

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 311

"I got into an accident and I've lost my eyesight temporarily. But, don't worry. I'll be able to see again in a few days," I answered as I leaned against the wheelchair. "What about you? What are you doing here? As the sole heir to the Goldstein family, shouldn't you be working your butt off at the Goldstein Corporation? I can imagine you attending countless meetings with the upper management and going through piles of paper. What brings you here in this small town?" I asked.

"I've never interfered in the family business. I'm here on vacation. I was told that this town was a perfect place for a getaway, so here I am," Lucas answered.

We were catching up when a bunch of kids approached us. "Oh, so you both know each other? That's awesome! Now, you can tell us a story together. We can't wait to hear it," The kids urged as they held onto our arms.

We couldn't bear to turn down their requests upon their enthusiastic expressions. Hence, we spent the entire afternoon at the school and even had lunch there.

I noticed that Lucas' was very weak. He'd start panting and coughing every time we walked around. I guess it wasn't a coincidence that I met him at the hospital the last time. He must be a chronic invalid. I guess that makes the two of us.

We both exchanged countless conversations about which medication was the worst among the lot. I was surprised when he told me he had bought a place in town. In fact, it was the house right next to mine. Who knew we'd live so close to each other.

There was an uncomfortable tingling sensation in my eyes the moment I switched medications. However, the feeling of nausea had decreased ever since I stopped taking the medication from Avenport. I was rather impressed by the significant change.

I felt more energetic and could walk around with the help of a cane. I would have been out all day and wouldn't require Jenny's care if it weren't for my eyes.

As for Lucas, he was a typical melancholic prince. It was a contagious feeling that had passed on to me whenever I was with him. For instance, he would murmur a quote when we watched the sunset.

He would also sigh at the sight of a blooming flower. "A blooming flower marks the start of its withering process. Sadly, a flower begins to wither when it blooms at its best."

When we admired the sea, he would say, "The sea is heartless. It swallows everything it desires."

Oh my god! I'm starting to wonder how he grew up to be such a pessimistic guy. The second time we watched the sunset. Once again, I heard him say a melancholic quote. I instantly grabbed a handful of sand and threw it on his head.

"Hey, what's that for?" Lucas asked in confusion.

"Oh, Mr. Goldstein, you seem to have a very pessimistic view of life. Can't you think of something nice to say instead of expressing so much negativity as you witness the beauty of nature? Look, I know that sunset is bleak, but why focus on the bad when you can admire its beauty? One may be sad as a blooming flower would soon wither to dust. But please remember this, it had once served its prime. And that is what life is all about."

"Now look at me, I can't see and am on the verge of dying. Yet, I choose to believe in hope and enjoy all the good things in life while it lasts. I wouldn't want to lay in a corner, waiting for death to knock upon my door."

Lucas was stunned for a long time once I bombarded him. He then came back to his senses and swept the sand off his head. "Oh, Yvonne, you're such an interesting person! I believe my life would be completely different if we got married back then." He laughed out loud.

Damn it, why are you always bringing that up? Didn't you resent me because I dumped you during the engagement?

We began to chase after each other on the beach as the sun set. Although I wasn't able to see anything, I had a great time. Lucas deliberately placed some sand on my feet and I fought back by throwing a handful back at him. Moments later, he paused and asked, "Are you really going to die?"

I lowered my head to hide my expression before I lifted my head with a smile. "Yeah, I am. So I'm trying my best to enjoy every moment I have left in my life."

When I looked at Lucas, my mind immediately drifted to Christopher. I guess I would be much happier if he were by my side. Hence, I decided to give Sabrina a call. I took out my phone and dialed her number. I was surprised to hear Christopher's voice when the line got through.

“Who is it?”

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I didn't know why Sabrina's phone was with Christopher. Yet, I was overjoyed to hear the familiar raspy voice; I almost cried out in joy. I quickly held back my tears as I remembered the doctor's words. Stop it, I can't cry now if I want a speedy recovery.

At that moment, Lucas was pouring me a cup of tea. I quickly handed him the phone and begged him to speak on my behalf. I also mouthed Sabrina's name to remind him of the subject.

Lucas did not understand at first as he took hold of the phone. However, something clicked in his mind as he responded, “Hello, I'm looking for Sabrina. Could you pass the phone to her?”

“She's out at the moment and won't be back anytime. I can pass on the message if it's urgent.” Christopher's voice was extremely hoarse. I could sense the exhaustion and dullness in his voice. It was as if his soul was sucked out of him. He was unlike the usual Christopher who was full of life that I knew.

