

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 631

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It turned out they were arguing over Christopher and I; I sighed internally. Mark had said before that he would help me persuade Isabelle, but she never gave in. I thought that Mark had given up after Christopher refused to join his business.

“Do you even hear yourself? Please. Think about what you’re saying. Eve marrying Christopher is the best thing that could happen to her. Why are you being so stubborn?”

“If it were anything else, I would listen to you, but not this time. Mark, I know you are worried about your newly found daughter. However, can’t you extend that same consideration for me? I’ve been with you for so long. While I may hold the title of your wife, I will always be known as that woman that abandoned her husband and daughter. We never even had a wedding ceremony, yet I chose to leave with you.

“Similarly, I am willing to be just as determined for my family. Even if Yvonne ends up hating me, I won’t budge. He was my brother. Didn’t you look up to him too? If he wasn’t dead, maybe you guys might be good friends.” Isabelle covered her face with her hands and started to sob.

“Don’t bring up Robert in front of me. He was the one who didn’t want anything to do with me back then. Otherwise, you would have married me long ago,” Mark snapped back. When he saw Isabelle crying, he went up to give her a hug.

“After being together so many years, I know how good you are to me. I’ve always known. No matter how I mess up, you always forgive me. Since you chose me, you’re mine to cherish forever. You will always be a part of the Goldstein family now. So, how could I ever bear to hurt you?”

“But when it comes to Eve, it’s different. She’s important to us both. Taking a step back will be better for all of us. Please, just give in this once. When everything is settled, you can do whatever you want to. I promise I won’t stop you, okay?”

Mark squeezed Isabelle gently on the shoulders. In his dark grey eyes, a glint flashed through. Looking at her, he said, “Promise me, Belle. Please.”

“N-No... I can’t... I really can’t.” Seeing him like this, Isabelle’s expression changed drastically. This was a sign that he was about to lose his temper. If

they continued talking about this, she knew she was going to get in trouble.

Hence, she decided to just say yes for now, and go back on her words later on.

It had been years since someone spoke up for me. I never realized how nice it was to have a father to rely on. My eyes welled up with tears. It was at this moment that I finally accepted him into my heart and acknowledged him as my father.

I did not want them to fight over me. They were already in disagreement, and I did not want things to get worse. I mulled it over and decided to interrupt them. I went over and shouted, "Mom, Dad, morning."

Seeing me come over, Mark instantly retracted his gloomy expression. "Why didn't you give me a heads up before heading out? I've barely seen you around, and you haven't been answering your phone either. You silly child. Don't you know that your family will worry about you?"

"I went out to have a discussion with several of my artist friends. We were all having so much fun that I forgot to give you a call. Sorry for making you worry."

I warmly grabbed onto his hand. This was the first time I was standing so close to him. "Dad, don't argue with Mom over me anymore. You guys love each other so much. I don't want to see your relationship fall apart over me."

"Silly girl. You are my daughter, so it is only right that I stand up for you. I wasn't around for you when you were younger, and you suffered a lot. Now, I just want to give you what you want." Mark gently patted me on the head and sighed.

"Oh, Dad!" I called out with a sob.

"Hmph!" Hearing our loving conversation, Isabelle rolled up her sleeves and left the garden.

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"Mom!" I yelled after Isabelle, but she did not turn her head back. I was rather disappointed. Ever since Christopher's identity was revealed, there had been a gap between her and me. It was like there was an invisible wall between us that neither of us could cross.

"Sigh. Your mother is really stubborn. She never wants to have a proper talk to me about this. Every time I mention it, she gets mad. I don't know what to do either." Mark sighed lightly.

"You tried your best, Dad." I looked over to the mansion. After Isabelle headed in, I saw her appear in her room on the second floor. She seemed to be looking down at us. Although it was just a glance, I managed to catch the displeasure on her frowned face.

Isabelle seemed to dislike it when I got close to Mark. Every time we talked, she had an ugly expression. I could not understand why.

There seemed to be more and more secrets revolving around Isabelle, and she was becoming weirder and weirder. The image of the wonderful mother I had in my mind was slowly becoming more foreign to me. After some time, perhaps that memory of her might fade completely and be replaced by the current version of her.

