

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 526

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Crystal's face turned pale instantly. The comparison was like a direct blow on her. As if she couldn't believe herself getting treated like that by Benjamin, she froze in place, stunned.

Meanwhile, I curled up in a corner, pretending like I wasn't there. Well, Crystal brought this on herself. Benson can never return after the head of the Miller family sent him overseas. Now that even her last hope has crumbled, she has no choice but to find Benjamin. Fortunately, Lyle isn't here to witness this. Otherwise, he will pass out in anger for sure. Then again, I guess he was already incredibly outraged the day Benjamin married Crystal, so most probably, he won't care about this anymore.

"You can't do this to me! You've drawn a beautiful future for me, yet now, you plan to crush it. No! You're the one who spoiled me and taught me how to live an easier life in the Tanner family by stepping on Yvonne. How can you abandon me after you made me into a bad woman? Why? Is my love an excuse for you to trick and use me?"

The argument between Crystal and Benjamin went on nonstop. One was crying while begging; another remained cold the entire time. Nevertheless, I couldn't stay there forever. I came with Julia, so it wasn't appropriate to leave her alone. On top of that, she was my future mother-in-law.

Just as I was busy brainstorming an idea to get myself away from the balcony, my phone rang abruptly. The melodious ringtone quickly attracted Crystal's and Benjamin's attention, causing both to look over in my direction concurrently.

"Yvonne, why are you here?" Crystal shrieked.

"I-I'm only an unrelated person. Please ignore me and go on with your conversation." With that said, I quickly dashed past them and left the balcony. With how unstable Crystal was right now, she would definitely pick on me if I continued staying there.

Back at the hall, I couldn't help but recall how Crystal seemed to have grown weirder recently. Her words are becoming more extreme, and her expressions strange. It's as if she has a mental problem. I shouldn't get involved with her anymore. What she did before is already considered crazy. If she's truly gone mad, I can't imagine what she will do in the end.

The call was from Julia. Since she had a meetup with her friend that afternoon, she reminded me not to stay out late and left. After sending her off, I turned around to find Benjamin beneath a tree, looking at me with a strange expression.

Thus, I nodded slightly at him as a greeting. When I walked past him, he suddenly said, "If I had been the one who saved you from drowning in the lake back then, would you have fallen head over heels for me just like how you did Lyle?"

At that, I frowned. Lyle and I are already in the past, so isn't it inappropriate for him to mention this now? I then turned around and let out a chuckle. "Mr. Miller, what do you mean?"

Benjamin cast me a meaningful gaze and smiled bitterly. "Recently, I've been dreaming about what happened that year. I was lying on the ground and couldn't move at all. The next thing I remembered, a girl with a pink hairpin was carrying me on her back. She kept walking forward while talking to me, saying, 'Don't be scared. Everything will pass. We won't die here. The bad guy will get his dues one day. Since we didn't do anything bad, we're good guys.'"

After pausing briefly, he continued, "When I opened my eyes forcefully to see your young face, I told you that I would protect you forever."

I understood Benjamin's persistence on the matter. Indeed, I was once the same as him, treating Lyle as the light of my life. After all, it was natural to fall for the one who pulled you out of hell when you were in utter desperation.

Strangely enough, Christopher, Lucas, and the others knew that I was the one who saved Benjamin, so they had never believed Crystal.

"Mr. Miller, it's all bygones, so let's not dwell in the past."

"But, I..." Benjamin looked as if he had something he wanted to say desperately. However, I shook my head, smiled, and quickly interrupted, "Mr. Miller, you aren't a bad guy, but you can't deny that you're spoiled. You like to prank people, so you get along well with Crystal. Our personalities have always been different from the beginning, so you would never have helped me. Moreover, even if it turns out that you saved me that time instead of Lyle, we wouldn't have ended well either."

Upon pondering for a moment, I added, "In the end, we would have only ended up as another tragedy."

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Despite looking grim, Benjamin didn't say anything, as he knew I was right about it. According to his personality, I would always be the type of person he despised. After all, I wasn't clever and would only cry like a loser when I faced issues. Moreover, I had noticed him mocking me disdainfully several times when he saw me getting bullied before.

