

Chapter 81: Was He Here Too?

After several shots, Yan Huan had completed her scenes. She was allowed to go home and rest before her final shooting, then she could start working another job.

“Let’s go,” Yi Ling said as she carried Yan Huan’s belongings. She was counting on her fingers, figuring out when she could eat next. What shall we have for dinner when we get home?

Yan Huan turned her head, looking at Qi Haolin and Su Qiao who were shooting on their rival show.

Such was life.

If she was Hong Yao, if she was in this situation, there would be nothing to be compared with a rich woman who was high-born and well-bred, as the world was unfair.

But there were still a lot of people who wanted to live even though life was not fair.

Life, whether it was good or bad, had to be lived.

At the mercy of fate, would Qingqiu still be the last choice of Jiang Chao?

It was almost 7pm when Yan Huan got back to their new apartment.

“I’m going to go buy some food,” she said, grabbing her purse.

“I can go!” Yi Ling insisted, rolling up her sleeves and ready to go out. She felt she must do it as buying food was heavy and hard work.

“No, I’ll go.” Yan Huan opened the door. “I know where I can go to buy the good food, I’m afraid of the food you might buy.”

Yi Ling curled her lips, she wasn’t that bad.

Yan Huan went out in the end, Yi Ling stayed home to mind the house and bathe Little Bean. Little Bean was a well-behaved cat, she would eat the food that had been given to her and she didn’t scratch things, but sometimes she misbehaved. Perhaps cats were born to be afraid of water, for Little Bean hated taking baths and the house would fill with her piteous meowing every time.

Yi Ling was stubborn and slightly obsessed with cleanliness, she didn’t hate keeping a pet, and she liked Little Bean the most, but the deal was Little Bean had to be bathed twice a week. They didn’t want her smelly and shedding fur.

Yan Huan didn’t know the fuss that was going on at home. She went to the market and bought a lot of food to cook at home. She felt dizzy suddenly, leaning against a wall for a long time, but then she felt better.

She forced a smile, it wasn’t easy to build up her health.

Pulling up her sleeve, she wondered if she hadn’t taken good care of herself, for there was a large bruise in the middle of her arm.

She pulled down her sleeve again and bit her red lips; the bruise hurt.

Yan Huan, fighting, this new life is just beginning.

She carried the bag home, walked into the elevator, and was about to close the doors, when a tall man walked in.

“What floor are you?”

She was really surprised to see the man as there were not many people living here. She heard that this apartment had some affiliation with the military region, thus, there were very few people living here and it was quiet.

“Thirteenth floor. Thank you.”

The man had a low voice, like the most pleasant harmony played by a cello. It wasn't hoarse but instead deep, like a fermented red wine, it was low-key but also luxurious.

Chapter 82: Bullying The Cat

Yan Huan's hesitated, then she pressed the button for the thirteenth floor and stood at the corner of the elevator. Her delicate eyebrows frowned gently.

Why is he here?

It's Lu Yi...

Why is Lu Yi here?

She had been married into the Lu family for three years. Although she didn't have much time to see Lu Yi, she could remember his voice very clearly. Even two lifetimes later, she could still remember, his voice that was born to be devoid of emotional.

She lowered her head after pressing the button, and she held the bag in her hand tightly, trying to make her presence smaller. Fortunately, Lu Yi was not a meddlesome person. Without much curiosity, he wouldn't care about a stranger like her, and the door opened. The man beside her exited.

And her stress dissipated.

The door was closed again but it was going down. Until it reached the first floor, then she realized that she had pressed the thirteenth floor but forgotten to press hers.

She pressed the button for the fifteenth floor and waited for the elevator to go up.

Was it possible that he was living here, living at the thirteenth floor of this building? She never knew Lu Yi had a house outside, but it was true that he wasn't often in the Lu house.

She held the bag in her arms and sighed softly.

The thing we most don't want to happen will always happen, and the people that we most don't want to meet will always appear right before us.

She hoped that they wouldn't have much contact, that they wouldn't meet regularly.

She opened the door and heard the cat meow.

Little Bean was cowering in the corner and Yi Ling was about to hit her with her slipper.

Then a hand stretched out and grabbed Little Bean in their arms. When Little Bean saw that her master had come back, she acted like a spoiled child, headbutting her master's arm affectionately. She looked pitiful with her dewy eyes.

"Meow...." Master, somebody is bullying me.

"What's wrong?" Yan Huan gently stroked Little Bean's head.

