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"I... I was just so angry... That's why..." What could have been a complete sentence became an intermittent one due to Christopher's eager kisses. I wanted to hang up but he wouldn't let go of my hands. That was why I was forced to hold in the feeling of pleasure as I bit my lips to stop myself from making any weird noises. I was about to go crazy soon.

"Hello? What are you doing? Are you out running? Why do you sound like you're panting? See, I told you you should've exercised and clean yourself up to look prettier. Only then would a handsome man fall for you."

Sabrina would never expect me to be talking to her through the phone when I was doing it. She continued, "You told me a few days ago that you've already settled the divorce with Lyle. Are you done with it already? Don't act all calm and indifferent all day when I'm dying of anxiety here."

"We're already divorced. It was during the afternoon... Ah..." Christopher was probably displeased that I wasn't paying him my full attention and was talking to someone else while we were doing it. He was becoming more and more aggressive and I couldn't hold it in anymore.

I turned back and glared at him before gesturing for him to either help me hang up or let go of me. But he was grinning from ear to ear and even got more aggressive with his moves. The look in his eyes clearly said, "I told you not to answer. You can hang up with your chin now."

I was on the brink of tears as I noticed that I had unknowingly put some distance between the phone and myself. His hands were around my waist with such great force it was as though he wanted to break my waist.

Is it too late to apologize now? I wanted so much to cry and my eyes had already reddened. What I didn't know was how alluring I looked at that moment.

He held my head in his palms and leaned over to kiss me. I couldn't even turn my neck, so all I could do was beg with my eyes. His lips hovered over my eyes before kissing the tears away and before letting me go.

"Really? That's great! Now we can finally go have a good time without having to worry. Hey, how's your progress with my idol? Should I hold a party so you can both hook up with each other? You can even show your love to Lyle and the rest. Let's see how they can stay on their high horses then," the woman continued to chatter on and gave me ideas.

I buried my head in the blankets and didn't dare to say anything else. I gritted my teeth, afraid that I would embarrass myself.

"Hey! Talk to me!" Not receiving any response, Sabrina started to shout through the speakers.

"Sabrina, we're busy right now. Don't look for Yvonne in the next few days," Christopher finally said and he was panting as he spoke.

"You're with Eve... Oh sh*t! My ears are going deaf soon," she cursed and instantly hung up. I was embarrassed and I didn't even dare to look up. Unfortunately, he didn't want to let me off the hook. He turned me around and a wicked smile hung on his lips.

It was a wild ride and I was in a daze. I wasn't even able to move my fingers by the time I heard him say something. All I could do was lay below him as if I was a dead fish.

In the end, I drifted off to sleep because I was too tired.

"You must not know how long I've had a crush on you."

Who's talking? That's weird. I tried to look around but I couldn't open my eyes.

"Why didn't you wait for two years? If I knew that you would marry Lyle and go through all this pain, I wouldn't have joined the military. That way, both of us will be happy."

Will I be happy? I wasn't sure, but I was sure that I was very happy now.

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"Back then, I thought that you would go overseas and do what you wanted with your paintings. That was why I thought of joining the army. That way, my family wouldn't force me to marry Monica. After that, I would go overseas and look for you when I made a name for myself and retire. Yet, when I saw you and Lyle holding hands in the hotel, I couldn't bring myself to walk away anymore. I only knew then that you didn't go to Eastsummer, nor did you continue to paint. You had gotten married to someone else instead."

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"That night, my medicine wasn't enough to make me lose my mind completely. But when I saw you lying on the bed and gazing at me so beautifully, I couldn't help it anymore. All I wanted to do was to take you into my arms. I thought that it would be the best memory of my life. But when I saw the blood on the sheets and when you cried out Lyle's name as you held onto me, only then did I realize that you weren't doing well."

He paused, then continued, "Eve, we've missed out on each other for so many years. This time, no one can take you away from me. You can only be mine no matter what."

"You're mine, Eve. Do you know that?" Christopher whispered affectionately.

I could hear someone constantly talking to me. However, I was falling in and out of consciousness and could not hear it clearly. Finding it somewhat annoying, I then waved my hand and mumbled dazedly, "You're noisy. I'm tired and I want to sleep."

"Sleep, I'll protect you."

Upon hearing those words, I closed my eyes and finally fell into a deep sleep.

