

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 281

In a daze, I felt someone lift my body onto some sort of carrier that kept moving up and down. I tried but failed to open my eyes to see where I was.

"How is she?"

"Ms. Tanner is in a dire state and running a high fever. Not only has she lost too much blood, but she has also contracted a viral infection. She needs urgent medical attention, but our plane doesn't have enough supply for her O-type blood."

"Please make sure she's okay. Do whatever it takes."

"Yes, Sir."

Who's talking? I tried to open my eyes, but my effort was once again in vain.

"Christopher... Christopher..." I called out his name, wanting to hear his voice to make sure that he was okay. I needed to know that he was safe and sound and tended to medically.

"Don't you worry. Chris is safe now. You, on the other hand, have lost too much blood. You're in a critical condition. You need to get better so you can see Chris again, right?"

That's right. We have been rescued. I need to rest and recuperate so that I'll have the energy to look after Christopher.

I was dreaming again. I knew this was not real because I saw my mother, whom I had not dreamed about since I turned ten. Deep down, I even resisted addressing her as my mom. But now she appeared in my dreams again.

The image of her was clearer than ever. Still looking young and beautiful, she stood in front of me as though she was one of my best friends. She took my hand in hers and smiled brightly at me. "Eve, you're all grown up now. That's really good."

I wanted to speak, but I couldn't utter a single word. Instead, I looked at her aloofly.

“Eve, you have no idea how much I’ve missed you over the years. I’m so sorry that you have had a rough life. But I had my reasons for leaving you many years ago. Can you please forgive me?”

Should I forgive her? Is it fair that she gets to abandon me for her own benefit? I stared at her for a few moments before bursting into maniacal laughter. This is a dream, after all. Why should I be so serious? She can say whatever she wants. I only need to lend her an ear that’s all.

When I awoke to a peaceful piano melody, I tried to trace the source of the ethereal and graceful tune. It was so beautiful that it almost brought tears to my eyes. I started to move my fingers and finally found the energy to sit myself up. My surrounding was pitch black, and I couldn’t see anything in the dark. It must be nighttime.

Trying to get my bearings, I realized I was tucked into a soft blanket with drips attached to my arm. Just then, my memories started rushing back to me — I had been on a honeymoon trip with Christopher. Our ship had sunk, and we drifted onto a deserted island where we were rescued at last.

“Christopher!” I cried out. But there came no response.

I fumbled about on the wall for a switch for the light in the room. Instead, I found a call button and kept pressing it.

Before long, my door was pushed open, and someone came over to check on my drip. “How are you feeling? Do you feel any discomfort?” a male voice rang in front of me.

I remembered this voice. It belonged to Darius. I shook my head. “I’m okay, apart from feeling weak all over. Darius, was it you who rescued us?”

“Yes. We received Chris’ distress signal and found you guys. Thankfully we got there in time.” The man’s voice shook a little at the mention of the incident.

“Where’s Christopher? Is he okay? Is he awake now?” I asked anxiously.

“Don’t worry. His condition has stabilized. It’ll just take a while for him to come to,” Darius explained.

“Can I see him now?” I asked carefully while breathing a sigh of relief. Despite being reassured that the man was fine, I wanted to see him with my own eyes for my peace of mind.

"I'm afraid not. Your body is still too weak after all the blood loss. You're going to have to rest up. Getting up and moving about is not an option," Darius patiently declined my request.

At once, I turned disappointed. "Are you sure he's okay? You're not lying to me? The wound on his lower abdomen looked really bad. I'm worried."

Darius was amused by my incessant questions. He smiled slightly and said, "Why would I lie to you? Chris is my little brother, of course I'll make sure he's okay. I assure you, he really is no longer in danger. You should get some rest. When you're better tomorrow, I'll bring you to see him."

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It would seem discourteous on my part if I continued to insist on seeing Christopher, so I finally nodded in assent. After all, this is Christopher's big brother, I couldn't pester him like I did Christopher. I also realized that Darius was the first in-law I had met since Christopher and I got married.

I did not expect to meet one of Christopher's family members again as an in-law in this kind of situation.

"Would you like to eat something?" Darius asked, concern in his tone.

At the mention of food, I realized I was starving, after all. I had only had scrapes to eat on the deserted island. It was nothing short of a miracle that I had survived. Now that I was nice and warm, I felt like I could stuff all my favorite food into my stomach in one go.

