

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 241

It was the first time Christopher proposed to me in such a serious manner. No romantic dinner, no bouquet of fresh flowers. He was staring at me genuinely as if he already made his decision long before he opened his mouth. Tears welled in my eyes as I held my mouth, trying my best not to cry. "Eve, I know there's a lot going on beneath your cheerful facade, and I want you to know that I'm willing to bear your burden and protect you until death do us part. If you marry me, I'll make you the happiest woman in the entire world." I was absolutely ecstatic, and I almost reached my hand out to let Christopher put the ring on me. However, I hesitated. It was not because I didn't want to marry him, but there was one more thing I needed to ask before I made my decision. "Christopher!" I choked as I gazed upon his handsome face, "Do you really mean it?" "Of course I mean it. You got two choices, Eve. One, you kiss me and I help you put the ring on you. Two, you wear the ring yourself, kiss me, and say that I'm your man and no one can steal me from you." Even when Christopher was proposing, he was still a sweet-talker. I was feeling all emotional, but that made me chuckle a little. I whispered, "Is there a third option?" "Of course. You take the ring, kneel down, hold my hand, and ask me if I'm willing to marry you. Then, I'll say I do until death do us part, and I'll tell you how much I love you and I'll never let you go." Christopher spoke softly as if he was afraid that his loud voice would scare me. "But... But..." I know I'm being silly right now because even though I love Christopher

very much, I still can't give him a straight answer after he proposed to me. If Sabrina were here, she'll probably just put the ring on me herself and scold me for being so pathetic.

"No buts! I don't accept any other options. Now, Darling, what's your choice?" He stared at me deeply.

I took over the red box and examined the ring inside. It had an 18-carat diamond embedded in it. I didn't wear it immediately; instead, I whispered to Christopher, "I really want to say yes, but I feel like I'm being unfair to you."

Christopher opened his mouth, but I closed it with my hand. "When I needed help the most, you were there for me. You are my dream, and I was so addicted to you that I chose to rely on you and hang on to you. You're like a shining star hanging in the night sky, lighting up the path in my darkest hours. Not only did my own family refused to help me when I was at my lowest point, but they also kicked me aside. Do you really want to be with someone like me? I only chose to rely on you because I didn't have anyone else to turn to. What if you realized that my love for you isn't as deep as your love for me? If that's the case, I'm only being unfair to you. You've been so nice to me that I don't know if I could..."

"Shush!" He pulled my hand away and pressed his finger on my lips.

"Don't say that. I chose to help you. You're not being unfair to me. If this is really what you have just said, as in your love for me is incomparable to my love for you; then I'm willing to wait for you to close the gap, even if it takes a lifetime for you to do it. Relying on me isn't inherently a bad thing. After all, it means you trust and love me enough to do that. You

just need to accept me slowly and steadily. If you can't catch up to me, then I'll just walk toward you."

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Christopher put the ring on me and smiled. "See? It's that easy. Now that it's on you, you can never pull it out."

Looking at the ring, I thought it was sweet, but I still felt a little uncertain.

"You silly girl. Just because you had a failed marriage before doesn't mean you'll always

end up with the same fate. I won't become someone like Lyle. He had it all but wasted it.

He is the dumbest guy on earth. I won't do that though. Hey, put the ring on for me."

I stared into his eyes and saw his warm, loving gaze. Then, I was hopelessly mesmerized.

All I could do was followed his order and obediently pushed the ring into his ring finger.

Suddenly, Christopher stood up, hugged me, and spun around joyously.

"Haha! You

belong to me now, Eve, so don't even think about loving another man.

Of course, if you

dare, I'll just kill that person right in front of you."

"Put me down!" I was starting to get dizzy.

"Nope! I'll never let you go!" He laughed childishly as he kissed me. In

the end, we fell

down onto the big bed together. He continued to laugh while I couldn't move due to

the dizziness.

Christopher immediately stood back up and rummaged through the drawers. I asked,

"What are you looking for?"

"Your ID, of course! We should register our marriage right now since you already

accepted my proposal. I can't wait to make you part of the Lane family," he excitedly

replied.

“Huh?” I blinked. “Isn’t that a bit too fast?”

“Not at all. I initially planned to marry you the moment you divorced Lyle.

