

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 301 - 305

The door opened, and I heard two people walking in. Still, I paid no mind and continued groveling on the floor.

"It's not healthy to lie on a cold floor like that." Julia and Gordon lifted me off the cold tile and helped me get back into my wheelchair.

"Did you guys come here to chase me away, too?" I choked out as I covered my eyes with both hands. I didn't want to cry, but the tears flowed against my will. Both of them inhaled sharply at the sight; they hadn't meant to make me shed tears.

Julia sighed and slipped her hand in Gordon's so she could pull both of them into a deep bow. I couldn't see them, but I could feel it because the sound of their breathing went from above my face to about my waist.

"What are you guys doing? Please get up. I don't deserve this." I quickly tried to pull them upright.

"You do. You deserve this for everything you've done for my son. I'm sorry you had to go through so much, child," Julia said as she walked toward me and pulled me into her arms. "You have no idea how grateful I am toward you. I don't even know what to say to you. I can't believe you never thought of yourself and did everything for Chris' sake."

I let out a small smile as I lay comfortably in her embrace. How warm, I thought. Is this what a mother's love feels like? I knew Christopher was lucky for having such good parents, but I didn't feel jealous at all. After all, he treated me just as well.

All I wanted was for his loved ones to be able to heal the wound I knew I would inflict after I left. I wanted him to be able to look forward to things and continue living happily without me.

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“Monica said you turned down the offer of money. To be frank with you, that was my idea. I’ve seen a fair share of people in my years, but I’ve never seen anyone like you. You’re the best young lady I’ve ever met. Please don’t overthink our intentions. All we want is to give back to you. Please take the money, alright? We won’t be able to live it down if you don’t.”

“I don’t want any money from you. Instead of giving me cash to repay me, just love Christopher more. Pay more attention to him, and please don’t let him get depressed. Let him live his life however he wants with whoever he wants and let him be happy. Also, he’s picky with his food and hates cilantro and onions, but he especially loves spicy food, so—”

I couldn’t continue any further due to the lump of emotions that had wedged itself in my throat. It emerged in a thick sob. I want to see him. I want to caress his cheek, and I want to see him one last time.

“You should go and see him,” Julia said as she patted me on the head. Her tone was firm as if she had just made a huge decision to say that.

I looked up at her in disbelief before shaking my head frantically. “No, I can’t. If I go, I’ll never leave. If I see him, I won’t be able to let him go.”

“Don’t worry. The doctors gave him a sedative, so he’s fast asleep. Go and say goodbye. It’s the only thing I can do for you now.”

I walked back into the ward on unsteady feet. The expensive VIP hospital ward was practically a hotel suite; it was equipped with a living area and a kitchen. My eyes skipped past all that, and I felt myself being wheeled in Christopher’s direction. Once they had pushed me close enough for me to reach out and touch him, Julia and Gordon left quietly.

I cautiously called out Christopher’s name softly. When he didn’t respond, I reached out and stroked his hand. His skin was no longer cold and clammy. Instead, he was warm and full of life, and it felt just like how it did back when he held my own hands and caressed them too.

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I carefully crawled into his embrace and placed his arm over my waist. My tears flowed freely and silently. His arms were my own personal safe haven, and whenever I was with him, it felt like he could block all the negativity, pain, and suffering away from me.

“I will miss you so, so much, Christopher. We beat everything – even a shipwreck – but I guess I wasn’t strong enough to conquer my own lifetime. I bet I must have been a terrible person in my past life for God to punish me like this.”

I stroked his face carefully. He had lost so much weight that he was practically skin and bones at this point. I gently kissed his forehead and then pecked him on the lips.

“If I could go back in time, I would never have gone and met you. That way, you’d always be happy and could live your life as Christopher Lane.”

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As I spoke, Christopher’s finger suddenly twitched slightly, and I jumped in shock. Thinking he was about to wake up, I ducked to the side and fell silent. After awhile, he continued lying still.

He always needed to hug something when he went to sleep as if it made him feel safer. The moment I laid down once more, he reached out and hugged me. He even nuzzled into my neck before falling still once again with an arm around my waist and one hand in mine.

I nestled my head into his chest, and the sound of his firm, strong heartbeat nearly sent tears to my eyes once again. All I wanted was to stay in the embrace of this man; I never wanted to let go.

I stayed in his arms the whole afternoon. I knew the sun was moving and as our shadows stretched along with it, I knew they were always entwined no matter how long

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and far they extended. I picked up my phone and took a picture of Christopher's sleeping face.