However, I was informed that my body was too fragile to withstand any greasy food, so I was given some chicken soup instead. Moreover, Darius reminded me to have it slowly and in small bites so as not to over-burden my digestive system. I almost burst into tears when I held the warm soup in my hands. At that moment, I was so thankful just to be alive.

When someone tried to feed me the soup, it suddenly occurred to me that my surroundings were still pitch dark. "Why don't you guys switch on the lights in the room? How are you able to see the soup clearly?"

The room fell into an awkward silence following my question. After a long pause, I sensed that Darius was standing next to me as I could almost feel his warm breath on my face. Feeling embarrassed, I asked, "Is there a blackout?"

"Er... Yes. Why don't you get started with the soup? I've already sent someone to get some candles. Go easy with the hot soup," Darius spoke with an uneasy tone as though he was trying hard to suppress something.

As I slowly sipped the soup, I had never felt happier in my life. Once I finished everything, Darius summoned a few doctors to check on me. He asked me to close my eyes, and I did as I was told. Then, a doctor gently pried open my eyes to evaluate their condition.

After a while, the group of doctors left my room. They stopped at the door to discuss matters among themselves. I tried but failed to get any of their attention regarding my condition. Not long after that, Darius came back to the room and fetched me a glass of water.

As I sipped on the water, I heard some children making noises from outside my room, followed by an adult's voice, "Slow down, or you're going to fall on the slippery floor."

"Grandma, come chase after me! I'm Superman, and I'm going to fly to the sun!"

"I told you to go slower, my dear. You have to be a good boy to become a Superman."

"Grandma, the sun is so bright today. But why is time going so fast? I can't keep up with it!"

I let out a smile while listening to the child immerse himself in an imaginative world where he was portrayed as a superhero. He must have been no more than three or four years old. As a kid, I used to imagine myself as a fairy traveling to Earth from the moon.

Suddenly, the smile froze on my lips as I started to feel a chill down my spine. The kid just said that the sun is so bright today. So it's not nighttime, and there isn't a blackout either.

My body started to tremble uncontrollably. "What's wrong, Yvonne? Is something wrong?" Darius asked.

Instead of replying, I listened closely to the noises outside the window. That was when I heard noises made by car engines running and bells ringing on bicycles. Just outside the room, people chattered about the sun being not warm enough for the past couple of days. My heart sank, and I was left in a trance.

"Darius, the wind is a little strong. Can you please shut the window for me? Also, why is the sun not warm at all?"

"Oh, sure. Hang on." The man took a few steps toward the window before he stopped abruptly. He then strode to my bedside, and I could sense him looking intently at me. Slowly, I spelled out the words one by one, "Darius, I can't see anything. Have I gone blind?"

The man next to me fell silent for a moment before he finally uttered, "You've figured it out?"

For some reason, I managed to eke out a wistful smile and asked, "Is there any chance of me regaining my eyesight? Or are you saying I won't be able to see Christopher's face ever again?"

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"The doctor said your brain lacked oxygen due to excessive bleeding, which subsequently affected your optic nerves..." Darius stopped halfway. Despite the terrible news, I admired myself for being exceptionally calm.

"Can my eyesight be restored, or will I be blind forever?" I asked composedly. Despite my vision loss, I still faced Darius directly as if I was staring at him.

"It depends on how well your body recovers. So, it can be temporary or..." Darius heaved a sigh as he explained the situation to me.

"I understand!" I put on a smile and continued, "I'm glad I saved Christopher with my eyes. My only wish is that he is safe and sound."

Given the desperate situation back then, I thought both Christopher and I would die. Hence, I thought I ought to rejoice in our good fortune, even though I had lost my vision. At the very least, Christopher and I were alive and could feel the warmth of the sun.

After all, I believed we would soon meet our maker.

"You're so kind-hearted. Rest assured that I'll personally make sure the doctors do their utmost to treat you. Who knows if you'll recover a few days later?" Although Darius comforted me, I felt that his words were of little to no effect.

"Can I visit Christopher? I mean, can I see him now?" I asked cautiously. Even though I couldn't see anything, I couldn't put my mind at ease without knowing that he was safe and sound.

