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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 161 - 165

"I'm so stupid. Why am I still thinking about father-daughter relations? It's not like they don't have daughters." As I scolded myself for being an idiot, I walked to the park opposite and sat down.

When I was a kid, I used to go there a lot since Dad and Mom always brought me to play on the swings. Every time I said I wanted to go higher, Dad would pretend to be angry as he said, "Any higher and you're going to fall. Be good, Eve."

Then, when the swing was at its highest point, I would smile and reply, "But I'm not scared. If I fall, Daddy will catch me, right?"

"Of course, Daddy and Mommy will protect you forever, our little princess."

However, the more beautiful the memory was, the harsher the reality. I sat amongst the flowers with my head on my knees, feeling a little upset. Although I no longer felt heart-piercing sadness, as someone who had been hurt a lot, I still felt pain. At most, the feeling of pain was no longer as strong as before.

I then took out my phone and clicked on Christopher's contact. He should be in Coldbridge at that moment. Not knowing whether the call would bother him, I soon hung up after dialing his number. I'd better not bother him. After all, if a woman was too clingy, the man would get annoyed over time. Both parties had to have some personal space.

However, just as I hung up, Christopher called back. I blinked, taken aback as I picked up the call. Before I could speak, he asked, "Why'd you hang up after only one ring? You'll make me worried."

"I'm just afraid that I'd disturb you. It'll be a bother if you're doing business with a client right now," I mumbled. Then, I counted the hours. Since Christopher left Moon Village

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Restaurant and headed to the airport, it had only been two hours since he arrived in Coldbridge.

“The contract’s only worth two billion. Don’t worry. Your man can handle it. I’m not so busy that I don’t even have time to pick up a call.” I could feel his smile from the other end of the line. Just then, I heard someone talking beside him. It seemed to be his secretary, who was asking him to speak softer in case the client heard him.

Hearing the secretary’s words, I pressed my lips together. Christopher was very daring to make such remarks with was a client around. He was acting a little too mighty and scornful.

“Why? Did you miss me? They say separation makes the heart fonder. For me, a second of separation already feels like a lifetime. I really want to go back and see you. I’ll be back in three days, max. Remember to be good and wait for me at home,” he said with a smile.

“You don’t need me to pick you?” I asked.

“I don’t want you to come to such a messy place. Just wait for me at home. I’ll bring you a present when I’m back. I promise you’ll like it, hehe,” he replied while laughing.

I immediately became nervous then. “Don’t give me weird presents. I don’t want them.”

“What counts as weird?” he teased.

However, I could not bring myself to say it out loud. He had always joked around and said he would buy some sex toys for us to use. Although he only talked about it, he had a very quirky personality. Thus, I could not guarantee that he would not buy it when he saw it. What should I do if he asks me to wear it?

“Excuse me, Christopher. You clearly know what I mean. You’re not allowed to distort the facts.”

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“Oh,” he said, dragging his voice out, “This is what you meant. Thanks for your reminder. I’ll go and research properly about which is better to buy. Anyway, how has your day been?”

“Good, because you called me,” I replied truthfully. Although such sweet words would thoroughly expose my thoughts and let him know what he meant to me, I did not want to hide it.

I was indeed happy because he had called me back so quickly. It was as if the sky had cleared after a storm. After we spoke a little longer, I heard the secretary urging him to meet the client again. Thus, I said goodbye and hung up since I did not want to interrupt his work.

Just as I was about to leave, I heard people arguing in the woods behind.

“Crystal, why’re you doing this?”

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I turned back, quietly looking out from the flower field. Lyle and Crystal were talking in the woods and happened to be right behind me. Immediately, I mentally scolded myself for having such bad luck, for I saw them no matter where I went.

“Lyle, do you really not know why I’m leaving?” she asked, leaning against the tree trunk with an expression full of sadness and melancholy. “The same reason why I came back; you’ve always been very clear of it.”

“I know. I really do. But Crystal, you know my feelings. Why do you suddenly have to leave? Are you going to abandon me?” he asked, pulling her into a hug. “I’ve torn the plane ticket. Let’s not leave. We’ll stay in Avenport and never separate ever again.”

“But I don’t want to go on like this anymore. You have a wife and family, so every time I go out with you, everyone looks at me strangely. Public opinion of me has also been

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poor. For you, I can accept the public condemnation, but I can't accept that my identity is merely your wife's cousin."