I couldn't be more excited as I held my breath and listened to his voice. I didn't think I could still hear his voice. This is such an amazing feeling! How I wished Lucas could exchange a few more words with Christopher. That way, I could listen to his voice a little longer. I tugged Lucas's sleeve and pleaded silently.

“It's nothing. But, may I know who I am speaking to? Why do you have Sabrina's phone with you?” Lucas knew what I wanted and acted upon it in an instant.

“I'm her friend. And you are?”

“I'm Sabrina's friend who lives overseas...”

Both Lucas and Christopher did not exchange many words before Christopher decided to hang up. I was glad that I called Sabrina's phone with a new number that had international roaming. The number's coordinates were located in Yaleview and Christopher wouldn't have known that this number had anything to do with me.

I held the phone and pressed my face to it as I desperately tried to feel Christopher's warmth. I bit my lips, trying to stop myself from crying. I

miss you so much, Christopher. How I wish I could hold you in my arms instead of listening to your voice.

“Are you and Christopher lovers?” Lucas asked in surprise.

“No, not lovers. He’s my one true love that has been through life and death experiences with me.” I placed my lips on the phone, pretending that I was kissing Christopher.

“Things won’t end well if you decide to be with him,” Lucas replied.

“Yeah, I know. I’m dying, so what happy ending would there be?” I couldn’t see Lucas’s expression, so I didn’t notice the signs of worry and warning in his eyes. I merely thought he was empathetic of my situation.

I choked as I recalled all the times I’ve spent with Christopher. I raised my head high to prevent myself from crying. However, it was too late. I could feel the tears flowing down my cheeks uncontrollably.

I looked out of the window towards the direction of Avenport. It was the city where Christopher was, two thousand miles away from me. I made a hugging gesture as I thought to myself. Christopher, you must live happily, even if it means that I’m gone...

I received Sabrina’s call at night when Lucas returned home. Sabrina told me that Christopher knew it was me all along. He even asked her about Lucas. So, I briefly told her about my encounter with Lucas.

“Are you sure you don’t want to meet him one last time? Christopher has been very out of it. All he does every day is roam around the house with your shoes in hand. Besides that, whenever Zachary and I visit him, he’d warn us not to disturb him. He wanted to watch the sunset with you in peace.”

I lowered my head and touched my ring finger where I once wore a diamond ring. It was now empty; I could no longer feel the ring and be reminded of the eternal promise that it held.

“Sabby, I missed him more than anyone else. But, I’m dying and I’ll disappear forever. So what’s the point for me to see him again? I don’t want to break him further.”

“Forget it, do as you please. These are some of the things I can’t interfere with. For instance, this. Oh, speaking of which, Darius mentioned that he sent you a new medication. It’s a new medication from Anglandur. Are you feeling better?”

"Oh, I feel less nauseous now." I didn't plan to tell Sabrina that I've stopped consuming any medication for a few days now. In fact, I don't plan to take any from now on. I feel much better despite suffering from the occasional dizziness. But, it wasn't as frequent as before.

"Really? That's good news! You must take your medication on time, okay? I'll visit you in a few days.

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"Don't, Christopher isn't in a good condition these days. Why don't you both spend more time with him? Please ask Zachary to visit him more frequently. He might feel better with some company around. You can always visit me next month. I'll be able to see you by then and bid my best friend goodbye."

"Eve, I'm getting married," Sabrina said.

"You're getting married?" I was stunned. Man, she's moving really fast with Zachary. It didn't seem like a long time since they first dated each other. I was surprised when I found out she had hit all bases in such a short time and now marriage? I remembered how I used to tease her about her wild imagination of dating the man of her dreams. Yet, she could only watch Christopher and I make out in the room. She cried out sadly as she hugged a pillow in her arms, complaining of being a virgin still.

I paused for a moment before my face lit up into a smile. I was overjoyed. "Congratulations, Sabby! You'll be a great wife and I know you'll live a happy life."

"What am I going to do, Eve? I really want you to come and be my bridesmaid. I also want you to be the one who catches my bouquet at the wedding. You're my best friend. Remember we promised to become bridesmaids for one another no matter who ties the knot first and receive the bouquet. I can't imagine what I would do if I don't see you at my wedding."

Sabrina burst out crying. All the sorrow she had been suppressing all this while exploded at that moment. "Eve, why did you have to live such a life? You went through so much to meet the right man! Why can't you live a happy life?"

"Oh, Sabby, don't cry. You're going to make me cry too," I trembled as I struggled to keep my tears from falling. My heart ached in pain as I couldn't do anything to comfort her but only listen through the phone."

