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Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 146 - 150

Standing at the entrance, I looked at my hand before looking back at the hospital lobby. As if I was possessed, I dashed to a tree and started banging my head against it.

Why did I turn down the offer? What's wrong with me? So what if I'm thick-skinned? No one would blame me for that.

My action had inevitably attracted strange looks from some passersby. A little girl pointed at me and asked her mother, "Mommy, why is that woman banging her head against the tree? Won't she get hurt?"

"Stop staring at that crazy woman," the mother said and ushered her child away as though I was a contagious disease.

I lifted my chin and scoffed. I'm indeed a crazy person who refused a pile of free money.

Back to the office, I approached one of my colleagues and asked her, "Mave, if someone offers you twenty million and all you need to do is sign some papers, will you take it?"

She looked at me bewilderedly. "You're speaking nonsense."

I burst out laughing, realizing that I rejected the money because I was firm in my objective. Accepting the shares would only further complicate my estranged relationship with Lyle.

I no longer cared what happened between Lyle and Crystal. Although I didn't understand Sharon's aversion to Crystal, that was Lyle's problem. Since he was so deeply in love with her, he would have to smooth things out with Sharon.

Working in an advertising design company involved a lot of design sketches. My creativity from my years of painting helped make up for the lack of professional skills in the field.

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After work, I bought some food before heading home. I reckoned Christopher wouldn't be at home since he was a busy man. However, the fragrance of homecooked dishes greeted me upon arriving home.

I walked toward the kitchen and leaned quietly on the kitchen door to watch Christopher cook like a professional chef.

I was still in awe at how he managed to maneuver with ease in the kitchen when he broke the silence. "What are you staring at? Roll up your sleeves and come help out. I need you to check the lobster to see if it's cooked." He raised his eyebrow and pointed at the pot. "I hope you're not expecting me to do all the chores around the house. You're going to have to share some of the loads."

I did as I was told. "Well, as a man who dotes on his woman, don't you think it's only fair that you shoulder all the housework while I focus on preserving my beauty and enjoy life?" I said with an impish smile.

Christopher grinned brightly and planted a kiss on my cheek. "Dear Eve, I'm sorry to burst your bubble, but now that we're sharing a life together, it means when I cook, you're going to have to wash the dishes. Oh wait, I remember you hate doing the dishes."

"That's not true. I only hate doing dishes while somebody kept picking on me on the side." His smile was infectious. The times spent with him were always filled with laughter. His prominent background aside, our lives were no different from those of normal, everyday couples.

"All right, then. From now on, I'll cook and you'll do the dishes." Christopher nodded firmly.

When I tried to remove the lobster from the steam pot, one of my fingers touched the scalding pot, causing me to wince in pain. Christopher quickly held my finger to his mouth and blew gently on it. After a few moments, he put my finger into his mouth and started playing with it with the tip of his tongue.

Shocked, I withdrew my hand from his mouth. "Ew, my hand is full of your saliva now."

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“Ew?” the man repeated as he let out a mischievous smile. Sensing I was going to be in trouble, I made a dash for the door. But I only managed to take a few steps before I was overtaken by Christopher. He then pinned me onto the countertop before covering my mouth with his.

The tip of his tongue danced around in my mouth as he tried to make loud kissing noises. His mischief, however, turned serious when the kiss deepened and I was drowned in his warm embrace. When his mouth finally left mine, he whispered into my ear, “For future reference, every time you say ‘Ew’, I’ll let you have a taste of my saliva, get it?”

I nodded dutifully. Brushing my fingers over my lips, I couldn’t help but wonder if he had never been with another woman in his life. How did he get so good at kissing? Did he practice with a professional, or did he learn all these from the television?

While I was entertaining my imagination, Christopher suddenly picked me up and walked toward the living room. He laid me down on the couch before his hands started to move about around my body.

I quickly stopped him. “We can’t. The gas is still running in the kitchen. I don’t want the news headline to read ‘Two naked bodies found in a household gas explosion’ tomorrow.”

Christopher let out a loud cackle while pinching my buttock. He then slid his hand inside my shirt and said playfully, “My darling, I carried you out here just to have dinner. What were you thinking? Didn’t we agree that I’ll cook and you’ll do the dishes tonight?”

The man seemed to enjoy seeing my face turn crimson at his teasing remark. “Of course, if you’re in desperate need, just say the word. I’ll turn off the gas in the kitchen and I promise you to give you a good time,” he said suggestively.

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“Quit messing around and get back to cooking! I’m starving.” I threw a pillow at him.

He caught the pillow and set it down on the chair before bowing his head. “As you wish, my lady.”

That night, Christopher listened calmly to my recounting of the incident that took place at the hospital and then planted a kiss on my forehead. “Well done. Don’t worry about the twenty million. I have money.”

“But that’s your money. Not mine.” I rolled my eyes at him.

“Well, whatever I have, they’re yours too.” He rubbed at his chin and continued in all seriousness, “There’s one thing, though. Would it be okay if I keep some allowance? I will be embarrassed if I go out with an empty wallet.”

