

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 626

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Time flew by fast. It had been six months since Lyle left us. I also turned from rags to riches. Life works in mysterious ways.

My heart was heavy upon thinking about Lyle. It felt like a weight on my chest. Every breath I took felt like a burden.

Some people would only be remembered after their deaths. I was disgusted by the mere thought of him when he was alive, but I couldn't get him off my mind after his death.

Lyle died for my sake. My heart ached for him whenever I recalled how he slowly slipped away in my arms on that fateful day.

I didn't even have the chance to tell him that I no longer hated him. I wanted to tell him that we would be the best of friends from now on because he was my savior.

"Why don't you visit Sharon today? I'm sure she wouldn't want to spend this day alone as well."

"Okay!" I hesitated for a bit before replying. Honestly, it had been so long since I last paid Sharon a visit. It was about time I did. However, I was also a little apprehensive about meeting her.

I felt like I could never repay the Smiths for everything they had done for me. It was a favor I could never return, nor could I do anything to compensate for their loss.

Even though the Smith family business improved with Christopher's help, I knew Sharon would rather sacrifice everything than lose Lyle.

The car rolled to a stop in front of Sharon's mansion. I stood outside the gates, hesitant to step foot inside the property. I peered through the iron gate and noticed that her favorite flowers were already wilting and the place was full of weeds. It looked abandoned. Only one small patch remained tended: the spot where Lyle's favorite flowers were planted. It was obvious that the owner no longer had the time and energy to take care of anything else.

Christopher held my hand and gave me a reassuring look. With that, I finally stepped foot into the courtyard. Sharon was trimming the branches of the flowery plant as we walked toward her. She had aged overnight.

This time, she was sitting in a wheelchair. I frowned when I noticed that she wasn't even wearing shoes.

Sharon could only move around in the wheelchair because she couldn't even walk now. She was well into her eighties and had always been weak. Lyle's death was a huge blow on her; she crumbled as if she had lost her emotional support.

"Grandma!" My eyes brimmed with tears as I walked over and helped her carry a flower pot.

Sharon turned around as if she finally realized my presence. She scrutinized me for a long while before she broke into a smile. "Oh, it's you, Eve. I was wondering when you and Lyle are coming back. I was about to get mad if you guys didn't come to visit me soon. Today is his birthday. I will head over to his office and beat him up if he's using work as an excuse to not come to see me."

I stared at Sharon in surprise. She kept mentioning Lyle's name as if she had gone senile. She held my hand, turned to Christopher, and scolded, "What are you doing standing over there? Come here. I want to take a good look at you. I'll think that I have a granddaughter instead of a grandson if you don't come back soon."

I quickly gave Christopher a glance. He then walked toward Sharon and greeted her like how I did.

"That's more like it. I'll get Molly to prepare your favorite dishes. You have to eat more today—don't leave the table halfway because of a call. I will break your leg if you do so. Lyle, remember to switch off your phone during dinner later, and don't bully Eve! Where will you find someone else as good as she?" Sharon held my hand and Christopher's hand in hers and smiled dotingly.

"We're not going anywhere, Grandma. We're here to stay today." I choked up and almost cried.

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"Molly, what happened to Grandma?" I walked into the kitchen and asked while Sharon and Christopher stayed in the yard.

Molly choked up upon that. She wiped away her tears and said, "Old Mrs. Smith is growing senile. Mr. Smith's death was the final blow for her. She

thinks that Mr. Smith is still alive and that he will come back and visit someday. I couldn't bear to tell her the truth when she looks so happy."

"What did the doctor say?" My face fell.

"The doctor said it was simply due to old age. She's having hallucinations because of how much she misses Mr. Smith. There's no treatment for her," Molly said.

I lowered my gaze and said helplessly, "It's my fault she turned out this way. If not for me, she would still be well right now."

"This is fate!" Molly wiped away her tears. "Mrs. Smith used to visit her from time to time. They would talk about Mr. Smith during their conversation and Mrs. Smith would break down into tears. We're the only two left after she moved out, so Old Mrs. Smith must feel very lonely. Ms. Yvonne, please come and visit often if you have her best interest at heart."

My heart was heavy after leaving the Smith household. It ached so much that I couldn't breathe after seeing Sharon in such a state. Why is life so hard? Why can't we just live a happy and simple life?

