

Love Coming From The Least Expected

Chapter 321 - 325

I sensed that Lucas had been very secretive lately. He did not come to my place often, and when he did, he only stayed for a short while. After a few words with me, he would praise Silas before he left, saying how awesome Silas was.

In the morning, when I woke up, I would take the calendar and tore a page from it. Each time, the 3-month calendar would have one page less. In the blink of an eye, it was much thinner. It seemed that there was not much left of the remaining days.

Silas hung the calendar back in place and wheeled me out for breakfast. I did not have much appetite, but he insisted that I eat, so I took a few mouthfuls. At that, I sighed. "I've been here for a month already. Tell me, when a person's life is on a countdown to two months, what can she do?"

I did not expect him to say anything because he had never spoken to me. However, today, he seemed to be pondering over something. After a while, he brought over a printing block and put it in front of me. Then, he placed my hand on the block. It was the type of block that the blinds used, where we could feel the words on it by touch.

It was a simple phrase, and I was able to recognize it after feeling it a few times. He had written: Spend every day meaningfully with the person you love.

Ugh! Even though he knew that I could not be with Christopher, he just had to mention this, huh? I tossed the block aside and sighed. "I would not be meeting him. I'm already dying, so I do not want him to see me suffering as I die."

After a while, Silas wrote another sentence for me. This time it was a bit longer, and I took a long time to feel it to recognize it. It read: You believe that this is the best thing to do. Perhaps he is in pain now because you have left him, and he would rather be with you.

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I was silent for a long time, lifting my eyes to the ceiling. "You don't understand, Silas, and you won't understand. It is so painful to watch the life force of someone you love slowing ebbing away. On the deserted island, I held Christopher in my arms. He was dying like how I am now. His whole body was cold, and his breathing shallow and weak. At that moment, I wished that I could die first, so I wouldn't have to let him see this. I didn't want to be so cruel!"

Soon after that, Silas quickly wrote another sentence. He seemed quite urgent as I could hear his rapid breathing. After writing it, he put my hand on the board once again, and my fingers slid across the text: He is willing to face it with you. This is not cruelty but love.

"Please stop! Please don't say anymore!" I was afraid I would be swayed if he went on. From the time I knew Christopher, we had never been apart for such a long time. There was once when we were away from each other for a week, and I almost went crazy.

I had not seen him for a month, except for that one time I called Sabrina but called Christopher by mistake. I heard Christopher's voice through the phone, and that was already more than enough for me.

"Silas, I don't know your story. As for me and my husband, we were destined for suffering. It took a lot of determination on my part to leave him, so please do not weaken my resolution. What if I really can't take it anymore, and I go back to him?"

That night, I had a nightmare. I dreamed that I was back at sea, and there was Christopher, lying on the reef, dying. His lower abdomen was bleeding, so I put pressure on the wound and kept shouting his name, but he did not respond.

Then, a boat came, and I tried to move toward the beach with him on my back. After a few steps, someone suddenly pushed us to the ground. Soon, the boat sailed away and left us on the beach. I shouted in fear when it went further and further. Screaming on top of my lungs, I wanted the boat to stop, but no one aboard paid any attention to me. Everyone looked at me with an indifferent expression on their faces.

There was nothing I could do but stare helplessly at Christopher's gradually weakened breathing while his body slowly turned cold. Desperate and afraid, I wailed and cried aloud.

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“Christopher... Christopher...” I jolted up from the nightmare and felt around the bed beside me, fearful and afraid. However, there was no one. I then became desperate and started clawing in the air. Because I was so flustered, I toppled the water bottle on the table accidentally. I then lost my balance and fell out of the bed.

However, a pair of strong arms lifted me up, and I fell into a warm embrace. For some odd reason, it felt all too familiar, and my heart started thumping. At some point, the bandage had slipped, and I saw Christopher through the gap of my bandage, carrying me carefully and gazing at me tenderly.

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“Christopher, is it you? Is it really you?” I stretched out my hand and stroked his face. Carefully, I caressed his cheek little by little, following the contours of that familiar facial features.

“This dream is so real that I can feel your tears.”

I fell into Christopher’s arms and nuzzled against him with my cheek. There were stubble on his chin, so it was quite prickly against my skin. I then whispered, “Don’t cry. You see, I finally dreamed about you, so you should be happy. If you cry, it will make me cry too. The doctor said that my gauze will be removed in the next few days, so I mustn’t cry. Can you smile? Christopher, you look the most dashing when you smile.”

