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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 101 - 105

I felt like I was going berserk. I wanted to shout at him to ask him to stay away from me. His little kindness only made me want to puke, but of course, I did not do that. I still had to maintain the image of our marriage in public. Likewise, Crystal knew she could not do anything at the party, so she could only eye me irritatedly from afar.

As I looked away from Crystal, I spotted Christopher's father. He was a slender middle-aged man who looked graceful and polite, but at the same time, gave off a deterrent vibe.

Everyone's attention was on the man. Some even went forward to give him gifts. It was plain as day that those who attended the gathering had ulterior motives. They wanted to get on the good side of the powerful family. That was why they present rare and exorbitantly priced gifts.

I looked at the walnut cookies in my hands in remorse. Regardless, I was sure that Lyle had a gift prepared. Since the Smiths and the Lanes were not particularly close, we were not obliged to give anything expensive.

Before I knew Christopher was engaged, I was fixated on scoring some brownie points with his dad, but now that things had turned out this way, there was no point in me trying to please him anymore.

"Mr. Lane, this is a painting I drew on my own. I hope you'll like it." Crystal went ahead and gifted him her painting after seeing the others did so.

I stole a peek at the drawing and nodded approvingly. I had to admit that Crystal's skills had improved by leaps and bounds after she went overseas. There was no way I could draw something as good as this.

"Wow, this is impressive. I have to say you're a gifted painter," Gordon exclaimed. "I'm sorry but I don't think I got your name."

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"I'm Crystal Yates, Mr. Lane. I came to your house before, but of course, that was a long time ago. I was only ten back then," Crystal replied with a shy smile on her face.

Gordon's eyes widened in disbelief. "Oh! So you're the girl who saved Chris last time. Of course, I remember you. You're a brave girl. You're all grown up now."

It went without saying that Gordon was extremely pleased to meet Crystal. His remarks reminded everyone of what happened years ago.

"Ah, so she's the girl. No wonder the Miller brothers and Mr. Smith like her so much. She even saved my son back then."

"Yeah. She practically saved so many people."

Everyone started complimenting Crystal. Some of them even used that incident to justify Lyle and her relationship.

Crystal looked at the crowd and faked a humble smile. "I was actually very scared too, but when I saw I was the only one who was awake, I knew I had to do something to get everyone out."

I could clearly remember what happened that year. I was only eleven, and Crystal was ten. A group of kidnappers went to an elite school in Avenport and abducted the children of some of the wealthiest people. They refused to let the kids go unless the parents pay one billion for every child they got.

I was one of the kids who were kidnapped. After the incident, Crystal shot to fame and became a heralded heroine among the high society.

As always, I remained in her shadow, just as how it was now. I knew she was up to no good when I saw her walking toward me.

"Yvonne, didn't you bring a gift for Mr. Lane as well? Why don't we unwrap the present now?"

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## Chapter 102

I was suddenly put under the limelight after Crystal approached me. I knew she directed their attention toward me on purpose. I had no money and no one who would stand up for me. All I had was that pathetic-looking box in my hand that made me look out of place.

“I didn’t know you brought something for my dad too, Eve. Come on, give it to him. He’ll be happy to see it.” Christopher stood beside Gordon, giving me an innocent smile. Monica whispered in his ears and a smile broke out on his face, lodging a bard in my heart.

“She’s your friend?” Gordon asked Christopher.

“We’ve met a few times.”

Christopher’s casual tone chilled my heart. It was true that we had only met a few times, but they were no usual encounters. I had given him my heart after all the nights we spent together, but just as I thought we were in for a serious relationship, I found out I was fooled. I was like a clown in a circus, putting up a show under the eyes of the mocking crowd.

“Come on, Yvonne. Don’t be shy. I already gave the painting I drew to Mr. Lane, so it’s your turn now. You’ve been carrying this box since the beginning of the party. I’m sure it’s something of great value.” As she spoke, Crystal came forward and reached for the box in my hand.

I stepped backward intuitively and evaded her hand. She flashed me a sweet smile, but I could see the hatred in her eyes. She crossed her arms and waited for me to disgrace myself.

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I clenched my jaw and went toward Gordon. "Hi, Mr. Lane. I have no idea what you'd like for your birthday, so I got you some cookies. I heard Avenport is known for this local delicacy, so I got you some. I hope you'll like them."

I did not care if I was going to make a fool out of myself. My reputation was marred, to begin with. If humiliating me was what Christopher wanted all this while, then I would give him what he wanted. This would be the end of us.

"Walnut cookies?" Gordon took the box and asked.

His question elicited a boisterous laugh from one of the guests, who quickly quietened down when he realized his mistake. Everyone cast disapproving glances toward me.

Scorn spread on Yvette's face as she looked at me. "My dear sister, do you seriously have to go so cheap? I mean, sure, I accepted your gift for me even though it was just some random stuff you got from the streets. But that's only because you're my sister. I'm happy as long as I get something from you, but how could you do this to Mr. Lane?"

