Thus, I was certain she had asked someone to meet her at the deck beforehand.