

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 666

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“Are you telling the truth?” Flora tilted her head and gazed at me naively as though she was pondering over the credibility of my words.

“It’s true. Why would I fool you? I swear that I will only love Christopher for the rest of my life.” I would have raised my hand to formally swear an oath if I wasn’t restrained on the chair.

“Really?”

Flora kept pacing up and down in the room. One moment, she mentioned Christopher and Tobey’s names softly; the next moment, she gazed at me in confusion and mumbled non-stop. Meanwhile, I grabbed the chance to look around. I realized that we were in a small apartment.

When I saw my handbag on the coffee table, I thought I could escape once I managed to retrieve my phone from it. Unfortunately, I was tied up and could not move an inch. Meanwhile, Flora walked in circles repeatedly.

Is she mentally ill? But if that’s true, how could she speak coherently? Besides, how is it possible that she could plan so meticulously to abduct me?

Thinking that Flora was convinced, I mustered up my courage and said, “As I said, I don’t have any feelings for Tobey. I mean, it’s a waste of time to see him, not to mention marrying him. I’d rather spend my time with my beloved Chris.”

“You’re lying!” Flora shrieked all of a sudden as though I triggered her emotions somehow. Then, she grabbed the knife on the table and swung it before me. I was terrified and worried that she would accidentally stab me to death.

“You women always make up a lot of stories to be close to Tobey. In the end, all of you are liars! I’ll never fall for your tricks ever again!”

As Flora was shouting, she suddenly burst into tears and continued, “We only wanted to be together. Why is it so difficult? Why must everyone disagree with it? Why must everyone stop us? Why can’t we fulfill our simple wish—”

Unknowingly, Flora’s words assuaged my nervousness. Moreover, I couldn’t help but feel dejected when I thought of the obstacles between

Christopher and me. As such, my eyes reddened and tears nearly streamed down my face.

I used to feel as confused as Flora and say similar things. Until now, I couldn't say wholeheartedly that Uncle Robert's death was an accident and that Julia was innocent.

However, I was relieved that I met Christopher instead of the indecisive Tobey. Christopher never compromised in the face of harsh reality but went against all odds to be with me. We went through ups and downs, yet he loved me all the same. On the contrary, Tobey always prioritized self-interest above all else.

"Don't be sad. Try talking to Tobey to change his mind, and I believe things will take a different turn. Anyway, you can't have your cake and eat it, too. Tobey has to give up some things that matter to him if he decides to be with you—"

"Shut up! Who are you to badmouth Tobey? I'm the only one who has the right to comment on him. No one can ever bully him other than me!" Flora stood up and wiped away her tears clumsily. With a grimace, she came closer and swung the knife in front of my face. I did not dare twitch a muscle because I was afraid she would disfigure me with the knife.

"Hehe, Tobey only looks at you because you're pretty. Will he pay attention to you if you turn ugly? He won't! In that case, you mustn't look beautiful."

With that, Flora grabbed my face and aimed her knife at me.

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I had been disfigured. Half an hour ago, as I stared at that hideous face in the mirror, I did not even have the energy to cry. In fact, I did not know if I should laugh or cry. I wondered what kind of ordeal a woman must have gone through to have ended up that way.

From what Tobey said, it seemed like Flora and he had gone through a lot together. If that was the case, why did he not protect her well and allow such a kind woman to go mad?

When Flora applied lipstick on my lips, she had intentionally smudged it, causing my slender lips to look much thicker than it actually was. After sizing me up for a while, she clapped her hands and exclaimed, "Perfect!"

This is how you should look like. I'm sure Tobey will never take a second glance at you again."

"There's really nothing between Tobey and me. How many times do you want me to tell you?" I felt rather upset. My feelings were clearly shown on my face, which was reflected in the mirror. I looked so ugly that even I felt disgusted with myself.

Flora did not add any cuts to my face with the knife, but she had given me a special makeover. I was not sure where she had managed to get black paint, which she had used to cover my entire face, from. After doing that, she added a layer of foundation on it as she seemed to have found it too black. I looked slightly fairer after that, but she was still not happy with it and proceeded to add a few layers of blush to my face.

As such, my face turned out to be a deep crimson color. In addition to my extremely thick eyebrows and messy hair, I was pretty sure that even Christopher would not be able to recognize me if I snapped a picture of myself and sent it to him.

"Hehe, now that you look like this, I'm sure Tobey won't like you anymore. As expected, I'm much prettier than you." Flora walked a few rounds around me, observing my new look. Finally, she clapped her hands in satisfaction. She even wanted to take a picture of me and send it to Tobey.

