

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 381

After we reached home, Christopher took the ingredients from the refrigerator and made something simple. I decided to make caramelized pork ribs to make him happy. After cooking and making sure it tasted good, I served it to him happily.

“Darling, have a taste of your favorite dish.” Christopher ignored me and started to devour the food in front of him. His hands moved swiftly and elegantly, and I couldn’t help but ask, “Did you skip lunch today?”

“I didn’t have the time, so go and make some more food for me,” Christopher ordered after he took a sip of soup from the spoon I fed him with.

“Right away.” I rushed to the kitchen at lightspeed and took out the caramelized pork ribs and fish in vinegar I had prepared previously. Those two were famous Chanaen dishes.

Christopher must have been busy with Mitchell’s affairs today, so he didn’t have time for lunch. I waited for his pace to slow down before I said, “Next time, let me know if you’ll be busy. I will deliver the food to you.”

“We’ll see.” Christopher put down his cutlery, turned his head toward me, and put his hand out. “Give it to me.”

“What?” I asked in confusion.

“The check for ten million that my mother gave you,” Christopher said casually.

Ahem... I choked on the soup, and I looked awful as I was confused. “Christopher, is there anything that you don’t know? I hid it so well,” I gasped.

“I know everything that I should know,” he said casually.

I took out the check that I wedged between the pages of a book hidden deep inside closet and gave it to Christopher. “Here, return it to Julia. I have no use for it.”

“Who said about returning it to her?” Christopher tapped my head with the check.

“What will you do with it?” I asked in a silly manner.

Christopher put the check in my hand and said, “My mother hasn’t given you, her daughter-in-law, a gift, right? Treat it as a gift from her. Cash it in tomorrow and spend it as you like. Let’s have a feast to celebrate too.”

I was utterly speechless. “Aren’t you a bit too shameless?”

Christopher sat me on his lap and said solemnly, “Eve, you don’t understand. Being shameless is my motto, and being a scumbag is my motivation. Becoming a shameless scumbag has always been my ultimate goal. This amount of money will go to waste if you don’t use it.

I just couldn’t win against him. I even find his words interesting.

I didn’t know what happened between Christopher and Mitchell after that, but it quickly resolved the matter on the Tanner family. I knew that because Nathan came to me happily the next day and said that everything was over. Even the way he looked at me has changed. Words like opportunity and profits were written all over his face.

“Yvonne, look. Christopher helped you resolve such a huge matter. He must care about you very much. Even if he marries Monica, you will still have your place in his heart. Why don’t you take the chance and have him share a small part of the Lane family’s investment plans? This way, the Tanner family will prosper, which is also a good thing for you, don’t you think?”

I forced a smile as I sipped on my coffee on the couch. I didn’t want to talk to Yvette as I was afraid that I might stir up some trouble if I spoke to her. My newfound courage was getting way out of hand.

“Yvonne, stop showing that face of disapproval. I’m just telling the truth. I’m doing this for you. If you don’t take the chance to reap some benefits off him right now, you won’t have another chance after he’s married.”

“Yvette is right. The Lane family invested in a mine recently. If we, the Tanner family, inject some funds into it, even if it only accounts for a fraction, it will still be enough for the Tanner family to make a fortune. Talk to him about it, and I will pay you commissions. You don’t have a job anyway, and you can’t always rely on men for money.”

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My head started to ache. Is it so difficult to accept the fact that I'm Christopher's wife? I've already told them the truth, but they chose to believe that I'm Christopher's mistress. That's really something.

Monica's piano concert was in the next two days, and I bought two tickets online for Christopher and myself so that we could sit together. I had no doubts that Monica presented Christopher with a VIP ticket, and there was no way I would be able to get my hands on a VIP ticket for myself. I just didn't want to sit separately from Christopher at the concert.

"I don't want to hear any excuses from you today, Chris. We've already made plans to attend the piano concert together. I've already bought tickets for two, so don't be late," I said into the phone while I sketched.

