

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 391

A loud knocking was heard on the door, and I couldn't help but wonder who it could possibly be at this hour. I dragged myself to open the door and was surprised when I saw Julia standing outside.

She was still dressed in the same clothes from the night before, and her bloodshot eyes made it obvious that she hadn't slept a wink. "Where's Chris? I have something very important to tell him."

I glanced at the bedroom from the front door and hesitated for a bit before replying, "He's inside." Julia clearly doesn't know about the potent drug that Mitchell gave Christopher, but Darius is still very mad about it at the moment. They're bound to get into a fight if they see each other now...

"Why are you still standing in my way, then? I have urgent business, and I need to see my son right now! Put your clothes on, Chris! I'm coming in!" Julia then pushed me aside and barged into the house. Because I was very weak at the time, I lost my balance and fell down after being pushed.

Earlier, Christopher got incredibly rough after regaining his strength, and he couldn't control his force even though he knew it was me. While showering, I realized I was bleeding down there and had bruises all over my body, especially around my waist where the slightest touch would hurt like hell.

"Mom? You've got the audacity to come and see Chris after what you've done?" Darius asked as he came out of the bedroom. He then helped me to my feet when he saw me struggling to get back up and sat me down on the couch nearby. "I'll have the doctor examine you after he's done with Chris."

"No, that won't be necessary." Are you kidding me? Do you want me to have a male doctor examine a wound on my vagina? I'd rather kill myself than let that happen!

"Darius? What are you doing here?" Julia was surprised to see Darius come out of the bedroom. Her eyes were wide in shock as she observed our interaction and noticed the wounds on my neck and arms. Her face went pale when she saw his clothes being worn inside out, and she took a step back in disbelief before slapping me across the face.

"You b*tch! Are you seducing Darius too? I'll kill you!"

The slap was so hard that it took me a while to regain my composure and realize what was going on. The sight of my wounds and Darius stepping out of the bedroom at five in the morning would indeed leave plenty of room for imagination, but she seemed to have forgotten the fact that Christopher was home as well.

“Have you lost your mind, Mom? How could you set your own son up like that? Have you lost all sense of logic and reason whenever Monica is involved?”

Julia’s lips were pale, and she pointed at us with trembling fingers as she asked, “Me? Lose my mind? What have you two done, you insolent wretch?”

Fortunately, the doctor came over to the door and asked me, “Ms. Tanner, you’ve been with your husband the whole night, right?”

It felt a little embarrassing, but I was worried about Christopher and nodded profusely in response. “Yes, that’s right.”

“Doctor, how is my husband? Is he okay? What side effects will the drug have on his body? Is there any permanent damage?” I asked as I stood up and dragged myself toward the doctor, using the wall as support.

Darius too, ignored Julia and ran up to us. “How’s my brother doing?”

The doctor shot him a glance before replying calmly, “Mr. Lane is incredibly fortunate that Ms. Tanner was able to find him and relieve his urges in time. However, that drug contains some ingredients that could lead to permanent impotence. It’s often given to women at nightclubs and bars. While the damage isn’t as bad when used on men, he would still require a lot of care to make a full recovery. He will be fatigued and experience weakness in his muscles for a few days. Remember, he must not have sex until his body recovers completely, or it could also result in impotence.”

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“Is it that serious?” I let out a sigh of relief when I heard that it was curable and told the doctor, “Please prescribe him some medication, and I’ll make sure he takes them on time.”

“Okay. Mr. Lane’s fever may go on for a while longer, but that’s just a side effect of the medication, so it’s nothing to worry about. He’ll wake up once the medicine takes effect.” The doctor hooked Christopher up to an

IV drip and touched his forehead as he continued, "There, see? He's got a fever already. This means the medicine is working well, which is good news. We don't want it to remain dormant inside his system."

Christopher's fever was so high that it burnt my hand just touching his forehead, and I began to regret only slapping Monica once earlier. Da*n it, I should've slapped her a couple more times for what she did to Christopher! She claims to love him with her life, and this is how she shows her love for him?

Having finally calmed down, Julia turned toward me and asked, "What on earth are you guys talking about? Why is Chris sick? What exactly happened to him? What is this drug that you mentioned?"

