

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 590

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"I have a big fight with your mom when you're pregnant. I believe the baby is Nathan's when your mom is pregnant, so I got to ask her about it. But I'm not expecting your mom to admit it outright. Now that I think about it, I'm a complete moron. An angry woman will confess to anything."

Mark let out a sigh and poured himself a beer. I was unsure why, but I also craved a beer, so I poured myself some.

"If I act rationally that year and not purposefully stimulate your mother, there will be less misunderstanding now. Then you will not have to suffer as much in the Tanner family. I should have been more ruthless with my means and let Nathan taste the feeling of being desperate," Mark said as he smashed his beer bottle on the table.

"Please don't be angry." Mark's violent action shocked me. He was a gentle and kind man, but when he became angry, he was terrifying.

"In any case, Uncle Nathan raises me even though he is aware that I am not his daughter. I've informed my mom about this. Can you stop attacking the Tanner family? They have already agreed to my mom's request."

Mark and I had a lengthy conversation. The majority of it was questions I wanted to ask Isabelle before, and I was able to get answers from Mark. During the conversation, I felt that the relationship between Mark and me as father and daughter was gradually closing.

"Come here, Yvie, I'd like to give you some pocket money, and you can't refuse it." Mark gave me a card.

When I looked at the Centurion card, I had a funny feeling about it. I remember when I was poor, I had to keep track of my expenses to eat a full meal. However, my fortune had been following me ever since I met Christopher. Remington had a studio, and with my skills added to it, I also had a steady income. Not to mention that I had another Centurion card from Christopher in my bag, as well as a complete list of his projects and properties.

On the other hand, Christopher was forcing me to sign it because he said that if he ever stopped loving me, I could take all of his money and properties and leave nothing for him. Another card was given to me by Isabelle, and when combined with another given to me by Mark, I could

buy whatever I wanted without looking at the price tag. I could just select the most expensive option.

“No, I don’t need any of that.” I turned down the card.

“I mention that you can’t turn down my offer, and I know you’re not short on cash. Your mother will not let you go without money, and the boy from the Lane family will also give you money to spend. This is just a small gesture on my part. I only realize you exist after twenty-five years, and I want to do something for you to make up for what we owe you. Is that right, Belle?”

“You just keep it on you. There’s nothing wrong with having some extra cash on hand.” Isabelle lightly sighed.

I hesitated for a while before keeping the card.

“Let’s go. Today, the three of us should celebrate at the Goldstein residence.”

“Isabelle, you b*tch! You dare to let Nathan give up control of the Tanner family to Crystal! You salacious woman, do you believe you have the right to control the Tanners family’s affairs? I’m going to end your life!”

As we were about to leave, a woman charged out from the walkway, shouting at Isabelle and threatening to hit her with the beer bottle in her hand. Fortunately, the bodyguards who stood nearby prevented her from doing so.

When I glanced closer, I realized she was Scarlett. Her hair was a mess, and her face was badly battered as if someone had intentionally hurt her. Even though the bodyguards restrained her, she still wanted to kick Isabelle with her legs.

“Who are you? Isabelle turned to face Scarlett, who was making a threatening gesture. She did not recognize her at first sight. That was because Scarlett was a smart, lovely, and shy woman back then, so it was natural that Isabelle didn’t recognize her. Not to mention that she now acted like a shrew. It was not unusual for people to not recognize each other as they grew older.

“Mom, that’s Scarlett, Yvette’s mother,” I whispered as I gently pulled her sleeves.

“Scarlett?” Isabelle was perplexed for a moment before realizing Scarlett’s identity. Then, she approached her, but I stopped her and nervously said, “Don’t go near her, it’s too dangerous.”

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"It's all right." Isabelle walked around me, crossed her arms, and laughed as she saw the scar on her face. "Tsk tsk, I think you must have provoked Nathan, and he hurt you. Am I correct? Nathan appears to be gentle, but when enraged, he is not to be trifled with. There is a time where he has single-handedly beaten a gangster who flirted with me until he ended up in the hospital for three months."

"Isabelle, you b*tch! You'll die a horrible death!" Scarlett was enraged by Isabelle and yelled angrily at her, "The Tanners is my daughter's. It should all belong to my daughter. Who do you think you are? Why do you have to take away my daughter's inheritance? You're just a shameless b*tch who eloped with a stranger. You have no right to do this!"

