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Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 226 - 230

“Innocent my foot! He’s secretly reading X-rated novels and lied to me that it was teaching materials for military use. If I hadn’t spotted them when I was cleaning in the morning, I would’ve really thought that he didn’t know anything at all! What a jerk!”

With an exceedingly frustrated expression on her face, Sabrina tapped her leg on the coffee table. Eyeing her, I dissolved into laughter, sauntering over and plopping down beside her. “Well, I think you simply can’t wait to get married, eager to make things official with your Prince Charming. In that case, why don’t you just hold a grand wedding with Zachary? With that, the home run you’re hankering after will be a reality soon enough.”

“My mother is still traveling the globe, and my father is trying to persuade her back so that he can work on giving me a brother. How is he to meet my parents when both of them are away?”

Honestly speaking, the Zimmer family was indeed very bizarre. Their businesses were vast, but every patriarch had a cavalier attitude. In the previous generation, it was a renowned wastrel who invested in everything and suffered massive losses. In the end, he miraculously recouped his losses with a single project. And in the generation before that, it was a rake who was showered with affection – his life a mess with women fighting over him. He didn’t pay any mind to the family business.

As such, it was truly a miracle that the family hadn’t gone bankrupt by the time Sabrina’s father took over the reins. The man was unreliable as well, galloping all over the globe with his wife. He entrusted all company matters to the vice president, so it was a wonder that he hadn’t been swindled.

Christopher had told me that he wasn’t coming back today since he had something important to handle, but I didn’t ask him where he was going. Unlike me, he still had family and friends, so he naturally couldn’t stick with me every day.

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Not in the mood to cook dinner, I took Sabrina out for a meal. On our way to dinner, we bumped into Zachary, who drove past with a group of men all dressed in military uniforms. It seemed as though they were protecting some big shot, so Sabrina didn't greet him impulsively. She merely wound down the car window and stared at him. The moment Zachary looked in our direction, he immediately flashed his headlights thrice.

It wasn't until he disappeared from sight did Sabrina marvel, "How handsome! He's built according to my specifications! It'll really be a travesty of our meeting if I don't put my stamp of ownership on him and bring him home."

I reached out and flicked the headlights a few times. Every time Christopher left, he likewise loved to flash his headlights thrice at me. I asked him what it meant, but he acted all secretive and refused to tell me.

"Sabby, was there any meaning when you flashed the headlights thrice just now? Or was it simply to apprise Zachary of your presence?"

At that, Sabrina beamed from ear to ear. "Don't you know the meaning of that? You're really behind things, girl. Flashing the headlights thrice means 'I love you.' I was expressing my abiding love to him."

"Huh?" I blinked. So, that's what it means by flashing the headlights thrice. No wonder Christopher always flashes his headlights at me! All at once, a sense of warmth suffused me. Fishing out the lollipop he bought me yesterday, I unwrapped it and placed it into my mouth. The sweet caramel taste spread from my tongue to my heart.

I then sent Christopher a text: The lollipop tastes great. I love it! Remember to have your dinner.

In no time, the man replied: I'm having dinner now. My mother is having a fit, and the entire family doesn't know why. Meanwhile, my father is prepared to be punished however she sees fit. Women are truly scary when they get up in arms. Can you please don't punish me in the future? Then, he even added an emoji at the end.

My fingers brushed against the image of the emoji. The familial bond among the Lane family is truly wonderful! From his words alone, I could sense that they were an

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incredibly happy family. I then countered in another message: What about kicking you out of the room instead, then?

In response, Christopher sent a row of crying emojis before ending it with a hug, writing: Then, I'll suffer the punishment with you. I'll take the bottom while you take the top.

Oh God, the conversation took a suggestive turn all of a sudden! What strange things were in those X-rated books he read that he has such a great desire to explore in bed?

After ending the conversation with him, I glimpsed a banner on the wall outside the car window. Recalling Christopher's impending engagement to Monica, I asked, "Sabby, when do you think Christopher is going to get engaged to Monica?"

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Upon hearing that, my friend turned to me with a piercing expression on her face. Then, she rolled her eyes at me. "Say, what's playing in your brain all day long, Eve? You've got to be firm in some things and yield in others. Life is a gamble. Show your hand when you sense that things are amiss. Conversely, you can't waver if you think that you can win. Otherwise, you'll lose everything you have. Do you understand me?"

"Uh... Sabby, I'm a bit lost now that you're speaking metaphorically with me." My mind was chock-full of scenes depicting Christopher and Monica's engagement, my imagination supplying me with resplendent and grand images that I simply couldn't shake off.

"I mean, you have to be firm when you've made your decision. Do you get it now?" Sabrina was rendered speechless at my obtuseness.

Likewise, I was flabbergasted. "Can you please speak English?"