I know that look in her eyes. She has connected the dots and is asking me if Monica is the one responsible for Christopher's condition! As expected of a strong and independent businesswoman...

With that in mind, I let out a sigh and nodded in response. Julia was shocked by the revelation and froze for a moment before regaining her composure. "How did this happen? Monica wouldn't do such a thing..." she mumbled under her breath as she reached out to touch Christopher's forehead.

Darius smacked her hand away and bellowed furiously, "This is all your fault, Mom! Chris nearly became impotent, and for what? So you could repay Monica for her mother's kindness? Had Yvonne not called me for help, I wouldn't even know about this! Are you trying to get your son killed?"

"No, I didn't think this would happen! I didn't know!" Julia shook her head as she continued, "Monica just wants Chris to give her a chance, and she kept begging me to help her out! I owe Monica her mother's life as well as a complete family, so I couldn't refuse her request. You should know this, Darius!"

"Let me make this clear. Chris isn't your tool for repaying the kindness of others! If that's our sole purpose for existing, then you shouldn't have given birth to us in the first place! You know Mitchell has always hated our family, and you know he's the illegitimate child of the Walker family! God knows how much he has helped them sabotage us! I've been telling you countless times to be wary of Mitchell, but Monica makes a single mention of Alyssa and you forget all about it! You're not worthy of being a mother!" Darius yelled at the top of his lungs.

“Darius, I... I really didn't know... I...” Julia took a few steps back upon hearing that and looked like she was about to collapse. I quickly stepped forward and caught her before she fell.

Julia then turned toward me and grabbed me by the shoulder as she asked, “Did Monica give him the drugs?”

“Yes, she did. Chris gave me a call while I was on my way to the hotel, and I heard Monica talking about him needing to have sex with a woman within an hour in order to avoid becoming permanently impotent.”

I know it isn't a good time to tell her the truth since she sees Monica as her own daughter and would be devastated after hearing what she did. However, keeping the truth from her would only give Monica more opportunities to set Christopher up in the future! Drugs like those are simply terrifying, and I love Christopher too much to worry about what Julia thinks of me. Even if she thinks I'm trying to drive a wedge between them, I'll still tell her the truth!

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“No... I don't believe you! Monica would never do such a thing! You're just trying to pit us against each other, aren't you?” Julia's eyes went wide, and she shook me violently while shouting in my face, “It was you, wasn't it? You drugged Chris on purpose to divide us all!”

“I didn't! Calm down, Mrs. Lane!” My body felt like it would fall apart at any moment, and I nearly fell down due to the agonizing pain in my waist.

Smack! I felt a stinging sensation spread across my cheek.

Julia calmed down all of a sudden after slapping me and simply stood there in silence. Not wanting to get hit with another one, I held a hand to my cheek and walked toward the bed.

“Even now, you're still defending the Martin family? Hmph... I'm really disappointed with you, Mom!” Darius said coldly.

“I...I...” Julia was consumed by sorrow when she saw the look of disappointment in Darius' eyes. She then turned around and walked out of the door without saying anything.

"Mrs. Lane! Don't you want to stay here until Chris wakes up?" I called out to her at the door.

"Look after him for me!" Julia said as she turned around and stared deeply at me before leaving.

It was already afternoon by the time Christopher's fever subsided. My body was aching all over when I woke up next to the bed, and I gave Christopher a light smack through the cover while mumbling to myself, "You really have become a monster this time..."

"If I'm a monster, then you're the one who made me one." Christopher's voice came from beneath the cover.

Still in a daze from waking up, I didn't realize what was going on and replied angrily, "How can you blame it on women when you guys are the ones fooling around out there? That's just shameless and irresponsible! Hmph!"

"Huh... It's not easy being so excellent, you know? It's not my fault I'm always the most handsome guy around!" It wasn't until he reached his hand out of the cover and pinched me on the cheek that I realized he was awake.

I then quickly touched his forehead to check his temperature and saw that it had returned to normal. "How are you feeling?"

