

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

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My encounter with Christopher was as simple as this. Like most of the other rich playboys, he was extremely wild during parties. While drinking and gambling, he would always have a beautiful woman by his side. Back then, Lyle wanted to collaborate with Christopher on a project.

I could not remember much except for the fact that he sent a pair of beautiful girls to Christopher, who immediately burst out laughing. Hugging the two girls, he walked upstairs. When he turned around, he deliberately shot me a glance and raised his eyebrows arrogantly. He was so flamboyant.

I then contemplated it further. According to what Christopher said, he might have already set his eyes on me back then and was planning to steal me away from Lyle.

Our first time happened in a private room on the second floor of the bar. Although he pretended to be very skilled, he was still a bit amateurish when we did it. The man teased me, but his actions did not reflect his words.

Back then, my mind was set on taking revenge on Lyle. I was nervous, scared, and even flustered. As I was drunk, I just wanted to vent my emotions. I had never thought that we would progress till that stage.

Those memories had become a pleasant thing of the past. I could not help but savor these memories, reminiscing his every single gaze and action. I loved how proud and narcissistic he was when he was cooking.

I also loved it when he hugged me, especially those broad shoulders of his. When he pinned me under his body, he would always be very excited. Yet, he would kiss me with such gentleness. He loved to call me Eve when we slept together. Sometimes, I would play along with him and call him my lover boy.

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When that happened, he would get exceptionally excited. As if a burst of energy was surging through him, he would move so forcefully that I lost all control of my senses. I would not even know who I was until he yelled out loud and collapsed on top of me.

At that moment, he would cup my face and kiss me endlessly. With his fingers running through my hair, he would plead me for a second time. This time, he wanted to come in from behind. He said my back was exceptionally beautiful—more so than anything he had seen.

I slept soundly that night. However, in my dreams, I felt a tightness in my chest. When I opened my mouth, a warm liquid spurted out. I wiped my mouth and saw the bloodstains all over my hands. Tasting the metallic stench of blood, I was utterly shocked. I immediately yelled for Christopher in a panic.

When Jenny heard my voice from outside, she hurried in.

“Christopher, I’m terrified. I’m going to die soon! I vomited blood.” My hands flailed in the air. In a moment of carelessness, I fell down to the ground.

“Don’t be afraid, Ms. Tanner. I’ll call the doctor over now. Please, hang in there!”

While I was in a daze, Jenny helped me to the bed. Lying there weakly, I started sobbing. No matter how strong I was, no matter how much I pretended to be nonchalant, I could not hide my fear of death.

The doctor was very dutiful. Even though he was woken up by Jenny in the middle of the night, he was not angry. Instead, he was even more anxious than I was. After giving me a careful check-up, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“There’s no need to fear. It’s normal for you to vomit out blood. There are too many toxins in your body because you’ve taken too many inappropriate medicines. Not all medicine can be taken, you know? I don’t know what medicine you’ve taken that harmed your body so much. The medicine I prescribed to you is meant to eliminate the toxins from your body. Now that it’s fulfilling its function, it’s normal for you to vomit out blood. They’re just clots in your body. Within the next half of the month, you can take off the bandage around your eyes.”

“But why do I feel so weak, as if all the strength had left my body? I feel like I’m going to die immediately,” I asked in despair.

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“People don’t die so easily, so don’t you spout nonsense! Just take your medicine, and you’ll be fine. It’s just an eye disease. I’m a professional in treating that, okay?”

When I heard what he said, I felt an inexplicable urge to laugh. He did not even manage to detect my brain cancer, so how could he possibly call himself a professional? If I actually died sometime later, he might be surprised and realize that his medical skills were still unpolished.

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However, he was right about one thing. After I woke up, I felt significantly better. Despite vomiting out so much blood, I was actually more energetic. When I walked, I was not as weak as before.

For some reason, the house started leaking after the rain. While Jenny went to get someone to fix it, I was bored. Hence, I wheeled myself out and wandered around aimlessly. Before Jenny left, she had reminded me sternly that I should not venture outside casually. If I had to leave, I must bring Lucas along.

However, I was not a child. If so many blind people could live independently, I could too. When Jenny noticed my nonchalant look, she directly summoned Lucas over. I spread my arms out to Lucas helplessly. “That’s what happens when my friend’s even more worried than I am.”

“Just like my servants.” Lucas pointed at his bodyguards and servants behind him. “Three of them need to follow me, or I’m not allowed to come out.”

I burst out laughing. Now that I was feeling more energetic, my mood was better too. “Let’s visit the school. I miss those kids.”

