

No Chance 1871

[Chapter 1871 Awakening](#)

The waitress nodded enthusiastically as Rochelle spoke.

Camden was about to interject, but Paul cut in. "Hold up, let's not get into this now. First, let's find out the context of that message she mentioned."

With the order given, Rochelle quickly took hold of Bella's phone. She scrolled through it, then raised it for everyone to see, a triumphant expression on her face.

The screen displayed the text message Bella had sent to Elisa.

"With both accounts and evidence on hand, what else can you say in your defense?"

Paul breathed a small sigh of relief. The situation seemed surprisingly manageable, likely due to Elisa's uncertain fate and Bella's evident distress and denial. Without further ado, Paul instructed to have Bella tied up and confined to her cabin.

Bella didn't put up a fight, her demeanor steady.

"The rest of you... head back to your rooms now, and don't worry about this. I've already informed the police, and they'll handle things once we're back on land."

The others hesitated but had no choice but to retreat to their rooms. With Elisa missing, Paul's authority took precedence.

Camden felt a sense of unease. Bella's conviction felt too convenient, and there was something off about the waitress. Questions lingered around this incident. Yet, Paul shut down any further inquiry.

Back in his room, Camden stared at the expanse of the sea, hoping for a glimmer of hope.

Once they docked, the police took control of the situation. Aside from Bella, Rochelle and the waitress were taken in for questioning. The rest were escorted away from the scene by the police.

Camden intended to join them, but Paul's interference and indirect involvement refrained him from doing so.

Before leaving, Camden took one last deep look at the expanse of sea, and his gaze settled on Paul, who was overseeing the proceedings. He had a premonition that things were about to change.

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Subsequently, Elisa woke up to unfamiliar surroundings.

The cottage, constructed with high wooden beams and walls made from locally sourced materials, stood as a testament to the villagers' daily life. The air carried a sense of rustic simplicity.

Initially blank like an untouched canvas, Elisa's mind was now flooded with memories from before her unconsciousness, triggering a throbbing ache in her head.

"Feeling alright? Any discomfort?"

A voice she recognized reached her ears, and she turned towards it. Gareth, clad in rough clothing, strode purposefully, holding a bowl.

Elisa studied him, a touch of surprise in her gaze.

"You..."

Gareth didn't wait for her response, forging ahead with, "How are you feeling?"

Elisa instinctively held her head and groaned, "My head..."

The moment the words left her lips, she was startled by the raspiness of her voice.

"My head..."

She repeated, confirming that the voice was indeed hers.

This...

Elisa directed her attention to Gareth, a multitude of questions in her gaze.

Gareth could sense her curiosity. Setting the bowl down, he assisted her in sitting against the backrest. He explained, "I imagine you're wondering a lot right now. I'll take my time to fill you in on everything."

Elisa nodded in agreement.

Gareth proceeded, "Back on the ship, I briefly stepped away from the bar. However, upon my return with the wine, you were gone. I asked around and found out that you had headed toward the deck. So, I followed. But as I reached the deck, you had mysteriously disappeared. As I thought of giving up and turning back, I heard your cry for help. Sadly, you had already fallen into the sea at that point."

[Chapter 1872 Healing](#)

Gareth took a moment, recollecting when he saw Elisa plummeting into the icy sea, on the verge of being swallowed by its depths. The memory of his anxiety and fear was vivid.

Fortunately, he was able to rescue her.

Gareth shut his eyes briefly, and his thoughts were clear upon reopening them.

He conveyed, "After that, you lost consciousness, and I managed to float us here. The villagers in this area helped us out. The saltwater probably irritated your throat, so you'll need time to recover. Take this tonic; it's a local remedy for throat discomfort."

With these words, he lifted the bowl intending to feed Elisa.

However, she declined, signaling that she would handle it herself. "I can handle it myself."

Seeing her determination, Gareth refrained from pushing, although a hint of disappointment flashed across his eyes.

The tonic went down with an unpleasant taste, even causing Elisa to grimace as she swallowed it.

Whether due to the placebo effect or its actual effectiveness, Elisa felt a notable soothing sensation in her throat after taking the medicine.

Curious, she asked, "How long was I out?"

