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Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 231 - 235

I had no idea who pushed me since they were so many people milling around. Before I had regained my feet after stumbling into Lyle's arm, Wendy shoved me away. Tottering in heels, I reached out to steady myself, only to end up pushing Crystal away.

Crystal's expression changed at once. All of a sudden, she leaned against the corner of the wall and clutched her stomach, shrieking, "My stomach hurts! Ow, my stomach..."

"Crystal!" Lyle's expression turned frantic. Whirling around, he swung his hand across my face. "I didn't know you're so vicious that you'd actually make a move against a pregnant woman, Yvonne!"

My head spun, and I saw stars at the blow. When I had finally regained my feet, I swung my hand with all my might and landed a heavy smack on the left side of his face. "There you go in return! You clearly saw what happened earlier with your own eyes! Also, I'll never seek you out deliberately even if I'd lost my mind!" I roared.

Clocking the contempt in my eyes, Lyle's expression darkened. "Yvonne, don't think you can go from rags to riches just because you're now hooking up with Christopher. You'll only end up ruined if you continue associating with him."

"Even so, that has nothing to do with you!"

"Stop bickering with her! Send Crystal to hospital, quick!" Wendy dragged Lyle back. "Oh God, I don't know whether my grandchild will be fine. You're such a b*tch, Yvonne Tanner! You're barren, so you want to hurt my grandchild, huh? I'll make your life a living hell if anything happens to Crystal!"

"Hmph!" Shaking off her hand, I spun on my heels and strode out of the art gallery. Nothing good ever comes out of bumping into them! A lot of outstanding paintings are on exhibition in the art gallery today, so one of them must be Crystal's. Otherwise, she wouldn't have brought such a huge group of people here.

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A new school artist? I sneered. Back then, my talent was far greater than hers. And now, as long as I work hard, I'll definitely defeat her. What's so great about her, anyway? It's just a few years of experience abroad and having a good mentor, no? But when it comes to painting, how many artists actually made it because of pointers from renowned artists?

I'm sure it'll never cross their minds that I'm here to join the competition. Fortunately, it's an art festival competition that has taken the world by the storm this time, so only venerated veterans make up the panel of judges. Otherwise, if she becomes a judge with her new school artist title, I'll certainly find myself on the losing end.

As I traversed the streets, my cell phone rang. The caller ID indicated that it was my father calling. The number was particularly familiar, but the scene was utterly unfamiliar. After all, my relationship with my father had deteriorated to the point where we were strangers with nothing to be said between us.

"Is something the matter?" I inquired placidly after answering the call.

"What did Lyle mean earlier? Are you really acquainted with Christopher Lane?" Nathan demanded.

Haha, I just knew this would've happened! No one noticed when Lyle said that, all having rushed over to Crystal to check on her pregnant self. Yet, he actually committed that to memory!

"So what if I am?"

"Stop being combative with me when I'm your father. Wait for me outside!" Nathan barked.

"Sorry, but I'm busy!" Before I had even said that, Nathan had already hung up. Nonetheless, I wasn't going to wait for him like a fool. When I was crossing the road, my cell phone rang again. Finding the phone number rather familiar after scrutinizing it, I answered it.

"Hello, is this Ms. Tanner?"

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"I'm Yvonne Tanner. May I know who's on the line?"

"This is Richard Whitrow, Vonnie. Do you still remember me?"

I naturally knew who Richard Whitrow was, but I somehow felt that his voice was now colored with a hint of flattery. Hmm? Never mind if he's being amicable, but what's with this fawning tone? Why on earth would he ingratiate himself to me?

"Is something the matter, Mr. Whitrow?" I questioned in puzzlement.

"When are you coming back to work, Vonnie?" Richard queried.

"I've been keeping your post for you."

"Come back to work? But haven't I been dismissed?" I was at a total loss.

"Dismissed? Not at all! It was all a misunderstanding by my subordinate. How about coming to work tomorrow if you've got the time? I told the others you were gone on a business trip. You're a permanent staff, so you can't simply be dismissed if you haven't done anything wrong. This is all on Camilla. She misunderstood my meaning."

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Hearing that, I felt utterly bewildered and flattered. Even if I had been dismissed due to a misunderstanding, does the CEO himself have to phone me and ask me to go back? I'm no one significant.

"Vonnice? Vonnice, are you still there?"

"Yes, of course!" I answered, snapping back to my senses. "Are you sure you're not making a mistake here, Mr. Whitrow? I'm just an admin staff, not a technical staff."

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“There’s no mistake. Well, it’s decided, then. Come to work tomorrow, and your attendance will be counted as full.” After saying that, Richard promptly hung up.