"Sure!" The man didn't decline my request. He asked the nurse to get a wheelchair and help me sit in it. Despite the simple movements, I began to pant and feel dizzy, as if I would collapse anytime.

When the door opened, I could instantly feel the perfect warmth of the sun. Instinctively, I reached out to try catching a ray of sunshine and put on a broad smile.

After the initial panic faded away, I was in awe of how I had survived.

As we walked toward Christopher's ward, Darius draped a piece of outerwear on me and said, "Chris is now in a sterile room. So, you'll have to wear this before going in."

Once we entered the room, the enchanting piano melody stopped. Then, someone greeted Darius and stared at me for quite some time. Judging from the voice alone, I remembered her as Monica.

"Are you Ms. Tanner?" When Monica addressed me, I could vividly feel her hostility against me. Given that Christopher and I had been hugging when Darius found us on the deserted island, Monica and I had become love rivals.

I tidied up my hair to look more energetic as I replied, "I'm Yvonne Tanner!"

"Thank you for saving Chris. I appreciate your kindness very much. I'm touched because you risked your life to save him even though you're merely an outsider." Monica came up to me and wheeled my wheelchair toward the ward.

I was unfazed by her provocation, for all I could think of now was Christopher. After the piano melody stopped, I could hear the clicking sound of the medical equipment. Christopher was lying on the bed quietly and didn't move an inch when I came up to him.

I could imagine that he was pale-faced and frowning. As soon as I held his hand, Monica pushed my hands away.

"Don't touch him, or you might mess with the drip on his hand."

I caressed my hand, looked at her, and argued coldly, "I'm Chris' wife and not an outsider. Besides, I'm glad to have rescued him by myself. The outsiders don't have to thank me for that."

The entire house fell silent once my words fell. Besides, Monica also tried very hard to steady her breath. After a while, she replied in dissatisfaction, "Ms. Tanner, you're indeed humorous."

"I'm not joking!" Given that I had survived the danger, I wouldn't allow anyone to take advantage of me. Besides, living on the deserted island for many days taught me a lesson—I was unwilling to lose Christopher anymore, even if it meant I had to risk my life.

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"Monica, would you mind giving us a minute? I would like to have a word with Ms. Tanner." Darius came in and told Monica.

"Darius, I..." Monica stood still, for she was unwilling to concede defeat.

"By the way, Dad called me just now and said he wanted to talk to you. Can you call him back?" Darius added.

The woman hesitated for a while but eventually left, though unwillingly. Deep down, I appreciated Darius's help, for he had purposely sent Monica away to give me some time to be with Christopher. Also, he didn't oppose the relationship between Christopher and me, or else he would probably stop me from seeing his brother.

I wanted to touch Christopher's hand again but was careful not to mess with the drip. Darius came up to help me reach Christopher's hand and said, "I'll wait for you outside. However, you can't stay here for a long time because the temperature here is low."

I nodded while holding Christopher's hand tightly. Once Darius closed the door, I kissed Christopher's hand and said, "Christopher, we've survived. Although I can't see you now and might never see you again, I'm so happy that we've endured the darkest days. Are you happy about it too?"

Even though I knew the man couldn't respond, I continued talking to him. At the same time, I moved my fingers to draw his face in the air. I still remembered how good-looking he was even though I couldn't see him now.

His face was probably pale, but I still remembered him as the perfect man.

"Don't sleep for too long. I wish to have long conversations with you and try everything we have always wanted to do. If you continue sleeping, I will hardly be able to move around because no one is going to help me."

Overwhelmed by the relief of surviving, I buried my face in his chest and sobbed. Meanwhile, I could feel his heart beating healthily.

“As they say, there is always a rainbow after the storm. I’m sure we’ll live happily ever after.”

If Christopher was awake, he would take me into his arms and land a slap on my buttocks when he saw me in such a state. When we were on the deserted island, he would do it to me and heart-wrenchingly say that he had to punish me for not listening to him.

After that, he would kiss me ferociously and coquettishly call me silly.

After staying beside him for a while, a doctor and a nurse came in to perform a check-up on him. When I asked the doctor about Christopher’s condition, I was told that the man was recovering quickly. Nevertheless, he needed a long time to recover fully, for his lower abdomen was injured due to wound infections.

With that, I put my mind at ease and returned to my ward with Darius. After a while, I unknowingly fell asleep on the bed. Darkness still surrounded me when I woke up, but I heard a man and a woman arguing loudly outside my ward.

