

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 306 - 310

“Chris is so persistent! Today, he would either ignore me and stare out of the window in a daze, or he would pester me for Yvonne’s whereabouts! Each time he asks me that question, I get so nervous that I have no idea how to answer him.” Monica heard the sound of a wheelchair approaching just then. Her eyes flashed with joy and she went on, “I didn’t know that Chris was secretly so deeply in love with a woman! No wonder he rarely went home since he came back last year. Even if he does go home, he’s always in a hurry to leave. He has been very opinionated since he was young and very obsessive about the things he loves. I just can’t bring myself to tell him!”

Meanwhile, Julia was completely oblivious to Christopher’s presence behind her. She shook her head sadly at Monica, her face creased with concern.

“Why don’t I speak to him instead? Darius is very busy lately, and Gordon isn’t the best person for this job. Let me do it. Although he’ll get angry, it’s better than him being angry with all of you. Sorry for troubling you, Monica, but thank God you’re around! Otherwise, I wouldn’t know what to do!”

“It’s no trouble! I’ll do anything for Chris! That thing with Yvonne isn’t our fault. Chris will understand,” Monica said with a smile. That woman is dying anyway! I’m not doing anything wrong; I’m just making plans for myself.

“What were you two talking about? Why don’t you repeat what you’ve just said?” Christopher appeared around the corner suddenly and asked in a cold voice.

Upon that, Julia and Monica whirled around in panic. Christopher was staring at them, and his entire body was shaking in rage. He looked as if he wanted to rip them apart.

“Chris!” Monica exclaimed.

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"I asked you to repeat what you've just said! What do you mean Yvonne is dead? She cannot be dead. I survived! So, how could she possibly be dead?" Christopher roared as he violently pushed himself upright from his wheelchair. At the very next second, he fell to the ground with a thud.

"Chris, please don't be too upset. We didn't mean to hide this from you. Get up quickly!" Julia said rather nervously. She was stunned by Christopher's sudden appearance. I wasn't ready to tell him yet! How could he have overheard us?

"Tell me what you two were talking about! I want to know the truth! Stop lying to me!" Christopher grabbed Julia's hand and said in a serious tone, "Mom, I want to know the truth. I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well... Ms. Tanner is currently in a hospital in the city. Why don't you focus on getting better first? Once your injuries are healed, I promise you that I'll take you over to meet her. Please get up now," Julia said. Then, she quickly masked her expressions to hide her nervousness.

"Is that true?" Christopher had never felt so agitated before in his life. He could have sworn that he had heard Monica say that Yvonne was dead. How could she be dead?

"Yes, really! I promise you that you'll meet her soon," Julia said in a soothing tone.

"Julia, let's not lie to Chris anymore! Even if we manage to hide the truth from him today, what about tomorrow or the day after that? He'll find out eventually! Let's just tell him the truth now. Chris, actually—" Monica cried out, her voice cracking with pain.

"No! No, you can't tell him!" Julia cut Monica off and shook her head vigorously.

"Monica, tell me!" Christopher said firmly to Monica. "Tell me everything you know!"

"Chris, we're so sorry. We didn't want this to happen either." Monica met Christopher's eyes, and her heart trembled at their intensity. After a while, she lowered her eyes and whispered in a low voice, "Ms. Tanner has passed away. She couldn't wait for our rescue plane to reach her."

At that moment, Christopher felt as though the very ground had fallen away from under his feet.

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“No way! That’s impossible! You’re all lying to me! She was with me, and she never once let go of me while I lost consciousness. I suffered such serious injuries and survived, so how could she die? You’re lying to me!”

“It’s true. When we reached the deserted island, we only found you and Lyle. We saw her shoes on the beach, but there was no sight of her. Lyle said that she had gone into the sea to look for something to eat, but she never reappeared after that. We really tried to look for her, but we couldn’t find her anywhere!” Monica could not bring herself to look at Christopher’s face. Hence, she just kept talking with her head down. She was also trying to convince herself that this was the truth.

“No way! I don’t believe it! I don’t believe even a single word you’ve just said! I’m going to find Yvonne. No matter where she is, I’ll find her!”

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In the end, I did not heed Sabrina’s words and left Christopher. When I left, she cried bitterly and lightly punched my chest in protest. She swore that she would not care about me anymore after this. Then, she strongly said that I should not have let the man who loved me get away.

Yes, I’m an idiot. It was clear that Christopher’s heart was mine, and yet, I left him. It was cruel of me.

I begged Sabrina not to tell Christopher where I was going. She promised me through her tears and wanted to send me off, but I refused to let her. If Sabrina left too, Christopher would definitely become suspicious. He was a very perceptive man, and he would sense that something was wrong.