Recalling that it had been nighttime when she fell into the sea and now seeing the sun high above, along with her weakened state and feverish feeling, she assumed it must have been quite a while since she lost consciousness.

"Three days," Gareth responded.

No wonder her body felt so achy. Deprived of nourishment for three days, it was like going without food, pushing her limits.

If Elisa didn't wake up sooner, Gareth would be contemplating nudging her awake.

As if a thought had struck him, Gareth probed, "Did you manage to see the person who pushed you?"

Shaking her head, Elisa clarified, "No, I couldn't see the person's face. But I have a gut feeling about who it might be."

Raising an eyebrow, Gareth encouraged her to elaborate.

She said, "The strength behind the push wasn't overpowering, probably a woman. I noticed her recently manicured nails, painted in vibrant colors. Most telling, though, was the distinct fragrance she wore. I've only associated that scent with one person."

Their eyes met, and in almost perfect unison, they uttered the name.

"Rochelle."

They exchanged a knowing smile, understanding each other without needing words. No conversation was required; they were already on the same wavelength.

Elisa playfully teased, "Mr. Wickam, have you become an expert on Rochelle's perfume?"

While a jest, Gareth responded with a resolute shake of his head.

"But I do know there's only one woman who bears a grudge against you to this extent, who you're quite familiar with and desperately wants you dead."

Indeed, no one else but Rochelle fit the bill.

Elisa nodded in agreement.

She glanced afar, her gaze ablaze with determination.

"Rochelle dared to lay hands on me; she better brace herself for what's coming. Once I'm back, Rochelle and Paul will face my wrath."

It was almost sure that Paul had a hand in this.

Even more crucially, after Elisa's disappearance, Paul would rise to the company's top ranks. His influence would sway many shareholders, granting him a tight grip on the company's reins.

And inevitably, Bella would bear the brunt of his targeting and suppression.

More crucially, with the imminent board meeting just two months away, Paul was bound to pull out all the stops to twist the votes in his favor, effectively booting her out of the company.

By the time she'd be ready to return, the company's ownership could have switched hands.

Gareth chimed in to comfort her, "Don't overthink it now. Once you're back on your feet, we'll return immediately."

Elisa mustered a wry smile.

Easier said than done. The journey back could prove to be an uphill battle.

Both of them were acutely aware of this reality.

[Chapter 1873 A Hidden Paradise](#)

Three more days had slipped since Elisa had woken up in the rustic thatched cottage.

Over this time, Gareth had been diligently bringing her meals and herbal remedies. Although Elisa couldn't quite decipher the local plants he used, their effects were undeniable.

As each day passed, Elisa felt her throat healing and her strength returning. However, she couldn't help but be puzzled by the strange wounds on Gareth's body.

He seemed to be deliberately concealing them, avoiding her gaze whenever they were visible.

He deftly changed the subject when she asked about them or offered vague explanations.

This puzzling behavior continued for the first few days but seemed to ease by the third.

On the fourth day, Elisa stretched indolently and gazed out the window. "The sun looks inviting today. How about taking a stroll?"

Gareth hesitated for a moment, showing no clear opposition.

And so, the two of them ventured out of the thatched cottage. As they stepped outdoors, they unexpectedly crossed paths with an elderly woman heading back from the fields, carrying a bundle of freshly harvested crops.

The woman noticed Gareth and greeted him warmly. Elisa serendipitously observed Gareth, assuming someone as reserved as him might brush off such interactions.

Much to Elisa's surprise, Gareth beamed and warmly waved at the elderly woman.

"Back already, Granny."

The old woman nodded and then shifted her gaze toward Elisa. A glint of wisdom shone in her eyes as she spoke in an unfamiliar dialect and accent, "This must be the girl you went to save, huh? She's a real beauty, even lovelier than the chief's daughter."

Though Elisa didn't fully grasp the words, she caught the sentiment – the old woman was giving her a compliment, which was intended kindly. Elisa responded with a friendly smile.

The old woman's delight grew even more apparent.

Gareth leaned toward Elisa and whispered, "Granny rescued us on the beach. We've been staying at her place. This village is also home to a native community. She's a good soul."

After explaining, Gareth stole a glance at Elisa. "Just to clarify, she changed your clothes, not me."

Hearing this, Elisa awkwardly adjusted her attire.

