

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 371

The porcelain mug slowly cooled down. My heart started to sink as I realized that there was a long way to go before Julia would finally accept me. At the very least, I had to calm her worry and solve the problem about Monica.

Rather than lowering my head, I looked her straight in the eye and said, "I know I may seem worthless in the face of the Lane family's reputation, but I'm not going to hide anymore. Whether you think I'm only going for Christopher's money or his power, I'm here to tell you that all I want is to be with him. Being able to completely recover is the greatest gift God could ever have given me, because with my recovery came another chance to spend my life with Christopher again."

The atmosphere became slightly chilly after those words left my mouth. Julia's expression had also become sour and she sighed in response. "Yvonne, you're a good person, but life can't always be about love. Alyssa was my best friend back then and we already made a promise when the two of us were pregnant. If we both had sons, they would become sworn brothers. If we both had daughters, they would be closer than actual sisters and if we had one boy and one girl, they would get married. After we gave birth to one boy and one girl, we made a pact to get them married. Alyssa died because of me, and I promised that Christopher would marry Monica and give her a happy and carefree life. Ms. Tanner, wouldn't you do the same in my situation?"

"I would not," I said determinedly. "Mrs. Lane, you're a good friend and a good wife, but I must say you're not a good mother. Sure, you'll be living up to your friend and your husband's expectations, but you forgot about the most important person in this situation. Shouldn't you consider your son's situation?"

Julia seemed like she was about to say something, but I took a deep breath and got the courage to wave my hand to stop her. "When you wanted Christopher to marry Monica, all you thought about was your friend and honoring your friendship. You have put Monica's feelings above your own son's. Is that fair to him?"

"Christopher is still a man. He's been close to Monica since they were children. He may think he doesn't have feelings for Monica now, but feelings can be slowly developed after they get married," Julia quickly rebutted, raising her volume to mask her obvious panic.

"What if that doesn't happen? I'm not saying I'm the only one who can win his heart, but the truth is that the love we share is not because of simple things like appearances or reputation. We were constantly shifting and

evolving through our life and death experiences and still chose to go back to each other after all. Appearances and reputation are but simple accessories to our love. You probably don't believe me, but if Christopher were a poor man, I would still marry him nonetheless."

I walked over and sat next to Julia. "Chris really cares a lot about your opinions. That's why he waited until now to come clean to all of you. All he wants is your blessings, and I ask that you give that to us if nothing else."

I was praying with all of my heart that she would finally say yes. Even if she never fully accepted me, all I wanted was that Christopher was happy. His mom always treated him as some form of tool, trying to give him off to another woman to fulfill her promise. She may not see that as a problem, but it would definitely be a big problem in the long run.

"Never ever!" Julia suddenly slammed her palm on the table loudly and said, "You're pretty good with your words, huh? What makes you think you deserve to get married to my son and into my family? What right do you have?"

"Mrs. Lane, I-"

"Shut up!" Julia no longer wanted to listen to me and pulled out a thick stack of checks, slamming them down in front of me. "Here's ten million. Take it and don't bother my son ever again."

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"Ten million?" I looked at the checks in my hand and couldn't help but laugh. Back when I left the island, he offered to give me a million too. However, I couldn't turn that down and ended up taking the check, even though I didn't use any of that money. In fact, I had already torn that check into pieces and threw it away when I found it a few days ago.

"What, is that too little? I'll gladly give you another ten million," Julia barked.

"Mrs. Lane, you don't get it." I shook my head in disappointment. "I know you would never have done this. You're not this kind of person. What happened? What made you change your mind? You're not only humiliating me but also Christopher. Is our love something that can be broken with money?"

"Yvonne!" Julia yelled in frustration. She stood up and hissed through gritted teeth, "I didn't come here to negotiate anything with you. I only

came here to let you know that Monica and Christopher's wedding is still going to carry on, no matter what you have to say."

"Mrs. Lane, are you really willing to treat Chris as some sort of repayment? Just like Darius said, Chris is a living, breathing human being. He's not some sort of doll that you can pass around. He has his own thoughts too."