However, you

would definitely oppose the idea then, so I didn’t bring it up. Now that

you have agreed

to my proposal, I won’t feel at ease if we don’t get the marriage

certificate immediately.”

When he finally found all the necessary documents, he tried to pull me

outside, but I

managed to stop him. “But Lyle hasn’t given me the divorce certificate

yet!”

Like a magician, he pulled the divorce certificate out and dangled it in

front of me. “He

thought he could play me like a fool, but I still managed to obtain it.”

“I don’t believe it. Why would he give it to you?” Lyle was convinced that

I would be

miserable after I left him, and believed that I would crawl back to him for

help. That is

why he never gave me the divorce certificate. He wanted to have the

upper hand and

was waiting for me to beg him and be grateful to him for whatever help

he was willing

to throw at me. Hence, there’s no way he’ll allow me to marry another

man.

Christopher raised his chin proudly. “There’s nothing that can stop me

from claiming

you as my wife.”

I rolled my eyes at him. I had a feeling that he blackmailed Crystal to give

him the

divorce certificate.

Christopher put a coat on me, stuffed me into the car, and prepared to

drive us out of

the gate. Sabrina waved at us when she walked in.

Christopher rolled down the window and shouted, “We’re too busy

getting married!

Please excuse yourself and don’t interrupt our big moment!”

He then stepped on the gas and zipped past Sabrina.

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When I divorced Lyle, I never thought I would go back to the City Hall so quickly. I could never imagine that I could still find happiness after that. I thought I would just be Christopher's side chick at most, staying beside him until he eventually got bored with me. However, Christopher proved me wrong and used his love to change me bit by bit. Even though I lack confidence and didn't have the courage to marry him, he was still willing to stay by my side until I finally agreed. Standing at the entrance, we saw a large crowd of different people. Some were happy and some were sad while some got married and some got divorced. "Let's go, quickly. What if the employees are getting off work soon?" Christopher agitatedly pulled me toward the counter. "No sighing. Aren't you supposed to be smiling at the fact that we're getting married?" Christopher then pinched my cheeks and pushed the edges of my mouth upward. I didn't even know what to say. When he was serious, he looked handsome; when he was childish, he looked cute. "I was just feeling a little emotional that I would come back here." "Are you saying you have never thought about marrying me before?" Christopher intentionally looked at me sternly. "Eve, how dare you play with my feelings. You need to take responsibility as my woman." "What responsibility? I'm already here. What more do you want from me?" I playfully poked at his waist. Of course, I thought about marrying him. However, I was just too afraid and couldn't think of what might happen in that future. In fact, I didn't want to be disappointed and feel even more miserable.

Getting a marriage certificate was quite easy. When we left the City Hall, I was holding a small red book. On the other hand, Christopher was holding on to the green one, which showed that I was officially divorced from Lyle. "I'll keep this one safe. If someone wants to talk about your relationship with Lyle, I'll just show them this and tell them that you belong to me."

"Who carries a divorce certificate on them every day? Are you stupid?" I didn't even want to imagine that scenario playing out for real.

"You already know if I'm stupid or not, Darling." He smiled and gave me a kiss. "If you want to scold me in the future, do it inside our home, Dear. I'll get embarrassed if you do it in public."

"Cut that crap! Just don't do something stupid!" I exclaimed shyly. I felt a lot happier and more at ease marrying Christopher than when I did with Lyle. Even though there were still obstacles that I had to face down the road, I felt like I could crush them all with Christopher by my side.

"Since we are already married, how about you start calling me Darling now? You always called me Christopher or Chris." He held my waist and whispered into my ear, "Come on. Call me Darling."

"I won't!" I pouted, kissed him on his lips, and shouted, "Darling!" Christopher exploded with joy. He took out his phone and glanced at the time. He also made me took out my phone before he announced, "It is now a quarter past eleven, we have made the vow and I declare Christopher Lane and Yvonne Tanner man and wife!"

