

# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 131

Crystal crawled her way over and started sniffing in front of me. "I'm so sorry for irritating you, but I'm serious about Lyle! If it weren't because of the incident that had occurred in the past, I would never leave him! Please forgive me and patch things up with Lyle!"

If it weren't because of my injured arms, I would have long slapped her in the face. Since the one rushing over would never believe me, I might as well take things out on her for momentary relief.

Lyle was the first to show up. He rushed over to help Crystal up and asked with a concerned look, "Crystal, what's wrong with you? What's going on?"

Crystal nestled in between Lyle's arms and wailed, "Lyle, hurry up and apologize! Tell Yvonne you won't be filing for divorce with her! It was never my intention to drive you away from her! I'll leave and return to Anglandur soon! Just blame me for everything that has occurred and move on with Yvonne!"

Instead of burying her face in her hands, she looked at him in the eyes to show him her swollen cheeks.

The moment Benjamin rushed over with a bunch of people and saw Crystal wailing, he glared at me and yelled, "Yvonne, how dare you take things out on Crystal?"

"Ha!" I had enough of the foolish bunch and thought it wouldn't make any difference to explain myself. Thus, I looked at them in silence, wondering if they had lost their mind for good.

All of a sudden, Lyle brought himself up and sprinted over in my direction. He tried to slap me in the face, but someone grasped his wrist and stopped him in the nick of time. A few seconds later, I heard the sound of someone's bone cracking. Lyle ended up shrieking in pain in front of others.

Wow! I guess Zachary wasn't lying when he told me he used to be in the army!

Irked, Lyle yelled while holding his injured wrist, "Zachary, what do you think you're doing?"

Zachary said with a straight face, "I had had enough of a wimp taking things out on a defenseless woman."

Zachary's statement worked like a charm. As a result of his reply, Lyle started shivering in wrath, his face turning pale and haggard.

In an attempt to get himself out of the embarrassing situation, Lyle turned around and asked Crystal, "What's going on?"

As though she was intimidated by Zachary, Crystal stammered, "I-I accidentally fell. I-It has nothing to do with Yvonne."

Benjamin caressed the weeping Crystal nestling in his arms and asserted, "We're here for you, Crystal! Just tell us if Yvonne has been taking things out on you again!"

"N-No! W-We were just having another conversation! B-Boohoo!" She started wailing abruptly, pretending she was the victim.

"Yvonne, I'll leave as soon as the party is over! Once I make my way back to Anglandur, I'll never return! Is this enough to please you?"

The moment she implied I was the one at fault, I caught Lyle glaring at me in the eyes with the intent to take me out all over his face. Afraid of trying anything reckless in front of Zachary, he yelled, "Why did you take things out on Crystal again? Have you forgotten she's your cousin?"

I took another peek at my injured hands and scowled at Lyle, "Are you sure you're in a position to pick on me? I actually think I'm not a match for a certain someone."

Ha! How kind of him to rush over to other's defense! Didn't he leave me alone in the hotel when he was conscious others might take advantage of me?

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A lot of guests had gathered around because of the commotion. "It's such a turbulent journey! The trio wouldn't stop making a fuss since day one! Why can't they keep everything until the party's over?"

"I can't believe they have the audacity to start a fight in front of us! Are they trying to challenge the Lane family's authority?"

"Are you guys blind or something?" Sabrina yelled at the gossipmongers and strode her way over to my side. Standing next to me, she asserted, "I wouldn't have left you alone if I was aware of someone's presence!"

Shaking my head, I reassured Sabrina, "It's fine!"

Out of the blue, Lyle yelled, "I want you to apologize!"

I rebuked with a scowl, "Ha! Lyle, may I know if you're confronting me as my husband or as Crystal's dearest darling? Why are you defending an outsider when your wife needs you as much as the woman next to you?"

"Lyle, you need to stop picking a fight with Yvonne because I was the one at fault in the first place. If only I could suppress the affection I have for you and refrain from making the trip back to visit you! B-Boohoo!" Once again, Crystal started wailing halfway through her sentence.

The onlookers engaged themselves in another round of heated discussion, but I couldn't care less since I had gotten used to it.

