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Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 176 - 180

I could hear someone talking, but I had a hard time telling if he was a friend or a foe. The moment I could feel my hands again, I threw punches at him, yelling hysterically, "Stay away from me!"

"Eve, it's me! I'm Christopher!" Judging by the man's hoarse voice, I was certain he was equally anxious. Inundated by remorse, he kept me safe in between his arms.

At that point in time, the only thing I had in mind was to flee the scene. In another attempt to escape, I launched another powerful kick at the man, but my effort was to no avail because I was still confined in between his arms.

After one last attempt to bite the man failed because of my dislocated jaw, I tried to knock the man off with my head while yelling, "Just kill me! Kill me instead of humiliating me!"

"I'm so sorry for being late, Eve! It's my fault for not being there for you! I'm Christopher! I'll never hurt you!"

Who's Christopher? Oh! Is he the one I have been waiting for? He's the only one who cares about me, isn't he? I returned to my senses and stared at the man with a look of disbelief. He was in an equally pathetic with his forehead drenched in blood and his face puckered in despair.

He couldn't care less by his look and continued holding me firmly in between his arms. Over and over again, he caressed my back and assured me, "You don't have to worry because everything's over! I have taken out those vicious men!"

I repeated after him, "C-Christopher?"

He placed his blazer over me and asserted, "Yes! It's me! I'm here! I'll always be here!"

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“Christopher!” As the pent-up emotions came flooding out, I nestled in between his arms and started wailing hysterically, “I’m horrified! I almost killed myself to end my misery!”

While Christopher brought the traumatized me out of the basement, I caught a glimpse of a few men in their military uniforms, including Zachary.

My pupils constricted in fear the moment I saw the men drenched in a puddle of blood on the ground. My heart skipped a beat, and I passed out after shrieking.

When I was unconscious, I heard a few people around me engaging in a heated discussion. They seemed to be having another fight. As much as I wanted to figure out the things going on, I couldn’t open my eyes.

The faces of three vicious-looking men flashed back in my mind. They kept running their hands all over my body. In the end, they tore my clothes into pieces with lustful intentions written all over their faces.

I tried my best to run away from them, but I couldn’t seem to shrug them off. All of a sudden, they pounced on me and rendered me incapable of motion.

I could feel blood splashing everywhere as soon as I heard several consecutive shots being fired.

“N-No! S-Stay away from me!” As I started shrieking in fear, I grabbed something and started biting it with all my might. I could feel my jaws aching, but I was reluctant to stop until I felt blood in my mouth.

Someone stopped me from moving around and held me firmly in between his arms. I felt a strong urge to cry when I detected the gentle kissed on my forehead.

He repeated himself in a remorseful tone, “Eve, you don’t have to worry anymore because everything’s fine! They’re all dead as of now! I’ll keep you company and safe! It will be fine!”

As the nightmare stopped haunting me, I could finally fall asleep. I was unsure if it had merely been a few hours or had it been a few days by the time I woke up.

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I surveyed the surroundings and tried to reach out to someone, but the racking sensation coming from the jaw stopped me from speaking. On top of that, I could feel my eyes aching.

Zachary approached me and asked, "Hey, how are you feeling?"

I shook my head, asserting the anxious man everything was fine. Actually, Christopher was the one I had been searching for, but upon a simple glance around the ward, he was nowhere to be seen.

Unable to speak, I had to communicate with Zachary using body language. I made some noise because I was afraid he couldn't grasp the meaning behind it.

"You need to calm down because your jaw has been severely dislocated. In the upcoming few weeks, you won't be able to speak." Zachary proceeded to summon the nurse over.

As he couldn't get my query, I tried my best to form a complete phrase. "C-Chris—"

"I'm here!" Christopher barged into the ward and sprinted over to my side. Holding my hands, he repeated the same thing over and over again. When I heard him, I finally regained my composure.

"You don't have to worry because I'll always be here for you."

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His words worked like a charm and warded my concerns. After taking the prescribed medicine, I closed my eyes and fell asleep once more.

I ended up sleeping for three consecutive days. Zachary then told me I had been having a high fever ever since I was rushed to the hospital. The doctor once warned them to get themselves ready for the worst, but I managed to make it through the crisis.

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After the routine check-up by the doctor, I turned around and asked, "Where's Christopher?"

My voice was still hoarse, but I no longer felt the pain bothering me on the day I first regained consciousness.

"H-He—" Zachary stuttered with his brows furrowed as though he was supposed to keep Christopher's whereabouts confidential.