Yeringham was a beautiful small town. Unlike other cities, there was none of that urban traffic noise. It was a quiet and tranquil town located by the sea, full of beautiful, sun-kissed girls selling fishes and old fishermen always singing their old tunes. The entire town depended on the creatures of the sea for their livelihood.

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In the daytime, a chorus of children's voices reading out loud could be heard from the nearby school. It was a pleasant sound. Listening to their innocent voices seemed to wash away all the heaviness in my heart.

The small cottage that Darius had prepared for me was located beside a church. I was never really a believer, but after coming to this town, I went to the church to pray every single day. I prayed for the same things each time — that Christopher would be safe and happy... and at peace.

The priest of the church was an old man. He always told me that as long I prayed piously, my prayers would be granted.

However, for me, it did not matter whether what the priest said was actually true. After all, spiritual comfort was better than nothing.

I did not know whether Christopher was sad to find out that I had died, but I knew that he would slowly learn to forget me and try his best to put on a happy face for his friends and family. Maybe he would sometimes think of me in the middle of the night when he had trouble sleeping, but he would be fine. The living would always find a way to move on from the dead.

Sitting on this wheelchair with the sunshine warming me and the salty ocean breeze washing over me, I felt the vitality of the sea flowing through me.

Since I could not see with my eyes, I was used to moving through the world with my other senses. Although the world was dark to me and I could see nothing, I could still feel the warmth of the sun on my skin and the softness of the grass beneath my bare feet.

Eventually, I learned how to walk and began to explore the town with a walking stick. Sometimes, I spent the day practicing braille or learning how to write again. Whenever I went out exploring, Jenny would come with me out of concern for my safety and call out if there was anything in my path.

I was very thankful for this kind-hearted girl. She stayed by my side during this dark period of my life and gave me comfort and encouragement when I needed it the most. On the days when I refused to take my medication, she would cajole me and convince me to carry on with this life.

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Once, I wandered onto the school grounds, where the children were playing on the field. When they saw a stranger on the grounds, they curiously gathered around me and began asking me questions. I bent down and gently ruffled their hair and gave them the candies that I had in my pocket.

“Miss, you’re so beautiful! You’re the most beautiful lady we’ve ever seen!”

The children’s candid praise made me laugh out loud. Children really are such precious treasures, and they really do heal the soul.

Day by day, my body became weaker and weaker. In just three days, my vertigo had gotten worse. The medication no longer helped, and I began to throw up after eating anything. I leaned back in my wheelchair, feeling very faint. At that moment, I began to doubt what Darius had said.

The doctor had given me three months to live, but looking at how quickly my health was declining, I would be lucky to live another two months. Since I was unable to keep any food down, my body began to lack nutrition.

“Ms. Tanner, why don’t we go to the hospital in town? What else can we do about you being unable to hold down any food?” Jenny gently suggested as she cleaned up after yet another vomiting episode.

“This is such a small town; we won’t find any cure for me here. Let’s not even bother,” I rejected Jenny’s suggestion in a weak voice.

“We can still try our luck. It would be good if the doctor can ease your vomiting so you can eat more,” Jenny persuaded. In the end, I gave in to her, and we went to the hospital.

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As I had expected, the doctor could not really find out what was wrong with me. He said that I had an endocrine disorder that had upset my stomach and advised me to walk around more in the sun and take some medication to help with my vomiting. I wanted to

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laugh at his diagnosis; if only his advice could actually cure me, I would definitely go to sleep with a smile that night.

Surprisingly, after taking the medication that the doctor had prescribed, I really did stop throwing up. I could enjoy my meals again. Meanwhile, Jenny was overjoyed and hailed the doctor as a genius. I thought that was really cute of her.

After that, I called Sabrina on the phone. The moment she picked up, she asked me in a very dispirited tone, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine! Except for the occasional dizziness, I don't have any other complaints. Lately, I've been able to eat more too." After updating her about my condition, I asked her, "Sabby, if you could spare the time, could you please pay Christopher a visit at the hospital and see if he's okay? I'm very worried about him."

"I am in the hospital right now!" Sabrina said gravely.

My heart skipped a beat at her response. Is Christopher really just nearby? Right away, I asked her earnestly, "How is he? Is he resting? Are his wounds healed? Is he eating well?"

"You're gone, so how can he be okay?"

Sabrina's words made my heart ache. I felt as if someone had taken a hammer and shattered my entire heart into tiny pieces.

"Why don't you hear for yourself?" Sabrina turned her phone to speaker mode, and I could hear the sounds and voices from the background. All of a sudden, I heard Julia crying and Christopher yelling...

"I don't believe a word you say! How could Eve be dead? You must be hiding her somewhere! We were together all along, and I survived! So, how could she have died?" Christopher shouted stubbornly with tears in his eyes. He refused to believe Julia and Monica.

