

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 521

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A feeling of guilt and self-blame arose in my heart. I felt horrible thinking about how anxious Christopher must have been these past few days. If it were not for my impulsive actions, he would never have had to go through all that.

I could not imagine how he endured the past eight days. Perhaps he was standing by the bedside and blaming himself for not having protected me. Or maybe he had been smoking in the corridor and watching me through the glass. All the while, he was probably praying for me to wake up soon.

When the nurse came to give me my medicine, she saw me looking out the window. She quickly hurried over to shut it. "Don't expose yourself to too much wind. If you get infected, your husband will cause a huge scene in the hospital again. Last time he brought a gun here. Dr. Jennings almost passed out from the fear."

"Christopher wanted to shoot a doctor?" I was taken aback by this news.

"Yes. Your husband really loves you. You have no idea how saddened he was when your heartbeat stopped in the emergency room that day. He was close to ending his own life on the spot. All the medical staff were so shocked."

I shuddered. My hand went numb, and the cup I was holding fell to the floor. It smashed into pieces on the ground. Christopher almost ended his own life for me?

No one had told me about this, nor did I tell Christopher that I knew. The two of us just hugged each other softly in hopes that we could provide some comfort to the other.

A few days later, I received a parcel. Ustranasion was written on it, so I knew that it was an overseas parcel. Christopher handed it over to me and told me to open it myself. I did not recall having any friends overseas though. The only person I could think of was Remington in Anglandur. However, I did not see why it was necessary for him to write in Ustranasion to me even if he were to send me anything.

When I opened the parcel, I was frozen in surprise. It was a painting. Not just any painting, but the one I painted myself eight years ago. It was the Autumnal Panorama.

This painting held many memories and tears for me. Unexpectedly, it had now returned to my possession. Did Isabelle send this back to me to return it to its rightful owner?

I carefully ran my fingers over the painting. For a moment, I was lost in my emotions. The top right corner where Crystal's name used to be had been professionally removed. Now, it revealed my own name that I wrote all those years ago. It was almost as if the painting had never left me.

"I never thought I would see this again, especially not with my name on it." I looked toward Christopher and said lowly, "Chris, I rejected the invitation to join the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest. I even rejected it when they wanted to award me first place."

"I know." Christopher carefully kept the painting back in its box. "Even if you didn't, I would have rejected them for you. You deserve a bigger audience. Competitions like those are of no help to you."

In my time at the hospital, I was very well taken care of. Both Christopher and Julia took care of everything in detail. Even the food I ate was full of variety. Everything was just right for me and not too heavy either.

That day, Christopher pushed me into the garden to get some sunlight. To be honest, I was capable of walking already, but he was still unsure. He insisted on treating me like an incapacitated human being. I could not argue with him, so I did as he pleased. Anyway, I was glad to be taken care of.

Caring for me was probably the only time when Christopher was the least worried.

After some time, I started to get thirsty. Christopher set me down under a tree before leaving to go get me water. I shut my eyes slightly. The warm sunlight was making me sleepy. Suddenly, I felt someone's shadow tower over me. I thought that Christopher had come back, so I said, "I want orange juice. Can I not drink plain water? I've been taking so much medicine that I've lost almost all sense of taste."

I heard no response. Instead, the person in front of me just continued staring down at me. I could not help but open my eyes. Against the harsh sunlight, I saw Lucas' familiar face. However, he didn't look too good, and his face was pale. Clearly, something had happened.

"Lucas, why are you here? You..." I sat up to take a proper look at him. "Are you sick again?"

"You've seen him, haven't you?" He cleared his throat before continuing, "You've seen my uncle?"

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I was quite surprised that the first thing he said to me was regarding Mark. Lucas was a Goldstein, and Mark was his uncle. Hence, shouldn't he know more about Mark's situation than I?

Nodding, I said in confusion, "Yes, I have. He's in Anglandur. Don't you know that? Why are you acting as though this is news to you? Don't tell me you've never seen him all these years."

Lucas shot me a weird glance. He ignored my question and asked back, "I heard he got into a shooting in Anglandur. Do you know what's going on?"

I assumed Lucas was here because he was concerned for his uncle. With an apologetic expression, I replied, "I'm sorry, I don't know anything. The day the shooting happened, I was already on the plane. I only heard about it over the news. According to reports, they're fine. Don't worry too much."

"Fine?" Lucas' eyes shifted around. I had no idea what he was thinking. He was standing still, but his mind looked like it was running in a thousand different directions.

I had never seen Lucas like this before. He had always been extremely put together and well-mannered. Due to his physical condition, he never got involved much in the business world. He mostly gave off a scholarly vibe. However, now he seemed to have a sort of darkness enveloping him.