Even if I couldn't see, I could at least protect this little bit of happiness. Once I left, I could always keep this fond memory with me on my phone.

The thought of having to leave the hospital ward crushed my heart like a steamroller, and I felt physical pain at the thought of walking away from him. Perhaps Christopher and I were truly connected at heart, because the moment I tried to take my hand away, he clutched at it like a drowning sailor at sea holding onto a piece of driftwood.

He was murmuring in his drug-induced sleep, "Eve, don't go. Please don't go. Don't leave me, Eve..."

I finally managed to wrestle my hand away. The moment I left, my tears cascaded down like a waterfall, and I could barely hold back my wails. I was sobbing his name even after I left the hospital. The entire way, I couldn't bear to turn and look back in Christopher's direction.

I was terrified that I would change my mind if I was near him again.

Darius had planned everything out perfectly. He found Jenny, a caretaker to watch over me. All of my luggage was packed and prepared by her, and since I was still blind, she was the one who wheeled me through the airport.

My surroundings were raucous with chatter, and my head started to hurt again. I started to grow nauseous and even retched slightly, but nothing came out.

Of course. I haven't eaten anything the whole day. There's nothing for me to vomit.

"Are you alright, Ms. Tanner?" Jenny passed me a handkerchief to wipe my mouth with as she looked at me in concern.

"I'm fine. Let's hurry in. I don't want us to miss our flight," I replied mildly.

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Julia and Darius followed behind me. They stayed silent the whole way to the boarding gate; the only sound they made was whenever Darius' phone rang, after which he would quickly shut it off and continue following.

Suddenly, someone rushed toward me and clutched at my shoulders firmly. The person panted heavily as if they were out of breath, and I felt them glaring at me. I felt as if their stare was about to pierce through me. Soon after, I heard Sabrina's voice chide, "Yvonne, how could you? Why didn't you tell me anything? Do you even see me as a friend? I'm never talking to you again! How could you leave me to worry? Is that what friends do?"

"Sabby!" I gripped her hands tightly and felt tears well up in my eyes once again. "I didn't want to keep it from you, but I didn't know how to tell you. I'm sorry."

"I don't need your apology! If Darius hadn't called me to tell me you were leaving, I would never have known! You silly girl, how could you treat your friend like that? I know your favorite brand of underwear! Do you really think you can keep anything from me?"

Sabrina's voice was harsh, and she was yelling as if she hated my guts, but I could feel her tears splashing on my arm and cheek the whole time as she held me tightly.

I would have felt like laughing before this, but now all I could do was hug her back wistfully, knowing I would never be able to hear her reprimanding me playfully after this.

"You can't leave, Yvonne. Are you insane? I'd never let you leave just like that."

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Christopher felt as if he was drowning in a long, infinite dream. All he could do was watch helplessly as the love of his life slowly walked away from him. As if turning off a lightbulb, the world around him slowly dimmed as she walked away, never to come back.

“Eve!” Christopher cried out as he sat up in shock. The wound on his abdomen cracked open with the force of his actions, but he paid it no mind as he stumbled toward the door.

I have to find her. I have to find that silly girl! No one will stop me this time.

He only managed to walk two steps before his legs folded, causing him to fall to the ground. He winced in pain but continued staggering to his feet, trying his best to leave the room. Each step felt like he was walking through water, and he finally made it to the door after trying for what felt like ages. As if he had reached the promised land, he shoved the door open with all of his might.

“Chris, what are you doing? Go back and lie down! Your wound just scabbed over. Don’t make it open up again,” Monica cried out as she ran toward him and tried to help him back onto the bed.

“What do you want to do? Stop moving and talk to me, okay? I’ll help you. Please just stop moving.”

“Screw off!” Christopher bellowed as he swung an arm at Monica. Instead of her falling over, he stumbled under his own strength and fell down once again.

“Are you okay? Just stop moving, alright? You’re bleeding!”

In a flurry of panic, Christopher was sent back to his bed by his bodyguards. The doctor helped him check his wound again, and the man was speechless from the pain he felt.

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All he could do was take shallow breaths in an attempt to alleviate the throbbing pangs coming from his stomach. In his pain, he looked around the room hoping to see that familiar figure, but to his dismay, he saw nothing.

“Your wound has opened up again. Please be careful, Mr. Lane. You were in a coma for half a month, and the infection from your wound spread to both your lungs and intestines. You only started recovering recently, but if it flares up again, we might not be able to help any further.”

The doctor continued to warn Christopher about the dangers of his injury as he cleaned the man’s wound. If something really happened to him, the entire Lane family would have their heads, and the doctor would definitely lose his job.

