

# Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 646

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“Robert must have been furious, right?” I whispered.

Julia wiped her tears away, and it was then I realized she was crying. I regretted bringing this up, but that confirmed that she wasn't Robert's murderer.

Robert must have been one heck of a man, or Grandma and Julia wouldn't lament his death whenever they talked about him.

Julia continued, “Robert refused me, but because of some reason, he didn't end up with Priscilla. I kept clinging onto him, and that finally made him snap. He... said a lot of things to me. None of them are good, of course. Me being me, I couldn't understand why he'd rather date a plain Jane like Priscilla when he had me. As such, I went further and drove Priscilla out of Avenport.”

Taking a deep breath, she said, “Robert came to see me after that. He was furious. Absolutely furious. He said I was unworthy of love. That I was an evil woman who could never measure up to Priscilla no matter what I did. We stop talking to each other after that. Your mother and I couldn't be friends because of that as well.”

Huh, so that's how things ended between them. I thought it was quite regrettable, but what surprised me more was the fact that Julia actually interacted a lot with my family.

“So how did Robert die then? You weren't the murderer, right?” Now, I wanted to know the truth more. A woman would never kill a man she truly loved. Even if she hated him, even if they could never be a couple, she would never kill him. After all, hate was a part of love.

Julia suddenly covered her face and started trembling, evidently crying.

“Mom...” Christopher hugged her. “You don't have to say it if you don't want to.”

“Yeah, Mrs. Lane. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.” I wouldn't have asked her if I knew she would break down. I should have picked a better time to talk about it.

Julia turned around and sobbed in her son's arms for a while. Finally, she took a deep breath and calmed down. A moment later, she took my hand and placed it in Christopher's palm.

"I can't drag you kids into this. And it's not like I can't talk about it either." Julia started, "A few years later, Robert married Priscilla, and the Andersons rose to prominence. Eventually, I married Chris' father, and we got on with our lives. Everything went well, and I thought that was the end of it. I thought we'd never meet again, but..."

"But what?" I asked nervously.

"But the Andersons' business was hit hard, as if someone was attacking them on purpose, and they had the perfect plan for it. The Andersons' business empire almost crumbled with one hit. During an inspection, the officials found that the Andersons' hotels contained large amounts of drugs, and they also found that the Andersons were dealing drugs in their clubhouses and hotels. That was the nail in the coffin for them. They lost their business, and they had to deal with a lot of court cases. They were on the verge of bankruptcy after that.

She continued, "Your uncle managed to stabilize the family, but it was backbreaking work. Since the company was already an empty shell, they couldn't run it anymore. Well, he was a business genius, so he could rise again if he wanted to, but something serious happened. And that tore him apart."

Julia was quiet for a while, apparently reluctant to talk about what happened next. Christopher and I held her hand as we waited for her quietly. None of us wanted to rush her.

"Priscilla was pregnant at that time, but after the Andersons' downfall, she wanted to get a divorce no matter what. She said she only married him because he was rich. Robert was hit hard by the news, and he tried to keep Priscilla around, but she didn't even turn back. Just when she was about to leave, her car exploded, blowing her and their child into nothingness."

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"What?" I yelped. Priscilla wanted to leave him at his darkest hour, and she got herself and the baby killed? God, Robert must have been devastated.

"Someone rigged the car. It was meant for Robert, but Priscilla was roped into it instead. His guilt crushed him. He loved Priscilla deeply, so he didn't

hate her even though she betrayed him. He only blamed himself for it. I was worried when I found out, so I sneaked out to check on him.”

Julia raised her head to keep her tears in. Then, she pointed at somewhere far away. “It happened at the roof of Century Tower. It used to be the Andersons’ building. I saw him on the roof, harried and tired. He was crushed and on the verge of breaking down. I wanted to talk to him, but Robert cursed me. He even thought I played a part in Priscilla’s death.

“I snapped eventually, so I yelled back at him. I talked about things I shouldn’t, and I laughed at him because Priscilla left him instead of facing the darkest hours of his life with him. I kept provoking him, saying that he lost everything, including his family. I even said that he has no reason to live anymore.” She covered her face, but tears fell through the cracks between her fingers. “He was an idiot. I could have given everything up for him, but he chose someone who only loved him for his money.”