What Scarlett said was far too excessive. It had an impact on Mark as well. I was also feeling very uneasy about it. When I looked up at Isabelle, she was expressionless in response to what Scarlett said. She did not even have a guilty expression on her face. Instead, she was becoming happier and laughing even louder.

"Even Nathan and Natalie will show me some courtesy and refrain from speaking loudly to me when they are in my presence. You're just a mistress who destroys another person's family with your children and body. Do you really believe you have what it takes to be the lady of the house?" said Isabelle.

"Bullsh*t, Nathan and I have genuine affection for one another. When he first met me, he told me that he had long been bored with you because of your cheating behavior. Yvonne is proof. You continue to date other men after you've married. It's entirely your fault that Nathan dumped you. I'll tell you right now that if you don't return my daughter's properties to her, I'll end your life," Scarlett replied.

Isabelle's smile was getting wicked, and she lifted Scarlett's chin with her hand and looked at the scar on her face. She then laughed and said, "I'm standing here right now. Let's see how you want to end my life."

She then turned to the bodyguards and said, "Are you all statues? Mrs. Tanner is being disrespectful. Shouldn't you do something to shut her up?"

For a brief moment, the bodyguards were stunned. Then one of them suddenly pulled Scarlett's hand behind her back, and the other began

slapping Scarlett in the face. He did not appear to be having mercy on Scarlett, and her face was swollen as a result.

“Ahh... Isabelle, let go of me. It is entirely your fault that you are unable to keep your husband. What does any of this have to do with me? You can't force love. Ahhh... If Nathan truly loves you, I will not be able to break your family apart. Isn't it difficult for you to accept that you have been kicked out of the family years ago? If you have the guts, you can simply tell Nathan to kick Yvette and me out and take you back in the Tanner family. If not, you should return the Tanner family's properties to my daughter.”

“You're still going to be spouting nonsense? Continue!” Isabelle did not seem to have any intention of relenting, and it was not very comforting to see. I let go of my mom's hand, thinking that she was a total stranger to me at the time.

“Please don't hit my mom. Let her go!” Yvette appeared out of nowhere and ran over to Scarlett, hugging her and trying to free Scarlett from the two bodyguards.

As Isabelle did not order the bodyguards to stop, they did not dare to stop and continued slapping Scarlett together with Yvette.

Yvette did not dare to plead with Isabelle. Instead, she sobbed and begged me, “Please, Yvonne, tell them to stop. Everything I've done to you in the past has been under Crystal's orders. It was her ideas, and I only do what she tells me to. Isn't it true that I am the most pitiful member of the Tanner family besides you? We are the daughters of the Tanner family. However, we have been treated poorly, worse than Crystal, our cousin. Tell them to stop hitting Mom, please.”

The mother and daughter were screaming and crying as they hugged each other. Finally, I could not stand it any longer and gently pulled Isabelle's hand. But she shrugged my hand away and did not respond to me.

I felt uncomfortable and really did not like to see this kind of scene. So, I yelled at the bodyguards, “Stop it!”

The bodyguards continued because Isabelle had not ordered them to stop. Fortunately, Mark had ordered them, “Do you not hear Ms. Yvonne telling you to stop? Let Mrs. Tanner go.”

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Hearing Mark's words, the bodyguard stopped beating Scarlett. Dissatisfied, Isabelle frowned and shook her head. "I don't know who you take after. How can you be so kind."

"I just don't think it's necessary." I smiled. People were born to sympathize with the weak. I could not bring myself to be an onlooker when two men were beating weak women. Moreover, they were Nathan's wife and daughter. Even if they had nothing to do with me, I should stop it because of Nathan.

"Forget it. It's up to you." Shortly afterward, Isabelle waved her hand and brought Mark to the garden.

Then, I walked over and assisted Yvette in helping Scarlett up. However, as soon as I touched Scarlett, she pushed me away. "Get lost! You don't have to pretend to be kind. Do you think I'll appreciate your fake kindness and help you deal with Crystal and her mother? Don't even think about it!"

Frankly, I had never thought about it that way. The only thing I ever wanted in my life was to live a good life with Christopher. It was too taxing to take revenge on others, so there was no need to get even with every single person that had set me up.