It went without saying that Crystal was enjoying the scene. She looked at me pitifully and spoke to Gordon apologetically. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Lane. Yvonne doesn't mean to offend you."

It seemed like she was helping me on the surface, but she was implying that I was being tactless. Her words were meant to embarrass me further.

Nathan's face stiffened as the fiasco unfolded. He probably did not know the box I had been holding all night was actually a present. "Do you think this is a joke?" he snarled before turning toward Gordon.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Lane. Please don't mind my daughter."

"Oh, it's totally fine." Gordon's reply took everyone by surprise. He did not seem disturbed at all. He looked at the box of cookies in his hands and his gaze softened. He held out his gift and waved it lightly at his wife, Julia Xavier. "Look, Jules, walnut cookies."

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A faint but blissful smile curved on the woman's lips as she gave it a try. "Yeah. Remember the first time we went out together? I gave you some walnut cookies too. It's the same brand. It still tastes the same after so many years."

"I told you I wanted the same cookies for my birthday, but both of us have been so busy we've forgotten about it," Gordon said nostalgically. "Do you still remember what I told you that day?"

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Julia was an elegant woman. Although she was in her middle age, she still looked her prime. The dimples on her cheeks showed when she smiled shyly at Gordon. "Of course I remember what you said. You said you'll stay with me forever."

It was not until then that I realize that walnut cookies had a special meaning to them. I took a look at Christopher and was stunned when he winked at me as if I owed him a big one this time. He took a cookie from the box and ate it.

"Hm, it really tastes nice. It's just as sweet as how you two are right now," he said playfully looking at his parents before taking up another cookie. "Here's to more happiness in your marriage. May both of you live to a good old age."

His childish behavior almost made me laugh. He had given me an unexpected gift this time around, but when my gaze settled upon Monica who was beside him, any urge to smile that I had vanished instantly.

I had to admit that I felt jealous. I was married, but my marriage was not a successful one. My husband had another woman, and all the outsiders thought I deserved such a pitiable fate. I knew how it felt to be in an unhappy marriage, as such, I would never be a homewrecker.

Besides, someone as perfect as Monica deserved a good marriage.

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Julia looked up at me and nodded. "Thank you. This means a lot to me."

"This is the best gift I've received tonight!" Gordon remarked before laughing heartily, yet I felt even if he did not like it, he would still stay courteous and thank me for the present. After all, he looked like a man with a good heart.

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Lane." I smiled at him. When I saw Christopher raising his brows at me trying to get a compliment, I shifted my gaze swiftly. There was no way I could look at him and still stay calm.

That being said, when I saw Crystal and Nathan's faces, I felt exhilarated. These two cunning souls had brought this on themselves, but guilt soon budded in my heart.

Nathan was my father. I should not gloat over his misfortune, but when I ponder about it further, he only had himself to blame after all he had done to me. I was not obliged in any way to feel bad for him.

After my narrow escape from a situation that could have been utterly shameful, Julia gestured at me to go over. I reckoned she must really like my gift a lot.

I went over nervously, thinking what I should say to her. There were a few other young women who wanted to speak to her while we talked, but she kindly turned them away.

Social events like this had always made me tense. I was always looking over my shoulder because I was afraid Crystal would do something nasty. I was scared that people would make a laughingstock out of me, ripping off the last shreds of my dignity.

Julia observed the tiredness on my face and asked me to take a rest. I excused myself politely and went to sit down, but before I could even take a seat, the person who was the crux of all my problems came over again. "How did you know you should bring walnut cookies? Did Christopher tell you that?" Lyle sounded testy as if he was interrogating me. It could also be that he was tired after waiting for me for some time.

"So what if he did? It's not like this has anything to do with you. Don't channel your anger toward me if someone else steps on your toe. Just leave me in peace. I just want to get this party over with and go home, so stop following me around."

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I could tell Lyle was already trying to sound friendlier, but my reply was not helping at all. “Don’t you dare talk to me like that! Who do you think you are?”

“Who I am is none of your business,” I said tritely, scanning the crowd of attractive women. “The woman you love is not here, so stop bugging me and get lost.”

I shook off his hand and fled before he could do anything. I wondered who Lyle thought he was. He spurned me, yet he expected me to still love him like I used to. Does he really think he’s a king? Why should I accept everything he does?

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### Chapter 104

Since it was Gordon’s sixtieth birthday, the party lasted for three days. The Lanes were politicians. From what I heard, Gordon used to be a governor. Although he had retired, Darius was still a mayor, so it went without saying that many influential figures graced the party. As for Christopher, it was likely that he would inherit the family business from his mother.

The capacious courtyard was temporarily remodified to provide a resting area for guests. The servants busied themselves attending to them while I stood along the hallway, not knowing how I should dispose of the time at hand.

Just as I was walking past a room, a hand came out of nowhere and tugged me in. Before I could even let out a scream, I was already pushed against the shut door.

