

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 641

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I gritted my teeth and kept silent as she continued whipping me with the feather duster. She refused to stop even when she was exhausted, and all I could do was stand there helplessly with tears welled up in my eyes.

Later on, someone walked over and took the feather duster away from Mom; it was Lucas. He shielded me and yelled at her, "Aunt Isabelle, this is way out of line. Are you trying to kill her?"

Isabelle threw the feather duster away. Noticing that I was still refusing to say a word, she sneered. "Yvonne, that's all I have to say for today. If you still insist to be with Christopher, I'll disown you."

"Aunt Isabelle, please don't get angry." Crystal finally spoke up after watching silently from the sidelines. She walked to Isabelle and took her hand before smiling smugly at me. "Yvonne, why don't you apologize to Aunt Isabelle already? Stop being so stubborn. You should know that Christopher is our enemy, and you shouldn't be choosing the enemy over your mother."

"You don't have to do this. I'm sure she never respected me as her mother. If she loves the Lane family so much, she can choose to be their daughter instead," Isabelle said coldly.

"Aunt Isabelle, Yvonne just needs more time to process this. After all, the Lane family is so influential here in Avenport. Her status will skyrocket after she marries into their family. After all, Yvonne suffered so much in the past. It's only normal for her to be reluctant to let go of this golden opportunity. Just give her a few more days, and I'm sure she would be able to think more rationally. Am I right, Yvonne?"

Crystal winked at me, gesturing for me to just play along. However, her words were full of sarcasm and mockery. I could even see the smugness hidden in her eyes as though she found this amusing.

"Yvonne, you should know that you're now the eldest daughter of the Goldstein family. Men will be lining up for you. Why do you have to be so obsessed with Christopher? Anyway, why don't you consider Mr. Osborn instead? He's a capable guy, and I know there's a lot of women interested in him. Aunt Isabelle took a lot of effort to pick the right guy for you, so you should be more appreciative."

"Crystal, I think you shouldn't be interfering with our family matters," Lucas interrupted Crystal's words as he helped me up.

"I-I was trying to help!" Crystal pursed her lips with a pitiful look.

"Lucas! Who are you to interfere when I'm lecturing my daughter? Is this how you treat a guest? Where are your manners?" Isabelle scolded in a low voice.

"Aunt Isabelle, isn't it obvious that I'm more polite than Ms. Yates? At least, I'm not as shameless as she is..."

I tugged Lucas' arm lightly, gesturing for him to stop. At that moment, I felt pain all over my body, especially my back. However, the pain was overwhelmed by the numb feeling in my heart. What did I do to deserve this?

If what I did was wrong, what is the right thing to do?

"Aunt Isabelle, I'm sorry. I hope you don't mind me interfering. I just didn't want to see you and Yvonne fighting." Crystal put on a piteous look.

"You did the right thing, Crystal. If only she's as understanding and considerate as you are. It would have saved me a lot of trouble." Isabelle sighed as she took Crystal's hand. Her expression softened a little as she continued, "I'll try to pick someone for you too. Just tell me if you have anyone in mind."

Almost immediately, Isabelle turned around and shot me a cold glare. "You should learn from Crystal. Also, you're grounded from now on. You can't leave the house until you've thought things through."

"Yvonne, just take this time to process what Aunt Isabelle said to you. I hope you won't make her angry again. Everything Aunt Isabelle did was for your good." Crystal raised her chin smugly.

Seeing them finishing each other's sentences, I felt like an outsider once again. My sorrow turned into anger in that instant, and I could no longer contain it.

"Mom, you're so fond of Crystal. I just want to ask you one thing. Do you prefer someone who listens to you and says words of flattery instead of your own daughter?"

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“Do you even hear yourself? Are you out of your mind?” Isabelle bellowed.

“Yeah, maybe I am. For some reason, Crystal always ends up using the people I love to hurt me. You’re my mother, for Pete’s sake, and even you treats me like this?” My mother used to sing lullabies to me when I was a kid. She was a gentle soul, but that part of her seemed to be dead.

