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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 201 - 205

"If I don't care about you, would I ignore Grandma's wishes and ask her to agree to our marriage?" Lyle snorted.

I decided to stop eavesdropping on them. It was none of my business, anyway. When I stood up, I nearly toppled over as my leg was numb. Immediately, I let out a yelp and held onto the tree for support.

My sudden yell alerted the both of them. I forced out a smile and fought back the urge to slap my foolish self. Waving at them, I said, "Fancy running into you here. I still have some stuff to do, so I'll go now."

With that, I spun on my heels and fled the scene.

I could hear Lyle roaring behind me. Feeling exasperated, I wondered why I had to escape whenever I run into them. I berated myself for being a coward.

Back at home, I found an outsider lying on my couch lazily. It was Sabrina, who was munching on a piece of fruit while watching TV. I walked over and gave her a kick so she would remove her legs from the coffee table. She wasn't ladylike at all. It would be a shocking scene if someone else got to see her in this state.

"This is your house. I don't have to act all ladylike. Honestly, sometimes I feel like I was born in the wrong body. I should be a delinquent instead," said Sabrina. She removed her legs from the coffee table and flopped back onto the couch while stretching lazily.

"Well, Ms. Delinquent, please cover your cleavage. I have a boyfriend, and your idol is mine." Sabrina was the proud owner of a pair of 36Ds, and I didn't want Christopher to see her cleavage.

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Sabrina whistled and pointed at Christopher, who was busy cooking in the kitchen. "Life's treating you well, huh? Look how blissful you are. Tsk, women who are in love do indeed act differently."

"If you want, you can do the same," I acknowledged her words.

Sabrina inched nearer to me in a nosy manner. "I thought you and Christopher would only hold hands and kiss, but turns out you've hit a home run! That's fast. Tell me, are you prepared to be Mrs. Lane now?"

"Stop it!" It was still too early to talk about marrying Christopher. After all, his family was already a difficult hurdle for us to get past.

"Why? I'm waiting to attend your wedding. The monetary gift I prepared for your second wedding is about to grow moldy." Sabrina yawned and clicked her fingers when Christopher stepped out of the kitchen. "My idol, why are you so virtuous? It should be against the law to be so irresistible. What if I fall in love with you? If that happens, I can't be friends with Eve anymore."

"I'm not going to covet for a friend's wife," came Christopher's calm reply as he placed a dish on the table. He then ordered me to prepare the utensils.

I found his words strange, for Sabrina wasn't married yet. Why did he say that?

"Who says I'm going to marry Zachary? I have nothing to do with that scum! Stop spouting nonsense!" Sabrina jolted up from the couch and exclaimed nervously.

"Fine. Since you have nothing to do with him, I won't give you Zachary's phone number, then," Christopher arched a brow and declared. "Anyway, I heard that he's recently tasked with protecting a gorgeous, elegant, and noble young lady. Perhaps it would be a story of the special forces soldier and the daughter of the commander."

"What? Give me his phone number. I must disturb him at least five times a day!" Sabrina ran toward Christopher and stretched her hand out while gesturing for me to side with her.

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I was amused by Sabrina's reaction. Previously, I could sense there was something going on between Zachary and Sabrina. Turns out my sixth sense was accurate.

"But you claimed to have nothing to do with Zachary. So why are you interfering in his love life? He's single, and so is she. It's perfectly normal for them to end up together," I commented as I took Christopher's arm.

"Oh? So you're working together to set me up! Eve, how could you? Do you still want to be my friend?" Sabrina placed her hands on her hips and pretended she was upset.

Christopher took one step forward and stood in front of me in a protective stance. He ordered sternly, "Alright, that's enough. Let's eat first."

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"Okay." He managed to intimidate both Sabrina and me. We went to the dining table obediently and sat down. A moment later, when we were about to take our first bite, we exchanged gazes as though asking why we listened to him obediently.

Immediately, we burst into a fit of laughter.

Before we finished our meal, someone rang our doorbell. I glanced at Sabrina before turning to Christopher. The only friends I had were all here, so I couldn't figure out who was at the door.

"Go answer the door," said Christopher.

