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Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 221 - 225

Dreams were great. In there, Christopher explained everything to me. He was terribly worried too. How nice it would be if reality were the same. Silently, I wept. No one would know if I ever did that in a dream. I could cry to my heart's content without having to care what anybody thought.

A pair of hands gently wiped away the tears from the corners of my eyes. It must be Christopher's hands. They were so warm. I hoped I never had to wake up from this dream.

"Christopher... Christopher..." I called his name in between sobs as I buried myself in his arms.

I was soon awakened by the divine aroma of food. Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I sat up on the bed. Christopher was in front of the dressing table, smoking quietly. An orange-reddish glow flickered near his lips while the wisps of smoke shrouded his dark eyes, so much so that I could not catch the light in his orbs.

"Oh, you're awake. I've prepared some food for you. Come eat." Christopher stubbed out his cigarette and opened the windows, inviting the wind.

I got up from the bed, allowing my warm body to be exposed to the air. Christopher grabbed a thick garment from the wardrobe and put it on me. "It's gotten cold recently. You should wear more layers."

I touched the cotton-based top covering me. It was a Chanel product that was quite expensive. Basically, the designer outfits in the wardrobe were all supplied by Christopher. I had never purchased such high-end fashion for myself. The size fitted me just right, and the style suited my taste. He knew every inch of my body better than I knew myself.

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Looking up at him, I was surprised to see how pale he was. I had not seen him in two days, yet he appeared as though he had not rested in a long time. Exhaustion loomed over him. There were dark circles under his bloodshot eyes, and the stubble on his chin had clearly been overlooked.

Has he been that busy?

I got dressed, took a quick shower, and came to the dining table. A marvelous meal containing all my favorite dishes had been prepared. Christopher's cooking skills were greatly improving. In the past, his food was either too salty or too bland; he sometimes added too much salt, and other times, not enough. Now, all the food he cooked was tailored according to what I like.

Is this a farewell feast? I helped myself to a piece of crab. and managed to dig up some crab roe. Christopher grabbed a porcelain bowl, his fair fingers holding onto the edge. So slender they were, much more eye-catching than the porcelain bowl in his hand.

Using a ladle, he scooped some soup and poured it into a bowl for me. "It's chicken broth. Helps replenish the blood. Drink up."

I felt that our relationship seemed to have taken a one-eighty. On the day he left, no matter what I said or how I acted, all he did was ignore me. He did not say a word. Now, he was the one who spoke, but it was my turn to go mum.

I did not know what to say, and I dared not ask him when he planned to marry Monica. I feared I could not accept it if it were to happen soon. I also dared not ask him what he planned to do with me after he and Monica got engaged.

I forced myself to gulp some food even though I did not have much of an appetite. When I put down my fork and intended to put away the food, Christopher stopped me. He chided me, saying that I had not eaten my fill. Stubbornly, he scooped more food onto my plate and refilled my bowl of soup, sternly instructing me to gobble them up.

Not wanting to disappoint him, I picked up the utensils to start eating. In a few short minutes, I emptied my plate. When I was done, I took to clean up the table when he pulled me back and pressed me onto the couch. "Your wounds aren't completely healed yet. Just stay here and rest."

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I merely smiled and said nothing. I looked on affectionately as he got busy in the kitchen. When he came out and lifted me onto his lap, I looked up and stroked his face. That was when I finally opened my mouth to ask, "When shall I move out?"

If Christopher wanted me out of his sight right then, I would gladly oblige.

When the man registered my query, his face fell. He tossed me aside and narrowed his eyes at me. Vigorous anger-filled those orbs as the raging storm around him sought to destroy me.

He's mad again!

A moment later, I heard him snort. He turned around and strode out, slamming the door behind him. I was left alone, staring blankly at the closed door.

Soon after, I came back to my senses. I rose to my feet and rushed to the door. I opened it and gave chase. I still wanted him to stay with me in the short time we had left.