I was secretly overjoyed and immediately said, "Sure, that's a great idea! After you send my picture to him, he'll definitely stop talking to me. That's also what I want."

"What are your intentions? Are you playing any tricks? Don't you even dare!" Flora bellowed and kicked the chair. However, she did not have enough strength to kick it over and hurt her toe instead. The woman was so angry that she slammed her phone to the ground, shattering it.

I was speechless. That was the strangest way of kidnapping someone. Flora was also probably the lousiest kidnapper ever.

The woman went to search for her phone, only to realize that she had smashed it after a while. She picked up the pieces from the floor and stared at them for a long time. Suddenly, hugging the remnants of her phone, she started wailing. "This is a gift from Tobey, but I've destroyed it. What should I do? What should I do? I can feel my heart breaking."

Well, my heart was breaking too. I was already almost going insane. At that moment, I suddenly had a newfound respect for Tobey. I wondered how he had managed to stay normal after being with such an edgy and suspicious woman for so long. He even had a good sense of humor, although he could be rather mercenary at times. I really had to give it up

to him. If I were him, I would have been driven to the brink of insanity long ago.

“Umm, there’s a phone in the bag on the table. You can use that,” I suggested cautiously, hoping that she would take the bait.

“Really?” Flora had a confused expression on her face as she looked toward the bag on the table. Tilting her head, she seemed to be deep in thought. “When did I have a bag like that? I really don’t remember.”

“That’s not important. What’s important is that you can use the phone to send the photo. Isn’t that what you wanted to do?” I tried to persuade her to take the phone while observing her at the same time.

Indeed, she fell for it and went to retrieve the phone from my bag. Then, she quickly walked over and took multiple shots of me, but found that it was lacking contrast. As such, I suggested that we take a photo together. By doing that, not only it would clearly show how hideous I look, her beauty would also be emphasized.

Flora did exactly as I proposed. At that moment, I came to a conclusion. Flora was not just mentally unstable, but her condition was really serious.

“Who should I send the photo to? Where’s Tobey’s number? Why isn’t it saved?” Flora mumbled to herself as she scrolled through my contacts anxiously, looking as if she was about to cry.

“It’s at the top of the list, saved as “My Love”. That’s Tobey’s number. Just send the photos over.”

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I was so nervous that my hands were trembling. That was actually Christopher’s number. If Flora sent our photos over, my plan to be rescued would be on its way to success. Even though I did pity Flora, I did not wish to die yet. I wanted to spend more time with Christopher and grow old with him.

Flora smiled after sending the photos. She paced around the room excitedly, while mumbling to herself, “Tobey is mine. He belongs to me.” I was feeling increasingly sorry for her. Tobey should really reflect on himself for causing so much pain to the woman.

Indeed, Christopher did not disappoint me and called at once after the photos were sent. In a cheery tone, he asked, "What are you doing? You've made a new friend and even had a makeover. I'm scared of a lot of things, but not ghosts."

I was so overjoyed that I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. I yelled in the direction of the phone immediately, "Chris, I'm kidnapped by Flora, Tobey's girlfriend! She's mentally unstable. Get Tobey to come over and settle her!"

"Shut up! You're not allowed to talk to Tobey!" Flora growled, interrupting my cries for help. She spoke gently into the phone, "Tobey, you've seen the photos right? Look how ugly she is now. She's not good enough for you at all. I'm the one who loves you the most. I'm prettier than her too. Can you don't talk to her ever again?"

Flora had turned on speaker mode, and I could clearly hear Christopher trying to steady his breath. Wanting to reassure him that I was alright, I said softly, "I'm fine, I just got a shock. Don't worry."

Finally, Christopher spoke. Addressing Flora, he said, "You're definitely the most beautiful woman I've ever met. I'm going over to look for you right now. Can you dress up and wait for me? Are you at home now?"

"Yup, I'm at home. I have been waiting for you but you didn't show up. I finally managed to see you yesterday but you left so early. I'm so sad."

"I'm so sorry, I wasn't thoughtful enough. I didn't expect such a thing to happen. Don't be scared, I'll be there right away," Christopher said gently.

When I heard his deep and gentle voice, I could no longer hold back my emotions and burst into tears. Even though it seemed like he was addressing Flora, he was actually talking to me, telling me not to worry.

I lifted my head up and hummed a tune, pretending to be relaxed. It was a very old love song, where the lyrics talked about not giving up, regardless of the obstacles one faced in life. I could relate to that very well. As long as I could be together with Christopher, I would feel blissful and would be able to endure any obstacles along the way.

"I appreciate your kind intentions," Flora replied.

