

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 671

I was not familiar with Goldstein Corporation, besides, it was also my first time attending such an important shareholders' meeting. I was glad that Christopher had shared a little with me on how he usually handled such situations, otherwise, I would really be at a loss.

As I wasn't feeling well and did not have the strength to even walk, Christopher, who had always pampered me, decided to carry me all the way from the ward to the car, attracting the attention of everyone who walked past us. Even though we had been together for so long, I could not help but blush, feeling embarrassed.

"Do you have to do this? I'm just having a fever. You'll spoil me if you keep doing this," I rubbed my head against Christopher's chest. "In fact, I think you have already spoiled me."

"Well, so be it. Sometimes, I really wish you were more willful. You can feel free to speak your mind and tell me anything you want. I'll fulfill all your wishes," Christopher said softly.

"You're going to regret what you just said. Don't you know that a woman knows no limits once she's spoiled? Haha, you're doomed," I laughed cheekily, shaking uncontrollably in his arms.

"I will definitely have no regrets," Christopher replied seriously.

After the car stopped in front of Goldstein Corporation, I glanced at the majestic building and turned to look at Christopher, asking cautiously, "Umm, why don't you come with me? I'm quite scared to go alone as there will be many people there. From what mom said, it seems to be a really important meeting. I'm worried that I will say something wrong and get into trouble."

"Since it's Goldstein Corporation's shareholders' meeting, it won't be appropriate if I go. I'm sure the others won't be happy seeing me there. You won't want to put your mom on the spot, right?" Christopher patted the back of my hand lightly and said with a smile, "I'll be waiting for you here. If you are nervous, just look down from the window and you'll see me right there."

"Would that work?" I remained standing at the door, feeling extremely reluctant to take another step forward.

"You just have to listen to whatever Mrs. Goldstein says and do accordingly," Christopher tousled my hair and said. Suddenly, his expression turned serious as he continued, "Eve, no matter what happens later, don't be too shocked. We can talk about it after that, understand?"

Judging by the serious look on Christopher's face, I could not help but wonder if there was something I wasn't aware of. Frowning, I asked, "What's going on? Do you know something that I don't?"

Without answering me, Christopher gestured for me to head inside the building. "Get going. I'll be waiting for you here. Remember, all you have to do is to listen to your mom."

I just have to listen to my mom. I looped that line in my head several times before entering the building. I bumped into Mark at the entrance. Looking shocked to see me, he asked in a low voice, "Why are you here?"

"Dad, aren't you aware of it?" I blinked and continued, "Mom asked me to attend the shareholders' meeting. Even though I only hold two percent of Goldstein Corporation's shares, I'm still considered a shareholder of the company. I only came at mom's insistence, though."

"Belle asked you to come?" A crease appeared between Mark's brows. He seemed to be confused, having a perplexed expression on his face. However, the next moment, he said, "You have to listen to whatever I say later, understand?"

Maybe I was just overthinking, but somehow, I had a feeling that it would be an eventful shareholders' meeting. Moreover, I was quite sure that whatever was going to happen would most likely be something that was difficult for me to accept.

When Mom saw me entering the office with Dad, her expression turned grim. Striding over to me, she pulled me toward her and sat me down with a sullen look on her face, completely ignoring Dad. Did they fight again?

"Since everyone is here, we can start the meeting now," Mark said coldly, his expression darkening.

Just then, the meeting room doors suddenly flung open. Someone walked in while saying casually, "Since it's a shareholders' meeting, how can I not be present? Uncle Mark, you're getting old. Seems like it's time for you to give up your position as the company's CEO. The company will only prosper with new leadership."

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In shock, I looked at Lucas who was at the door. I was not surprised that he would make an appearance in Goldstein Corporation. After all, he was also a descendant of the Goldstein family. However, what he said surprised me very much. Is he here to run for the position of CEO? Has he finally decided to challenge Mark for the position?

“Lucas?” Mark glanced at Lucas as the latter walked inside. He snorted and spoke in an insulting tone, “This is a Goldstein Corporation shareholders’ meeting. Have you come here by mistake? Those who do not hold any shares are not allowed at the meeting. Since you do not hold any shares, you have no right to say that.”

“Uncle Mark, you have made a mistake.” Lucas raised his eyebrows and smiled while asking his assistant to let Whitney hand out documents to each and every shareholder present. “These are all the shares of Goldstein Corporation that I own now. Take a look, dear Sirs, especially Uncle Mark. You have to take a good look.”

“Lucas...” In a daze, I held the document and watched him coming over and sitting by my side, with a complicated expression on his face. Is he making his move against my dad? My heart sank. This was my good friend going against my Dad, and I didn’t know whose side to take. To me, Lucas was a special friend.

