

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 141

Lyle's erratic breathing emanated through the dark corridor. He looked straight into my eyes with his wide, unblinking eyes. Inexplicable emotions seemed to have overpowered him before he finally said in a small voice, "Will you believe me if I said yes?"

I chuckled and blinked my eyes. "Why don't you bet on it?"

It did not matter whether he was being truthful or otherwise. After all, I would not believe a word he said. It was funny enough that I could not seem to pinpoint any happy moments when we were together. Well, if I had to mention one, it would have to be the time when he proposed to me, albeit it being an illusion. However, it was just a dream, and I would never fall prey to the same delusion again.

"You don't believe me?" Lyle looked at me indignantly. I supposed he was hurt from me ridiculing his attempt of sweet-talking.

"Of course, I believe you. I had believed everything you said before after all.

"Let's go. I want to go visit Grandma. She's waiting for me at the hospital." I headed out of the corridor and took the elevator. The door sprung open when it reached the first floor, but Lyle pressed on the close button, obviously trying to prevent me from getting out of the elevator.

Furrowing my brows, I asked, "What's the matter?"

Lyle said nothing and just looked at me. I did not avert my gaze. I was not Crystal, and I wasn't the old Yvonne either. Hence, I was already immune to his charms, no matter how hard he was trying.

"We should... Well, in the future..."

"You'd better not finish that sentence!" I interrupted him. I did not have the intention of listening to what he had to say, be it us having a future, or the other way round. He was just spinning old yarns. I pressed the open button, strode out of the elevator, opened the car door to the backseat, and got into the car without hesitation.

"Why didn't you sit in the front?" Lyle frowned. "You used to love riding shotgun."

That's because I used to think that the passenger seat is closer to you. I placed my bag in a corner and said impassively as he droned on, "I heard every word you said to Crystal clearly in the woods the other night."

Stumped, he froze. All colors drained from his face as his lips twitched. It was as if he was fumbling for an explanation, but in the end, he said nothing. He merely turned around and drove the car.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Trying to ward him off was more tiring than working. I would have grabbed my bag and hurled it at his face if he had the audacity to keep rambling after what I just said to him.

Before long, we reached the hospital. Grandma was really sick as she lay in bed pale-faced. There was no vitality to her voice. She managed a weak smile at the sight of me but started to have trouble catching her breath after muttering a few words. I poured a glass of warm water for her.

Her weary eyes fixated on my bandaged arms and palms. She looked at Lyle and reprimanded him, "What are you doing? Why is she hurt all over just after a few days at the party?"

Lyle kept mum as he did not wish to further aggravate Grandma, as was I. Waving my hands, I dismissed the tension and said, "It's nothing, Grandma. I was being careless. It's only normal with the crowd at the party."

"You're scalded, dear. I had wanted to ask you to accompany me longer. Well, I'd better forget about that now. You'd better get back and take a good rest. I hope this will not leave a scar." Grandma cast worried and concerned looks at me.

"I have nothing on today. Why don't I stay instead? This little wound is nothing." I smiled. Grandma really cared about me. No matter what intention she had in mind, I could feel that her concerns for me were sincere.

Grandma tried to talk me out of it but I was adamant about staying through the night with her.

"Did anything happen at the party? Did you enjoy yourself there?" Grandma caressed my cheeks and asked gently. Her hands were all wrinkled, and it felt rough against my skin. However, the warmth from her hand was comforting, and it had more than made up for the family love and warmth that I had never gotten from my own family.

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"Well, Mr. Ziegler and his wife were hospitable and chatted with me for quite some time. By the way, Mrs. Ziegler is pregnant again, and Mr. Ziegler became extra cautious and took good care of her. Once he received the news about her pregnancy, he carried her up to leave the party, for he wanted to avoid all possible accidents. I'm sure he is overjoyed to have a child at this age. I guess there will be a celebration party for the baby a year later."

"Really? Anyway, everyone in Avenport knows that Mason loves his wife very much. Lyle, you should learn from him." Sharon glanced at Lyle.