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"It's true. We found her shoes on the beach, and that's it. I'm so sorry! We really tried to look for her, but we couldn't find her!" Monica leaned closer to Christopher and whispered to him, "I didn't know that you had such a close relationship with Ms. Tanner. Stop torturing yourself like this, okay?"

"Chris, please listen to me! You haven't eaten anything in three days. Your body can't take this!" Julia begged her son.

"It's none of your business! Let me go! I'm going to find Yvonne myself!" Christopher angrily swept everything off the table and walked barefoot toward the door.

"Chris, please don't act like this! Please?"

"Get off me!"

Slap! The sharp sound cracked through the air, stunning Christopher. Gordon lowered his hand and stared coldly at his son. "Stop making a scene! You're a twenty-year-old adult. It's time to grow up!"

Christopher touched his cheek gingerly and looked at Gordon. Then, he asked in a deliberately slow voice, "Dad, I know you would never lie. Tell me, where is Yvonne?"

"She's... dead!" Gordon closed his eyes as he could not bear to look at the pain etched his son's face.

"Is she really dead?" Christopher asked gravely.

"Yes, she's dead. She sacrificed herself so that you could live. You shouldn't waste your life away like this and let her death be in vain," Gordon answered in an equally solemn tone.

"She's gone... She's really gone..." Christopher kept repeating the same line over and over again to himself. Suddenly, he coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground with a loud thud.

"Chris!" Everyone in the room exclaimed as they rushed forward to help him up.

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Christopher suddenly reached out and grabbed the shoe in Monica's hand and hugged it to his chest. Then, he started sobbing, and his entire body began to shake with all his suppressed grief and despair.

Every single beating heart in that room ached for him.

"Eve... Eve.... My darling Eve..."

I pressed my hands to my lips to stop myself from crying out loud, but tears were flowing endlessly down my cheeks. Christopher's grief tugged at my heart. At that moment, I wanted so badly to return to him and tell him that I was still alive.

"Ahh!" Christopher let out an anguished roar. Hearing him so clearly over the phone almost tore me apart. I steadied myself and tried to stand up but stumbled to the ground.

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I did not know how long I was unconscious. I only knew that I woke up in my bedroom to the sounds of Jenny sobbing. She stopped when she saw that I had awoken and asked me if I felt any pain. I shook my head and pressed my hand against my chest. My heart hurt so badly that I could not breathe.

My head was also throbbing with pain. I must have hit it too hard when I fell to the ground. My entire body felt uncomfortable. Just then, I opened my mouth to say something, but instead, I coughed out a mouthful of blood. When Jenny saw that, she screamed and threw herself at the telephone to call the doctor.

I blinked a few times. Something was wrong. Was I hallucinating? I could actually see Jenny crying into the phone. I could see her tears falling, and her choked-up expression.

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I shook my head lightly, but I could still see the scene in front of me. Although my vision was blurry, I could still see! My eyes widened in surprise, and I looked at Jenny incredulously.

The doctor came by to check on me. He said that I had coughed up blood because there was a blood clot in my body and coughing up the blood was actually good for me.

My mind wandered as I kept staring at the scene around me in a stunned daze. While the doctor was listening to my heartbeat, I suddenly grabbed his hand and said excitedly, "Doctor, I can see with my eyes! You are holding a stethoscope in your hand, right?"

"Ms. Tanner, you..." Jenny squeezed my hand and asked eagerly, "What am I wearing right now, and what kind of hair clip do I have in my hair?"

I smiled and replied, "You're wearing a blue jacket with a white shirt underneath, and your hair clip... they look like red cherries. There are two cherries, right? My vision is quite blurry at the moment."

Upon that, Jenny's hands began quivering in excitement. She undid the hair clip and handed it to me, "Look, Ms. Tanner, you're absolutely right. You can see again!"

After that, I was brought to the hospital again. In that small hospital, I was put through a series of careful tests. When the test results came out, the doctor was even happier than I was.

"Ms. Tanner, your visual impairment was caused by a blood clot in your brain that was pressing against your optic nerve. Now that the blood clot is beginning to dissolve, your vision will soon recover as well. Congratulations!"

"Are you saying that I can see again soon?" I gently touched the corner of my eyes. My vision had plunged into darkness again after being able to see for a short period of time earlier.

"Of course, as long as you take care of yourself well," The doctor replied and prescribed me several medications. "Stop all other medications and just take these herbs. After you finish these, your vision should be completely back to normal."

"Stop taking my other medicines?" I frowned.

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“Doctor, Ms. Tanner can’t stop her other medications. Her illness...”

“Jenny, let’s listen to the doctor’s advice.” I did not want to take the cancer medication anymore. They made me feel worse than I already did. Since I only had a few months left in this world, I wanted to bask in all its glory.

