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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 211 - 215

"If this was all you called me out for, there's no need for this conversation to go on any further. I want to be with Christopher, and I like staying with him. I don't care if you think I'm a b\*tch or if you think I'm useless, and I don't care if you hate me for it."

I whipped around to make to leave, but Lyle caught ahold of my wrist, his eyes rimmed with red as his nails dug into my skin. Without a second thought, I took my handbag and hit him on the head with it.

"Let go of me, asshole! I lost interest in groveling at your feet a long time ago!"

A strange man who had been taking a nap nearby us suddenly sat upright, springing to his feet and grabbing my bag before making a run for it. I gasped in shock, immediately tugging my arm out of Lyle's grip and running after the man.

Are Lyle and I a match made in hell? I swear, nothing good ever happened after I met him.

Lyle eventually caught up to me and blocked my path. "It's just a handbag! I'll buy a new one for you!"

"What? I have important things inside that bag!" Desperate, I kicked off my heels and sped right past him. Christopher's black card was in that handbag. Although I didn't care much for his money, that card was representative of his love for me. We'd made a promise that he was going to take care of me for the rest of our lives.

"Leave it to me!" Lyle zipped past me. With his long legs and natural advantage as a biological male, he caught up to the snatch thief in no time, lunging and kicking him down to the ground.

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When he managed to wrestle the handbag away, the thief pulled out a small knife from his pocket and slashed it in Lyle's direction, aiming for his chest. Before I could think any better of it, I stepped in between them and shoved the thief away from him.

The sudden motion caused his knife to cut a long gash on my forearm. Seeing that the handbag was now safely with Lyle, the thief immediately gave up and stumbled off with his tail between his legs.

"Are you okay, Yvonne?" Lyle's eyes widened when he saw my arm, trying to use his hands to cover the cut and stop the bleeding.

I brushed him aside. It was just a shallow cut; it only looked bad because of its length. "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving."

"Wait! I'll send you to the hospital." He reached out and grabbed onto my arm again, worsening the pain I already felt. Losing my temper, I finally blew up at him and snapped, "Don't make me regret not letting you get stabbed to death!"

That made him let go almost instantly. "Sorry. I was just worried about you."

"Whatever. Trouble keeps finding me whenever I see you... It's like you're my unlucky charm or something. Just stay as far away from me as possible, and I'll be able to live happily ever after." Snatching the bag from him, I stomped off.

Lyle followed me all the way, attempting to strongarm his way into my house by wedging himself in the doorway and effectively preventing me from closing the door on him. "You got hurt because of me," he insisted. "At least let me help treat your wound."

Unable to close the door and shut him out, I had no choice but to let him into the house, digging out the first-aid kit and begrudgingly allowing him to bandage up my arm. "Okay, you can leave now," I said as soon as he'd snipped off the edges of the bandages. "I don't want Christopher to come home and have a misunderstanding."

"Like how you put yourself in harm's way to save my life, and you felt an old flame inside you reignite?" he joked.

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I rolled my eyes and fixed him with a deadpan look. "I told you, don't make me regret what I did."

Glancing around the house and realizing that many of the items were in sets of twos or matching pieces, he sighed. "I still hope you will genuinely consider my advice. My number will never change, so if you need money, you can tell me anytime. You don't have to stay with him for his wealth."

He got a throw pillow chucked in his face before promptly getting kicked out of the house. After a while, I remembered that Christopher had specifically picked out that throw pillow for me, and frantically went back out to look for it.

Fortunately, the pillow was safe and sound, save for some dirt that I quickly brushed off. When I picked it up and turned back around to go into the house, I saw Christopher's tall, large frame standing in the shadows of the dark corridor, his icy cold stare trained on me.

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### Chapter 212

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I'd never seen him in such a bad mood before, and my heart skipped a beat in fear. "When did you come back?" I asked carefully. "I thought you went out to eat with your mom?"

"Did you not want me back?" he replied, his tone deep and dangerous.

"Of course not!" Mistakenly thinking that he was mad about Lyle and me, I hurriedly replied, "Lyle called me and mentioned my grandma, and that's the only reason why I went to meet him. Nothing else happened between us! We're divorced, remember?"