As I stared at my cell phone, I bit my lip lightly. Only when pain registered did I realize that it wasn’t a dream. “How baffling! Could it be that God blessed me with good news since I’ve already suffered a misfortune today?”

Later, I told Christopher about the matter. A mysterious smile bloomed on his face as he rummaged in the closet. “No wonder you haven’t been going to work in the past few days. Since you’ve been idle lately, it’s good for you to go to work so that your imagination doesn’t run wild when I lack time to keep you company.”

Still, mystification engulfed me. I propped a hand under my chin in contemplation. “Well, I just find it perplexing. I’m nobody in the company, so why are they regarding me so highly? Could it be that they’ve discovered that I’m actually the kind of rare talent who has to be nurtured?”

“Perhaps it’s a gift from God.” Christopher handed me an evening gown. “Here, O’ talented one. Attend a party with me tomorrow in this, okay?”

“You want me to attend a party with you? What party is it?” Holding the evening gown out, I regarded it carefully. It was a stunningly beautiful gown he had specially prepared for me with matching undergarments in the same color.

“You’ll know when we’re there. Don’t worry; it’ll just be a few friends of mine. It’s just a small gathering with no one significant. As my girlfriend, you’ve got to make me proud lest those jerks disparate me as a saint who hasn’t touched a woman in years.”

Picking up the pink panties, Christopher brandished them before me with a smirk. “Do try them on. I picked them especially for you, but I might have gotten the size wrong.”

Duh! He must be wanting to see me change in front of him. A saint, he said? If he’s a saint, there’s no normal man in this world!

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Ignoring him, I stuffed everything into the closet with the pile of sex toys. I wasn't going to change before him. While we had had many wild exploits, I was still shy to do so. After all, he always stared at me with a penetrating look in his eyes every single time.

His gaze often perturbed me, making me feel as though I was his prey.

That night, Christopher didn't do anything to me before sleeping. Conversely, he quickly fell asleep. At that rare turn of events, puzzlement swamped me. Is this the result of overindulgence? Should I buy some terrapin or the like and cook it for him? Otherwise, what if his manhood shrinks from a nutrient deficiency in the future?

After sleeping for a while, the man rolled over and hugged me. Blinking open his bleary eyes, he groggily checked whether the covers were still intact around me. Upon noticing that I was not asleep, he muttered, "Why are you still awake?"

"I'm thinking of methods to nourish your kidneys. It's indeed true that men can't overindulge when they're young. It looks like I can't let you have your way too often, or I'll be crying my heart out if you really can't get it up anymore in the future."

Christopher blinked when he heard that, awareness and amusement slowly returning to his eyes. Flipping the covers, he rolled himself over me and bit my lip. "Eve, do you know that you're a minx? You've almost drained me of everything."

"Then, get off me. Why are you so enthusiastic now?" By then, I could already sense his stiffness pressing against me.

"I know you're feeling rather needy since you can't even sleep. Why don't I sacrifice for a bit and satisfy you once?" Though he said that, I knew it was a joke. He would never relent once he started until he had his fill.

As I lay on the bed, despondency flooded me. Is this really fine? Won't it lead to impotence?

Once he fell asleep, I stealthily crept out of bed and took out all the sex toys in the closet. Then, I stuffed them into the deepest recesses of the closet in the living room.

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Hah! He's not going to find them now. What an utter pervert to always have them on his mind!

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Thinking that I was concealing things very well, I crawled back into bed secretly, smiling and preparing to close my eyes. I did not expect that Christopher was actually awake, and just as I closed my eyes, he opened his and smirked.

"Are you still awake?" I was startled and felt guilty as I asked.

"You've awoken me again. Don't roll around and go to sleep!" Christopher held me tight in his embrace like an octopus clutching my body. "Eve, I need to remind you that I'm a normal man, and I need to rest. If you keep seducing me, we've got a problem. So, be a good girl."

I hit his chest with my head and glared at him angrily. As if I was the one seducing you! Hmph! It was obvious that the man was talking to himself. After doing it three times just now, I knew he was aroused once again.

Heading back to the office after one week, I heard murmuring the moment I walked into the hall. I did not bother but went straight to the thirteenth floor. Mave, who was furiously typing on the keyboard in front of the desktop, greeted me warmly when she saw me walking in. Then she took the breakfast from my hands.

"Vonnie, you being away on a business trip is a torture to me because I did not have even one good breakfast. Knowing you're back today, I could cry with joy." As she wolfed down the food, Mave mumbled indistinctly.

"You ought to move closer to the office so you wouldn't have to be in the subway that early. Then you would have time for breakfast." I laughed.

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Of course everyone thought I went on a “business trip.” But come to think of it, have I become the main character? I mean—how lucky am I to not needing to look for a job and instead could have the job come looking for me?

