

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 321

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I licked my lips and looked at him with desire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jenny did not come, but I heard heavy footsteps.

“Is this Silas?” I asked.

The man patted my arm to indicate he was.

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

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

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

Is he... taking advantage of me?

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

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

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

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

Silas stopped me as I reached out and tried to rub my itchy eyes. He wheeled me downstairs and fed me breakfast. I called out for Jenny a couple more times during breakfast, but she was still nowhere to be

found. Did she have a new boyfriend or something? Why is she always not around when I need her? I twitched my lips in annoyance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“N-Nothing!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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I never thought that Silas and Christopher were one and the same person. No wonder it felt so foreign yet so familiar to be in Silas' embrace. His cooking tasted familiar and he knew me well. Now I know why Lucas and Jenny were always acting weirdly around me whenever Silas was around.

As it turned out, they were trying to give us some privacy. They just wanted us to spend more time with each other.

But where is Christopher? I searched every corner in town and shouted his name again and again, but he was still nowhere to be found.

He must be mad at me for leaving without saying my goodbyes. He thought I was dead and was mad at me for not telling him about it. There were many reasons for him to be mad at me. Why else would he call me a cruel woman when he was making love to me that night?

Feeling dejected, I squatted down at the beach where we first met and sobbed. "Christopher, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I miss you. Please don't avoid me. I'm really sorry. Please, don't leave me."

"Will you still hide things from me in the future?" Christopher asked in a fierce tone.

"No, never again!" I wouldn't be crying over something I had lost if we had never met. I couldn't bear to have Christopher leave my side ever again. I didn't know if I could carry on without Christopher by my side during my final stage of life.

"You stupid woman, haven't you ever considered how sad I will be without you by my side?"

I turned around and saw Christopher standing by the beach with the setting sun reflecting in the water. He looked so charmingly handsome as he stood there quietly staring back at me.

I dreamt about this man countless times. I had also imagined him standing right before me as I caress his cheeks.

"Christopher!" I stood up and looked at him doubtfully. I was even starting to wonder if I was hallucinating. Why else would he be standing motionless over there? My vision started to blur.

I didn't realize I was crying until tears rolled down my cheeks and fell onto the back of my hand.

"Christopher, Christopher!" I shouted for him a few more times as I inched towards him. I was afraid he would disappear into thin air if I moved too quickly. My legs turned to jelly and I almost fell face down to the ground.

Christopher suddenly moved. He rushed up to me, helped me up, and pulled me into his arms. I reached out to caress his cheeks and pinched myself. This is real.

"This is not a dream," I cried.

Christopher unclenched his fist, revealing a delicate female ring. That was my wedding ring. I was down for days on end when I first lost it. Why is it with Christopher now?

Christopher slid the ring onto my ring finger and said, "Silly woman, you forgot to take your ring with you. I found you because of this ring. I won't let you leave my sight ever again from now on, not even for a brief moment."

I couldn't stand it anymore as I threw myself into his arms. We had been through a lot, but he still managed to come back to me after being separated for thousands of miles. I couldn't bear to push him away again after all that had happened.

We lay in each other's arms for the entire afternoon on the couch. Nobody said a word as we simply enjoyed each other's presence. We were happy to stay by each other's side.

I didn't tell him about my terminal illness nor how many days I had left to live. Christopher also kept quiet about how he found me. We were doing our best to make each other happy.

It wasn't until I received a call from Sabrina that I realized we had been spooning for the entire afternoon.

"What is it, Sabby?" I whispered.

"Eve, Christopher is nowhere to be found. The Lanes are going crazy trying to reach him."

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I looked back at the silent Christopher. He had his eyebrows raised without the slightest means to speak to Sabrina. Thus, I could only explain to her myself. "Sabby, Christopher... is here with me."

"What? How did he manage to find such a remote place? Did you tell him?" Sabrina exclaimed as she simply couldn't believe it.

"No. I only found out today. I—"

Christopher impatiently interrupted, "I'm right here, doing well. Tell my family to stop creating a fuss. It's annoying. I will visit them with my wife in a few days."

"Christopher, how... how did you find Eve? Did Zach tell you?" Sabrina asked cautiously.

"It's not him. Ugh... Do you know that you're very annoying? Everything was going smoothly until you called. Are you happy now? The next time you're doing it with Zach, I'll call and make him work—"

Toot... Toot... Toot...

Sabrina hung up the call instantly as she couldn't stand the impatient Christopher.