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Christopher's lips were pursed tightly, and his eyebrows were knitted together. The fond, adoring look in his dark eyes that I had gotten used to had been replaced by a cold, stony glare. It was clear that he was angry at me, although this time was much scarier than the last time he'd gotten pissed.

He walked past me and locked the door, grabbing my upper arm and dragging me downstairs. He refused to answer any of my questions. He pushed me into the car backseat before getting into the driver's seat himself. The tension in the car was so thick that you couldn't have cut through it with a knife.

I'd never been in this sort of situation before. Usually, Christopher was the one who would create a relaxed atmosphere and put me at ease. Now, only the sounds of the car engine running filled the silence between us.

Soon, the car slowed to a stop in front of the hospital, and Christopher helped to reserve a number on the waiting list. "I'm fine," I mumbled. "It's just a scratch. I don't need to see a doctor for this."

He stopped in his tracks, chills running up my spine as he turned to stare directly at me and into my soul. Seemingly satisfied with my timid reaction, he walked straight on, and I trailed behind him obediently.

The nurse in charge of changing my bandages had trembling hands, possibly because of Christopher's intimidating expression and the murderous aura emanating off of him. With a slip of her fingers, she accidentally applied too much pressure on the wound, causing me to hiss through gritted teeth.

"Go and get a more experienced nurse here!" Christopher barked out, arms crossed over his chest.

The poor nurse's eyes filled with tears as she scurried away. Feeling slightly guilty, I nudged Christopher. "You didn't have to be so hard on her."

He glanced away, refusing to even look me in the eye, leaving me to reflect on what I might have done to make him so mad. I knew he was understanding of the kind of relationship and problems that Lyle and I now shared. Was he angry and jealous because I went to meet Lyle without his knowledge?

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A minute passed before an older-looking nurse appeared, taking over the process of treating my wounds smoothly and with familiarity. When she realized how intently Christopher was staring at her, she scoffed, "Hey mister, you shouldn't stare at another lady like that while your wife is right here in front of you. I know I'm the prettiest woman you've ever seen, but I'm unfortunately taken, so don't try anything on me."

A laugh escaped me before I thought any better of it. I couldn't help but admire the senior nurse for her bravery in joking around with Christopher when he looked as stoic as a mannequin.

Christopher's gaze swept over me, staring down his nose with an unreadable emotion. Under his sharp gaze, my smile stiffened and slowly disappeared.

He still didn't talk to me after we'd returned back home, making a beeline for the bathroom and taking a shower. I was left sitting alone on the couch, rubbing at my grumbling stomach.

I hadn't eaten lunch yet, and Christopher hadn't asked me if I had either. Approaching the bedroom, I had just reached the doorway when he suddenly pulled me inside and cornered me up against the wall.

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My back hurt from getting slammed into the wall, but it was nothing compared to how painfully Christopher's hands were gripping my shoulders. This side of him was scaring me and causing me to have flashbacks of the past.

"What's going on, Christopher?" I inquired in a small voice, shrinking away from him. "If you're mad, could you please tell me what I did wrong? I'll change, I promise – Mmph..."

Two hands held my face as he suddenly kissed me, every motion seemingly brimming with frustration. He bit on my lips harshly and manhandled me without much care. Out

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of the corner of my eye, I could see bruises starting to form on my shoulders where he was grabbing me.

“Christopher, please don’t...” I begged, but my pleas fell on deaf ears. The next thing I knew, I was hoisted into midair, and he’d wrapped my legs around his waist.

I opened my mouth to speak, but a yelp came out instead upon feeling a sharp, burning pain in my lower abdomen. Tears blurred my vision, and my entire body was shaking. Yet, Christopher showed no signs of stopping.

My pain tolerance was usually high due to having gone through lots of physical harm in the past — my body had learned to grow numb to pain. However, this was different; this time, I was crying because Christopher was the one hurting me.

He was usually so gentle and tender with me during sex. He would never abruptly enter me like that. However, none of that gentleness or tenderness was currently present.

I turned away from him, refusing to look him in the eye as I silently cried. The dark room was filled with only the sounds of Christopher’s feral grunts and the rhythmic thumping of my back against the wooden door.

