

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 481

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"You're wearing leather shoes, right? It's kind of amazing that the mosquito could still pierce right through it."

"Of course. They don't come at me if I don't have delicious blood," Christopher chuckled.

That brat is so full of himself.

It was good weather for golf. The sun was not too bright, and there was some light breeze as well.

I sat on the chair with my eyes half-closed. I had made an appointment to go to the art studio with Remington and Spencer the day after tomorrow. I supposed I could have a lot to gain from the two and was quite looking forward to it. Even though Spencer was still giving me the half-pleasant face, I knew that he was not so hostile to me as before.

First impressions played a pivotal role in that, I presumed. After sipping on the tea that the waiter brought me, I decided to take a stroll under the shade. This rather high-class golf club had a swimming pool built among the forest, and also a dedicated live band, among other facilities.

I walked along the pathway when suddenly a drunk man staggered his way toward me. He bumped right into me. I was so shocked that I retracted a few steps back. However, the man reached out and dragged me right back into his embrace as he called out my name, "Eve, did you come looking for me? I miss you so much. I know that you still love me."

"Lyle!" I cried out loud upon a closer look. "What are you doing? Let me go! You're hurting me!"

"I'm never let you go again, Eve! We're man and wife! Why do I have to let you go? You love me, right?" Not only did he not let me go, but he tightened his grip around me.

"Eve, I regret it so much... That time on the deserted island, if it were you, you wouldn't have dumped me, right? I know you won't... You love me so much, and you're so kind... Let's go back and tell Grandma that we're going to organize another wedding. Both of us are going to be at the wedding. We still have our wedding photos. Let's go back."

Lyle was about to drag me and leave. Stumped by his attitude, I shrugged off his hands forcefully, and chided him, "What wedding? Lyle, don't kick up a fuss in front of me. We're already divorced."

"Shh, please don't say so. You imagined those things. We've been in a dream all along. As soon as we're awake, things will go back to what it was before, and we're still going to be together." Lyle looked into my eyes tenderly. The way he looked at me was like the way he used to look at Crystal.

"Eve, I won't be the jerk like I was in the dream. Don't worry, I will treasure you and love you so much."

He edged close and was about to kiss me. My patience wore thin, and I opened the bottle of drink in my hand and hurled it at his face as I bellowed, "Lyle, enough of this nonsense! Get the hell back to where you came from."

"No, Eve, you're mine... Why are you together with another man? Follow me back home now." Lyle acted like a child and dragged me along for some distance.

"Go back where? Why do I have to follow you? Lyle Smith, do you think I will come back running to you as soon as you realize you're wrong? You're just feeling indignant because you're never going to be able to find another girl who's as stupid as me who would treat you well unconditionally. As soon as you find another one who's more gentle or in any way better than me, you're going to dump me in a heartbeat and be together with her," I snapped.

Lyle was stumped and froze on the spot. Just when I thought he was going to come to his senses, he kept dragging me along and muttered, "No, I want only you. I don't want anyone else, Yvonne Tanner. I love you."

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I was starting to feel really dumb for my attempt of talking some sense into a drunken man. No matter what I said, Lyle was adamant about taking me away. There was no shaking that man off.

All of a sudden, another strong arm reached over and gripped Lyle's wrist forcefully. He felt the pain and finally eased on gripping mine.

"Mr. Smith, it's better for a drunk man like you to stay put. If someone mistakenly thinks that you're a pervert and beats you up, I bet the headlines are going to look very interesting tomorrow." Christopher hugged me around my shoulders and jeered at Lyle as he furrowed his brows. There was a clear hint of derision in his eyes.

"Christopher Lane!" Lyle gritted his name through his teeth. It was as if he was ready to devour Christopher. "You are a despicable scoundrel! You only got close to me so that you could get your hands on my wife. The Lane family is really a bully. I won't let you have your way!"

"Lyle Smith, you only have yourself to blame in the matter as I've given you a chance. If you had treated Eve well, why would I have any chance to come in between the two of you? Half a year was more than enough for me to realize how miserable her life was when she was with you. Since you didn't seem to appreciate her, why couldn't I let her be happy staying by my side instead?" Christopher crossed his arms in front of his chest and said coldly.

