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Love Coming From The Least Expected

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There were a lot of people passing us by. They were heading towards the rafts, and all I could do was hold on to Christopher's hand and follow the crowd.

I made sure that Lyle and Crystal were on their way as well before following Christopher ahead. He seemed to know the ship fairly well and quickly found a raft. He immediately released it and threw it onto the sea before reaching out to me.

As soon as I reached out, someone shoved me aside and jumped into the water, heading straight for the raft. Nevertheless, Christopher demonstrated some Herculean strength as he pulled the man back and threw him on the floor before jumping in with me, pushing me towards the raft.

I was actually afraid of the water as I had a few traumatizing experiences, but our lives were at stake, so I actually forgot all about it and swam for it

Eventually, I got my hands on the raft and climbed onto it with Christopher. But it was not over. More and more people started climbing into the raft. The maximum capacity of a small raft like that was six, so it looked like we were about to tip over.

The man that pushed me also got on, took a knife out of nowhere, and lunged towards me. Christopher noticed it and quickly shielded me as the knife stabbed into his abdomen.

"Christopher!" I wrapped my hands around him. But before I could say anything, the raft capsized, and everyone fell into the water. Christopher's blood dyed the sea red, and I could feel that he was slowly sinking. Even the rope tying us together was getting loose, so the only thing I could do was hold on to him with all my strength.

Right then, the capsized raft floated towards us, like a sign from heaven telling us it was not our time to die. I quickly pushed Christopher onto the raft. And just when I was about to get on myself, someone grabbed my leg.

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“Christopher Lane, if I can't kill you, I'll take your woman instead.” John appeared out of nowhere and dragged me back into the sea. He laughed menacingly and shoved my head under the water.

I was completely caught off guard, unable to move from the amount of force he was using, and took a few gulps of seawater as I struggled to break free. When I did, he would push me down right away. That said, I still noticed Christopher jumping in and kicking John away with my blurred vision.

“Get on the raft, quick!” Christopher grabbed me and swam towards the raft once again. I was gasping for air when I eventually got on the raft. “Give me your hand!” I reached out to him.

Nevertheless, John was persistent. He ignored the pain in his wound and swam over, punching Christopher where he got stabbed. It was a critical hit, and Christopher lost all his strength. His hand slipped out of mine.

“Christopher!”

“Just go, leave me!” Christopher dragged John into the sea as he shouted.

“No! I'm not leaving you!” I cried out, trying my best to grab hold of his hand, but he was dragged further and further away.

“Hahaha. If you want me dead, Christopher, you need to come with me as well!” John was completely insane at that point. He had forgotten all rationality as he wrapped his arm around Christopher's neck.

No matter how much Christopher hit the wound on his chest, John would not loosen his grip. Christopher tried choking him but to no avail. The two were caught in a deadlock and were slowly sinking. Only their heads can be seen.

“Eve. Go.”

“No! I'm not leaving you! If we die, we shall die together!” I stood up on the raft and dive into the sea, allowing the cold to engulf me once again. My whole body started shivering as my feet froze up.

“Yvonne Tanner. Don't do this!” Christopher roared. “Get back on right now. If not, we're done!”

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"So be it! We're not surviving this anyway! You can't get rid of me that easily!" I struggled in the water for a brief moment but found my bearing soon after and swam towards them. By then, both of them were fully submerged.

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I dived my head into the water and looked around. I found Christopher sinking deeper into the waters, so I quickly wrapped my arms around his waist and brought him to the surface. While I was looking around for the raft, I slapped his face. "Christopher, wake up! John's dead! We're still alive! Don't leave me. Please! I don't want to be alone."

At that moment, Christopher's eyes were closed, and he did not move. His face was rid of any signs of life. Even his breathing was turning faint, but the only thing I could do was apply pressure onto his wound and swim faster. When I saw a raft, I yelled out, "Let us on! Please! I beg of you!"

The raft slowed down. Some men helped both me and Christopher get on. I let Christopher lean on me as I continued to press on his wound, doing my best to slow down the bleeding. I even gave him CPR in case he did not get enough oxygen.