I was in no position to judge a person who was dead, but Julia had a point. I couldn’t even make an argument for Robert. It was a tragic, heartbreaking, and unacceptable story. Sadness welled up within me, and I looked at Christopher. He held my hand, giving me a look of encouragement.

“I wanted to show my concern since I used to have a crush on him, but instead, I insulted him. I couldn’t take back what I said, so I escaped the scene. The very next day, I found out Robert had leaped off the building and died just like that.”

Julia wiped her tears away, but the more she wiped, the more she cried. In the end, she looked up at the ceiling and let her tears fall freely. “I regretted that decision even until today. If I didn’t sneak out and insult him, he wouldn’t have killed himself. I knew full well that he was breaking down, but still, I insulted him out of petty anger.

“Your mother’s right. I killed Robert. Although I didn’t push him, I was the cause of his death after what I said to him.”

I see. So that’s the truth. Robert killed himself, but Julia’s insult was the last straw. That’s why she never denied Isabelle’s accusations.

I couldn’t bring myself to say that it wasn’t Julia’s fault, but that only made it more tragic.

When I left the Lane residence, it was with a heavier heart than when I came. “Chris, I’m confused. Why must life throw so many lemons at us? Is it that hard to ask for a simple life? It’ll make everyone happier that way.”

I leaned against his chest, trying to rest my weary soul. He gave me a tight hug and told me, "Well, it's all the more reasons we have to cherish the time we have. Because you never know when life will change lemons out for guns."

I stayed at the mansion for the next couple of days, but I still couldn't shake my frustration away. I would scroll through my phone when I felt like it, and I would open the door as fast as possible when someone knocked. Every time, however, I would close the door in disappointment, since it was just the milkman.

Will Mom come to take me back? I sighed. I knew it was weird wanting to act spoiled after having a big argument, but that always happened with a mother and her child. Yes, I was hurt, but still, I hoped Isabelle would pick me up after she regretted chasing me out.

One week later, Isabelle finally called me, and I almost cried tears of joy. However, after hearing what she said, the tears that fell were tears of despair.

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"How much longer are you going to keep this up? It's been days, so get back here! What, do you want me to go and pick you up? Stop being so childish. It was just a light beating, and you ran away because of that? What's next? Are you going to cut all ties with me?" Isabelle sounded impatient and upset as if I was the one being unreasonable here, not her.

I couldn't believe I expected more from her. All my excitement died at that moment, and I mocked, "I can see you're missing me, Mom."

"That's enough, I don't want to talk about useless stuff like that. Get back here once you're done throwing your tantrum. Your father has been complaining ever since you ran away. You are to come back this afternoon. I want to see you at lunchtime," Isabelle ordered imperiously, not giving me any chance to negotiate.

Useless stuff? Throwing a tantrum? I would have dismissed that usually, but coming from Isabelle, it hurt me deeply. Nonetheless, I forced a smile. "Mom, is that all you have to say?" I asked softly.

"What else do you want me to say?" Isabelle was confused. She kept quiet for a while before answering, "Are you expecting me to apologize? That was just a light punishment for a mistake you did, and you want me to say

sorry for that? How much of a baby can you be? Can't you learn from Crystal? She thanks me every time I give her something, and she cares about me, unlike you."

"Oh, you want me to learn from her? Well, what do you want me to learn then? Do you want me to learn how to butter up to the rich and powerful? How to mock and belittle those who are down on their luck? Mom, Crystal's going to dump you the moment you lose power. Why do you even care about her? I just don't understand."

I pulled at my hair, sadness and frustration welling up within me. I just couldn't wrap my head around it. I felt confused every time I got into a conflict with Isabelle, especially when Crystal was around. What went wrong, exactly?