Suddenly, fingers brushed at my wet cheeks, and I felt his movements stutter. He leaned down to kiss my tears away, but his kisses were fierce and provided no comfort at all, only serving to draw more tears out of me.

By the time he lowered me down to lie on my stomach on the couch, I’d stopped crying, letting him kiss my neck and my back before he resumed thrusting.

I couldn’t derive any sort of pleasure from this kind of rough sex without communication between us. Even if Christopher later reverted back to his normal, gentle behavior, the damage had already been done.

His grip on my hips tightened, and he forcibly turned my head, pressing his lips to mine and slipping his tongue into my mouth. I wasn’t sure how to react to this, but I froze up when I saw the expression on his face.

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It was one of disappointment and loneliness like I'd never seen before, his eyes dim with sorrow. He looked like his heart had just been broken, and he was holding the shattered pieces in his hands with no idea how to put them back together.

I felt my chest squeeze tightly, and I subconsciously reached out to loop my arms around his neck and pull him closer. "Don't be mad, Christopher," I whispered. I rubbed my cheeks up against his in a placating motion, like a kitten rubbing up against an older cat; this was one of his favorite things.

The brief intimate moment was immediately shattered by the man's following violence.

It was only when he picked me up and set me down on the bed that I noticed the large plastic bag from the adult shop this morning. The realization that he hadn't been using a condom abruptly dawned upon me. This wouldn't do; I couldn't afford to get pregnant – not like Crystal.

Before I could dwell on the thought any longer, Christopher started thrusting into me once more.

"Wait, stop... You didn't use protection..." I begged weakly, lying lifelessly on the bed. In the end, the only thing that crossed my mind before drifting off into unconsciousness was, He's really mad at me this time.

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I woke up the next morning, immediately feeling disgusted at how dirty and sticky my body felt. This was the first time Christopher hadn't helped clean me up. I sleepily reached out for him, my heart lurching when my hand touched cold, empty sheets instead.

Shouldn't communication be key to solving any problem? This was not going to work out if Christopher was so adamant about not talking to me and hearing me out.

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I perked up upon hearing sounds of water rushing coming from the bathroom. Pushing myself out of bed, I went to the closet and dug out the outfit I'd bought for him last time, setting it out on a chair for him. He'd always treasured this outfit and had only worn it once when we went out on a date.

I quickly turned around with a bright smile when I heard the door opening. "I picked out your clothes for you. Will you be coming home early tonight?"

Christopher gave me a sidelong glance, a towel wrapped around his waist as he took out another set of clothes from the closet to change into. He swiftly got dressed and made to leave.

"I won't be coming home for a few days."

Panic flooded me, and I stood there motionless for a while. When I eventually snapped out of my daze and ran out after him, all I could see was the elevator doors slowly closing, barely providing me a glimpse of Christopher standing there with his head hung.

The doors suddenly slid open again, and I brightened as I stepped closer to the elevator, thinking that Christopher had changed his mind. To my chagrin, a middle-aged woman also standing inside had her finger on the button instead. "Come on in then, missy. I have somewhere to be."

I looked at Christopher, who was staring at the floor. In the end, I couldn't muster up the courage to get into the elevator, turning on my heel and walking away from him instead.

When I stepped back into my home, the sight of the large, empty room made me rethink my decision. Why didn't I get into that elevator? Why didn't I try harder to explain myself to Christopher? We wouldn't be having this cold war otherwise!

This house had been a gift from Christopher, who had bought it secretly using my identification documents. Whenever I found myself in danger, he was the one who lent me a helping hand. Why am I fighting with him like this...

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When I reached my workplace the next day, my colleague Mave was in the midst of organizing documents and files. She was a hardworking and serious young woman who always helped me out whenever I ran into difficulties at work.

She gave me a cheerful smile when she spotted me walking in with breakfast. "That looks delicious! Can I have a taste?"

"You can have all of it," I replied, handing her the bag. "I'm not hungry."

"Really? Thank you so much!" Mave happily gobbled up the food, finishing it all. She then leaned in to ask in a small voice, "Eve, are you actually some kind of heiress from a rich family who's just here for some fun?"

"Why do you say so?" I laughed, shaking my head. Sure, I was a lady of the Tanner family and had a higher social standing than the rest of the employees here, but that didn't mean anything.

