

## Love Coming from the Least Expected

### Chapter 231

I had no idea who pushed me since they were so many people milling around. Before I had regained my feet after stumbling into Lyle's arm, Wendy shoved me away. Tottering in heels, I reached out to steady myself, only to end up pushing Crystal away.

Crystal's expression changed at once. All of a sudden, she leaned against the corner of the wall and clutched her stomach, shrieking, "My stomach hurts! Ow, my stomach..."

"Crystal!" Lyle's expression turned frantic. Whirling around, he swung his hand across my face. "I didn't know you're so vicious that you'd actually make a move against a pregnant woman, Yvonne!"

My head spun, and I saw stars at the blow. When I had finally regained my feet, I swung my hand with all my might and landed a heavy smack on the left side of his face. "There you go in return! You clearly saw what happened earlier with your own eyes! Also, I'll

never seek you out deliberately even if I'd lost my mind!" I roared. Clocking the contempt in my eyes, Lyle's expression darkened. "Yvonne, don't think you

can go from rags to riches just because you're now hooking up with Christopher. You'll only end up ruined if you continue associating with him."

"Even so, that has nothing to do with you!"

"Stop bickering with her! Send Crystal to hospital, quick!" Wendy dragged Lyle back. "Oh

God, I don't know whether my grandchild will be fine. You're such a b\*tch, Yvonne

Tanner! You're barren, so you want to hurt my grandchild, huh? I'll make your life a

living hell if anything happens to Crystal!"

"Hmph!" Shaking off her hand, I spun on my heels and strode out of the art gallery.

Nothing good ever comes out of bumping into them! A lot of outstanding paintings are on exhibition in the art gallery today, so one of them must be Crystal's. Otherwise, she wouldn't have brought such a huge group of people here. A new school artist? I sneered. Back then, my talent was far greater than hers. And now, as long as I work hard, I'll definitely defeat her. What's so great about her, anyway? It's just a few years of experience abroad and having a good mentor, no? But when it comes to painting, how many artists actually made it because of pointers from renowned artists? I'm sure it'll never cross their minds that I'm here to join the competition. Fortunately, it's an art festival competition that has taken the world by the storm this time, so only venerated veterans make up the panel of judges. Otherwise, if she becomes a judge with her new school artist title, I'll certainly find myself on the losing end. As I traversed the streets, my cell phone rang. The caller ID indicated that it was my father calling. The number was particularly familiar, but the scene was utterly unfamiliar. After all, my relationship with my father had deteriorated to the point where we were strangers with nothing to be said between us. "Is something the matter?" I inquired placidly after answering the call. "What did Lyle mean earlier? Are you really acquainted with Christopher Lane?" Nathan demanded. Haha, I just knew this would've happened! No one noticed when Lyle said that, all having rushed over to Crystal to check on her pregnant self. Yet, he actually committed that to memory! "So what if I am?" "Stop being combative with me when I'm your father. Wait for me outside!" Nathan

barked.

“Sorry, but I’m busy!” Before I had even said that, Nathan had already hung up.

Nonetheless, I wasn’t going to wait for him like a fool. When I was crossing the road, my cell phone rang again. Finding the phone number rather familiar after scrutinizing it, I answered it.

“Hello, is this Ms. Tanner?”

“I’m Yvonne Tanner. May I know who’s on the line?”

“This is Richard Whitrow, Vonnie. Do you still remember me?”

I naturally knew who Richard Whitrow was, but I somehow felt that his voice was now colored with a hint of flattery. Hmm? Never mind if he’s being amicable, but what’s with

this fawning tone? Why on earth would he ingratiate himself to me?

“Is something the matter, Mr. Whitrow?” I questioned in puzzlement.

“When are you coming back to work, Vonnie?” Richard queried.

“I’ve been keeping your post for you.”

“Come back to work? But haven’t I been dismissed?” I was at a total loss.

“Dismissed? Not at all! It was all a misunderstanding by my subordinate. How about

coming to work tomorrow if you’ve got the time? I told the others you were gone on a

business trip. You’re a permanent staff, so you can’t simply be dismissed if you haven’t

done anything wrong. This is all on Camilla. She misunderstood my meaning.”

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Hearing that, I felt utterly bewildered and flattered. Even if I had been dismissed due to a misunderstanding, does the CEO himself have to phone me and ask me to go back?

I’m no one significant.

“Vonnice? Vonnice, are you still there?”

