

Love Coming From The Least Expected

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I never thought that Silas and Christopher were one and the same person. No wonder it felt so foreign yet so familiar to be in Silas' embrace. His cooking tasted familiar and he knew me well. Now I know why Lucas and Jenny were always acting weirdly around me whenever Silas was around.

As it turned out, they were trying to give us some privacy. They just wanted us to spend more time with each other.

But where is Christopher? I searched every corner in town and shouted his name again and again, but he was still nowhere to be found.

He must be mad at me for leaving without saying my goodbyes. He thought I was dead and was mad at me for not telling him about it. There were many reasons for him to be mad at me. Why else would he call me a cruel woman when he was making love to me that night?

Feeling dejected, I squatted down at the beach where we first met and sobbed. "Christopher, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I miss you. Please don't avoid me. I'm really sorry. Please, don't leave me."

"Will you still hide things from me in the future?" Christopher asked in a fierce tone.

"No, never again!" I wouldn't be crying over something I had lost if we had never met. I couldn't bear to have Christopher leave my side ever again. I didn't know if I could carry on without Christopher by my side during my final stage of life.

"You stupid woman, haven't you ever considered how sad I will be without you by my side?"

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I turned around and saw Christopher standing by the beach with the setting sun reflecting in the water. He looked so charmingly handsome as he stood there quietly staring back at me.

I dreamt about this man countless times. I had also imagined him standing right before me as I caress his cheeks.

“Christopher!” I stood up and looked at him doubtfully. I was even starting to wonder if I was hallucinating. Why else would he be standing motionless over there? My vision started to blur.

I didn’t realize I was crying until tears rolled down my cheeks and fell onto the back of my hand.

“Christopher, Christopher!” I shouted for him a few more times as I inched towards him. I was afraid he would disappear into thin air if I moved too quickly. My legs turned to jelly and I almost fell face down to the ground.

Christopher suddenly moved. He rushed up to me, helped me up, and pulled me into his arms. I reached out to caress his cheeks and pinched myself. This is real.

“This is not a dream,” I cried.

Christopher unclenched his fist, revealing a delicate female ring. That was my wedding ring. I was down for days on end when I first lost it. Why is it with Christopher now?

Christopher slid the ring onto my ring finger and said, “Silly woman, you forgot to take your ring with you. I found you because of this ring. I won’t let you leave my sight ever again from now on, not even for a brief moment.”

I couldn’t stand it anymore as I threw myself into his arms. We had been through a lot, but he still managed to come back to me after being separated for thousands of miles. I couldn’t bear to push him away again after all that had happened.

We lay in each other’s arms for the entire afternoon on the couch. Nobody said a word as we simply enjoyed each other’s presence. We were happy to stay by each other’s side.

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I didn't tell him about my terminal illness nor how many days I had left to live. Christopher also kept quiet about how he found me. We were doing our best to make each other happy.

It wasn't until I received a call from Sabrina that I realized we had been spooning for the entire afternoon.

"What is it, Sabby?" I whispered.

"Eve, Christopher is nowhere to be found. The Lanes are going crazy trying to reach him."

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I looked back at the silent Christopher. He had his eyebrows raised without the slightest means to speak to Sabrina. Thus, I could only explain to her myself. "Sabby, Christopher... is here with me."

"What? How did he manage to find such a remote place? Did you tell him?" Sabrina exclaimed as she simply couldn't believe it.

"No. I only found out today. I—"

Christopher impatiently interrupted, "I'm right here, doing well. Tell my family to stop creating a fuss. It's annoying. I will visit them with my wife in a few days."

"Christopher, how... how did you find Eve? Did Zach tell you?" Sabrina asked cautiously.

"It's not him. Ugh... Do you know that you're very annoying? Everything was going smoothly until you called. Are you happy now? The next time you're doing it with Zach, I'll call and make him work—"

Toot... Toot... Toot...

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Sabrina hung up the call instantly as she couldn't stand the impatient Christopher.

Meanwhile, Christopher casually tossed the phone to the couch and continued to hug my waist while leaning against the sofa. I quietly glanced at him. Ever since I met him on the beach, he had a sullen look, and he never smiled. Now, he returned to his usual tone of speech, but he was still not smiling. His face was cold and emotionless, just like a zombie.

Thus, I reached out and carefully poked his cheek. "Christopher!"

