

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read Online Chapter 201

“If I don’t care about you, would I ignore Grandma’s wishes and ask her to agree to our marriage?” Lyle snorted.

I decided to stop eavesdropping on them. It was none of my business, anyway. When I

stood up, I nearly toppled over as my leg was numb. Immediately, I let out a yelp and held onto the tree for support.

My sudden yell alerted the both of them. I forced out a smile and fought back the urge to

slap my foolish self. Waving at them, I said, “Fancy running into you here.

I still have some stuff to do, so I’ll go now.”

With that, I spun on my heels and fled the scene.

I could hear Lyle roaring behind me. Feeling exasperated, I wondered why I had to escape

whenever I run into them. I berated myself for being a coward.

Back at home, I found an outsider lying on my couch lazily. It was Sabrina, who was

munching on a piece of fruit while watching TV. I walked over and gave her a kick so she

would remove her legs from the coffee table. She wasn’t ladylike at all. It would be a

shocking scene if someone else got to see her in this state.

“This is your house. I don’t have to act all ladylike. Honestly, sometimes I feel like I was born

in the wrong body. I should be a delinquent instead,” said Sabrina. She removed her legs

from the coffee table and flopped back onto the couch while stretching lazily.

“Well, Ms. Delinquent, please cover your cleavage. I have a boyfriend, and your idol is mine.”

Sabrina was the proud owner of a pair of 36Ds, and I didn’t want Christopher to see her cleavage.

Sabrina whistled and pointed at Christopher, who was busy cooking in the kitchen. “Life’s

treating you well, huh? Look how blissful you are. Tsk, women who are in love do indeed act differently.”

“If you want, you can do the same,” I acknowledged her words.

Sabrina inched nearer to me in a nosy manner. “I thought you and Christopher would only

hold hands and kiss, but turns out you’ve hit a home run! That’s fast.

Tell me, are you

prepared to be Mrs. Lane now?”

“Stop it!” It was still too early to talk about marrying Christopher. After all, his family was

already a difficult hurdle for us to get past.

“Why? I’m waiting to attend your wedding. The monetary gift I

prepared for your second

wedding is about to grow moldy.” Sabrina yawned and clicked her

fingers when Christopher

stepped out of the kitchen. “My idol, why are you so virtuous? It should be against the law

to be so irresistible. What if I fall in love with you? If that happens, I

can’t be friends with Eve

anymore.”

“I’m not going to covet for a friend’s wife,” came Christopher’s calm reply as he placed a

dish on the table. He then ordered me to prepare the utensils.

I found his words strange, for Sabrina wasn’t married yet. Why did he say that?

“Who says I’m going to marry Zachary? I have nothing to do with that scum! Stop spouting

nonsense!” Sabrina jolted up from the couch and exclaimed nervously.

“Fine. Since you have nothing to do with him, I won’t give you

Zachary’s phone number,

then,” Christopher arched a brow and declared. “Anyway, I heard that he’s recently tasked

with protecting a gorgeous, elegant, and noble young lady. Perhaps it would be a story of

the special forces soldier and the daughter of the commander.”

“What? Give me his phone number. I must disturb him at least five times a day!” Sabrina ran

toward Christopher and stretched her hand out while gesturing for me to side with her.

I was amused by Sabrina's reaction. Previously, I could sense there was something going on between Zachary and Sabrina. Turns out my sixth sense was accurate. "But you claimed to have nothing to do with Zachary. So why are you interfering in his love life? He's single, and so is she. It's perfectly normal for them to end up together," I commented as I took Christopher's arm. "Oh? So you're working together to set me up! Eve, how could you? Do you still want to be my friend?" Sabrina placed her hands on her hips and pretended she was upset. Christopher took one step forward and stood in front of me in a protective stance. He ordered sternly, "Alright, that's enough. Let's eat first."

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"Okay." He managed to intimidate both Sabrina and me. We went to the dining table obediently and sat down. A moment later, when we were about to take our first bite, we exchanged gazes as though asking why we listened to him obediently. Immediately, we burst into a fit of laughter. Before we finished our meal, someone rang our doorbell. I glanced at Sabrina before turning to Christopher. The only friends I had were all here, so I couldn't figure out who was at the door. "Go answer the door," said Christopher. "Why should I? Why can't you answer the door?" I refused to budge from my seat. Recently, I've grown used to acting coy in front of him. He was spoiling me. "I prepared dinner alone, so it's your turn now. Well, I can help you take a shower tonight. How does that sound?" Christopher flashed an evil smirk. "Shut up! Shame on you!" I glared at Christopher. He had grown increasingly cheeky to make a dirty joke in front of Sabrina.

"I'm merely flirting with my girlfriend. Any problem with that?"

Christopher shot Sabrina a look.

"My idol, you're such a badass! Eve is the kind who would only give in to persuasion and not coercion. You're the perfect match for her! By the way, remember to give me Zachary's full address later. Thanks in advance."

Sabrina sold me out without hesitation.

"You're such a hiberdate. Fine, I shall answer the door." I rolled my eyes and went to the

door. When I spotted the person outside, I instinctively slammed the door shut. Alas, Lyle

was quick enough to grab the door before I could slam it shut. I was no match for his

strength, so I stood in his way and refused to let him in.

I had hurt Lyle back then and humiliated him. So why is he here? Is he here to kick up a

fuss?

As a delicious aroma wafted out of the house, Lyle looked at me icily.

"Aren't you gonna invite me in?"

"I don't think so." I remained rooted to my spot. It was clear that he wasn't welcomed here.

"Yvonne, am I your enemy now? I didn't even make a fuss after what you did to me. Do you

seriously think I don't have a temper?" Lyle held the door and refused to let me close it.

"Just think of me as an ignorant person. To you, I've always been someone who you could

bully anytime. I'm no longer your punching bag. Your fight with Crystal has nothing to do

with me. If you want to vent your frustration, go to your friend instead of me."

Lyle had never been nice to me. He found it troublesome to even comfort me.

"I haven't eaten yet. It's normal to treat your ex-husband to dinner, right?" Lyle was about to

head in, but I stretched my hands wide to stop him.

"I prepared my own dinner. There's nothing for you."

“You cooked crabs. I could smell it from here,” Lyle refuted my words in displeasure.

What’s with his sense of smell? Is he a dog?

“Lyle, just tell me what do you want? If you’re here for a meal, you can leave right now. If

Crystal finds out you’ve been here, she’ll kick up a fuss again. I don’t want to get involved in your mess.”

I shot Lyle an impatient glare. If possible, I wanted to execute a shoulder throw before

slamming the door shut.

Lyle lit up a cigarette as sorrow flashed across his gaze. “Eve, I fought with Crystal. She’s

unreasonable and not as obedient as you.”

I was rendered speechless. What the f*ck? I’m not his love advisor!

We’re divorced, for God’s

sake! Does he think he’s a heartthrob? Or does he think I’m a fool?

Christopher, your

girlfriend is being bullied here. Where the hell are you?

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“I know. I saw you arguing at the hospital. You should talk to Crystal instead of coming to

me. If she finds out you came here, your conflict will only increase,” I calmed down and told

Lyle coolly.

“Have you ever regretted divorcing me?” Lyle stepped forward and tried to take my hand,

but a pair of large hands reached out to block him from doing so.

I turned back to look at Christopher and almost got a nosebleed.

Christopher was clad in

loose pajamas as he leaned against the door. There was a relaxed smile playing on his lips

as he yawned lazily. His hair was also a disheveled mess.

The hickey on his neck was visible when he looked up. His

half-unbuttoned pajama top

revealed his tanned skin and chiseled chest. There were even a few scratches right on his

chest. It was an alluring sight.

My eyes bulged so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out of my sockets. It

was such a steamy scene. I couldn't help but wonder when did

Christopher change into

pajamas and how he got the scratches on his chest. It wasn't me, for I never liked to scratch

people.

"Darling, why are you so slow? I'm waiting to have dinner with you. By the way, where did

you put my underwear? I can't find it anywhere. I'm going commando now. It's terribly

uncomfortable." Christopher narrowed his eyes and gave me a warm smile.

"It's in the closet. Can't you see it?" I glowered at him and replied coyly.

I was certain Christopher did it on purpose. After all, he changed into this outfit swiftly and

even asked me for his underwear. He was rarely this adorable.

"Why are you here?" a scowling Lyle demanded in fury. "Christopher Lane, how could you

covet your friend's wife? You might be from the Lane family, but that doesn't mean you can

do anything you want!" He glared at Christopher and gritted his teeth in anger.