“You can’t go in. The patient has to get enough rest.”

“Let me in! I want to ask the b*tch where she left Crystal. Both of them were on the deserted island. Why is she alive, yet Crystal is still missing?”

“Make way. The patient inside the ward is my daughter. Don’t I have the right to visit her?”

Then, someone banged on the door and yelled, “Yvonne, get out now and give Crystal back to me, or I’ll show you no mercy!”

I frowned once I recognized Natalie and Nathan’s voices. We were all in a desperate situation back then, yet they expected me to take care of Crystal, my so-called cousin.

“Mr. Tanner, your daughter is badly injured and needs to rest. Are you sure you want to continue making noises here?” Since the Lane family’s bodyguard couldn’t stop them from creating trouble, Darius came to the ward in person to persuade them.

“Apologies for the noise, Mr. Lane. We wish to meet our useless daughter and ask her about our niece’s whereabouts. Since I’m her mother, can you please let us in?”

While Natalie behaved aggressively, Nathan begged Darius for permission to enter the ward. After hesitating for a while, I stated loudly, "Darius, please let them in."

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I thought I ought to deal with the Tanners' affairs by myself and didn't wish to give Darius any trouble. Moreover, I knew very well that Natalie would keep throwing tantrums until she could see me. As such, I didn't want her to keep disturbing the patients in the nearby VIP wards.

Instantly, Natalie flung the door open and stomped into the ward. She grabbed my collar and bellowed, "Yvonne, tell me where Crystal is now. Is she still alive? Say something!"

Deep down, I couldn't help but admire Crystal. Although she had lost her father at a young age, her mother cherished protected her at all costs.

Suddenly, someone rushed up to me and pushed Natalie's hands away. "Mrs. Tanner, please behave yourself."

I felt touched to see Darius standing up for me. Even though I was lying in the hospital, he stayed here and continued to protect me.

"Natalie!" Nathan pulled his sister to the back, for he knew that they had to behave themselves before Darius.

However, the woman ignored him and shrieked insanely, "If my daughter is already gone, why should I care about anything? Yvonne, tell me where Crystal is. Did you leave her on the deserted island? You're a wicked b*tch! How could you do such things to your own cousin?"

"Yvonne, can you tell us whether you left Crystal on the deserted island? Is she dead or alive?" Nathan chimed in coldly.

I heaved a sigh quietly. Although I had lost my vision and was wrapped in thick bandages on the bed, my dad was only concerned about Crystal. He did not care about me.

As I couldn't hold in my dissatisfaction, I lifted my hand to show them the bandages and asked, "Dad, are you not worried about me? I'm badly injured now."

"You're alive and well, aren't you? On the other hand, Crystal is still missing. Don't be childish and tell us where she is now," Nathan sneered.

I snickered and replied in disdain, "Lyle was also rescued, wasn't he? Why don't you ask him? I believe he knows perfectly well where Crystal is."

When Christopher and I were rescued, Lyle had been right beside us. Given that Darius was kind-hearted, I believed he also ensured that Lyle received treatment in the hospital. Nonetheless, sorrow would weigh down on the man for a long time; his psychological pain was worse than his physical injury.

"Lyle said he doesn't know where Crystal is. He is badly injured and has just woken up. Since you guys were together, are you telling me that you have no idea too?" Nathan questioned in a deep voice.

Meanwhile, Natalie reached out a hand to slap my face but was stopped by Nathan halfway. As such, she only pointed her finger at my face and yelled furiously, "If you don't tell us, I'll send you to heaven to meet my daughter. Don't ever think you can stay alive if she's dead!"

At that time, I admired Crystal even more for having a mother who protected her so well. When I was on the island, I used to dream about my young and beautiful mother.

"Crystal left in a cruise ship owned by a foreigner before we left the deserted island. By the way, it's a Jetroinian ship. She might be alive and kicking and is about to visit you."

"Impossible! If what you said is true, why didn't you board the ship with her?" Nathan glared at me as though he was interrogating me.

I laughed contemptuously and answered, "The owner didn't allow injured people to board the ship. What do you think is the reason that Lyle was still on the deserted island? Since you always imagine that I secretly killed Crystal, I wonder if that is because you always imagine killing me."