A while later, he suddenly said, "What I'm going to say next might make you laugh at me, but the girl with the pink hairpin was my first love. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

I shrugged. "A bit. Anyway, who doesn't have a few dark incidents in their past that they hope to erase? Stop dwelling on it. We're all grown up now, aren't we? Usually, we'll bury our first love in our hearts. Nonetheless, thank you for loving that girl sincerely. She's felt it and was happy."

All of a sudden, Benjamin walked over and hugged me tightly. Just as I planned to push him away, he quickly backed away. "I'll go overseas the day after tomorrow as per my father's instruction. Since I'm too depressed currently, I need time to heal. Can you send me off while wearing the pink hairpin? Just treat it as fulfilling my childhood dream."

A moment later, I nodded hesitantly. "I'll go." It's for the sake of drawing an end to his dream.

"Thank you, and sorry."

Thank you for giving me a dream. At the same time, sorry for hurting you before.

I was in time to see Sabrina greeting the guests with the baby in her arms when I returned to the hall joyfully. Instantly, I brushed off everything that happened a few moments ago and rushed over to help her.

At that instant, two people suddenly entered the hall. Upon sensing their presence, many guests quickly stood up in shock. The crowd near the entrance went into an uproar.

"Isn't that Mark Goldstein?"

"Is the one beside him his wife? I'm not seeing things, right?"

What? I couldn't see them clearly since the crowd in front of me blocked my view. Nonetheless, my hope rose at the mention of Mark. If Mark is back, who would be with him if it isn't Mom?

"Sabby, hold him." In a hurry, I shoved the baby into her arms and rushed past the crowd. The moment I saw Isabelle, I froze in place. That's my mom. Is she back? For real?

Overwhelmed, I bit my lip and gazed at her. She looked graceful as she smiled gently at the crowd surrounding her. However, I didn't dare to approach her, not knowing if it was appropriate for me to appear in front of her at that moment.

When she noticed me soon after that, she immediately let go of Mark's hand and walked over. Then, she held my hands and smiled gently before saying amicably, "My daughter, I'm back now! Sorry for coming back late."

Her smile and words overlapped with the ones I had dreamed of before. In my dream, she would hold my hands and smile like this. Next, she would tell me that she was back with teary eyes.

At that instant, I could think of nothing but her gentle smile. I opened my mouth to say something, yet no voice came out. In the next second, I turned around and ran out of the hall abruptly, as I was afraid that I would end up sobbing the moment I opened my mouth.

"Eve!" Instantly, Isabelle chased after me. When she caught up with me in the garden to see me standing there, crying nonstop, she attempted to approach me. Yet, I quickly stopped her, shouting, "Don't come near me!"

As a result, she halted in her tracks and didn't dare to take another step forward. She was nothing like her graceful self back in the hall. Instead, she looked like she was at a loss as she cast me a worried look. Carefully, she said, "Eve, I know that you've suffered a lot these few years. Trust me when I say that I'm heartbroken as well. I came back this time as I wanted to know how you were doing. It's fine if you hate me since I deserve it. After all, I left you in the Tanner residence alone back then. I'm so sorry."

"I don't want your apology!" That's right! I don't need that right now.

Hearing that, she bit her lip as she grew even more anxious. "Eve, my dear daughter, you've been through a lot over the years. I was not a responsible mother. It's my fault. I-I only want to look at you. If you don't want to see me, I promise that I'll never show myself in front of you after this."

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"I knew it! You still plan to leave me alone here to be bullied by the others again! If that's the case, why did you come back? Go away! I don't want to see you! After all, I've gotten used to not having a mother after so many years! Go!"

Why is she thinking of leaving right after she's back? I only want my mom to stay by my side. It isn't willful, as it's only an expectation from a daughter toward her mother.

"I-I'm not! That isn't what I meant! I wasn't thinking of leaving. I-I-" Isabelle seemed to be stumped at my words. The once eloquent woman suddenly seemed to have lost her way with words. First, she said that she wouldn't leave. Then, she said she would leave if I didn't want to see her. After that, she said she was sorry. It was as if she didn't know what she was saying at that point. In the end, she shut her mouth. With tears streaming down her face, she just kept apologizing to me.

I could no longer hold myself back anymore, so without caring about anything else, I jumped into her arms and started wailing. "Mom! Mom!"