Christopher was in tears, but he still smiled at me, with tears welling in his eyes. Seeing that they were about to fall, I lifted my head and kissed the tears from the corner of his eyes. They say that men do not cry, but my man was crying for me.

“Chris, I miss you so much. Really, I do. I have never stopped thinking about you for even one second.” My lips went over his eyebrows and his nose and finally stopped at his lips. I lingered there for a second, and my tongue pressed against his lips to part them slowly.

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He did not move but just let me kiss him. The man only watched me ever so intently as if he could not see enough of me. I thought this had to be a dream. After all, Christopher had never let me kiss him without reciprocating.

“Chris, please kiss me. I want you to kiss me,” I whined at him. To me, it was all just a dream, so I naturally did not take it seriously. However, he cupped my face in his hands, and a tear rolled down.

It really broke my heart. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you sad. Are you angry that I left? I really didn’t know what else to do. I had a nightmare just now. I dreamt that you were in my arms, and your life was slowly draining away. I felt so hopeless and upset. It was as if the sorrow of the whole world was drowning me. Chris, I’m sorry. I’m really sorry... mmm—”

Perhaps I said “sorry” one too many times. Because all of a sudden, he moved toward me and locked my lips with his in a kiss that was passionate like before. His tongue entered my mouth and explored even the gaps between my teeth.

I was dizzy from his kiss, and my head was swimming. Perhaps I was drunk; otherwise, I would not be dreaming about Christopher. Then, I started to undress him and lay on top of him.

“Chris, please hug me. I want you to hug me even if it is just a dream. It’s good that I dreamed about you. It’s all worth it. Hearing your voice was more than I could ask for.”

Nonetheless, Christopher did not speak but just let me unbutton his clothes. After I had done unbuttoning his clothes, I felt for the zipper on my own dress, but it was not to be found. These clothes were prepared for me by Jenny, so I did not even know what kind of clothes I was wearing. After fumbling for a good minute without success, I pouted and looked at Christopher.

“Chris, please help me. Why are you so dull in this dream? Usually, you’re so quick to react. C’mon, hold me.” I wanted to indulge myself so that even if it were not real, at least, it was a beautiful dream.

Upon that, Christopher’s hand moved from my face downward gradually and lingered on my collarbones. His fingers traced my collarbones gently, moving in circles, and finally, sliding them into my clothes, instantly sending electric waves through my body.

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I licked my lips and looked at him with desire.

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Christopher caressed my body, and when his fingers were running across my smooth back, he said suddenly, "You fool, I don't want you! You left me all alone. I don't want you anymore."

Hearing those words leaving his lips left me crying helplessly. I then kissed his face and said, "No, Chris, I did not do it on purpose. I may never see you again, so please don't be so cruel to me. All that is left of my life is 60 days. Please do not be cruel to me even if it is just a dream."

"You're the one who's cruel! Why did you abandon me?" Christopher repeated this phrase questioning and coldly. Then he gently pushed my hand away.

Feeling at a loss, I crawled over to him, looking at him through the gap in the bandage. Then, I tried my best to arouse his desire, while crying and saying, "I really don't want to, Chris. Please don't be angry, okay?"

With those words, I sat on him hard and started moving at a slow rhythmic pace; it was an exercise I had not done for a long time. The sudden pain in my lower abdomen made me feel terribly uncomfortable, but it did not hurt much as I was so happy. I was with Christopher again, merged together as one. He was still like how I remembered—hot and throbbing.

However, Christopher froze as he was surprised by my sudden action. "Are you mad? Get up. Did it hurt?"

"No, it did not hurt at all!" In reality, it did hurt, but I enjoyed it so much because the person inside me was Christopher.

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Right away, Christopher straighten up, held my waist, and positioned himself on top of me. When he entered, he wept as he said, "You foolish woman, I really thought of abandoning you. From now on, I'll ignore you and leave you."

As he spoke, he thrust forcefully. Though I was in pain, I felt his tenderness. Hence, I gazed at him, clearly infatuated, and wrapped my hands around his neck. But Christopher bit my lip and spat, "How can you be so cruel, Yvonne? I hate you. I really hate you! How can you be so cruel to me?"