Lucas glanced at me with an expressionless face and then turned away without speaking to me.

Mark suddenly banged on the table and shouted, “How is this possible? How can you have so many shares? Even if you bought all the shares that were in the public’s hands some time ago, you can only get three percent. Where did the other seven percent come from?”

Lucas pursed his lips as he pointed to several shareholders sitting next to him and said, “Thanks to a few Sirs who knew that the company needed new blood in the leadership. So, they all supported me and gave me these. Here, I would like to thank all of them very much. In the future, when the company makes profits, everyone can have a share. Uncle Mark, don’t you think so? I am generous, and I won’t be as stingy as you in terms of dividends.”

Mark was taken aback. His gaze was as sharp as a sword as he looked at the few shareholders, some of whom averted their eyes. I noticed my

Mom's cold expression which was devoid of surprise and rather full of expectancy, and I felt disturbed. Could Isabelle be a part of this?

"Director White, Director Zabriskie, you both turn out to be excellent in hiding your thoughts. I had no idea this is what you want."

Director Zabriskie cleared his throat and braced himself. "Mr. Goldstein, the position of CEO belongs to the most capable. I am only with the majority who want this. You're advancing in age. You should settle down to enjoy a blessed retirement."

"Retirement! Huh!" Mark laughed scornfully and spoke. "So this is what you want. No wonder there is this sudden call for a shareholders' meeting. It's so unexpected. Lucas, did you think that by doing this, you can get control of the corporation? You are so naïve. As long as I have not made any mistakes in my decision-making capacity, there is no way you can oust me."

"Mom!" I tugged gently at her sleeve. I was anxious to hear her say something to me, but she whispered softly, "Just watch what I do and give your support. Anything else, we shall discuss later."

I could only sit quietly trying to be calm although I was really anxious.

Mark slapped the table again and said in a low voice, "Since you have all waited so long to see me step down, I won't say much. Now, let's vote."

Soon, everyone began to vote to determine the final decision-maker of the huge company. I found that many people voted for Dad. I thought Mom, too, would also vote for Dad. Mom suddenly spoke. "As a shareholder who owns 5% of the company's shares, I vote for Lucas Goldstein."

"Mom!" I was so shocked that I stood up instinctively.

"Belle!" Mark roared angrily and spoke through his gritted teeth, "Do you know what you are saying?"

Isabelle shuddered as she faced Mark's oppressive gaze as if she had just cooked up a horrible thought, but she quickly calmed down and said slowly, word by word, "I have said very clearly that I support my nephew, Lucas. Don't you understand?"

"You!" Mark stood up and his countenance changed while his whole composure exuded an air of extreme terror. He glared at Isabelle with bloodshot eyes, as if he was about to explode. Then he shouted word by word, "Isabelle Anderson, say that again. Say it again if you dare. Have you forgotten something? How dare you defy me?"

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Isabelle trembled more severely. Even her lips shook as she hugged herself tightly and curled up on her chair, close to a breakdown. She muttered, "I... I... It's too horrifying, no... I don't want..."

"Mom! Mom!" I held my mom's shaking hands, calling her name. I was more and more mystified. What's going on?

Isabelle got over her meltdown when my calls got through to her. She looked at me steadily and then, after a while, she stopped trembling, took a deep breath, and said, "I, Isabelle Anderson, as a shareholder of Goldstein Corporation, declare again that I vote for Lucas Goldstein without a doubt."

"You... are good, you are excellent. Isabelle Anderson, I never expected the day you would dare rebel against me. Wait and see how I'm going to get back at you." As Mark spoke, he suddenly raised his hand and swung it right at my mother. I yelled in fear and tried to stop him, but someone else's hand was quicker than mine and caught hold of his wrist.

It was Lucas who stopped him and who made this remark, nonchalantly, "Uncle Mark, it is unbecoming of a man to raise his hand against a woman and in public, too."

Mark shook his hand off and repeated, "Isabelle, I'm giving you one last chance. Whom do you vote for?"

Mom held my hand very tightly. I could see that she was very stressed, but outwardly, she looked calm. She looked at Dad with an icy stare and spoke slowly and clearly, "Mark Goldstein, I will not be your puppet forever, nor would I be your tool forever. I did say before that if I do not die by your hand, then I would be merciless when I have the power to rebel against you."

Mark's oppressive and horrifying laughter filled the conference room as the voting gradually came to an end. Finally, I was the only one left who had not voiced any decision yet. My mother's words went round and round in my mind, and I could not say a word.

"Eve, you are the only one left now. Come, give me your vote. I love you the most," Mark smiled as he spoke to me.