"I feel weak all over, but I'm otherwise all right. Man, I didn't think having excessive sex would feel this terrible!" Christopher struggled just to sit upright in bed and leaned against the headboard. He then winked at me as he continued, "Honey, you nearly milked me dry this time! What are you, a succubus that drains the life force of men?"

Amused by his words, I lunged forward to give him a light pinch on the neck and said, "Yeah, that's right! I'm a succubus, and I'm here to punish men like you who love flirting around! You'd better not let me catch you in bed with another woman again or I'll have you bedridden for three days!"

Christopher snickered in response and caressed my face. "That's odd, I feel like I'm kind of looking forward to it!"

"Hey, that's not funny! I'll probably die of a heart attack if this sort of thing happens again!" I gave him a smack on the head before fetching him a bowl of oatmeal from the kitchen.

Christopher was clearly capable of eating it by himself, but he insisted on having me feed him instead.

Shouldn't he be the one taking care of me after banging the hell out of me last night? With that in mind, I lay down beside him and demanded that he give me a massage in return. Because he was still very weak, the strength he applied to my body felt just right.

Suddenly, there was the sound of knocking from outside the door. Thinking it was Darius, I got out of bed and opened the door. "Darius, you came right on time! Chris has woken up..."

"Ms. Tanner, I would like to see Chris!" Monica cut me off, staring at me with tear-filled eyes.

I was so shocked by her sudden appearance that I froze on the spot.

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"Who is it?" Christopher called out from inside the house.

I simply stood by the door and glanced at Monica without saying a word. The look on her face turned nasty when she noticed the wounds on my neck and collarbone. "I said, I would like to see Chris! Please get out of my way!" she said arrogantly with her head held high.

I hesitated at first but eventually stepped aside when I recalled Julia's words and how Christopher saw her as a sister.

Christopher was sprawled out in bed with only a tiny bit of the blanket around his waist. Noticing that, I quickly ran up to him and covered his body up fully. He's my man! Only I am allowed to see his body!

"How are you feeling, Chris?" Monica pushed me aside and stood in front of him.

Christopher frowned in displeasure and held his hand out to me. Realizing his intentions, I took his hand in mine and sat down beside him.

Monica swallowed hard in response, and I could tell she was trying her best to ignore my presence. She kept her gaze fixed on Christopher and said apologetically, "I'm sorry about what happened last night, Chris. I wasn't thinking straight, and I shouldn't have done that. Will you please stop being mad at me?"

"Apology accepted. I need to get some rest, so you can leave now if that's all you're here to talk about," Christopher replied coldly.

"Chris, do you really hate me that much?" Monica's lips were trembling, and her reddened eyes looked like they were going to tear up again.

Christopher simply chuckled and stared at her in disdain without saying anything.

Unable to stand his gaze, Monica looked away as she continued, "What happened last night was Dad's idea."

"What difference does it make?" Christopher responded with a sneer.

Monica turned around and shot me a glance before asking, "Chris, can I have a word with you in private?"

Christopher pulled me into his arms and held me tightly as he replied, "Nope! I wouldn't want my wife to get jealous now! Besides, you've got a bad record!"

"Why must you put me in such a difficult spot, Chris?" Monica's eyelids fluttered as tears began flowing down her cheeks. Unlike Crystal's pretentious and coquettish acts, she actually looked beautiful when she cried.

I like how Christopher is being so protective toward me and all, but I should probably give them some space to talk things out. Hopefully, they'll be able to settle things once and for all.

With that in mind, I pushed Christopher off me and stood up as I said, "We're running out of groceries, so I'll make a quick trip to the supermarket."

Christopher grabbed me by the wrist in disapproval and refused to let me leave, so I leaned in closer and whispered into his ear, "I'll give you thirty minutes to tell Monica that we're married and that we plan on staying married. Get this all sorted out in one go, and I'll reward you with a hug when I get back, okay?"

Christopher's eyes lit up the moment he heard about the reward and gave in immediately.

Of course, the grocery shopping was just an excuse I came up with on the fly. I had just bought a lot of stuff the day before, so the refrigerator was still loaded at the moment. I ended up wandering around the mall

aimlessly without buying anything and even had a hooligan approach me asking how much it would cost for a night.