After a long while, despite all that, Christopher was still unconscious. I was starting to panic. "Christopher, you lied to me. You told me you would take care of me for the rest of my life, that you would introduce me to your parents. You haven't done any of that. How could you lie to me?"

I used all my strength to pound at his heart, clearing the water out of his mouth. I wiped away the tears that fell onto his face and listened for a heartbeat. But all I could hear was a very faint beating, and it was growing weaker.

I could no longer hold it in and started crying. Christopher was the only person that ever treated me well. I could not even think about going on living without him.

"Christopher. Are you really going to leave me alone? Is life really worth living without you in it?"

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I paused. "We didn't even have a wedding yet. I want a grandiose wedding that would tell the world I'm married to you. I want all the women out there to be jealous of an ill-fated woman like me for finding a man like you. I want your parent's blessing. Can you please wake up? I'll do anything you ask, anything. As long as you wake up."

I took a deep breath. "Is death the only way for us to be together?"

If Christopher really died, there would be no point for me to continue living. He was the one that gave meaning to my life. I was happy because of him and he was the reason why I'm alive.

I continued to pat on his chest like a machine, and kissed him.

"You dummy. I told you to leave without me. I'm going to have to punish you when we get back." As I was at the brink of despair, Christopher coughed and opened his eyes. Hearing that made me tear up.

"How could I do that? What would I do if I turned around and lost you?" I wiped away my tears, but more came down.

The raft was drifting aimlessly at sea. From afar, we could see that the ship was completely submerged. There were not even remnants of it left on the surface as the sun slowly rose. Even though we were surrounded by the sea, the heat was unbearable. We had no food or clean water. Maybe death was the end of us.

In the end, all we could do was to die slowly like everyone else on the ship. Some got swept away by giant waves, while others starved to death. I held on to Christopher with all my strength and felt his breathing slowly dwindle.

Christopher still had the knife in him, but I dared not pull it out. I knew full well that it would only cause him to bleed out if no medical attention was given promptly after. It was the first time I actually regretted not studying medicine. If I did, I could at least help Christopher alleviate some pain at the moment.

"Lyle, I'm scared. Are we going to die? I don't want to die. There are so many things that I still want to do."

"Don't worry. Rescue is definitely on its way. I've sent out a signal before all this. I'm not letting you die here."

"But you're hurt. What can I do? I don't want to die!" Crystal started crying.

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I turned around to see if there was anyone else on the raft. Lyle and Crystal were there, but they weren't looking good. Lyle's wound was deep, and I could even see the bones jutting out from his skin.

I stared up into the sky silently, praying for the sun to set sooner, or else Christopher's wound would get infected because of the heat.

My prayer seemed to work because dusk eventually fell. I tried to see if there was anything around us, but all I could see was the deep, dark sea. Since we had no GPS, we couldn't go anywhere even if we wanted to. We were truly lost and stranded on the sea

A long, long time later, I was starting to get parched. Christopher's lips were cracking from the lack of water too, so I tried to get some water from the sea. No good. It's salty. This'll kill us. Christopher can't drink this. The gravity of our situation made my heart sink.

Stars started twinkling as night finally graced us. Thanks to them, we saw an island that was standing right before us. The sight of the island ignited the flames of hope within us, and we quickly rowed ourselves there in excitement.

I helped Christopher up to the sandy land of the island. There was somebody talking in the distance, and we thought it was a boat coming into the pier. Thinking it was salvation, we quickly went in the source of the sound, but much to our disappointment, they were also survivors just like us. When we found them, they were huddled together in the basin.

The stragglers seemed to be hunting for food on the island. When they saw us, they quickly huddled closer around a big fish they caught. But when they realized our group was wounded and weak, they let their guard down. "Get out. This is our territory," they barked.

I placed Christopher against the trunk of a big tree and tore a piece of cloth down from his shirt to cover up his wound before bandaging it. I didn't know if it would work, but this was better than nothing.

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It was a blustery night. As the waves crashed against the beach, I could feel gusts of cold wind buffeting against me. Oh, so that's why they're in that basin. There are a couple of trees around them that can protect them from the wind.

