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At that moment, I was wondering how I would react if I found out that the man I loved with all my heart had an affair.

Of course, I wouldn't doubt Christopher's love for me for no reason. I was pretty confident that the probability of him having an affair was even smaller than the sun turning blue.

Is the lady one of his consequences for being a casanova in the past? Or is it because I've spent too much time in the Goldstein residence recently that he became thirsty? Is he doing this to quench his thirst?

While pondering whether I had failed my duty as a wife, I saw them entering a restaurant. As one would expect, I followed along stealthily. It was not a novel thing for me to do, as I had followed Crystal and him once before. That was also when I realized the many things Christopher did for me in secret.

When I approached the restaurant, I discovered that Christopher was not alone with the lady. To my surprise, the people sitting at the table were the ones I was familiar with, including Sean and a few of his comrades I met on the ship earlier.

Concerning that lady beside Christopher earlier, she was a mixed-blood. It seemed to me that she had lived overseas for quite some time, judging from her open-minded reception toward everyone at the table. The thing that shocked me was that she grabbed Sean's hand after finally returning to her seat. Is she Sean's friend?

I chastised myself for being petty and thought it was not a big deal for a friend to hug Christopher. However, what startled me more was that Lucas was at the table too. What is he doing here? It doesn't look like he can fit in with this group of people at all.

"Yvonne!" As I turned around, wanting to leave, Christopher's voice sounded from behind.

I wanted to flee there and then, but I glanced back in response and let out a couple of dry chuckles as I waved at him. "Oh, you're having a meal here too? What a coincidence."

Christopher walked over to me and wrapped his arm around my waist. "What a coincidence indeed. Why didn't you greet me and throw yourself into my arms after following me for so long? What are you trying to do?"

Does catching an adulterer count? Regardless, I would never foolishly admit to the wild and speculative questions in my mind earlier.

"I wanted to know more about your life when I'm not around you. Anyway, I'm by your side now." I stuck my tongue out at him, leaning against his chest.

"I knew you're going to overthink whenever I'm not around you," Christopher said, tapping my head. "Let's go in and greet everyone in the restaurant."

I intended to refuse initially, but I also recognized that it was inappropriate to pretend not to know Christopher's friends.

Following the formalities, I sat beside Christopher and saw Sean place a glass of beer in front of me. "You have to finish this glass as a punishment for being late, Yvonne."

"No thanks. I can't hold my liquor." I rejected by waving my hand.

"Come on, Yvonne. Drink it. You're the only person left," that lady said to me as she handed the glass over. I declined her offer, but she was adamant.

"Are you looking down on us, Yvonne?"

"Um..." I looked at Christopher in a dilemma, not knowing how to react. That sentence from the lady was an indication that she was antagonistic to me. I was pretty sure that she had a thing for Christopher. Moreover, my woman's instinct told me that she must have had ulterior motives when she hugged Christopher earlier.

Still, my alcohol tolerance was honestly very poor. Judging from how the others were drinking, I would probably be drunk after two or three glasses.

"I'll drink on her behalf!" Christopher intended to take away the glass meant for me.

"You can't do that, Christopher. It's only a glass of beer. You're being too protective of Yvonne." The lady insisted that I should drink the beer.

I lowered my gaze in displeasure upon hearing those words and acknowledged one thing—a woman would never show mercy to her love rival. I lifted my head and raised that glass of beer while staring at the lady. “Well then, let’s drink together! Are you up for the task?”

“Of course! Let’s drink to our heart’s content today!” The lady agreed to my challenge without a hint of hesitation.

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Sure enough, I was drunk in the end. As one would expect, I made the lady drunk as well before I got myself drunk. Although we were both trading insults against each other, the others did not interfere when they saw us drinking open-heartedly. That was mainly thanks to their forthright personality as soldiers.

I listened to Christopher reminiscing about his army days with Sean and the others. Seeing that the lady was still badgering me to drink with her, I placed my hand on Christopher’s waist and squeezed it with all my strength. Hmph! I’ll make you pay for flirting around!

“Let’s have another one!”

“You’re a formidable woman indeed, Yvonne! How about we down a whole bottle of beer?”

“Bring it on! I’ll show you who’s the boss!”