"Oh? What's everyone doing here instead of enjoying themselves in the hall? Is there anything interesting here?" Christopher finally showed up when I had long caught him standing at the entrance of the banquet hall with a frown.

As the onlookers greeted Christopher in a courteous manner, Christopher nodded in return. He strode over with his hands tucked in his pockets. Standing in the middle of

the crowd, after he took a peek at Crystal, he glanced at me and asked in a callous tone, "What's wrong with Ms. Yates? Has she gotten herself involved in another fight?"

Crystal started apologizing with a pitiable front, "I'm so sorry for the trouble I have caused you, Mr. Lane. It's just a minor conflict Yvonne and I have. I hope we haven't gotten in the way of the party."

She had successfully caused others to perceive she was the kind and understanding one. In other words, that would make me the one who had made a fuss out of something trivial.

Suddenly, I caught a glimpse of Sabrina winking at me with a proud look. I knew they were up to something the moment Zachary and Sabrina showed up one after another. In anticipation of the things that would be in store, I could barely conceal my emotions.

Irritated, Lyle gasped out his reply, "How dare you laugh when you're the one at fault?"

I showed Lyle my hands that were swathed in bandages and acquired Sabrina's help to ensure it was perfectly swaddled.

All of a sudden, Christopher tucked his arms and asked indifferently, "How has Ms. Tanner inflict such serious injuries upon you when her hands are seriously injured? Does it have something to do with your flawless skin?"

The onlookers went dead silent and whispered to one another once they heard Christopher's statement. Crystal's face turned pale and haggard as she was put in the limelight. Thrilled by Crystal's diffident look, I thought of giving Christopher a hug to reward him for the job well done.

He actually figured out the thing on my mind through a simple gesture. I was able to get away no thanks to Crystal's foolish trick.

That was the precise reason I couldn't be bothered to defend myself in the first place. Lyle was the only fool who couldn't tell it was nothing more than a staged event.

When he finally linked the missing pieces of puzzles together, he turned around and asked Crystal, "Care to explain?"

Crystal stuttered, "I-I—"

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Chuckling, Christopher added, "You must've tied your hair loosely. Otherwise, this injured woman over here wouldn't be able to mess with it. Allow me to express my utmost apologies. Is it necessary to get a doctor to tend to your bruises?"

After a few seconds of pause, he asserted in a serious tone and a stern look, "We won't forgive the ones who try to do anything silly during my father's party."

He was no longer the mischievous man he had always been. Instead, he started emanating a menacing aura, intimidating those around him.

"I-I didn't—" Crystal looked at those around her with an aggrieved front. Soon, she passed out with her head tilted.

As someone who had spent the past two decades with her, I was certain it was just another one of her shows to get herself out of the nasty situation. Nonetheless, I felt a sense of relief because the incident was brought to an end.

"Crystal!" Lyle and Benjamin screamed in fear. They justified their departure by rushing Crystal to the infirmary.

"I believe that's enough drama for the night!" Christopher announced.

The onlookers scurried away since the host of the party had made himself clear.

Zachary apologized with his brows furrowed in guilt, "I'm so sorry for leaving you alone."

I reassured him, "It's fine! It has nothing to do with you! I believe this has always been part of her plan, she'll definitely get to me one way or another." When I noticed Christopher's face had scrunched up in irritation, I reasserted, "I'm perfectly fine! In fact, she's the only one who's hurt. She couldn't even lay a finger on me."

Sighing, he remarked in a sarcastic tone, "Is she a fool or something? Didn't it occur to her that I would have surveillance cameras installed here? Isn't she afraid of exposing herself?"

He had successfully piqued my curiosity. I asked, "What? Are you serious? Are there any surveillance cameras nearby?"

"Who knows?" Christopher shrugged his shoulders with his eyes gleaming in an odd manner.

I was disappointed because it sounded like another one of his attempts to pull my leg. Never would I be able to forgive her for the things she had done over the years. It was such a shame not to be able to expose Crystal's true colors in front of others.

Christopher lost himself in the process of thought while staring at a certain part of the yacht. He said, "I think it's time to move on to the next phase."

Unable to fathom Christopher's statement, I queried, "What?"

Christopher ran his fingers through my hair and denoted, "It's nothing! You just have to wait until the day we're able to announce our relationship!"