Meanwhile, Christopher casually tossed the phone to the couch and continued to hug my waist while leaning against the sofa. I quietly glanced at him. Ever since I met him on the beach, he had a sullen look, and he never smiled. Now, he returned to his usual tone of speech, but he was still not smiling. His face was cold and emotionless, just like a zombie.

Thus, I reached out and carefully poked his cheek. "Christopher!"

Even so, he remained still and ignored me, so I leaned over and nuzzled against his chest. Then, I nudged his cheeks even harder and called out his name, "Christopher..." I dragged the last syllable on purpose. Even I got goosebumps from hearing my own voice.

"What?" He turned his head and asked.

"Nothing. I just wanted to call out your name." I gave him a coy smile.

"Hmph!" He turned his head away and ignored me. After a while, he got up and walked to the kitchen. I wanted to follow him, but before I could go into the kitchen, he casually slammed the door in front of my face.

I touched the tip of my nose and sighed before I quietly returned to the living room. Then, I noticed Jenny sticking her head in. She made sure that Christopher wasn't around before rushing in, then she handed me a piece of white silk cloth. "The doctor gave this to you. He said to use it to cover your eyes. It's good for your eyes, and you can see through it."

I took the silk cloth and secured it to my eyes. It was soft and had a feather-like weight. After covering my eyes with it, everything appeared a tad blur, but I could still see clearly.

I knew Christopher would not be angry at me for too long. After all, we both knew about the condition of my illness. However, his sudden appearance ruined our plans. At that point, I didn't even know what would happen in the future.

After that, I sneakily gave Darius a call to tell him that I was safe so the Lane family would not worry about me. In the end, I asked him, "Darius, did you tell Christopher that I'm here?"

I figured if Sabrina and Zachary didn't say anything, then the only possible culprit would be Darius. He was in a relationship with my mother back then, and he also had a good impression of me. Additionally, he wasn't with the person he loved, so he wouldn't want Christopher to end up in his shoes.

Darius didn't deny it. "Chris is a very clever person. He reckoned that you are still alive with just a few clues, and he begged me not to keep anything from him any longer. Yvonne, I do respect you, but I'm sorry for ruining your plans. Even so, I don't regret it as we have no right to decide on Chris' behalf. He should make his own decisions."

Upon hearing those words, I couldn't help but feel guilty. Indeed, we're not God, and we don't have the right to decide anything for anyone. However, I selfishly made decisions for Christopher. I wanted what I thought was the best for him, but that wasn't what he wanted.

After some time, Christopher came out of the kitchen. He sat on the sofa and waved a finger at Jenny pompously. Instantly, Jenny quickly ran toward the kitchen.

"You! Sit down and don't move!" I wanted to look, but I was petrified when Christopher glared at me.

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Expected Chapter 328

As usual, Christopher prepared a feast, all of which was the food I loved and a bowl of potato and leek soup. I drank the soup while quietly looking at Christopher.

“Christopher, this soup tastes very similar to what I used to have at your hotel. Although it tastes better now, it’s just too familiar. Did you make the soup that I used to drink there?”

Christopher continued to eat his food. After a while, he couldn’t hold it anymore. Seeing that I was still looking at him intently, he then put some food onto my plate and said fiercely, “Can you be any dumber? You took a year just to realize such a trivial matter. Are you an idiot?”

“Yep, I am an idiot. I almost forget who I am when I look at you.” I smiled gleefully while sipping on my soup that warmed my heart whenever I drank it. Christopher did a lot of things for me even when I didn’t notice it.

I discovered them bit by bit, and when I realized it, it made me love him even more. At that thought, I continued to gaze at him lovingly while drinking my soup. Right then, I hope time could stand still so I could watch him forever. Christopher, on the other hand, was tired of me constantly watching him, so he put down his cutlery and asked, “What the hell are you looking at?”

I chortled when he snapped at me. After all, he was most terrifying when he was dead silent. I could still remember the time when he gave me the silent treatment, and it was horrible. Christopher once told me that his mother still cared for people even when she was angry. He was just like his mother, so that meant he had already quelled his anger.

After dinner, Christopher took me out for a walk. As usual, I had a bandage covering my eyes, but I could already see the outside world. He walked alone in front of me, so I stretched out my hand to hold his.

Immediately, Christopher vigorously shook it off, but I held on. He shook it off once again, yet I clung to his arm as if I was holding on to dear life.

“Let go!” Christopher demanded with an icy voice.

“Christopher!” I shouted and pouted. At that point, my eyes were red and swollen.

