

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 611

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Silence befell the ward after I left. Only the beeping sound of the devices resounded in the air. Christopher walked over to the window. "Now, can you tell me the reason you sent her away?" he asked coldly, turning around after confirming that I left in the car.

"Can you not? Yvonne just left and I'm still a patient. Stop scaring me like that." Lucas leaned against the headboard, glanced at Christopher's cold face, and said half-jokingly, "Judging from her personality, it's better if she doesn't know certain matters. But you're different. You're the son of the Lane family, the head of Lane Corporation, and a soldier from the special forces. You can do something about it if you know the truth."

"What do you mean? Did you lie to Eve?" As quick-witted as Christopher, he instantly caught the crux of Lucas' words.

Lucas shrugged and smiled. "Well, it's a white lie, so you can't say that I'm lying. She should keep being dense and live a carefree life. After all, a sad expression doesn't suit her well."

Christopher frowned. He had a feeling that Lucas was going to say something unpleasant. It was most probably related to Mark's businesses at the border. "Just say it. Stop beating around the bush."

"Okay. You might not sense the severity of the issue if I don't tell you the highlight." As soon as he said that, he took a document from the drawer and handed it to Christopher, signaling him to flip through it. "Take a look at this and we'll continue the conversation after that."

Christopher opened the document dubiously and his pupil constricted instantly upon reading the contents inside. This time, he failed to maintain his composure as he couldn't help but widen his eyes in disbelief.

On the 23rd of July, patient Isabelle Anderson was knocked on her chest by a heavy item, leaving her with two broken ribs. One of them stabbed her lung, and she was rushed to the emergency room and survived. There was also a fracture in her left shin due to an external blow. She was suspected of being subjected to domestic violence and required hospitalization.

The date on the first record was enough to make him raise his head and look at Lucas in shock. In the next instant, he lowered his head and continued reading.

To Christopher's surprise, the thick document was full of Isabelle's detailed treatment histories, including when and why she got hospitalized, how bad was her injuries, how long it took for her to recover, and what medicine she had.

Her suffering from inner bleeding after getting beaten up was a routine occurrence. The most severe one was when she went into a coma and almost died because her head was brutally hit. At that time, she was unconscious for one whole week and could only recover after three months.

As for the broken ribs and wounds on her body, they were not worth mentioning at all. For her, getting injured was nothing out of the ordinary.

Christopher couldn't recover from the shock after he finished reading the document. I thought of many possibilities, but not this. The relationship between Mark and Isabelle is far different from the definition of a loving couple. How did she manage to live such a tragic life for over ten years? It's a miracle that she's still alive.

"Where did you get this information? What on earth is going on here?" Christopher couldn't help but ask.

"I know several good doctors since I always get sick and stay in the hospital. Coincidentally, one of them was treating Aunt Isabelle when I visited him. He was also her doctor for quite some time. As long as I can pay for it, I can know anything I want."

Lucas raised his chin and gave a smirk. It was a hostile expression that not even I got to witness before.

"It's apparent that Aunt Isabelle isn't living a happy life. All we have seen before is just a perfect act that Mark Goldstein put on. Now, can we finally talk about our partnership?"

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Christopher scoffed, "Partnership? There are lots of people who want to partner with me. Mr. Goldstein asked me about it as well a few days ago. I didn't expect that to be your aim as well."

"I'm sure that his partnership meant nothing good. After all, I know him very well. Did he also threaten you with Yvonne?" Lucas said firmly.

Christopher didn't answer him. Instead, he threw the medical record on the table. "How can I be sure that you're telling the truth?"

Lucas replied calmly, "You can ask that doctor. His contact number is there on the medical record. I know about what happened to you at the border. With your identity, you will certainly not let go of any bad guy, especially when they attempt to end your comrades' lives. As long as he's still actively running his business there, your comrades will eventually lose their lives because of him."

Christopher narrowed his eyes. "So, you want to cooperate with me to take down Mark Goldstein? Are you sure? He's my father-in-law, so don't you think you've gotten the wrong person?"

"I'm sure. If you aren't related to Yvonne, I might need to reconsider. I don't want to take the risk. After all, Uncle Mark is a cruel person who dared to harm me when I was young. If my father didn't pretend to be useless and ignorant all these years, I would have died long ago."

