

## Chapter 124

"Nobody moves! He dies if anybody does!" Pierre sounded aloof while he issued his warning.

"Pierre Fowler! How dare you?!" The leader who was being subdued by Pierre was reasonably displeased, considering that he had just taken control of the site, only to be captured by Pierre almost instantly.

"Why won't I dare to hold you hostage?" Pierre pointed the gun at the leader's head.

"All of you, stay still!" The leader seemed to have finally gotten a taste of fear. Meanwhile, the other people lowered their guns, and that was when their bet began. "Fowler, did you assume that you would be fine after you have taken me hostage? The entire island is currently in lockdown, so you won't be able to escape! You're not getting anywhere with that small boat of yours!"

Selena wasn't in the mood to stay and watch, as she decided she would either escape or die trying to do so. Quickly untying the rope attached to the boat, she started the engine, which fortunately roared to life as soon as she did so. Upon noticing that, Pierre dragged the leader with him while still pointing a gun at his head. Then, they boarded the boat together, and it wasn't until they were some distance away that Pierre kicked him off the boat.

As soon as the leader fell into the water, the rest of them fired at the boat in rapid succession. Selena felt a stinging pain in her leg before Pierre pushed her down beneath him.

Due to the shelter that darkness provided, the people on the island could only shoot blindly, so they didn't pose much of a threat after the boat was away from the shore.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere?" Despite his questions, Selena looked away as she was intent on ignoring him.

"Why are you throwing a tantrum now? We're now literally in the same boat!" Pierre forcefully turned her head to face him.

Under the moonlight, she could see him frowning in worry. Is he really worried about me? He could've told them I'm not his fiancée if he was worried about my safety. It could've prevented me from getting stuck in this situation.

In the meantime, Pierre lowered his head to kiss her on the lips. This time, he couldn't stop himself, as he really had a hard time resisting the urge to kiss Selena's exquisite face. However, Selena soon realized her leg was in much pain. Feeling the flow of blood from her wound, she pushed Pierre away while exclaiming, "I was shot!"

It wasn't until then that Pierre stopped. "Let me check on it." Under the moonlight, he found the wound on her leg before tearing a strip of fabric from his shirt to tie it on her calf as a means to stop the bleeding. "The bullet only grazed you, so it's not stuck anywhere in you. Bear with it, as I can only do so much to stop the bleeding for now."

After he patched up her wound, she ignored him once again. Their boat carried them across the ocean without a destination in sight. They went on until the boat stopped.

None of them knew why it stopped; it could have been due to a mechanical failure, but in short, it no longer moved. Upon checking Selena's injured leg, Pierre said, "It's no longer bleeding. There might be an island in front of us, so let's swim there."

"Are you kidding me? What if there is no island? If we exhaust ourselves or encounter sharks, we'll be dead meat!" Selena chided him.

"We're gonna die anyway if we stay here. Come on!" Pierre took the lead in jumping off the boat. Initially, she didn't want to get off the boat, but he dragged her out of it nonetheless. Therefore, she was forced to swim alongside him. Even with one hand holding onto her and a bullet in his own leg, Pierre was a fast swimmer. It was incredible, considering the fact that the bullet only grazed Selena, whereas he was shot right in the leg.

They swam across the tides for a long while until Selena felt like she was almost running out of stamina. The dreadful near-death experience made her feel like the end of the world was upon her. However, there was no island in sight; perhaps there was really none after all.

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Pierre could feel Selena begin to weigh him down, so he turned to check on her. "Selena, don't fall asleep! You'll die here if you close your eyes!" Upon hearing him say so, Selena continued paddling on mechanically while he kept bombarding her with his overbearing commands. "We'll soon be there! Hang in there!" His words replayed themselves over and over again until she could no longer hear them.

Feeling the weight of her own body, she knew she was sinking. I feel like falling asleep and never waking up again, she thought. Having fallen into a seemingly never-ending dream, she dreamed of her own mother. She also dreamed of Juniper, whom she brought to meet her mother. Holding Juniper in her arms, her mother asked, "Who is her father? Why is your husband not with you?"

Right away, Pierre's face seemingly popped out of nowhere while saying, "She is my daughter."

Then, her mother said, "Selena, I'm so glad to see you so happy. Promise me that you'll continue living your happy life, alright?"

"No! That's not it, Mom! Things aren't how they seem!"

Abruptly, Selena jolted awake. The moment she opened her eyes, she saw Pierre's extremely handsome face. "Argh—!"

There was a weird smile on his face. "It's embarrassing that you would still call for your mother in your sleep despite being a grown-up."



Rubbing her eyes, she was finally awake. "It's none of your business!" Scanning her surroundings, she realized that they were on an island. "So it's true that there's an island!" She was suddenly rejoicing in having lived another day. Thank goodness that I'm not dead. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips while she thought so.

