

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 476

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I had just pulled the safety belt out, but Christopher was already helping me buckle up. When he was done, he kissed me on my cheeks before he started driving.

“Did something happen to Monica? Where is she going?” I asked as calmly as I could, but the mere mention of Monica sent me on high alert. That woman had tried to kill me multiple times, so every time she and Crystal were brought up, I’d pay attention so I wouldn’t fall for their schemes ever again.

“She’s going to Anglandur to work as a pianist. She’s exhausted the domestic opportunities, and Anglandur provides a better environment for her. She can perform better overseas,” Christopher answered calmly.

Hmm, so she would be going overseas for years. Is she finally giving up? I was surprised if that was the case since she never stopped trying to get rid of me. If she wanted to, she could set me up so badly and get Christopher to marry her.

But now she’s going overseas? I was reminded of the news I saw before. The Avenport incident garnered a lot of attention the moment it was reported. Most people didn’t mind who the mayor was, but for people like us, this change propelled the Lane family to greater heights.

That was why Christopher had been busy these past few days. He didn’t have time to handle Crystal’s matter, so he asked his assistant to settle it for him.

The Walkers’ failure meant Monica’s failure too. Is that why she left Avenport?

My prolonged silence was perceived as an act of jealousy by Christopher, and he chuckled. “You’re getting jealous again, aren’t you? My mother ordered me to send her off, or she’s disowning me. I can’t go against her, can I?”

“I’m not jealous. She’s still your sister after all, even though you aren’t blood related. It’s normal to send her off.” He must be really sad. After all, he grew up with Monica, but all of a sudden, he found out she has been scheming to get her hands on the Lanes’ power and wealth.

If the Lane family was the one who lost the battle, we couldn't have even lived in peace. Fortunately for us, Crystal's scheme was exposed, and thanks to her, the three families' alliance with the Walkers ended in failure. If they managed to work together, the Lanes might have been the ones who lost everything.

When we arrived at the lobby, I decided to stay in the car. "I don't think I should go. Monica wouldn't want to see me at this moment, so I'll be waiting right here."

"Someone seems very confident." Christopher arched his eyebrow.

"Oh, just go. She's waiting for you." I pushed Christopher, closed the door, and waved at him. He valued the people close to him, so I knew he wouldn't cheat on me or anything.

After he was gone, I wanted to play some Candy Crush to kill the time. But before the app could load, someone knocked on the car's window. I thought we were getting in someone's way, so I nudged the car closer to the sidewalk.

But even so, the knocking didn't stop. Curious, I looked up from my phone, but what I saw nearly triggered a heart attack? Who the heck is out there? Oh, wait. Monica? Isn't she in the lobby? Why is she here?

She was waving at me, so I opened the door and pointed at the terminal. "Chris is inside. You can look for him in the terminal."

"I saw him." Monica looked at me, her gaze complex. "But I'm here for you."

"Me?" I stared at her in confusion, since I didn't think there was anything we could talk about.

Monica was wearing a casual tracksuit, but even so, that couldn't hide her beauty. "I don't think I should see him, since I did... a lot of things. Julia and Chris shrugged it off, but I can't bring myself to see them. Which brings me to you." Her eyes were filled with sadness and guilt, and when she brought Christopher up, her voice broke.

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"Say, what do you want to tell me? I'll see what I can do," I answered seriously.

Monica wiped her tears off and smiled. "That's fast. Aren't you worried I might ask for an impossible favor?"

"If you do, I'll just refuse. But if it's something menial, I can help you out if I get the chance. Christopher still sees you as his sister after all." I rolled my eyes. "I'm not an idiot, you know," I mumbled.

"I know you can do this. It's a simple request." My answer amused her, and she laughed. When she was done laughing, she handed me a little box. "Tell him I said sorry. He's a great brother, but I let him slip from my hands unknowingly. This is my parting gift for him.

"I'll be going overseas to pursue my dreams and career. My mentor told me I can rise to greater heights as long as I work for it. Alas, love made me stop my pursuit, but now that I've unloaded the baggage, it's time to resume the pursuit for happiness."

"I'll relay your message to him, but I think he'll be happier to hear you tell him yourself. No matter what, you two grew up together, and you're just like a sister to him. He won't mind the little details."

