

Love Coming from the Least Expected Chapter 566

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"No... Sir, please keep this for yourself. I... I can't hang on any... longer. We can't both be dead here..." Zachary shut his mouth tight, refusing to drink.

"Darn it, Zach. Your wife has just delivered a child. You can't die yet. Are you that cruel to let Sabrina and the baby live by themselves? Hurry up and drink it!" Christopher insisted while pouring the water into Zachary.

The latter was afraid that the precious drops would go to waste. He had no choice but to open up his mouth and drink the water. Once his lips were moisturized, he cleared his throat, and said in a clearer voice, "Sir, are we going to die here?"

"That's impossible. I still want to return to Eve and keep my promise to give her an extravagant wedding. Until then, I won't die so easily," Christopher said confidently. Then, he propped Zachary up. "Come on, let's keep walking forward. I remember seeing an oasis on the map. It should be ahead of us. Once we get there, we'll find a way to contact Sean."

"I can't move anymore. Sir, you should go ahead. In case John catches up with us, I'll distract them." Zachary pushed Christopher away and slumped on the ground. The hem of his pants was torn, revealing a horrifying wound that was filled with pus. The stench of blood and the putrid smell of rotting flesh permeated the air. It was absolutely awful under the hot weather.

"Shut up. We shall leave together if you think of me as your own. Otherwise, I'll ask Sabrina to remarry when I get back." Christopher dragged him up again. Unfortunately, he could only take one step forward before collapsing once more. His physical strength had seemingly reached his limit.

In fact, it was considered a miracle that he could sustain for that long without food and water. Moreover, he was badly injured.

Clenching his teeth, Christopher took a knife and cut off the rotten flesh from Zachary's leg. Subsequently, he applied some medicine from Yorksland on it. However, it did not have much impact due to the medicine being too mild and generic.

While he was bandaging Zachary's wound, Christopher heard someone talking nearby. "The two fellows are hurt, so I bet they're not far off. Go get them without any further delay!"

"Boss, why must we chase them? It doesn't affect our business after all."

"What do you fool know? Christopher, that jerk killed so many of our men. I managed to escape him, and I swore that I'll avenge for our people," John bellowed.

Christopher's expression dimmed as he heard some of the dialogues indistinctly. "Zach, let's go. They're here."

As no response was received, Christopher nudged Zachary a few times, only to realize that he had passed out. Using all of his might, he carried Zachary on his back, quickened his steps, and fled.

Had Zachary not saved me in the nick of time, the wounded one would have been me. Regardless of what happens, I'll never give up on him. I must ensure that he survives the desert, for the sake of Sabrina and their newborn. I must bring him back to his beloved family safely.

The experience of entering the desert for the first time was beyond my worst nightmare. I had never been to any highlands, let alone places with extreme weather. Avenport was by the sea, so it was very humid all year long. It was definitely nothing close to a desert climate.

Upon walking around the desert for one day, the severe heat had completely drowned my enthusiasm. My only source of motivation to keep on searching was none other than Christopher.

Three days later, I still had no news about him. It made me feel so dejected. I had been to the two oases indicated on the map, but he was still nowhere to be found. There was only one more oasis yet to be visited; my last strand of hope. I was uncertain what to expect if Christopher was not there.

In the vast desert that had no end, there was no guarantee that one's corpse could be located if anything untoward happened.

I sat on a huge rock, munching some tasteless dried food. Lyle passed me a bottle of mineral water and saw that I was utterly downcast. He commented, "I see that you can be fearless when it concerns Christopher. Sandstorms can happen anytime here. We may face danger before we could find him."

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"You're right. I can do anything for Christopher." I placed my hand on my heart and cast a gentle gaze downward. My eyes were smiling. "Having met Christopher is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. He's the one who made me realize the purpose of this life. He's my source of hope, my motivation. Come what may, I'm not afraid. I'll do anything for him."

Lyle was astounded. He guffawed at my expression. "I'm jealous of Christopher. Maybe you'll find this amusing, but I really envy him. Yvonne, would you do the same if it was me who had gone missing?"

Why is he asking another hypothetical question? If he had asked me the same question back then, I'd refute him without any hesitation. However, he has helped me tremendously this time. Christopher and I owe him one. I changed my tone of voice and answered politely, "You don't understand. You probably have never tried to get to know the real me."