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After the marriage, it was time for the honeymoon. Christopher was full of joy as he busily packed our suitcase. He wanted to take me on a cruise for our honeymoon. Once again, I lamented his tricks. At first, he talked about having fun on a cruise. Then, as he continued speaking, it turned into our honeymoon. Sabrina looked at him, then at me. She had a playful expression as she gave me a thumbs up. "You're awesome, Eve. You managed to get a rich husband so quickly. Now I don't need to worry about you anymore. It makes me sad to think that I've married off my daughter."

I could indeed tell that she was happy, much more so than when she got married herself. It's great to have such a friend. "What do you mean you've married off your daughter? That's so weird. Anyway, I got married, but you didn't give me any gifts yet."

"Don't worry. I've prepared it for you long ago." She patted her handbag then took out a small bag. "It's all in here. It's what you'll need. Learn well."

"What's inside?" I asked as I took the bag and opened it, then immediately closed it again. Blushing, I turned back to look at Christopher, who was still packing the clothes. I then groaned and said, "What're you doing, Sabby? Why'd you give me such things?"

Inside, there was a set of sexy underwear and a little yellow book. Based on what I knew about her, it was definitely a book filled with illustrations and graphic explanations. She mysteriously leaned closer to me and whispered, "It's very important, especially when a man and a woman become one. If you don't perform well and take the initiative, you'll be at a loss. Keep him in the palm of your hand, and don't let him escape. Get it?"

I was not going to tell her that he always took the initiative when it came to such matters. In addition, his tricks could crush whatever she gave me in a minute. "Okay, I know. But you should keep it low. If he hears you, he's going to laugh at me again."

Just then, Christopher yelled toward the living room, "Don't just stand there, Dear. Come and help!" Then, he placed a bunch of colorful clothes on the bed. As he picked out the clothes with a contemplating expression, he pointed to the black bra and said, "I think you look the sexiest in this. But the pink one's also pretty cute. But my favorite's the red one. Which do you think I should bring?"

Shocked by his words, I rushed in and quickly stuffed them all into the suitcase. I then said in annoyance, "Can't you bring them all? What're you so confused about?"

"Right!" He poked himself in the head and looked as if he had suddenly been enlightened. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Hahaha!" Sabrina leaned against the door and laughed as she winked at me.

"Remember to bring my gift, Eve. Enjoy your honeymoon."

At that moment, it was as if Christopher had only just realized there was someone else

in the house. He frowned at her and said unhappily, "Why're you still here? We're going

on a honeymoon and aren't bringing anyone else. Even if you want to be a third wheel, I wouldn't allow it."

I punched him lightly a few times in response, for his words were becoming increasingly brazen and crooked.

"Even if you want me as a third wheel, I don't. Anyway, I'm going home to find Zach. Oh

right, he says he'll take me to a candlelit dinner today. I wonder if I'll have the chance to be deflowered tonight."

As she walked off, she continued to murmur, "Or I can try some enhancement pills. That fish brain. I'll make sure to do it today." I was stunned after hearing her words. How desperate is she recently that she's thinking of such a crooked idea? Just as I wanted to go forward and remind her not to do anything weird, Christopher pulled me back. "Don't get involved in other's affairs. You only need to spend your honeymoon happily with me. You can also think about the things we can do on the cruise." He had heavily emphasized the word "things." Thus, as soon as I understood his meaning, I pinched him on the waist and shouted, "What's wrong with you? You've been thinking about this all day!"

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Before we left for the cruise, I was originally wearing a skirt. However, he insisted I wear the clothes he prepared. He then took out a set of matching outfits with the same pattern and style. There was also a printed picture of SpongeBob on the chest.

Although it was somewhat childish, I looked fine in it. However, it became a little strange as soon as he put it on. After all, a fully grown man wearing such childish clothes had to look weird.

Nevertheless, he had no realization of it at all. After changing, he spun around a few times in the mirror and exclaimed, "We're really born to be a pair. Even our clothes are the same."

I was speechless at that, for I could not deal with such a serious-faced narcissist.

