

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 636

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“Am I to marry you and reduce the person I love to my secret lover? Is he to be the despised scandal?” I scoffed at Tobey in disgust.

“I think that’s a little extreme, Ms. Tanner. Besides, you missed my point entirely. What we’re doing is going to benefit both of us. After we get what we want, we can always get a divorce. You need to learn how to fully utilize all the resources available to you. Being stubborn won’t get you anywhere. Trust me.”

Tobey seemed to be irritated by my words because the smile on his face had vanished. “Do you actually think someone as aggressive as your mother would let you back out of this? You didn’t think she would just let this go, did you?”

In response, I narrowed my eyes at the man before sneering, “Maybe you don’t have a code, but I do. Some things are worth standing your ground for. And that’s my mother you’re talking about. Do you think she’s going to do anything that would hurt her own daughter? If you’re looking for an arranged marriage, I’m afraid that you’ve come to the wrong person, pal. I will never consider an arranged marriage, and I couldn’t care less about inheriting the Goldstein fortune. Do you hear me?”

“A typical woman. You have eyes for nothing but love. How boring, stupid, and unattractive of you.” If nothing else, the way Tobey acted as if he knew it all made me sick.

“What use is a man who couldn’t protect the one he loves? You treated her like she was your mistress. That, to me, is a useless man.”

Suddenly, a familiar voice came from behind me. After turning to see Christopher with Dylan in hand, I skipped over excitedly to the two. “Why are you here?”

“We just happened to be having our Thanksgiving dinner here too.” Christopher gave me a warm smile before pulling up a chair next to Tobey. He then raised a brow at the man and asked provokingly, “So, Mr. Osborn, any comments? Do you think I have a point?”

Seemingly offended, Tobey’s eyes hardened and narrowed into slits as he glared at Christopher. “I think that’s quite an exaggeration, Mr. Lane. Besides, this is between Eve and me. An outsider like you should refrain yourself from meddling in other people’s business.”

“Outsider?” Christopher and I exchanged looks before laughing out loud together.

“This here is my aunt. She’s already married to Uncle Christopher. Don’t you know that? It seems like you’re the outsider here, mister,” stated Dylan as he pointed at Tobey.

“You’re only a child, so what do you know? Be quiet when the adults are talking.” Tobey tried his best to pretend like he was not embarrassed. “Even if I don’t interest you, Ms. Tanner, there’s no need to come up with such a cheap lie.”

After roping me in with his arm, Christopher cupped my face in his hands and brazenly gave me a wet kiss. Regardless of how many people were watching us, we had the longest kiss before Christopher finally let go of me and turned back to Tobey. “I meant every word I said, and I never joke when it comes to my wife. I take her as seriously as I do to all those who would dare pester my wife.”

I shrugged my shoulders casually at the surprised man before adding, “I guess my mother didn’t tell you the whole story, huh? I’ve been married to Chris for a while now. Our marriage is just short of a wedding ceremony. You may not have realized it, but you’re actually asking me to break my marriage vow when you proposed to marry me.”

“What!” Unable to stay seated any longer, Tobey slapped on the table and jumped to his feet.

At the end of the day, I knew my mother was to be blamed for the misunderstanding, so I apologized to the man. “I’m sorry, but that is the truth. I have no idea what kind of a deal my mother has struck with you or what projects you two are working on, but I cannot marry you. Period. If you ask me, I think you should marry the woman who stuck by your side no matter how bad things got. That’s the kind of person you’d want to spend the rest of your life with. She deserves to marry you when you have everything, not live a life separate from yours like a mistress. That’s all I have to say, and I hope you sleep on my advice. I’m sure someone like you is not short of money, but the right life partner only comes once in a while. Don’t miss it.”

After finishing my sentence, I froze for a while. It was because I realized that I had just told Tobey exactly what Lyle said to me.

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Thinking, Tobey stared at me for a while before shifting his focus back onto Christopher. "Your family may be influential in Avenport, but you're far from being almighty. Even though my family is no match for yours, I imagine that you'd be less arrogant when you speak to me after the Goldsteins become my in-laws."

"If I heard you right, you mean to tell me that not only are you insisting on marrying my wife, but you're also planning to get rid of her lawfully-married husband? Wow, I can't say I've ever met a third wheel that forthcoming," ridiculed Christopher.

