

# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 276 - 280

Overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness, I couldn't think of anything to get myself out of the dire situation. "Can you stop pulling my leg, Christopher? You're just trying to give me the shock of my life, aren't you?"

After a moment, I shrieked, "Stop pulling my leg, Christopher! I'm afraid of losing you! Wake up and talk to me! We're about to reach the best part of our lives after bracing ourselves through the worst! Stay with me, Christopher!"

"Yvonne, pull yourself together!" Lyle yelled when he noticed I wouldn't stop from catapulting in the direction of the sea as if I had lost my mind.

He must have thought I was about to commit suicide. However, that wasn't the case – I had no intention to give up just yet. I merely wished to get Christopher something to eat.

In the end, I found an oyster in the sea and returned to Christopher's side with the oyster without drying myself.

"Christopher, I found an oyster! I'm sure it tastes great! Hurry up, and give it a try! You're going to be fine after finishing it!"

I shucked the oyster and placed it next to Christopher's mouth. When he didn't respond to me, I tried stuffing it into his mouth after chewing it, but it didn't work. The food gushed out of his mouth instead.

It was then Crystal approached me with her arms tucked around her waist. "Since he's about to die, why don't you save it for yourself? At least you'll get to live another few days."

"Stay away from me!"

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The moment I threw the oyster in her direction, she rushed over to pick it up and reprimanded me, "Hand the food over to me instead of wasting it if you're not going to finish it!"

Staring at the shell of the oyster, I lost myself in a train of thought as I suddenly recalled the experience of cannibalism Christopher had shared with me. I bit my finger with all my might and stuffed it into Christopher's mouth once the blood started gushing out of my wound.

That was the sole source of hydration and nutrition available for the man. Unaware of the things going on, Christopher continued sucking my blood and running his tongue across my wound. When I moved my finger away, he licked his lips and muttered, "G-Give me more..."

I continued biting my finger before stuffing it into his mouth. He finally returned to his senses after sucking my blood. I then held him in my arms and instructed in a hushed voice, "Take all you need if it keeps you alive."

It was a tormenting experience; there seemed to be no end to our misery. I couldn't even bring myself to stand anymore.

I shakily supported myself with a stick and brought myself to the beach to get myself something to eat after ensuring Christopher was still alive. There was no way I could make my way to the sea anymore.

Otherwise, I would end up being a meal of the nasty creatures in the sea. I was so fragile to the point I couldn't even withstand the waves hitting the shore and ended up falling again.

I crawled my way across the beach and ended up bruising myself all over the body. It felt awful whenever my wounds came across the seawater. After searching high and low, I finally found a hermit crab behind a huge boulder.

Without a second thought, I swallowed it, aware that I needed something nutritious to keep the supply of blood for Christopher. I wasn't sure if I could pull myself together for another few days, but I wouldn't give up as long as the man was still alive.

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By the time I returned to the base, I saw Crystal searching for something to eat around Christopher. She started cursing when she failed to get her hands on anything edible. After she made her way back to Lyle's side, she kicked him in frustration before taking a seat next to him.

## Love Coming From The Least Expected

### Chapter 277

Lyle, who had been roused from his sleep, brought himself up and leaned against the trunk. He secretly gulped as Crystal drank her serving of water in front of him. Instead of saying anything, he continued lying down on his back, looking as if he had given up on life.

I placed the watch on the rock and kept my eyes glued to it. It was a night with a full moon, so I hoped to see something happen. To stop myself from seeing things, I rubbed my eyes with all my might and continued staring at the watch.

Unfortunately, luck wasn't on our side—the watch had remained the same throughout the entire night. Holding Christopher in my arms, we spent another night next to one another.

When it was about dawn break, I thought I was seeing things when I saw something closing in from afar. A few minutes later, I knew it wasn't just another hallucination. Immediately after I returned to my senses, I sprinted in the direction of the beach and started waving with all my might.

"Is that a ship? Are we finally getting saved?" Out of nowhere, someone yelled and brought the rest of the party to the beach. Some of them started openly praying that it was a ship.

I was never a religious person as I had never experienced any sort of miracle throughout my life. It was the first time I started praying, hoping it was a ship.

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God, can you hear me? If you can hear me, please send a ship our way! Stop taking Christopher away from me! Just show him some mercy if I'm not worthy of it! At the very least, please keep him alive!

Instead of being stranded on a deserted island, Christopher deserves another chance to live! It's fine if I die, but he has better things to do with his life!

I don't mind trading my life for his if it's the thing it takes to keep him alive! He's going to be upset for quite some time, but it's fine as long as he's fine! I'll be glad if he's willing to share the incident we have gone through together with his grandchildren in the future!

As the mysterious thing closed in, an uproar broke out among the crowd when we ensured that it was a ship. Someone started yelling in order to attract the attention of those on the ship.

"We're finally getting rescued!"

I rushed my way back to Christopher's side and announced with a bright grin, "Wake up, Christopher! There's an incoming ship! We're going to be fine in no time! Wake up, and come after me! I'll rush you to the hospital as soon as we board the ship!"

