Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 241 - 245

It was the first time Christopher proposed to me in such a serious manner. No romantic dinner, no bouquet of fresh flowers. He was staring at me genuinely as if he already made his decision long before he opened his mouth.

Tears welled in my eyes as I held my mouth, trying my best not to cry.

"Eve, I know there's a lot going on beneath your cheerful facade, and I want you to know that I'm willing to bear your burden and protect you until death do us part. If you marry me, I'll make you the happiest woman in the entire world."

I was absolutely ecstatic, and I almost reached my hand out to let Christopher put the ring on me. However, I hesitated. It was not because I didn't want to marry him, but there was one more thing I needed to ask before I made my decision.

"Christopher!" I choked as I gazed upon his handsome face, "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. You got two choices, Eve. One, you kiss me and I help you put the ring on you. Two, you wear the ring yourself, kiss me, and say that I'm your man and no one can steal me from you."

Even when Christopher was proposing, he was still a sweet-talker. I was feeling all emotional, but that made me chuckled a little. I whispered, "Is there a third option?"

"Of course. You take the ring, kneel down, hold my hand, and ask me if I'm willing to marry you. Then, I'll say I do until death do us part, and I'll tell you how much I love you and I'll never let you go." Christopher spoke softly as if he was afraid that his loud voice would scare me.

"But..." I know I'm being silly right now because even though I love Christopher very much, I still can't give him a straight answer after he proposed to me. If Sabrina were here, she'll probably just put the ring on me herself and scold me for being so pathetic.

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"No buts! I don't accept any other options. Now, Darling, what's your choice?" He stared at me deeply.

I took over the red box and examined the ring inside. It had an 18-carat diamond embedded in it. I didn't wear it immediately; instead, I whispered to Christopher, "I really want to say yes, but I feel like I'm being unfair to you."

Christopher opened his mouth, but I closed it with my hand. "When I needed help the most, you were there for me. You are my dream, and I was so addicted to you that I chose to rely on you and hang on to you. You're like a shining star hanging in the night sky, lighting up the path in my darkest hours.

Not only did my own family refused to help me when I was at my lowest point, but they also kicked me aside. Do you really want to be with someone like me? I only chose to rely on you because I didn't have anyone else to turn to. What if you realized that my love for you isn't as deep as your love for me? If that's the case, I'm only being unfair to you. You've been so nice to me that I don't know if I could..."

"Shush!" He pulled my hand away and pressed his finger on my lips. "Don't say that. I chose to help you. You're not being unfair to me. If this is really what you have just said, as in your love for me is incomparable to my love for you; then I'm willing to wait for you to close the gap, even if it takes a lifetime for you to do it. Relying on me isn't inherently a bad thing. After all, it means you trust and love me enough to do that. You just need to accept me slowly and steadily. If you can't catch up to me, then I'll just walk toward you."

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Christopher put the ring on me and smiled. "See? It's that easy. Now that it's on you, you can never pull it out."

Looking at the ring, I thought it was sweet, but I still felt a little uncertain.

"You silly girl. Just because you had a failed marriage before doesn't mean you'll always end up with the same fate. I won't become someone like Lyle. He had it all but wasted it. He is the dumbest guy on earth. I won't do that though. Hey, put the ring on for me."

I stared into his eyes and saw his warm, loving gaze. Then, I was hopelessly mesmerized. All I could do was followed his order and obediently pushed the ring into his ring finger.

Suddenly, Christopher stood up, hugged me, and spun around joyously. "Haha! You belong to me now, Eve, so don't even think about loving another man. Of course, if you dare, I'll just kill that person right in front of you."

"Put me down!" I was starting to get dizzy.

"Nope! I'll never let you go!" He laughed childishly as he kissed me. In the end, we fell down onto the big bed together. He continued to laugh while I couldn't move due to the dizziness.

Christopher immediately stood back up and rummaged through the drawers. I asked, "What are you looking for?"

"Your ID, of course! We should register our marriage right now since you already accepted my proposal. I can't wait to make you part of the Lane family," he excitedly replied.

"Huh?" I blinked. "Isn't that a bit too fast?"

"Not at all. I initially planned to marry you the moment you divorced Lyle. However, you would definitely oppose the idea then, so I didn't bring it up. Now that you have agreed to my proposal, I won't feel at ease if we don't get the marriage certificate immediately."

When he finally found all the necessary documents, he tried to pull me outside, but I managed to stop him. "But Lyle hasn't given me the divorce certificate yet!"

Like a magician, he pulled the divorce certificate out and dangled it in front of me. "He thought he could play me like a fool, but I still managed to obtain it."

"I don't believe it. Why would he give it to you?" Lyle was convinced that I would be miserable after I left him, and believed that I would crawl back to him for help. That is why he never gave me the divorce certificate. He wanted to have the upper hand and was waiting for me to beg him and be grateful to him for whatever help he was willing to throw at me. Hence, there's no way he'll allow me to marry another man.

Christopher raised his chin proudly. "There's nothing that can stop me from claiming you as my wife."