Growing irate, Sabrina thumped the steering wheel hard. Then, she reached out and pinched my cheeks forcefully, only dropping her hands when my face was almost

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squashed. “How could you have so little confidence in my idol? Is he a shameless jerk like Lyle?”

At that, the corners of my mouth twitched, and I sighed. “Sabby, if I hadn’t known that you like Zachary, I would really suspect that you have a crush on Christopher. How on earth did he brainwash you that you trust him so much? It’s as though you trust him in everything he does.”

“Of course! Zach said that Christopher is honorable and responsible. He’s a man who will never change his mind once he has decided upon something. Zach definitely won’t lie to me, so I’m naturally in favor of my idol getting together with you!”

Flooring the gas pedal, Sabrina drove me to the mall. As she pointed at the throng of women coming and going, she commented, “Look, people bustle and hustle around, but they all seek different things. A simple woman like you, for instance, seeks confidence. Come with me. I’ll take you for a makeover so that you’ll become a woman worthy of Christopher.”

I felt that her words indeed made sense. My lack of confidence in Christopher wasn’t because I didn’t trust him. On the contrary, I didn’t trust myself. Since he loves me so much, why am I so adamant about remaining dowdy?

Thus, I tried on beautiful clothes one after another and bought tons of the trending new styles for every season at Sabrina’s advisement to present myself better. Finally, we went to the cosmetics shop and bought the most popular cosmetics nowadays.

When I paid with my card, it maxed out. I had no way of footing the bill, but Sabrina waved a dismissive hand and said to consider it a gift for my pursuit of happiness. “You owe me a favor, so it means that your man owes me a favor. If there are any good projects in the future, I can ask my idol for them! This investment is undoubtedly worth it! Eve, you’re sure to be my lucky star in due course!”

“Alright, then. I’ll tell him to keep the good stuff for your family business.” I gazed at my reflection in the mirror. I had to admit that I indeed looked good after the makeup artist touched up my makeup; my countenance was delicate and my smile was sweet.

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Just when we had exited the mall, Sabrina ruthlessly kicked me out of the car. Claiming that it wasn't appropriate to have me as the third wheel since she was going on a date with Zachary, she told me to ask her idol out to keep me company instead.

As I choked on the cloud of smoke she left behind, I was gripped by the urge to yell out that we shouldn't meet anymore since our friendship had now ended.

Trudging across the plaza, I sat down on the bench with a hand propped against my chin. I braced myself to watch the announcement of Christopher and Monica's engagement once again. Perhaps I might calm down after watching it a few more times. After all, confidence only comes in desperate times.

A while later, Christopher's handsome countenance manifested on the huge screen. He was sitting on the couch casually in a dark gray suit with a reporter interviewing him at the side. Oh my God, it's the latest news! Even as I perked up my ears, my eyes remained riveted on the screen without blinking even once.

"Mr. Lane, has a date been set for your engagement with the lady of the Martin family?"

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When I heard that, apprehension assailed me – I felt as though I was the person being interviewed. As I was afraid of hearing something I wouldn't be able to accept, my heart hammered wildly. Throughout it all, I held my breath in fear that I might mishear a single word.

With a hand propped under his chin, Christopher lounged on the sofa languidly. It was a simple posture, yet he emanated regality, making many of the women standing below the screen shriek in excitement. A few brazen women even started whistling, commending his good looks.

"I'll have to disappoint you about the engagement date. I'll be taking legal action against the media channels that used groundless gossip to attract readers or viewers to protect

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my rights. Monica and I are good friends who grew up together. Our relationship is as close as siblings, and there are no romantic entanglements between us as rumored.”

All of a sudden, Christopher’s eyes turned cold and piercing. Stricken by terror, the reporter stammered, “Um... Then, what did it mean when you sent Ms. Martin roses during her piano recital?”

“This sister of mine loves roses, so she would’ve probably been displeased had I given her any other flowers. I didn’t want to upset her, for she would complain to my mother, saying I bullied her. Honestly speaking, my mother loves her like a goddaughter, so I’m also happy to have such a sister on whom I can shower my affections.”

Picking up his teacup, Christopher took a sip of tea. As he dragged his finger along the porcelain cup, the smile on his face widened. “She’s very popular in Avenport, so please don’t impede her from finding her own happiness with false reporting. That will really place me in a pickle.”

“Oh, it turns out that the two of you are god-siblings. In that case, what’s your requirement for an ideal partner, Mr. Lane? Would you mind telling us that?” the reporter inquired.

Lifting his head, Christopher looked right into the camera. His eyes shone with tenderness, and his gaze turned incredibly gentle. With a faint smile, he answered, “My partner doesn’t need to be incredibly smart. I find it adorable when she bumbles about. I like someone who’ll act coquettish with me and love eating my cooking. Even if it’s half-cooked, she’ll still eat it without any change in expression. Most importantly, she’ll only love me. Then, I’ll treasure, indulge, and protect her. I will make her the happiest woman in the world.”