I added, "I'm kind to whoever that's kind to me. Just like how you saved me when I was pushed into the pool. At that time, I told myself that I'll treat you with utmost gratitude because you saved me when I hit rock bottom."

I continued, "When Crystal set me up, resulting in me being abducted, Christopher was the one who saved me right before I was assaulted by the thugs. Without him, I don't exist. I won't get to be a new school artist nor have the chance to produce the Autumnal Panorama. Lyle, thanks for everything. Let's continue to be friends henceforth."

Lyle looked up and gulped down a bottle of water. He held the back of his head and chuckled. Moments later, he said, "Forget about being friends. Let's do something more practical. Once we get Christopher out of here, you can get him to offer the Smiths more profitable projects as a way to repay me. It's nice to be a businessman. One can do anything that benefits him."

Lyle probably doesn't want to befriend me for I've seen him at his worst. Oh well, let it be. This may be the best for both of us. I nodded. "Sure. You're Christopher's savior. I bet the Lane family will undoubtedly give you a satisfactory response."

"What about you?" Looking at me, he suddenly changed the topic.

I froze and frowned at the same time. "You know how much I have. What else can I give you? List it all down."

He fixed his gaze at me. "Paint me a portrait. Didn't you paint one for Christopher at the National Youth Art Exhibition and Contest? I want one too. His was entitled 'Hope'. Mine shall be called 'Surreal'."

"Okay!"

The remaining journey was extremely challenging. We had to walk on uneven ground; some were hard whereas the others were soft sand. Each step required a lot of effort, especially when night fell. I had lost count of how long I had been walking.

Before arriving at the last oasis, I heard a few gunshots. I stopped in my tracks. I recalled Sean mentioned something about Christopher being chased by a rival, but the latter was like a headless chicken in the desert.

Our luck was much better, and our direction was accurate. Yes, Christopher must be there at the oasis! I ran toward it as fast as I could, but Lyle stopped me at once. "Hang on. You're going to get killed if you act rashly. Let's wait and see."

I was so anxious. I could not wait another second! Anyhow, Lyle was right. I took a peek at the situation far ahead and strode a few steps forward. The gunshots were no longer heard, so I presumed the fight had ended.

Shortly after, I saw a few loud men retreat from the hill. They were speaking in a dialect that I did not understand. Hence, I had no idea what was going on. I decided to hide behind a huge rock. Right when I stuck my head out to check my surrounding, a gun was aimed at my forehead. The cold muzzle then moved to my temple. As I looked up, I was met with a pair of ferocious eyes.

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My mind was all over the place when the man showed up with a gun in my face. I couldn't figure out the reason he was aware of my presence when I had sneaked my way through the isolated desert. The moment the man saw me, he got down on his knees and announced with a hushed voice, "Yvonne, hurry up and check on Christopher! He has passed out due to dehydration!"

“Huh?” Upon another glimpse at the man in front of me, I found out he was none other than Zachary. Thus, I urged, “Lyle, hurry up and come over here!”

The moment I rushed to the giant boulder, I saw an unconscious Christopher on the ground. I couldn’t stop my heart from racing as I yelled, “Christopher, wake up!”

I placed his head on my thighs and tried getting him to finish the water I brought along with me. As he was unconscious, I ended up feeding him to ensure he would remain hydrated. Once I ensured he had enough, I started sprinkling water all over him.

When Lyle returned to us with Zachary, I found out Zachary was heavily injured. We were merely apart from one another for a fortnight, but the initial muscular man had turned into a scrawny figure.

Unable to remain calm, I asked, “What are we supposed to do? We need to rush all of you to the hospital since the antibiotics I have with me aren’t going to work!”

“He wouldn’t have passed out had he not left the water to me!” Zachary started blaming himself and ended up falling to the ground.

“You need to stop getting worked up since you’re also heavily injured!” I handed Zachary the antibiotic pills I brought along with me and crushed another two to sprinkle them all over the wound on his leg.

Once Lyle craned over and surveyed the surroundings, he suggested, “We’re not far away from the oasis! I’m sure we can get ourselves the medical attention we require once we reach there!”