I chuckled awkwardly at it, while Lyle also looked embarrassed. The next moment, he came up to me, held my hand, and said to Sharon, "Grandma, please get more rest. Don't worry about us because we're already adults. Instead, you should focus on taking good care of yourself."

Since Sharon had good connections, I thought she probably knew what happened during the party. Nevertheless, I refrained from talking about it because she didn't mention it. Her biggest wish was that Lyle and I could love each other and even give birth to a healthy kid. Unfortunately, it wouldn't come true.

Meanwhile, I thought Sharon was seriously ill, given that Lyle put on an act before Sharon.

After talking for a while, Sharon looked rather tired. I tucked her in the bed and walked out of the ward with Lyle. The next moment, I flung his hand away and went to the doctor's office to get more information about Sharon's condition.

I was heavy-hearted at that moment. Since Sharon was old and had high blood pressure, she would feel dizzy from time to time and couldn't make it better by having

medicine. As such, she had to stay in the hospital and undergo various medical checkups.

Lyle's phone rang several times, and I remembered the ringtone. He loved to assign a different ringtone to those who were important to him. For instance, the ringtones for Benjamin and Sharon weren't the same. Given that the ringtone I heard was a romantic piano piece, it was, no doubt, Crystal's call.

He answered the call and spoke softly without avoiding me. Hence, I could hear the woman's voice. After the call ended, he said, "If you're free anytime in these few days, we can sign the divorce agreement. Let's not delay things further."

"Will you be with Christopher after getting a divorce?" Lyle continued softly, "You don't have to deny it in a hurry. After all, Christopher is there for you every time something happens to you. Do you think I'm silly enough to believe there is nothing between you two?"

"Once we get a divorce, everything about me is none of your business. Isn't that right, my soon-to-be ex-husband?" I purposely emphasized the last two words. Whenever we talked about getting a divorce, Lyle would be irritated once I got emotional.

Surprisingly, Lyle didn't get angry this time. He only gazed at the ward and said, "But I'm worried because Grandma is not in good health. Can we delay it?"

Although it was a reasonable request, I had a better way to solve the problem. "We can get a divorce but keep it from Grandma for the time being. Crystal can't wait for it already anyway. Why do you want to keep her waiting? She must be constantly worried that others might call her a homewrecker if this matter drags on for too long. Yet, she can't hold in her desire to show off how lovey-dovey you guys are. She's a public figure, and her reputation hasn't been the best. If the rumor spreads further, her career could very well be ruined."

"So eager to be with your lover already? How shameless can you be?" Lyle was fumed at last.

Instantly, I giggled and replied, "I might be shameless, yet someone is worse than me. Don't you always loathe me for being a filthy woman? What a coincidence, for I loathe

you as well. In that case, why don't we separate as soon as possible? If we force ourselves to be together, I might eventually end my life or take yours in the end."

Shocked to hear my threatening remark, he asked, "Do you hate me so much?"

"What do you think?" I responded and blinked my eyes. Deep down, I was shocked by myself for being so composed. Initially, I thought that I would beat Lyle once I came back and saw him. I probably couldn't win the fight, but I could blow the matter out of proportion and force him to divorce me. Nonetheless, I was sane enough to prevent myself from doing so.

"By the way, there is a third possibility—I die because of Crystal. Which option do you prefer? Well, we can try one by one."

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We were in a heated argument and would probably fight at any second. Nevertheless, both of us smiled and held in our anger in the end for the sake of Sharon. Later, Lyle ignored me and left to meet Crystal.

My phone vibrated for quite some time. I took it out and saw many missed calls from Christopher. Other than that, he sent me a few text messages, asking me to pick up my phone. As such, I immediately called him back.

"Eve, where are you? I'm at home, but you're nowhere in sight. Why did you go out since your hand is injured?"

I was delighted and touched to hear him said that he was at home. I smiled and responded, "I'm in the hospital now. Why didn't you give me a call before coming? I mean, I could have told you if you called beforehand."

"Are you there to get your new medicine? Which hospital are you in now? I'll come right away to pick you up," Christopher said.

"I'm not here to get my new medicine. Grandma is admitted to the hospital, and I'm here to visit her. I might not go home tonight. Please don't be mad at me," I said gently, hoping that he wouldn't be pissed off.