She sighed, then laughed again. "Recently, I've been thinking about something. Am I wrong to come back? If I didn't come back, you'll always be with Yvonne and won't be in such a difficult position either."

"I'm not in a difficult position. Really. Crystal, I don't want to lose you." His voice was full of affection every time he said Crystal's name. Then, he leaned forward, wanting to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

"I don't want to wait anymore, Lyle. Since you can't get over her and don't want to get a divorce, why shouldn't I fulfill your wishes? If you actually tore the ticket, I can book another one. It's really goodbye this time, Lyle."

The moment I heard her words, I recalled what Christopher had said to her that morning at Moon Village Restaurant. It seemed as though she indeed wanted to force Lyle. Otherwise, she would not use the plane ticket trick.

"Okay, I'll get a divorce. I'll do it tomorrow. Don't leave. Once I get a divorce, and everything subsides, we'll hold a grand wedding so that you can marry me in style, okay?" he replied. He finally gritted his teeth and talked about the divorce.

"Really?" she asked, turning her head to look at him.

"Of course. You know me, Crystal. I've never lied to you. All these years, no matter how many women have stood next to me, you've always been the one in my heart. I can't give up on you," he said, looking at her affectionately.

"Lyle!" With tears in her eyes, she suddenly moved forward, pressing Lyle against the tree forcefully and kissing him. He responded enthusiastically, the two quickly pressing themselves together in ecstasy.

Since the sky was turning dark, he quickly flipped them around and pressed Crystal against the tree. Then, he lifted her off the ground such that she could only hold onto his neck to prevent herself from falling.

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There were sounds of a zipper unzipping before I saw Crystal's two pale legs rocking rhythmically. They were in the middle of it. I quickly turned around, hoping to wash my eyes with water as soon as possible.

Although society was open at that time, and many couples dated and did indescribable things in the woods, they were still a little too open. It was already not the first time I ran into them doing it in the woods.

"Don't lie to me, Lyle. I'll be very upset!" Crystal said as she tilted her head back, exposing her neck. Her skirt was pushed up to her waist, gathering in a lump, and her graceful figure was rocking in time with the tree.

"I won't... I won't... You're most important to me in this lifetime. No one can replace you," Lyle replied as he panted.

Quietly picking up my bag, I covered my eyes and quickly left that filthy place. Then, as soon as I got home, my phone rang. It was Lyle. "Come to City Hall tomorrow morning. We'll get a divorce."

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I was very calm when I heard that news. After all, I had already witnessed what happened between Crystal and Lyle in the woods.

Crystal's strategy was indeed very effective, for Lyle had called me so quickly. I guessed that they were either continuing their business in Crystal's bedroom in the Tanner residence or a hotel because Crystal was purposely making noises for me to hear.

"Okay," I whispered, "I'll wait for you outside City Hall at eight tomorrow morning."

"Yvonne, you... Forget it. See you tomorrow," he said before quickly hanging up. He was probably afraid that I would want to continue getting involved with him. However, he miscalculated something. I had no intention to do so at all.

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I smiled to myself, feeling unprecedentedly relaxed. Although I was slightly worried about the situation with Sharon, I could not spend my entire life with a man who did not love me.

Moreover, my love for him had long dissipated with time along with all the sorrows.

That night, I slept very peacefully. There were no nightmares, and I instead dreamt happy dreams. In the dream, there was no Lyle and Crystal. Instead, I was living happily with Christopher.

When I woke up, there was still a smile on my face. Although I could not remember what I dreamt of, I knew that I was satisfied and happy.

Sometimes, I did not know whether I would actually marry Christopher. However, I was greedy for his kindness toward me. Even though such a feeling was unfair toward Christopher, but it was all I had.

It was a little sad, yet lucky.

Since I missed him a lot, I then gave Christopher a call. If he were in front of me then, I would pounce on him and press my face into his chest, absorbing his warmth to fill up the coldness in my heart.

As the phone rang, I had thought that I would hear Christopher's low and magnetic voice. However, I was disappointed, as a woman picked up the phone instead.

Christopher's assistant was a man. Yet, the voice was beautiful and womanly. It was very pleasing to the ears and also sounded rather familiar.