Upon awakening, the first thing she noticed was her different outfit. Though it made her a tad uncomfortable, she understood the necessity of the situation. So, she decided not to dwell on it.

Absolutely, Elisa had gotten a solid grasp on Gareth's character.

Over the days they had spent together, Elisa's initial wariness and awkwardness around him had melted away. She realized that her judgments of him had been off the mark. With the

misunderstandings cleared up, their interactions were no longer strained like before; it was as if an invisible barrier had been lifted.

After bidding farewell to the elderly woman, Gareth guided Elisa to further explore the village.

Having been confined within the small cottage for an extended period, Elisa felt like she had transformed into a frog at the bottom of a well, almost growing roots in bed.

Only when she stepped outdoors did she realize the existence of an unexplored paradise. The island was encompassed by numerous palm and coconut trees. It resembled a tiny haven, constantly drenched in pleasant weather and clear skies. Furthermore, the water here possessed a crystalline clarity, allowing one to see right through to the bottom.

The sole distinction from specific coastal tourist destinations back home was the untainted air and the genuine simplicity of the locals. This place remained unspoiled by the contamination of industry or modern living.

It felt pristine, akin to a sanctuary.

Elisa observed that the island was peppered with the same style of tiny houses she was lodging in – all properties of the elderly woman. They bore an uncanny resemblance, so much that she wondered if someone might accidentally wander into the wrong one.

However, nestled amidst these houses, a larger structure caught her attention. Unlike the others, which were constructed from mud, this one was crafted from bricks and cement. It was encircled by a fence and boasted a garden.

[Chapter 1874 Anna](#)

Elisa pointed at the distinctive house and turned her head to ask, "Why does that house look different?"

Gareth glanced at it and snorted coldly, "That's the chief's house."

It was evident that Gareth had some beef with the village chief. Still, since he didn't elaborate, Elisa refrained from prying.

She nodded, and they continued on their walk. The afternoon sun was casting a warm glow, and the village was coming alive with more people going about their evening routines, painting a serene scene.

Whispers floated around the onlookers.

"Hey, are those the strangers Mrs. Kella discovered?"

"Yeah! Did you catch a glimpse of the girl? She's even more beautiful than the village chief's daughter."

"Forget about it. Those two are a perfect fit. And don't forget, Mrs. Kella has a son. No use getting your hopes up."

"Watch your words. Don't forget..."

Before the sentence could be completed, an incisive voice cut in, "Who did you say is the perfect fit?"

All eyes turned to the voice's origin, landing on a stunning and charismatic young woman wielding a whip. Her gaze was locked onto the couple strolling along the beach, a fierce intensity in her glare.

The sun-kissed lifestyle had left its mark on the locals, including the young lady, who sported a well-tanned complexion. The sun had gifted them a uniform bronzed hue, lending them a distinctive, primal allure.

As the young woman appeared, a hushed tension seemed to settle among the onlookers. Particularly the person who had just spoken about the couple's suitability; they instinctively covered their own mouth in remorse.

"My bad, Anna, I messed up."

The young lady, addressed as Anna, let out a slight scoff, a touch of petulance tainting her otherwise striking appearance.

She was attractive, though her charm seemed to fade slightly compared to Elisa's.

Anna cracked her whip, the sharp sound seeming almost painfully resonant.

"I'm curious to see how good-looking this woman is."

With those words, Anna advanced toward the couple with an assertive stride.

The bystanders' hopes were pinned on the well-being of the beautiful and innocent Elisa. Some chose to make a hasty retreat, avoiding any possible encounters with Anna to steer clear of unforeseen trouble.

Meanwhile, Gareth observed the approaching figure, his brow furrowing.

He whispered to Elisa, "The village chief's daughter is quite headstrong. She's fond of wielding her whip. Be careful."

Elisa grinned playfully, teasing him, "Looks like she's taken a liking to you, huh? And it seems I've become her competition."

Gareth chuckled, his helplessness evident. "Hey, we're in the same boat now. You'll need to help me out."

"Of course."

Given how Gareth had risked his life by jumping into the sea for her, Elisa felt obligated to return the favor. After all, dealing with some romantic interest on his behalf shouldn't be too challenging.

Over here, Anna swiftly walked up to Gareth and Elisa, extending her arms to obstruct their path.

