

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 536

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"This is so twisted! You must have been cursed by someone wicked to have all these bad things happening to you, Yvonne. Oh, God. All my life I've known so many people, yet all of their miseries can't even add up to yours."

Frustrated, Sabrina paced in front of me with her child in her arms. At the sight of me keeping quiet and staring blankly into the air, she sighed and handed her son to me. "Hold your godson for me. Since there's no way of reversing what happened, we should find a way to solve it rather than give up, don't you think so?"

I held the baby in my arms and rocked him gently. "It was only yesterday when Chris and I were discussing which wedding gown I should wear, Sabby. Just one day, and we are separated by our families' feud."

"You're definitely the unluckiest person in the world. I thought Christopher decided that celebrating April's Fool early was a good idea when he called me this morning." Sabrina clutched her head. "All of this started from the moment your mother came back! If I knew this was going to happen, I would have done anything to prevent her from returning."

Uncertain of what to say, I merely stared at Sabrina.

"Relax. I'm just joking." Realizing that she might have gone overboard, she laughed dryly.

"What should I do? I can never be with another man other than Chris. But how do I get my mom to agree to our marriage?" I could only turn to Sabrina for help as I was running out of ideas.

"I'll need time to think of something. This is no easy feat. I may have a lot of ideas but I'm just an ordinary person."

Sabrina continued pacing anxiously. After a while, she rushed to my side and whispered, "How about we give this a rest? Not having a wedding ceremony can't change the fact that you are already married to Christopher. Wait till you have your first child! Mrs. Goldstein will be so happy to have a grandchild that she will agree to your marriage."

With a hand to my head, I leaned limply on the sofa. Sabrina scratched her head and sighed.

Nothing much happened in Avenport for the past two days, including at the Goldstein residence. The Tanners should be the only ones having a problem. Nathan saw me at the hotel the other day, but he didn't say anything to me. He was gone by the time we left. I had no idea what Mom could have told him that made him so grumpy that day. I hadn't heard a word from him since then.

The latest economic news was the acquisition of a company originally under the Tanners due to bankruptcy. As I read the news, the purpose of Isabelle's return suddenly became clearer to me. Hidden behind her gentle smiles was the promise of revenge against those who had hurt her before.

All of a sudden, she seemed so distant from the mother I thought I knew.

Then, Sharon came to my mind. She must have known something about the Andersons, given that she knew my mom a long time ago. Maybe I could ask her what happened at that time and find a way out of this mess. Sabrina was right. I should not give up easily without trying.

Sharon's mansion was refurbished. The flowers that I planted for her were gone and replaced by other flowers, making the courtyard lifeless. Since Sharon didn't like her daughter-in-law Wendy much, they were no longer staying together. In the end, she was the only one left in the mansion. All she could do was gaze at the flowers in her wheelchair alone.

I walked over to her and handed the pair of scissors on the table to her. Sharon looked up. Unsurprised, she started tending to the flowers while saying, "I met your mom two days ago, and now here you are. I'll get someone to pass you the shares."

"I'm not here for that!" Money was never of that importance to me. I had refused it the last time, and it made no difference for me to do it again.

"Why else are you here if not for the shares?" Sharon widened her eyes. After all, no one could resist the temptation of getting rich, and I own the shares rightfully.

"Could you tell me about the Andersons?"

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"The Andersons!" Sharon exclaimed, not exactly knowing where to start with. "You must have encountered some problems related to the family to ask me that. I don't know much about them now, but back in my days, the Andersons are one of the most prominent families in Avenport. Their

power is much stronger than the Smiths and the Tanners, and that can be proven by the fact that your dad was able to make a name out of their support.”

I had never heard of this before. All I knew was that my grandparents died in an accident before I could meet them. I never knew that the Andersons were so powerful.

“Your Uncle Robert was a very talented young man. I saw him twice at parties and we had a collaboration once. Alas, his parents passed away in an accident and his investments went wrong. I guess he couldn’t take it anymore and committed suicide.”

“Did Uncle Robert really jump from Centurion Tower?” That must be the end of the Andersons’ glory after Uncle Robert’s death.

“Your mom must have already told you. It’s true. Your mom had such a hard time dealing with the loss of family and your father’s infidelity that I wasn’t surprised at all when she finally left him for good. Your mom may seem gentle and forgiving, but deep down she is a tough person who will not endure such humiliation.”