"Shut up! Is this how you're supposed to talk to your own dad?" Nathan fumed, his face flushed.

"I'm speaking the truth. Back then, several survivors boarded the ship and left. Feel free to find out the Jetroinian ships which entered the sea area. Your precious daughter and niece might have returned before you get the information."

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After Natalie and Nathan left, I could finally get some rest. However, sadness lingered around me because I had realized that none of my relatives visited; none of them cared about me.

Fortunately, I still had my good friend—Sabrina. During the second day of my stay in the hospital, the woman came to visit me when I exited Christopher's ward. She pulled my hands and glanced at me from head to toe for a while, checking me all over. With relief and guilt, she said, "It was my fault to organize the cruise tour. The accident wouldn't happen in the first place if I didn't suggest Christopher bring you along to the cruise ship."

I patted her hand and let out a faint smile before saying, "It's alright. Look, we're alive and well."

Sabrina wiped away her tears and said sobbingly, "Look at what happened to you. I wouldn't be able to forgive myself for the rest of my life if you and Christopher died on the deserted island."

"Don't worry. I think I still look as beautiful as ever." I cradled my chin and pretended to be serious as I continued, "Don't you think I'm a lot more gorgeous than most women lately?"

"What a narcissist!" Sabrina pursed her lips and chuckled at my joke. "You're never going to be more beautiful than me. Zach said I'm the most beautiful woman in the world, particularly when I'm naked."

"Whoa!" I replied while curling my lips into a mocking smile, "Does it feel good to stop being a virgin? Anyway, I guess Zachary has never seen any naked women before. Since he has no one else to compare with, he can only think you're the most beautiful woman."

"Not at all! He actually said I'm hotter and more beautiful than any famous beauty queen." Sabrina poked my forehead and handed over a slice of an apple to me. "Eat your apple already. Zach is loyal to me. Anyway, you might be hotter than me, but one can hardly tell the difference once the lights are turned off."

I begged to differ—men could always tell the difference.

Suddenly, I recalled a crazy moment I had experienced when I was with Christopher. He purposely took out something that he bought from a sex shop and asked me to wear it. Since I had fair skin, he thought I would look sexy with the two flowers on my tits.

Deep in thought, I blushed and coughed slightly to avoid the embarrassment of thinking such things. I moved to get a slice of the apple, but I accidentally touched the knife instead. Shocked, Sabrina threw the

knife to the floor and checked my wound. "My goodness! Why are you so careless? Didn't you see the knife just now?"

"I didn't cut myself!" I showed my hands to Sabrina to prove it. Later, I touched my bed to find the slice of apple but to no avail. As I thought it was under my blanket somewhere, I said, "Get the slice of apple for me. I don't want to sleep on it later."

"Eve, what happened to your eyes?" Sabrina asked shockingly.

At that moment, I realized that I had forgotten to tell her about it. As such, I explained composedly, "Well, I lost my vision temporarily due to excessive bleeding. I'll recover a few days later, haha."

She stared at me without uttering a word. After a while, she rushed out of the ward and didn't stop even though I called her name. The door was closed, but I could hear that she sobbed from time to time. I couldn't help but put on a wry smile.

Later, when I felt like visiting Christopher, I wheeled my wheelchair toward his ward. I got familiar with it and could feel the surroundings with the senses of hearing and touch. The nurses told me that he had woken up for a while in the morning but became unconscious again.

Since it was a sign that he was recovering, all of us felt overjoyed. Before going into his ward, I stretched and moved my legs to ensure that nothing was in front of me. Then, I stood beside his bed and fixated my gaze on where he was lying.

"Ms. Tanner, since you've just woken up for two days, you should get more rest. If you need anything, feel free to instruct the bodyguards in the corridor. They will prepare anything you need."

I was shocked to know that someone was in the ward. A few seconds later, I recalled that she was Christopher's mother, Julia.

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Although Christopher's parents came to the hospital frequently these days, I hadn't bumped into them until today. Now that we finally met, I felt that I wasn't mentally ready for the encounter.

"How are you, Mrs. Lane?" Although I couldn't see anything, I still pinched my fingers nervously and didn't know where to lay my gaze.

"Don't be nervous. The Lane family owes you a lot because you saved Chris. I'm more than grateful to you," Julia said gently. "You were sleeping when I visited you yesterday. Now, you seem to have recovered a lot. Anyway, feel free to tell me whenever you need anything."