Eventually, I would become nothing but dust, but I did not want to slowly fade away into the darkness.

The doctor was an old TCM practitioner who prescribed weird medications. He crushed some herbs and added the mucus from a certain type of locally-caught fish. This concoction was to be applied to my eyes. He also told me to change the dressing every day and avoid looking at anything that would hurt my eyes.

The fish mucus emitted an unpleasant smell. My entire body was covered in its stench, and it made me very uncomfortable. Once I exited the hospital, the pedestrians quickly crossed the road to avoid me. Right then, a small school-aged kid ran up to me and asked curiously, “Miss, did you just eat a lot of garlic? Why is there garlic paste on your eyes? Are you feeding them? Can my eyes eat garlic as well?”

When I heard his question, my lips twitched in amusement. I ruffled his hair and smiled, “This is not garlic. But anyway, I hope your eyes won’t ever have to eat garlic.”

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I did not allow Jenny to tell Darius about my eyes. If he found out, he would spread the news, and everyone would come to visit me. Then, Christopher might find out that I was still alive, and all our efforts would have been in vain.

I left Christopher because I did not want him to know anything about me anymore.

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Yeringham was very far away from Avenport. One was in the north and the other in the south; the two locations were two thousand kilometers apart. I was very certain that Christopher would not be able to find me here.

Meanwhile, Jenny was very concerned about me stopping my cancer medications. She sat down next to me with my medicine in her hand and asked, "Ms. Tanner, what will happen if you don't take your medicine? Is recovering your eyesight worth the risk?"

"Jenny, you know as well as I do that my illness has no cure. Why don't we choose the treatment that will actually heal something?" I touched the bandage on my eyes and smiled. "How wonderful would it be to see again. I can look at the beautiful marigolds blooming in the town, go down to the beach to watch the fishes swim, and gaze at the rising sun. It's inevitable that I'll die soon, but it'll be amazing to be able to enjoy the beauty of this world before I have to leave it behind."

Jenny fell silent instantly when she heard what I said. I knew that she was upset right then. Besides, I could hear her sniffing to herself quietly at the back.

"Please don't cry. There are many beautiful things in this world to be enjoyed and explored, like the innocence of young children. You know what? Let's go to the schoolgrounds! I like to spend time with the kids."

There was only one school in this small town where children and teenagers of all ages went to. They were there even on Sundays. When I arrived, the children were gathered around a man who was telling them a story. The man had a soft voice, as gentle as the ocean breeze that was caressing my cheeks. He sounded quite familiar. It was like I had heard his voice somewhere before.

"Then, Snow White and her prince lived happily ever after. The moral of the story is that happiness is always right in front of you. You kids must do well in school, alright? Cherish your lives!"

"Mister, tell us another story! I want to hear the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves!"

"Ah, the pretty lady is here too! Tell us a story too, Miss!" One of the children noticed my presence and called out to me.

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A group of them ran toward me, laughing happily. The man was surprised to see me and shouted, "Yvonne, why are you here?"

I still could not recognize who this man was. After all, I had attended many parties and met a lot of people throughout my life. Thus, I asked in a rather embarrassed tone, "Sorry, I can't see. You are?"

When the man heard my question, he smiled bitterly and replied, "It seems like I'm rather forgettable. You really don't remember me at all?"

"Um... I've been in poor health recently, and my memory is not doing too good either. So please forgive me. Can you remind me of your name? I'm sure I'll be able to recall if you give me your name." I truly did not expect to run into anyone I knew in such a secluded town.

I could only hope that this man was not Benjamin or anyone close to him. He was the last person I wanted to see in my current state. Thinking of Benjamin suddenly reminded me of Crystal, and I wondered where she had gone. If she did not return, Nathan and Natalie would likely head to the hospital and cause a scene. That would definitely not go down well.

The man sighed, and then, a coughing fit came over him. After a while, he said, "We met before in the hospital when you crashed into my ward..."

"Lucas? I exclaimed in surprise, recalling the scene that he had described.

I had gone to the hospital to visit my grandma on that day and hid in his room to avoid running into Crystal and Lyle. At that time, he had talked to me in such a gentle manner, and his voice had a distinctive melancholic quality to it. It was no wonder that his voice sounded so familiar.

"Yes, so you do remember! I was the Lucas who was kicked out of the house instead of becoming engaged." Lucas smiled.

Must he bring up this story every single time? It's a rather awkward thing to say! Did my refusal to marry him affect him so badly? Honestly, I didn't think it would. After all, he is a son of the Goldstein family, and his father is the chairman of the Goldstein Corporation!

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Even if he doesn't have the best reputation, I'm sure there are still plenty of ladies who would want to marry him.

"What happened to your eyes? Were they injured?"

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