It had been a while since I last saw Monica, but her change was tremendous. She used to be arrogant and ostentatious, but she looked calmer and restrained now. She was as soft spoken as ever, but her newfound calmness added to her charm. If I didn't know better, I would have thought she was a goddess on earth. In zoomer terms, she passed the vibe check hard.

The more I looked at her, the more insecure I was. Yes, I was hot as well, but I was nothing compared to Monica. "Good thing I'm not friends with you. It's gonna be hard standing beside you. I mean, you'd steal the limelight all for yourself," I muttered under my breath.

Monica was surprised I'd say that, she chuckled politely. "You're an interesting woman, Yvonne. If it weren't for the history between us, I would have wanted you as a friend."

I scratched my head and smiled dryly. "We can still be friends now."

"Let's put that on the shelf for now." Monica shook her head adamantly. "Don't forget to invite me to your wedding. I'll be sure to attend it. We can be friends then."

Eventually, the announcer was calling all the passengers to board the next flight. It was Monica's flight, so she looked at the time and told me, "It's my flight soon. Take good care of Christopher... he deserves every ounce of kindness in the world. He cares for you a lot, so don't break his heart. If

you do that, I'm coming back from Anglandur to take him for myself no matter what."

"Then you can forget about that plan because you're never getting that chance," I gave her my promise, though I was slightly annoyed. I'd appreciate it if you don't crack that kind of joke.

"Goodbye, Yvonne." She waved me goodbye before going into the terminal. Just before she disappeared from my sight, I stopped her, "Are you sure you don't want to say goodbye to Chris, Monica?"

"You talk too much. I might just kiss him if we meet, you know. It'll make the headlines tomorrow, and you can do nothing about it, you dummy." She stretched her hand and poked at the air. It was supposed to be a thuggish move, but it looked lovely when she did it. Cute.

Maybe that was how Monica was really like. Honestly, I'd take that over her indifferent attitude any day. She was so down to earth.

As her flight took off into the skies, I stared up to see it off, until the airplane was nothing but a speck among the clouds. Goodbye, Monica.

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Christopher came back a short while later, but the first thing he did was call his mother. "Mom, she's not in the terminal." He sounded annoyed. "Are you sure you got the time right? I went around the place, but I didn't see her. Couldn't get through to her phone either. What? She's already gone? Hey, that's not my fault. I came as you asked."

The call obviously upset Christopher, so he kept quiet for a while after he hung up. When I patted his shoulder, he pulled my hand away. "Not now."

"Say, a pretty lady wanted you to have this. Wanna have a look?"

I handed the box to him, but he pushed it away without even looking at it. "Now now, Eve. There's this lump in my throat, but I can't make it go away. Monica used to be this lovely little girl who came with me everywhere I went. We used to be really happy, just like how real siblings would. But now..."

"Then open this gift, and I guarantee the lump will go away." I poked him a few more times.

My insistence got the better of him, so he took the box from me and took the lid off. When he realized what was inside, he froze up for a moment. "Handmade truffle cookies?"

He quickly stared at me in shock, while I stuck my tongue out. "Told you you'll feel better. The lump's all gone now, eh?" I grinned.

Christopher popped a cookie into his mouth, and his eyes lit up. "Yep, she made this alright. She sucks at baking, but she's one tough cookie. No pun intended. I used to love handmade cookies like this, so she made it for me once. Tasted like crap though, so I only took one bite and shoved the rest to Zachary. Her pride was scarred, but she didn't say it. Over the next couple of months, she spent a lot of time making these cookies and baked a bunch for me on my next birthday.

"But since I was just a kid back then, I stuffed as many cookies as I could at every chance I got. By the time she gave me her cookies, the novelty had worn off, so I gave all of them to Darius. Didn't think I'd see this again. Brings back memories."

"She said she'd come back for our wedding," I joked.

"Why don't we get married as soon as possible? Then, you can see her again."

Christopher was shocked that Monica would say that, but his eyes shone with relief. "I see. She has really let it go, huh? Did she say anything else?"

"She told me to take good care of you, or she'd come back and take you away from me." I leaned on his shoulder and smiled. "Looks like I have to bring my A game now, or she might just take you away."

