

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 301

The door opened, and I heard two people walking in. Still, I paid no mind and continued groveling on the floor.

“It’s not healthy to lie on a cold floor like that.” Julia and Gordon lifted me off the cold tile and helped me get back into my wheelchair.

“Did you guys come here to chase me away, too?” I choked out as I covered my eyes with both hands. I didn’t want to cry, but the tears flowed against my will. Both of them inhaled sharply at the sight; they hadn’t meant to make me shed tears.

Julia sighed and slipped her hand in Gordon’s so she could pull both of them into a deep bow. I couldn’t see them, but I could feel it because the sound of their breathing went from above my face to about my waist.

“What are you guys doing? Please get up. I don’t deserve this.” I quickly tried to pull them upright.

“You do. You deserve this for everything you’ve done for my son. I’m sorry you had to go through so much, child,” Julia said as she walked toward me and pulled me into her arms. “You have no idea how grateful I am toward you. I don’t even know what to say to you. I can’t believe you never thought of yourself and did everything for Chris’ sake.”

I let out a small smile as I lay comfortably in her embrace. How warm, I thought. Is this what a mother’s love feels like? I knew Christopher was lucky for having such good parents, but I didn’t feel jealous at all. After all, he treated me just as well.

All I wanted was for his loved ones to be able to heal the wound I knew I would inflict after I left. I wanted him to be able to look forward to things and continue living happily without me.

“Monica said you turned down the offer of money. To be frank with you, that was my idea. I’ve seen a fair share of people in my years, but I’ve never seen anyone like you. You’re the best young lady I’ve ever met. Please don’t overthink our intentions. All we want is to give back to you. Please take the money, alright? We won’t be able to live it down if you don’t.”

“I don’t want any money from you. Instead of giving me cash to repay me, just love Christopher more. Pay more attention to him, and please don’t let him get depressed. Let him live his life however he wants with whoever

he wants and let him be happy. Also, he's picky with his food and hates cilantro and onions, but he especially loves spicy food, so—"

I couldn't continue any further due to the lump of emotions that had wedged itself in my throat. It emerged in a thick sob. I want to see him. I want to caress his cheek, and I want to see him one last time.

"You should go and see him," Julia said as she patted me on the head. Her tone was firm as if she had just made a huge decision to say that.

I looked up at her in disbelief before shaking my head frantically. "No, I can't. If I go, I'll never leave. If I see him, I won't be able to let him go."

"Don't worry. The doctors gave him a sedative, so he's fast asleep. Go and say goodbye. It's the only thing I can do for you now."

I walked back into the ward on unsteady feet. The expensive VIP hospital ward was practically a hotel suite; it was equipped with a living area and a kitchen. My eyes skipped past all that, and I felt myself being wheeled in Christopher's direction. Once they had pushed me close enough for me to reach out and touch him, Julia and Gordon left quietly.

I cautiously called out Christopher's name softly. When he didn't respond, I reached out and stroked his hand. His skin was no longer cold and clammy. Instead, he was warm and full of life, and it felt just like how it did back when he held my own hands and caressed them too.

I carefully crawled into his embrace and placed his arm over my waist. My tears flowed freely and silently. His arms were my own personal safe haven, and whenever I was with him, it felt like he could block all the negativity, pain, and suffering away from me.

"I will miss you so, so much, Christopher. We beat everything — even a shipwreck — but I guess I wasn't strong enough to conquer my own lifetime. I bet I must have been a terrible person in my past life for God to punish me like this."

I stroked his face carefully. He had lost so much weight that he was practically skin and bones at this point. I gently kissed his forehead and then pecked him on the lips.

"If I could go back in time, I would never have gone and met you. That way, you'd always be happy and could live your life as Christopher Lane."

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 302**

As I spoke, Christopher's finger suddenly twitched slightly, and I jumped in shock. Thinking he was about to wake up, I ducked to the side and fell silent. After awhile, he continued lying still.

He always needed to hug something when he went to sleep as if it made him feel safer. The moment I laid down once more, he reached out and hugged me. He even nuzzled into my neck before falling still once again with an arm around my waist and one hand in mine.

I nestled my head into his chest, and the sound of his firm, strong heartbeat nearly sent tears to my eyes once again. All I wanted was to stay in the embrace of this man; I never wanted to let go.

I stayed in his arms the whole afternoon. I knew the sun was moving and as our shadows stretched along with it, I knew they were always entwined no matter how long and far they extended. I picked up my phone and took a picture of Christopher's sleeping face.

Even if I couldn't see, I could at least protect this little bit of happiness. Once I left, I could always keep this fond memory with me on my phone.