Her gaze remained riveted on Gareth, a blend of infatuation and fondness evident in her eyes. Only this outsider, Gareth, was deserving of her attention. As for Elisa...

She'd make a swift exit from this place once and for all if she had any sense.

Anna fumed as she observed the playful interaction between the two, her irritation palpable. Her gaze lingered on Elisa, a fleeting moment of envy and resentment crossing her expression, her words dripping with condescension.

"And who might you be? Your name?"

Anna lifted her chin, her attitude bordering on rudeness.

Elisa, however, seemed unfazed, responding with a smile, "I'm Elisa. And you?"

Anna hadn't expected Elisa to be so good-natured, and she hesitated momentarily before sharing her name.

Anna was taken aback by Elisa's cheerful disposition, pausing slightly before revealing her own name.

"I'm Anna. So, what's the connection between you and Gareth?"

Elisa's smile grew, her eyes twinkling.

[Chapter 1875 Subconscious Protection](#)

Despite her disdain for Anna, there was no denying that Elisa exuded an undeniable beauty and an air of grace. Her allure differed from the locals', an unmatched rarity, the kind you'd encounter once in a lifetime.

Elisa casually intertwined her fingers with Gareth's, a smile curving his lips.

He reciprocated the gesture, their connection evident. Addressing Anna, Elisa remarked, "As you can see, this is where we stand."

Anna's anger flared, her whip cracking through the air, a sharp sound accompanying its motion.

Undaunted, Elisa faced her with unwavering resolve while Gareth stood resolute. Their postures radiated unison and confidence.

With her whip raised, Anna aimed at Elisa. The onlookers averted their eyes, unable to witness the potential harm to such a beautiful woman. No one wanted to see her beauty marred.

In the pivotal moment, Gareth intervened, intercepting the strike.

A fresh wound marked his hand, blood trickling down in thin lines. Despite Anna's effort to retrieve her whip, Gareth gripped it firmly, determined to shield Elisa from Anna's aggression.

Anna shot him an annoyed look, suggesting Gareth was some kind of letdown that had deserted her.

Elisa furrowed her brow and moved closer, reaching out to take the whip from Gareth's hand. Her eyes reflected an unexpected mix of concern and compassion.

She asked gently, "Are you okay?"

Touched by her consideration, Gareth felt his injuries were justified. He shook his head, signaling that he was fine.

Elisa exasperatedly scolded him, "Why did you block it for me? You knew I'd dodge, didn't you? You knew the whip wouldn't hurt me!"

She held onto Gareth's hand, the one he was trying to pull away, and carefully pried open his clenched fingers, revealing the cut in his palm. It looked gory; it must have hurt a great deal.

"It was a reflex,"

Gareth remarked. He knew there was a high chance of Elisa dodging the whip, but he couldn't bear any risk of her getting hurt.

Moreover, his purpose of making Elisa concerned for him had been achieved.

Elisa pursed her lips and didn't say anything. Gareth understood that she was angry.

Before he could say anything, Elisa picked up the whip and faced the astonished Anna. Before Anna could react, Elisa fiercely lashed out.

Anna closed her eyes, anticipating the pain that never came.

When she opened her eyes, she saw her beloved whip split into two pieces by Elisa's action. She was taken aback, a mixture of confusion, embarrassment, and rage clouding her expression.

"Who do you think you are?!"

With confidence, Elisa retorted, "Someone who's fearless."

Anna tried to respond but faltered before she could utter her retort.

Elisa stood her ground, stating firmly, "I couldn't care less about your identity or how highly you regard yourself. We're governed by laws and regulations, and I'm sure your village has its own customs and rules. Garry and I ended up here due to unavoidable circumstances. We apologize if we unknowingly went against your local norms and are prepared to face any consequences."

"But what bothers me is your misuse of power to fulfill your desires. You can't intimidate or attempt to pull us apart! It's rather astonishing that the chief's daughter behaves so ruthlessly, wielding her whip to suppress those who are vulnerable and innocent!"

Nobody had ever confronted Anna like this, especially not with such a stern scolding. Elisa was the first!

Throughout her life, Anna had been showered with praise and allowances by her parents and the villagers, fostering the belief that she was a privileged woman who could throw tantrums without consequences.

