

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 661

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I swore I had never met something this strange in my entire life. First, the weird lady rushed in, hugged my leg, and started sobbing with her long hair covering her face. She kneeled before me and kept on repeating the same sentence. Had it not happened in broad daylight, I would have thought that I bumped into a ghost.

Next, Tobey, who was seated opposite me, became a totally different man. He immediately rushed over to help the lady up as he said frantically, "Flora, why are you here? Stop kneeling and get up now. My heart aches for you when I see you kneel."

"No. I'm not getting up!" When Flora Dawson lifted her head, her hair parted and her tear-streaked petite face was revealed. She looked at me bitterly and remarked, "Ms. Goldstein, I understand that there's an arranged marriage between you and Tobey. However, I can't live without Tobey. Could you please spare him from the marriage? I'll die without him."

"Flora, stop begging her. I'll figure out a way to resolve this. Haven't I told you I'll settle everything and will definitely make you my most beautiful bride? Stop crying. If you are to continue crying, I'll feel like a criminal," comforted Tobey as he grabbed Flora's hands. With that, the two hugged each other right in front of me, with one kneeling and the other in a semi squatting position.

I felt like I was a villain, too. I was a sinner who separated two lovebirds.

"I mean, the two of you—"

"Ms. Goldstein, a pretty lady like you certainly doesn't lack anything. There should be plenty of men wanting to date you. I understand it might be offensive for me to say this. After all, Tobey is such a capable man. Which woman wouldn't fall in love with him after meeting him? I can understand if you have fallen in love with Tobey, but he and I belong together and we have promised that we will never leave each other."

The lady looked pitifully beautiful as she cried. She was all teary and fragile, and her crying was so much more pleasing to the eyes than Crystal's. However, the words that came out of her mouth had rendered me speechless. "I think you've misunderstood something here: there's nothing between Mr. Osborn and me. We're meeting up just to talk business; that's all."

Aren't you going a bit overboard in boasting about your guy? I gave him a good lecture a few days back. Must you say those words? I then shifted my gaze to Tobey. Nonetheless, he did not take note of my odd expression. Instead, he only had eyes on Flora, who was still kneeling on the floor. Tobey then pulled her up and hugged her in his arms.

"Ms. Goldstein, stop denying it. I know you must be crazily in love with Tobey. That's why you did all you could to get near him. However, I really cannot let you have Tobey. He is the most important person to me and I can't bear to lose him. A fish that's out of water has no choice but to die. Ms. Goldstein, could you please return Tobey to me? There's no way anyone could intervene in our relationship."

Flora then walked toward me. Just as she was about to kneel once again, I immediately got up and took two steps back. This lady must be delusional. I've told her that there's nothing between Tobey and me. How can she just ignore what I've said? Shocked, I wiped the sweat that had formed on my forehead.

"Wow, look at that lady. She is dressed so gracefully and elegantly. I thought she's a celebrity. Who knew she's actually a mistress?"

"Exactly. It's so awful of her to separate a couple just because she's wealthy. I really want to beat her up, if I could. So what if she's rich?"

"Never judge a book by its cover. These days, even pretty ladies become mistresses. They are just so shameless. If I was the poor lady, I would have splashed some hot water on that b*tch to ruin her looks. Let's see how she could remain a mistress after that."

The crowd surrounding us suddenly broke out into a discussion. I felt so embarrassed listening to their comments. The only thing I wanted to do then was to dig a hole and bury myself in it. I could not believe I was being treated like a mistress. Nonetheless, I was still delighted when they said I was pretty.

Seeing that the lady was about to go crazy once more, I quickly ran to the door of the cafe and shouted at Tobey, "Mr. Osborn, something came up and I need to make a move first. Please remember to assure and comfort your girlfriend before putting up such a show. Also, I really don't like you; please clarify this with her."

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When the gunshot sounded, Lucas' mind went blank and he could not think further. He even closed his eyes and waited for death in despair. In fact, he had no time to despair because he did not expect that Christopher would fire a shot at that point in time.