Standing right next to him, he grasped my hand when he felt me holding his fingers. I turned around and surveyed the surroundings in fear of others being around. It turned out Zachary and Sabrina had secured the perimeter on our behalf.

Is my friend helping me distracting others when I'm having an affair with another man behind my husband's back?

I flushed when that thought crossed my mind. In my defense, my so-called husband had never taken our relationship seriously.

Christopher leaned over and whispered, "I want you to join me at the deck in the evening."

"Huh?"

"You're not allowed to turn me down!" Christopher warned.

"Mmm!" I nodded and fled the scene with Sabrina chuckling at me.

Most of the guests, including Crystal, had made their way back since it was the last night of the party. Nathan must have been made aware of the incident that had occurred. Although he had already gone back, he made a call to reprimand me. Halfway through the conversation, I hung up the call.

I couldn't even respect him as my father anymore. He would always be known as Yvette's lovely father and Crystal's generous uncle but not my father.

Lyle was about to return as well. The servant told me Lyle wanted me to get everything packed within three minutes and join him outside. Otherwise, he would teach me a lesson.

I decided to ignore him because I had completely lost faith in him after figuring out the plan he had with Crystal. With that being said, he thought I had merely encountered him having an affair with Crystal in the woods.

The infuriated man wouldn't stop calling me. He must be frustrated because I had dismissed his instructions again. In the end, I switched off my phone and decided to pay no heed to him.

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In the evening, I sneaked my way up the isolated yacht and made my way to the deck. Staring at the sky, I was overwhelmed by a sense of serenity associated with the starry night.

Christopher must be occupied with the guests. Standing on the deck while staring at the sky, I cracked my brain for a befitting quote to compliment the gorgeous scene.

"The moon was but a chin of gold

A night or two ago,

And now she turns her perfect face

Upon the world below." I nodded in satisfaction and complimented, "I'm such a talented woman! Maybe I can write for a living!"

"Do I have the pleasure to join this talented writer over here? Shall we talk about some philosophical topic such as the beginning of the universe?" Christopher approached me under the bright shaft of moonlight. He seemed to be taller and sturdier than usual.

"Stop making fun of me!" I reprimanded him with my lips pursed. I was glad I hadn't embarrassed myself in front of others again.

He held me firmly in between his arms and asserted with a smile, "I will never make fun of this lovely woman over here."

I played along with him and said, "You should consider yourself lucky!"

He tried to show me the way to the edge of the yacht, but I stopped him and shared my concerns with him. "No! I'm afraid of drowning!"

"You don't have to worry because I'll always be there to keep you safe!" He showed me his hands, beckoning me to join him with a gentle grin that could easily take my breath away from me.

Shaking my head, I said, "Thanks, but no thanks!" I can't move on from the traumatizing experience. If no one brought me back to the shore back then, I would have been long dead years ago.

"Just come here, okay?" Christopher insisted on having me join him at afterdeck. When I saw my reflection in his abysmal pair of eyes, I thought I would soon let loose of myself again.

Overwhelmed by a sense of security, I inched over and grasped his hand in return. A few seconds later, I was right next to him at the afterdeck. I could see the reflection of the moon in the lake.

As I was merely a step away from being drowned in the seemingly bottomless lake, I could feel my legs turning to jelly. Nestling in between Christopher's arms, I looked elsewhere to stop myself from being overwhelmed.



"Christopher, I'm afraid no one else is going to rescue me if I drown again!"

"Hello? Are you indicating I'm going to leave you alone when I'm literally next to you? Not even Zachary is a match for me when it comes to swimming, okay?" He kissed me and suggested, "Why don't you open your eyes and enjoy the gorgeous scene?"

His suggestion worked like a charm and allowed me to feel a sense of serenity. I opened my eyes and stared ahead of me. Along with the reflection of the moon were the gleaming stars. The breathtaking scene seemed so surreal.

I stretched my hand in an attempt to get a hold of the stars. Christopher grasped my hand and wrapped his arms around me from behind. "See? It's not as horrifying as you have imagined. On the contrary, it's a blessing from mother nature."

When I stretched my arms to embrace the sky, our action reminded me of a certain scene from a famous movie. "You don't think you're the male protagonist of that movie, do you?"

