

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 571

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I was on pins and needles since I was afraid they would see eye to eye and bring me away against my will. Thus, I yelled, "Lyle, you better not try anything silly! I'm merely grateful you're around to do me a favor! There's no way I'm falling for you! I won't stop you if you're going to leave, but there's no way I'm leaving Christopher alone!"

Lyle turned around and looked at me in the eyes. A few minutes later, he marched in my direction. I got myself a rock to defend myself just in case he tried to bring me away against my will. To my surprise, he leaned over and reached for my phone in the bag instead.

Once he returned to Christopher's side, he handed the frail man the phone and asked, "Why don't you do everyone a favor and try getting in touch with your comrades? I'm sure it's not much of a challenge for you to send someone to rush to our rescue, isn't it?"

Christopher frowned since none of us took his words seriously. In the end, he gave up and took over my phone. He retrieved his broken watch and started disassembling the watch to acquire the parts he needed.

After another few minutes, he put everything aside and announced, "I've just delivered the message, but I'm not sure if we're going to make it out alive since it's going to take at least three days until they reach us. I'm afraid John will take us out before then."

It wasn't great news, but it was something for us to look forward to when we were stranded in the middle of nowhere.

I took a seat next to Christopher and tucked him in. It was then I found out Zachary had passed out due to his serious injury. He had caught on high fever, but there wasn't anything else I could do to turn the tables around since the antibiotic wouldn't even work.

Once Christopher accessed my phone, he started perusing the photos of us and responded with a frown as he took a trip down memory lane.

I urged, "Why don't you take a short nap?"

He remained silent and had a mouthful of water. All of a sudden, he stared dead ahead and announced, "It's almost dawn break."

I turned around and stared dead ahead when I caught the sun rising from the horizon. "What's wrong with us? Can we stop catching the sunrise whenever our lives are at stake? Once we make it out alive, we'll wake up early in the morning to catch the sunrise up the hills!"

Holding me in his arms, he assured me, "Alright, once we make it out alive, I'll take you somewhere to catch the sunrise!"

Lyle couldn't stand our interaction. The moment he turned around, he caught a glimpse of others closing in. He announced with his face scrunched up, "Someone is closing in with guns!"

"What?" The moment I craned over, I saw a few vicious-looking men closing in with guns.

"What are we supposed to do? Where's the gun?" As absurd as it might sound, I thought of taking out the man with Zachary's gun when I had merely fired a shot throughout my life.

Christopher sat upright and leaned against the boulder, aiming at those closing in from afar. A few seconds, he fired a shot and took the rest of the opposing party by surprise.

"You're such an exceptional marksman, Mr. Lane! However, I'm afraid you can't take us out with your limited bullets!" John guffawed and asked, "I'm sure it feels awful after spending a few days in isolation, huh? It's only a matter of time until you starve to death even if we stay away from all of you! Why don't you do everyone a favor and surrender yourself? I may consider doing you a favor and set the rest of your party free if I'm pleased!"

Christopher asked in a callous tone, "You don't think I'm going to fall for your promises, do you?"

"Wow! I can't believe you still possess the strength to talk back against me! I saw someone sneaking their way to your side last night! I'm sure one of them is the woman you hold dear in mind, isn't she? Are you sure you're going to leave her to death? As long as you surrender yourself, I'll do her a favor and set her free!"

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"Why is he aware of our presence?" It was then I figured out he had allowed us to sneak our way to Christopher's side to lure him out of hiding.

It had always been part of his plan to threaten Christopher with my wellbeing.

He's such a lucky man! I thought I managed to take him out with a shot when he was on board! It turns out he's still kicking and alive when he was supposed to drown to his death!

Instead of answering the man's query, Christopher grasped the gun with all his might. It was then Lyle urged, "Can you fire another shot and render him incapable of speech?"

"The shot fired a few seconds ago was the last shot since I had run out of bullets."

Christopher's announcement took us by surprise since we would be dead the moment the vicious bunch made their way to our hideout.