“Yes, of course!” I answered, snapping back to my senses. “Are you sure you’re not

making a mistake here, Mr. Whitrow? I'm just an admin staff, not a technical staff."

"There's no mistake. Well, it's decided, then. Come to work tomorrow, and your attendance will be counted as full." After saying that, Richard promptly hung up.

As I stared at my cell phone, I bit my lip lightly. Only when pain registered did I realize that it wasn't a dream. "How baffling! Could it be that God blessed me with good news since I've already suffered a misfortune today?"

Later, I told Christopher about the matter. A mysterious smile bloomed on his face as he rummaged in the closet. "No wonder you haven't been going to work in the past few days. Since you've been idle lately, it's good for you to go to work so that your

imagination doesn't run wild when I lack time to keep you company." Still, mystification engulfed me. I propped a hand under my chin in contemplation.

"Well, I just find it perplexing. I'm nobody in the company, so why are they regarding me so highly? Could it be that they've discovered that I'm actually the kind of rare talent who has to be nurtured?"

"Perhaps it's a gift from God." Christopher handed me an evening gown. "Here, O'

talented one. Attend a party with me tomorrow in this, okay?"

"You want me to attend a party with you? What party is it?" Holding the evening gown

out, I regarded it carefully. It was a stunningly beautiful gown he had specially prepared for me with matching undergarments in the same color.

"You'll know when we're there. Don't worry; it'll just be a few friends of mine. It's just a small gathering with no one significant. As my girlfriend, you've got to make me proud lest those jerks disparate me as a saint who hasn't touched a woman in years."

Picking up the pink panties, Christopher brandished them before me with a smirk. “Do try them on. I picked them especially for you, but I might have gotten the size wrong.”

Duh! He must be wanting to see me change in front of him. A saint, he said? If he’s a saint, there’s no normal man in this world!

Ignoring him, I stuffed everything into the closet with the pile of sex toys. I wasn’t going to change before him. While we had had many wild exploits, I was still shy to do so.

After all, he always stared at me with a penetrating look in his eyes every single time.

His gaze often perturbed me, making me feel as though I was his prey. That night, Christopher didn’t do anything to me before sleeping. Conversely, he quickly fell asleep. At that rare turn of events, puzzlement swamped me. Is this the result of overindulgence? Should I buy some terrapin or the like and cook it for him? Otherwise, what if his manhood shrinks from a nutrient deficiency in the future?

After sleeping for a while, the man rolled over and hugged me. Blinking open his bleary eyes, he groggily checked whether the covers were still intact around me. Upon noticing that I was not asleep, he muttered, “Why are you still awake?”

“I’m thinking of methods to nourish your kidneys. It’s indeed true that men can’t overindulge when they’re young. It looks like I can’t let you have your way too often, or I’ll be crying my heart out if you really can’t get it up anymore in the future.”

Christopher blinked when he heard that, awareness and amusement slowly returning to his eyes. Flipping the covers, he rolled himself over me and bit my lip.

“Eve, do you know that you’re a minx? You’ve almost drained me of everything.”

“Then, get off me. Why are you so enthusiastic now?” By then, I could already sense his stiffness pressing against me.

“I know you’re feeling rather needy since you can’t even sleep. Why don’t I sacrifice for a bit and satisfy you once?” Though he said that, I knew it was a joke. He would never relent once he started until he had his fill. As I lay on the bed, despondency flooded me. Is this really fine? Won’t it lead to impotence? Once he fell asleep, I stealthily crept out of bed and took out all the sex toys in the closet. Then, I stuffed them into the deepest recesses of the closet in the living room. Hah! He’s not going to find them now. What an utter pervert to always have them on his mind!

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Thinking that I was concealing things very well, I crawled back into bed secretly, smiling and preparing to close my eyes. I did not expect that Christopher was actually awake, and just as I closed my eyes, he opened his and smirked. “Are you still awake?” I was startled and felt guilty as I asked. “You’ve awoken me again. Don’t roll around and go to sleep!” Christopher held me tight in his embrace like an octopus clutching my body. “Eve, I need to remind you that I’m a normal man, and I need to rest. If you keep seducing me, we’ve got a problem. So, be a good girl.” I hit his chest with my head and glared at him angrily. As if I was the one seducing you! Hmph! It was obvious that the man was talking to himself. After doing it three times just now, I knew he was aroused once again. Heading back to the office after one week, I heard murmuring the moment I walked into the hall. I did not bother but went straight to the thirteenth floor. Mave, who was

