

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 401- 410

Sensing an awkwardness in the atmosphere, I was just about to persuade Remington, when we were interrupted by Crystal's dreary voice.

"Spencer, please do not be upset with Remington over me. It was my fault. I was worried about Yvonne and so I said something offensive. I'm sorry, Remington.

Harumph! Julian snorted and left in a huff, perhaps offended by Remington.

I was fortunate enough to be treated as a distinguished guest because of Christopher and was seated at the main table with Remington. Unfortunately, Crystal was also at the main table which irritated me.

There was a live exhibition as one of the artists sketched the scene of the mingling guests with just a few strokes of the pencil. I quietly stole a glance at Remington and then glared at him rather angrily. With a tone of displeasure, I said, "You can see quite normally, so why you pretended to be blind?"

"Not long ago, I had an eye infection. The doctor told me to avoid sunlight by wearing sunglasses. I did not deceive you on purpose." Remington smiled at me apologetically.

He was so quick to apologize that it made me seem rather petty. Immediately, I felt embarrassed. In a low voice, I said, "I'm sorry that I have misjudged you. It was my fault that you got a tongue lashing from Crystal. Thanks to your kindness, I did not have to make a quiet exit."

"That was nothing. Please don't mention it." Remington replied calmly.

"It is possible that this molehill would turn into a mountain." I had to warn Remington. "Just now, we were photographed by reporters. It is possible that the write-up in the papers would make it into something serious. I have a bad reputation, so you have to be mentally prepared."

"That bad?" Remington asked curiously. "Do you have a bad name?"

"Well, not that bad, but quite terrible!" Nobody has ever written nice things about me. Even my family members say that. "If the reporters ask you for comments. Just put all the blame on me. Haha."

"I can only tell the truth. As a man, I cannot put all the blame on a lady to avoid getting into trouble. That would be unbecoming of a man."

It was because of these words of his that Remington earned my utmost respect. He was truly a man of high morals and great talent, also someone beautiful, inside and out.

"Mr. Fowler, it's your turn to exhibit your skill. Please come with me!" A staff member of the organizers came close to Remington and whispered to him.

"Who will be doing the show with me?" Remington asked.

"It's Ms. Yates!" The staff member replied rather awkwardly.

"Oh, really?" Remington smiled as he glanced at Crystal who was ready and on standby near the easel. "Ms. Yates' skills are beyond mine. Can I invite someone else to complete the Four Seasons Collection with me?"

"Well..."

Lost in thought, I had a glass of water in my hand. Christopher had gone out for a long time and had not returned, so I was wondering what he was up to. Suddenly, Remington walked up to me and invited me to paint with him. I was initially taken aback and then, excited. "Can I? I might do badly and affect your painting."

"I trust my judgment." Remington led me right up to the easel and pointed at the canvas. "I've seen your paintings and I know you are imaginative. I'm sure you've seen the Four Seasons Collection before. All you have to do is paint on the left side and leave the right side to me."

I felt really lucky. Vigorously, I nodded my head. "Mr. Fowler, don't worry. I'll make you proud." Crystal stood glued to the spot with the paintbrush in her hand. She looked awkward and must have felt awful. This was probably what I meant when I quoted that "people who set traps for others get caught themselves".

I held the brush, feeling excited as I stood next to Remington, thinking about how I should start after he had painted his first stroke. Suddenly, my mobile phone started to ring. I picked up the phone and saw that it was Sabrina calling me.

“What’s the matter, Sabby?”

“Eve, something terrible has happened. Monica killed herself at home just now. She caused such a stir. You hurry over, or else, I fear my idol will be moved by her persistence.”

What? Monica committed suicide? My mind went blank and I asked anxiously, “Is she safe now?”

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In the end, I hurriedly left the banquet hall without doing any painting with Remington, the legendary figure I admired so much. I did not even have the time to explain to him the reason I left.

If Monica died, this suicide would come between the love Christopher and I shared and our love would be blemished. Even if we ceased to care about it, it would remain as a wound and a thorn in our hearts which could not be removed.

When Christopher came to fetch me, he saw how lost I looked so he patted me gently on the shoulder and said, “Don’t worry. She’s going to be fine.”

“Is she all right?” I asked anxiously.

“Doctors are doing their best to save her!” The expression on Christopher’s face was rare. There was no devil-may-care attitude and his elegant lips were pursed tight. He was in low spirits and my heart sank, too.

