

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 296 - 300

I was dumbstruck at once. I never once thought Monica would go on her knees and say something like this. I was dying, and there was no point trying to separate me from Christopher anymore.

“What do you mean, Ms. Martin?”

“I’m sorry. I know I shouldn’t be saying this, but I really don’t want to see Chris devastated. He will really lose it if he sees you like this when he wakes up fully.”

“Ms. Martin, you know I only have three months left. Christopher is my husband. I should spend my remaining days with him. Who are you to stop me from seeing him?” My body stiffened as I questioned her unreservedly.

“Are you depriving me of the chance to spend my last days with the man I love?” I asked harshly.

“No! That’s not what I mean...” Monica asserted as she cried, “You know how much he loves you. He will be over the moon to see you tomorrow, but he will plunge into the deepest abyss when he sees you in this state. This is just too cruel for him.”

She looked at me intently and moved closer. “Do you know why I hate you so much after I saw you and him together? Given your reputation and family background, there’s no reason for me to be jealous of you. I’m better than you in all regards, but I know Chris well. He’s someone who doesn’t change his mind once he has decided on something. Nothing can ever sway him. I can imagine how broken he will be when he knows you’re about to leave forever.”

Monica held on to my hand beseechingly. “You can hate me, or even hit me. I don’t care, but please, don’t go and see Chris anymore. This is me begging you. This will be too much for him.”

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“Do you know what you’re asking for, Ms. Martin? This is the cruelest request you can make. Christopher is the only thing I’m living for now.”

I sat motionless as her words resounded in my head. Indeed, there was a kernel of truth in what she said. Christopher would be over the moon when he saw me, but I could imagine his despair when he found out about my disease.

Losing hope once was bearable, but holding on to hope only to lose it again would be crippling. I had experienced it myself, and I almost went crazy. There was no way I wanted Christopher to go through the same thing.

“I’m sorry... I’m so sorry...” Monica was disconcerted as she looked at the dejection on my face. “It’s all my fault. I care too much for Chris. I would fight you for his love on level ground if you were all healthy and well. I would gladly take you as an equal rival. Who knows, we might even become friends. You’re a good-natured person, Yvonne, and I know we would be good friends if we met at a better time, but please, could you spare Chris?”

I shook my head in determination. “No. I’m not leaving Christopher. I promised I would die with him. I promised him we would face everything together. Please, don’t make me do this!”

What she said zapped me like a lightning. I shook my head in denial and shouted at the top of my lungs, “Get out, Monica Martin! Get out! You care for Christopher, but so what? I’m the person he loves! Not you!”

I completely lost it and lambasted her, “I only have three months left. I will have Christopher with me for only three months. You can do whatever you want with him after that! You can marry him, and you guys can a family together. Why can’t you leave me alone? Get out! Now!”

I grabbed the pillow beside me and lunged it at her. Monica knelt on the ground, unmoving even when the pillow hit her. She apologized over and over to me as I shouted in a frenzy. I lifted my hand and swept across the table, sending the tray and cups flying across the room.

“I will die with Christopher. I will never leave him!”

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There was no shattering of glasses. Instead, there was a deep thud and Monica's sharp cry of pain. The cup must have hit her.

"Please, Ms. Tanner. Could you please consider leaving Christopher alone? You know how guilty he will feel if he finds out about this," she uttered.

"Get out!" I howled at her with all my might.

Why must it be me? Why? We had been on a vacation when death brushed by us. Just when we managed to break free from its claws, it came knocking at my door again.

When Monica finally came back to her senses, she stood up and apologized seriously, "Forgive me. All I could think of was Chris. I really shouldn't have said such things. I should've thought about you too. Just forget everything I said. I shouldn't have come in the first place."

Monica stood still for a second and before long she turned around and locked her gaze on me. "Perhaps he might think you died on the seas. That would be better for him. At least he will be spared of the grief of watching you die right in front of him."

With that said, she closed the door. I was left alone again in the cold room, separated from the warmth of the outside world. I felt so cynical about life all of a sudden. A voice in my heart told me that I should have died on the island.

It would be better if I had sacrificed myself for the man I loved and died there and then. I would not need to go through the agony of facing my own death or think about how Christopher would take it if I had died, but life was fixated on playing a joke on me.

I had survived. I was delighted when I knew both of us had made it out alive, but I was quickly faced with death again.

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Soon after, night descended, and dizziness took hold of me again. Although it felt worse than the other episodes I had earlier, I did not completely blackout.

I panted desperately as I lay in my bed. Just when I was feeling better, Darius came in and brought me some candies. At the sight of them, my eyes lit up briefly. I did not have a habit of eating lollipops when I was a kid, and even after I grew up, I did not have a chance to enjoy such indulgence.

Darius told me that my mom had a sweet tooth; she used to love lollipops. I had a try, savoring the sweetness on my tongue, but somehow, it had a slight taste of bitterness to me. It was probably because I was too caught up in my sorrow.