Out of the blue, John yelled, "Christopher, I'll take you out since you won't stop coming after me when I've tried running away from you for more than once! I'll consider doing you a favor and leave your wife alone if you surrender yourself! However, if you refuse, I'll get my men to have some fun with her once I take you into custody!"

Christopher couldn't stop himself from trembling in angst. As infuriated as he might be, he answered in a callous tone, "I'm pretty sure you're trying to deceive me again! Once I'm dead, they're going to end up in a similar manner! You don't think I'm going to fall for your tricks, do you?"

"Well, we shall see if you're going to make it out alive when you're running out of ammo and supplies!"

"Chris!" Slouching against the man, I could feel his frigid limbs when there was a scorching sun above us. I started running my hands across him and felt a sense of security when I felt the dagger he had with him.

I thought I could stop them from trying anything silly as long as I took myself out when all hell broke loose.

It must be the power of love since I couldn't even dissect a frog for my biology class during my high school days. I was able to rule out the pros and cons of the situation since Christopher was next to me.

I was on the verge of passing out in the middle of the day. As those around us started preparing their meals, I couldn't stop myself from gulping in silence after having rations over the past few days.

I couldn't even stop my stomach from grumbling when I caught a whiff of the food our foes made. Out of nowhere, someone alighted from an off-road vehicle and engaged himself in a conversation with John.

John carried himself as if he was inferior to the mysterious figure next to him. Upon another glance at the mysterious figure, I thought he seemed awfully familiar, yet I couldn't recall the occasion I had run into him.

When he was about to leave, I finally recalled I ran into him next to Mark when we were at Anglandur. He was none other than Wesley, Mark's assistant. I was confused since I couldn't figure out the sort of relationship the Goldstein family had with John. It was then I thought the Goldstein family might be involved in some shady trades as well.

I stopped hesitating and rushed out of hiding, yelling the moment I made it to the sight of the rest, "Hold it right there, Wesley!"

"Yvonne, have you lost your mind?" Christopher and Lyle rushed out of hiding and stood next to me to keep me safe.

Wesley was equally surprised by my presence. He asked in return, "What are you doing here? Also, why have you stopped me?"

Unsure if it was the right thing to do, I instructed in a serious tone since I was aware it was my only chance to keep all of us safe, "Tell John to set us free!"

"What makes you think I'm going to listen to you?" Wesley asked with a scornful look.

"Well, it's because I'm the sole successor of the Goldstein family, Mark's only daughter!"

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"You? The sole successor of the Goldstein family? How is that even possible?" Wesley gaped at the things I brought up and asked with a serious look, "Although you're Isabelle's daughter, I'm not obliged to save you! It's better if they take you out without alarming others!"

I couldn't stop myself from perspiring, but I had to give it a try since Wesley was the only one capable of saving us. He had just returned to Avenport from Anglandur. Therefore, I was certain he wasn't aware of the things going on. In an attempt to keep the rest safe, I announced, "Aren't you aware I'm not Nathan's daughter? He has announced Crystal's identity

as the sole successor of the Tanner family! He also mentioned that was precisely the reason he had been mistreating me over the years!”

Halfway through the orated speech, I cast the newspaper I brought along to keep the rations safe in his direction and said, “Why don’t you go ahead and check it out? The news had long made it to the headline since Mark was the only one my mother was in love with apart from Nathan!”

I can’t believe the newspaper is the one doing me a huge favor! As a matter of fact, this seems to be the only thing leading us to safety!

Wesley’s eyes flickered as he couldn’t be sure if I had been telling the truth. He instructed the ones next to him, “Hurry up and bring me the newspaper!”

Someone stepped forward to retrieve the newspaper and sprinted back to Wesley’s side once he caught a glimpse of the gun Christopher had with him.

Wesley had his fair share of doubts even after perusing the things the journalist mentioned. He repeated after me, “Are you seriously telling me you’re Mark’s daughter?”

“Who else could it be? I’m not sure of the things my father is up to, but I’m pretty sure he’s going to take you out if he’s aware you’re trying to kill his only daughter! I’m sure he’s currently searching high and low for me since the news has made it to the headline! You don’t think he’s going to let you off the hook if he figures out the things going on here, do you?”