Outside the door, the sound of a car honking could be heard. Christopher was urging me to hurry up. I looked down at the time and realized it was already half-past three. I was supposed to pass the painting to Remington by four o'clock. If I did not leave now, he was definitely going to cut ties with me. I raised my head to look at Mark.

"Christopher is waiting for you, isn't he?" Mark asked.

"Yeah. We are supposed to go meet Remington, a famous artist. The art exhibition is coming up, and I've been invited to help set up." I turned to look once more at the window of Isabelle's room. She was no longer there anymore. Thank God. If she sees Christopher, it's going to be another round of insults. I really don't want him to hear all that.

To be honest, there were times where I tried to think of a way that could please both parties. In the end, I merely came to the conclusion that unless Robert resurrected, that was simply not possible.

"Dad, I can't bear to see Mom so sad, but I really don't know what else I can do. She sounded so determined earlier. I understand that she doesn't want to back off, but unfortunately neither will I. I don't mean to be ungrateful and choose love over my own mother. However, Christopher is someone that I could never give up. It doesn't matter what I will lose. Meeting him has been my greatest honor. If it wasn't for him, I might not even be alive right now."

"I understand. You do what you have to. Things will sort themselves out eventually. I'll help you come up with a solution. Have fun, okay?" Mark patted me on the head comfortingly.

“Thank you, Dad!” I plunged into his arms and squeezed him tight. “It’s so nice having a father.”

“Why did you take so long?” Christopher asked as he opened the car door for me. “I thought you were just going to take the painting and go.”

“I ran into Mom and Dad. They were arguing, so I got distracted for a bit.” I sighed. There were a lot of complicated feelings in my heart, but some part of me was delighted. “Chris, it’s so nice having a father. I haven’t felt love like this in so long. I’m so happy.”

“Is Mr. Goldstein good to you?” Christopher asked me a stupid question out of the blue. His gaze was weird, and his brows were knitted tightly together. He seemed to be thinking hard.

“What kind of question is that? Of course, he is. He’s my father. Isn’t that normal?” I rolled my eyes at him. “It’s not weird for him to be good to me unless I’m not his biological daughter. However, I know that’s not possible.”

When I handed Remington the painting, relief flooded his face. “Yvonne, if you screwed up again this time, I was going to start suspecting that you were deliberately trying to mess things up for me.”

I tapped him gently on the shoulder. That was all I could say for now. When he finally put my painting up in his art exhibition, I was sure he would be very surprised.

“As long as you don’t mind it. By the way, don’t be too shocked if some weird stuff happens. Just remember to focus on your art exhibition, got it?”

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On the day of the art exhibition, Remington and Spencer called me several times since I was absent. As hard as I tried, I could not come up with a believable excuse. Eventually, I decided to go with the most overused one; I told them I was sick and had to go to the hospital.

No doubt that it was a cliché, but it worked anyway. Besides, that was the only reason that could explain why I did not attend the event. After putting Christopher’s jacket on for him, I worked carefully on his necktie. Tying a tie was no easy feat, so I put in a lot of hours trying to get the knots right.

“Why don’t you go to the office with me? After all, as a superior, you can’t hide from the company forever. I’m pretty sure that’s not how it works,” suggested Christopher with a soft smile while he held my hands.

“No, I don’t think that’s a good idea. I literally know nothing of how the company operates. I mean, what the heck can I even do at a meeting? Take notes? Trust me. Even I can’t read my own scribbles.” I waved my hand and shot down the idea.

“Fine. Then wait for me at home,” responded Christopher calmly.

“Sure. Having the time to work on my drawings is a blessing.” A smile was plastered over my face as I said those words.

After seeing Christopher off, I went straight back to bed to make up for the sleep I lost the night before.

When I woke up and checked the time, I figured the exhibition was near its end. I was flipping through the channels on the TV when the news popped up.

“After disappearing from the art industry for more than a year because of a series of scandals, new school artist, Crystal Yates, appeared before the public once again at Remington Fowler’s first art exhibition. Not only has the artist’s work, Floral Bloom, won over the majority of the public, but it has also managed to swoon the critics. But is that enough to redeem the artist from her past sins? Only time will tell. What is apparent, though, is that fans of the artist have started to come together again. What happens next...”