"Why do you have to stay overnight? Isn't Wendy there? I mean, she's Sharon's daughter-in-law. Why isn't she in the hospital?" As Christopher spoke in dissatisfaction, his tone also changed.

As such, I coaxed, "Sharon doesn't like Wendy. Rumor has it that Wendy and Lyle's dad had a shotgun wedding, and so Sharon was forced to agree on it. I'm sorry. If you're alone tonight, you can hug my doll when you sleep. Is that okay?"

"Doll?" As if a thought flashed through his mind, Christopher burst into laughter and continued, "Perhaps I should prepare a life-size doll that looks just like you. Don't you think it's a great idea? I mean, I can order it for only a few hundred thousand. I promise that it will look exactly like you."

I was rendered speechless, for even an idiot knew what the doll was. I pursed my lips and bellowed, "The real me is here, yet you want to buy a blow-up doll? My god, how tasteless you are!"

"Well, didn't you ask me to hug a doll when I sleep? Why are you disgusted by my taste now? I have a good taste, or else I won't have you, my darling," Christopher answered smilingly.

"Say no more. I'll never allow you to buy a blow-up doll. Imagine that I might think it's a ghost when I wake up at night and see something that resembles me. It will be a nightmare. Besides, why don't you buy a life-sized doll that looks like you and put it beside you?" I said coquettishly in purpose.

Christopher seemed to hesitate for a while. Then, he coughed lightly and answered teasingly, "I see. My darling isn't satisfied with me. It seems that I haven't worked hard enough, and so you need a blow-up doll. I promise to work extra hard when you come home."

"Ah!" At that moment, I felt that I shot myself in the foot. After all, I merely grumbled and never thought about buying a magical blow-up doll. I dared not think further about his suggestion.

"I was wrong, Chris. Please forgive me, for it was all my fault," I begged flatteringly, so much so that even I felt goosebumps all over myself.

"Do you admit your mistake now?"

"Yes, I was wrong. Chris, I'm sorry for it." Christopher would make me cry with hundreds of methods if I was hard-mouthed now. He would even ask me to sing when we did it. Although we never tried it before, we used to joke about it. He claimed that he would do so if I dared question him.

Hence, a shiver ran down my spine once I imagined the scene. How terrible!

"How's the injury on your hand now?"

"It's a lot better," I answered him obediently.

"Take care of yourself at night. Also, don't accidentally hit your hand against something. I'll let you have a lollipop tomorrow when you come home."

I blushed and hung up. A lollipop? I mean, how vulgar can he be! Besides, he even said it seriously, as though I wouldn't understand what it meant.

When I returned to Sharon's ward, she looked at the door for a while. Since Lyle was nowhere in sight, he asked, "Where is Lyle?"

I covered it up for Lyle. "I heard that he had to leave to deal with some work in the company."

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While I fell silent for a while, Sharon heaved a sigh and said melancholically, "You don't have to help him out. I'm sure he has left to meet Crystal. When you two stood together and held hands, I saw that the smiles on your faces were stiff."

"Ah!" I chuckled awkwardly, for I never thought Sharon would nail my lie straightforwardly. "Since you knew the answer, why do you have to ask me?"

Sharon's expression turned grim as she sat still. Gazing at her, I felt that she looked pale-faced and dejected. As such, I comforted, "Grandma, Lyle and Crystal are meant for each other. They had no choice but to separate from one another back then. So, why don't you consider giving them your blessing?"

I never imagined asking Sharon to give her blessing to Lyle and Crystal one day. Nevertheless, I didn't do it out of generosity but only wished to get a divorce as soon as possible. I believed she understood the connotation in my words.

Isn't it the best solution for everyone? Although Crystal always played tricks behind people's backs, she dared not go overboard before Sharon. I felt that Crystal was afraid of Sharon since she was young, probably because Sharon knew her dirty tricks.

For instance, there was a time when Sharon figured out Crystal bullied a girl and framed me with it. Since then, Crystal would be afraid whenever she saw Sharon.