“It looks like your future wife will certainly be the happiest woman in the world, Mr. Lane.”

Right then, my heart was racing madly, threatening to pound right out of my chest. I couldn’t control the smile blossoming on my face. As I placed my hand against my heart and sensed my heartbeat, my lips split into a grin, and I grinned like an idiot.

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The truth is, Christopher was well aware of my concerns. He didn't use worthless words for trifling explanations to comfort me. Instead, he employed such a method to confess his abiding love for me on the huge screen!

His thoughtfulness hit me squarely in the chest, making me fall head over heels for him once more. If he were in front of me then, I would definitely throw myself at him and blurt out everything I want to tell him.

How can he be so good to me? He gives me everything I want in the best way possible.

I love you, Christopher Lane! I love you! These words echoed in my mind on a loop, and I sprinted all the way back to our house. Yesterday, I was wondering about moving out, but I now flung myself onto the bed like a child. A bubble of bliss enveloped me as I rolled all over the bed.

The urge to send Christopher a message to tell him of my present feelings hit me, but I then felt that it wasn't solemn enough. In the end, I sat on the bed and awaited his return foolishly with my cell phone in hand.

Even when I woke up in the middle of the night, groggy with sleep, Christopher still hadn't come back. Despite thinking that he wasn't returning that night, there wasn't a trace of dejection within me. Surprisingly, I felt at ease although he wasn't by my side. I spread out the canvas again and started painting. Shortly after, a light bulb went off in my head.

I should paint how happy I feel on this canvas and use it to join the youth art exhibition this time! I'm going to show everyone my talent and no longer muddle through life. Most importantly, I want to transform myself into a woman who's worthy of Christopher instead of waiting for him to change my circumstances!

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Happiness was a very abstract word. One could only sense it in contrast, but I could infuse my happiness in each stroke of my brush so that others could perceive it. I wanted to share it with them and have them envy me.

The long night passed in a blur. When the first rays of sunlight flooded in, I took a good look at my painting. By then, the half-done painting I had intermittently worked on was basically completed. The only thing left was the final coating.

Yawning, I decided to drink some water before getting some sleep. When it came to painting, it was natural to work overnight as inspiration struck, but extreme fatigue would also affect its quality. I couldn't allow the painting to have the slightest flaw, for I would be the butt of the joke if it happened to be eliminated during the first selection.

Ambling into the kitchen, I got myself a piece of toast and stuffed it into my mouth. Then, I went to heat up some milk. At that precise moment, the sound of the door lock turning sounded. As soon as I heard it, I left the glass on the countertop and rushed out. I was greeted by the sight of Christopher with his back to me; he was closing the door and changing into slippers.

I flew toward him, hugging him from the back. Going on tiptoes, I pecked him on the cheek. Christopher instantly turned and kissed me back. When our deep kiss ended, he tapped me on the nose.

"You missed me so much though it'd only been a day since we last saw each other?"

"A day without you feels like an eternity!" I boldly pushed him back and pinned him against the wall along the hallway. It was something he usually initiated, but I wanted to hug him tightly and savor his warmth right then.

While kissing him, I unfastened the buttons on his suit jacket. After unfastening two of them, I slipped my hands into his clothes. I didn't know how else to express my love for him, so I could only resort to the most primitive way to please him.

Sensing my urgency, the man's gaze smoldered, a flaming fire blazing in his eyes. With a heave, he carried me up. While suspended in midair, I hooked my arms around his neck and pointed at the bedroom. "Let's go to the bedroom!"

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“Why don’t we do it in the living room?” Hugging me, Christopher rolled us onto the ground. Just like the heroic rescue scenes on television, we flew past the tiles and landed on the carpet. As we moved around on the floor, my clothes flew into the air like rags.

Scooping me up, he placed me on the coffee table. As he kissed me, he carefully checked the injury on my arm. He didn’t forget about my leg either, deliberately checking it over to ensure that it had healed entirely when he held it up to brush his lips along the limb. As he grazed his fingers along my instep, he murmured, “Your legs really truly stunning, Eve.”

“Didn’t you call my feet beautiful the previous time? It has now changed to legs, huh?” Gazing at him with glazed eyes, I instinctively hooked my legs around his waist and raked my fingers across his back lightly. Then, I bit him on the shoulder.

“Mmph!” With a grunt, Christopher buried himself in me.

My eyes went wide, and even the tinge of pain he brought me gave me great euphoria. When he was fully inside me, I sat up. Staring deep into his eyes, I stated in a slow and firm voice, “Christopher Lane, have I ever told you that I love you?”