Raising a finger to caress the hickey on his neck, Christopher answered, "Lyle, we're friends. I

know I shouldn't covet a friend's wife, but Eve is no longer your wife, am I right? Or did I

remember things wrongly? Didn't some woman get pregnant with your child, causing you

to get a divorce?"

"Christopher, even if Yvonne and I are divorced, you can't fool around with her. Leave right

now, or I shall teach you a lesson!" Lyle's fist landed on the wall with a loud thud.

"Lyle Smith!" I interjected. "We're divorced. I'm your ex-wife, so you have no right to

interfere in my affairs. I'm not your backup woman nor a puppet that is at your beck and

call.”

Lyle’s scowl deepened at my words. He barked, “Yvonne, you immediately hooked up with Christopher after our divorce. You must’ve cheated on me before our divorce, right? How dare you put up a pitiful act when you’re nothing but a cheating b*tch?”

So what if I’m a cheating b*tch? I’m not pitiful at all. I retorted icily, “You know full well how Christopher and I got to know each other. I didn’t get pregnant with another man’s child

and force you to divorce me. You have no right to criticize me.”

Lyle snorted and pointed at Christopher. “Do you think you’ll be happy with this man? When

I first met him, I gave him the twins to get his investment. He fooled around with them for at

least six months before he got tired of them. Look at him. He has a childhood sweetheart

waiting to get engaged to him. Are you going to be his mistress? Aren’t you afraid I’ll tell

your dad about you both?”

I tamped down my fury and the urge to give him a few slaps. The disdain on my face

heightened as I retorted, “That’s none of your business. So what if I want to be his mistress?

Go back to your Crystal. I’m your ex-wife, so stay out of my business.

It’s over between us, get it?”

“Yvonne, just you wait. You shall regret your decision one day.” Lyle turned and left in a fit

of fury. He even gave the elevator door a kick before he stormed in.

I rolled my eyes at his action. Isn’t he afraid the elevator will malfunction?

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“Darling, come on in. Dinner’s getting cold. Just ignore those crazy people.” As I was

standing at the window and staring down, Christopher pulled me back into the house and

shut the door.

I shook his hand off and sat beside Sabrina, who couldn't hold back her laughter. She

slammed her hand on the table and declared, "It was my idea. That was satisfying, right?"

Hurry, feed me now!"

"Ha!" I laughed along with her before pointing at the hickey on Christopher's neck. "Did you do that?"

Sabrina hurriedly shook her head in denial. "Of course not. I'm not bold enough to do that. I

don't mind offering my idol a kiss, but I'm going to get myself a boyfriend soon. So I can't do that to my future husband."

Christopher sat in his chair and leaned over, gesturing for me to feed him the crab. "I

pinched my neck and scratched my chest. It was really hard. I demand a reward."

I poked his forehead gently before helping him to remove the crab shell. As I fed him a

mouthful of crab meat, I asked, "If my dad suddenly shows up to demand an explanation, what will you do?"

"What do you want me to do?" Christopher threw the question back to me.

Glancing at his amused expression, I knew I couldn't lie to him. Back then, Nathan slandered

me to clear the rumors of Crystal being a homewrecker. Christopher was smart enough to guess that we were at odds.

Nathan wasn't worried that I'd be fooled by other men. His first thought would be using me to increase the Tanner family's profit.

Hence, he called me and ordered me to make the necessary introductions, as he wanted to get the most out of the situation.

I glowered at Christopher. "It's up to you. It doesn't concern me at all."

After Sabrina finished dinner and successfully got Zachary's phone number, she left happily.

Her lips were curved into a pleased grin when she left. I had only met Zachary a few times,

but he struck me as a nice and dependable man. I knew Sabrina would be happy with him.

That night, we did our usual bedtime activity. I flung my arms around Christopher's neck

and forced him to talk about the twins.

Christopher proceeded to ravage me. After our intimate session, he caressed my swollen lips

and said, "I don't even remember what they look like. We barely even held hands. Nothing happened."

I knew I was being unreasonably jealous. Pouting, I replied, "But they're still your lovers in name, right?"

"No!" Christopher was about to go to bed. However, he changed his mind after seeing how

stubborn I was. He reached out to grab a condom, but the box was empty. His brows

furrowed at the discovery. Still, he pounced at me and forced my legs open.

"Hey, we've run out of condoms. You can't do this." I was panting as I tried to stop him from proceeding.

"It's fine. You're mine, anyway." Christopher trailed kisses down my nape and touched my cheek gently.

I had one concern, though. "Christopher, I don't want to get pregnant before I get married,"

I told him firmly.

After hearing what I had to say, Christopher glanced at me without stopping his roaming

hands. Suddenly, he lifted me up and turned me around so I was facing the window. I could

sense how desperate he was judging from his heavy pants.

Bitterness washed over me instantly. I avoided his lips when he tried to kiss my cheek.

If I got pregnant before getting married, what will the others think of me? Will they think I'm

someone who resorts to despicable means in order to marry into the Lane family?

Christopher had always cared for my feelings. I had stated my reluctance, but he refused to stop. Are all men the same? They won't treasure you once they get bored with you.

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I shivered and rested my weight against the chilly window. I pressed my cheeks against the curtain and felt the coolness of the window. A few moments later, I realized something was wrong. I turned back to Christopher in shock.

He had buried his face in my neck and was panting heavily. It looked like he had done

everything, but he didn't finish the last step. In a small voice, he protested, "Darling, you

can't stop at the very last minute. Why didn't you tell me we had run out of condoms? I

need to stock up tomorrow."

I flashed a smile and said nothing.

The weekend had arrived. The next day, Christopher and I left home early in the morning as

he wanted to go to stock up on groceries and buy some clothes. I

recalled his clothes in the

closet and asked, "You have plenty at home. Why do you need to buy more?"

"Those are all formal outfits. I need to buy at least a dozen casual outfits." Christopher

floored the accelerator and sped away in his yellow Maserati, which was flashy, just like him.

The car zoomed down the road and attracted everyone's attention easily.

I propped my chin on my palm and gazed at Christopher. When he was driving, his lips were

curled up in a grin as he swayed along to the music. His pink suit and floral tie didn't look

awkward on him. Instead, he looked like a flamboyant peacock.

"A walking spotlight," I muttered under my breath. Christopher will be a popular celebrity

with his looks. That tease will easily become an award-winning actor.

After a while, I grew thirsty and went to get ourselves some drink at a dessert store.

I sipped on my drink as Christopher read a book diligently. I leaned over to see what he was

reading. It was an Ustranasion book. I immediately blushed upon seeing the content before

I snatched the book away from Christopher to forbid him from reading it.

“Seriously? Why are you reading this in public? As a CEO, shouldn’t you be reading finance

or academic books?” I couldn’t believe he had brought an erotic novel out. I immediately

spotted a few steamy scenes when I glanced at it earlier.

Christopher put on a stern front and responded, “Human beings need to improve

themselves. If I don’t, I’ll end up being a boring robot.”

I gnashed my teeth in anger. What can he learn from erotic novels?

Improve his sexual

skills? I stuffed the novel into my bag. “No, you can’t read it.”

“Eve, you’re being authoritative. We’re a harmonious family, so I have my democratic rights.”

Christopher reached over to take my bag. He winked at me before giving my earlobe a tiny

nibble. I could smell his tobacco-scented breath.

“Or, do you want to read it yourself? You pretended to confiscate it so that you could read it

in secret.”

I trembled involuntarily as my earlobe was particularly sensitive. Pushing him away hastily, I

covered my ears. “Why would I read it? These kinds of books are useless. I’d rather read

something else.”

Resting his chin on his palm, Christopher tilted his head and smirked. I nearly got lost in his

alluring gaze as he asked, “What do you think?”

I refused to listen to what he had to say. Covering my ears, I tried to change the topic, but I

blurted out, “Don’t say it out loud. You must’ve learned nonsense from those books.”

After saying that, a strong sense of foreboding nagged at me at once. Indeed, Christopher flashed an evil grin and said, "Books are a great inspiration to human beings. We can learn various positions to bring us to climax. We can also..." He trailed off deliberately before concluding, "Learn what our limits are."

I refused to answer and simply rolled my eyes at him.

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Before finishing my drink, I spotted Christopher's mother on TV. This time, instead of wearing an evening gown, she was decked in a professional black suit. Clearly, she was an intimidating career lady. Her expression was calm as she answered the reporters' questions with a pleasant smile on her lips.

