

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 261

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.

"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!”

“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?"

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.

It was a blustery night. As the waves crashed against the beach, I could feel gusts of cold win 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.

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.

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."

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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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.

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.

"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?"

"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.

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.

"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."

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.

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.

"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.

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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