There was a crowd of reporters at the hospital entrance. Seeing our car approaching, they surrounded it, wanting to get some first-hand news. Fortunately, the Lane family’s bodyguards came on time and kept them at bay; otherwise, we would not be able to get into the hospital.

Outside the emergency room, Julia and the others moved about listlessly looking anxious and worried. When Mitchell saw me arriving with Christopher, he shouted angrily, "Christopher, why did you bring this woman? Don't you think she has already caused enough misery for Monica?"

"Mitchell, you're thinking too far ahead. Since Monica tried to take her own life because of me and Eve, we should come and check on her," Speaking harshly, Christopher hid me behind his back.

"You... Christopher, very well! I have underestimated you. You and Monica grew up together. She would do anything for you. Do you have no guilty conscience at all?" Mitchell was distressed. He looked at me as if he could swallow me alive.

"I said it very clearly before. She is like a younger sister to me. Mitchell, you should know that only too well." Christopher said in a calm voice.

"You... you..." These words drove Mitchell crazy.

"That's enough. Stop bickering. Monica is still in danger. Can you keep quiet for now?" Julia turned toward us, raising her voice. The way she looked at me was complicated. There was a lot of blame and anger in her gaze.

I felt that she was holding me responsible. After all, if not for me coming into their lives, Christopher might have married Monica and nothing of this sort would happen.

Still, how would so many reporters know about Monica taking her own life?

Quietly, I went close to Sabrina and asked in a whisper, "What actually happened?"

Sabrina glanced around before talking to me in a whisper. "Monica was on the top floor of the hospital just now when she cut her wrist. Someone happened to video record that scene which she kept yelling that she wanted to be together with Christopher in her next life. It was literally a live telecast and everyone in Avenport knows that Monica committed suicide because of you."

It was like a live broadcast! I felt a bad premonition. Why is this suicide incident so well-publicized just like Monica's confession? She is a public figure and so everything about the three of us will be the subject of gossip and discussion.

Due to my previous bad reputation, I would be accused of causing her death if Monica died. Moreover, I would be labelled as the third party who destroyed a happy couple's relationship for the rest of my life.

I was fearful and angry. If Monica really died, my relationship with Christopher would be over. Julia would never agree to us being together.

This move by Monica was really well calculated. She was willing to use her death as the price to drive Christopher and me apart.

"No, Monica mustn't die, she has to live." I gritted my teeth and swore under my breath.

No one knew how much pressure public opinion could have on one. In fact, it could even cause someone to end his or her life. Monica's mother died for Julia. If Monica committed suicide and died because Christopher married me, we could no longer live in peace in the face of public opinion.

For the first time, I realized that Monica was a more horrifying character than Crystal.

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Crystal always found ways to get the men around her to do her bidding, maximizing her charm, and demeaning me at the same time. However, I could defend myself so she often failed.

On the contrary, I was completely defenseless against Monica. She used the simplest method to cast a shadow on the relationship between Christopher and me so that we could not live together peacefully.

"Fortunately, she was discovered in time. The doctor rushed to the rescue as soon as possible, but the danger isn't over yet. Eve, please be alert. This is not that simple. There are reporters outside. I am afraid that the news tomorrow will be bad. It will be even uglier, so you have to be prepared," said Sabrina as patted my shoulder.

"I understand!" Just now, I already had a premonition when I got the news. Tomorrow, I will be the most talked about woman in Avenport.

The lights in the emergency room kept flashing oddly and unexpectedly, making the patient's kin and friends even edgier. I could not help but pace in the corridor, trying to calm myself down.

"She won't live," Christopher held me in his arms, speaking firmly and reassuringly.

I felt confused. Could Monica do something so extreme for Christopher, even to the extent of giving up her life? Everyone knows for a fact that life is so precious and so fragile.

Right at this moment, I saw Shelley coming over with a newspaper which she hurriedly handed to Julia. When Julia read the news, she raised her eyebrows and suddenly came over to me, giving me a slap right across my face. "You shameless slut! You have killed Monica and you dare behave in such a sleazy way in public!"

"Mom, what are you doing?" Christopher swept me into his arms protectively and questioned his mother seriously.

"Are you asking me why? Take a look for yourself. Don't you know that this woman whom you treat like the apple of your eye has betrayed you behind your back?"