“Shut up, all I what to do now is cry. Can’t you just let me cry for once?” Sabrina snapped. “You probably don’t know this but Monica has been lurking by Christopher’s side ever since you left. The Lane family is also trying their best to make Christopher fall in love with her. They might end up married and giving birth to a child. No one would remember who you are by then. How can you be so stupid to allow your man to be taken by someone else?”

“You’re so dumb, Eve! You are the worst dummy I’ve ever met!”

“Yes, I am. Yet, you still choose to be my friend.” I smiled in tears.

I noticed she sounded tired after talking for hours. So, I pretended I was tired and called it a night. I held my walking stick in one hand as I tried to find my ring that was supposed to be on my bed. However, I started to panic when I couldn’t find it anywhere.

I realized I haven’t held the wedding ring Christopher gifted me because of my condition. Yet, I do know for sure that I didn’t lose it at sea. I remembered holding Christopher’s hand and our rings touched the day before I was rescued.

Perhaps I dropped it somewhere in the house?

I desperately tried to recall as I frantically searched my dressing table. However, it was nowhere to be seen. I panicked and shouted, “Jenny, Jenny! Come quickly!”

“Ms. Tanner, what’s wrong?” Jenny rushed in. I quickly made signs and placed my hands forward. “My ring, it’s missing. Please help me find it! It was the ring that Christopher gave me during our wedding.”

“Alright, don’t panic. I’ll find it for you this instance!”

It was past midnight as Jenny and I rummaged through the cupboards, searching for the ring. We looked everywhere, the dressing table and the suitcases. Then, we searched through the bed. We even took out the sheets but still found nothing.

I sat down on the ground and my lips started to quiver. I began to panic as I couldn’t find the ring and my body started to tremble.

“Perhaps you dropped it on the ground? Let me sweep the floor,” Jenny comforted. She quickly swept around the house but found nothing.

“What am I going to do? I can’t believe I lost my wedding ring.” I sat on the ground, feeling helpless. I left the love of my life and lost our wedding

ring. Does it mean that we shouldn't have gotten married in the first place?

"Ms. Tanner, I just realized you weren't wearing the ring when you were on the plane," she said.

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Christopher sat in the garden as he stared at the sunset. He was painted orange by the color of the sky which made him seem even sadder and lonely. His hot tea had gone cold. Yet, it did not stop him from taking a sip.

His left hand curled into a ball as he clenched it so tightly his entire arm was trembling. It was as if he was suppressing something. A sense of emotion flashed past his eyes before it quickly disappeared into his dark eyes.

Monica had been standing behind him for a long time now. At last, she decided to approach him as she poured the tea in Christopher onto the grass and handed him a new cup of hot tea. "Don't drink cold tea, it might affect your recovery."

Christopher tilted his head and eyed Monica coldly. "I told you, don't disturb me when I'm in the garden," he said.

Monica frowned at Christopher's words. He hasn't been the nicest to me. Yet, he has never spoken to me in this way. I wonder what made him change? I don't feel any sense of regret doing what I did in the past. I know I'll find a way to break through the current situation as long as he's by my side.

"Don't be upset, okay? I'm merely worried about you," Monica whispered as she tugged his sleeve. However, Christopher did not say a word but stared at her with coldness and sarcasm in his eyes. It was as if he was staring at a joke.

Monica staggered backward when her eyes met his. She felt so naked as Christopher's piercing gaze seemed like it could look into her heart and thoughts.

Monica gritted her teeth as she stepped forward. She squatted down in front of Christopher and held his hand. "Chris, you know how I feel about you all this while. I don't know if I could do what Ms. Tanner did for you, but I know I'd do the same for you in that situation. You're my number one priority."

“Stop torturing yourself like this, Chris. How I wish you’d become the old Christopher that I’m familiar with. Stop this, okay? Your parents are worried sick. Why don’t we try things out? Let go of the past and start anew with me. I’ll try my best to make you happy. All I need is one chance.”

“Just because you love me, so you did all that?”

Christopher sneered, he knew what kind of person Monica was since young. She may seem kind and gentle, yet it couldn’t mask her cold and selfishness on the inside. She desired to obtain a good reputation and recognition as a pianist. Thus, she framed someone else in a blink of an eye. She made herself seem like a goddess which every girl longs to become. Yet, Christopher saw through her tricks.

Monica didn’t understand what he meant. So, she quickly nodded her head. “Of course, I love you more than anything and I would do anything for you. So please, Christopher, just give me a chance. Give us a chance, perhaps things would be different as long as you try.”