"Hello, this is Christopher's phone. May I ask why you're looking for him?"

Immediately, I squeezed the phone tighter, my fingertips turning white from the force. There was an uncomfortable feeling in my heart the moment I remembered that it was Monica's voice.

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At that instant, I was afraid that she would make out my voice. It was a kind of innate inferiority that could not be removed.

"I'm looking for Mr. West. Is he there?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "Sorry, I think you got the wrong number." Monica's voice was gentle and generous and was neither eager nor slow. It carried the air of a noble lady.

I quickly hung up, my heart beating wildly as I put the phone down.

Christopher's on a business trip, and Monica went to find him. Maybe it's because of business, or maybe they coincidentally ran into each other. Right, that must be it. I desperately tried to make excuses for him in my mind, finding various reasons to conceal the panic I felt inside. However, only I knew exactly how sad I felt.

It was only six in the morning, yet his phone was with Monica. It was a very weird timing.

Afterward, as I washed my face, the cold water splashed into my eye, causing it to turn red. I raised my head and took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down.

I did not have time to think about the matter with Christopher, for I had to go to City Hall right then to find my freedom. Conveniently, I could also get out of that tragic marriage.

Just as I went downstairs and was about to hail a taxi, a Porsche suddenly appeared in front of me. The window rolled down, revealing Lyle's haggard face.

His eyes were bloodshot, looking as if he had not slept the entire night. There were also dark circles under his eyes. He said hoarsely, "Get in the car. Let's go there together."

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Since he had come to pick me up in person, it seemed as though Lyle was indeed afraid that Crystal would leave. I did not refuse; I simply opened the door and entered. After all, I was going to meet him later anyway.

He slowly turned the car in one direction, then drove for a while before stopping by a street filled with food. He parked and got out of the car, then shouted, "Get down!"

I frowned. City Hall's not here. What's he trying to do?

Probably understanding what I was thinking, he said in displeasure, "I haven't eaten breakfast. Don't tell me you can't even have a meal with me?"

I was indeed reluctant to. Although I had not had breakfast either, I did not want to eat with him. "It's fine, I'll wait for you in the car. Go and eat."

"City Hall only opens at eight!" he replied coldly as he stared at me indifferently. "You can't wait to go?"

Of course, I could not wait. I wanted to dump him right then if I could. However, what he said did make sense too. Anyway, it's our last meal. I'll treat it like a breakup meal. It's better not to anger him. I don't want him to cause even more trouble and make everyone unhappy.

That street was busy in the mornings, with many people coming and going. Although it was only six in the morning, those who had to go to work were already eating breakfast there.

I followed Lyle into a small shop. I did not even look at the menu, leaving the ordering to him. Then, as soon as the food arrived, I did not say anything before I began stuffing my mouth.

It was better to keep eating during a meal. After all, having a full mouth meant that no accidents would happen. He was unexpectedly quiet as well, merely eating while occasionally placing some food onto my plate.

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I did not refuse and proceeded to eat the food he gave me. My attitude toward him was so good that it almost seemed like I was currying favor with him. It's because the divorce agreement will only take effect if both parties sign it.

When I was done eating, he suddenly said, "We had our first meal in this shop. Do you remember?"

I kept silent at his question, as I no longer remembered. Since I now had better memories to keep, I had already slowly forgotten the sad ones. Besides, so what if I did remember?

Was I to reminisce about our failed marriage with him?

He had never liked me and had always despised me. Now that we were about to get divorced, he was the one who reminisced the past, which only added to the trouble.

"You said you liked the fish stew here the most. Why'd you only take a mouthful today?" he asked quietly as a trace of melancholy flashed across his eyes.

I pushed the full bowl into the center of the table, raised my eyebrows, then said, "You forgot again. I don't like to eat fish. I didn't before and don't like it now either."

His expression then turned strange again. He stared at me, his gaze looking as if he were struggling with something. After a while, he sighed and took out the divorce agreement. "Read it. If there's no problem, then sign it."

I immediately took the file and read through it carefully. The last divorce agreement gave me too many bad memories. Thus, I had to read it carefully so that I would not fall into any traps.

Lyle's expression worsened when he noticed my actions. Moreover, there was a profound, meaningful look in his eyes. If it were the past, I would have said something about having to treat a villain in a manner suitable for their status. However, I held myself back.

