

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 656

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The plane heading to Bellridge flew over Christopher as he waited on the lawn. After a while, he thought it was about time and walked out from another exit. As soon as he reached the door, an assistant came over immediately and helped him with his luggage while a car stopped beside Christopher.

The car window rolled down and Lucas' face peered out. "Get in; I have arranged everything!" said Lucas.

Christopher opened the door and got into the car. After looking at the message that Yvonne sent him just now, he turned off his phone and changed the SIM card before turning it back on. "How are the preparations?"

"Everything is ready. Lucas' black market trade will be held in Kenfort this time. Many bigwigs are in contact with him. Luckily, I participated once before, so I'm confident I can bring you inside."

Lucas looked solemn. "Is the information reliable? What's the quality of the source?" he asked.

"Don't worry. Even if I don't care about your safety, I still care about my own." Lucas shrugged and continued, "Look, I chose to go with you because I want you to trust me. Mark has some plans regarding this mayoral election. He was the one who pledged to support Darius' opponent."

"You are saying the Frank family is supported by Mark?" Christopher was a little surprised when he heard that. The Franks have always had a good reputation within the political circle. The Kents used Monica's family to try to get themselves elected in the last election, but they failed and remained silent since. This year, the Franks came out of nowhere and Darius is not prepared for them at all.

"You may not believe me, but Uncle Mark doesn't just take things one step at a time. He has plotted this since a long time ago. He has long harbored huge ambition and wants to be the top guy in Avenport. Your family wouldn't have taken control of the city for so many years if he hadn't gotten hurt in an internal power struggle and was forced to recover abroad in Anglandur," Lucas said confidently.

Christopher frowned; he couldn't refute Lucas' words. There was no way for them to know what would have happened then. In Lucas' eyes, Mark was an obstacle that he could never overcome. Moreover, Mark was also Yvonne's father.

"So, you are telling me that even if I don't want to target Mark because of Yvonne, I still have to consider if Mark wants to deal with the Lane family? Am I right?" Christopher smiled as he rested his chin on his hand.

Lucas frowned when he noticed the underlying meaning in Christopher's words. "You think I'm lying to you? Christopher, It won't end well if we can't even trust each other while we work together. Uncle Mark is not as easy as he seems. Do you remember having almost lost your life in Yorksland? If Yvonne hadn't revealed her identity by accident and caused Garfield to stop because he didn't want to hurt her, or if Lyle didn't risk his life to help you two, both of you would have lost your lives. You wouldn't be here to mull over Aunt Isabelle."

Lucas became a little anxious. It hasn't been easy bringing Christopher to our side. My reasons were a little far-fetched then but Christopher agreed. Looking at him now; is he going back on his word? Is this because Mark agreed for him and Yvonne to be together?

"If you are hesitating to act because Mark is supportive of you and Yvonne, I would suggest that you investigate the Frank family. We can talk about the Kenfort matter after the investigation. I know I won't survive if you really set me up."

"What you said seems to make sense," Christopher said nonchalantly as he rolled down the window. He seemed to be uninterested in the matter. His gaze deepened when he saw the sweat on Lucas' forehead.

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"Of course it makes sense. Christopher, we have known each other for a while now. Please tell me if you have anything on your mind. Stop being so mysterious; you are making me anxious." Lucas could not help but wipe his sweat away.

"You are anxious?" Christopher blinked and chuckled softly.

"Maybe if you let go of that gun on your hand, I will talk to you nicely." Lucas focused his attention on Christopher's waist after he noticed

Christopher's hand resting on a gun that had been concealed by his clothes.

"Looking at you now. Could it be that you are not on guard against me?" Realizing that Lucas had noticed him, Christopher stopped hiding his gun. He took out his gun and pointed it at Lucas. "Don't move!"

Lucas' expression changed and he didn't dare to move. He tried his best to calm down and said, "What are you doing? Are you betraying your ally or have you been bewitched by Mark?"

Christopher was surprised. "Are you really not on guard against me at all? You don't have guards in the car and you haven't even armed yourself with a gun?"

Lucas' heart raced as he thought Christopher didn't look like his normal self. He is normally loyal and honest but now he is just as scary as Mark. Lucas grew frightened as he looked at a smiling Christopher, so he pulled over by the roadside.

"I just trust Yvonne's judgment. She is a truthful woman. A man who falls in love with her must be trustworthy so I'm confident you won't shoot me. Christopher, if you have any demands, we can discuss them together. It would be bad if the gun went off accidentally."

"You are wrong. I'm only nice to Yvonne, not everyone. Goodbye, my friend." Christopher didn't seem to want to talk further so he pulled the trigger.

Lucas' mind went blank. The last thing he heard was the sound of a gunshot...

After turning off the phone for one night, I opened it to find numerous messages and missed calls. Browsing through the call logs, I noticed one of them was from Sabrina and the rest of them were all from Mom. It was five in the afternoon and I was still drinking in the bar with Sabrina.

