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# Love Coming From The Least Expected

## Chapter 271 - 27

It was then I caught something stiff in between his thigh. I flicked it using my finger and found out it barely even budged in spite of the powerful flick. Nothing could stop an aroused man from letting loose of himself.

Christopher looked at me in disbelief and asked, "Aren't you afraid of breaking it?"

"Consider it a punishment of yours for trying to deceive me! Are you afraid I'm going to tell him some sort of secret or something?"

Christopher held me in his arms and shrugged his shoulders before he answered in a nonchalant manner, "I'm only afraid of him falling for my exceptional wife again."

"Stop making fun of me!" When I flicked Christopher's forehead, I noticed Lyle seemed to be anticipating a reply. Therefore, I answered in a callous tone, "Is that even possible, Lyle? Why don't you stop deceiving yourself?"

A few minutes after Lyle went dead silent, I caught a glimpse of Crystal sneaking her way to our base with something wrapped in leaves. Christopher and I exchanged glances when we caught her handing it over to Lyle.

Instead of taking it over from her, the man pushed her away. Irrked by his response, she reprimanded him and started unfolding the things inside the leaves with her back facing us.

We tried our best to resist the urge to laugh, but we couldn't hold it back anymore when we heard Crystal coughing and retching. Soon, she cast the thing in her hands away.

We burst out laughing when Lyle asked Crystal, "What's wrong?"

The woman yelled at us with her face puckered, "Yvonne, you're such a vicious woman! What the heck is in the bottle? Where's the water?"

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I could barely catch my breath since it wasn't even my idea to begin it. Christopher was the one who had suggested storing the water using the coconut husk. Immediately after he filled the bottle with something else, he swirled it in front of me and announced, "She needs to get herself ready for the things awaiting her after she had the audacity to come after us."

I was startled by the man's mischievous idea – it made him seem like a delinquent. It was then he told me stories about people in the army ending up being mischievous. He even bragged about how he was the most good-looking delinquent out there.

The shameless Crystal approached and threatened me, "Yvonne, how dare you do this to your cousin? If you refuse to hand it over to me, I'll tell them you are hiding something from them!"

I glanced at her and asked in a sarcastic manner, "Are you sure? If that's the case, I'll just tell them you're also hiding something from them! What do you think?"

Startled by my question, Crystal stuttered before stomping her way away.

It's time to teach this pretentious woman a lesson for being overly greedy! I can't believe she's trying to get her hands on my water when she has been hiding hers away from us all this while!

I couldn't wait to start the evening. As soon as I ensured Christopher was fine, I walked in the direction of the beach in anticipation of the moon showing up.

I removed my shoes and walked along the beach to enjoy the gentle waves crawling to the shore. After a short while, I saw Crystal losing herself in a train of thought on the beach.

The woman brought herself away immediately after she caught sight of me. I paid no heed to her and continued waiting for the moon to show up.

After a short while, I heard someone rushing over. The moment I turned around, I saw the silhouette of a man. He pinned me to the ground before I could grasp the situation.

He continued slapping me in the face and yelled, "You should've accepted my offer instead of getting on my nerves! No one is coming to your rescue anymore!"

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It was the man who had shown up in the morning. I recalled the sound I heard coming from the source of water over the past few days when I caught him glaring at me in the eyes.

I was aware of the sort of activities he had been engaging with the rest of the women. Others wouldn't stop getting in my way even when I had been trying my best to stay away from them.

"Get away from me!" I started retaliating against the man and was about to launch a power kick at him. He was surprisingly strong for a man who had been starving over the past few days.

"It pleases me the more you scream for help! Your man can't even walk without others' support! There's no way he's rushing over to your rescue!" he guffawed and started undressing me.

I was utterly disgusted as he continued running his hands across my thigh. Immediately after I grasped a handful of sand, I cast it in his direction. As a result, he shrieked and unfastened his grip.

When I launched a powerful kick in his direction, he swiftly grasped my legs and pulled me over to stop me from crawling away. I started howling in pain when I ended up falling and knocking onto a sharp boulder.

As soon as he crawled his way over, he rendered me incapable of motion and started guffawing once more. "I prefer having fun with a woman who's capable of putting up a fight! Go ahead and continue retaliating against me!"

My shirt had long been torn into pieces as I needed something to bandage Christopher's wound. Instead of ripping my shirt further, the perverted man ran his fingers through the torn shirt.

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In the nick of time, I caught a glimpse of Crystal sashaying her way over. In a final attempt to get myself rescued, I yelled, "Save me, Crystal!"

Instead of rushing over to my rescue, she tucked her arms and pulled a face at me. When she made sure no one was there for me, she waved at me and marched away from the beach.

As vicious as Crystal might be, I thought she would offer her help. It turned out I was wrong and shouldn't have gotten my hopes high.

