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Love Coming From The Least Expected

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Crystal's face turned pale and haggard when she seemed to think of something. Similarly, I caught a glimpse of Lyle staring at me with his face puckered. I paid no heed to the duo and continued treating Christopher's wound.

When I headed out to retrieve another bucket of water, I finally figured out the reason behind Lyle's odd expression. He might have taken my statements personally when I told Crystal to leave with the things I no longer wanted.

What the hell? Wasn't he the one who abandoned me in the first place? He was the one who had an affair with Crystal and insisted on filing for divorce with me! Stop making it seem as if I'm the one at fault!

Immediately after Crystal finished our leftovers with Lyle, they made their way out to get themselves something to eat. Staring at the duo's departing figure, I couldn't help but wonder would we make it until others showed up to our rescue.

We weren't even aware of our precise location, let alone those unaware of the trip. I thought the rescue team might only reach us when we were dead.

It felt dreadful to spend another minute on the deserted island. Occasionally, someone would yell at the top of their lungs in frustration.

Others had tried to start a fire to attract the fisherman's attention, notifying them there was someone stranded on the deserted island. On top of that, some of them had put on an SOS sign using leaves and branches.

We would take turns to be on the lookout for passing ships in the hope of someone showing up to our rescue. Unfortunately for us, not a single ship had shown up over the past two days.

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Everyone was slowly overwhelmed by fear and a sense of insecurity. To make things worse, we were almost running out of water. In other words, we might pass on due to dehydration. It was then I sneaked my way to get myself a bottle of water.

Crystal, who couldn't bring herself to fall asleep, went after me. She kept a serving of water in a coconut husk when she noticed what I was up to.

The moment we showed up to get another serving of water the next day, a few buff-looking women, who had made it to the shore ahead of us, stopped us from getting near the source of water.

"It belongs to us! You better stay away from it in the future!"

Actually, the water there would merely last them for about two days.

When I tried to approach them, one of them pushed me away with all their might and warned me at the top of her lungs, "I'll take you out if you don't take our warnings seriously!"

After I returned to Christopher's side and got him something to drink, I ripped the hem of my shirt and started cleaning his wound.

Christopher stopped me and asserted, "It's fine! We need to save up as much as possible!"

I shook my head, insisting on cleaning his wound. The moment I undressed him, an awful stench coming from his wound wafted into my nose.

Unable to pull myself together, I started shivering in fear with my hands covering my mouth to stop myself from crying.

Holding me in his arms, Christopher said, "Eve, we were once stranded on a deserted island where we were dispatched to deal with a formidable foe. He blew up our ship and stopped us from getting in touch with others. On top of that, they had their canons ready to take us out."

I wasn't aware of the reason he had brought up something of that sort out of nowhere. I tried to stop him and get him to preserve his energy, but he insisted on carrying on.

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"We almost ran out of water and food back then too. It was then one of the heavily injured comrades of ours told us to devour him as our source of protein since he wouldn't make it out alive. At the very least, he wished to ensure we could survive."

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Unable to imagine the sort of things they had to go through, I started trembling in fear. Afraid of the things awaiting them, I urged, "Christopher, that's enough!"

He caressed my cheeks and added in a gentle tone, "Just listen to me, okay?"

Staring at me in the eyes, he carried on, saying seriously, "Initially, we were against the idea. However, we didn't have much of an option as we had finished everything available for consumption. At that point in time, we merely had our guns to defend ourselves from our aggressive foes."

After pausing for a few seconds, he added, "In the evening, Sean returned with a chunk of meat after returning from a stroll. He told us he was lucky and found a rabbit in the woods. Immediately after he made something out of it, he asked us to finish our meal as soon as possible."

There was no way Sean could have gotten his hands on a rabbit! It must have been a chunk of human flesh! I need to resist the urge to retch!

"I beat Sean up with all my might the next day. Instead of retaliating against me, he allowed me to beat him up to a pulp. When I collapsed to the ground, he started treating my wounds with his eyes brimming with tears. He told us he couldn't bear to leave his mother alone. On top of that, he couldn't bear to leave his comrades to death."