"I'll come with you to visit Sharon whenever I'm free from now on. What do you think?" Christopher pulled me into his arms and said in a low voice.

"Thank you, Christopher. Thank you so much!"

I accidentally ruined my painting with Remington when I spilled paint on it the other day. I left in such haste that I did not think about how to salvage the artwork. Upon returning to the studio only two days later, I realized that nothing had been touched except for the painting given to Crystal, which was not there anymore.

The messed-up painting was now beyond recognition. I rolled it up as I did not dare show Remington what happened. His art exhibition was launching next week. Not only was I holding him back, but I also destroyed his work.

"This is the painting you claim to have completed? Yvonne, do I have to thank you for this?" Sure enough, Remington broke down after seeing his ruined painting and almost jumped in rage.

I scratched the back of my head and replied in embarrassment. "There's no way I can salvage this painting now. A lot of things happened this week and it was too late by the time I wanted to salvage it. Why don't you try calling Spencer back from Anglandur? We still have one week left to finish the painting."

“Haha, Yvonne. I just noticed how naive you actually are. Spencer is there for a competition. I will do whatever you say if you manage to get him back!” Remington had no way to vent so he glared at me menacingly. He then stared at Christopher, who was behind me, from time to time. After a while, he rolled up his sleeves and walked over to Christopher. “Come on, let’s have a fight. I need to let off steam before I blow up.”

“Don’t. Why don’t you just beat me up? I won’t fight back.” I laughed drily. Remington would be beaten to a pulp if he got into a fight with Christopher. I patted my chest and said, “I assure you I will get Spencer back here to clean up the mess. I swear.”

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I was completely guilty, so I dared not say a word back as Remington let out his anger. Unfortunately, Christopher was by my side. He was the type to protect his wife no matter what happened. Whenever Remington raised his voice at me, Christopher would start putting on a cold front. In the end, Remington was shrieking in anger. He grabbed Christopher by the collar and dragged him to the practice room upstairs.

Outside the door, I could hear the two of them fighting with each other. I clasped my hands together before my chest. “Please just let them put an end to this peacefully.”

“To h*ll with peace! Yvonne... Ouch! You... I’m telling you, if this painting isn’t done by Sunday, I will cut off all ties with you. I will never show up before you again. I... Argh! Oh, is that how you want to play it? Come here and let me teach you a lesson, Christopher!”

“What else did you expect? For me to stand here and let you hit me? My wife is the only one that I will willingly allow to lay a finger on me.”

“I see you’re willing to throw away your friendship for your relationship. I can only say that it is unfortunate to have been your friend.”

“Friends are for using. My wife is for loving. That’s just how it is.”

Listening in to their conversation, my eyes were twitching. Hopefully, Remington would not get angrier after hearing Christopher’s preposterous logic.

I kept hearing heavy thumps on the floor, coupled with Remington’s miserable screams from time to time. Finally, the practice room door

opened. Christopher walked out first with his sleeves rolled up high. The tie around his neck was in a mess. There was a bruise on the corner of his mouth. The sight of it made my heart ache.

“Aren’t you going to blow on it for me? It hurts.” Christopher put his face near mine.

“I can’t believe you guys actually beat each other up. Couldn’t you have toned it down a little? Besides, there’s a punching bag right there. The two of you could have just competed to see who would break the punching bag first or something.” I leaned over to him and blew gently on his bruise.

“Don’t worry. I never lose.” Christopher shot me a sly smile. “Your kiss numbs all pain.”

“Will the two of you stop showing off? At least take a moment to consider how I feel. Move aside.” Remington stepped out with his chest puffed. There seemed to be no injuries on his face. As he walked out, he even did a biting motion toward us to signify his victory. With my jaw wide open, I softly whispered to Christopher, “I thought you said you never lose?”

“Shush!” Christopher took a step nearer to me. “He’s just happy he left a mark on my face. I deliberately landed all my punches on places that are covered by his clothes. Trust me. He’s definitely in more pain than me.”

I shot him a thumbs up. Indeed, I had to admit that I admired his skills.

“What about Spencer? If I use Crystal as an excuse to lure him back, do you think it will work?” I asked hesitantly.