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Unexpectedly, the divorce agreement was written satisfactorily and had no major issues. He had also given me ten million as compensation.

Although the ten million was not a big deal to him, I was a little surprised. I crossed out that line and said quietly, "I had nothing when I married you, so I also don't want anything when I leave. Let's settle it like that."

Although I had helped him win the contract with the Ziegler family, which saved the Smiths' plight back then, I no longer cared about that.

"I only have one request."

"Tell me," he said.

"You have to keep our divorce from Grandma for now. She's always been worried about us, so I don't want her to be sad."

No matter what happened between Lyle and me, Grandma was an elder who treated me well. The shares from the last time were enough to show me that she did not harbor any ill-intention toward me.

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I didn't want to consider the real reason behind her exchanging my place with Crystal. I quickly passed the signed document to him.

"Okay." Lyle finally nodded after looking at me for a long time. Surprisingly, his hand shook slightly while signing the document.

We arrived at the City Hall and noticed it was still closed when we got out of the car. Since we seemed to be early, Lyle lit a cigarette and started smoking.

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I stepped back. I still hated the smell of cigarette smoke and especially disliked anyone who smoked apart from Christopher.

At the sight of me stepping away from him, Lyle walked toward a tree in front of us and leaned against it. Suddenly, he pulled out a card and passed it to me. "Ten million may be a bit much, but at least take a million. It's your living expenses from the past two years. I helped you withdraw it since you never used it."

I didn't reach out for the card, so Lyle decided to just shove it into my hands. "Take it. I'll feel more at ease."

At his words, I finally tucked the card into my pocket. I had been living so frugally, always keeping money away for a rainy day in case Lyle ever ran out of money. I just hadn't expected it to be used like this.

So Lyle feels remorse too, I thought. Too bad that his guilt toward me was never a priority. I always came last to him.

His phone rang before he could finish his cigarette and as he picked up, his gaze softened.

"Yeah, go ahead and eat without me. I'll be home soon, okay? Sleep in for a bit if you're still tired. I'll bring breakfast back for you. Okay, sure."

I didn't have to think too hard to figure out that it was a call from Crystal. The City Hall finally opened its gates and Lyle walked in as he continued talking to Crystal.

I checked the documents to make sure we brought everything. I was about to follow Lyle when I suddenly noticed a small car that was zig-zagging rapidly in Lyle's direction.

In the split second before the car hit him, I leaped forward and pushed Lyle out of the way.

"Lyle, move!"

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The car brushed past me and barely skimmed my arm. The adrenaline caused me to stumble and fall on the road, sending a sharp jagged ache down my ankle. I instantly paled in pain.

Lyle was standing, probably shell-shocked from what just happened. He stared at me with his phone still in his hand, not even thinking of walking over to help me up.

I cursed at him inwardly and tried to stand up when the sharp pains in my ankle forced me to sit down.

"Yvonne, you-" Lyle stammered as if he had gotten a concussion. He suddenly came to his senses and rushed over to help me up. "Are you okay? Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine! Let's go to the City Hall first," I said as I bit my lip and balanced on one leg. Cold sweat dripped down my forehead.

"Who cares about the City Hall right now? We have to get you to the hospital." Lyle picked me up bridal style and rushed into the car.

"Lyle! What are you doing? We need to go to the City Hall first!" I said urgently. If we left now, we'd have to make the trip back here again and that was just troublesome.

"Shut up!" Lyle yelled as he slammed on the accelerator and sped toward the hospital.

The moment we reached the hospital, Lyle started shouting for a doctor to come and give me a proper check-up. A doctor walked over and asked about our situation, but when he noticed that it was simply a sprain, he seemed slightly annoyed.

Still, it was quite a serious sprain seeing as my ankle had swollen to the size of a tennis ball. I also remembered seeing the car drive across my foot.

After an X-ray, the doctor explained that I had sprained my ankle and had a slight fracture in my foot that would heal over a few weeks. I let out a sigh of relief.

"You're such a good husband. I bet you two must be deep in love. Don't worry. She'll only have to stay here for a couple of days so we can make sure she's alright, then she's all

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yours to take care of after that. She'll get much better in just a few days," one of the nurses consoled Lyle at the sight of him pacing anxiously.

Lyle froze at the sound of the nurse's words and so did I.

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