

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 486

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Amused by my words, Remington laughed and shrugged. "Well, his fantasy about his first love has been shattered, and the culprit is just right in front of him. His pride can't take it if he doesn't do anything about it."

"Hah!" Other than rolling my eyes, I could not think of any other way to express my current feelings.

"Oh, right. There will be a few pretty girls at this party whom I had invited. Don't flirt around, okay? Something bad might happen," warned Remington seriously.

I pursed my lips, not knowing how to respond to that. Remington's thoughts were even more ridiculous than Spencer's.

"How did you come up with such a conclusion? Am I a frivolous woman? Or do I have some ambiguous relationship with a girl?"

"My friend said that your relationship with Crystal is the classic example of a love-hate relationship. It is only because both of you can never get together that your love is so tragically beautiful. After listening to her analysis, I thought that she made sense. So, you shouldn't flirt around randomly. It's terrifying when a woman turns evil."

I had nothing else to say.

After I greeted Spencer, he chatted with me politely with a grim look on his face. Then, he insisted on challenging me to a painting competition. This time, he wanted to compete on speed. As I had no objections to it, I told him to wait for a minute while I head to the restroom.

"It doesn't matter how much you try to delay it. If you don't compete with me today, I won't let you leave. Don't even think of escaping!" challenged Spencer at my back. I was rendered speechless. Who's escaping?

After I washed my hands, I left the living room and picked up my brush. Suddenly, I heard people discussing loudly behind my back, "What's going on? Isn't this a party for the prominent figures in the art industry? How can someone like her infiltrate this place? Look at how she's holding the brush! This is a blatant insult to the brush."

"Harvey, be more polite! I invited Ms. Tanner as my guest." When Remington heard someone criticizing me, he frowned and spoke up on my behalf.

"A guest? Remington, your taste is becoming worse. Back in school, at least you invited pretty girls. Why are your preferences so absurd now?" Harvey sauntered into the crowd and noticed that most of them were familiar faces. He pursed his lips and continued, "All of you are willing to act as the side characters out of courtesy for Remington. However, the main character is downgrading the entire party."

"Harvey, stop messing around. We're about to compete. Let's talk after our competition. You can say whatever you want and it'll be none of my business!" bellowed Spencer. It was obvious that he felt extremely anxious. After his competition had been interrupted multiple times, he was starting to lose his temper.

"What's there to compete about?" Harvey walked toward the canvas. Seeing how I was still standing there, he mocked, "Right, Ms. Tanner? Only elites are present in this party. Don't you think that it's inappropriate for you to be here?"

"We can only find out after the competition. Since you think that I shouldn't be here, why don't we have a competition too?" I raised my head, feeling all pumped up because of this man.

Perhaps it was because I was holding a brush, I declared arrogantly, "We'll know who the real deal is after testing it out! Why don't we have a painting competition? You can decide on the topic."

"Don't be rash, Yvonne," shouted Spencer and Remington simultaneously as a worried expression crossed their faces. I shook my head at them and smiled reassuringly.

"Don't be a sore loser, then. I won't go easy on you just because you're a woman," mocked Harvey.

While I went to choose my brushes and paints, I asked Remington, "What's wrong with Harvey? Why is he targeting me? We've never even met before! Have I offended him?"

He glanced at Spencer standing at the side. When I saw her awkward expression, I got a sudden revelation and asked, "Is he a very good friend of Crystal's?"

"No, he's Crystal's ex-boyfriend." Remington added, "You shouldn't have accepted his challenge. Although he isn't as famous as us, he's the strongest amongst us all. Even our teacher has said that we're not as

talented as him. If you lose to him, it might be hard for you to make a name for yourself in this industry in the future.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 487

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Love Coming from the Least Expected](#)

I was confused. “Why isn’t such a talented painter like him famous?”

Spencer adjusted his glasses and explained in a melancholic tone, “He gave his painting to Crystal because she wanted to be the champion for a particular art exhibition. Only I knew about this incident.”

If Crystal was right in front of me, I would wish for nothing more than to show her a thumbs-up. I had to give it up to her—she might not be capable in other domains, but she was extremely skilled in charming men. It was a type of talent to hoodwink so many men and make them do bad things for her willingly.

