

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 621

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My heart was filled with dissatisfaction and grievances. I couldn't bear the thought of turning around and arguing with Isabelle about what she said to me. However, it was only recently that my mother and I were able to mend our relationship. I didn't want to have to go to war with her again.

I forced myself to calm down, then turned to Isabelle, and said, "Mom, can you tell me why? If you could just tell me the reason, I can do whatever you want."

"I'm sorry... but I can't tell you right now." Isabelle sighed deeply.

"You're not even going to tell me why?" Even though I was heartbroken, I forced myself to smile.

"Do you know how much I enjoy drawing, Mom? I place all my dreams and hopes on my paintings. Both you and Dad were not by my side when I was a child and the Tanners saw me as an outsider. Every time there was a celebration, it was always me who was left alone in a corner to hear Yvette and the others' laughter. At that time, I tried hard to convince myself that everything was fine, and that was because I still had my paintings."

I continued, "I always include many people in the backgrounds of my paintings. Some of them would be waiting for me, talking to me, or simply smiling at me. I've also drawn some lonely people because their presence would make me feel less abandoned. You now want me to give one of my paintings to someone else. Do you understand what that means to me?"

Isabelle responded softly, "I understand."

"You don't understand, Mom. I'm really upset about it. You can't even give me one reason for doing this."

"It's all my fault!"

Despite her admittance, however, Isabelle was unwavering. She still looked determined and did not want to compromise at all. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath before turning to her and handing over the unsigned painting. "I'm hoping this is the last time, Mom."

I dashed out of the room with my ruined painting as I finished speaking.

When I opened the door, I was surprised to see Crystal standing in the hallway. She was also taken aback when she saw me running out of the room with my eyes welling up with tears. However, she reacted to it quickly and flashed me an annoyingly triumphant smile.

She then raised her thumb at me and slowly pointed it to the ground. She whispered, "You can see that you've lost again, can't you? Yvonne, you're going to lose everything to me sooner or later. Do you believe it?"

Suddenly, I lifted my hand and slapped Crystal with all my strength. The sound of the slap, mixed with Crystal's scream, echoed in the hallway. Even after I did that, I still felt enraged.

So this is what the bet is about This Crystal is really crafty. Even my Mom is on her side. I don't know what she has done to get this opportunity, but I still feel beaten by it.

Why must it be Crystal? Crystal Yates!

"Yvonne, you dare to slap me! I can tell you right now that you will not be arrogant for long. You'll always be that poor little girl begging at my feet."

"The things you stole will never be yours. I don't care how you got Mom to agree to it, but if you think a painting can change your life, you're dreaming."

"Eve!" The clacking sound of high heels could be heard, followed by footsteps going down the stairs. I did not want to see Isabelle at the moment so I ignored Crystal's provocation, turned around, and stormed out of the Goldstein residence.

I'm no longer able to understand my mother. What's more important to her? Are certain benefits really that important to a point she is willing to sacrifice everyone, including her family? If so, what's the difference between me and a string puppet?

It was raining when I stormed out of the Goldstein residence. Then a servant came over and handed me an umbrella, but I did not take it. I just stormed into the rain. All I could hear behind me was the worried servant's shouts. However, it was not her voice that I wanted to hear.

The cold raindrops fell on me but they did not wash away my rage. Instead, it revealed all my repressed feelings and made me yell at the sky. In my head, I was mulling over a question: Am I really Isabelle's daughter?

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This was the first time this question came to my mind. Although it was ridiculous, the fact that I really had this thought showed how heartbroken I was at the time.

Not far away, a light flashed, followed by a car speeding toward me. Unfortunately, it was too late for me to avoid it by the time I could take a good look at it.

The car made a screeching sound with its brakes and stopped abruptly in front of me. The door opened and a man came out. Strangely, I could not get a good look at this man's face – he appeared to be swaying. Meanwhile, the ground was also shaking. After a brief moment, I fell to the ground.

“Are you okay?” From my ears, I could hear a soft and gentle male voice. I thought it felt familiar but no matter how hard I tried, I could not open my eyes.

Then, I had a nightmare about something that I had not dreamed about for a long time. This nightmare was absurd and strange. Crystal arrived at my house in the dream, and my mom treated her nicely and kept telling me to take good care of her.