I set the phone call on speaker mode, and I could hear some background noises from his end. It sounded like he was still in an important meeting, so I kept the conversation short.

"Why are you so enthusiastic? It's not even your concert. Don't worry. No matter how busy I am today, my mom will take care of things for me, so I'll have some time off in the afternoon. Just get dinner ready and wait for me to come home," Christopher said, he sounded a little unhappy.

"Alright, I'll cook something nice for you and wait for you to come home. But you must remember to eat your lunch. If I find out that you've skipped your lunch again, I'll go over there and feed you myself." I pretended to make a contemptuous remark.

"Got it, my queen. Consider it done."

"Don't call me your queen. Call me your darling wife."

After the call, I turned on my computer as I snacked on some fruits. Suddenly, I noticed that there was breaking news from the local headlines today, and it had topped the trending search in Avenport. My curiosity piqued, so I clicked on the news.

The headline came into my line of sight. Monica Martin To The rescue—Christopher Lane To Repay With Marriage. The Betrothal From Ten Years go.

I frowned as I read the content of that headline news. It was reported clearly on how Julia was saved by Monica's mother, and how the betrothal came about. There was also a report on the marriage arrangement between Christopher and Monica.

Why would they want this matter to be known by everyone in Avenport? What good does it do? It seems like it's done on purpose. Otherwise, why would this kind of news be in the newspaper when Christopher had publicly announced that we are together?

I scrolled down to the comment section below and saw that many readers had participated in the discussion by posting their comments.

Sleepless Night: No wonder Christopher has been single for so many years. It turns out that he's already betrothed to Monica from years ago and didn't want to be involved in a romantic relationship.

Giggles: It's much more romantic than that. They're the perfect couple. If I were a man, I would bring her home as my wife.

Trouble Finder: Arranged marriage never ends well. We don't know if Christopher loves her or not. Also, he did say that Monica's like a sister to him in a press conference earlier. I have protected my chastity for twenty-three years, so I know what I'm talking about. Besides, his heart belongs to someone else, and that's definitely not Monica.

Paradox: Trouble Finder, you're a fool for saying that. Someone like you has no right to comment about someone's love life. It's a romantic affair, and you know nothing about it.

First Half of My Life: It's obvious that Trouble Finder has no girlfriend and is jealous of others. I hope you remain a virgin for the rest of your life and be cursed to masturbate for the rest of your life.

As I read further, I realized that the comments were disrespectful and toxic. One person even went as far as to say that Christopher was an id*ot for having someone other than Monica as his girlfriend. I was so angry that I replied with a scathing remark as Christopher's Wife: You're the id*ot, and you come from a family of idiots. Christopher loves me, so what?

I felt childish for being a keyboard warrior after I posted the reply. Hence, I quickly deleted my comment. It seemed to me that Monica was using the public's opinion to oppress Christopher. What is Monica trying to do now?

I had a bad hunch. Tonight's concert will probably not be a peaceful one.

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I sat in front of the computer for a long time, scrolling through the news. Most of the news coverage was on the Lanes and the Martins, and I was

starting to get bored from reading about it. Now that the people of Avenport knew about Christopher's ties with the Martin family, Christopher would be condemned by all if he were to refuse to marry Monica. Simply put, that was emotional blackmail.

But these people had completely forgotten about one thing; Christopher and I were not bothered about these issues at all. Even if someone were to say anything mean about Christopher, he was not one to harbor grudges.

I, for one, always had a bad reputation. I couldn't care less if word got around that I was a mistress, since that was what others used to call me. But I didn't like it when Christopher became their target of vilification.

The Martin family was a heartless bunch. They knew they couldn't take me down; hence, they would rather use this approach to catch Christopher's attention in order to get him to comply with their request.

I wanted to call Christopher to let him know about the news and gossips that were circulating online. After second thought, I decided against it. He had his hands full with work, and I didn't want to bother him with such petty news. Besides, he was bound to hear about the news from someone else later.

Christopher did not want to attend the piano concert, but I was the one who insisted that he attend it. Ironic as it may seem, but that's the way of life.