“Wasn’t there a woman who got sent to the hospital with me? Where is she?” Christopher finally managed to speak.

“Huh?” The doctor blinked. He had been instructed to only follow certain orders and said in faux-confusion, “There are plenty of patients who get admitted every day, so I’m not sure. Pay attention to your wound, alright? Make sure it doesn’t get infected again, Mr. Lane.”

“I’m talking about Yvonne. Yvonne Tanner!” Christopher stated, raising his voice this time.

“I would need to go to the hospital chief’s office to find out,” the doctor said as he tightened up the bandages. After that, he scurried out of Christopher’s ward. Lying really isn’t something I’ll ever get used to.

Christopher sat up almost immediately after the doctor left the room. He tried to get off the bed once again. Upon seeing his attempt to do so, Monica immediately rushed forward to hold him back. “Christopher, please stop moving! You’re injured!”

“I need to see Yvonne!” the man said harshly.

He had been out for so long, so he hadn’t been able to catch a glimpse of her even until now. He knew he wouldn’t be able to rest until he found her. Somehow, he had a gut feeling that something incredibly terrible had happened while he was out of it. He was terrified that something had happened to Yvonne while he wasn’t there to stop it.

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"If you want to see her, you should wait until you're fully healed first," Julia couldn't help but chide as she walked in.

Christopher's gaze sharpened at the sight of his parents walking in, and he said coldly, "Mom, did you guys hide her somewhere? I knew it. You two locked her away to keep us from seeing each other just like you did back then when you locked Darius up so he wouldn't marry a woman you didn't like!"

"We're doing this for your own good," Julia retorted with a sheepish look at her son. She wondered why both of her sons were so stubborn. If she hadn't stopped her son from marrying that woman who hadn't the slightest interest in him, who knows what would have happened?

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"For my own good?" Christopher scowled with a steely expression. "I can't believe you locked Yvonne up. Did you think that would stop me? I'd rather die than marry another woman. Yvonne is the only girl I'll ever love. If you guys want someone else so badly, you guys can go get married. I'm never going to love another woman the same way I love Yvonne, and I know she'll say the same!"

"You and Yvonne are i-incompatible," Julia said as she turned around to hide her guilt from Christopher. "As parents, we only ever do things for your own good. Can't you trust us? If we hadn't stopped your brother back then, can you imagine how humiliated he would have gotten? Are you going to make us go through that again?"

Julia couldn't help but start crying again as she spoke.

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Christopher's steely gaze softened at the sight of his mother's tears. He pointed to his wound and said steely, "Mom, you have no idea how good of a person Yvonne is. She deserves more love than it is humanly possible to give. Look at this wound. Do you think I'd have been able to live on a deserted island for a week with this injury if I were alone?"

His voice softened further at the mention of Yvonne, and his eyes warmed up with a hint of a smile. "The time I spent on that island was the most hopeless I'd ever been. We had only live fish to eat that we had to catch with our bare hands. Since I was out of commission, Yvonne was the one who had to catch the food for us even though she was afraid of water. She used all the clear water we had to clean my injuries and to keep me hydrated. She searched throughout the whole island for any edible roots and herbs every day, and even though she must have been dying of thirst, she never once wasted a drop or took any for herself."

Julia could sense Yvonne's determination through Christopher's simple descriptions. She could tell how brave Yvonne had to be to go through all of that for Christopher.

If Julia were in Yvonne's place, she wouldn't have been able to do the same thing. She couldn't fathom why someone would go to such great lengths for someone who was about to die. But there Yvonne was, still willing to butt heads with them.

Monica pressed a hand to her mouth to suppress her gasp of shock. Even during his coma, Christopher constantly murmured Yvonne's name. Sometimes he would mumble for her to leave, and sometimes he would whisper for her to live happily.

She was shocked when she first heard it, but over time, Monica finally understood how much that unassuming woman had completely taken over Christopher's heart. She was already the apple of his eye, and Monica had never been more jealous of someone. I met Christopher first! Why did Yvonne have to appear and ruin everything? After all, Yvonne was still just a woman with a bad reputation who had gotten abandoned by her husband.

Monica didn't regret doing everything she did. It might not have been the right thing to do, but her love for Christopher truly conquered all. Ever since they were fifteen years old, her family had joked about the two of them getting engaged. She had been infatuated with Christopher then, and her feelings hadn't changed one bit.

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Now that that woman was gone, Christopher and Monica would definitely settle down and have a happy family together. By then, she would no longer have anything to worry about.