furiously typing on the keyboard in front of the desktop, greeted me warmly when she saw me walking in. Then she took the breakfast from my hands. "Vonnie, you being away on a business trip is a torture to me because I did not have even one good breakfast. Knowing you're back today, I could cry with joy." As she wolfed down the food, Mave mumbled indistinctly. "You ought to move closer to the office so you wouldn't have to be in the subway that early. Then you would have time for breakfast." I laughed. Of course everyone thought I went on a "business trip." But come to think of it, have I become the main character? I mean—how lucky am I to not needing to look for a job and instead could have the job come looking for me? "I would like to but room rentals in the city are too high, and I would have to spend half of my salary on it. Only the basement room rentals are cheaper, so it's better if I live further away. At least, my home is comfortable and safe," Mave replied sadly. "I envy those living in the city." I smiled without saying a word. In the past, I had lived in a basement too, and it was really unpleasant. After that, Mave finished her breakfast and patted her chest, indicating that she would do half of my work today so I could relax a little and finish up quickly. When I got off work, I received a phone call from Nathan. I swear that man was shadowing me like a stalker. Like Yvette, he would call me often, even at work, and I was really fed up with that. After all, it was only the first day back at work, and he'd easily found me. Could it be that I lost my job because of Yvette and that I got it back because of Nathan?

One played good cop and the other bad cop; either way, I hope they did not play too well.

Nevertheless, I had overestimated Nathan as I had heard the secretary talking to the manager. The Tanner family and the company I work in did not come to an agreement.

Even though my company was small and our orders were not many, it was still humiliating for the Tanner family to be rejected. Nathan must have been upset.

To be honest, I was gloating over Nathan's bad luck, so when I met Nathan, I smiled.

"Dad, why are you here?"

Nathan ordered some coffee and snacks for me. "What are you talking about? As your

Dad, do I need a reason to see you?"

"Dad, if you just eat with me without discussing some agenda, perhaps, I'll believe you."

I picked up the fork and took some mousse cake. It was too sweet for me. Though I liked

the sweetness of lollipops, I did not like cake.

This was because every year when my birthday came around, I could only take the

leftovers of Crystal's birthday cake. It just happened that her birthday was two days after

mine so I was always forgotten. After she had shared with everyone else, she would

bring me a small piece to show off and say, "I'm so sorry, dear Yvonne, I forgot that your

birthday was two days ago. Please accept this piece of cake as your birthday present

from me."

Right then, Nathan slammed his cup of coffee on the table and said icily.

"You were

brought up in the Tanner family where you were fed and clothed. Can't you contribute

to the Tanner family in some way?"

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He was right—I was brought up with the Tanners. As a kid, I was treated like a princess

by my father. Those memories had become so vague that I could barely remember

them. Our family of three had once been so happy.

“Dad, didn’t you disown me? It was even published in the papers.

Everyone in Avenport

knows. I’m only the firstborn of the Tanner family by name.” Steadily, I lifted the cup of

coffee to my lips and sipped. The bitterness suited the atmosphere of the moment.

“How dare you even mention that! If you had agreed to marry Mr. Lucas of the

Goldstein family, our family would be listed among the top richest and not a third-rate

little household.” At the mention of this incident, Nathan’s face became black like

thunder.

“Tell me, do you and Christopher have something going on?”

I sighed. “Prior to this, when Lyle had threatened that he would tell you about this, I had

guessed that you would ask me, and I was right. Nevertheless, Dad, you must

understand that I have no control over a man’s decisions. If I do, then why would Lyle

divorce me?”

“Since you are already Christopher’s mistress, what’s so hard about using your feminine

wiles? Just take a page from Yvette’s and Crystal’s books, for goodness’ sake! They do

everything better than you do. If you had been smart enough to marry Christopher

Lane, I would have nothing to complain about you.” Nathan shot me a hateful glance as

if to say I was good for nothing.

Hearing that had me sick to my stomach. My own father had just called me somebody’s

mistress, and he was feeling shameful about it while, at the same time, he wanted to get

some benefit from that. How ironic!

“So, Dad, are you sure that there’s something between Christopher and me?” I spoke plainly.

“Don’t try to deny it. Crystal has told me everything. I’m telling you that it’s okay for you to hook up with Christopher, but try to keep it under wraps, or you would disgrace the Tanner family. He would never marry you, so you might as well get some benefit for the Tanner family while you still can. When he dumps you later, I can still give you a hand. Keep in mind that the Tanner family is your family,” Nathan said this with displeasure with a grunt.