I went to the salon to get my hair styled and had my makeup done flawlessly. After I changed into the outfit that was recommended by the stylist himself, I heard him say, "Miss, you look beautiful in this evening dress, and you'll definitely be the star of the party."

"Oh, I'm just playing a minor supporting role for tonight's event. I want to look good for my husband." I twirled around in front of the mirror as I studied my reflection. I was quite pleased with the way I looked, and the narcissistic side in me thought I looked beautiful.

"A wedding reception? You look beautiful, and I'm sure your husband must love you a lot." The shop owner was a real sweet-talker.

I shook my head and said with a chuckle, "It's not a wedding reception. I'm doing this for my love rival. It's her piano concert, and I'm going to be there to cheer her on."

"Huh?" The shop owner balked at me. He probably thought I lost my marbles.

I burst into a hearty laugh and walked out of the salon. As I was walking down the street, I made a call to Christopher. And then, I went into a café and waited for him to come and pick me up. After waiting for a long while, much to my surprise, Christopher did not show up. I glanced at my watch and saw that there were only ten minutes left before the opening of the concert. Has Christopher decided not to go? Could it be he's caught up with some work?

I stood up, and just when I was about to leave, Julia strode in elegantly from the café's entrance. She was dressed in a black suit, and she looked the epitome of a strong and successful woman. Only this time around, she wasn't alone. She was followed closely by her personal assistants and bodyguards.

"Hello, Mrs. Lane." My eye began to twitch. Is she here to see me? Could it be she's going to force me to leave again?

After I greeted her, I quickly dialed Christopher's number to find out where he was. To my dismay, I couldn't get through to Christopher, and his phone seemed to be turned off. My heart sank, and a frown etched on my face. I didn't know what was going on. I dialed his number several more times, but I still couldn't get through to him.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lane. Something came up, so I have to leave now." I took my bag and was prepared to leave when the bodyguards stepped forward and blocked my way.

I stopped in my tracks and asked, "What's going on, Mrs. Lane?"

"You're not going anywhere today. You'll stay here and wait till after the concert is over," Julia said as she sniffed at the cup of coffee in her hand.

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"But why? I've already promised Chris that I would go to the piano concert with him. He'll be angry if I don't go." After I said that, I got around the bodyguard and headed for the exit. I had just taken two steps when I was stopped by the bodyguard again, and this time he was blocking the exit. Obviously, he was acting on the orders of Julia. I tried to shove him out of my way but to no avail.

"I don't understand, Mrs. Lane. Why are you so against us?" If Julia was behaving this way all because of Monica's mother, then it was unfair. Truly unfair to Christopher and me.

Julia's eyes were downcast, and there was a sorrowful look on her face. It was as though she recalled a particularly bad memory. The air was heavy with tension as I watched her swirl the coffee in her cup.

I looked at the time again. The concert had begun, and Christopher did not return my calls. Come to think of it, Monica and the others are probably holding him back right now. Otherwise, he wouldn't leave me here all by myself.

After a while, Julia lifted her head and said to me, "Monica grew up without her mother, and she turned out to be a strong woman. She never tells me anything, and she never begs me. Not even once. But this time, she begged me to give her a chance to give it another try. I couldn't refuse her. And that's why I came here."

"What about Chris, Mrs. Lane? He'll be sad for what you have done." I shut my eyes, clenching my fists tightly.

"I can't sit and do nothing, either. Whatever it is, I'll support her. She asked for the chance to try again today, so I promised to help her this once, no matter the outcome. But, you cannot show up in front of Chris. Now that he has to choose a side, I won't have you meddling by turning up in front of him."

Julia tipped her head upwards to signal her entourage, and immediately a female personal assistant walked over to the café's bar. After a brief exchange, someone changed the channel on the projector screen from light jazz music to the coverage of the piano concert. As I watched the broadcast, I spotted Christopher sitting in the VIP seat.

He was leaning on the couch as he listened to Monica playing on the piano. Although there was a smile on his face, I could tell that he was fuming inside.