My eyes widened in shock when I saw Christopher’s face up close. I could see my own reflection in his dark and gentle eyes. I almost lost myself in his captivating gaze as he fixed his eyes on me.

A playful smile curved on the corner of his lips before he rested his head on my shoulder. “Why does the party have to be so long? Why do they have to invite so many people? I can’t even hold your hand in front of everybody and act all lovey-dovey like my

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parents,” he whined like a child. “When are you getting a divorce, Yvonne? I don’t think I can wait any longer.”

I suddenly remembered that Christopher was already engaged. “Let go of me,” I said, pushing him away.

“No way. I waited for so long just to hug you. I’m not letting go.” He insisted and pushed himself against me again. He placed his leg between mine and locked me in his arms.

The familiar scent of his tobacco wafted in the air and his warm breath beat against my neck. The moment was intoxicating, but the words I uttered were hurtful. “Christopher, I don’t want to see you anymore.”

“Why?” He pouted.

“We shouldn’t continue on with this. We should draw a line from now on.” I struggled to get away from him. His expression suddenly turned cold and it frightened me.

He cupped my cheeks and kissed me. The taste of mint chewing gum soon spread on my lips. I wanted to break free, but he gave me no chance. I felt his teeth on my lips and I gave way to the biting pain.

His lips mashed against mine as our tongues tangoed at his lead. Every thought in my mind became jumbled up as I felt him sucking every ounce of strength from my body. I hooked my hands around his neck so that I would not slump to the ground, for my legs had turned to jelly then.

He bit my lips again before finally pulling himself away. His burning gaze scorched my skin as he looked at me intently.

Christopher wiped my lips with his cold fingers as his voice echoed in the room. “Take this as a punishment. Don’t ever talk about drawing a line between us again. You’re mine.”

Anger rose in my heart. “What do you want me to do then? I don’t ever want to be the other woman in someone else’s relationship. I can’t do a relationship that’s not serious.”

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I turned and reached for the doorknob, but Christopher dragged me back. He seemed perplexed and helpless at my sudden change in attitude. "You have to at least explain to me why you're upset. You can't do this to me. I'm innocent."

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"Innocent?" I bit his arm. "You have a fiancée! I will never be your mistress. You know I hate women like that. I clearly told you that you should just tell me if you're already taken. I told you I will accept it gladly and not make a fuss of it, but now I'm caught in a difficult position because of you."

Although it was just an engagement, I did not take it lightly. When a woman became someone's fiancée, it meant she had all her hope on the man that he would live up to his promise.

If Christopher did not have a fiancée or a girlfriend, I would stay with him until he got tired of me, but I would never allow myself to get into an affair with him. This was what I loathed the most. I would never become someone I hated.

"I have a fiancée?" He rubbed his chin and looked at me cluelessly. "Why don't I even know I'm engaged?"

"Cut the crap, Christopher. You're no different from Lyle."

My heart chilled at his blatant denial. Everyone was in the know, so there was no point negating the fact. "Your fiancée is a good woman. I hope you don't end up hurting her even if you don't like her."

I turned my back toward him and stopped at the door. I told myself to never look back after walking out. My heart ached at the thought of ending things with Christopher. After all, he was the man who had treated me the best aside from my former parents.

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I could not believe I would lose him so soon. This was the cruelest joke life had played on me. The man I loved already had a fiancée.

Before I could get out, Christopher lifted me off the ground and swung me on his shoulder. He locked the door and put me on the bed before pressing his body against mine. When he saw me trying to get off, he grabbed my hands and pinned me on the bed.

“Don’t tell me you think Monica is my fiancée?” There was hurt written all over his face. I rolled my eyes at him. His acting skills were really on point. He might be the heir of a powerful family, but to me, he was no different from a Casanova.

“Are you going to keep lying to me?”

What happened next completely confounded me. Christopher burst out in uncontrollable laughter holding his stomach. His laughter pulled at my heartstrings and I found myself reaching for his face.

I wondered how someone could be this handsome. Someone like me did not deserve a man like him.

“How I wish you’re single,” I mumbled.

When he finally stopped laughing, he pinched my nose and rubbed his face against mine. He always liked doing this. He said it made him feel love and warmth. He said this was something only people deeply in love would do.

“Eve, you look adorable when you’re jealous, do you know that? It’s a little scary, but when I looked at your puckered lips, I feel like I can swallow you whole.”

“This is not about me getting jealous, it’s about doing the right thing, Christopher.” I tried persuading him, and myself.

He planted a kiss on my cheek and shrugged. “But the thing is, I don’t have a fiancée. I’m not engaged to Monica. Our families are really close, so we meet each other at a lot of

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events. If this itself is enough to make you think I'm engaged, then I guess you can say I have a lot of fiancées."

A teasing smile played on his lips as he spoke. "Why don't you be my fiancée? I promise I'll treat you like my queen."

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