“Let go of me!” Christopher yelled, then shoved me away.

I looked at my empty hands, then gazed towards Christopher, who was walking in front of me. I stood there for a long while, holding in the tears back.

He was still angry at me. But he didn't know that I was planning to leave him again. I knew he was mad at me for leaving, but this feeling was worse than when I got injured and sick.

I didn't want him to be angry.

Seeing how angry he was, I lowered my head and shed my tears in silence until Christopher started walking again. I wanted to speak, but the nauseous feeling that was long gone suddenly returned, and it felt terribly uncomfortable. I staggered a few steps before landing on my bottom.

Everything was spinning around me, and I felt my stomach churning as if it was about to throw up. I got down on my knees and spewed out everything I ate that afternoon. As I continued vomiting, the ground gradually became a pool of blood.

"Christopher..." I tried my hardest to locate Christopher. However, he was standing by the beach, throwing rocks into the water, oblivious to what was happening to me.

"Christopher!" I covered my mouth and felt the perpetual stream of hot liquid coming out of me, and I couldn't stop feeling afraid. My eyes had healed, so the bloody vomit must be the after-effects of brain cancer.

"Yvonne, hang in there. I'll call Christopher over."

Fortunately, Lucas was nearby. After hearing what he said, I hurriedly grabbed him and tried to speak, "Don't alarm him. Please help me get rid of the blood. I can't let him see it. He will worry if he sees this much blood. Take me back. There's medicine in the house. I'll be fine after taking my medication."

After I said those words with all my strength, I became even dizzier. I felt as though I was on a roller coaster.

"Why are you still this stubborn even at this stage?" Lucas became anxious.

"Please! Don't let him see me like this! I'm begging you!" I held on to Lucas' arm and pleaded.

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When I got home, I called for Jenny to get me a change of clothes. She was crying the whole time when she rummaged through my closet. Meanwhile, I was struggling to straighten my body and take off my blood-stained clothes for Jenny to hide them. After everything was done, I lay on the bed.

“Jenny, when Chris comes home, tell him that I’m sleepy.”

Then, I fell into a deep sleep. While I was unconscious, I felt someone holding my hand and bringing me close while giving me warmth. I felt snug and at ease. Upon that, I smiled with my eyes closed.

When I woke up, it was already dark. I saw Christopher sitting on the edge of the bed under the orange light while staring at me unwaveringly. I rubbed my eyes groggily and smiled at him. “I was too tired, so I came home. Don’t be mad.”

“You fool!” Christopher grabbed me and held me. “You broke your promise. You said you would tell me wherever you’re going. You promised.”

I smiled quietly. Thank God he didn’t see me vomiting blood.

After I slept for the entire afternoon, I wasn’t feeling sleepy at all. I nestled in Christopher’s arms, but I couldn’t fall asleep. After a while, I looked at his face, then looked out the window and saw the reflection of the beautiful night sky reflected on the surface of the ocean. I saw the bright moon surrounded by glittering stars, and I could hear the perennial sounds of waves washing the beach.

“You wanna go out and have a look?” Seeing that I was staring at the beach, Christopher whispered.

“Yeah, I can’t sleep. I felt like going for a walk.”

“I’ll go with you!” Christopher got up and put on some clothes, then helped me to put on mine. He wrapped me up in a thick jacket and walked me out while holding my hand. That night, the sea breeze was strong, and it messed up my hair. My eyes felt a little sore, so I squinted my eyes and tried not to look too far away.

Christopher flipped the hood of my jacket over my head. When he saw that my eyes were tightly shut, he bent over and carried me in his arms. In shock, I opened one of my eyes and asked, “What are you doing?”

“You wanted to see the night view, so I’ll carry you there.”

“Okay!” I rested my head on his shoulders while he carefully walked forward with me in his arms. When he put me down on the beach, I couldn’t help but ask, “Are you not angry anymore?”

“That depends on your performance!” He huffed softly and turned his head away childishly. I pursed my lips and smiled as I tiptoed to kiss him on the cheek.

As I stepped back, he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me back. He looked at me amorously and kissed my lips. It wasn’t a passionate kiss but a gentle one; one that was so soft as though he was scared that it would hurt me.

Just like that, with our lips touching, our eyes met. I saw the sorrow and pain he suppressed in his eyes. It was almost imperceptible if I didn’t look closely.

I knew that he was upset about how I was counting down to my last days and the thought of me leaving him behind. The thing I feared the most was happening in front of me. I vomited blood today; soon, I might even end up in a hospital without the strength to eat, and Christopher would suffer even more than what he had right now.