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I thought I would be chasing after his shadow as I had done during the day, begging him not to leave. But I had barely made my way out the door when I saw him hastily making his way back. To my dismay, I could not stop myself in time for I was running too fast. I fell into his arms when our bodies collided.

He had a firm chest, as solid as a rock, so when I bumped into him — nose first — the pain caused me to tear up. I pounded his chest with all my might, crying at the same time. "You think you're all that just because you have sturdy pecs? You think you can have your way with other people?"

He gripped my hand. Then, like a hawk who had caught its prey, he brought me inside and tossed me on the bed. He barked at me, "Yvonne, you idiot! Do you want to piss me off? Is that it?"

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“Yeah? So what if I do? You’re a jerk, a stupid jerk!” Following my aching nose, tears flowed down my cheeks as a way to conceal the pain in my heart. “You think you’re pissed? I’ve been pissed for longer than you have!”

I let you stay with me. I turned a blind eye when you got engaged to another woman. I allowed you to pretend not to know me when we crossed paths. Urgh, I want to bite you! I kept cursing him in my mind as I bit on his fingers, face, and neck. However, Christopher was no pushover. With his finger tightly gripping my waist, he started tearing at my clothes, biting my lips harshly whenever he could.

Something like this could easily lead to another. I longed for his touch, for him to hug me, so much so that I deliberately rubbed myself onto him. He’s obviously mine. Why should I give him up? I know I’m cheap. If someone treats me well, I want them all to myself.

But this was Christopher we were talking about. He has always been kind to me. If I could put aside my dignity for two years, as I did for Lyle, why can’t I do it for Christopher? Why can’t I strive to make him mine?

I soon felt something hard poking my lower abdomen. Christopher had me pressed on the bed. Despite this compromising position, I was indignant. I turned over so that he was under me. But, for once, I was too aggressive, and both of us rolled onto the floor.

He cushioned my fall, so I was fine. When I was on top of him, I extended an arm to grab hold of his belt. I fiddled with it but to no avail. It would not come off. I was not familiar with belts, after all. So I changed my mind and aimed for his buttons instead.

Christopher held my waist, wrapped his arms around me, and pushed me back. Of course, a woman’s strength could not compare to that of a man, so I was instantly flipped over. We rolled around on the floor, Christopher and I, until we reached a corner of the room. Fortunately, the floor was soft and carpeted.

Fighting at close quarters like this was particularly exciting. We exchanged blows like a game of chess. After a while, we were out of our clothes and facing each other. Christopher sank his teeth on my shoulder and I, not willing to be outdone, gnawed at his neck like he was a piece of drumstick.

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“Now, do you know what you did wrong?” The man tightly clenched my jaw and sucked on my lips. His cold fingers traced across the wound on my arm before rubbed his cheek against it. His fingers gradually reached down and lifted my foot, providing him a better view when he examined my ankle.

“I don’t. I really don’t! Lyle’s my ex-husband now, you know that. Do you still intend to come between us and whatever conflicts we have? You’re unreasonable, you know? I did nothing wrong, and I never have.” I kept my chin up, refusing to give in.

All of a sudden, Christopher entered me, not giving me time to prepare. I arched my back, unable to speak, then I leaned in his arms, convulsing all over. He merely paused, giving me time to adapt to the feeling, and when I did, he continued with his frenzy.

I rolled around on the floor as Christopher had his way with me, but he was not satisfied. While he was doing that, he kept asking me the same question, probing for an answer. “Say it, what have you done wrong?”

I must have been dizzy by then. I remained stubborn as I tried to cooperate with him. “I didn’t do anything! You b*stard! Idiot! Liar! I’ll bite you, clamp you tight, suck you dry...”

Christopher frowned at my response. He said nothing as he continued to torture me, and after each deed, he would lift my head and ask whether I knew what I had done wrong.

“I did... nothing wrong... You b*stard... You’re engaged... F*ck off! Go look for your fiancée.”