Lucas looked calm as if he was talking about the others and not himself.

"But he's Eve's father. If something happens to him, she will be sad. You should know that I won't do anything that will upset her." Christopher remained unfazed.

Truth be told, he had lost his composure deep down in his heart. If Yvonne knows about how Isabelle has been living, she will be devastated. However, it's all the more reason for me to stay calm at this moment.

"But Aunt Isabelle is more important to her, right? You've seen how her life has been like all these years. No woman can keep living such a life, so perhaps it's because of some reason that she can't leave Mark Goldstein. If you can deal with him, then she can be free."

Christopher kept staring at the medical record in silence. At once, all kinds of thoughts rushed into his mind.

Lucas then continued, "Besides, even if Mark gets exposed, he will only lose his freedom and end up in jail at most. Yvonne probably won't be that devastated. At that time, if Aunt Isabelle can start a new life, she may feel grateful to you and let go of her hatred toward the Lane family. In the end, you and Yvonne will get her blessings. So, why not?"

Noticing how Christopher remained silent, Lucas knew he had won Christopher over successfully. Although Christopher was a calm man and was always smiling, no one could ever scheme against him easily. However, he had a weakness—Yvonne. As long as I can hold on to that, Christopher will help me achieve what I wished to do yet couldn't all these years.

“Are you sure that it’s gratitude and not resentment? After all, love is beyond comprehension.” Christopher remained unmoved. It’s a grave matter, so I can’t rush to judgment.

“No. Aunt Isabelle is a decisive person. You see, she gave up on all the men who pursued her for Nathan Tanner back then. Even your brother, Darius, was rejected by her. So, it’s apparent how much she loved Nathan at that time. When Nathan brought Scarlett and Yvette back to the Tanner residence, she left without hesitation and completely forgot about him.”

After hesitating for a moment, Christopher asked in a low voice, “What can I get if I collaborate with you?”

“That’s easy. I can provide you with all the proof of Mark Goldstein’s illegal businesses at the border. With your ability, I’m sure you can defeat him even if he has someone behind him.”

Right then, Lucas coughed violently. “Don’t doubt my intention. I don’t want to drag Yvonne into this mess as well if it’s possible. The fact that she’s his daughter is what surprised me the most.”

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“Mom, are you okay?” I asked concernedly, walking over when I saw the doctor treating my mom.

Mom had been bedridden for several days. I was worried about her as she had not been looking well. She seemed to be in good health this morning and had even gone out for a while with Crystal after having breakfast downstairs. I couldn’t help feeling anxious when they came back with a doctor.

“Don’t worry! It’s just a headache after walking in the wind.” She shook her head and turned to whisper something to the doctor. Shortly after, the doctor wrote down a prescription. I took a glance at it and could barely understand a single word as his handwriting was totally illegible.

“You should rest at home if you are not feeling well. Just tell me if you need anything.” I squatted down by the bed while holding my mother’s hand. Frowning, I mumbled, “What’s so important out there that you have to go out early in the morning when you are not even yourself.”

“I wanted to ask you to help me out, but you know nothing other than drawing.” Isabelle shook her head with a smile on her face. “There’s

something that I have to do myself. Although the Tanner family is not a big family, they are indeed strong. When there are two people, the words will hold greater weight and likely be convincing. Don't you think so?"

I lifted my head and looked at Mom in shock. Mom, are you trying to explain why you've been staying with Crystal all the time?

"Mom..."

"Are you still angry? You are already in your twenties, but you still act like a child sometimes." She held my hand and added, "That's how you were when you were younger. You would be extremely stubborn once you put your head into something. You really take after me in terms of temper. Have you been holding a grudge against me over the past two days?"

I shook my head. "No! I'm not holding a grudge or whatsoever."

"Still in denial?" She chuckled and covered her mouth. "I can't give you a satisfying answer for certain matters, but what I'm doing now is all for the future. You just have to understand that I love you. That's enough."

However, I was still in a state of confusion. "Mom, Dad is taking care of the business, right? Even if he is overloaded with work, he still has Lucas' dad to help him out. I don't understand why you have to wear yourself out. What matters most is your health."

