

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 579

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In an attempt to bid farewell to the man, I turned around and saw him placing his hands on his chest with a satisfied beam, indicating he would always hold me dear in his mind. I responded with a smile, indicating I was of a similar idea.

Once I wrapped up the conversation, I returned with Isabelle as she was there to take me home with her. It was pretty obvious it was an attempt of hers to keep me away from Christopher.

When we were on the way back, we passed by the subsidiary of the Tanner family. Isabelle had her flickering eyes glued to the building, but I couldn't figure out the sort of things she had in mind. I asked when I recalled the conversation I had with Nathan, "Mom, can you do me a favor and let the Tanner family off the hook for once?"

Unable to fathom the things I had brought up, Isabelle asked with a frown, "What? Are you seriously asking me to forgive those from the Tanner family? Aren't you aware I'm the rightful owner of the company? Are you telling me to hand over the ownership over it to someone else?"

Indeed, the Tanner family had acquired the initial capital to venture into the corporate world from the Anderson family. After much consideration, I asked, "Mom, you're currently living a blissful life with Mr. Goldstein, aren't you? Why don't you let bygones be bygones and forget about it?"

Isabelle's face puckered in irritation as if she was irked by the things I mentioned. Gritting her teeth, she announced, "That's enough! You're not supposed to poke your nose into my business!"

She seemed to be holding a strong grudge against the members of the Tanner family, especially Nathan—she would get increasingly worked up whenever I mentioned something about them up.

In order to persuade her, I enunciated, "Mom, I'm already twenty-five-year-old. I'm not sure of the things bothering you, but don't you think it's time to move on in life? Don't you think we owe him at least this much for bringing me up even when he's aware I'm not his daughter throughout the years? It's the least I can do to return the favor."

Isabelle remained silent and turned around, staring dead ahead of her. A few minutes later, she turned around and let out a long sigh. "I've never seen such a silly woman like you throughout my life. Why are you trying to

do him a favor when you're aware you're not related to him at all? On top of that, you paid me a visit for something similar when you weren't even aware of the truth. Aren't you holding a grudge against him for mistreating you?"

I shook my head and remarked, "I once resented them for the miseries they brought upon me throughout the years, but I thought it was impossible for me to sever ties with him. When I was made aware of the truth, I knew I was in no position to pick on him since he wasn't even obliged to raise me. Can you consider doing me a favor to salvage the only memories left?"

Sighing, she gasped out her answer, "Alright, we'll meet them in person to discuss the next best course of action tomorrow. I want him to know I'm merely trying to do you a favor."

I heaved a long sigh of relief since I had successfully resolved the issue. In spite of the urge to figure out the identity of my father, I knew it wouldn't be wise to bring it up since she wasn't in the mood to talk about it.

Isabelle asked me to spend the night with her. I thought she had many things to share with me, but she tucked herself in and slept like a log once she carried out her evening routine.

"Mom, I have so many things to tell you, but why does it seem as if you have no intention to talk to me? Can you tell me what I am supposed to do next?" I muttered to myself and continued tossing and turning in bed.

In the end, I brought myself out of the room and returned to my room next door since I couldn't fall asleep. Standing next to the window, I lost myself in a train of thought while staring at the stunning cityscape.

As I tried to gather my thoughts, I caught a silhouette next to the window. A man sneaked his way into my room and took me by surprise.

I was glad I hadn't shrieked since the mysterious figure was none other than Christopher. He greeted me with a smile, "Eve, I'm here to keep you company."

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I stared at him blankly, at a total loss of how to react. "I can't believe you actually did this. Did it never cross your mind that I might be sleeping with my mother, and you'd actually be sneaking into an empty room?"

"It's fine. If that was really the case, then I would just have climbed back out of the window," he stated, grinning widely as he came toward me. "I haven't seen you for ages. You moved out right after I returned. I became so lonely that I had to come up with a way by myself to reunite with my queen."

"Your queen?" I punched him on the chest playfully. "How I wish I were an actual queen! Then I would get to do as I please, and no one would be able to stop me."

"Well, I just missed you so much I couldn't bear to be away from you for another second, hence this secret rendezvous. Surely you feel the same way, don't you? Please say you do, or you'll be breaking my heart," he pleaded as he clutched his chest and put on a forlorn expression.

"If you really don't wish to see me, then I'll just leave," he said, walking to the window and pretending as if he was indeed about to climb out.

Rolling my eyes at him, I hurriedly pulled him back into the room. "You know full well how I feel. Don't you dare step out of that window now, or I'll never talk to you ever again."

He then pulled me into his embrace and pressed his lips onto mine, giving me a kiss that was somehow both forceful and tender at the same time. After having been through such a terrifying event together, we were both filled with nothing but an overwhelming desire to hug each other tightly. It was only by feeling each other's warmth and breath that we could finally find our peace again.

"I've missed you so much, Chris. I really have. When I got to know that something bad happened to you, the only thought that came into my mind was that if you couldn't be found, then I wouldn't want to live anymore either." I gazed at him with reddened eyes and added softly, "Don't you think I'm stupid? I'm nothing but a fool."