“Will I suffer a terrible defeat, then?” I started to feel anxious.

“It all depends on fate,” gloated Spencer.

Remington frowned, showing that he did not think that I had a high chance of winning. My palm started to sweat while I gripped my brush. Then, I glanced at Harvey, who was twirling his brush casually and staring at me in disdain. Immediately, my anxiety disappeared.

Although I had stopped painting for years and did not produce any artwork for six years, my skills back then were top-notch. Before Christopher left, he even cupped my face and said that I was the best.

Since I was the best, there was no reason for me to fear a challenge. I walked to the canvas briskly and twirled my brush skillfully.

“What do you want the challenge to be about? Flowers or phoenixes?”

“Phoenixes! I hope that you can manage to draw more.” Harvey laughed in contempt.

“What? Phoenixes?” The crowd went into an uproar. Someone even exclaimed, “When we were competing to draw phoenixes, Harvey was the fastest amongst us all. Not even Remington could compare to him! Yet, he’s challenging someone to this! Isn’t that bullying?”

“Yeah, this is his signature skill. Looks like Ms. Tanner will definitely lose.”

Although I heard what they were saying, I felt extremely calm and was not affected at all. There were many types of art challenges. Amongst them, drawing flowers and phoenixes were the most common. Drawing flowers put one’s artistic skills to the test, while drawing phoenixes not only depended on one’s skills but also on speed.

The painter who could draw the most diverse phoenixes within half an hour, and produce the most aesthetic masterpiece would win.

When I was learning art, I had spent half a year just drawing phoenixes. I did not know how quick I was, but I would definitely not fear any challenges.

After the timer was set and the challenge began, I calmed down. All that was left were the blank canvas and paints right in front of me. My brush flowed against the canvas, painting it in different colors. The strokes did not seem to follow any pattern, but in reality, they all fell in place in perfect synchrony.

A huge fiery phoenix was soaring in the sky, its blazing tail floating behind it. A flock of birds followed it—some were flapping their wings eagerly, some had their beaks open mid-chirp, and some were gazing wistfully at the majestic phoenix.

I could hear people speaking beside me, with a few exclaiming in shock. However, I ignored them. The way I held the brush was not a mistake. There existed a famous painter in Hawen a hundred years ago who held the brush in the exact same manner. I was not deliberately trying to copy him, but I had realized that this grip suited me a lot.

When I finished sketching the last two birds, I heard Remington yell, “Take note that there are only ten minutes left!”

As I had not finished coloring the two birds, I started to panic and accidentally knocked over the black paint beside me. When the paint spilt across the canvas, the entire venue fell silent. Everyone was shocked by what I had done—irregular black patches had appeared on the canvas.

“Oh no!” I yelled out in shock. If there were irregular patches of paint on the canvas, my artwork would be disqualified.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 488

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Love Coming from the Least Expected](#)

"Hmph! You have overestimated yourself!" I heard Harvey mocking me. Glancing back at the canvas, I gritted my teeth, grabbed my brush, and started sketching rapidly. The splatter of black paint could become a black cloud after some edits.

I was so anxious that sweat dotted my forehead. Within those brief ten minutes, my mind had never been so clear. When Remington announced that the time was up, my brush fell on the ground. As I was drawing too fast, my fingers became stiff and I could not even maintain a firm grip on the brush.

After those six years, not only had my painting skills deteriorated, but my fingers were also unwilling to cooperate with me. I felt sad when I looked at the fallen brush on the ground. Why did I waste six years of my life?

"There's no need to judge, right? I've won!" Standing in front of his artwork, Harvey crossed his hands over his chest and laughed mockingly.

I remained silent and merely stared at my canvas. On the night I left the Tanner family six years ago, I had drawn the exact same painting in my silent bedroom. Then, I tore it into shreds and threw them into the dustbin. That was my farewell to my art career. Yet, this time, I knew that I had truly returned.

"Let's just leave. There's no need to gather here anymore! Since the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest is being held now, why don't you spend more time drawing and exhibiting your paintings? You can even participate in a charity auction and do something good. Anything's better than mingling around with undeserving people!"