I must admit that Nathan was totally shameless when he talked about benefits. He did not know how despicable he sounded. That man could even say such things in front of me, his daughter, without flinching.

Right now, he was being totally unreasonable, just like the time when he wanted me to marry Lucas.

“Dad, you don’t need my help at all. Crystal is a famed new school artist, and long ago, she even saved Christopher. Let her talk to him on your behalf. Even the crumbs that fall through the hands of the Lane family are enough to feed the Tanner family. Besides, I’m sure Crystal is more than willing to help you.”

“Don’t talk nonsense. Is Crystal the type who helps others for a reward? She is a public figure, so you must not do anything that ruins her reputation.” Nathan’s expression turned serious.

“Is my reputation unimportant, then?” I could not help asking.

“You have no reputation to speak of!” Nathan sneered. “If you still think of me as your father, just do as I say.”

Indeed, it was true—I had no reputation. When I divorced Lyle, which, by the way, was

not my fault, the public condemned me for my incompetence and laughed at me for being an unworthy wife. They also made fun of me for coming between Crystal and Lyle.

I took a deep breath and sighed. “Dad, I just can’t figure out why you don’t think of me as your daughter but as an instrument to exploit. Did you really love me when I was a child, or was it all just my imagination? You treat Yvette well and love Crystal like your own daughter but refuse to show me any care nor concern.”

Nathan gazed deeply into my eyes for a moment, and a complicated emotion flashed across his dark eyes. “You’re the eldest, so you should bear the heaviest burden.”

“Perhaps so, but I cannot help you with this. Dad, ask someone else.” I was the eldest, the firstborn, of the Tanner family—just how lame could this excuse be!

My phone had been vibrating just now, so I went to a street corner to check it. There were a lot of missed calls from Sabrina and Christopher. Suddenly I remembered that I had promised to accompany Christopher to a friend’s gathering. I forgot it all when I was with Nathan just now.

Oh, dear! Christopher is surely angry.

Just then, a call came from Sabrina, and she yelled at me the moment I answered it.

“Yvonne, what game are you playing? It’s my idol’s birthday today, and we agreed to celebrate together. How dare you disappear? Are you looking for trouble? Come over here at once!”

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It took me a few minutes to digest Sabrina’s words. What have I done?

Christopher

remembered my birthday and always made breakfast for me. When I was down, he

bought the type of lollipop I liked, getting it sent by despatch no matter how far.  
And yet, I could not even remember his birthday. Yesterday, he had said mysteriously  
with an expression of expectation on his face that we would have a gathering. I saw that  
but did not give it much thought, presuming that he just wanted to meet some old  
friends.  
Oh, God. What have I done? Why haven't I ask when his birthday was? Even if I had not  
asked, I should have called Sabrina and asked about the gathering when he told me  
about it.  
This was all Nathan's fault. When he came, I missed the ride to the party when  
Christopher came to pick me up. To make things worse, I even forgot about the whole  
thing. Christopher must be really mad at me.  
"Sabby, where you are now? I'll hurry over instantly," I asked her urgently.  
"You don't even know where it is?" Sabrina raised her voice in exasperation as if she  
didn't know what to do with me. "Yvonne, you go get dressed and come this instance!  
As for the gift, you can give mine to him. We are— Hey! Why are you taking my  
phone—" Toot... Toot... Toot...  
At this crucial moment of our conversation, suddenly, Sabrina's phone went dead, and  
there was silence.  
"Hello? Hello, Sabby? Sabby?" I cried out loudly a few times. Seeing that the call had  
dropped, I stomped my foot in frustration and jogged back to the office entrance. I  
looked around, but there was no red Maserati anywhere nearby. Hence, I decided to call Christopher, but his phone was turned off. I  
slapped my  
forehead, totally at a loss. "This is bad. Christopher will definitely be mad at me. What