“Christopher has gotten to you, hasn’t he?” Isabelle raised her hand at me again, but Lucas stepped forward to protect me. However, I went around him. This time, I wouldn’t back down anymore.

“That should be my line. Crystal has gotten to you. You fell for her cheap tricks. This is our problem, not hers. She’s just an outsider. Do you have any idea how much it hurts seeing you take her side when she mocks me?”

I pointed at the painting on the wall and shouted painfully, “Mom, do you have any idea how much I wanted you to come with me to the exhibit? I wanted you to witness my world and my glory, but what did you do? You actually asked me to give my glory up to someone who’s not even family! And without any reason! Do you know how much that hurts?”

“I told you I have my reasons.” Isabelle was fidgeting, but she was still looking at me coldly.

“Yeah, so? That doesn’t mean it wouldn’t break my heart.” I closed my eyes to calm down and raised my head as I took a deep breath. In the end, I said, “I think we need some time to cool off. We’ll talk about this when we can deal with this calmly.”

I moved out of the Goldstein residence that afternoon. Since I didn’t want to worsen my relationship with Isabelle, I went to the mansion she bought for me instead of my own house. Lucas helped me put my stuff in the trunk, while a servant gave me my handbag. Before I left, I looked at the mansion one last time.

Isabelle wasn’t there, but that b\*tch was. Crystal was leaning against the gates, waving at me smugly. “That’s a bit too far, don’t you think? Isabelle is crushed. And even if you don’t care about her, you should think for yourself. Once you leave, it won’t be easy for you to come back.”

Did I go too far? Perhaps. But I ignored her mockery and only sneered at her.

After I came to the mansion, I turned my phone on and saw a lot of missed calls from Christopher. I wondered if I should call him back. In the end, however, I only told him everything was fine. Then, I put my phone down and went to the bed, exhausted.

A while later, I could vaguely feel someone pulling my blanket down before rubbing some salve on my back's wound carefully. It felt scorching at first, but eventually, a cool sensation ran down my spine. I wanted to turn around, but someone was pressing down on my back.

"Don't move. I'm still not done yet," Christopher whispered.

"How did you know I'm here?" I lay on the bed and let Christopher rub the salve on all my injuries. My arms, back, and even my legs were painted with red, ugly welts. Although it wasn't very painful when I was hit, when Christopher was rubbing that salve, I almost cried out in agony.

"Lucas told me." Christopher looked tense, obviously worried about me, but also furious about what happened.

"I didn't know you guys are frien... Ow, ow, ow! Go softer, will you?" Christopher hit an especially sore spot, and that turned on the waterworks.

"Oh, now you feel it, huh? Then you should have dodged it in the first place." After he was done, Christopher held me up and hugged me carefully, avoiding my wounds.

"It's not really painful. It's just..." Before I could continue further, I noticed the dark look looming over Christopher's face. I thought it was better to change the topic, or he might explode in fury. "I just didn't expect Mom to go that far. I've never seen her looking so angry, so I thought I'd just let her vent. Chris, I think I need to see Julia. I have to know the truth, or I might lose sleep over this."

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The name Robert had always been alien to me. I didn't have any memory of him, and barely anyone brought him up when I was a kid. After Isabelle's departure, nobody talked about him anymore. The only thing I know about my mysterious uncle was that he used to be a business genius.

However, one thing didn't add up. Isabelle said that Robert's business failed and was acquired back when the Scotts were at their zenith. If that was true, that would mean that he was no business genius. After all, if he

was, he wouldn't have run the company to the ground, nor would he commit suicide. I reckoned that something more must be going on.

Before we head over to the Lane residence, Christopher called his family behind my back, thinking that I wouldn't know. I found out since I was on the balcony. I knew he was trying to make the relationship work, and he was worried I might argue with Julia again. He kept convincing Julia it was fine, and I felt sorry for him.

He was a proud, successful man, but he had to deal with all this bullsh\*t because of me.

Sometimes, I thought I've failed him. He gave me what I wanted most: love and career. But I couldn't even give him a simple love. Instead, he had to deal with all the troubles my mother and his mother were throwing around just so our relationship wouldn't be ruined. If he didn't do that, he wouldn't be able to fulfill his promise of giving me a grand wedding.

