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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 236 - 240

“What? But you told me you only love me earlier!” The woman’s unfamiliar voice rang out, roaring at the man.

I took a second clearer look at her face. Wait a minute. That’s not Monica... And this man...

My neck creaked as I turned my head mechanically and saw the bewildered man. It was not Christopher, but someone whose figure and size looked so similar from behind; thus, I was mistaken. Along with my anger, my courage vanished.

“I have no one else but you!” Then, the man glared at me and yelled, “You crazy b\*tch! Where the hell did you even come from? I don’t know you at all. Open your eyes and see clearly. You’d better watch what you say or do, or I will call the cops and have you sent to an asylum.”

“Sh\*t, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, guys. I’ve got the wrong person.” I apologized repeatedly, admitting it was my mistake. It was so embarrassing that I wanted to dig a hole to bury myself. Thus, I left the grove glumly soon after that and stood alone in the huge park, totally at a loss of what to do.

Just where is Christopher? Did he bring Monica to another park to make out?

Just then, my eyes fell on the large screen with colorful flashing lights in the distance, and I remembered the words Christopher said during the reporter’s interview.

Although Christopher would not actively go and seduce a woman, it would be a different story if Monica went out of her way to seduce him. After all, only a few men could resist if such a beautiful woman were to offer her kisses.

I called Christopher again, but his phone was still turned off. Not knowing what to do, I sat on the ground and fiddled with a tuft of grass mindlessly. “Christopher, where are

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you? I'm sorry. Don't be angry, okay? I really didn't forget your birthday on purpose. Didn't I say that communication is key? You didn't tell me what this party was for, so it wasn't a pleasant surprise as you claimed. Well, it was a surprise but certainly not pleasant at all."

"Do you realize your mistake now?"

"Yeah, I realize that I was wrong. As long as you forgive me, I will do anything you wish." I nodded.

"Will you ignore my calls again? Will you break your promises to me?" His low voice was heard, and, for some reason, he sounded like he was trying to suppress his laughter.

"It won't happen again. I swear—it won't. It was an accident this time."

As I mumbled by myself, I suddenly felt that something was not quite right, so I jumped up from the ground and looked in front of me. There was Christopher, standing on the bridge by the lake, panting. Apparently, he had run all the way here. When I saw him, I ran over quickly and stood in front of him. Looking up at this handsome man, I wanted to wish him "Happy Birthday," but I was at a loss for words.

Christopher started questioning me like one would query a child. "Tell me, where did you go right after work?"

I told him honestly about how Nathan came to see me. "I really didn't forget about it. In fact, I even had my gown with me all the time, as I was afraid that I would embarrass you in front of your friends. Unexpectedly, Dad stopped me at the entrance, and I couldn't leave him there like a stranger."

"Even then, you should pick up my calls!" His face was stern as he folded his arms and raised his chin. He was slim and a head taller than me. From my position, I could only see his perfectly angled chin.

"Alright, alright!" I raised my hand like I was swearing an oath. "I promise, from now on, even if I'm having my shower, I'll pick it up your call right away. Will this do?"

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Christopher stretched out his huge palm and rubbed the top of my head until my hair looked like a bird's nest. "I shall forgive you because of your sincerity, but I really loved hearing what you said to that woman just now. Can you please repeat it again?"

I was speechless to know he had heard that, and I blushed deeply. "That's so embarrassing, so no, I won't repeat it!"

"You really won't do it?" Christopher took a step forward and held me in his arms.

"No, I won't!"

"Then it's time to accept the punishment!" Christopher held my face and brought his lips to mine. The man vigorously pried my teeth open and began the sweet assault within my mouth. He deliberately extended his tongue to the base of mine so that I was almost breathless.

"Say it! Say that I'm your man!"

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Holding on to his neck and being stuck within his embrace, I was pushed back against the railing of the wooden bridge by Christopher. The bridge swung a little as if it would fall apart at any moment. I held onto him even tighter as I was afraid of falling.

He started with a kiss before slipping his fingers into my shirt. Annoyed with how tight my top was, he pulled it up and caused it to rub against my face.