Even so, he remained still and ignored me, so I leaned over and nuzzled against his chest. Then, I nudged his cheeks even harder and called out his name, "Christopher..." I dragged the last syllable on purpose. Even I got goosebumps from hearing my own voice.

"What?" He turned his head and asked.

"Nothing. I just wanted to call out your name." I gave him a coy smile.

"Hmph!" He turned his head away and ignored me. After a while, he got up and walked to the kitchen. I wanted to follow him, but before I could go into the kitchen, he casually slammed the door in front of my face.

I touched the tip of my nose and sighed before I quietly returned to the living room. Then, I noticed Jenny sticking her head in. She made sure that Christopher wasn't around before rushing in, then she handed me a piece of white silk cloth. "The doctor gave this to you. He said to use it to cover your eyes. It's good for your eyes, and you can see through it."

I took the silk cloth and secured it to my eyes. It was soft and had a feather-like weight. After covering my eyes with it, everything appeared a tad blur, but I could still see clearly.

I knew Christopher would not be angry at me for too long. After all, we both knew about the condition of my illness. However, his sudden appearance ruined our plans. At that point, I didn't even know what would happen in the future.

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After that, I sneakily gave Darius a call to tell him that I was safe so the Lane family would not worry about me. In the end, I asked him, "Darius, did you tell Christopher that I'm here?"

I figured if Sabrina and Zachary didn't say anything, then the only possible culprit would be Darius. He was in a relationship with my mother back then, and he also had a good impression of me. Additionally, he wasn't with the person he loved, so he wouldn't want Christopher to end up in his shoes.

Darius didn't deny it. "Chris is a very clever person. He reckoned that you are still alive with just a few clues, and he begged me not to keep anything from him any longer. Yvonne, I do respect you, but I'm sorry for ruining your plans. Even so, I don't regret it as we have no right to decide on Chris' behalf. He should make his own decisions."

Upon hearing those words, I couldn't help but feel guilty. Indeed, we're not God, and we don't have the right to decide anything for anyone. However, I selfishly made decisions for Christopher. I wanted what I thought was the best for him, but that wasn't what he wanted.

After some time, Christopher came out of the kitchen. He sat on the sofa and waved a finger at Jenny pompously. Instantly, Jenny quickly ran toward the kitchen.

"You! Sit down and don't move!" I wanted to look, but I was petrified when Christopher glared at me.

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As usual, Christopher prepared a feast, all of which was the food I loved and a bowl of potato and leek soup. I drank the soup while quietly looking at Christopher.

"Christopher, this soup tastes very similar to what I used to have at your hotel. Although it tastes better now, it's just too familiar. Did you make the soup that I used to drink there?"

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Christopher continued to eat his food. After a while, he couldn't hold it anymore. Seeing that I was still looking at him intently, he then put some food onto my plate and said fiercely, "Can you be any dumber? You took a year just to realize such a trivial matter. Are you an idiot?"

"Yep, I am an idiot. I almost forget who I am when I look at you." I smiled gleefully while sipping on my soup that warmed my heart whenever I drank it. Christopher did a lot of things for me even when I didn't notice it.

I discovered them bit by bit, and when I realized it, it made me love him even more. At that thought, I continued to gaze at him lovingly while drinking my soup. Right then, I hope time could stand still so I could watch him forever. Christopher, on the other hand, was tired of me constantly watching him, so he put down his cutlery and asked, "What the hell are you looking at?"

I chortled when he snapped at me. After all, he was most terrifying when he was dead silent. I could still remember the time when he gave me the silent treatment, and it was horrible. Christopher once told me that his mother still cared for people even when she was angry. He was just like his mother, so that meant he had already quelled his anger.

After dinner, Christopher took me out for a walk. As usual, I had a bandage covering my eyes, but I could already see the outside world. He walked alone in front of me, so I stretched out my hand to hold his.

Immediately, Christopher vigorously shook it off, but I held on. He shook it off once again, yet I clung to his arm as if I was holding on to dear life.

"Let go!" Christopher demanded with an icy voice.

"Christopher!" I shouted and pouted. At that point, my eyes were red and swollen.

"Let go of me!" Christopher yelled, then shoved me away.

I looked at my empty hands, then gazed towards Christopher, who was walking in front of me. I stood there for a long while, holding in the tears back.

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He was still angry at me. But he didn't know that I was planning to leave him again. I knew he was mad at me for leaving, but this feeling was worse than when I got injured and sick.