Christopher had a small smile on his lips whenever he mentioned anything about up Sean. That told me a lot about how he felt; he obviously missed the mischievous friend of his a lot. "In the end, we were able to last until the day we were rescued because of the mysterious chunks of meats Sean brought us. Don't you think he's quite a smart man?"

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"Mmm!" Instead of bringing up something else, I responded with a nod as I couldn't bring myself to carry on with the conversation.

Sighing, Christopher grunted, "I wonder if I'll ever get to see Sean again! I can't believe that fool has disappeared into thin air halfway through his mission! To make things worse, he has lost the target! I'll have to teach him a lesson when we're back!"

Gritting my teeth, I assured him with a determined look, "I'm sure we'll make it back soon!"

"I'm sure the day will come. However, if you can't get anything to eat within the next few days, just—"

"That's enough!" Aware of the things he was up to, I stopped him from convincing me to resort to cannibalism as a countermeasure. "You're not going to die! I will stop you from dying at all costs! Christopher, don't you dare leave me alone! Otherwise, I'll start hanging out with another man and have an affair with him! Since you're no longer here to keep me company, I'll get them to take care of me instead!"

Christopher's expression immediately darkened when he heard me. He resisted the racking sensation in his body and brought himself up, warning me with his brows furrowed, "No! You're not allowed to give up on yourself!"

I glared at him in the eyes, but I was at a loss for words to reprimand the heavily injured man in front of me. In the end, I stuffed the abalone into his mouth. "Since you're feeling great today, hurry up and finish this!"

"Y-Yvonne—" He was about to say something else, but I managed to stop him in the nick of time. He had no choice but to finish the abalone as instructed. I shoved the food into his mouth and found him adorable due to his puffed cheeks.

Christopher, who was in bad shape, was no longer his handsome self. He now sported a pale and haggard look — long gone was his mischievous and vicious smirk. Nonetheless, he was the one and only I had in mind.

"Eve, you need to stop fooling around and listen to me!" The man let out a deep, throaty cough right after speaking.

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Christopher ended up choking on the piece of abalone I had stuffed another into his mouth to stop him from striking up a conversation.

He gulped down a few mouthfuls of the water I handed him. After he caught his breath, he reached over in an attempt to caress my cheek.

I placed his palms on my cheeks and said, "I'm not going to listen to you! Just hang in there with me, Christopher! Since your siblings are the bigshots around here, I'm sure it's only a matter of time until they reach us! Are you telling me you don't have faith in your family? Well, guess what? I'm pretty sure they're going to reach us soon!"

The man responded with a self-deprecating smirk and swirled his wrist to take a glance at his watch. Truth be told, the watch was no longer functioning. I removed it on his behalf and muttered, "Has water entered it? Actually, it doesn't make any difference even if you're aware of the time, seeing as to how we're stranded."

Christopher put on the watch on my behalf and whispered, "This is the latest type of watch in the market. It has a global positioning system installed. I have accidentally spoiled it, so I'm afraid the battery is no longer working as well as it's supposed to. Take this to a place with moonlight and expose it to the light as much as you can. If it works, I want you to mess around with it as soon as it reaches twelve o'clock. It'll notify others of our precise location."

I nodded and took note of his instructions. Although there were a lot of stars, we hadn't been able to see the moon the past few days. I secretly prayed we would get to see it soon; perhaps it would plant seeds of hope in all of us.

After spending another few hours in the middle of nowhere, I was on the verge of dehydrating due to the scorching sun. Unable to withstand the thirst, I continued gulping my saliva to keep myself sane.

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Afraid that I would accidentally finish all of Christopher's water, I started searching high and low around the island in the hope of getting us both something to eat. I tried gathering water from a gigantic tree, but luck just wasn't on my side.

When I started chewing the leaves, I grew increasingly thirsty due to the astringent flavors of the leaves. In the end, I started chewing a few strands of grass to alleviate the awful stench in my mouth for temporary relief.