"And I'll still come back even if she were to do that." He wrapped his arm around my waist and gave me a French kiss. His tongue pried my lips open, had a taste of my mouth, and started waltzing with my tongue.

His kiss was strong and passionate. While he was kissing me, he pushed the seats down, so I had to lean back. As I responded to his kiss, I wrapped my arms around his neck so I could taste him deeper. Once we were done, he went to pull up the shades. "We're in a car park. There are lots of people here, so cut it out." I was breathing heavily, my face red.

"Relax. Nobody would spend their time staring at cars in a car park." Once he pulled the shades up, the car was plunged into darkness. After he turned the lights on, I realized he was already pinning me down against the chair.

He showed me a pack of condom. I thought he'd use it, but instead he snickered and tossed it aside before thrusting Christopher Jr. in me. Then he buried his head between my breasts, while his hands were touching my body all over.

"You said you wanted a child, so I guess we're doing it raw today."

His fingers felt cold and slimy as if they were snakes brushing across my body. The sensation made me shiver, and I glared at him. "I think I've been giving you too much free rein. Sabrina told me that women should be a bit more aggressive in sex, or men would get a big head."

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"So did I get a big head?" Since he was doing it raw, Christopher was especially excited about it. He was moving like a virgin who was having sex for the first time, or in other words, he was just ramming it in.

"I mean, one of your heads is thrusting me." I could do nothing but clench down on him as I try to make him finish.

"True, but I'm not finishing this soon. This is something to be savored." Christopher held my head and leaned down to kiss the corner of my eyes, licking the tears I shed.

Christopher came in me twice before he was done with me. After we came back, I started feeling like a failure. Sabrina had told me a lot about sex, but every time I tried to take her advice, I would fail. Crestfallen, I decided I'd stay in bed and do nothing. Christopher's gonna cook and feed me today.

But then a courier called me. "Hi, it's your courier here. Mind coming out to take your package?" I quickly took the package from him and opened it. The moment I did, a red invitation card laced in gold slid out.

Christopher came out of the kitchen, but he was still wearing the cartoon apron. When he noticed the invitation on the floor, he asked, "Is that a wedding invitation?"

I picked the invitation up and put it on my palms. This is finely made. The main color was red, and it was laced in gold. There was a simple drawing of a dragon and a phoenix in the center. After I opened it, I noticed the

invitation was written in a beautiful, elegant font. Judging by the artistic value alone, the words were enough to make this invitation a work of art.

It was an invitation for Ansley's art exhibition. The time and venue were also listed, but that didn't register in my brain, since I couldn't think of anything else when I realized what the invitation was for.

I've received the news two weeks ago, but I didn't process it then. Back then, Christopher was going on a blind date, then Julia forced him to get another fiancée. However, Christopher and I messed things up. I thought we could catch a break after that, but then the problem with Crystal popped up.

In the end, the invitation completely slipped my mind, but now that it was in my hands, I had a lot of questions to ask.

"What? What happened?" Christopher came over to take the invitation from me. When he saw the content, he was visibly happy for me. But when he realized I wasn't showing any reaction, he patted my cheek and huddled closer. "What? You are too happy that you can't talk?"

I shook my head and took the invitation back, then I led him to the sofa and told him to have a seat. Once he did, I hunkered down to meet him in the eye. "Chris, Ansley's assistant has called me two weeks ago," I said seriously. "They wanted me on his art exhibition. Ansley took an interest in Moonlight Heaven, so he wanted it to be exhibited during his exclusive exhibition."

"Well, that's good news then. You have proved yourself to the world. I knew you can do it. You're the best." Christopher had a broad grin on his face, looking happier than he did if he were to become the mayor.

I placed the invitation in his hands and whispered, "But I remember that you kept Moonlight Heaven in your bedroom after I gave it to you. So why did it show up in Anglandur?"

Christopher chuckled, then he huddled closer, his nose was just millimeters away from me. "Because that's the perfect spot for it." He grinned. "I can't let such a great artwork collect dust in my room, can I?"