When the morning sunlight shone in, I woke up from my sleep to see Christopher hugging the blankets and sleeping soundly. There was a slight smile on his face. He even has an unruly smirk when he sleeps.

Looking at such a child-like sleeping face, I laughed silently, eager to record that moment in a painting.

Dragging my sore body, I took out my unfinished art piece and placed it on the easel, then began to paint. I studied Christopher's face as I drew, and soon, I completed my painting.

I was very satisfied as I looked at it. Christopher was depicted full of charm, and it was as if he had come to life in the painting. The piece was a testimony of love.

Just as I was admiring the art piece, his face came into view in front of me suddenly, and he pulled me into a gentle embrace. His voice had the dullness of having just woken up and was low and attractive as he said, "Why are you up so early? You're wearing so little. Your body is all cold."

He then wrapped me in the blankets and held onto my slightly cold hands.

"I couldn't sleep, so I got up," I replied, leaning into his arms with my eyes still on the painting.

He glanced over at it and pressed his lips together. "I'm right in front of you. Why're you looking at this drawing? Look at me!"

In response, I took the art piece and held it up to him as if it were a treasure. I shook it and asked, "Look, Christopher. I used the brush you gave me to paint it. Don't you have anything to say?"

He took the painting from me and flipped it around. Then, as soon as he saw it, his eyes brightened, but he purposely said, "Mm, it's not bad. At least you got my handsome face right. Keep up the good work."

"Of course. I'm not bragging, but my art skills are excellent. If it weren't for Crystal..." I then sighed. If she hadn't replaced me, I would've been the new school artist instead.

"Why have you stop talking?" he asked upon seeing that I stopped my sentence halfway. He pulled me into a hug, pressing me against his chest.

After a pause, I replied, "Actually, it's not something I can't say. I used to have a piece called Autumnal Panorama. I was going to take it to Eastsummer to participate in an exhibition and was supposed to get an apprenticeship position. But Grandma gave it to Crystal and forced her to leave Avenport. I only learned about it recently."

After all, I could even talk about how Lyle had left me in the hotel. Thus, what else could I not say?

I continued, "I drew it for three months. A friend of mine who's very knowledgeable in painting said that it was enough for me to get a position as a famous master. I could even go elsewhere to get better development and escape from my difficulties. Well, it's okay. At least, now I know that I'm not as useless as I thought, so that's good."

His eyes suddenly brightened a little. After looking at me for a moment, he asked softly, "Have you ever thought of starting afresh and doing what you want to do?"

"Start afresh?" I asked, glancing at him sideways. In all honesty, I was surprised to be able to pick up a brush and paint again. However, I dared not think about continuing to pursue my dreams.

"Yeah, I'll support you. As long as you want to do it, I'll always support you!" he said as he looked at me seriously, his expression was particularly solemn.

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"I'll think about it!" I did not know whether I still had that kind of enthusiasm to take a gamble and pursue my dream.

Then, seeing that I was not in high spirits, he did not continue the topic.

In the next few days, Christopher and I had a very wild time together. Just like he said, he hugged me to sleep every night, and we made love, did all kinds of crazy things in bed every day.

During that time, I had almost forgotten who I was. Fortunately, I did not forget that I still had to go to work.

Although my work was easy and no one would say anything if I made mistakes occasionally, I still worked hard. In my spare time, I would flip through the newspapers only to find that Crystal was in it again.

When she was previously in the newspapers, she was negatively perceived because of me and was in a difficult position. Nevertheless, she always had a way to make everyone think she was a beautiful, innocent person. As long as she cried while looking at everyone aggrievedly, it was as if they would all believe she was innocent. It was indeed a world that focused on appearances.

This time, she was to participate in an art exhibition, so she sent over her work. The centerpiece was said to depict a hundred birds facing a phoenix and was anticipated by many.

As I put the newspaper down, I recalled what Christopher said. My fingers indeed itched. After all, I was not someone who liked to work a nine-to-five job. Otherwise, when I studied finance back then, I would not have stopped after only a while.

After work, I unexpectedly got a call from Sharon. She wanted me to go to the hospital. Since she did not know about my divorce with Lyle, I was nervous and afraid that she would find out. However, since things had turned out pretty ugly the other time, it was rather impossible that she did not know.

With fruit in my hands, I approached the hospital, a little afraid to go in.

What should I tell her when I'm inside? Do I continue to lie to her or tell the truth?