I carried on with my journey and continued searching for something edible left behind by others along the beach.

It was then I heard the voice of a woman moaning. The sounds made me think someone had sustained a serious injury and was in desperate need of help. As soon as I rushed over and figured out the things going on, I was overwhelmed by a sense of disgust.

It turned out that Crystal and Lyle were in the middle of a raunchy session. The injured man was leaning against the gigantic boulder, allowing Crystal to let loose of herself.

I couldn't believe they had the mood for something of that sort when they were on the verge of losing their lives.

Hold on a second! Just how unlucky am I to run into them whenever they're in the middle of a raunchy session?

Afraid I would startle the intimate duo, I tiptoed my way away from them to save us the trouble of embarrassing one another. When I stumbled upon something hard on my feet, I leaned over in anticipation of getting myself something edible.

Unfortunately, it was a mirror. When I was about to leave, I heard Crystal asking Lyle, "Yvonne has hidden a bottle of water! Shall we deceive her and get her to hand it over to us?"

Lyle hesitated, seemingly against the idea. "Hmm. I don't think that's very wise of you."

"Lyle, I'm not going to give up on you and I just yet! Since Yvonne has made up her mind to join Christopher in hell, it's a waste of water! If that's the case, it'll be better if she hands it over to us!"

"What exactly are you up to?" Lyle asked cautiously.

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“Yvonne has always been a sympathetic woman! Ask her to do you a favor of treating your wound! I’ll sneak my way over and steal her bottle of water away from her when she’s occupied!”

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I can’t believe she’s still trying to get her hands on my water even when she has acquired Lyle’s water and hidden a bottle away!

Immediately after I returned with the mirror, I told Christopher the things awaiting us. He handed the bottle of water to me and instructed, “Why don’t you finish this?”

“It’s fine! I’m not thirsty at all!” I tried to stop him, but he repeated himself with a stern look, “Just listen to me for once!”

As I couldn’t think of anything to turn him down, I reached for the bottle and pretended as if I had been drinking. I ended up feeling thirstier when I had a taste of the water on my lips.

Immediately after Christopher had a mouthful of water, he held me in his arms and forced his tongue into my mouth with all his might. Initially, I thought he wanted to kiss me, but it turned out he wanted to keep me hydrated.

I thought of pushing him away, but I was afraid of hurting him. When I tried closing my mouth, I felt water running down my chin. It was then I opened my mouth and kept the water in my mouth instead of swallowing it.

Christopher started tickling me when he noticed me refusing to swallow the water. Unable to resist the sensation, I ended up swallowing the mouthful of water before I burst out groaning.

He finally moved away from me and praised me with a bright grin, “You should’ve just listened to me.”

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I glared at him in the eyes as I was against the idea of wasting the water I had kept for him.

A few seconds later, a man approached us with his pouch of water. I could vividly recall him as one of the first few to set foot on the island. Staring at him in the eyes, I secretly reached for a stone as a safety precaution.

He marched over with his eyes glued to my torn shirt. His eyes narrowed to a slit. "Although you're merely above average, I guess you're not half bad as compared to the fierce-looking ones over there."

Seconds after he finished spitting out his remarks, he showed us his water and asked as if he was up to no good, "Aren't you thirsty?"

I secretly gulped and answered in a callous tone, "No!" Truth be told, I felt a strong urge to snatch it away from him, but I was aware I wasn't a match for him.

"Are you sure you're not going to change your mind when the man next to you is about to die? Why don't you join me? As long as you please me, I'll promise you a mouthful of water on a daily basis!" He leaned over with a vicious smirk. When he was about to reach me, Christopher stopped him with all his might.

He ended up breaking the pervert's arm. As a result, the other man ended up shrieking in pain. Christopher warned the man, who was trying to shrug him off, "Get out of our sights at once!"

As soon as the man fled the scene, I retrieved the water he dropped and handed it over to Christopher. "Hurry up and finish this before he makes his way back!"