"Did something happen?" I could not help but ask.

He shook his head in response. After that, he asked me a little about how I was doing before preparing to leave. I had no time to react. Right before he went, something suddenly clicked in my brain. "Wait! Did you already know about my mother and your uncle? Do you know where they are?"

If that was not the case, how could he have known I would meet Mark when I went to Anglandur? It was a huge country, after all. The only possible explanation was that he knew where Isabelle had been all along.

Lucas turned his head back, revealing the calm expression on his face. Perhaps because the wind was too strong, but he coughed fiercely several times. At some points, I even thought that he might cough his lungs out. It was quite some time before he calmed down and said to me lightly, "Yes. I remember asking you if you wanted to see your mother, but you declined."

It was true that I had rejected his offer. At the time, I thought that if Isabelle still remembered me, she should come to see me of her own volition. My egoistic thoughts prevented me from asking Lucas about her whereabouts, even though I had always wanted to know. To be fair, I never expected him to know it in such detail.

“Back then, I thought that all you knew was that she was in Anglandur. I had no idea I was so close to knowing the truth.” I laughed bitterly. “When I saw her there, I was really surprised. I’ve imagined countless scenarios of how I would react if I ever saw her again. When I actually met her that day, my mind just went blank. All I wanted to know was whether she was doing all right.”

“I understand. She looks like she’s doing well. My uncle is good to her.” Something flickered in Lucas’ gaze. He was ready to go, but he deliberately came back just to say those words to me.

“Well, since you’ve said so, I guess I don’t need to worry about her anymore then.” I smiled. “Perhaps I really shouldn’t disturb her personal life, nor should I step into it.”

Lucas did not stay any longer. I felt like there was more he wanted to say to me, but he did not. There was no point in guessing what it could be, so I decided to just forget about it. The Goldstein family was a big family. There was no way they were as stable as they seemed on the surface. Judging from how fiercely the last generation battled, I was not stupid enough to get myself involved in anything. As long as Isabelle was fine, there would be no problems.

After being discharged, I was treated significantly better. Christopher wanted to take me home, but with Julia around, the house would be run by the Lane family. After dinner, I assumed I would have to sleep in the guest room. To my surprise, the servant brought me to Christopher’s bedroom instead.

I could not believe it. In fact, I actually thought that there was some sort of mistake. “Is the guest room not ready?” I asked the servant.

“Why do you need the guest room, Mrs. Lane? Do you have friends coming over?” asked the servant respectfully.

Mrs. Lane? Hearing this term, I paused for a moment. Then, I coughed slightly and asked, “Isn’t it a little inappropriate for you to be calling me that?”

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It would be bad if my future mother-in-law heard that and assumed I was the one who taught the servants to call me that. Though Christopher and I were already married, it was unwise for me to get too ahead of myself at this juncture.

“But, Mrs. Lane, aren’t you and Mr. Lane already married? Madam specifically instructed us to call you that,” the servant explained matter-of-factly.

W-What? I started wondering whether my stay in the hospital had messed with my brain. This must be a hallucination; if not, there was no way to explain Julia’s odd behavior. I was so preoccupied with my thoughts that I failed to notice Christopher entering the room.

“Why are you gaping? Did something amazing happen?” He grazed the tip of my nose gently with a finger.

“No... It just doesn’t make sense.” I pointed toward the staircase. “Your mom instructed the servants to address me as Mrs. Lane. I must be hearing things, aren’t I?”

My words must have amused him as Christopher broke into a light chuckle. In one swift motion, he lifted me and spun a few rounds around the room before setting me gently on the bed. “Have more confidence in yourself. My mom’s actually a softie on the inside. Since you treat her well, she’ll do the same to you. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be in my room right now.”

“So... I’ve been officially recognized?” I stared wide-eyed at him. “About what your mom said at the hospital... That she’ll prepare a wedding for us, that was all real?”

“Thinking of bailing out?” he suggested teasingly. “Too late, Mrs. Lane. Wedding preparations are already underway, so you’re technically the Lane family’s daughter-in-law now. No running away.”

My eyes lit up. Wedding! The word made my insides tingle with excitement. Being with Christopher for such a long time, I had always dreamed of walking down the aisle with him. I could already imagine the scene of us exchanging our sacred vows in front of a crowd.

I was not one for wanting a high-profile wedding, but it was a once-in-a-lifetime event. Although in my case, this was the second time. But, with a guy like Christopher, who loved and adored me, I wanted everyone relevant to witness and recognize our wedding. It would be my greatest honor to recite my vows proudly in front of everyone.