I glanced at the TV and realized it was about a new amusement park being developed by his family's business. Christopher's mother was the idol of all women. "Christopher, is your mom a fierce woman? Is she scary?" I asked in a small voice.

Christopher put his coffee down and pondered my question. After a while, he answered, "She's quite fierce. My dad dare not utter a word whenever she gets mad. No one in my family dares to go against her."

"Oh..." I swallowed nervously. Will she give me a hard time? Christopher will protect me, of course, but that's his mother. If she finds out about me, I doubt she'll accept me easily.

Perhaps my expression seemed grim, for Christopher burst out laughing and ruffled my hair.

"My mom will only yell at her loved ones. If she hates someone, she will flash them a wide grin. I'll be delighted if she yells at you the first time you meet."

I shot him a smile and said nothing else. Shortly after, a couple behind me started feeding each other ice cream and drinks. The lady even ended up sitting in the man's lap.

There was a partition between us, but I could see everything clearly through the gap. I found the sight disgusting and whipped my head around. Seeing my reaction, Christopher slapped his thigh and declared, "Come on up." Bemused, I shook my head. I refused to act intimately with him in public. It would be embarrassing if we ran into someone we knew. After that, we went to a few clothing stores. I picked a few outfits for Christopher, which he paid for. In the end, he picked one for himself. I compared the prices between the ones I chose and the one he chose for himself. The ones I chose were around one hundred grand each, while he paid four hundred and seventy thousand for his after getting a twenty percent discount. Is he compromising his standard because of me? I was so engrossed in my thought that I stood in front of a store without moving. Suddenly, Christopher pulled me into his arms and brushed a finger across my waist. "I nearly forgot to get that. Thank goodness you still remember it. Let's go stock up for the next six months." "Ah!" I belatedly realized where we were after he pulled me in. It was an adult shop. This was my first time here, so I lowered my head shyly without looking at the shop owner. Christopher showed me a few boxes of condoms and inquired earnestly, "Do you want spiral condoms? Super thin condoms? Or dotted ones?" "How would I know!" My cheeks flared up in embarrassment as I kicked Christopher's leg. "Darling, I'm being liberal here. That's why I'm asking for your opinion." Christopher didn't even flinch at my kick. He waved his hand and told the shop owner, "Get me five boxes each." "Sure! I also sell other interesting stuff in my shop. Are you interested?" The shop owner

proceeded to introduce the various stuff on his counter. I never knew there were so many sex toys available and started wringing my hands nervously, eager to leave the shop. Alas, Christopher gripped my arm and showed no signs of leaving. "Let me go!" I pinched his waist. "No can do. If you try to leave, I'll kiss you right here, right now." Christopher narrowed his gaze and snickered. I knew he would do just that, so I dared not move an inch. Instead of finding out what Christopher bought, my gaze landed on some contraceptive pills. I told the owner, "I'd like to buy one box of this." When the owner handed me the box, I was about to take it from him when Christopher toss it back with a frown. "Don't use this." Love Coming from the Least Expected Read Online Chapter 207 "Why?" I blinked in confusion. With the pills, we can still have sex if we run out of condoms. Isn't it a good alternative? Christopher grabbed the box and tap it on my forehead before returning it to the owner. "You silly girl. This kind of thing is harmful to your body. Why would you take it?" Glancing at Christopher, I was about to tell him that taking one pill occasionally would be fine but promptly changed my mind. As I thought about how he showed his concern for me, warmth enveloped my heart. Christopher had asked the store owner to wrap everything up in an enormous shopping bag. I was stunned to see his purchases. What did Christopher buy? This is such a huge bag. When we exited the store, I was in a hurry and nearly ran into someone at the corner. I hastily stepped back and picked up the person's bag, which had dropped to the ground. "I'm sorry. It was an accident. Are you all..." I trailed off after noticing who it was.

Christopher and I had just talked about Julia earlier, and now we've bumped into her.

"Are you from the Tanner family?" Julia glanced at me and took her bag from me. It was a question, but she sounded sure about it.

"Hello, Mrs. Lane!" I straightened my back nervously, as though I was a child about to meet the principal after making a mistake.

"Hello, Ms. Tanner!" Monica nodded and flashed a smile. Beside her was Darius' wife, Shelley Lighton. Their hands were laden with shopping bags. It was obvious that Julia was here to spend quality time with her future daughter-in-law. My expression grew awkward.

"Are you shopping?" Julia asked calmly. She seemed quite pleasant. I knew that was how influential people treated other ordinary people—with a distant and polite smile.

"Yes, I'm here to stroll around." I was praying fervently that Christopher had spotted his mom and sister-in-law, and would be smart enough to hide somewhere until they left.

I wasn't prepared to reveal my relationship with Christopher to the public as I wasn't confident at all. My thought was that we needed to hold it back for at least one month. If Julia found out I slept with her son right after I got a divorce, the consequences would be horrible.

Alas, Christopher hadn't heard my prayer.

"Why did you run away so fast? Help me with the stuff. They're so heavy." Christopher's voice rang out from behind me. Stuck in a tight spot, I could only offer Julia an awkward smile.

"Chris? Why are you here?" Julia asked in surprise when she spotted him. Her gaze also flitted to me.

"To stock up on stuff. Mom, didn't you say you have an important afternoon tea date? Why

are you shopping now?" Christopher didn't seem worried at all. He gestured at the shopping bags in his hands. I immediately imagined the scene of Julia spotting the adult products in the bag. Ugh, I wish the ground would open up and swallow me whole.

"Yes, it's an important afternoon tea date. I've asked Monica out a few days ago. You told me you're busy and refused to accompany us. But look at you now, you're clearly not busy at all," Julia chided unhappily and pulled Monica to stand in front of her. "Monica's going to hold a piano concert a few days later. She is kind enough to make time for me, so it's time for you to do the same. Come with us now."

Christopher scratched his head, seemingly stumped. "I can't. Ms. Tanner agreed to help me choose some stuff and hold my shopping bag. In return, I have to deliver her luggage to her house. I don't want to go back on my word."

Having said that, Christopher tossed the shopping bag in my direction. I instantly reached out to catch it, but the stuff was too heavy and landed on the ground instead. Without hesitation, I gritted my teeth and picked the bag up.

"Oh? Chris, you know Ms. Tanner?" Monica pointed at us in surprise. My heart raced in alarm as I was afraid Christopher might say something inappropriate. It felt like my heart was about to leap out of my chest any minute.

"Of course we know each other. Besides..."

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When Christopher paused deliberately, my heart almost stopped beating. If we weren't in public, I would've leaped onto him and pinched him forcefully. After shooting me an assuring look, Christopher replied, "Mom, you know her too. Why are you so forgetful? Ms. Tanner gave you your favorite walnut cookies on Dad's birthday. I

remember you only shared it with Dad that night and refused to spare me one. I would never forget that.”

“I’m old and forgetful,” came Julia’s cool reply. “Can’t you hold your stuff yourself? Stop bullying her. Put the shopping bag in the car instead of asking her to hold it.”

“Chris, you shouldn’t bully women, especially a married woman. If someone else finds out, they will mock us,” said Shelley. Her unkind statement sounded like she was insinuating that Christopher and I were involved in an immoral relationship. Frowning, I racked my brains to recall when did I offend this woman.

“Shelley, don’t worry about it. I paid Ms. Tanner to carry my stuff. Who dares to mock me? I can help that person carry their stuff as long as they can offer me what I want, right?”

Christopher replied nonchalantly while lighting up a cigarette.

“Chris, you’re smoking again. How many times I’ve said that smoking is bad for your health?

You always like to smoke in front of me, huh?”

“See? Monica cares so much about you. What an ungrateful brat,” reprimanded Julia as she tugged on Christopher’s earlobe. “I’ll ask the driver to send Ms. Tanner back home. Let’s go to Clove Eatery now. Monica has two movie tickets. I don’t have time to watch the movie with her, so you should go with her.”

I realized Monica had retreated backward while frowning at Christopher. There was a hint of tenderness in her gaze as she stared at Christopher adoringly. I felt uncomfortable with her action. After all, the man she was staring at was my boyfriend, yet I could not and dared not admit it.