Could it be that Monica asked Julia to stop me in order to get Christopher to attend her concert alone? It can't be that simple. Why do I feel like something is wrong?

I struggled to tamp down my anxiousness as I paced around the table and looked at Christopher on the projector screen from time to time. He kept a smile on his face throughout the play, but he turned to look behind him from time to time. He was probably looking at the entrance, waiting for me to show up.

He was already upset when he was asked to attend the concert, and for me not to show up would further agitate him. After all, as his wife, I was pushing him into the hands of another woman.

I let out a sigh. After I had calmed down, I walked up to Julia and sat across from her. “Mrs. Lane, I did not know that you would lose your composure and come looking for me after what Mr. Martin said to you. As for the ten million, I have already taken it out. Since I’m married to Chris, I’m your daughter-in-law, and I should be calling you Mom. Mrs. Lane, I just want Christopher to be happy. If he’s happy, then I’m happy.”

“Don’t sugarcoat it. It doesn’t work on me, so just give it to me straight.”

“I’ll make it simple. I made the decision to leave Christopher when I thought I was dying. I’ve decided to stay by his side now that I’m very much alive. And I will stay by his side until my very last breath.”

Julia ignored me. At this moment, everyone’s focus was on the big screen when Monica stood up suddenly and said into the microphone, “I love you, Chris. I have loved you for many years. Now that we are here, I would like to ask you a question. Will you marry me, Christopher?”

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I jumped to my feet in shock when I heard that, knocking the cup of coffee over as I did. Is this the highlight for tonight? Monica confesses her love for Christopher in public and shows everyone her feelings for him?

The piano music came to an end, and the PA system was playing her famous song, Praise Of Love. Monica slowly walked up to Christopher with a gentle smile on her face.

“I composed this piece especially for you back then and played it for you on your nineteenth birthday. Back then, I told myself that I would play this for you every year because I love you. We’ve known each other for so many years now... I’m not supposed to be so proactive because of what you would say in response, but I can’t wait any longer.”

Monica placed her hand on Christopher’s face and asked seriously, “Mrs. Lane has been treating me like her own daughter ever since Mom saved her life, and I too, have been treating her like my own mother. The Lane residence is like a second home to me, and I want to marry you, Christopher. I want to be your wife and look after you for the rest of our lives. Will you marry me?”

The entire place fell into a deathly silence as everyone stared at the screen, holding their breaths in anticipation as they waited for Christopher to respond.

I knew Christopher loved me, so I knew what his answer was going to be. Even so, I couldn't help but worry that he would be moved by her proposal and end up saying yes.

Moments later, loud applause came from the crowd as they whistled and chanted in unison, "Say yes! Say yes! Say yes!"

"Hurry up and say yes, Mr. Lane!"

"Oh, my god! This is so romantic! They make such a great pair together! Just go ahead and kiss her now!"

Everyone was losing their minds in the heat of the moment, and I felt bad for him having to deal with such a situation.

Monica is clearly using the public to pressure Christopher into accepting her proposal! By bringing up the history between their families, she would make Christopher look like an ungrateful scumbag if he said no. With Darius' involvement in politics, this would impact the Lane family's reputation as a whole! What a despicable move, blatantly forcing Christopher into marrying her like that! If he agrees, I would still be regarded by everyone as a homewrecker even if we had gotten married before this!

Had it not been for the fact that I wasn't allowed to leave, I would've ran on stage and declared Christopher as my man, and that I would never give him up even in the face of death.

The seconds continued to tick by, but Christopher remained seated and completely unfazed as he stared at Monica.

The chanting from the crowd grew louder, and Monica gave him a playful wink before she continued, "Everyone's waiting for your response, Chris. How about you give me a hug?"

Christopher got up and began making his way toward her, each step drawing air out of my lungs. Time seemed to slow down from how fast my heart was beating, and I held my breath in anticipation when he was standing before her.