"You can't talk like that about Crystal. You two grew up together. You should treat her like she's your sister. Now that she's down on her luck, you should give her a hand!" Isabelle growled. "I don't want to argue with you. Pack your stuff and come back. Your father—"

"Enough!" I roared, venting my fury and frustration. "Why should I go home? Just to see you love Crystal more than you love me? Just to get insulted by the both of you? Mom, it's either her or me!"

"What are you talking about? I'm very disappointed in you, Yvonne. If you still think of me as your mother, you'd better come home, or I'll—"

"You'll disown me? Well, it's not the first time I heard that!" I interrupted her. Yes, I was sad and nervous the first time she said that, since it felt like I was hurt by the person I cared the most about. But the more she said that, the less panicked I was. Eventually, I was annoyed. Isabelle was my mother, but she blackmailed me emotionally with that tie every chance she could.

"I'm disappointed in you as well, Mom. You know nothing. Nothing at all. You never saw things from my point of view. Do you even love me? Sometimes I wonder about that. You don't care about my existence either. I exist just so you can tell everyone I'm the proof of your relationship."

I was shouting, sobbing, and covering my mouth, but still, I couldn't stop crying. That kind of thought had been creeping up on me recently. To my horror, I found that Isabelle's love for me wasn't as deep as I thought it was. She didn't remember my favorite food, the color of my shirt, the drawing I made for her when I was a kid, and she even remembered my birthday wrongly.

My mother didn't love me, especially when Crystal was there.

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Isabelle was quiet for a long time, but she eventually answered sadly, “Of course, I love you, my child. But you’re too soft. You break down from the slightest comment. I’m your mother. I’m doing this for your own good.”

“Hah! What a joke!” I shook my head tearfully. “If you really love me, you wouldn’t have left me to rot in the Tanner family. If you really love me, you wouldn’t have taken Crystal back to the Goldstein family! If you love me, you wouldn’t have forced me to do the things I don’t like time and again. If you love me, you wouldn’t have let Crystal mock me like I’m trash!”

Neither Isabelle nor I could stay calm when it came to Robert’s death. We could never take a step back, nor could we ever come up with a compromise. Julia didn’t kill him, but she was definitely related to his death. Yes, every irrational decision made by Isabelle would make it harder for me to deal with the case, but I wouldn’t get angry at her.

I was only mad at her because she tolerated Crystal. Crystal could mock me all she wanted, and Isabelle wouldn’t even do a thing. Instead, she would praise Crystal for calling me trash. Isabelle was my mother. She should be protecting me from any harm, but instead, she was enabling the abuse.

Even until this point, she didn’t realize her unbridled tolerance toward Crystal had hurt me on more levels than one.

“I think you really need to calm down. Just come back for lunch, and we’ll talk about it once we handle your father.” Isabelle was quiet for a moment again. “All right, that’s it. I still have something else to do.”

What does she mean by ‘handle’ Dad? I was annoyed by how she phrased that, and her hanging up on me only frustrated me more. I wanted to vent, but I had no outlet to do that.

At some point, it became impossible to communicate with Isabelle. There was a great gap between us that was difficult to bridge. I had to lie back on the sofa and stare at the ceiling for a long, long time to get rid of my depression.

Sabrina came to invite me to a shopping session. She wanted to get her child some new clothes, and she wanted me to get used to taking care of a baby. I would have been delighted to do that any other time, but I just

couldn't get myself motivated to go with her. As we chatted, I would space out and miss what she was talking about from time to time.

"What happened to you? You've been spacing out a lot. Did something happen? Did you get into a fight with Christopher?" Sabrina put the clothes down and poked my head.

"I wish. That'd be a lot simpler than what I'm dealing with." I shook my head. "Besides, he won't argue with me. Even if I want to, he'd settle matters fast enough that I can't even get mad at him."

"Ah, I'm guessing the evil queen wants to break you two lovebirds up again?" She blinked. Sabrina wanted to joke, but she kept her mouth shut when she realized I wasn't looking too happy. A while later, she whispered, "Judging from your looks, it's more serious than you first thought, isn't it? I thought your mother's a kind, gentle, and reasonable woman. So why is she so hard on you when it comes to Robert?"