Mid-thought, I felt a tug on my lingerie. I looked down in time to see it fly across the room, joining my pile of clothes strewn on the floor.

I gave Christopher, who was busy loosening his tie, a light kick. "Weren't we just talking about our wedding? Why this all of a sudden?"

"Darling, you've been hospitalized for two whole months! You could've been out by the first month, but Mom insisted you stay longer for precaution's sake. Any healthy man would have lost it by now." Even in the midst of his explanation, his hands remained focused on stripping himself. Soon, he slipped under the blanket with me.

He planted a kiss on my forehead. "Aren't you afraid some other woman might try and seduce me away?" he suggested seductively.

"They won't succeed!" While entertaining him, I returned his kiss. "It's only been two months... What happens when I'm pregnant? We won't be able to do it for an entire year. You won't really find a temporary wife during that period, will you?"

"Don't worry about that. I've still got my well-trained hands. They'll take over your role during that period." Then, he pressed me back to the mattress, his head nuzzling against my breasts. Meanwhile, his hands trailed against my thighs, setting my skin ablaze with every touch.

"Then why didn't you use them during these two months?" My voice was becoming raspy, my breathing uneven.

"You're not pregnant, yet." Christopher spread my thighs and lowered his hips between them. "We've been married for a year now. You should bear my child soon... Did you see that weird look Sabrina keeps giving us?" And, that piece of shit, Zachary, keeps saying there's something wrong with my manhood! Though, I did punish him for that."

His reply cracked me up. However, the sound of my laughter was very quickly replaced by a high-pitched moan as Christopher pushed forward in a strong thrust. Remembering we were still at the Lane residence, I hurriedly covered my mouth.

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That night, I learned never to make him starve ever again. The next morning, I woke up feeling achy all over my body. I forced myself out of bed, not wanting to sleep in right after being accepted as their daughter-in-law.

I looked toward the bathroom when I heard a cheery hum coming from there. Seems like someone's in a good mood. Seeing Christopher shaving his stubble, I walked over, grabbed him by his waist, and spun him toward me. He released a soft groan, holding my wrist with his free hand. "Darling, are you trying to murder me?"

"You read my mind!" I said indignantly.

"Who dares to anger my wife?" A satisfied Christopher seemed to find my temper ironic on such a beautiful, sunny day. "It's still early. Why don't you sleep a little longer?"

"You dare suggest that?" I raised my fist, hitting his chest lightly a few times. "Everyone will look at me weirdly if I only appear at lunchtime."

"Don't worry about it. Just listen to me and sleep. The Lane residence doesn't have that many rules except toward strangers. But you're family, so you don't have to stick to them. My mom and dad would never blame you even if you do mess up. If anything, they'd do everything to protect you." After wiping his face, he scooped me up and tucked me back into bed. "There's no need to be so cautious."

"As if you'll understand!" I rolled my eyes.

Truth be told, the atmosphere here was great. I was sure I would be able to live a comfortable life in this house. Even so, it did not feel right to let myself be overly spoiled by Christopher, who was still insisting I sleep a bit longer.

After he was done changing his clothes, I got up and prepped myself as well. I came down to find Christopher and Gordon intently discussing today's news. It was something related to the country's defense. Completely clueless about that, I greeted them and headed straight for the kitchen.

I rolled up my sleeves, beginning to prepare a few of my specialty dishes. After the table was set up, everyone gathered around and enjoyed the meal together.

Breakfast was filled with laughter. Dylan cracked a joke, making Julia laugh. I, too, had a great time conversing with them.

After breakfast, everyone headed off to where they needed to be. After Gordon's retirement, he found interest in chess and had retreated to his room to mull over his moves, leaving only us ladies left.

Feeling a bit nervous, I took out a pack of poker cards and suggested we play a few rounds. The winner would get to paste paper strips on the loser's face. The game ended up with Shelley and I having our faces covered with paper because I did not have the courage to do it to Julia.

Fortunately, Julia was also having a fun time. She laughed hysterically while we were executing the punishment. "Seems like I have a talent with poker as well. I really should flaunt my skills out there. Ahh... which reminds me, I used to be a favorite at card games because I kept losing money to my opponents. Both of you must have given in to me quite a bit, didn't you?"

I smiled at her comment, pretending not to understand. Then, just as I bent over to pick up a fallen card, I carelessly revealed the hickeys on the back of my neck.

Julia's eyes lingered on them for a few seconds before she returned her attention to the game. "Chris is usually a considerate child. But, once he acts up, he can go a bit overboard. Don't give in to him all the time. Someone should reign him in a bit," she said languidly.