Having a mad drunkard at a table was already enough to cause headaches, not to mention two drunkards.

Not surprisingly, Christopher was the one who carried me away from the restaurant. I was already excessively drunk at that point. By the time he placed me on the bed, I could barely open my eyes. Even when I managed to open them, I could only see multiple images of the same thing. “Wow! You’re like that mythic creature with numerous heads and limbs, Christopher! Impressive!”

“Hmph. I have something even more impressive,” Christopher responded, lifting the blanket and unbuttoning his shirt.

“What is it? Let me see.” I sat up from the bed and looked around his body. “What goody are you hiding?”

"I'm hiding some delicious milk. Wanna try?" Christopher spoke in a very suggestive way while touching my chin. When I felt his hot breath on my body, I flinched and pursed my lips. "Now that you mention it, I do feel a little thirsty. Where's the milk? Show me."

I gave a few pokes on his sturdy chest before giggling and pointing at my chest. "My chest is even bigger than yours. You can verify my words by touching it."

The saying that drunkards would act irrationally was accurate without question as I didn't even understand what I was saying.

As soon as he heard my words, Christopher removed my clothes straight away and left me stark naked. He groped my bosom and even squeezed them deliberately before uttering with a straight face, "They're big indeed. I feel like they've gotten bigger a little. This feeling is amazing."

"Right?" I let out a drunken belch and leaned against his chest feebly. "Where's the milk? I'm thirsty already."

"I'll give it to you now." Immediately after removing all his clothes, Christopher looked at me with excitement as if he was about to devour me. "The milk's right over here."

I lowered my head to take a closer look and questioned him in puzzlement, "There's nothing. Where is it?"

"You'll find the milk when you give this a kiss." Christopher put on an upright expression and pointed at his groin area. It seemed like he had no sense of guilt at all for coaxing a drunk woman to perform an unspeakable action.

Subsequently, I discovered that Christopher was breathing heavily. Then, I managed to taste that so-called milk, but I was upset with it and even threw a tantrum. "You liar! Your milk tasted freaking awful! Hmph! I'm off to take a shower!"

The second I jumped off the bed, Christopher grabbed my arm and pinned me on the bed. He then caressed my cheeks, a mischievous grin on his face. "I'll teach you to do something more interesting thing. Sounds great?"

His magnetic and alluring voice had successfully bewitched me as I nodded my head in obedience. "Don't lie to me again. I'll be mad at you if you do it once more."

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When I woke up the next day, I was so embarrassed that I stayed in the bathroom and was unwilling to go out. What I did last night was simply unimaginable.

To make matters worse, everything I had done last night would appear vividly in my mind whenever I closed my eyes. The man who's responsible for this is despicable! Yet, that man is my beloved husband. Argh!

"Hmph!" I stomped my feet on the ground in frustration. The only thing I wished for at the moment was to blot out those memories from my mind.

A few moments later, I heard a few knocks on the door as well as Christopher's mischievous laughter coming from the outside. "You've been in the bathroom for an hour now. Are you stuck? Need any help?"

"You b*stard!" I roared, covering my face, unwilling to turn around.

"Well, don't girls like bad boys? Besides, I thought you thoroughly enjoyed our intimate session last night. Come on. We're a married couple. There's nothing to be embarrassed about." Even without seeing his face, I could already imagine how annoying he looked when he spoke in such a teasing tone.

When Christopher mentioned the word "embarrassed," I went berserk and dashed over to open the door. Looking at the rascally smirk on his face, I pounced on him and hit his chest.

"You shameless jerk! How could you do that to me when I was drunk? I don't want to talk to you anymore." Christopher was not upset when I hit him. He held me in his arms and allowed me to vent my anger on him.

Consequent to that beating, I panted in exhaustion. Conversely, Christopher acted like nothing had happened and grabbed my hand. "Let's have something to eat. You can hit me all you want once you regain your energy."

"No! I don't want to eat anything!" I refused to eat breakfast and remained seated on the couch. Without any complaints, Christopher brought the food over and fed me. He was like the perfect husband a woman longed for at that moment.

Thanks to his loving actions, the fury in my heart dissipated. Since I didn't want Christopher to treat me as a kid, I took the bowl from him and devoured the breakfast he prepared on his own.