When I saw that Scarlett could not even stand properly, I called an ambulance for them because of her miserable look. After they moved Scarlett on the stretcher and carried her into the ambulance, Yvette, who had already got into the ambulance, came down again and said to me, "Thank you, Yvonne."

"It's okay. I just did what I wanted to do. I have a clear conscience," I replied softly.

Lifting her head, she glanced at me and whispered into my ears, "I saw your mother meeting with Crystal very frequently. You'd better be careful. I've got a feeling that Crystal is plotting something again."

"What?" My first reaction was that Yvette was trying to drive a wedge between Mom and me.

"No matter you believe it or not, that's all I can say. Perhaps, some things aren't as simple as you think. You'd helped me once, and I've returned your favor, so we're even now. The next time we meet again, we're still enemies." Yvette cast a brief look at me before turning around and leaving.

Staring at the leaving ambulance, I knitted my brows. What did she mean? Is there some kind of cooperation between Mom and Crystal?

Compared to Crystal, I would rather trust Yvette, but I could not ask Mom directly about the matter. Even if I asked, she would not necessarily tell me.

Three days later, there was a grand banquet at the Goldstein residence, and it was prepared for me. After Mark acknowledged me as her daughter, he completely changed his attitude toward me. Probably, it was because he did not have any children. He liked me very much.

In addition to giving me the best room in the mansion, he also bought a lot of things for me. Every time I wanted to refuse, he would say that he was not by my side when I was young, so he wanted to do something for me to make up for all those years.

Since he had said so, I could not refuse him anymore. The banquet was organized by Mark. He wanted to hold an unprecedented grand banquet and solemnly announce my identity to the upper class in Avenport.

Standing in the piano room, I ran my fingers on the limited-edition piano in front of me. Actually, I had mixed emotions. From time to time, I could hear the sound of car engines and people's laughter from downstairs.

"Ms. Tanner, it's almost time. Mr. Goldstein asked you to change your clothes and entertain the guests with him." A servant walked in and said respectfully.

"I'll go right away." Moments later, I went back to my bedroom and opened the closet. Just when I was about to change, a lot of servants came in. Some helped to take off my clothes; the others put on the evening dress for me. After I sat on the chair, a professional makeup artist and stylist did my makeup and hair.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I felt strange. The delicate makeup accentuated my beauty, but I did not resemble Isabelle and Mark at all. Am I really Mark's daughter?

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All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door. Mark was outside of the bedroom and urged, "Eve, are you ready? Everyone is here."

"I'm coming!" Shortly afterward, I opened the bedroom door and walked out. When he saw me in the elegant dress, his eyes lit up, and he exclaimed, "My daughter is so beautiful!" Subsequently, he stretched out his hand in front of me.

After some hesitation, I took his hand. When we arrived at the stairs, I could feel everyone's gazes focused on me. With an elegant smile on my face, I fixated my eyes on Mom, who was greeting the guests.

She was talking to a family, but they did not seem to be from Avenport because they looked unfamiliar. As I walked down the stairs, Mom pointed at me and said something to the dignified-looking man. The next moment, he looked toward me and smiled at me. In response, I nodded slightly.

My gaze swept across the hall, and I realized that many people were present. Moreover, I was familiar with most of them. Benson was downstairs as well, but he looked less arrogant and did not stand beside Crystal. On the contrary, Crystal attended the banquet as the heir of the Tanner family, standing proudly in the crowd.

The Lane family and the Goldstein family were originally business rivals. Even if only one of them came, it was great respect to the Goldstein family. However, everyone from the Lane family had turned up. I saw Christopher placing his hand on where his heart was while glancing at me with a smile on his face. His smile was much more genuine compared to others. The Lane family must have attended the banquet for my sake.

"Welcome to everyone who attends this banquet, and thank you for taking your time to join us. Of course, the star of the day isn't me but the person next to me."

Mark pointed at me with a gentle smile and announced softly, "I believe everyone had read the newspaper and heard some rumors. That's right. Eve is my daughter. I'm heartbroken for not being able to fulfill my responsibility as a father for so many years, so today, I solemnly introduce her to everyone. From now on, Eve is the daughter of the Goldstein family."