I was the only child in my family so of course I was happy having someone to play with. Crystal appeared to enjoy playing with me when there were other people around. However, when no adults were present, she began to bully me and tore up my favorite dress. When my mother found out that it had been torn, Crystal accused me of having lost my temper and that I had ruined my own dress.

My mother slapped me without even asking me about the incident. I cried and said that Crystal had torn it, but no one would listen. They all assumed I was lying to avoid taking responsibility. I was punished with no lunch and could only watch Crystal sit at the spot that was originally mine as she was being gently cared for by my mother.

The dream felt so real that when I woke up, I almost believed the incident had actually happened in real life. I sat on the bed and patted my head. I felt like my head was going to explode, so I patted it with greater force, which exacerbated the headache.

“Why did I have to have such a realistic dream?” I sat on the bed and thought deeply about it.

"You're awake." After a while, someone pushed open the door and stopped me from letting my thoughts wander. A stranger walked in. My face turned pale as I realized I was not in the Goldstein residence or the home that Christopher and I owned.

"Who are you?" I looked at the man in front of me. He seemed familiar, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not remember who he was.

"You don't remember me? How could you have forgotten about me?" The man looked surprised. "We met at the Goldsteins' party, and recently..."

"Oh, I remember you now. You're Tobey Osborn!" I looked around the room and then back at myself. When I realized I was not wearing the same clothes as before, my expression became uneasy. I asked, "How did I get here?"

"Have you forgotten? You passed out beside the road because you were in the rain and had a fever. I was driving by and saw you, so I brought you back here. Don't worry. The maid in my house helped you change into the clothes you're wearing." Tobey smiled.

This man appeared to be quite considerate, but I had the impression that he was looking at me as if I were his bank vault. I gave him a forceful smile and said, "Thank you."

"There's no need to thank me. I've prepared a shirt for you to change into. Dinner will be ready by the time you've changed. You've slept the entire afternoon so I'm guessing you're already hungry."

Tobey placed the shirt by my bedside and then exited the room. Then, I jumped out of bed and hurriedly changed my clothes. At the moment, I just wanted to get out of here as soon as possible. My intuition was perhaps incorrect, but I felt uneasy staying here even though he had saved me.

The size of the shirt was perfect; it was just right for me. The only thing was that its design was too exposed. Because of the shirt, my impression of Tobey deteriorated. When I heard Tobey talking on the phone as I walked down the stairs, I came to a halt.

"Mrs. Goldstein, Eve is having a good time here. Her fever is already gone. Even if you don't visit her, I'm sure she won't fuss about it. She'll understand that you're preoccupied. It's my honor that you'd entrust her to me. I'll make sure Eve is in better shape than she was before. Please have a pleasant meal with Ms. Yates... Sure, I'll tell her about it... Don't worry. There is no woman I can't handle..."

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Meanwhile, at the staircase, chills traveled down my spine as I overheard Tobey's conversation with Mom. It was at that moment I realized that Mom was not the least bit worried about me staying at Tobey's place.

Besides, Mom had really gone overboard this time trying to set me up with a random man whom I had just met.

It was pointless to be a bigger person by tolerating Mom's behavior, as she tended to cross the line sometimes. Thinking of that, I couldn't help but sneer at myself. I bet she'll be happy if anything happened between Tobey and me here. With that, her dream of marrying me to Tobey would finally come true.

Meanwhile, their conversation continued. I strode down the stairs and headed to the couch. My expression slowly darkened as I eavesdropped on their conversation. All they talked about were business opportunities and investment.

"Mrs. Goldstein, let me know if you have any other requests. We'll be family soon, won't we? As agreed previously, you should give away Yvonne's portion. Marry her? Sure, I like Ms. Yvonne, too. I wish to marry her as soon as possible! The shares? Yes, of course. They're still hers. But since we'll soon be family, we should not be so calculative. Am I right? Haha!"

Everything was set up perfectly on the dining table. Candles were lit and illuminated the steak and wine, while the dining area was done up romantically. Nevertheless, I was not touched after listening to their conversation.

It took Tobey a while to finally end that sickening conversation. He whistled a tune happily and headed upstairs with a smug grin, only to hurry down the stairs to look for me soon afterward.

"Eve? Where are you?" He glanced around nervously.