"Christopher, you're gonna be fine. I'm not letting you die, not after we escaped the ship." I caressed his face hopefully.

Christopher held my hand and smiled. "I'm not letting you die, Eve. I promise."

"That's my line." I gnashed my teeth, then I stood up to survey our surroundings. There was a big reef that could keep the winds at bay not far from us. I took Christopher there and put his jacket on the reef before laying him against the reef. "I'll get you some food and water. You stay put. I don't want you to tear your wound."

Just when I was about to scrounge for supplies, Christopher held my hand. "Be careful. Those guys we met earlier are dangerous, so don't get into any fights."

I nodded solemnly and handed him a little stone for peace of mind, then I left to search the island for supplies. There were a few trees here and there, but aside from that, it was barren. No matter where I looked, it was sand, sand, and more sand. Left with no choice, I took a dive into the sea for some fishing.

I wasn't overwhelmed by fear this time, and I forgot all about my trauma because there was only one thing on my mind at the moment: to get some food for Christopher. We had to last until the rescue team's arrival.

I wasn't sure what kind of seafood was edible, but I could recognize an abalone when I saw one. Abalones are succulent. Shouldn't be a problem eating them raw. I came across a sharp stone between the reefs' crevices, so I picked it up and pocketed it for later use.

Food was easy, since all I had to do was swim around. There was always seafood around, but water would be a problem. Humans could go for a week without food, but only three without water.

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I trotted back with my haul: a few abalones and half a coconut husk. When I came back, I saw a bunch of people running toward a marsh, and I followed them.

When I got near the marsh, I realized that there was a natural puddle with some drinkable water in it, much to my delight. I quickly scooped some up with the coconut husk before going back to Christopher. "Here, I found some water." I fed him the water I scooped. "I'll get you more in a bit."

After Christopher had his fill, I finished the rest of the water in the husk. It was really earthy, but at that moment, it tasted like nectar. Once we rehydrated ourselves, I pried the abalones open with the sharp rock I picked up and fed it to Christopher.

"Let me do it myself." Christopher took the abalone from me and sucked its flesh out.

Raw food tasted bad. It only took one bite, and I almost puked everything out. I hated the smell of seafood in the first place, but for survival's sake, I covered my mouth and swallowed the abalone despite my stomach's protest. This was a remote island. I was lucky to even have food in the first place.

That replenished some of my strength. I went to check on Christopher's wound and cleaned it with water. "I wish we had medicine around. What should I do, Christopher?" I was starting to worry for him. With that deep wound on his body, it would be hard for him to survive no matter how powerful he was.

He fought with John underwater after he was wounded. If he was any other guy, he would have fainted a long time ago. The only reason he lasted that long was because he was worried about me.

Christopher leaned against the reef, his eyes half-closed. "I can go on for a few more days. It's fine." Even talking was a big hurdle for him.

"Shh, shh. Don't talk. Just rest." I turned away so he wouldn't see my tears.

A slight rustle in the night woke me up immediately. I picked up the stone I put beside me before I slept and raised it high above my head. I thought someone was attacking us but turned out it was just Crystal coming over and gobbling up my abalones. At the same time, she was looking at me carefully, while I put my stone down.

Since I said nothing, Crystal took it as a yes and dragged Lyle over, literally. She dragged Lyle by his leg, much to my disagreement, but I said nothing about it.

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After she fed Lyle the rest of the abalones, she wrapped her arms around her legs and sat there quietly. Lyle wasn't looking too good. Since the mast crashed down on his leg, it rendered him immobile, so Crystal had to do everything for him. But her survival skills were next to zero, and she couldn't even hunt for seafood.

I left them to their own devices and turned back to Christopher. When I touched his forehead, the heat coming off of it made me frown. Dammit. Murphy's law. Of course he has a fever after sustaining that kind of injury. He was starting to get delusional since he didn't realize I was beside him. "Run, Eve. Leave me," he mumbled.

I pursed my lips and teared up again, but I held it back. It wasn't the time to cry. I had to come up with a way to pull us through this no matter what. When I checked his wound again, I realized that it had gotten worse. It wasn't bleeding, but the knife was still buried in his body, and the flesh around the wound was already darkening.