Sharon and I knew the reason that Crystal left very well. Nonetheless, I still wished that Sharon could accept her. Deep down, I never understood why Sharon resisted Crystal so much.

I guessed birds of a feather flocked together indeed. Sharon disliked Wendy but was fond of me; Wendy liked Crystal but loathed me.

"No way!" Sharon interrupted me seriously and bellowed, "I'll never let a woman like Crystal be married into the Smith family. There is no way I'll accept her!"

I was shocked to see Sharon's reaction once I mentioned Crystal. It was as if Crystal committed some unforgivable crimes before.

After yelling angrily, Sharon came back to her senses and realized that she lost her self-control. Then, she heaved a long sigh and added, "No matter what, I'll not allow Lyle and Crystal to be together."

"Why?" If what Sharon said was right, she changed the painter's name of Autumnal Panorama from me to Crystal, thus allowing Crystal to study art abroad. However, using the evidence linked to this scandal, she forced Crystal to move to Anglandur. Deep down, I couldn't understand her rationale behind it.

Was it because she wanted Lyle to marry me and obtain the shares for her? I was reluctant to think ill of Sharon. If that was the reason, she didn't have to stop Lyle and me from getting a divorce. After all, I was virtually worthless to her now.

"I have my reasons!" Sharon replied determinedly. Then, she pointed at the cabinet and said, "Eve, please bring the document in the cabinet to me."

I did as she said and opened the cabinet. The next moment, I was shocked to see an encrypted document. Usually, people wouldn't bring important documents along to a hospital. Nonetheless, I held in my curiosity and handed it over to Sharon.

I took a step back, for I believed that curiosity would kill the cat. After glancing through the document, Sharon handed it back to me and said, "Eve, you should take a look as well."

I took the document from her hesitantly. Almost instantly, I was stunned by the title—share transfer agreement. As my heart was racing, I hastily flipped to the last page and saw my mom's name—Amelia Jones.

"Grandma, what is this?" I asked.

"This is the proof of your mom's shares!" I was caught off-guard once again by Sharon's straightforward explanation. I couldn't help but recall the unpleasant moment when I first heard about the shares in Sharon's mansion.

Although I claimed that I heard nothing, everyone knew that I lied back then. Right then, I was bewildered because Sharon showed the agreement to me.

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After reading it thoroughly, I confirmed that Amelia possessed eight percent of the shares in Smith Corporation. Despite the small proportion, it was worth a king's ransom to a poor lady like me. I could stop working and live a good life with the dividends every year.

"Back then, the Smith family was facing a lawsuit and in need of cash. I asked your dad for investment, but he rejected me because he needed the money for another lucrative investment. I left in disappointment, but your mom came to my house very soon."

Sharon's eyes beamed when she immersed herself in the memory. "Your mom was smart; nevertheless, your dad didn't heed her advice. So, you can imagine they didn't get along well back then. She secretly invested two hundred million, for she believed that the Smiths' project would deliver better returns than your dad's plan. That was why she received eight percent of the shares in return without your dad's knowledge."

I had never heard someone talk about my mom for a long time. When Sharon mentioned her, I felt a little uncomfortable and only put on a faint smile in response. My heart would sink every time her name was mentioned.

"Grandma, why are you telling me this?"

Fixating her gaze upon me, she took out another document from the folder and handed it over to me. "Your mom's shares are supposed to be yours. Now, I'll transfer them to you. Besides, I'll gift two percent of my shares to you."

My hand became stiff as soon as I took the share transfer agreement. Sharon intended to transfer ten percent of shares in Smith Corporation to me. I would no longer worry about making my ends meet once I signed on the paper.

Nonetheless, I felt that the document in my hands was a hot potato and had an almost irresistible impulse to throw it away. After going through ups and downs in all these years, I learned to be cautious and never accept a free meal.

"Grandma, I can't accept the shares. Please keep it..."

"Please don't decline it right away," Sharon interrupted, "Consider the two percent of shares as my compensation to you, for I'm aware that you've suffered a lot ever since you married Lyle."

Sharon heaved a sigh as though she was embarrassed to continue. After hesitating for a while, she added, "I lied to Lyle so that he would marry you willingly. Deep down, I've never intended to pass your mom's shares to him. Eve, do you believe me?"