"No, you're not stupid at all. If it were not for the very fact that you're smart, we would inevitably have died in that place." He planted his lips on mine again, simultaneously sweeping me into his arms and carrying me to the bed. His kisses remained relentless even as his fingers busied themselves with unbuttoning my blouse.

Nestled in his arms, I went along with him and began undoing the buttons on his shirt as well. Warmth and strength radiated from his being as our bodies pressed together, and a sigh of contentment escaped my lips.

"Chris, let's never separate, okay? I can't bear worrying about you again. I'm so afraid, Chris. I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to live without you!"

“Okay, then let’s never be apart!” Forcefully thrusting into me, he landed a bunch of kisses on my lips while repeatedly calling out my name, “Eve... Oh, Eve...”

Although our behavior was wild, we were cautious to keep our voices low the whole time. With our bodies joined, it was as though we had melded together into one.

Just as we were getting lost in the moment, there were suddenly footsteps outside the room, followed by the sound of someone knocking on the door. I almost jumped out of my skin in fright.

Isabelle’s voice rang out. “Eve? Why did you disappear? Have you come back to your own room now?”

Pushing Christopher’s face away, I cleared my throat before answering in a soft tone, “I’m asleep, Mom.”

“Silly girl. Were you uncomfortable sleeping with me?” asked Isabelle with a soft chuckle, a hint of displeasure apparent in her voice.

Remembering that I had not locked the door when I came in earlier, I hurriedly answered her so that she would not barge in, “That’s not it, Mom. It’s just that with everything that’s been going on, I’ve been having trouble falling asleep lately and didn’t want to wake you up. Don’t get upset over this, okay?”

“Oh, I’m upset! I’m very upset indeed!” Isabelle answered jokingly. “Shall I come in to keep you company? We haven’t seen each other for a long time. I think it’s good time we talked.”

“No!” I yelled out just as Christopher pushed into me again. Fortunately, he was not too aggressive this time. However, upon seeing the glare I shot at him, he deliberately added more force to his actions. Annoyed, I tried kicking him away, but he swiftly grabbed my legs and lifted them, kissing the backs of my thighs fervently.

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“I’m asleep, Mom, and it’s getting late as well. Why don’t we talk tomorrow?”

“All right, then. You go ahead and get some rest.” As soon as her footsteps faded away, our surroundings fell silent again. Only the faint sound of the chilly night breeze blowing past could be heard.

I let out a sigh of relief and instantly relaxed. Then, slapping Christopher's head, I remarked, "If she had barged in here just now, I swear, the sky would have come crashing down."

"Don't worry. Am I not here to protect you in case that happens?" Smiling affectionately, he sat me up and positioned me in his arms, his lips once again falling upon mine as he kissed me gently.

I knew he was doing all he could to comfort me, and it did help me to feel better eventually. After our strenuous workout ended, I lay there on his sweaty and muscular chest, scrutinizing the scars on his tan skin. I had never asked him how he had gotten them, but ever since I found out he was in the special forces, I knew they could only be his battle scars.

As I traced my finger over them, Christopher's hand quickly flew over, gripping mine. Pointing at the scars, he asked, "What's wrong? Do you hate the sight of them? Well, I don't. I think it adds to my masculinity. Don't you agree?"

Rolling my eyes at him, I answered, "Of course, I hate seeing them! The mere sight of them frightens me."

In fact, those scars sent chills down my spine whenever I saw them. I never felt that way before I knew the reason he had them. However, once I did, the scars only reminded me of the horrifying battles he had fought.

"You don't have to be afraid. I promise I'll be extra careful in the future and won't do anything that might worry you, all right?" he assured, planting a few kisses on my forehead.

I nodded wordlessly. I knew that due to his identity, there were certain commitments he simply could not reject. In fact, even if he had a choice, he would still have chosen to do them anyway, as it represented his honor and courage in battling alongside his comrades. Knowing there was no stopping him, I could only hope he would stay safe at all times.

As soon as dawn broke, Christopher climbed his way back out of the window. I did tell him he could simply go through the front door, but he refused to do so. Overcome with curiosity, I asked him why.

Lightly brushing his finger down my nose, he chuckled as he explained, "I'm leaving exactly the way I came. This is a secret rendezvous, isn't it? Of course, I can't possibly just walk through the front door!"

I snorted at him. A secret rendezvous? What's he talking about? We've been a couple for ages now. The way he puts it, he's making it sound as if it's an affair!

After he left, I returned to bed and slept for a few more hours. Then I woke up and went down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. However, as I approached the kitchen, I spotted Isabelle in there, already busy with cooking. Stunned, I froze in the doorway for a moment.

In fact, Isabelle's cooking was superb. I remembered tasting it as a child and thinking it was better than any chefs out there. Perhaps I did miss it a lot after not having it for years, as I stood there reminiscing about the taste, thinking that her cooking was the best I had ever had.

"You're up? Breakfast will be ready in a minute. Why don't you wash up first?"