I rolled my eyes at him and waited till the thirty minutes were up before heading back. I had just arrived outside the apartment when I saw Monica running out crying. She was going so fast that I almost bumped into her if I didn't move out of the way quickly enough.

"Don't you get ahead of yourself now, Yvonne! I won't lose to someone like you!" Monica yelled at me.

"Well... I may not be as pretty as you are, nor do I come from a wealthy family, but I would never do anything to hurt Christopher. How about that?" I said while picking up the groceries that I had dropped.

"That was just an accident, da*n it! Why won't you guys just accept it for what it is and move on already? Hell, even Julia scolded me because of it! Yeah, I gave him some drugs. Big f*cking deal! Don't act like you didn't enjoy it!" Monica shouted like a maniac.

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Hearing that made me really mad, and I slapped her across the face with so much force that it left her stunned for quite a while.

After taking a moment to regain her composure, Monica charged at me while screaming angrily, "You b*tch! How dare you hit me? Don't think you've won just because you seduced Chris! I won't lose to a wh*re like you!"

"You wait right here!" I forced Monica to the ground and ran back home to retrieve the doctor's medical report from last night. I then shoved them into her hands and said coldly, "Here, read this! Take a good, long look at the medical report for his diagnosis and see for yourself how serious it really is! This is the real world, Monica! We're not in some f*cking book or a movie where the drug just magically wears off the next day, and the person would be completely fine afterward! Seriously, how naïve can you be? Do you even realize what it means for a man to be permanently impotent?"

Monica froze when she read through the report, only to rip it to shreds moments later. "That's impossible! Dad would never lie to me! He said Chris would be fine!"

I ignored her and made my way back to my unit upstairs. "She hit you? This b*tch..." I muttered through clenched teeth when I saw Christopher's slightly reddened and swollen cheek.

"Don't worry, it's just a slap. Besides, you told me to make it clear to her and resolve everything in one go, didn't you?" he said with a chuckle while giving my hand a little squeeze.

"What did you say to make her hit you?" I asked curiously.

Christopher pointed at the table in front of him. "Feed me an apple and I'll tell you."

My goodness, this guy has gotten too used to being spoiled! He's acting like a freaking child, but I just enjoy spoiling him like one.

All Christopher had to do was open his mouth while I fed him the apple and some water. After finishing his drink, Christopher finally revealed the answer. "I told her that I wouldn't have married her even if you didn't exist and that she shouldn't waste any more of her time on me. I also told her that we should maintain our distance as friends from now on because I don't want you to get jealous."

That was a little overboard, and I couldn't help but worry about what would happen next. It would've been fine if it were some other woman, but Monica is from the Martin family which the Lane family is deeply indebted! Julia clearly wants Monica to be her daughter-in-law, so it's possible that she would soften up if Monica begs her for forgiveness.

Christopher had been physically weak for a couple of days like the doctor said and had spent most of his time lying in bed. I got a little nervous when Gordon dropped by for a visit at some point, but he didn't say much and left shortly after asking me to take good care of Christopher.

It wasn't long before I stopped worrying about Monica and Mitchell as the people in charge of the art exhibition kept calling me and inviting me to attend the party.

After giving it some thought, I decided to accept the invitation and attended the party in an evening gown that Christopher had prepared for me. Although it was just a party for an art exhibition, the venue was so well decorated that it looked as grand as a gala event, with a red carpet at the entrance.

"What, are you so nervous that you're chickening out?" Christopher teased me when he saw me still sitting inside the car.

“Says who?” I rolled my eyes at him in response. Despite what I said, I was actually uncomfortable attending social events like these. With so many cameras around, a single mistake could easily lead to a lifetime of embarrassment and humiliation.

“Let’s go, then!” Christopher then got out of the car, opened the door for me, and held out his hand.

“I thought you said you had an important meeting?” I asked as I was surprised.

“This event means a lot to you, so I’m definitely attending it with you. Besides, no meeting is more important than you,” Christopher said while waving his hand.

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Hearing that put a smile on my face, and I quickly took his hand before he changed his mind. We instantly became the center of attention the moment we set foot on the red carpet.