This is my mom! Even though we had so much conflict back in Anglandur, it only takes one sentence from her for me to brush it off and forget everything.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she patted my back lightly. "I'm sorry. We were facing some problems back then in Anglandur. I was afraid that you might get tangled in our mess, so I didn't dare to speak more to you. Can you forgive me? How can I not know your father? So I know for sure that you've lived a difficult life in the Tanner residence. However, there was someone after us at that time. I was scared that they would target you, so I had no choice."

"No! I didn't blame you for any of it. I know that you love me!" Although tears blurred my vision, I could still see her tears and the guilt and devastation in her eyes.

"Yvonne, my darling! Let me have a look at you!"

In the end, I left the party early, following Isabelle into her car. I kept holding her hand the entire time, terrified that I would lose her again once I released my grip. It made me feel like I was a child. As Isabelle sized me up, a proud smile crept onto her face. "You grew up already. The time sure

passed in the blink of an eye. Yet, you have always been so young, petite, and obedient in my memory.”

“Yeah! I’m an adult now!” In return, I paid so many prices to grow up. “Mom, were you fine after the shooting incident? I was so worried about you, but I didn’t know if I should bother you or not.”

With that, I started to examine her thoroughly and was just one step away from touching her with my hands.

“Don’t worry. I’m fine since we prepared in advance. Fortunately, you left that day. I was so scared that you would also face danger when you were with us.” The more she thought about it, the deeper the fear set in. As she caressed my face, I couldn’t help but notice how gentle her touch was. It was very different from Christopher’s.

A moment later, she asked, “Why do you seem thinner than before? Doesn’t your boyfriend take good care of you?”

Since I didn’t want her to know about me getting shot by a shotgun, I quickly explained, “He and his family members treat me well. Moreover, isn’t it good that I got thinner? Many women hope to lose some weight, yet they fail. After all, the society nowadays prefers skinny beauties.”

“I still prefer you to be chubbier. It’s good for your body if you can eat a bit more.” Isabelle then took out her purse, pulled out a photo from it, and started to look at it intently. I leaned closer and found a six-year-old chubby me who beamed while standing in the garden in the photo. She had dressed me up as a princess at that time.

The photo was a tad yellowish, but Isabelle had preserved it so well. Its worn edges showed that its owner had held and caressed it often.

“Look at how cute you were when you were younger. Eve, can you let me take care of you from now on? Regardless of what happened, I’ll forever stand behind you, be your support, and protect you.”

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Filled with even more questions, I grabbed on to her tightly and asked anxiously, “Will you be leaving again soon? Are you going to stay in Anglandur forever?”

Since she was already Mrs. Goldstein then, I understood a lot of things were not up to her to decide. It would not be possible for her to stay if

Mark had to leave the country. Still, it would break my heart to see my mother leave again.

"I'm not going anywhere. This time I'm staying here for good. You're the reason why I'm here, and I'm not going to leave your side again." After wiping the tear hanging at the corner of my eye, Isabelle started crying herself. "Everything happened so fast back then, and not bringing you with me was my greatest regret. You have no idea how relieved I am to see you safely grow up. Whatever the Tanners did to you, I'll make sure they pay for it. Don't you worry."

When my mother mentioned Nathan, I could see her contempt toward the man in her eyes. I thought she loved my father because that was what Darius told me too. He insisted that my father was the love of my mother's life.

"Mom, what exactly happened back then? Why did you have to leave so suddenly? You were gone for years!" I could no longer keep those questions to myself. I was convinced that my mother only left me because something serious had happened. She loved me, this I could tell, so there had to be a reason.

Looking at me guiltily, Isabelle seemed reluctant to provide me with an answer.

"Is it something you can't tell me?" My gaze dropped to the floor in disappointment. "You know, people have told me a lot of bad things about you, but I didn't listen to them. You only did what you did because Dad was in the wrong. He cheated on you, right?"

"It's not that I can't tell you." Isabelle sighed, and she had never looked sadder. "Eve, you're right. Something did happen back then. But now is not a good time to talk about it. I'll tell you everything when it's over, I promise. For now, you'll just have to trust me. I'll never do anything to hurt you, Eve."

In the end, I decided not to dwell on the question. I did not go back to the Lane residence that evening, and neither did Isabelle to the Goldstein's. We got ourselves a hotel room and talked there the whole night through.

Isabelle got upset when I mentioned my past with Lyle. "Old Mrs. Smith used to be a very capable woman, so you can understand why I find it hard to believe that she would spoil her grandson like that. It just doesn't make sense to me."