The villagers held a mixture of respect and fear toward her. While she found this dynamic a bit peculiar—she never had friends—Anna had grown accustomed to it.

And now, someone boldly asserted that her behavior was wrong. Anna's heart swelled with a tumult of emotions.

[Chapter 1876 Hardship](#)

As Elisa moved away, the crowd buzzed with discussions.

"Did that stranger woman just give Anna a reality check?"

"Seems like it, right?"

"Man, I was so worried for a moment there. I thought Anna might give her a beating. But... this time, the village chief might not let them off the hook."

"Who knows? Let's hope things don't escalate."

...

Elisa paid no attention to the aftershocks of her words on Anna or the chatter. She walked along with Gareth back to the cottage.

On the way, Gareth leaned onto Elisa, playing up his injuries. Elisa felt a bit strained having a guy who stood well over six feet tall leaning on her, despite his gentle attempt.

Elisa couldn't help but tease, "Really? It's just your hand, not your legs."

Gareth stayed quiet, gesturing that his injuries were more serious.

Elisa let it go, continuing to support him.

Unbeknownst to Elisa, Gareth wore a satisfied grin. In reality, Elisa knew that Gareth's actions were a calculated move.

Gareth was well aware that Elisa had caught onto his little ruse.

Still, it was a fact that he had taken a hit while trying to protect her. Recognizing this, Elisa opted not to rehash the issue and continued to lend her support as they walked.

Her attention shifted to Anna. Gareth's expression tightened, his tone growing rigid as if he was revisiting an unpleasant memory.

Elisa's curiosity got the best of her, prompting her to barrage him with questions.

Gareth raised an eyebrow and joked, "Getting a bit green-eyed, Mrs. Wickam?"

Elisa rolled her eyes, slightly annoyed. "Seriously? You can't honestly believe the act I put on for Anna, right? We both know it was just a front, alright! If you don't want to spill the beans, that's fine, but don't try to veer off with flimsy distractions."

In this exchange, Gareth clearly found himself at a disadvantage. He didn't want Elisa to misconstrue his relationship with Anna. So, even if Elisa hadn't probed, he would explain to her anyway.

"After Mrs. Kella saved us and I regained consciousness, I discovered this island is isolated. The people here don't go to school; they only learn how to fish and climb trees to pick coconuts. I helped Mrs. Kella with whatever I could. One day, while I was fishing, I met Anna."

He left out the rest of the story: Anna attempted to kidnap him forcibly and coerce him into being her husband.

How crazy was that?

Elisa nodded and clicked her tongue disapprovingly.

"But seriously, do you also happen to have a thing for Anna? I mean, she's got an exotic look, and she's pretty. If you win her over, she can help us get out of here."

Elisa chuckled at her words and added, "Oh, wait, never mind, you probably wouldn't be able to leave."

Gareth knew she was joking but couldn't help rolling his eyes in response. "You think handing me over to Anna would solve all our problems?"

Arching an eyebrow, Elisa persisted, "Then what else can we do?"

Gareth sighed and began explaining what he had gleaned about their predicament.

"As I mentioned, this place is cut off from the outside world. There are ships, sure, but only one compass, which the village chief keeps. They call that compass the 'direction mobile' and treasure it like gold. Giving it away wouldn't be in the cards. Plus, that small boat isn't a safe bet at all. We've got no clue how long we'd be floating out there, and once the waves hit..."

He trailed off without completing the sentence.

Elisa grasped the immense challenge of finding a way back home.

[Chapter 1877 Change of Power](#)

Elisa couldn't help but think about Bella and the rest. The company must be in utter chaos now, and Paul would seize the chance to take control. And that's precisely what happened.

No one had foreseen the company would undergo such a massive upheaval following the celebration banquet.

Elisa's sudden disappearance into the sea and various clues all pointed to Bella's involvement. She had become a prime suspect and was currently undergoing questioning at the police station.

The authorities had stepped in, and even the coast guard had joined the search for Elisa, but she remained untraceable. The night felt endless, and despite two full days of searching, the search radius had stretched to twenty kilometers, yet not a shred of evidence had emerged.

In truth, everyone was grappling with the harsh reality that Elisa's chances of making it were slim...