Of course, Christopher was the one they were all interested in as they held up their cameras and bombarded him with questions. “Mr. Lane, what is your relationship with this woman next to you?”

“Are you investing and participating in the art exhibition, Mr. Lane? Why isn’t Ms. Martin attending this event with you? You said you were already married when she proposed to you on stage during the piano recital. Is that true?”

“There have been tons of stories on the internet about your relationship with Ms. Martin! They say you rejected her proposal by claiming to be married because you wanted to propose to her instead! Would you mind commenting on that, Mr. Lane?”

Being surrounded by journalists wasn’t exactly a pleasant experience, and it didn’t help that they were all asking about Monica instead of me. Don’t just ignore my existence, da*n it!

“I’m here to attend the art exhibition press conference with this beautiful lady right here, so could you please keep your questions related to the art exhibition? I believe I have stated multiple times in public that Monica is

just a sister to me. There is nothing else going on between us, so please stop bringing it up.”

Christopher held me carefully in his arms the whole time, keeping me out of reach from the journalists as we continued walking. As the journalists didn't dare get in his way, they could only follow him from behind.

Eventually, a journalist decided to ask about me, “Mr. Lane, is this lady next to you a participant in the art exhibition as well? Which one of the paintings is her work of art? And how is she related to you?”

Christopher pulled me into his arms and gave me a kiss on the forehead before saying with a devilish grin, “She's my wife, of course. Only my wife is worthy of being held in my embrace. As I said, I'm already married. Please be mindful of that when you ask me any further questions because I will hit anyone who brings up Monica being my fiancée again. Trust me, you don't want to make me mad.”

The journalists were completely shocked by Christopher's words. After all, he was attending a public event with his wife just two days after announcing his marital status.

Everyone was snapping away at us, and I found myself barely able to open my eyes from all the camera flashes. Fortunately, we had already arrived at the end of the red carpet, and Christopher quickly led me into the building.

Having finally escaped the journalists, I breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat off my forehead. “Man, these journalists are really scary! Now I see why celebrities always have a group of staff escorting them wherever they go... It's horrible being the center of attention. I felt like I was going to be smothered to death!”

Christopher snorted defiantly. “Don't worry, anyone who dares to bully you will have hell to pay!”

While glancing about, my gaze fell upon a handsome young man in the crowd. He had on a white suit which gave off a gentle vibe, and his charming smile was something out of this world.

“Hey, Christopher! That's Spencer Lynch!” I gave him a gentle nudge while trembling all over in excitement.

“Spencer who?” Christopher got jealous when he noticed me staring at another man and spun my head back toward him. “No ogling other men. You are to keep your eyes on me, got it?”

"You don't understand! Spencer Lynch is the greatest and most handsome artist in the world! Unlike Crystal, this man is the real deal and has represented the youth of our country in the Eastsummer art exhibition! He's my idol, okay?"

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Feeling overjoyed to see my idol, I brushed Christopher's arm off and squeezed my way through the crowd as I made my way toward Spencer.

Due to his insane popularity, I couldn't get anywhere near him no matter how hard I tried. Eventually, I helplessly returned to Christopher's side and tugged on his sleeve as I begged, "Will you please help me out here, Chris? I really want to get Spencer's autograph..."

"Nope!" Christopher refused to budge an inch.

"Come on, please... I really want an autograph... It's my dream to become a great artist like Spencer!" I even tried winking at him, but it didn't work at all.

"Pfft... That man is nowhere near my level of handsomeness! He may look like a gentleman, but he's got a ridiculously feminine smile! You're better off staring at me instead!" Christopher was truly capable of being incredibly insulting when throwing a tantrum.

"Yeah, you're the most handsome one of all!" I then glanced around and made sure no one was watching us before giving Christopher a quick peck on the cheek. "There, will this do?"

"Hmph!" Christopher raised his chin defiantly, but eventually gave in to my pleas and helped me get close to Spencer.

"Mr. Lynch, can I have your autograph?" I pulled out a diary from my handbag and held it in front of Spencer.