"Why should I? Why can't you answer the door?" I refused to budge from my seat. Recently, I've grown used to acting coy in front of him. He was spoiling me.

"I prepared dinner alone, so it's your turn now. Well, I can help you take a shower tonight. How does that sound?" Christopher flashed an evil smirk.

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“Shut up! Shame on you!” I glared at Christopher. He had grown increasingly cheeky to make a dirty joke in front of Sabrina.

“I’m merely flirting with my girlfriend. Any problem with that?” Christopher shot Sabrina a look.

“My idol, you’re such a badass! Eve is the kind who would only give in to persuasion and not coercion. You’re the perfect match for her! By the way, remember to give me Zachary’s full address later. Thanks in advance.”

Sabrina sold me out without hesitation.

“You’re such a hiberdate. Fine, I shall answer the door.” I rolled my eyes and went to the door. When I spotted the person outside, I instinctively slammed the door shut. Alas, Lyle was quick enough to grab the door before I could slam it shut. I was no match for his strength, so I stood in his way and refused to let him in.

I had hurt Lyle back then and humiliated him. So why is he here? Is he here to kick up a fuss?

As a delicious aroma wafted out of the house, Lyle looked at me icily. “Aren’t you gonna invite me in?”

“I don’t think so.” I remained rooted to my spot. It was clear that he wasn’t welcomed here.

“Yvonne, am I your enemy now? I didn’t even make a fuss after what you did to me. Do you seriously think I don’t have a temper?” Lyle held the door and refused to let me close it.

“Just think of me as an ignorant person. To you, I’ve always been someone who you could bully anytime. I’m no longer your punching bag. Your fight with Crystal has nothing to do with me. If you want to vent your frustration, go to your friend instead of me.”

Lyle had never been nice to me. He found it troublesome to even comfort me.

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"I haven't eaten yet. It's normal to treat your ex-husband to dinner, right?" Lyle was about to head in, but I stretched my hands wide to stop him.

"I prepared my own dinner. There's nothing for you."

"You cooked crabs. I could smell it from here," Lyle refuted my words in displeasure.

What's with his sense of smell? Is he a dog?

"Lyle, just tell me what do you want? If you're here for a meal, you can leave right now. If Crystal finds out you've been here, she'll kick up a fuss again. I don't want to get involved in your mess."

I shot Lyle an impatient glare. If possible, I wanted to execute a shoulder throw before slamming the door shut.

Lyle lit up a cigarette as sorrow flashed across his gaze. "Eve, I fought with Crystal. She's unreasonable and not as obedient as you."

I was rendered speechless. What the f\*ck? I'm not his love advisor! We're divorced, for God's sake! Does he think he's a heartthrob? Or does he think I'm a fool? Christopher, your girlfriend is being bullied here. Where the hell are you?

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"I know. I saw you arguing at the hospital. You should talk to Crystal instead of coming to me. If she finds out you came here, your conflict will only increase," I calmed down and told Lyle coolly.

"Have you ever regretted divorcing me?" Lyle stepped forward and tried to take my hand, but a pair of large hands reached out to block him from doing so.

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I turned back to look at Christopher and almost got a nosebleed. Christopher was clad in loose pajamas as he leaned against the door. There was a relaxed smile playing on his lips as he yawned lazily. His hair was also a disheveled mess.

The hickey on his neck was visible when he looked up. His half-unbuttoned pajama top revealed his tanned skin and chiseled chest. There were even a few scratches right on his chest. It was an alluring sight.

My eyes bulged so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out of my sockets. It was such a steamy scene. I couldn't help but wonder when did Christopher change into pajamas and how he got the scratches on his chest. It wasn't me, for I never liked to scratch people.

"Darling, why are you so slow? I'm waiting to have dinner with you. By the way, where did you put my underwear? I can't find it anywhere. I'm going commando now. It's terribly uncomfortable." Christopher narrowed his eyes and gave me a warm smile.

"It's in the closet. Can't you see it?" I glowered at him and replied coyly.

I was certain Christopher did it on purpose. After all, he changed into this outfit swiftly and even asked me for his underwear. He was rarely this adorable.

