

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 291 - 295

"I'm not confident, to begin with. Christopher's family is just too good for me," I said bitterly, "I've thought about it a lot of times. I wouldn't mind if he were an ordinary man from an ordinary family. I don't need a fancy house or bottomless cash. All I want is a man who I can come home to every day after work and spend my life with."

"No one gets to choose the family they are born into, so there's no use thinking about it. You're not bad yourself. You're a Tanner." Sabrina nudged me in the arm.

"Yeah, I wonder who said I was the worst among all the children in wealthy families. I didn't even have the money to buy clothes for myself. You had to pay for everything for me."

"I don't care about the past. What matters is that you're with Christopher now. The picture is already out there on display at the art exhibition. Both of you have just undertaken another important milestone in life when y'all got married, so don't you even dare think about quitting. I'll be the first to give you a good lecture before Christopher does."

I sigh, thinking about the drawing. "I don't think I can do that anymore. I can't see a thing now."

"Can you please stop being so pessimistic, Yvonne Tanner? You're driving me nuts! I would've left you all on your own so you could wallow in your tears if not for Zach." I felt like she was on the verge of beating me to a pulp, but she held her anger in seeing me in dire straits. I had a bandage on my hand, after all, and I probably looked weak and frail.

I burst out laughing, imagining the expression on her face.

"You're so cute, Sabby. You're even more agitated than I am."

"Of course I am!" she cried out.

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I cleared my throat and held my head high. “You should stop having unrealistic expectations about Christopher. He won’t fall for you. Don’t you even go near him. I’ll get together with Zach and get pregnant with his baby if you do.”

“Like you’ll really do that.”

Both of us laughed out loud as we bantered.

Sabrina’s visit lightened my mood. I had been caught in limbo after I lost my sight, but I felt much better with her around.

“Don’t worry, Zach only has eyes for you. He’s not my type. I prefer someone passionate and dominant,” I teased.

“It seems like you know yourself well. Don’t worry; you might get to see someone like that in a few days’ time. It’s just a matter of time before you regain your sight. There’s nothing to be afraid about. You’re not even afraid of death.”

What Sabrina said was true. There was nothing that unnerved me—not even death.

It turned out that no man was an island. We all needed someone to support and listen to us at some point in our lives. With Sabrina keeping me company, I felt better. I did not even refrain from going over to see Christopher when his parents were around. I even held his hand and talked to him when they were around.

The doctor informed us that Christopher was recovering quickly and that he would be awake latest by tomorrow morning. I was exhilarated when I found out about it and told Julia I would come again the next morning.

I overheard her talking to Darius when I was out in the corridor. She told him I was a good woman. If it were not for my reputation and my divorce, she would have fully supported Christopher and my marriage.

After taking some medication in the afternoon, I felt dizzy and uncomfortable. I figured I might have stayed indoors for too long, so I went to the garden to get some fresh air.

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When Darius saw me in the garden, he came over to talk to me, but I felt my head was spinning around and could not hear a word he said. I soon blacked out as he was still talking.

“There’s something wrong with her brain nerves. I suspect that she was infected by a virus on the island. She will consistently lose a lot of blood and may even develop brain cancer. There’s no cure for it.”

I could vaguely hear someone speaking as I tried to shake myself back to reality. Are they talking about me? Am I dying?

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I had no idea how long I was unconscious for. It felt like a century had passed, but at the same time, I felt as if I was still in touch with the ticking time. I had not exactly passed out, but rather, I was unable to open my eyes or give any response despite being aware of what was happening around me. It felt as if my soul was trapped in an immobile shell.

I could feel someone breathing and sobbing beside me, and I wondered if they were sad.

Although I regained consciousness after some time, I continued keeping my eyes shut since I was unable to see anything anyway. I could hear Julia and Gordon talking.

“The doctor did a medical checkup. It’s really brain cancer. She will feel dizzy on the onset of the disease, but she will eventually fall unconscious for days. She won’t be able to eat as well because she will throw up if she does,” Julia said.