Seeing how my husband got a little carried away, I deliberately coughed a few times to interrupt him. Having nothing against Tobey, I did not think it was necessary to belittle him like that. After all, the man lived in Dellmoor and had no business in Avenport.

"Mr. Osborn, I hope that you'll at least consider what I've told you. As for the tour around Avenport, I don't really go out much, so I'm not the right person to..."

"I can introduce you to some of the best tour guides in town, and I promise you that they know their way around like the back of their hands. Heck, I'll even pay for them. Trust me. You don't want my wife as your guide. So, what do you say?" That was not the first time Christopher had interrupted me, and I just wished I could shove something into that man's mouth to shut him up.

In response, Tobey snorted frustratedly before storming off.

After successfully dissuading Tobey, I rolled my eyes at Christopher. "You just can't be nice, can you? Was that really necessary? All those mean words."

"Why should I play nice with the man who's trying to marry my wife?" Christopher exhaled sharply in disbelief. "You should learn to be meaner to men like that. Your polite manners clearly weren't doing much before I got here. Had I not arrived in time, would you have dated the man like your mother wanted?"

"Of course not! Don't be stupid!" I reached out and pinched Christopher on his belly for asking the idiotic question.

"Aunt Eve, it's Thanksgiving, and you haven't shown your appreciation for me yet. I helped with a few words too just now." Dylan walked up to me with a Cheshire Cat grin.

“Oh, I haven’t forgotten what you did for me, Dylan. That was really brave of you. Thank you.” I gave the boy a peck on the cheek before he ran off in embarrassment. Then, I looked around The Continental and wondered how Christopher managed to find me. “How did you know where I was?”

Unbeknownst to me was the fact that Christopher had already installed a tracking device in my phone and that Lucas told him about Isabelle’s plan to set up a blind date.

“I just happened to pass by. It was all by chance.” After diverting my question. Christopher took my hand and started walking out of the building. “Your mother intended for you to have a date night, so I say we do exactly that. Let’s go for a date.”

“Seriously? I mean, we see each other every single day.”

“I’m dead serious. You know how dating works, right? First, we go shopping. Then, it’s the movies. After that, we kiss and make love. I say we take the full package. I even got us a new water bed that I know you’re going to love.” Christopher looked as excited as a kid on Christmas day when he laid out his plan for me.

I found it hard to believe that the man did not plan everything from the beginning.

Chuckling, I wrapped my arms around the man and squeezed him as tightly as I could. Suddenly, I noticed a group of journalists just ahead of us. It was as if they were waiting for someone of great importance.

Christopher and I were about to take a detour when I saw Isabelle and Crystal walking out of a building hand-in-hand. Immediately, the journalists rushed forward and completely surrounded the two.

“Ms. Yates, your work has been critically-acclaimed. What inspired you to draw the ‘Floral Bloom’? Rumor said that Ms. Yvonne was absent at the exhibition because she wanted you to have the spotlight to have a chance at redemption. Is that true? And why is Mrs. Goldstein with you at the exhibition? Does that mean Ms. Yvonne and you are on good terms now?”

I stopped to stare at Crystal, who could barely keep her eyes open with all the camera lights flashing at her. First, she stole my hard work to redeem herself, and then she got me involved in her self-woven narrative to generate publicity. I wondered if there was no end to the woman’s shamelessness.

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"I'm sure everyone now knows that Aunt Isabelle is Yvonne's mom. Although Yvonne isn't Uncle Nathan's daughter, I still grew up with her, and Yvonne had been nothing but kind to me. I feel sorry for the things I've done in the past, and I'm happy that Yvonne chose to forgive me. I could never have finished the painting if Yvonne didn't encourage me to do so. I'm glad that I have the opportunity to talk to all of you here." Crystal held onto Isabelle's arm with a calm expression.

"Exactly. Crystal is a good kid, and those rumors about her were too exaggerated. People misunderstood her because they didn't know her well. I've been spending time with Crystal ever since I came back, and I could tell that she's a kind-hearted young girl. It's just that everyone expects her to be perfect because she's like an idol figure to the public."

Isabelle continued saying with a smile, "I believe it's more important for her to learn from her mistakes. It's unfair to dismiss her based on the rumors alone. I believe she will be a great artist in the future."