I played along and asked, “All right, then. How much do you need?”

“Let’s say ten thousand a month. That’s pretty standard,” the man said casually.

My eyes almost popped out from their sockets. “Ten thousand is a lot! Try five hundred. My own allowance is only one hundred, so I’m giving you five times more than my own measly spending money.”

“That’s all right, my darling. I’ll make sure you have enough allowance to spend every month.” Christopher then flipped over and pressed himself on me. It would seem like he intended to finish what he had started a few moments ago.

I asked in between his kisses, “Oh yeah? How much are you giving me?”

“What about fifty thousand?” the man mumbled while planting more kisses around my collar bone. A tingling sensation started to spread from top to toe as I curled my feet up. He grabbed my foot and, one by one, he put my toes into his mouth.

The tingling sensation intensified as I felt a longing in my lower abdomen for him. I asked in a daze, “Since you plan to give me so much money, does that make me your kept woman?”

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The last two words seemed to have stirred him up. "I don't like this word. Never say it again." He pouted.

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"Oh..." my protest was drowned out in the man's passionate kiss. The next thing I knew, we were already lying on the bed.

Holding his neck, I stared deep into his eyes and asked in between my shallow pants, "Maybe I'll let you keep me around forever. What do you say, lover boy?"

As though being fully charged, beads of sweat started to form on his forehead as he quickened his hip movements. Finally satisfied, Christopher ran his fingers along my bare back and replied, "I like it when you call me your lover boy. Do that more often."

My chest trembled from trying to suppress a laugh. This man had an unusual craze in bed. I realized that calling him a lover boy would help spur him on during our dalliance in bed.

My peaceful days had lasted for less than a week when I was stopped by Crystal on my way to work. She had found out where I lived and seemed to have waited a long time for me.

"Hi, cousin. It isn't easy to locate you. Have you been busy seducing men around town?" she lowered her gaze as she spoke so I would focus on the numerous hickeys on her chest. Her intention was to provoke me by showcasing those love bites on such a private body part. Unfortunately, that didn't work on me. I shot her a cold glance before replying flatly, "I believe you are more experienced in this area than I am, given that you're always surrounded by different men. Who's to say these love bites only belong to one person?"

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I wasn't one who would always go out of my way to hit someone below the belt. But compared to what Crystal had done to me, this was only fitting. The woman's darkened expression, however, almost had me believe that what I said was true.

"My dear cousin, there's no need to hide your true feelings." Crystal leaned on a tree and continued, "I must confess I have underestimated your ability. I thought I've already won Lyle over. But it turns out he's still thinking about you."

She tilted her head a little, and then clapped her hands, feigning surprise. "Is it because you're so good in bed that Lyle is having a difficult time leaving you? That could explain why he avoids me every time I bring up the topic of divorce."

I narrowed my eyes as rage started to surge in my chest. Of all the years that I'd been with Lyle, he had never touched me once. The only time he did so, he threw me into a hotel and left me to my own devices.

Crystal knew that to be my sore spot and she would find any opportunity to rub that in my face. I would have ended my life that very night if not for Christopher's timely rescue.

I snapped, "I thought you are already used to being the mistress. Is that no longer the case? If you want to be married to Lyle, you're going to have to convince him, because I no longer care what's going on between the two of you. So, get the hell out of my face!"

Crystal let out a derisive laugh. She did not bother to conceal the distaste in her eyes. "You want to get rid of me? I'm afraid that's not up to you. I have yet to see the complete loss of hope on your face. That's ought to be the nicest scenery in the world."

I was stunned, wondering what kind of evil plan she was hatching against me. "What are you going to do? Stop chasing after me like a mad dog!"

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“Are you afraid now? Let me tell you something. I’m going to slowly savor the moments that will lead to your inevitable destruction. By then, I’ll still be the respected new school artist as well as future Mrs. Smith. It’s too bad that I don’t like Benjamin’s family members. Otherwise, he is quite a husband material.”

The woman’s confidence was commendable. She was speaking with absolute certainty that whomever she chose to be her husband would ask for her hand in marriage. I couldn’t say for others, but one thing I was sure about Christopher was that he didn’t have the slightest interest in Crystal. She was but just another stranger to him.

Sometimes I did fear for what was going through her mind. Not only was she obsessed with taking me down, but she also took pleasure in watching me fail miserably in life. She set out to destroy me out of feeling inferior.

She was consumed by her perceived inferiority that had been brewing since a young age. I couldn’t possibly be blamed for having a complete family where I was loved by my parents. Moreover, it wasn’t my family’s fault that her father got himself into trouble all those years back.

I snickered. “Of course I’m afraid. After all, I don’t think anyone will appreciate the company of a lunatic.”

“Regardless, it’s a nuisance that Lyle is still thinking about you,” Crystal said while pouting her red lips. “That’s why he still can’t cut the cord. Maybe it’s time I help him make some tough decisions. Just you wait.”

The way she swayed her slender waist walking away managed to turn a few heads on the street.

I must admit, she does have what it takes for men to fall head over heels for her. After all, of all the beautiful women that I’ve encountered, only Monica and Sabrina come close.