have I done? How could I have forgotten something so important?" I walked around in circles like someone who had lost their way. I wanted to look for Christopher, but I did not know where to go. After some time, Sabrina called again. When I saw her name on the screen, I answered the phone at the fastest speed I could. "Sabrina, where are you guys? Hurry up and tell me." Sabrina's voice was solemn as she spoke in a low voice. "Eve, things are bad, and I mean really bad. Because you weren't here, my idol was enraged. Thus, when he received a call from Monica, he left for her place immediately. "What?" I groaned inside with tears in my eyes. "In that case, do you know where they went?" "That's what I wanted to tell you. They went to Centurion Jungle Park and said they were going to watch the fireworks. You'd better get here right now. I don't care how, but you must get my idol back, or I'll hate you for the rest of my life." "Alright. I'm going straightaway!" I hung up the phone and dashed to the taxi stand. Since I was afraid to miss Christopher again, I decided to hail a taxi to take me straight to Centurion Jungle Park. Following the path paved with cobblestones, I went in and looked around the park. Just then, I saw a couple kissing in the woods. The man's silhouette was just like that of Christopher's, and the woman he had pinned against the tree trunk was dressed very provocatively. They were so engrossed in their make-out session that they did not notice me. My heart was filled with pain, but then fury swept over me suddenly. Without much thought, I pushed everything I knew about being low-key and discrete to the back of my mind, all of which were ingrained into me since I was a child.

The anger within me gave me immeasurable courage I never knew I had. Right then, I walked over in strides and grabbed the man by the waist. Then, I pushed him aside, stood in front of him, and said ferociously to the woman, "Let go of my man! You listen to me—not only did we hold hands, hug, and kiss, we even watched movies, shower together, and make passionate love in bed! We did everything a married couple would, so you have no chance to be with him."

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"What? But you told me you only love me earlier!" The woman's unfamiliar voice rang out, roaring at the man.

I took a second clearer look at her face. Wait a minute. That's not Monica... And this man...

My neck creaked as I turned my head mechanically and saw the bewildered man. It was not Christopher, but someone whose figure and size looked so similar from behind;

thus, I was mistaken. Along with my anger, my courage vanished.

"I have no one else but you!" Then, the man glared at me and yelled, "You crazy b\*tch!

Where the hell did you even come from? I don't know you at all. Open your eyes and see clearly. You'd better watch what you say or do, or I will call the cops and have you sent to an asylum."

"Sh\*t, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, guys. I've got the wrong person." I apologized repeatedly, admitting it was my mistake. It was so embarrassing that I wanted to dig a hole to bury myself. Thus, I left the grove glumly soon after that and stood alone in the huge park, totally at a loss of what to do.

Just where is Christopher? Did he bring Monica to another park to make out?

Just then, my eyes fell on the large screen with colorful flashing lights in the distance, and I remembered the words Christopher said during the reporter's interview.

Although Christopher would not actively go and seduce a woman, it would be a different story if Monica went out of her way to seduce him. After all, only a few men could resist if such a beautiful woman were to offer her kisses.

I called Christopher again, but his phone was still turned off. Not knowing what to do, I sat on the ground and fiddled with a tuft of grass mindlessly.

"Christopher, where are you? I'm sorry. Don't be angry, okay? I really didn't forget your birthday on purpose.

Didn't I say that communication is key? You didn't tell me what this party was for, so it wasn't a pleasant surprise as you claimed. Well, it was a surprise but certainly not pleasant at all."

"Do you realize your mistake now?"

"Yeah, I realize that I was wrong. As long as you forgive me, I will do anything you wish."

I nodded.

"Will you ignore my calls again? Will you break your promises to me?"

His low voice was

heard, and, for some reason, he sounded like he was trying to suppress his laughter.

"It won't happen again. I swear—it won't. It was an accident this time."

As I mumbled by myself, I suddenly felt that something was not quite right, so I jumped

up from the ground and looked in front of me. There was Christopher, standing on the

bridge by the lake, panting. Apparently, he had run all the way here.

When I saw him, I

ran over quickly and stood in front of him. Looking up at this handsome man, I wanted

to wish him "Happy Birthday," but I was at a loss for words.

Christopher started questioning me like one would query a child. "Tell me, where did

you go right after work?”

I told him honestly about how Nathan came to see me. “I really didn’t forget about it. In fact, I even had my gown with me all the time, as I was afraid that I would embarrass you in front of your friends. Unexpectedly, Dad stopped me at the entrance, and I couldn’t leave him there like a stranger.”

“Even then, you should pick up my calls!” His face was stern as he folded his arms and raised his chin. He was slim and a head taller than me. From my position, I could only see his perfectly angled chin.

“Alright, alright!” I raised my hand like I was swearing an oath. “I promise, from now on, even if I’m having my shower, I’ll pick it up your call right away. Will this do?”