After he finished speaking, there was a round of applause from the crowd. As one of the bigwigs in Avenport, everyone showed him respect.

Since I was the main focus of the banquet, naturally, I would have to do the opening dance. Instantaneously, I wanted to walk toward Christopher, and he was also looking at me. With my current identity, I was finally a woman worthy of him. In one of the most important moments of my life, I wanted to hold his hand and dance together with him in the public as a gesture of love.

"Eve, come here!" When I was about to walk toward Christopher, Isabelle suddenly came over and blocked my way. There was a smile on her face, but I could see the anger that flashed across her eyes. Pointing at the man

next to her, she uttered, "This is Tobey Osborn from Horington. He's a decent man. Would you like to ask him for a dance?"

Although she sounded implicit, as someone who grew up in the Tanner family, I immediately understood the meaning behind her words. She was trying to set me up with him. In an instant, my expression darkened, and the smile on my face faded. Nevertheless, I could not say anything to Mom on that kind of occasion.

"Hi, Mr. Osborn!" I stretched out my hand to Tobey, not to invite him for a dance but to shake hands. The seemingly graceful man held my hand and did not let go. I could feel that his thumb was constantly rubbing the back of my hand with a hint of infatuation.

Thus, I pulled my hand slightly, but he did not let go. While thinking about how ignorant he could be, I got closer to block everyone's sight and yanked my hand back. After that, I turned my head and caught a glimpse of Christopher. He had already walked to the front of the crowd. Immediately, I stepped forward and wanted to reach out to him.

Just then, Sabrina blocked in front of me and shook her head. I stopped dead in my tracks and glanced at Christopher, only to see him shaking his head as well, telling me not to be too impulsive. Pursing my lips, I fixated my gaze on Zachary. Then, I stood in front of him and stretched out my hand.

On the other hand, Zachary was puzzled and could not comprehend my actions.

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"Zachary, we've been friends for such a long time. You won't reject my invitation to be my dance partner, right?" Zachary's silly expression was too cute. On the surface, he had a solemn expression, but anyone who knew him well would know that he was in a daze and at a loss for what to do.

I was amused by his reaction and stuck out my tongue at him. No matter he was willing to be my dance partner or not, I dragged him to the dance floor. Even though Mom still looked unhappy, her expression had relaxed a little.

Zachary's dance style was the same as his personality, scrupulous and methodical. If he participated in a dancing competition, I believed he would claim first because his movements were too standard.

Sliding into the center of the dance floor, he suddenly piped up, "Yvonne, I'm a married man, and I've never thought of divorce. Neither do I want to be a two-timer. Although you're my savior, this is a matter of principle."

All of a sudden, I was nonplussed and began to wonder why he was so simple-minded.

"I only invited you for a dance. You don't have to let your imagination run wild," I responded flatly.

"Every discerning guest knows that you should do this dance with your significant other," he replied gloomily. "I can already predict the headline of the newspapers tomorrow."

"I think you should worry about how to explain it to Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer." Having said that, I could not help but chuckle. No wonder Sabrina loves to tease him. This is fun.

"I think I'll die a horrible death. Can we turn back time?"

After the opening dance, Mark brought me around to greet every guest. Every time he introduced me, he had a serious demeanor and kept emphasizing that I was his daughter.

Compliments from the guests came one after another – what a young and promising painter, beautiful and charming lady, as expected of the daughter of the Goldstein family, and so on. I found it strange because those words were used to describe Crystal in the past. Now that my identity was different, they also praised me the same way. It could be said that my net worth had skyrocketed.

After a while, Sabrina came over and whispered into my ears, "Your prince charming is waiting for you in the rose garden."

Immediately, I understood the meaning of her words. Since I was not used to all the flatteries, I excused myself and quietly left the banquet. When I was on my way to look for Christopher in the garden, Crystal suddenly appeared and blocked my way.

As we were in the Goldstein residence, I hoped she was not thinking of embarrassing me because that would be absurd. Casting a brief look at her, I questioned, "What's the matter?"

In response, she snorted. "Yvonne, don't be too full of yourself. Even if you're the daughter of the Goldstein family, I won't admit defeat. Sooner or later, I'll rise to a status so high that you can't reach it."

I could not understand. Is she living her life to prove that she's better than others? "Is that the only thing you're pursuing? What benefits do you get by trampling on me?"