"What do you think? Care to join me for another adventure?" Christopher asked in return.

He was confused because I shook my head shortly after I nodded. Thus, he asked, "Are you willing to join me or not?"

The moment I recalled the movie had ended with a tragic note, I answered with a determined look, "Nope! I won't join you for this so-called adventure you're talking about!"

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"Why?" Christopher held his head against mine.

"Because I want to be together with the one I love, instead of living out the rest of my life reminiscing the passion we once had. That is why, I refuse to be Lucy, who fell deeply in love and lived in the ghost of her memories."

I was a simple person after all. Crazy infatuation and enthralling romance were not my thing. I was only looking for a calm and peaceful life—a husband who loved me and had a steady job. We would do house chores together, and quarrel over trifling matters. My husband would then coax me after the fight and we would be all right again. Sometime down the road, we would build a family together, and nurture our child with love.

So, I said, “A simple life is a happy life.”

“You’re way too easy to satisfy, woman. I’d feel really unaccomplished this way. Why do I have to earn so much money if you desire nothing?” Christopher looked frustrated.

“Damn, you rich people!” I gritted my teeth and glared at him. “How rich is your family, exactly? I used to think that the Miller family was rich. They would always organize birthday parties at holiday resorts. I dared not imagine how loaded your family is; it’s just going to come as a shock to me.”

“Hmm, I really can’t answer your question as I’m normally not the one in charge of the finances. My mother is the one to take care of it all, but she’s been trying to get me involved in the matter recently. I rejected her, and she’s still mad at me.”

Christopher cupped his chin and did some calculations in his head. In the end, he concluded, “Anyway, there’s no problem for me to take care of you. Yvonne, you can have meat and mead every single day and I won’t go broke—I can promise you that.”

“What happens if I throw away one drink with every glass I take, and toss one serving away with every serving of meat I eat? Will that work too?” I teased the man.

“Sure, whatever floats your boat.”

I broke into a chuckle. “Christopher, how could you spoil me like that? Are you going to be responsible when I turn into a spoilt brat?”

“Of course I will.”

I turned around and looked at his chiseled side profile, and felt a sudden urge to kiss him. I edged myself close to him, and he was looking straight at me with unblinking eyes. Just when I was close enough, he cupped my cheeks.

The distance between us closed in, and when our lips touched for a passionate exchange, dazzling fireworks lit up the sky on the horizon, each and every one of them brighter than the stars.

"It's so pretty. Look, Christopher, it's the fireworks." I nudged at him and pointed at one of the most splendid fireworks I had ever seen. It was as if they were just blossoming over the top of my head.

Christopher's face sank as he pursed his lips. "What an untimely display of fireworks."

Amused by his childish manner, I chortled. "It's not as if we haven't kissed before. Let's enjoy the fireworks first."

"I'm so glad that you like it. This is the most strategic location to watch the fireworks on this yacht. Mom and Dad initially planned to enjoy the final fireworks show here, but I booked the place ahead for this. Satisfied, m'lady?" Christopher grinned at me.

So he brought me here to enjoy the fireworks. The fireworks show was so mesmerizing that it sent me into a daze. It caught everyone's attention when it was at its peak, and with the end of the show, gone was the crowd.

Albeit its beautiful nature, fireworks actually reminded me of the unpleasant memory when I was little. I used to hide in the house timidly as I watched Yvette and Crystal running around the house happily whenever there were fireworks. I wanted to go downstairs and join them too, but the fear of being bullied by them and my Dad's scolding would always deter me from doing so.

I was no longer alone with Christopher, though. My face split into a wide grin as I said, "I'm really happy today. Thank you, Christopher."

"You're thanking me again. It looks like you need some more punishment tonight as a reminder for you to behave." Christopher smiled wickedly.

I knew exactly what was on his mind just by looking at his face. "How did you stop your father and mother from coming up here, exactly? I don't suppose you told them you wanted to enjoy the fireworks alone, no?"

"Oh, I drilled a hole on the yacht and told them that it was leaking. Then, I came over and plastered over the hole," Christopher toyed with my hair and said nonchalantly.

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He what? I turned around and widened my eyes at him. My goodness! A yacht has got to cost millions. Did he just say he drilled a hole in it so that he could watch fireworks with me?