Listening to what Sharon said, my heart sank. Despite being angry with my mother, I knew perfectly well that she was in a difficult spot. Even Sharon, who was not part of our family, could tell.

However, at the thought of me and Christopher’s bleak future, I couldn’t help feeling sad.

A Porsche stopped at the gate and Lyle came down from the car. When he noticed me standing beside Sharon, he paused for a brief moment before resuming his pace. Handing some documents to Sharon, he said, “I’ve brought these as requested. All Yvonne has to do is sign on them.”

“Since Eve is here, how about we have dinner together?” As Sharon turned around and asked Molly to prepare food, I hurriedly declined, “It’s okay. I still have things to settle.”

“All right then.” She handed the documents to me. “This is what your mom wants. Make sure to give it to her. You should give Eve a lift home, Lyle.”

I hadn’t seen Lyle in a while. He seemed to have changed and become much quieter. Other than one sentence, he didn’t say anything else on the way back.

As the car headed toward my house, I spoke. “Please drive me to the Goldstein residence.”

“Okay.” Lyle made a U-turn and continued driving. After a moment, he blurted, “I’m sorry for what happened last time. I was drunk.”

It took me a while to realize that he was referring to what happened at the golf course. I had almost forgotten about it.

“I know,” I replied shortly.

“Are you and Christopher preparing for the wedding soon? Your mom told my grandma that the shares will be your dowry.” Lyle didn’t look back because he was concentrating on the road, yet I could sense his grim tone.

After Christopher revealed our relationship to be with me, everyone thought we were eventually going to have a grand wedding ceremony. With all the blessings and envies, I thought I was going to marry him too. Who knew that the wedding would not happen after all we had been through? Lost in my own thoughts, I agreed with Lyle evasively.

All of a sudden, I saw my mom standing at the entrance of a café on the opposite road. She was talking to a man with a smile on her face, and the man was holding her hand affectionately.

“Stop the car!” I yelled.

Startled, Lyle stepped on the brakes and asked, “What happened?”

Ignoring him, I dashed out of the car and followed my mom. I still could not believe my eyes, but I recognized the man beside her as Lucas’ father. Why are they so close together? Isn’t she with Mark?

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I followed behind Mom carefully. Watching as they got into the car, I stopped a taxi and asked the driver to follow behind them. For some reason, Mom entered a hotel with Lucas’ father and stayed inside for quite a long time.

I decided to take a seat in the café opposite the hotel. My face gradually turned pale as I stared at the luxury-looking door of the hotel. What’s the relationship between Mom and Lucas’ father?

As I pondered, more and more questions appeared in my mind. I reached out a hand to hold my head as I felt that my brain was going to explode. Three hours later, Mom finally walked out of the hotel.

This time, Lucas' father did not follow beside her. She stood at the hotel entrance as she took out her phone to make a call. A moment later, a car pulled over beside her. As soon as she got into the car, the car drove away like a flash of lightning.

Before the driver stepped on the gas, a man lowered the car window of the backseat. I saw Mark through the café window and my heart skipped a beat upon seeing the gloomy expression on his face. I don't understand. What has she been doing over the past few years? What secrets is she hiding?

I took some time to get myself mentally prepared before I walked up to the entrance of the Goldstein residence. Standing in front of the ancient-looking mansion, I could not help but feel as though I had traveled back to Avenport twenty years ago. I could see tall, gigantic trees behind the roofs. As I walked closer, I saw an antique-style mansion that smelled like decayed woods.

After greeting the security guards at the entrance, they brought me into the residence. I looked around in the living room and sat patiently on the couch. I remembered seeing Mom just now when I was still outside, so I wondered where she went as I came in.

Suddenly, a sense of curiosity surged within me. I was dying to know how Mom's place looked like, so I continued walking on the path in the backyard. As soon as I reached another house, an argument echoed from the side. "Dad, what do you mean by transferring all the shares to Uncle Mark? What about us? We've been giving all of our efforts to the family over the years, and he's going to take over the last things we have."

"Lucas, that's enough! All of these indeed belong to your uncle. I was only managing for him back then. We'll move out of here tomorrow after transferring the shares to them. Your uncle can only feel relieved with that."

"No, he'll only feel relieved after I'm dead," Lucas responded furiously.

"Shh! Keep it down! Don't you understand the current situation in our family?"

"I'm already suffering because of him! Will that be any different from death?"