I could vividly recall Christopher's forehead drenched in blood when he brought me out of the basement. As my heart sank to the bottom of my stomach, I asked, "Where is he?"

"Chris wants me to keep you in the dark, but I don't think that's necessary. When he couldn't reach you, he noticed something was wrong. Immediately, we made our way back. Unfortunately, we were involved in an accident, but he insisted on rushing over to rescue you."

After a few seconds of pause, he said, "Chris decided to keep you company since you had been having it rough over the past two days. In addition to excessive bleeding, the pent-up fatigue caught up to him. Thus, he passed out in the morning."

When Zachary told me Christopher was still unconscious, I was on pins and needles. Thus, I begged him, "Can you please bring me to him immediately?"

Zachary took a step back and told me to calm down since I had gotten overly worked up again. "I'll bring you over once the doctor's done."

I wondered if his response had something to do with my response while I was unconscious. It must have been something extreme to be able to intimidate him. I couldn't care less and repeated my request, "Please bring me over to him immediately!"

After hesitating for a few seconds, Zachary nodded and answered, "Alright!"

Someone had to wheel me over in a wheelchair because I couldn't stand on my feet just yet. When Zachary wheeled me into the ward, I saw the man on the bed.

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I wheeled myself over and stared at the man in disbelief. He had a pale and haggard look with his eyes closed and his head swathed in bandages.

A few seconds later, I tried to bring myself up in an attempt to join him in bed.

The moment the blanket was uncovered, I caught a whiff of the stench of blood. Christopher's wounds were worse than I had imagined. Zachary mentioned it was just an accident, but Christopher's condition indicated otherwise.

The moment I nestled next to him, I caught a whiff of the stench of blood. Christopher's wounds were worse than I had imagined. Zachary mentioned it was just an accident, but Christopher's condition indicated otherwise.

Afraid of hurting him, I lay down next to him in silence after kissing him on the cheek.

My wandering mind finally became at ease when I caught another whiff of the familiar scent of tobacco exclusive to him. I started weeping in silence while lying next to him.

Although weeping wouldn't do me any good, it enabled me to take out the emotions I had been suppressing over the past few days.

Christopher had once again rushed over to my rescue. If it weren't because of him, I might not have made it out without being humiliated.

Had I been humiliated by those vicious-looking men, I might make the call to put an end to my miserable life instead of spending the rest of my life in horror.

"Hey!" All of a sudden, I heard Christopher's voice. Immediately, I looked at him and placed my head next to his. "Have I roused you from your sleep?"

"I just feel the urge to wake up since I can feel you next to me. I'm really glad you're fine." Christopher tried to hold me in his arms, but he could barely move around.

"No! Stop moving around! I'll move over!" I turned around and wrapped my arms around his waist and started reprimanding him, "You shouldn't have neglected your condition! Just leave the rest to nurse and take care of yourself!"

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"I have to ensure you're fine. Also, I'm afraid you're going to disappear again the moment I leave." Christopher instructed in a callous tone, "Can you not resort to such an extreme countermeasure no matter what happens in the future?"

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It was the second time I brought up the attempt to commit suicide in front of Christopher. He seemed to be startled by my determination to take myself out in times of emergencies for real.

Conscious of his concerns, my heart ached. I answered, "Chris, I'll rather kill myself than living a life full of shame! Never will I allow others to take advantage of me!"

"If you don't stop it, I'm going to be infuriated for real!" Christopher glared at me in the eyes and repeated himself with a stern look. As much as he tried to force a strong front, he was pretty much vulnerable.

"No matter what lies ahead of us, we'll brace through everything together even if it's the end of the world! I want you to promise me not to give up on life!"

I nodded and started weeping again when the incident that had occurred over the past few days flashed back in my mind.

That particular incident wouldn't stop haunting me. As a result, I started wailing once again, "Christopher, I'm so scared!"

He was flustered as I burst into tears in front of him. As much as he wanted to hold me in between his arms, he couldn't.

In the end, he asserted while caressing my head, "I'm so sorry for raising my volume against you. It's my fault for not taking your safety into consideration. I should've kept an eye on you."

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I shook my head and stammered, "It's not your fault! I'm just afraid of losing you as I don't think I deserve you! You're the only one I have, Christopher!"

"I will never leave you, okay?"

We spent the entire afternoon next to one another. I insisted on keeping Christopher company when the doctor dropped by for another routine check-up. The doctor even made fun of us and said we were a pair made in heaven.