Christopher stretched out his huge palm and rubbed the top of my head until my hair looked like a bird’s nest. “I shall forgive you because of your sincerity, but I really loved hearing what you said to that woman just now. Can you please repeat it again?”

I was speechless to know he had heard that, and I blushed deeply.

“That’s so embarrassing, so no, I won’t repeat it!”

“You really won’t do it?” Christopher took a step forward and held me in his arms.

“No, I won’t!”

“Then it’s time to accept the punishment!” Christopher held my face and brought his lips

to mine. The man vigorously pried my teeth open and began the sweet assault within

my mouth. He deliberately extended his tongue to the base of mine so that I was almost breathless.

“Say it! Say that I’m your man!”

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Holding on to his neck and being stuck within his embrace, I was pushed back against the railing of the wooden bridge by Christopher. The bridge swung a little as if it would fall apart at any moment. I held onto him even tighter as I was afraid of falling.

He started with a kiss before slipping his fingers into my shirt. Annoyed with how tight my top was, he pulled it up and caused it to rub against my face. My head was hazy, and my body was on fire. He pushed toward me even more and made my body inclined outward.

I could almost see our reflections on the lake. When the wooden bridge was making a creaking sound, I tensed up.

If the bridge fell immediately, then I would become the first woman who drowned while kissing her boyfriend. Everyone in Avenport would laugh at the news of my death until the end of time.

In a distance, I could see the couple whom I saw earlier walking out of the small forest and caught what we were doing. I could even hear what they were saying, though barely.

“Wow, is that the woman from earlier? Is she doing something lewd with her boyfriend over there? The sign says not to enter. Aren’t they afraid that the bridge might collapse?”

“It’s all right. After they fall, we can just call the ambulance and share it on Twitter.”

“They aren’t planning to do it there, are they? That woman’s top looks like it’s about to come off.”

I desperately tried to stop Christopher from continuing after hearing their chatter, but he seemed to have no intention of halting. Instead, he slipped his other hand into my skirt.

“Don’t. It’s dangerous... Someone...” I tried to press his hand down.  
“Relax, I’m a good swimmer. I won’t let anything happen to you.”  
Christopher gently bit  
my earlobe before moving to my neck.  
I don’t think that’s the issue here. I saw the couple stretching their necks  
trying to see  
what we were doing.  
My god. Do you people have to do this?  
Thankfully, Christopher’s punishment didn’t mean something far more  
embarrassing for  
me. He quickly let me down and blocked their line of sight with his body.  
He helped to  
pull my shirt down before hugging me tight and roared at the  
busybodies, “What are  
you looking at?! Never seen lovers being intimate before?”  
I could feel my cheeks burning as I looked at him like a fool.  
The man embarrassedly pulled the woman away, but the woman  
wanted to stare at  
Christopher longer. My danger alarm was ringing, so I pushed myself out  
of his  
embrace, and, with my arm around his neck, glared at the woman. “This  
man is mine!”  
“You think you’re hot stuff just because you have a handsome boyfriend?  
Maybe he’s  
just a kept man!” The woman then pulled her boyfriend away in a huff.  
I couldn’t help but giggled. “Did you hear what they just called you,  
Christopher?”  
“Well, the only person being kept is you.” Christopher grinned and  
purposefully bumped  
against me with his hard rod.  
“Jerk!” I pouted before gently punching him. “Your friends are waiting  
for you. I think we  
should go and meet them, lest they wait for us even longer.”  
“Nah, I’ll pass. We’ll just drink, play cards and shoot the sh\*t. It’s boring.  
When they’re  
drunk, they’ll start saying nonsense, and I don’t feel like punching  
anyone right now.  
Let’s find somewhere to eat instead. I’m starving. This is your fault,”  
Christopher said  
fiercely.

I pouted again before holding his hand tightly as we crossed the bridge. I really didn't want to bear another second of the risk of falling off the rotting structure.

After we walked out of the bridge, I saw Christopher was looking a little depressed, so I

whispered to him, "Happy birthday, Christopher!"

"Happy birthday, my ass. There's no present for me. Hmph."

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"Don't worry about the present. I'll definitely get you one," I quickly swore, as I really

want to get him something he really liked even though I had no idea what that was.

"You know, you're the son of a rich family. Can't you stop speaking so rudely? It makes you look bad."

"What's so rude about how I talk? Everyone has a flaw in some way.

Let's go, I'm getting

really hungry." He fastened his pace as I attempted, again and again, to catch up with

him and grab his hand.