The thought of having to leave the hospital ward crushed my heart like a steamroller, and I felt physical pain at the thought of walking away from him. Perhaps Christopher and I were truly connected at heart, because the moment I tried to take my hand away, he clutched at it like a drowning sailor at sea holding onto a piece of driftwood.

He was murmuring in his drug-induced sleep, "Eve, don't go. Please don't go. Don't leave me, Eve..."

I finally managed to wrestle my hand away. The moment I left, my tears cascaded down like a waterfall, and I could barely hold back my wails. I was sobbing his name even after I left the hospital. The entire way, I couldn't bear to turn and look back in Christopher's direction.

I was terrified that I would change my mind if I was near him again.

Darius had planned everything out perfectly. He found Jenny, a caretaker to watch over me. All of my luggage was packed and prepared by her, and since I was still blind, she was the one who wheeled me through the airport.

My surroundings were raucous with chatter, and my head started to hurt again. I started to grow nauseous and even retched slightly, but nothing came out.

Of course. I haven't eaten anything the whole day. There's nothing for me to vomit.

"Are you alright, Ms. Tanner?" Jenny passed me a handkerchief to wipe my mouth with as she looked at me in concern.

"I'm fine. Let's hurry in. I don't want us to miss our flight," I replied mildly.

Julia and Darius followed behind me. They stayed silent the whole way to the boarding gate; the only sound they made was whenever Darius' phone rang, after which he would quickly shut it off and continue following.

Suddenly, someone rushed toward me and clutched at my shoulders firmly. The person panted heavily as if they were out of breath, and I felt them glaring at me. I felt as if their stare was about to pierce through me. Soon after, I heard Sabrina's voice chide, "Yvonne, how could you? Why didn't you tell me anything? Do you even see me as a friend? I'm never talking to you again! How could you leave me to worry? Is that what friends do?"

"Sabby!" I gripped her hands tightly and felt tears well up in my eyes once again. "I didn't want to keep it from you, but I didn't know how to tell you. I'm sorry."

"I don't need your apology! If Darius hadn't called me to tell me you were leaving, I would never have known! You silly girl, how could you treat your friend like that? I know your favorite brand of underwear! Do you really think you can keep anything from me?"

Sabrina's voice was harsh, and she was yelling as if she hated my guts, but I could feel her tears splashing on my arm and cheek the whole time as she held me tightly.

I would have felt like laughing before this, but now all I could do was hug her back wistfully, knowing I would never be able to hear her reprimanding me playfully after this.

"You can't leave, Yvonne. Are you insane? I'd never let you leave just like that."

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 303**

Christopher felt as if he was drowning in a long, infinite dream. All he could do was watch helplessly as the love of his life slowly walked away from him. As if turning off a lightbulb, the world around him slowly dimmed as she walked away, never to come back.

“Eve!” Christopher cried out as he sat up in shock. The wound on his abdomen cracked open with the force of his actions, but he paid it no mind as he stumbled toward the door.

I have to find her. I have to find that silly girl! No one will stop me this time.

He only managed to walk two steps before his legs folded, causing him to fall to the ground. He winced in pain but continued staggering to his feet, trying his best to leave the room. Each step felt like he was walking through water, and he finally made it to the door after trying for what felt like ages. As if he had reached the promised land, he shoved the door open with all of his might.

“Chris, what are you doing? Go back and lie down! Your wound just scabbed over. Don’t make it open up again,” Monica cried out as she ran toward him and tried to help him back onto the bed.

“What do you want to do? Stop moving and talk to me, okay? I’ll help you. Please just stop moving.”

“Screw off!” Christopher bellowed as he swung an arm at Monica. Instead of her falling over, he stumbled under his own strength and fell down once again.

“Are you okay? Just stop moving, alright? You’re bleeding!”

In a flurry of panic, Christopher was sent back to his bed by his bodyguards. The doctor helped him check his wound again, and the man was speechless from the pain he felt. All he could do was take shallow breaths in an attempt to alleviate the throbbing pangs coming from his stomach. In his pain, he looked around the room hoping to see that familiar figure, but to his dismay, he saw nothing.

“Your wound has opened up again. Please be careful, Mr. Lane. You were in a coma for half a month, and the infection from your wound spread to both your lungs and intestines. You only started recovering recently, but if it flares up again, we might not be able to help any further.”

The doctor continued to warn Christopher about the dangers of his injury as he cleaned the man’s wound. If something really happened to him, the entire Lane family would have their heads, and the doctor would definitely lose his job.

“Wasn’t there a woman who got sent to the hospital with me? Where is she?” Christopher finally managed to speak.