"Are you seriously asking her to save you when she has tipped me off and sent me here? She's your cousin, isn't she? I'll have some fun with her immediately after I finish the session with you! It's not half bad when I get to have so much fun before dying!"

I couldn't believe Crystal was the mastermind behind my misfortune. It wouldn't make any difference even if others were nearby; they couldn't care less about a stranger. To make things worse, I was quite a distance away from our base.

I thought it was a chance for me to run away when he started undressing in front of me. It was then he kicked me again. When I thought it was over for me, the man on top of me grunted and passed out on top of me.

"Eve, it's fine!"

Immediately after Christopher pushed the man away from me, I rushed over to his side, wailing at the top of my lungs, "Christopher! Christopher!"

I repeated his name over and over again. When I was safe in between his arms, torrents of grief streamed down my face as I could no longer suppress the emotions I had been holding back.

"It's fine! It's going to be fine!" The man patiently caressed my back, assuring me that everything would be fine. Seconds after I returned to my senses, I regretted crying in front of him as that would make him concerned about me.

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When I raised my head and looked at him in the eyes, he muttered with a frown, "I shouldn't have asked you to tag along with me! It's my fault for getting you involved!"

I covered his mouth to stop him from blaming himself since it was nothing more than a natural disaster. In fact, we might be destined to brave through the challenge together.

"Christopher, even though I'm afraid of dying, I don't mind dying next to you! At the very least, we get to spend the last moments in our lives together!" I proclaimed.

Sighing, he shared his thoughts with me. "Actually, I'm not ready to leave the world as well. I still have so many things on my bucket list to do with you. We'll take it easy for the time being. Perhaps the moon will show up soon."

When I was about to turn around to check on the watch on my wrist, Christopher covered my eyes and urged, "No! Stop turning around!"

I saw the man in the puddle of blood through the gaps of his fingers. He had been stabbed in the neck, but I wasn't intimidated at all as I had gotten used to such gory scenes.

As we continued marching our way back to our base along the sea, I brought something up for a change of mood.

"It's my first time at a beach, but I don't think I'll be going anywhere near the beach in the future."

"Guess what? It's the same for me."

He turned around when I leaned over in an attempt to kiss him on the lips. We ended up kissing one another.

Instead of being overwhelmed by lust, we had a great time appreciating one another's presence in the midst of chaos.

"Christopher, don't you think it's kind of romantic?"

"Why do you say so?"

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“After all, my only wish is to spend the rest of my life with you. Don’t you think it feels as if we’re doing just that? I mean, you look just like an old geezer who’s about to die.”

“Are you sure you’re supposed to make fun of me when you look just like an old hag as well?”

When the moon showed itself, I placed the watch on the beach in an attempt to get it working. Unfortunately, luck wasn’t on our side – the watch didn’t even budge.

To make things worse, Christopher, who was in a deep slumber, staggered and fell. I found out he had caught on a fever again. Although it wasn’t a big deal, he might pass on without proper medical attention.

Despite spending the entire night taking care of Christopher, his condition remained the same. To be precise, he got increasingly frail to the point he couldn’t even sit upright without others’ support.

I was on the verge of breaking down and felt a strong urge to yell in an attempt to take things out.

On the other hand, Crystal retrieved the water she had hidden ahead of others and had a mouthful of it. When she caught Lyle staring at her, she turned around and ignored him.

Lyle, who was heavily injured, could no longer move around. He groveled himself at her mercy and begged, “Crystal, please give me a sip!”

“No! I don’t even have enough for myself! Since you’re about to die, why don’t you leave the rest for me?” Afraid he would come after her water, she ran away and put on some distance between them before finishing her drink.

Crystal then asked in a callous tone, “Lyle, Haven’t you promised me to keep me safe at all costs? Don’t you think it’s time to honor your promise? Since you love me as much as I do, it’s not a big deal for you to sacrifice yourself to keep me alive, isn’t it?”

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Lyle's eyes widened in disbelief as it was the first time Crystal showed her true colors in front of him.

Meanwhile, Christopher refused to drink and said, "Eve, you need to save it for yourself!"

In an attempt to force him into submission, I had a mouthful of water and leaned over to force the water into his mouth. Afraid of wasting the liquid, the man had no choice but to swallow it when he felt it gushing down his chin. After a few mouthfuls, he announced, "You need to stop, Eve!"

"Shut up and preserve your energy as much as possible!" I got another dampened cloth to clean his wound. After much hesitation, I walked in Lyle's direction and shared some of our limited water with him.

'Y-Yvonne—" Lyle gulped down the mouthful of water, his eyes glued to me with an odd expression.

I must have lost my mind for showing others mercy in times of emergencies. However, I just couldn't stand watching someone passing on in front of me. "This is the last time I'm doing you a favor. You're on your own from now onwards."

