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# Love Coming from the Least Expected

## Chapter 246 - 250

“Yvonne, are you going on a trip with Christopher?” Crystal asked, looking at us inquisitively. “What a coincidence. Lyle and I are going too. Why don’t we group up? It’s good to have people watching out for you.”

Oh, f\*ck off. I hated when Crystal looked at others with her eyes squinted. Every time she did that, anything she said or came out of her mouth would not turn out to be anything good. Although she looked gentle and was smiling from ear to ear, she was definitely thinking about how to deal with me.

“That’ll be too troublesome,” I said coldly.

“What do you mean by that, Yvonne? We’re cousins, and you also used to be with Lyle. In any case, we grew up together. I know you’re hurt because I’m together with Lyle. I’ll apologize, okay?” she replied.

“Sorry, I don’t want my perfect travels to become unpleasant because of some people. Only a fool would invite trouble in,” Christopher said as he held my waist and glared at Crystal. Then, he took my arm and walked past the pair.

Just then, Lyle yelled for us to stop. He stared at our clasped hands, seemingly very angry since his expression was full of rage. I was confused by his reaction. I’m not even related to him anymore. Why’s he acting as if I cheated on him?

In retaliation, I leaned into Christopher and kissed him. At the same time, he turned over and held my face in his hands. Then, we exchanged a deep, wet kiss. After we broke apart, I breathed unsteadily as I asked, “Is there a problem?”

“Do you have to be with him?” Lyle shouted as he clenched his fists tightly.

“I can feel that you care a lot for your ex-wife. But as your friend, Lyle, I have to give you some advice. Take good care of your woman. Don’t go around fantasizing about other’s

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wives,” Christopher replied. A displeased gaze then flickered across his eyes. It was obvious that Lyle’s words angered him.

Although that minor episode happened, it did not affect our travels. We soon threw away all thoughts of the other couple and ran toward our ship. While facing the salty seas and with the seagulls hovering overhead, his laughter was sweet and beautiful.

“Slow down, Christopher. I can’t keep up,” I said as I chased after him.

He then turned back and gave me a wicked smile. “I can’t be slow. Our family custom is that after getting married and while taking public transport, the man has to get on first before he helps to pull the woman up. Otherwise, he’ll be under his wife’s control forever. I want to be on top.”

What? Is there such a custom? I completely forgot that he loved to joke around. Thus, I did not notice the implied meaning in his last sentence before immediately running after him. However, after a while, I realized that I could not catch up. Thus, I rolled my eyes and pretended to sprain my ankle. I shouted out, then squatted down.

“What happened? Are you okay?” Indeed, he instantly looked back at me.

When he got closer, I forcefully pulled him backward and quickly ran to the deck to stand somewhere high up. He was standing where I previously was with his hands in his pockets, looking at me affectionately. Then, I smiled triumphantly at him and said, “I got here first. Haha, you’re done for. You’re going to be under my control for the rest of your life.”

Subsequently, he walked in time with the traffic flow and slowly approached me. Once he was close enough, he pulled me into his arms and smiled. “Idiot. I’ve already been under your control a long time ago.”

In response, I jumped up and kissed him on the cheek, then said cockily, “I don’t care. Anyway, I’ve won. You can’t escape from me forever.”

“Did Sabrina teach you this? Don’t worry. I brought the wedding gift she gave you. You can take a good look later.” After he spoke, he then blew lightly on my ear. “It turns out

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my darling likes being the top so much. You should've told me earlier. I'd be delighted to let you do so."

Instantly, I choked on my saliva once I realized that I was being teased again. "Assh\*le!"

The both of us then began to chase each other on the deck. Meanwhile, at a distance, Lyle and Crystal kept staring in our direction with a dark look in their gaze.

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As expected, Christopher was indeed from the Lane family. His ticket was not only for first-class but was also for a luxury suite. There were only four luxury suites on that cruise ship. Just as the ship started to move slowly, I unpacked my suitcase and opened the windows. From my position, I could see the scenery outside and the situation on the deck.

The sea was endless, and there was nothing else except the sea all around us. For a moment, I felt a flicker of panic. After all, I had an irrational fear of water.

At that moment, Christopher had ordered a couple's set meal and brought me over to the table to eat. Glancing at the meal in front of me, I thought it looked quite exquisite. However, the utensils were a little unique. There was only one drink but two straws. Moreover, the main point was that there was only one knife and fork. I picked up the fork and played around with it, then asked, "Did they deliver it wrongly? We're missing one set."