"Huh?" The doctor blinked. He had been instructed to only follow certain orders and said in faux-confusion, "There are plenty of patients who get admitted every day, so I'm not sure. Pay attention to your wound, alright? Make sure it doesn't get infected again, Mr. Lane."

"I'm talking about Yvonne. Yvonne Tanner!" Christopher stated, raising his voice this time.

"I would need to go to the hospital chief's office to find out," the doctor said as he tightened up the bandages. After that, he scurried out of Christopher's ward. Lying really isn't something I'll ever get used to.

Christopher sat up almost immediately after the doctor left the room. He tried to get off the bed once again. Upon seeing his attempt to do so, Monica immediately rushed forward to hold him back. "Christopher, please stop moving! You're injured!"

"I need to see Yvonne!" the man said harshly.

He had been out for so long, so he hadn't been able to catch a glimpse of her even until now. He knew he wouldn't be able to rest until he found her. Somehow, he had a gut feeling that something incredibly terrible had happened while he was out of it. He was terrified that something had happened to Yvonne while he wasn't there to stop it.

"If you want to see her, you should wait until you're fully healed first," Julia couldn't help but chide as she walked in.

Christopher's gaze sharpened at the sight of his parents walking in, and he said coldly, "Mom, did you guys hide her somewhere? I knew it. You two locked her away to keep us from seeing each other just like you did back then when you locked Darius up so he wouldn't marry a woman you didn't like!"

"We're doing this for your own good," Julia retorted with a sheepish look at her son. She wondered why both of her sons were so stubborn. If she hadn't stopped her son from marrying that woman who hadn't the slightest interest in him, who knows what would have happened?

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 304**

"For my own good?" Christopher scowled with a steely expression. "I can't believe you locked Yvonne up. Did you think that would stop me? I'd rather die than marry another woman. Yvonne is the only girl I'll ever love. If you guys want someone else so badly, you guys can go get married. I'm

never going to love another woman the same way I love Yvonne, and I know she'll say the same!"

"You and Yvonne are i-incompatible," Julia said as she turned around to hide her guilt from Christopher. "As parents, we only ever do things for your own good. Can't you trust us? If we hadn't stopped your brother back then, can you imagine how humiliated he would have gotten? Are you going to make us go through that again?"

Julia couldn't help but start crying again as she spoke.

Christopher's steely gaze softened at the sight of his mother's tears. He pointed to his wound and said steely, "Mom, you have no idea how good of a person Yvonne is. She deserves more love than it is humanly possible to give. Look at this wound. Do you think I'd have been able to live on a deserted island for a week with this injury if I were alone?"

His voice softened further at the mention of Yvonne, and his eyes warmed up with a hint of a smile. "The time I spent on that island was the most hopeless I'd ever been. We had only live fish to eat that we had to catch with our bare hands. Since I was out of commission, Yvonne was the one who had to catch the food for us even though she was afraid of water. She used all the clear water we had to clean my injuries and to keep me hydrated. She searched throughout the whole island for any edible roots and herbs every day, and even though she must have been dying of thirst, she never once wasted a drop or took any for herself."

Julia could sense Yvonne's determination through Christopher's simple descriptions. She could tell how brave Yvonne had to be to go through all of that for Christopher.

If Julia were in Yvonne's place, she wouldn't have been able to do the same thing. She couldn't fathom why someone would go to such great lengths for someone who was about to die. But there Yvonne was, still willing to butt heads with them.

Monica pressed a hand to her mouth to suppress her gasp of shock. Even during his coma, Christopher constantly murmured Yvonne's name. Sometimes he would mumble for her to leave, and sometimes he would whisper for her to live happily.

She was shocked when she first heard it, but over time, Monica finally understood how much that unassuming woman had completely taken over Christopher's heart. She was already the apple of his eye, and Monica had never been more jealous of someone. I met Christopher first! Why did Yvonne have to appear and ruin everything? After all, Yvonne was still just a woman with a bad reputation who had gotten abandoned by her husband.

Monica didn't regret doing everything she did. It might not have been the right thing to do, but her love for Christopher truly conquered all. Ever since they were fifteen years old, her family had joked about the two of them getting engaged. She had been infatuated with Christopher then, and her feelings hadn't changed one bit.

Now that that woman was gone, Christopher and Monica would definitely settle down and have a happy family together. By then, she would no longer have anything to worry about.

Monica calmed down slightly at this thought. She had still gotten the guy she loved at the end, and Yvonne was no longer there to interfere. Monica was finally the one and only pick for Christopher once again.

"Mom, you always told me that compatibility is the most important in finding love. Since I've already found that someone, all I want is for you to give me your blessings and not your disapproval," Christopher said as he leaned back against the headboard, tears beginning to mist over his eyes.