Click! It was the sound of the spring within the gun hitting the air: no shots were fired. Surprised, Lucas lifted his head and met Christopher's mischievous gaze. Fuming, he shouted, "What the hell? What are you thinking! Are you making a fool of me?"

"I'm sorry for scaring you. I was just joking." Christopher narrowed his eyes as he casually dismantled the gun.

"To hell with you!" Lucas collapsed onto the chair and started panting heavily. His forehead was breaking out in a cold sweat and he was drenched in sweat. After all, when faced with death, no one could accept it so naturally. One would definitely be terrified, and Lucas was no exception.

Christopher soon finished dismantling his gun. He gently turned the cylinder and took out the three remaining bullets. Lucas' eyes widened at that. So the gun has bullets in it!

"Christopher, what were you trying to do? Had you made a mistake just now, I would have died!" With that, Lucas raised his hand and gave Christopher a punch on the chin. However, Christopher managed to block the attack with his backhand. Once he was done reloading the gun, Christopher immediately aimed it at Lucas again.

"What I did just now was only a test. I guarantee that if I am to pull the trigger this time, you can bid the world goodbye. Although you've been weak since young, I believe that you still wouldn't want to die at a young age. What do you say?" Christopher flashed a sinister smile that made him look no different from a devil.

Lucas' face went pale by a few more shades. The moment he felt that Christopher was serious, he gulped to calm himself down and asked, "What are you trying to do? Let me know what you are planning. If you're testing me, you've done it just now."

"It's simple. I want to know everything." Christopher straightened his body and continued, "You should know that I hate being set up, especially if someone set me up using Yvonne. You've struck my raw nerve. Therefore, do you think I should open up a hole in your body to warn you about what you can use in your schemes and what you can't touch?"

Lucas had calmed himself down by now. He stared at Christopher for a long while before bursting out into laughter. "You're indeed Christopher Lane. When I was deciding whether to go ahead with this plan, I was worried about whether I could actually set you up. I only took this step after noting your concern for Yvonne. But I've never imagined that you would find out about it. What do you want to know? I'll definitely answer all your burning questions."

"Wow. You're so straightforward. I thought you would give me all sorts of excuses." Seeing that Lucas had been persuaded, Christopher placed his gun down. Nonetheless, it was still aimed at Lucas. If he tries anything funny, I'll pull the trigger.

"You're already aiming your gun at me. What else is there that I could hide?" Lucas gave a bitter laugh.

"The Franks are not backed by the Goldsteins. I am very sure of this as I have a good friend in the Frank family. You forged the evidence so that I would believe you and turn against Mark. Am I right?"

"You're right. That was indeed a scam."

"And then there's Isabelle's medical report. You purposely let me find out about it. Even hiding it from Yvonne was part of the plan. In that case, am I correct to assume that Isabelle took part in everything since the beginning and that your ultimate goal is Goldstein Corporation?" Christopher asked as he leaned against a couch. He then picked up a cigarette and gestured Lucas to light it for him.

Lucas' expression changed upon hearing Christopher's question. He never expected Christopher to have thought that far. Lucas then replied helplessly, "Isabelle indeed took part in this. As for her objective in doing so, I can't let you know as we have signed an agreement. If you really want to know, why don't you ask her directly?"

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"Hello, the person you called is unavailable. Please try again later." It was the fifth time I called Christopher but failed to reach him. If my memory served me right, Christopher hadn't mentioned or even hinted at going on a mission before he left.

Why can't I get through? What on earth is going on? Could it be that Christopher is indeed on a mission? Otherwise, why didn't he let me tell

Mark his whereabouts? After all, Mark is my father. Anyway, perhaps there is something sensitive that I shouldn't know about.

Later, I drafted a text message on my phone. In it, I asked Christopher to be careful and remember that I would be waiting for him at home.

Feeling that the draft wasn't good enough, I rewrote it to sound overbearing. Christopher, since you're my right-hand man, I have a lot of things to assign to you. Remember to come back early. Also, remember that I am your chairman.

After sending the message, I put the phone aside and went to the kitchen. Since Tobey showed up late at the cafe, I only managed to have some appetizers before Flora came and accused me of being a homewrecker.