"Enough! This money is a deposit. After they get engaged, I'll give you another ten million. That should be more than enough for you to live the rest of your life comfortably. Stop being so greedy. Don't worry about things that were never yours, to begin with."

Julia strode toward the door with her bag in hand. By the time I caught up to her, she had already walked into the elevator. I stopped the doors from closing and looked at her. "Mrs. Lane, didn't you and Mr. Lane face problems too when you were getting married back then? If your mother-in-law had thrown a check at you, would you not lose it?"

"What are you trying to say?" Julia said with a steely expression.

"All I want to know is why you're trying to drag on the tragedy that struck your own marriage all those years ago. Since your and Mr. Lane's marriage was looked down upon as well, you know what it feels like to face that challenge. Why would you want to do that to your own son?"

Julia blinked and she was seemingly taken aback for a while before she fell silent. I watched as the doors closed and the numbers on the screen go down.

Julia's departure was as sudden as her arrival. I stood in the corridor, the check for ten million still held tightly in my hand. That was a huge sum to someone who was penniless and had a reputation like me.

I actually started regretting arguing with Julia so much. It was as if she had taken my bravery away with her when she left. My heart was thumping loudly in my chest and I was more nervous than ever. She was one of the most powerful women in Avenport. Getting interrupted and talked back to must have been a new experience for her. Crap, am I already on her blacklist?

I was never going to tell Christopher what happened. I had already calmed down by the time he got back and had also hidden the check away. I knew I would return the check to her the next time we met. However, when I walked past the mirror, I realized why Julia had been staring at my neck with such a strange expression on her face.

Hickeys covered almost every inch of my neck and they were impossible to miss. I might as well have hung a bright sign on my neck that said, This is what we have been doing at home!

The next day, I went out to buy some paints to prepare for my next exhibition. Suddenly, I got a call from Nathan. My first instinct was to hang up, but on second thought, he was still my father after all. Hence, I should at least hear what he had to say.

“Yvonne, I’m at Fiesta Hotel. I need you to come over here right now,” Nathan said immediately after I picked up.

I scoffed and said, “Can you just say whatever you need to say? If you’re going to scold me, you might as well do it over the phone. If I talk back and get your blood pressure up, that wouldn’t be good. I’ve been labeled as disrespectful and unfilial for so long, I might as well prove the name.”

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“Come over when I tell you so. I’m your dad. Do I need to make a reservation to see my own daughter? It doesn’t matter which big shot you’re married to, I’m always going to be your dad. You will need my blessing for you to get married. Nothing will change that.”

I had to admit that Nathan’s words really did strike me in the chest. If he didn’t attend my wedding and started spreading slander about me on top of that, it would truly be a disaster.

“What a good father you are, threatening me with my very own happiness,” I scoffed sarcastically before hanging up.

I glanced at myself in the mirror. I was slowly becoming more and more radiant under Christopher’s loving care. Even my eyes seemed to have become more foxy, resembling Julia’s slightly. When I stopped smiling, they had a faint intimidating aura to them, but when I smiled they curled up in an endearing way.

I must be going crazy. As if I could actually be Julia’s daughter, I laughed inwardly.

After changing into a full Chanel outfit that Christopher had bought for me, I put on some light makeup and admired myself in the mirror. It was true: a woman could never be ugly as long as she knew how to dress herself up.

I walked toward Fiesta Hotel and immediately got escorted to a private room. Suddenly, a middle-aged man who looked mildly familiar started walking toward me. I assumed he was going to walk by and moved aside to give him space when he suddenly stopped in front of me. As he looked me up and down in a judgmental manner, he asked, "Ms. Tanner?"

"That's me. May I know who are you?" I asked in confusion. If one attended a party, there might be people who you've never even heard of before, who knew exactly who you were. Now that Christopher had so openly announced our relationship, I knew I had gained quite a reputation among this community.