I wasn't sure if I ought to believe Sharon. However, my heart softened when I felt the sincerity in her eyes and read the documents. Given that Sharon was old and lying on the bed in the hospital, I thought there was no reason for her to deceive me.

I nodded and replied seriously, "I believe you!"

Instantly, Sharon's lips curled into a smile of relief. She patted my hand and said delightedly, "You're always my loved one. Anyway, I have my reasons not to tell anyone about it. When I realized that you were fond of Lyle, I grabbed the opportunity to pair off you guys. Alas, who would have thought that fate has other plans?"

"I'm sorry, Grandma," I apologized while lowering my head. Sharon wanted the best for Lyle and me. Nevertheless, we weren't meant for each other.

"Have you made up your mind to get a divorce?" Sharon asked another question.

Initially, I wanted to tell Sharon that it wasn't that urgent. When I thought about Christopher and what Lyle and Crystal did to me, I hesitated no more.

At that moment, my only wish was to be with Christopher to live a happy life that belonged to me. Despite Sharon's kindness, she couldn't make decisions on behalf of Lyle or force him to treat me well.

Meanwhile, I felt embarrassed to tell her about the past incidents.

"Grandma, there are many things that I can't control myself. So, I have to apologize to you." After returning the agreements to Sharon, I added, "I can't accept these. Since the shares belong to my mom, she will return one day and retrieve them by herself."

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Standing at the entrance, I looked at my hand before looking back at the hospital lobby. As if I was possessed, I dashed to a tree and started banging my head against it.

Why did I turn down the offer? What's wrong with me? So what if I'm thick-skinned? No one would blame me for that.

My action had inevitably attracted strange looks from some passersby. A little girl pointed at me and asked her mother, "Mommy, why is that woman banging her head against the tree? Won't she get hurt?"

"Stop staring at that crazy woman," the mother said and ushered her child away as though I was a contagious disease.

I lifted my chin and scoffed. I'm indeed a crazy person who refused a pile of free money.

Back to the office, I approached one of my colleagues and asked her, "Mave, if someone offers you twenty million and all you need to do is sign some papers, will you take it?"

She looked at me bewilderedly. "You're speaking nonsense."

I burst out laughing, realizing that I rejected the money because I was firm in my objective. Accepting the shares would only further complicate my estranged relationship with Lyle.

I no longer cared what happened between Lyle and Crystal. Although I didn't understand Sharon's aversion to Crystal, that was Lyle's problem. Since he was so deeply in love with her, he would have to smooth things out with Sharon.

Working in an advertising design company involved a lot of design sketches. My creativity from my years of painting helped make up for the lack of professional skills in the field.

After work, I bought some food before heading home. I reckoned Christopher wouldn't be at home since he was a busy man. However, the fragrance of homecooked dishes greeted me upon arriving home.

I walked toward the kitchen and leaned quietly on the kitchen door to watch Christopher cook like a professional chef.

I was still in awe at how he managed to maneuver with ease in the kitchen when he broke the silence. "What are you staring at? Roll up your sleeves and come help out. I need you to check the lobster to see if it's cooked." He raised his eyebrow and pointed at the pot. "I hope you're not expecting me to do all the chores around the house. You're going to have to share some of the loads."

I did as I was told. "Well, as a man who dotes on his woman, don't you think it's only fair that you shoulder all the housework while I focus on preserving my beauty and enjoy life?" I said with an impish smile.

Christopher grinned brightly and planted a kiss on my cheek. "Dear Eve, I'm sorry to burst your bubble, but now that we're sharing a life together, it means when I cook, you're going to have to wash the dishes. Oh wait, I remember you hate doing the dishes."

"That's not true. I only hate doing dishes while somebody kept picking on me on the side." His smile was infectious. The times spent with him were always filled with laughter. His prominent background aside, our lives were no different from those of normal, everyday couples.

"All right, then. From now on, I'll cook and you'll do the dishes." Christopher nodded firmly.