Is she really hard on me? I didn't really care though. The only thing I minded was that she took Crystal's side when I was bullied. I thought she should be protecting me.

"That's part of the problem, but it's not the whole picture." I massaged my temples to soothe my headache. In the end, I dragged Sabrina to a coffee shop and got a glass of warm milk, but it didn't help one bit. I asked the waiter to get me some lollipops, and finally, it soothed me a bit.

"What is it? Don't just sigh by yourself. Tell me!"

Sabrina picked her kid up and put the kid on her shoulder. Since she looked exhausted, I offered to help her out. "Here, let me hold you. Aren't you adorable?"

The child cooed happily, and I smiled for the first time in ages. "Sabby, do you think Crystal's going to be my nightmare for life? She's like the bane of my existence."

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"What does she have to do in your case with the Lane family?" Sabrina was confused.

I smacked my forehead and sighed. "You went on a vacation with Zachary back when Remington held his art exhibition, so you didn't know about it. My art's credit was stolen. It sold for an exorbitant price, and even art

lovers overseas knew about it. You even congratulated me, but my name wasn't on that painting. Crystal's was.

I told Sabrina briefly about Isabelle's demands, including why she was nice to Crystal. Sabrina didn't think it was serious at first, but she was shocked when I told her my own mother wanted me to give the painting to Crystal. When she heard that Isabelle wanted me to marry Tobey, she almost went on a rampage.

"Yvonne, did you get dumber after your mother came back? You aren't even that smart in the first place, and now you've gotten worse. Just say no, woman. I know you don't want to make things tense, but that's how it is with relationships. You haven't seen her in years, so I know you want to get along with her, but giving in to her every demand is not going to work."

I covered my face and sighed again. "What should I do then?"

"Simple. Tell her what your boundaries are, why you're upset, and what you want her to do. It's important. If you give in, she'll just think you don't mind her controlling you. You need to be frank." Sabrina shrugged.

"Sabby, it's a lot worse than you think it is. Just because I want to communicate, it doesn't mean she'd listen." I used to think Sabrina's advice was great, but it was useless when it came to Isabelle. Of course, I would like to talk to Mom, but she refused to listen. If she refused to listen, then there was no use.

Sabrina, for once, was confused. "But that's how families work. If communication fails, then are you even a family?" She scratched her head.

I looked at her solemnly. She made an offhand remark, but that gave me inspiration. There was this feeling welling up in me, and a crack slowly opened up in my rigid soul.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm just kidding. Maybe it's just how you communicate. Just get a chance to talk with her." Sabrina stuck her tongue out, but when I still wouldn't talk, she said, "Don't get mad. I was just talking nonsense."

"I'm not mad." I shook my head, crestfallen.

Sabrina leaned on the table and played with her child using a teacup. "I'm not an expert in this. Relationship's my forte, so you shouldn't take any advice from me. I mean, every parent loves their child, right? I'm a mother, so I think I'm qualified to say that."



When I was about to answer, something on the TV caught my attention, and both of us turned to see what was going on. It was an interview show, and Crystal was the guest for that episode. She was dressed up beautifully, and her smile gleamed like a star.

“Ms. Yates, your painting has garnered a lot of international attention. It is recognized by both the public and Mr. Sawyer himself. Your fans are also proud of you, so are you sure you want to donate all the proceeds you earn from this to a charity organization?”

“Yes. I’ve made up my mind since the beginning. I don’t think most of us have ever been to an orphanage, but let me tell you something. The orphans deserve every ounce of our sympathy. I lost my father, but luckily, I have a loving mother who takes great care of me. I can sympathize with them, and they need our love. That’s why I want to provide for them as much as I can. I always pray for their happiness.”

Sabrina slammed the table. “That b\*tch!” she cursed coldly. “She doesn’t know what shame is!”

I narrowed my eyes, and a deriding smile curled my lips. I guess some people just take everything for granted. Including stealing someone else’s hard work. Then, the next scene came in, showing Isabelle in a glamorous dress as well. Even though Sabrina blocked my view, I still saw Isabelle standing together with Crystal the moment she showed up.