"I saw you get onto a super expensive car a few days ago, and someone even helped open the door for you," was Mave's reply, her eyes wide with curiosity. "I asked my boyfriend, and he said that the car costs millions!"

She must have spotted Christopher coming to pick me up from work. Should I be grateful that she didn't jump to conclusions and automatically think I was some rich businessman's sugar baby or something? I pulled out my phone, thinking about calling Christopher, but put it down after having second thoughts.

I later went out for lunch at noontime. I was busy crossing the road when I saw Christopher standing amongst a crowd of bodyguards. He stood tall and proud, his chin raised high in the air as he and his entourage walked in my direction.

We brushed past each other on the zebra crossing, but he didn't bother to even spare me a glance, acting as if we were complete strangers. I stopped in my tracks, instantly feeling my eyes grow wet with tears.

Has he grown tired of me?

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I reached the opposite side of the road and turned back around to stare at the back of the man's silhouette. I didn't realize how much I was anticipating for him to look back at me until he disappeared completely, and I let out a pained sigh.

At that moment, my impulses got the better of me, and I ran back across the road, completely disregarding the red traffic light. As a result, lots of cars screeched to a stop to avoid crashing into me, but their angry shouts went in one ear and out the other as I kept on running.

Getting bumped by a car and falling onto the road didn't even faze me, merely brushing the blood of my scraped palms on my clothes before picking myself up and rushing towards where Christopher was.

For what felt like an eternity, I stood in the middle of the crossroad, cars, and people whizzing past me as I desperately tried to look for him. Growing dizzy, I squatted down and took a minute to calm my quickening breaths, tears threatening to overflow from my eyes. I felt like a child who had gotten separated from their parents in the supermarket.

Fortunately, some god or deity must have been watching over me because I spotted Christopher walking towards a clubhouse as soon as I got back on my feet. Brushing my tears away, I made my way over.

The bouncer at the entrance held an arm out, blocking my way. "This is a private establishment, miss. Please show your membership card to gain entry."

Christopher was getting further and further away from me. "I don't have a membership card," I frantically explained to the bouncer. "Please let me in! I'm just looking for someone. I promise I'll come out quickly!"

"I'm sorry, but you can't enter without a membership card."

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It was such a simple thing that only emphasized the distance between Christopher and I. All I wanted was to see him, but I couldn't even enter the places he went to, left with no other option but to watch him slowly disappear from my sight.

Christopher was the sun, blazing high in the sky, and I was nothing more than a moth drawn to his light.

I left the clubhouse and went back to my workplace, stuck in a daze for the rest of the day. When I occasionally pulled out my phone to see if I had received any messages from Christopher, Mave teased me for being hopelessly in love.

If only she knew.

Aware that I wasn't in the right state of mind, I didn't dare type up any reports, only daring to photocopy some documents and such. When I was on the way to the finance office, I suddenly spotted Yvette. She was dressed in formal business wear as she walked out of the elevator with some documents in her hand. I tried to backtrack and hide away from her, but it was too late. She'd already seen me.

My sister looked me up and down with a critical eye, giving me a tight, polite smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I work here." I was wearing the company's uniform and even had a name badge. There would be no use trying to lie.

Yvette laughed, her cleavage shaking as she did so. "You work here? How are you able to pay rent with this measly salary?" She pointed at the badge pinned to the front of my shirt, sneering, "I'm currently the assistant to the CEO of Tanner Corporation. Wanna guess how much I earn monthly?"

I'd already been in a bad mood before bumping into Yvette, and her appearance only worsened it. "I'm surprised you aren't calling me 'sister' this and 'sister' that anymore," I scoffed. "Is it because there's no one else around us for you to keep up the act for? Not even Crystal is here to watch your performance."

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“Like you said, we have different mothers. Why should I continue to refer to you as my sister? You don’t have the right to be related to me anyway.” She flipped her hair over her shoulder, fixing me with a disdainful glare. “Look at you. No one would believe me if I told them you’re my elder sister. Keep on working hard, and don’t waste your effort on seducing your way up the ranks, okay? Employment is hard to come by these days; you should treasure your job while you still have it.”

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