

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 583

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"Belle, these are your favorite dishes. If you don't like them, I can ask them to prepare some other dishes instead." Nathan looked at Isabelle, who was sitting across from him. There was a hint of awe in his eyes.

"It's fine. I'm not here for a meal anyway." Isabelle started taking a few bites, and then she said to the waiter behind her, "Change all of these to something spicy. I like spicy food now."

Mom was lying about that. She was having a light and healthy meal last night, and she wouldn't have ordered something spicy if it wasn't for me.

Nathan stiffened upon hearing that, and he quickly told the waiter, "Just go and prepare what she asked for."

He turned around and said, "You're still as beautiful and youthful after these many years, but I'm already an old man."

Isabelle chuckled enticingly. "You're indeed older. It's normal for you to look older when your business is in trouble."

"You..." Nathan hesitated for a moment before asking, "When will you let go of this then?"

"We're finally getting to the point. I was worried that you won't address the elephant in the room." Isabelle placed her palm under her cheek as she smiled at him. "I'm just curious. I was so naive and ignorant that I put everything under your name. Now that I think of it, they belong to me in the first place. Do you agree with what I said?"

It was a difficult question. I noticed Nathan's expression darkened right away upon hearing that. He got a little icier as he said, "You should know that I was the one managing the company all this while, and I've made most of the huge decisions even back in the old days. You've left for so many years, and you're asking me to give you back everything now that you've returned. Do you think things work this way?"

"Ha!" Isabelle curled her lips sarcastically. "You're finally dropping the loving act and showing your true colors now. We both know what exactly happened back then, and time doesn't erase everything. Nathan, I will always remember what you've done behind my back."

Nathan's gaze fell on me, with a hint of something else. I frowned, knowing that he was about to say that I wasn't his daughter. I shook my head subtly at him as anxiety flashed across my eyes. This wasn't a negotiation but a fight. Nothing good would ever come out from this. Nathan gritted his teeth and swallowed back his words.

Naturally, Isabelle took in all of our silent interactions. It was impossible for her to not notice. I saw through her expression that she wasn't feeling guilty about me being there at all, and her gaze toward Nathan was icier.

The atmosphere was getting awkward. I had to say something, hence I smiled. "Mom, let's eat first. The dishes here are amazing. You should try them."

Seeing that Isabelle had picked up her cutlery, I shot Nathan a glance. He snorted softly and then downed his glass of wine.

After a while, Isabelle placed her cutlery away, and she said to Nathan, "I know why you're here today. You want me to stop attacking the Tanner family. I can promise you that. It was Mark's decision anyway, and I'm sure Mark will listen to me. He doesn't care much about the Tanner family. But, I do have one condition."

"What is it?" Nathan and I looked at Isabelle at the same time. I saw how anxious he was, and my heart was thumping wildly too. If Isabelle was to say something beyond our expectations, this negotiation would be a failure.

Isabelle raised her chin as she looked at me. "It's simple. Crystal will be the only heir to the Tanner family, not anyone else. Do you get me?"

"What?" I stood up. How could this be?

Nathan was taken aback too. He couldn't understand Isabelle's decision as he frowned and asked, "Why? I do like Crystal. She's my niece, and I'm willing to love her as my daughter. But still, her last name is Yates. She's not a Tanner."

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"If you can't understand why I'm saying this, then there's no way you can revive your business. It's no wonder the Tanner family is still being trapped in this place." Isabelle wiped her hands and gave me a piece of the dessert. She said with a smile, "Yvonne is the only reason why I've shown

mercy to Scarlett and Yvette. I will never agree to let them be in charge of the Tanner family.”

“I...” Nathan looked troubled. “Is there no room for discussion?”

“Not at all.” Isabelle stood up and slammed the table. “You can only hand over the Tanner family to Crystal if you want them to still exist. If Scarlett or Yvette somehow managed to get their hands on the Tanner family, things will be done between us.”

I had never expected Isabelle’s stance to be this firm. Her tone kept increasing, and by the end of the sentence, she was basically yelling at us.

“Mom!” I shouted and held her hand, which she quickly shoved me away. She sneered, “Nathan, don’t blame me for this. You should be thanking Eve. If it wasn’t for her persuading me again and again, I’d have asked for more than this.”