Truth be told, as absurd as it might sound, I had always longed to be his wife. With that being said, it might just be another one of my unrealistic and ambitious goals.

I wouldn't mind being just another woman of his as long as I had the chance to stay with him. Nothing could possibly drive us apart from one another.

The moment I saw the appalling wounds, including the one on his chest, I found out it wasn't just another accident. It was a staged assassination meant to take him out. He almost had his lungs permanently damaged because of the shot.

"Miss, it's time for another injection. Can you please come with me?" The nurse repeated himself since I went dead silent again.

I shook my hand and inched away from the nurse, returning to Christopher's side.

Christopher showed me his hand and assured me everything would be fine, "It's not a big deal. In fact, it's not even going to hurt. See? I'm being pricked as well."

I looked at the nurse in the eyes with my lips pursed. A few seconds later, I brought up a seemingly absurd request. "Can you please get a female nurse to tend to me? I don't feel comfortable being around a male nurse."

Having a hard time comprehending the rationale behind the request, he arched his brows in confusion as though he. In the end, he showed me his tag and announced, "I'm one of the best around here."

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Not even Zachary could approach me without startling me, let alone a stranger. I would feel tingling sensations all over my body the moment others came in touch with me. Thus, I shook my head and turned him down.

Christopher's eyes glinted when he recalled something. He instructed the nurse, "Please get another female nurse over to tend to her."

Once the nurse departed, he grasped my hand and caressed my cheek, asserting in a gentle tone, "It's time for you to leave everything behind because it's over."

I was glad he could easily rule out the reason behind my seemingly absurd request. I assured him, "I'll try my best to forget about it."

We ended up lying next to one another in the ward. As odd as it might be, it was one of the few best moments I had in life. I couldn't stop staring at Christopher in the eyes. After a short while, I yelled, "Christopher!"

He ran his fingers through my unkempt hair and asked in a hushed voice, "What?"

I repeated myself in a silly manner, "Christopher!"

"What is it?" he asked with a gentle beam.

"I just want to ensure you're here with me." Smiling, I carried on with the session for some time. I was glad he wasn't against the idea of playing along with me.

The session was brought to a halt when someone knocked on the door. I thought Zachary was at the doorstep, but Darius showed up and took us by surprise.

Unable to think of something that could get me out of the situation, my eyes widened in disbelief as my limbs started getting stiff once again.

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After spending the past few months together, I was serious about my relationship with Christopher. Nonetheless, the thought of his family members driving us apart once they figured out our relationship had stopped me from seeking their acknowledgment.

I might not get to join the Lane family as a household member even if I was the heiress of the Tanner family. To make things worse, I was just a pathetic woman whose husband had an affair with another woman.

On top of that, only a mere few were made aware of our actual relationship. As a result, my mind went completely blank when Darius showed up out of nowhere.

Similarly, Darius seemed to be shocked by my presence. He sized me up while standing at the entrance.

It would be fine if I was seated next to Christopher. At least I could make something up and tell Darius I was just here to visit his brother. Unfortunately, I was next to Christopher on the bed, nestling against one another.

Darius wasn't the mayor for no reason. He could carry himself as though it wasn't a big deal and made his way into the ward once he closed the door.

Shortly after he nodded with a smile, he took a seat on the chair next to the bed and started perusing the medical record that was placed nearby.

"What's wrong with both of you? Can't you guys take good care of yourself and stop giving me the shock of my life?" Darius raised his volume once he finished perusing the medical record.

"Darius, I guess I can't keep anything from you when you're the mayor of Avenport, huh? It has only been a few days since my return, yet you manage to figure out I have been rushed to the hospital." Christopher held my hand, indicating it would be fine.

Instead of just lying around, I felt the urge to greet Darius. Thus, I blurted out the things I had in mind, "Hey, Darius—"

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I couldn't even finish my sentence when I recalled I had addressed him as though we were affiliated with one another. It was so embarrassing I couldn't wait to get out of the ward.

"How are you feeling? Has the doctor mentioned anything else?" Darius did a great job keeping his emotions to himself. Instead of chasing the married woman next to his brother, he expressed concerns over my condition.

It turned into a question-and-answer session since I had run out of ideas to get myself out of the ward.

Shortly after he expressed concerns over my condition, Darius started reprimanding Christopher. Although he made it sound as though it was an ordinary conversation, it was evident he was irked.

"Chris, don't you think you're too reckless? I can't believe you have initiated the mission to exterminate John and his party when not even the special force can take them out! Have you thought things through? What are we supposed to do if anything happens to you?"

