

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 311 - 315

"I got into an accident and I've lost my eyesight temporarily. But, don't worry. I'll be able to see again in a few days," I answered as I leaned against the wheelchair. "What about you? What are you doing here? As the sole heir to the Goldstein family, shouldn't you be working your butt off at the Goldstein Corporation? I can imagine you attending countless meetings with the upper management and going through piles of paper. What brings you here in this small town?" I asked.

"I've never interfered in the family business. I'm here on vacation. I was told that this town was a perfect place for a getaway, so here I am," Lucas answered.

We were catching up when a bunch of kids approached us. "Oh, so you both know each other? That's awesome! Now, you can tell us a story together. We can't wait to hear it," The kids urged as they held onto our arms.

We couldn't bear to turn down their requests upon their enthusiastic expressions. Hence, we spent the entire afternoon at the school and even had lunch there.

I noticed that Lucas' was very weak. He'd start panting and coughing every time we walked around. I guess it wasn't a coincidence that I met him at the hospital the last time. He must be a chronic invalid. I guess that makes the two of us.

We both exchanged countless conversations about which medication was the worst among the lot. I was surprised when he told me he had bought a place in town. In fact, it was the house right next to mine. Who knew we'd live so close to each other.

There was an uncomfortable tingling sensation in my eyes the moment I switched medications. However, the feeling of nausea had decreased ever since I stopped taking the medication from Avenport. I was rather impressed by the significant change.

I felt more energetic and could walk around with the help of a cane. I would have been out all day and wouldn't require Jenny's care if it weren't for my eyes.

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As for Lucas, he was a typical melancholic prince. It was a contagious feeling that had passed on to me whenever I was with him. For instance, he would murmur a quote when we watched the sunset.

He would also sigh at the sight of a blooming flower. "A blooming flower marks the start of its withering process. Sadly, a flower begins to wither when it blooms at its best."

When we admired the sea, he would say, "The sea is heartless. It swallows everything it desires."

Oh my god! I'm starting to wonder how he grew up to be such a pessimistic guy. The second time we watched the sunset. Once again, I heard him say a melancholic quote. I instantly grabbed a handful of sand and threw it on his head.

"Hey, what's that for?" Lucas asked in confusion.

"Oh, Mr. Goldstein, you seem to have a very pessimistic view of life. Can't you think of something nice to say instead of expressing so much negativity as you witness the beauty of nature? Look, I know that sunset is bleak, but why focus on the bad when you can admire its beauty? One may be sad as a blooming flower would soon wither to dust. But please remember this, it had once served its prime. And that is what life is all about."

"Now look at me, I can't see and am on the verge of dying. Yet, I choose to believe in hope and enjoy all the good things in life while it lasts. I wouldn't want to lay in a corner, waiting for death to knock upon my door."

Lucas was stunned for a long time once I bombarded him. He then came back to his senses and swept the sand off his head. "Oh, Yvonne, you're such an interesting person! I believe my life would be completely different if we got married back then." He laughed out loud.

Damn it, why are you always bringing that up? Didn't you resent me because I dumped you during the engagement?

We began to chase after each other on the beach as the sun set. Although I wasn't able to see anything, I had a great time. Lucas deliberately placed some sand on my feet and I fought back by throwing a handful back at him. Moments later, he paused and asked, "Are you really going to die?"

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I lowered my head to hide my expression before I lifted my head with a smile. "Yeah, I am. So I'm trying my best to enjoy every moment I have left in my life."

When I looked at Lucas, my mind immediately drifted to Christopher. I guess I would be much happier if he were by my side. Hence, I decided to give Sabrina a call. I took out my phone and dialed her number. I was surprised to hear Christopher's voice when the line got through.

"Who is it?"

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I didn't know why Sabrina's phone was with Christopher. Yet, I was overjoyed to hear the familiar raspy voice; I almost cried out in joy. I quickly held back my tears as I remembered the doctor's words. Stop it, I can't cry now if I want a speedy recovery.

At that moment, Lucas was pouring me a cup of tea. I quickly handed him the phone and begged him to speak on my behalf. I also mouthed Sabrina's name to remind him of the subject.

Lucas did not understand at first as he took hold of the phone. However, something clicked in his mind as he responded, "Hello, I'm looking for Sabrina. Could you pass the phone to her?"

"She's out at the moment and won't be back anytime. I can pass on the message if it's urgent." Christopher's voice was extremely hoarse. I could sense the exhaustion and dullness in his voice. It was as if his soul was sucked out of him. He was unlike the usual Christopher who was full of life that I knew.