"You're quite the cunning minx. You definitely shocked all of us with that little stunt you pulled to go from a nobody to a somebody. Still, I suggest you remember who you are and stop trying to climb this ladder. Trying to get too high will only result in a bad fall. You should take a proper look at yourself and know that you should stay in your place. Stop trying to go after something you don't deserve," the middle-aged man said with folded arms. After his sudden speech, he walked past me and off into the distance.

Despite my confusion, I still made a motion of gouging his eyes out behind his back as he walked away. It was bad enough that he was insulting me, however, I didn't even know who he was. I turned to ask the employee who was escorting me if he knew who he was.

"He's known as Mr. Martin," the employee replied.

I didn't know which Mr. Martin I had offended, so I just shook my head and accepted it as my bad luck. I walked toward the private room and opened the door only to see Nathan and Yvette in the room. Nathan knew very well that I did not get along with Yvette, and our rivalry was second only to the one I had with Crystal. I couldn't believe he had the audacity to bring her along.

I sat down in front of him and asked, "What could be of such importance that you needed to talk to me face-to-face? You were even willing to threaten the happiness of my marriage to see me."

"Can you be more respectful to Dad? It's not like he's doing this for his own good. You were the one who started all of this and now the whole Tanner family is involved in your mess. He came here to talk things out, so you'd better be more polite," Yvette started whining.

"Enough. Cut to the chase. What did I do that could possibly have caught you all up in a mess?" I asked as I leaned against the chair casually. My expression was clearly impatient, but Nathan should have known better.

He never delivered any good news, and with Yvette around everything sounded even worse.

“Take a look. Everything is right here,” Nathan said with an insulted look on his face. He stared at me with an angry glare and continued, “You better give me a proper explanation after this. I spent so much time and effort building up the Tanner family to where it is today, and I won’t allow anyone to break it down.”

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I was taken aback. Nathan’s direct words made me realize how serious this was. I picked up the document and read through it. It was a signed contract that proposed a project so big that the Tanner family wouldn’t be able to accept any other smaller projects due to the sheer manpower needed for it. It was obvious that this contract was very important.

I noticed that it was signed by a ‘Mitchell Martin’. I soon remembered that that was the name of Monica’s father. Clearly, this was an agreement between both the Martin family and the Tanner family.

“This contract is the lifeline of the Tanner family right now. We’ve already started producing the merchandise in the factories we own and had to invest in even higher quality machinery due to the terms in the contract. We’re running low on funds right now because of that. However, as long as we keep going for a bit longer and pass the products to the Martin family by the end of the month, our company will rise even further,” Nathan explained casually.

I knew what he meant. In short, this contract was extremely important and the resources needed had drained the Tanner family’s pockets, leaving them entirely susceptible to the Martin family’s decisions. I smiled bitterly and said, “Don’t tell me that the Martin family is threatening to end the contract despite the liquidated damages?”

“That’s exactly the case. The Martin family is clearly trying to push us into a corner and we can’t do anything about it. Only you can help us now,” Yvette said as she poured me a glass of water. Her voice had suddenly gone all quiet and timid as she said, “You wouldn’t want the Tanner family to be ruined too, would you? After all, you’re still a Tanner no matter what. You can’t deny that.”

“What is Mitchell Martin up to? He can’t possibly do something like that just because he doesn’t like the Tanner family. What are his terms?” I could already guess what he wanted in return, but I still asked in hopes that my guesses would be wrong.

“Easy peasy. He wants you to leave Mr. Lane. It’s not that hard, is it, Eve? After all, you two were never meant for each other in the first place. Are you really willing to ruin the Tanner family for him? We have a lot of projects that are in some way related to the Martin family. We can’t risk getting on their bad side,” Nathan said straightforwardly.

Never meant for each other? I nearly laughed out loud at that. How could that be possible? We had gone through so many life-and-death situations that at this point, I couldn’t picture a future without him. He had tried to get to know me since I was thirteen. My father had no way of knowing how much we loved each other.

