

It was raining cats and dogs on an uninhabited island.

On the shores of that island, was a thin figure holding a dagger, and she was working hard to whittle a piece of wood.

The rain had drenched her, but she didn't care at all.

That was Arielle Moore, the woman who had been separated from her family for a decade. It took her so much time and effort to learn that her father was Henrick Southall. Her initial plan was to go home and investigate the matter behind her mother's death and learn the truth about her being kidnapped and sold. However, to her surprise, the very people who claimed that they were there to take her home had tried to kill her.

She managed to retaliate, but the ship she was on broke apart in the process. Consequently, she ended up on that island.

It was the seventh day she was stranded on the island, and in all that time, she never saw a single vessel pass by. Hence, she had no choice but to build a simple raft on her own to leave the island.

Her raft was almost done when the rain suddenly poured. How unlucky of her...

Arielle stood up and was about to stretch a little when, from the corner of her eyes, she saw something dark hanging beside a boulder.

She got curious and cautiously walked toward that dark spot, which turned out to be a man.

He was pale and unearthly handsome, but he had a

wound on his waist. His blood was mixed with the saltwater, giving his wound a strange afterglow.

Arielle checked the guy's breathing and confirmed that he was alive before she worked hard to drag him onto the island. She put him on her back and carried him all the way to the cave she had been sleeping in for the last few days.

“You're lucky you ran into me.”

Arielle picked some herbal medicine and was murmuring to herself as she reached out to take off the guy's shirt.

Hmm, this is an incised wound inflicted by a blade, and it is quite deep. I wonder if his organs are injured...

She was going to check his pulse when a huge palm

suddenly gripped his wrist.

“Ahem... W-Who are you?” asked the guy in a weak voice after he coughed a little. He might be wounded, but his grip on her wrist was still strong.

Arielle shifted her gaze to the guy and calmly replied, “Who am I? I'm the person who rescued you. Let go of me now and let me treat your wound or I'll have to dig you a grave instead.”

The guy frowned without saying a word. Eventually, he shifted his gaze to the herbal medicine Arielle was holding.

“Why are you still sitting there and doing nothing? Take your shirt off. Do you need my help for that?” asked Arielle as she reached out once more.

“I can do it myself.”

The guy pushed her hand away in distaste and took off his shirt. However, his guard remained up as his dark brown eyes remained focused and alert.

It didn't take long for him to take his shirt off, and when Arielle saw his eight packs and his Apollo's belt extending all the way to the side of his pants... Okay, is it just me or is his figure a little too sexy?

She couldn't help swallowing her saliva before carefully placing the herbs on him while blushing hard.

“What is that?” asked the guy. His deep voice carried no warmth whatsoever.

“An herb that can stop the bleeding and inflammation.”

“Where are we?”

Arielle was shy in nature, but hearing those questions annoyed her and made her glare at him. “You may be strong enough to talk, but I highly recommend you lie down, get some rest, and shut up.”

She was frustrated because she wouldn't have been trapped for seven days if she actually knew where they were.

In an unpleasant tone, the guy challenged, “Is this the right tone for a doctor to speak to her patient?”

Amused, Arielle retaliated. “Oh, and is this the right f*cking tone for a survivor to speak to his savior?”

The guy frowned so much that he could catch a fly between his brows.

“Woman, you are uncouth.”

“And man, you are rude.”

The two of them glared at each other. One was stoic, while the other was aggressive, so tension rose quickly.

In the end, Arielle was the one who decided to stop arguing with an injured guy. She stood up and informed, “The rain is pouring now, and the temperature will drop drastically at night. I'll get a fire going. Rest here and don't move.”

She was about to leave when the guy called out to her from behind. “Hey.”

“What now?” asked Arielle as she turned around.

I need to work fast or we'll both freeze to death

tonight.

His lips parted, but in the end, he simply said, "It's nothing."

Arielle was speechless. She ignored him and went to start a fire.