She glanced at me. The look in her eyes was incomprehensible. I didn't understand why she would put on such an expression that terrified me each time I mentioned Dad and his business. It felt as if she was scheming something.

"Mark is always sick. He has just gotten his health back after recuperating abroad for many years. How can I let him overexert himself again? I just want to reduce his burden. If I let things go undone, he will have no choice but to do it on his own. I can't bear seeing him putting too much pressure on himself." She grinned. There was a softness in her eyes when she talked about him.

I frowned as I took a glance at a bruise on her arm. "Mom, did you fight with Dad? Does he have a bad temper?"

I hesitated for a long time before uttering those words. Seeing her expression turn solemn, I immediately added, "You can just ignore what I said if you don't feel like talking about it. I'm just worried about you. Don't get mad, okay?"

"I'm not mad. You care about me. If anything, I'm pleased." She gave a pat on my hand. "All couples fight. Mark is always sick, and so he feels very

depressed. Despite putting on a smile all the time, he is, in fact, feeling inferior deep down. He desperately wants to be healthy, so he loses his temper sometimes. But everything's fine. Don't overthink it."

Feeling inferior? It doesn't sound right to describe him in that way. There was a time I felt inferior to others and couldn't pull myself together for a long time. However, would people like Dad ever feel inferior?

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Perhaps I have jumped to conclusions. It suddenly reminds me of Lucas. From what I have overheard earlier, I know he was originally healthy. Because of Dad, he ends up being dependent on drugs and can't live without them. Was it caused by inferiority as well? I will never accept such a reason. Maybe I should try to understand him. In fact, I have eventually accepted the fact that he is my father. As a daughter, it seems that I have never paid attention to him and fulfilled my duty as a daughter. I shouldn't be so ignorant.

The next day, I added some color to the drawing that Remington asked me to sketch. The drawing turned out well. After that, I covered the painting and went out with a jar of broth that I cooked earlier.

"Ms. Yvonne, do you need a driver?" the servant asked respectfully.

"Get me a car. I want to head to the office." I smiled. Mark had been so nice to me. He even introduced me to all the servants on the first day I moved to the house.

Not long after, I arrived at Goldstein Corporation. When I walked past the reception counter, I saw the woman who stopped me the other day. Her expression stiffened as she caught sight of me. Staring at me, she put on an awkward smile on her face.

"I'm sorry. I was in a bad mood and took it out on you the other day. I hope you don't mind."

"Don't worry about it. Ms. Yvonne, you are too kind. It's me who was ignorant and not aware of your identity. I'm glad that you are not angry." The receptionist waved her hand and smiled apologetically at me.

I couldn't help but feel emotional at that very moment. When I was with the Tanner family, people always looked at me with compassion in their eyes. Unlike now, people respect me. That said, it somehow made me feel

a little giddy. It seems that I don't have the qualities of being a goddess even though my social status is high.

"I'm pleased to hear that," I replied seriously.

I knocked on the door when I reached the office and waited until a voice echoed from inside. I then entered the room. Mark was reading a document with a couple of executives standing before his desk. They lowered their heads as if they had made a mistake.

It wasn't until they left that I walked over and set the jar of broth down on the table.

"Eve, what brings you here today? Did you miss me?" After dismissing those executives, he waved at me. I stood by his side and smiled. "Indeed. Have you had lunch yet? I made some broth. Have some while it's hot."

"You made this yourself? Give it to me. I'm really hungry now."

"My culinary skills are not as good as those chefs you have recruited, but you can't complain. Even Mom loves my cooking." I stuck out my tongue, grinned playfully, and put the broth before him.

Perhaps he was really starving. He finished the broth shortly after and said, "It feels so good to have a daughter. You even cook for me. It's the thought that counts even if the chefs cook better."

"I'm glad you like it. I will cook as often as possible." I suddenly feel Dad's loneliness. Although he is rich and lives in a mansion, he is lonely. I then made up my mind that I would spend more time with him.

I talked to him for a while. Just when I was about to excuse myself and leave, he suddenly stopped me and handed over a document to me. "I planned to give it to you on your birthday. Now that you are here, I will just pass it to you then. It's your birthday gift."