“But my heart belongs to someone else, Monica. You know that,” Christopher said. He didn’t mean to hurt her. She was like a little sister to him. However, he could no longer suppress the anger in his heart as he spat such harsh words at her.

“That’s okay. Nothing matters more than my love for you, Chris. I’ll try my best to make you fall in love with me.” Monica was in tears. Her heart was shattered into pieces when Christopher said those words.

“Hmph, but I don’t want to try!” Christopher shouted. “Do I look like a fool to you? Is that why you’re all putting on a show just to make a fool out of me?” He pointed at himself.

“Chris, what are you talking about?” Monica was stunned. She had a feeling Christopher knew something.

He opened his clenched fists and revealed a dazzling lady’s ring. Christopher continued, “This is the wedding ring I got for Yvonne and I found in the ward next to mine. Every one of you claimed that she had a sea burial. Then, tell me, why would her ring appear in my ward?”

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The next day, I continued my search for the ring with a sense of feeling that I would find it very soon. Unfortunately, I found nothing.

I was very upset and didn't want to do anything else for the day. Lucas visited me with some chicken soup, but it didn't help me cheer up. Apparently, his servant made extras so he decided to share it with me as it was good for health. Subsequently, he began to cough as soon as he finished his sentence.

I rested my chin on my hand and leaned against the wheelchair. "Why are you always sick? We met at the hospital the last time and now you're here, recuperating." I asked in concern.

"Yeah, I've been sick since young and spend most of my time in a hospital. My dad had done a lot to keep me alive and well. Hence, I'm able to walk freely now. I wasn't able to do so a few years back. I would be locked up in the house if he found out that I was out." Lucas coughed as he tried to finish his words.

I wondered why there would be tons of scandal about him if he spent most of his time in the hospital. He was someone who couldn't leave the house with such a health condition. Therefore, the scandals didn't add up. It'd only make sense if he was bullied by others judging from his health condition.

"I guess you must have pissed off someone in the media industry." I firmly believed that there must be a mastermind behind all this. For example, there were rumors about me when I was a kid. I was described as a vicious and ruthless woman who bullied my sister.

Nonetheless, I had Yvette and a cousin sister who stayed in my house. Lucas was an only child. So how did end up in such a mess?

"I guess so. I laughed the entire day when I heard the news that I was dating a female celebrity and even got her killed. I was down with a high fever and was on drips. I was so weak that I couldn't even move a finger. Thus, how could I mess with a celebrity at that time? Yet, I was grateful to have a healthy body."

Lucas fed me a spoonful of chicken soup. But, I was too embarrassed to be fed by a man. So, I turned my head away and said softly, "Why don't you place the soup on the table? I'll have the soup once Jenny returns."

"Come on, what's wrong with me helping you out as a big brother. Besides, I don't meet someone I know in a foreign town like this." he insisted.

I had to drink the soup in the end as I failed to persuade him to do as I say. The soup tasted very weird and I didn't enjoy it. According to Lucas, there were a bunch of medicinal herbs added to the mixture. I wondered if he did this on purpose to get back at me for dumping him.

“So, tell me, what does the Goldstein family residence look like? Is it similar to the Lane family? The Lane family residence was like a European-style castle. It’s breathtaking, they even have a little cruise situated by the lake. Although it was a man-made lake, they bought a cruise ship to enjoy the scenery by the lake. Therefore, I’m very curious about what the Goldstein family residence looks like?”

I remembered my dad told me that my mom left us for the eldest son of the Goldstein family.

“Why’d you ask?” Lucas was surprised.

I took a few mouthfuls of the soup and laughed. “Oh, I’m just curious.”

He is about the same age as me, so he probably wouldn’t know much. Yet, the eldest son of the Goldstein family was his uncle. Perhaps he’d know something I don’t?

“Nah, it’s not as amazing as you’d think. Our house is an ancient artifact that was coated with the smell of rot. I hated staying in that house. Maybe it’s because I was trapped there most of my childhood. To add on, my dad would return home exhausted and would often throw tantrums...” Lucas paused.

“You probably don’t know this but that cruise ship was bought during Christopher’s twenty-eighth birthday. Everyone was envious of his lifestyle and how he could live life as he pleased.

I was surprised when he shifted the topic to Christopher and was not sure of what to say. Similarly, my mind drifted to the first time when I met him. He leaned against a couch lazily with two beautiful women by his side. He twirled his wine glass and smiled at me wantonly.