However, the man remained unconscious throughout my entire speech. Gritting my teeth, I brought him up and staggered our way to the beach, yelling when I noticed the ship had docked at the beach, "Hold on a second!"

The ones on the ship seemed to speak a foreign language. I couldn't understand a thing they said, but I was certain that they were in the middle of a discussion.

I tried to board the ship with Christopher, but a scrawny man on the ship stopped us. He tried his best to establish communication between me with his limited vocabulary. "No patient! He put us at big risk!"

"No! He's just stabbed by someone! Can you please do me a favor and give us a ride? I need to rush him to the hospital as soon as possible!" I pleaded.

"No! You can come on board only if you leave him behind!" He made himself clear he wouldn't allow us to board the ship and threatened us with a knife.

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Those who had long boarded the board were afraid of being deemed contagious. Thus, they yelled at me, "Why don't you listen to them and leave him alone? It has been such a long time since he has last been conscious! I'm pretty sure it's over for him!"

## Love Coming From The Least Expected

### Chapter 278

I got down on my knees and started begging the man, "Can you please give him a ride? I'll stay here if you promise to rush him to the hospital! He's from a wealthy family! As long as you save him, he's going to bring upon you an abundance of wealth!"

"Stay away from me!" As a result of the man's brutal kick, I almost fell. I stopped them from leaving and continued begging them to be merciful. I knew they were our only hope of leaving.

All of a sudden, Lyle and Crystal were forced to get off the ship. They had managed to sneak their way up the ship when Lyle concealed his injured leg.

After Crystal was forced to alight from the ship, she started ripping her shirt apart, looking as if she had lost her mind as she yelled, "I'm not hurt! Look! I'm fine! Please let me board the ship! I'm willing to do anything as long as you allow me to board!"

The man's lust was written all over his face. He asked with a contemptuous look, "Are you going to abandon your husband over there?"

"What are you talking about? We're not related to one another! We're merely acquainted after being stranded for such a long time! Please let me board the ship!" Crystal wrapped her arms around the man and snuggled against him with a pitiable front.

The man pinched her ass and instructed with a vicious grin, "Well, hop on board then!"

"Crystal!" Lyle yelled with his eyes brimming in tears, his lips quivering against his will.

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Crystal jumped on board without a second thought and announced, "Stop yelling at me! I have no intention to join you in hell! I'm the champion of the upcoming national competition! There's no way I'm going to die on a deserted island!"

She looked at those on the ship and added, "I'm not as foolish as Yvonne over there! I'll allow her to join her husband in hell! I'll do anything it takes as long as you give me a ride!"

Lyle went dead silent when he heard the woman's remarks. I had never seen him being as despair as such throughout the years. It felt as if Crystal's statement was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

"Your friend over here has made the right choice. What about you? Have you made up your mind?" The scrawny man crouched in front of me and ran his blade across my hand gently.

"Can you please save him? As long as you save him, I'm willing to do everything and anything!" I continued begging with a hoarse voice in an attempt to gain their sympathy. He shrugged me off and announced in a callous tone, "Stop wasting our time! I'll give you another minute to make up your mind!"

All of a sudden, the first man to be denied onboard jumped on the ship and yelled, "Stay out of my way! I have no intention to die just yet!"

He forced his way through those guarding the ship and made his way to the dock, announcing with a proud grin, "I have finally made it on board! I'm going to make it out alive!"

Seconds after we heard a deafening bang, the man with a proud grin stared at the wound on his chest and started leaning forward. In the end, he collapsed in front of me.

It was then I found out they would never allow those with injuries to board their ship. Immediately after they got themselves ready, they departed with those onboard.

Once again, the ship disappeared under the horizon of the sea, leaving the three of us behind – we were doomed.

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# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 279

The despaired Lyle had his eyes glued to the departing ship with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Ironically, after betraying me for an affair with Crystal over the past few years, she turned her back against him when he needed her the most.

When I felt something on my hand, I lowered my gaze and caught Christopher weeping. Although he was unconscious, he couldn't stop tears from falling streaming down his cheeks.

I knew he was aware of the things going on in spite of being unconscious. He was upset I hadn't honored my promise of leaving him when he was on the verge of death.

I wiped his tears dry and kissed him on the forehead. "Christopher, you need to stop crying and start cherishing my presence! I know you're going to be angry, but it's your fault for hitting on me in the first place! There's no way I'm leaving you behind!"

As torrents of grief continued streaming down his cheeks, I raised my volume and warned him after wiping his tears on his behalf, "You're not allowed to cry! If you don't stop crying, I'm going to be mad for real!"

I kissed him on the lips immediately after I finished warning him. We rested on the beach for some time until I regained the strength to bring him back to the base.

Christopher was the only one I cared about. Immediately after I bit my finger again, I stuffed it into the man's mouth. Despite knowing that I was almost at my limit after repeating it so many times, I still stubbornly drizzled as many drops of blood I could.

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After a long time, Lyle, who had spent a long time on the beach, finally staggered his way to our side and took a seat at a spot near us. Staring dead ahead of him, he said, "You should've left, Yvonne."

Chuckling, I turned around and looked at him in the eyes with a serious look. "You'll never understand the feeling and the urge to keep someone safe at all costs."