“I’m sorry, but that’s an absolute joke. You out of all people shouldn’t be saying that we weren’t made for each other. You’re just scared of getting on the Martin family’s bad side and in exchange, you’re willing to give up my happiness. Am I right?” I scoffed coldly. I knew I had wasted my time coming all the way here. I might as well have asked him to talk it out over the phone so I didn’t have to run all the way over here to face all this.

“I know you spent a lot of time trying to win over Mr. Lane and it might be a waste for you to let go of him just like that, but he and Monica are already widely known in Avenport to be a couple. Are you willing to break apart their years of love and friendship like what you did with Crystal and Lyle? The moment Crystal returned, Lyle was willing to leave you for her. Once Christopher does the same for Monica, you’ll wish you took my advice in the first place.”

I hated the way Nathan spoke with such confidence as if he was simply trying to give me advice for my own good.

I scoffed again and said, “So you know that Lyle and Crystal are in the wrong too, huh? To think that you always painted me in a bad light. What a turn of events.”

“No one’s in the right or wrong here. Of all the men out there, you have chosen to go after Christopher Lane? Is that someone you deserve to be with? Are you really willing to be a mistress for the rest of your life?”

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I sighed exasperatedly. I already knew what Nathan was trying to say, and I already realized who I had bumped into on the way here. Obviously, that was Mitchell Martin, Monica’s father. It was no wonder he would speak to me in such a tone.

Nathan had always assumed I was just Christopher's mistress. He had even tried to make some connections through me so he could collaborate with the Lane family. Now that Mitchell was causing problems, Nathan didn't even think twice before demanding that I leave Christopher.

"That's right, Eve. Before this, at least you were officially married to Lyle. Now you're just a mistress. Where's the fun in that? The Tanner family may not be one of the most prestigious families in the community, but we are still respected. You don't have to sink that low. If you're really having a hard time, you could always come back. We'll be waiting with open arms," Yvette said with a sickly saccharine smile.

"I'll have to say no to that. If I returned to the Tanner family, I might get buried alive by all of you," I said with a smile. "Who was the one who told you I was Christopher's mistress? Was it Mitchell?"

"What else could you be? Do you know how the tabloids are making you sound? If I hadn't been so busy at the company, I would have asked you to come back. Did you think Christopher announcing your relationship would have helped you clear your name? Anyway, you should move out of his place as soon as possible. If you have nowhere else to go, you can always move back in with us until after Mr. Lane and Ms. Martin's wedding."

Nathan was clearly getting impatient at the sight of my nonchalance and casual insults. He seemed to be just a step away from picking me up by the neck and shaking me if I didn't give him the answer I wanted.

I hate you so much, I cursed inwardly. Even though he was my father, I had hated him for a long time. He never spoke to me like how a father should speak to his daughter. He treated me like I was a stranger and was even willing to immediately assume that I was just Christopher's mistress.

I burst out into laughter, the type that caused tears to stream from my eyes. I couldn't help but slap the table in my fit of giggles.

"Why are you laughing? Shut up!" Nathan's anger finally boiled over at my laughter and yelled in frustration.

I finally managed to stop laughing and rested my head in one hand as I said carelessly, "Oh, my dear father. You really don't care about me at all. Do you really want me to leave Christopher? I'm already married to him. I'm officially protected by the law. Have you ever heard of a married woman getting pulled away from her marriage by her father, let alone watch her husband get married to another woman? That's a crime, you know. Have you ever heard of bigamy?"

“You two are married? Impossible!” My words had clearly shocked Nathan to the point where all he could do was stare at me with his mouth hanging open in surprise.

“Stop lying, Eve! How could someone like Christopher Lane possibly marry you? He’s the modern Prince Charming and the ideal type for all the girls in Avenport while you’re just a divorced woman. Even if you don’t want to leave him, you shouldn’t make up such lies,” Yvette said softly, looking at me cautiously with a hand over her mouth.

Is my happiness truly that unacceptable to these people? I couldn’t believe that even my blood relatives weren’t willing to believe me, so I said mildly, “I’m sorry for disappointing you, but Christopher is my lawfully wedded husband now. As for him being Prince Charming,” I looked at Yvette with a smirk before I continued, “too bad that your Prince Charming has married me, Cinderella. Perhaps you thought of yourself as one of her wicked sisters? Either way, please forget about that fairytale of yours.”