Without a second thought, Zachary rebuked, “No, John has brought along a lot of men with him since he’s determined to take us out! I’m sure he’s waiting for us there! We’re done the moment we show up and dance to their tune!”

I took a peek at Christopher and found out he wasn’t as frail as he was a few minutes ago. Thus, I asked in a hushed voice, “Shall we return to our initial location?”

Zachary remarked, “I’m afraid that’s impossible as well since he must’ve dispatched his men to stop us. Christopher’s exceptional marksmanship is the only reason they’re not here.”

Once I finished inspecting the resources we have, I asked, "If that's the case, what are we supposed to do when the supplies we have won't even last us for more than two days!"

Upon another inspection of the possible alternatives using the map, Lyle announced with a frown, "I'm afraid we're trapped since we're also going to lose our way if we continue venturing into the inland desert."

In a final attempt to get the party rescued, I reached for my phone to try out my luck with getting in touch with others. Unfortunately, we were out of range of the reception towers.

When I thought it was the end of our party, Zachary announced with his eyes gleaming, "As long as we have a phone, Christopher can deliver a message to our comrades!"

Halfway through his orated speech, he let out a long sigh when he recalled Christopher was unconscious at the moment.

All hell broke loose since we couldn't think of anything to get ourselves out of the nasty situation. The only combatants of the party were heavily injured when we were surrounded by a bunch of villains.

I'm just glad they're not trying anything rash at the moment since Christopher has put on quite a fight and proven himself a formidable foe!

I let Christopher spend the night in the sleeping bag I brought along to prevent him from catching a cold. Out of nowhere, I saw someone flashing a beam of light in our direction from afar.

Immediately, I asked in a hushed voice, "What are they trying to do?"

Zachary announced with his face scrunched up, "They're closing in to trap us!"

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"Actually, it's not even necessary since there's no way we're making it out alive when we can't even put on much of a fight!" Once Zachary finished remarking sarcastically, he turned around and asked, "How have you made your way here? Is Sabby aware of the things going on?"

Shaking my head, I shared the bad news with him, "Sabby was the one who told me of the things going on! Otherwise, I wouldn't even be here!"

Colors started draining from his face. He seemed as if he was about to pass out soon. The fact he was still conscious was a miracle since he could barely carry on with the conversation.

"I can't believe I have been away from home for a fortnight. Are the little ones doing fine?"

"They're doing fine! In fact, they're in great hands with Sabby since she's exceptionally patient with the little ones. Your safety is her sole concern as of now."

"Nothing else matters as long as they're doing fine!" Zachary repeated himself over and over again as if he couldn't care less about himself.

Seated next to the boulder, Lyle remained silent throughout the session, but his disappointment was written all over his face. Initially, I thought he was nothing more than a burden when he insisted on tagging along for the trip to Yorksland. After all, he was the reason I was abducted the moment we reached.

However, I started appreciating his effort since he had put his life at stake when he could've returned and left me alone. To begin with, it had nothing to do with him at all.

I inched over and handed him a military ration, expressing my utmost apology, "I'm so sorry for getting you involved. I should've stopped you when you insisted on tagging along with me."

He had a mouthful of the ration and asked, "Are you going to make fun of me again if I say I'm also regretting my decisions?"

Chuckling, I remarked in return, "There's no way I'm going to make fun of you when I'm equally afraid of dying. It's just human's nature."

"E-Eve—" When I heard someone calling my name, I turned around and rushed in the direction of Christopher without a second thought. The moment he regained consciousness, he reprimanded me, "What are you doing here?"

I was certain he would lose his cool as soon as he found out I was there for him. In the end, I made something up to deceive him. "I-I just happened to be here!"

"Are you kidding me? You're not supposed to be here!" Christopher sat upright and was about to launch a powerful slap in my face. However, he stopped himself in the nick of time.

I was certain the intelligent man had figured out it was nothing more than a lie the moment I brought it up. Instead of carrying on with the conversation, I brought him another bottle of water and urged, "You need to keep yourself hydrated after being unconscious for such a long time."

Christopher shrugged me off and warned me, "No, I want you to get out of my sight at once!"

I couldn't stand the man's hoarse voice and knew he must be having a sore throat. "Chris, you need to stop moving around since you're still relatively frail! We'll talk once you finish this!"