Nathan kept silent for a long while before finally letting out a long sigh. “Fine. I can do that.”

“You’d better.” Isabelle sat back down in her seat. “I’ll give you three days to release a statement to the media, announcing that Crystal is the heir to the Tanner family. I promise I’ll make sure everything goes back to normal once I saw the statement, and I can give you back the project too.”

“I don’t need three days. You’ll see the statement by tomorrow.” Nathan sounded defeated.

On our way back, I was still puzzled. Although Isabelle didn’t make things too difficult for Nathan, and her reasoning made sense too. But, I was still flustered by her request to make Crystal the heir to the Tanner family.

I felt even more uneasy than making Yvette the heir. Why Crystal? Especially after everything she had done? Why was she eligible of leading the Tanner family? I wasn’t someone who hold grudges, but I had to admit I hated Crystal. It was as if she would always be causing me troubles.

I woke up early the next morning. The first thing I did was to read the newspaper. I wanted to see if Nathan released the statement. In the end, I turned on the television news instead, and I was stunned. Nathan did hold a media conference, stating that Crystal would from now on inherit everything in the Tanner family, including the power to make decisions.

This did gain some noise in the industry, but it wasn’t the trending news. Instead, it was something related to me. Earlier that morning, Mark held a grand press conference in front of Goldstein Corporation. Aside from

briefing the media about Goldstein Corporation's recent projects and planning, he also revealed something important. He announced that I was his stranded daughter.

"Yvonne Tanner is my stranded daughter. My heart aches to not learn about her existence for so many years. I hadn't been healthy, and it was hard for me to have kids. Little did I know, I have a daughter out there, and she's already an adult. I was surprised and excited. To express my gratitude to the Tanner family for bringing her up, I've decided to share this project with them. Also, Yvonne will be the eldest daughter in the Goldstein family from now on. You'll have to ask me before crossing her line."

I stood in front of the television, trying to process everything I just heard. Was I really Mark's daughter?

The last time when we were in the desert, I lied because I wanted to rescue Christopher and the others. I never expected Mark to announce at a press conference that I was his daughter.

"H-How is this possible?" The cup in my hand slipped, and the milk inside was spilled everywhere. My mind went blank. After a while, I finally regained my senses. I grabbed the servant, who was busy cleaning up after my mess, and asked, "Where's Mom?"

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"Madam had gone out early in the morning, but I don't know where she went. Ms. Yvonne, why don't you give her a call?" The servant was visibly alarmed.

My hand was still trembling as I took out my phone. I struggled for a while before making the phone call.

"I'm sorry, the number you've dialed is not available. Please call again later."

Is Mom missing again? I sighed. It seemed like a habit for her to disappear whenever something happened. It was as if she was trying to hide from me and the issue surrounding my background. I wanted to talk to her, especially now that Mark had claimed to be my father.

Feeling frustrated and in disbelief, I smashed my phone to the ground. The screen cracked, and I could only think of finding Christopher at that moment.

Seeing Christopher was the only way to keep me calm.

I took a cab to Christopher's office. This was my first time here. I didn't come here before everyone knew we were a thing, and I didn't want to upset Julia. After that, I chose to not come here because I didn't want to alert the journalists and upset Isabelle in return.

Standing in front of the skyscraper, the security guard stopped me from going in. I didn't want to explain much so I showed them the newspaper. "I'm Yvonne Tanner, and I'm here to see Christopher Lane."

"Ms. Goldstein, welcome!" His expression was initially full of disdain, but after hearing what I said, it was almost a one hundred and eighty-degree change in his attitude.

"I'm Yvonne Tanner!" I glanced at the security guard before walking into the building. No one was there to stop me. It did seem like everyone in Lane Corporation had already known about my relationship with Christopher. They would greet me respectfully upon seeing me and then whisper behind my back. I couldn't know what they were talking about.

I went to the reception counter, and they gave me access to Christopher's office. He was stuck in a meeting, and I could only sit on the couch while waiting for him. I noticed a picture on his desk. Feeling curious, I flipped the picture around, and I was shocked to see who it was in the picture.

The girl inside was wearing a long white dress. She looked beautiful and youthful, and her smile was so bright. There was a painting behind her.