When I brought myself away, a chubby-looking woman rushed over to Christopher's side and snatched the bottle of water away from him. I immediately dashed after the fleeing woman and yelled, "Hand it back to me!"

"It now belongs to me since I have gotten my hands on it! You're the one who needs to stay away from me!" She knew I wasn't a match for her in terms of strength after being dehydrated for such a long time. I couldn't even withstand a push of hers and ended up falling.

Unwilling to set her free, I pounced on her and begged her to be merciful. "Please return the bottle of water to me! My husband needs it for his wound! Otherwise, he's going to die due to infection!"

"Since he's going to die, it's time for him to the livings a favor! Get out of my way immediately!" The woman launched a kick in my direction. I was exhausted to the extent I could no longer shriek. Nonetheless, I refused to let go of the bottle of water and tried to snatch it back from her.

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Her party had gone through an emotional breakdown when they found out they were out of water. They couldn't even be bothered by the presence of the man on the beach.

I couldn't afford to lose our only bottle of water as Christopher's life would depend on it. In a final attempt to defend the water, I bit her with all my might. She shrieked in pain and slapped me in the face, accidentally sending the bottle of water flying the moment she unfastened her grip.

We ended up spilling the entire bottle of water on the beach. I tried to salvage whatever was left, but the only thing left in my hands was a handful of dampened sand.

On the other hand, the woman tried to finish the water left in the bottle, but there was merely a drop left. She ended up sitting on the beach and exclaimed, "We're done! It's only a matter of time before we all die from dehydration!"

As I sat next to her with a handful of sand, my mind was all over the place. I felt overwhelmed by a sense of despair.

Out of nowhere, the woman turned around and pinned me to the ground, starting another fight when she was the one at fault. "It's all your fault! I'd get to live for another day had you stopped getting in my way!"

I made myself sit upright when I was about to pass out. In an attempt to defend myself, I started attacking the woman with a stone. The moment blood gushed out of her wound, she started wailing in pain.

Immediately after she stopped picking on me, I pushed her away and rushed back to Christopher's side to defend him in fear of the woman picking on the frail man.

She buried her face in her hands and sprinted in the direction of the sea while yelling, "There's no way I'm starving to death! I'd rather drown myself to set myself free from suffering!"

Immediately after she finished yelling, she dove into the sea with rigorous waves. No one bothered to rush over to her rescue. Soon, she was nowhere to be seen.

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Mother nature didn't bother showing the poor woman any mercy. It felt as if it wasn't a big deal when someone had just committed suicide in front of us.

I returned to Christopher's side and started shivering in fear after taking a seat next to him. "Eve..."

When I heard Christopher's voice, I ran my fingers across his wound, resisting the strong urge to cry. "I'm so sorry, Christopher! I shouldn't have poked my nose into others' business!"

"E-Eve, promise me to stay alive—" Christopher held me in his arms, but his voice was barely audible after repeating the same thing over and over again.

Afraid of suffering from severe dehydration, I resisted the urge to cry when I felt torrents of grief streaming down my cheeks. I knew I had to pull myself together to take care of Christopher.

We snuggled in between one another's arms to keep ourselves warm. Although his body was frigid, I felt a strong sense of security as I lay next to him.

After a long time, I turned around and whispered, "Christopher, are you hungry? I'll go get you something to eat."

Immediately after I finished my question, I fell into a deep slumber and had a dream. When I saw someone rushing over to our rescue, I urged them to rush Christopher to the hospital.

When I tried yelling for help, I finally roused from my sleep and brought myself up. I tried running my hands around to reach for Christopher, but the man was nowhere to be seen next to me.

I finally returned to my senses and found out that Christopher had fallen once again. Had I failed to notice him breathing, I would've thought he had passed on due to his haggard look.

"Christopher, wake up! Wake up and look at me! Haven't you promised to keep me company throughout the rest of our lives? Are you leaving me?"

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I shrugged him with all my might in an attempt to wake him up. Unfortunately, he remained unconscious. In contrast to his frigid body, his forehead was scorching hot.

What am I supposed to do to keep him alive? Unable to pull myself together, I burst into tears and wailed at the top of my lungs. In an attempt to wake him up, I held him in my arms and kissed him on the lips.

“Christopher, wake up! I have finally figured out the meaning behind the signal! It means I love you, doesn’t it? Are you going to leave me alone when I haven’t even confessed the sort of affection I have for you? As soon as you wake up, I’ll tell you everything!”

I wailed, “Can you hear me, Christopher? We’re not even halfway through our lives! You’re not allowed to leave me alone just yet! If you give up on yourself, it’s over for you and me! I’ll join you in hell if you die!”

His eyes remained shut tight as I continued kissing desperately him on the lips. He had stopped responding to my words and actions to the point where I could barely feel his breath.

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