He lost himself in a train of thought and turned around, facing me with his back after a few minutes. Unable to suppress the urge to cry, he started sniffing once more.

It felt awful to be stuck in an endless loop of misery. We had been so close to making our way out of the island. I couldn't stop myself from crying due to the overwhelming sense of helplessness I felt.

Staring at the departing ship, we fell into a vicious cycle of despair as we were aware no one would show up to our rescue anymore.

When I made my way to the base of the other party, I found a half-finished fish and some water. I brought the water back for the unconscious Christopher and had him finish it.

It started raining when I looked up at the sky in an attempt to stop myself from crying. To be honest, rain coming was a cause for celebration, but I couldn't be bothered anymore. I made a simple tent to get Christopher sheltered from the rain. Unfortunately, my effort was to no avail as he was soon completely drenched.

I held him firmly in my arms and got myself a few mouthfuls of rainwater to keep myself hydrated. No longer could I withstand the pent-up fatigue after holding out for such a long time.

Am I having a fever? Are we going to die soon? Hopefully, our skeletons won't get tossed around by people when this place turns into a tourist hotspot in the near future...

In the middle of the night, the moon showed up after the heavy downpour. There was nothing special about the watch even after exposing it to the moon. Thus, I thought Christopher had lied to me about its features again.

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# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 280

It was an ordinary watch that Christopher gave me so that I would feel more reassured. I picked up the watch and fumbled around at the pusher and crown, but to no avail. The watch hands were still motionless.

Feeling defeated, I flung it onto the ground and let out a screeching wail before covering my face in a sob.

Why is God always so cruel to me? Why doesn't he grant me my very last wish on earth? I only want Christopher to live. Is that too much to ask for?

"Christopher...Christopher..."

Somewhere on the ground, unbeknownst to me, the minute and second hand of the watch started to go around. They continued to do so for a few rounds before it stopped with a click, as though something had been unlocked inside the clockwork. The sound was feeble against the crashing ocean waves around me.

In an attempt to sustain Christopher's life, I bit my fingertips to feed more blood into his mouth. However, they were all damaged by too many cuts and abrasions for me to get much fresh blood. As I grew more desperate, I picked up broken glass and slit my arm open. Once fresh blood started to dribble down my arm, I quickly positioned it on Christopher's mouth.

"Yvonne, you should live on..." uttered Lyle weakly. He saw what I did and furrowed his brows disapprovingly. "You'll be able to last for at least two more days if you stop doing that."

"I can't just sit here and watch Christopher die in front of me." Leaning my icy cold body against a rock, every breath I took was laborious. Even a short reply like that had rendered me panting uncontrollably.

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“Only if... Only if...” Lyle’s voice shook. He was unable to finish his sentence.

I was too weak to analyze what he meant by “only if” when my vision started to blur. Before long, my vision went black, and I could no longer see anything. Christopher...

I fell into a trance, alternating between being unconscious and a dazed state. I would hold onto Christopher when I was awake. When I passed out, I remembered dreaming. In my dream, I was wearing a white wedding gown and walking down an aisle. At the end of the aisle stood Christopher, whose gaze was fixed steadily at me.

The man looked extra handsome in a suit that brought out the color of his sparkly, animated eyes. He then extended a hand toward me, taking my hand in his as I stopped next to him. Christopher, finally, we can be together, forever.

I want us to have many children. You’ve always stopped to watch children play in a playground, and you said that you wanted me to bear your child. Let us do just that.

We won’t use birth control. I’ll love all of our children equally with all my heart. If it’s a boy, you’ll bring him to his soccer game practice. Or we send him into the army, so he’ll train to be as strong as his father.

If it’s a girl, I’ll dress her up like a princess. Imagine how happy we’ll feel being surrounded by all our kids.

I was still lying on the rock when I woke up again. I shifted my body closer to Christopher and once again fell asleep in his embrace.

Suddenly, I started to hear a distant sound of a spinning propeller. I let out a slight smile. I must be hallucinating. I wouldn’t be hearing the sound of a plane flying across the sky otherwise.

In my trance-like state, I sensed someone trying to take Christopher away from me. I flew into a frenzied fit and kept yelling, “No, don’t hurt him! Please, I beg you. Don’t hurt him. Let him go!”

My effort was in vain as he was eventually taken away. The next thing I knew, someone came to my side and tried to move me around. When I opened my eyes and realized

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someone was trying to give me first aid treatment, I grabbed his hand abruptly and cried, "Never mind me! Save Christopher first. Save him now! I'm fine. I really am."

"Miss, please calm down. Someone is already tending to Mr. Lane right now. Please stay still."

"Never mind me! Save him first. Give him all the medication. Please do whatever you can to save him, even if it means sacrificing my life. I need him to live..." I begged them over and over again even though I couldn't make out who was in front of me due to my blurry vision.

Just then, a man held my hand firmly and spoke in a comforting voice, "Don't you worry, Yvonne. Christopher is safe now, so please calm down and let the doctors do their work."

It was a soothing voice; it sounded like my father when he used to comfort me when I fell sick as a child. I finally relaxed my body and fell into a slumber.

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