Right as he was about to sign it like he did with everyone else, he paused when he looked at my face and saw Christopher standing next to me. "Chris? What are you doing here? Did you come here to see me?"

"My wife wants your autograph, so just hurry up and sign!" Christopher said impatiently.

"This lady here is your wife?" Spencer stared at me in shock upon hearing that. I wasn't sure if I was imagining things, but I felt like there was a look of displeasure and disgust in his eyes. That's weird... I haven't done anything to piss him off, have I?

"Yes, that's right. Now, will you please hurry up and sign this? I'm a busy man, so stop wasting any more of my time!" Christopher urged him again.

Spencer let out a helpless chuckle and said, "Chris, what happened back then was a misunderstanding. You're not still holding a grudge against me, are you?"

That was when I realized the two of them were acquainted and whispered into Christopher's ear, "Do you know him?"

"He's just a friend that I'm not really close with," Christopher replied.

When Spencer returned the diary to me, I noticed he hadn't signed it at all. In fact, he even crossed out the partial signature he made before pausing earlier. Wait... I thought Spencer was supposed to be a polite gentleman? Why would he do something so rude?

"We grew up together, and you say I'm just a friend you're not really close with? How hurtful!" Spencer let out another helpless chuckle before shifting his gaze back toward me as he continued, "I'd be more cautious about marriage if I were you. It is something that lasts a lifetime, after all."

"You don't have to concern yourself with my personal affairs. Wouldn't want you to come telling me later on that you fell in love with my woman or anything!" Christopher responded sarcastically with a sneer.

I felt like I had screwed up big time when I realized they were not only acquainted, but also on bad terms with each other. Christopher hated Spencer, and Spencer didn't like me either.

Of course, I knew better than to ask about their relationship in a public area with so many people around. The paintings displayed on the wall were all masterpieces that had been selected for the exhibition.

I was happily admiring a painting when I noticed Spencer approach mine and whisper something to the staff nearby. The staff then took my painting down and moved it somewhere inconspicuous.

What the hell is the meaning of this? Is he deliberately trying to start trouble with me?

The next thing I knew, a familiar figure entered my field of vision. Crystal walked up to Spencer and chatted with him like they were very close friends.

Oh, I get it now! Crystal has brainwashed my idol! That explains why he was so rude to me earlier! Oh... What a disappointment...

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The man who came to the party with Lyle tonight wasn't Lyle but Benson, the most likely heir of the Miller family.

Before attending the party, I planned to chat with my childhood idols. However, I lost interest once I realized that the place was too noisy.

After answering a call, Christopher said he had to leave to deal with something urgent. Hence, I sat in a corner and had a cup of tea while waiting for Christopher to pick me up.

Not long after I sat down, a man who wore sunglasses and held a walking stick pointed at my chair and said, "Miss, you've taken my seat."

"I'm sorry. I thought it was empty." I immediately stood up and gave the seat to him. Even though there were chairs everywhere, I didn't want to argue with a blind man.

While the man constantly hit the floor with his walking stick, I remembered the terrible days when I lost my vision, as though the whole world was devoid of colors.

I held his hand and said, "Let me help you. The party is too noisy and might affect our hearing. Back then, I always wished that someone could give me a hand to avoid any embarrassment."

"Back then? Did you experience vision loss before?" The man initially wanted to decline my help but eventually calmed down after listening to me.

"Yes, there was a time when my world was devoid of any color. Please sit down," I replied smilingly.

"Thank you!" The man answered in a gentle, calm, and pleasant voice.

Unexpectedly, the moment we came up to the chair, Crystal appeared out of nowhere and sat on it. Then, she greeted me with a forced smile, "Yvonne, what a surprise to see you here."

I frowned and said, "This man wants to sit on this chair. Can you please choose the next chair if you want to?"

"What a joke! Since there are so many chairs around here, I can sit whenever I want. Why must I move? Don't you think you are too much?"

Crystal crossed her legs and put on a wry smile. Then, she pointed at the man beside me and said, "Yvonne, you're indeed a playgirl. I mean, you seduced another man right after Christopher left. What a pity that he is handsome but blind. I wonder if this kind of man is your favorite? Also, do you feel uncomfortable once there is no man beside you?"