What followed was a long wait, with Flora pacing to and fro soullessly and aimlessly. She was in an excited mood and seemed to have completely forgotten about me. She headed into the kitchen and after a while, she emerged with a plate of colorful stuff that looked like different vegetables blended together.

After that, she sat down and waited quietly. When the clock on the wall suddenly rang, Flora was alarmed and jumped up. She dashed toward me aggressively, and I thought that she had finally decided to beat me up, which was what kidnappers usually did. However, to my surprise, she dropped to her knees and started crying while hugging my legs.

“Please leave him and give us your blessings. I can’t live without Tobey. I would rather die than lose him. Life would be meaningless without him.”

I was at a loss for words at her sudden dramatic display of agony.

After a while, I finally heard the sound of the door unlocking from outside. When the door was swung open, Tobey and a few men who were dressed in white coats rushed in. He took an anxious glance at me first, making sure I was alright, before heaving a sigh of relief and walking toward Flora.

“Tobey, you’re finally here! I love you. I love you so much! Can you kiss me? Let me feel your love for me,” Flora said emotionally.

“What on Earth do you think you’re doing?” Tobey lifted his hand and gave Flora a tight slap across her face.

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Not only was I stunned by his action, but Flora was also shocked as well. She covered her hands with her face and started sobbing while apologizing to Tobey. I could not help but frown at the scene. Somehow, the happiness which I had felt just a moment ago when help arrived had greatly diminished.

The men in white coats hurried over and restrained Flora, before bringing her upstairs. Flora kept struggling while shouting Tobey’s name, crying her heart out.

Tobey walked toward me and untied me from the chair. “Ms. Goldstein, are you alright? Do you want me to send you to the hospital?” he asked cautiously.

I shook my head, making a mental note to myself. Indeed, Tobey was a man motivated by self-interest. Otherwise, he would have definitely checked on Flora first before showing concern toward me.

“I’m fine. I just need to wash my face. She didn’t really do anything else to me.”

"I'm glad to know that. That's good, that's good!" Tobey repeated that a few times, his voice slightly trembling from the lingering fear. Beads of perspiration had already formed on his forehead.

Any good feelings I had developed toward Tobey previously were completely gone because of Flora. In fact, I did not want to talk to him at all. After washing my face, I headed out of the door immediately.

Tobey ran out and caught up with me, offering to send me back. As I was tired, I accepted his offer. When I was about to alight after we reached back at the mansion, Tobey suddenly spoke, "Ms. Goldstein, what happened today is an accident, can you please keep it from Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Goldstein? I don't want it to affect the cooperation between the Goldstein and Osborn families."

I narrowed my eyes and replied in displeasure, "Aren't you worried about Flora at all? If my dad knows that I was kidnapped by Flora, he would definitely not let her off."

Not understanding what I meant, Tobey shared his thoughts, "I did not expect Flora to do such a thing. She's mentally unstable now and does things unexpectedly. She's just a lunatic and is not aware of what she's doing. If you let her off the hook this time around, I will get someone to watch her closely and ensure that she will never appear in your life again. So, can you please forgive her just this once?"

Even though Flora had kidnapped me, I wasn't very pleased with the way the man kept referring to her as a lunatic. Not only that, I was starting to lose any remaining respect I had for him. I sneered and said, "It's all because of jerks like you that cause women to lose their minds just for love. Tobey, let me tell you, you will never meet another woman like Flora, who loves you so wholeheartedly, ever again. You'll definitely regret this."

After I finished speaking, I turned and ran into the house immediately, fuming. When Tobey wanted to enter, I slammed the door shut. From the time I was kidnapped until now, I had been uncontactable for exactly one entire day. I had a few missed calls on my phone, mostly from Mark. There were also a few texts from Sabrina. After sending messages to the two of them, I lay down on the bed and fell asleep straight away.

When I closed my eyes, a thought suddenly occurred to me. If I had really died, would my mom be the last person to find out? She's never concerned about my whereabouts. However, what bugged me most was that I had not looked for Christopher yet.

Due to shock and hunger, I got a sudden fever in the middle of the night. Feeling rather disoriented, I climbed out of bed with much difficulty, trying to find some fever medicine. After looking around the house for a

while, I suddenly remembered that I had moved in for barely half a month and had not gotten any medical supplies for the house yet.

Feeling weak, I slumped on the sofa and took out my phone, wondering who I could call for help. Sabrina had a kid, so it wouldn't be convenient for her to come over, and Christopher was still out of town. Finally, I decided to call Isabelle. However, I tried calling her three times, but she did not pick up.

