



Chapter 144 I Can't Protect You Anymore

"Rupert, what's wrong?" Annabel asked worriedly upon seeing Rupert wince in pain. ③

His wound stung. Rupert took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Nothing. I'm fine."

"But—" Annabel wanted to find out what was going on with him, but he abruptly cut her off.

"Don't say anything more. Conserve your energy." Rupert put his slender finger on her lips and made a gesture of silence.

But she couldn't shake off her worry. "Are you really okay?"

"Yes," Rupert answered briefly. Then, he pointed at the island in the distance. "Come on. We're wasting time."

Together, the two swam towards the island rhythmically.

Time seemed to pass by very slowly.

Rupert kept glancing over his shoulder to see if there were any boats in the area.

Unfortunately, it seemed that they were the only two life forms in this area of the sea. No boats were passing by, perhaps because this area hadn't been developed yet.

Looking at the vast open sea, Rupert fell into deep thought.

His father had gone to sea on a cruise ship, which then encountered a big, fatal wave. Ultimately, it was the cause of his demise.

Rupert refused to suffer the same fate.



He and Annabel would make it out of this alive.

As the two kept paddling, they gradually got closer and closer to the island.

The sun started to rise in the east, illuminating the island in a warm glow. It looked like paradise in Annabel's eyes.

"We're almost there!" Rupert kept encouraging her.

His magnetic voice seemed to dispel the exhaustion in her body.

"Just hold on for a little longer. When we make it to the island, we'll be able to rest." Annabel also encouraged herself silently.

Seeing that they were a few meters away from the island, she started to feel hopeful.

Suddenly, a huge wave came at them.

Rupert and Annabel were swept back by the wave.

"Wait a second. There's no wind. Where did the wave come from?" Annabel asked in confusion.

Rupert's voice became dangerously low. "Annabel, swim back!"

"Huh?" Upon a closer look, she saw a big black creature swimming to them. ○

Was that what caused the wave just now?

Annabel's heart tightened in her chest. What on earth was that creature?

A shark?

"Shit!" Annabel couldn't help but curse in horror.

Were they fated to die at sea?

Annabel squinted and looked at the black creature carefully. It didn't look like a shark. ○

She had never seen this kind of sea creature before. What if it was

friendly?

"Rupert, what kind of fish is that?" Annabel squinted at the big fish, which was closing in on them quickly.

Rupert pursed his lips tightly. "I don't know."

He swiftly pulled out a dagger from his backpack and untied his life vest from Annabel's. "Swim as far away from here as you can."

"No, I'm not leaving you." Annabel refused stubbornly.

Rupert looked at the big fish in front of him nervously, making sure Annabel was behind him.

Just then, the big fish lurched forward, snapping its jaws at them.

Rupert acted fast.

He pushed Annabel behind him with one hand and stabbed at the big fish with his other hand.

The knife slashed at the fish's head.

Thinking quickly, Rupert aimed at the fish's vital organ and stabbed at it. Annabel also took action. She swam behind the big fish and grabbed its tail, yanking at it as hard as she could. ^②

After what felt like an eternity, the big fish finally stopped struggling.

"Rupert, we did it! It's dead!" Annabel heaved a sigh of relief.

However, she was met with silence.

"Rupert?" Worried, Annabel swam to him in a hurry.

Rupert's face was covered in bright red blood.

"Oh, my God! Rupert, are you okay?" Her heart nearly stopped beating in her chest when she saw him. "There's so much blood! Did you get hurt?" ^①

A feeling of crippling anxiety swept over her.

Rupert saved her again regardless of his own life.

"I'm fine," Rupert suddenly croaked, gasping for breath.



At that moment, his voice was music to her ears. Annabel instantly perked up when she heard him speak.

"Then, the blood..." Annabel's trembling voice trailed off, and she hugged Rupert tightly.

He was alive!

Rupert smiled. "It's fish blood. It splattered all over my face. Annabel, I'm glad that you care about me so much."

Annabel pulled away to glare at him. "I don't care about you that much." As she spoke, she helped wash the blood off Rupert's face with the sea water. ②

Only then did she realize that his face was ghastly pale.

And his arm seemed to be bleeding!

"Your arm... Is it bleeding? I don't think it's fish blood..." Immediately, she became nervous again.

Rupert shook his head to reassure her. "I'm fine. Let's go. It's not safe here."

"Let me check your arm," Annabel insisted stubbornly.

Rupert was too weak to resist. She studied the wound on his arm and found that things weren't looking so good.

The wound on his arm had cracked open again.

And the fight with the big fish just now really took a toll on him.

Even Rupert's lips had gone pale.

Worried sick, Annabel stretched out her hand to touch his forehead. It was burning hot.

"We need to get on the island," Annabel said urgently. ①

Rupert's wound was inflamed. If he continued to soak in the salt water, the consequences would be dire.

Commented [Ma1]:



She had to take Rupert to the island as soon as possible. There, she could dress his wound.

"Rupert, hang in there, okay?" Annabel could feel that the man in front of her was getting weaker and weaker.

Cold sweat had broken out on Rupert's forehead. "I'm sorry, Annabel. I'm making you worry..."

His voice trailed off. The fight with the big fish just now had consumed too much of his strength.

The wounds he suffered from the fight hurt like hell, as though he was being torn apart on the spot.

Although he wanted to act strong in front of Annabel, Rupert didn't even have the strength to raise his hand at this moment.

He had a terrible fever, but the sea water was cold. It felt as though he was being burned and frozen simultaneously.

With one hand supporting Rupert, Annabel quickly tied their life vests together and then swam to the island as fast as she could.

She could tell that Rupert was getting weaker and weaker.

At some point, she felt him go limp in her arms. "Rupert? Rupert, are you okay?"

But Rupert didn't respond.

Annabel's heart leaped to her throat. She shook Rupert's uninjured arm and cried, "Rupert, wake up. Don't fall asleep."

The man struggled to open his eyes to look at her. "Annabel, I'm sorry. I might not be able to protect you anymore..."