“I would like to but room rentals in the city are too high, and I would have to spend half of my salary on it. Only the basement room rentals are cheaper, so it’s better if I live further away. At least, my home is comfortable and safe,” Mave replied sadly. “I envy those living in the city.”

I smiled without saying a word. In the past, I had lived in a basement too, and it was really unpleasant. After that, Mave finished her breakfast and patted her chest, indicating that she would do half of my work today so I could relax a little and finish up quickly.

When I got off work, I received a phone call from Nathan. I swear that man was shadowing me like a stalker. Like Yvette, he would call me often, even at work, and I was really fed up with that. After all, it was only the first day back at work, and he’d easily found me. Could it be that I lost my job because of Yvette and that I got it back because of Nathan?

One played good cop and the other bad cop; either way, I hope they did not play too well.

Nevertheless, I had overestimated Nathan as I had heard the secretary talking to the manager. The Tanner family and the company I work in did not come to an agreement. Even though my company was small and our orders were not many, it was still humiliating for the Tanner family to be rejected. Nathan must have been upset.

To be honest, I was gloating over Nathan’s bad luck, so when I met Nathan, I smiled. “Dad, why are you here?”

Nathan ordered some coffee and snacks for me. “What are you talking about? As your Dad, do I need a reason to see you?”

“Dad, if you just eat with me without discussing some agenda, perhaps, I’ll believe you.” I picked up the fork and took some mousse cake. It was too sweet for me. Though I liked the sweetness of lollipops, I did not like cake.

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This was because every year when my birthday came around, I could only take the leftovers of Crystal's birthday cake. It just happened that her birthday was two days after mine so I was always forgotten. After she had shared with everyone else, she would bring me a small piece to show off and say, "I'm so sorry, dear Yvonne, I forgot that your birthday was two days ago. Please accept this piece of cake as your birthday present from me."

Right then, Nathan slammed his cup of coffee on the table and said icily. "You were brought up in the Tanner family where you were fed and clothed. Can't you contribute to the Tanner family in some way?"

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He was right—I was brought up with the Tanners. As a kid, I was treated like a princess by my father. Those memories had become so vague that I could barely remember them. Our family of three had once been so happy.

"Dad, didn't you disown me? It was even published in the papers. Everyone in Avenport knows. I'm only the firstborn of the Tanner family by name." Steadily, I lifted the cup of coffee to my lips and sipped. The bitterness suited the atmosphere of the moment.

"How dare you even mention that! If you had agreed to marry Mr. Lucas of the Goldstein family, our family would be listed among the top richest and not a third-rate little household." At the mention of this incident, Nathan's face became black like thunder.

"Tell me, do you and Christopher have something going on?"

I sighed. "Prior to this, when Lyle had threatened that he would tell you about this, I had guessed that you would ask me, and I was right. Nevertheless, Dad, you must understand that I have no control over a man's decisions. If I do, then why would Lyle divorce me?"

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“Since you are already Christopher’s mistress, what’s so hard about using your feminine wiles? Just take a page from Yvette’s and Crystal’s books, for goodness’ sake! They do everything better than you do. If you had been smart enough to marry Christopher Lane, I would have nothing to complain about you.” Nathan shot me a hateful glance as if to say I was good for nothing.

Hearing that had me sick to my stomach. My own father had just called me somebody’s mistress, and he was feeling shameful about it while, at the same time, he wanted to get some benefit from that. How ironic!

“So, Dad, are you sure that there’s something between Christopher and me?” I spoke plainly.

“Don’t try to deny it. Crystal has told me everything. I’m telling you that it’s okay for you to hook up with Christopher, but try to keep it under wraps, or you would disgrace the Tanner family. He would never marry you, so you might as well get some benefit for the Tanner family while you still can. When he dumps you later, I can still give you a hand. Keep in mind that the Tanner family is your family,” Nathan said this with displeasure with a grunt.

I must admit that Nathan was totally shameless when he talked about benefits. He did not know how despicable he sounded. That man could even say such things in front of me, his daughter, without flinching.

Right now, he was being totally unreasonable, just like the time when he wanted me to marry Lucas.

“Dad, you don’t need my help at all. Crystal is a famed new school artist, and long ago, she even saved Christopher. Let her talk to him on your behalf. Even the crumbs that fall through the hands of the Lane family are enough to feed the Tanner family. Besides, I’m sure Crystal is more than willing to help you.”

“Don’t talk nonsense. Is Crystal the type who helps others for a reward? She is a public figure, so you must not do anything that ruins her reputation.” Nathan’s expression turned serious.

“Is my reputation unimportant, then?” I could not help asking.

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“You have no reputation to speak of!” Nathan sneered. “If you still think of me as your father, just do as I say.”