"How dare you say such a thing when you're the one coveting your friend's wife? Let go of Eve. She's my wife." Lyle was already drunk out of his wits as he kept slurring.

"You think that teaming up with Grandma and exposing those scandals would make me give Eve up. Dream on! Don't even think for a second that I have no idea about the filthy things you've got going on with Monica." Then, Lyle looked at me and said with a straight face. "Yvonne, don't believe a word he says. He's up to no good."

Vexed, I could not bear to listen to another word he said and interrupted, "So what if he's up to no good? At least, he wouldn't dump me in the hotel with another man right after marrying me. At least, he wouldn't leave me in the hands of kidnappers when I was in danger. Do you think there could be anything worse than what you've done to me?"

Lyle grimaced. It was apparent that these memories were not only an unbecoming past of mine, but also his, as they served to remind him how stupid he used to be. He looked intently at me for a few seconds before turning gentle once again, and he was almost begging me when he said, "Yvonne, I will change. Please follow me home and let's get married again."

"Let her go!" With a wave of his hands, Christopher somehow managed to crack the bones of Lyle's arms. Lyle let out a sharp wail and retracted two steps back as he hugged his arms and let out an appalling cry.

"Eve, are you alright?" Christopher then looked at me and asked apprehensively.

"I'm okay." I shook my wrist which was in pain from being gripped forcefully. In some distance away, Lyle was still clutching onto his arms with a pale face. I could clearly discern the cold sweat on his forehead even from some distance away. It must have been really painful for him. I could not bear to watch him writhing in pain and said to Christopher, "Do you know how to fix his arms? Please fix it for him. There's no need to pick on a drunk man."

"Do I look so petty to you?" Christopher chuckled and touched the tip of my nose lightly. "Don't worry, I didn't go all out on him. I just want him to learn his lesson so that he won't come looking for you again in the future."

Christopher walked over to Lyle's side and gripped his hands once again. There were not many movements on Christopher's end, but sounds of bones cracking could be heard once again. Lyle's sharp shriek ensued moments after as he bellowed, "Lane, you b*st*rd! Just you wait... Ah..."

Christopher let Lyle go and did not pay heed to what the man said. He walked over and circled me in his embrace and said, "Let's go. Remington and Spencer are still waiting for us."

I nodded and trailed behind him. After a few steps, I turned back to look at Lyle. However, I was greeted by a horrifying sight.

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Feeling sympathy for Lyle, I turned around to look at him when I was leaving. I could feel my body drained of blood as I saw Lyle clutching a gold club in his hand with a vicious look on his face as he was about to strike Christopher.

In face of the grave danger, I hurled myself at Christopher without hesitation to defend him. I felt the full force of the golf club's hit on my head. A paralyzing numb sensation spread from the top of my head to my whole body as I felt warm liquid gushing from the top of my head at the same time. The viscous liquid streamed into my eyes, making me unable to open them. I staggered a few steps and was about to fall.

"Eve!" Christopher reacted in the nick of time and quickly steadied me. Fury flashed in his eyes as he noticed the blood trickling down from my head. He turned around and kicked at Lyle. Then, he walked over and was about to punch Lyle in the face.

I held on to my head and called out to him, "Chris!"

He was blowing punches on Lyle right then. Upon hearing my call, he rushed back to my side and steadied my staggering body. "I'll send you to the hospital."

Lyle seemed to have finally snapped out of his drunken state. At the sight of blood trickling down my body and my bloodstained dress, he froze on the spot and finally mumbled, "Sorry, I didn't want to hurt you. I was j-just... I..."

Lyle was slurring his words yet again, and could not even form a coherent sentence. I paid no heed to his cries and merely said coldly, "Lyle, are you going to trample all over me no matter how good or bad you're doing? If you're doing badly, are you going to drag me to hell along with you?"

I had hated Lyle before but never had I felt such overwhelming abhorrence for this man before. How dare he try to hurt Christopher? How could he be so shameless?

"No, I didn't mean it, Yvonne..." he repeated the same sentence over and over again as he looked at me helplessly.

"Lyle, I've never owed you anything. If you think only my death is able to stop you from ever bothering me again, then you're probably going to be very disappointed. Not only will I not go to hell along with you, but I will live my life to the fullest. Everything you've done is out of your own choice. There's no use crying over spilled milk, especially when you're the one who's made that choice. Don't blame others for not keeping up with you when you're the one who to push them away."