I didn't want him to be angry.

Seeing how angry he was, I lowered my head and shed my tears in silence until Christopher started walking again. I wanted to speak, but the nauseous feeling that was long gone suddenly returned, and it felt terribly uncomfortable. I staggered a few steps before landing on my bottom.

Everything was spinning around me, and I felt my stomach churning as if it was about to throw up. I got down on my knees and spewed out everything I ate that afternoon. As I continued vomiting, the ground gradually became a pool of blood.

"Christopher..." I tried my hardest to locate Christopher. However, he was standing by the beach, throwing rocks into the water, oblivious to what was happening to me.

"Christopher!" I covered my mouth and felt the perpetual stream of hot liquid coming out of me, and I couldn't stop feeling afraid. My eyes had healed, so the bloody vomit must be the after-effects of brain cancer.

"Yvonne, hang in there. I'll call Christopher over."

Fortunately, Lucas was nearby. After hearing what he said, I hurriedly grabbed him and tried to speak, "Don't alarm him. Please help me get rid of the blood. I can't let him see it. He will worry if he sees this much blood. Take me back. There's medicine in the house. I'll be fine after taking my medication."

After I said those words with all my strength, I became even dizzier. I felt as though I was on a roller coaster.

"Why are you still this stubborn even at this stage?" Lucas became anxious.

"Please! Don't let him see me like this! I'm begging you!" I held on to Lucas' arm and pleaded.

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When I got home, I called for Jenny to get me a change of clothes. She was crying the whole time when she rummaged through my closet. Meanwhile, I was struggling to straighten my body and take off my blood-stained clothes for Jenny to hide them. After everything was done, I lay on the bed.

“Jenny, when Chris comes home, tell him that I’m sleepy.”

Then, I fell into a deep sleep. While I was unconscious, I felt someone holding my hand and bringing me close while giving me warmth. I felt snug and at ease. Upon that, I smiled with my eyes closed.

When I woke up, it was already dark. I saw Christopher sitting on the edge of the bed under the orange light while staring at me unwaveringly. I rubbed my eyes groggily and smiled at him. “I was too tired, so I came home. Don’t be mad.”

“You fool!” Christopher grabbed me and held me. “You broke your promise. You said you would tell me wherever you’re going. You promised.”

I smiled quietly. Thank God he didn’t see me vomiting blood.

After I slept for the entire afternoon, I wasn’t feeling sleepy at all. I nestled in Christopher’s arms, but I couldn’t fall asleep. After a while, I looked at his face, then looked out the window and saw the reflection of the beautiful night sky reflected on the surface of the ocean. I saw the bright moon surrounded by glittering stars, and I could hear the perennial sounds of waves washing the beach.

“You wanna go out and have a look?” Seeing that I was staring at the beach, Christopher whispered.

“Yeah, I can’t sleep. I felt like going for a walk.”

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"I'll go with you!" Christopher got up and put on some clothes, then helped me to put on mine. He wrapped me up in a thick jacket and walked me out while holding my hand. That night, the sea breeze was strong, and it messed up my hair. My eyes felt a little sore, so I squinted my eyes and tried not to look too far away.

Christopher flipped the hood of my jacket over my head. When he saw that my eyes were tightly shut, he bent over and carried me in his arms. In shock, I opened one of my eyes and asked, "What are you doing?"

"You wanted to see the night view, so I'll carry you there."

"Okay!" I rested my head on his shoulders while he carefully walked forward with me in his arms. When he put me down on the beach, I couldn't help but ask, "Are you not angry anymore?"

"That depends on your performance!" He huffed softly and turned his head away childishly. I pursed my lips and smiled as I tiptoed to kiss him on the cheek.

As I stepped back, he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me back. He looked at me amorously and kissed my lips. It wasn't a passionate kiss but a gentle one; one that was so soft as though he was scared that it would hurt me.

Just like that, with our lips touching, our eyes met. I saw the sorrow and pain he suppressed in his eyes. It was almost imperceptible if I didn't look closely.

I knew that he was upset about how I was counting down to my last days and the thought of me leaving him behind. The thing I feared the most was happening in front of me. I vomited blood today; soon, I might even end up in a hospital without the strength to eat, and Christopher would suffer even more than what he had right now.

"Christopher, you—" I couldn't say it because I knew he would be angry if I said it. So I whispered the rest of it silently in my heart. Christopher, you shouldn't have come.