I was nothing compared to Monica. Clearly, Julia adored her and treated her as a future daughter-in-law. It was obvious by the way she kept trying to match them up. As her love

rival, my only advantage was that Christopher loved me. Monica was born into an influential family and had graduated overseas. She was also a famous pianist. On the other hand, I had nothing to boast about. "Mom, are you seriously asking me to watch a yucky romance movie? I'll fall asleep during the movie. Ask Shelley to watch the movie with Monica. Darius is busy inspecting some upgrading work in the city, so he's too busy to spend time with her. Alright, that's enough. I need to go now. Zachary is waiting for me," declared Christopher hastily. He wagged a finger at me. "Well? Why are you standing there? Hurry up and bring the stuff to my car." Finally, the ordeal was about to end. I wiped the sweat off my forehead and gripped the huge bag in my hand, about to leave. Suddenly, Shelley stopped me and asked, "Chris, what did you buy? This is such a huge bag." She reached out promptly to open the bag. My mind went completely blank. Shit. It's full of condoms and random mysterious adult stuff. How should I explain and pretend I know nothing about them? Christopher grabbed her arm to stop her. "Shelley, some men's stuff isn't suitable to show women." "Huh? You're being secretive." Shelley's interest was piqued. "Of course. Only Zachary and the others can go through the bag. Are you sure you want to take a look?" In return, Christopher folded his arms and gestured for Shelley to go ahead. "Shelley, stop it. Some things are better left unknown." Julia gave a dismissive wave and ordered, "We'll be waiting for you at Clove Eatery. If you don't show up, I'll tell your dad tonight that you bullied me and Monica." "Mom, you're no longer young. Don't you feel shy saying that in public?" Christopher seemed exasperated.

Seeing that, I finally realized where Christopher got his childish and coy actions from.

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In the car, I returned the bag to Christopher and collapsed into the chair quietly. Christopher

ruffled my hair affectionately with a smile. "Were you scared?"

I glared at him. "I was so frightened my legs went wobbly. Your mom saw me holding a bag

full of condoms. I'm so embarrassed!"

Christopher burst out laughing and teased me for being a coward. I took a condom out of

the bag and tossed it at him. "Hurry up and send me back home. You have a pretty date

waiting for you at Clove Eatery, after all. Remember to take away some food for me later."

"Do you want me to bring you back a couple's set?" Christopher teased.

"You're jealous."

"No, I'm not!" However, my denial sounded like the cover-up of a guilty person.

"Alright, you're not jealous. By the way, I left something for you on the coffee table. After

considering carefully, give me your answer. I'll be waiting for you," said Christopher out of

nowhere.

When we arrived, Christopher gave me a steamy kiss and flashed his headlights three times

as usual. He was about to leave when I yelled out, "Christopher, what does flashing the

headlights thrice mean?"

"Why don't you make a guess? Eve, I'll wait for your correct answer."

With that, Christopher

stepped on the accelerator and sped away. It just so happened that a car was driving past,

so he flashed the headlights three times on purpose and stuck his head out of the window.

"If you get it correct, you'll get a prize. Let's see who gets the correct answer first. I still

remember the story about the planes and love." Christopher grinned.

I watched as his flashy sports car sped away. Pouting, I muttered to myself, "Why is he so mysterious? I'm sure I'll be able to get it right!"

Back home, I rummaged around the coffee table before noticing a card. It was an invitation card, so I thought it was for a party or something similar. When I read it carefully, it turned out to be an invitation to join a contest—the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest.

It seemed like it was a reputable event that would be held three months later. I spotted a few renowned artists among the judges who I got to know when I first started learning how to draw. Recently, most contests had turned into publicity stunts and advertisements, but still, the top three winners of the contest had to be capable enough to secure the spots.

Where did Christopher get the invitation from?

I held the card as mixed emotions overwhelmed my heart. Christopher seemed strangely confident in my skills. He was sure I could produce a breathtaking art piece. I had no idea where he got his confidence from.

My first thought was to say no. The contest would be held three months later. It would take around six months for the few rounds of exhibitions to end. I was certain I wouldn't even qualify for the second round with my horrible drawing skills.

Strangely, Monica's face popped up in my mind. She was glowing brightly like the moon, while Christopher was burning like the sun. One of them was burning with passion, while the other was as gentle as flowing water.

After our previous discussion, Christopher didn't mention he wanted to bring me back home again. Is he giving me a chance to show my talent and let me shine so I can visit his parents confidently?

As I caressed the card, my heart leaped in joy. He had paved the path for me, so I should

forge ahead bravely and show my talents. No one would want to be a nobody. In the end, I kept the card carefully in the drawer. I took out my easel as inspiration flowed out like water escaping a dam. I hurriedly drew everything out on paper. Eyes that couldn't cry; the blissful feeling; everything could be expressed in a painting. When my phone rang, I thought it was Christopher. I answered and asked with a smile, "What is it?" Lyle's voice sounded over the line. "Yvonne, forgive me for saying those words back then. I was too mad to see you and Christopher together. Come downstairs. I'm waiting for you here. I need to talk to you about something important."

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read
Online Chapter 210

The phone screen clearly displayed an incoming call from Lyle. Having never reset my data or deleted his number, his contact was still saved as "my beloved" in my phone, and the sight of it made me want to throw up. I need to change his contact name as soon as this call is over. No, I needed to change my phone number to a new one. That way, Lyle wouldn't be able to call me if he found himself locked out again. "Can't you just tell me through the phone?" I wasn't stupid enough to go and meet him in person all by myself. "It has to do with your grandma," he replied. "You care about her, don't you?" There was a brief pause from my side. "Wait for me." I couldn't care less about Lyle, but my grandma was a completely different story. I'd been worried about her ever since Lyle had gotten himself involved with Crystal, who I was sure was planning something sinister. Every time Crystal and I had a conversation, she would talk

about Lyle as if he was a toy we were fighting over. Whatever decisions Lyle made were his business and his business only. What concerned me was if grandma would get hurt as a result of him and Crystal getting married.

Descending the stairs, I spotted Lyle smoking a cigarette as he stood under a large tree by the entrance. He seemed stressed; there was a constant wrinkle between his eyebrows, which was surprising. I thought he'd be constantly over the moon considering the gorgeous lover he had waiting at home for him.

I approached him and stopped with about six feet of space left between us. "What happened with Grandma?"

"You're living together with Christopher now?" he retorted.

"Why are you asking me that?" His tone annoyed me greatly. "I've already told you that it's none of your business."

"I've been thinking, Yvonne," Lyle suddenly interjected. "You can't go on like this. I know you feel hurt because I chose Crystal. But did you really have to go and become Christopher's mistress just because of your grudge against me? What's going to happen when he marries Monica? You can't let yourself get thrown away and fall into despair once more."

Not this again. "You care way too much about your ex-wife," I huffed, frowning. "Besides, the story of you and Crystal getting married has already been published in the papers. Aren't you scared that a reporter might take a picture of us here like this? Aren't you scared of what they might write about us? Or is that what you want: to be the main character of a love triangle?"

"I care about you out of the kindness of my heart, for goodness' sake." He rolled his eyes.

"You once told Bianca that you hated mistresses and homewreckers the most, so why are

you becoming one yourself?"

At that, my breath hitched in my throat. Those words had stabbed right through my chest

like an invisible dagger. Back then, I'd chosen to marry Lyle because I loved him all while

knowing that the girl he was truly in love with was Crystal. And now, Christopher and

Monica were yet another picture-perfect couple that I was trying to insert myself into

because of my love for Christopher.

Christopher could eat dinner with Monica and his family every night while I was left alone at

home, ordering delivery food and waiting for him to pay me a visit.

This is embarrassing.

Lyle perked up when he saw that I didn't have a response, mistakenly thinking that he had

managed to convince me. "Listen to me: leave Christopher. If you need anything, you can

always come to me! I'll help you as much as I can. All I want is for you to lead a better life

than this, Eve."

I instantly snapped awake from my daze and pushed him away. "I've become this way

because of you! What were you thinking? Did you not want your ex-wife to have another

guy in her life so that she'd stupidly wait around for you to come back to her? Just for her to

then get all heartbroken again when that doesn't happen? I won't fall for that anymore, so

leave me alone!"

I raised my chin high up in the air as I swept my hair over my shoulder.

Pride and insecurity;

vulnerability and stubbornness; these were all the qualities that made me who I was as a

person.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read

Online Chapter 211

"If this was all you called me out for, there's no need for this conversation to go on any

further. I want to be with Christopher, and I like staying with him. I don't care if you think I'm a b*tch or if you think I'm useless, and I don't care if you hate me for it."

I whipped around to make to leave, but Lyle caught ahold of my wrist, his eyes rimmed with red as his nails dug into my skin. Without a second thought, I took my handbag and hit him on the head with it.

"Let go of me, asshole! I lost interest in groveling at your feet a long time ago!"