The sound of his voice brought me out of my reverie and as I turned around, I saw that the voting on the electronic screen was over. The shareholders supportive of Mark and Lucas amounted to be the same. I held two percent of the shares. These were given to me initially by Mark. In the final confrontation between my Dad and my special best friend, my decision was pivotal! How ironic!

“Eve, don’t be swayed by him. Follow me. When we were on the way, I told you to do as I do, and you agreed.” Isabelle said urgently.

“But, I... Dad, Mom, what is this about?” I was close to tears.

“Eve, I love you. Your Mom is just having a tiff with me so, she’s behaving this way. You should vote for me now. Otherwise, when she gets over her anger, she will regret it. You...”

“Mark Goldstein, shut up! Even at this moment, you are still trying to deceive my daughter. Do you think that I am unaware of the times you exploited her? Don’t think that because you involve her, Christopher will be unable to take action against you. He has already dealt with the previous transfer of the problematic project. Don’t even think of getting my daughter into trouble. My son-in-law is not someone to mess with.”

After saying that, Mom turned toward me and said solemnly, “Yvonne, join Mom in this. Vote for Lucas.”

At this moment, I could not concentrate on shareholders or votes. All I could think about was Mom’s words. I could not even rejoice in the fact that Mom had openly accepted Christopher’s status as her son-in-law. “What puppet? What tool? Mom, what do you mean when you say Dad exploited me? How come I know nothing about it? Please tell me quickly.”

Lucas winked at me. In this very solemn situation, he acted casually, smiling at me and saying, “It’s not easy for Aunt Isabelle to explain all your queries at one go. We have been such good friends for so long. If you don’t vote for me, I’ll unfriend you.”

“Lucas Goldstein!” I was exasperated that he could not take this more seriously at such a crucial moment.

“Eve, don’t listen to Lucas. He holds some grudges against me. Your Uncle Goldstein, my own brother, too, had backstabbed me before when he struggled for power in Goldstein Corporation. You must not be deceived by him like your Mom,” Mark called out to me. “Listen to me, vote for me.”

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 674

"I... I... but, what did Mom mean by what she said?" I was thoroughly confused. It seemed like more than just a simple disagreement between Mom and Dad. Mom had gone as far as taking someone's side against Dad. Whom should I side with?

Dad treated me well and to be honest, Mom did not really treat me so well. At this moment, in my heart, my feelings were more inclined to side with Dad. Nevertheless, a voice inside me kept telling me to listen to Mom. It seemed as if I could remember Mom holding me in the garden admiring the flowers. Mom was gentle and loving as she told me she loved me the most and no matter what happened, I could depend on her.

"When this is over, I shall explain to you. I love you the most. These days together, you must have come to realize that. Be a good girl, listen to me."

My mind was in confusion as I watched Mark and Isabelle each speaking to me in turn. Mom pushed me gently, but I was not standing properly so I stumbled back a couple of steps toward the window. At that moment, I suddenly remembered that Christopher had spoken to me before I came. He wanted me to listen to Mom. Did he know about this, too?

I still remember when Christopher came back, he kept talking to me even though I was lying in the hospital with a fever. It was as if there was too much he wanted to tell me and not enough time. Finally, he said something very strange, "There is no such thing as a perfect mother in this world. Perhaps, not everything you see is what it seems, so as long as you firmly believe that your mother loves you, then that is enough."

I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, I was looking directly into Mark's eyes which were full of expectation. I turned away, not wanting to look at him, and said in a low voice, "My vote is given to... I'm voting for Lucas!"

When Isabelle heard what I said, to my surprise, she wept aloud and hugged me tight as she wept. "Eve, I know you are a good girl. Eve, I love you. I've always loved you. You are my good daughter."

"Yvonne Tanner, you slut!" Mark began to howl. I did not know if I had done anything wrong. However, when I looked at my mom's weeping eyes, my wavering emotions settled down into certainty, and I became firm.

After Mark had used the most venomous terms to berate mom, he turned on me. For the first time, I found out that Dad had such a malicious side. Suddenly he broke out in a laugh that can only be described as hair-raising, and he muttered softly, "Do you think that you can take away something that belongs to me like this? Let me tell you. It's impossible! It's impossible!"

"President Goldstein, no, Director Goldstein. We already have the results of the voting. It's better that you calm down and make things easy for everyone," Director Zabriskie spoke in a neutral voice.

"Uncle Mark, the business arena is akin to a battlefield. Don't be a sore loser. Didn't you come in the same way, years ago? Why do this now?" Lucas smiled and watched coldly as Mark went on ranting.