Julia threw the paper in front of me. Mid-air, the picture on the paper could be seen to be the one taken at the banquet when I was with Remington after Crystal pushed me and he caught me just in time before I fell. From the angle at which the photo was taken, we seemed to be kissing.

The attention-grabbing title of the article was "Mr. Lane's Secret Wife Is Seen Kissing A Mysterious Man In Public. What Is Their Relationship?"

I had never expected the picture taken only just now by the reporter could be published in such a short time and so quickly seen by Julia. In fear and confusion, I looked at Christopher to tell him I had been wrongly accused. "I did not do it."

I did not mind anyone's distrust or suspicion. However, I totally care about Christopher having any misgivings or mistrust over me.

"You cannot deny this. They have pictures to prove it. Don't tell us you've only met this man for the first time." Monica's suicide and this photo weighed heavily on Julia's mind and she lost it. She raised her hand again to hit me.

I did not avoid her; instead, I looked at Christopher, still trying to explain, "I didn't do it. It was a misunderstanding. Chris, please believe me."

"Mom, calm down!" Julia's slap was stopped by Christopher who caught her wrist. "I believe Eve is telling the truth."

"Even now, you still believe her. She is a divorcee. If there is nothing wrong with her, why would the son of the Smith family divorce her? Chris, she must have cast a spell over you." Julia's eyes narrowed and her words became harsher. "You even obtained the marriage certificate without consulting us. If anything happens to Monica, I'll hold this woman responsible."

"Mom!" Christopher was furious as he said slowly and clearly, "Will you be happy only if I marry Monica? Are my wishes and my thoughts not important? Am I your son or is Monica your daughter?"

"Chris, I'm your mother! How can you speak to me in this manner?" Julia pointed a finger at Christopher, howling in fury.

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Anger flickered in Christopher's eyes. He held me tightly in his arms and gritted his teeth. "I don't love Monica. I've said this five years ago but none of you took it seriously. Do you want me to marry a woman I don't love according to your orders, just like what Darius did? Are you happy to see me living like a zombie every day? Are you satisfied with me coming back once a year? Is that what you want?"

Suddenly, a hush fell over us as Christopher said that. There was a dead silence, and only Julia's panting sound could be heard. Fury kept rising in Christopher's eyes. After a while, Julia suddenly reached out her hand and pointed at me. "What's so good about this woman? Are you willing to give up on your mom for this woman?"

"Because she's willing to die for me. She would rather die than hurt me. Because she loves me with all her heart. Isn't that enough?" Christopher answered calmly. He even asked if the reason was enough after his sentences.

I felt like crying. After all, he still came into conflict with his mother because of me. The two of them had almost fallen out. Monica had indeed come up with such a brilliant plan. She didn't even have to put much thought into it. Julia would go all out and seek justice for her. She could even turn a blind eye and pretend that nothing happened earlier.

"Monica can do whatever you've just said. Why can't you just accept Monica? She can't live without you. She'll die." Julia covered her face and started crying.

"But I can't live without Eve. I will die." Christopher looked at Julia and said in a deep voice, "Mom, I will not threaten you with death like Monica. However, I wish I could have your blessing because you're my mother, and you gave me life. Do you understand?"

"I... I understand. But what about Monica? What is Monica going to do?" Julia lost control and sobbed softly.

Christopher wanted to say something further. Without a second thought, I pulled his hand. Julia was his mother, so she shouldn't be forcing her into a corner. Christopher's attitude and Monica's persistence were going to hurt her.

"That's enough," I whispered.

He stroked my head gently and kissed me on the forehead.

All of a sudden, the door of the emergency room opened. Doctors and nurses pushed the hospital bed and walked out of the operating room. I rushed over almost immediately and grabbed the doctor's collar. "Doctor, how's the patient? Is she out of danger now?"

"Miss, please calm down!" The doctor said with a displeased tone as he pried my hand away. "The patient is still unconscious due to excessive blood loss. Fortunately, she was sent in just in time. She's out of danger now, and she will need to have a good rest. You are allowed to visit her in the Intensive Care Unit, but no more than half an hour."

"Thank God she's fine!" I heaved a sigh of relief. Suddenly, I felt weak and exhausted after being too anxious for a long time. I relaxed and leaned back against the wall, panting heavily.