He continued firmly, "Do you know how silly that woman is? When we ran out of water, she didn't hesitate to bite her finger open so I could drink her blood. When a boat came and allowed all uninjured people on board, Crystal managed to leave Lyle behind without a second thought. But, what did Yvonne do? She stayed by my side and took care of me. I know she thought I had no clue, but I was only in a daze! I wasn't blacked out! You have no idea how much I wanted her to leave me behind then.

"Don't you think she's ridiculous? We literally fought against death itself to be able to come together once more, so how could you be willing to split us apart again? Please don't take her away from me. If you hurt her, you're hurting me, too." Christopher's voice broke at the end of his sentence.

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 305**

"Chris..." Monica choked out through a sob. She finally understood that she could never measure up to Yvonne. As unimpressive and weak as she seemed, Yvonne had a kind heart that Monica knew she could never beat.

"I'm sorry, Monica. I've always only seen you as a sister and nothing else. Please, I'm begging you guys. Let me see Yvonne. I just want to know if she's well and if she's getting properly treated, okay?" Christopher stood up once more and pushed Monica's helping hand away.

"I'm not going to discuss this any further until you're completely healed. Got it? We'll have this talk once you're fully well. You can't even stand properly now. What will you do even if you do see her?" Julia rushed out of the ward after she finished speaking.

At the sound of her son's low sobs and yelling, she finally let her tears fall. "What do we do?" she asked Gordon. "Did we really do the right thing? I don't know what else we could have done. Christopher's my child; my flesh and blood. I don't want to go through the same thing that happened eight years ago. Will he do what Darius did and try to estrange himself? Even now, he clearly still holds that against us. He barely comes home and always treats us so coldly. Did I do something wrong for trying to love my children?" Julia blabbered.

Gordon pulled her into his arms and comforted her, "Don't think of it like that. You're just doing your job as a mother. Even though Darius may still be cold toward us, he still makes sure to come back on special occasions and always brings gifts when he does. Now that he's all grown up, he knows why we did what we did, and Christopher will as well."

"I hope that's true. I really hope that's true," Julia choked out and began sobbing uncontrollably. As of right now, she was not the strong, hardheaded businesswoman; she was simply a mother worried sick for her children.

However, once Christopher put his mind to something, no one could stop him. Even though he was still weak to the point that he could barely walk, he still managed to come up with a way to escape. He called his bodyguard, and after chasing Monica away, he told the man that he needed to take a walk.

The bodyguard was confused and didn't know what to say, but Christopher glared at him coldly and said, "Am I a criminal or something? Don't I deserve even the privilege of taking a walk?"

"That's not it, Mr. Lane. It's just not suitable for you to go out in your current state as your injury could get infected. Ms. Julia specifically ordered for us not to let you out," the bodyguard replied meekly as he shuffled backward slightly in fear of getting hit. Christopher was notorious for scuffling with every single bodyguard hired by the Lane family without fail.

As someone who had managed to work their way to being a high-grade official in the army, Christopher's punches were in no way the flimsy jabs one might expect of a rich young master.

"I'll only take a stroll on the corridor. I won't go outside, so let me out," Christopher demanded.

“Okay, I’ll get that arranged right now.” The poor bodyguard was terrified of angering Christopher any further.

The man was soon wheeled out of the hospital ward and immediately went to the nurse’s station to look at the patient records. After paging through it for a while, he felt his heart sink. Yvonne isn’t here. Did they transfer her to some other hospital?

He put down the records and massaged his temples in frustration. He had planned to always protect Yvonne after their honeymoon and had vowed never to let her get in the way of trouble. Despite everything, there was no way of predicting that awful shipwreck. He hadn’t known that he would be in such a long coma either.

That woman must have been through many things. The mere thought of Yvonne getting pushed around by his family members sent a pang through Christopher’s chest. He knew his parents weren’t needlessly mean, but they could say things without thinking.

Before turning a corner, Christopher heard a familiar voice and held up a hand, indicating for the bodyguard to come to a stop.

“Can’t we just tell him Yvonne’s dead? This isn’t going to end well either way. He’ll eventually sense that something is up.”

“Let’s wait for a while longer, Monica. Chris’ injuries have finally begun to look better. I don’t want him to collapse after hearing the news.”

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 306**

“Chris is so persistent! Today, he would either ignore me and stare out of the window in a daze, or he would pester me for Yvonne’s whereabouts! Each time he asks me that question, I get so nervous that I have no idea how to answer him.” Monica heard the sound of a wheelchair approaching just then. Her eyes flashed with joy and she went on, “I didn’t know that Chris was secretly so deeply in love with a woman! No wonder he rarely went home since he came back last year. Even if he does go home, he’s always in a hurry to leave. He has been very opinionated since he was young and very obsessive about the things he loves. I just can’t bring myself to tell him!”