My head was hazy, and my body was on fire. He pushed toward me even more and made my body inclined outward.

I could almost see our reflections on the lake. When the wooden bridge was making a creaking sound, I tensed up.

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If the bridge fell immediately, then I would become the first woman who drowned while kissing her boyfriend. Everyone in Avenport would laugh at the news of my death until the end of time.

In a distance, I could see the couple whom I saw earlier walking out of the small forest and caught what we were doing. I could even hear what they were saying, though barely.

“Wow, is that the woman from earlier? Is she doing something lewd with her boyfriend over there? The sign says not to enter. Aren’t they afraid that the bridge might collapse?”

“It’s all right. After they fall, we can just call the ambulance and share it on Twitter.”

“They aren’t planning to do it there, are they? That woman’s top looks like it’s about to come off.”

I desperately tried to stop Christopher from continuing after hearing their chatter, but he seemed to have no intention of halting. Instead, he slipped his other hand into my skirt.

“Don’t. It’s dangerous... Someone...” I tried to press his hand down.

“Relax, I’m a good swimmer. I won’t let anything happen to you.” Christopher gently bit my earlobe before moving to my neck.

I don’t think that’s the issue here. I saw the couple stretching their necks trying to see what we were doing.

My god. Do you people have to do this?

Thankfully, Christopher’s punishment didn’t mean something far more embarrassing for me. He quickly let me down and blocked their line of sight with his body. He helped to pull my shirt down before hugging me tight and roared at the busybodies, “What are you looking at?! Never seen lovers being intimate before?”

I could feel my cheeks burning as I looked at him like a fool.

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The man embarrassedly pulled the woman away, but the woman wanted to stare at Christopher longer. My danger alarm was ringing, so I pushed myself out of his embrace, and, with my arm around his neck, glared at the woman. "This man is mine!"

"You think you're hot stuff just because you have a handsome boyfriend? Maybe he's just a kept man!" The woman then pulled her boyfriend away in a huff.

I couldn't help but giggled. "Did you hear what they just called you, Christopher?"

"Well, the only person being kept is you." Christopher grinned and purposefully bumped against me with his hard rod.

"Jerk!" I pouted before gently punching him. "Your friends are waiting for you. I think we should go and meet them, lest they wait for us even longer."

"Nah, I'll pass. We'll just drink, play cards and shoot the sh\*t. It's boring. When they're drunk, they'll start saying nonsense, and I don't feel like punching anyone right now. Let's find somewhere to eat instead. I'm starving. This is your fault," Christopher said fiercely.

I pouted again before holding his hand tightly as we crossed the bridge. I really didn't want to bear another second of the risk of falling off the rotting structure.

After we walked out of the bridge, I saw Christopher was looking a little depressed, so I whispered to him, "Happy birthday, Christopher!"

"Happy birthday, my ass. There's no present for me. Hmph."

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"Don't worry about the present. I'll definitely get you one," I quickly swore, as I really want to get him something he really liked even though I had no idea what that was. "You know, you're the son of a rich family. Can't you stop speaking so rudely? It makes you look bad."

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“What’s so rude about how I talk? Everyone has a flaw in some way. Let’s go, I’m getting really hungry.” He fastened his pace as I attempted, again and again, to catch up with him and grab his hand.

After failing two times, he held my hands tightly. “Your hand is freezing. Can’t you wear something warmer, you idiot?”

I chuckled. “What if you don’t like me if I’m too smart? So, it’s better for me to be a little stupid, because I’ll look cuter that way.”

“Why you little...” Christopher knocked on my head a couple of times.

We eventually arrived at a fancy restaurant and ate a glamorous meal. When it was time to pay up, I took the initiative and treated him. After I swiped my card and saw the long string of numbers, my heart started aching. I can’t believe I’m going bankrupt because of a meal. I knew I should’ve saved more.

“Christopher, I want you to remember that I spent the money I had saved up over the years just to treat you to this meal. Even though I have known Sabrina for so many years, I never treated her to such an expensive meal. So, you should be grateful that I’m willing to spend all my savings to make you happy.”