"Let me teach you how to eat it!" He then took the knife and started to cut the steak, beckoning me to help. After I poked the meat with the fork, he leaned over and opened his mouth. "Feed me!"

Ah, after messing around for so long, the goal's to feed each other. It's a couple's meal, alright. I placed the meat in his mouth, and he took it willingly. Then, he suddenly pulled me into his arms and pushed the meat into my mouth. After moving it around my mouth

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a few times, he took it back into his and swallowed it. He then licked his lips and said, "It's not bad. Let's dig in. I'm starving."

"Who the hell eats their meal this way? Can't you ask for another set of cutlery from the waiter?" It's so weird to eat like this. I then took a bite and savored the taste. It was tender, fragrant, juicy, and very delicious.

Satisfied, I swallowed it, then moved to pick up a second piece. Noticing that he was giving me a pitiful look, I put on an innocent expression and replied, "Come on, Chris. Go ask for another set, and we can enjoy our meals properly."

Seeing that I was gloating, he then leaned in and took my lips into his mouth. Before I could recover from my shock, he had skillfully taken the meat from my mouth. As he chewed, he said, "This is the only method to eat a couple's meal. Don't be stubborn, darling. Hurry up and feed me."

At that moment, I desperately wanted to kill the person who had designed such a way of eating. Fine, I'll let it slip this time since it is pretty romantic.

In the afternoon, as the boat rocked and swayed on the sea, so did our bed. However, it was not because the boat was moving. Instead, it was because Christopher was.

After all, sparks would surely fly after having a couple's meal. Moreover, we were married. Nevertheless, I still found it weird that we were staying in bed despite being out and exploring; thus, I kept refusing his requests. However, he would not accept it. He looked at me, pretending to look upset and saying he had a hard time before finally marrying me, but I wouldn't even give myself to him.

Since he already put it that way, there was nothing else I could say. Thus, I compromised. I stopped pushing him away and instead embraced him. Then, pressing his lips together, he forcefully pulled apart my clothes. Shocked, I hurriedly covered my chest, but he poked the back of my hand and smiled wickedly. "You're my wife. It's only natural to do this."

Thus, the first day we got on the cruise, I had no time to admire the sea view nor its vastness. All I knew was the rocky bed. As I continued to ponder, I pressed my face to the window.

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After drawing open the curtains, I found that the windows were the reflective glass type. Therefore, I could clearly see the people walking around on the deck, yet they could not see me. Some couples were holding hands while others were quarreling. At that moment, Lyle and Crystal were also standing on the deck and talking. They were talking about something, and then she forcefully shook off his hand.

Afterward, he chased after her but got slapped in return. As he stood in place, his expression turned melancholy. Then, he suddenly looked up at the windows. I was startled by it and trembled, feeling as though he had seen me through the glass.

Meanwhile, Christopher's kiss lingered on my collarbone as his fingers ran across my smooth back and slim waist. He whispered, "You're so tight, darling."

I blushed at his words, then shouted, "That's because you're too big!"

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The next day, under my protests, he finally stopped our fun in the suite. Hence, we got changed and headed outside to watch the sunrise. Standing on the deck, he hugged me from behind as we stared into the sky, watching the sun slowly rise.

"Sir?" After a while, a tall man came over. He had been watching the sunrise on the deck when he noticed us. He looked at Christopher in surprise, then turned to stare at me intently.

Feeling embarrassed by the stare, I turned my head and cleared my throat before Christopher pulled me behind him. He said in displeasure, "What's wrong with you, Sean? How dare you look at my wife."

"I wasn't; I didn't know she's your wife," Sean replied as he blushed and looked away. He then said embarrassedly, "So, it turns out you're already married, Sir. Zachary said you had a girlfriend, but I thought he was trying to lie for you. This is great. The others in the

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team have always guessed that you were actually gay. Now, we can interact with you freely, and our girlfriends don't need to worry about you stealing their men."

I snorted and tried to hold back my laughter. When Christopher glared at me, I quickly turned away. Sean was just too funny, so I could not hold it back anymore. Thus, even with my back turned to them, my shoulders did not stop shaking in laughter.

Christopher gritted his teeth and asked, "Who said that? I'll kill him."

Only then did Sean realize what he had just said and covered his mouth. His face turned red, but under Christopher's oppression, he eventually said righteously, "It's Zachary."

I did not believe that Zachary, who was such an honest person, would gossip about Christopher that way. Sure enough, Christopher raised his eyebrows and said, "Come to the back with me."

"I'd better not, Sir. I really didn't mean it," Sean replied, dumbfounded.