"Have you been assuming that I was lying?" Pierre snorted before throwing a fruit at her. "Eat up."

The fruit seemed enticing with its reddish hue, but Selena wondered if she could actually eat it without knowing if it was poisonous, considering that they were stranded on an undeveloped island. However, Pierre was already digging in, and her own stomach was growling with hunger. Since she had high chances of dying either way, she decided she should at least die with a full stomach. With that thought in mind, she munched on the fruit.

The fruit was juicy and tasty, so she ate a few in a row, which finally filled her up. It wasn't until then that she looked up at the sky. The sun lit up the pale blue sky that was dotted with a few seagulls flying past them from time to time. Judging from the position of the sun, it was nearly noon. She didn't realize she had been sleeping for such a long while.

After finishing the fruits, Pierre stood up to stretch out. Then, he proceeded to sharpen a tree branch using a knife that he seemingly conjured out of nowhere. As soon as he was done sharpening the branch, he entered the forest with the branch in his hand.

"Where are you going?" Selena tried to follow him.

Stopping in his tracks, Pierre answered, "I'll try to hunt some game for food. Are you coming with me?"

As she checked out the thick forest, she could feel herself getting goosebumps from the sense of dread that it elicited. The island itself seemed uninhabited; if it really was uninhabited, it might mean that there might be beasts in the forest, so she didn't want to risk her life. "Why not stay here? What if you die there?"

Her question was met with a snort from him while he entered the forest. Scuttling forward, she tried to catch up to him, only to find that her leg was in much pain, so she stopped. She had totally forgotten about her injury. "Suit yourself!" she mumbled, then she went back to sit down on her spot on the ground. Upon checking her possessions, she realized she had nothing on her person. Even if she had something, they had probably sunk to the bottom of the ocean. She scanned her surroundings once again, further verifying that it was indeed a deserted island with nothing.

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What should I do? Selena wondered. She knew Pierre would never leave things up to fate. Meanwhile, his underlings must be searching for him, so she should be following him around. With that in mind, she glanced at the direction of the forest. Did he run away?

Fear engulfed her while she sat there waiting for him. Although she thought of chasing after him into the forest, she could no longer see him, so it would be a pointless endeavor. Things would get worse if she got lost in the forest and was stuck in there. Soon, she was feeling drowsy and fatigued, which were only intensified by her fears; the fruits she just ate were already fully digested after all.

Eventually, she decided to take a nap while leaning against a rock. It wasn't until she heard some rustling noises that she opened her eyes once again. Pierre had already started a fire, which made a crackling noise while the twigs in it burned.

"You're back?" She rubbed her eyes in disbelief.

"What? Are you so scared that I might run away on my own?" He was busying himself with the task in hand as he spoke.

The flirtatious tone he used made her blush. With a pout, she quickly denied his claims. "That's not it! I wished so badly that you would die in the forest!"

Without a word, he bunched a few twigs together to be used as a makeshift grill. Later on, he put the processed meat

from the hare he hunted up on the grill to be roasted. Once again, the skies began to darken. The fire dispersed the cold, keeping her warm, which also made her slightly drowsy. She watched as Pierre roasted the hare. Despite his unruliness, he was handsome in his own unique way.

Taking in the enticing aroma that the roasted hare produced, Selena could feel herself salivating heavily while she gulped. The roasted hare was just too much of a temptation to forego. She only had a few fruits during the day, so the roasted meat had awoken her hunger.

Upon noticing that she was staring at the roasted hare intently, Pierre cleared his throat with a smug look on his face. "Oh, you only had one chance, which was gone. Since you didn't come with me when I asked you to, I will enjoy the meat alone now that it's ready!"

Selena gawked at him as soon as she heard that. "Hey, this isn't fair! I am injured, s-so I couldn't go with you! Didn't you tell me we're in the same boat? That's why we have to share everything together!"

"I am injured too." He pointed at his leg. Apparently, Selena had forgotten about that. Despite having suffered an even more serious injury, he sure didn't act like someone who had taken a bullet to his leg. What a monster! she thought to herself.

On the other hand, Pierre retrieved the roasted hare from the grill before cutting a slice to be tasted. "This is so delicious!" "Hey, Pierre! This is outrageous! Are you really going to enjoy it alone?" By that point, she no longer cared about her pride,



as all she could think of was to get her hands on that meat.

"You didn't come with me when I told you to. You even wished for my death, so why should I share it with you?"  
Then, he began feasting on the roasted hare.

Seeing that, Selena curled herself into a ball. She knew she should grow a backbone, so she averted her gaze in frustration, deciding that she would not eat after all.

Upon noticing her behavior, Pierre teased her by saying,  
"Sing me a song."

"I won't!" Selena replied indignantly.

"I'll give you a roasted leg if you sing me a song. It's the best part of this whole hare." As he spoke, he dangled a cooked thigh in front of her, and its aroma was enticing enough to lure her in.