"It's fine. I don't need anything. The nurses here take good care of me," I immediately replied.

"That's great!" Julia then came up to me to wheel my wheelchair out of the ward. I turned around and gazed at him as I left reluctantly. After all, I wished to stay with him all day if I had a choice.

"Chris woke up for a while this morning. Injecting too much anesthetic for him will harm his health, yet he will feel the pain without it. Therefore, the doctor said it is best to let him sleep rather than inject any anesthetic. Anyway, let's go out and talk." Julia explained his situation to him considerately, probably because she knew that I was worried about him.

However, I couldn't help but feel perturbed by the sense of distance. Besides, when the doctor checked up on me yesterday, she and Monica had happened to pass by my ward. I heard that she talked to Monica affectionately; she used the same tone she always did when she spoke with Christopher. In other words, she probably treated Monica as her daughter-in-law.

We went to the garden outside and stopped at the pavilion, where some patients loved catching some sun. Julia asked her subordinate to help me sit in the wheelchair and handed some food to me. I loved the fruits and ate quite a lot because they tasted sweet, soft, and delicious.

"Feel free to have more. These dates are air-freighted from Italy and help replenish blood. I think you can't buy these from the markets."

My heart sank upon hearing it. Deep down, I felt that the dates symbolized a huge gap between Christopher and I. He was rich enough to afford fruits that were air-freighted. On the contrary, I thought apples were expensive and always saved them for him whenever I could.

"Chris is a stubborn kid. He always strived to be the first in everything at school and refuses to admit defeat. There was a time when he learned Taekwondo, and someone defeated him. He cried and asked his dad to teach him fighting skills. We laughed and explained that a five-year-old kid could hardly fight a seven-year-old kid. However, he continued learning fighting skills for two months and eventually defeated the kid."

Then, the woman stared at me meaningfully and continued, "He wants to be the best in whatever he does. So, I'm always worried that he is overly

strong-willed and can't stand it when people laugh at him. You won't hope that people will laugh at him one day, will you?"

"Mrs. Lane." I was startled and unsure of how to respond to her statement. Deep down, I wondered if she was hinting that people would laugh at Christopher because of our enormous gap in social status.

"Although the Lane family isn't noble in Avenport, we are still widely respected. The reporters will spread any news about us. Besides, since my eldest son is a politician, we can't afford to have any bad news."

I stopped eating the dates she offered. After marrying Christopher, I used to imagine numerous times about my first encounter with his parents. Honestly, it was a lot better than what I had imagined before.

In the eyes of others, I was a notorious girl. After all, I had once been framed for taking things without permission, bullying my sister, and even attempting to steal money at a party. Even though I had never done such things, no outsiders would believe me.

"We appreciate your kindness for saving Chris and everything you've done for him," Suddenly, Julia proposed, "May I suggest accepting you as my goddaughter? I promise to treat you like my daughter. If you wish to get married, I can recommend some good young men for you. I'm sure you'll be satisfied."

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"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lane. It's very kind of you to offer me such a thing, but I cannot accept this." I did not want the Lane family to be indebted toward me, nor did I want to be their goddaughter. I loved Christopher, and nothing would ever change that.

"Why not you sleep on it?" Julia insisted with a faint smile, "Think about your future. You'll regret this when you're older."

"I understand what you mean, Mrs. Lane, but I've already made up my mind. I know what I want. I'm sorry I've disappointed you." I turned and looked at the caretaker, signaling her to push me out of the garden.

I thought about what the woman said as I left. I knew what she meant. She wanted me to give up my relationship with Christopher because I was far from being the best wife candidate for him. In her eyes, only someone like Monica would be good enough for him, but she was wrong.

Christopher and I had been through life and death together. We had stuck with each other throughout, and nothing would stand in our way—not even his family.

Although what she said was sensible and unoffending, and I could understand her heart as a mother, I stood my ground and refused to budge.

When I saw Christopher again, he was sleeping soundly on the bed. I reached out to touch his face and play with his eyelashes. “Hey, are you still gonna continue sleeping? I’m already surrounded on all fronts by our enemies. Are you not gonna do anything?”

The man moved away uncomfortably and grunted, “Run, Eve. Run...”