“You are such a niggard. Didn’t I give you a card already?”

“I’m the one treating you! I can’t use your money to do that. If you want to know how much a woman loves a man, you can tell by looking at how much the woman is willing to spend on him. Got it?” I pounded my chest with pride.

Christopher raised his eyebrow. “Isn’t it supposed to be the opposite?”

“It’s the same for women!” I replied in a serious tone.

We romantically strolled back home instead of calling a taxi. We held each other’s hand and kicked the roadside pebbles. It was a lot of fun. When I saw an empty soda can, I wanted to pick it up, but Christopher kicked it and accurately landed into a trash can.

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I was swooning over how dashing my prince was.

“Stop! Give me your money!” Two guys jumped out of nowhere and stopped us as soon as we walked into an alley. Boy, they mean business.

I gasped and hid behind Christopher.

“Mugging?” Christopher looked at the two with amusement.

“That’s right. Give me all your money. The guy can f\*ck off while the girl stays. If you don’t listen to us, I’ll show you my impressive knife tricks.”

I grinned. Christopher is an accomplished fighter. There’s no way I need to be afraid of these punks.

“What are you two smiling at, f\*ckers? I’ll show you-”

Before the mugger could even finish his sentence, Christopher bolted toward him and kicked the knife in his hand away. Christopher then followed up with a sweeping kick that knocked both of them down.

Then, he raised his leg before stomping on both of the muggers as they groaned in pain.

I swooned even harder as I stared at him.

Christopher grinned when he saw me admiring him. “Are you enamored with my dashing figure?”

I suddenly hugged his neck and leaped into the air. He quickly held my hips up and hugged me tightly. I then unleashed a barrage of kisses on his face. “How can you be this cool and handsome, Christopher! I’m absolutely crazy for you!”

“You’re crazy for me? But you didn’t even prepare a present for me. Hmph.” Christopher had completely shattered the romantic atmosphere.

I held back the urge to groan and roll my eyes back at the same time.

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After returning home, I forced Christopher to stay in the living room before sprinting to my wardrobe. I tried to find the thing I was looking for, but it wasn't there anymore. I thought I changed the location of the item already, but it seemed like Christopher still managed to find it.

I opened the bed drawer and rummaged through the items inside before picking a rather provocative clothing.

"Yvonne, why are you locking me outside? Open up." Christopher knocked on the door.

"Give me a second! I'll be out soon!" I quickly went into the restroom, wore that sexy outfit, and checked out how I looked in front of the big mirror before looking away rather embarrassingly.

There's even a tail at the back. Who the hell designed this thing? I thought to myself as I put on a collar with a bell and a headband with cat ears.

I read through some of Christopher's porn before I walked out of the room, flustered. He was eating apples when I approached him with my hands up and half-kneeling in front of him. "Meow. Your present has arrived, Master. Does this satisfy you, meow?"

The apple in Christopher's hand slipped out as he stared at me, completely stunned. He wanted to say something, but he choked on his own saliva before that could happen. I gently patted his back as I sat on his lap. "Meow. Master, there's no need to rush. I'm all yours tonight, meow."

Christopher turned and pushed me onto the couch. He eagerly kissed my neck all the way up to my lips. "I'm very, very happy, Eve. I love you so much."

I shook the bell on my collar as Christopher played with my cat ears and continued to kiss me.

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I followed what I read on his porn and gently exclaimed, "Master!"

Christopher became instantly turned on. He transformed into a ravenous beast and we made love endlessly as he demanded that I continued to call him "Master" throughout the night. I don't know what that was all about but... he was all turned on.

After it was over, my headband was taken off, and I couldn't find the cat tail anymore. My makeup wore off and the thin clothing I was wearing was torn to shreds.

"Happy birthday, Christopher!" Even though I was still in a daze, I reminded myself to tell him that. Otherwise, that petty man would find some other excuse to "punish" me, which I didn't necessarily dislike.