It was one of the most ridiculous lies I had to tell throughout my life. I wasn’t even certain if Mark was my father as I hadn’t met Isabelle in person ever since the news made it to the headline.

“I’m well aware you’re one of his most trusted aides since you were next to him when he was at Anglandur. In fact, I’m also aware you’re the person in charge of the subsidiaries in Anglandur. With that being said, you don’t think he values you more than his daughter, do you?”

“If that’s the case, why hasn’t Ms. Anderson mentioned anything in front of us?” Wesley repeated his question again.

I started making things up to deceive the man in front of me. “When I met Mr. Goldstein in person, he told me his daughter would be around my age if things turned out just fine back in the day. Don’t you think he’s going to be thrilled by my presence?”

The doubtful man gaped at my announcement and asked when he thought of something, “Why don’t you come over here and allow me to keep you safe because there’s no way we’re setting Christopher free—he’s a foe of ours!”

As thrilled as I might be, I carried on with the conversation in a callous tone, “I’m afraid that’s impossible since we’re talking about my husband and my father’s son-in-law! I’ll never allow you to lay a finger on him!”

“I-I—” Wesley was at a loss for words to carry on with the conversation.

Meanwhile, John was on pins and needles. In an attempt to get his revenge, he urged, “Sir, Christopher is a member of the special force! We can’t let him off the hook since he’s aware of the things we’re up to! Otherwise, he’s going to be a pain in the ass in the future!”

“Shut up and stay away from me!” Wesley launched a powerful kick at John and announced, “I need to verify if you’re telling the truth with those relevant! With that being said, there’s no way I’m letting you off the hook because of something you brought up out of the blue! You need to show me you’re sincere!”

How am I supposed to prove myself sincere? Is he having his doubts? What am I supposed to do to convince this suspecting man? I couldn’t even think properly since I knew we would end up dead if I couldn’t convince him. Shortly after I made up my mind, I pushed the men next to me aside and marched in Wesley’s direction.

“Yvonne!”

“Stay away from me!” I paid no heed to them and continued marching in Wesley’s direction. It was then I brought myself to a halt and started stabbing myself with all my might using the dagger Christopher had with him.

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As blood gushed out of the wound, I gritted my teeth to withstand the racking sensation I felt coming from my arms and withdrew the dagger.

Wesley is against the idea of setting us free since he has his doubts. In order to convince him, I need to prove I’m telling the truth.

"Eve!" Christopher rushed over to my side to support me when I was about to fall.

"I'm fine!" I managed a smile. For the first time, I was brimming with the confidence that I must bring Christopher out of here, alive.

I turned around and warned Wesley, "I'm pretty sure you're going to have it tough if I'm dead! What do you think he's going to do if he figures out you're trying to take out his sole successor over something trivial? You better take the consequences of your actions into considerations!"

As Wesley remained silent, I stabbed myself in the arms once more without holding back. I was impressed as blood continued gushing out of the wound as if there was an endless supply of it in my system. To be precise, I was surprised I was still conscious at that point in time.

Glaring at Wesley in the eyes, I licked the blood staining my lips off and asked, "Is that enough to prove myself yet?"

Out of the blue, I stabbed myself in the arm one last time in an attempt to force him into submission since it was my only chance to make it out alive with the rest of the party.

"On the count of three, if you think it's not enough, I'll stab myself in the heart and see if luck is on your side or my side!" I raised my volume and spilled some of my blood in his direction.

As a result, he staggered and gaped in disbelief.

"One! Two! Three!" At the end of the countdown, I knew I had to do it to prove myself. Otherwise, he would get suspicious and think it was nothing more than a bluff.

In the nick of time, he broke the silence and stopped me from stabbing myself. He was impressed as it was written all over his face. "You're quite something else, Ms. Goldstein! To be honest, there's no way Nathan's capable of giving birth to such a courageous daughter!"

"If that's the case, can you instruct them to leave us alone?" I was on the verge of passing out, but I knew I had to pull myself together until we were safe.