I was overjoyed to see that he was awake. I leaned closer and whispered softly, “I’m here, Christopher. We’re safe. We’re at the hospital now.”

Christopher held my hand tightly without replying, and that was when I realized he was just dreaming. A wave of emotions washed over me as I looked at him, and I cupped my hands around his. “I’m fine, Christopher. I’ll stay with you. I won’t ever leave you. You said you’ll treat me like your queen the day you put a ring on my finger. I’ll stay right here and make sure you keep your promise.”

I rested my head on his bed and soon fell asleep. In my dream, he was calling out to me desperately. He was running out of breath, shouting as if he thought he had lost me. When I woke up again, he was still holding my hand.

I smiled and planted a kiss on his lips.

“Come on, it’s time to wake up. You’ll only get to see me in your dreams if you continue sleeping. Am I pretty in your dream? I think I look better in real life though.”

Beep! Suddenly, one of the machines beside Christopher rang loudly and sharply. I groped frantically, looking for the call button but to no avail.

I was getting anxious. I shouted for the nurse and reached for Christopher, but somehow, I accidentally knocked something. A mellow thud sounded. The next thing I knew, hot liquid scalded my hand, and I panicked. I simply could not let anything happen to Christopher.

The first thing I could think of was not myself but him.

"Somebody, help!" I shrieked at the top of my voice and struggled to stand up, but I tripped over the bench and fell.

"Don't move! There's broken glass all over!" Monica's voice resounded in my ears as she ran in.

I sat still helplessly as I tried to understand what was going on. I could not see what was happening, neither could I see how Christopher was.

A disturbance followed. Doctors and nurses swarmed in to check on him while someone helped me up and treated my wound. My hand was burning with pain, but I quickly clung to the person attending to me, asking if Christopher was fine.

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"His hand is burnt," Monica reproached, "Can you please leave? I'll keep you updated on everything once we sort things out. There's nothing you can do here. We even need to take care of you." She then turned to someone and instructed, "Can someone please bring Ms. Tanner back to her room?"

"I'm not going anywhere. I need to know if he's okay." I held on to the table and shook my head profusely.

"Stop making things difficult for us! There's nothing you can do. You can't even see! Who knows if you'll hurt Chris again?" It was Julia speaking this time. It was obvious that she was infuriated. I wanted to defend myself, but there was nothing I could say. So, I fell into silence and let the nurse take me out.

For the past two days, the nurse had been taking care of me, making sure I was able to get through the day doing everything I wanted to. This was the first time ever since I lost my sight that I felt as if I was actually handicapped.

Gripped by frustration and resentment, I rubbed my eyes hard, trying to regain my sight, but I still could not see a thing. At last, I sat back in my wheelchair in despair.

I would not be able to take care of Christopher in this state. Although he would still love me the same, I felt brazen to still covet staying with him given my inconvenient situation now.

Bitterness gripped me at this thought.

After some time, I attempted to get out of the wheelchair to go over to the bed, but because I had remained seated for too long, my legs felt numb and weak. I slumped to the ground and sat there without moving, letting my disability sink in.

A knock came from the door, but I did not reply. After a brief silence, someone opened the door, and rapid footsteps followed. "Are you okay, Ms. Tanner?"

It was Monica. Although the woman disliked me, she was still kind at heart. At her question, I nodded my head, saying, "I'm fine."

"Why don't you just call for help? The nurses are all outside." She helped me to the bed, and I pulled the blanket over without saying a word.

It did not feel nice receiving kindness from a love rival.

"Chris is fine. The heart rate monitor was faulty. They've already gotten it fixed." I could feel her sitting down and looking at me.

"That's good," I replied with a sigh of relief. I badly wanted to restore my sight.

"You should get some rest. This is my family's hospital, so don't worry about the bill. Darius has contacted some of the best ophthalmologists from abroad. They will be here in two days. I'll do my best to help you in every way I can. After all, you saved Chris."

Monica leaned closer, and I could feel her breath on me. The scent of her perfume wafted in the air, causing me to back off instinctively.

Monica then uttered, "I know Chris doesn't like me, but when I look at you, I can't help but wonder what it is in you that he sees. I'd readily give my life to save him like you did if I were you."

"You're a more suitable match for him. I'm aware of that," I said dryly.