A few days later, the piece I submitted to the exhibition was accepted and passed the initial screening. That was within my expectations, as it took me quite a lot of effort to complete that piece.

The exhibition crew told me that my piece would be displayed in the exhibit room, which was another way of them asking me to attend the exhibit and get interviewed, along with the other contestants.

My first reaction was to refuse, but the crew informed me that the interview would be a very important part of the exhibition. That was because there would be a lot of famous artists attending the reception, and it would be beneficial for my future development in the art circle. However, I still refused.

I hated it once things were commercialized, especially art. If people liked my art, then that would be enough for me. There was no reason to see me in the flesh. Although, I did promise the organizer that, if my art managed to make it into the next exhibition, I would show my face.

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Even though I was shifting my focus to art, I still hadn't abandoned my work. Without inspiration, I couldn't create good work. So, in order to receive more inspiration, I would drive around and enjoy the view outside.

Creating art wasn't like completing a mission, where I could just sit in front of my canvas and forced myself to draw. If I did that, the end result would just be terrible. However, I needed to finish my next piece within a month's time for the next exhibition, and I still had no idea what to draw. I couldn't take my sweet time like before and remained unaccomplished. I would be undeserving to be Christopher's partner otherwise.

Since I was bored, I sent a message to Key to update him about my current situation. He was very happy with my achievement so far and encouraged me by providing me with a couple of suggestions for my current piece.

After a while, I typed: It's been a while since you went online. Did something happen?

It took a long time before Key replied, "I went to a rather remote area. There was no internet access nor a phone line, and I had to work hard every day to earn money. I have only returned recently."

If Key is working in such an awful place, his family is probably not that well off. I grinned and asked, "You know, Avenport is a pretty good place. Even ordinary people like us can find a living there."

Key sent a couple of stickers depicting a doll grinning maliciously, much like how Christopher often smiled at me. Key then replied, "If you ever find a suitable man, then just marry him. Don't become a spinster. If he asks your hand in marriage, don't reject it."

A spinster? I wished but I am a divorcee.

I pouted and typed, "I'm not a spinster. If you say something like that to a girl, you're doomed to live a lonely life until the day you die. Understand?"

Key sent me an emoji of a despised look. "You should go back to drawing now. Don't be lazy, okay? I'm still waiting for you to be super famous so I could show off to everyone

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that you're my friend. If your art failed to make it into every exhibition in the country, then please don't tell anyone that we are acquainted."

I held my chin as I wondered. Even if I said I know Key, who would who he is? I don't even know if he's a man or woman, or if he's tall or short. I have never even seen his face before. The only thing I could tell from our conversations is that he's kind of an airhead.

After going through two more drafts, I put down my brush because it just didn't feel right. Christopher saw how conflicted I was, so he approached me and put me on his lap before giving me a ticket. "If you don't know what to draw, how about we get some time off and help you get some inspiration?"

"How can we find inspiration?" I looked at the ticket and noticed it was for a cruise. "Sabrina told me before that she had a ticket for a 10-day cruise. Is this from her?"

Christopher sneered, "I don't need to take a ticket from her or anyone if I want to go on a cruise. This is a ticket for an S-class package. Once we go on a trip out on the sea, I can guarantee you that inspiration will flow into your mind like a river."

"But this is a 10-day cruise. Will we make it in time?" I considered.

"Then, just bring your art supplies with you, idiot. You can't say no to this. You forgot to prepare my present after all, so consider this reimbursement." He pulled me onto the bed and hugged me tightly.

I didn't like his muscular chest, so I moved down a little more and lay my head on his soft belly. I then poked his waist and grumbled, "Don't get too overzealous, Christopher. It's only your birthday that I forgot. You've been reminding me of that fact every day for the past month now. If you do it again, I'm just going to ignore you."

I was a little pissy about how he still wanted to take advantage of me even after I have already made up for my little blunder.

Christopher suddenly pulled out a small red box from his pocket and opened it up to reveal a ring inside. He lifted it toward me and proposed, "Eve, will you marry me?"

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