A strange man who had been taking a nap nearby us suddenly sat upright, springing to his feet and grabbing my bag before making a run for it. I gasped in shock, immediately

tugging my arm out of Lyle's grip and running after the man.

Are Lyle and I a match made in hell? I swear, nothing good ever happened after I met him.

Lyle eventually caught up to me and blocked my path. "It's just a handbag! I'll buy a new one for you!"

"What? I have important things inside that bag!" Desperate, I kicked off my heels and sped

right past him. Christopher's black card was in that handbag. Although I didn't care much

for his money, that card was representative of his love for me. We'd made a promise that he

was going to take care of me for the rest of our lives.

"Leave it to me!" Lyle zipped past me. With his long legs and natural advantage as a

biological male, he caught up to the snatch thief in no time, lunging and kicking him down

to the ground.

When he managed to wrestle the handbag away, the thief pulled out a small knife from his

pocket and slashed it in Lyle's direction, aiming for his chest. Before I could think any better

of it, I stepped in between them and shoved the thief away from him.

The sudden motion caused his knife to cut a long gash on my forearm.

Seeing that the

handbag was now safely with Lyle, the thief immediately gave up and stumbled off with his tail between his legs.

“Are you okay, Yvonne?” Lyle’s eyes widened when he saw my arm, trying to use his hands to cover the cut and stop the bleeding.

I brushed him aside. It was just a shallow cut; it only looked bad because of its length. “If there’s nothing else, I’m leaving.”

“Wait! I’ll send you to the hospital.” He reached out and grabbed onto my arm again, worsening the pain I already felt. Losing my temper, I finally blew up at him and snapped,

“Don’t make me regret not letting you get stabbed to death!”

That made him let go almost instantly. “Sorry. I was just worried about you.”

“Whatever. Trouble keeps finding me whenever I see you... It’s like you’re my unlucky charm or something. Just stay as far away from me as possible, and I’ll be able to live happily ever after.” Snatching the bag from him, I stomped off.

Lyle followed me all the way, attempting to strongarm his way into my house by wedging himself in the doorway and effectively preventing me from closing the door on him. “You got hurt because of me,” he insisted. “At least let me help treat your wound.”

Unable to close the door and shut him out, I had no choice but to let him into the house, digging out the first-aid kit and begrudgingly allowing him to bandage up my arm. “Okay, you can leave now,” I said as soon as he’d snipped off the edges of the bandages. “I don’t want Christopher to come home and have a misunderstanding.”

“Like how you put yourself in harm’s way to save my life, and you felt an old flame inside you reignite?” he joked.

I rolled my eyes and fixed him with a deadpan look. “I told you, don’t make me regret what I did.”

Glancing around the house and realizing that many of the items were in sets of twos or matching pieces, he sighed. "I still hope you will genuinely consider my advice. My number will never change, so if you need money, you can tell me anytime. You don't have to stay with him for his wealth."

He got a throw pillow chucked in his face before promptly getting kicked out of the house.

After a while, I remembered that Christopher had specifically picked out that throw pillow

for me, and frantically went back out to look for it.

Fortunately, the pillow was safe and sound, save for some dirt that I quickly brushed off.

When I picked it up and turned back around to go into the house, I saw Christopher's tall, large frame standing in the shadows of the dark corridor, his icy cold stare trained on me.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read

Online Chapter 212

I'd never seen him in such a bad mood before, and my heart skipped a beat in fear. "When did you come back?" I asked carefully. "I thought you went out to eat with your mom?"

"Did you not want me back?" he replied, his tone deep and dangerous.

"Of course not!" Mistakenly thinking that he was mad about Lyle and me, I hurriedly replied,

"Lyle called me and mentioned my grandma, and that's the only reason why I went to meet

him. Nothing else happened between us! We're divorced, remember?"

Christopher's lips were pursed tightly, and his eyebrows were knitted together. The fond,

adoring look in his dark eyes that I had gotten used to had been replaced by a cold, stony

glare. It was clear that he was angry at me, although this time was much scarier than the last

time he'd gotten pissed.

He walked past me and locked the door, grabbing my upper arm and dragging me

downstairs. He refused to answer any of my questions. He pushed me into the car backseat before getting into the driver's seat himself. The tension in the car was so thick that you couldn't have cut through it with a knife.

I'd never been in this sort of situation before. Usually, Christopher was the one who would create a relaxed atmosphere and put me at ease. Now, only the sounds of the car engine running filled the silence between us.

Soon, the car slowed to a stop in front of the hospital, and Christopher helped to reserve a number on the waiting list. "I'm fine," I mumbled. "It's just a scratch. I don't need to see a doctor for this."

He stopped in his tracks, chills running up my spine as he turned to stare directly at me and into my soul. Seemingly satisfied with my timid reaction, he walked straight on, and I trailed behind him obediently.

The nurse in charge of changing my bandages had trembling hands, possibly because of Christopher's intimidating expression and the murderous aura emanating off of him. With a slip of her fingers, she accidentally applied too much pressure on the wound, causing me to hiss through gritted teeth.

"Go and get a more experienced nurse here!" Christopher barked out, arms crossed over his chest.

The poor nurse's eyes filled with tears as she scurried away. Feeling slightly guilty, I nudged

Christopher. "You didn't have to be so hard on her."

He glanced away, refusing to even look me in the eye, leaving me to reflect on what I might have done to make him so mad. I knew he was understanding of the kind of relationship and problems that Lyle and I now shared. Was he angry and jealous because I went to meet Lyle without his knowledge?

A minute passed before an older-looking nurse appeared, taking over the process of treating my wounds smoothly and with familiarity. When she realized how intently Christopher was staring at her, she scoffed, "Hey mister, you shouldn't stare at another lady like that while your wife is right here in front of you. I know I'm the prettiest woman you've ever seen, but I'm unfortunately taken, so don't try anything on me." A laugh escaped me before I thought any better of it. I couldn't help but admire the senior nurse for her bravery in joking around with Christopher when he looked as stoic as a mannequin.

Christopher's gaze swept over me, staring down his nose with an unreadable emotion.

Under his sharp gaze, my smile stiffened and slowly disappeared. He still didn't talk to me after we'd returned back home, making a beeline for the bathroom and taking a shower. I was left sitting alone on the couch, rubbing at my grumbling stomach.

I hadn't eaten lunch yet, and Christopher hadn't asked me if I had either. Approaching the bedroom, I had just reached the doorway when he suddenly pulled me inside and cornered me up against the wall.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read
Online Chapter 213

My back hurt from getting slammed into the wall, but it was nothing compared to how painfully Christopher's hands were gripping my shoulders. This side of him was scaring me and causing me to have flashbacks of the past.

"What's going on, Christopher?" I inquired in a small voice, shrinking away from him. "If you're mad, could you please tell me what I did wrong? I'll change, I promise — Mmph..."

Two hands held my face as he suddenly kissed me, every motion seemingly brimming with

frustration. He bit on my lips harshly and manhandled me without much care. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see bruises starting to form on my shoulders where he was grabbing me.

“Christopher, please don’t...” I begged, but my pleas fell on deaf ears.

The next thing I knew,

I was hoisted into midair, and he’d wrapped my legs around his waist.

I opened my mouth to speak, but a yelp came out instead upon feeling a sharp, burning

pain in my lower abdomen. Tears blurred my vision, and my entire body was shaking. Yet,

Christopher showed no signs of stopping.

My pain tolerance was usually high due to having gone through lots of physical harm in the

past — my body had learned to grow numb to pain. However, this was different; this time, I

was crying because Christopher was the one hurting me.

He was usually so gentle and tender with me during sex. He would never abruptly enter me

like that. However, none of that gentleness or tenderness was currently present.

I turned away from him, refusing to look him in the eye as I silently cried.

The dark room was

filled with only the sounds of Christopher’s feral grunts and the rhythmic thumping of my

back against the wooden door.

Suddenly, fingers brushed at my wet cheeks, and I felt his movements stutter. He leaned

down to kiss my tears away, but his kisses were fierce and provided no comfort at all, only

servicing to draw more tears out of me.

By the time he lowered me down to lie on my stomach on the couch, I’d stopped crying,

letting him kiss my neck and my back before he resumed thrusting.

I couldn’t derive any sort of pleasure from this kind of rough sex without communication

between us. Even if Christopher later reverted back to his normal, gentle behavior, the

damage had already been done.