"Why are you here?" a scowling Lyle demanded in fury. "Christopher Lane, how could you covet your friend's wife? You might be from the Lane family, but that doesn't mean you can do anything you want!" He glared at Christopher and gritted his teeth in anger.

Raising a finger to caress the hickey on his neck, Christopher answered, "Lyle, we're friends. I know I shouldn't covet a friend's wife, but Eve is no longer your wife, am I right? Or did I remember things wrongly? Didn't some woman get pregnant with your child, causing you to get a divorce?"

"Christopher, even if Yvonne and I are divorced, you can't fool around with her. Leave right now, or I shall teach you a lesson!" Lyle's fist landed on the wall with a loud thud.

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“Lyle Smith!” I interjected. “We’re divorced. I’m your ex-wife, so you have no right to interfere in my affairs. I’m not your backup woman nor a puppet that is at your beck and call.”

Lyle’s scowl deepened at my words. He barked, “Yvonne, you immediately hooked up with Christopher after our divorce. You must’ve cheated on me before our divorce, right? How dare you put up a pitiful act when you’re nothing but a cheating b\*tch?”

So what if I’m a cheating b\*tch? I’m not pitiful at all. I retorted icily, “You know full well how Christopher and I got to know each other. I didn’t get pregnant with another man’s child and force you to divorce me. You have no right to criticize me.”

Lyle snorted and pointed at Christopher. “Do you think you’ll be happy with this man? When I first met him, I gave him the twins to get his investment. He fooled around with them for at least six months before he got tired of them. Look at him. He has a childhood sweetheart waiting to get engaged to him. Are you going to be his mistress? Aren’t you afraid I’ll tell your dad about you both?”

I tamped down my fury and the urge to give him a few slaps. The disdain on my face heightened as I retorted, “That’s none of your business. So what if I want to be his mistress? Go back to your Crystal. I’m your ex-wife, so stay out of my business. It’s over between us, get it?”

“Yvonne, just you wait. You shall regret your decision one day.” Lyle turned and left in a fit of fury. He even gave the elevator door a kick before he stormed in.

I rolled my eyes at his action. Isn’t he afraid the elevator will malfunction?

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“Darling, come on in. Dinner’s getting cold. Just ignore those crazy people.” As I was standing at the window and staring down, Christopher pulled me back into the house and shut the door.

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I shook his hand off and sat beside Sabrina, who couldn't hold back her laughter. She slammed her hand on the table and declared, "It was my idea. That was satisfying, right? Hurry, feed me now!"

"Ha!" I laughed along with her before pointing at the hickey on Christopher's neck. "Did you do that?"

Sabrina hurriedly shook her head in denial. "Of course not. I'm not bold enough to do that. I don't mind offering my idol a kiss, but I'm going to get myself a boyfriend soon. So I can't do that to my future husband."

Christopher sat in his chair and leaned over, gesturing for me to feed him the crab. "I pinched my neck and scratched my chest. It was really hard. I demand a reward."

I poked his forehead gently before helping him to remove the crab shell. As I fed him a mouthful of crab meat, I asked, "If my dad suddenly shows up to demand an explanation, what will you do?"

"What do you want me to do?" Christopher threw the question back to me.

Glancing at his amused expression, I knew I couldn't lie to him. Back then, Nathan slandered me to clear the rumors of Crystal being a homewrecker. Christopher was smart enough to guess that we were at odds.

Nathan wasn't worried that I'd be fooled by other men. His first thought would be using me to increase the Tanner family's profit.

Hence, he called me and ordered me to make the necessary introductions, as he wanted to get the most out of the situation.

I glowered at Christopher. "It's up to you. It doesn't concern me at all."

After Sabrina finished dinner and successfully got Zachary's phone number, she left happily. Her lips were curved into a pleased grin when she left. I had only met Zachary a few times, but he struck me as a nice and dependable man. I knew Sabrina would be happy with him.

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That night, we did our usual bedtime activity. I flung my arms around Christopher's neck and forced him to talk about the twins.

Christopher proceeded to ravage me. After our intimate session, he caressed my swollen lips and said, "I don't even remember what they look like. We barely even held hands. Nothing happened."

I knew I was being unreasonably jealous. Pouting, I replied, "But they're still your lovers in name, right?"