Monica broke into a huge grin when she saw him approaching her. Right as she was about to give him a big hug, Christopher snatched the microphone out of her hand and shoved her aside. He then turned to face the crowd behind him and asked out loud, "Are you all certain that you want me to

accept Ms. Martin's proposal? You see, I'm already married, so this would count as bigamy. I don't know about you guys, but I'm not exactly fond about going to jail."

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"Chris?" The smile on Monica's face was frozen in place as she stared at Christopher in disbelief.

"I'm sorry for not telling you this before, but I'm already married, and I love my wife very much." As if he could see me through the monitor, Christopher stared at the camera with a scorching look in his eyes as he said, "My wife may not be able to play the piano or have any outstanding talents, but we've known each other since we were thirteen. I've always loved her, and being able to marry her is the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. In fact, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say I love her more than I love myself."

Tears welled up in Monica's eyes, and she held a hand to her mouth in response.

"All right, I hope those of you who were enjoying Monica's joke would not take it seriously. I am incredibly proud to have a brilliant sister like her! Now, let us continue to enjoy her amazing piano recital."

Christopher placed extra emphasis on the word "sister" and gave her a cold glare as he handed her the microphone. He then whispered softly into her ears. I could tell that he looked very pissed off.

Monica's tears continued to fall. It looked as if she couldn't care less about the recital or the cameras around her.

Fortunately for her, the cameraman was smart enough to keep it focused on the dance performance during the intermission.

Alas, Christopher did not let me down. You hold a special place in my heart. Your existence is one that nobody could ever replace! You're my one and only lover boy! I thought to myself as tears slowly rolled down my cheeks.

I then turned toward Julia and said, "May I leave now, Mrs. Lane? I would very much like to go see my husband. I'm sure he's losing his patience waiting for me, and it would pain me greatly to see him unhappy."

Having witnessed Christopher's determined response on the screen, Julia closed her eyes and motioned at the bodyguards to step aside.

As I opened the door, Julia called out to me once again, "What would you do if I were to insist on having Chris marry Monica? Threaten to kill yourself?"

"No way! Life is something incredibly precious! Besides, I can't be with Chris if I'm dead!" I replied with a chuckle.

"You two do not belong together. I will put an end to your relationship!" Julia declared coldly.

I flashed her a bright smile and said calmly, "You won't, Mrs. Lane. As you said, there are lots of ways for you to tear us apart. Being Christopher's mother, you know him very well and have your methods to command his absolute obedience. That's what you did with Darius back then, right? So, why bother telling me all this instead of just doing it? Let's be honest, you actually approve of me being his wife, don't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Chris marrying Monica was something both our families have decided upon many years ago, and that decision will not change so easily, so you'd better watch out."

Julia then left the café with the people she brought along, whispering into my ear as she passed me by, "Go to Room 302 of Fiesta Hotel right now, and you'll find out if Chris loves Monica."

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Christopher should still be at the recital, so why would I head over to the presidential suite at Fiesta Hotel? The thought of that shocked me deeply, and I ran up to her car as I asked, "What do you mean by that, Mrs. Lane?"

Julia simply ignored me and told her chauffeur to start driving. The chauffeur then reversed the car a bit and drove past me so skillfully that it didn't even touch the hem of my shirt.

It's been two hours, so the recital should've ended by now... I thought to myself as I checked the time. Not wanting to wait any longer, I quickly hailed a cab for Fiesta Hotel. I received a call from Christopher on the way there, and I asked immediately after answering the phone, "Where are you,

Chris? Are you in Room 302 of Fiesta Hotel right now? I'll come see you right now!"

While I heard no response from Christopher, Monica's voice came on the other line, "Will you please look at me, Chris? I love you so much!"

"F*ck off!" What followed was the sound of heavy objects falling on the floor, and I even heard a glass cup being smashed to pieces in the background. It was so loud that it made my heart skip a beat.

"Stop trying to hold it in, Chris! The drug that my father gave you is incredibly powerful, and you must have sex within an hour after consumption or you'll be impotent for the rest of your life! You're not seriously going to give up on your manhood for Yvonne's sake, are you?" Monica asked while sobbing.