It was me when I was sixteen years old. I've won the champion in the national high school competition. My smile was so bright and happy when I was standing on the podium. Sadly, none of my family was there with me, and I didn't get to snap any pictures myself to commemorate that day. I didn't expect to see this picture in Christopher's office.

"I heard from them that you're here." Christopher walked into the office. After noticing that I was staring at the picture, there was a rare shy expression on his face, and he walked over to me. He took the picture away and led me to the couch as he wrapped his arms around me. "It's your first time here in my office. What's the matter? Did you miss me?"

"I miss you." I leaned on his shoulder, and then I handed the newspaper to him. "I feel a little heavy after seeing this news as I can't confirm if it's true or not."

Christopher must have been having back-to-back meetings since morning. Otherwise, he would have known about this news. He took over the newspaper, and shortly after, he was visibly taken aback too. Glancing back at me and the newspaper, it took him a while to process this before slamming the newspaper on the desk with a frown.

“Isn’t this too much of a coincidence? Are you really the eldest daughter of the Goldstein family?” Christopher was shocked.

“I don’t know. Mom left early in the morning, and I didn’t get to ask her.” I shook my head. “This is more shocking to me than you. If Mark is really my father, then why didn’t Mom tell me anything? I’m about to go crazy over all of these.”

“I’m more worried about the fact that you may be Mark’s daughter.” Christopher rested his head on mine and sighed. “There are consequences for Mark to have dealings with the criminals at the borders.”

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“No matter if it is a drug deal or a private arms deal, it would not be easy to gloss over once caught. Although there may not be evidence, people will eventually notice if he continue to cause a stir. Then, it would be bad for the Goldstein family,” Christopher said.

I knew Christopher would never say something without basis. Furthermore, we saw Wesley at the border. Now that such an incident had happened, Wesley would inform Mark. Perhaps it was due to that incident that Mark found out I was his daughter.

“I will mention this matter with my mother. However, I’m not sure it will help.” Since Christopher was willing to hide Wesley’s existence, it was a concession on his part for Isabelle. For someone of his stature, it was something hard to accept.

“That’s enough. Don’t think about it anymore. I’m not worried about this. After going through so many things, I’m used to it. Furthermore, you have to learn to get used to it too. Come, let’s go for a meal,” Christopher said.

“It’s only slightly past ten o’clock. Isn’t it too early for lunch?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes, but poor me woke up this morning without my wife by my side and only an alarm clock to greet me. Furthermore, I don’t get to have

homemade breakfast made by my wife, making me the most pitiful married man in the world." Christopher slung his arm on my shoulder and continued with a pitiful expression, "I'm famished, so shouldn't you have breakfast with me?"

I gave Christopher a hard slap on his back. "You didn't eat breakfast? Are you picking a fight? Go and have your breakfast quickly. Skipping breakfast is bad for your health."

I chatted with Christopher in the company and had breakfast with him. After that, he still wanted to skip work to go out with me. Therefore, I stopped him because many unfinished documents were waiting for him on his office desk. His assistant kept complaining as he carried in the said documents, saying it would be a disaster if Christopher did not deal with them soon.

Thus, it would be inconsiderate of me to want Christopher to spend time with me.

"Are you sure you don't want me to spend time with you? It's not every day that I make such an offer. How can you bear to reject me so heartlessly?" Christopher placed a hand over his heart and put up a heartbroken expression.

"Go back to your work. Can you act your age?" I pointed to the Lane Corporation building and said, "If you don't deal with your work properly, Julia will be here to catch you. I don't want to be blamed for making my husband skip work and turning him irresponsible."

"Are you completely sure that you don't want me to spend time with you?" Christopher repeated as I pushed him toward the company's entrance.

"Go in. I'll come to see you again tomorrow, is that okay?" I pushed Christopher into the company lobby.

"You've said it, so you must be here tomorrow." Christopher suddenly seemed excited. "I'll go prepare for tomorrow."

"Prepare what?" I asked curiously.

"Condoms!" Christopher smiled exuberantly. He seemed thrilled as he said in a solemn tone, "I've never done it in the office. I think it will be more fun than doing it at home."

"I..." I had nothing to say. We had only separated for a few days, and this was all he could think about.