After failing two times, he held my hands tightly. "Your hand is freezing.

Can't you wear

something warmer, you idiot?"

I chuckled. "What if you don't like me if I'm too smart? So, it's better for me to be a little

stupid, because I'll look cuter that way."

"Why you little..." Christopher knocked on my head a couple of times.

We eventually arrived at a fancy restaurant and ate a glamorous meal.

When it was time

to pay up, I took the initiative and treated him. After I swiped my card and saw the long

string of numbers, my heart started aching. I can't believe I'm going bankrupt because

of a meal. I knew I should've saved more.

"Christopher, I want you to remember that I spent the money I had saved up over the

years just to treat you to this meal. Even though I have known Sabrina for so many

years, I never treated her to such an expensive meal. So, you should be grateful that I'm willing to spend all my savings to make you happy."

"You are such a niggard. Didn't I give you a card already?"

"I'm the one treating you! I can't use your money to do that. If you want to know how much a woman loves a man, you can tell by looking at how much the woman is willing to spend on him. Got it?" I pounded my chest with pride.

Christopher raised his eyebrow. "Isn't it supposed to be the opposite?"

"It's the same for women!" I replied in a serious tone.

We romantically strolled back home instead of calling a taxi. We held each other's hand and kicked the roadside pebbles. It was a lot of fun. When I saw an empty soda can, I wanted to pick it up, but Christopher kicked it and accurately landed into a trash can.

I was swooning over how dashing my prince was.

"Stop! Give me your money!" Two guys jumped out of nowhere and stopped us as soon as we walked into an alley. Boy, they mean business.

I gasped and hid behind Christopher.

"Mugging?" Christopher looked at the two with amusement.

"That's right. Give me all your money. The guy can f\*ck off while the girl stays. If you don't listen to us, I'll show you my impressive knife tricks."

I grinned. Christopher is an accomplished fighter. There's no way I need to be afraid of these punks.

"What are you two smiling at, f\*ckers? I'll show you-"

Before the mugger could even finish his sentence, Christopher bolted toward him and kicked the knife in his hand away. Christopher then followed up with a sweeping kick that knocked both of them down.

Then, he raised his leg before stomping on both of the muggers as they groaned in pain.

I swooned even harder as I stared at him.

Christopher grinned when he saw me admiring him. “Are you enamored with my dashing figure?”

I suddenly hugged his neck and leaped into the air. He quickly held my hips up and

hugged me tightly. I then unleashed a barrage of kisses on his face.

“How can you be

this cool and handsome, Christopher! I’m absolutely crazy for you!”

“You’re crazy for me? But you didn’t even prepare a present for me.

Hmph.” Christopher

had completely shattered the romantic atmosphere.

I held back the urge to groan and roll my eyes back at the same time.

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 239

After returning home, I forced Christopher to stay in the living room before sprinting to

my wardrobe. I tried to find the thing I was looking for, but it wasn’t there anymore. I

thought I changed the location of the item already, but it seemed like Christopher still

managed to find it.

I opened the bed drawer and rummaged through the items inside before picking a

rather provocative clothing.

“Yvonne, why are you locking me outside? Open up.” Christopher knocked on the door.

“Give me a second! I’ll be out soon!” I quickly went into the restroom, wore that sexy

outfit, and checked out how I looked in front of the big mirror before looking away

rather embarrassingly.

There’s even a tail at the back. Who the hell designed this thing? I

thought to myself as I

put on a collar with a bell and a headband with cat ears.

I read through some of Christopher’s porn before I walked out of the room, flustered.

He was eating apples when I approached him with my hands up and half-kneeling in

front of him. “Meow. Your present has arrived, Master. Does this satisfy you, meow?”

The apple in Christopher's hand slipped out as he stared at me, completely stunned. He wanted to say something, but he choked on his own saliva before that could happen. I gently patted his back as I sat on his lap. "Meow. Master, there's no need to rush. I'm all yours tonight, meow."

Christopher turned and pushed me onto the couch. He eagerly kissed my neck all the way up to my lips. "I'm very, very happy, Eve. I love you so much." I shook the bell on my collar as Christopher played with my cat ears and continued to kiss me.

I followed what I read on his porn and gently exclaimed, "Master!" Christopher became instantly turned on. He transformed into a ravenous beast and we made love endlessly as he demanded that I continued to call him "Master" throughout the night. I don't know what that was all about but... he was all turned on.

After it was over, my headband was taken off, and I couldn't find the cat tail anymore.

