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Love Coming from the Least Expected

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The corner of my lips curled into a smile. Actually, I did not like smiling back then because I thought I was much too ordinary to look good even while smiling. I did not have Yvette's innocent charms, nor was I as alluring as Crystal.

However, at the sight of Christopher, the only face that I wanted to give him was a smile. I blinked and said, "Even though I've done something bad, I've settled a problem, haven't I? Nobody will pester me anymore, maybe the guy will try to trouble me. Then again, doesn't a guy look bad when he's disturbing a woman?"

"Please leave this sort of thing for me. You just need to stand and watch." Christopher strode toward me and reached out his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

"Do I have the honor of inviting you to dinner, Miss Pretty?"

"Can I say no?" I asked deliberately.

"Of course not!"

He took my hand and brought me to the car parked by the roadside. When the car pulled away slowly from the driveway, I could see that Lyle was protecting Crystal behind him like she was the only thing that mattered to him.

I smiled, though not feeling as pleased as I should be.

When Christopher mentioned taking me out for dinner, I thought he meant that he was taking me to a fancy restaurant for a scrumptious meal. Surprisingly, he went to a market and decided to buy some groceries to cook dinner instead.

I watched as he squeezed his way into the discount corner, and snatched the discounted seafood with a bunch of women, picking out the vegetables as he complained about how the portion was way too big or grumbled about how the

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groceries were not fresh enough. It was safe to say I was taken aback to see this side of him.

Is he still the domineering CEO whom I know? His family's jaws would have dropped at the sight of him picking out vegetables at the market.

"Come and help me pick out some. It's already over five. If we get home late, dinner is only going to be ready by eight something." Christopher noticed that I was in a daze and dragged me alongside him to pick out the vegetables.

I picked out a bunch and tossed it into the shopping basket. "I thought I was going to have a fancy dinner someplace nice. It's so disappointing that I have to make my own dinner instead."

"It feels homier if we make our own dinner. Besides, we can have fancy dinners any time. Today is a special day, and I want to cook a meal together with you." Christopher took out the bunch of vegetables that I picked out and replaced it with a fresher-looking one. I had to admit that he had a good eye for it.

I looked at the vegetables and said, "Don't you think buying groceries is beneath you? You could have delegated this chore to your countless servants and just be the cool CEO. Why do you come here and squeeze your way through a bunch of aunties in the discounted section?"

Christopher pinched my nose and replied, "Everything feels meaningful with you around, and there's no such thing as something being beneath me when you're by my side. Besides, we're going to put this in our mouths. Why don't we choose the best?"

"Your sweet-talking is getting better by the day, but I'm not buying it." I lowered my head as I tried to conceal the smile on my face. How is he so good at this? Everything he says is like molten chocolate to my ears. How many girls has he pursued for him to be able to so smooth with the ladies?

"You can choose not to listen, but I'm still going to say it." Christopher raised a brow and noticed that I was holding an alive terrapin. The man grinned mischievously and said, "You want to buy this, huh? Alright, I like the way your mind works."

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I carried the terrapin in a bag provided and was confounded. What's he insinuating?

"No, I'm just looking. I'm going to put it back into the water." After I put it back into the water, the terrapin crawled its way with all its might, fumbling its short feet. In the end, it made its way from the eighty-eight sections to the one-hundred-twenty-eight section.

Christopher made his way over and stood by my side. At the peculiar sight, he snapped his fingers to summon the staff and ordered, "I'm going to buy this one. This little fella is trying all his might to increase his value, and I'm going to honor his effort by paying more."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Do you have too much money to spend?"

"I'm happy today." Christopher circled my waist and pecked on my cheek before putting his hand on my head. "You have to say yes since I'm in a good mood today."

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"No, you're being unreasonable!" I was used to living from mouth to mouth, and extravagant lifestyle and waste were not my thing. "Does your family know that you're a spendthrift?"

"My family has never given me an upper limit for the amount that I can spend. Alright, I value frugality in my girlfriend. I should be so honored."

"Who's your girlfriend?" I nudged at him. Even though I was already divorced, I still couldn't get used to him being all lovey-dovey with me in public.

The staff who was supposed to prepare the terrapin for us overheard our conversation and stifled a laugh. "Mister, the two of you look really cute together."

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“Of course, this is my wife. I’ve been pursuing her for years, and finally I have made a little progress today. Give me the most expensive ingredients you offer, I am rich!” Christopher exclaimed.

My face flushed crimson red as I took a step back, refusing to be associated with the man beside me. He could be really childish sometimes.