“Christopher, you—” I couldn’t say it because I knew he would be angry if I said it. So I whispered the rest of it silently in my heart. Christopher, you shouldn’t have come.

He let go of my lips and kissed my forehead, and whispered, “You’re thinking about secretly leaving again, aren’t you? This time, I will really be angry.”

I quickly shook my head, pretending that nothing happened, but he always saw through me effortlessly.

“How did you find me?” I asked. After all, I have arranged everything thoroughly. With Darius helping me, there should be no mistakes.

“The next time you lie, please don’t ask Darius for help. He’s the worst at lying.” Christopher looked into the distance and pointed far away. “Look.”

I followed the direction of his finger and saw a beaming lighthouse. “That’s a beautiful lighthouse.”

“No...” He shook his head. “That’s where home is.”

I was stunned for a moment. Avenport?

After a while, Christopher turned to me and said, "Let's go home. I'll bring you home, okay?"

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I initially thought I would decline Christopher's request, but it turned out that I accepted it without hesitation when I saw the anticipation in Christopher's eyes. At that moment, I forgot who I was and only had one thought in mind—I would agree to it no matter what he said.

When Lucas saw me out, Christopher kept hugging me and glaring at him. A moment later, he said with a long face, "You don't have to see her out, for I'll take good care of my wife."

Lucas felt a little awkward upon hearing Christopher's direct remark. After all, Lucas was gentle and always spoke tactfully. Hence, I kicked Christopher gently and flashed Lucas an apologetic smile.

"Thank you for taking care of me all this time. It's my honor to have you as my friend."

"I hope I can hear it from you again when I meet you next time. Anyway, cherish your time," Lucas said.

"Of course!" I would be delighted if I still had the chance to meet Lucas again.

We flew first-class and returned to Avenport in a few hours. Once I got off the plane, I recalled the despair I had when I left this place.

My feelings now were different, yet I was still someone who was about to die. However, I wasn't afraid, for Christopher was always with me.

Once we got home, Christopher carried me to the couch and helped me wash up as though I was crippled. When it was about time to have medicine, I took out the pills from my bag.

I hesitated, for I would feel uncomfortable every time I had the pills. Although the doctor explained that it was alright, I didn't want to cough up blood before Christopher.

"What do you prefer having for lunch?" Christopher sat beside me and asked.

"How about eating out? I want to eat something simple but delicious," I blinked and replied smilingly.

"Sure, let's eat out later."

Since the sunlight was dazzling, I covered my eyes with the cloth given by the doctor to avoid hurting them again. The beautiful tune from the piano filled the restaurant, and I gazed at Christopher as he was eating. Right then, he was like the most beautiful being that I had ever laid my eyes upon, and I was very reluctant to move my eyes elsewhere.

"Hey! Is that you, Eve?"

I turned around and saw Mason and Mary. Delighted to see my old friends, I stood up and greeted them smilingly. "Mrs. Ziegler, it's been a long time. Are you here to have dinner with Mr. Ziegler? How sweet!"

"Haha, please spare me, for I'm already a middle-aged woman. Besides, aren't you with your husband as well—" Mary was startled once she pointed at Christopher. A moment later, she asked in disbelief, "Chris?"

"Mary, it's been a long time. Come and have a seat." Without hesitation, Christopher pointed at me and introduced me to them. "This is my wife, Yvonne. Since you guys are friends, why don't we have dinner together? However, I think dinner should be on you because you still owe me one."

"Sure, it's my treat tonight." Mason and Mary were shocked upon seeing us dating. After sitting down, they kept looking at me and only ordered whatever the waitress recommended. I chuckled and couldn't understand why they were so shocked to find out that Christopher and I were together. After all, the news about our relationship had been widespread.

After a while, Mary heaved a sigh and patted my hand. "We're aware of your relationship with Mr. Smith and also heard that you got a divorce. If a man doesn't love a woman anymore, she should get a divorce to ease the pain. Besides, Chris is a good man."

I smiled at Mary gratefully and replied, "Thank you. Even though I've divorced Lyle, I hope it won't affect your collaboration with the Smith family. After all, the family is still influential, especially since Sharon is in charge."

However, I could feel the reluctance in Mary's gaze. She probably wanted to ask me if the Lane family knew about it but held her tongue.

"Yvonne!" Suddenly, I heard Lyle's voice from behind.

Speak of the devil. I turned around and confirmed that it was Lyle.