As there was no sea in Avenport, we had to take a plane to Coldbridge first. In reality, I

was looking forward to the trip, since frankly, the word “honeymoon” was very foreign to me. When Lyle and I had gotten married, he did not even return the night before, hanging out with Benjamin and the others. Then, when he was later sent home, the sky had already brightened. Furthermore, he was so drunk that he did not even bother about me. For the next month, he went out late at night and only came home early in the morning every day. He did not even speak much to me. Therefore, I did not remember about the honeymoon. Once we got to the port, a little girl selling flowers stopped us and said to Christopher, “Handsome mister, why don’t you buy some flowers for this pretty lady? You look so happy together. How can you not her buy some flowers?” He turned to me and smiled, then said quietly, “That makes sense. Give me eleven roses and make it look pretty.” “Okay!” The little girl then quickly bundled the roses up and gave them to him. Subsequently, she held out her hands. “That’ll be one thousand and one hundred. Thank you, mister.” “That’s so expensive. Is this a scam?” I asked, surprised by the price. I had long heard that Coldbridge had many scammers but did not expect to meet one as soon as I arrived. “Compared to your happiness, miss, one thousand and one hundred is merely a small part of it. Besides, my roses aren’t ordinary roses. They’re called Loving You A Thousand Years. It represents this mister’s love for you. Don’t you want to have it? Happiness is priceless,” the girl replied, clearly spouting nonsense with a straight face. I rolled my eyes at that. Does even a little girl now know how to say such things? She’s giving countless excuses.

“I love what you said. Anyway, I have lots of money!”

Despite my protests, Christopher calmly paid the money then handed the roses to me.

He smiled and said, “Darling, these flowers are for you. I hope you’re always as beautiful as they are.”

I pouted and shook the ordinary-looking flowers. No matter how you look at it, they’re mere roses. And she still said happiness is priceless? Hah! As if! It’s only because she saw us wearing expensive matching outfits.

“What a spendthrift,” I muttered.

“I’m happy to be a spendthrift for you!” he said before holding my hand and walking

toward the entrance to the cruise. “Anyway, a man makes money just so that his woman could spend it. If you don’t even spend it, what’s the point of me making money?”

“That doesn’t mean you should spend so carelessly. Next time, if you want to buy

something, you have to ask for my consent,” I replied, still upset about the huge amount paid earlier.

“Alright!”

The ship’s whistle then sounded before it slowly moved further away from the dock,

heading toward the horizon. Several seagulls in the sky were alerted by the sound and

flew away together while squawking loudly.

I was fascinated. After all, it was the first time I was on a cruise. I flung Christopher’s

hand away and ran toward the ticketing gate. However, another couple happened to

turn the corner at that moment and ran into us head-on. As a result, both parties were stunned.

I frowned slightly as I looked at Lyle and Crystal in front of me. There was an ominous

feeling in my heart, seeing them at the ticketing gate as well. Well, isn’t this just my luck!

Do I have to see them while on my honeymoon?

“What’re you doing here, Yvonne?” Lyle asked. He was holding onto Crystal’s hand and frowned when he saw me.

Stepping backward, I walked into Christopher. However, I did not continue retreating and merely let him put his arms around my waist. He said softly, “It’s none of your business!”

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“Yvonne, are you going on a trip with Christopher?” Crystal asked, looking at us inquisitively. “What a coincidence. Lyle and I are going too. Why don’t we group up? It’s good to have people watching out for you.”

Oh, f*ck off. I hated when Crystal looked at others with her eyes squinted. Every time she did that, anything she said or came out of her mouth would not turn out to be anything good. Although she looked gentle and was smiling from ear to ear, she was definitely thinking about how to deal with me.

“That’ll be too troublesome,” I said coldly.

“What do you mean by that, Yvonne? We’re cousins, and you also used to be with Lyle.

In any case, we grew up together. I know you’re hurt because I’m together with Lyle. I’ll apologize, okay?” she replied.

“Sorry, I don’t want my perfect travels to become unpleasant because of some people.

Only a fool would invite trouble in,” Christopher said as he held my waist and glared at

Crystal. Then, he took my arm and walked past the pair.

Just then, Lyle yelled for us to stop. He stared at our clasped hands, seemingly very

angry since his expression was full of rage. I was confused by his reaction. I’m not even

related to him anymore. Why’s he acting as if I cheated on him?