"That's its perfect spot?" My eyes widened in shock. That's the same thing he told me when he asked for my painting. I never told Christopher about it after I was disqualified from the competition, but apparently, he knew what had happened all along.

"Yes. That's the perfect spot for Moonlight Heaven." Christopher opened the invitation and smiled.

“Will you come with me then?” I asked dumbly.

“It’s your exhibition, so of course I’m going. I’ll bear witness to your glory.”

That made me tear up. Of all the things he told me, that was the one that hit the hardest and sweetest.

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Ansley’s art exhibition had brought endless inspiration to me. I cooped myself up in the house to study the various techniques of painting, as well as to study some related information.

Right then, I earnestly hoped for a master’s guidance. Even though I could learn it all on my own, I knew that my learning process would be much accelerated if there was a master guiding me. It seemed like my Eastsummer trip was wasted though, and Crystal did not seem to appreciate it enough.

I stayed at home for three days, and my draft drawings were strewn across the floor. I drove myself to exhaustion and snuggled myself into the blanket to sleep. Christopher dragged me out of my blanket and dressed me up as he said, “Follow me.”

“Where are we going? I have new inspiration popping into my head today, and I’m not going to let it go to waste.” I rejected the man outright, knowing full well that my bloodshot eyes were quite scary.

“Fine. I’m going to go myself if you don’t feel like going then.” Christopher wiped my face and went to open the wardrobe. Just when I thought he was really going to leave me alone, he made his way over and draped a coat over me. Oblivious to what he was about to do, I yawned and was about to add a few strokes to my artwork yesterday. However, Christopher came over and slung me over his shoulder.

Stumped, I shouted, “What are you doing?”

“I’m heading out. It’s none of your business,” Christopher said impassively.

“Da*n it. I couldn’t care less if you’re going out. Why did you carry me on your shoulders though?”

Christopher did not pay heed to my protests and carried me to the car. He secured my seatbelts and stepped on the pedal. I was taken aback by the speed, and could not help but notice that his impetuous manner kind of resembled Sabrina sometimes.

“Where are you taking me?”

“To see someone very important,” he said.

I guessed that he was going to bring me to see his best friends but only realized that he was taking me to see two quite old friends instead. One was the famous painter, Spencer Lynch while the other one was the incredibly skilled painter, Remington Fowler.

“What are you getting at?” I pointed at the two and asked Christopher.

“You’re participating in an art exhibition soon, and is always yapping on about finding some seniors to guide you. I just think that these two are qualified to do so. Feel free to ask them any questions. Should they fail to answer you, then you just scold them.” Christopher wrapped his arms around himself in a domineering manner.

“Ha-ha.” I let out a dry chuckle, not at all amused by his suggestion. Did he just say that these two were just qualified? Was he oblivious to the fact that most people would be over the moon to be able to get the guidance of these two at the same time? I would not even dream of scolding them both.

“Greetings, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Fowler. It’s been a long time since we last met. Thank you for helping me out at the art exhibition last time. I haven’t been able to thank you guys enough as I’ve been occupied.” I walked over and greeted the two reputable painters.

However, I noticed that Spencer was not quite comfortable looking at me, and he did not even seem like he wanted to talk to me. Was Christopher certain that he had helped me?

“You’re most welcome, Ms. Tanner. I’ve always admired your artwork. Even though your sexual orientation is quite a mystery, and you seem to swing both ways, but I’m quite liberal in that aspect. Hence, I could understand and respect your ways. I just hope that you’re not the type to engage in messy romantic affairs,” Remington said as he shook my hand.

I almost choked on his words. What did he mean by my sexual orientation was a mystery? And what was up with him thinking that I was inclined to engage in messy romantic affairs? I’d only messed with Christopher, okay?

"Thank you, Mr. Fowler," I said dryly. I did not know what else to say, to be honest.

Christopher chuckled out loud upon hearing what they had to say. He did not seem like he had any intention of clearing the air as he piled on deliberately and said, "Remington, don't worry. She won't dump me."

When the two were not paying close attention, I took the liberty to step on Christopher's toes, making him jump in pain.

Meanwhile, the two of them were discussing some golf techniques, and turned around to ask, "What's the matter?"

"A mosquito bit me on my toes," Christopher hugged his legs and joked.