I rewound the news to the part where they did a close-up on my work. It was displayed at the most prominent spot at the exhibition, and standing next to it was Crystal smiling at the press.

I straightened my back when I noticed Isabelle at the exhibition. Furrowing my brows at the TV, I wondered why she attended the event with Crystal.

I had planned to take my mother there so that she could see what I had achieved. I wanted her to see my world and be proud of her daughter. That was why I got upset when I saw Crystal take what should have been mine. Standing next to my mother was a fraud showcasing the piece of art that I had worked on for two months.

Agitated, I turned off the TV and started pacing around the house. As much as I wanted to, I could not figure out why my mother went there.

I thought Remington would be the first one to inform me of that. After all, being the upright person that he was, Remington could never stand an injustice like that. If it were not for the fact that the art exhibition was his very first, he would have blown the truth wide open.

Unexpectedly, Spencer was the first one to come to me. He knocked impatiently on my door while I was taking care of the flowers on the balcony. The man burst in as soon as I unlocked the door and questioned, "Why?"

"What are you doing here?" I blinked a few times to make sure my eyes were not playing tricks on me. Then, I looked past Spencer to see if Remington was following behind.

"Don't change the subject. Now tell me why." With his eyes widened, Spencer panted as if he had just experienced something entirely unacceptable to him.

"I'm surprised that you're the first one to come to me after what happened. After all, isn't that what you wanted? Any fool could tell what Crystal was to you."

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I placed my flowers back onto the balcony and almost bumped into Spencer's chest when I turned around.

"Hey, I'm a soon-to-be-married woman, so you better keep your distance. I'm going to be in a lot of trouble if my man saw us this close." I pushed the man away before heading to the kitchen. "Would you like something to drink? Tea? Coffee? Here, you can watch the TV while I go get us something."

"I believe it's no overstatement when I say that Ms. Yates' return was highly anticipated. Even Spencer Lynch welcomed the new school artist with open arms at the entrance to the exhibition. After seeing Ms. Yates' awe-inspiring piece of work, which took her a full year to complete, Mr. Lynch was even more convinced that an artist's talent shouldn't be overlooked just because they made a mistake in the past. The drawing is now in Julian Stewart's hands, waiting to be signed by the man as a symbol of forgiveness. With that, Ms. Yates hoped that the public would give her another chance. The artist had shown remorse and... "

More than anything, I felt stupid for turning on the TV again. It was as if I wanted to spite myself. Crystal was all over the news that day, so I could not help but wonder how much she paid the media for that amount of coverage. It seemed like she really wanted to have a strong comeback.

Seeing how Spencer's face had hardened even more, I swiftly turned the TV off before making my way to the kitchen. "Be right back."

At that moment, all I wanted to do was leave the living room where Spencer was. The man looked so mad that it seemed like he was ready to swallow me whole. Spencer would usually smile like he was the nicest guy in the world, but he looked the total opposite when upset.

"How did your work end up as Crystal's? Did you just hand it to her, or did she trick you into doing it? After following me into the kitchen, Spencer snatched the kettle from my hand to demand my attention.

"Could you please just return the kettle to me first?" From the look in his eyes, I could tell that he was hurt. He probably even felt betrayed.

After letting out a sigh, I explained, "It's complicated. Whatever it is, it's between Crystal and me. Besides, you should be happy about what happened. I mean, she got what she wanted, thanks to you. I imagine that she would be very grateful for all that you've done for her. And who knows, you two might just end up together. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"What I wanted was for her to come up with her own piece of work. She should have attended the exhibition with her own work and bravely owned up to her past. From there, she would start anew as an honest artist, not one who takes credit for other people's work. That would be a disgrace to this profession! Do you understand what I'm saying, Yvonne? Why would you give her your work? You made yourself her accomplice. Do you realize that?"

Spencer covered his face in disappointment before continuing, "So no, this is not what I wanted. Not at all! I can't believe this, Yvonne. How did it all turn out this way?"