I couldn't be more excited as I held my breath and listened to his voice. I didn't think I could still hear his voice. This is such an amazing feeling! How I wished Lucas could exchange a few more words with Christopher. That way, I could listen to his voice a little longer. I tugged Lucas's sleeve and pleaded silently.

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"It's nothing. But, may I know who I am speaking to? Why do you have Sabrina's phone with you?" Lucas knew what I wanted and acted upon it in an instant.

"I'm her friend. And you are?"

"I'm Sabrina's friend who lives overseas..."

Both Lucas and Christopher did not exchange many words before Christopher decided to hang up. I was glad that I called Sabrina's phone with a new number that had international roaming. The number's coordinates were located in Yaleview and Christopher wouldn't have known that this number had anything to do with me.

I held the phone and pressed my face to it as I desperately tried to feel Christopher's warmth. I bit my lips, trying to stop myself from crying. I miss you so much, Christopher. How I wish I could hold you in my arms instead of listening to your voice.

"Are you and Christopher lovers?" Lucas asked in surprise.

"No, not lovers. He's my one true love that has been through life and death experiences with me." I placed my lips on the phone, pretending that I was kissing Christopher.

"Things won't end well if you decide to be with him," Lucas replied.

"Yeah, I know. I'm dying, so what happy ending would there be?" I couldn't see Lucas's expression, so I didn't notice the signs of worry and warning in his eyes. I merely thought he was empathetic of my situation.

I choked as I recalled all the times I've spent with Christopher. I raised my head high to prevent myself from crying. However, it was too late. I could feel the tears flowing down my cheeks uncontrollably.

I looked out of the window towards the direction of Avenport. It was the city where Christopher was, two thousand miles away from me. I made a hugging gesture as I thought to myself. Christopher, you must live happily, even if it means that I'm gone...

I received Sabrina's call at night when Lucas returned home. Sabrina told me that Christopher knew it was me all along. He even asked her about Lucas. So, I briefly told her about my encounter with Lucas.

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“Are you sure you don’t want to meet him one last time? Christopher has been very out of it. All he does every day is roam around the house with your shoes in hand. Besides that, whenever Zachary and I visit him, he’d warn us not to disturb him. He wanted to watch the sunset with you in peace.”

I lowered my head and touched my ring finger where I once wore a diamond ring. It was now empty; I could no longer feel the ring and be reminded of the eternal promise that it held.

“Sabby, I missed him more than anyone else. But, I’m dying and I’ll disappear forever. So what’s the point for me to see him again? I don’t want to break him further.”

“Forget it, do as you please. These are some of the things I can’t interfere with. For instance, this. Oh, speaking of which, Darius mentioned that he sent you a new medication. It’s a new medication from Anglandur. Are you feeling better?”

“Oh, I feel less nauseous now.” I didn’t plan to tell Sabrina that I’ve stopped consuming any medication for a few days now. In fact, I don’t plan to take any from now on. I feel much better despite suffering from the occasional dizziness. But, it wasn’t as frequent as before.

“Really? That’s good news! You must take your medication on time, okay? I’ll visit you in a few days.

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“Don’t, Christopher isn’t in a good condition these days. Why don’t you both spend more time with him? Please ask Zachary to visit him more frequently. He might feel better with some company around. You can always visit me next month. I’ll be able to see you by then and bid my best friend goodbye.”

“Eve, I’m getting married,” Sabrina said.

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"You're getting married?" I was stunned. Man, she's moving really fast with Zachary. It didn't seem like a long time since they first dated each other. I was surprised when I found out she had hit all bases in such a short time and now marriage? I remembered how I used to tease her about her wild imagination of dating the man of her dreams. Yet, she could only watch Christopher and I make out in the room. She cried out sadly as she hugged a pillow in her arms, complaining of being a virgin still.

I paused for a moment before my face lit up into a smile. I was overjoyed.  
"Congratulations, Sabby! You'll be a great wife and I know you'll live a happy life."

"What am I going to do, Eve? I really want you to come and be my bridesmaid. I also want you to be the one who catches my bouquet at the wedding. You're my best friend. Remember we promised to become bridesmaids for one another no matter who ties the knot first and receive the bouquet. I can't imagine what I would do if I don't see you at my wedding."

Sabrina burst out crying. All the sorrow she had been suppressing all this while exploded at that moment. "Eve, why did you have to live such a life? You went through so much to meet the right man! Why can't you live a happy life?"