Yi Ling threw her slippers on the floor and slid her feet into them. She reached out her arms and Yan Huan could see they were scratched. Although they weren't bleeding, it was still obvious. "All I did was wash her paws and she scratched me."

She was angry and wanted to hit the cat.

"Next time you should wrap up her paws before you bathe her," Yan Huan advised. They could try as much as possible, but it couldn't be helped. Cats weren't dogs. Cats hated to bathe, and their paws are...

Yan Huan took Little Bean's tiny pink paws. They were small but her claws were too sharp, not many people could stand being scratched by her.

Yi Ling reached out and took the cat from Yan Huan's arms.

"I'll wipe her off. She's not dry yet."

Yan Huan grabbed the things that she had put on the floor just now. "Alright then, you do that, I'll start cooking."

Yi Ling and Little Bean looked at each other in consternation again.

Yi Ling smiled wickedly, and Little Bean's fur stood up in fright.

Chapter 83: Do We Have Neighbours?

Yi Ling took something from behind and put it in front of Little Bean.

"Stupid cat, look, what is this, do you recognize it?"

"Meow!" Little Bean mewled, licking her paw as if thinking, what a fool! How could I know, I was born less than a month ago! Could you recognize that thing when you were just a month old?

Yan Huan took the knife and prepared to cut the vegetables, but before she began she heard Little Bean mewling horribly as if she was going to be killed.

She shook her head and continued to chop the vegetables. She was pretty sure Yi Ling wouldn't actually kill Little Bean...

Of course Yi Ling wasn't actually trying to kill the cat. She had instead tied her up with transparent tape and taped her mouth shut. Little Bean couldn't scratch and bite her anymore...

"Let see how you scratch me again."

She smiled wickedly, and took nail clippers out from behind her back.

Yes, nail clippers.

Yan Huan came out and saw Yi Ling proudly putting her legs on top of the tea table in front of her. She was changing the TV channel from time to time while Little Bean was licking her paws pitifully.

“What have you done?” Yan Huan put the bowl on the table, she knew Yi Ling wouldn’t let Little Bean off so easy.

“Nothing.” Yi Ling shrugged her shoulders and raised her hands innocently. “I did nothing, really, I’m just waiting for dinner.”

Yan Huan could not tell what was wrong, but still brought the dishes from the kitchen and a fish for Little Bean.

Little Bean opened her pitiable eyes wide, meowing her grievances as pathetic as she could.

“What’s wrong?” Yan Huan held Little Bean in her arms and pinched her little ear. When Little Bean reached her tiny paw out to bat at her master’s clothes, Yan Huan immediately knew. She examined Little Bean’s paw more carefully and didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Yiyi, why did you cut her claws off?” she touched her claws, which were sharp before but had now been cut off. She is a cat, how can she live without sharp claws?

“She scratched me.” Yi Ling didn’t feel like she had done anything wrong. She was just lowering the risk and taking precautions of getting scratched by Little Bean. What if Little Bean scratched Yan Huan’s face? She made a living being beautiful on camera, what would they do then?!

Yan Huan gently stroked Little Bean’s head. Then she sat down at the table and took up the chopsticks, eating absentmindedly.

“Yiyi,” she said as she put her chopsticks down and looked up at her roommate. “Do you know how many families are living in this building? We’ve been here so long, and we don’t have any neighbours, do we?” She asked casually, but she was worried. If the man really lived here, then they might run into each other regularly. She didn’t want to have any relationship with the Lu family in this life. She hated Lu Qin, but as for Lu Yi, she felt guilty.

Donating blood to him was just paying back his kindness.

Chapter 84: Who Will Go?

She could think about how to get revenge if she met with Lu Qin. But she didn’t know what to do as she was afraid to meet with Lu Yi. She had mixed feelings that she didn’t even dare to dwell on.

“Well...” Yi Ling bit the chopsticks in her hand. She remembered that there weren’t many other families. “We’re lucky, this place has some affiliation with the military district, so the public security here is very good and people can’t just get in. As for neighbours, I haven’t seen many, so maybe they don’t live here.”

Yan Huan felt disappointed that she didn't get the information she was looking for. Thinking it over, it seemed that it didn't really matter whether he lived here or not. She couldn't exactly drive him away by telling him that they were enemies in a previous life.

She wasn't such a fool to say something like that.

Forget it, let it go, maybe he just came over to meet his friends.

She hadn't gone out much these days as she had bought enough food for a few days. Therefore, she didn't want to go down. Yi Ling was quite dissatisfied with this, though, since she wanted to eat fish.