“Just tell him that Crystal is looking for him urgently. Remember to emphasize that she is close to tears. I guarantee he will be on a flight back tonight,” Christopher said solemnly.

“That’s true. No argument there.” I once again gave him a thumbs up to salute his intelligence.

That night, after Christopher and I finished our “vigorous exercise”, we lay cuddling in bed. Suddenly, a series of fast-paced knocks sounded. Initially, I thought it was probably the neighbors. After a while, the knocking did not stop, and both Christopher and I were awakened. It was only then we realized that someone was knocking at our door.

I exchanged glances with Christopher. Both of us were visibly puzzled. I held onto my forehead and frowned. “It can’t be. When I called him, he was busy. So I left a message. Considering the time difference, he must have left at around midnight. That man is honestly hopeless.”

“Even more importantly, he’s so blind. He had just had to fall in love with a girl that loves playing games and flirting with other men. He has such weird taste, unlike me.” Christopher had just gotten done changing. He kissed me on the forehead before going to check on the door.

I shut my eyes. I was half asleep when suddenly someone kicked the bedroom door open. This was followed by Spencer’s loud and panicked voice shouting in my ear. “Yvonne, tell me. Where is Crystal? Is she okay?”

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Oh my God. I’m not even dressed yet. How could he just barge in? I stared at Spencer charging over and quickly wormed into my blanket. After making sure I was properly covered with nothing hanging out, I sighed in relief.

Christopher walked in hurriedly and slapped Spencer on the head. He wailed out in response. Like a rat that had just been caught, he was quickly thrown out. Finally, I was able to climb out of bed and put on some clothes.

During Crystal and Lyle’s wedding, Spencer had done nothing. Hence, I thought that he and she were nothing more than close friends that shared a passion for art. But now, it was clearly more than just friendship. If anything, his feelings for her seemed to have grown more intensely over the course of time.

Walking out of the room, I saw Spencer getting ready to charge over again. I quickly hid behind Christopher and said, “Calm down. Let’s talk like adults. Stop rushing over at me. If you do that again, don’t blame my husband for beating you up. In fact, I might even add a few extra kicks in.”

“Then tell me what is going on? Why is Crystal looking for me? What kind of terminal disease does she have? Is she really dying?”

“What? Who said she’s terminally ill? All I said was that she’s looking for you, so you should come back when you have the time.” My jaw dropped to the floor upon hearing Spencer’s questions.

“Huh?” It was Spencer’s turn to be surprised.

I rubbed the back of my head. I could not understand how my words were twisted into what Spencer had heard. “Wait, what’s going on?”

"Tell me exactly what you said on the phone yesterday," Christopher turned to me and ordered. He seemed to have thought of something.

I repeated what I said in Angladurn. After hearing what I said, Christopher pulled me into his arms and started laughing out loud. Meanwhile, Spencer's face looked particularly sour, as if having bit into a wedge of lemon.

I laughed dryly. Even if I was an idiot, I knew what was going on. Clearly, I had miscommunicated the message. I shrugged and said innocently, "Okay, fine. I admit that my Angladurn isn't the best. Can't fault me for it, can you?"

"What were you actually trying to say?" Spencer was pale from anger. I could tell that he wanted to just devour me whole right now. He leaned back against the couch and yawned. If he could just end me, all his anger would disappear in an instant.

"The painting that we made with Remington was accidentally destroyed by me. Now, we're one painting short. We have about a week to paint a new one, and we can't do it without you. So, please help us out. I'm so grateful that you rushed over here. Truly, thank you so much."

Spencer looked at me, then back at Christopher. He stood up with a slap on the table and shouted, "F*ck off!"

"Hmm?" Christopher and I exchanged glances. We simultaneously put our hands on our hips and laughed. "Haha. You've already entered our territory. There's no escape for you now."

Then, I picked up a fruit knife on the table and handed it over to Christopher. Solemnly, he twirled it in his hands. He shifted the knife from his left hand to his right as he toyed with it.

Slowly, we made our way over to Spencer. "The only option here for you is to work on the painting."

"What do you guys think you're doing?" Spencer staggered back.

"What does it look like?" I laughed maniacally. For a moment, it felt like I was the antagonist of a big movie.

