Chapter 143 Falling Into The Sea

There was no signal in the middle of the sea.

Annabel wasn't sure whether the distress signal would reach her grandfather.

"Of course he'll receive it," Rupert said reassuringly, as though he read her mind.

Truth be told, Rupert had never seen such a signal transmitter before.

Was Annabel's grandfather really just an old man from the countryside? How could he have given Annabel something so high-tech?

There was a trace of curiosity in Rupert's eyes as he looked at the woman in front of him.

It seemed that there was more to his fiancee than met the eye.

But he decided against asking her about it. It was better if Annabel took the initiative to tell him.

What he liked was her, not her identity or her family background.

And now wasn't the time to think about these things. They were getting closer and closer to the sea surface. Annabel craned her neck to look around, and she found that there were a few small islands in the distance.

Her eyes lit up excitedly. Before she could tell Rupert her findings, he spoke first. "Anna, look over there! It's an island!"

"Yes!" Annabel nodded. "I was just about to point it out!"

Chuckling softly, Rupert whispered in her ear, "It seems we have a connection..."

As soon as he finished speaking, he nibbled on her earlobe playfully.

A wave of electricity spread out from her earlobe, making her body go limp.

Annabel's cheeks turned as red as tomatoes. How could he still flirt with her at a time like this?

"Stop it." She turned her head to look at the island in the distance.

If there was fresh water on the island, they would have a chance at survival.

But she didn't know how long it would take for them to swim to the island from here.

Could the food Rupert packed be enough for them?

Would her grandfather receive her distress signal and save her? ⓘ

Annabel was in deep thought when Rupert's voice suddenly pulled her back to reality. "Can you swim?"

"Yeah." Annabel nodded.

Rupert took out a life-vest from his backpack and help Annabel put it on carefully. "We'll swim to the island over there as soon as we hit the water."

"Sounds like a plan," Annabel answered lightly. Inwardly, she prayed that they would be lucky enough to be spotted by a passing ship.

The two of them slowly descended. Soon, Annabel could see the white peaks of the waves in the sea.

And the sea looked boundless. The breeze blew and stirred up waves, roaring at them ominously.

Seeing this, Annabel grew nervous again.

Although she knew how to swim, there were all kinds of danger that lurked underneath the surface.

"We're about to hit the water. Hold your breath!" Rupert perfectly timed it. Before hitting the water, he tied his life-vest to Annabel's and unfastened the parachute.

Holding each other tightly, the two plummeted into the sea.

Instantly, salt water filled Annabel's mouth, making her cough violently.

"Anna, are you okay?" Rupert turned to look at Annabel worriedly.

"I'm fine. You?" The turbulent waves hit her body, making her struggle to stay afloat. She couldn't help but grab his arm for support.

Rupert took this as an opportunity to pull her close. Pecking her on the forehead, he said gently, "I'm fine. Now, let's swim to the island together."

After saying that, Rupert let go of Annabel and started swimming towards the island.

Having come in contact with salt water, the wound on his arm started to sting.

A few days ago, in protecting Annabel, he was stabbed in the arm by Annie. The wound started to scab. ⓘ

But now, the wound cracked open again after being soaked in the sea water.

With knitted brows, Rupert managed to endure the pain.

At this critical moment, he was Annabel's life support. He couldn't afford to show any weakness.

He couldn't let Annabel worry about him.

She had enough worries on her plate at present.

Sure enough, Annabel was oblivious to his pain and swam behind him as best as she could.

But the waves seemed to get bigger and more violent. The two of them

were dragged by the waves. It was so difficult to keep on swimming forward.

Keeping her eyes trained on the little island in the distance, Annabel was shocked to find that it seemed to be getting farther and farther away from them.

Panicked, she said, "Rupert, I think the waves are pushing us away from the island..."

Rupert already knew this.

He had noticed earlier that they were swimming against the direction of the winds.

Although he had tried his best, the waves kept pushing them further away from the island.

After thinking for a while, he said, "Okay. Stop swimming first. We need to conserve our strength. When the wind stops, we can try swimming to the island again."

"That's the only way," Annabel said resignedly.

The two stopped swimming and leaned against each other for support.

Fortunately, they had life-vests, so they didn't have to worry about sinking.

The waves kept roaring, and the wind whistled past them. Annabel gritted her teeth and held onto Rupert's arm tightly.

Wave after wave came towards Annabel and Rupert.

Sensing the fear in Annabel, Rupert hugged her tightly. "Anna, don't be afraid. I'm right here. Just hang on."

"I'm not afraid," Annabel said quickly.

When Rupert held her close, she felt somehow at ease.

No matter the situation they were in, she wasn't afraid.

The two floated with the waves.

After what felt like an eternity, the waves began to subside.

"Drink some water first." Rupert took out a water bottle from his backpack and handed it to Annabel. "When the wind stops, we'll swim to the island."

"Okay, thanks." After gulping down some water, she handed the bottle to Rupert.

To her surprise, he slipped the bottle back into his backpack.

"Why didn't you drink some?" she asked in confusion.

Rupert answered indifferently, "I'm not thirsty."

When stranded at sea, fresh water was the key to survival.

Even if they managed to reach the island, there was no guarantee there would be any fresh water on it.

Therefore, these bottles of water were especially precious now.

Rupert wanted to leave them to Annabel as much as possible.

Annabel knew what was on Rupert's mind. Looking at him, she felt warm in her heart.

As the night fell, a crescent moon climbed into the sky.

The moonlight shone on the vast sea, making the blue water sparkle beautifully.

It would've been so romantic if their lives weren't in danger.

"Annabel, I think the wind has died down. Let's swim to the island as quickly as we can," Rupert said with a sense of urgency, interrupting her fantasy.

The island was so far away that they could barely see it. It would be terrible if they didn't seize this opportunity to swim there.

"Let's go!" Because she had drunk some water, Annabel felt refreshed.

She turned around abruptly and accidentally hit his wound.

"Ow!" Rupert yelped in pain.