But Yan Huan didn't want to buy the fish herself, thus she could only eat noodles and vegetables at home.

Yan Huan packed up her things and rubbed Little Bean's head.

"Watch over the house, we'll be back in the evening." There was plenty of water and food for the cat to eat all day.

"She's not a dog. How could she watch over the house?" Yi Ling took the apple and bit into it. "Besides, her weapons are gone."

Yan Huan glared at Yi Ling.

Yi Ling snorted, "She scratched me first!"

Taking the elevator, Yan Huan sighed gently. She couldn't help but cross her arms tightly. Fortunately, he wasn't around. Maybe he really came to meet someone and didn't actually live here.

That day was the last of Hong Yao's scenes for the drama Love and Tribulations. She would be out of work after shooting, but the company would arrange some work for her for the future, so Yi Ling didn't need to help her look for jobs anymore.

"Fighting." Director Jin smiled at Yan Huan.

"Thank you." Yan Huan smoothed out her clothes with a smile, basking in the sun.

I must perform well in the last scene as a summary of Hong Yao's life.

Hong Yao wasn't a lovable character in the drama since she was filthy, a prostitute and a disgusting woman compared with the leading lady who was noble and well-educated. But it was unclear who the audience's favorite character was in the end. As for Yan Huan, she preferred Hong Yao.

Hong Yao was the most realistic character in the drama.

The scriptwriter gave her soul and Yan Huan brought her to life. She was not acting, but instead relaying a woman's life. Hong Yao didn't have a good life but a miserable one.

A flower in bloom displayed the cycle of life.

In a small warehouse, a man and a woman were sitting. It seemed they were arguing.

It were none other than Jiang Chao and Qingqiu themselves.

“I’ll go, I’m a woman and they shouldn’t doubt me.”

“No,” Jiang Chao refused without hesitation. “It’s too dangerous, I can’t put you at risk like that.” He tightly held Qingqiu’s hand, he didn’t want to joke around when their lives were at stake.

Chapter 85: Pretending

“But...” Qingqiu knew that it was dangerous. “If we fail to pass on this information, thousands of compatriots who are at the frontline may be in danger. It doesn’t affect me, but we should think about the people fighting. We can’t be selfish.”

Jiang Chao closed his eyes. It wasn’t because Qingqiu had persuaded him, but the struggles hurt him.

What to choose between personal safety and righteousness? It seemed that they had no choice, they discussed it a lot but they could not come to any conclusion.

“We’ll go together.” Jiang Chao held Qingqiu’s hand tightly. “Even if we die, we’ll die together.”

“Oh,” Qingqiu cried and reached out to hug Jiang Chao. It was their misfortune to live in this time, however it was the greatest happiness in her life to meet him, even though their lives wouldn’t last. But everyone must die someday, and if they had a choice, they would still make the same decisions.

Righteousness, justice, home, and country.

They chose these beliefs that they couldn’t abandon.

But they didn’t know a woman was standing outside listening to them, her red lips curled slightly with a trace of satire. She rose to her feet, smoothed out her cheongsam, and walked away with a swaying motion.

She had expected to see both them make love, therefore she was here to have a look, but she saw nothing, not even a kiss.

The camera rolled, and Jiang Chao and Qingqiu pretended to be a married couple. They were close to the security line. The place had begun to tighten up inspection. The passers-by had undergone strict inspections before they could pass through.

Jiang Chao and Qingqiu were ready to act according to their plan; as long as they could break through here, then the information could be sent out. Qin Qingqiu touched her hair, where the information was hidden. Although they had practised a lot, she was still nervous.

Jiang Chao held her hand tightly, indicating that she should not be nervous. They looked at each other again, and lined up in order, waiting for inspection.

It was their turn, and though they had been careful and not messed up, someone realized something was different.

“Wait!” The person came down from another truck, his squinting eyes were as cold as a knife, cutting through their sense of calm.

Jiang Chao and Qingqiu were stunned, he found that her hand was oozing sweat.

Oh no!

They had calculated for all the various situations they could encounter, but never thought that they would meet an acquaintance here. Though their disguises were perfect, they might be recognized by him.

“Are you a married couple?” the officer asked as he walked over and looked at the silent couple. How could I tell? He knew he was right. Although they claimed they were married, there was something missing between them. The best disguise was only that. What was false would never become true with just a disguise.