"I'll give you one minute to think. After that, you can come to talk to me at the back, or you can jump down right now and swim back to Avenport." Christopher then placed me onto the chair beside the deck and patted the top of my head. After saying he would be back in a while, he walked toward the corridor, cracking his knuckles on the way.

I leaned back on the chair and smiled widely. Their relationship's interesting. Since he called Christopher "Sir," he was probably part of the team back in the military. But would people in the military be so idle that they could come on a cruise?

As I pondered, I propped up my chin and stared into the golden-red sunlight. It was not too dazzling and was instead warm and comfortable when it shone on my body.

"How interesting, you're actually here watching the sunrise. We were heading to the dance party over there. Would you like to join us?" Crystal said, lifting her skirt as she walked over and had the same smile she had when she first saw me on this cruise. Next to her were several familiar women. They were probably from her circle of friends in Avenport.

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“Thanks, but no thanks!” I replied before yawning and sprawled across the chair. Consequently, the hickeys on my neck were exposed. Noticing that Crystal was staring at my neck, I sat up straight and pulled on my collar. Christopher, you son of a gun. I told you not to leave a mark on my neck, but you did it anyway.

“What’s with your neck, Yvonne? Were you bitten by mosquitoes? I brought some ointment on board. Why don’t I apply it for you?” She then suddenly stepped forward and pulled my collar away. However, I did not react in time. I only regained my senses after all the hickeys on my neck were exposed. Instantly, my gaze turned cold, and I slapped her hand away before readjusting my top.

“Oh, you...” She then suddenly covered her mouth and exclaimed, “Did you really become someone else’s mistress, as Uncle Nathan said? How could you do that? You can tell us if you have any difficulties. We’re a family.”

I already knew that she would bring me trouble. And to slander me, she even involved Nathan. As a result, I replied coldly, “Oh, are we? Don’t try to act like we’re close.”

“Yvonne!” Crystal exclaimed, looking at me like she was wronged.

“Crystal, why are you so bothered about a b\*tch like her? Back then, she broke you and Lyle up. It’s her retribution now that she’s a mistress again. I mean, just look at all the marks on her body. How crude.”

Another girl then said, “Exactly. She’s only worthy of being someone’s mistress. I’m just curious as to which man will fall for such a woman.”

“Maybe it’s some random rich man? Some old, fat, and ugly man.”

Upon that, several of them then began to laugh.

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“Don’t badmouth Yvonne like that. She has no other choice too since she doesn’t specialize in anything. Even though Lyle does give her monthly stipends, she’s too used to spending all of it. The money is simply not enough for her,” Crystal snapped as she pretended to defend me.

I did not bother entertaining the show that she put up and stood up to leave. However, a woman gripped my hands and demanded, “You filthy slut, apologize to Crystal right now!”

“Yeah, ask your rich coal mine boyfriend to come and get you. Otherwise, we’re not going to let you off the hook that easily,” the others chimed in as well.

“I’d like to see who dares to lay a finger on my wife.”

I could never imagine Christopher as a rugged big boss of the coal mining company. Just when I was about to kick the woman away and get away from the scene, Christopher’s voice rang in my ears. The man came over with big strides.

His beige overcoat rustled in the gentle wind. Christopher’s handsome face glistened in the sunshine, looking like Apollo himself. The corner of his lips curled into a mischievous grin. Meanwhile, his upturned eyes flashed with a cold glint, stumping the woman surrounding me.

His features softened as he made his way to my side. Circling me in his embrace, he asked gently, “Sorry for being late. Are you all right?”

I shook my head and managed a smile. “No one would dare lay a finger on me when I have you behind my back. I’ll punch those who dare to.”

Hearing that, Christopher tousled my hair fondly and buttoned my shirt. He smiled and said, “Yes, that’s right. Just punch those bullies. I will cover for you if anything happens.”

“Mr. Lane?” The women were dumbstruck at the sight of him. They widened their eyes in disbelief when they noticed his gentle manners when coaxing me. “Mr. Lane, how are you related to Ms. Tanner?”

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Still circling me in his embrace, it was as if Christopher had just realized that we were, in fact, not alone. After giving me a peck on the forehead, he narrowed his eyes at the group of women and said impassively, “Yvonne is my wife. Now that I’m here, could you repeat yourself about how you want to teach her a lesson?”

“Your wife? But that’s impossible!” Crystal cried hysterically at the revelation.

“Yeah, how is that possible?” A woman forced a smile and said, “Are you kidding, Mr. Lane? You’re such an outstanding man. Why would you marry a woman like Yvonne? You’re just trying to get her out of this sticky situation, right?”