I picked up the glass of wine in front of me. Hearing the sound, Tobey instinctively looked in my direction and was stunned to see me sitting at the table. He probably did not think I would have come down so quickly. As soon as Tobey regained his composure, he quickened his steps and walked toward me with a polite smile. "You're here. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm afraid of disturbing you since you were on the phone," I said in a straightforward manner.

Tobey's face turned pale. Scratching the back of his head anxiously, he asked, "Did you hear everything, Eve?"

As I saw Tobey put a smile on his face, I could not help but notice that he actually had a warm and pleasant smile. However, his smile could not compare to Andrew's radiant smile. Andrew's was so genuine and contagious that it would instantly warm my heart.

Seeing Tobey's hypocritical smile, I scoffed heartlessly, "I think we're not that close, Mr. Osborn. I would appreciate it if you could address me as Ms. Tanner or Ms. Goldstein. 'Eve' is only for my closest friends and family. I hope you get what I mean."

Disgusted by his pretense, I was not planning to show mercy to such a hypocrite.

My forthright behavior and the hostility in my tone must have frightened Tobey. He stood there, too stunned to speak. After collecting himself, he smiled bitterly and responded, "Ms. Goldstein, is there a misunderstanding between us? Why are you acting like this? Do you not remember it was me who saved you on the street?"

"Of course I do, and I'll repay this debt of gratitude. Nevertheless, I would like to be excluded from any agreement or dealing that you have with my mother. Please don't involve me in this."

Having that said, I stood up from my seat, grabbed my handbag from the coffee table, and continued coldly, "What's yours is yours, and what's mine is Christopher's. I have nothing to do with you anymore. I'm not in the mood to eat. I'll make a move now, Mr. Osborn."

Tobey scurried over and blocked my way. Raising his eyebrow, he uttered, "Ms. Goldstein, you must have misunderstood me. How can you judge me by just listening to a phone conversation?"

"Really?" I scoffed with disdain.

He replied, "I can't tell what's on your mind. So, let me make this clear to you: I actually have someone that I like."

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“What did you say?” I was clearly puzzled at his words. With a quizzical look, I asked further, “If so, why did you say that to my mother?”

I still couldn't find a valid reason to befriend Tobey, even after he disclosed that to me. Things were different from the time I first met Lucas, though. Although Mom had a role to play in my relationship with Lucas, I knew right away that Lucas would be a great friend. It turned out that my intuition was not wrong.

“How about we eat something first? I haven't had anything yet. Moreover, you're my guest, so let me have the opportunity to welcome you.” Tobey ignored my question and swiftly gestured me back to the dining table.

I hesitated for a moment before heading to the dining table, as I wanted to know what tricks Tobey had up his sleeves. I took a small bite of the food while waiting for Tobey to say something. Shifting my attention to him, I noticed his inelegant table manners.

“I have poor etiquette, don't I?” He wiped his mouth. Hearing his confession, I became less irritated for some unknown reason.

“Well, I prefer it that way. At least it's real. I hate pretentious people.”

“I understand. You're indeed a genuine and straightforward person who wouldn't tolerate any fakeness. Me too, actually. Hence, I think both of us should be honest with each other.”

Tobey smiled gently, and I started to see him in a more positive light.

“The Osborn family is not considered a prestigious family. We only managed to make a fortune in recent years and because of that, my family earned a little respect in Dellmoor. However, I was not fed with a silver spoon since young, and I don't wish to erase the old me just because my life has changed. Anyway, I actually have someone in my heart but she's merely a kindergarten teacher from an ordinary family. I know she's the one for me when she offered me tremendous help back when my family was nearly bankrupt. She even went to great lengths to lend me her savings.”

“Why are you not tying the knot with her yet? You are not getting any younger.” I could tell that the woman he mentioned was really a nice girl.

“Isn't it obvious?” Shrugging his shoulders, he heaved a sigh before continuing, “We like each other a lot, but my family doesn't approve of our relationship due to her family background. That's also why I came to Avenport.”

Curiosity flooded me. “Do you mean that the deal you have with my mother is just an expedient strategy of yours? What are both of you up to?”

“Since our families have business dealings with each other, your mother wishes the two of us to get married. Besides, you’re no ordinary girl, as you come from a prestigious family. No one would say no to marrying a girl like you.”

I was momentarily stunned to hear such honesty from Tobey. A brooding expression returned to my face as I replied, “Do you mean that you want to marry me?”