My makeup wore off and the thin clothing I was wearing was torn to shreds.

"Happy birthday, Christopher!" Even though I was still in a daze, I reminded myself to tell him that. Otherwise, that petty man would find some other excuse to "punish" me, which I didn't necessarily dislike.

A few days later, the piece I submitted to the exhibition was accepted and passed the initial screening. That was within my expectations, as it took me quite a lot of effort to complete that piece.

The exhibition crew told me that my piece would be displayed in the exhibit room, which was another way of them asking me to attend the exhibit and get interviewed, along with the other contestants.

My first reaction was to refuse, but the crew informed me that the interview would be a very important part of the exhibition. That was because there would be a lot of famous artists attending the reception, and it would be beneficial for my future development in the art circle. However, I still refused. I hated it once things were commercialized, especially art. If people liked my art, then that would be enough for me. There was no reason to see me in the flesh. Although, I did promise the organizer that, if my art managed to make it into the next exhibition, I would show my face.

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 240

Even though I was shifting my focus to art, I still hadn't abandoned my work. Without inspiration, I couldn't create good work. So, in order to receive more inspiration, I would drive around and enjoy the view outside.

Creating art wasn't like completing a mission, where I could just sit in front of my canvas and forced myself to draw. If I did that, the end result would just be terrible. However, I needed to finish my next piece within a month's time for the next exhibition, and I still had no idea what to draw. I couldn't take my sweet time like before and remained unaccomplished. I would be undeserving to be Christopher's partner otherwise.

Since I was bored, I sent a message to Key to update him about my current situation. He was very happy with my achievement so far and encouraged me by providing me with a couple of suggestions for my current piece.

After a while, I typed: It's been a while since you went online. Did something happen?

It took a long time before Key replied, "I went to a rather remote area. There was no

internet access nor a phone line, and I had to work hard every day to earn money. I have only returned recently.”

If Key is working in such an awful place, his family is probably not that well off. I grinned and asked, “You know, Avenport is a pretty good place. Even ordinary people like us can find a living there.”

Key sent a couple of stickers depicting a doll grinning maliciously, much like how

Christopher often smiled at me. Key then replied, “If you ever find a suitable man, then just marry him. Don’t become a spinster. If he asks your hand in marriage, don’t reject it.”

A spinster? I wished but I am a divorcee.

I pouted and typed, “I’m not a spinster. If you say something like that to a girl, you’re doomed to live a lonely life until the day you die. Understand?”

Key sent me an emoji of a despised look. “You should go back to drawing now. Don’t be

lazy, okay? I’m still waiting for you to be super famous so I could show off to everyone

that you’re my friend. If your art failed to make it into every exhibition in the country,

then please don’t tell anyone that we are acquainted.”

I held my chin as I wondered. Even if I said I know Key, who would who he is? I don’t

even know if he’s a man or woman, or if he’s tall or short. I have never even seen his

face before. The only thing I could tell from our conversations is that he’s kind of an airhead.

After going through two more drafts, I put down my brush because it just didn’t feel

right. Christopher saw how conflicted I was, so he approached me and put me on his lap

before giving me a ticket. “If you don’t know what to draw, how about we get some time

off and help you get some inspiration?”



“How can we find inspiration?” I looked at the ticket and noticed it was for a cruise.

“Sabrina told me before that she had a ticket for a 10-day cruise. Is this from her?”

Christopher sneered, “I don’t need to take a ticket from her or anyone if I want to go on

a cruise. This is a ticket for an S-class package. Once we go on a trip out on the sea, I

can guarantee you that inspiration will flow into your mind like a river.”

“But this is a 10-day cruise. Will we make it in time?” I considered.

“Then, just bring your art supplies with you, idiot. You can’t say no to this. You forgot to

prepare my present after all, so consider this reimbursement.” He pulled me onto the

bed and hugged me tightly.

I didn’t like his muscular chest, so I moved down a little more and lay my head on his

soft belly. I then poked his waist and grumbled, “Don’t get too overzealous, Christopher.

It’s only your birthday that I forgot. You’ve been reminding me of that fact every day for

the past month now. If you do it again, I’m just going to ignore you.”

I was a little pissy about how he still wanted to take advantage of me even after I have

already made up for my little blunder.

Christopher suddenly pulled out a small red box from his pocket and opened it up to

reveal a ring inside. He lifted it toward me and proposed, “Eve, will you marry me?”