“I’m thinking of the same thing too. I brought a kite because the sea breeze’s pretty strong today. I’ll teach them how to fly a kite. You should join us!”

I did not know how many kites Lucas instructed his servants to buy. However, when the shop owner heard them speak, he was so excited that his voice trembled. He patted his chest and promised that not only would he deliver the kites to them, but he would also teach the kids.

The kids cheered as they ran into the shop and rushed out with a kite in hand. Those who did not manage to get their hands on the big kites took the smaller kites meant for toddlers.

Sitting on the beach and listening to their joyful voices, I smiled. Darius really knew how to find a suitable place. When I said that I wanted a peaceful and tranquil place, he found this small town for me. It was the best fit for me.

Since I could not see, I sat in the wheelchair and listened intently. The kids were running on the beach, while the breeze blew gently. Even though I could not see it, I could still imagine the scene of the kites flying in the sky.

An older boy walked over and shoved a kite into my hands. "Ma'am, my kite can fly the highest. It's extremely pretty too. I named it 'Blessings,' and I'm giving it to you now."

Blessings... What a great name!

These kids probably did not understand the troubles of not being able to see. However, instead of anything bad about my eyes, they kept trying to think of ways to cheer me up. They're such beautiful angels!

Upon that thought, I subconsciously placed my hand on my stomach. I used to be pregnant with Christopher's baby. It's a pity that my baby is gone...

While holding the kite in a fluster, I wheeled my wheelchair forward carefully, afraid that I would drop the kite. But I was not paying much attention, so I accidentally let go of the strings. I quickly bent down to pick them up. However, at that moment, someone walked over, picked the strings up, and stuffed it into my hand.

"Thank you!" Although I could not see, I could hear that it was an adult's heavy footsteps. Thinking that he was Lucas' bodyguard, I thanked him and asked, "Did the kite drop?"

The person did not answer, and I could feel an intense gaze staring at me. Feeling awkward, I ignored him and started fiddling around with the strings clumsily. Suddenly,

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the man beside me snatched the strings and ran around me for a while. After he stopped, he returned the strings to me.

I guessed that he helped me because the kite was about to fall. Hence, I said gratefully, "Thank you. This is a blessing that a kid gave me."

Despite that, the man remained quiet and stood beside me without saying anything. After a while, the wind became stronger, and the footsteps around me became messier. Just as I was feeling dizzy and quite chilly from the cold wind, a warm coat draped around me. Someone buttoned the coat for me meticulously, and I felt warm again.

Thinking that he was Lucas, I smiled and said, "Lucas, you're sick like me, but why are you still draping a coat around me like a gentleman? Wear it quickly! If you start coughing again, your bodyguards will kill me."

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"Just wear it, and stop resisting," insisted Lucas impatiently.

I shot a glance in the direction of his voice. However, for some reason, the direction seemed to be off. Am I disoriented because the wind's too strong?

"Let's go back. The wind's too strong, so it's unsuitable for us two sicklings to stay here." Lucas then took the strings away from me.

However, I was reluctant. "I want to stay here for a little while longer. I don't know if I can be in such a comforting environment in the future."

"It's not nice for a girl like Jenny to be alone at home. If a stranger enters, it'll be dangerous for her," said Lucas hesitatingly. His tone sounded a bit weird as if he was suppressing something. Thinking that his illness was acting up again, I stopped insisting and left with him.

His bodyguard pushed my wheelchair forward. He was much more thoughtful than Lucas. When Lucas pushed my wheelchair, he was not that stable and would sometimes roll it over the pebbles. However, this bodyguard was very skilled. As expected from a professional who's been trained to take care of Lucas.

When we returned, Jenny was instructing the others to fix the rooftop. As she was busy, I did not disturb her. I was about to enter the house to drink a cup of warm water when someone passed one to me.

I could feel it beside my mouth as if the person was feeding it to me. Thinking that he was Lucas, I said exasperatedly, "I can't see, but I can still move my hands. Not only have you fed me chicken soup, but you are feeding me water. Have you fallen in love with me?"

I was joking, but Lucas immediately stood up from the chair and waved his hands in denial. "Don't spout nonsense, Yvonne. I only helped you once because you were unwell. Must you tease me like that?"

It was not a simple task to tease Lucas. In the past, he would rebuke me by saying that he was my fiancé and that I should remember him. I could already sense the resentment in his voice.

I chuckled. "Who's the one who kept reminding me that you're my fiancé? It's rare of you to get this nervous." When I said that, I could feel that the atmosphere was becoming tense. I shivered and wrapped the blanket tighter around myself.