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My encounter with Christopher was as simple as this. Like most of the other rich playboys, he was extremely wild during parties. While drinking and gambling, he would always have a beautiful woman by his side. Back then, Lyle wanted to collaborate with Christopher on a project.

I could not remember much except for the fact that he sent a pair of beautiful girls to Christopher, who immediately burst out laughing. Hugging the two girls, he walked upstairs. When he turned around, he deliberately shot me a glance and raised his eyebrows arrogantly. He was so flamboyant.

I then contemplated it further. According to what Christopher said, he might have already set his eyes on me back then and was planning to steal me away from Lyle.

Our first time happened in a private room on the second floor of the bar. Although he pretended to be very skilled, he was still a bit amateurish when we did it. The man teased me, but his actions did not reflect his words.

Back then, my mind was set on taking revenge on Lyle. I was nervous, scared, and even flustered. As I was drunk, I just wanted to vent my emotions. I had never thought that we would progress till that stage.

Those memories had become a pleasant thing of the past. I could not help but savor these memories, reminiscing his every single gaze and action. I loved how proud and narcissistic he was when he was cooking.

I also loved it when he hugged me, especially those broad shoulders of his. When he pinned me under his body, he would always be very excited. Yet, he would kiss me with such gentleness. He loved to call me Eve when we slept together. Sometimes, I would play along with him and call him my lover boy.

When that happened, he would get exceptionally excited. As if a burst of energy was surging through him, he would move so forcefully that I lost all control of my senses. I would not even know who I was until he yelled out loud and collapsed on top of me.

At that moment, he would cup my face and kiss me endlessly. With his fingers running through my hair, he would plead me for a second time. This time, he wanted to come in from behind. He said my back was exceptionally beautiful—more so than anything he had seen.

I slept soundly that night. However, in my dreams, I felt a tightness in my chest. When I opened my mouth, a warm liquid spurted out. I wiped my mouth and saw the bloodstains all over my hands. Tasting the metallic stench of blood, I was utterly shocked. I immediately yelled for Christopher in a panic.

When Jenny heard my voice from outside, she hurried in.

“Christopher, I’m terrified. I’m going to die soon! I vomited blood.” My hands flailed in the air. In a moment of carelessness, I fell down to the ground.

“Don’t be afraid, Ms. Tanner. I’ll call the doctor over now. Please, hang in there!”

While I was in a daze, Jenny helped me to the bed. Lying there weakly, I started sobbing. No matter how strong I was, no matter how much I pretended to be nonchalant, I could not hide my fear of death.

The doctor was very dutiful. Even though he was woken up by Jenny in the middle of the night, he was not angry. Instead, he was even more anxious than I was. After giving me a careful check-up, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“There’s no need to fear. It’s normal for you to vomit out blood. There are too many toxins in your body because you’ve taken too many inappropriate medicines. Not all medicine can be taken, you know? I don’t know what medicine you’ve taken that harmed your body so much. The medicine I prescribed to you is meant to eliminate the toxins from your body. Now that it’s fulfilling its function, it’s normal for you to vomit out blood. They’re just clots in your body. Within the next half of the month, you can take off the bandage around your eyes.”

“But why do I feel so weak, as if all the strength had left my body? I feel like I’m going to die immediately,” I asked in despair.

“People don’t die so easily, so don’t you spout nonsense! Just take your medicine, and you’ll be fine. It’s just an eye disease. I’m a professional in treating that, okay?”

When I heard what he said, I felt an inexplicable urge to laugh. He did not even manage to detect my brain cancer, so how could he possibly call himself a professional? If I actually died sometime later, he might be surprised and realize that his medical skills were still unpolished.

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However, he was right about one thing. After I woke up, I felt significantly better. Despite vomiting out so much blood, I was actually more energetic. When I walked, I was not as weak as before.

For some reason, the house started leaking after the rain. While Jenny went to get someone to fix it, I was bored. Hence, I wheeled myself out and wandered around aimlessly. Before Jenny left, she had reminded me sternly that I should not venture outside casually. If I had to leave, I must bring Lucas along.

However, I was not a child. If so many blind people could live independently, I could too. When Jenny noticed my nonchalant look, she directly summoned Lucas over. I spread my arms out to Lucas helplessly. “That’s what happens when my friend’s even more worried than I am.”

"Just like my servants." Lucas pointed at his bodyguards and servants behind him. "Three of them need to follow me, or I'm not allowed to come out."

I burst out laughing. Now that I was feeling more energetic, my mood was better too. "Let's visit the school. I miss those kids."

"I'm thinking of the same thing too. I brought a kite because the sea breeze's pretty strong today. I'll teach them how to fly a kite. You should join us!"