As for whether Bella held the key to Elisa's fate, opinions were sharply divided.

Back at the office, a voice claimed, "It's Bella, no doubt about it. There's evidence and witnesses. If it's not her, then who? She's probably gunning for control, but Ms. Benett underestimated her."

Others countered, "How could that be? Everyone knows Ms. Wickam and Ms. Benett were thick as thieves. With Ms. Benett in the picture, Ms. Wickam's future would've been golden. She can't be that delusional, right? If I were her, I'd stick to Ms. Benett like glue."

"Ms. Wickam's no longer calling the shots,"

Rochelle's sharp voice interjected as she breezed into the office area, exuding a palpable bitterness.

Her eyes swept across the room, eventually locking onto the individual who had spoken moments earlier.

Her lips twitched slightly as she added, "If you're so hell-bent on walking the same path as Elisa, I won't be the one to hold you back."

The person promptly clammed up, reluctant to utter another word.

Rochelle's entrance brought a sudden silence to the room. With Elisa gone, Paul's power surged, and Bella was still scrutinized. Naturally, Rochelle had reclaimed her position.

Those who hadn't given Rochelle her due respect in the past had faced consequences under various guises—some were demoted to less prominent roles. In contrast, others were simply shown the door.

Most chose the demotion route, as those cast aside by the Lin family found it tough to land solid positions within the industry.

The rest avoided stirring the pot, keeping their heads down. Only a handful of opportunistic types managed to thrive...

Meanwhile, at the police station, following a grueling round of questioning, Bella was informed she needed to maintain her cooperation with the ongoing investigation.

"Why? The chain of evidence isn't even complete. I should be out of here!" Bella challenged the police, her eyes bloodshot and full of frustration.

Bella seemed to have aged inwardly and outwardly in just a matter of days. Her appearance bore the marks of the trauma she had been through.

The police officers remained tight-lipped, merely locking the door.

Bella impatiently ran her hands through her hair in frustration. She didn't need much thought to know that Paul was orchestrating this.

Her time in custody had drained her both physically and mentally.

She had never felt this level of exhaustion, as if a truck had run over her body. But the weight on her heart was even heavier. The fact that Elisa was gone, and Gareth too...

Bella slumped against the wall, a look of helplessness in her eyes as she silently prayed for their safety.

She couldn't fathom how Julia would receive the news upon finding out about all of this...

Meanwhile, Elisa remained oblivious, living with Gareth in the cottage.

Occasionally, she pitched in with some farm work for Mrs. Kella within her abilities. As the days passed, she grew fond of the hardworking and kind Mrs. Kella. In a way, she was like a grandmother to Elisa.

However, whenever thoughts of the company crossed her mind, she couldn't help but become anxious and overwhelmed with worry.

[Chapter 1878 Bashed Him up for Good](#)

Elisa kept feeling like something terrible was going to happen.

She expressed concern to Gareth, but he said, "Don't worry about it. It's pointless to mull over it at this point. Just treat this as a vacation."

Thus, Elisa did not say anything but continued prepping the vegetables.

A heavy silence fell between them.

Elisa had foraged these wild vegetables a few days earlier with Mrs. Kella. They were delicious as salads.

Meanwhile, Gareth chopped firewood nearby.

He was intelligent and a quick learner. It only took him a few days to grasp the skill.

They each focused on their tasks and were reasonably well-adjusted to life in this village.

Despite all the troubles they had experienced, Elisa considered themselves fortunate because Anna never bothered them again.

It felt pretty lovely living peacefully like this.

At the same time, Elisa and Gareth devised plans to steal the compass and escape.

Unfortunately, an annoying person put a wedge in their plan.

Elisa woke up early one morning and left her room to wake Gareth up in the hut next door.

She noticed a rowdy-looking young man moving around suspiciously as she entered the yard.

The man jumped in surprise when he saw her leaving the house.

However, his eyes gleamed after he took in her appearance.

He rubbed his hands obscenely and asked, "Who are you?"

Elisa did not answer him but directed the same question to him. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

The man laughed loudly as if he had heard a funny joke.

Once he was done laughing, he said, "This is my grandmother's house, and you asked why I'm here?"

Elisa's gaze darkened.

He must be the delinquent grandson Mrs. Kella mentioned. There are always a few unruly hooligans in every society.

