

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 286 - 290

After Natalie and Nathan left, I could finally get some rest. However, sadness lingered around me because I had realized that none of my relatives visited; none of them cared about me.

Fortunately, I still had my good friend—Sabrina. During the second day of my stay in the hospital, the woman came to visit me when I exited Christopher’s ward. She pulled my hands and glanced at me from head to toe for a while, checking me all over. With relief and guilt, she said, “It was my fault to organize the cruise tour. The accident wouldn’t happen in the first place if I didn’t suggest Christopher bring you along to the cruise ship.”

I patted her hand and let out a faint smile before saying, “It’s alright. Look, we’re alive and well.”

Sabrina wiped away her tears and said sobbingly, “Look at what happened to you. I wouldn’t be able to forgive myself for the rest of my life if you and Christopher died on the deserted island.”

“Don’t worry. I think I still look as beautiful as ever.” I cradled my chin and pretended to be serious as I continued, “Don’t you think I’m a lot more gorgeous than most women lately?”

“What a narcissist!” Sabrina pursed her lips and chuckled at my joke. “You’re never going to be more beautiful than me. Zach said I’m the most beautiful woman in the world, particularly when I’m naked.”

“Whoa!” I replied while curling my lips into a mocking smile, “Does it feel good to stop being a virgin? Anyway, I guess Zachary has never seen any naked women before. Since he has no one else to compare with, he can only think you’re the most beautiful woman.”

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

“Not at all! He actually said I’m hotter and more beautiful than any famous beauty queen.” Sabrina poked my forehead and handed over a slice of an apple to me. “Eat your apple already. Zach is loyal to me. Anyway, you might be hotter than me, but one can hardly tell the difference once the lights are turned off.”

I begged to differ—men could always tell the difference.

Suddenly, I recalled a crazy moment I had experienced when I was with Christopher. He purposely took out something that he bought from a sex shop and asked me to wear it. Since I had fair skin, he thought I would look sexy with the two flowers on my tits.

Deep in thought, I blushed and coughed slightly to avoid the embarrassment of thinking such things. I moved to get a slice of the apple, but I accidentally touched the knife instead. Shocked, Sabrina threw the knife to the floor and checked my wound. “My goodness! Why are you so careless? Didn’t you see the knife just now?”

“I didn’t cut myself!” I showed my hands to Sabrina to prove it. Later, I touched my bed to find the slice of apple but to no avail. As I thought it was under my blanket somewhere, I said, “Get the slice of apple for me. I don’t want to sleep on it later.”

“Eve, what happened to your eyes?” Sabrina asked shockingly.

At that moment, I realized that I had forgotten to tell her about it. As such, I explained composedly, “Well, I lost my vision temporarily due to excessive bleeding. I’ll recover a few days later, haha.”

She stared at me without uttering a word. After a while, she rushed out of the ward and didn’t stop even though I called her name. The door was closed, but I could hear that she sobbed from time to time. I couldn’t help but put on a wry smile.

Later, when I felt like visiting Christopher, I wheeled my wheelchair toward his ward. I got familiar with it and could feel the surroundings with the senses of hearing and touch. The nurses told me that he had woken up for a while in the morning but became unconscious again.

Since it was a sign that he was recovering, all of us felt overjoyed. Before going into his ward, I stretched and moved my legs to ensure that nothing was in front of me. Then, I stood beside his bed and fixated my gaze on where he was lying.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

“Ms. Tanner, since you’ve just woken up for two days, you should get more rest. If you need anything, feel free to instruct the bodyguards in the corridor. They will prepare anything you need.”

I was shocked to know that someone was in the ward. A few seconds later, I recalled that she was Christopher’s mother, Julia.

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 287

Although Christopher’s parents came to the hospital frequently these days, I hadn’t bumped into them until today. Now that we finally met, I felt that I wasn’t mentally ready for the encounter.

“How are you, Mrs. Lane?” Although I couldn’t see anything, I still pinched my fingers nervously and didn’t know where to lay my gaze.

“Don’t be nervous. The Lane family owes you a lot because you saved Chris. I’m more than grateful to you,” Julia said gently. “You were sleeping when I visited you yesterday. Now, you seem to have recovered a lot. Anyway, feel free to tell me whenever you need anything.”

“It’s fine. I don’t need anything. The nurses here take good care of me,” I immediately replied.