Meanwhile, Julia was completely oblivious to Christopher’s presence behind her. She shook her head sadly at Monica, her face creased with concern.

"Why don't I speak to him instead? Darius is very busy lately, and Gordon isn't the best person for this job. Let me do it. Although he'll get angry, it's better than him being angry with all of you. Sorry for troubling you, Monica, but thank God you're around! Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to do!"

"It's no trouble! I'll do anything for Chris! That thing with Yvonne isn't our fault. Chris will understand," Monica said with a smile. That woman is dying anyway! I'm not doing anything wrong; I'm just making plans for myself.

"What were you two talking about? Why don't you repeat what you've just said?" Christopher appeared around the corner suddenly and asked in a cold voice.

Upon that, Julia and Monica whirled around in panic. Christopher was staring at them, and his entire body was shaking in rage. He looked as if he wanted to rip them apart.

"Chris!" Monica exclaimed.

"I asked you to repeat what you've just said! What do you mean Yvonne is dead? She cannot be dead. I survived! So, how could she possibly be dead?" Christopher roared as he violently pushed himself upright from his wheelchair. At the very next second, he fell to the ground with a thud.

"Chris, please don't be too upset. We didn't mean to hide this from you. Get up quickly!" Julia said rather nervously. She was stunned by Christopher's sudden appearance. I wasn't ready to tell him yet! How could he have overheard us?

"Tell me what you two were talking about! I want to know the truth! Stop lying to me!" Christopher grabbed Julia's hand and said in a serious tone, "Mom, I want to know the truth. I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well... Ms. Tanner is currently in a hospital in the city. Why don't you focus on getting better first? Once your injuries are healed, I promise you that I'll take you over to meet her. Please get up now," Julia said. Then, she quickly masked her expressions to hide her nervousness.

"Is that true?" Christopher had never felt so agitated before in his life. He could have sworn that he had heard Monica say that Yvonne was dead. How could she be dead?

"Yes, really! I promise you that you'll meet her soon," Julia said in a soothing tone.

“Julia, let’s not lie to Chris anymore! Even if we manage to hide the truth from him today, what about tomorrow or the day after that? He’ll find out eventually! Let’s just tell him the truth now. Chris, actually—” Monica cried out, her voice cracking with pain.

“No! No, you can’t tell him!” Julia cut Monica off and shook her head vigorously.

“Monica, tell me!” Christopher said firmly to Monica. “Tell me everything you know!”

“Chris, we’re so sorry. We didn’t want this to happen either.” Monica met Christopher’s eyes, and her heart trembled at their intensity. After a while, she lowered her eyes and whispered in a low voice, “Ms. Tanner has passed away. She couldn’t wait for our rescue plane to reach her.”

At that moment, Christopher felt as though the very ground had fallen away from under his feet.

“No way! That’s impossible! You’re all lying to me! She was with me, and she never once let go of me while I lost consciousness. I suffered such serious injuries and survived, so how could she die? You’re lying to me!”

“It’s true. When we reached the deserted island, we only found you and Lyle. We saw her shoes on the beach, but there was no sight of her. Lyle said that she had gone into the sea to look for something to eat, but she never reappeared after that. We really tried to look for her, but we couldn’t find her anywhere!” Monica could not bring herself to look at Christopher’s face. Hence, she just kept talking with her head down. She was also trying to convince herself that this was the truth.

“No way! I don’t believe it! I don’t believe even a single word you’ve just said! I’m going to find Yvonne. No matter where she is, I’ll find her!”

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 307**

In the end, I did not heed Sabrina’s words and left Christopher. When I left, she cried bitterly and lightly punched my chest in protest. She swore that she would not care about me anymore after this. Then, she strongly said that I should not have let the man who loved me get away.

Yes, I’m an idiot. It was clear that Christopher’s heart was mine, and yet, I left him. It was cruel of me.

I begged Sabrina not to tell Christopher where I was going. She promised me through her tears and wanted to send me off, but I refused to let her.

If Sabrina left too, Christopher would definitely become suspicious. He was a very perceptive man, and he would sense that something was wrong.

Yeringham was a beautiful small town. Unlike other cities, there was none of that urban traffic noise. It was a quiet and tranquil town located by the sea, full of beautiful, sun-kissed girls selling fishes and old fishermen always singing their old tunes. The entire town depended on the creatures of the sea for their livelihood.

In the daytime, a chorus of children's voices reading out loud could be heard from the nearby school. It was a pleasant sound. Listening to their innocent voices seemed to wash away all the heaviness in my heart.