Realizing what she was talking about, my hands instinctively rushed to cover the hickeys. A scarlet flush reddened my skin. I was suddenly conscious about the amount of noise I was making last night. Did they hear us?

Then, Julie continued, "Some of my friends have invited me over to play poker. You should come too. It will do you good to know more people in our social circle. Oh, and I've called the family doctor over. You should get yourself checked to make sure your body's fully recovered. Fragile bodies we have, don't we? That's why you shouldn't let Chris have his way with you all the time."

Despite feeling embarrassed, her words sent a warm tingling sensation over me. So this is how a mother's love feels like...

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The Scotts decided to hold a one-month-old party for the baby in a few days. In actuality, he had already exceeded one month old at that moment. However, due to the tradition in Avenport, it was better to celebrate it as close to when the baby was two months old as possible so that he could live a longer life in the future. As stubborn as Sabrina was, she, of course, chose the day right before the baby reached two months old. Yet, as a result, I could attend it. Otherwise, I would have had to give her my blessings while in the hospital.

Previously, I would always attend such a party alone. Even after knowing Christopher, I still seldom joined a party with him openly. The few times we were together, we had always ended up getting tangled in a mess or being the center of gossip.

This time, I attended it with Julia. As soon as I arrived at the hall in a gown prepared by Julia and a pair of high heels, I instantly noticed how the crowds' gazes on me had changed.

"Hi, darling! Come here and let me hold you for a while." As I carried the baby in my arms, I found it hard to tear myself away from him. He kept giggling when he saw me as if he remembered that I had taken care of him for two days before.

After comparing him with Sabrina, I said with a smile, "The more I look at him, the more he resembles Zachary. Sabby, your genes seemingly aren't strong enough. I can't find a feature on him that resembles you."

"So what?" Sabrina had always been open to joking. At that moment, she sat on a rocking chair with a servant pushing the chair continuously beside her. While eating imported grapes from Anglandur, she said, "If he inherits his father's genes, he will be as handsome as his father in the future. When we go out together in the future, the women will surely be jealous of me, knowing that I have two extremely good-looking men by my side! Haha!"

Seeing her getting carried away, an urge to slap her surged through me instantly.

"Don't make a fuss in front of Zachary. He's an honest man, so he'll take anything seriously. He even kept questioning Chris about why we don't have children yet. After getting beaten by Chris, he still acted innocent. As a result, Chris mentions it in resentment whenever we get into bed. I have to bear the consequences as well, you know."

Finishing that, I touched the baby's tender face lightly. Interested, he grabbed my fingers and started to play with them.

"Well, it serves Zach right! Every day, he keeps bugging me about having seven to eight children. I'm not a breeding machine, so why the hell should I give birth to so many children? Yet, he doesn't know when to give up. If I don't teach him some lessons, he'll never learn."

Well, now I know that she did it purposefully. I twitched my mouth before saying in resignation, "Be careful. If Zachary ends up getting hurt, don't come crying to me. I won't sympathize with you then."

"Don't worry. I believe in Zach's abilities."

That's probably how an affectionate couple is. It's indeed the most blessed thing in my life that both my friend and I have found our happiness.

The hall was lively and crowded. Some passersby would greet me now and then. Most of them were the sons of wealthy families who hadn't mingled with me before. It was at such a moment that I felt my status was elevated.

After getting bombarded by nonstop blabbering from the people around me, I finally understood why Christopher always hid in a corner whenever he attended a party. I can't stand it anymore. It's so noisy that my head feels like it's about to explode.

After finding a quiet corner out on the balcony, I sipped at some wine. Just as I planned to relax, I suddenly saw Benjamin running out to the balcony with Crystal following after him. While crying, she hugged Benjamin from behind. "Benjamin, please don't be angry anymore. I got deceived by Benson into helping him do all that. Can you forgive me?"

Yet, Benjamin struggled out of her arms, turned around, and looked at her coldly. In a calm tone, he said, "Then, Ms. Yates, can you preserve yourself some dignity? Why do you keep bothering me?"

Crystal widened her eyes in disbelief at his words. As she blinked her eyes, a tear rolled down her face. "Benjamin, even if I did deceive you, even if the person who saved you before was Yvonne, are you going to deny me just because of these? We still have a wonderful past together. All those memories belong to both of us, not Yvonne. You even promised me that you'll protect me forever regardless of what happens."

Hearing that, Benjamin stretched out two of his fingers and lifted her chin. After looking at her for a moment, he suddenly tossed his head back and laughed. Then, he remarked slowly, "The one I want to protect is the kind

woman who was once willing to risk her life just to save me, not a promiscuous b*tch!"