“I don’t think anyone has the right to question whatever happens between my wife and me. Please get the hell out of my sight if the lot of you have nothing else you want to say. Otherwise, you’d have to forgive me for roughing you guys up on the way out.” Christopher snorted, and pointed into the distance. “Piss off!”

The group of women scurried off, leaving only Crystal frozen in the spot. She then looked blankly at me while muttering “That’s impossible” over and over again to herself until a woman came dragging her away. The look of disbelief and shock on her face was not something I’d easily forget.

“Let’s continue watching the sunrise after those pesky people left.” Christopher let me sit on his lap as we watched the sunrise on the horizon.

I leaned against his shoulders and stared at his charming side profile. After some time, I asked in a small voice, “Is it really okay?”

“What?”

“Is it really okay, for you to admit about our relationship like that? That I’m your wife?” We had only gotten married, but Christopher already made things public so soon. Those gossip girls would definitely spread the wind after getting back. I wouldn’t be surprised if they twisted the story, leading to a myriad of versions of them. It wouldn’t be appropriate if the Lane family heard about it as well.

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“Are you afraid?” Christopher placed his chin on top of my head, then turning to burn his eyes into mine.

The fervent staring game lasted for quite some time before we burst into a chuckle. I snuggled against his chest and said, “Yes, I am afraid. The gap between your family and me is so wide that it’s terrifying. But with you around, I’m not afraid of what’s to come.”

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The sea breeze was unrelenting. I burrowed myself in Christopher’s chest like a small child. After getting into a comfortable position, I closed my eyes and basked in the blissful moment.

“I’m going to bring you to meet my family after we get back, okay?” Christopher lifted my chin and looked into my eyes.

I hesitated for a moment and asked, “What if they don’t like me?”

“It doesn’t matter. Their approval, or otherwise, will not change my feelings toward you. My Mom and Dad did not get blessings from their parents anyway, but they held on and stayed together till the end. You just need to follow me and call them Mom and Dad too.” The tenderness in his eyes was beguiling.

“What about Monica? The Lanes like her so much, especially Darius. It’s so obvious from the way he treated her that time back at the Lane family party.”

“What a downer.” Christopher tapped on my head and said, “I’ve told you time and again that I only see Monica as my little sister. I don’t have to like her just because my parents are fond of her. Let’s just work hard together so that they are willing to accept you.”

“What if they don’t accept me no matter how hard I try?” I sighed and pinched his waist. “I’m blaming this all on you. Your super-rich family is making me feel as if I’m still dreaming.”

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“Then just keep on dreaming. I’m going to be your prince charming and love you like you’re my princess.” Christopher grinned. “It’s not bad at all to be loaded, you know. At least I can provide you with the very best that way. Hmm, the cruise ship is sailing into the international waters. They’re going to have an auction later. Let’s get a few pieces for Mom and Dad as a gift.”

“You have to let me know what your parents like. You had no idea how freaked out I was about the walnut cookies last time! Thank goodness they actually liked it.”

“It’s our parents now, and why would I keep something like that from you? I really have to punish you for having that little confidence in me.” Christopher slipped his hands underneath my shirt and pinched a little.

“Don’t. I don’t want to be pent up in the room all day. That is no different from just staying at home.” I felt his bulge against me and hurriedly stopped him.

“Don’t worry. We can rest while we enjoy the view. I won’t drain you of all your energy.” Christopher smiled wickedly and eyeballed me. “You have to train your stamina after we get back home. It’s a problem that you can’t keep up with me.”

“You’re talking nonsense again. Shut up and just enjoy the view.” Seriously though, how did he manage to say all those without even blushing? I would always turn crimson red from even thinking about it. We had done practically everything there was to do with each other, and yet I was still abashed by the notion of it.

There was not much sunrise to enjoy after he kept fooling around. On the other hand, the sun was starting to sting my eyes as the sea breeze turned cool. Christopher took off his coat and draped it over me as he led me, and we took a walk on the deck.

After some time, he received a call, and his face turned grim. He turned toward me and said, “Why don’t you get back to the room first? I’m going to look for Sean. He needs to discuss something with me. I will bring you to the cocktail party in the afternoon.”

I did not protest. After he left, I strolled for a bit before returning to the room. I should take a nap, especially after the crazy sleepless night yesterday. Yawning, I made my way over to the VIP area on the third floor.

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When I was walking down the hallway, someone pulled me so forcefully over to the side, that I almost bumped into the wall. Lifting my head, I noticed I was staring into Lyle's bloodshot eyes.

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