"Grandma actually treated me okay." I was content with what I had then, and the past just seemed like distant history.

"I left those shares for you, but not only did old Mrs. Smith decide to hide it from you, but she also took all the dividends earned. No matter what she told you, those shares belong to you. Do you hear me?" Isabelle poked my forehead lightly. "Tomorrow, we'll go get what's yours, and you can spend the money however you like."

Even though I had no idea why Grandma did that to me, I would rather not find out. That way, I could save myself the sorrow.

"How has, uh... How has Mark been treating you, Mom?" I asked my mother hesitantly, seeing how she had never mentioned her life with the man since we met. The only time she did was when we talked about business. That was why I could not help thinking that the two had grown apart.

After glancing at me, Isabelle gave me a forced smile. "He's good to me. Though, he's too focused on his career sometimes. The man's always trying to figure out how to expand his empire, so all he can think about is how to make profits. Hey, if Mark said anything to you that sounded weird, just ignore him, okay?"

Nestled in my mother's arms like when I was younger, I could feel my eyelids getting heavier and heavier before I soon fell into a deep sleep.

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The next morning, I woke up with a big, satisfied smile on my face. It was as if everything would work out as long as I had my mother by my side. A servant of the Goldsteins was already waiting for us when my mother and I walked out of the hotel. "Madam, I was ordered to take you back home."

Refusing to let my mother go, I immediately grabbed her by the hand. "Can't you live with me?"

"I'm a Goldstein now. Of course, I have to stay at the Goldstein residence, silly," answered my mother with a warm smile as she ran her fingers through my messy hair.

She made me realize that I had acted selfishly, so I loosened my grip. "Can I go visit you then? Mr. Goldstein isn't against that, is he?"

"You can come to visit me anytime. It's just that I'm afraid he might be upset that I didn't go home yesterday night, so wait for my call, okay? Be good, Eve."

I tried my best to control my emotions as I watched Isabelle leave. It was six in the morning when I reached home, and sitting on the couch in the living room was Christopher with a stony expression on his face. It was only after I saw Christopher in person that I remembered I had not contacted the man since I met my mother the day before.

"Chris!" I called out to the man, but he chose to ignore me.

Obviously, Christopher was mad at me, just like Mark was after my mother's disappearing act. After setting up the table, I asked Christopher what he would like for breakfast, but still, he would not talk to me. Like an upset overgrown child, Christopher pouted and gave me the cold shoulder, which I found to be slightly amusing.

I then scooped up a spoonful of oatmeal and tried to feed the man-child with an apologetic smile. "Open up. I know you want some. Come on, don't be mad at me. I just got a little too excited yesterday, that's all. I know it was wrong of me to forget to call you."

"Hmph!" Christopher turned his head sideways, then picked up a random book on the table and pretended like he was reading. "As you can see, I'm quite busy now."

"About that... your book is upside down," I reminded the pouting man by pointing at his book cover. After realizing that I was right, Christopher decided to toss the book aside and turned on the TV, continuing to pretend like he could not be bothered with me.

"It's a shame that no one wants this bowl of oatmeal. I would've eaten it myself if it wasn't meant for someone special. Heck, I even queued all morning so that that special someone could have a nutritious meal. Not to mention I didn't get any sleep at all last night."

With that, Christopher immediately turned around. "What? Why didn't you sleep? Doesn't your mother care about your health?"

"Oh, so you do care?" I quickly covered up my mouth to stop myself from laughing while Christopher's face hardened even more. Seeing that, I inched closer with a sweet smile.

"It seems to me like all you need is your mother. I'm surprised that you still remember you have a husband," huffed Christopher.

“Well, I’m back, aren’t I?” I set the spoon down and embraced Christopher. “I finally got to see my mother again. I think you can understand why I needed to give her my full attention, right?”

“If you have to do this again, at least give me a call next time.”

“I promise. No matter where I go, you’ll get a full report from me.” I then wagged my phone in front of my husband. “It’s dead. I didn’t ghost you on purpose, okay? Hey, you know what would be a great idea? You should install a tracking device on my phone so that you’ll always know where I am. How does that sound?”

“You think I haven’t done that already? Why else did you think I was waiting at home?” sneered Christopher condescendingly at me as if I was a complete idiot.

In response, I stared at the man in disbelief and wondered when he managed to install the device without my knowledge.