I went home. However, when I walked into the compound, two men in black suits came over to me and bowed politely. "Ms. Yvonne, sir and madam are waiting for you. We are to bring you over to them."

"Sir?" I blinked in confusion.

A servant came up from behind them and explained, "It's Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein. They are at Memoria Opera House. Madam Anderson said she tried to call you, but your phone is broken. Then, she called here."

It was time for me to meet Mark anyway. The newspapers had caused such a stir, but I had not met my fabled father.

"Let's go!" I immediately got into the car. One of the bodyguards gave me a box. I opened it and saw the latest phone model. It was beautiful. They even fitted in the sim card I threw away last time.

The bodyguards brought me to Memoria Opera House. It was a place for opera performances, and the singers sang in a language that I could not understand. If I were to watch a show here, I would fall asleep quickly.

Isabelle sat alone on a cushioned seat and said, "Sit down. Mark will be here soon."

I looked at Isabelle. Although I had a lot to say, I asked instead, "Mom, who is my father? Whose daughter am I?"

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Mark put on a stern expression and said matter-of-factly, "Initially, I do oppose to it. After all, your Mom still can't let go of the past. However, whenever I saw the both of you together, I thought of your Mom and me when we were young."

That was the thing that I had wanted to know the most. What had happened in the past that had separated them and subsequently caused Mom to marry Nathan? Darius had told me that Nathan was the one Mom loved, but why did she choose Mark over him in the end?

"Your mom and I had suffered a lot when we were young due to our family problem. At that time, the Anderson family was very influential, but the Lane family had just started to engage in the business field and was yet to be developed. Meanwhile, the Goldstein family had monopolized the malls



in Avenport at that time. The first time I saw your Mom, I had fallen for her. Unfortunately, everyone was opposing our relationship.”

Talking about the past, Mark put on a melancholic expression and continued, “We suffered a lot in the past. Your grandparents had tried to cause trouble to your mom’s family to drive us apart. Without any choices left, I was forced to leave her. In the end, Isabelle had even pretended to fall in love with another guy to prevent my parents from suspecting us. Although we are back together again now, I’m still feeling guilty for what had happened to us back then. If I was strong enough, we will not be separated.”

Mark looked straight into my eyes and added, “So, don’t blame your mom anymore. She had been through a lot of hardship these years. Besides, some matter can’t be forgotten so easily even if time passes.”

“I understand.” Mom did have a hard time. After what had happened in the past, no one could let it go without any effort. Moreover, I never blamed her for being inconsiderate. I just felt a little upset occasionally. After all, I could feel her trying to distance herself away from me.

What had surprised me the most was that all the love stories between Mom and Nathan that had caused envious among the girls turned out to be fake. Hah! How ironic it was? No wonder Nathan would be so mad.

“You won’t understand. You are still young.” Mark chuckled and continued, “Whenever I see you and Christopher, I will think about the time when we were young. He is indeed an outstanding young man. Among the younger generation, I am afraid that only a few can compare with him. To be honest, we had always respected his father back then. No wonder his children are all so formidable.”

Blinking my eyes, I locked my gaze at him. After twenty-five years, it was the first time I saw my biological father. It was something unbelievable. I even had the thought that everything that happened was merely a hallucination.

“But... Am I really your daughter?” The words came out of my mouth before I filtered them through my mind.

“When I heard it from Wesley, I also found it unbelievable. After all, when your mom married Nathan, there was some misunderstanding between us. We didn’t contact for a long time since then. So, if you don’t believe it, I can understand.” Mark sighed.

“It’s not that I don’t want to recognize you as my father. It’s just that it’s hard for me to believe in it,” I mumbled, fidgeting.

Mark took out a DNA report from his briefcase and placed it in front of me. "Take a look at it. This is the DNA result."

I took over the report and turned it to the last page. In actuality, I already knew the answer before I opened it. After all, Mark did not have to cheat me on this matter. He could not even get any advantage from me. However, I still had the desire to get a firm answer.

Running my fingers on the result, I saw the word 99.99% match. Out of a sudden, tears welled up in my eyes, and the surge of crying overwhelmed me. So, in the end, I'm Mark's daughter! I'm the heir of the Goldstein family!