The small cottage that Darius had prepared for me was located beside a church. I was never really a believer, but after coming to this town, I went to the church to pray every single day. I prayed for the same things each time — that Christopher would be safe and happy... and at peace.

The priest of the church was an old man. He always told me that as long I prayed piously, my prayers would be granted.

However, for me, it did not matter whether what the priest said was actually true. After all, spiritual comfort was better than nothing.

I did not know whether Christopher was sad to find out that I had died, but I knew that he would slowly learn to forget me and try his best to put on a happy face for his friends and family. Maybe he would sometimes think of me in the middle of the night when he had trouble sleeping, but he would be fine. The living would always find a way to move on from the dead.

Sitting on this wheelchair with the sunshine warming me and the salty ocean breeze washing over me, I felt the vitality of the sea flowing through me.

Since I could not see with my eyes, I was used to moving through the world with my other senses. Although the world was dark to me and I could see nothing, I could still feel the warmth of the sun on my skin and the softness of the grass beneath my bare feet.

Eventually, I learned how to walk and began to explore the town with a walking stick. Sometimes, I spent the day practicing braille or learning how to write again. Whenever I went out exploring, Jenny would come with me out of concern for my safety and call out if there was anything in my path.

I was very thankful for this kind-hearted girl. She stayed by my side during this dark period of my life and gave me comfort and encouragement when

I needed it the most. On the days when I refused to take my medication, she would cajole me and convince me to carry on with this life.

Once, I wandered onto the school grounds, where the children were playing on the field. When they saw a stranger on the grounds, they curiously gathered around me and began asking me questions. I bent down and gently ruffled their hair and gave them the candies that I had in my pocket.

“Miss, you’re so beautiful! You’re the most beautiful lady we’ve ever seen!”

The children’s candid praise made me laugh out loud. Children really are such precious treasures, and they really do heal the soul.

Day by day, my body became weaker and weaker. In just three days, my vertigo had gotten worse. The medication no longer helped, and I began to throw up after eating anything. I leaned back in my wheelchair, feeling very faint. At that moment, I began to doubt what Darius had said.

The doctor had given me three months to live, but looking at how quickly my health was declining, I would be lucky to live another two months. Since I was unable to keep any food down, my body began to lack nutrition.

“Ms. Tanner, why don’t we go to the hospital in town? What else can we do about you being unable to hold down any food?” Jenny gently suggested as she cleaned up after yet another vomiting episode.

“This is such a small town; we won’t find any cure for me here. Let’s not even bother,” I rejected Jenny’s suggestion in a weak voice.

“We can still try our luck. It would be good if the doctor can ease your vomiting so you can eat more,” Jenny persuaded. In the end, I gave in to her, and we went to the hospital.

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 308**

As I had expected, the doctor could not really find out what was wrong with me. He said that I had an endocrine disorder that had upset my stomach and advised me to walk around more in the sun and take some medication to help with my vomiting. I wanted to laugh at his diagnosis; if only his advice could actually cure me, I would definitely go to sleep with a smile that night.

Surprisingly, after taking the medication that the doctor had prescribed, I really did stop throwing up. I could enjoy my meals again. Meanwhile, Jenny was overjoyed and hailed the doctor as a genius. I thought that was really cute of her.

After that, I called Sabrina on the phone. The moment she picked up, she asked me in a very dispirited tone, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine! Except for the occasional dizziness, I don't have any other complaints. Lately, I've been able to eat more too." After updating her about my condition, I asked her, "Sabby, if you could spare the time, could you please pay Christopher a visit at the hospital and see if he's okay? I'm very worried about him."

"I am in the hospital right now!" Sabrina said gravely.

My heart skipped a beat at her response. Is Christopher really just nearby? Right away, I asked her earnestly, "How is he? Is he resting? Are his wounds healed? Is he eating well?"

"You're gone, so how can he be okay?"

Sabrina's words made my heart ache. I felt as if someone had taken a hammer and shattered my entire heart into tiny pieces.

"Why don't you hear for yourself?" Sabrina turned her phone to speaker mode, and I could hear the sounds and voices from the background. All of a sudden, I heard Julia crying and Christopher yelling...

"I don't believe a word you say! How could Eve be dead? You must be hiding her somewhere! We were together all along, and I survived! So, how could she have died?" Christopher shouted stubbornly with tears in his eyes. He refused to believe Julia and Monica.

"It's true. We found her shoes on the beach, and that's it. I'm so sorry! We really tried to look for her, but we couldn't find her!" Monica leaned closer to Christopher and whispered to him, "I didn't know that you had such a close relationship with Ms. Tanner. Stop torturing yourself like this, okay?"