"Oh, Sabby, don't cry. You're going to make me cry too," I trembled as I struggled to keep my tears from falling. My heart ached in pain as I couldn't do anything to comfort her but only listen through the phone."

"Shut up, all I what to do now is cry. Can't you just let me cry for once?" Sabrina snapped. "You probably don't know this but Monica has been lurking by Christopher's side ever since you left. The Lane family is also trying their best to make Christopher fall in love with her. They might end up married and giving birth to a child. No one would remember who you are by then. How can you be so stupid to allow your man to be taken by someone else?"

"You're so dumb, Eve! You are the worst dummy I've ever met!"

"Yes, I am. Yet, you still choose to be my friend." I smiled in tears.

I noticed she sounded tired after talking for hours. So, I pretended I was tired and called it a night. I held my walking stick in one hand as I tried to find my ring that was supposed to be on my bed. However, I started to panic when I couldn't find it anywhere.

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I realized I haven't held the wedding ring Christopher gifted me because of my condition. Yet, I do know for sure that I didn't lose it at sea. I remembered holding Christopher's hand and our rings touched the day before I was rescued.

Perhaps I dropped it somewhere in the house?

I desperately tried to recall as I frantically searched my dressing table. However, it was nowhere to be seen. I panicked and shouted, "Jenny, Jenny! Come quickly!"

"Ms. Tanner, what's wrong?" Jenny rushed in. I quickly made signs and placed my hands forward. "My ring, it's missing. Please help me find it! It was the ring that Christopher gave me during our wedding."

"Alright, don't panic. I'll find it for you this instance!"

It was past midnight as Jenny and I rummaged through the cupboards, searching for the ring. We looked everywhere, the dressing table and the suitcases. Then, we searched through the bed. We even took out the sheets but still found nothing.

I sat down on the ground and my lips started to quiver. I began to panic as I couldn't find the ring and my body started to tremble.

"Perhaps you dropped it on the ground? Let me sweep the floor," Jenny comforted. She quickly swept around the house but found nothing.

"What am I going to do? I can't believe I lost my wedding ring." I sat on the ground, feeling helpless. I left the love of my life and lost our wedding ring. Does it mean that we shouldn't have gotten married in the first place?

"Ms. Tanner, I just realized you weren't wearing the ring when you were on the plane," she said.

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Christopher sat in the garden as he stared at the sunset. He was painted orange by the color of the sky which made him seem even sadder and lonely. His hot tea had gone cold. Yet, it did not stop him from taking a sip.

His left hand curled into a ball as he clenched it so tightly his entire arm was trembling. It was as if he was suppressing something. A sense of emotion flashed past his eyes before it quickly disappeared into his dark eyes.

Monica had been standing behind him for a long time now. At last, she decided to approach him as she poured the tea in Christopher onto the grass and handed him a new cup of hot tea. "Don't drink cold tea, it might affect your recovery."

Christopher tilted his head and eyed Monica coldly. "I told you, don't disturb me when I'm in the garden," he said.

Monica frowned at Christopher's words. He hasn't been the nicest to me. Yet, he has never spoken to me in this way. I wonder what made him change? I don't feel any sense of regret doing what I did in the past. I know I'll find a way to break through the current situation as long as he's by my side.

"Don't be upset, okay? I'm merely worried about you," Monica whispered as she tugged his sleeve. However, Christopher did not say a word but stared at her with coldness and sarcasm in his eyes. It was as if he was staring at a joke.

Monica staggered backward when her eyes met his. She felt so naked as Christopher's piercing gaze seemed like it could look into her heart and thoughts.

Monica gritted her teeth as she stepped forward. She squatted down in front of Christopher and held his hand. "Chris, you know how I feel about you all this while. I don't know if I could do what Ms. Tanner did for you, but I know I'd do the same for you in that situation. You're my number one priority."

"Stop torturing yourself like this, Chris. How I wish you'd become the old Christopher that I'm familiar with. Stop this, okay? Your parents are worried sick. Why don't we try things out? Let go of the past and start anew with me. I'll try my best to make you happy. All I need is one chance."

"Just because you love me, so you did all that?"

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Christopher sneered, he knew what kind of person Monica was since young. She may seem kind and gentle, yet it couldn't mask her cold and selfishness on the inside. She desired to obtain a good reputation and recognition as a pianist. Thus, she framed someone else in a blink of an eye. She made herself seem like a goddess which every girl longs to become. Yet, Christopher saw through her tricks.