“Why not?” He glanced at me meaningfully and voiced earnestly, “Look, both of us have someone we like, but we couldn’t do anything about it because of the pressure from our families. We actually share the same fate.”

At this point, I had more questions than I had answers. “Same fate? What are you talking about?”

“Ms. Goldstein, you shouldn’t take things too seriously. Think about it: our families want us to get married to a suitable candidate. Why don’t we enter into an agreement and fake our marriage? By easing their minds, we could have the best of both worlds and we don’t have to give up on the people we love. Isn’t that a great idea?”

“Fake our marriage?” My expression turned gloomy after I heard his preposterous suggestion.

“Don’t be angry. What I’m suggesting is just a fake marriage; we won’t interfere with each other’s personal relationships. As you know, many couples from rich families who entered into arranged marriages do this as well. Rest assured that I won’t let you suffer any loss in this. We’ll sign a prenuptial agreement to safeguard our personal assets. Isn’t it a good idea to kill two birds with one stone? With our marriage, our families would also have more business opportunities with each other.”

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“You’re doing this only because you don’t love her as much as you think you do. You’re simply acting in your own best interest and choosing power over her, you hypocrite.”



Our negotiation ended on a sour note because I splashed a glass of wine on his face.

The prenuptial agreement and fake marriage may seem like a good idea to others, but to me, it only illustrated that it was in his best interest to compromise. In my opinion, married men would flirt around only when their love for their partners wasn't deep enough.

They wanted control over everything; they wanted power and love. However, one could not sell the cow and drink the milk. Had I done the same thing, I would be no different from these people.

I couldn't accept it. I truly love Christopher and was willing to give up everything for his sake. Why would I want to throw away my most precious treasure for material things especially when I already had so few things to begin with?

I truly believed that Christopher and I were on the same page. He gave up so much for me back then. We would have split up a long time ago if we didn't put so much effort into our relationship. Accepting Tobey's terms would be humiliating Christopher and belittling our love.

I returned to our home, opened the door, and was about to clean up the house when Christopher suddenly walked over and pulled me into his arms.

"What happened?" I asked worriedly as I stared at the thunderous look on his face.

"Where did you go? I tried calling you multiple times but you didn't pick up. I went to the Goldsteins to look for you but they said you left yesterday. I've been really worried about you ever since you failed to come home last night." Christopher tightened his embrace and scolded. "You should have told me you were going out. Don't make me worry."

I took out my phone from my bag and noticed it was turned off. "I'm sorry, I didn't know that my phone battery died. Don't be mad," I said innocently.

"Then tell me where you went last night." Christopher harrumphed. "I'll be really mad if you lie to me."

"Gosh, you're not suspecting that I cheated on you, are you?"

I shrugged nonchalantly and smiled. I then stood up, pecked him on the cheek, and dragged him over to a mirror. I pointed at the mirror and said, "Look at this rich, handsome man with broad shoulders and long, slender legs. He is good in bed and is my idol. I would have to find someone as

good as he if I wanted to cheat, wouldn't I? I couldn't be interested in anyone inferior to him."

"You have good taste. Remember to tell me where you are going next time." Christopher broke into a smile after hearing me out. He let me off. "At least inform Sabrina where you are going next time. I was really worried about you."

"I'm not a child anymore." I pouted. I wasn't upset; I was simply being coquettish. I was elated to know that Christopher cared so much about me. After giving it some thought, I decided to tell him about Tobey while withholding parts of the conversation that would hurt him. I simply told him about Tobey's plan and the girl he loved. I made myself clear by repeating the latter point in case he became jealous once again.

"Duh, why should my wife marry someone else and keep our relationship secret? Are you kidding me? What's there to hide?" Christopher lifted his chin snobbishly and pointed at his reflection in the mirror. "This man here is an idol. And as an idol, I will never compromise."

After some dilly-dallying, we headed over to the kitchen to prepare lunch. I really enjoyed being with him and just doing the little things together with him. I felt the sweetest love in our ordinary, everyday lives.

I flipped through my calendar after washing my hands and suddenly realized that today wasn't just an ordinary day. I fell silent.

"What special day is it?" Christopher glanced at my calendar. I had specially put a marking on today's date in case I forgot.

"Today is Lyle's birthday. Sharon used to insist that we head to her place to visit her on this day every year."