"Dad, you have already given me a lot of things. You shouldn't have!" I waved my hand.

"Take a look at it first!" Mark said seriously.

I had no choice but to take it. Taking a glance at the document, I realized he was giving me the shares of Goldstein Corporation and stocks of some projects, which were worth a lot as the budget alone cost hundreds of millions.

"Dad, I don't need these. You should keep these for yourself."

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“That wasn’t a request. Be good and sign the document. I’ll earn more money for you so that when you’re married, you don’t have to worry about suffering while living with your in-laws with a lucrative dowry.” Mark guffawed after saying those words.

In reality, I wanted to tell him that I wasn’t short of money. However, I had no choice but to sign the document since he would not allow me to leave if I refused. In fact, I had a few similar documents like the one I was about to sign with me. The most important one I had was the share transfer agreement under Christopher’s name.

Not only that, I was in control of all the properties that belonged to Christopher. If that news somehow got exposed to the public, I believed the women in Avenport would most definitely be envious of me and curse me for being so lucky behind my back.

When Christopher had told me to sign the document back then, I was unwilling to do it no matter what. In the end, he thought of a plan by bringing me to drink tons of beers and having a crazy moment at home.

In a word, we embraced each other passionately as soon as we entered the house. When I lay on the bed because of exhaustion, the sly Christopher seized the opportunity to coax me into signing the document. As I woke up the next day and remembered what happened the other night, Christopher told me that he was my kept man from that day onward and wanted me to treat him better. He even had a cunning smile on his face as he uttered those words.

That b\*stard! I cursed inwardly as those thoughts came back to me.

“You’re thinking about Christopher again, aren’t you? My baby daughter has grown up indeed.” Mark blinked his eyes at me playfully as he spoke.

“I’m not.” I refused to admit it. Shortly afterward, I questioned him with a stern expression, “Are you going to let go of what Mr. Garfield is dealing with right now, Dad?”

Once I asked that question, I felt chills running down my spine. Mark was staring at me intently before replying with a question of his own, “Did Christopher ask you to persuade me on this matter?”



"No, Chris didn't even mention it." It was true that Christopher didn't tell me about that matter. Nonetheless, I couldn't pretend that I knew nothing about it since the issue was right in front of me.

"I've witnessed what happened at the border with my own eyes, Dad," I said solemnly. "That is why I understand what Mr. Garfield is in charge of better right now. I'm genuinely worried about you. Can't you give up on such a business since you're already so wealthy?"

It took me quite some time to decide whether to tell Mark about those things. Such a detrimental business would not only harm others, but the perpetrator would not have any benefits as well. Whenever I thought about the number of people who would suffer because of that, I felt a sense of sorrow in my heart.

"There are some things that a young woman like you doesn't understand. So stop asking such questions." Without answering my question, Mark went on with a displeased tone, "A woman like you should focus on shopping and entertainment, not that kind of stuff."

"I'm already in my twenties, Dad. Didn't you say it yourself earlier?" I didn't want to give up on pursuing that topic since I had heard everything about the conversation between Mark and Christopher the other day. What should I do if it really comes to that?

"I need to prepare for a meeting later. There's an antique auction taking place tonight. If you feel bored, you can go there and have a look. I'll have my men prepare number tags for you. Feel free to buy anything you fancy." Mark stood up with the document in his hand and urged me to leave.

"Dad!" I shouted, not inclined to give up so soon.

"Behave yourself." It was apparent that Mark was unwilling to talk about the issue at the border with me any longer as he raised his voice all of a sudden.

Reality hit me hard at that point as I realized that changing a matter was impossible using my words alone.

I heaved a sigh, took the document, and left Goldstein Corporation. While walking by the roadside, I noticed Christopher's familiar figure and swiftly followed behind him. The second I was about to call out his name, I saw a pretty lady beside him. It looked to me that they were having a great time together.

That charismatic-looking lady was wearing a blue T-shirt and a pair of cropped trousers, her hair tied into a bun. The way she walked was full of

vigor as well. Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks and I saw them hugging each other.

I was very close to crying out in bewilderment when I saw their intimate action. Fortunately, I managed to cover my mouth in the nick of time.