I blinked my eyes slowly as I heard everything from outside. I was very familiar with Lucas' voice. When we first met each other, I had asked something about his health. He told me that accidents happened more frequently in wealthy families. It turns out that someone has set up the accident on purpose!

Lucas roared, "Dad, he has pinned you down for so many years. Do you not hold any grudge toward him? Back then, you knew he was the one who caused my accident, but you pretended to act like a fool! He gave you an excuse that he was recuperating overseas and asked you to take over his company. It seemed that he had trusted you a lot. In fact, he was only taking all your power away. You became a doll who could not do anything even though you owned part of the shares for the company. Look at you. You don't even dare to say anything. You don't think for yourself, but what about me? Do you plan to wait for me to die first before you start fighting for your right?"

"Lucas, your Uncle Mark is a capable man. He should be the one to manage the company. I beg you to stop talking about it. Our relationship will be ruined if he hears that."

"That's right. He asked Isabelle to test you just now as he wanted to know if you would fight back. Do you think I can't see what he's doing? Dad, you have a perfect opportunity, but you let it slip away like that. Do you want to see me suffer before you learn your lesson?"

Suddenly, I realized I had stumbled across some deadly secrets. Feeling anxious, I wanted to leave the house as soon as possible. However, Lucas walked out of the door with a darkened expression before I managed to turn around. He froze for a moment, but his vicious look turned calm gradually. "What are you doing here?"

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"I'm here to look for my mom!" I replied, my gaze shifting unintentionally. I had known Lucas for quite some time, and I had always seen him as a cheerful gentleman. Therefore, I did not expect him to have such an aggressive side. However, I was even more shocked to know that Mark was the person who made him who he was today.

It was natural for feuds to happen frequently in wealthy families. Perhaps Christopher's family was the only one that was harmonious.

"H-How long have you been standing here?" Lucas lowered his voice.

"You came out when I just arrived. What's the matter?" I flashed an innocent smile. However, my palms were sweating at that moment. I wonder what kind of person my mom's current husband is. Is Mom going to feel happy together with him?

Lucas used to help me before, so I could not help but jump to my own conclusions straightaway. Subconsciously, I began to despise Mark.

"Nothing. It seems like Aunt Isabelle is not home right now. How about you try giving her a call?" A bright, heartwarming smile appeared on Lucas' face.

"Ahem!" Suddenly, a coughing sound came from the yard. Lucas' father walked out of the house by supporting himself against the wall. He shot me a glance, and I immediately sensed the despicable glint in his old eyes. I was terrified by his sharp gaze. It was as if he had caught me lying. He must've known that I have been standing here since a long time ago.

"You're right. I came here too suddenly that I didn't expect my mom to not be home. Haha! Let me give her a call." I found an excuse to get away from the backyard. Then, I ran all the way to the front courtyard nervously. My heart raced as if it was going to leap out of my throat.

I had only seen Lucas' father once during Lyle and Crystal's wedding. Moreover, I only got to see his side profile that day. But then, I did not expect him to look that scary. His gaze was dark and vicious.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in front of me when I was panting heavily. "Why are you running so fast? Are you being chased by some bad guys?"

"Ahh!" I jumped in shock upon seeing a face in front of me. I panicked and stumbled a few steps backward. There was a big patch of soft grass underneath my feet. I lost my balance and fell to the ground.

"Eve, what are you doing? Why do you look so flustered?" Isabelle frowned as she walked over to help me up.

My heart was still beating fast. I shook my head vigorously as I stared at Mark and Isabelle, who appeared in front of me out of the blue.

Mark looked at me affectionately. He looked exactly like a loving elderly. I could not believe that he was the person Lucas had said just now.

"I was looking at the flowers in the backyard when a caterpillar dropped on my arm. I got terrified. Mom, you know me. I'm scared of those types of insects." I took a deep breath and calmed myself down after some time.

“Well, since you’re here, come join us for dinner. Belle misses you a lot. We even talked about you this morning.” Mark chuckled softly, his arms wrapping around Isabelle’s waist. It seemed like he was seeing me as his favorite kid.

“Great idea! I’ll inform the kitchen about it.” Isabelle flashed a smile.

In fact, I did not eat much later on that night as I could not relax at the dining table. The dining room was spacious, but there were only three of us. Lucas and his father did not appear during dinner time. That’s weird. A family should have dinner together.