I hung up in disappointment and called the ambulance instead. I remained on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance to arrive alone. Suddenly, I was transported back to my loneliest days. It was during those days when I was still together with Lyle. He did not care about me at all. In fact, there was no one who cared about me then. When I fell sick, I had also laid on the sofa while waiting for the ambulance alone. However, in the end, it was Christopher who appeared.

Would Christopher also appear this time round?

While I was drifting in and out of consciousness, I suddenly heard rustling sounds. Seconds later, I was being lifted up. I struggled to open my eyes and saw Christopher's worn-out face. Widening my eyes in disbelief, I called out, "Chris..."

"Everything's fine, I'm here now. Don't be scared. I've told you before that no matter where I am, I'll be right by your side whenever you need me."

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Christopher had a strange ability to calm me down. I had always felt safe with him around. Even if the world was coming to an end, as long as he was with me, I would not be afraid.

Perhaps, to me, he was invincible. I truly believed that he was capable of anything.

I leaned in Christopher's arms while stroking his haggard face, being hooked on an IV drip after I was sent to the hospital. I could also feel the stubbles on his chin. Obviously, he had not shaven in a few days. I rubbed his chin a few times, loving the familiar feeling. I was reminded of a time when Christopher had also taken care of me when I was not feeling well. At that time, he also had stubbles as he did not have the mood to shave. Even though his stubbles felt prickly against my face, not only did I not mind at all, I had even taken a liking to his rugged look.

"Chris, maybe you should consider changing your name to Omnipresent instead."

"Is it because I always appear whenever you need me?" Christopher asked in a hoarse, yet gentle voice, while rubbing my face lovingly.

"Yup, to me, you're omnipresent, just like God. Whenever I think of you, you'll always appear right next to me. Or... are you actually a mind-reader?" I joked.

"I'm not a mind-reader. A handsome man like me is probably more like your angel, guarding you. I don't mind being your hero as well." Christopher laughed.

"Yup, you're my angel, and my hero." I laughed along.

My fever was pretty bad this time around. I rarely fell sick, but once I did, it was always quite serious. The fever caused me to drift in and out of consciousness, and I was just stuck to my bed, unable to go anywhere else.

My fever only subsided the next day. Tobey had come to visit me once, but as I did not wish to see him, I told Christopher to send him away. I received a call from Isabelle after I woke up. As she was not aware that I had fallen sick, she had requested that I attend the shareholders' meeting at Goldstein Corporation, asking me to support her. It was only then that I remembered that I was still a shareholder of Goldstein Corporation, and had the right to attend the shareholders' meeting.

"Yvonne, the meeting at three in the afternoon today is very important to me. I don't care where you are right now, just come to the company immediately. Remember, no matter what others tell you, you should only listen to what I say. If voting is necessary, you just have to vote for me."

"Mom," I said helplessly while tapping my head a few times to feel more awake. "So sorry, I don't think I'll be able to attend the shareholders' meeting today."

"Why can't you attend? Even if you're upset with me, it's not the time to act recklessly. We can talk after the meeting. Stop acting like a willful child," Isabelle chided.

I could tell that she was angry but had tried to keep her tone under control as she needed my help. I noticed that Christopher's face had already completely darkened, and he looked like he was ready to snatch my phone away. I shot him a reassuring look at once and said anxiously, "Mom, I'm in the hospital now. I had a fever the night before, and my lungs have been infected. It's quite serious. My fever is not completely gone yet, so I'm afraid I won't be able to leave the hospital."

"Are you really hospitalized?" Isabelle asked, feeling annoyed. "Why do you have to fall sick at such an inopportune moment?"

Can't she tell that my voice is hoarse, and I sound so weak? I let out a bitter laugh and replied, "If it's really that important, I guess you can vote on my behalf since you're my mom. I don't think anyone would object to that."

"That won't do. Proxy voting is not allowed. Why don't I go pick you up now? You just have to show your presence," Isabelle suggested anxiously.

"... Sure then. Let me pack up first." Just as I was about to sit up after the call ended, Christopher pushed me back onto the bed. With a stern expression, he said, "You should focus on recuperating. Let me handle the rest."

"No!" I grabbed his hand. "Please don't be mad. She's my mom after all. I guess, if it isn't really urgent, she wouldn't have offered to come here and pick me up."

"Is the shareholders' meeting really more important than your health?" Christopher let out a cold snort. "She didn't even ask anything about your health."

Previously, it was always Christopher who tried to comfort me, saying nice things about my mom. However, it was currently the other way round.

"My mom has lots of secrets, and she needs to gain power and take care of her own interests. She's always very anxious when it comes to times like this. We've been apart for so many years, and this is the only thing I can do for her. Even though I am a little disappointed and upset as well, I'm still happy to be able to help her."

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