"You're really frivolous with money, aren't you? We're talking about a yacht that potentially costs millions or more! My goodness!" I covered my face in dismay.

"Nothing ever comes close to you," Christopher raised a brow as he replied. I realized that he really liked doing that, but for some reason, I thought it looked good on him. His upturned lips, paired with the affectionate gaze and a raised brow were enough to make any woman fall for him.

"Why? Do you find me that dazzling? Are you captivated by your future husband again?" Christopher noticed that I was ogling at him and teased me.

"You wish." I pursed my lips, refusing to tell him that he looked really good.

That night, when the fireworks show came to an end, I was no longer crouching alone in the corner of the house but was encircled in Christopher's embrace instead. I could feel his lips exploring mine as we were locked in a passionate exchange. He tasted of lingering tobacco, and rich red wine.

I did not drink any wine, but the taste of wine in his mouth was enough to beguile me as I drowned in the sweet sensation.

A wave of apprehension hit me, as it had multiple times before—a painful reminder of the yawning gap in between us. He was bright like the sun, bringing light and hope to everyone around him. On the contrary, I was nothing more than scrubby tufts of grass which survived upon the glory of his light.

However, I could not seem to find the strength to cut him out of my life. He was addictive, and a single touch was enough to set me rolling back to his side. With his family background, wealth and power, he should be with a woman leaps and bounds ahead of me. I had nothing to show for.

My inferiority complex was eating me inside out, and the only thing I could do as I stood there on the luxurious yacht was to hold on tightly to the man beside me because I did not have a clue if he would just disappear if I let him go.

Christopher's phone rang right when we were basking in this perfect moment. I was startled and pushed him away to let him pick up the call. However, the man did not even spare a glance before tossing it aside.

He reached out to carry me and headed inside the yacht as I circled my hands around his neck.

Christopher carried me inside the lounge. As he stood by the window, I noticed the fiery passion burning in his eyes. Flustered, I pushed him away gently. "Don't tell me you're thinking about doing it here?"

"I want you, right here." Christopher pushed me against the window and started to kiss my neck as he reached under my clothes. There was no mistaking his eagerness and longing for me.

But what if somebody were to see us? I tried to resist and said, "Don't. The guests have left. What if your family members come here looking for you?"

"Don't worry, Zachary is holding the fort upstairs." Christopher was already lost in the moment as he worked on my earlobes and the sides of my neck. Noticing that I was clamping my legs tight, he put a foot forward to stop me from running away in a domineering manner.

Another round of fireworks exploded in the sky, and I could hear the rustles and hushed conversations nearby. The man behind me grunted as his hands greedily explored my back. In a low and dreary voice, he said, "Eve, you're as gorgeous as those fireworks."

He always liked to mutter sweet talks during moments like these. Even though I repeatedly mentioned that sweet talks during these moments did not come off as

sincere, Christopher begged to differ. He thought that without sweet-talking, lovemaking was no different from mating.

He blew hot kisses on my neck and collarbones, sending waves of pleasure all over my body. Amidst it all, he had already undone my dress and I felt a chill.

Before I realized it, the expensive nightgown had already slipped off my body. It took me a while to put it on because of the intricate designs of the ribbons and buttons hugging the dress. However, I did not realize that unraveling the ribbon in the middle would make it all fall apart.

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I let out a muffled shriek as I fumbled to cover my chest. Christopher grinned and said, "There's no need to cover yourself up. You're not going to be able to cover it all anyway. Are you trying to seduce me that way?"

I turned crimson red, feeling embarrassed about being exposed. I did not have much experience in this regard. As Lyle said, I had only done it with Christopher, and I did not even have a recollection of the time we did it one and half years ago.

My experience was only limited to these two months, and he had been the one to initiate. I had no idea of how things should have been done. The best I could come up with was to imitate those women in the softcore porn that I watched back when I was still young.

"So are you not planning to touch me if I don't seduce you?"

"You wish." With a swift movement, Christopher supported me to sit on the windowsill as his hands glided over my calves and foot smoothly like a snake. I felt my skin tingle at his touch.

I tried to retract my foot as I felt a prickle, but he held on tightly to it. My back was back against the window, and right behind it was the lake. If he loosened his grip on me, I would have fallen into the lake. That was why I circled my hands around his neck and did not dare to move around much.