I raised my head high and curled my body into an arc, completely letting go of myself to accommodate him. Even in my dreams, our sense of coordination was perfect, I kissed his tears, and my lips kept lingering on his cheeks. "Chris, this dream is so real, I really don't want to wake up."

Quickly, his actions became rough. The man wrapped my legs around his waist and did not allow me to lie down. He wanted me to sit up while holding him, so he could kiss my lips and nibble on my earlobes.

My body was still very weak, after all. Doing such vigorous exercise, I gradually fell into semi-consciousness. Like before, Christopher did not stop, and I worked hard to show the best side of me until I passed out completely.

That beautiful dream lasted for a long time. I kept hearing Christopher calling me a foolish woman in my ear, saying that I was cruel. Then, he would bite my lips hard and thrust into me, again and again.

When I woke up, I felt dizzy, and my whole body was numb, but I did not feel any pain. I just felt weak. It was dark in front of me once again. Surprised, I touched the bandage in front of my eyes and realized that it was fresh. Someone changed it for me while I was still asleep.

"Jenny!" I called, still feeling dizzy. As a habit, I tore a page from the calendar. My ears felt prickly and uncomfortable, and I really wanted to scratch at them.

Jenny did not come, but I heard heavy footsteps.

"Is this Silas?" I asked.

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The man patted my arm to indicate he was.

“My eyes are itchy. The doctor said that I can remove the bandages tomorrow, but it’s itchy and uncomfortable. Could you please take me to the hospital? Remember to call Jenny with me.”

The man carried me out of bed and put me in a wheelchair. Before I could turn around and scream, I was already in it. I looked in his direction and felt that I was probably overreacting and making a fuss, so I just pretend that nothing happened.

Silas then wheeled me into the bathroom and helped me wash up. He was serving me more carefully than one served a queen, but when his huge palm was on my face, I had to say I did feel a little uncomfortable.

Is he... taking advantage of me?

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I called out to Jenny. I wonder where she is. She had been slacking off ever since Silas’ arrival. I had to ask Silas for help whenever I couldn’t find her.

I felt a cut on the back of his hand as he was washing my hands. “Why is there a cut on the back of your hand? Does it hurt?” I asked, feeling concerned.

Silas kept quiet, looked at me, paused for a moment, and then continued to wash my hands. After I washed up, he carried me to my bedroom and put me down on the bed. It felt so foreign yet so familiar to be in his arms.

His embrace felt a lot like Christopher’s. I would have mistaken him for Christopher if not for the lack of his unique cool scent.

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Silas stopped me as I reached out and tried to rub my itchy eyes. He wheeled me downstairs and fed me breakfast. I called out for Jenny a couple more times during breakfast, but she was still nowhere to be found. Did she have a new boyfriend or something? Why is she always not around when I need her? I twitched my lips in annoyance.

“Silas, my eyes are getting really itchy. Please take me to the hospital now.” It was getting so itchy that I badly wanted to scratch my eyes.

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Silas immediately wheeled me out and took me to the only hospital in town. I heard Lucas calling out to me from afar. I smiled and waved him over. “Lucas, I dreamt about Christopher yesterday night. I’m so happy.”

Somehow, Lucas kept quiet for a brief moment and it felt as though he was staring at me.

Then, he replied in a somewhat awkward tone, “Whatever makes you happy.”

“Yes, my eyes felt really uncomfortable today. The doctor said I’m supposed to remove my dressing tomorrow, but I couldn’t stand it anymore. I wonder if my eyes are healing properly.”

“Oh? Is it not today? Today is the 19th. You must have got it wrong,” Lucas exclaimed.

I rolled my eyes at him. “I’m pretty sure it was 17th yesterday when I checked, but you’re telling me it’s 19th now? Stop pulling my leg.”

There was an awkward silence for a good few seconds, then I heard Lucas saying something.

“Pardon?” I couldn’t hear him because his voice was too soft.

“N-Nothing!”

“Let’s have lunch together. Silas is a really good cook. The more the merrier, right?”

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“We’ll see. Hurry on. I’ll leave you two to it then.” Lucas dashed off in no time.

I noticed that Lucas and Jenny had been acting very weirdly around me lately. It was as if I’m the only one who was sane.