When I tried to remove the lobster from the steam pot, one of my fingers touched the scalding pot, causing me to wince in pain. Christopher quickly held my finger to his mouth and blew gently on it. After a few moments, he put my finger into his mouth and started playing with it with the tip of his tongue.

Shocked, I withdrew my hand from his mouth. "Ew, my hand is full of your saliva now."

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"Ew?" the man repeated as he let out a mischievous smile. Sensing I was going to be in trouble, I made a dash for the door. But I only managed to take a few steps before I was overtaken by Christopher. He then pinned me onto the countertop before covering my mouth with his.

The tip of his tongue danced around in my mouth as he tried to make loud kissing noises. His mischief, however, turned serious when the kiss deepened and I was drowned in his warm embrace. When his mouth finally left mine, he whispered into my ear, "For future reference, every time you say 'Ew', I'll let you have a taste of my saliva, get it?"

I nodded dutifully. Brushing my fingers over my lips, I couldn't help but wonder if he had never been with another woman in his life. How did he get so good at kissing? Did he practice with a professional, or did he learn all these from the television?

While I was entertaining my imagination, Christopher suddenly picked me up and walked toward the living room. He laid me down on the couch before his hands started to move about around my body.

I quickly stopped him. "We can't. The gas is still running in the kitchen. I don't want the news headline to read 'Two naked bodies found in a household gas explosion' tomorrow."

Christopher let out a loud cackle while pinching my buttock. He then slid his hand inside my shirt and said playfully, "My darling, I carried you out here just to have dinner. What were you thinking? Didn't we agree that I'll cook and you'll do the dishes tonight?"

The man seemed to enjoy seeing my face turn crimson at his teasing remark. "Of course, if you're in desperate need, just say the word. I'll turn off the gas in the kitchen and I promise you to give you a good time," he said suggestively.

"Quit messing around and get back to cooking! I'm starving." I threw a pillow at him.

He caught the pillow and set it down on the chair before bowing his head. "As you wish, my lady."

That night, Christopher listened calmly to my recounting of the incident that took place at the hospital and then planted a kiss on my forehead. "Well done. Don't worry about the twenty million. I have money."

"But that's your money. Not mine." I rolled my eyes at him.

"Well, whatever I have, they're yours too." He rubbed at his chin and continued in all seriousness, "There's one thing, though. Would it be okay if I keep some allowance? I will be embarrassed if I go out with an empty wallet."

I played along and asked, "All right, then. How much do you need?"

"Let's say ten thousand a month. That's pretty standard," the man said casually.

My eyes almost popped out from their sockets. "Ten thousand is a lot! Try five hundred. My own allowance is only one hundred, so I'm giving you five times more than my own measly spending money."

"That's all right, my darling. I'll make sure you have enough allowance to spend every month." Christopher then flipped over and pressed himself on me. It would seem like he intended to finish what he had started a few moments ago.

I asked in between his kisses, "Oh yeah? How much are you giving me?"

"What about fifty thousand?" the man mumbled while planting more kisses around my collar bone. A tingling sensation started to spread from top to toe as I curled my feet up. He grabbed my foot and, one by one, he put my toes into his mouth.

The tingling sensation intensified as I felt a longing in my lower abdomen for him. I asked in a daze, "Since you plan to give me so much money, does that make me your kept woman?"

The last two words seemed to have stirred him up. "I don't like this word. Never say it again." He pouted.

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"Oh..." my protest was drowned out in the man's passionate kiss. The next thing I knew, we were already lying on the bed.

Holding his neck, I stared deep into his eyes and asked in between my shallow pants, "Maybe I'll let you keep me around forever. What do you say, lover boy?"

As though being fully charged, beads of sweat started to form on his forehead as he quickened his hip movements. Finally satisfied, Christopher ran his fingers along my bare back and replied, "I like it when you call me your lover boy. Do that more often."

My chest trembled from trying to suppress a laugh. This man had an unusual craze in bed. I realized that calling him a lover boy would help spur him on during our dalliance in bed.

My peaceful days had lasted for less than a week when I was stopped by Crystal on my way to work. She had found out where I lived and seemed to have waited a long time for me.