“That’s great!” Julia then came up to me to wheel my wheelchair out of the ward. I turned around and gazed at him as I left reluctantly. After all, I wished to stay with him all day if I had a choice.

“Chris woke up for a while this morning. Injecting too much anesthetic for him will harm his health, yet he will feel the pain without it. Therefore, the doctor said it is best to let him sleep rather than inject any anesthetic. Anyway, let’s go out and talk.” Julia explained his situation to him considerately, probably because she knew that I was worried about him.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

However, I couldn't help but feel perturbed by the sense of distance. Besides, when the doctor checked up on me yesterday, she and Monica had happened to pass by my ward. I heard that she talked to Monica affectionately; she used the same tone she always did when she spoke with Christopher. In other words, she probably treated Monica as her daughter-in-law.

We went to the garden outside and stopped at the pavilion, where some patients loved catching some sun. Julia asked her subordinate to help me sit in the wheelchair and handed some food to me. I loved the fruits and ate quite a lot because they tasted sweet, soft, and delicious.

"Feel free to have more. These dates are air-freighted from Italy and help replenish blood. I think you can't buy these from the markets."

My heart sank upon hearing it. Deep down, I felt that the dates symbolized a huge gap between Christopher and I. He was rich enough to afford fruits that were air-freighted. On the contrary, I thought apples were expensive and always saved them for him whenever I could.

"Chris is a stubborn kid. He always strived to be the first in everything at school and refuses to admit defeat. There was a time when he learned Taekwondo, and someone defeated him. He cried and asked his dad to teach him fighting skills. We laughed and explained that a five-year-old kid could hardly fight a seven-year-old kid. However, he continued learning fighting skills for two months and eventually defeated the kid."

Then, the woman stared at me meaningfully and continued, "He wants to be the best in whatever he does. So, I'm always worried that he is overly strong-willed and can't stand it when people laugh at him. You won't hope that people will laugh at him one day, will you?"

"Mrs. Lane." I was startled and unsure of how to respond to her statement. Deep down, I wondered if she was hinting that people would laugh at Christopher because of our enormous gap in social status.

"Although the Lane family isn't noble in Avenport, we are still widely respected. The reporters will spread any news about us. Besides, since my eldest son is a politician, we can't afford to have any bad news."

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

I stopped eating the dates she offered. After marrying Christopher, I used to imagine numerous times about my first encounter with his parents. Honestly, it was a lot better than what I had imagined before.

In the eyes of others, I was a notorious girl. After all, I had once been framed for taking things without permission, bullying my sister, and even attempting to steal money at a party. Even though I had never done such things, no outsiders would believe me.

“We appreciate your kindness for saving Chris and everything you’ve done for him,” Suddenly, Julia proposed, “May I suggest accepting you as my goddaughter? I promise to treat you like my daughter. If you wish to get married, I can recommend some good young men for you. I’m sure you’ll be satisfied.”

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 288

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Lane. It’s very kind of you to offer me such a thing, but I cannot accept this.” I did not want the Lane family to be indebted toward me, nor did I want to be their goddaughter. I loved Christopher, and nothing would ever change that.

“Why not you sleep on it?” Julia insisted with a faint smile, “Think about your future. You’ll regret this when you’re older.”

“I understand what you mean, Mrs. Lane, but I’ve already made up my mind. I know what I want. I’m sorry I’ve disappointed you.” I turned and looked at the caretaker, signaling her to push me out of the garden.

I thought about what the woman said as I left. I knew what she meant. She wanted me to give up my relationship with Christopher because I was far from being the best wife candidate for him. In her eyes, only someone like Monica would be good enough for him, but she was wrong.

Christopher and I had been through life and death together. We had stuck with each other throughout, and nothing would stand in our way—not even his family.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

Although what she said was sensible and unoffending, and I could understand her heart as a mother, I stood my ground and refused to budge.

When I saw Christopher again, he was sleeping soundly on the bed. I reached out to touch his face and play with his eyelashes. "Hey, are you still gonna continue sleeping? I'm already surrounded on all fronts by our enemies. Are you not gonna do anything?"

The man moved away uncomfortably and grunted, "Run, Eve. Run..."

I was overjoyed to see that he was awake. I leaned closer and whispered softly, "I'm here, Christopher. We're safe. We're at the hospital now."