The man leered at Elisa and wanted to say something.

However, his voice woke Gareth and Mrs. Kella, and they exited the house.

Seeing the young man, Mrs. Kella rushed to him and shouted furiously, "Sodo, why are you here?"

Sodo grinned nonchalantly. "Grandma, what are you saying? I'm your grandson. Why can't I be here?"

Mrs. Kella did not reply but glared at him.

Sodo shrugged and walked around with his hands behind his back. He glanced at Elisa from time to time.

Gareth noticed his gaze. He went to Elisa and stood before her, blocking her from Sodo's view.

Sodo cursed under his breath and hurried to Mrs. Kella. He tugged her arm and whispered something into her ear.

Initially, Mrs. Kella was unwilling to talk to him. Unfortunately, she gave in after his insistence.

They left elsewhere to talk.

Gareth turned around and asked concernedly, "Did he do something to you?"

Elisa shook her head.

They waited for Mrs. Kella in the yard.

However, Mrs. Kella suddenly stormed into the yard and grabbed a broom before leaving again.

Then, they heard noises like Mrs. Kella hitting Sodo with the broom.

Furthermore, Sodo was howling.

Mrs. Kella kept hitting him while scolding him in their local dialect.

Although Elisa and Gareth could not understand what Mrs. Kella said, they could tell from her tone that she was scolding Sodo.

Elisa and Gareth exchanged glances and saw confusion in each other's eyes.

However, they were not surprised.

They had lived with Mrs. Kella for some time. She had told them about her useless grandson.

Judging from what she said, he was likely a jobless delinquent.

Fortunately for him, Mrs. Kella had a good reputation among the villagers. Thus, the villagers did nothing to Sodo, allowing him to live undisturbed. Otherwise, they would have long bashed him up for good.

Chapter 1879 The Warriors' Tournament

A series of commotions sounded from outside. Suddenly, Sodo stumbled into view and shouted toward the yard, "Elisa! I'll marry you after the warriors' tournament!"

He let out a scream after that.

It was because Mrs. Kella hit him, sending him running away.

Then, Mrs. Kella returned to the yard, grumbling under her breath. She was probably scolding Sodo.

Elisa asked curiously, "Mrs. Kella, what's the warriors' tournament?"

Mrs. Kella's expression turned strange. She looked at them and sighed.

"Did you hear everything?"

Elisa and Gareth stayed silent, amounting to a quiet affirmation.

Mrs. Kella grumbled. "Sodo, that br*t, keeps causing trouble. I told them not to let him come here. This is bad..."

Her usually rosy face suddenly turned ashen.

Elisa and Gareth were even more confused.

Mrs. Kella sighed and looked at them. "Are you sure you want to know?"

Gareth turned to Elisa. The latter nodded.

Mrs. Kella closed the gate and locked it before hurrying into the house.

She did not slow down as she said, "Please follow me."

Elisa found the matter suspicious. What is it that we need to talk about it behind closed doors?

She and Gareth exchanged glances before following Mrs. Kella.

Once in the house, Mrs. Kella opened three coconuts and poured coconut water into a few cups before serving them to Elisa and Gareth.

Elisa accepted it and took a sip. It felt refreshing.

The weather was hot in the fishing village at this time of the year. Furthermore, the sunlight was so intense that her skin felt in danger of sunburn.

With abundant sunlight and warm temperature, it was no wonder everyone in this village had beautifully tanned skin.

The coconut water was not chilled. In other words, there was not a refrigerator anywhere in this village.

Still, the coconuts were cool when stored indoors. Moreover, the water from the newly opened coconuts was surprisingly cold and refreshing to drink.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kella hesitated on how she should bring up the matter.

It was only until Elisa finished half a cup of the coconut water that Mrs. Kella said, "Your arrival coincided with the warriors' tournament, an important event held in this village once every three years. Everyone will take a break from work and gather together on that day."

Elisa nodded to indicate that she understood.

That sounds like a New Year celebration. Perhaps even more significant.

After all, New Year is celebrated yearly, but the warriors' tournament happens once every three years.

Mrs. Kella continued, "Only men can participate in this warriors' tournament. They have to go through three challenges. The final winner gets to request something from the village chief, and the village chief cannot refuse."