Unexpectedly, Sharon did not ask me anything. Once I went in, she began to chat about everyday topics with me. Seeing that I looked healthy, she even praised me for becoming more beautiful recently. I must say, a woman did look better if she lived well.

With Christopher's care, I had indeed been living a good, luxurious life recently.

He would cook, cheer me up, and would give me everything I wanted. Other than the fact that he went hard on me when we were in bed, everything else was good. When I was doing my makeup in the morning, I even found that I had gained some weight. As a result, the dimples I had when I smiled were almost gone.

"You young people are busy all day long. I've been in the hospital, but you guys don't even come and visit me. Ah, once you're old, you'll really be ignored. You brat, I've loved you in vain," she said, pretending to be angry as she patted my hand.

I hurriedly smiled. "I'm here now, Grandma. Don't be angry. I promise to keep you company often in the future, okay?"

Lyle cares about Grandma quite a bit. Doesn't he come to visit? There's also Crystal. Since they're going to get married, doesn't he plan to bring her over?

"That's more like it. Even if you're divorced, don't tell me you don't intend to see me as your grandma anymore?" she suddenly replied.

At that moment, my heart skipped a beat, and I looked over at her. There was a flicker of light in her turbid eyes that was sharp enough to see through everything. I lowered my head and whispered, "I'm sorry, Grandma. I was too agitated that day. I shouldn't have done that."

"It's not your fault!" she said, sighing heavily. "I know my grandson. Crystal's going to be the calamity in his life. But I can't control him for too long. I hope he can realize the truth in time and not be tricked by her."

Grandma's attitude toward Crystal can't be worst. What exactly did Crystal do back then? Grandma's so fearful of her.

"It's also good that you've divorced. Back then, I was selfish. I shouldn't have trapped you because of my selfish desires. If you find someone suitable next time, remember to tell me. I'll give you a big check as your wedding gift." She then sighed again.

"You've suffered because of the kidnapping incident last time. Too bad things were already over when I found out about it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have let you suffer

anymore; and I also don't have the heart to make you stay with Lyle. Please remember to tell me if you face any difficulties in the future."

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I was shocked that Sharon would know everything, as she had always been in the hospital. But when I thought about it, it made sense for Sharon to realize something was wrong after Lyle took out one billion from the bank account.

"I will, Grandma. You're the person I respect the most."

"Do you really not want the shares? They belong to you, after all. Your mom left them to you. The interest alone has accumulated to a few million by now." Sharon mentioned the shares again.

I flashed a smile and shook my head. My instincts told me not to accept those stuff. Inwardly, I still blamed my mom. No matter how hard life was for me, I wanted to work hard so I could face her without fear one day and tell her, "Look, even though you left, I worked hard to lead a great life."

I knew it wasn't a good mindset, but my resentment had built up over the years. It would probably only disappear after I met Mom again.

When I was on my way out, I saw Lyle and Crystal being handsy with each other while making their way here. My brows furrowed up. Why did I have to run into them here? How unlucky. I recalled how I set Lyle up back then during our divorce.

I knew that if I were to run into them right now, it would be a disaster. As such, I entered a random ward without hesitation and shut the door. Through the gap, I saw them walked past me. Finally, I could heave a sigh of relief.

I noticed Lyle was scowling while Crystal seemed like she was about to cry. Clearly, their life wasn't happy at all even though I was gone.

Life had always been about mundane things. It wasn't that easy. Their life would be hard if they refused to compromise.

"Miss, why are you here?" a man's voice rang out from behind me.

I turned at my shoulder and shot him an awkward smile. Pretending to be a visitor, I told the handsome patient lying in his bed, "I'm sorry. I must've entered the wrong ward."

"Oh? It's you?" The man was shocked to see me. Obviously, he knew who I was.

"You know who I am?" I asked in astonishment. This was an elegantly decorated VIP ward, so I guessed he was some rich brat. I was a forgetful person, so even after attending parties and meeting the upper-class society, I promptly forgot their faces.

The man's expression froze. After a brief silence, he introduced himself awkwardly. "I'm Lucas Goldstein."

"Oh, Mr. Goldstein. Long time no see!" I greeted him with a polite chuckle. I still couldn't remember who he was, but I figured I could greet him and get away with it.

The man's expression grew increasingly awkward. He hesitated before saying, "I'm from the Goldstein family. Looks like you don't remember who I am. We nearly got engaged back then."