"I'm not sure I can tell you how to fix this. It is what it is. She wouldn't have made it this far if she didn't have your help. You have no idea how vile and selfish that woman can be. That's just who she is. I told you that you would regret it, didn't I? Crystal made a bet with me just so she could best me again, and she did. I lost my pride after that. Since you promised me that you wouldn't regret it, I don't see why we have to discuss this any further. I still have things to attend to, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

I picked up my bag in the living room and gestured for the man to leave my house.

"I was wrong, and I regret it now. I really do," admitted Spencer in a broken voice before covering his face in shame.

The man finally broke down because he realized that Crystal had betrayed his trust.

Standing in front of the crying man, I was lost for words. At that point, I admitted it was partially my fault, so I promised myself that I would never give in to Crystal ever again.

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In the end, Remington never came to me. He only asked me a few questions over the phone. The man knew what was going on since he remembered everything I told him the day before. Still, he was slightly surprised when it actually happened. Remington quickly recollected himself before asking me for an explanation.

In response, all I told the man was that nobody could ever take away what truly belonged to me. If they could, it just meant that whatever they took did not really belong to me anyway.

That was what Christopher taught me when he assured me that nobody could take him away from me, no matter how hard they tried.

A cool wind was blowing in the air that evening, bringing the sweet aroma of lily to my room as I listened to the calm chirping of the crickets.

However, engaged in excessive "exercise", I was drenched in sweat, and my voice had turned hoarse. I could feel the icy coldness on my cheek as Christopher pressed me against the glass window. I could feel his chest against my back as his sweat dripped onto my shoulder. He leaned down to press another kiss on my back, leaving another evidence of his love for me onto my body.

As soon as I turned around to face the man, he greeted me with his warm lips, and the smell of tobacco quickly filled my mouth. His sweet kiss, plus



the gentle caressing of his fingers, was almost too much for me. Christopher always knew just how to lift me to cloud nine.

"I love you, Eve. I love you so much!" Christopher whispered those words softly into my ears as he tightened his arms around me.

"It's Thanksgiving tomorrow, and my mother would love to have dinner with us," informed Christopher as he washed my back in the shower.

After a moment of silence, I responded to the man with a half-smile. "I'm afraid I can't. My mother called me three times this afternoon just to remind me about tomorrow's dinner with her."

"What about morning? It's been a while since my mother last saw you, and she really misses you." Christopher then gave me a peck on the forehead.

"Sure." To be honest, I was a little afraid to meet with Julia then. I used to have nothing but respect for the woman, the kind that one would have for their mother-in-law, but then things got more complicated than they should be.

Even though I had never met my uncle, knowing that Julia was responsible for his death was enough to make me wary of the woman.

Isabelle told me to meet her at The Continental for our Thanksgiving dinner, which I thought was odd. Why did we not celebrate the holiday at home since her chefs were as good as those at The Continental? However, I decided not to ask her about it in the end. Somehow, the two of us had slowly grown apart, and it felt like we would never get as close as we used to be.

It made me wonder if that was what my mother intended. Instead of talking to me lovingly like she used to do, she started to speak to me in a commanding tone. I was not allowed to question her decision, nor was there any room for discussion.

When I saw Tobey and Crystal sharing the table with my mother, I had to force a smile to greet the two. Then, Isabelle told me that Mark could not come because he was busy. Holding on to my glass as if it was a shield, I remained silent throughout most of the evening.

"Tobey, I believe this young woman next to me needs no introduction. From now on, you're cousin to a Tanner and a well-known new school artist." Isabelle chatted with Tobey politely.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Goldstein. I'm well aware. It's my honor, cousin. Do let me know if you're participating in another art exhibition so that I can show my

support." As Tobey entertained Isabelle and Crystal, he would turn to me from time to time as if he was afraid that I would feel left out.

Upset, I pressed my fingers so hard against my glass that they started to turn pale. I could not believe that my mother had set me up.

After a while, my mother excused herself and brought Crystal away with her, leaving me alone with Tobey. Before she went away, she even reminded me to take care of Tobey and show him around Avenport.

"Were you surprised? Seeing how persistent Mrs. Goldstein was, I think you should reconsider my offer, Ms. Tanner."