"Ahem!" Lucas placed a hand over his mouth and cleared his throat. When he saw the man, who was standing at one side, glaring at him with bloodshot eyes, his heart thumped wildly. Why did he show up here? He looks so pathetic. His mustache is unshaved, and his eyes are bloodshot. It's like he hasn't slept in days.

From the moment that man appeared, he had been staring at Lucas with such resentment that it was as if the latter had done something to me.

"I'm just joking. Why did you take it so seriously?"

"I always feel awkward when you joke, okay? I'm glad that I can make you equally awkward. Oh, right. I told Jenny to cook some fish today. Why don't you stay for dinner?" I asked with a smile.

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"It's fine. I'll leave first." As if something was chasing him away, Lucas stood up from the chair and ran toward the door. Suddenly, he stopped and said to me, "Um, I'll leave one of my bodyguards with you. Just order him around. It's unsafe to not have a man looking after your house. I heard that it's quite dangerous here, with many homeless people committing crimes. He can protect you, and you can just order him around. You don't have to stand on ceremony with me."

"Wait, Lucas!" Why is he leaving his bodyguard with me? I was about to call Lucas back, but he had already left.

My mouth twitched as I glanced beside me and said to the air, "Sir, there are only two women here. It's a bit inconvenient for us, so why don't you go back?"

Despite so, the bodyguard did not say anything. Instead, he wheeled me to the sofa and helped me sit down. Then, he turned up the heater in the house, passed me an unpeeled orange, and walked to another place. From what I remembered, it was the kitchen.

"Sir? Sir?" I tried to call him back, but he ignored me. He slammed the kitchen door shut as if he was furious.

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The door slammed against the wall loudly. I widened my eyes, wondering if bodyguards nowadays had such a fiery personality. After a while, Jenny came down, and I told her that Lucas had left a bodyguard to take care of me.

She immediately ran to the kitchen to take a look. Then, she came out and told me, "Ms. Tanner, the bodyguard looks homeless. He's so dirty; it was like he had just rolled around in the dirt. Also, his cheeks are so pale. Did Mr. Goldstein find him on the streets? But..." Jenner cupped her cheeks and said excitedly, "he's really handsome, just like a movie star!"

Perhaps, Lucas wanted to help this homeless man out. Since he did not have a good excuse, he left the man with me. However, that man did not seem quite willing to stay here and even got angry at me.

I moved closer to Jenny and whispered, "Don't order him around, okay? His temper seems quite foul."

Jenny mumbled her acknowledgment before helping out at the kitchen.

Dinner was very sumptuous. There were six dishes and a bowl of soup. As Jenny and I could not finish the food, I planned to summon the bodyguard to eat with us. However, after he passed me my plate, he sat beside me directly.

I was a bit speechless by his actions. Well, isn't that rude! It's as if he's the owner of this house. He even roamed the house just now. Could he be one of those homeless criminals that Lucas mentioned?

At that, I trembled, feeling scared by what I just imagined. Just as I was thinking about it, someone placed a spoon beside my mouth. I could feel the warm food on it. For a moment, I could not help but reveal a flustered expression. Why does everyone love to feed me? What's going on?

"Um... Lucas fed me soup as a joke. I can eat on my own, so you can just place the cutlery and plate by my hands. You don't have to do this."

Nonetheless, the man ignored my wishes and insisted on placing the spoon beside my mouth. I glanced at Jenny helplessly. "Jenny..."

"Sir, Ms. Tanner isn't used to others feeding her. You... Ahem!" Suddenly, Jenny changed the topic and said to me, "Ms. Tanner, if he's feeding you, you don't have to be that courteous. Since someone else is paying him instead of us, there no need to keep refusing."

Since Jenny was not on my side, I had no choice but to eat silently. For some reason, the dishes were exceptionally delicious today, and they even tasted familiar. I remember eating similar dishes back in Avenport's restaurants. When I was fooling around with Christopher in the hotel suite, he asked the restaurant to send over some dishes that tasted similar to these. However, the dishes here tasted better and fresher.

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I drank more soup and savored it happily. "It's been a long time since I've had such delicious soup. Were you a chef previously?"

Instead of replying, the man poured another bowl of soup for me. Jenny asked him, "Why aren't you speaking? Are you a celebrity or a model? You look so handsome, so your voice must be nice too, right?"

Still silent, the man insisted on feeding me first before having his own dinner. The atmosphere felt really weird. After eating, he moved the dirty dishes to the kitchen. Without seeking Jenny's agreement, he wheeled me out directly.

Surprised, I yelled, "Where are you bringing me? Jenny! Jenny!"