His grip on my hips tightened, and he forcibly turned my head, pressing his lips to mine and slipping his tongue into my mouth. I wasn't sure how to react to this, but I froze up when I saw the expression on his face. It was one of disappointment and loneliness like I'd never seen before, his eyes dim with sorrow. He looked like his heart had just been broken, and he was holding the shattered pieces in his hands with no idea how to put them back together. I felt my chest squeeze tightly, and I subconsciously reached out to loop my arms around his neck and pull him closer. "Don't be mad, Christopher," I whispered. I rubbed my cheeks up against his in a placating motion, like a kitten rubbing up against an older cat; this was one of his favorite things. The brief intimate moment was immediately shattered by the man's following violence. It was only when he picked me up and set me down on the bed that I noticed the large plastic bag from the adult shop this morning. The realization that he hadn't been using a condom abruptly dawned upon me. This wouldn't do; I couldn't afford to get pregnant — not like Crystal. Before I could dwell on the thought any longer, Christopher started thrusting into me once more. "Wait, stop... You didn't use protection..." I begged weakly, lying lifelessly on the bed. In the end, the only thing that crossed my mind before drifting off into unconsciousness was, He's really mad at me this time.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read
Online Chapter 214

I woke up the next morning, immediately feeling disgusted at how dirty and sticky my body felt. This was the first time Christopher hadn't helped clean me up. I sleepily reached out for

him, my heart lurching when my hand touched cold, empty sheets instead.

Shouldn't communication be key to solving any problem? This was not going to work out if

Christopher was so adamant about not talking to me and hearing me out.

I perked up upon hearing sounds of water rushing coming from the bathroom. Pushing myself out of bed, I went to the closet and dug out the outfit I'd bought for him last time,

setting it out on a chair for him. He'd always treasured this outfit and had only worn it once when we went out on a date.

I quickly turned around with a bright smile when I heard the door opening. "I picked out

your clothes for you. Will you be coming home early tonight?"

Christopher gave me a sidelong glance, a towel wrapped around his waist as he took out

another set of clothes from the closet to change into. He swiftly got dressed and made to leave.

"I won't be coming home for a few days."

Panic flooded me, and I stood there motionless for a while. When I eventually snapped out

of my daze and ran out after him, all I could see was the elevator doors slowly closing,

barely providing me a glimpse of Christopher standing there with his head hung.

The doors suddenly slid open again, and I brightened as I stepped closer to the elevator,

thinking that Christopher had changed his mind. To my chagrin, a middle-aged woman also

standing inside had her finger on the button instead. "Come on in then, missy. I have somewhere to be."

I looked at Christopher, who was staring at the floor. In the end, I couldn't muster up the

courage to get into the elevator, turning on my heel and walking away from him instead.

When I stepped back into my home, the sight of the large, empty room made me rethink my decision. Why didn't I get into that elevator? Why didn't I try harder to explain myself to Christopher? We wouldn't be having this cold war otherwise! This house had been a gift from Christopher, who had bought it secretly using my identification documents. Whenever I found myself in danger, he was the one who lent me a helping hand. Why am I fighting with him like this...

When I reached my workplace the next day, my colleague Mave was in the midst of organizing documents and files. She was a hardworking and serious young woman who always helped me out whenever I ran into difficulties at work. She gave me a cheerful smile when she spotted me walking in with breakfast. "That looks delicious! Can I have a taste?" "You can have all of it," I replied, handing her the bag. "I'm not hungry." "Really? Thank you so much!" Mave happily gobbled up the food, finishing it all. She then leaned in to ask in a small voice, "Eve, are you actually some kind of heiress from a rich family who's just here for some fun?" "Why do you say so?" I laughed, shaking my head. Sure, I was a lady of the Tanner family and had a higher social standing than the rest of the employees here, but that didn't mean anything.

"I saw you get onto a super expensive car a few days ago, and someone even helped open the door for you," was Mave's reply, her eyes wide with curiosity. "I asked my boyfriend, and he said that the car costs millions!" She must have spotted Christopher coming to pick me up from work. Should I be grateful that she didn't jump to conclusions and automatically think I was some rich businessman's sugar baby or something? I pulled out my phone, thinking about calling Christopher, but

put it down after having second thoughts.

I later went out for lunch at noontime. I was busy crossing the road when I saw Christopher standing amongst a crowd of bodyguards. He stood tall and proud, his chin raised high in the air as he and his entourage walked in my direction. We brushed past each other on the zebra crossing, but he didn't bother to even spare me a glance, acting as if we were complete strangers. I stopped in my tracks, instantly feeling my eyes grow wet with tears.

Has he grown tired of me?

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read

Online Chapter 215

I reached the opposite side of the road and turned back around to stare at the back of the man's silhouette. I didn't realize how much I was anticipating for him to look back at me

until he disappeared completely, and I let out a pained sigh.

At that moment, my impulses got the better of me, and I ran back across the road,

completely disregarding the red traffic light. As a result, lots of cars screeched to a stop to

avoid crashing into me, but their angry shouts went in one ear and out the other as I kept

on running.

Getting bumped by a car and falling onto the road didn't even faze me, merely brushing the

blood of my scraped palms on my clothes before picking myself up and rushing towards

where Christopher was.

For what felt like an eternity, I stood in the middle of the crossroad, cars, and people

whizzing past me as I desperately tried to look for him. Growing dizzy, I squatted down and

took a minute to calm my quickening breaths, tears threatening to overflow from my eyes. I

felt like a child who had gotten separated from their parents in the supermarket.

Fortunately, some god or deity must have been watching over me because I spotted Christopher walking towards a clubhouse as soon as I got back on my feet. Brushing my tears away, I made my way over. The bouncer at the entrance held an arm out, blocking my way. "This is a private establishment, miss. Please show your membership card to gain entry." Christopher was getting further and further away from me. "I don't have a membership card," I frantically explained to the bouncer. "Please let me in! I'm just looking for someone. I promise I'll come out quickly!" "I'm sorry, but you can't enter without a membership card." It was such a simple thing that only emphasized the distance between Christopher and I. All I wanted was to see him, but I couldn't even enter the places he went to, left with no other option but to watch him slowly disappear from my sight. Christopher was the sun, blazing high in the sky, and I was nothing more than a moth drawn to his light. I left the clubhouse and went back to my workplace, stuck in a daze for the rest of the day. When I occasionally pulled out my phone to see if I had received any messages from Christopher, Mave teased me for being hopelessly in love. If only she knew. Aware that I wasn't in the right state of mind, I didn't dare type up any reports, only daring to photocopy some documents and such. When I was on the way to the finance office, I suddenly spotted Yvette. She was dressed in formal business wear as she walked out of the elevator with some documents in her hand. I tried to backtrack and hide away from her, but it was too late. She'd already seen me. My sister looked me up and down with a critical eye, giving me a tight, polite smile. "What are you doing here?"

“I work here.” I was wearing the company’s uniform and even had a name badge. There would be no use trying to lie. Yvette laughed, her cleavage shaking as she did so. “You work here? How are you able to pay rent with this measly salary?” She pointed at the badge pinned to the front of my shirt, sneering, “I’m currently the assistant to the CEO of Tanner Corporation. Wanna guess how much I earn monthly?” I’d already been in a bad mood before bumping into Yvette, and her appearance only worsened it. “I’m surprised you aren’t calling me „sister“ this and „sister“ that anymore,” I scoffed. “Is it because there’s no one else around us for you to keep up the act for? Not even Crystal is here to watch your performance.” “Like you said, we have different mothers. Why should I continue to refer to you as my sister? You don’t have the right to be related to me anyway.” She flipped her hair over her shoulder, fixing me with a disdainful glare. “Look at you. No one would believe me if I told them you’re my elder sister. Keep on working hard, and don’t waste your effort on seducing your way up the ranks, okay? Employment is hard to come by these days; you should treasure your job while you still have it.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read
Online Chapter 216

“I don’t care if you don’t refer to me as your sibling or not. I’m the daughter of dad’s original wife, and you’re just a bastard daughter. If you’re here for business matters, then let me give you a piece of advice. Don’t let people find out that you’re a mistress child. Our boss absolutely detests extramarital affairs.” I was trying to scare her on purpose. If Crystal was around, I would have watched my mouth,

but Yvette was on a completely different and lower level of intelligence compared to Crystal.

As I'd expected, her face grew green. When she opened her mouth to speak, I interrupted,

"You're here as a representative of the Tanner Corporation, no? Are you sure such a high-ranking secretary like yourself should be here arguing with an employee instead of, I don't know, actually going to your meeting?"

Yvette raised her hand to hit me in a fit of rage, but the sound of the elevator doors

opening startled her, her documents all falling to the floor. She quickly stepped back and

bent down, waving me off before I could do anything. "It's fine."