They were in a damp place, so they had to use the ancient method of striking fire with a flint. Arielle spent over an hour on that task before the dried grass finally lit up.

Unfortunately, the strong wind outside the cave extinguished the fire almost immediately after.

"Hey," called out the guy once more.

"What do you want now?"

Arielle turned around impatiently. When she did, she heard a soft click. Something metallic had fallen onto the ground, and she saw a branded lighter sitting right next to her foot.

Arielle was speechless for a long while before confusion and realization hit her.

She remained quiet for a few seconds before she lost her temper and cursed at him. "You a*shole."

Why didn't he hand me the lighter sooner? Ugh, I wasted so much time and energy trying to get the fire going. He is really an a*shole.

The guy slowly closed his eyes and ignored her. His lips, however, curved into a small, virtually undetectable grin.

That night...

The two of them slept in different parts of the cave. Arielle woke up in the middle of the night when she heard a troubled moan.

She opened her eyes and saw that the pale guy had somehow become paler. He had curled up and was sweating profusely.

“Oy, a*shole, are you okay?”

Arielle walked to him and poked his muscular arm, but he did not respond.

That prompted her to check his temperature, which made her realize that he was burning up.

His wound must've been infected and that infection must've caused a fever to develop.

If they were anywhere else, she could simply get him some pills, and he'd be fine. But there's no way to get him the pills when we're stranded on this island.

In the end, Arielle had no choice but to resort to an alternative method to lower his temperature.

The bad news was that it worked too well. Even though he stopped burning up, he began trembling from the cold. He even mumbled about being cold, despite being only partially conscious.

Arielle had no choice but to drag him to the spot right beside the fire. Unfortunately, that didn't help.

“Ah, I hate this...” complained Arielle softly. She had no choice but to take off her clothes, lie down, and hug him tightly. Her body temperature should be able to heat the guy up.

Even the life of an a*shole is too precious to lose.

The old wives' tale claims that saving a human life would bring good luck. If the deities really exist, then I pray for them to help me return safely to the Southall family.

The very people who were there to pick me up turned out to be assassins. That proves there is something wrong within the Southall family, and I will not show them any mercy, even if it turns out that my own father is the culprit.

Arielle hugged the guy as she thought about her problems. Before she knew it, she was already asleep.

She heard footsteps right outside the cave when she woke up. She also heard someone conversing.

Is someone here?

Arielle's mind cleared up right away, and she realized that a man's coat was draped over her. However, the guy was nowhere to be seen.

Arielle stiffened. She quickly put her clothes back on and cautiously left the cave.

She had just reached the cave's entrance when she saw a group of bodyguards in black outfits standing in single file.

The stranger she rescued the day before turned his attention to her when he heard the noise she made.

That was the first time Arielle saw the guy's face clearly under the bright sun. His handsome facial features, his dark brown eyes, his incredible aura... Aside from being a little pale, he looks no different

from an ordinary guy.

Huh, he's recovering well. I guess he is much stronger and more resilient than the average guy.

“You...”

Arielle's lips had just parted when the guy interrupted her and asked, “What do you want?”

“Huh?” asked Arielle. She hadn't realized what had happened just yet.

The guy had a stoic expression on his face when he clarified, “You saved my life, so I will grant you a wish. What do you want?”

Arielle was speechless. “My gosh, you are so rude. I saved your life, so will it kill you to thank me?”

As soon as she finished speaking, every bodyguard stationed there turned to her and stared in surprise. It was as though she had actually said something strange.

The guy, on the other hand, remained unmoved. He acted as though he had seen every strange thing in the world and pointed out, “You will regret it if you let this opportunity slip out of your grasp.”

Arielle was so angry that she was losing her mind, but the terrible circumstances at the time didn't allow her to lose her temper. She knew her raft might break apart before she reached the land.

She gritted her teeth, then replied, “My wish is to go home.”

The guy was surprised to hear that. “That's it?”

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