“But everything was fine with her when I came yesterday. She even called me Dad when I talked to her. How is this even possible?” Nathan questioned.

“She’s lost too much blood, and she’s contracted the disease. Some viruses are highly potent – they show symptoms very quickly. The doctor said this is a rare disease. There’s no cure so far.”

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Julia's voice started breaking as she talked to Gordon. "What am I supposed to tell Chris? You know how much he loves her. He won't be able to accept this."

"Should we let her know? She saved Chris, after all."

"I don't know... I might not agree with their relationship, but I can tell she's kind and loyal. What should I do..."

"Don't cry. Everything will be okay. I'll go talk to the doctor now. Ask Darius to get the best doctor when he comes over. I want all the experts to look into this matter." Gordon coaxed his wife as if she was a child, trying to calm her down. "Don't worry. I'll tell her about it when she wakes up."

I finally understood what was happening. This explained why I had been feeling dizzy the past two days.

It turned out what I heard earlier on was right.

I was really going to die because of cancer.

I could feel my body quivering underneath the blanket. I had no idea how things ended up resulting in this. Just when I was thinking about how I should continue life with Christopher, life dealt me a fatal blow.

The event that happened on the cruise had taught me that life was fragile. I was grateful to get a second chance at life after I was saved. Although I had many questions about why all this happened to us, and even when I was facing tremendous pressure from Christopher's family, I felt genuinely happy that Christopher and I were still alive. However, my joy was fleeting.

Overwhelming grief suffocated me. I felt like running to the window for some fresh air. I also felt like running into Christopher's arms to cry my heart out, but I did not. I lay without moving an inch on the bed. It was not until Julia and Gordon left that I gave in to tears.

No one could be calm and accepting in the face of death—neither could I. I was human like everyone else. I had my fears.

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Sabrina said I was a courageous person because I would risk my life to save Christopher. That was true, but I could not accept the fact that death had pursued me relentlessly and cornered me once again. This time, I was ensnared by death without being able to do anything. I knew I would have no choice but to leave Christopher soon enough.

People always said there would be rainbows after a storm, but clearly, my rainbow never came. God was so unfair. He usually closed all the doors and left one window open, but he did not this time.

I cried myself into another slumber. I had no command over my body as I slipped into unconsciousness. When I woke up again, it was already time for me to take my evening medication. The nurse passed me some tablets and a glass of water.

No one came to tell me about my sickness, which made me wonder if I had been dreaming just now.

With this futile hope, I looked at the nurse and asked timidly, "Did anyone alter my medical record?"

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The nurse took a look at my medical record and fell into silence. "Ms. Tanner... I'm sure the doctors will figure a way out," she muttered.

Her words fell on my ears like a final verdict that sealed my fate. The glass in my hand slipped to the ground and shattered. I was not dreaming.

"Are you okay, Ms. Tanner?" the nurse cried out and ran to grab a towel to dry my hands. My heart warmed upon receiving kindness from a stranger.

"Sorry to trouble you," I said, trying to put on a smile. "Could you pour me another glass of water?"

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The nurse got me some water, and I took my medication under her watchful gaze. I sat back in my bed, listening intentionally for my own heartbeat. I wondered if my heart would stop beating anytime soon.

Sturdy footsteps soon echoed down the corridor outside and stopped right outside of my door. I turned my head toward the door, anticipating someone. "Darius?"

"How are you feeling?" It was Gordon.

"I'm fine. Thanks, Mr. Lane." I lowered my head, bracing myself to hear the bad news.

"Well..." There was hesitation in his voice. Before long, he cleared his voice and changed the topic. "I know my wife doesn't like you dating Chris, and I hope you don't mind her honesty. She tends to overthink things, but rest assured, I approve of this relationship. You might find our family intimidating, but I will readily welcome anyone my son loves. I don't really care about finding a daughter-in-law with good family background. I'm sure my son made the best choice."