My expression turned grim upon hearing that. Deep down, I believed Crystal hadn't learned from the past lessons. Last time, she instructed someone to mess up the wedding of Sabrina and Zachary but failed because of me. Afterward, both the Scotts and the Zimmers gave the Tanners a warning. Also, she wasn't aware that Benjamin had been abandoned by the Millers.

I helped the man sit on another chair and apologized, "I'm sorry that my trouble has affected you. Please excuse me, for I'll leave right away."

"Yvonne, why are you leaving so soon? Are you afraid that someone will find out you're dating another man? Well, you can't leave because I'm looking forward to seeing how Christopher reacts when he sees you hooking up with another man." As Crystal was speaking, she suddenly came closer and pushed me.

As I was caught off-guard, I staggered and was about to fall on the man. Since I didn't want to hurt him, I tried my best to avoid him and close my eyes before falling flat on my face.

Deep down, I couldn't help but think Crystal was a curse to me, for I would be in bad luck whenever she was present.

Suddenly, someone grabbed my waist swiftly and saved me from ruining my face.

"Watch out," the man whispered in my ears.

I nervously steadied myself and touched my face at once. After calming myself down, I felt lucky that I wasn't disfigured.

Click! A reporter took a picture of us and left swiftly. At that moment, I realized that our postures were awkward.

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I was lying in his arms while he grabbed my waist. Besides, our faces were so close as though two lovers were dancing happily. As the position we were in was too suggestive to any strangers, I immediately got out of his arms.

“Thank you!”

The commotion had drawn the attention of the crowd near us.

“What happened?” someone asked.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Stewart. My cousin treated the party as a blind date because she seldom attends important parties. Please forgive her for her rudeness,” Crystal upended her attitude instantly and explained apologetically.

“A blind date?” Julian said in dissatisfaction, “Did the security guards do their job today? Why did they let someone in without an invitation card?”

“I’m not sure how she came in. I’m sorry, Mr. Stewart.” Then, Crystal turned to me and said innocently, “Yvonne, please leave now. I understand that you have a chaotic private life after your husband divorced you. But still, this place is not a bar. Please don’t disturb the gentleman anymore, or else I can’t protect you.”

Crystal was still an expert in playing word games by suggesting that I got divorced due to my chaotic private life. The next moment, the strange and disdainful looks of the crowd made me feel uneasy, as they thought I was a filthy woman.

“Crystal, you’re awesome,” I sneered, “I’ve learned something new from you today.”

“Yvonne, you’re welcome. Now, please get out immediately, or else.” Crystal leaned in and whispered in my ear, “you’ll only humiliate yourself when they drive you away. Besides, do you think the Lane family will accept you as their daughter-in-law when the intimate pictures between you and that man are released?”

"Is scheming the only thing that fills your mind? Can't you just do without that?" I questioned coldly.

"I can never accept it as long as you look happier than me. Yvonne, I'll feel better only when I can finally trample on you. Just wait and see. Humph! Don't think that a peaceful life lies ahead because you have Christopher's backing now. After all, a divorcee will always look miserable."

Crystal chuckled as she stared at me viciously. Deep down, I felt that Crystal had gone insane, for she became far more extreme after we were rescued from the deserted island. Even though she had always wished to set me up and trample on me, I believed she wanted to escalate it by destroying my life.

It was unbelievable that one could go to such extremes.

"Mr. Stewart, please listen to me. It's not what you think it is. Earlier on, I—"

"That's enough. Security guards, please see her out and don't let her disturb the party. Since many reporters are here, I won't allow anyone to mess it up." Julian interrupted me, for he already bought into Crystal's words.

"Mr. Stewart, are you not going to listen to my explanation?" I gazed at Julian composedly and said, "as the most prominent painter in Hawen, you're a role model to all young painters. Your success is the goal for most of us. Compared with the younger Spencer Lunch, you're better both in terms of fame and works. As such, can you please give me some time to explain?"

Perhaps due to my provocation, Julian, who was about to leave, stopped and asked, "Are you a painter?"