I rolled my eyes at him. I had a feeling that he blackmailed Crystal to give him the divorce certificate.

Christopher put a coat on me, stuffed me into the car, and prepared to drive us out of the gate. Sabrina waved at us when she walked in.

Christopher rolled down the window and shouted, "We're too busy getting married! Please excuse yourself and don't interrupt our big moment!"

He then stepped on the gas and zipped past Sabrina.

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When I divorced Lyle, I never thought I would go back to the City Hall so quickly. I could never imagine that I could still find happiness after that.

I thought I would just be Christopher's side chick at most, staying beside him until he eventually got bored with me. However, Christopher proved me wrong and used his love to change me bit by bit.

Even though I lack confidence and didn't have the courage to marry him, he was still willing to stay by my side until I finally agreed.

Standing at the entrance, we saw a large crowd of different people. Some were happy and some were sad while some got married and some got divorced.

"Let's go, quickly. What if the employees are getting off work soon?" Christopher agitatedly pulled me toward the counter.

"No sighing. Aren't you supposed to be smiling at the fact that we're getting married?" Christopher then pinched my cheeks and pushed the edges of my mouth upward. I didn't even know what to say. When he was serious, he looked handsome; when he was childish, he looked cute.

"I was just feeling a little emotional that I would come back here."

"Are you saying you have never thought about marrying me before?" Christopher intentionally looked at me sternly. "Eve, how dare you play with my feelings. You need to take responsibility as my woman."

"What responsibility? I'm already here. What more do you want from me?" I playfully poked at his waist.

Of course, I thought about marrying him. However, I was just too afraid and couldn't think of what might happen in that future. In fact, I didn't want to be disappointed and feel even more miserable.

Getting a marriage certificate was quite easy. When we left the City Hall, I was holding a small red book. On the other hand, Christopher was holding on to the green one, which showed that I was officially divorced from Lyle. "I'll keep this one safe. If someone wants to talk about your relationship with Lyle, I'll just show them this and tell them that you belong to me."

"Who carries a divorce certificate on them every day? Are you stupid?" I didn't even want to imagine that scenario playing out for real.

"You already know if I'm stupid or not, Darling." He smiled and gave me a kiss. "If you want to scold me in the future, do it inside our home, Dear. I'll get embarrassed if you do it in public."

"Cut that crap! Just don't do something stupid!" I exclaimed shyly. I felt a lot happier and more at ease marrying Christopher than when I did with Lyle.

Even though there were still obstacles that I had to face down the road, I felt like I could crush them all with Christopher by my side.

"Since we are already married, how about you start calling me Darling now? You always called me Christopher or Chris." He held my waist and whispered into my ear, "Come on. Call me Darling."

"I won't!" I pouted, kissed him on his lips, and shouted, "Darling!"

Christopher exploded with joy. He took out his phone and glanced at the time. He also made me took out my phone before he announced, "It is now a quarter past eleven, we have made the vow and I declare Christopher Lane and Yvonne Tanner man and wife!"

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After the marriage, it was time for the honeymoon. Christopher was full of joy as he busily packed our suitcase. He wanted to take me on a cruise for our honeymoon. Once again, I lamented his tricks. At first, he talked about having fun on a cruise. Then, as he continued speaking, it turned into our honeymoon.

Sabrina looked at him, then at me. She had a playful expression as she gave me a thumbs up. "You're awesome, Eve. You managed to get a rich husband so quickly. Now I don't need to worry about you anymore. It makes me sad to think that I've married off my daughter."

I could indeed tell that she was happy, much more so than when she got married herself. It's great to have such a friend. "What do you mean you've married off your daughter? That's so weird. Anyway, I got married, but you didn't give me any gifts yet."

"Don't worry. I've prepared it for you long ago." She patted her handbag then took out a small bag. "It's all in here. It's what you'll need. Learn well."

"What's inside?" I asked as I took the bag and opened it, then immediately closed it again. Blushing, I turned back to look at Christopher, who was still packing the clothes. I then groaned and said, "What're you doing, Sabby? Why'd you give me such things?"

Inside, there was a set of sexy underwear and a little yellow book. Based on what I knew about her, it was definitely a book filled with illustrations and graphic explanations.

She mysteriously leaned closer to me and whispered, "It's very important, especially when a man and a woman become one. If you don't perform well and take the initiative, you'll be at a loss. Keep him in the palm of your hand, and don't let him escape. Get it?"

I was not going to tell her that he always took the initiative when it came to such matters. In addition, his tricks could crush whatever she gave me in a minute. "Okay, I know. But you should keep it low. If he hears you, he's going to laugh at me again."

Just then, Christopher yelled toward the living room, "Don't just stand there, Dear. Come and help!" Then, he placed a bunch of colorful clothes on the bed. As he picked out the clothes with a contemplating expression, he pointed to the black bra and said, "I think you look the sexiest in this. But the pink one's also pretty cute. But my favorite's the red one. Which do you think I should bring?"

Shocked by his words, I rushed in and quickly stuffed them all into the suitcase. I then said in annoyance, "Can't you bring them all? What're you so confused about?"