Christopher held my hand tightly without replying, and that was when I realized he was just dreaming. A wave of emotions washed over me as I looked at him, and I cupped my hands around his. "I'm fine, Christopher. I'll stay with you. I won't ever leave you. You said you'll treat me like your queen the day you put a ring on my finger. I'll stay right here and make sure you keep your promise."

I rested my head on his bed and soon fell asleep. In my dream, he was calling out to me desperately. He was running out of breath, shouting as if he thought he had lost me. When I woke up again, he was still holding my hand.

I smiled and planted a kiss on his lips.

"Come on, it's time to wake up. You'll only get to see me in your dreams if you continue sleeping. Am I pretty in your dream? I think I look better in real life though."

Beep! Suddenly, one of the machines beside Christopher rang loudly and sharply. I groped frantically, looking for the call button but to no avail.

I was getting anxious. I shouted for the nurse and reached for Christopher, but somehow, I accidentally knocked something. A mellow thud sounded. The next thing I knew, hot liquid scalded my hand, and I panicked. I simply could not let anything happen to Christopher.

The first thing I could think of was not myself but him.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

“Somebody, help!” I shrieked at the top of my voice and struggled to stand up, but I tripped over the bench and fell.

“Don’t move! There’s broken glass all over!” Monica’s voice resounded in my ears as she ran in.

I sat still helplessly as I tried to understand what was going on. I could not see what was happening, neither could I see how Christopher was.

A disturbance followed. Doctors and nurses swarmed in to check on him while someone helped me up and treated my wound. My hand was burning with pain, but I quickly clung to the person attending to me, asking if Christopher was fine.

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 289

“His hand is burnt,” Monica reproached, “Can you please leave? I’ll keep you updated on everything once we sort things out. There’s nothing you can do here. We even need to take care of you.” She then turned to someone and instructed, “Can someone please bring Ms. Tanner back to her room?”

“I’m not going anywhere. I need to know if he’s okay.” I held on to the table and shook my head profusely.

“Stop making things difficult for us! There’s nothing you can do. You can’t even see! Who knows if you’ll hurt Chris again?” It was Julia speaking this time. It was obvious that she was infuriated. I wanted to defend myself, but there was nothing I could say. So, I fell into silence and let the nurse take me out.

For the past two days, the nurse had been taking care of me, making sure I was able to get through the day doing everything I wanted to. This was the first time ever since I lost my sight that I felt as if I was actually handicapped.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

Gripped by frustration and resentment, I rubbed my eyes hard, trying to regain my sight, but I still could not see a thing. At last, I sat back in my wheelchair in despair.

I would not be able to take care of Christopher in this state. Although he would still love me the same, I felt brazen to still covet staying with him given my inconvenient situation now.

Bitterness gripped me at this thought.

After some time, I attempted to get out of the wheelchair to go over to the bed, but because I had remained seated for too long, my legs felt numb and weak. I slumped to the ground and sat there without moving, letting my disability sink in.

A knock came from the door, but I did not reply. After a brief silence, someone opened the door, and rapid footsteps followed. "Are you okay, Ms. Tanner?"

It was Monica. Although the woman disliked me, she was still kind at heart. At her question, I nodded my head, saying, "I'm fine."

"Why don't you just call for help? The nurses are all outside." She helped me to the bed, and I pulled the blanket over without saying a word.

It did not feel nice receiving kindness from a love rival.

"Chris is fine. The heart rate monitor was faulty. They've already gotten it fixed." I could feel her sitting down and looking at me.

"That's good," I replied with a sigh of relief. I badly wanted to restore my sight.

"You should get some rest. This is my family's hospital, so don't worry about the bill. Darius has contacted some of the best ophthalmologists from abroad. They will be here in two days. I'll do my best to help you in every way I can. After all, you saved Chris."

Monica leaned closer, and I could feel her breath on me. The scent of her perfume wafted in the air, causing me to back off instinctively.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

Monica then uttered, "I know Chris doesn't like me, but when I look at you, I can't help but wonder what it is in you that he sees. I'd readily give my life to save him like you did if I were you."

"You're a more suitable match for him. I'm aware of that," I said dryly.

"Yes, but he doesn't like me," she said candidly, "I can't believe I lost him to someone like you, but let me make this clear. I will not give up. Neither will I go easy on you because of your misfortune."