“Yes, Sir.” Jiang Chao raised his face, which was darker than the others. No one could tell what he normally looked like as his eyes were smaller and his eyebrows thicker than before.

“Oh....” The officer expressed his doubt. “For some reason you seem familiar...”

Chapter 86: A Life In Return For An Ending

“Sir, you must be kidding,” Jiang Chao pretended to be a henchman. “How could we attract your attention as we are average-looking, sir?”

“It’s true.” The officer’s eyes fell on Qingqiu who had disguised herself as a peasant woman. “Can your woman not be exposed to the sunlight?”

“No, she’s never seen the world and is quite timid,” Jiang Chao hastened to explain, while pinching Qingqiu’s hand on the sly. She was a rich young lady who had seen nothing of life. She was good enough at acting, though, as she didn’t quake with fear or give anything away.

Qingqiu broke out in a cold sweat, she kept thinking of the next step. What can I do? He knew her, as she was his wife before, and while she might be able to muddle through the others, he could recognize her.

What can I do?

She was so anxious that her clothes were damp with her sweat, and when she was about to scream out because of the torment, she heard a woman shouting crazily.

“Stop them! Sir, stop them, those shameless bitches!”

The crowd dispersed, and a woman wearing a cheongsam ran over panting, she was obviously a prostitute.

“That’s them, Sir,” she gasped out, pointing her finger at Jiang Chao and Qingqiu. “The man cheated me out of my money and eloped with that bitch. I worked so hard for us, the nerve! You made off with my money and ran away with her.” The woman in the cheongsam rolled up her sleeves in a sad attempt at starting a fight.

It was such a mess at the time, the woman’s cries, curses, and vulgar words.

“Alright, what are you still doing here?” The officer asked, rubbing his temples. “Piss off,” he snapped at Jiang Chao. “What a good for nothing. Do you think you look good? With that face? That woman was definitely blind.”

Jiang Chao hastened to pull Qingqiu away, but then he looked back at the woman who was screaming in the crowd.

“Thank you, Hong Yao...”

Then he grabbed Qingqiu and left without looking back.

Hong Yao was still making a scene at the center of the crowd, but no one saw the unbearable pain flash across her eyes.

The officer couldn’t bear the noise and he asked someone to deal with Hong Yao.

Hong Yao’s face was pressed onto the ground and her lips were bleeding. She gazed into the distance with wisps of haziness, the dust and soil, despair and hope, in her eyes.

She got up from the ground, still in her blue cheongsam, and walked away swinging her hips. Her feet became unsteady and she staggered slightly, humming a little song.

It was her favourite Chinese ditty, which her mother used to sing for her.

The officer belatedly realized that he shouldn’t have let them go, and they took Hong Yao away from the Rouge Pavilion. In her last scene people saw Hong Yao walking down the stairs in her blue cheongsam, charming and fascinating.

Chapter 87: No One

“Cut!” shouted the director. He wiped away the tears he had shed because of Hong Yao’s last smile.

She had been smiling, but he had felt an unutterable sadness.

Hong Yao’s scenes were all completed, so Yan Huan had nothing to do before the drama started to broadcast.

“Let’s go.” Carrying her things, Yan Huan was loath to leave here, but she had no more scenes after this, it was all the plot of love between the male and female leads.

After they got home, Yi Ling didn’t idle, she went straight to the agency and asked about what kind of jobs they would arrange for Yan Huan.

“They won’t arrange a filming for you yet as Director Jin’s new drama, Journey to Fairyland, is going to start shooting next April. Although you’re not the first female lead, Director Jin is trying to let you play the second female lead.”

The second female lead. Yan Huan remembered the first female lead in the drama Journey to Fairyland was a junior, while the famous actress, Liang Chen, had starred in the drama ages ago. She was a senior going on thirty but still looked quite young. It would be easy for her to play an 18-year-old girl. Wen Dongni had played the second female lead, but without her she believed that Director Jin wouldn’t ask

Wen Dongni to join the cast. As Wen Dongni was famous but had poor acting skills, she was eventually driven out of the cast. No director wanted such an actress.

Wen Dongni's rise to fame was due to Journey to Fairyland, without the drama it was a bit difficult for her to stage a comeback. Journey to Fairyland was the only strong drama for several years as there was a downturn in TV drama those years.

Yan Huan had no chance to play a role in Journey to Fairyland in her previous life, but she was lucky in this one.

She was going to have preparation for the next few months wherein she had to attend company training, such as the training for fight scenes, positioning, and red carpet etiquette as she would frequently appear in public in the future.