"You are very punctual, Ms. Tanner. Our meeting is at four in the afternoon, but you're

already here at half-past three." Richard stepped out of the elevator, smiling when he saw

her standing close to me. "Do you know my employee, Ms. Tanner?"

"Getting to work with you is my honor, Mr. Whitrow; of course, the very least I could do is

show up early. As for this employee..." Yvette's face scrunched up in confusion. "I feel like

I've seen her somewhere before, but I just can't put my finger on it..."

She tapped her head lightly, seemingly deep in thought before suddenly recalling

something, her mouth falling open in fake shock. "Oh! Aren't you that little thief from the

mall? I mean—"

Slapping her hand over her mouth as if she hadn't meant to say that, she glanced at me

apologetically. "Sorry, sorry. It's just a joke."

Public humiliation like this was what Yvette and Crystal were both good at. I could already

feel the curious gazes of the higher-ups standing behind Richard burning into the back of

my head. Is there a hole somewhere for me to hide in? Anywhere?

"You watch your mouth! You know very well why those diamonds ended up in my bag! How

dare you act all clueless as if you didn't frame me and go and cry to Dad, causing him to

throw away my birthday gift!" I blew up at her. I knew that this was not the time or place to be arguing with Yvette, but I couldn't take her nonsense any longer. "What are you talking about?" Yvette snickered. "We may both share the same surname, but we aren't related in any way."

"Um... Vonnie, you should leave," one of the managers spoke up, stealing nervous looks at Richard's slowly darkening expression. "We have an important meeting to get to."

Hugging my documents to my chest, I silently retreated from the scene, the sounds of Yvette talking badly about me slowly growing faint.

"The employees here should be valued by way of their morals and ethics more than they should be for their work efficiency. You can't have a thief working amongst your company; it'll be bad for the company's reputation! If anything happens at any sort of corporate banquet because of her, the company will be blamed for it..."

"Yes, of course, Ms. Tanner..."

I wasn't sure how I made it through the rest of the day. On the way back home from work, I paid a visit to the supermarket and bought a ton of groceries, immediately heading for the kitchen as soon as I got back.

About an hour later, I stood in front of a table full of multiple dishes, finally having burnt through all of my leftover anger from that morning. It was only then that I remembered Christopher saying he wouldn't be coming back for a few days. The entire house was silent except for the sound of my heartbeat echoing in my ears.

Loneliness slowly crept up upon me, threatening to overwhelm me and pull me back into the depths of despair.

Picking up my cutlery, I cut off a small piece of the caramelized pork I'd made and put it in my mouth. It tasted the same as always, but for some reason, I found it hard to swallow and

ended up throwing all of the food away.

It was hard for humans to get used to loneliness after having enjoyed the company of another person, after all.

I used to wait excitedly for Lyle to come home like this, only to find out that he didn't care whether or not I would be waiting up for him. Thus, I resolved to never do such a thing again, and yet, here I was — anticipating someone who wasn't coming back.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read

Online Chapter 217

Christopher...

My mind was filled with thoughts about him; his voice, his face, his touch. The memory of him clung to me like a disease. It had barely been one day since we'd last seen each other, and I was already on the brink of breaking down. I hated finding out what might happen to me if I did truly lose him one day.

My phone suddenly rang. Thinking that it might be a call from Christopher, I hurriedly rummaged through my bag and answered it without even looking at the screen. "Hello?

When are you coming back? I'm waiting for you."

"I have no intention of being the third wheel. At least remember to look at the name of the caller before answering next time?" Sabrina joked. I blinked owlishly and let out a self-deprecating laugh at myself. "I'm going mad.

"Hello? Are you still there?"

"Did you need me for something?" I replied dryly.

"Hey, what are you going on about? Can't I just hit you up randomly to chat?" she

grumbled. Seemingly sensing that I was acting weird, she proceeded to change the subject.

"Did you get into a fight with that Greek god boyfriend of yours? Come on; you should

lower your standards a little! I swear, if I didn't already have a partner of my own, I would

have pounced on him a long time ago. Be careful not to scare him away, alright? I don't

think you'll ever find another guy like him if you do."

"We didn't get into a fight." I would have much preferred it if we did; at least I would be able

to find out why he was so angry at me. Instead, he insisted on ignoring my existence and

giving me the cold shoulder.

"That's good! By the way, there's going to be a super-luxurious yacht party soon with lots of

people attending. Do you want to go with your boyfriend on a little vacation? I bought two

tickets, but Zachary is busy, and I don't want these to go to waste. I'll gift them to you if you

want."

"No thanks. I don't think I'll have any spare time soon to go anywhere."

There was no way

Christopher would agree to go with me on vacation.

"You can take leave from work! Besides, there's a public holiday coming up soon, and it'd be

too sad to spend it at home sulking!" She giggled at that.

I could hear her giddy happiness even through the phone. Even though she complained

about Zachary, I could picture her grinning at the mere mention of him.

"I'll consider it."

"You don't sound hyped about this... Not even one bit. Listen, I promise there'll be a surprise

if you go. But I guess with Mr. Lane's wealth, he technically doesn't need my ticket. He could

get an invite if he asked for one."

Sabrina went on and on as I quietly listened to her, occasionally interjecting with some

sounds of acknowledgment until she eventually ran out of steam and hung up the call. I was

left holding my phone, staring blankly at the screen and waiting for any sort of message

from Christopher.

Nothing came for me. I threw it off to one side and tiredly crawled into bed, curling up

under the blankets and falling asleep.

“What’s been up with you these few days, Yvonne? You’ve been lifelessly drifting around... Is everything alright at home?” Mave later asked me while at work. “I’m fine. Just a little under the weather, that’s all,” I reassured her with a weak smile. I couldn’t possibly tell her about what happened between Christopher and I. She might just figure that I’d read too many romance novels and was pretending to be the ugly little duckling of my own love life. “Don’t care too much about what other people are saying,” she sighed, patting my shoulder comfortingly. “They always run their mouths without knowing the whole situation. Seriously, don’t they know how to mind their own business?” I felt my heart swell with relief. Yvette’s appearance had caused a new wave of unpleasant rumors and gossip among the company staff. It was becoming increasingly common for me to overhear other employees talking about me whenever I passed by the breakroom, although I never bothered to try and defend myself. It was just a shame that my pleasant working environment had gone down the drain all because of my vile sister. Right before I was supposed to get off of work, my manager called me to his office. “You need to pay a visit to the finance office later,” he told me, a complicated expression on his face. “The company has terminated your contract. They will pay you three months’ worth of salary as compensation.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected Read
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I stood there, frozen for a long while before it finally hit me. I was getting fired. “Did I do something wrong? Please tell me what it is, and I promise I’ll improve in the future,” I begged. I really needed this job.

The manager frowned at me, sighing regretfully. "Vonnie, there are some things that are simply out of my control. This was a direct order from Mr. Whitrow. Even if I wanted to keep you, I can't. I'm really sorry; three months of pay is the most I can offer you right now."

Is it because of Yvette? I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath to recompose myself. She was the young lady of the Tanner family. It made sense that there wasn't a single boss or CEO who would dare go against her words, and she had already publicly criticized my morals in front of my boss.

"Thank you for taking such care of me all this time. I won't trouble you any longer."

I left my workplace, my bag heavier with the ten thousand more that I'd come into work with. I could never figure out why my manager was always so kind to me, but I knew it

would be fruitless to expect him to fix my problems for me.

Mave, not knowing that I would never come back here, waved at me as we parted ways at

the building entrance and even reminded me to disregard what everyone else was saying. I

merely brushed her off with a smile.

"According to our latest reports, Mr. Christopher Lane of Avenport and Ms. Martin will be

getting engaged soon! The wealth of the powerful Lane family can be traced back to three

generations, while Ms. Martin, a famous pianist, is from the scholarly Martin family!

Yesterday at Ms. Martin's piano concert, Mr. Lane went up to give her a bouquet of roses as

the audience erupted into cheers..."

A loud voice from somewhere startled me awake from my depressed daze. I raised my head

and looked towards a large LED screen in the middle of the plaza. It was playing a video

where Monica wore a gorgeous gown, standing in front of her piano as Christopher handed

her a bouquet of roses, a warm smile on his face.
The two of them looked like a picture-perfect couple together.
So Christopher went to watch Monica's concert yesterday? I wonder if
he thought of me at
all.

I stared dumbfounded at the dazzling man on the screen.
He was getting engaged with Monica. He was distancing himself from
me because of this,
possibly because he was worried that I would cling to him, even though
he knew very well
that I never would.