Monica calmed down slightly at this thought. She had still gotten the guy she loved at the end, and Yvonne was no longer there to interfere. Monica was finally the one and only pick for Christopher once again.

“Mom, you always told me that compatibility is the most important in finding love. Since I’ve already found that someone, all I want is for you to give me your blessings and not your disapproval,” Christopher said as he leaned back against the headboard, tears beginning to mist over his eyes.

He continued firmly, “Do you know how silly that woman is? When we ran out of water, she didn’t hesitate to bite her finger open so I could drink her blood. When a boat came and allowed all uninjured people on board, Crystal managed to leave Lyle behind without a second thought. But, what did Yvonne do? She stayed by my side and took care of me. I know she thought I had no clue, but I was only in a daze! I wasn’t blacked out! You have no idea how much I wanted her to leave me behind then.

“Don’t you think she’s ridiculous? We literally fought against death itself to be able to come together once more, so how could you be willing to split us apart again? Please don’t take her away from me. If you hurt her, you’re hurting me, too.” Christopher’s voice broke at the end of his sentence.

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“Chris...” Monica choked out through a sob. She finally understood that she could never measure up to Yvonne. As unimpressive and weak as she seemed, Yvonne had a kind heart that Monica knew she could never beat.

“I’m sorry, Monica. I’ve always only seen you as a sister and nothing else. Please, I’m begging you guys. Let me see Yvonne. I just want to know if she’s well and if she’s

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getting properly treated, okay?" Christopher stood up once more and pushed Monica's helping hand away.

"I'm not going to discuss this any further until you're completely healed. Got it? We'll have this talk once you're fully well. You can't even stand properly now. What will you do even if you do see her?" Julia rushed out of the ward after she finished speaking.

At the sound of her son's low sobs and yelling, she finally let her tears fall. "What do we do?" she asked Gordon. "Did we really do the right thing? I don't know what else we could have done. Christopher's my child; my flesh and blood. I don't want to go through the same thing that happened eight years ago. Will he do what Darius did and try to estrange himself? Even now, he clearly still holds that against us. He barely comes home and always treats us so coldly. Did I do something wrong for trying to love my children?" Julia blabbered.

Gordon pulled her into his arms and comforted her, "Don't think of it like that. You're just doing your job as a mother. Even though Darius may still be cold toward us, he still makes sure to come back on special occasions and always brings gifts when he does. Now that he's all grown up, he knows why we did what we did, and Christopher will as well."

"I hope that's true. I really hope that's true," Julia choked out and began sobbing uncontrollably. As of right now, she was not the strong, hardheaded businesswoman; she was simply a mother worried sick for her children.

However, once Christopher put his mind to something, no one could stop him. Even though he was still weak to the point that he could barely walk, he still managed to come up with a way to escape. He called his bodyguard, and after chasing Monica away, he told the man that he needed to take a walk.

The bodyguard was confused and didn't know what to say, but Christopher glared at him coldly and said, "Am I a criminal or something? Don't I deserve even the privilege of taking a walk?"

"That's not it, Mr. Lane. It's just not suitable for you to go out in your current state as your injury could get infected. Ms. Julia specifically ordered for us not to let you out," the bodyguard replied meekly as he shuffled backward slightly in fear of getting hit.

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Christopher was notorious for scuffling with every single bodyguard hired by the Lane family without fail.

As someone who had managed to work their way to being a high-grade official in the army, Christopher's punches were in no way the flimsy jabs one might expect of a rich young master.

"I'll only take a stroll on the corridor. I won't go outside, so let me out," Christopher demanded.

"Okay, I'll get that arranged right now." The poor bodyguard was terrified of angering Christopher any further.

The man was soon wheeled out of the hospital ward and immediately went to the nurse's station to look at the patient records. After paging through it for a while, he felt his heart sink. Yvonne isn't here. Did they transfer her to some other hospital?

He put down the records and massaged his temples in frustration. He had planned to always protect Yvonne after their honeymoon and had vowed never to let her get in the way of trouble. Despite everything, there was no way of predicting that awful shipwreck. He hadn't known that he would be in such a long coma either.

That woman must have been through many things. The mere thought of Yvonne getting pushed around by his family members sent a pang through Christopher's chest. He knew his parents weren't needlessly mean, but they could say things without thinking.

Before turning a corner, Christopher heard a familiar voice and held up a hand, indicating for the bodyguard to come to a stop.

"Can't we just tell him Yvonne's dead? This isn't going to end well either way. He'll eventually sense that something is up."

"Let's wait for a while longer, Monica. Chris' injuries have finally begun to look better. I don't want him to collapse after hearing the news."

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