In retaliation, I leaned into Christopher and kissed him. At the same time, he turned over and held my face in his hands. Then, we exchanged a deep, wet kiss. After we broke apart, I breathed unsteadily as I asked, "Is there a problem?" "Do you have to be with him?" Lyle shouted as he clenched his fists tightly. "I can feel that you care a lot for your ex-wife. But as your friend, Lyle, I have to give you some advice. Take good care of your woman. Don't go around fantasizing about other's wives," Christopher replied. A displeased gaze then flickered across his eyes. It was obvious that Lyle's words angered him. Although that minor episode happened, it did not affect our travels. We soon threw away all thoughts of the other couple and ran toward our ship. While facing the salty seas and with the seagulls hovering overhead, his laughter was sweet and beautiful. "Slow down, Christopher. I can't keep up," I said as I chased after him. He then turned back and gave me a wicked smile. "I can't be slow. Our family custom is that after getting married and while taking public transport, the man has to get on first before he helps to pull the woman up. Otherwise, he'll be under his wife's control forever. I want to be on top." What? Is there such a custom? I completely forgot that he loved to joke around. Thus, I did not notice the implied meaning in his last sentence before immediately running after him. However, after a while, I realized that I could not catch up. Thus, I rolled my eyes and pretended to sprain my ankle. I shouted out, then squatted down. "What happened? Are you okay?" Indeed, he instantly looked back at me. When he got closer, I forcefully pulled him backward and quickly ran to the deck to

stand somewhere high up. He was standing where I previously was with his hands in his pockets, looking at me affectionately. Then, I smiled triumphantly at him and said, "I got here first. Haha, you're done for. You're going to be under my control for the rest of your life."

Subsequently, he walked in time with the traffic flow and slowly approached me. Once he was close enough, he pulled me into his arms and smiled. "Idiot. I've already been under your control a long time ago."

In response, I jumped up and kissed him on the cheek, then said cockily, "I don't care."

Anyway, I've won. You can't escape from me forever."

"Did Sabrina teach you this? Don't worry. I brought the wedding gift she gave you. You can take a good look later." After he spoke, he then blew lightly on my ear. "It turns out my darling likes being the top so much. You should've told me earlier. I'd be delighted to let you do so."

Instantly, I choked on my saliva once I realized that I was being teased again. "Assh*le!"

The both of us then began to chase each other on the deck. Meanwhile, at a distance, Lyle and Crystal kept staring in our direction with a dark look in their gaze.

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As expected, Christopher was indeed from the Lane family. His ticket was not only for first-class but was also for a luxury suite. There were only four luxury suites on that cruise ship. Just as the ship started to move slowly, I unpacked my suitcase and opened the windows. From my position, I could see the scenery outside and the situation on the deck.

The sea was endless, and there was nothing else except the sea all around us. For a moment, I felt a flicker of panic. After all, I had an irrational fear of water.

At that moment, Christopher had ordered a couple's set meal and brought me over to the table to eat. Glancing at the meal in front of me, I thought it looked quite exquisite.

However, the utensils were a little unique. There was only one drink but two straws.

Moreover, the main point was that there was only one knife and fork. I picked up the fork and played around with it, then asked, "Did they deliver it wrongly? We're missing one set."

"Let me teach you how to eat it!" He then took the knife and started to cut the steak,

beckoning me to help. After I poked the meat with the fork, he leaned over and opened

his mouth. "Feed me!"

Ah, after messing around for so long, the goal's to feed each other. It's a couple's meal,

alright. I placed the meat in his mouth, and he took it willingly. Then, he suddenly pulled

me into his arms and pushed the meat into my mouth. After moving it around my

mouth a few times, he took it back into his and swallowed it. He then licked his lips and

said, "It's not bad. Let's dig in. I'm starving."

"Who the hell eats their meal this way? Can't you ask for another set of cutlery from the

waiter?" It's so weird to eat like this. I then took a bite and savored the taste. It was

tender, fragrant, juicy, and very delicious.

Satisfied, I swallowed it, then moved to pick up a second piece. Noticing that he was

giving me a pitiful look, I put on an innocent expression and replied,

"Come on, Chris.

Go ask for another set, and we can enjoy our meals properly."

Seeing that I was gloating, he then leaned in and took my lips into his mouth. Before I could recover from my shock, he had skillfully taken the meat from my mouth. As he chewed, he said, "This is the only method to eat a couple's meal. Don't be stubborn, darling. Hurry up and feed me."