"Thank you, Mr. Lane. That's very kind of you." Our exchange was purely for cordiality's sake. I was not in the capacity to demand the family to accept me. After all, I was a dying person.

"Get some rest. Darius will bring the doctors later."

The man did not break the news to me in the end. He was worried I would not be able to take it. I could tell he had my best interests in mind. To be honest, I knew Christopher's family was genuinely amiable and kind. I would be the most blissful thing in life if I were still in my best health and could gain their blessing, but that wish would remain unfulfilled at this rate.

The day felt unbearably long. I did not go to see Christopher because I was afraid I would break down in front of him. I did not know how to let him know I would be leaving him for good.

He would not be able to come to terms with it.

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A few doctors came in not long after, bringing some machines to do a thorough check-up on me. "Please do everything you can to save her. She's my friend," Monica said to them.

She probably knew about my situation, else she would still be spiteful and snarky. I could tell she felt bad for me from her tone alone.

It was a familiar tone I used to hear growing up. I had lived on the kindness of people, and it was not like I had a choice not to now.

When everyone finally left, I turned aside and gave way to my emotions. Life was slipping away second by second, but there was nothing I could do. My tears were my only futile protest against the imminence of my death.

"How are you feeling, Ms. Tanner?" Darius' sudden voice startled me. I did not know there was someone else in the room. I wiped away my tears quickly and shook my head.

"You should think on the bright side. It will be good for your mental health too." He walked over, and I could feel his gaze falling on me. "You look a lot like your mother when you don't speak. I remember she would sit quietly in the library buried in her books as I looked at her."

Darius must have known my mom really well. Deep in my heart, I had always yearned for motherly love. That was why I was jealous of Crystal. "Could you tell me about my mom? She left when I was still young, so I could not remember a thing about her. I don't even remember how she looked like now."

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Darius sat down and let out a deep sigh. "She was a dashing woman. She was beautiful, and she was good at her studies and dancing. Many guys at our university were head over heels for her. They would go to the library just to see her," he said, his voice drifting as his mind thought about the distant past.

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“Back then, my designated seat in the library was right opposite your mother’s. A lot of the guys would come to me asking me to give up my seat to them. When your mom found out that some seniors were pressuring me to change my seat with them, she thought of a good idea. She suggested I ask them for money in exchange for my seat, and that was exactly what I did. That was how I ended up getting money from them every day. Your mom never went to the library ever again, though. She went up to the rooftop to read. We were all so young and carefree back then. I’ll always remember her sweet and friendly smile. Her eyes curved in a crescent shape every time she smiled, you know?”

“She must have been really beautiful,” I whispered.

“She was the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. She left an impression on every man who beheld her.” I could tell from Darius’ voice that he was pleased reminiscing about the past. “But your mother loved your dad, and only him. That’s why everyone boycotted your dad back when we were at university.”

“She must really love him, right?” I finally uttered the burning question I had kept hidden over the years. I had wondered if Mom really loved Dad all this while. If she loved him, why would she leave? If she did not, why did she marry him in the first place?

“Of course she loved your dad.” Darius was taken aback that that was even a question. “She loved him relentlessly. They fell in love at university, got married, and then they had you.”

“But... I don’t understand. What happened between them? My dad ended up having another woman, and my mom left.”

“I have no idea what happened eventually as I graduated before she did. When I heard news about her again, she had already left Avenport.” Although I could not see his face, I could tell he was feeling regretful and resigned.

A brief silence ensued. “Could you tell me how long I have left?” I looked up and finally confronted my fear.

Darius was surprised by how direct I was. He chuckled bitterly. “So you knew? Dad and Mom were still thinking about breaking it gently to you.”

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"Yeah. It's better to know about it sooner than later." I forced a smile and swallowed my tears back.

"The doctors say you have three months left. You will lose your sight in the beginning."