Christopher glanced at me and answered in a serious tone, "I could've taken them out two years ago if I hadn't been dispatched elsewhere prior to the commencement of the mission! Aren't you aware of the number of lives that were involved back then? If I don't take John and his party out prior to my retirement, who knows what's going to happen to Zachary and my comrades?"

Darius yelled, "Oh! It turns out you're still aware you're going to retire soon, huh? Dad has always regretted his decision to send you to the army. Mom has picked on him for the precise reason more than once. You need to stop exposing yourself to unnecessary risk in the future."

"Alright, I'm going to retire very soon. In fact, the memo has been delivered. In other words, I won't get to interfere with their decision in the future. Is that enough to please my dearest brother? It's time for me to take a nap. Why don't you return to your office and tend to the things on your plate?"

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Christopher sat upright and yawned over and over again. It was evident he couldn't wait to chase his brother away.

Darius raised his hand and flicked Christopher's forehead. When he was about to leave, Christopher stopped him and said, "Darius, please keep Dad and Mom in the dark about my condition. Otherwise, they're going to pick on one another again."

"If you're conscious they're going to be worried about you, why don't you mind your behavior in the future? If it weren't because I had sent Monica to Coldbridge to deceive them, they would have long made their ways over."

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Throughout their conversation, I recalled Zachary once said Christopher was his supervisor in the army. It was safe to assume Christopher had returned to Coldbridge for something else other than a business trip.

Was that the reason I couldn't reach him when he was in Coldbridge? Ugh! I shouldn't have gotten jealous when Monica picked up the call on Christopher's behalf!

It was very silly of me to misperceive he had something with Monica! Christopher must have been occupied with different things and gone to great lengths just to call me! I shouldn't have dismissed his calls!

Wait! Did Darius just mention he had sent Monica to keep their parents in the dark? If that was the case—

Snuggling in between Christopher's arms, I stared at him and denoted in a hushed voice, "I'm sorry."

He caressed my head and asked with his brows arched in confusion, "Why are you apologizing out of the blue?"

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I would never tell him I was jealous of Monica. Thus, I caressed his bandaged wounds to divert his attention.

“Well, I just feel like it. Christopher, I had the shock of my life when your brother showed up out of nowhere. I thought he would drag me out of bed and chase me out of the word. To my surprise, he was perfectly calm and expressed concerns over my conditions.”

“Darius is the most understanding man I know. He has gotten married to his wife out of his own consciousness as well. He’s the one I’m the least worried about in the family.”

A glimpse was all it took for him to figure out my concerns. Pinching my nose, he teased, “Don’t you think you’re too much of a coward? Anyway, even if Darius is infuriated for real, you won’t be able to tell it.”

“What do you mean I won’t be able to tell it? You’re not indicating I’m an idiot, are you?” I scratched my head in confusion, wondering if it had something to do with getting others to acknowledge our relationship.

To be fair, not even those from an ordinary family could accept their son getting into a relationship with a divorcee, let alone the heir of a renowned family.

As I lost myself in the process of thoughts, Christopher added, “Darius has always been a calm and collected person. With that being said, things will get pretty messy if he’s irked for real. He once brought his favorite pet puppy to school, but someone strangled it to death.”

After pausing for a few seconds, he said, “Darius was able to pretend it wasn’t a big deal and buried his dog as if he couldn’t be bothered at all. When we thought he had moved on, he brought upon the misery of those who killed the dog a few days later.”

“What happened to them?” Out of curiosity, I asked because Darius had always been pretty kind when he was around me. Nonetheless, I wouldn’t be so naïve to perceive the mayor as an easy target.

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Christopher shuddered when he heard my question. He pinched my cheek and said, "It's better to forget about it."

I decided to play along with him, but I was certain something bad must have happened to those who killed Darius' dog. Otherwise, Christopher wouldn't respond as such.

After spending another few carefree days in the hospital with Christopher, my condition had drastically improved. The doctor was impressed by my recovery progress.

I was discharged ahead of Christopher. Hence, I thought of making him something nutritious. After all, he had sustained excessive bleeding on top of his serious wounds.

The moment I returned from the supermarket, I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure standing at the entrance. Judging by the fact Lyle was completely drenched when it was merely drizzling outside, he must have been there ever since a long time ago.

After another peek, I decided to pretend as though I wasn't aware he had shown up. I carried on preparing the dishes I had in mind.

I wasn't surprised by the choice he made at all. However, he would never figure out the things I had to go through because of his decision. He couldn't be bothered as well.

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