"Hi, cousin. It isn't easy to locate you. Have you been busy seducing men around town?" she lowered her gaze as she spoke so I would focus on the numerous hickeys on her chest. Her intention was to provoke me by showcasing those love bites on such a private body part. Unfortunately, that didn't work on me. I shot her a cold glance before replying flatly, "I believe you are more experienced in this area than I am, given that you're always surrounded by different men. Who's to say these love bites only belong to one person?"

I wasn't one who would always go out of my way to hit someone below the belt. But compared to what Crystal had done to me, this was only fitting. The woman's darkened expression, however, almost had me believe that what I said was true.

"My dear cousin, there's no need to hide your true feelings." Crystal leaned on a tree and continued, "I must confess I have underestimated your ability. I thought I've already won Lyle over. But it turns out he's still thinking about you."

She tilted her head a little, and then clapped her hands, feigning surprise. "Is it because you're so good in bed that Lyle is having a difficult time leaving you? That could explain why he avoids me every time I bring up the topic of divorce."

I narrowed my eyes as rage started to surge in my chest. Of all the years that I'd been with Lyle, he had never touched me once. The only time he did so, he threw me into a hotel and left me to my own devices.

Crystal knew that to be my sore spot and she would find any opportunity to rub that in my face. I would have ended my life that very night if not for Christopher's timely rescue.

I snapped, "I thought you are already used to being the mistress. Is that no longer the case? If you want to be married to Lyle, you're going to have to convince him, because I no longer care what's going on between the two of you. So, get the hell out of my face!"

Crystal let out a derisive laugh. She did not bother to conceal the distaste in her eyes. "You want to get rid of me? I'm afraid that's not up to you. I have yet to see the complete loss of hope on your face. That's ought to be the nicest scenery in the world."

I was stunned, wondering what kind of evil plan she was hatching against me. "What are you going to do? Stop chasing after me like a mad dog!"

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"Are you afraid now? Let me tell you something. I'm going to slowly savor the moments that will lead to your inevitable destruction. By then, I'll still be the respected new school artist as well as future Mrs. Smith. It's too bad that I don't like Benjamin's family members. Otherwise, he is quite a husband material."

The woman's confidence was commendable. She was speaking with absolute certainty that whomever she chose to be her husband would ask for her hand in marriage. I couldn't say for others, but one thing I was sure about Christopher was that he didn't have the slightest interest in Crystal. She was but just another stranger to him.

Sometimes I did fear for what was going through her mind. Not only was she obsessed with taking me down, but she also took pleasure in watching me fail miserably in life. She set out to destroy me out of feeling inferior.

She was consumed by her perceived inferiority that had been brewing since a young age. I couldn't possibly be blamed for having a complete family where I was loved by my parents. Moreover, it wasn't my family's fault that her father got himself into trouble all those years back.

I snickered. "Of course I'm afraid. After all, I don't think anyone will appreciate the company of a lunatic."

"Regardless, it's a nuisance that Lyle is still thinking about you," Crystal said while pouting her red lips. "That's why he still can't cut the cord. Maybe it's time I help him make some tough decisions. Just you wait."

The way she swayed her slender waist walking away managed to turn a few heads on the street.

I must admit, she does have what it takes for men to fall head over heels for her. After all, of all the beautiful women that I've encountered, only Monica and Sabrina come close.

"Unfortunately, she's a nutcase," I muttered under my breath. Crystal mentioned that she was going to make Lyle divorce me. Perhaps I need to watch out for any trap she sets up for me. Apart from that, it surprises me when she said that Lyle was still hung up on me. Even if that's true, I don't think that he loves me. It's probably because he's simply not used to not having me around to take care of his everyday life like a housekeeper.

Meanwhile, Christopher was about to go on a business trip for a government-related project. Apparently, he was strong-armed into doing so because both his parents were due to go on a vacation.

According to Christopher's mother, it was only a three-hundred-million investment project, so they wouldn't raise an eyebrow if he failed. After all, they already had a competent and successful elder son, so it didn't matter to the parents if their younger son was a failure. However, she made a point that she was not to be blamed if that incompetence led to his wife judging him in the future.