When the doorbell rang, I opened the door and was shocked to see Isabelle. It was the first time she visited me ever since I moved out from the Goldstein residence.

I welcomed her into the house and asked, "Mom, do you prefer coffee or tea?"

"It's okay. I won't take up too much of your time. Are you having a late-night snack?" She was surprised to see food on the table.

"It's my dinner." I shrugged. Noticing that Isabelle frowned, I added, "I didn't ignore Tobey. On the contrary, he showed up late and his girlfriend ruined our dinner. Do you know how embarrassed I was? His girlfriend kneeled before me right away and begged me tearfully not to separate them."

"Did you say Tobey's girlfriend crashed the party?"

Isabelle was surprised by the dramatic turn of events. After remaining silent for a while, she finally said, "Well, who doesn't have past romantic relationships? Since Tobey is an outstanding man, it's nothing unusual for other women to fall for him. It's fine as long as he doesn't betray you after marriage."

Isabelle refused to give up on matchmaking us. Feeling a headache, I replied, "It appears that I'm the homewrecker now. Besides, I think Tobey isn't fond of me. I mean, he has fixed his gaze on Flora ever since she showed up. Under such circumstances, our marriage might turn out to be miserable."

"I'll talk to Tobey to resolve the problem." Nonetheless, Isabelle was seemingly unbothered by what happened.

"You can't resolve it right away, can you?" I murmured. Since Tobey doesn't like me anyway, why does Mom want me to marry him?

"The Osborns won't let an unworthy woman marry into their family. Given that you're a Goldstein, I believe they won't mistreat you."

The way Isabelle worded her sentences made me feel like I would very soon marry Tobey. I was hungry before Isabella came over but lost my appetite after having the conversation. Well, I guess I'll go on a diet today! I put the plate back on the table and heaved a sigh silently. Then, I tried to change the subject of the conversation. "Dad was happy when I delivered lunch for him this afternoon."

"By the way, what's your dad's opinion about putting me in charge of the Kenfort project? Has he agreed to it? And your dad won't call for a board meeting to remove me from my vice president position, will he?" Isabelle finally stopped talking about Tobey and asked me nervously.

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"Dad has agreed to it and will sign the documents once you're back to the office. Also, he asked me to pass you the document about tomorrow's meeting."

Before Mark left the office, he gave me the document and said that Mom would be delighted upon reading it. He even blinked mischievously and assured me that Mom would agree to all demands that I made.

Just as expected, Isabelle's lips curled into a grin as soon as she opened the document. It was as though she had won the lottery. However, I couldn't help but feel slightly upset, for it proved that Isabelle was way more obsessed with self-interest than I thought. In the end, I didn't ask anything of her.

I disdained using the contract to exchange for things that I needed. If we had to maintain our mother-daughter relationship using such tactics, I wondered what was left between us. Perhaps there will be nothing left.

As the weather had become colder, I draped a shirt on myself before leaving the house. I was surprised to see Tobey standing outside my main door. Given that his shirt looked slightly damp, I guessed he had been waiting out there for quite some time. Meanwhile, Tobey handed me a bouquet of red roses and said, "Good morning. I hope you'll be as beautiful and cheerful as roses every day."

I put on a faint smile and took the roses from him. "Are you gifting the flowers to me as an apology? If not, I'll throw them into the garbage bin right away."

"Well, roses, especially these eleven roses, symbolize eternal love." Then, Tobey glanced at the closed door behind me and asked, "May I come in?"

"I'm afraid it's a bit inconvenient. After all, I don't want to make your girlfriend jealous." After I blinked my eyes and declined his request, Tobey's expression turned grim.

"You're right. Despite being together for many years, we didn't get married or have a wedding. Because of that, Flora always cries and goes berserk whenever I'm with another woman. Anyway, I'm so sorry for what happened yesterday," Tobey apologized.

"It's okay. If we still have to meet up next time, I'd suggest that you communicate with Flora. If you can't promise me this, I won't show up next time. When that happens, please don't accuse me of disrespecting you. I'll refuse to show up no matter how many times you ask me. After all, I don't want to be seen as a homewrecker," I responded half-jokingly.