“Stop being a hypocrite here!” Mitchell growled.

Julia followed Monica’s hospital bed toward the ward. She shed tears of joy and said, “I’m glad that she’s alive. As long as she’s fine, everything can be solved. Monica, please don’t do anything silly anymore.”

“It’s you, Julia. I’m sorry for making you worry. I was such a fool. Please stop crying. I was so sad when you told me that I have disappointed you yesterday. You’re like my mother. I’ve already lost Chris, so I can’t afford to lose you anymore. If I have lost you too, then what’s the point of living?” Monica said weakly, lying in the hospital bed.

“How could I ignore you? I was just upset. Be a good girl. Don’t ever do anything silly again. This is too much for me. You can do anything you want. We can figure things out together. There’s always a way out.” Julia wiped her tears away.

“Julia, I felt that I’ve completely lost Chris this time. What should I do? I don’t want to lose him.”

Upon hearing that, a strong feeling of hatred filled my heart as I was disgusted to the core. Despite what happened to Christopher, Julia still treated Monica like her own daughter. And yet, Monica was threatening Julia with her own life. Julia, a successful businesswoman somehow decided to compromise.

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Christopher and I were standing outside her ward. Julia’s sob echoed across the room. She really doted on Monica. To be honest, I was so envious of how she was getting love from an elder. It seemed that I didn’t have that kind of luck. Most elders never really liked me.

After a while, Julia pushed the door open and walked out of the ward. Then, she said to Christopher, “Chris, Monica wants to see you. Go in and talk to her.”

Christopher glanced at me. I nodded at him. “Just go. She isn’t emotionally stable now. Only you could calm her down.”

Christopher held my hand. He wanted me to go to the ward with him but I quickly stopped him. This was the worst time for me to go in. I was the last person Monica wanted to see.

"Go ahead. I'll wait for you outside. Let's go home together after this. Okay?" I smiled and gave him an encouraging look.

Christopher let out a sigh and patted my head gently. Then, he turned around and walked into the ward. A heavy silence fell over the corridor.

Suddenly, Julia started the conversation, "I've been treating Monica like my own daughter. Therefore, I don't want anything bad to happen to her. Do you understand?"

"I know!" I nodded.

"No, you don't! You won't understand. If Monica is obsessed with someone or something, she could be extremely stubborn and insane." Julia took a deep breath and wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes with a handkerchief. "I hope you can stop meeting Chris for these two days. Think of it as a plea to you from a mother. Ms. Tanner, can you promise me?"

At that moment, I really should have said yes. But Christopher was in the ward. We were only separated by a door. He could see us clearly through that door. I didn't want to let him down. I would never ever disappoint him for the rest of my life. Therefore, I shook my head and answered, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I have to let you down."

"Do you really have to drive Monica to death?" Seeing the determined look on my face, Julia's expression turned grim. "I've always thought that you're someone who is understanding. But I'm so disappointed with your behavior today. Ms. Tanner, even if you have Chris' protection, do you think you could be part of the Lane family if I don't agree?"

I gave her a helpless and wry smile as I pointed at Christopher. "Mrs. Lane, the man in the ward is my husband. You want me to give up on him and push him to another woman with my own hand. Do you know how cruel it is to him?"

"I've made it clear that I won't approve this marriage!" Julia paused for a few seconds. After that, she berated, "Yvonne, I won't let you hurt Monica again."

"Mrs. Lane, I respect you because you're Christopher's mother. However, I won't admit to what I have not done." I stared right into Julia's cold eyes and enunciated each word slowly.

“Life is so precious to me. I’ve struggled on the edge of death again and again. I’m grateful for being alive today. I’m so thankful to God for giving me an opportunity to be with Christopher.”

I took a glance at Sabrina and smiled. “When I came back from the deserted island, I was so afraid to face you. I once tried to back away from you. Then, my friend told me that nothing scares me if I have nothing to fear—not even death. What is there to be afraid of? It’s just that simple. I’m willing to die for Christopher. Hence, why should I back down?”

“Are you threatening me? Who do you think you are? You’re not Monica. It won’t bother me at all if you’re dead.” Julia scoffed and looked at me with disdain.

“Mrs. Lane, please don’t get me wrong. I’m aware of how precious life is. I would never act foolishly and take my own life. It just breaks my heart to see Christopher like that. Since you’re his mother, can you please put yourself in his shoes and be a little more considerate? His wish means a lot to me,” I said as I placed my hands on my chest, with a sincere look that no one had ever seen before.