Moreover, the servants’ behavior was even weirder. They did everything cautiously, trembling in fear. There was also one of them who nearly broke into tears after breaking a bowl. She rushed forward to Mark and apologized again and again.

Mom didn’t bother with what was happening. However, she did not say much other than ask me to eat more. The atmosphere in the dining room was creepy. It was so tense that I lost my appetite.

“Why are you eating so little? Is the food not to your liking?” Mark asked me.

“No. I ate some snacks before I came, so I’m not hungry now.” I shook my head and changed the topic. “Where’s Mr. Lucas? Is he not coming for dinner? I saw him in the garden just now.”

“Lucas’ unwell. He prefers a quieter environment, so he usually has dinner with his father in the backyard.” I could not sense any impatience from his tone. Suddenly, he raised a brow and asked, “Are you close with Lucas?”

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“We’ve met at a party previously.” I let out a silly grin.

“Feel free to come often when you have time. The Goldstein residence is huge, but it’s quiet. There are not many people around. Oh right, you learned to draw, right? I heard you have some accomplishments. I can provide funds to invite some famous artists, and we can organize a seminar as well as an art exhibition. What do you think? Remington Fowler, the most well-known young artist in Hawen, is now in the limelight. People call him the most gifted artist. I’ll invite him to support you.”



Mark cared about me a lot. He was like a loving father. However, I felt extremely awkward. Fleynia was renowned for its artists. Many world-famous artists were born there. I knew Remington had represented Hawen to carry out an art seminar in Fleynia recently. As for me, I was only relatively well known. I was not good enough to attend the seminar.

“Thank you, Mr. Goldstein, for your kind intentions. But I need to sharpen my skills a little more and I shouldn’t be too hasty in this matter.”

That night, Mark invited me to stay overnight at the Goldstein residence. I planned to reject his offer, but he was too hospitable. I noticed Mom’s expression as well. It was as if she did not want me to stay.

“Mom, Sharon wanted me to pass this document to you.” I passed the document Lyle gave me to Isabelle.

Isabelle took the document, skimmed through it, and noticed my missing signature. She gave it back to me and said, “Seems like she fulfilled what I requested. This is for you. Just add your signature to it and keep it properly. I don’t need this.”

“I don’t need this for now too.” I pushed the documents away and saw that she was rolling up her sleeves to apply lotion on her hands. Noticing the bruises on her arm, I frowned and asked, “What happened to your hand?”

When Isabelle realized she had accidentally revealed the injury on her wrist, she subtly put down her sleeve and said indifferently, “I accidentally scratched my hand on a tree trunk while enjoying the flowers yesterday. Eve, how about you move in with me?”

My heart skipped a beat, and I rejected the invitation immediately. “I don’t think that’s a good idea, Mom. It’s not appropriate for me to do so.”

Isabelle’s face darkened, and she said coldly, “Is it because you are reluctant to leave Julia’s son? There are millions of men in the world. Why must you be with him?”

“Mom, I’m not sure what happened last time, but it has been a tough journey for both Christopher and me to be together until today. Can we please leave the past behind?”

“No way!” Isabelle pounded the table with her hand. “Julia killed my brother, your Uncle Robert. How can you say that? You must be out of your mind.”

“But Mom, I—” I tried to explain, but I did not know where to start. It involved a life. Why did I only find out about it now? It’s too late for me to forget about Christopher.

"No buts. Nothing can change my mind. I can promise any unreasonable and stubborn requests of yours, except this. I won't give in to this." Isabelle sounded assertive. When she saw my gloomy expression, she suppressed her anger and said coldly, "I know you can't accept this in the meantime. I will give you some time. Eve, if you still treat me as your mother, you need to cut all ties with Christopher."

"Mom, why must you force me?" I covered my mouth with my hand to prevent myself from crying.

"I'm not forcing you. I'm only stating a fact." Isabelle stood up expressionlessly. "I know it's been a tough few years for you. But unless you no longer acknowledge me as your mother, you must stop keeping in touch with Christopher."

I stood rooted to the ground. Our conversation fell through yet again.

Isabelle sighed deeply and turned around to get my bed ready for me. We had no more intention of speaking to each other. After tidying everything, she took out a box and passed it to me. Ignoring my dejected expression, she said in a low voice, "I thought this dress would look good on you when I saw it today, so I bought it for you. Give it a try and see if it's suitable."