The old TCM practitioner smiled in relief when I told him about my itchy eyes. “The medicine is working its magic. I will remove your eye dressing in a little while. Try to open your eyes then. But remember, don’t open your eyes immediately, try to do it slowly to let your eyes adapt. You’re on the road to recovery if you can see some dim light.”

“Ok.” I nodded calmly. I didn’t really care much about my eyes since I’m already terminally ill. What difference does it make to me when I’m about to die?

I decided to leave my sight to fate. However, life would be much more difficult for me if I were to lose my eyesight. Jenny’s laziness had been getting to me. It felt really uncomfortable to have a man take care of my needs. He was even responsible for washing all of my clothes now.

I wonder if he felt as embarrassed as I was when he washed my lingerie.

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My itching finally stopped after being treated with some medicinal herbs by the old TCM practitioner. The guy was really amazing even though he had shaky hands due to old age. It took the old TCM practitioner a long time to remove my eye dressing.

After removing the medicinal herbs from my eyes, he said in a warm friendly tone. “Ok, try to take a peek. Don’t be scared.”

“Ok!” I took a peek and saw the old TCM practitioner smiling kindly at me. My vision was blurry since my eyes were narrowed. I tried to widen my eyes a little more and my vision cleared up. I smiled in delight. Finally, I can see again.

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The sun shone through the partially opened door onto the ground and over me. I raised my hands, stared at my palms, and reached out tentatively to touch my face. "Wow, the sun is beautiful."

"Silas, I can finally see what you look like!" I turned around with a smile, but he was nowhere to be found. Jenny stood timidly in his place and stared at me nervously. She jumped with joy and threw herself into my arms when I told her I can see again.

"Jenny! You must be Jenny!" It was my first time seeing Jenny's face. She looked exactly like how I imagined her to be, a plump and cute girl. "Where is Silas? He was still here a moment ago. Where did he go?"

"S-Silas... uh.. he left after sending you here. He probably has something urgent to attend to." Jenny scratched the back of her head and glanced nervously at the door.

"Something urgent?" I felt a little disappointed that Silas wasn't around to share my joy. After all, he had been taking care of my needs for more than two weeks now. Hence, I considered him as a friend.

"Thank you for healing my eyes, doctor. No doctor from the big city dare guarantee that I will be cured. Thank you so much." I instructed Jenny to pay the old TCM practitioner well with the money Julia gave me since I didn't need that much money for myself.

However, the old TCM practitioner refused to take more than I was charged. In the end, I told him to spend the excess money on the kids.

"Remember, don't strain your eye, and don't stare directly at the light. Cover your eyes with a piece of cloth or get yourself a pair of sunglasses when you get back home later."

I was finally able to leave the wheelchair behind. Even though the old TCM practitioner failed to treat my brain cancer, at least I could see now. I shouted for Silas as I ran all the way home, but no one responded. As I passed by the display rack in the living room, I accidentally saw my reflection and stopped in my tracks. My neck was full of hickeys.

Where did these hickeys come from? Wasn't it just a dream? I dreamt of Christopher making love to me yesterday night. But why would there be hickeys on my neck if it was just a dream?

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I panicked and quickly fumbled around my bedside table for my phone. Today is 19th. Did I actually sleep through the entire day? The crazy sex I had with Christopher wasn't just a dream. It really happened.

"Silas is Christopher?" My heart skipped a beat as I rushed downstairs. I grabbed Jenny's hand and asked, "Silas is Christopher, am I right? Please tell me!"

"I..." Jenny hesitated before nodding. "Yes, Silas is Christopher. He revealed his identity on his third day here."

It really is Christopher. I stood there, stunned for a moment. But I quickly came back to my senses and ran all the way to Lucas's place. I pushed the door open and shouted, "Christopher, where are you? Come on out, Christopher."

Lucas looked at me sadly. "He just packed his bag and left just now."

What? My mind went blank. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I ran towards the bus station and shouted for Christopher's name. He must be mad at me. He kept telling me he was going to dump me that night. It must be true. Why else would he leave now when I finally regained my sight?

Christopher was nowhere to be found even after a thorough search all over town. In the end, I found myself crying my heart out on the beach.

All of a sudden, a man appeared out of nowhere, grabbed my hand, and put a ring on my ring finger. He said softly, "You forgot your ring, so I'm sending it to you."

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