At that moment, I desperately wanted to kill the person who had designed such a way of eating. Fine, I'll let it slip this time since it is pretty romantic. In the afternoon, as the boat rocked and swayed on the sea, so did our bed. However, it was not because the boat was moving. Instead, it was because Christopher was.

After all, sparks would surely fly after having a couple's meal. Moreover, we were married. Nevertheless, I still found it weird that we were staying in bed despite being out and exploring; thus, I kept refusing his requests. However, he would not accept it. He looked at me, pretending to look upset and saying he had a hard time before finally marrying me, but I wouldn't even give myself to him. Since he already put it that way, there was nothing else I could say. Thus, I compromised. I stopped pushing him away and instead embraced him. Then, pressing his lips together, he forcefully pulled apart my clothes. Shocked, I hurriedly covered my chest, but he poked the back of my hand and smiled wickedly. "You're my wife. It's only natural to do this."

Thus, the first day we got on the cruise, I had no time to admire the sea view nor its vastness. All I knew was the rocky bed. As I continued to ponder, I pressed my face to the window. After drawing open the curtains, I found that the windows were the reflective glass type.

Therefore, I could clearly see the people walking around on the deck, yet they could not see me. Some couples were holding hands while others were quarreling. At that moment, Lyle and Crystal were also standing on the deck and talking. They were talking about something, and then she forcefully shook off his hand. Afterward, he chased after her but got slapped in return. As he stood in place, his expression turned melancholy. Then, he suddenly looked up at the windows. I was startled by it and trembled, feeling as though he had seen me through the glass. Meanwhile, Christopher's kiss lingered on my collarbone as his fingers ran across my smooth back and slim waist. He whispered, "You're so tight, darling." I blushed at his words, then shouted, "That's because you're too big!"

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The next day, under my protests, he finally stopped our fun in the suite. Hence, we got changed and headed outside to watch the sunrise. Standing on the deck, he hugged me from behind as we stared into the sky, watching the sun slowly rise. "Sir?" After a while, a tall man came over. He had been watching the sunrise on the deck when he noticed us. He looked at Christopher in surprise, then turned to stare at me intently. Feeling embarrassed by the stare, I turned my head and cleared my throat before Christopher pulled me behind him. He said in displeasure, "What's wrong with you, Sean? How dare you look at my wife." "I wasn't; I didn't know she's your wife," Sean replied as he blushed and looked away. He then said embarrassedly, "So, it turns out you're already married, Sir. Zachary said you had a girlfriend, but I thought he was trying to lie for you. This is great. The others in the

team have always guessed that you were actually gay. Now, we can interact with you freely, and our girlfriends don't need to worry about you stealing their men."

I snorted and tried to hold back my laughter. When Christopher glared at me, I quickly turned away. Sean was just too funny, so I could not hold it back anymore. Thus, even with my back turned to them, my shoulders did not stop shaking in laughter.

Christopher gritted his teeth and asked, "Who said that? I'll kill him." Only then did Sean realize what he had just said and covered his mouth. His face turned red, but under Christopher's oppression, he eventually said righteously, "It's Zachary."

I did not believe that Zachary, who was such an honest person, would gossip about Christopher that way. Sure enough, Christopher raised his eyebrows and said, "Come to the back with me."

"I'd better not, Sir. I really didn't mean it," Sean replied, dumbfounded. "I'll give you one minute to think. After that, you can come to talk to me at the back, or you can jump down right now and swim back to Avenport." Christopher then placed me onto the chair beside the deck and patted the top of my head. After saying he would be back in a while, he walked toward the corridor, cracking his knuckles on the way.

I leaned back on the chair and smiled widely. Their relationship's interesting. Since he called Christopher "Sir," he was probably part of the team back in the military. But would people in the military be so idle that they could come on a cruise? As I pondered, I propped up my chin and stared into the golden-red sunlight. It was not too dazzling and was instead warm and comfortable when it shone on my body.

"How interesting, you're actually here watching the sunrise. We were heading to the

dance party over there. Would you like to join us?" Crystal said, lifting her skirt as she walked over and had the same smile she had when she first saw me on this cruise. Next to her were several familiar women. They were probably from her circle of friends in Avenport.