At this rate, Christopher will die. But I had no better idea to save him. All I could do was make a crude blanket out of leaves and hang it beside him to protect him from the winds. Then I went to scoop some water so I could cool him down with it.

I didn't sleep a wink that night in case something were to happen to Christopher. Later that night, Christopher woke up and held my hand. He stared at me for a long while before he said, "I'm freezing, Eve. Hug me."

I lay down beside him and hugged him as hard as I could. He used to do the same thing before this whole crisis happened. Whenever we were sleeping, he'd ask me to hug him, and I would call him a child. But now I realized those were the blissful days.

I started regretting my obstinance back then. I'd throw a lot of tantrums, but Christopher would forgive me every time. Even so, I wasn't satisfied.

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Christopher's fever subsided at daybreak. I heaved a sigh of relief and took the strip of cloth from his forehead. At the same time, the sun rose from the horizon, covering the earth with its light.

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As its golden rays pierced through the veil of night, the sea turned a beautiful shade of reddish-gold. Far, far into the horizon, the sea captured the reflection of the sun on its surface. If I didn't look closely, I wouldn't know which was the sun, and which was the reflection. The new dawn brought with it a gentle breeze that brushed against the ocean, sending ripples flowing everywhere.

It was the first time I saw such a gorgeous sunrise. It would have been a romantic sight if not for the hellscape I was in.

Christopher was leaning on my shoulder. "Nice sunrise," he croaked.

"Yeah, but it's nothing on you." I touched his cheek and brushed my fingers across his face. Come to think of it, I've never taken a good look at him before.

Christopher was amused by my response. "Someone has a glib tongue today. You never praised me before."

"And I'm still not praising you, because it's the truth." I rubbed my face against his cheek to calm myself down. Can we really last until the rescue team's arrival?

"I know; I'm hot." Christopher chuckled, but even a simple movement like that was tearing his wound open, so he shut his mouth on the spot. "Eve, do you know what it means when someone flashes his car's spotlights three times?" he suddenly asked.

I nodded seriously. "Yes, but I'm not telling you the answer yet. Let's save it until we get home. And tell me what's the relationship between airplanes and love."

"Sure." Christopher kissed me lightly, but before he could retreat, I held his cheek and returned a deep kiss. His lips are freezing. He would have kissed me back, but now...

After our lips parted, Christopher jokingly said, "I see you love to show your affection in public. What a little tease you are. I bet you won't be this daring when we're alone, but please make the first move next time. You'll be on top, and I'll be at the bottom."

I knew he was just teasing me to ease the situation, so I played along with him and forced a smile. "Sure, I'll be on top. You'll be following my lead then."

"Of course, my queen."

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I went to the beach again. I wanted to get enough food for Christopher, but I didn't have enough strength to haul the big fish, while the abalones were hidden in the deeper sea. Since it wasn't abalone season, there were only old abalones left in the shallow seas. I didn't dare venture deeper in case I was attacked by something.

Good thing there were clams on the beach though, and they were in season. Some of them were taken by the other survivors, but since there weren't many of us, there were plenty of clams to go around. I picked them up and placed them on my hem, but the moment I placed them on the campgrounds, Crystal came over and took more than half away.

I gripped her hand tightly to keep her from leaving. "Put them down," I growled.

Crystal complained, "Yvonne, I'm your cousin. So what if I take your food? It's free, isn't it? Do you have to be such a scrooge?"

"I said, put them down."

Crystal noticed the murderous tone in my voice, so she pouted and put them down. "Laugh all you want now, but you're getting it once we get back," she threatened.

I shoved her away and enunciated, "I don't care if you're taking the things I don't want, but if you're taking my stuff without permission, I can and will hurt you."

"That's just cruel!" She shot me a nasty glare.

"Get out of my sight!" I barked.

I pried the shell open, cut off the inedible parts, and handed it to Christopher before digging into one myself. When I realized Crystal was still there, I frowned. "Crystal, you have to be more self-sufficient. You can't just rely on your sims to save you from a pickle every time."

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