“I don’t care what relationship you have with him. Now, the Martin family is driving us over the edge because of you. You would better settle this. If the Tanner family gets ruined because of you, I’m not going to let you go easily.”

“Don’t worry. Now that I’ve heard about it, I’ll still help you guys out even though you’ve never seen me as a daughter.”

I stomped out of Fiesta Hotel angrily. When I arrived at the door, I realized something. Why was Julia suddenly trying to start problems with me?

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It wasn’t the first time I met Julia after all. She treated me rather well when I was in the hospital, and apart from occasionally being hesitant about my relationship with Christopher, she had never picked a fight with me. She had even cried after hearing about my terminal disease.

She may have been a powerful businesswoman, but she was still sensitive. If not, she wouldn’t have been so sentimental and wouldn’t have been so torn over my marriage with Christopher. When I went to visit his family the last time, she barely said anything offensive. Her attitude today had been truly out of the ordinary.

When I thought about that and how Mitchell had approached the Tanner family, this was all obviously one of the Martin family’s tricks. Mitchell must have told Julia something for her to act so differently from usual.

Is Monica involved in it all?

I didn't know how to tell Christopher any of this. Honestly, I didn't want to, but the Tanner family's problems needed an urgent solution. Even if I didn't tell him, my father would still have found a way to make a fuss and spoke to him directly.

I was distracted throughout the whole day. Apart from nearly slicing my hand open while making dinner, I was even distracted after the meal when Christopher made his usual advances on me in our bedroom. While thinking about whether to tell Christopher about it, he wrapped my legs around his waist and pinched my face lightly. "How are you still distracted at such a moment? Am I being punished for not satisfying you?"

"No, no, it's nothing," I said hurriedly.

After he was finally satisfied, he held me in his arms and let me rest my head against his chest. He caressed my bare back gently and asked, "What's wrong? You've never been this distracted before. Did something happen while I was gone?"

"Nothing. The art exhibition has been pestering me to attend all these parties and get interviewed, and I'm not really up to that but I do want to meet some of my favorite artists," I randomly strung together an excuse and managed to steer the conversation in that direction. Thankfully, I had something else to talk to Christopher about. He was well-educated on art as well and our conversations about it were usually rather long.

"What's there to be stressed about? Go if you want to and don't go if you don't feel like it. You're joining the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest after all, not some random party with nobodies. As for your favorite artists, just tell me their names and I'll invite them to our house. I can ensure that you'll see them tomorrow," Christopher said with a smile.

"What a simple and quick solution! Why didn't I think of that?" I joked back and nuzzled my head into Christopher's stomach. "Can't you come up with a more reasonable solution? Those artists won't be happy if you force them to come over. I know how they are and with their egos, they only bend to talent, not brute force."

"There are plenty of talented people. Some are just more low-key than others," Christopher said as he pulled the blanket over me and lit a cigarette from the bedside table.

"Like you, for example?" I rolled my eyes.

"Why, how did you guess?"

“You’re so self-absorbed.”

I couldn’t come up with a better idea, so I decided to consult Sabrina and listen to her thoughts on it. She had always been the more opinionated one after all. When I reached her house, Zachary was the one who opened the door. He was still in pajamas and looked as if he had just gotten up. I looked past him and into the house but couldn’t find Sabrina. “Where’s Sabby?” I asked him.

“She’s still sleeping. Give me a second, I’ll try to get her up.” Zachary may have been married to her, but he still smiled like a teenage boy with his first love.

“She’s still sleeping?” I said as I looked at the afternoon sky. It was already around three or four p.m. Even if she was lazing around, she would have gotten up by now. What happened?

“W-well, she was really tired last night, so-”

“I got it! No worries, it’s nothing urgent at all!” I said and hurried away as if I were being chased.

I had already forgotten that Sabrina had just gotten married and was still in the honeymoon phase with Zachary. Why would I be so silly to pester her?