"Have I not made myself clear? Get out of my sight at once!" Unable to take it anymore, he pushed me away with all his might. As a result, I staggered and fell. In spite of sustaining a minor injury, I tried my best to stop myself from spilling the water since it was the party's sole source of hydration.

"Yvonne, are you okay?" Lyle rushed over to help me up. He turned around and reprimanded Christopher, "Are you even in your right mind? Can you stop picking on her when she has put her life at stake for you?"

"Lyle?" Christopher looked at me in the eyes and announced with a contemptuous look, "I can't believe you're having an affair with Lyle when I'm away! He must be the reason you weren't there to send me off, huh? I don't need such a pretentious woman like you here with me! Get off my sight with your boyfriend over here!"

"No, Chris—" I couldn't even explain myself since Christopher launched a powerful slap in my face halfway through my sentence. As a result of the slap, I felt my cheek turning numb.

He had never gotten so worked up in front of me. All of a sudden, it felt as if the man in front of me was a stranger.

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"Christopher, that's too much!" When Lyle was about to throw a powerful punch in Christopher's direction, I got in his way and yelled, "No! Stop it, Lyle! You're not supposed to beat him!"

"That's it! Stop being lovey-dovey in front of me! It's disgusting! Get out of my sight at once! Yvonne, I'll file for divorce with you as soon as I make it out alive!" Christopher was at the top of his lungs again.

As my mind was all over the place, I started wailing, "No! There's no way I'm leaving you just yet! If you want me to leave, you need to come with me!"

"Well, if you're not leaving, I'll leave! Zach, it's time to go and leave them alone!" Christopher staggered the moment he tried to bring himself up. Nonetheless, he supported himself and made his way to Zachary's side with the aid of the boulder.

I rushed over to his side and stopped him from leaving while wailing, "Can you stop chasing me away? I know you're trying to get rid of me and lure John away from us! I'm well aware you're trying to keep me safe, but you're not supposed to leave me alone! Haven't you promised me to stay with me till death do us part?"

Slouching against Christopher, I started weeping and gasped out the things I had in mind, "I have long made up my mind to brace myself through the challenge with you! Have you forgotten your promise when we were stranded on the island? You told me you would never leave me again!"

I was conscious of the reason behind his drastic change of attitude since he was never an arrogant man. There was no way he would make a fuss merely because Lyle was there. Therefore, I was certain it was another attempt of his to drive me away from him to keep me safe.

Christopher couldn't bring himself to keep up with his act. Instead, he repeated himself while wiping my tears off my cheeks, "You're not supposed to be here! You shouldn't have made your way here in the first place!"

As I continued bawling my eyes out, I wrapped my arms around him. "Chris, I can't live without you! You're the only reason I'm still alive! You need to stop driving me away!"

Gritting his teeth, he remarked, "You know that's not true, don't you? After all, you're still alive after leaving Lyle when you once mentioned you couldn't live without him. Yvonne, listen to me! I can still keep all of you safe as long as I lure them away with me! Can you do me a favor and bring them to safety with you?"

"No!" Shaking my head, I repeated myself, "There's no way I'm leaving you!"

"Yvonne, listen to me and stay here!" It was the first time in forever he groveled himself at others' mercy. Staring at me in the eyes, he asked, "Do

you want me to witness you passing on in front of me? If you love me, listen to me! Otherwise, I'm going to leave you for good!"

"No! I'm not going to repeat myself anymore! I don't care if you're going to file for divorce with me once we make it out alive; there's no way I'm leaving you! You don't get to make the call when we're in the middle of nowhere!"

Christopher finally gave up since he figured out he couldn't do anything to change my mind. Once he returned to his senses after a few minutes, he turned around and told Lyle, "You should've stopped her from making the trip if you truly have a thing for her! Keep her safe, and she's yours once I'm gone!"

Lyle shook his head and rebuked, "I have always resented you for driving us apart from one another, but I'm well aware I'll never be a match for you. She cares for you as much as you do. Thus, she would've made the trip even if I tried stopping her."

Sighing, Christopher repeated himself, "Aren't you aware it's over the moment you pass on? You still stand a chance if you take her away with you!"