After Christopher picked out a few more vegetables, we paid for the groceries and headed out of the market. All of a sudden, I stopped in my tracks because I finally knew what he meant by buying the terrapin.

Terrapins are aphrodisiacs. Christopher was trying to crack a dirty joke back there.

“Pervert!” I gritted my teeth and glared at him upon the revelation.

“Well, I’m your pervert.” Christopher grinned and peered at my collar that I tore off. He took off his jacket and draped it over me, claiming that other men had no right to see me exposed.

After reaching home, Christopher carried me over to the sofa. He handed me a glass of water and headed toward the kitchen.

He had just healed, and it was inconvenient for him to do washing. I sipped on the water and went into the kitchen. Noticing that Christopher was trying to figure out how to deal with the ambitious little terrapin, the two of us broke into a chuckle after exchanging glances.

How is this man so adorable?

“You’re right on time. I’ve forgotten that I’ve never actually cooked terrapins. Do you know how to make it?” Christopher turned to me and asked.

“Why did you buy it then?” I walked over to his side and took a knife and tapped on the terrapin’s shell. I had wanted to showcase my skills but put down the knife moments later. “I think I’ve forgotten how to, erm, I don’t know.”

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After a few moments of silence, Christopher dashed over to the living room to take his laptop. He downloaded a video recipe for terrapin cuisine and showed it to me. "Darling, I've prepared everything for you. You just to make this dish, and I will handle the rest."

I really wanted to hit him on the head, but I could not bring myself to do it.

After we were done with dinner preparation, the night fell. I made terrapin soup, and Christopher handled the rest as agreed.

I laid out the dishes on the table and noticed that Christopher lit candles on the table, and even prepared a bottle of red wine. It was obvious that he was preparing for a candlelight dinner. My lips curled into a smile at his heartwarming gesture.

Right then, Christopher took out a bouquet of ruby red roses from behind the sofa like he had performed magic of some sort, and handed it over to me. "Hey gorgeous, you're looking as stunning as these roses tonight. I am honored to have the opportunity to dine with you on this beautiful night."

I took over the roses. Roses were common, but I seldom received them. So, I did enjoy his little surprise.

"Let's toast to you finally being a free woman, and that you're going to be able to be together with me. Congratulations to myself that I'm finally going to be able to hug you to sleep every night. They're all good causes for a frisky night."

I was at a loss for words to reply him. He may have thought that his little gestures went unnoticed, but I knew that he picked up on a lot of condoms when we were shopping just now.

I took a sip of the red wine, and it was rich in taste. The first thing that came to my mind was that it must have cost a fortune. Anything that Christopher fancied was sure to have a hefty price tag.

I headed into the kitchen to do the dishes after we were done, and overheard Christopher on the phone in the living room.

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“Mom, haven’t I already dealt with the business at Coldbridge? Why do you insist on me going over there? Haven’t we spent millions to appoint a CEO to take care of things? Why do we have to worry about every single little thing?”

“Okay, okay. I will be sure to go home and accompany you for dinner tomorrow. Did you quarrel with Dad and need me as an ammunition against him?”

“Yes, I will be sure to stand by your side and reprimand my own father for forgetting about movie night with you while he’s out entertaining his old friends. But, I really do have something extra important on tonight. Not even the sky falling down is going to stop me from doing it. Even you said that Monica is your guest, then what does it have anything to do with me? Just ask her to quit waiting if she still insists. Alright, until later, Mom. Ciao.”

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I stopped what I was doing for a moment upon hearing Monica’s name. We had only met for a short moment but I could tell that the Lane family really liked her.

Especially Christopher’s parents, who were exceptionally satisfied with her.

Even though Darius didn’t try to stop Christopher and me from dating each other, I could tell that he didn’t approve of us. He just didn’t want to stop us.

Still in a daze, the bowl in my hands fell onto the ground and shattered. I quickly bent down to pick the broken pieces up but I accidentally cut myself.

“Ouch!” I stood up instantly and my vision darkened when I saw the blood dripping down.

Christopher heard me and walked over to take my hand. “How careless of you,” he said.

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"I've always been stupid. It's not the first time this has happened." My lips twisted into a pout and I was about to tidy up the mess I made.

However, he quickly stopped me and said, "Don't move. I'll do it."

Christopher bent down and cleaned up the place before picking me up in his arms. I couldn't even react to it as he walked out of the kitchen and all I could do was wrap my arms around his neck.

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

"You're injured so of course, I have to carry you." He continued to hold me in his arms as he sat down on the couch. He then put my bleeding finger in his mouth before wrapping a band-aid over it.