With that, he tossed his brush aside and turned to leave.

"Wait!" Spencer and Remington stopped him at the same time and pointed at my painting. "Before you leave, aren't you going to see what your opponent has painted?"

"What's there to see? She's so careless that she spilled paint during the competition! Such a stupid mistake is enough to make her disappear from this circle. How can a stained artwork still be exhibited? This is ridiculous!" Although that was what Harvey said, he still turned around and glanced at my painting.

"Huh?" He mumbled softly before running toward it quickly. Shoving me aside, he stared at my painting intently for a long while before asking, "How is this possible?"

“There are always people better than you, Harvey. Looks like you’ve lost to Ms. Tanner on your most confident skill. You should apologize to her for what you’ve said earlier,” reminded Remington after heaving a sigh of relief.

“How is this possible?” Harvey was still staring at my painting without even turning around. He kept repeating the same few words.

“Ms. Tanner’s painting depicts the phoenix being reborn from the ashes, while the flock of birds following it highlights this auspicious occasion. At the end of the canvas, you can even see a black dragon soaring in the sky. With black smoke puffing out of its mouth, it stares intently at the phoenix. This is a painting filled with so much meaning!” exclaimed Spencer.

“She actually transformed the black splatter of paint into such a realistic black dragon! Such skills and imagination...” remarked Harvey after staring at the black dragon for a long time. Then, he turned around and bowed toward me. With a serious expression, he apologized, “Ms. Tanner, I’m sorry for making such rude comments. Your skills and speed have surpassed mine significantly.”

“No, Harvey. I should be the one thanking you.” I stroked the canvas. The ink on it has not dried yet. Looking at the large painting, I suddenly felt an urge to cry.

Then, tears actually streamed down my face. “It’s been years since I’ve drawn phoenixes. You’re the one who reignited my passion and motivation!”

The party proceeded smoothly afterward. As I had displayed my superior skills, the others did not harbor any prejudices against me anymore and started to discuss art with me. I stayed on until the party ended at midnight. Only then did I leave Remington’s house reluctantly.

Although he wanted to send me home, I refused because I had already spotted Christopher’s car outside. Smiling, I walked toward it. However, when I opened the door and discovered Harvey inside the car, my expression froze.

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 489

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Love Coming from the Least Expected](#)

“Hi, Yvonne!” the arrogance on Harvey was gone and he sat while kicking his leg up, shaking it. He smiled and greeted me, then casually started to eat the snacks I had previously left in the car.

“Yvonne?” I blinked. I had the impression that I got into the wrong car until I looked at Christopher and saw him smiling gleefully. “You two know each other?”

Christopher helped me with my seat belts and handed me a glass of water as he said with a smile, “Of course. Harvey is Zachary’s cousin!”

“Oh!” I stuck my tongue out and made a face at Harvey. This guy ridiculed me at the party even though he knew Christopher? How despicable!

“Don’t look at me like that or Christopher will get jealous and hit me! I’m sorry for the mean things I said to you at the party. Please don’t take it to heart, okay?”

As Harvey had taken the initiative to apologize for his actions at the party, I decided to let him off the hook. After all, he was Christopher’s friend, and I believed in his judgment of people.

“I won’t. In fact, I should be thanking you instead! Everyone was able to accept me into that circle because of your help,” I replied with a gentle smile. Honestly, that was the fastest way to get into the circle.

“You really are an understanding person. Unlike some people who beat me up even after I helped!” Harvey waved his fist at Christopher as he continued, “Hey, Christopher! I’ve taken care of the job you told me about, so you better keep your promise and introduce me to some good woman! It’s best if you can find me someone as understanding as Yvonne!”

“Okay, I’ll introduce you to the hot girls on my team when I get back. I know you’ve been drooling over them for a long time now, but don’t get your hopes up! They might just reject you before you even make a move on them!” Christopher teased him.

“Job?” Thanks to the recent improvement of my intelligence, I quickly caught on to their words and pointed at Harvey as I asked, “Chris, Harvey, was what happened at the party your doing?”

“Why don’t you take a guess?” Christopher refused to tell me and flashed me a mysterious smile.