At my suggestion, Christopher hurriedly gulped down the water and started panting heavily. After I undressed him, I noticed that he had accidentally torn his wound again. The fluid gushing out of his wound indicated that the wound had suppurated.

Worried his condition might worsen, I was no longer thrilled by the water we had just acquired.

When I heard someone approaching us, I turned around and saw Lyle staggering his way over with the aid of a tree branch. He stumbled and fell when he was about to reach us.

Instead of rushing over to his aid, I ignored him. He was taken aback by the fact I couldn't care less about him. As a result, he continued shrieking in pain next to us.

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It must have hurt a lot, huh? Of all the places he's hurt, why isn't the organ around his pelvic area the one that hurts?

He continued begging with an aggrieved front, "Yvonne, can you please help me up? It hurts so much!"

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I crouched in front of him and deadpanned my question, "Where's Crystal? Why has she left you unattended?"

Afraid of looking at me in the eyes, he turned around and murmured to himself, "T-That picky eater is trying to get us something to eat."

Lyle caught me looking at him with a contemptuous look. A few moments of silence later, he sat upright and asked, "Yvonne, I'm sure you hate me, don't you?"

The moment I recalled him stopping the raft and rushing over to our rescue, I thought of doing him a favor to help him up. However, I changed my mind when I heard his question. I took my sweet time before making my way over to help him up.

Lyle expressed his gratitude with a bright grin. "Thank you so much, Yvonne. I knew you weren't going to leave me alone."

I pretended as if I was too weak to help him up and unfastened my grip at the last minute. Once again, he was rendered incapable of speech due to the racking sensation he felt when he fell back to the ground.

"Oops! You're not going to blame me when it's not my fault for being such a weak woman, are you?" I remarked sarcastically.

Indeed, I felt sorry on his behalf. However, I wouldn't allow him and Crystal to take advantage and make a fool out of me again.

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"It's fine, Yvonne! It's my fault for getting myself injured in times of emergencies!" Lyle brought himself up and continued caressing his wound with an aggrieved look. Instead of asking me to help him up, he changed his mind and leaned against the trunk of the tree to take a breather.

After a short while, he asked, "Yvonne, do you think we're going to make it out alive?"

Staring at the scorching sun, I shook my head in return; I wasn't certain we would make it out alive.

Unwilling to waste my time with him, I shrugged my shoulders and stated in return, "Who knows?"

"If that's the case, why have you rushed over to my rescue?" Lyle started cleansing the festering wound on his leg after directing the question at me.

Smirking, I asked in return, "Why have you brought up the same thing over and over again? Why don't you tell me the reason you had rushed over to my rescue when everyone wanted me dead back then?"

Lyle glanced at Christopher, looking as if he had something else to tell me. I turned around and made my way to Christopher's side when I saw that he had fallen asleep. After placing my jacket over him, I placed my hand on his forehead to see if he was feeling fine.

When I was about to head out to get ourselves something to eat, Lyle broke the silence and said, "Actually, it was nothing more than an accident. I thought they were in the middle of something fun and rushed over to ensure I wouldn't miss out on anything."

I wasn't particularly surprised by the truth. Instead of feeling hurt, I asked with a smirk, "Although it was just an accident, the fact remains that you had saved me, hadn't you? Is it really necessary for me to justify my actions? Consider it a favor from a stranger in your life."

"A stranger?" Lyle's thoughts were written all over his face.

"Wouldn't it be great if we're merely strangers in one another's life? I won't have to feel bad even if I'm holding a grudge against you!" I started removing the fins of the fish using the mirror I had acquired and hung it on top of the trees.

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Out of the blue, Lyle asked, "If Christopher and Crystal never showed up, are you going to file for divorce with me?"

Aware that Christopher had been roused from his sleep, I leaned over and kissed him on the lips. My lips curled into a smirk when I caught him pretending to be asleep. In an attempt to make fun of him, I forced my tongue into his mouth to arouse him.

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