He brushed himself against me greedily and left carnal marks on my body as he went. He would pause to take a look at each and every mark, and then to look at the fireworks filling the sky. Every time he turned his attention back at me, amazement would fill his eyes as if he had discovered yet another new wonder.

"I'm missing another one here!"

"Hey, we're not doing art right now. What are you looking at?" I kicked at Christopher gently. He was getting more and more out of hand. He must have held it in too long, and all hell started to break loose after he confessed his feelings for me.

"You're a picture-perfect art, and I'm just giving you a little touch of color here and there." Christopher gave me a mischievous smile before pausing the kiss on my abdomen for some time before he turned around to undo his tie.

He did not take away the other hand which was still supporting my waist. It was difficult for him to yank off his tie with just one hand. Raising his chin, the man teasingly said, "Hey pretty, aren't you going to help your man get undressed?"

I reached out to take off his tie and stopped. Christopher narrowed his eyes at me and asked, "What about my shirt?"

I was not used to taking off a man's shirt. As a matter of fact, I had not done it before with Christopher. He was the one to take initiative every time. I found it much too embarrassing to take the lead in the matter.

However, I relented and unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the firm and chiseled chest beneath his white shirt. I was really tempted to sneak a pinch.

Perhaps thinking that I was too slow, he let me hang onto him and unbuttoned his shirt himself. I stopped him and said, "Don't remove your clothes. Let's just do it this way. I think it'll do. Otherwise, it's going to be really inconvenient if there's an emergency later."

He objected to my idea and was adamant about feeling my skin against his. Fine, whatever works for him. I was still sitting on the windowsill, and still on the edge. Stealing a glance outside the window, my attention went astray momentarily.

Christopher thrust forward and I shuddered unconsciously. Burrowing himself in my chest, he kissed me and said, "Silly, do you know how bad it makes a woman look if a man is well dressed while the woman is in a disheveled manner? I respect you too much to put you through that."

He did respect me, and he took the matter of consent seriously. Even though he was always the one to initiate, he would never disregard my feelings about the matter. Back in the bar when we first slept together, he had said the same. I remembered that I had wanted to run away that night, but the gentle look in his eyes made me stay.

Sometimes I wondered if I truly loved Christopher. He would always put me first, and I knew I enjoyed being adored by him. That was the reason I tried to reciprocate his kindness. Under normal circumstances, I would not say no to him.

After all, there was nothing else that I could offer. Women were lining up to sleep with him, and Christopher could choose to bed any one of them. It was unnecessary for him to weave a web of lies just to sleep with me.

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My hands and legs hung loose in the air as my body moved up and down following his thrusts. Any time he thrust harder into me; I could feel myself almost falling over the edge of the windowsill. Amidst the thrusts, my brain went jelly and I could only let out muffled grunts.

A few moans would escape when I could no longer hold it in. Unknowingly, the fireworks show stopped, and the cold wind rustled past the surface of the lake, springing up goosebumps on my back. Noticing that I was feeling a chill, Christopher caressed my body to ward off the cold.

I couldn't help but feel dejected thinking about our future. Can I really be together with him out in the open?



I was about to hail a cab after reaching an intersection. A car that stopped by the roadside shone highlights at me and wound down the car window. It was Sabrina. "I've been waiting for you for ages!"

"I'm sorry, I had no idea you were waiting for me," I said as I hurriedly went over to the passenger seat.

"There's no need to explain. I think a man and a woman being alone on a yacht is quite self-explanatory. What else can you guys do?" Sabrina quipped.

Refusing to let her imagination go wild, I said, "We just watched the stars and fireworks. Nothing else went down."

"Oh, I see." Sabrina broke into a chortle and pointed at me. "You're admitting it even without me saying anything. It looks like you guys had done some other thing besides watching the fireworks. Hehe, spill the beans, Eve. Is Christopher good in bed?"

I pretended not to hear her and imagined myself being as still as a statue. Why would I tell Sabrina if Christopher was any good in bed? Of course, he had his merits but I did not know if other men had the same sex drive as him. One thing for sure was that Christopher was like a wolf that was famished, seizing every chance that he could to satiate his hunger.