I did not know how many kites Lucas instructed his servants to buy. However, when the shop owner heard them speak, he was so excited that his voice trembled. He patted his chest and promised that not only would he deliver the kites to them, but he would also teach the kids.

The kids cheered as they ran into the shop and rushed out with a kite in hand. Those who did not manage to get their hands on the big kites took the smaller kites meant for toddlers.

Sitting on the beach and listening to their joyful voices, I smiled. Darius really knew how to find a suitable place. When I said that I wanted a peaceful and tranquil place, he found this small town for me. It was the best fit for me.

Since I could not see, I sat in the wheelchair and listened intently. The kids were running on the beach, while the breeze blew gently. Even though I could not see it, I could still imagine the scene of the kites flying in the sky.

An older boy walked over and shoved a kite into my hands. "Ma'am, my kite can fly the highest. It's extremely pretty too. I named it 'Blessings,' and I'm giving it to you now."

Blessings... What a great name!

These kids probably did not understand the troubles of not being able to see. However, instead of anything bad about my eyes, they kept trying to think of ways to cheer me up. They're such beautiful angels!

Upon that thought, I subconsciously placed my hand on my stomach. I used to be pregnant with Christopher's baby. It's a pity that my baby is gone...

While holding the kite in a fluster, I wheeled my wheelchair forward carefully, afraid that I would drop the kite. But I was not paying much attention, so I accidentally let go of the strings. I quickly bent down to pick them up. However, at that moment, someone walked over, picked the strings up, and stuffed it into my hand.

“Thank you!” Although I could not see, I could hear that it was an adult’s heavy footsteps. Thinking that he was Lucas’ bodyguard, I thanked him and asked, “Did the kite drop?”

The person did not answer, and I could feel an intense gaze staring at me. Feeling awkward, I ignored him and started fiddling around with the strings clumsily. Suddenly, the man beside me snatched the strings and ran around me for a while. After he stopped, he returned the strings to me.

I guessed that he helped me because the kite was about to fall. Hence, I said gratefully, “Thank you. This is a blessing that a kid gave me.”

Despite that, the man remained quiet and stood beside me without saying anything. After a while, the wind became stronger, and the footsteps around me became messier. Just as I was feeling dizzy and quite chilly from the cold wind, a warm coat draped around me. Someone buttoned the coat for me meticulously, and I felt warm again.

Thinking that he was Lucas, I smiled and said, “Lucas, you’re sick like me, but why are you still draping a coat around me like a gentleman? Wear it quickly! If you start coughing again, your bodyguards will kill me.”

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“Just wear it, and stop resisting,” insisted Lucas impatiently.

I shot a glance in the direction of his voice. However, for some reason, the direction seemed to be off. Am I disoriented because the wind’s too strong?

“Let’s go back. The wind’s too strong, so it’s unsuitable for us two sicklings to stay here.” Lucas then took the strings away from me.

However, I was reluctant. “I want to stay here for a little while longer. I don’t know if I can be in such a comforting environment in the future.”

“It’s not nice for a girl like Jenny to be alone at home. If a stranger enters, it’ll be dangerous for her,” said Lucas hesitatingly. His tone sounded a bit weird as if he was suppressing something. Thinking that his illness was acting up again, I stopped insisting and left with him.

His bodyguard pushed my wheelchair forward. He was much more thoughtful than Lucas. When Lucas pushed my wheelchair, he was not that stable and would sometimes roll it over the pebbles. However, this bodyguard was very skilled. As expected from a professional who’s been trained to take care of Lucas.

When we returned, Jenny was instructing the others to fix the rooftop. As she was busy, I did not disturb her. I was about to enter the house to drink a cup of warm water when someone passed one to me.

I could feel it beside my mouth as if the person was feeding it to me. Thinking that he was Lucas, I said exasperatedly, "I can't see, but I can still move my hands. Not only have you fed me chicken soup, but you are feeding me water. Have you fallen in love with me?"

I was joking, but Lucas immediately stood up from the chair and waved his hands in denial. "Don't spout nonsense, Yvonne. I only helped you once because you were unwell. Must you tease me like that?"

It was not a simple task to tease Lucas. In the past, he would rebuke me by saying that he was my fiancé and that I should remember him. I could already sense the resentment in his voice.

I chuckled. "Who's the one who kept reminding me that you're my fiancé? It's rare of you to get this nervous." When I said that, I could feel that the atmosphere was becoming tense. I shivered and wrapped the blanket tighter around myself.