Indeed, it was true—I had no reputation. When I divorced Lyle, which, by the way, was not my fault, the public condemned me for my incompetence and laughed at me for being an unworthy wife. They also made fun of me for coming between Crystal and Lyle.

I took a deep breath and sighed. “Dad, I just can’t figure out why you don’t think of me as your daughter but as an instrument to exploit. Did you really love me when I was a child, or was it all just my imagination? You treat Yvette well and love Crystal like your own daughter but refuse to show me any care nor concern.”

Nathan gazed deeply into my eyes for a moment, and a complicated emotion flashed across his dark eyes. “You’re the eldest, so you should bear the heaviest burden.”

“Perhaps so, but I cannot help you with this. Dad, ask someone else.”

I was the eldest, the firstborn, of the Tanner family—just how lame could this excuse be!

My phone had been vibrating just now, so I went to a street corner to check it. There were a lot of missed calls from Sabrina and Christopher. Suddenly I remembered that I had promised to accompany Christopher to a friend’s gathering. I forgot it all when I was with Nathan just now.

Oh, dear! Christopher is surely angry.

Just then, a call came from Sabrina, and she yelled at me the moment I answered it. “Yvonne, what game are you playing? It’s my idol’s birthday today, and we agreed to celebrate together. How dare you disappear? Are you looking for trouble? Come over here at once!”

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It took me a few minutes to digest Sabrina's words. What have I done? Christopher remembered my birthday and always made breakfast for me. When I was down, he bought the type of lollipop I liked, getting it sent by despatch no matter how far.

And yet, I could not even remember his birthday. Yesterday, he had said mysteriously with an expression of expectation on his face that we would have a gathering. I saw that but did not give it much thought, presuming that he just wanted to meet some old friends.

Oh, God. What have I done? Why haven't I ask when his birthday was? Even if I had not asked, I should have called Sabrina and asked about the gathering when he told me about it.

This was all Nathan's fault. When he came, I missed the ride to the party when Christopher came to pick me up. To make things worse, I even forgot about the whole thing. Christopher must be really mad at me.

"Sabby, where you are now? I'll hurry over instantly," I asked her urgently.

"You don't even know where it is?" Sabrina raised her voice in exasperation as if she didn't know what to do with me. "Yvonne, you go get dressed and come this instance! As for the gift, you can give mine to him. We are— Hey! Why are you taking my phone—" Toot... Toot... Toot...

At this crucial moment of our conversation, suddenly, Sabrina's phone went dead, and there was silence.

"Hello? Hello, Sabby? Sabby?" I cried out loudly a few times. Seeing that the call had dropped, I stomped my foot in frustration and jogged back to the office entrance. I looked around, but there was no red Maserati anywhere nearby.

Hence, I decided to call Christopher, but his phone was turned off. I slapped my forehead, totally at a loss. "This is bad. Christopher will definitely be mad at me. What have I done? How could I have forgotten something so important?"

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I walked around in circles like someone who had lost their way. I wanted to look for Christopher, but I did not know where to go. After some time, Sabrina called again. When I saw her name on the screen, I answered the phone at the fastest speed I could. "Sabrina, where are you guys? Hurry up and tell me."

Sabrina's voice was solemn as she spoke in a low voice. "Eve, things are bad, and I mean really bad. Because you weren't here, my idol was enraged. Thus, when he received a call from Monica, he left for her place immediately.

"What?" I groaned inside with tears in my eyes. "In that case, do you know where they went?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you. They went to Centurion Jungle Park and said they were going to watch the fireworks. You'd better get here right now. I don't care how, but you must get my idol back, or I'll hate you for the rest of my life."

"Alright. I'm going straightaway!"

I hung up the phone and dashed to the taxi stand. Since I was afraid to miss Christopher again, I decided to hail a taxi to take me straight to Centurion Jungle Park. Following the path paved with cobblestones, I went in and looked around the park.

Just then, I saw a couple kissing in the woods. The man's silhouette was just like that of Christopher's, and the woman he had pinned against the tree trunk was dressed very provocatively. They were so engrossed in their make-out session that they did not notice me.

My heart was filled with pain, but then fury swept over me suddenly. Without much thought, I pushed everything I knew about being low-key and discrete to the back of my mind, all of which were ingrained into me since I was a child.

The anger within me gave me immeasurable courage I never knew I had. Right then, I walked over in strides and grabbed the man by the waist.

Then, I pushed him aside, stood in front of him, and said ferociously to the woman, "Let go of my man! You listen to me—not only did we hold hands, hug, and kiss, we even

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watched movies, shower together, and make passionate love in bed! We did everything a married couple would, so you have no chance to be with him.”

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