"I have created a Weibo account for you."

Every so often, Yi Ling popped a peanut into her mouth. "I will in charge of your Weibo account, it's time to gain followers, but there's no one yet."

Was that a jab or encouragement?

Yan Huan could only sigh in response.

Yi Ling was a woman of her words, she would follow through what she promised even if she had to stay up all night to do it.

Yan Huan had already fallen asleep on the small bed, she slept soundly and deeply as she was exhausted from filming scenes for several nights, memorizing all the lines without a single break, and trying to figure out the feeling of the role. It was rare for her to get a good sleep.

Yi Ling closed the door quietly and ran into her room. She turned on the computer and registered a Weibo account with Yan Huan's name. After deliberating for a long time she finally selected a photo of Yan Huan and set it as the profile picture.

"She looks beautiful in all her photos. Huanhuan was born to be a star." She was so proud it was like she was bragging about herself.

A short while later, she opened the door to Yan Huan's room quietly, bent down to take several sneaky pictures, then walked out and softly closed the door behind her.

Chapter 88: She'll Be Nice To Her

Fortunately, they were in a new home, otherwise it would have been difficult to get a good sleep in their previous house.

Yi Ling tiptoed back to her room and posted the photos on the Internet.

"Even if I don't edit the photos, Huanhuan is still a beauty." Propping her chin up in her hands, Yi Ling was satisfied with Yan Huan's appearance. Of course she was satisfied with her candid photography skills, too.

Just finished filming. Tired.

She uploaded a few photos of Yan Huan with that caption. In the photos, she was curled up into a ball, her thick eyelashes covering her eyes, her face blurred under the dim lamplight. But her delicate features astounded her, she could feel the beauty even though it was just a hazy shadow.

“Done.” Yi Ling stretched lazily and tumbled into bed without showering. “Oh, yes, I almost forgot, let’s get Huanhuan to cook something tasty tomorrow.”

She sat up and walked to the computer, searching for lots of menus and listing them out, and finally cut it down to about a dozen dishes.

It was difficult for her to select one out of dozens of dishes.

“What to do, I want to eat all of them,” Yi Ling moaned. Biting her fingernails, she was loathe to remove any of them. “Well, five in a day, that’s it.” Clapping her hands, she felt proud of her intelligence. How smart I am!

She put a note on the table carefully and went to sleep. She was very happy at the thought that she would have a delicious meal tomorrow.

She tossed and turned in bed, until finally she could fall asleep. When she opened her eyes in the morning, she could still remember what she had to tell Yan Huan.

“Huanhuan, this is for you.” She put the note in her hand.

Yan Huan lowered down her head and moved the note in front of her eyes.

Braised meatballs in brown sauce, steamed meatballs, Westlake fish in vinegar gravy, poached chicken, and phoenix-tailed prawns.

“We’ll have five dishes today and five more tomorrow,” Yi Ling announced as she gave Yan Huan a push.

She took the purse on the table and stuffed it into Yan Huan’s arms. “Have fun!” She closed the door without seeking her consent and eagerly got excited about the delicious food she would eat that day.

Holding her purse, Yan Huan reached out to knock on the door; she had forgotten her phone.

Oh, I’ll be fine, she thought as she turned around and went to buy food. She had owed Yi Ling much in her previous life and thus, she wanted to compensate her now, she would do her best and give her whatever she wanted.

Yi Ling, in the house, was swaying her hips and ready to surf Yan Huan’s Weibo.

But... she was rather disappointed, Ah, zero followers on Weibo. What a pity for Huanhuan, a leader without a following.

Huanhuan, meanwhile, had bought a fish, a half chicken, and meat. They were sitting so heavy in her basket that her hand hurt.

Can we finish these? She continued onwards, carrying the groceries.

Honestly, she did feel that there was a little bit too much, but it seemed Yi Ling didn’t think so.

Chapter 89: He Is Here, Too.

Well, that's it. Yan Huan grabbed the several bags of groceries to go back home. Actually, it was already a luxury to buy food outside and to live freely under the blue sky and white clouds.

Celebrities... they gain in one aspect of life but lose out in others.

Yan Huan knew that well.

Carrying the food, she walked into the elevator with a gentle sigh, finally back home.

Suddenly her hair stood on end involuntarily and her heart began beating fast, she felt a bit strange.

In the quiet elevator, there was another person breathing besides her, she lowered her eyes and looked down, she saw a man's feet.