Whilst caressing my boobs, he would always make a point to say that he's lucky to have a little calf like me who will produce lots of milk for him in the future. Even though I had refuted the man and said that the milk was to be reserved for babies, the man would just break into a cackle and said that he was a child too. Something about his manner just made me want to slap him across the face.

I turned crimson red with the thought in mind.

"Uh-huh, it seems like he's really good at it. Your face is as red as a baboon's bum." Sabrina chuckled again as I tapped her gently. "You'd better hurry up, it's getting late."

Sabrina finally started the car and sent me back to my apartment. She insisted on going to my place for a nightcap. Judging by the nosy look on her face, I knew she was just curious to know what transpired between Christopher and me.

As expected, she did not leave even after finishing three glasses of water. She edged closer to me and asked, "Hurry up and tell me what happened between you and Christopher. I am dying to know how it went down."

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"Weren't you the one telling me that he had a fiancée? Since there is nothing official between us, I think it's better for it to just end this way," I rolled my eyes at her busybody demeanor and replied.

"Who, me? I said if—if he had a fiancée. But he doesn't, right?" Sabrina cleared her throat and blamed herself for not standing her ground. "I guess you had no idea that Christopher wished he could have his eyes on you at all times. Did you know he texted me at least three times a day over the course of the party? He urged me to follow you everywhere so that nobody could trouble you. I did not even have the time to chat up handsome blokes. You have to make it up to me, Eve."

Of course, I was aware of everything that Christopher had told Sabrina. Otherwise, why would the two of them always appear consecutively whenever I encountered any problems? It was as if they had a consensus or something. It couldn't be that the man had a radar on him to sense wherever I was, right?

Hence, Sabrina had to be his radar.

"So, would you please tell me how Christopher had managed to get you to side with him? I vividly recalled that you called him a scumbag not too long ago. How come you're handing me over to a scumbag now?"

"I guess it's worthwhile when the scumbag turns out to be as handsome as Christopher." Sabrina shrugged. "Well, unlike me, you're really a piece of hot cake."

I did not believe a word she said. She was the sole daughter of the Zimmer family. Her parents were affectionate toward each other, and they had always kept things low profile. Sabrina would always be the one to represent the Zimmer family whenever there was a function. Her parents were obviously grooming her for something greater.

"Then would you tell me what is going on between you and Zachary? I noticed that you guys seemed to have known each other for some time."

"He's just a playdate when we were little. I liked seeing him change his face." Sabrina chuckled and noticed my prying manners. "Don't misunderstand me, though. I just like teasing him."

"Is that so?" I doubted her explanation. Why would she be so flustered if there was nothing between them? As a woman, I knew what she was trying to hide with just one look.

I thought I would get a few days of peace to heal. At the very least, Lyle and Crystal going high profile at the party would serve as a good distraction since the upper class of Avenport would have known that the two had become an item.

I went to work, and the boss did not assign me extra work after seeing that I was injured. In the end, he had only asked the secretary to assign me some light tasks. I could have taken medical leave for the day, but I could not bring myself to go on leave again.

My colleagues would have eaten their hearts out if I took medical leave right after coming back from a three-day leave.

However, my wish of having an uneventful day did not come true because Lyle came looking for me. He found out where I was staying. I was starting to regret the decision of putting the apartment under my name. I should have used an alias or something. That way, Lyle would not have been able to track me down so fast.

I was trying to change my own bandage when he came over. I had to admit that it was quite inconvenient to do that on my own. Even though Christopher had asked me to go to the hospital repeatedly, but I felt too lazy to do so. Going to the hospital just for a small wound did not seem like a worthwhile trip to make.

Just when I was trying to figure out how to best wrap the bandage over my wound, I heard someone knocking erratically on the door. I thought it was Sabrina and used my left hand to open the door carefully. The door was kicked down with a bang after I opened it, and it nearly hit my head. Subconsciously, I reached out to protect my head from the blow.

My wound that was starting to heal came apart just like that. I let out a small sigh and looked at Lyle, who just barged his way in. Nothing good ever happens when he comes looking for me like that.

"Why did you turn off your phone? Why are you hiding from me?" Lyle dashed in and demanded.