"Mrs. Goldstein, do you mean that Ms. Goldstein has forgiven Ms. Yates for snatching her husband and her spot? Isn't that a stretch?" one of the journalists asked a provocative question.

"Not at all. Anyone who came in contact with Crystal would know that she's not a bad person. Besides, evidence can be falsified, and the truth can be fabricated too. Things are not always what they seem to be on the surface. Do you understand me?"

Isabelle's expression darkened as she made it clear that she was defending Crystal.

While I stood there listening to her praises for Crystal, the glint in my eyes dimmed bit by bit. Those things that she mentioned were all traumatic wounds that I never dared to bring up. But somehow, she made them sound irrelevant.

That made me wonder if those painful experiences were even worth going through. I was never a vengeful person, but I was still human. Even if I chose not to take revenge, that wouldn't mean that I'd somehow stop hating on Crystal. Moreover, I would never forgive her.

"Isn't it weird to see Isabelle's attitude toward Crystal? It doesn't seem like her to be this forgiving. At least, she wasn't that merciful when she

was trying to bring down the Tanner family.” It was rare for Christopher to analyze the situation with a frown instead of offering me some comforting words.

“So you noticed it too. There’s something I didn’t tell you. I helped Yvette with something previously, and she told me about this. Back then, I thought she was trying to sow discord between Mom and me. However, reality proves that she was right. Mom really adores Crystal,” I said with a gloomy expression.

“So, Isabelle was the one who asked you to give the painting to Crystal.” Christopher frowned in confusion. “Something is fishy.”

I had never told Christopher about this, and I responded with a nod. “You’re surprised, aren’t you? I find it hard to believe that she’s treating Crystal this well. It feels like I can no longer understand my mom.”

“Something does not feel right. Could it be...” Christopher suddenly growled in a low voice. He turned around and looked at me. Upon seeing my gloomy expression, he swallowed his words and patted me on the head. “Perhaps I’m reading too much into this situation. The chances of that are close to zero.”

“What?” I was puzzled.

“Nothing.” He shook his head. “Your mom treated you well during your childhood, didn’t she?”

“She did. Those days made up my happiest memories.”

With that, the crowd dispersed, and my mood to go out on a date was gone too. Mom’s attitude this time was no different from Nathan defending Crystal back then. The only difference was that Nathan slandered me, but Mom didn’t.

Both of them adored Crystal so much.

But why Crystal?

I had been asking myself this question countless times.

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The Bentley was speeding ahead, and as it passed by me, a strong gust of wind followed behind. I coughed a little due to the dust that came with it. The Bentley made a turn before pulling over in front of me. The window was rolled down, revealing Isabelle's angry face.

She was glaring at me and Christopher's clasped hands while her cheeks were flushed from anger. "Did you not take my words to heart?"

"Mom!" I was already upset with what happened earlier, and her scolding made me feel worse. "I—"

"You don't have to explain. I don't want to do this with you in public. Get in," Isabelle pushed open the car door and instructed.

"Mrs. Goldstein..."

"I don't want to hear a word from you. Nothing you say can change the fact that your mother killed my brother. Christopher, please let go of my daughter's hand." Isabelle's anger was so overwhelming that it felt like it could swallow me alive.

I wanted to let go of his hand, but he tightened his grip on mine. "Mrs. Goldstein, do you have to do this? Why are you forcing Eve to do as you wish? Can't you just let her be happy? She's your daughter, after all. Shouldn't her happiness come first?"

Christopher was holding my hand, and his tone sounded determined.

"Shut up. Are you implying that she has to marry you in order to be happy? What makes you think you're in the place to say such a thing? Your mom is a murderer. Why would I let my daughter marry you?" Isabelle stepped out of the car after noticing that I wasn't getting in and attempted to shove me into the car. When I didn't want to, she tried to hit me but to no avail as Christopher immediately stopped her.

Isabelle then shifted her attention to Christopher and hit him instead. However, he didn't resist and merely shielded me. When my head almost hit the car door, he reached out his hand to shield it.

I shook my head at him, gesturing for him to keep silent since Mom was still mad. I knew how harsh her words could be, and I didn't want Christopher to be embarrassed. Hence, I got inside the car. Isabelle immediately shut the door behind me.