Mom must have been mad because I didn't go back. Feeling a bit melancholic, I did not even bother to read the messages. They can't be anything nice, anyway. Christopher has just cheered me up; I'll be upset again if I read the messages.

Before I could turn off the phone, Mom called again. I hesitated to pick up the call and just let it rang. Suddenly, someone walking by knocked into me and caused me to press the "receive" button.

"Yvonne, are you trying to pretend nothing happened by not coming home and evading my calls? Are you trying to make me mad?"

My eardrums almost ruptured when I heard Mom yelling at me from the other end. I frowned as I didn't know what to say. Lately, Mom seems to keep harping on our relationship. She would also speak with a threatening tone. There are clearly better ways of communicating but she chose to say the same words over and over again. I'm so sick of her for calling me a horrible daughter. Nathan used to scold me a lot, too, and she obviously knows I don't like being yelled at in that manner. Why can't she consider my feelings?

"Why are you not talking? Have you gone mute? Get back home now! Are you abandoning this home because of Christopher?"

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"I had something to handle last night, so I..."

"I think you just don't want to come back. Stop coming up with excuses. Mark is very angry. Yvonne, you listen well: you will resolve this matter properly. Do you hear me?" Mom roared from the other end of the line.

If I'm standing in front of her now, not only would she yell at me but she might even hit me. The words that I told her yesterday—did they have any effect at all? She just doesn't care; that's why she is acting like this now. I can't take this! I have said everything I wanted to say, yet nothing has changed. Mom, is it so hard for you to love me a little more? Can you not make me sad because of the people around you?

I didn't manage to speak out the words in my mind.

"I will find Dad and explain to him myself. Mom, you ask me to calm down but I think you should calm down, too. We both need some time to cool off, so we should stop meeting for the time being. It hurts our bond if you threaten our relationship every time we talk, so don't talk like that again, okay?"

"Fine. Mark was furious last night. He didn't even finish his meal at home. He even instructed people to take away all my authority at Goldstein Corporation. After you see Mark, ask him to restore all that he has stripped away and ask him to make me the Goldstein Corporation representative in Kenfort. Do you understand?" Isabelle said plainly.

"Got it. The Kenfort representative. I will ask Dad about it." I lowered my gaze. So, she is mad because her interests are affected. Does she always place her own interests above me?

“Good that you know that! You are at the mansion, right? I will get someone to bring some tasty lunch over to you. You will take them to Mark’s office and settle the matter.”

Before Mom could hang up, I couldn’t help but ask, “Mom, don’t you have anything else to say to me?”

“What?” Isabelle was a bit stunned.

“I... It’s nothing. I will call you later after I head to the office.” I am already used to the disappointment. I would rather things stay the same and not ask any further questions. Nothing is going to change anyway.

“There is no need to call me. I will go and meet you downstairs from the office.”

Mom had a lot of secrets and she kept them close to her heart. Those secrets seemed to burden her. They made her unapproachable and unable to trust the people around her.

“Mom, maybe you should try trusting me a little. I’m your daughter, after all. No matter what happens, I will be there to share your burden. Even if there are no benefits for me, I will still help you. After all, you are my family.”

I rarely got emotional in front of her. After saying that, I quickly hung up the phone as my heart raced. Seems like I still want to go back to the way things were with Mom.

The trip to Goldstein Corporation to see Dad was relatively smooth. Mark had always pampered me. As soon as I mentioned the matter about Mom, he agreed.

My phone rang. I looked down and saw it was a message from Mom. Tonight at Moonlight Cafe. Help me deal with Tobey.

Looking at the message, I shook my head and smiled. She’s tried to word it nicely; I shouldn’t turn her down.

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“Look at your reluctance. Who just sent you a message?” Mark asked.

"It's nothing. Sabby wants me to follow along as she visits a few daycare centers. You know, boring stuff." I didn't mention Mom to Mark because I would get upset if they fought again.

"What about the kid from the Lane family? Where is he?" asked Mark suddenly.

"He is busy with work so I didn't ask him to come along with me." I remembered what Christopher said before he left. He asked me to tell no one about him leaving, not even my own family.

I didn't really understand the reason but I would never turn down Christopher's request. He has a special identity. He must be tasked on some special mission again. It's best if I didn't expose his whereabouts.

"When Julia was young, she was very capable in doing business and had great achievements even in a male-dominated environment. After getting support from Gordon, everyone came to suck up to her. Today's Lane Corporation is the result of Julia's superb management. If you are half the woman Julia was, I wouldn't be so worried about Goldstein Corporation." Mark sighed.

"Dad, do you mean you want me to take over Goldstein Corporation? I'm not fit to lead a company," I said as I shook my head. I had never thought about the matter and I didn't dare to do so, either.

"You are my daughter. Who else am I going to hand the business to? I'm just worried you are too kind and will get tricked easily," Mark said.

"You are being ridiculous. What about Lucas? He may not be healthy but he is very smart. He is way more capable than I." I instantly regretted my words after I said them. There was some conflict between Lucas and Mark which I knew little about. As such, there was no way Mark would hand over the company to Lucas.