I didn't really mind though. I could do with or without the wedding since I already had the best things in life. The ceremony could be canceled and I couldn't care less. Although someone might gossip or laugh at me, it was still not a concern to me. The most important thing was to be happy.

I used to dream of standing at the receptionist, receiving all the congratulations from the guests, but over time, I thought that was a silly dream. Now, all I wanted was Christopher. As long as he was there, I was okay with anything.

Nonetheless, I still couldn't go against my mother's wishes.

It was a sleepless night, so I turned around to look at him. He lost his arrogance when he was asleep, and it was replaced with a childlike smile. He was hugging me tightly, as if he was worried I might disappear if he let me go.

I huddled closer and pecked his lips. "I'll keep walking this path no matter how hard it is, Chris, so don't worry. Not even death can stop us, so there's nothing to be afraid of.

Being in a relationship was an understatement for the bond we shared. This wasn't a rom-com in the eighties, nor was it a summer romance flick. We went through life and death, so we were a part of each other's lives. Taking us apart would be akin to killing us.

I felt a cool sensation running down my spine when I woke up the next morning. Apparently, Christopher had rubbed some salve on me. I went around the living room to see if he was there, but he was already gone. In

the end, I went to get some gifts, though it took me some time to pick the best one. When I came back, Christopher's car was already in front of my house, so I went up to it. There were a few gift boxes in the backseat, so I knew Christopher went for a spot of shopping earlier as well.

"Why didn't you take me with you?" I shook my gift. "We could have gone together, but now we've spent unnecessary money."

"You looked like you could use some sleep, so I didn't wake you up." Christopher leaned over and gave me a deep good morning kiss.

When we got to the Lane residence, we saw a car coming out of it. As we crossed, I saw who the driver was. She looked cold, and she was holding a cigarette between her fingers. Her dress was bright red, a perfect pair for her palpable fury.

I jumped up, banged my head against the roof, and plopped back down. Agitated, I tried to yank the door a few times only to find that it was locked.

"What is it?" Christopher stepped on the brakes and stopped the car beside a flowerbed.

I quickly opened the door and got out so I could catch up to the car I saw earlier, but it was already long gone. Despondent, I turned around and grabbed Christopher's arms. "I saw Isabelle. She was in the car."

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"You're saying your mother was in that car?" Christopher's face fell, and he started worrying.

I held his hand anxiously and nodded. "Yes. I'm sure of it. The car's different, but I saw her, and she's clearly furious. She just came out of the Lane residence. What should we do?" If Isabelle raised hell in there, I can't bring myself to face them.

"Calm down. Let's go in and have a look. Maybe it's not as serious as you think." He patted my back and took me into the mansion. I hesitated for a while before going in since I'll be d\*mned if I did and doomed if I didn't.

The servant was clearing the table when we came in. There were snacks and an untouched teacup on it. I noticed it contained red tea, which

Isabelle loved. Julia seemed to know Isabelle really well. She knew all her preferences since I realized that the snacks were Isabelle's favorite too.

"You're here. Coincidentally, I don't have any poker sessions today. I'll call Darius over so we can have lunch together." Julia was smiling warmly as if nothing had happened.

Seeing that only worried me even more, since Julia would only smile calmly when she was hiding her true feelings. If she was genuinely happy, she'd be beaming.

"Mrs. Lane, I..." I wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

"Did you have guests, Mom?" Christopher went up and sat beside her. He looked at her closely, trying to say something, but he didn't. He trusted that his mother would bring it up.

As expected, she was smart enough to see through us. Shaking her head, she said, "You two are nervous because you saw Isabelle, right?"

"Mrs. Lane, did my mother do anything?" There's no way she's here for a party. It's either about Robert or my relationship with Christopher, and she must have been really harsh, or Julia wouldn't put on that perfectly fake smile.

"Just some old history. We had a little chat, but it ended on a sour note," Julia answered calmly, but she evaded my question. "Come to think of it, we used to be friends. Best friends, even. We kept no secrets from each other. I was older, but we got along well."