He didn’t have to say anything since the look on his face suggested that I was probably right. That left me feeling a little discouraged. Whatever pride I had up to that point in time seemed to have disappeared without a trace, and I asked in displeasure, “And here I thought I won because of my hard work... Turns out it was just you going easy on me and losing on purpose...”

Harvey's expression became serious instantly, and he said with a stern voice, "Yvonne, you're underestimating yourself. I never went easy on you."

Seeing the look of disbelief on my face, Harvey rubbed his nose and continued reluctantly, "I was planning to go easy on you at first. However, I knew I shouldn't underestimate you the moment I saw how you were holding the brush. Christopher sure is mean, putting me against a skillful opponent like you. I can't believe I was stupid enough to taunt you, only to lose both my pride and the match in the end. Yvonne, you'd better get me a decent wife in return!"

Looking at Harvey's gloomy expression and droopy head, I chuckled and patted my chest confidently as I said, "Don't worry! Just leave that to me! I promise that I'll make your dream come true!"

A few days later, Christopher and I boarded the plane to Anglandur. As the Ansley Art Exhibition was being held in a bustling area of Norham, there was someone to receive us the moment we stepped out of the car.

I couldn't restrain the excitement in my heart and felt like I was dreaming. Noticing how nervous I looked, Christopher gave me a gentle pinch on the nose and said with a smile, "Why do you look so worried? You should go in there looking all proud and arrogant as you mop them all up!"

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 490

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Love Coming from the Least Expected](#)

I rolled my eyes at him. "What are you saying? I'm just here to attend an art exhibition, remember? If anything, I'll just mop up the local delicacies!"

I then reached my hand out toward him and said coquettishly, "Won't you get me some flowers, Darling?"

"What flowers would you like? Are there flowers unique to Norham?" Christopher asked his assistant standing next to him.

I let out a huge sigh when I saw the group of assistants standing behind him like bodyguards and staring at us respectfully. Julia had insisted that Christopher bring his assistants along so he could make a deal with a major client in Anglandur. With that, our sweet little vacation was ruined.

"I want a bouquet of roses made out of money so I can shop till I drop!" I said with my head tilted to one side and tried to look as cute as possible.

Christopher arched an eyebrow and burst into a chuckle when he heard that. He then held my hand and gave it a gentle kiss as he said, "Yes, my queen."

I stood on tiptoe and was about to kiss him as a reward, only to have a familiar figure walk past us. She was dressed in Norham's most fashionable dress and had a shiny pendant around her neck.

She still had that gentle yet strong smile on her face from fifteen years ago as she made her way forward.

Although I had only caught a glimpse of her face for a split second, I was able to recognize it instantly. I saw it a lot in my dreams, and I would end up crying from how much I missed my mom as well as the happy life I once had.

"Stop that person! Hurry!" I shouted while shoving Christopher aside and pointing in front of us.

"What's wrong?" Christopher looked in the direction I was pointing at.

"That person... She..." I was stuttering and stammering so badly from shock as I didn't expect to see my mom upon arrival in Norham.

Seeing as the woman in the dress was about to disappear from sight, I brushed Christopher off and ran toward her as quickly as possible. I could hear the wind whooshing beside my ears, but I wasn't fast enough to catch up to her.

So, this is how much I miss her and love her... Despite what I usually say about hating her, I still love her deep down inside. God knows how many nights I've spent wondering why she left me back then. Now that I've seen her in person, all I can think of is how much I miss her. I want to know if life has been treating her well, because that's all that matters.

The street was bustling with people, and I soon found myself losing sight of her as I desperately pushed my way through the crowd. "Mom, stop! Please! Isabelle Anderson! Hold it right there!" I shouted as I kept on running, but the woman didn't seem to hear me at all.

She then got into a car that was parked on the side of the road, and I could hear the engine starting up. Realizing I was about to lose my only chance at catching her, I ran toward the middle of the road.

"Watch out, Eve!" Christopher who had been following behind threw himself at me and sent us both tumbling to the ground. I heard an ear-piercing screech from the car's brakes as it came to a halt in front of us,

followed by a string of profanities from the driver as he stuck his head out the window.