"D-Don't go too far. If you come any closer, I'll scream. Christopher, don't think I'm afraid of you just because you can fight. You have no idea what I'm capable of when I get mad."

The reason Spencer was so afraid was probably due to the trauma of him being beaten up by Christopher when he was younger.

“Scream all you want. You can scream your lungs out, but nobody will come to save you. Take out your pencil right now and start drawing. We’ll rush over to Remington’s house as soon as possible and invite him to join us.”

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To be honest, it was near impossible to complete such a huge oil painting within a week. Fortunately, we had already done it once before, so we did not need much creativity with it. All we needed to do was repeat what we did the last time.

After burning the midnight oil for several nights in a row, we finally finished it. The three of us felt a huge weight lift off our shoulders. We lay on the couch and refused to move an inch. Eventually, it was Remington who got up to cover the painting with a cloth.

“From now on, I will never let anyone else take the paintings out of my drawing-room. I would just be digging my own grave,” Remington said tiredly.

“I feel completely drained,” Spencer remarked with his face plastered on the couch.

I did not even have any strength to respond to their comments.

After resting for a couple of days, we finally managed to recover. We marked our seals onto the painting and took one final look at it. The more we looked, the more satisfied we were with our work. Creativity was something that came at the most unexpected times. While we were redoing the painting, we made a few changes here and there. Now, it was even more beautiful than the previous one.

“Yvonne, where’s your painting? When are you going to hand it over?” Remington asked with a mouthful of instant noodles. Even while eating, he did not forget to remind me to bring my painting.

The feeling of joy from painting together soon died down. How was I supposed to hand over my painting? Isabelle refused to even give me a reason for making me give my painting to Crystal. Because of Isabelle’s earlier illness, our relationship was stagnant for a while. She was very

polite when she spoke to me. However, that courtesy did not at all cover up her refusal to budge on the matter.

“Unfortunately, I don’t think I will be able to give you my painting in support of your art exhibition,” I said sadly.

“Don’t tell me you destroyed that too?” Both Remington and Spencer widened their eyes in disbelief.

“Yvonne, your fellow artists haven’t recognized you as a new school artist yet. That was just a nickname that the media gave you. Now, you think you’re all that? Do you even want to continue doing art? I can’t deal with you.”

Remington was close to coming over and strangling me to death.

“You really are something, Yvonne. Picasso has nothing on you, you know that?” Spencer was speaking with a sarcastic tone. “I admire no artist except you.”

“I admire myself too.” It took me half a month just to conceptualize that painting. Within one afternoon, it became someone else’s possession. “I’m incredibly generous. That small painting is nothing to me.”

As I spoke, I suddenly covered my mouth and burst out into laughter. I laughed so hard that I actually started to cry. All the sadness in my heart was starting to bubble over.

“You...” Remington and Spencer could feel that something was wrong with me. They thought they had misspoken, so they quickly apologized.

“Come on. We only said those things because we’re good friends. You can take a joke, right?” Spencer was very direct.

“We’ll apologize to you, okay?” Remington rubbed the back of his head.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m fine.” I dabbed away my tears. After pondering for a moment, I said to Remington, “Actually, I have a painting that was meant to enter in the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest. However, due to certain reasons, it was taken down before anyone could get a look at it. Do you want me to display it in your art exhibition?”

“Sure. I promise to put it in the most eye-catching corner. I remember that painting being the most distinctive painting that I’ve seen for a while.”

It had been several days since I returned to the Goldstein residence. I had several text messages from Mark, as well as missed calls that I forgot to

answer while painting. However, none of them belonged to Isabelle. Oddly enough, I felt like I was starting to understand my own mother less and less.

After entering, I saw Mark and Isabelle standing under a tree. I could not hear what they were saying, but it was clear that they were in disagreement over something. Isabelle had a frustrated expression on, and Mark was not looking too good either.

“How many times have I told you that you should stay out of Eve’s business with the Goldstein family? Why must you stop her? Why did you get Tobey to come to mess things up? Do you even listen to a thing I say?”

“As I’ve mentioned before, I can accept anyone except Julia’s son. I’ve said so many times that she was the one who killed my elder brother. How can I let my daughter marry her son? I will never allow this. Over my dead body.”

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