He took the blood-stained dagger away from me and ran his fingers across it, announcing with a smirk, "It turns out a woman is as capable as a man in times of emergencies! Tell your men to leave us alone, John!"

“Thank you so much!” I couldn’t stop myself from grinning since I had finally made it when it might be just another bluff.

“Sir, we can’t afford to set Christopher free since he’s a member of the special force! Otherwise, he’s going to come after Mr. Goldstein in the future!” John got in our way and tried to stop us from leaving.

Wesley launched another powerful kick at John and bellowed, “Stop getting full of yourself and yelling at me! Get out of my sight and stop causing me more troubles!”

I couldn’t even walk without others’ support since I had to lie in an attempt to keep the rest of the party safe. Horrified by the things awaiting us once they figured out the truth, I thought I was about to pass out again.

I was completely drenched in sweat as we continued marching our way through the ones surrounding us. All of a sudden, I caught a glimpse of John reaching for his gun and pulling the trigger.

Bam!

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I couldn’t believe John had the guts to defy Wesley’s instructions. When he fired a shot in Christopher’s direction, I rushed over to his side, shrieking at the top of my lungs, “Chris, watch out!”

My mind went completely blank as blood was all over my face the moment I heard the thunderous crack filling the desolate desert.

A few seconds later, Lyle ended up in my arms with blood gushing out of his injured chest. When he tried to say something, a mouthful of blood gushed out of his mouth.

The barely conscious man responded with a satisfied beam, snapping me out of bewilderment. “Stay with me, Lyle! You’re going to be fine! We’ll make it to the hospital soon! I’ll rush you to the hospital at once!”

His vital organs had sustained irrevocable injuries. There was no way he could make it out alive since we were in the middle of nowhere. Although I was certain he couldn’t get the medical attention he required, I dragged him along with me.

"We won't make it in time!" Lyle remained stagnant in my arms and tried to caress my cheek, but he couldn't even move his hands anymore.

In the end, I grasped his hand and placed it on my cheek, assuring him as torrents of grief streamed down my cheeks, "Stay with me! You're going to be fine! Grandma is still anticipating our return! Just pull yourself together and stay with me!"

"I-I'm just glad you're fine—" Lyle finished his sentence with a gentle grin just like the time he rushed to my rescue when I was on the verge of drowning at the age of eight.

He gasped out the things he had in mind with a smile the moment I regained consciousness shortly after he brought me back to the shore, "Thankfully, you're fine!"

"Why? Why have you rushed to my rescue again?" I thought it was over for us since he was head over heels in love with Crystal. He wouldn't even think of me if she continued keeping him in the dark. Nonetheless, he rushed to my rescue in the nick of time.

"I-I'm not sure as well—I-It turns out I still have a thing for you—"

Once he finished his affectionate statement, he was about to pass out in my arms again. I could feel his limbs slowly turning frigid.

"Lyle! Stay with me!" I repeated his name over and over again, hoping he would remain conscious until someone rushed to our rescue.

"Do you think I'm a foolish man since I have given up on you for Crystal when she's merely trying to drive us apart?"

I wailed hysterically and assured him, "No! You're the most exceptional man I've ever seen throughout my life!"

"You need to stop lying since I'm aware of the grudge you're holding against me when I have brought upon nothing but your misery over the years. I wonder if reincarnation is truly a thing. If it is, can you promise to marry me in the future? I'll do everything to keep you safe and happy."

"S-Sure! If reincarnation is a thing, I'll definitely find you and get married to you! It's a promise!"

"I'm pretty sure you're lying again, but it doesn't really matter since it feels great. Can you do me a favor and hold me in your arms for one last time?" he continued with blood gushing out of his mouth, streaming all the way to my palm.

“Lyle! Stay with me!” I couldn’t figure out the reason the lives of those around me were constantly at stake when their safety was my sole concern.

“I’ll see you when I see you again—” Lyle’s limbs drooped over his shoulders as he slowly passed out in my arms.

“Lyle!”