“The bodyguard told me something happened in the afternoon. Did Monica say something to you?” I could tell Darius was concerned.

I shot him a smile and shook my head. “No, she didn’t. I’m just not used to her showing me pity. I have my ego too.”

“Do you want to go to Anglandur? They have the best experts over there, and they have seen more cases of your disease compared to the doctors here. They might be able to cure your disease if you go abroad. They have better technology over there too.”

“Anglandur...” His proposal gave me hope, but I did not want to leave Christopher behind. I could not bear to be apart from him.

“I’ll decide after Christopher wakes up. He’ll be so mad if I leave him alone. He always gives me the silent treatment when he’s angry.”

I could not sleep the whole night. When Darius told me Christopher had woken up, I got off my bed and stumbled my way to his ward, but I could not muster my courage to enter.

“Darius, tell him I died. I don’t want to see him.”

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I spent every second of the past four days praying that Christopher would wake up sooner, but when he finally did, I could not bring myself to see him. No matter how much I hate Monica, I had to admit that what she said was true.

I knew she had no ill intentions, but with just a few words, she had managed to change my mind. It would be easier for Christopher to accept my death if they told him I died on the island.

If he knew I died because of a terminal illness—and that he was the cause—he would never walk out of the guilt.

Behind the door, I could hear Christopher struggling to speak with his weak voice.

“Where is Yvonne? She was with me on the island. Did you see her, Mom? She’s the girl who gave you walnut cookies last time.”

“Chris...” Julia was hesitant.

“She’s my wife, Mom. She did everything she could to save me. Please, tell me where she is now.” Christopher was getting agitated. His voice became more assertive, but it soon broke into a violent cough.

“Calm down, Chris. She’s still resting in her ward. I’ll bring you over to see her when you’re feeling better, is that okay?”

“No, I want to see her now. How can I rest here without knowing she’s doing fine?”

A loud thud followed right after, and a commotion ensued. Julia and Gordon were shouting, and the noise grew louder as it got closer to the door. I grabbed Darius’ hand, preventing him from opening it.

I recalled how determined I was when I told Monica I would stick to Christopher even in death, but now that I heard his voice, I knew I loved him too much to let him go through the pain of watching me die.

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Christopher was my guardian angel. He treated me like a gem and protected me over and over again. I was the first thing that came to his mind after he woke up. There was no way I could let someone like him suffer because of me.

“What’s the matter?” Darius asked.

I closed my eyes as tears flowed down my cheeks. I covered my mouth, hoping Christopher would not hear me. “Bring me back to my room. I don’t want to see him,” I said, tugging Darius on his hand.

Darius was evidently surprised at my request. He asked if that was really what I wanted, and I insisted with feigned calm. The moment I got back to my room, however, I completely lost it.

I kept telling myself life was good. I had a man who loved me dearly, and I had everything anyone ever wanted in life. It was just that my joy was short-lived. I should not be so selfish as to bring the person I loved most with me down the vortex of misery.

“Chris is really worried. Are you sure you don’t want to see him?”

“Darius, I only have three more months to live. There’s nothing I can do to make Christopher feel better.”

Darius watched me silently, not knowing what to say.

My body was still shaking uncontrollably although I had stopped crying. I took a deep breath and turned toward Darius, saying, “Don’t tell Christopher about my illness.”

“But it’ll just be a matter of time before he finds out. He’s a smart guy. There’s no way we can hide your condition from him.”

I scooped the blanket in my embrace and held on tightly to it, shaking my head. “Don’t even tell him I survived. Just say I died on the island, my body was washed away by the tides, and no one ever found me. It will be easier for him to accept that I died on the island.”

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“Ms. Tanner, you don’t have to do this.” Darius then said after a sigh, “You don’t have to shoulder this on your own. Chris is a responsible man. He will go through this with you till the very end.”

“Do you know how difficult it is for me to accept my sickness? How can I put Christopher through the same thing and demand that he watch me die in his embrace? It will be better for him to not see me at all. He will forget about me very soon anyway.”

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I did not know if my decision was right, but I knew one thing for sure. There was nothing more heartbreaking than seeing your loved ones die before your very eyes. I would never leave Christopher, no matter how much the Lanes despised me.

I was confident that we would pull through it together and finally earn their recognition despite how difficult it could be. After all, we had been through thick and thin together.

We had been stranded on the island for a good whole week. We had depended on each other then and made it through.

Likewise, I felt inferior in front of Monica because of her beauty and family background. The woman’s words put me to immense shame, but Christopher’s smile was enough to fade all these disheartening emotions. I would have held on to the end no matter what we faced, but not this time.

Darius finally caved to my adamantness. He changed me to another room directly above Christopher’s at my request. I wanted to be closer to him before I left.

I sat on the balcony, listening to what was happening downstairs. Monica came to see me once as if she could not wait for the moment I left.

I could read in between her lines that she wanted me to leave the hospital entirely.