He let go of my lips and kissed my forehead, and whispered, "You're thinking about secretly leaving again, aren't you? This time, I will really be angry."

I quickly shook my head, pretending that nothing happened, but he always saw through me effortlessly.

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“How did you find me?” I asked. After all, I have arranged everything thoroughly. With Darius helping me, there should be no mistakes.

“The next time you lie, please don’t ask Darius for help. He’s the worst at lying.” Christopher looked into the distance and pointed far away. “Look.”

I followed the direction of his finger and saw a beaming lighthouse. “That’s a beautiful lighthouse.”

“No...” He shook his head. “That’s where home is.”

I was stunned for a moment. Avenport?

After a while, Christopher turned to me and said, “Let’s go home. I’ll bring you home, okay?”

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I initially thought I would decline Christopher’s request, but it turned out that I accepted it without hesitation when I saw the anticipation in Christopher’s eyes. At that moment, I forgot who I was and only had one thought in mind—I would agree to it no matter what he said.

When Lucas saw me out, Christopher kept hugging me and glaring at him. A moment later, he said with a long face, “You don’t have to see her out, for I’ll take good care of my wife.”

Lucas felt a little awkward upon hearing Christopher’s direct remark. After all, Lucas was gentle and always spoke tactfully. Hence, I kicked Christopher gently and flashed Lucas an apologetic smile.

“Thank you for taking care of me all this time. It’s my honor to have you as my friend.”

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"I hope I can hear it from you again when I meet you next time. Anyway, cherish your time," Lucas said.

"Of course!" I would be delighted if I still had the chance to meet Lucas again.

We flew first-class and returned to Avenport in a few hours. Once I got off the plane, I recalled the despair I had when I left this place.

My feelings now were different, yet I was still someone who was about to die. However, I wasn't afraid, for Christopher was always with me.

Once we got home, Christopher carried me to the couch and helped me wash up as though I was crippled. When it was about time to have medicine, I took out the pills from my bag.

I hesitated, for I would feel uncomfortable every time I had the pills. Although the doctor explained that it was alright, I didn't want to cough up blood before Christopher.

"What do you prefer having for lunch?" Christopher sat beside me and asked.

"How about eating out? I want to eat something simple but delicious," I blinked and replied smilingly.

"Sure, let's eat out later."

Since the sunlight was dazzling, I covered my eyes with the cloth given by the doctor to avoid hurting them again. The beautiful tune from the piano filled the restaurant, and I gazed at Christopher as he was eating. Right then, he was like the most beautiful being that I had ever laid my eyes upon, and I was very reluctant to move my eyes elsewhere.

"Hey! Is that you, Eve?"

I turned around and saw Mason and Mary. Delighted to see my old friends, I stood up and greeted them smilingly. "Mrs. Ziegler, it's been a long time. Are you here to have dinner with Mr. Ziegler? How sweet!"

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“Haha, please spare me, for I’m already a middle-aged woman. Besides, aren’t you with your husband as well—” Mary was startled once she pointed at Christopher. A moment later, she asked in disbelief, “Chris?”

“Mary, it’s been a long time. Come and have a seat.” Without hesitation, Christopher pointed at me and introduced me to them. “This is my wife, Yvonne. Since you guys are friends, why don’t we have dinner together? However, I think dinner should be on you because you still owe me one.”

“Sure, it’s my treat tonight.” Mason and Mary were shocked upon seeing us dating. After sitting down, they kept looking at me and only ordered whatever the waitress recommended. I chuckled and couldn’t understand why they were so shocked to find out that Christopher and I were together. After all, the news about our relationship had been widespread.

After a while, Mary heaved a sigh and patted my hand. “We’re aware of your relationship with Mr. Smith and also heard that you got a divorce. If a man doesn’t love a woman anymore, she should get a divorce to ease the pain. Besides, Chris is a good man.”

I smiled at Mary gratefully and replied, “Thank you. Even though I’ve divorced Lyle, I hope it won’t affect your collaboration with the Smith family. After all, the family is still influential, especially since Sharon is in charge.”

However, I could feel the reluctance in Mary’s gaze. She probably wanted to ask me if the Lane family knew about it but held her tongue.

“Yvonne!” Suddenly, I heard Lyle’s voice from behind.

Speak of the devil. I turned around and confirmed that it was Lyle.

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