

## Chapter 19: We Can't Live Here Anymore

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“Sis, why don’t you come work for my senior’s company when you’re feeling better? The benefits offered are not bad, and we can work alongside each other,” Xia Zhi suggested enthusiastically.

He was looking forward to their future.

They were going to be colleagues and with their combined salaries, things were finally going to look up.

Xinghe replied as she packed her overnight bag, “I don’t intend to commit to a 9 to 5 job.”

Xia Zhi was bewildered, he asked, “Then what do you intend to do?”

“Alright, that’s everything. Let’s go home,” Xinghe said in lieu of an explanation. She lifted her bag and headed towards the exit.

Xia Zhi quickly helped her carry the rest and the both of them took a bus ride home.

After several days of recovery, Xinghe was feeling much better.

On the bus, Xia Zhi said happily, “Sis, to celebrate your discharge from the hospital, dad bought a whole chicken this morning to make chicken stew for us to enjoy.”

Xinghe smiled thinking about her uncle’s cooking.

She wasn’t much of an eater but she would end up eating a bigger portion than usual whenever her uncle cooked.

This was because his cooking reminded her of home...

Xinghe leant her head on the window pane, the glass was icy to the touch; a stark contrast to the warmth in her heart. If not for her uncle and Xia Zhi’s support, her past few years would have been hell.

They provided her with a semblance of family and even though they didn't have much material-wise, they had each other.

Now that she recovered her memory, she promised herself she would repay back their kindness.

Xinghe decided to start earning money and she wasn't lacking in means for that.

And none involved a 9 to 5 job. It was not that she looked down on Xia Zhi's senior's company but she had something better in mind...

After passing many stations, the bus finally reached their residential area.

They descended from the bus and headed straight home.

Their residential area housed the city's bottom feeders like cheap foreign labors, the practically homeless, abandoned seniors as well as the infirmed...

People whose everyday life was a struggle.

For these people, life was not an enjoyment but an uphill battle.

Furthermore, living in the area cowed its residents' spirit. Gradually, they stopped pushing themselves as they surrendered to the reality that, they believed, would be the rest of their lives.

"Zhi, our immediate objective is to find a new place to live, we can't live here anymore," Xinghe said suddenly.

Xia Zhi looked at Xinghe strangely, trying to see if he had heard wrong. He finally replied, "But we don't have the money..."

"Leave that to me. We must locate a new place to live soon because this place is not suitable for an aspiring young man like yourself. It is also harmful to uncle's health," Xinghe explained when they spotted a gathered group of people several feet in front of them.

A harsh sounding voice emitted from within the group, “Told you to start packing, didn’t I? Or you want us to do the packing for you?”

Xia Zhi wore a mask of worry as he said, “What’s happening, why are there so many people in front of our house?”

Xinghe ran forward and fought her way through the crowd. She saw her uncle locked in a confrontation with their landlord.

It wasn’t really a confrontation because Chengwu, due to his peaceful nature, merely stood there as the landlord yelled at his face. When the landlord stopped to take his breath, he said weakly, “How can you ask us to move so suddenly? It’s not like we didn’t pay your rent.”

“Old man, keep your mouth clean and don’t accuse me of things I didn’t do, I said I’ll return your filthy money after you move! Today, you must empty this house!” The landlord pushed his way across Chengwu and started throwing their stuff out the door.

“Stop, please stop!” Chengwu moved forward to stop the landlord but the landlord shoved him away with a hard push. He faltered for a few steps before knocking into one of the dining table’s corners, sending the whole table and the pot of chicken stew crashing to the floor.