"I've already done that," I said with a smile.

"I remember you used to love the banana pancakes I made. You should have as many as you can," stated Isabelle as she placed the dish on the table. Pointing at the pan behind her, she went on, "I fried a chicken omelet as well. That was your favorite, too, wasn't it?"

I watched as Isabelle scooped the dish onto a plate. This woman, who once felt like a stranger to me, was finally beginning to seem less like one.

I thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast that day and ate an awful lot, a smile hanging on my lips the whole time. After that, I gave Nathan a call to inform him that Isabelle would like to meet up with him for a chat. He sounded extremely emotional when he heard that and kept confirming if it was true.

"A-Are you serious a-about it? D-Did Belle really say she wants to meet me?" He could barely get the words out.

"Yeah. She said to meet her at Majestic Garden," I stated flatly.

"A-All right. I'll be there on time..."

"Look at you, Nathan! Aren't you pleased to meet up with that woman? Let me tell you this. If you plan on reconciling with her, you'd better make sure you kill both me and Yvette first!"

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I frowned unwittingly as Scarlett's voice rang out in the background on the other end. Isabelle had only just agreed to let the Tanners off the hook. If

Scarlett made another ruckus at this time and pissed Isabelle off, the latter might just change her mind.

The chaotic noise went on for a long while before Nathan's voice came back on the line, asking in a hushed voice, "Did your mother say anything else?"

I shook my head. "All she said was that she needed to discuss something important with you in person. Anyway, you have nothing to worry about. I'm sure everything's going to be okay since she's already promised me she wouldn't take any action on your family."

"That's good to know." Nathan sounded relieved.

After a moment's hesitation, I added tentatively, "Dad, I think it'd be better if you come alone. Mom's temper is no longer as it used to be. I mean, she's still a gentle soul, but you've hurt her quite badly. So... Do you get what I mean?"

Keeping in mind that he was my father, I was aware that there were certain things I couldn't say without being outright inappropriate. However, I still had to give him a heads up about this.

"Yes, I get what you mean. Don't worry, I'll come alone later."

It was indeed better that way. He and Isabelle would need to talk things out to resolve their issues. If a whole bunch of other Tanners tagged along – forget about talking – the meeting would inevitably turn into a full-blown wrestling match.

Crystal and the others, especially, would definitely seize the opportunity to find trouble with me.

After the phone call ended, I went and knocked on Isabelle's door, entering only after she asked me to. She was in the midst of dolling herself up and was adding the final touch by slapping on some lipstick. Then she stood before me, twirling her long, red dress, asking, "How do I look? Is this too much?"

It had been years since she last saw Nathan. Seeing the amount of effort she put in to look her best, it was evident that she cared about this meeting immensely. As for Nathan, he clearly felt the same, judging from the way his voice lit up with excitement when he was speaking about Isabelle earlier. It really made me wonder, if they never stopped loving each other, then why had they still chosen to betray each other those years ago?

Is this simply how fate toys with people?

“Not at all. You look absolutely stunning in that dress.” Standing beside her, I smiled as I gestured at the dull-colored clothing I was clad in. “Look at you! You’re sparkling! If we were to walk on the streets together right now, people would automatically assume you’re my sister instead of my mother.”

“Well, you really do know how to make me happy, don’t you? All right, since you approve of it, then this is what I’m wearing to the meeting,” said Isabelle as she fished around in her closet for a suitable handbag. Out of the many handbags of various colors and styles she owned, she eventually settled on a modest-looking, black-colored one. Then we left for the restaurant. I noticed a car tailing us as soon as we left the mansion, but I had no idea who was driving it.

“Oh, by the way, who’s your father bringing along?” asked Isabelle.

“He’s coming alone.” I knew I had to be careful answering this question.

“Hmph!” Isabelle crossed her legs and propped her chin on her hand as she remarked disdainfully, “At least he’s doing something right for once.”

As the car stopped in front of Majestic Garden, two bodyguards came out of the car behind and opened our doors for us. It was only then that I realized we were being followed by bodyguards.

“Mrs. Goldstein, Ms. Tanner.” They bowed respectfully as we alighted from the car.

Not used to being waited on in such a manner, I waved at them dismissively as I exited the car.

“Belle!” yelled Nathan from the entrance of the restaurant. Upon spotting Isabelle, he was unable to move his gaze away from her. The two simply stood there in silence, eyes locked on each other, for what seemed like an eternity. Turning sideways to glance at Isabelle, I was taken aback to see her eyes glistening with tears.

They were tears of an aggrieved woman, which had sprung forth as her sight fell upon the man she longed.

I refrained from spoiling their moment and merely stood quietly at her side. After a while, Isabelle was the first to speak. “Shall we go in? Or would you prefer to discuss the Tanner family’s matters out here?” she asked in a mild tone.

"S-Sure, let's go in." Pointing at the restaurant, Nathan croaked, "I-I've booked a private room."

Alas, in his state of anxiousness, he turned around only to carelessly bump head-on into the revolving doors.