I racked my brains for a while before letting out an exclamation. "Ah!" The only Goldstein family I knew was the family Nathan once tried to force me to marry into. Lucas Goldstein was the son of the current CEO of Goldstein Group. He was rumored to be a cruel playboy who loved fooling around with celebrities. After he nearly tortured a celebrity to her death, it caused an uproar in Avenport.

The Goldstein family was prominent enough to be on par with the Lane family. When Nathan found out about their existence, he forced me to marry Lucas. That was why I fell out with Nathan.

I couldn't believe the weak guy in front of my eyes was the playboy I read about. As the tension grew thick, I rubbed my fingers and forced out a smile. "Oh, you're that Mr. Goldstein. Well then, I still have some things to attend to so I'll take my leave now."

At once, I dashed for the door and pushed it open. Lucas suddenly called out, "I can't move. Can you get me a glass of water? I'm parched."

I wanted to say no, but the young man seemed pitiful sitting on the bed alone. I couldn't bring myself to leave and trudged back to pour him a glass of water.

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Lucas was clearly parched, for he gulped down three glasses of water before placing the glass down and thanked me gratefully. I felt awkward. Back then, when I refused to marry Lucas, the upper-class society mocked him saying that even a nobody like me wasn't willing to marry him and that he was destined to be alone forever.

Although I had never met him, I could imagine how horrible it must have been when everyone else was taunting him.

Still, he seemed like a different person from what I heard. His gentle demeanor caught me by surprise. He didn't even fly into a rage when I barged into his ward.

"Are you afraid of me?" Lucas asked when he saw that I was standing a distance away from him. A bitter smile played on his lips as he leaned back on his pillow weakly. "But I guess that makes sense. Women are afraid of me because of my horrible reputation."

I couldn't bring myself to continue the conversation and changed the topic hastily. "Why don't I fill your thermos and put it on top of your bedside drawer? That way, you can drink warm water whenever you want."

"Thank you!"

After ending the strange conversation, I escaped from the hospital swiftly as though someone was hot on my trails. It was mind-blowing to run into my ex-fiancé lying in the hospital. Ugh, that was so awkward!

Downstairs, I sprained my foot as I was wearing heels. A sharp pain flared up from my ankle. At once, I held the wall for support. Limping toward a flowerbed behind a tree, I sat down with a huge thud. D*mn it. Seems like the hospital and I are at odds. I keep getting hurt here.

I decided to give Christopher a call. He was always busy with something. I knew his company and family were taking up his time, but he still insisted on carrying out our bedtime activity despite the fact that he was starting to get dark eye circles.

However, before I could reach my phone, a water bottle flew in my direction and nearly hit my head. Immediately, I felt a flash of irritation. What kind of brat just throws a bottle like that? Don't they know it might hurt someone else?

Littering was wrong as the greenery was meant to cleanse the air.

"Lyle, how could you? We finally get to be together. Why are you mad at me?"

I immediately recognized the voice as Crystal's, as it was whiny. I cowered behind the flowerbed and peeked out carefully. Lyle was glaring at Crystal angrily. They were clearly arguing.

They must've been the ones that threw the water bottle in my direction. D*mn it. Why am I always dragged into their mess?

"I'm mad? Crystal, do you know what's going on? I don't mind you being intimate with Benjamin back then. But now that I'm divorced and ready to be with you, why are you still entangled with him? Have you ever considered my feelings?" demanded Lyle.

"Entangled? Don't make it sound so disgusting. I'm a public figure. Of course I need to attend the party with a male partner. We were just dancing with each other as usual. You had just gotten a divorce, so you couldn't announce our relationship for the sake of your company's reputation. I understand that. So why can't you understand me?"

Crystal's eyes were red as she stared at Lyle pitifully, seemingly about to cry at any minute. I bet she would cry turning her head sideways. She would probably also tilt her head up while a drop of tear trickled down her cheek. After all, these two expressions were her prettiest crying expressions.

"Dancing? Why were your cheeks stuck against each other, then? Why did you press your lips to his when you were dancing? If you like Benjamin that much, why marry me?" Lyle was unreasonable when he was furious as Wendy had spoilt him.

"Lyle!" As expected, tears streamed down Crystal's cheeks as she tilted her head. "I've explained to you, right? Benjamin was drunk and thought I was his lover. Why are you being so unreasonable? I'm utterly disappointed in you. I didn't even get mad when your grandma ordered me around in the hospital. Do you even care about me?"