Mark turned around and took out some documents which he threw onto the table. Then, he snorted, "I believe it's better each of you takes a look at these documents. Then, consider your decision again. Don't do something you will regret. When the time comes, even if you cry and beg me, I will show no mercy."

"I think we will not be changing our decisions. Nor will we look at your documents."

The door of the office was suddenly pushed open again and Christopher walked in. He was not wearing a suit, but a military uniform that I had never seen before. Behind him were a few heavily armed army personnel, including Zachary and Sean, whom I knew.

"Chris! Zachary! You guys..." I thought what happened was beyond the scope of my understanding. I was only abducted by a woman named Flora and missing for two days, suffering from a high fever for one day and one night. After that, everything seemed to have changed.

"Christopher Lane, what do you think you're doing?" Mark's face turned black as thunder.

Christopher gave me an assuring look and then said to Mark, "Mr. Goldstein, someone has revealed that you are running an illegal business and involved with the drug case across the border. You have killed people with guns and smuggled arms as well. We are arresting you now. Please come with us. If you have anything to say, you can tell it to the court."

"You are arresting your father-in-law... Don't you want to be with Eve anymore? Christopher Lane, I have really misjudged you." Mark roared.

"Eve is my daughter. I have the final say of whom she wants to marry. Mark Goldstein, don't think that you can fool everyone by making up a big lie. I,

Isabelle Anderson, am still alive. I know exactly what you did to the Anderson family back then. As long as I live, I won't let you get away with it!"

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 675

I would never forget the day my mother and my cousin sent my father behind bars with the aid of the man with who I was head over heels in love.

It turned out I was the only one unaware of the things going on all along. Staring at the departing patrolling car, I remained stagnant in the middle of the street.

Overwhelmed by emotions, Christopher finally rushed to my side and held me in his arms, announcing in a gentle tone, "I'm sure you're horrified by the series of incidents, aren't you? It's not what you think it is!"

Confused by the things going on, I asked, "We have just thrown my father behind bars! He's going to spend the rest of his life in isolation! What on earth is going on?"

"He's finally gone! It feels so surreal!" Isabelle buried her face in her hands as torrents of grief streamed down her cheeks. "Mark, as capable as you might be, justice will always triumph! I swore to bring upon your undoing on the day you took me away against my will! I finally did it!"

"Can someone tell me the things going on?" I repeated my question since I was confused by the series of incidents.

"He's not your father, Eve! He doesn't even deserve your sympathy because your relationship with Christopher is the sole reason he acknowledges you as his daughter! He thought he might stand something to gain, but I made use of his greed and brought upon his undoing!"

Standing next to me while weeping, Isabelle gasped out the details, "You have my thanks, Yvonne! I'm glad you have found such an exceptional man! I wouldn't have made it had it not been for Christopher's aid! I might need to spend another few years with Lucas to work something up to bring upon Mark's downfall! After spending twenty years in isolation, I have finally avenged the members of the Andersons!"

Isabelle staggered and passed out as she couldn't remain her composure anymore.

"Mom!" I shrieked and rushed over to stop her from falling in the nick of time. In the end, we rushed her to the hospital.

Her attending physician told me it wasn't a big deal since she had merely passed out after getting overly worked up. Shortly after I tucked her in, I walked out of the ward to join Christopher and Lucas.

I knew they had a lot to tell me. Similarly, I had all sorts of questions for them since Isabelle merely told me Mark wasn't my father.

"Actually, things were tough for Aunt Isabelle throughout the years since she wasn't even in love with Mark. She was brought away against her will and spent every day in despair because she was forced to leave you alone. When you finally returned to her, she had to be indifferent in order to keep you safe from the maniac as he might torture you in the manner he had been torturing us."

Halfway through his orated speech, Lucas paused. After much hesitation, he added, "The injuries Aunt Isabelle sustained the last time you encountered her was nothing as compared to the time Mark rendered her unconscious after a brutal beat-up. I saw it with my own eyes, Yvonne. Aunt Isabelle was rushed to the hospital since her ribs had been fractured while her legs were broken."

He furrowed his brows before continuing, "That vicious man had ruined our lives! That was precisely the reason we had been plotting against him throughout the years! We had been waiting forever just to get rid of him once and for all!"

I couldn't even imagine the horrifying experiences Isabelle had throughout the years when the injuries she once sustained were considered nothing serious.

"Do you still recall the projects he put you in charge of? Those were nothing more than a money-laundering attempt of his! He's trying to get you involved in his shady trades to keep me at bay! Thankfully, he wasn't aware your mother and cousin were up to something all this while! Once we gathered the evidence to send him behind bars, we knew it was time to take him out!"