"Thanks, but no thanks!" I replied before yawning and sprawled across the chair.

Consequently, the hickeys on my neck were exposed. Noticing that Crystal was staring at my neck, I sat up straight and pulled on my collar. Christopher, you son of a gun. I

told you not to leave a mark on my neck, but you did it anyway.

"What's with your neck, Yvonne? Were you bitten by mosquitoes? I brought some

ointment on board. Why don't I apply it for you?" She then suddenly stepped forward

and pulled my collar away. However, I did not react in time. I only regained my senses

after all the hickeys on my neck were exposed. Instantly, my gaze turned cold, and I

slapped her hand away before readjusting my top.

"Oh, you..." She then suddenly covered her mouth and exclaimed, "Did you really

become someone else's mistress, as Uncle Nathan said? How could you do that? You

can tell us if you have any difficulties. We're a family."

I already knew that she would bring me trouble. And to slander me, she even involved

Nathan. As a result, I replied coldly, "Oh, are we? Don't try to act like we're close."

"Yvonne!" Crystal exclaimed, looking at me like she was wronged.

"Crystal, why are you so bothered about a b*tch like her? Back then, she broke you and

Lyle up. It's her retribution now that she's a mistress again. I mean, just look at all the

marks on her body. How crude."

Another girl then said, "Exactly. She's only worthy of being someone's mistress. I'm just

curious as to which man will fall for such a woman.”

“Maybe it’s some random rich man? Some old, fat, and ugly man.”

Upon that, several of them then began to laugh.

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“Don’t badmouth Yvonne like that. She has no other choice too since she doesn’t

specialize in anything. Even though Lyle does give her monthly stipends, she’s too used

to spending all of it. The money is simply not enough for her,” Crystal snapped as she

pretended to defend me.

I did not bother entertaining the show that she put up and stood up to leave. However,

a woman gripped my hands and demanded, “You filthy slut, apologize to Crystal right

now!”

“Yeah, ask your rich coal mine boyfriend to come and get you. Otherwise, we’re not

going to let you off the hook that easily,” the others chimed in as well.

“I’d like to see who dares to lay a finger on my wife.”

I could never imagine Christopher as a rugged big boss of the coal mining company.

Just when I was about to kick the woman away and get away from the scene,

Christopher’s voice rang in my ears. The man came over with big strides.

His beige overcoat rustled in the gentle wind. Christopher’s handsome face glistened in

the sunshine, looking like Apollo himself. The corner of his lips curled into a mischievous

grin. Meanwhile, his upturned eyes flashed with a cold glint, stumping the woman

surrounding me.

His features softened as he made his way to my side. Circling me in his embrace, he

asked gently, “Sorry for being late. Are you all right?”

I shook my head and managed a smile. “No one would dare lay a finger on me when I

have you behind my back. I’ll punch those who dare to.”

Hearing that, Christopher tousled my hair fondly and buttoned my shirt. He smiled and said, "Yes, that's right. Just punch those bullies. I will cover for you if anything happens."

"Mr. Lane?" The women were dumbstruck at the sight of him. They widened their eyes in disbelief when they noticed his gentle manners when coaxing me. "Mr. Lane, how are you related to Ms. Tanner?"

Still circling me in his embrace, it was as if Christopher had just realized that we were, in fact, not alone. After giving me a peck on the forehead, he narrowed his eyes at the group of women and said impassively, "Yvonne is my wife. Now that I'm here, could you repeat yourself about how you want to teach her a lesson?"

"Your wife? But that's impossible!" Crystal cried hysterically at the revelation.

"Yeah, how is that possible?" A woman forced a smile and said, "Are you kidding, Mr.

Lane? You're such an outstanding man. Why would you marry a woman like Yvonne?

You're just trying to get her out of this sticky situation, right?"

"I don't think anyone has the right to question whatever happens between my wife and me. Please get the hell out of my sight if the lot of you have nothing else you want to say. Otherwise, you'd have to forgive me for roughing you guys up on the way out."

Christopher snorted, and pointed into the distance. "Piss off!"

The group of women scurried off, leaving only Crystal frozen in the spot. She then

looked blankly at me while muttering "That's impossible" over and over again to herself

until a woman came dragging her away. The look of disbelief and shock on her face was

not something I'd easily forget.