I did not know what Jenny was doing, but she did not seem to hear my calls at all. Soon after that, the man had brought me out of the house and to the park. Then, he stopped and passed me a white cane.

Only then did I realize that he wanted me to exercise after eating. Holding the white cane, I stood up and walked around on the grassy field. The man followed behind me silently without saying anything. Hence, I could not help but ask, "Are you unable to speak? Don't misunderstand me, though. I don't intend to mock you. Since I can't see anything, I have no right to laugh at you either."

The man looked at me for a long time. I could even sense his gaze sweeping over my body from head to toe. Still, he remained silent. I had probably guessed the truth, for he did not reply to me.

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There was a round object rolling toward me, but I didn't notice it. Thus, I stepped on it and started toppling forward. However, the man next to me quickly pulled me back. I held his hand, which felt cool and smooth. Immediately, I thought of Christopher.

Perhaps, I really miss him too much. If not, why do I think of him every time there is a man nearby. Besides, Christopher would never let anyone call him a mute.

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I could feel that the man was furious because he had kicked away the thing that made me lose my footing almost instantly. I didn't know how scary the expression on his face was, but the boy who came chasing for his ball suddenly stopped in his tracks and cried.

As soon as I heard the kid wailing, I tugged at the man's sleeve. "Don't be so hostile. He's just a child. Besides, I'm not hurt."

Remaining silent, the man just took my walking stick from me, held my hand, and continued to walk forward, almost as if thinking that this way was the safest. What a considerate man—gentle and thoughtful, just like Christopher. Perhaps something huge had happened at home, and it molded him into the wandering vagabond that he was today.

I held his hand tightly, imagining that I was holding Christopher's hand and naturally leaning toward him. We were really close to each other, and I thought that a tough man like him would push me away or distant himself, but he did not say a word. Instead, he pulled me closer so that my shoulder was against his arm.

We walked side by side, holding hands, into the sunset and toward the beach. After walking for a while, I said to him, "You are very similar to my husband. He can cook, too, but the food he cooks is not as delicious as yours. Yet, in my opinion, it is the best food I have eaten in my life."

The man suddenly stopped, and I could feel that he was looking at me again. I smiled and said, "Jenny told me that you're handsome, but you're definitely not as handsome as my husband. He's the most handsome and attractive man I've ever seen in my life."

"He's as thoughtful as you are. He always thinks ahead and remembers things that I couldn't recall. He takes care of me in every way and spoils me. Sometimes, it seems to me he's treating me like a child."

As I talked, my eyes became dry, and they felt really painful under the gauze bandages. Recently, the dosages for the medication became more and more that it made me so uncomfortable. I then crouched down and clutched at my forehead while biting my lips in agony. "Please comfort me and don't let me cry. I mustn't cry."

He patted the back of my hand gently a few times in rhythm and then took my hand and pointed toward the distant sunset. I was still feeling bad, and I whimpered, "I miss him so

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much all the time. There is not a single moment that I do not think about him. Every day, I count the days to see how much longer I can live. Then I think about how much longer I will miss him. Even though those are just thoughts of him, they still make me happy. Even so, I feel like crying because I really want to see him so badly.

Out of nowhere, he put a stalk of flower into my hands. I sniffed the soothing fragrance from the rose and calmed down. Right at that moment, I remembered that everything was cheap in this town, all except for roses. Where did he get the rose from?

“Sir, you have taken a rose from me, and it costs one hundred. But since you treat your wife so well, I shall give you a 20% discount. Please pay me eighty because I have to replace it. I need it to propose to my girlfriend.”

Only then did I understand that this man actually got flowers from a passerby to comfort me. Upon that, I chuckled out loud. He was adorable, just like Christopher.

Then, I took out a one hundred note from my pocket and handed it to the passerby. Smiling, I said, “Sorry, here’s one hundred. Please keep it. I wish you success in your marriage proposal.”

On the third day of his arrival, I decided to give him a nickname, “Silas,” because he was always silent. I told him about this, and the man neither agreed nor disagreed. Anyway, whenever I called the name “Silas,” he would come.

When Lucas came as a guest, I told him, “He is an excellent bodyguard. He is tough enough to do repair jobs like plumbing and gentle enough to cook exquisite dishes. Strangely, you allow him to stay here with me. If you discover what he is capable of, you will surely regret.”

Oddly though, after I said that, Lucas laughed aloud in quite an awkward manner and said, “I can’t afford that. Besides, it’s better for you to discover them so that you can use his services. Oh, and don’t forget to pay him. Haha...”