While eating, I noticed that Christopher was staring at me affectionately. My heart melted once again, but somehow, his expression was a little hilarious. I could not help but burst into laughter and reach out my hand to cup his face. "Your comrades' and employees' jaws will most definitely drop to the floor if they witness how you're looking at me right now."

"That's not a big deal at all. They will be so envious to know that I dote on my beloved wife so much."

"Enough!" I glared at him with a tinge of embarrassment.

"Say, why did you go to Goldstein Corporation yesterday?" Christopher questioned, holding me in his arms.

Christopher's question caused my eyes to dim a little as I recalled my conversation with Mark. As I didn't want him to be worried, I only picked the topics suitable to tell him, like delivering food for Mark. Later, I pointed at the bag I brought back yesterday and went on, "My dad has given me a few shares. I didn't want it, but he was very insistent. Have a look."

"Shares?" Christopher's expression darkened as he took out the document from the bag.

"Yep!" I put down my spoon and calculated something with my fingers. Shocked by the numbers, I continued solemnly, "I just realized that I'm worth billions! I can spend money lavishly for a very long time just by selling some of those shares. I'm not sure if I can get used to this."

"That's good news for you, is it not? Women are experts when it comes to spending." He paused, and after skimming through the document, he asked in surprise, "Are these what he gave you?"

"Yes. What's wrong?" The smile on my face faded a little when I saw a shadow cross Christopher's face.

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"No!" Christopher shook his head, his eyes glinted. "I'm just a little taken aback. Even though I have given you so much money, Mr. Goldstein is still concerned about you and fears that you don't have enough money to

spend. I mean, he even gave you such a significant dowry – isn't he afraid that I might just keep your dowry to myself?"

"Will you do that?" I teased him. Since I was not facing him, I was unaware of Christopher's upset reaction upon reading about the shareholding.

"This is entirely possible. I've recently decided to expand a few projects. So why don't you transfer your shares to me and I'll combine our shares to make a bigger profit? What do you think?"

"Huh?" I turned around to look at Christopher and asked, "Do you really want to do that?"

"Of course! Do you find it upsetting that I want to take your shares?" Christopher pretended to be in pain and sprawled on the table. He then said, "Poor me! My shares are gone and I'm trying to borrow money from my Honey, only to be turned down. So, what should I do next? I can't stand it anymore; I'm going to jump into the river!"

"Remember to bring me with you when you jump. Tell your beautiful assistant to draw up a document, and I'll sign it for you later," I said while lightly tapping Christopher's shoulder.

Obviously, I did not believe that Christopher would take possession of my assets. However, since Christopher stated he wanted it, I would simply give it to him. The naive me would not have an idea what was going on with these projects.

I then went to the office of Lane Corporation and completed all of the relevant procedures and formalities. I was not hesitant at all when it came to the signing. "If my dad wants to see me in the future, I'll tell him to contact you directly."

To avoid unnecessary trouble, it is best not to tell Mark about it. At that time, I had no idea about Mark's purpose in giving me these documents.

After a long time, when everything had happened, I realized it was all a scam and Christopher was the ultimate target. Perhaps no one would expect me to so easily hand over to Christopher something worth more than a billion.

I was feeling grateful at the time. I loved Christopher, and he also loved me. We trusted each other, and even if some bad things happened along the way, we would still have faith in each other. That was why we could get through our crisis.

I checked my phone but did not see anyone sending me a text message. The only message I had received was from Remington, who was urging me to finish the painting quickly. He asked me to stay focused on my current task instead of chatting with Christopher all the time.

I replied coldly to him: Mr. Artist, you do not understand the world of love. You should look for someone to share your artistic world with. If you don't, you'll be lonely when you get older, and no one will be by your side to appreciate your artwork.

As soon as Remington saw my message, he replied: Even if you're having a great time with your partner, you still need to finish your artwork. Aside from that, please tell Crystal to bring her artwork to me as soon as possible. I'm not just going to sit here and wait for her.

When I saw his message, I realized Remington was possibly aware of Crystal getting closer to my mom. After all, Avenport was only a small city and Remington's clients were rich and prestigious. It was only normal for him to know about it.