"Let's continue watching the sunrise after those pesky people left."

Christopher let me sit

on his lap as we watched the sunrise on the horizon.

I leaned against his shoulders and stared at his charming side profile.

After some time, I

asked in a small voice, "Is it really okay?"

"What?"

"Is it really okay, for you to admit about our relationship like that? That

I'm your wife?"

We had only gotten married, but Christopher already made things public so soon. Those

gossip girls would definitely spread the word after getting back. I

wouldn't be surprised

if they twisted the story, leading to a myriad of versions of them. It

wouldn't be

appropriate if the Lane family heard about it as well.

"Are you afraid?" Christopher placed his chin on top of my head, then

turning to burn

his eyes into mine.

The fervent staring game lasted for quite some time before we burst into a chuckle. I

snuggled against his chest and said, "Yes, I am afraid. The gap between your family and

me is so wide that it's terrifying. But with you around, I'm not afraid of what's to come."

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 250

The sea breeze was unrelenting. I burrowed myself in Christopher's chest like a small

child. After getting into a comfortable position, I closed my eyes and

basked in the

blissful moment.

"I'm going to bring you to meet my family after we get back, okay?"

Christopher lifted

my chin and looked into my eyes.

I hesitated for a moment and asked, "What if they don't like me?"

"It doesn't matter. Their approval, or otherwise, will not change my feelings toward you.

My Mom and Dad did not get blessings from their parents anyway, but they held on

and stayed together till the end. You just need to follow me and call them Mom and

Dad too." The tenderness in his eyes was beguiling.

“What about Monica? The Lanes like her so much, especially Darius. It’s so obvious from the way he treated her that time back at the Lane family party.”

“What a downer.” Christopher tapped on my head and said, “I’ve told you time and again that I only see Monica as my little sister. I don’t have to like her just because my parents are fond of her. Let’s just work hard together so that they are willing to accept you.”

“What if they don’t accept me no matter how hard I try?” I sighed and pinched his waist.

“I’m blaming this all on you. Your super-rich family is making me feel as if I’m still dreaming.”

“Then just keep on dreaming. I’m going to be your prince charming and love you like

you’re my princess.” Christopher grinned. “It’s not bad at all to be loaded, you know. At

least I can provide you with the very best that way. Hmm, the cruise ship is sailing into

the international waters. They’re going to have an auction later. Let’s get a few pieces for

Mom and Dad as a gift.”

“You have to let me know what your parents like. You had no idea how freaked out I was

about the walnut cookies last time! Thank goodness they actually liked it.”

“It’s our parents now, and why would I keep something like that from you? I really have

to punish you for having that little confidence in me.” Christopher slipped his hands

underneath my shirt and pinched a little.

“Don’t. I don’t want to be pent up in the room all day. That is no different from just

staying at home.” I felt his bulge against me and hurriedly stopped him.

“Don’t worry. We can rest while we enjoy the view. I won’t drain you of all your energy.”

Christopher smiled wickedly and eyeballed me. “You have to train your stamina after we

get back home. It's a problem that you can't keep up with me."
"You're talking nonsense again. Shut up and just enjoy the view."
Seriously though, how
did he manage to say all those without even blushing? I would always
turn crimson red
from even thinking about it. We had done practically everything there
was to do with
each other, and yet I was still abashed by the notion of it.
There was not much sunrise to enjoy after he kept fooling around. On
the other hand,
the sun was starting to sting my eyes as the sea breeze turned cool.
Christopher took off
his coat and draped it over me as he led me, and we took a walk on the
deck.
After some time, he received a call, and his face turned grim. He turned
toward me and
said, "Why don't you get back to the room first? I'm going to look for
Sean. He needs to
discuss something with me. I will bring you to the cocktail party in the
afternoon."
I did not protest. After he left, I strolled for a bit before returning to the
room. I should
take a nap, especially after the crazy sleepless night yesterday. Yawning,
I made my way
over to the VIP area on the third floor.
When I was walking down the hallway, someone pulled me so forcefully
over to the side,
that I almost bumped into the wall. Lifting my head, I noticed I was
staring into Lyle's
bloodshot eyes.