"Well, I still hope that you can agree to my win-win proposal. We will be married on paper only and you can decide when you want to get a divorce. In that case, getting married won't stop you from doing anything. Isn't it a good plan—"

"Enough! If you dwell on that, I'm afraid we can't even be friends," I interrupted.

After seeing Tobey off, I decided to go to Lane Corporation to find out what Christopher had been working on lately. Since I was the company's major shareholder, I wished to assist Christopher and lessen his burden.

When I was at the junction, a white car sped toward me. I couldn't help but frown while taking a few steps back. How can they drive that fast? I mean, they'll be in deep trouble if they crash into a kid!

As I was pondering about it, the car suddenly stopped next to me. Then, two strong men in black shirts hopped out and rushed toward me. When I wanted to escape, one of them suddenly pulled my hair to drag me back.

"Who are you? Let go of me—" I tried to wriggle free from the man and bit his hand. In response, he punched me on my back. I staggered and nearly fell to the ground. At that moment, one of them grabbed my hand and covered my nose and mouth with a handkerchief.

The strong chemical smell wafted into my nose and I soon lost consciousness.

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I could only curse internally before I passed out. After all, I didn't think I had ever offended anyone recently to deserve being abducted and tortured.

To outsiders, I was the high-and-mighty Ms. Goldstein whom Mark pampered. Besides, Christopher also claimed that I was his wife. In other words, I had the backing of the two most powerful figures in Avenport.

Crystal was arrogant but dared not offend me. Although Isabelle pampered her, all she could do was tease me. She would not have the courage to abduct and torture me. As such, I could not think of anyone who would do this to me.

I wasn't sure how long I had lost consciousness. By the time I woke up and opened my eyes, I was shocked to see a face right before me. My body flinched backward instinctively, yet I was restrained and could not move an inch.

Meanwhile, she came up to me and scanned me from head to toe. As my eyes slowly adapted to the light, I saw a girl who looked pure and naive.

"I admit that you're beautiful, yet you're no match for me. Tobey used to say that my vulnerable look is catnip for men's protective instincts. He likes it whenever I blush. Besides, I can look shy but seductive at the same time. On the other hand, you appear strong and stubborn, and so you can never give him what he desires."

Tobey?

Tobey Osborn?

Eventually, I remembered that the young woman before me was Flora. She was the one who showed up at the cafe and begged me to leave Tobey. As soon as I thought about that, I almost lost my temper and swore out loud. My goodness! She's my abductor? What an unexpected disaster!

At that moment, I was dying to know the reason why she abducted me.

“Flora, is there any misunderstanding between us? Nothing happened between Tobey and me. You can call and ask him if you don’t believe me. I can tell that he loves you very much. When you showed up at the cafe that day, he didn’t even glance at me for a second. So, it shows that the only woman he loves is you. Instead, we met up only because we were forced to do it. So, don’t you think you’re overreacting here?”

Gazing at Flora, I felt increasingly confused. What on earth does she want?

“Stop lying to me with your sweet talk! I’ll never believe women like you ever again. Those who claimed that we were friends always betrayed me by sleeping with Tobey. I won’t let you succeed in snatching Tobey away from me.”

Flora did not buy my clear and concise explanation; instead, she became increasingly emotional. She glared at me and moved her fingers ferociously as though she wanted to skin me alive. Deep down, I couldn’t help but think that someone had probably betrayed her in the past.

“All you have are your beautiful looks and strong family background. What else do you have? Can you die for Tobey? Will you be with him if he is deprived of everything? I could do everything for him, but what about you?” Flora went berserk and yelled at me. Aside from that, she also let out some weird noise from time to time.

My heart skipped a beat. At that moment, I couldn’t help but feel that Flora was similar to Crystal. Back then, Crystal broke down when her true color was revealed during the wedding. She also went nuts and the only thing in her mind was to murder someone.

I gulped in fear and decided not to irritate her. After a while, I said gently, “You’re right. I can’t do all these because I already have my loved one—Christopher. Yes, you heard me right. He is Christopher Lane. He and I are considered public figures in Avenport. You can try asking around or looking us up on the internet. After all, there are a lot of gossips about us.”