Julia picked the cup up and took a sip. "I introduced this tea to her, and she fell in love with it, so I taught her how to make it."

Julia seemed to love that time in her life. Every time she talked about it, she would have this look of reminiscence and melancholy in her eyes. Obviously, it didn't just end on a sour note, but since she didn't want to talk it, I didn't pry about it.

However, I was shocked that Isabelle used to be best friends with Julia. That made me wonder what happened to turn them into enemies. "You must know my mom really well then, Mrs. Lane."

"Yes, just like how she knows me. I know what she likes to eat, her hobbies, and what she hates. The same goes for her. We would still be best friends if it weren't for..."

Julia came up to me and gaze at me. "You don't look like your mother at all." She brushed her finger on my eyebrows. "Not even your personalities are alike. You must have gotten it from your father, or I would have recognized you the moment we met."

Sensing that Julia had officially veered off the rails, I talked about art with her. Eventually, she said, "You're a talented artist, just like your uncle was. He loved business and made the Scotts rich as he expanded his empire, but he was also extremely talented in painting. He once created a piece of work that was touted as the painting with the most potential."

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I was surprised. "Robert was a painter too?" Nobody told me about that. Not even Isabelle.

"Yes." Julia's eyes glinted with nostalgia. "I first met him back in our university's art exhibition. Avenport University is not short of talents, but even those who call themselves genius artists couldn't create a better painting than Robert did. He was talking happily about how he got his inspiration when I first saw him, and I could never forget his smile after that."

I widened my eyes in disbelief at that. She couldn't forget his smile? Is this what I think it is?

"Yes, it is what you think it is." Julia saw through me, and she didn't deny it. "Love at first sight is a magical thing. One look at your uncle, and I fell for him right away. He was a brilliant, brilliant man. More than you can imagine. Robert shone like a star, and all the girls loved him. I don't think any man can be as talented as he was."

So, is this the trigger? My instinct told me that Isabelle blamed Robert's death on Julia because of this.

"Mom, I know it's a painful past, but we need to know the truth right now," Christopher said softly. "Can you tell us what happened back then?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lane. Christopher and I have decided we'll never break up no matter what, but Isabelle is trying to get between us. I need to know what happened. That's the only way to get rid of her hatred. Can you tell us, please?" I asked somberly.



Personally, I thought that Julia was a noble, proud, and smart woman. She would never murder anyone, for that was her pride. Even if she got into an argument with Robert, she would never push him off of a building just to get back at him.

Some people were born proud, so they would never do anything they feel disgusted about.

"It's not a taboo, really. I appreciate the fact you two gave me some time before bringing this up." Julia waved at me. When I went over to her, she tugged at me, telling me to sit beside her. She sighed. "I fell in love with Robert at first sight, so naturally, I started paying attention to him. Eventually, I got to know your mother.

"We became friends when we found out we got along well, though a part of it was because I could get closer to Robert. The other girls never got that chance, you know. Your mother's a proud lady, so it's hard being her friend. I was happy that she accepted me, or at least that was what I thought back then."

"So, did you date my uncle then? And did you guys get into a fight after that?" I imagined a typical romance drama that involved a happy relationship and the eventual breakup. Not everyone's first love would work out, after all. Most of the time, the impulses of youth would ruin a budding relationship.

Julia shook her head. She was starting to tear up. It was obvious that the memory was getting painful. "It's not a typical romance drama. I wish it were that simple. Robert seemed like a friendly man, but in reality, nobody could actually make him open up, aside from Priscilla, his wife."

"My uncle had a wife?" I thought Robert never got married.

"Yes. He loved Priscilla deeply and cared nothing for any other woman. I tried my best to tell him I loved him, but he never cared about me. In the end, I made a public confession during a party and set him up so that everyone thought we had sex. Yes, I was forcing him to marry me. Everyone was there, including his and my parents."

I never expected that Julia would be crazy enough to do something like that. Perhaps women would put their pride aside when it came to love, no matter how powerful, rich, or smart they were. I mean, Monica used to do the same thing.