“After all, you just want me to fulfill your wishes. Shut up!” Julia shouted.

“No. I will support Chris’ choice unconditionally. I will definitely not give up if he holds onto our love. Mrs. Lane, I believe you can understand how I feel especially when you were going against all odds to be with Mr. Lane back then.”

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In the end, Julia didn’t forcefully kick me out of the hospital with any tricks. However, she forbade me to see Christopher in the ward. I had no intention of going in too. Anyway, he couldn’t possibly stay in there forever. I would just wait for him outside.

“Eve, I thought that I could finally attend your wedding. I guess the course of true love never did run smooth.” Sabrina took me to one side while saying that with a sigh. She seemed to be more troubled than I was.

"Well, as you said. The course of true love never did run smooth." I smiled bitterly. Meanwhile, Zachary was at Sabrina's side all the time as if he was her guardian angel. The moment I got closer to Sabrina, he became extremely nervous. I asked in confusion, "What's with that look? It's not like I will get into a fight with you."

"It's not like that. He is just worried about me because he has just become a father recently." Sabrina smiled softly, patting gently on her belly.

I stared at her stomach for a second before coming to a realization. Immediately, I looked at her in surprise. "You have a baby?"

"Yes!" Sabrina nodded and whispered, "I wasn't feeling well after we got back from our honeymoon. So, Zach brought me to the hospital for a checkup. It just so happened that Monica was causing a scene at the hospital. If it weren't for her, I would be on a plane to Baykeep by now."

"Congratulations! It seems like I'm going to be a godmother soon. You have to be more careful now. Try not to go to crowded places." I had never given birth to a child before. But I had heard those matters that one should be paying attention to during pregnancy from some of my relatives. Therefore, I nagged Sabrina about it.

As Sabrina listened, her brows drew together. "Oh my god. Eve! Stop it! If you keep on saying, Zach will definitely force me to lie in bed every day and do nothing. He has already been so nervous to see me standing here right now as if I will be attacked by enemies anytime."

Indeed, Zachary was all tensed up. He looked like he was on the battlefield and I found him hilarious. If Christopher wasn't in Monica's ward, I would definitely burst out laughing.

"I think you'd better go home now. It's far from being peaceful here. What if some journalists come in and jostle each other? It's so dangerous." I tried to advise Sabrina but she was too worried about me that she was reluctant to leave.

"You don't have to worry about me. In fact, you should have faith in your idol. He is a reliable person." With that, Sabrina left after hearing my words.

After a while, I felt a little hungry. I then realized that I didn't eat anything at the art exhibition. My stomach was growling now. I guessed Christopher must be hungry too. We only had a light breakfast this morning.

Thus, I walked over to the door. Initially, I wanted to go back and cook something for Christopher. However, Mitchell's bodyguards stopped me before I could knock on the door to ask what he would like to eat. Apparently, they would never allow me to enter Monica's ward.

I pursed my lips as I was about to speak. But when I heard their conversation from the room. All the words I wanted to say were stuck in my throat.

"Chris, didn't you say you liked me before? There's just not that big a difference between liking and loving. Then, why can't we just walk through the rest of our lives together?" Monica looked at Christopher as she asked slowly.

"There's a huge difference between liking and loving. Monica, you shouldn't have done that. You shouldn't have pushed me too hard. If you keep forcing me into a corner, you'll just drive me away. The truth is, the distance keeps growing between us," replied Christopher casually as he leaned back on the chair.

"I was just trying to get my lover back in my own way. What's wrong with that? Chris, you and Spencer used to pursue me in the past. That means you have actually fallen for me even if it was just for a moment. Why did you choose to give up?"

Monica struggled to raise her arms. It was such a deep cut that hurt her so badly. However, she had no regrets. As long as she could make Christopher by her side, she didn't care if she cut her arms and bleeding.

"As you have said, it was in the past. Perhaps, I used to like you before. But you rejected me at that time and chose to be with Spencer, didn't you? Do you need my help to refresh your memory?" Christopher turned his head and looked at the blue sky outside the window. It wasn't some happy memory, so he couldn't even be bothered to think about it.

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"But Chris, we were kids. It doesn't matter what we did when we were kids, right?" Monica tried to justify.