I thought his mother's tactic worked like magic. Christopher did not care much about impressing his family, but he certainly would not want his future wife to think any less of him. Therefore, the man was all eager and excited to go on the business trip.

Prior to leaving for his trip, however, Christopher kept clinging to me like a child, demanding endless hugs and kisses. His appetite for me was insatiable; it was as though my body no longer belonged to me.

After what felt like forever in bed together, I was completely drowned in his sea of passion.

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 150

"Don't... I'm tired. I don't think I can move anymore..." Christopher was lying on top of me as I tried to push him off. However, I was so exhausted that I couldn't even lift my hands.

"You don't need to move. All you have to do is moan. Come on, stop biting your lip. I like listening to you moan." His tongue traced a trail from my cheek to the corner of my eye, licking my teardrop away. The whole time he kept whispering sweet nothings into my ear.

"Don't... I'm really tired... I just want to sleep..."

"Go ahead and sleep then. I'll be gone for the next three days, so I need to have my fill of you now. It's tough to sleep in a bed alone, you know..." Christopher said as he continued to seduce me. "Do you know that you sound like a cat? I love to hear it."

Not being able to fight off the fatigue any longer, I succumbed to the darkness. I was actually quite ashamed of passing out during coitus. By the time I woke up, Christopher had already left.

However, he did not leave without saying anything, for when I was still sleeping soundly in the morning, I could hear him saying in my ear, "I'm leaving now. Aren't you going to get up to send me off? Hey, wake up, sleepyhead."

I could vaguely recall that I had retorted by saying, "I'm tired because of you. It's weird how you did all the work, but I was the one who ended up feeling tired. Next time, I'll be the one who'll tire you out instead."

Hearing that, Christopher burst out laughing as he ruffled my hair. "I'll hold you to it then. Next time, I'll lie still, and you do the work. Don't go back on your words now, you hear?"

I was so embarrassed by what I said that I had the urge to dig a hole and hide. I was sure that the next time, Christopher would devour me whole.

My legs were so weak that I could hardly stand, but I managed to gather enough strength to go to the bathroom to wash up. After splashing my face with cold water, I stood in front of the mirror and stared at my reflection. My face flushed when I saw the love marks all over my body.

I could feel my face heating up when I thought back to how intense our lovemaking session was.

Feeling a little hungry, I went to the refrigerator to get myself something to eat. I took out the bread from the refrigerator and just before I could eat it, I saw a sticky note on the bread. On it was Christopher's flamboyant handwriting.

"Eat something more nutritious, please. Now put the bread back where you took it."

I looked at the bread, then back at the note. I shrugged and put the bread back into the refrigerator. I thought I would drink some milk instead. But then, I saw a sticky note on the milk bottle too.

"Why don't you look in the pot, silly? I made you breakfast, and it's warm in the pot. Don't you dare drink cold milk on an empty stomach. Otherwise, you're gonna get a spanking from me."

I was stunned for a moment before I burst out laughing and covered my mouth with my hand.

Christopher knew me inside out, including my daily routines. I walked to the stove, opened the lid, and saw a bowl of oatmeal. There was also a plate of fried egg and bacon. I smiled as a warm and fuzzy feeling surged within me.

I dished out the ready-made breakfast and sat at the table to enjoy the delicious oatmeal paired with soft fried egg and bacon. It was so tasty that I wolfed it down in one go before smiling with satisfaction.

After breakfast, I changed my clothes and packed my bag for work. Just when I was about to leave for work, I heard the sound of a mobile phone ringing in the room. It rang for a while, but when I fished out my mobile phone from my bag, I could see that the screen was blank.

That's weird. I definitely heard a phone ringing. Am I hallucinating? As I walked to the door, I heard the sound of a phone ringing again. I looked around the room and finally found Christopher's phone from under the couch.

I had a vague memory of a phone ringing during our intense lovemaking last night. I did urge Christopher to answer it, but he threw the phone under the bed instead. It turned out that Christopher had forgotten to take his phone with him when he left.

Initially, I had no intention to see who was contacting him. But there was an incoming text message, and it popped up on the screen. It was a message from Crystal, and it read: I'll meet you at Moon Village Restaurant. See you there.