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Physical intimacy was a pretty strange act. I did not like the feeling at the beginning, but as things progressed I grew to like it. However, it gradually made me uncomfortable again. Yet, Christopher was still angry at me. He kept on biting my sensitive skin, demanding me to admit my mistake.

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In the end, I could not bear it anymore. I burst into tears, but my wailing did nothing to quell the beast within him. Instead, it somehow spiced up our little sport. It did not stop him from pursuing his own release.

Right then, I came to a complete understanding of Christopher's terrifying physical prowess. I was exhausted from all the action, having lost every bit of strength that the only thing I could do was breathe. Sleep overtook me eventually.

In a daze, I felt a hand stroking my face, and then my back. It offered a cooling touch. Christopher must be changing my bandages. When he began massaging my ankle, I finally managed to open my tired eyes.

"You're awake?" The man leaned over to check on me, his face sullen. I noticed his hair was wet.

Deep down, I was still mad at him, so I yelled, "Just so you can continue!"

"Do you have to be like this?" Christopher's face darkened.

"That's the way I am. Do you have a problem with it?" I turned my head away because I did not want to look at him.

"I swear, one of these days I'll break that attitude of yours!" Christopher let out a low growl as he lifted the covers and got on top of me again. I tried to struggle, but it had little effect on him. To a strong man like him, it was nothing more than a tickle or an itch.

With no way out, I looked up at the ceiling and bit my lips. Occasionally, when it got too painful, I let out a whimper. It turned out that exhaustion could offset every single shred of joy, just like what I was experiencing then. Christopher and I had merged into one, but all I wanted to do was close my eyes and get a good night's sleep.

In ancient times, this would be considered a kind of torture. They would keep the prisoner awake, prevent them from falling sleeping. Even if they wanted to, they would be woken. It was a form of mental torture. Christopher was definitely a jack-of-all-trades. Sometime later, I fainted again.

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We did not reconcile. When I woke up, Christopher charged at me again. It was madness! I did not know how many days had passed, but we kept on going for some time, only stopping for food and to use the toilet. Other than those, I basically never left the luxurious bed. Christopher seemed to dedicate all his energy to be spent in these few, short days, and every time he would not stop until he had stripped me of my consciousness.

Ring... Ring...

I woke up to the sounds of the wind chimes hanging from the window. When I opened my eyes, I felt odd. My body was in an erratic state – it did not feel like it was mine. Even the simplest action of peeling off the covers took a ton of effort.

“I’ve made some soup for you. It’s still hot. You should have some.” Christopher walked over to me and propped me up so that I was leaning against the headboard. When his broad hands wrapped around my feet, I flinched out of reflex.

He chuckled when he saw my reaction. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson. I thought I could never tame you.”

Devoid of energy, I just glared at him. “It’s none of your business!”

“Huh, I guess you haven’t.” Christopher knitted his eyebrows, looking equally troubled and defeated. A bitter smile crossed his face as he sighed. Holding me in his arms, he said, “Is it really that hard to say you’re sorry?”

Clinging onto him, tears escaped my eyes. I could no longer hold them back. I had always been a sucker for the gentle approach. When Christopher chided me, I was adamant that I had done nothing wrong. Once his tone softened, even slightly, all my grievances poured out like a raging river, as though I had just found an exit.

“I was wrong, okay. Christopher, I was wrong,” I whimpered. “Don’t stay mad at me. Can you do that? I’m scared... I’m scared that you don’t care about me anymore.”

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“Silly girl!” The man pressed his forehead on mine and gently wiped away my tears. “Do you know how scared I was that day when I witnessed that man stab you with that sharp knife? Any closer and I would have lost you forever.”

“I’m so sorry! I’ve let you down.” I could not control my tears. I knew always made him worry, getting myself hurt in turn. It was my fault.