"No!" Christopher was about to go to bed. However, he changed his mind after seeing how stubborn I was. He reached out to grab a condom, but the box was empty. His brows furrowed at the discovery. Still, he pounced at me and forced my legs open.

"Hey, we've run out of condoms. You can't do this." I was panting as I tried to stop him from proceeding.

"It's fine. You're mine, anyway." Christopher trailed kisses down my nape and touched my cheek gently.

I had one concern, though. "Christopher, I don't want to get pregnant before I get married," I told him firmly.

After hearing what I had to say, Christopher glanced at me without stopping his roaming hands. Suddenly, he lifted me up and turned me around so I was facing the window. I could sense how desperate he was judging from his heavy pants.

Bitterness washed over me instantly. I avoided his lips when he tried to kiss my cheek.

If I got pregnant before getting married, what will the others think of me? Will they think I'm someone who resorts to despicable means in order to marry into the Lane family?

Christopher had always cared for my feelings. I had stated my reluctance, but he refused to stop. Are all men the same? They won't treasure you once they get bored with you.

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## Chapter 205

I shivered and rested my weight against the chilly window. I pressed my cheeks against the curtain and felt the coolness of the window. A few moments later, I realized something was wrong. I turned back to Christopher in shock.

He had buried his face in my neck and was panting heavily. It looked like he had done everything, but he didn't finish the last step. In a small voice, he protested, "Darling, you can't stop at the very last minute. Why didn't you tell me we had run out of condoms? I need to stock up tomorrow."

I flashed a smile and said nothing.

The weekend had arrived. The next day, Christopher and I left home early in the morning as he wanted to go to stock up on groceries and buy some clothes. I recalled his clothes in the closet and asked, "You have plenty at home. Why do you need to buy more?"

"Those are all formal outfits. I need to buy at least a dozen casual outfits." Christopher floored the accelerator and sped away in his yellow Maserati, which was flashy, just like him. The car zoomed down the road and attracted everyone's attention easily.

I propped my chin on my palm and gazed at Christopher. When he was driving, his lips were curled up in a grin as he swayed along to the music. His pink suit and floral tie didn't look awkward on him. Instead, he looked like a flamboyant peacock.

"A walking spotlight," I muttered under my breath. Christopher will be a popular celebrity with his looks. That tease will easily become an award-winning actor.

After a while, I grew thirsty and went to get ourselves some drink at a dessert store.

I sipped on my drink as Christopher read a book diligently. I leaned over to see what he was reading. It was an Ustranasion book. I immediately blushed upon seeing the content before I snatched the book away from Christopher to forbid him from reading it.

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“Seriously? Why are you reading this in public? As a CEO, shouldn’t you be reading finance or academic books?” I couldn’t believe he had brought an erotic novel out. I immediately spotted a few steamy scenes when I glanced at it earlier.

Christopher put on a stern front and responded, “Human beings need to improve themselves. If I don’t, I’ll end up being a boring robot.”

I gnashed my teeth in anger. What can he learn from erotic novels? Improve his sexual skills? I stuffed the novel into my bag. “No, you can’t read it.”

“Eve, you’re being authoritative. We’re a harmonious family, so I have my democratic rights.” Christopher reached over to take my bag. He winked at me before giving my earlobe a tiny nibble. I could smell his tobacco-scented breath.

“Or, do you want to read it yourself? You pretended to confiscate it so that you could read it in secret.”

I trembled involuntarily as my earlobe was particularly sensitive. Pushing him away hastily, I covered my ears. “Why would I read it? These kinds of books are useless. I’d rather read something else.”

Resting his chin on his palm, Christopher tilted his head and smirked. I nearly got lost in his alluring gaze as he asked, “What do you think?”

I refused to listen to what he had to say. Covering my ears, I tried to change the topic, but I blurted out, “Don’t say it out loud. You must’ve learned nonsense from those books.”

After saying that, a strong sense of foreboding nagged at me at once. Indeed, Christopher flashed an evil grin and said, “Books are a great inspiration to human beings. We can learn various positions to bring us to climax. We can also...” He trailed off deliberately before concluding, “Learn what our limits are.”

I refused to answer and simply rolled my eyes at him.

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