I let out a sigh. The thought of having to find Crystal for such things made me feel very uneasy. I must have owed Crystal in my previous life. Perhaps I was the one who took her life. Otherwise, why does she keep bullying me in this lifetime?

When I returned to the Goldstein residence, the housekeepers were concerned about me and asked where I had gone the night before. In contrast, my mom did not say anything when I did not return home last night. I was befuddled.

If she became overly concerned about me, I was afraid she would keep asking me about Christopher. If she did not appear to be worried about me, I would think she was so preoccupied with Crystal that she no longer cared about her biological daughter.

Perhaps this was a fundamental bad habit, but I still believed that the main reason I became like this was that the person who was always by my mother's side was Crystal.

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I removed the canvas from the easel because the painting from yesterday had almost dried completely and was nearly finished. However, it still took me another two hours to complete the part Remington asked me to draw. And just as I was about to sign on my work, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in." I put down the brush, turned around, and took out the other painting I had completed but which I also had not signed. I was still debating where to place my signature on both of my paintings.

"Is this the project you've been working on?" Isabelle's voice sounded.

"Mom!" I turned around and looked at the outside of the door and was relieved when I did not notice Crystal's presence. She is in good shape today. Looks like she's been resting for some time and that she's recovering. "Yes, I'm working on this for Remington's art exhibition. In the past few years, he has been the most influential young painter in the country. Since he rarely holds an art exhibition for himself, I can't mess this up."

"It looks beautiful." Isabelle walked over, gently ran her fingers across the canvas, and said softly, "You've always enjoyed drawing since you were a child. Just before important occasions or major festivals, you would ask me to buy you a different paintbrush. Not only that, but you would also study some famous works and try to grasp the painters' styles. At the time I thought it would be your short-lived interest, but who knew you would end up becoming such a talented painter? I am really proud of you!"

The pride in my heart suddenly rose beyond my control. I had been praised by many people before, but aside from Christopher, my mother's acknowledgment had given me the most joy. I was even more delighted than when I attended Mr. Sawyer's academic exchange.

"It's all because I've been well taught by you, Mom," I humbly said.

"I did not teach you any of this, you silly girl. This is the result of your own efforts. You are a wonderful young lady and I am pleased to have you as my daughter." Isabelle then approached me, gently tapped the back of my hand, and smiled. "You will be even more outstanding in the future."

"Thanks, Mom!" I replied with a smile.

"Oh, there's something I need you to help me with, but I'm not sure whether you are willing to," Isabelle suddenly remarked.

"What is it? You can just tell me, Mom. We are family. Do you still need to be polite with me?" I pretended to be angry and glanced at Isabelle before simply saying, "What exactly do you want me to do? I'd be happier than ever if I could assist you with something."

Isabelle was hesitating as she looked at the two paintings. It was either that she did not want to say anything, or did not know how to ask. I then said, "You can just say it to me, Mom. Really, it's fine."

Isabelle then sighed and said in all seriousness, "I hope that you will not attend the art exhibition this time and that you'd put Crystal's name on both of these paintings."

Thud! The paintbrush in my hand fell on the floor. As I heard what she said, I unintentionally staggered backward and knocked over the paint on the table. I was too shocked. That painting, which resulted from my collaboration with Remington, was instantly dyed with the spilled paint – it was completely destroyed.

I screamed and hurriedly tried to save the painting amid the chaos. Unfortunately, even the side I worked on was ruined by the paint. I stood motionless on the ground. After a while, I lifted my head with barely a smile and asked, "You're kidding, right, Mom? Is it possible that I misheard what you said?"

"No, you heard it correctly. I'm sorry, Eve. I understand how difficult it is for you to do this, but I hope you will do it for me. You are very talented and can create many more of these paintings. All you need to know is that your inspiration and talent are unique and can never be stolen by others. Am I correct?"

Isabelle did not hesitate when she said this. Her words shattered all of my illusions. I stood up and almost cried as I placed the ruined painting on the table. I was really disappointed in myself for feeling so wronged after only hearing one sentence of hers.

Perhaps I felt so devastated simply because the person who said it was my mother.

"If I turn down your request, will you be angry?"

"Eve, I hope that you will agree." Isabelle sounded firm. At this moment, she spoke like a boss talking to her subordinates, and I felt like I was being ordered to obey her command.