“Unfortunately, she’s a nutcase,” I muttered under my breath. Crystal mentioned that she was going to make Lyle divorce me. Perhaps I need to watch out for any trap she sets up for me. Apart from that, it surprises me when she said that Lyle was still hung up on

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me. Even if that's true, I don't think that he loves me. It's probably because he's simply not used to not having me around to take care of his everyday life like a housekeeper.

Meanwhile, Christopher was about to go on a business trip for a government-related project. Apparently, he was strong-armed into doing so because both his parents were due to go on a vacation.

According to Christopher's mother, it was only a three-hundred-million investment project, so they wouldn't raise an eyebrow if he failed. After all, they already had a competent and successful elder son, so it didn't matter to the parents if their younger son was a failure. However, she made a point that she was not to be blamed if that incompetence led to his wife judging him in the future.

I thought his mother's tactic worked like magic. Christopher did not care much about impressing his family, but he certainly would not want his future wife to think any less of him. Therefore, the man was all eager and excited to go on the business trip.

Prior to leaving for his trip, however, Christopher kept clinging to me like a child, demanding endless hugs and kisses. His appetite for me was insatiable; it was as though my body no longer belonged to me.

After what felt like forever in bed together, I was completely drowned in his sea of passion.

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"Don't... I'm tired. I don't think I can move anymore..." Christopher was lying on top of me as I tried to push him off. However, I was so exhausted that I couldn't even lift my hands.

"You don't need to move. All you have to do is moan. Come on, stop biting your lip. I like listening to you moan." His tongue traced a trail from my cheek to the corner of my eye, licking my teardrop away. The whole time he kept whispering sweet nothings into my ear.

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“Don’t... I’m really tired... I just want to sleep...”

“Go ahead and sleep then. I’ll be gone for the next three days, so I need to have my fill of you now. It’s tough to sleep in a bed alone, you know...” Christopher said as he continued to seduce me. “Do you know that you sound like a cat? I love to hear it.”

Not being able to fight off the fatigue any longer, I succumbed to the darkness. I was actually quite ashamed of passing out during coitus. By the time I woke up, Christopher had already left.

However, he did not leave without saying anything, for when I was still sleeping soundly in the morning, I could hear him saying in my ear, “I’m leaving now. Aren’t you going to get up to send me off? Hey, wake up, sleepyhead.”

I could vaguely recall that I had retorted by saying, “I’m tired because of you. It’s weird how you did all the work, but I was the one who ended up feeling tired. Next time, I’ll be the one who’ll tire you out instead.”

Hearing that, Christopher burst out laughing as he ruffled my hair. “I’ll hold you to it then. Next time, I’ll lie still, and you do the work. Don’t go back on your words now, you hear?”

I was so embarrassed by what I said that I had the urge to dig a hole and hide. I was sure that the next time, Christopher would devour me whole.

My legs were so weak that I could hardly stand, but I managed to gather enough strength to go to the bathroom to wash up. After splashing my face with cold water, I stood in front of the mirror and stared at my reflection. My face flushed when I saw the love marks all over my body.

I could feel my face heating up when I thought back to how intense our lovemaking session was.

Feeling a little hungry, I went to the refrigerator to get myself something to eat. I took out the bread from the refrigerator and just before I could eat it, I saw a sticky note on the bread. On it was Christopher’s flamboyant handwriting.

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“Eat something more nutritious, please. Now put the bread back where you took it.”

I looked at the bread, then back at the note. I shrugged and put the bread back into the refrigerator. I thought I would drink some milk instead. But then, I saw a sticky note on the milk bottle too.

“Why don’t you look in the pot, silly? I made you breakfast, and it’s warm in the pot. Don’t you dare drink cold milk on an empty stomach. Otherwise, you’re gonna get a spanking from me.”

I was stunned for a moment before I burst out laughing and covered my mouth with my hand.

Christopher knew me inside out, including my daily routines. I walked to the stove, opened the lid, and saw a bowl of oatmeal. There was also a plate of fried egg and bacon. I smiled as a warm and fuzzy feeling surged within me.

I dished out the ready-made breakfast and sat at the table to enjoy the delicious oatmeal paired with soft fried egg and bacon. It was so tasty that I wolfed it down in one go before smiling with satisfaction.

After breakfast, I changed my clothes and packed my bag for work. Just when I was about to leave for work, I heard the sound of a mobile phone ringing in the room. It rang for a while, but when I fished out my mobile phone from my bag, I could see that the screen was blank.

That’s weird. I definitely heard a phone ringing. Am I hallucinating? As I walked to the door, I heard the sound of a phone ringing again. I looked around the room and finally found Christopher’s phone from under the couch.

I had a vague memory of a phone ringing during our intense lovemaking last night. I did urge Christopher to answer it, but he threw the phone under the bed instead. It turned out that Christopher had forgotten to take his phone with him when he left.

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Initially, I had no intention to see who was contacting him. But there was an incoming text message, and it popped up on the screen. It was a message from Crystal, and it read: I'll meet you at Moon Village Restaurant. See you there.

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