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“My family has other hospitals in Avenport. I can ask them to get you transferred so you can get the best treatment. Rest assured that I will ask them to do everything they can to help you. There is still hope.”

Her voice was surprisingly soothing and calm. That was how she usually spoke. Her voice was like a breath of fresh air to everyone who listened to her. I figured someone as gentle as her would treat Christopher well.

“You have nothing to worry about, Ms. Martin. I already said I won’t see him. He’s still sick, so there’s no way he will be able to walk around the hospital.”

Although I knew in my head that Monica was not an inherently vice person, my heart could not seem to be friendly toward her.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have been more sensitive.” After a brief silence, she walked over and stuffed something in my hand. “This is the least I can do for you. Five million is enough to cover a lot of expenses.”

I frowned, trying to get my head around what she was saying. I was soon reminded of the cliché scene where the other evil woman would throw money at the wife, demanding that she leave her husband.

“What is this supposed to mean, Ms. Martin?”

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” she hurried to explain herself, “I just want to thank you for everything you did for Chris. Although you did it voluntarily, I’m still grateful for what you did. I’m happy that there’s someone else who loves Chris so much. Even if you’re my love rival, you’re still someone I respect. I’m sure we would’ve been friends if we had met each other earlier.”

Friends? I thought of Sabrina. She was someone who had her own mind and was verbal about it. Sometimes, she would even try to weasel herself out of a difficult situation, although her arguments might be strained.

“I know what’s happening at home, so take this. I’m sure Christopher would do the same. He would do everything he can to make things easier for you.”

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True. Christopher loved me. He had already asked to see me twice today after he woke up. He threw things in anger when they rejected his request. He even got into a fight with Julia refused to take his medication.

It was not until Gordon came in that Christopher finally gave in and fell asleep after that. I bet they gave him sleeping pills.

I fidgeted with the card in my hand and called on Monica just as she was leaving. "Take this back. I'm not going to use your money. If I leave Christopher, I'll do it on my own accord. I'm not doing this because of anyone else. I don't need your pity."

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"I've already got the ticket. You're flying tonight. Is there anything you want to do before you leave?" Darius asked, handing me the flight ticket.

"I just want to see Christopher. Nothing else." I clenched the ticket in my hand.

"What about your family?"

Nathan was the only family member I had, but he only came to the hospital once after I got admitted. He came not because he was worried about me, but because he was worried about Crystal. He did not even call.

"I'm good. They wouldn't care less if I were to disappear completely out of their lives. They might be surprised, but they'll not look for me."

Darius came over and gave me a hug. "Take me as your brother. I'll always be here to help. Are you sure you don't want to go to Anglandur? You might have a better chance of surviving over there."

"It's fine. I don't want to spend my remaining days in the laboratory doing all sorts of tests. I'd rather spend my time in peace. Thanks for everything you've done for me,

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Darius.” Then, I hesitatingly asked, “Did you... Did you like my mom too back then? You said she was beautiful.”

The man was caught off guard by my direct question. He stood still for a good few seconds.

I had found out about this matter on my own. Darius was older than my mom by roughly ten years. Given this age gap, he would not have known my mom’s likes and dislikes, even if they were schoolmates.

However, he knew that Mom loved to wear white dresses. He also knew she liked to keep her black hair long, and that she liked having spicy shrimps. He even knew what her favorite movie and song were — Gone with the Wind and Love Story.

There was no way he could know so much if he took her just as his junior. This explained why he had been so nice to me the first time we met. He had even helped me out at the ball his family hosted.

It took him a while to answer my question. “Your mom is a star that attracts everyone’s attention. She has an irresistible charm, and I have to admit that I fell for her too.”

“Were you guys ever together?” I asked out of curiosity.

“Well, she loved your dad, and no one could put them apart. Besides, I’m the eldest son of the Lane family. I can’t just marry anyone I like.” His voice betrayed the regret and helplessness he felt.

I finally understood that Darius had once loved my mother unrequitedly, but he had succumbed under the pressure of his family.

Although I had fallen out of favor in my family, I still knew enough to know that every family that was involved in politics. They needed someone strong and decisive at the helm in order to protect the family.

I knew Darius’ wife was also heavily involved in politics.

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Then, a strange thought popped into my head. What if Mom had married Darius in the first place? Would she have been happier? Darius will never do what Dad did. He will never have an affair and even bring home another child.

Mom must have been deeply hurt by what Dad did back then. That's probably why she left without me.

I was a reminder of the betrayal she felt. She gave her whole heart to Dad, but all he did was stab a dagger in her heart with his own hands.

This outrageous thought put a smile on my face. I could not have dated Christopher if Darius were my father. I did not want to be his sister.

I stayed in the hospital for just one day. Christopher would ask to see me the moment he woke up. I lay on the floor listening for his movement downstairs, longing that I could go past the ground and touch him, but all I could feel was the cold hard ground.

It pained me to tears to be able to hear him but not touch him.

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