"Why won't it matter? Spencer placed a bet saying that he could get you within a month. I pursued you because I was trying to protect you. However, you knew about Spencer's fake affection toward you, but you accepted him to take him away from your cousin. Why do you think I stayed away from you?"

"You hate me, don't you?" Monica smiled painfully.

"No, I finally saw through you. Under your kind and innocent appearance hides your hypocritical, vindictive, and narrow-minded self. I didn't want to use those words on you, but you should know better than me that you are not as innocent as you portray yourself to be."

Christopher lit a cigarette and took a puff. He put out the cigarette afterward after Monica started to cough. "Monica, you're not an impulsive person. No matter what you did in the past, you'll still be my little sister. You knew that, so why do you have to take the last bit of love I have for you away?"

"I did it for you! Christopher, why won't you love me? Can't you just love me? I even threw away my dignity for you." Monica grabbed onto Christopher's finger and begged.

"No, you did it for yourself, and I'm very disappointed with you, Monica. I didn't bother about what you did at the piano recital because I wanted to save you some face. However, you went too far this time. Do you expect me to marry you over some measly public opinions?"

"What you did only lessens the remorse I have for you, making it easier for me to confront you.

Monica shut her eyes and sobbed. "Chris, have you ever loved me even for a little bit? Please tell me."

He struck his lighter to flames, then covered the lid over to extinguish it. Christopher stood up and said confidently, "Never once!"

I silently froze as I retracted the hand that was about to knock on the door. Thinking that Christopher would be coming out shortly, I decided to wait beside the door. Those words that he said firmly to Monica relieved all the panic I had. I smiled delightedly and left the hospital.

There's nothing left for me to do here. As long as Monica is okay and won't die, I'll be fine. What I should do now is to go home and make dinner for Christopher.

When I was leaving, I paid particular attention to the front entrance and noticed a lot of journalists. I exited through the backdoor and got home safely. Fortunately, I wasn't famous, so no one would know me even if I were exposed.

After preparing dinner, I lounged in the living room, turned on the computer, and read today's news. That was when I realized the influence of Monica's suicide. The hundreds of millions of hits dumbfounded me, and her video topped the trending charts.

After pondering for a moment, I clicked on the video. She was standing on the rooftop of the hospital, looking into the starry sky. The video had a crisp clarity because someone happened to film the whole thing from a distance.

I had to respect Monica's efforts. Her plans were brilliant compared to Crystal's. With those angles and crystal clear clarity, it was evident that she coordinated this in advance to show the public that she was miserable, a woman having her lover robbed away by a witch. Needless to say, that 'witch' was me.

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When Christopher brought me to the hospital, he was calm and indifferent the entire journey. He firmly told me that Monica would not commit suicide, and I thought he was simply trying to comfort me.

Indeed, Christopher saw the video as well. With his intelligence, he must have found out about Monica's true intentions through the video. He knew Monica very well. It was just like what he said to Monica in the ward, that wasn't the way to love, but coercion.

In the video, I could hear Monica's desolate voice. She faced the camera with two drops of tears flowing from her eyes and said, "Chris, if I say goodbye to you right here, right now; will you remember me as the woman who once loved you dearly?"

"Ever since I found out that you're with Yvonne, I was in despair. I tried to forget you, but I couldn't. We have known each other since we were kids and we were childhood sweethearts. I thought we would be together forever. However, ever since you met Yvonne,

you've changed. You said she's the one you love, and I'm just your sister. But I treated you as my fiancé ever since I was eighteen."

"I know there's no such thing as first come, first served in love. But we were doing great before she appeared. Things will become awkward when there are three of us. I'm sorry, Chris. Goodbye."

The video stopped at that instant. They probably edited the following scene because it was too bloody. I frowned after watching the video. There was too much ambiguity in Monica's words. Nothing happened actually between Christopher and her, but I became the homewrecker responsible for destroying their relationship in her story.

My head started to hurt when I thought about it. I used to think Crystal was the troublemaker, but now, Monica was even more intimidating. The two must be in cahoots. One tried to destroy my career, the other tried to ruin my relationship, but I would never be a coward. I would let Christopher deal with this matter.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I packed the food in a thermal container and smiled heartily at the scrumptious dinner that I had made for Christopher. I gave him a call but he was still at the hospital, so I put on a pair of sunglasses and took a taxi to the hospital.