"And after that? You can be honest with me. I already knew about it anyway." I closed my eyes, expecting the worst.

"You will lose your sense of smell and hearing. They also said you will start to faint more often," he said slowly. "I'm sorry. I promised to take care of you."

"Don't be. Things happen, but I have to say, three months is really too short." I could not believe my life would come to an abrupt end after twenty-two good years. I could have had a long and happy life, but fate could not allow me that luxury.

I was afraid; there was no denying it.

I finally understood why the elderly would break down in tears when they knew they were going to die although they were already advanced in years. Death was disconcerting.

"I'll ask the Martins to get the best doctors. You have to hang in there."

It was easier said than done. My sickness was out of my control, and I felt helpless. When I went over to see Christopher again, my eyes were red and swollen from all the crying I did. No one said a word when they saw me.

Monica, who had been playing the piano, left to give us some space.

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I sat down beside Christopher silently. There were so many things I wanted to tell him, but words failed me. I was choking in tears as I recalled his face. There would come a time when I completely forgot his face, and I would return to dust.

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I held his hands to my face gently, recalling his evil smile, his brows bending in a playful curve, his wink when he pranked me, and his hearty laugh.

He would push me to the bed when he was angry. I recalled how he would demand me to call his name when we made love. He would kiss me passionately and bite my neck when he got carried away. He was already spent when he rested against the rocks on the deserted island, but he still asked me to live on.

Christopher was the perfect man every girl would dream of. He might look like a playboy on the outside, but he actually took our relationship seriously. He was not someone who gave up easily, and he cherished our relationship dearly; he did everything he could to keep it.

That was why I had fallen for him.

“Darling, I’m so scared. What should I do? There’s really nothing I can do this time.” It was the first time I called someone that term of endearment after I said it to Lyle on the first day of our marriage. After the man rebuked me severely for doing so, I had not dared do it again.

I did not call Christopher darling after we got married either. He would beg me to, but I refused because I wanted him to keep asking.

I regretted what I did. I should have called him that whenever I could. Now life had given me a harsh punishment — I only had three months left.

I suddenly felt Christopher’s finger moving against my face. I could not see if he was awake, but I could feel him sit up and gaze at me up close. I could feel his breath beating against my skin as he muttered, “Eve? Why are you crying? What did they do to you?”

I shook my head slightly and smiled at him. All he could think about was me even when he was not well.

“It’s nothing. It’s just a nightmare.”

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“Sleep here with me. I’ll hug you to sleep so you won’t have any nightmares anymore.” Christopher wrapped his hand around my waist, and I lay down beside him, avoiding the injury on his lower abdomen.

“I’ll put you to sleep,” he said softly, patting on my back. He moved his head closer and bit my ear lightly. “I had a nightmare too. I dreamed that you went missing. I’m so happy you’re still here when I woke up.”

Incipient tears welled up in my eyes as I whispered, “It’s just a dream.”

“I even dreamed that we were stranded on an island when we went on vacation. It was so scary. We should get some sleep. We will forget all about it after that.” His voice trailed off as he spoke.

I shifted closer to hear what he was speaking. “I love you, Eve... Please don’t leave me...”

His words brought me to tears. His breathing soon turned stable as he fell back into slumber. He had another dream not long after he dozed off—probably a good one—because he was chuckling in his dream.

I snuggled beside him, savoring every moment I had with him greedily. It was not until the doctors came in to check on the man again that I got up.

After they were done, Monica asked the nurses to leave and sent me back to my room herself. I could sense her gaze on me as she helped me to my bed. Weirdly enough, I felt a warm drop of liquid on the back of my hand as I moved. Is Monica crying? I brushed the thought off immediately. There was no way she would cry for me.

She suddenly fell to her knees and implored me, “Ms. Tanner, I beg of you, could you please don’t go and see Chris anymore? Don’t see him again after he wakes up, please.”

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