"I told you, Monica... I only see you as a sister, and who in their right mind would have sex with their sister?" Christopher's voice was trembling when he said that, and I could tell from his heavy breathing that he was trying his hardest to suppress his urges.

"That's not what I want! Even if I must be your sister, I want to be one that you would hug and love like a normal woman! We're not related by blood anyway, so what's the problem with giving me a hug? All I want is you, and I don't mind the fact that you and Yvonne are married! I'm willing to sacrifice my pride and dignity if that's what it takes to be with you!" Monica kept trying to get closer to him, but Christopher would throw the stuff on the table at her whenever she did.

"Monica... I've made it very clear that I don't love you, nor do I feel anything else toward you! Yvonne is the only person I love, so you'd better not do anything you'll end up regretting! Let me out of here right now!"

"No! I know you're very strong, being an elite member of the special forces and all. That's why I've added some sedatives to the drug! I'm doing all of this just for you, Chris! Are you that unwilling to let me touch you?"

There was the sound of clothes dropping to the floor, followed by Monica's seductive voice as she said, "Look at my amazing body! My figure is just as great as Yvonne's, and all you have to do is hug me to get that sweet release! How about you let me serve you in bed so you can ensure the safety of your manhood?"

"Get out, Monica... I'll still treat you as my favorite sister if you leave now..."

"No! I want to be your woman, nothing else! We could have a baby! Once we do, you won't have a reason to see Yvonne anymore! She's been injured

before, so she probably can't have kids anyway. I've seen her medical records at the hospital."

"F*ck off!"

A loud noise was heard, and the phone seemed to be tossed far away as the sound that followed was the shrill beeping of the call being cut off.

I can't believe that Monica actually gave Christopher such a nasty drug! Not only does it cause him to lose control over himself, but it could even cost him his manhood? This is unforgivable! Good thing Julia loves her son enough to tell me about it at the last minute, or I'd still be searching for him at the recital! I nearly slammed my phone on the ground at the thought of that.

"Please drive faster, mister! I'm in a hurry!"

Hang in there, Christopher! I know you're under the influence of the drug right now, but please don't get her pregnant! We just got married so I don't want to become a stepmother so soon!

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Thirty minutes have passed by the time I arrived at Fiesta Hotel, and my anxiousness had me on the verge of crying. Am I really going to see Christopher having sex with another woman? It wasn't easy finding a great man like him, so I really don't want to share him with any other women!

As I had been frequenting Fiesta Hotel lately, the staff recognized me and told me Room 302 was occupied when I asked about it. "That's my friend in there, and it's her birthday today. I got her present ready and want to give her a surprise, so please give me a key card."

The woman at the front desk said with an awkward look on her face, "I don't think that's a good idea, miss... Please don't make it difficult for us..."

I even tried bribing her with all the cash I had on me, but she still refused. In my state of desperation, I broke down in tears and knelt on the ground as I pleaded, "Please let me in, I'm begging you! I lied about the birthday surprise! That man inside is my husband, but he's here with another woman! Even if we do end up getting divorced, I have to confront them so

I won't leave this marriage empty-handed! Will you please help me out, miss?"

The woman then helped me to my feet upon hearing that and said, "Ah, so it's a typical case of a scumbag husband having an affair with his mistress? All right, I'll help you out!"

Women truly are capable of doing crazy things for the sake of love, and Monica is no exception. In fact, she's pretty much just like Crystal, minus the shamelessness. With the key card in hand, I approached Room 302 with the calmest look on my face.

Having prepared for the worst, I swiped the card and opened the door. A sharp pain tore through my heart when I saw something moving about slightly under the cover. Oh, no... Was I too late?

I quickly ran forward and yanked the cover off, only to freeze in place when I saw what was underneath. Monica was completely naked, her limbs were bound by a necktie, and she had a sock stuffed into her mouth. However, there was no sign of Christopher anywhere.