"Yes, but he doesn't like me," she said candidly, "I can't believe I lost him to someone like you, but let me make this clear. I will not give up. Neither will I go easy on you because of your misfortune."

I scoffed before I replied, "I don't need your pity. Everything I did for Christopher was out of my own free will. Although I paid a dear price for my love, I never once regretted my choice."

"But I regret his choice. I can never accept the fact that he chose a divorcee and a blind woman. Chris is such a perfect man. He deserves the

best, not someone like you." Monica did not even try to censor her hatred toward me.

"I don't care about what you think. I don't think Chris cares either," I retorted firmly.

"But I care, and so do his parents. How can you be so selfish, Ms. Tanner? Chris had high prospects in the army if he kept up his performance, but he had to give all that up if he wanted to you. He worked hard for his dream for four good years, but all his effort went to the drain because of a woman like you."

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It then occurred to me that I had never once considered Christopher's dream.

To me, he was someone who never lacked a thing. He had everything anyone could ever dream of. When I first knew him, I had thought of him as a prodigal spoiled brat.

"His dream was to be a military leader so he could protect the country, but one day, he decided to give it up and leave the army. Everyone was confused by his decision, but when I saw you, I finally understood why he stopped pursuing his dream. If you really love him, you should stop standing in his way. You should let him chase after his dream without any reservation."

I never once thought I would one day become a stumbling block to the path of the person I loved most.

I wondered what else Christopher had sacrificed for me.

However, it was exactly because he had given up so much for our relationship that I could not just opt-out. "Ms. Martin, your advice is well-received, but I will never let go of him. Giving up right now will be the biggest disservice to him after all he has done for me."

At that, Monica glared at me in disbelief and anger. "I... I can't believe you can be this selfish." I believed she wanted to say something blunter, but because she was born a lady, she could not bring herself to utter any despicable words.

"Is this Ms. Martin or her jealousy talking?" The door suddenly opened, revealing Sabrina, who stood at the entrance. "You're the one who's

selfish here, Ms. Martin. All you can think of is how great you are and how Christopher is worthy is you, but too bad, he's not interested. You knew Eve lost her sight because she saved him. I can't believe you still have the audacity to discredit her sacrifice like this. You should keep your jealousy in check. Not even the thickest makeup can cover that up."

Sabrina berated Monica mercilessly after she walked in.

"I'm just telling the truth, Ms. Zimmer. Correct me if I'm wrong." Monica tried making her case.

"The truth is that you're coercing Christopher's lover to leave him because you wanted to marry him yourself. You're so low," Sabrina remarked blatantly, "How about you make a move first?"

Although I could not see a thing, I could sense that Monica was deeply offended. I cried out at Sabrina to ask her to stop. After all, Monica knew Christopher a lot earlier than I did. I had always felt guilty toward her. Besides, she just helped me out just now. I would still need to be courteous toward her.

"Do think about what I've said, Ms. Tanner," Monica turned toward me and said before leaving.

"There's nothing to consider. Eve is already married to Christopher, so there's nothing you can do!" Sabrina exclaimed, slamming the door behind Monica. After that, she came back to my side and shook me hard. "Seriously, what's wrong with you? Don't tell me you're really affected by what she said. She might seem confident and gentle, but she's a serpent. She's just using Christopher's dream as an excuse to ward you off."

I turned toward my friend with tears welling up in my eyes. "What should I do, Sabby? I really do think what she said makes sense. Why am I so useless? I don't want him to give up anything because of me."

"Come on, do you really take her seriously? You shouldn't waver just because of what she said. Have you forgotten everything Christopher has done for you? He instantly clarified the misunderstanding about his engagement just because you were sad over it. Is this still not enough for you to see how much he cares for you?"

Sabrina ruffled my hair and sat down. "Stop beating yourself over something that is not even your fault. I'll get angry with you if you keep sulking."

"But I can't see a thing now, Sabby. Something happened just now, and I tried getting the nurse to come to check on Christopher, but I ended up spilling hot water on him. Does this mean I can only sit by and watch

without being able to do anything in the future when he's sick? I won't be able to take care of him. This is so unfair!" I ranted, covering my face with my hands.

Sabrina chided, "There's no such thing as fairness when it comes to love. A relationship is reciprocal; both parties need to make sacrifices. Cut this crap out or I'm not gonna talk to you anymore."