Christopher was stunned for a moment, the expression on his face softening considerably. Sheer delight and excitement radiated from him. The turbulent emotions coursing through me robbed me of my speech, and I felt as though I was drowning as wave after wave of pleasure inundated me. With everything coming at me, I was soon drained of all energy.

While Christopher frantically “tormented” me, he demanded, “Repeat your declaration earlier right this instance!”

“I... love...” I wanted to repeat it, but just when I had started speaking, he deliberately teased me by brushing his calloused fingers across my back. Then, he shifted us to the sofa.

As he went deeper within me, words eluded me entirely. I almost fell to the ground, so I could only cling to his neck tightly and try my best to cleave at him.

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“Be good and say it again, Eve.” When Christopher calmed down, he gazed at me deeply with so much adulation in his eyes that it almost overflowed.

Completely lost in his tenderness, I started, “I love...”

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In the end, I still didn't manage to utter the entire phrase because Christopher was even more worked up than me, acting as though he had taken an aphrodisiac. We had just gone wild a few days ago, and he even grumbled about lower back pain. Now, however, he had no qualms carrying me and supporting my weight as I suspended midair without leaning against any other surfaces.

At long last, he carried me back to the bedroom. Taking out everything he bought from the adult store back then, he started studying them one by one and even urged me to try them with him. I couldn't imagine my mortification if I truly used them, so I vehemently disagreed, stuffing them all into the closet and locking them up.

“Are you sure you don't want to try them? I spent a fortune on them, so it'll truly be a waste if we don't use them all.” Christopher rubbed his face that was etched with stark regret against mine.

“No way! I prefer being a normal person.” I shook my head as I refused to contemplate the idea. Although I was once married to Lyle and had even surreptitiously watched X-rated films that happened to contain kinky scenes as an adult, that was my limit. I would never do such a depraved thing.

“Oh God, I've been abnormal ever since I met you, Eve. You've got to take responsibility for me.” Christopher pouted aggrievedly, his expression exactly like a little boy whose cell phone was confiscated by the teacher and his favorite game uninstalled after being caught playing it during class.

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“What else do you want when I’ve already given myself to you?” Rolling my eyes, I moved my fingers to his waist and pinched him hard.

Even as Christopher hissed in pain, he asked with a pout, “Are you not going to try the toys with me?”

All at once, I was rendered speechless. Ugh! Why is he still harping on that topic? Pulling the covers over my head, I feigned sleep.

A few days later, I furtively took my completed painting to the art gallery for the selection and handed it to the staff. I didn’t tell Christopher about it since I wanted to give him a surprise. As I stood there among the bustling crowd, I saw many people walking in with rolled-up paintings, anticipation shining brightly on their faces.

“It looks like the competition will be intense.” When I made my way out, I spotted Crystal and the others. It was a huge group of people, including Lyle, Wendy, and the entire Tanner family. They were all surrounding Crystal and grandiosely sauntering in my direction.

We met head-on, and Crystal acted as though she had seen an interesting toy. She immediately came forward and greeted me, “Oh, it’s you, Yvonne? I heard you’ve recently turned unemployed. Why are you here? Don’t tell me you’re here to find a job? This place doesn’t seem to have any suitable jobs for you here.”

Right on the heels of that, Yvette added, “Yvonne, stop pestering Lyle. He’s doing great with Yvette now, and they even have a child on the way. Everyone will be troubled if you continue harassing him shamelessly, so why make yourself a nuisance?”

“You’re such a shameless woman, Yvonne Tanner! I just knew you’re still hounding my son! You’d better stay away from us, or I’d rip your face to ribbons!” Wendy shielded Lyle behind her as though she was a hen protecting her chick. Puffing up her chest, she lifted her chin and looked at me disdainfully.

Damn it! I must have forgotten to consult my daily horoscope before leaving home today. While I have no inkling what the hell they’re doing here, I certainly wouldn’t have come if I’d known that they would be here.

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I took a gander at Nathan, only to be greeted by the sight of him standing beside Scarlett with his arms crossed and an indifferent expression on his face. He regarded me as a complete stranger. Oh, that's right. I am an outsider, after all.

"This art gallery is a public space. Can't I be here when the lot of you are here? When did the Tanner family have such great power?" I retorted through gritted teeth.

"Who knows what ulterior motive brought you here? What a skank! I just saw you entering the movies with a man a few days ago, acting all intimate with him. Can't you do something else besides seducing men? You've thoroughly humiliated the Tanner family!" Natalie sneered.

Good grief! She's really blind. I went to the movies with such a recognizable person as Christopher, yet she actually didn't recognize him and took him as some lowly man!

Just then, someone suddenly shoved me. As I stumbled forward, I so happened to fall right into Lyle's arms...

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