I removed the sock from her mouth and asked anxiously, "Where is he? Tell me!"

Feeling embarrassed from being seen in such a state by her rival in love, Monica shouted furiously, "What are you doing here? How did you know about this place? F*ck off! Get the hell away from me!" Her face was twisted, and she looked like she wanted to rip me to shreds.

"You claim to love Christopher, and this is what you do to him? Slip him a nasty drug so you can force him into having sex with you? You think you're so great because you've cast aside your pride and dignity for the sake of love? Well, you're not. This isn't love, Monica! You're just destroying him!"

I raised my hand and slapped her hard across the face after saying that. Monica was so shocked that she froze for a moment before yelling at the top of her lungs, "You b*tch! How dare you slap me? I'll kill you! I'll make sure you die a horrible death! Untie me! Untie me right now!"

At that moment, whatever elegance and grace Monica had was completely gone as she screamed and cursed at me. I couldn't help but feel a little pity for her when I stood there fully clothed, as I stared at Monica who was naked and writhing about helplessly, unable to hit me even if she wanted to.

"That slap was for Chris. He has always loved you like a sister, and he never wanted to hurt you even after we got together. You, on the other hand, tried to hurt him. I don't mind if you threaten me or have someone

set me up, but you should never have done that to him. You have no right to say you love him!”

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“Shut up! That’s not true! I do love him! All I want is to be with him! I’ve loved Christopher for so many years! I don’t love him any less than you do!” Monica shouted at the top of her lungs.

“Then, tell me where he went! Tell me right now, or he’ll end up losing his manhood forever! Is that what you want?” I stopped myself from slapping Monica again and tried to remain calm as I still needed information from her. I wouldn’t have been this mad if she targeted me, but I couldn’t stand anyone hurting Christopher.

“I...I...” Monica burst out crying all of a sudden and stammered incoherently, “I didn’t think it would turn out like this! I just wanted for him to be with me, but he would rather bite down on his arm than lay a finger on me! He bit himself until his arm was bleeding, and he even smashed a glass bottle on his head! I was so scared! I was already tied up by the time I came to, and he left the room saying he wanted to go see his wife! I don’t know where he went after that!”

The chilly wind blew across my skin as I stood outside my house, fumbling for the keys to the front door. I was in so much panic that I failed to open the door even after multiple attempts at it. Christopher said he was looking for me, so it’s most likely that he went home, but... He’s not thinking straight right now... What if he’s not home?

My body was trembling all over from the feelings of helplessness. It reminded me of the time I was on the island and saw Christopher lying on the reef with his life ebbing away while I couldn’t do anything about it.

After a bit of pushing and kicking, I finally got the door open and ran into the house while calling out to Christopher. I searched the living room, the bedroom, the kitchen, and the bathroom, but there was no sign of him anywhere.

“Where are you, Christopher? I’m so worried about you!” I tried calling him on his phone again, but it was probably left in a corner of Room 302 as there was still no answer.

I continued shouting his name while searching every corner of the house like crazy but to no avail. Eventually, I fell to the floor helplessly in exhaustion and despair. Christopher has bought this house just for me, so he wouldn't go looking for me anywhere else! Where on earth could he be right now?

Right as I was struggling to hold my tears in, a hand reached out and gave me a gentle pat on the shoulder. I brushed it aside forcefully and shouted, "Leave me alone! Can't you see I'm upset?"

The hand touched me on the cheek again, and I spun around to see Christopher lying in the bathtub behind me. His body was completely soaked, his face was unusually flushed, and his eyes looked blank even though he was touching me.

I didn't know if he could even recognize me at the time, but I threw myself into his arms and hugged him tightly anyway. His lips brushed past my cheek before he rested his head on my shoulder, and his entire body had gone limp.

I couldn't imagine the amount of willpower it took for him to tie Monica up and come all the way home. I felt my heart ache when I saw the bite marks on his forearm and the wound on the top of his head.