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“Yes, you’ve let me down. You promised me you would protect yourself, but it seems like you keep running into danger wherever you go. I’ve even thought about how I won’t have a reason to live anymore if you die.”

Christopher stared deeply at me. There was a flicker of pain in his eyes, mixed with a shred of overwhelming anxiety and fear.

I could tell that he was really afraid. Otherwise, how could a man as tough as he was—a man who would not even blink in the face of a gunshot—bear such a panicked expression on his face?

“Don’t say that!” I covered his mouth. “If it helps, I promise, the next time I sense danger, I’m going to avoid it like the plague. I won’t go charging in again, guns blazing.”

“You mean there’s going to be a ‘next time’?” Christopher raised an eyebrow.

“No! Absolutely not! This is the last one.” I quickly waved my hands to show that I had learned my mistake. In my mind, I used to think Christopher got mad because he saw Lyle and I in each other’s arms. He might have thought we still kept in touch. Hence, his disappointment turned into rage.

I had never once considered that he was furious because I did not know how to protect myself.

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How am I worthy of this man's attention?

"The next time you see me angry, you should come forward to coax me, comfort me. Don't get all tensed up and go off the deep end on your own. If you see me on the streets, you should stop me. Treat me to a meal or grab me a cup of coffee as an apology. Don't act like you don't know me." Christopher began to list out my faults one by one.

Not to be outdone, I snapped back, "Well, next time you see me in a bad mood, you are not to ignore me. Talk to me if you have any issues. It's not like you don't know I can be as stubborn as a mule. The more you rage, the more persistent I get. Can't we just talk things out?"

"Are you reasoning with me?" Christopher brushed my nose with the tip of his finger lightly.

In the end, both of us promised that whatever happened in future conflicts, we would reflect on our mistakes and communicate nicely. No more cold shoulders. Problem resolved.

We still had other issues to settle, but as long as he would listen to me, the rest did not seem as important as I thought they should be. I did not ask about Monica because I did not want to ruin a good moment.

Christopher did not mention anything to me either. I stayed at home to rest for the whole day. When I went outside for a short walk, I felt completely alive. As I walked, I massaged my sore neck. Even with clothes on, I could see the dense row of hickeys Christopher had planted there. My mouth twitched at that. It would be a few days before I would dare to go out in public.

Plus, I did not own a turtleneck sweater high enough to hide all the hickeys. People would notice them eventually, and that would certainly be embarrassing.

Christopher, on the other hand, seemed to be full of vim and vigor. After walking a certain distance, he pummeled his back and sighed, "Gosh, my back is killing me!"

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Rolling my eyes at him, I mumbled, "And here I thought you're as fit as a fiddle. What's wrong? Is too much sex taking a toll on you? Figures."

The man smirked. He raised a brow proudly and said, "Worry about yourself. My goal in life is to conquer you."

What does he mean by that? How disappointing. If that's the way he sees it, his mission was completed right after we had a one-night stand. Why does he have to call me his lifetime goal?

"That's a lousy goal. Can't you think of something else, like conquering the sea of stars, for instance?"

"The sea of stars cannot compete with your beauty. I'm sure of that."

"Oh, bother! Just shower me with praises, why don't you?"

After a day spent loitering in the house, I waited for the sun to rise. I sat in front of the dressing table, staring at the faded hickeys in the mirror. They looked like a dense bush; Christopher had planted them so close to one another. Gah, I'll stay in for one more day.

"Why don't you take a day off? You're just going to get a telling off if you go anyway." Christopher grabbed my waist from behind.

At that, I giggled. I had already been dismissed, so applying for leave was moot. "No need for that. I don't want to work there anymore, so it doesn't matter if I don't go. You said you'll take care of me for the rest of my life. Does the offer still stand?"

Christopher shot me a knowing look. "Are you being bullied at work?"

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“No, my colleagues and manager at the office are very nice to me. I’m just tired of going to work. You gave me an invitation, no? I’m thinking of just trying my hand at painting and joining the selection this time. What do you think?” I murmured with a smile.