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I didn’t go to Christopher because this was a fight between women, and it would seem pointless for Christopher to come forward. After deliberating about it, I finally decided to look for Monica.

In order to find the cause of the problem, I went to Monica to see what she had to say. After all, she saw herself as a goddess, and it would not look good on her if her family ended up bankrupting the rival’s family. Thus, she wouldn’t want her reputation to be tarnished.

I was pretty proud of my intelligence since I was able to consider the root problem and come up with such a strategy. I would never have thought of this if it were before. Under normal circumstances, I would go to Christopher for help eighty percent of the time.

The Martin family resided on the mountainside in an antique-styled mansion. When I arrived, there were many housekeepers in the garden. Monica would be performing in two days so she must be preparing for the

concert. Before I got close to the mansion, I heard the pleasant sound of a piano from afar.

It sounded beautiful and ethereal, but the melody was woven with notes of sadness and sorrow, as though the song was telling a tragic story.

The servant led me to the piano room and constantly reminded me not to disturb Monica practicing the piano and told me to wait. Since I was here to seek her help, I had to bear with it; so I waited obediently on the bench outside. After a few moments, I got a little bored and went out for a walk.

The melody of the piano continued to engulf me with the sensation of despair, putting me in agony. Music could really affect someone's mood. As I walked in the door, I was surprised by the interior of the room.

The walls of the small room were full of Christopher's photos of different sizes. Each of them captured the captivating charm of Christopher.

Some of his younger photos looked awkward, unlike the current beautifully evil Christopher. However, there was one thing in common. All of them had Christopher and Monica in the frame.

Those photos were like telling a love story between childhood friends and the memories of them growing up together.

It would be false to say that I wasn't jealous. For many years, it wasn't me who stood next to Christopher, but Monica. However, Christopher only met me when I was thirteen. We had known each other for seven years on the internet. If he hadn't left Avenport, the time of when we first met would have been even earlier than the time I met Lyle.

"I have known Chris for a very long time." Monica walked into the room in her glittering heels. She pointed and said, "Look. Everyone who knows us thinks we are in love and will be married to each other."

I didn't notice that the piano had stopped. The piano room became quiet, and all I could hear was the clatter of heels.

"There's no such thing as first come, first served in love," I replied softly.

"You're right. Then, it is not wrong for me to do something for my love, right? I just want to save my relationship."

Monica had her arms hugged. Her tone was soft and not rushed. She had the gentlest temperament among the women I have met, a perfect exposition of a gentlewoman.

I had to admit that she was right. I came to ask her not to take action against the Tanner family, but not a single word came up in my mind after hearing that.

“That said, you must know why I’m here. I am sure your father’s dealing with the Tanner family must be your doing, right?”

“Is it that important to know if it was my doing? We’re a family of business people. We focus on the results.” Monica smiled and continued, “I knew you wouldn’t tell Chris. This is a fight between women after all.”

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“So I have come to the wrong place. Additionally, you won’t stop your father from suppressing the Tanner family, right?” I asked in a deep voice.

“Of course. Why would I help my rival?”

Monica walked to the portrait and ran her fingers over it. She looked at Christopher delicately and said, “I treated him as my significant other since I was eighteen. He is my husband and my lover. Whenever he liked something, I would try my best to like it and to accept it. I never enjoyed savory food, but he liked them a lot, so I forced myself to like it too. I loved him with all my heart, so how could I stand and watch him being taken away from me?”

“So your intentions are the same as your father. The Tanner family will be spared only if I leave Christopher, right?”

“Not to leave him, but to give him to me!” Monica continued to emphasize word by word. “Chris was supposed to be mine! I’m only taking back what is rightfully mine! The Tanner family is insignificant in the eyes of the Martin family. Perhaps, you’re cruel enough to ignore the fate of the Tanner family.”

“Give him back to you?” I instantly lost some respect for her. We talked together when I was on the brink of death, and I always felt that she was a decent girl from a respectable family. I thought that Christopher would be happy to be with her if I were to die, but now I was starting to despise her.