"It's my finger that's hurt, not my leg. Besides, it's only a tiny cut. I'm not that fragile." I withdrew my hand and applied the band-aid properly.

Christopher immediately took my hands again and said, "I'm happy to spoil you. I'm going to spoil you even if you're not happy with it."

His words were domineering, but why was I feeling so happy? I was just an ordinary woman with no ambitions or dreams to be a lady boss. All I wanted was a family and a man who would love and pamper me.

I watched him hold my hand as he examined the band-aid on my finger. My gaze landed on his side profile and it looked as though it was God's most flawless work.

I tugged on his sleeves and asked softly, "Christopher, your family really likes Monica, right? What kind of a woman is she?"

He looked at me and seeing that I was being so careful with my words, he patted my head and answered, "You're overthinking again. I have told you that she's a family friend. We know each other well because our families meet from time to time."

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“But I noticed that your family really likes her. She looks pretty and is so outstanding. She’s so poised and sophisticated no matter what she does. Both of you are a perfect match for each other.”

I was just an ugly duckling compared to her. Christopher and I weren’t in the same league at all.

Hearing that, he flicked my forehead and said, “If my family likes her, then it’s their business, not mine. I only see her as my little sister. Besides, it is my business as to whom I will be marrying and having kids. It’s none of my family’s concern at all.”

“But...” I was still feeling troubled.

His face darkened suddenly and he asked seriously, “Did my brother say something? That bas*ard! How dare he sprout nonsense to you. I’ll have to give him a good beating when I go back. It’s been so long since I last fought him. I wonder if he remembers how it feels to be bullied by his little brother.”

I couldn’t imagine how it would be if Christopher fought with the mayor of Avenport. It was scary just to think about it. Darius had more of a scholarly vibe. He wasn’t as sharp or tough as his brother so he would probably lose miserably.

“That’s not it. Darius was really nice and he didn’t say any nonsense nor did he give me money and threatened me. All he did was treat me to a cup of coffee and give me his phone number, telling me that I can go to him if I have trouble.”

“What? He gave you his phone number? He’s definitely planning something. Delete it now!” He then looked around, looking for my phone and he said while rolling up his sleeves, “I’ve gotta fight him.”

I didn’t know how to react to his words as I reached out to stop him. “Don’t do anything rash, Christopher. Darius is a good person. Don’t bully him just because you’ve gone through training in the force.”

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Christopher was utterly amused at my panicked look. "You're not thinking that Darius is just a defenseless scholar, are you? He hasn't lost a fight since he was young and had even gotten third place in a mixed martial arts tournament in the army."

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"What?" I exclaimed.

"I got first place, of course." He lifted his chin proudly.

I was shocked at his words. How much more outstanding can this family get? Must they crush the confidence of ordinary people like us So what if they're elite people? Did we, the ordinary people, offend them in any way?

As these thoughts flooded my mind, I realized that Christopher was getting unruly. His hand that was once holding me was inching upwards and slowly made its way to my arm.

My mind was a mess and I pushed him away before running to the bathroom. "I'm going to wash up."

"Alright. You need to wash up before going to bed anyway," he said, emphasizing the words 'wash up.'

My face blushed as I hid in the bathroom. I stared at my reflection in the mirror as I brushed my teeth.

A slight smile hung on my lips. Perhaps it was because I had been having a great time lately, but I looked really happy.

I spent almost half an hour brushing my teeth. I didn't know what had happened. Before my divorce, Christopher and I would mess around doing everything under the sun and

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the moonlight. However, after the divorce, I felt awkward with everything even though I was finally free.

My face burned at the thought of all the shameless things we had done since we got together.

After a moment, the living room finally quietened down and I slowly walked out of the bathroom. Then, I said to Christopher who was on the couch, "I'm going to sleep."

Right after I finished my sentence, I rushed into the bedroom and closed the door behind me. I walked around the room for a while before deciding to lock the door. The bedroom next door would be cleaned every day as Sabrina would stay over from time to time anyway.

My mind was in a mess as I was feeling both excited and afraid. In the end, I resolved to stop thinking about it and just get to sleep.

Just as I was tossing and turning in bed, I felt a weight on me. Something was pressing down on me and I could hardly breathe.

I immediately opened my eyes and pulled the covers off. Christopher was laying on the covers and he stared at me with raised brows. "Are you going to let your man sleep in an empty room? That's immoral."

"How did you get in?" My eyes instantly darted to the door I had locked earlier but it was wide open. Where did he get the keys? And more importantly, why didn't I hear the door open?

"Darling, did you already forget about my occupation? If I can't even do something as simple as opening a door, then I'd be a disgraced captain who should be cast aside."