“Sure. No matter your choice, I’ll support you.” Christopher didn’t pursue the question further.

In truth, I was planning to look for a job. I decided not to tell him about the trivial matter of me having been dismissed. After all, I would lose him in the end if he were destined to be engaged to Monica, so I had to learn to stand on my own two feet.

Fortunately, it wasn’t difficult to be independent. Just like before, there were plenty of jobs available. I wasn’t picky, so I didn’t mind even if it were delivering newspapers or parcels as long as I could support myself. It was no secret that I was the ex-wife of Lyle Smith in the entire Avenport, so those white-collar employees naturally resented having me work at their office.

After having disappeared for a few days, Sabrina suddenly appeared at the door of my apartment. She was dressed much more conservatively than before, with her dress falling below her knees. Nonetheless, her long and slender legs were still very alluring. Her makeup wasn’t as heavy as before, the subtle enhancement rendering her refreshing and incredibly stunning.

I was gobsmacked the moment I laid eyes on her. Whoa! Love is truly something else. It has transformed a tantalizing beauty, who once radiated bold sultriness, into an innocent maiden!

“Hey! Is it necessary to stare at me for such a long time when I’ve just changed my dressing and makeup style? No matter how intent you scrutinize me, you can’t compare to my beauty.” Sabrina nudged me with a snort.

“Indeed, I’m no match for your beauty. I was just astonished. Have you always had feelings for Zachary? There seemed to be sparks flying between the two of you back at Lane residence then.”

Opening the door, I tossed the key on the table. When I turned around to pour Sabrina a glass of water, she snickered out of the blue. With a pair of men’s briefs hooked on a

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finger, she brandished it in front of me. "Look at the hickeys on your neck first before turning on me. From the sheer number of hickeys, I'd say that the two of you have been going at it like rabbits for the past few days."

With my cheeks aflame, I rushed forward and snatched the briefs from her hands before shoving them into the washing machine. I had messed around with Christopher on the couch last night, so I woke up very late this morning. I had already checked my neck carefully when I eliminated all traces of our passionate night, so I didn't expect something to have slipped past me in the gap in the couch.

Can I say we hadn't been going at it like rabbits in the past two days but the two days before that? If she showed up a few days earlier, neither I nor Christopher would've had time to entertain her. Right then, we would've been between the sheets, tussling on the bed.

"So what? Isn't it normal to be going at it like rabbits? It's only natural for a couple to be intimate. Don't tell me you're still at the stage of holding hands with Zachary. I'm not going to believe that!"

It was a casual remark, but Sabrina instantly looked as though she was going to break down in tears. She sprang to her feet, swishing her dress so much that she was flashing me. Covering her face with both hands, she lamented, "Please don't remind me of that. I've already employed every trick up my sleeve to entice him, but to no avail. I wore my most beautiful semi-translucent nightgown and flounced myself before him, yet he could calmly drape his jacket over me and sit there sipping tea. I'm even wondering whether I'm not feminine enough to beguile him."

"Hmm? Aren't men very much aggressive in this aspect?" I rubbed my chin. Well, comparing Christopher with him, they're as different as chalk and cheese!

"Aggressive, my foot! He'll even blush when we hold hands. Worse still, he forbade us from wearing matching outfits and hugging on the streets. Even kissing is only allowed after meeting my parents, and sex is reserved for after marriage. Last night, he even told me in all seriousness that the only things we'll be doing, now that we're dating, are holding hands, going to the movies, and having meals together. That's all!"

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Sabrina then threw herself onto the couch in a huff. "I feel really defeated. I've offered myself to him on a silver platter, yet he's still unmoved. Is he a saint?"

"What an innocent man!" I exclaimed in admiration, my eyes going wide. Ah, he sounds exactly like the kind of man who's particularly responsible! When a woman marries him, she'll definitely have no fear that he'll fool around outside.

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