“Monica, have you forgotten something? Chris is not an object. He belongs to himself, and no one else.” I raised my tone at once.

Monica sounded calm and gentle even when she was angry. “Don’t be angry. I’m always grateful for all the things you have done for Chris. There

is no need to be persistent. Think about it, being together with Chris won't necessarily be good for you, but there will be more benefits if you leave him. I heard that you're participating in the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest, and the manager happens to be a member of my family. All you have to do is to say the word, and you can win any position you want."

I began to regret coming over to look for Monica. All women would go to great lengths for their loved ones, and even Monica was no exception. Why did I even assume that she was different? Even a goddess like her would become a mere mortal after she had lost her love.

"So that's how you got the first place when you participated in the Prix Musica that time." I sneered.

Monica slammed the table and shouted, "Be mindful with your words. Don't insult my skills."

"Then, please don't insult my art and my love." At this point, there was nothing more for me to say to her. I turned around and left the mansion. At the entrance, I heard Monica yelling at me from the garden. "Yvonne, I must admit that you are right, but I will not give up on Chris no matter what."

"I don't think I'm the suitable person to cheer you on. Goodbye!"

The negotiation failed. How should I save the Tanners now? Although Nathan was harsh on me, I was still a member of the Tanner family, and that was an undeniable fact.

I sighed in my heart. In the end, I still had to go to Sabrina. When I was about to call Sabrina and ask her out, I met Christopher outside the Martin residence. He was in his orange Maserati, holding his head while casually looking at me with Mitchell sitting beside him. The atmosphere between the two wasn't pleasant, and it became worse after they saw me.

My first instinct was to come up with an excuse for me to look for Monica. I contemplated between discussing piano with her and talking about the concert. In the end, I could only smile and wave at them. "Hello, Mitchell. Hi, Chris. I have something to do. I gotta go."

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I left in a hurry, and Christopher did not come after me; he was still sitting in the car. I wasn't sure what they were talking about in the car, but the two were not in a good mood, and I could vaguely hear them arguing. I didn't know why, but I had the feeling that Christopher had found out

about my family affairs once again, and he came to meet up with Mitchell because of me.

“Gosh. How could this man know everything? How could he be so omnipresent as though I am a pet that only needed to have fun and eat well? I won’t have a sense of accomplishment this way,” I muttered. However, I couldn’t hide the smile on my face.

I didn’t walk too far away because I was curious to know what Christopher would say to Mitchell to solve this mess. So I snuck back quietly and hid behind a tree with some leaves on my head, pretending to be a tree, and started eavesdropping.

I have been very comfortable with eavesdropping recently. I didn’t feel any pressure at all. I must have had the potential to be a paparazzo and the most outstanding one too.

“Mitchell, we should continue our topic at hand. I suggest you take the matter into serious consideration. After all, doing this would not hurt the harmony between our two families, but it will also bring great fortune to the Martin family. What do you think?” A soft expression flashed across Christopher’s face.

I assumed he was happy to see that I actually have the guts to confront Monica.

He has always wanted me to stand up against those who insulted me.

“Chris, do you really want to go against the Martin family for a lowly divorcee? We’re both men. I don’t care about you being a womanizer, and I don’t mind you being with several women before getting married. However, you can only marry Monica. What’s so bad about Monica? Why do you treat her this way?” Mitchell spoke with a cold face. The admiration he had for Christopher earlier had turned into anger.

I was a little sad when I heard that. I was just a divorced woman, but any man could insult me as they wish. Unfortunately, this was the world we lived in. Even in the era which preached gender equality, everyone would have the same view on a divorced woman.

“Mitchell, I’m fully aware of the qualities I’m looking for in my wife. I hope words such as a lowly divorcee won’t come out of your mouth the next time.” Christopher’s tone became especially cold.

“As for Monica, there is nothing bad with her, but I only see her as my sister. Why do you want to marry your daughter to a man who doesn’t love her? Do you think you’re doing her a favor?” Christopher didn’t back down. He would never let anyone stop him from marrying me.