I knew I should not have said such harsh words to Lyle when he was already down in the dumps, but I was really fed up with him continuously pestering me. I wanted to cut ties with him once and for all.

Lyle listened to everything I said quietly, and he finally calmed down. After I was done, he apologized to me once again solemnly and said nothing further.

"Lyle, our past is the past. Don't come looking for me again. Please leave some space for grace and dignity between us."

Spencer and Remington were shocked to see that my head was injured just after taking a stroll. My head was spinning the whole time when I was on the way to the hospital. Christopher looked utterly troubled. I poked him lightly and said in a small voice, "I'm okay. Don't worry."

"Quit talking." Christopher's face darkened as he stepped hard on the pedal. After getting off the car, he swooped me up and rushed toward the

emergency department. My bloodstained dress gave the nurses and doctors quite a shock.

"I'm hurt in the head. My legs are perfectly fine, though. Let me down. So many people are watching us," I said sheepishly as I burrowed my head in Christopher's chest.

"You're already not that smart, to begin with. Now that you have a big hole in your head, how are you going to be able to think straight from now on?" Christopher said angrily as he glared at me. Nevertheless, he placed me carefully on the stretcher and nagged, "It was just a golf club. I could have handled it perfectly. If he had managed to hurt me in any way with that stick, I would go look for Zachary tomorrow and ask him to give me a good beating for being such a weenie. What were you thinking? You shouldn't have tried to defend me."

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The doctor bandaged my wound for me. When he was disinfecting me, the alcohol caused my wound to hurt. I could have endured that pain, but when Christopher yelled so loudly, I felt indignant. With tears welling up in my eyes, I protested, "I'm worried about you, so I couldn't help but pounce over. It really hurts, but you're still lashing out at me!"

Christopher's anger dissipated in an instant. Sighing helplessly, he told the doctor to be gentler before saying to me softly, "I've told you multiple times to stop jumping into dangerous situations. Why don't you just listen to me? If you dare to keep getting yourself into danger, I'll have to teach you a good lesson."

I remained silent and looked pitiful. Christopher sat beside me, blew at the wounds on my forehead gently and said, "It's good that you know it hurts. In the future, just hide in my arms whenever danger arises. My hug will be warm and strong—it can be a safe harbor for you from any danger."

"You aren't superman!" I protested. Even the most powerful people could get injured, which was something I had realized most acutely on the abandoned island. Even a strong man like Christopher, who seemed so invincible to me, had times of vulnerability too.

Naturally, I would not tell him my thoughts.

Even though my head was bandaged, I wanted to talk to Remington and the rest about art. Unfortunately, Christopher did not give me such an

opportunity and chased them away, thinking that they were nuisances. I was speechless. He was the only person capable enough to do that after receiving their help.

"I know that you're classmates with Spencer, but what's your relationship with Remington? The age gap is quite big. Is he Darius' classmate?" I was curious about Christopher's relationship with Remington.

Christopher placed me on the bed, acting so meticulously that it was as if I could not take care of myself. When I noticed his worried expression, I understood his feelings well too. After experiencing near-death situations, we were terrified that the other party would get hurt. To calm him down, I ordered him around. When I was hungry or thirsty, I would instruct Christopher to bring food to me.

"Remington is the child of my father's comrade. His family had always been involved in politics and the military. However, in the previous generation, everything changed and they started taking a liking to the arts. In this generation, Remington became an artist. When we were still neighbors, we fought before."

Christopher explained to me about Remington. Then, he shoved a piece of apple in my mouth and instructed me to eat it. I chewed leisurely on the apple, feeling like a queen.

I thought things would just end like this, but Sharon suddenly looked for me. Ever since she pushed me and caused Crystal to have a miscarriage by falling down the stairs, we had stopped being as intimate as before. After what happened at Crystal's wedding got exposed, I did not contact her anymore. All I did was bid her farewell before I left.

Hence, I was surprised to see her appear at the entrance.

"Can I go in and have a seat?" With her back bent, Sharon asked. She started coughing afterward, looking much weaker than before.

Watching her, I felt extremely conflicted. After inviting her in, I placed a cushion against the couch and told her to lean against it. "Why didn't you bring Josephine with you? It's rather inconvenient for you to come out alone."