It was only then that I remembered that Christopher was in the military. He was someone in an elite team too. If that was the case, did that mean that he was in the special forces?

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He was in no hurry to remove the covers as he pulled out the condoms and started to count them. He was feeling rather troubled once he was done counting.

“Oh no, I forgot to buy more earlier. The box I bought only has five in it. This might not be enough.”

I blushed and snatched the box from him. “You’re talking nonsense again.”

“Nonsense? I am being serious!” He threw himself at me and burrowed underneath the covers. His slightly cold body pressed onto mine and his eyes shone under the dim light.

“I can finally have you to myself openly now, Darling.”

I was just divorced, and it was nothing unusual. “Are you planning to take me to meet your parents tomorrow?” I muttered.

“That’s not a bad idea. Should we go to my house tomorrow?” Christopher asked.

I was actually joking so when he suggested it, I quickly waved my hands and refused, “No. I was just joking.”

I wasn’t confident enough to go to the Lane family, and I refused to go there too. I didn’t know how I should even talk to them when I was such a wreck.

Christopher’s parents were easy-going people, and they would get along well with anyone. Frankly speaking, people like them were the hardest to get along with because you never know if they had a problem with anyone.

“Are you afraid?”

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I was indeed afraid. Before my divorce, I was always thinking of ways to get divorced so that I could finally be with him. Yet, once I was finally divorced, the things that I didn't put much thought into previously came swarming to me, leaving me especially confused.

I gently hit on Christopher's chest and asked softly, "I'm very useless, ain't I?"

He hugged me and sighed. "To me, you will always be the best. Don't care about others. It doesn't matter if it's Monica or Crystal, none of them are as important as you."

"Okay," I mumbled in response but I still couldn't calm down. He held my head in his palms and kissed my cheek. "Do not back down from this, okay? I won't let go of you even if you're scared."

I felt his hand under my pajamas and he put it over my heart. I heard my heartbeat as he stared at me with gentle eyes. "We shouldn't think about anything troubling now. You just have to think about me."

"And then what?" I asked.

"You just have to cry out for me."

Christopher buried his head in my chest and he started to 'play the piano' on my body. Every time his fingers touched my skin, I felt as though electricity was coursing through my body.

I couldn't help it as my toes curled up and he lifted my leg before straightening my toes again. Then, he rubbed my feet against his cheek and positioned himself between my legs.

He didn't let go of my feet as he praised, "How beautiful!"

I admit that my legs were beautiful. I wondered what God was thinking when He was creating me. He didn't give me a pretty face but instead, gave me a pair of porcelain-fair legs. Even Sabrina had teased me previously, saying that only my legs were pleasing to the eye.

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If we were in ancient times, I could have managed to marry a rich and powerful man just by relying on this pair of legs.

“They’re only legs. Their only purpose is to help me walk around no matter how nice they look.” I narrowed my eyes and went into a daze before going limp on his body.

“Well, only I can touch them anyway.” Christopher glided his slender fingers over my leg and slowly made his way upwards. His fingers finally reached my stomach. I wanted to retort by saying that many people had already seen my legs and that the doctor had touched them too.

But before I could get the words out, he closed in on me. My body trembled and I couldn’t stop myself from letting out a moan. Then, Christopher held my head and pressed his lips against mine.

His kiss was especially passionate and his body felt hot as if it would melt mine anytime soon. I did my best to accept him, wanting to show him my best. We were such a perfect match that we managed to reach the peak together.

Before I could recover from it, my body was suddenly suspended in the air. By the time I snapped out of it, all I could see were the checkered bed sheets and I had almost fallen off the bed. I tried to reach out to hold on to something and my hands were fumbling around. Christopher grabbed hold of my hands from behind me and started to plant kisses on my back.

All I could do was breathe. He had always been gentle but passionate and I was always charmed by it. Suddenly, my phone that was on the bed rang and I reached out for it. However, I had only managed to move my hand a little when Christopher took my hands and held them behind my back.

“No... The phone’s ringing!”

“Leave it be. You just have to focus on me.”

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The phone kept ringing and I forcefully turned to take a look at my phone. I saw that it was from Sabrina and it was the fifth time she was calling. Feeling worried that something might have happened to her, I answered the call with my chin.

“What’s up, Sabby?” I said while trying my best to sound normal.

“Wow, Yvonne. You managed to get back at Lyle and Crystal. Did you know that they were surrounded by a bunch of reporters and there were so many nasty articles written about them? I only saw your back in the video but I guessed immediately that it had something to do with you. Come on, tell me how you managed to do it.”

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