"Chris, please listen to me! You haven't eaten anything in three days. Your body can't take this!" Julia begged her son.

"It's none of your business! Let me go! I'm going to find Yvonne myself!" Christopher angrily swept everything off the table and walked barefoot toward the door.

"Chris, please don't act like this! Please?"

“Get off me!”

Slap! The sharp sound cracked through the air, stunning Christopher. Gordon lowered his hand and stared coldly at his son. “Stop making a scene! You’re a twenty-year-old adult. It’s time to grow up!”

Christopher touched his cheek gingerly and looked at Gordon. Then, he asked in a deliberately slow voice, “Dad, I know you would never lie. Tell me, where is Yvonne?”

“She’s... dead!” Gordon closed his eyes as he could not bear to look at the pain etched his son’s face.

“Is she really dead?” Christopher asked gravely.

“Yes, she’s dead. She sacrificed herself so that you could live. You shouldn’t waste your life away like this and let her death be in vain,” Gordon answered in an equally solemn tone.

“She’s gone... She’s really gone...” Christopher kept repeating the same line over and over again to himself. Suddenly, he coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground with a loud thud.

“Chris!” Everyone in the room exclaimed as they rushed forward to help him up.

Christopher suddenly reached out and grabbed the shoe in Monica’s hand and hugged it to his chest. Then, he started sobbing, and his entire body began to shake with all his suppressed grief and despair.

Every single beating heart in that room ached for him.

“Eve... Eve.... My darling Eve...”

I pressed my hands to my lips to stop myself from crying out loud, but tears were flowing endlessly down my cheeks. Christopher’s grief tugged at my heart. At that moment, I wanted so badly to return to him and tell him that I was still alive.

“Ahh!” Christopher let out an anguished roar. Hearing him so clearly over the phone almost tore me apart. I steadied myself and tried to stand up but stumbled to the ground.

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 309**

I did not know how long I was unconscious. I only knew that I woke up in my bedroom to the sounds of Jenny sobbing. She stopped when she saw that I had awoken and asked me if I felt any pain. I shook my head and pressed my hand against my chest. My heart hurt so badly that I could not breathe.

My head was also throbbing with pain. I must have hit it too hard when I fell to the ground. My entire body felt uncomfortable. Just then, I opened my mouth to say something, but instead, I coughed out a mouthful of blood. When Jenny saw that, she screamed and threw herself at the telephone to call the doctor.

I blinked a few times. Something was wrong. Was I hallucinating? I could actually see Jenny crying into the phone. I could see her tears falling, and her choked-up expression.

I shook my head lightly, but I could still see the scene in front of me. Although my vision was blurry, I could still see! My eyes widened in surprise, and I looked at Jenny incredulously.

The doctor came by to check on me. He said that I had coughed up blood because there was a blood clot in my body and coughing up the blood was actually good for me.

My mind wandered as I kept staring at the scene around me in a stunned daze. While the doctor was listening to my heartbeat, I suddenly grabbed his hand and said excitedly, "Doctor, I can see with my eyes! You are holding a stethoscope in your hand, right?"

"Ms. Tanner, you..." Jenny squeezed my hand and asked eagerly, "What am I wearing right now, and what kind of hair clip do I have in my hair?"

I smiled and replied, "You're wearing a blue jacket with a white shirt underneath, and your hair clip... they look like red cherries. There are two cherries, right? My vision is quite blurry at the moment."

Upon that, Jenny's hands began quivering in excitement. She undid the hair clip and handed it to me, "Look, Ms. Tanner, you're absolutely right. You can see again!"

After that, I was brought to the hospital again. In that small hospital, I was put through a series of careful tests. When the test results came out, the doctor was even happier than I was.

"Ms. Tanner, your visual impairment was caused by a blood clot in your brain that was pressing against your optic nerve. Now that the blood clot

is beginning to dissolve, your vision will soon recover as well. Congratulations!"

"Are you saying that I can see again soon?" I gently touched the corner of my eyes. My vision had plunged into darkness again after being able to see for a short period of time earlier.

"Of course, as long as you take care of yourself well," The doctor replied and prescribed me several medications. "Stop all other medications and just take these herbs. After you finish these, your vision should be completely back to normal."

"Stop taking my other medicines?" I frowned.

"Doctor, Ms. Tanner can't stop her other medications. Her illness..."

"Jenny, let's listen to the doctor's advice." I did not want to take the cancer medication anymore. They made me feel worse than I already did. Since I only had a few months left in this world, I wanted to bask in all its glory.

Eventually, I would become nothing but dust, but I did not want to slowly fade away into the darkness.