I circled to the back of the hospital to avoid the front entrance. When I was about to enter, a little boy suddenly passed by and accidentally tripped me over. I staggered a few steps before falling onto the ground. When I stood up, my sunglasses had already fallen off my face.

"Little brat!" I muttered as I leaned over to pick up my sunglasses.

All of a sudden, I was surrounded by a bunch of journalists. I didn't know where they emerged from, and the surrounding camera flashes blinded me.

"It's Yvonne! Yvonne from the Tanner family!"

I tried to slither into the hospital, but the journalists never gave way. One of them even grabbed onto my clothes.

“You’re Ms. Tanner, right? When you ruined the relationship between the new school artist, Crystal, and Mr. Smith from Smith Corporation, you separated them for two years. Now that Mr. Smith and Ms. Yates are getting married, why would you ruin the relationship between Ms. Martin and Mr. Lane?”

“Ms. Tanner, everyone calls you “The Homewrecker”. As a woman, why are you obsessed with ruining the relationship of others? Are you trying to pursue Mr. Lane?”

“Rumors are saying that you’re pregnant and that you’re using the child to pressure Mr. Lane into marrying you. Do you feel guilty about it? Your father already made a statement about your removal from the Tanner family six years ago and that everything you do will have nothing to do with them. Wasn’t that the time when you ruined Crystal and Mr. Smith’s relationship?”

I was overwhelmed by the bombardment of questions. I could only the word “The Homewrecker” reverberating in my head. Also, a journalist hurt me by pressing his microphone against my chin. He was aware of it, but he never intended to take it away, so I started to show a hint of ferocity on my face.

“Get out of the way! I need to get in! Please make way!”

“Are you ashamed? Why are you so obsessed with being a homewrecker and ruining other’s relationships?”

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The journalists’ incessant questions were getting on my nerves. As the crowd kept jostling about, someone hit my hand, and the thermos I was holding fell to the ground, spilling the content inside. The scent of caramelized pork ribs wafted across the air. Hey! That’s Christopher’s favorite!

“Can you give it a rest?” I looked up and glared at the journalist, but he wiped his hand calmly as if it wasn’t his fault Christopher’s lunch was spilled. “Ms. Tanner, everyone saw

you kissing with Remington back at the art exhibition? Are you dumping Mr. Lane for him? As far as I know, Remington is engaged. You guys have seen his fiancée, haven't you?"

The crowd erupted into an uproar, and the journalists started calling me names. They were using this interview as a pretext for their witch hunt. I could even hear the female journalists cursing me behind my back.

Just when I was about to cry, someone pulled me into his embrace, and a familiar warmth encased me. When I realized it was Christopher, I almost couldn't hold my tears back.

"Are you alright?" Christopher held me in his arms tightly, keeping the journalists away from me."

"I'm fine." I had nothing to be scared of now that Christopher was here.

The reporters were afraid of the look Christopher was giving them, so they retreated. However, they refused to leave, and some of the bolder ones asked, "Mr. Lane, are you really going to break up with Ms. Martin just for her? You know how much Ms. Martin loves you."

"Yeah, Mr. Lane. You shouldn't give up on a great woman like Ms. Martin just for a divorced woman. That's really unfair for Ms. Martin." A female journalist puffed her cheeks angrily.

Christopher looked at me. When he realized I was still shaking from fear, he patted the back of my hand to calm me down. And then he glared at the journalists. "I think you guys are getting something wrong. Yvonne and I are married. We're a legal couple now, so stop asking any irrelevant questions. If I get divorced because of this, all of you are getting it.

"We're all adults here, so stop with the childish act. Put yourself in my shoes. If someone tells you to break up with the one you love, just to be with someone you don't love because that someone loves you deeply, will you do it?"

The reporters kept quiet for a while after that. A moment later, one of them said, "Mr. Lane, that's not a fair comparison. Ms. Martin has dated you for years, but now you're breaking up with her because you got a third party? That's unfair for Ms. Martin."

"Shut your mouth!" Christopher growled, his eyes gleaming with cold murder. "You call my wife a third party again and you're getting it! I don't care about the consequences, and don't try to guilt-trip me. That won't fly here."

Christopher looked at the journalists coldly, and the journalists kept their heads low.