"It's fine. I'm so old that no one dares to bump into me on the streets. Some kind ladies even offered to send me here when they found out that I was heading here." Sharon smiled. There was a hint of amusement in her frail voice.

"It's better to be careful. I'll call Wendy later and tell her to come here and fetch you home," I insisted worriedly.

The smile on Sharon's face faded as she sighed slowly. "I haven't eaten yet. Why don't you cook something for me? It's been ages since I've tasted your food and I miss it dearly."

"Okay, I'll do it right away!" I walked toward the kitchen. After a while, I realized that Sharon was wandering in the room, even picking up my couple bracelet with Christopher and scrutinizing it. Then, I returned to the kitchen again.

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When Sharon glanced around in the house, she noticed the couple items in the bathroom and the razors. A look of revelation crossed her face.

I prepared some simple chicken stew and some salad and placed them in front of Sharon. Perhaps because she was hungry, she quickly finished the food and praised my cooking skills.

"Chris loves chicken stew, so I learned a few ways of cooking it to make it delicious." At the mention of Christopher, a happy smile spread across my lips.

Sharon opened her mouth, wanting to say something. However, she suddenly stayed silent and insisted on leaving. When she was at the door, she glanced back at me and a desolate expression appeared on her face. Tears glistened in her eyes as she said, "I'm afraid that I won't get a chance to eat your food anymore. What a pity..."

"If you want to eat my food, just give me a call! I'll send it over," I quickly replied.

"There's no need for that!" Sharon kept shaking her head.

After sending her off, I returned to my bedroom, still completely puzzled. I could not understand why Sharon suddenly came to look for me. Does she simply want to visit me?

Later, I told Christopher about this incident over dinner. He burst out laughing and said that I was foolish. In the end, he even praised Sharon for being an understanding person.

Puzzled, I kept hounding him to tell me what exactly had happened.

“Did Sharon roam around the house and deliberately look at our shared items?” asked Christopher.

I nodded. How does he know that?

Christopher pointed at his cheek and I gave him a kiss. Only then did he continue, “Sharon must’ve been here to convince you to go back to Lyle. If her grandson keeps pleading with her to do that, she can’t possibly refuse him. Furthermore, she likes you a lot. However, after seeing our shared items, she gave up on her plan to ask you to patch up with Lyle.”

“Patch up?” I scratched my head. Back then, I did not realize that Sharon had such an intention.

“Old Mrs. Smith is quite sincere toward you. After all, you’ve been putting up with her.”

Although Sharon had harmed me before, I could never forget the instances when she was nice to me. If she was genuinely nice to me, I would definitely be able to sense it.

The wound on my forehead started to heal after three days, so I could just go out with a hat. Remington and Spencer had mentioned that they wanted to discuss art with me, so they certainly would not go back on their word. After knowing that my injuries were healed, they hosted a small party and invited the artists that they were familiar with. Then, informed me about it right away.

I just want to paint with them. Why did they invite so many people? I felt a bit uneasy. Troubles always occur when there were many people, so I was afraid that something bad might happen.

“Let’s go. If you want to stay in the art circle, the first thing you have to do is to enter it. It is rare for geniuses to isolate themselves. As for those who still became famous living in isolation, their talent was usually discovered only after their deaths. Do you want to be a famous artist only after you die?”

What Christopher said was logical, so I could not refute him. When I attended the party in the afternoon, I brought a set of painting tools which he had bought for me. I did not bring anything else, not even Christopher.

I thought that I might become useless after being taken care of by Christopher. In fact, I would depend on him for almost everything that I did. This was not a good sign—I should be more independent.

The party was held in Remington's house. Confident and excited, I strode into the mansion.

"If you still haven't come, Spencer would call Mr. Lane and throw a tantrum. He arrived the earliest and claimed that he would definitely defeat you in art, so you'll know that there are people more talented than you. However, you arrived punctually." Remington invited me into the mansion and pointed at Spencer, who was standing in front of an easel.

Confused, I pointed at myself and asked, "Is there a sign on me saying that I'm invincible and arrogant? Did I make a public announcement for people to challenge me openly? Otherwise, why would he have such a thought? Do I seem very proud?"