The doctor was an old TCM practitioner who prescribed weird medications. He crushed some herbs and added the mucus from a certain type of locally-caught fish. This concoction was to be applied to my eyes. He also told me to change the dressing every day and avoid looking at anything that would hurt my eyes.

The fish mucus emitted an unpleasant smell. My entire body was covered in its stench, and it made me very uncomfortable. Once I exited the hospital, the pedestrians quickly crossed the road to avoid me. Right then, a small school-aged kid ran up to me and asked curiously, "Miss, did you just eat a lot of garlic? Why is there garlic paste on your eyes? Are you feeding them? Can my eyes eat garlic as well?"

When I heard his question, my lips twitched in amusement. I ruffled his hair and smiled, "This is not garlic. But anyway, I hope your eyes won't ever have to eat garlic."

## **Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 310**

I did not allow Jenny to tell Darius about my eyes. If he found out, he would spread the news, and everyone would come to visit me. Then,

Christopher might find out that I was still alive, and all our efforts would have been in vain.

I left Christopher because I did not want him to know anything about me anymore.

Yeringham was very far away from Avenport. One was in the north and the other in the south; the two locations were two thousand kilometers apart. I was very certain that Christopher would not be able to find me here.

Meanwhile, Jenny was very concerned about me stopping my cancer medications. She sat down next to me with my medicine in her hand and asked, "Ms. Tanner, what will happen if you don't take your medicine? Is recovering your eyesight worth the risk?"

"Jenny, you know as well as I do that my illness has no cure. Why don't we choose the treatment that will actually heal something?" I touched the bandage on my eyes and smiled. "How wonderful would it be to see again. I can look at the beautiful marigolds blooming in the town, go down to the beach to watch the fishes swim, and gaze at the rising sun. It's inevitable that I'll die soon, but it'll be amazing to be able to enjoy the beauty of this world before I have to leave it behind."

Jenny fell silent instantly when she heard what I said. I knew that she was upset right then. Besides, I could hear her sniffing to herself quietly at the back.

"Please don't cry. There are many beautiful things in this world to be enjoyed and explored, like the innocence of young children. You know what? Let's go to the schoolgrounds! I like to spend time with the kids."

There was only one school in this small town where children and teenagers of all ages went to. They were there even on Sundays. When I arrived, the children were gathered around a man who was telling them a story. The man had a soft voice, as gentle as the ocean breeze that was caressing my cheeks. He sounded quite familiar. It was like I had heard his voice somewhere before.

"Then, Snow White and her prince lived happily ever after. The moral of the story is that happiness is always right in front of you. You kids must do well in school, alright? Cherish your lives!"

"Mister, tell us another story! I want to hear the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves!"

"Ah, the pretty lady is here too! Tell us a story too, Miss!" One of the children noticed my presence and called out to me.

A group of them ran toward me, laughing happily. The man was surprised to see me and shouted, "Yvonne, why are you here?"

I still could not recognize who this man was. After all, I had attended many parties and met a lot of people throughout my life. Thus, I asked in a rather embarrassed tone, "Sorry, I can't see. You are?"

When the man heard my question, he smiled bitterly and replied, "It seems like I'm rather forgettable. You really don't remember me at all?"

"Um... I've been in poor health recently, and my memory is not doing too good either. So please forgive me. Can you remind me of your name? I'm sure I'll be able to recall if you give me your name." I truly did not expect to run into anyone I knew in such a secluded town.

I could only hope that this man was not Benjamin or anyone close to him. He was the last person I wanted to see in my current state. Thinking of Benjamin suddenly reminded me of Crystal, and I wondered where she had gone. If she did not return, Nathan and Natalie would likely head to the hospital and cause a scene. That would definitely not go down well.

The man sighed, and then, a coughing fit came over him. After a while, he said, "We met before in the hospital when you crashed into my ward..."

"Lucas? I exclaimed in surprise, recalling the scene that he had described.

I had gone to the hospital to visit my grandma on that day and hid in his room to avoid running into Crystal and Lyle. At that time, he had talked to me in such a gentle manner, and his voice had a distinctive melancholic quality to it. It was no wonder that his voice sounded so familiar.

"Yes, so you do remember! I was the Lucas who was kicked out of the house instead of becoming engaged." Lucas smiled.

Must he bring up this story every single time? It's a rather awkward thing to say! Did my refusal to marry him affect him so badly? Honestly, I didn't think it would. After all, he is a son of the Goldstein family, and his father is the chairman of the Goldstein Corporation! Even if he doesn't have the best reputation, I'm sure there are still plenty of ladies who would want to marry him.

"What happened to your eyes? Were they injured?"