Curious, I questioned again, "Other than that, do you have nothing else to pursue? Your happiness, a lover, and a good career aren't important to you?"

"All those are ruined by you! Yvonne, I'll take back what you'd taken from me. Just you wait and see!" With that, she turned around and walked upstairs.

Her provocation took me by surprise. Also, I had never expected her to go upstairs in front of me. Thinking of what she was holding earlier, I frowned and queried the servant passing by, "Why did Ms. Yates go upstairs? Was she upstairs just now?"

"Yes, Ms. Yates was upstairs, together with Mrs. Goldstein. She should be going back to look for Mrs. Goldstein now," answered the servant respectfully.

"She was upstairs for the whole time? Are you sure?" I inquired in surprise.

"Yes. After you finished the opening dance, she went upstairs with Mrs. Goldstein and stayed until now."

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What exactly is Mom up to?

All of a sudden, I remembered what Yvette said. She told me that Crystal had a close relationship with Mom. For some reason, I was flustered. No matter where I went, I could see Crystal as if I would never be able to get rid of her.

The question kept bugging me, and when I found Christopher in the garden, I was still immersed in my thoughts.

"Is there something in your mind? You look disturbed." Christopher wrapped his arms around my waist, leaned against the tree trunk, and asked softly while gently tapping my nose.

"Is it that obvious? I thought I've done a good job of concealing my emotions recently." Scratching my head, I smiled embarrassedly.

"I've said so much, but you didn't even answer my questions. And you're telling me that you're good at concealing your emotions? In your eyes, do I look like such a stupid man?" He raised his head high and pretended to be furious. "I'm angry. Hurry up and coax me."

"Okay. I'm sorry!" I stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. As soon as I backed away, he held my neck and pulled me back. Then, he kissed my lips and pried them open, deepening the kiss.

Our tongues were dancing at his lead, and he was constantly sucking every bit of air in my mouth. My brain was fuzzy, and I suddenly lost the ability to think and allow him to hug me. The kiss continued to deepen, and there was basically not a gap between our bodies.

His dark eyes were soothing and gentle. The shimmering light deep in his eyes almost sucked me in. For a moment, I forgot where I was. My eyes were full of him and the happiness that belonged to us.

After our lips parted, I buried my head in his chest, panting. He leaned my head on his shoulder, and his tone was incredibly gentle. "Do you feel at ease now?"

In response, I nodded and grinned. "Chris, I'm blessed to have you by my side."

"Hmph! We haven't met each other for three days, and you've already distanced yourself from me. Not only that, but you don't even talk to me about your concerns. Wait, don't tell me that you've fallen in love with Zach. If that's true, I'll abuse my power and send him on a mission to another city. It'll be better if he can spend his entire life away from us so that I have one less love rival." Christopher turned his head away and quipped with a smile.

"If Sabby hears this, she'll never let you off easily." Rolling my eyes at him, I laughed when I imagined the scene and reached out to tickle him.

While standing on the spot, he kept trying to dodge my hands. In the end, he pinned me against the tree trunk and pressed on me. I tiptoed and gave him a peck. "It's nothing special. I'm a little lost, as I'm not used to being the center of attention."

"I'm the focus wherever I go, and I've never felt any discomfort. You're hopeless. I'm right in front of you, but I can't make you feel at ease," he muttered, pouting like a child throwing a tantrum.

"No, when I won in drawing contests back then, I also felt discomfort. But that kind of discomfort is totally different from the one I'm feeling right now." As I talked, I felt that my way of expressing myself was wrong, and I could not help but feel dejected.

"Chris, I'm really puzzled and anxious. All these happen suddenly, and they don't feel real at all. Do you think I'm really Mark's daughter? Why do I feel so out of place?" Finally, I told him the doubts deep in my heart. Ever since Mark acknowledged me as his daughter, I had been feeling anxious.

"Is he treating you badly?" Christopher asked in a deep voice. Immediately, his expression turned serious.

"No, he's very good to me. It's just that everything feels so strange. Maybe I still can't adapt to it," I answered after much hesitation.

"It's my fault. I didn't notice that your mother was pregnant with you earlier. I can understand why you're feeling anxious."

Out of the blue, Mark's voice came from behind me. In an instant, I turned my head around.