I paid no heed to him. Instead, I took the medicine and carefully applied it to my wound. It wouldn't hurt if one applied it when there was a scab over the wound, but it stung like hell when the wound was exposed. The stinging sensation almost made me cry, but Lyle did not seem to care and snatched away the bottle of medicine in my hand and hurled it at the floor. "I'm talking to you right now. Can't you hear me?"

Looking at the broken pieces of the glass bottle and the spilled fluid, I sighed to myself again. My exposed wound was starting to bleed again, and I took a tissue to wipe it off, fearing that it might stain my clothes. Christopher had bought me the piece, and I did not wish for it to be stained.

## Love Coming from the Least Expected

### Chapter 140

Lyle finally noticed the bloodied tissue and was stumped. "Why hasn't your wound healed?"

I snorted and scrambled for another bottle of medicine to apply it on my arm. "I'm sorry to disappoint you by not healing as fast as Wolverine, nor am I impervious to getting hurt."

What is Lyle trying to accomplish, exactly? He was really a bummer. I did not visit Grandma because I wanted to heal my wound faster so that I can head out without much difficulty. Is he ever going to leave me alone?

"Can you drop the sarcastic tone?" Lyle was fuming.

"When you're hurt, and someone comes barging in, hurting you further, and smashes your medicine, are you going to cheer the person on while admiring how dashing he looks?"

I peered at the man and applied the cotton swab dabbed with medicine on my wound and wrapped fresh bandages over it. The stinging pain of the scalded wound on my right arm resulted in a lopsided and loose bandage.

Lyle finally decided that it was time to offer help and said impassively, "Let me help you."

I was not about to let my ego stop me from getting help. After all, if I had rejected him, I wouldn't know how bad it would tick him off and I might be the one to suffer worse injuries later. Lyle did a worse job than Christopher. Toward the end, I had to refrain from shouting profanities from the pain that he was causing from wrapping the bandage too tightly.

I took out the balm for scalded wound, and this time he took the initiative and applied it to my wound. All of a sudden, he regarded me intently and sighed. "It has been so long since I've last seen you being this quiet. How I wish you can always be this meek."

I chuckled to myself. So should I continue being a meek lamb by your side so you can trample all over me? The tiniest bit of gratitude I felt for him dissipated into thin air right then.

"Why are you looking for me?" I snapped.

"Can't a husband look for his wife? Yvonne, have you forgotten that you're my wife?"

"I remember all too well that I'm your wife, and that's why I try to appear as magnanimous as I can when you and Crystal are being lovey-dovey toward each other in public." I knew for a fact that Lyle would not come looking for me without a reason. He definitely had something to ask for, and I had a hunch that, as always, it wouldn't be something nice.

Lyle seemed to have recall what happened on the yacht after I mentioned it and bit his tongue. However, I did not think it was out of guilt though. The man just could not bear to embarrass himself further.

After a while, only did he finally say, "Grandma is not doing so well right now. She's in the hospital, and she wants to see you."

"What? Grandma is in the hospital?" I was stumped. Even though Grandma was not in the pink of her health recently, she was still energetic and could move around on her own. Why would she suddenly be hospitalized?

"What happened to her? Is it very serious?" I asked worriedly.

"It's not looking good." I thought he was worrying about Grandma when I noticed the gloomy look on his face. However, I was soon proven wrong when he said, "Don't blabber in front of her. I don't want her to worry."

Yeah, right. I snorted to myself at his hypocritical remark. Too worried about Grandma, I could not be bothered to bicker with him. I darted into the changing room and slammed the door shut behind me when I noticed that he actually intended to follow me inside. Lyle's face sank.

I could not care less about what was on his mind. Lyle suddenly stopped me in my tracks when we were just about to head out. "Yvonne, sometimes I really wonder if you've ever liked me?"

To be honest, I never thought he would ask something like that, especially considering I had been the one to constantly finding myself almost asking him the very same question. Of course, I did not stoop so low as to actually ask him that. I knew better than to ask that question since everything that he had done was more than enough to show that he did not give a dime about me. Why would I embarrass myself?

It was ironic that he was the one to pose the question, especially considering that he was the one to betray me, and even trampled all over me together with Crystal. I did not answer the question, and snickered, "What about you, Lyle? Is there any part of you that actually has feelings for me?"