Elisa nodded.

Gareth's expression darkened. He gripped the cup so tightly that he nearly crushed it.

He finally understood what Sodo said.

Will he win the tournament and ask the village chief to force Elisa to marry him?

What makes him think he can succeed?

Gareth said, "Mrs. Kella, does the village chief have to agree to the request even if it's not within his power?"

Mrs. Kella nodded.

That's why he is so confident about forcing Elisa to marry him.

He is rotten to the core.

Even without considering whether the village chief can fulfill his wish, what makes him think he can win the warriors' tournament?

Gareth considered briefly before asking, "In that case, can an outsider join this tournament?"

Mrs. Kella instantly figured out that Gareth wanted to join.

She waved her hands in protest and shook her head, indicating to Gareth that he should not join the warriors' tournament.

"Why not?" Elisa turned to Mrs. Kella with a confused expression.

Why can't Gareth join the tournament?

Didn't Sodo say he's joining it?

Mrs. Kella looked into their eyes and knew what they were thinking.

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Mrs. Kella desperately wished she could drag Sodo back and give him a good beating.

She replied, "An outsider is allowed to participate in the tournament. There is no prohibition."

Elisa and Gareth exchanged glances.

That was all it took for them to understand each other.

Since the warriors' tournament was such an important event to the villagers and its chief, they could use this chance to request the compass.

"But..." Mrs. Kella appeared worried. "The purpose of the tournament is to find the bravest man. This means the participants will face untold dangers, which will be worse for outsiders. Others will single you out for attack, especially Anna. Although she can't participate in the tournament, she has three elder brothers."

Elisa and Gareth finally understood why Mrs. Kella was so concerned.

Outsiders were allowed to join the tournament but would be discriminated against without protection.

Furthermore, they were also at risk of being the target of malice, especially from the village chief's daughter, Anna.

Who knew she had three elder brothers?

She has been dotted on since she was young. No wonder that she behaves like a tyrant.

Elisa asked, "Danger? How dangerous is it? Did anyone die?"

Mrs. Kella nodded solemnly. "It's normal for people to die at the warriors' tournament. Several numbers of men died each time."

Elisa's expression turned grim after she heard that.

She did not expect the so-called warriors' tournament to be so dangerous.

She glanced at Gareth from the corner of an eye and saw he was calm and unconcerned.

Since Elisa and Gareth remained silent, Mrs. Kella thought they were still worried about Sodo's words. Thus, she explained urgently, "Don't worry about what Sodo said. He's too cowardly to risk his life joining the tournament. Even if he did, he could never win."

Mrs. Kella thought Gareth was interested in the warrior's tournament due to Sodo's threat. Therefore, she thought he had changed his mind after hearing her explanation.

Unbeknownst to her, it wasn't due to Sodo's threat that Gareth wanted to join the tournament.

He had a vital reason that he could not tell Mrs. Kella.

Even though Mrs. Kella was kind, she was still from this village.

She would never agree to their plan to take the village's treasure.

Therefore, he could not reveal his purpose before the warriors' tournament.

Elisa and Gareth exchanged glances and saw determination in each other's eyes.

The two did not ask any more questions to avoid arousing suspicion.

It appeared as if they had given up on joining the tournament.

Seeing that, Mrs. Kella breathed a sigh of relief.

Before leaving the room, she reminded them, "Don't join the tournament. Please remember what I said! It's too dangerous!"

Elisa nodded and smiled, indicating that she would stop Gareth from joining.

Her smile calmed Mrs. Kella, and she left with peace of mind.

Then, Elisa and Gareth were the only ones in the room.

Silence hung between them. After a while, Elisa decided to clear the awkward atmosphere.

"What do you think? Are you joining the tournament?"

Gareth nodded without hesitation.

His eyes shone with determination as he looked ahead. "I must go. This is the only way for us to get home. I must try no matter how difficult it is."

Then, he glanced at Elisa and noticed she seemed unhappy.

Thus, he smiled and teased her. "Are you worried about me?"

Elisa glared at him and replied angrily, "Yes, I'm worried about you. You're the only person I can rely on in this place. If you die, I won't be able to get back either."

Gareth smiled upon hearing her. Emotions burned within his chest.

After a while, he smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'll never abandon you."