Even if Dad really handed the company to Lucas, I don't think he would dare to accept it.

As expected, Mark frowned in displeasure at my words. He said solemnly, "Yvonne, we have to keep the power in our own hands instead of giving it away to outsiders. You want everyone to get along, but not everyone wants the same thing as you. They will take everything from you and leave you with nothing. Do you understand?"

It was not like I had no experience regarding these things. The Tanner family had their own circle of associates in Avenport, too. Dad is right, but

Lucas and I have been close since young, and I don't think Lucas is that kind of person.

"I think Lucas is a good person. We have known each other for a long time. He won't do anything malicious to me." I trusted Lucas.

"Shut up!" Mark suddenly slammed on the table and yelled, "Don't say those words ever again! Christopher and Lucas have always eyed the shares in my hands. They just haven't shown you that facet of theirs. You weren't in the Goldstein family then, so there was no conflict of interest between you and Lucas. But now, you have to be on guard. Do you understand?"

I widened my eyes in bewilderment as I was surprised by his anger. This was the first time he lost his temper with me.

I heard that there was previously a lot of infighting within the Goldstein family and that Dad had gotten his position from his uncles. He used to have a lot of cousins, but now only Lucas and a few others were left. The internal struggle for power must have been quite bad. It's understandable that Dad didn't trust anyone around him.

"I understand what you mean, Dad. I will be more careful from now on." I might never be like Dad because I always firmly believed that some people valued family, friends, and love over their own self-interest.

Mark sighed. "I shouldn't have lost my temper with you, but this is for your own good. The ones who stab you in the back are always the people you trusted the most. So, never trust anyone easily."

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It was six in the evening. I had just finished my coffee and eaten two slices of cake. Feeling bored, I asked the waiter to bring me some ice cream from the outside.

I've tried my best to be on time but Tobey is late. Is he intimidated by my words last time? No, I mean, did Christopher's domineering presence scare him?

After playing around with my phone to entertain myself, I decided I would go home if he didn't show up in thirty minutes. I have done my part and attended the meeting. Whether he chooses to show up is none of my business.

“What are you doing here?” I heard someone say. “I’m just getting... Ahem,” I said without thinking.

I almost said what I was thinking out loud before realizing it was Tobey’s voice. I cleared my throat to cover my embarrassment, put down my phone, and said, “Mr. Osborn, a gentleman shouldn’t be late for dates. I’m angry that you have made me wait for thirty minutes.”

“Oh really? I thought you would be happy instead since we can keep our interaction to a minimum. Don’t you think so?” Tobey smiled, seemingly unaffected by the incident last time. He sat down across from me and asked the waiter to take my coffee away and bring me a cup of warm milk.

“Girls should drink more milk and less coffee. It’s better for your health.”

“You do seem like an honest man. If we didn’t have conflicts of interest and if you could stop mentioning self-interest every time you open your mouth, I might actually consider being friends with you.”

To be honest, I quite liked Tobey’s honesty; he was not one to play dirty behind the scenes. However, I just could not stand how he viewed his relationships. If I have to choose between love and self-interest, I would not hesitate to choose the former. I’m just that simple.

“Just friends?” Tobey took a sip of his coffee and continued, “When you agreed to meet with me, I thought you have decided to agree to our relationship. Looks like I am overthinking it.”

“I rarely change my decision once I have decided. Apart from my family, I would never compromise with anyone, especially on matters regarding Christopher. I firmly believe that as long as I keep persevering, I will find an opportunity to change things for the better,” I said confidently.

“All right, then. I wish you success in your pursuits.” Tobey raised his cup of coffee as he said that. “You are a straightforward person. If I didn’t have someone in mind, I might even fall in love with you.”

“Thank goodness you have someone in mind! Otherwise, there would be trouble.” I treated his words as a joke and poked my tongue out cheekily.

I knew a little about the Osborn family but not because I wanted to know about them. After Christopher found out Mom had introduced a man to me, he investigated Tobey thoroughly. He even found out about how much wealth the Osborns possessed.

After he completed his investigation, Christopher presented me with the information and analyzed it with me. He compared his own height, body

measurements, relationship history, loyalty, wealth, and even performance in bed with Tobey's.

He tried his best to convince me that he was ten times better than Tobey and asked me to not consider Tobey.

"I'm that bad?" Tobey sounded a little hurt.

"It's not that I don't want you; I simply met someone better. So, no matter how compatible you are with me, you cannot compete with Christopher in my eyes. Do you get it? I'm sure you feel the same. I will never be better than the lady you have in your mind—that is, if you are serious about her."

"All right, I admit you are making a lot of sense. I cannot deny any of your words. Looks like I will have to miss out on something during this trip to Avenport. What a shame."

"If you are talking about business, I can introduce you to Lane Corporation for collaborative opportunities. I can't get involved when it comes to Goldstein Corporation, but if you have the capability..."

I was about to talk to Tobey about doing business together before sending him on his way when suddenly a woman wearing a white dress ran in and grabbed my leg. "Please! Don't separate us, please! Tobey and I are in love with each other!"