"Right!" He poked himself in the head and looked as if he had suddenly been enlightened. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Hahaha!" Sabrina leaned against the door and laughed as she winked at me. "Remember to bring my gift, Eve. Enjoy your honeymoon."

At that moment, it was as if Christopher had only just realized there was someone else in the house. He frowned at her and said unhappily, "Why're you still here? We're going

on a honeymoon and aren't bringing anyone else. Even if you want to be a third wheel, I wouldn't allow it."

I punched him lightly a few times in response, for his words were becoming increasingly brazen and crooked.

"Even if you want me as a third wheel, I don't. Anyway, I'm going home to find Zach. Oh right, he says he'll take me to a candlelit dinner today. I wonder if I'll have the chance to be deflowered tonight."

As she walked off, she continued to murmur, "Or I can try some enhancement pills. That fish brain. I'll make sure to do it today."

I was stunned after hearing her words. How desperate is she recently that she's thinking of such a crooked idea? Just as I wanted to go forward and remind her not to do anything weird, Christopher pulled me back. "Don't get involved in other's affairs. You only need to spend your honeymoon happily with me. You can also think about the things we can do on the cruise."

He had heavily emphasized the word "things." Thus, as soon as I understood his meaning, I pinched him on the waist and shouted, "What's wrong with you? You've been thinking about this all day!"

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Before we left for the cruise, I was originally wearing a skirt. However, he insisted I wear the clothes he prepared. He then took out a set of matching outfits with the same pattern and style. There was also a printed picture of SpongeBob on the chest.

Although it was somewhat childish, I looked fine in it. However, it became a little strange as soon as he put it on. After all, a fully grown man wearing such childish clothes had to look weird.

Nevertheless, he had no realization of it at all. After changing, he spun around a few times in the mirror and exclaimed, "We're really born to be a pair. Even our clothes are the same."

I was speechless at that, for I could not deal with such a serious-faced narcissist.

As there was no sea in Avenport, we had to take a plane to Coldbridge first. In reality, I was looking forward to the trip, since frankly, the word "honeymoon" was very foreign to me. When Lyle and I had gotten married, he did not even return the night before, hanging out with Benjamin and the others.

Then, when he was later sent home, the sky had already brightened. Furthermore, he was so drunk that he did not even bother about me. For the next month, he went out late at night and only came home early in the morning every day. He did not even speak much to me. Therefore, I did not remember about the honeymoon.

Once we got to the port, a little girl selling flowers stopped us and said to Christopher, "Handsome mister, why don't you buy some flowers for this pretty lady? You look so happy together. How can you not her buy some flowers?"

He turned to me and smiled, then said quietly, "That makes sense. Give me eleven roses and make it look pretty."

"Okay!" The little girl then quickly bundled the roses up and gave them to him. Subsequently, she held out her hands. "That'll be one thousand and one hundred. Thank you, mister."

"That's so expensive. Is this a scam?" I asked, surprised by the price. I had long heard that Coldbridge had many scammers but did not expect to meet one as soon as I arrived.

"Compared to your happiness, miss, one thousand and one hundred is merely a small part of it. Besides, my roses aren't ordinary roses. They're called Loving You A Thousand Years. It represents this mister's love for you. Don't you want to have it? Happiness is priceless," the girl replied, clearly spouting nonsense with a straight face.

I rolled my eyes at that. Does even a little girl now know how to say such things? She's giving countless excuses.

"I love what you said. Anyway, I have lots of money!"

Despite my protests, Christopher calmly paid the money then handed the roses to me. He smiled and said, "Darling, these flowers are for you. I hope you're always as beautiful as they are."

I pouted and shook the ordinary-looking flowers. No matter how you look at it, they're mere roses. And she still said happiness is priceless? Hah! As if! It's only because she saw us wearing expensive matching outfits.

"What a spendthrift," I muttered.

"I'm happy to be a spendthrift for you!" he said before holding my hand and walking toward the entrance to the cruise. "Anyway, a man makes money just so that his woman could spend it. If you don't even spend it, what's the point of me making money?"

"That doesn't mean you should spend so carelessly. Next time, if you want to buy something, you have to ask for my consent," I replied, still upset about the huge amount paid earlier.

"Alright!"

The ship's whistle then sounded before it slowly moved further away from the dock, heading toward the horizon. Several seagulls in the sky were alerted by the sound and flew away together while squawking loudly.

I was fascinated. After all, it was the first time I was on a cruise. I flung Christopher's hand away and ran toward the ticketing gate. However, another couple happened to turn the corner at that moment and ran into us head-on. As a result, both parties were stunned.

I frowned slightly as I looked at Lyle and Crystal in front of me. There was an ominous feeling in my heart, seeing them at the ticketing gate as well. Well, isn't this just my luck! Do I have to see them while on my honeymoon?

"What're you doing here, Yvonne?" Lyle asked. He was holding onto Crystal's hand and frowned when he saw me.

Stepping backward, I walked into Christopher. However, I did not continue retreating and merely let him put his arms around my waist. He said softly, "It's none of your business!"