

Chapter 85: An Angel

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Money truly is something else.

Especially in this capitalistic society of ours, money pretty much makes the world go round.

It is a fact of life that one is treated differently depending on how much one is worth.

Even Xinghe, who once had everything at her fingertips, suffered tremendously because of the sole reason that she had no money.

It was the same for Xiao Mo then.

Life was a series of hardships because he was short on money. Having to look after a mentally-impaired sister only made it worse.

His sister, Xiao Lin, in a sudden fit of distress accidentally set their old rental house on fire. The landlord demanded 20,000 RMB as compensation. For the past two weeks, he had scratched his head raw thinking about ways to amass the money.

He had considered robbery but what would happen to his sister if he was caught.

Suffocated by despair, he even contemplated suicide.

A hopeless future had squished his will to live. There was nothing but pain and anguish left in store for him. His sister who was tormented by the visions in her brain wasn't living much of a life anyway.

Therefore, Xiao Mo's plan was to commit suicide alongside his sister when they had reached the dead-end.

To his surprise, an angel appeared to save him at the very last moment.

This was a scenario that he had wished for many times since he was a kid.

Xiao Mo's parents passed away when he was young, his sister naturally became the parent substitute. Everything he had become was thanks to his sister.

They had to eke out a living on the streets and whenever he felt light-headed from hunger or despair, he would wish for an angel to arrive to take away all their misery.

However, reality was a harsh teacher. He had learned that he could rely on no one but his own hard work to turn his life around.

Every poor Tom, Dick, and Harry was praying for a miraculous help from above, statistically speaking, how could God handle all of those requests?

That was why Xiao Mo stopped waiting for miracles. He would pick death rather than hold on to the lie of a false hope.

However, that night, a miracle did happen!

A messenger of God did come to save him...

A gob smacked Xiao Mo stared at the gorgeous woman in the flaming dress.

He knew that God and the Devil were stuff of religion and legends but at that moment, he truly believed he was staring at an angel...

Xia Zhi had already taken the middle-aged couple to collect their money.

Xinghe stepped slowly over the threshold and gave the house's interior a cursory look-around. "I hope you don't mind me entering without being asked," she said softly.

The still-stunned Xiao Mo answered reflexively, "Of course not..."

Xinghe nodded her thanks and strode deeper into the decrepit house.

Xiao Mo finally came around and rushed after her.

What was he doing being so defenseless against an unknown woman.

He shouldn't have accepted her help so easily, who knew what kind of shindig she might pull. Kindness without purpose was a rarity nowadays. He should have been more careful.

Xiao Mo didn't want to be in anyone's debt.

However, for some reasons, he didn't have any precaution against this strange woman.

As if hypnotized, he had accepted her help and invited her into the house without any struggle on his part...

As he followed behind her, it was as if he was seeing the place through the woman's eyes. Taking in the charred walls and empty room, shame burned his face.

This was no place for a woman like her... so what was she doing there?