"Ahem!" Lucas placed a hand over his mouth and cleared his throat. When he saw the man, who was standing at one side, glaring at him with bloodshot eyes, his heart thumped wildly. Why did he show up here? He looks so pathetic. His mustache is unshaved, and his eyes are bloodshot. It's like he hasn't slept in days.

From the moment that man appeared, he had been staring at Lucas with such resentment that it was as if the latter had done something to me.

"I'm just joking. Why did you take it so seriously?"

"I always feel awkward when you joke, okay? I'm glad that I can make you equally awkward. Oh, right. I told Jenny to cook some fish today. Why don't you stay for dinner?" I asked with a smile.

"It's fine. I'll leave first." As if something was chasing him away, Lucas stood up from the chair and ran toward the door. Suddenly, he stopped and said to me, "Um, I'll leave one of my bodyguards with you. Just order him around. It's unsafe to not have a man looking after your house. I heard that it's quite dangerous here, with many homeless people committing crimes. He can protect you, and you can just order him around. You don't have to stand on ceremony with me."

"Wait, Lucas!" Why is he leaving his bodyguard with me? I was about to call Lucas back, but he had already left.

My mouth twitched as I glanced beside me and said to the air, "Sir, there are only two women here. It's a bit inconvenient for us, so why don't you go back?"

Despite so, the bodyguard did not say anything. Instead, he wheeled me to the sofa and helped me sit down. Then, he turned up the heater in the house, passed me an unpeeled orange, and walked to another place. From what I remembered, it was the kitchen.

"Sir? Sir?" I tried to call him back, but he ignored me. He slammed the kitchen door shut as if he was furious.

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The door slammed against the wall loudly. I widened my eyes, wondering if bodyguards nowadays had such a fiery personality. After a while, Jenny came down, and I told her that Lucas had left a bodyguard to take care of me.

She immediately ran to the kitchen to take a look. Then, she came out and told me, "Ms. Tanner, the bodyguard looks homeless. He's so dirty; it was like he had just rolled around in the dirt. Also, his cheeks are so pale. Did Mr. Goldstein find him on the streets? But..." Jenner cupped her cheeks and said excitedly, "he's really handsome, just like a movie star!"

Perhaps, Lucas wanted to help this homeless man out. Since he did not have a good excuse, he left the man with me. However, that man did not seem quite willing to stay here and even got angry at me.

I moved closer to Jenny and whispered, "Don't order him around, okay? His temper seems quite foul."

Jenny mumbled her acknowledgment before helping out at the kitchen.

Dinner was very sumptuous. There were six dishes and a bowl of soup. As Jenny and I could not finish the food, I planned to summon the bodyguard to eat with us. However, after he passed me my plate, he sat beside me directly.

I was a bit speechless by his actions. Well, isn't that rude! It's as if he's the owner of this house. He even roamed the house just now. Could he be one of those homeless criminals that Lucas mentioned?

At that, I trembled, feeling scared by what I just imagined. Just as I was thinking about it, someone placed a spoon beside my mouth. I could feel

the warm food on it. For a moment, I could not help but reveal a flustered expression. Why does everyone love to feed me? What's going on?

"Um... Lucas fed me soup as a joke. I can eat on my own, so you can just place the cutlery and plate by my hands. You don't have to do this."

Nonetheless, the man ignored my wishes and insisted on placing the spoon beside my mouth. I glanced at Jenny helplessly. "Jenny..."

"Sir, Ms. Tanner isn't used to others feeding her. You... Ahem!" Suddenly, Jenny changed the topic and said to me, "Ms. Tanner, if he's feeding you, you don't have to be that courteous. Since someone else is paying him instead of us, there no need to keep refusing."

Since Jenny was not on my side, I had no choice but to eat silently. For some reason, the dishes were exceptionally delicious today, and they even tasted familiar. I remember eating similar dishes back in Avenport's restaurants. When I was fooling around with Christopher in the hotel suite, he asked the restaurant to send over some dishes that tasted similar to these. However, the dishes here tasted better and fresher.

I drank more soup and savored it happily. "It's been a long time since I've had such delicious soup. Were you a chef previously?"

Instead of replying, the man poured another bowl of soup for me. Jenny asked him, "Why aren't you speaking? Are you a celebrity or a model? You look so handsome, so your voice must be nice too, right?"

Still silent, the man insisted on feeding me first before having his own dinner. The atmosphere felt really weird. After eating, he moved the dirty dishes to the kitchen. Without seeking Jenny's agreement, he wheeled me out directly.

Surprised, I yelled, "Where are you bringing me? Jenny! Jenny!"