“Get this clear, Monica and I have been friends since we’re kids, but we’ve never dated, so Yvonne is not a third party. She has always been the one I loved, and I’m sure about that. If you’re so obsessed with the chronology, then I can tell you that I’ve had a crush on Yvonne since I was thirteen.

“I can date whoever I want, and I’m going to hold on to Yvonne even if the whole world disagrees with me. If any of you tries to confront Eve again, I’ll make sure you regret that action.”

The journalists were obviously shaken, and Christopher took me away while they were regrouping. Before we left, I looked back at the spilled food. “I spent more than an hour making that. Now it’s all gone to the dogs. What a shame.” I sighed.

“It’s alright. I’ll make something for you tomorrow.” Christopher was still upset, but he calmed down slightly when he looked at me.

I heaved a sigh of relief when we finally got to the backyard, but Christopher still wasn’t looking happy. Oh, he’s upset. I poked his cheek and smiled. “I’m fine. Don’t worry about me.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 410

I knew why he was so angry. He wouldn’t mind it if the journalists were calling him names, but not if the attacks were directed at me. I didn’t mind it at all though, but I couldn’t stand the fact that the journalists were calling Christopher a two-timing cheat. I didn’t want him to get slandered because of me.

“We are going to hold the biggest wedding possible after everything’s settled. Let’s see if those journalists would come up with any stupid questions then.” Christopher held me by my cheeks.

“Sure. Let’s go with that. I don’t really mind the accusations though, so why are you so mad?” I chuckled.

"I can't believe they called you a third party. You didn't even do anything." Christopher puffed his cheeks like a little boy.

"I don't mind what they think, as long as you know that I'm innocent. You're the one I'm marrying, not them. Or do you think this will hurt our relationship?" I stuck my tongue out and put on a relaxed front.

"Of course it won't," said Christopher seriously.

I smiled at him. His answer reassured me a bit, but I was still feeling uneasy. I realized my bad reputation was troubling Christopher, and this made our relationship much harder to handle.

I was about to go home after consulting the doctor about Monica's situation, but then I came face to face with Crystal and Natalie. I was shocked to see them here, and so were they.

I took a glance at Crystal's belly. She was wearing a tight-fitting shirt today, and she was slightly out of shape. I realized she had a little bump on her belly. Is she pregnant? I recalled her being pregnant four months ago. Back then, she told Lyle to break up with me because she was pregnant with his child. But when we got stranded on the island, she didn't look like she was pregnant. Maybe she had a miscarriage.

"What are the odds, Yvonne? We just met earlier." Yvonne snapped out of it and leaned against Lyle, grinning at me.

Yeah, we just met earlier, and she was already telling everyone that Remington and I were dating. It was obviously a lie, but everyone bought it. If it wasn't for Remington, I would have to leave the exhibition in shame.

"Yeah, but I can live without seeing you around," I said calmly.

Crystal was unperturbed by my scathing remark. Instead, she smirked at us. "You should be more sociable, or you'll end up getting the short end of the stick, just like how you are now. It's not your fault though. It'll get better once you learn how to act around people."

"Hey, I don't like getting the short end of the stick, but if it means I don't have to become a piece of human scum like you, I'd rather take the short end any day." I took a step back when

I realized Crystal was coming toward me. This b*tch is a time bomb. I'm staying a hundred miles away from her.

"Can you stop talking? Crystal's pregnant now. She can't get angry, don't you know that? You'd better not make her angry, or I won't let you off," Natalie growled harshly.

"Oh, she's pregnant? Then get her away from me. I don't want to talk to her anyway." Should I take a long way out? I don't want to argue with these b*tches.

Crystal took an invitation out and handed it to me. "Yvonne, I know there's been a lot of misunderstandings between us, but I hope you can attend my wedding. I want to share the happiness with everyone, especially you."

She held the red invitation card before me, giving me a challenging look. I didn't take it right away, so she raised her chin arrogantly. "Why? Chickening out? So are you going to come with Mr. Lane?"

I turned around, and I saw Christopher making big strides toward me. "Of course. Can't turn down an invitation from you, can I?" He took the invitation from her. "I'll be there to share the happiness."

"Thank you for coming then, Yvonne. The dinner will be held at Hotel Boreas three days later. Since it is held by the Tanners, we'd be expecting you to come on time. You are the young lady of the family after all. It wouldn't look good without you being there."