"Christopher, let me tell you this. I will never forget what Julia did to Robert. If you want to marry my daughter, then you better ask your mom

to return Robert to me.” Isabelle stood by the car door as she glared at Christopher. A cold aura surrounded her.

“Mrs. Goldstein, is there no ?” Christopher studied her expression. He had found out a lot of things about Isabelle, and she seemed different from the person he thought she was. It was as if she had been faking it all this while.

The impatient and hot-tempered woman standing in front of him was the total opposite of how he thought she ought to be, and he wondered what she had in mind.

Is she trying to make people think that she’s a malicious woman?

Before he could come up with a conclusion, Christopher would never tell a thing to Yvonne. He had to be extra careful in dealing with this woman since she was Yvonne’s mother.

“Other way?” Isabelle laughed with a hand covering her mouth. “Sure, there’s one. Just bring your mom to Century Tower, and let me push her down from the highest floor. If you can accept this, I’ll agree to let you marry my daughter. It’s your call. I think you wouldn’t mind me killing Julius since you’re so desperate to marry my daughter.”

“Mom!” I interrupted their conversation as I could no longer bear to hear it. Then, I looked pleadingly at Christopher, begging him to stop talking. After all, there would be no winner in this situation.

I used to think that Mom would move on with time, and things would take a better turn someday. But at that moment, I realized that I had been too naive. Mom would never give in, and she had never planned to do so.

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I already knew that when I accidentally listened in on Mom and Dad’s conversation that day. After seeing how resolute she was about the matter with Christopher, I realized that she would never compromise.

I felt a little lost. Why was Mom acting so differently ever since she returned?

Crystal seemed to be the only one who was benefitting from this. She got everything she wanted including a promising future ahead of her. Meanwhile, I was once again living in her shadows.

"Get out!" Upon returning to the Goldstein residence, Isabelle pulled me out of the car. She was trembling in anger as she grabbed my arm, and her nails were digging into my flesh.

"Mom, it hurts!" I quickened my footsteps to catch up with her.

We arrived at the living room, and Isabelle suddenly slapped me hard on the face. Instantly, my cheek went numb.

I covered my cheek as I looked at Isabelle in disbelief. This was the first time she hit me this hard. However, she was still not done yet. Raising her hand, she slapped me again across the other cheek.

"How many times have I told you to stay away from Christopher? He's the son of our enemy. Julia killed your Uncle Robert! You told me to give you more time to digest this, but you're seeing him in secret! Did you not understand a word I told you?" Isabelle yelled at me.

I was still dumbfounded at the fact that my mother just slapped me twice.

"Yvonne, what the hell do you want? Are you not devastated over your Uncle Robert's death? He's my elder brother, and he died because Julia pushed him down the building! Do you know how heartbroken I was to see his body? I gave you my advice and told you how I feel, but what did you do? Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

Isabelle suddenly started coughing violently. She covered her mouth, but her coughing didn't stop, and she bent over as she did so, seeming like she was about to cough her lungs out.

"Mom, what's wrong? Please don't get too angry... You have to take care of yourself..." I hurried over to help her up.

"Get lost!" Isabelle shoved me away. I staggered backward and hit the coffee table. As a result, the hot water the servant had just prepared spilled on my hand, and my face contorted in pain.

"That's what you get for feigning kindness. I'm sure you wish that I never returned. If that were the case, you could've been living happily with Julia's son already. Do you think I don't know what you're thinking?" Isabelle accused as she got hold of Crystal's hand instead.

"Mom, how could you think of me this way? How could you accuse me like that? I'm your daughter. It breaks my heart to hear that." I felt a chill running down my spine when I heard her accusations. She was my mother, and I loved her so much that I only wanted to fix my relationship with her and go back to how things used to be. Yet, in her heart, I was such a bad daughter.

"Breaks your heart? I think your heart breaks at the thought that you can't be with Christopher instead." Isabelle sneered, not even noticing the blister on my hand. "I've made myself clear today. You can never see Christopher again. Do you hear me?"

"Mom, can you stop making things difficult for me? Please!" My eyes turned red as I shook my head.

"Tell me that you won't be seeing Christopher or anyone from the Lane family again." Isabelle took a feather duster out of nowhere and whipped me with it.

She kept yelling with each whip, "Tell me you won't see Christopher again and keep in contact with them. Tell me..."