Monica didn't understand what he meant. So, she quickly nodded her head. "Of course, I love you more than anything and I would do anything for you. So please, Christopher, just give me a chance. Give us a chance, perhaps things would be different as long as you try."

"But my heart belongs to someone else, Monica. You know that," Christopher said. He didn't mean to hurt her. She was like a little sister to him. However, he could no longer suppress the anger in his heart as he spat such harsh words at her.

"That's okay. Nothing matters more than my love for you, Chris. I'll try my best to make you fall in love with me." Monica was in tears. Her heart was shattered into pieces when Christopher said those words.

"Hmph, but I don't want to try!" Christopher shouted. "Do I look like a fool to you? Is that why you're all putting on a show just to make a fool out of me?" He pointed at himself.

"Chris, what are you talking about?" Monica was stunned. She had a feeling Christopher knew something.

He opened his clenched fists and revealed a dazzling lady's ring. Christopher continued, "This is the wedding ring I got for Yvonne and I found in the ward next to mine. Every one of you claimed that she had a sea burial. Then, tell me, why would her ring appear in my ward?"

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The next day, I continued my search for the ring with a sense of feeling that I would find it very soon. Unfortunately, I found nothing.

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I was very upset and didn't want to do anything else for the day. Lucas visited me with some chicken soup, but it didn't help me cheer up. Apparently, his servant made extras so he decided to share it with me as it was good for health. Subsequently, he began to cough as soon as he finished his sentence.

I rested my chin on my hand and leaned against the wheelchair. "Why are you always sick? We met at the hospital the last time and now you're here, recuperating." I asked in concern.

"Yeah, I've been sick since young and spend most of my time in a hospital. My dad had done a lot to keep me alive and well. Hence, I'm able to walk freely now. I wasn't able to do so a few years back. I would be locked up in the house if he found out that I was out." Lucas coughed as he tried to finish his words.

I wondered why there would be tons of scandal about him if he spent most of his time in the hospital. He was someone who couldn't leave the house with such a health condition. Therefore, the scandals didn't add up. It'd only make sense if he was bullied by others judging from his health condition.

"I guess you must have pissed off someone in the media industry." I firmly believed that there must be a mastermind behind all this. For example, there were rumors about me when I was a kid. I was described as a vicious and ruthless woman who bullied my sister.

Nonetheless, I had Yvette and a cousin sister who stayed in my house. Lucas was an only child. So how did end up in such a mess?

"I guess so. I laughed the entire day when I heard the news that I was dating a female celebrity and even got her killed. I was down with a high fever and was on drips. I was so weak that I couldn't even move a finger. Thus, how could I mess with a celebrity at that time? Yet, I was grateful to have a healthy body."

Lucas fed me a spoonful of chicken soup. But, I was too embarrassed to be fed by a man. So, I turned my head away and said softly, "Why don't you place the soup on the table? I'll have the soup once Jenny returns."

"Come on, what's wrong with me helping you out as a big brother. Besides, I don't meet someone I know in a foreign town like this." he insisted.

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I had to drink the soup in the end as I failed to persuade him to do as I say. The soup tasted very weird and I didn't enjoy it. According to Lucas, there were a bunch of medicinal herbs added to the mixture. I wondered if he did this on purpose to get back at me for dumping him.

"So, tell me, what does the Goldstein family residence look like? Is it similar to the Lane family? The Lane family residence was like a European-style castle. It's breathtaking, they even have a little cruise situated by the lake. Although it was a man-made lake, they bought a cruise ship to enjoy the scenery by the lake. Therefore, I'm very curious about what the Goldstein family residence looks like?"

I remembered my dad told me that my mom left us for the eldest son of the Goldstein family.

"Why'd you ask?" Lucas was surprised.

I took a few mouthfuls of the soup and laughed. "Oh, I'm just curious."

He is about the same age as me, so he probably wouldn't know much. Yet, the eldest son of the Goldstein family was his uncle. Perhaps he'd know something I don't?

"Nah, it's not as amazing as you'd think. Our house is an ancient artifact that was coated with the smell of rot. I hated staying in that house. Maybe it's because I was trapped there most of my childhood. To add on, my dad would return home exhausted and would often throw tantrums..." Lucas paused.

"You probably don't know this but that cruise ship was bought during Christopher's twenty-eighth birthday. Everyone was envious of his lifestyle and how he could live life as he pleased.

I was surprised when he shifted the topic to Christopher and was not sure of what to say. Similarly, my mind drifted to the first time when I met him. He leaned against a couch lazily with two beautiful women by his side. He twirled his wine glass and smiled at me wantonly.

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