“Don’t forget, the Lane family owes the Martin family a life. I didn’t mention it for so many years only because I didn’t want to be guilty of blackmail. But I’ll have you know that I would do anything for my daughter.”

Mitchell had a dark expression. His mind was in a state of chaos. “If Alyssa hadn’t sacrificed herself, could the Lane family even come to where it is today?”

My heart throbbed. So that was the reason why Julia was not willing to acknowledge my relationship with Christopher. Now, Christopher is facing the same problem, and I want to know what he will say.

It was a difficult situation for Christopher. It would be ungrateful for him not to agree. At the same time, he couldn’t comply.

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Christopher knew that Mitchell would mention this matter. Indeed, the Lane family faltered because of this incident back then. After years of being under the tyranny of the Martin family, Christopher kept his composure and didn’t panic when Mitchell brought the matter up.

He calmly took out a file from his bag and presented it to Mitchell. “Mitchell, what do you think of this document? We’ll talk about the repayment once you’re done reading.”

“Christopher, I have watched you grow up. My decision will not change even after reading it. Honestly, you have disappointed me. Unless you don’t get married in this life; otherwise, your wife can only be my daughter, Monica.”

Mitchell took the file and glanced at it a few times. Then, his pupils widened. He became shocked as he read further, and his hands started to tremble. Christopher lit a cigarette, inhaled, and puffed a cloud of smoke. “Over the years, the Martin family did a lot of unethical deeds to develop so rapidly, and Darius worked hard to cover up for you. However, you secretly received money from the Walker family and wanted to replace him during this year’s election. It seems the Walker family has given you quite the benefits.”

“By the way, when I was in the army last year, I was supposed to be promoted. I even prepared the script for my speech. Suddenly, I received a notice that my promotion was nothing but misinformation. I thought about it for a long time, but I just couldn’t figure out the problem. Later, I

accidentally saw the letter you wrote to my superior. Mitchell, I understand the feeling of you wanting to help the Walker family since you are the illegitimate child but hasn't the Lane family done a lot for you over the years? You seem pretty comfortable with getting rid of the Lane family."

Mitchell's expression changed drastically. He trembled incredibly with the papers in his hand, and he was gasping for air. After a moment, he asked, "How did you find out?"

"Walls have ears, and doors have eyes. No matter how great the debt, all the benefits you gained from the Lane family over the years should be enough to repay the Martin family. Darius has been collecting information between you and the Walker family since two years ago, but for the sake of Alyssa, I chose not to expose you."

My eyes were brimming with admiration when I looked at the confident Christopher. He was well prepared and took advantage of Mitchell's shortcomings. Did he know what the Martin family has done since the beginning? Is there anything in this world that my man cannot do?

"Regarding the Tanner family, I advise you to stop your actions. If you insist on pressing on the matter, it will only hurt Monica. I'm sure you wouldn't want your daughter, young and unmarried, to have a father who is put behind bars, right?"

'Are you threatening me?' Mitchell forced the words out of his tightly clenched teeth.

"No, I'm just giving you a piece of friendly advice. We are fully aware of the intentions of the Walker family. My father may have retired, but he isn't ignorant. Although we did everything in our family for my mother, we will never be a fool and let you have your way with everything." Christopher raised his hand and looked at his watch. "Mitchell, it's time for me to go back for dinner. It's late already, and my wife will not be happy. Let's call it a day."

Mitchell kicked the car door open and walked off angrily, but Christopher stopped him. He put the file in Mitchell's hand and said casually, "Keep this as a souvenir and take your time to consider my advice."

"Well played, hmph!" Then, Mitchell stomped into the mansion. He must be extremely agitated by Christopher. Could my man be any cooler?

"Why are you still standing there? I'm starving!" Suddenly, Christopher shouted in my direction. I was stunned for a while before realizing that he was yelling at me. I ran over quickly and sat in the passenger seat coquettishly.

Say, will I ever not get caught for eavesdropping? People tend to spot me every time.