I took out my invitation card and handed it over to the security guards. Then, I explained sincerely, "I'm sorry for the commotion. I may not have entered the room via the main entrance, but I do have an invitation card."

"Since you're a painter, I'd advise you to be committed to painting instead of seducing men. Be a woman of grace and culture," Julian commented in disdain.

The next moment, Crystal came up to Julian and said, "The art exhibition this year seems mediocre. After all, even some low-quality paintings are exhibited. Mr. Stewart, I'm sorry you've had a wasted trip. Hopefully, there will be better paintings in the fourth quarter. Nonetheless, I'm afraid your hope of looking for a suitable disciple from this competition can hardly come true."

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"It's okay, I'm only here to try my luck. Didn't you say that you have a good painting? Why don't we take a look?"

"Please, Mr. Stewart."

Meanwhile, I was disappointed to find out that Mr. Stewart, the most prominent painter in Hawen, only listened to one-sided stories. Besides, I thought Crystal was fully prepared and set up traps to defeat me.

In the past, I would have already left without saying much. However, given that I hadn't cleared my name, I was reluctant to admit defeat. Overwhelmed with dissatisfaction and anger, I wanted to yell at them.

"Wait!" Suddenly, someone else yelled and stopped them from leaving.

I turned around and realized that it was the man wearing sunglasses and sitting quietly. He stood up and said calmly, "Mr. Stewart, it's been a long time. I'm flustered by the way you welcome me."

"Who are you?" Julian gazed at him bewilderedly.

The quick-witted Crystal immediately said, "Sir, I understand that you have a special relationship with Yvonne. However, this art exhibition is meant for the participants and some prominent painters in the country. So, I believe it's inappropriate for you to talk about the old times with Yvonne here."

Slowly, the man took down his sunglasses, scanned Crystal coldly, and sneered, "So, are you the new school artist, Crystal Yates? Well, I had the wrong impression that you are a stand-up comedian."

"You-" Crystal blushed all of a sudden.

"You're good at cooking up stories and twisting facts. Is this how the new school artist is supposed to behave?" the man continued sarcastically.

"Remington?" Julian pointed at him in surprise.

“Wow, it’s Remington Fowler, the only painter qualified to participate in Fleynia’s art exhibition! He’s now my idol!” After someone shouted, the crowd was exhilarated and came closer.

Meanwhile, I looked at Remington in disbelief. As a painter, I was well aware of the famous young painters in the country. If Spencer were my idol, Remington was a legend to me. I didn’t even have the chance to even take a glance at his paintings, not to mention seeing him in person.

As such, I found it hard to believe that such a prominent figure would be here.

The moment Remington appeared, everyone forgot me instantly and surrounded him instead. Spencer gazed at me for a second and asked, “Remington, is there any misunderstanding? How could you be so rude to Crystal?”

“I know very well if there is a misunderstanding. Anyway, I think you should wear glasses, for your eyesight seems to have deteriorated recently,” Remington sneered. Since the security guards were still beside me, he continued, “Since she attends the art exhibition upon invitation, do you still have any objection? If she isn’t welcomed, should those who have invitation cards leave as well?”

“I wouldn’t dare!” The person in charge immediately apologized to Remington.

“Did I break the rules for talking to her? Should I be driven away? Also, are you suggesting that we shouldn’t talk to one another? After all, it will automatically mean that we are having an affair.” The person in charge dared not respond to Remington’s series of questions but only apologized non-stop.

“Remington, it’s just a misunderstanding. Why must you be so aggressive?” Spencer said in dissatisfaction.

“Well, we all know who is aggressive. After all, I witnessed everything when I sat over there. Ms. Yates, don’t you think you should apologize to us?” Remington slammed the table and questioned her sternly.

“Well...” Crystal never thought that her evil schemes against me would backfire. At that moment, she was startled, and tears welled up in her eyes. She gazed at Remington imploringly with her pitiful eyes as though she was wronged.

“Remington, forgiveness is a virtue. Let me apologize to you on Crystal’s behalf. Please do her a favor and forgive her for once!” Spencer pulled Crystal to his back to protect her and confronted Remington.