I scoffed before I replied, "I don't need your pity. Everything I did for Christopher was out of my own free will. Although I paid a dear price for my love, I never once regretted my choice."

"But I regret his choice. I can never accept the fact that he chose a divorcee and a blind woman. Chris is such a perfect man. He deserves the best, not someone like you." Monica did not even try to censor her hatred toward me.

"I don't care about what you think. I don't think Chris cares either," I retorted firmly.

"But I care, and so do his parents. How can you be so selfish, Ms. Tanner? Chris had high prospects in the army if he kept up his performance, but he had to give all that up if he wanted to you. He worked hard for his dream for four good years, but all his effort went to the drain because of a woman like you."

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 290

It then occurred to me that I had never once considered Christopher's dream.

To me, he was someone who never lacked a thing. He had everything anyone could ever dream of. When I first knew him, I had thought of him as a prodigal spoiled brat.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

“His dream was to be a military leader so he could protect the country, but one day, he decided to give it up and leave the army. Everyone was confused by his decision, but when I saw you, I finally understood why he stopped pursuing his dream. If you really love him, you should stop standing in his way. You should let him chase after his dream without any reservation.”

I never once thought I would one day become a stumbling block to the path of the person I loved most.

I wondered what else Christopher had sacrificed for me.

However, it was exactly because he had given up so much for our relationship that I could not just opt-out. “Ms. Martin, your advice is well-received, but I will never let go of him. Giving up right now will be the biggest disservice to him after all he has done for me.”

At that, Monica glared at me in disbelief and anger. “I... I can't believe you can be this selfish.” I believed she wanted to say something blunter, but because she was born a lady, she could not bring herself to utter any despicable words.

“Is this Ms. Martin or her jealousy talking?” The door suddenly opened, revealing Sabrina, who stood at the entrance. “You're the one who's selfish here, Ms. Martin. All you can think of is how great you are and how Christopher is worthy is you, but too bad, he's not interested. You knew Eve lost her sight because she saved him. I can't believe you still have the audacity to discredit her sacrifice like this. You should keep your jealousy in check. Not even the thickest makeup can cover that up.”

Sabrina berated Monica mercilessly after she walked in.

“I'm just telling the truth, Ms. Zimmer. Correct me if I'm wrong.” Monica tried making her case.

“The truth is that you're coercing Christopher's lover to leave him because you wanted to marry him yourself. You're so low,” Sabrina remarked blatantly, “How about you make a move first?”

Although I could not see a thing, I could sense that Monica was deeply offended. I cried out at Sabrina to ask her to stop. After all, Monica knew Christopher a lot earlier than I

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)

did. I had always felt guilty toward her. Besides, she just helped me out just now. I would still need to be courteous toward her.

“Do think about what I’ve said, Ms. Tanner,” Monica turned toward me and said before leaving.

“There’s nothing to consider. Eve is already married to Christopher, so there’s nothing you can do!” Sabrina exclaimed, slamming the door behind Monica. After that, she came back to my side and shook me hard. “Seriously, what’s wrong with you? Don’t tell me you’re really affected by what she said. She might seem confident and gentle, but she’s a serpent. She’s just using Christopher’s dream as an excuse to ward you off.”

I turned toward my friend with tears welling up in my eyes. “What should I do, Sabby? I really do think what she said makes sense. Why am I so useless? I don’t want him to give up anything because of me.”

“Come on, do you really take her seriously? You shouldn’t waver just because of what she said. Have you forgotten everything Christopher has done for you? He instantly clarified the misunderstanding about his engagement just because you were sad over it. Is this still not enough for you to see how much he cares for you?”

Sabrina ruffled my hair and sat down. “Stop beating yourself over something that is not even your fault. I’ll get angry with you if you keep sulking.”

“But I can’t see a thing now, Sabby. Something happened just now, and I tried getting the nurse to come to check on Christopher, but I ended up spilling hot water on him. Does this mean I can only sit by and watch without being able to do anything in the future when he’s sick? I won’t be able to take care of him. This is so unfair!” I ranted, covering my face with my hands.

Sabrina chided, “There’s no such thing as fairness when it comes to love. A relationship is reciprocal; both parties need to make sacrifices. Cut this crap out or I’m not gonna talk to you anymore.”

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

[web.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/709532444037267/)