Big feet, she had no idea about his shoe size, but the feet that stood on the ground next to her were very big.

She felt slightly distressed from the indescribable familiarity.

She felt her nose tingling and stole a glance once in a while, then she knew who was standing next to her.

Again, he was so close to her, and she felt a dull pain in her arms.

The elevator had been going up the entire time. She looked at the red numbers, which were changing as they rose, fifth floor, sixth floor, seventh floor...

She wished the elevator would go up more quickly, the man didn't remember her and had never experienced the previous life, but Lu Yi was still Lu Yi, while Yan Huan was still Yan Huan, and she couldn't treat him as a stranger.

She would never forget that he was the one who held out his hands to her at the time when she was most helpless, and in the end, she died for him, gave him life, and paid him her debt of blood.

Logically, we don't owe each other anything, do we?

She moved aside, instinctively wanting to keep her distance from him. It was just a small space in the elevator, the air inside was not circulating. It was inevitable that she could smell him, a hint of grass in the air. She knew he didn't like smoking, and he had been keeping up well with regular life. To others, he was just a boring old-fashioned man. However, thinking about it now and then, that might not be a bad life. Some people wanted to live a stable life, but they were in vain, while some people wanted to live in quiet, but it was extravagant.

Just as she had been busy, and just as Lu Qin had been scheming.

Carrying the bags in her hand, he gave off a clean scent, but she gave off a fishy smell. She lifted up the fish and smelled it, it was awful.

Should I consider moving somewhere else? As they would see much of each other later on, she had mixed feelings for the man and didn't know how to face him.

The enemy from her previous life.

The saviour from her previous life.

Touching her purse, she reminded herself that she was short of money, and the apartment had been arranged by the company. If she didn't had a proper reason, the company might get a bad impression of her; she was new and didn't have the right to negotiate.

It seemed that she could only live here for a short time, although she was really satisfied with it. A community that outsiders could not enter was the best place to live for a new actor.

Chapter 90: The Elevator Was Out Of Order

She looked up at the red light that indicated what floor they were at. Fifteenth floor, we're almost there.

She dared not glance in his direction, scratching her hair unconsciously, trying to cover her face with it.

When the elevator reached the thirteenth floor, it shook suddenly and the lights faded to dark.

The elevator was out of order.

Yan Huan stood, stunned, in the dark for a long time.

The food she was carrying fell on the ground with a thump, as if someone had gripped her throat with both hands and her heart was beating wildly.

"Plop, plop....."

Her breathing grew faster and more rapid.

Grasping her hair, her legs turned to jelly and she fell to the ground inside the elevator.

She was afraid of darkness.

She was afraid that the knife, which had come from nowhere, was being stabbed into her back again and again, cruel and merciless, causing her to bleed, causing her pain and fear, and finally her death.

She was trembling and couldn't help but curl into a ball. Her lungs were intaking less and less air, she didn't even realize she had began pulling at her hair, which was falling beside her.

When she was about to breakdown in fear, a bright light suddenly lit up in front of her eyes.

"Are you alright?" A cold and deep voice rang in her ears. In a trance, it was as if there was a gleam in the darkness of her world, and the mobile phone placed on the ground in front of her was a gleaming light.

Yan Huan bit her lips tightly until they bled, she wanted to wake herself up and remind herself that she was not in the previous life. No one would hurt her, and no one would kill her.

But the memories of it had been corrupting her body, her memory, and her senses.

She was afraid of such a closed space, afraid that someone would stab her with a knife from behind. She was afraid of suffering of the flesh and bleeding to death.

"It's okay, it will be fine." The man's voice was as pure as a fresh breeze blowing past her. A hand was placed on top of her head, pulling her hands away which grasped her hair desperately.

“It’s okay, something has just gone wrong with the elevator, it will resume operation in a short while.” He continued to speak, with his big, warm hand resting on her shoulder from time to time. In the end, he reached out and held the woman who was shivering like a fallen leaf in his arms.

His eyes fell on his own mobile phone, and with his excellent vision, he could see the phone had no signal, so they had to wait.

He narrowed his eyes, he didn’t know when someone would realize the elevator was broken as there were only a few residents living here. Because of this, it was quiet, otherwise he wouldn’t have chosen to stay. Quiet was nice, but it meant there would be no one to turn to for help when getting into trouble like they were now.

It was nothing to him, he would be fine even if he was trapped in the elevator all day, but the woman in front of him didn’t seem alright, apparently she had serious claustrophobia.