I did not know what Jenny was doing, but she did not seem to hear my calls at all. Soon after that, the man had brought me out of the house and to the park. Then, he stopped and passed me a white cane.

Only then did I realize that he wanted me to exercise after eating. Holding the white cane, I stood up and walked around on the grassy field. The man followed behind me silently without saying anything. Hence, I could not help but ask, "Are you unable to speak? Don't misunderstand me, though. I don't intend to mock you. Since I can't see anything, I have no right to laugh at you either."

The man looked at me for a long time. I could even sense his gaze sweeping over my body from head to toe. Still, he remained silent. I had probably guessed the truth, for he did not reply to me.

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There was a round object rolling toward me, but I didn't notice it. Thus, I stepped on it and started toppling forward. However, the man next to me quickly pulled me back. I held his hand, which felt cool and smooth. Immediately, I thought of Christopher.

Perhaps, I really miss him too much. If not, why do I think of him every time there is a man nearby. Besides, Christopher would never let anyone call him a mute.

I could feel that the man was furious because he had kicked away the thing that made me lose my footing almost instantly. I didn't know how scary the expression on his face was, but the boy who came chasing for his ball suddenly stopped in his tracks and cried.

As soon as I heard the kid wailing, I tugged at the man's sleeve. "Don't be so hostile. He's just a child. Besides, I'm not hurt."

Remaining silent, the man just took my walking stick from me, held my hand, and continued to walk forward, almost as if thinking that this way was the safest. What a considerate man—gentle and thoughtful, just like Christopher. Perhaps something huge had happened at home, and it molded him into the wandering vagabond that he was today.

I held his hand tightly, imagining that I was holding Christopher's hand and naturally leaning toward him. We were really close to each other, and I thought that a tough man like him would push me away or distant himself, but he did not say a word. Instead, he pulled me closer so that my shoulder was against his arm.

We walked side by side, holding hands, into the sunset and toward the beach. After walking for a while, I said to him, "You are very similar to my husband. He can cook, too, but the food he cooks is not as delicious as yours. Yet, in my opinion, it is the best food I have eaten in my life."

The man suddenly stopped, and I could feel that he was looking at me again. I smiled and said, "Jenny told me that you're handsome, but you're definitely not as handsome as my husband. He's the most handsome and attractive man I've ever seen in my life."

“He’s as thoughtful as you are. He always thinks ahead and remembers things that I couldn’t recall. He takes care of me in every way and spoils me. Sometimes, it seems to me he’s treating me like a child.”

As I talked, my eyes became dry, and they felt really painful under the gauze bandages. Recently, the dosages for the medication became more and more that it made me so uncomfortable. I then crouched down and clutched at my forehead while biting my lips in agony. “Please comfort me and don’t let me cry. I mustn’t cry.”

He patted the back of my hand gently a few times in rhythm and then took my hand and pointed toward the distant sunset. I was still feeling bad, and I whimpered, “I miss him so much all the time. There is not a single moment that I do not think about him. Every day, I count the days to see how much longer I can live. Then I think about how much longer I will miss him. Even though those are just thoughts of him, they still make me happy. Even so, I feel like crying because I really want to see him so badly.

Out of nowhere, he put a stalk of flower into my hands. I sniffed the soothing fragrance from the rose and calmed down. Right at that moment, I remembered that everything was cheap in this town, all except for roses. Where did he get the rose from?

“Sir, you have taken a rose from me, and it costs one hundred. But since you treat your wife so well, I shall give you a 20% discount. Please pay me eighty because I have to replace it. I need it to propose to my girlfriend.”

Only then did I understand that this man actually got flowers from a passerby to comfort me. Upon that, I chuckled out loud. He was adorable, just like Christopher.

Then, I took out a one hundred note from my pocket and handed it to the passerby. Smiling, I said, “Sorry, here’s one hundred. Please keep it. I wish you success in your marriage proposal.”

On the third day of his arrival, I decided to give him a nickname, “Silas,” because he was always silent. I told him about this, and the man neither agreed nor disagreed. Anyway, whenever I called the name “Silas,” he would come.

When Lucas came as a guest, I told him, “He is an excellent bodyguard. He is tough enough to do repair jobs like plumbing and gentle enough to cook exquisite dishes. Strangely, you allow him to stay here with me. If you discover what he is capable of, you will surely regret.”

Oddly though, after I said that, Lucas laughed aloud in quite an awkward manner and said, “I can’t afford that. Besides, it’s better for you to

discover them so that you can use his services. Oh, and don't forget to pay him. Haha..."