So we've finally reached this point, huh. It wasn't like there was
anything concrete between
Christopher and I in the first place. I was always just a hobby to him.
Standing in the middle of a bustling city, I felt more lost than ever. Last
time, when I found
myself with nowhere to turn to, Christopher had been the one who
gifted me with a house.

Now that he was engaged, I couldn't possibly go back there.
I didn't want to become what I hated most — a shameless
homewrecker.

But why does my heart hurt so much? My body moved forward as if on
autopilot. I'd yet
again lost the best thing I had in my life.

If you hadn't intended on staying, why did you bother creating such a
beautiful illusion for
me to lose myself in?

"Mommy, why is that lady crying? Is she lost?"

"Shush, sweetie. Let's not bother her."

It was only when I reached up and touched my wet cheeks that I realized
I was crying.

God, I was so useless. All I did whenever I ran into hardship was cry. But
what was I

supposed to do other than cry? Go and look for Christopher? I didn't
think I would be able

to even step foot within the Lane residence without their security guards
stopping me at the
front door.

Even if I do get to see him, what am I supposed to say? Why did you
propose to

Monica? Why did you abandon me?

He'd never said a single word about marrying me. His "I love you"s had no meaning or

weight to them; they were merely sweet phrases spoken in the heat of the moment

whenever we were entangled between the sheets.

"Yvonne? Is that you?" Crystal's voice rang out from beside me. "Why are you crying? Did a guy hurt you?"

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Crystal and Lyle stood in front of me, hand-in-hand with matching couple outfits and

matching happy smiles on their faces.

The romantic sight made me taste bile in the back of my mouth as my chest squeezed a

little tighter.

Too drained of energy to bother arguing with them, I tried to step past them and walk away

when Crystal grabbed ahold of my arm.

"Yvonne, there was no way you could have ever been with a guy like Christopher. When Lyle

told me about it, I thought he was only joking. But now that you know Christopher is getting

married to Monica, you should try to step away from the situation as soon as possible.

Besides, you're a divorcee as well. Trying to cling onto someone else's fiancé will only ruin

your reputation further."

I wonder who the cause of my divorce was. I glared daggers at her.

"Ms. Martin is the most famous bachelorette in Avenport, and there are lines of men waiting

for her hand in marriage! They will now retreat only because her fiancé is Christopher.

There's no way you could beat someone like that. I'll give you a piece of advice. Give up. If

you need money, you could always come to me! I have too much to spare," she said,

finishing with a saccharine-sweet smile that contrasted her venomous words.

“Stop crying! People are staring!” Lyle interrupted as he gave me a sidelong glance, then turned back to tell Crystal, “Now’s not the time. You can head on first to the restaurant; I’ll catch up later.”

“But the baby in my tummy is getting hungry,” she pouted, one hand on her baby bump.

“I just have something to tell Yvonne, okay?” he coaxed. “Good girl.”

“Alright, then. You better hurry up, or I won’t wait for you.” Crystal turned around and threw a disdainful sneer over her shoulder at me before striding away.

I couldn’t be bothered to give her a reaction. The warm October wind felt like an incessant chill slipping in through my clothes and freezing me to the bone. Not even hugging my arms proved helpful in warming myself up.

“I told you before to not get involved with Christopher, but you wouldn’t listen. Now, look what happened.” Lyle’s eyebrows were furrowed together in frustration, an expression that I was all too familiar with. He used to always look at me this way whenever I made a fool of myself in public. “When will I ever be afforded the reassurance that you’ll be fine?”

“The joke’s over. Curtains are drawn. Can I leave now?” I deadpanned. God’s being particularly cruel today. I’d just been fired from my job, Christopher was getting married to a woman who I would never be able to match up to, and when I was at the lowest of my low, I just had to bump into who else but my ex-husband and his mistress.

Having fun watching the show from up there, God?

“I care about you, Yvonne. You can’t not let me call you out on your bullcrap when it’s clearly bit you back.” He aggressively tugged at my arm as if trying to shake me awake. “You move out of there tomorrow, you hear me? If you need money, I’ll transfer a million over to your bank account right this second. For goodness’ sake, you’re a lady of the Tanner family

and my ex-wife! You can't let yourself be treated as a plaything by a guy just for money!

That reflects badly on me, too!"

A lady of the Tanner family. I'd never wanted to acknowledge that part of my identity, so

Lyle bringing it up only made me want to laugh out loud.

"Stop acting like a knight in shining armor, alright? I would rather sleep on the streets than

rely on your money," I spat out. I didn't want to see him or anyone else.

All I wanted was to

find a quiet place where no one would be able to find me so I could cry my heart out. "Can I

go yet?"

"You..." Clearly taken aback by my outburst, Lyle shoved me away from him. Due to the

height of my heels, I instantly stumbled backward and somehow ended up in the middle of

the road. As I vaguely registered a throbbing pain in my ankle and saw a car speeding my

way, a thought crossed my mind. Death doesn't sound too bad right now.

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Out of nowhere, a large hand forcefully pulled me back onto the walkway, and I crashed

face-first into a familiar embrace. My nose hurt from the impact, but all I could do was stand

there frozen as I stared up at Christopher.

"Let go of her!" roared Lyle.

"Yvonne is mine. Not someone for you to push around and bully like that. I'd advise you to

watch yourself, or else I will be forced to take severe measures against you." Christopher's

chest rumbled as he spoke, one arm wrapped around my waist.

However, my heart didn't

skip a beat as it would have in the past.

"What the hell are you talking about? Yvonne is my wife! You're already engaged to

someone else, so don't try to play around with her feelings any longer, Christopher! I'm not

scared of you just because you're from the Lane family!" Lyle walked up to us, trying to pry the two of us apart.

Instinctively, my arms tightened around Christopher's body. If this was the last time I was able to touch and hug this large, broad body, then I was going to make the most out of this moment. At the very least, I wouldn't feel as upset in the future when I looked back on this moment.

Perhaps I should be relieved that the news of Christopher and Monica's engagement had been made public through the mass media, instead of me having to witness it with my very own eyes.

"Correction. She's your ex-wife. If you didn't cherish her enough back then, you don't get the chance to do so now," Christopher responded coldly. "Besides, your fiancée is right behind you."

Lyle and I both looked behind him at the same time. Crystal was standing there since who-knows-when, staring at all of us anxiously as if trying to figure out how and where she should insert herself into our altercation.

"Come on, Lyle. You shouldn't try to help Yvonne if she clearly has other ideas. She's not going to accept your help even if you insist on it." Looping her arm through Lyle's, she looked up at him with puppy-dog eyes. "The baby and I are both getting hungry. Let's go and eat, okay?"

"You be careful!" With those parting words, Lyle finally led Crystal away from the scene.

Meanwhile, Christopher tugged on my arm and walked off in a separate direction. He moved too quickly, so I soon found it hard to keep up with him, especially with my busted ankle. Before I knew it, I tripped and was hurtling towards the ground when he caught me and hoisted me back upright.

He glanced down at my leg and picked me up in his arms in a bridal carry without a second thought. If this were any other time, I would yell at him out of embarrassment and tell him to put me down, but now I just curled into him obediently without a single complaint.

I wish time would stop right here, right now.

Mentally and physically fatigued from the events of the day and from not getting a wink of sleep last night, I eventually drifted off into unconsciousness in his arms. When I came to, we were in the house that I once thought of as perfect and a "home."

Christopher set me down on the couch and dug out some ointment for my twisted ankle.

Thankfully, there was no swelling, although it still hurt.

After that, the man took off my top to inspect the slash wound on my arm. He pursed his lips upon seeing my messily changed bandage, carefully undoing it and reapplying some antiseptic cream before wrapping it back up with new, clean bandages. It might have been because of the tenderness of his actions and his tender touch, but I somehow fell asleep laying there on the sofa. In the midst of my foggy dreams, I could vaguely hear a long sigh before I felt myself being moved to a softer, warmer place.

"Stupid woman. Why didn't you call me if you knew I was mad at you? You didn't even greet me when we passed each other in the street. You're too stubborn for your own good."

He continued in an exasperated tone, "Have you still not figured out what I'm mad about?"

"I've only left you alone for two days, and look at the mess you've gotten yourself into. If I hadn't gone to pick you up from work today, you would have gotten hit by that car!"

Seriously, don't you have any self-preservation instincts?"

After a moment, he sighed. "I used to find your stubbornness cute.

Today, I really want to pinch you to death for causing me so much worry."