I was unbuttoning his shirt when he grabbed my wrist and mumbled, "Eve... I want Eve... Only Eve..." He tried to stop me from touching him, but he was so weak that he couldn't do anything about it. One of his hands was touching my waist, and I could tell he was trying desperately to resist it from sliding up my dress.

"It's me, Chris! I'm here! Look at me, Christopher! It's me, Yvonne! It's okay! You're all right now!" I undid the zipper on my dress and put on a warm shower before getting into the bathtub with him.

"Ah, Eve... I'm so glad it's you... Let me hug you tight..."

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With a smile on his face, Christopher tried to sit upright, but the effects of the drug were simply too strong. Although he was rock hard down there and burning up all over, he had little to no strength left in him.

"You used to tell me that I should be a little more proactive and move while sitting on top of you, right? How about you let me do the work for

you tonight, Chris?" I stroked his cheek and leaned in to kiss him like how he usually kissed me.

I started from his forehead and kissed my way down to his nose before finally reaching his throat. Seeing as his eyes were in a daze, I decided to please him and sat on top of his manhood. I shuddered from the painful, but pleasurable sensation inside me, and Christopher let out a satisfied moan in response.

With both hands on my waist, he kept moaning while I worked my body as hard as I could. I kept going at it until I was exhausted, and he finally released himself inside me.

However, that moment of relief was only temporary as his face became flushed again minutes later. That drug was probably one of those extremely powerful aphrodisiacs that would have undesirable side effects on the body even after releasing all that pent-up sexual energy. Christopher would probably need quite some time to fully recover from this... I bet Julia doesn't know about how Mitchell has drugged her son, or she would never have agreed to it!

With that thought in mind, I cursed at Mitchell as I continued to try and satisfy Christopher's needs.

I was physically drained halfway through the night and could barely move a finger. Things were okay at first because of how weak Christopher was, but it became agonizing when he slowly regained his strength. He grabbed me tightly by the waist and pounded me like he was a pile driver. Each and every one of his thrusts was so forceful that I felt like I would fall apart at any moment.

"Do you even know who I am?" I clutched the corners of the bathtub and bit down on my lip as I tried to keep myself from being flying off.

"You're Eve, and you belong to me." Christopher kept going at it throughout the rest of the night and eventually fell asleep at dawn.

I didn't dare go to sleep as I was afraid that something would happen to him. This was the first time I had seen Christopher in such a weak and unusual state, which worried me greatly.

I thought about calling for help, but Sabrina and Zachary were on vacation outside of Avenport, and I didn't really know anyone else I could depend on. After racking my brains for a bit, I thought of Darius and quickly gave him a call.

Despite being a man who cared greatly about his appearances, he had rushed over in such a hurry that he wore his jacket inside out. He came into the bedroom, panting heavily as he had the doctor examine Christopher.

Noticing that I was so weak and could barely stand, he helped me onto the couch before saying, "Here, have a seat... Now, mind telling me what the hell happened?"

I told him everything I heard on the phone earlier and leaned weakly against the couch as I said, "Monica doesn't have the guts to hurt him like this, so Mitchell must've been the one who prepared the drug. Chris showed Mitchell the evidence of him helping the Walker family sabotage the Lane family. It would make sense to assume that Mitchell got mad and drugged him in revenge. I'm just worried that it would have some nasty side effects on Chris..."

"Mitchell?" A cold glint flashed in Darius' eyes, and he clenched his teeth angrily as he continued, "That old fool must've forgotten his place after being under the protection of our family for so many years... How dare he use such an underhanded tactic on Chris? I'll make him pay for what he did!"

"All I want is for Chris to be all right." I kept my gaze fixed on Christopher who was lying on the bed the whole time.

"You mean my mom knew about this?" Darius asked coldly all of a sudden. He was so angry that it felt like his rage would materialize at any moment. "I can't believe she agreed to help that scumbag Mitchell do such a thing!"

Fearing that I would say something I shouldn't, I didn't dare answer his question directly and gave him a vague response instead. "Mrs. Lane was the one who told me to go find Chris at Fiesta Hotel."