

Chapter 71

The inside of the elevator was pitch black.

"Wh-What's going on?" Iris' voice trembled slightly with panic.

Jason remained calm, his tone even a little soothing. "Don't worry. Looks like the elevator malfunctioned. It's gonna be alright." He took out his phone, turned on the screen for light, and pressed the elevator's emergency button. Then, he attempted to call someone for help, but the call wouldn't go through.

Iris calmed herself down and asked, "Could the emergency button be broken too?"

There was no response when he pressed the button.

Jason inspected the button and replied, "It seems like it."

Iris tried dialing 911, but there was no signal in the elevator. "Is there nothing else we can do but wait?"

"Seems like it," he confirmed. He pressed all the floor buttons in order to prevent the elevator from dropping.

He noticed Iris' pale face, illuminated by the flashlight from his phone. "Are you scared?" he asked.

Iris was a little scared, but she put on a brave face and shook her head.

Jason saw through it. "It's not good for a woman to be so headstrong," he said.



Iris pursed her lips.

They were standing very close together. Neither of them dared to move too much.

She lowered her gaze, feeling guilty. "I shouldn't have invited you over for dinner; if I hadn't, you wouldn't be trapped here with me."

"Maybe God doesn't want you to be trapped here alone," he replied, a subtle emotion flashing briefly in his eyes in the dark. "So here I am."

The flashlight was dim, so Iris could not see his expression clearly, but his calmness was reassuring. "If I were alone, I would probably be scared," Iris admitted honestly.

"Would you cry?" Jason teased.

Iris was speechless. She's not a crybaby.

But then, she recalled the various times he had caught her crying. He probably thought she was a crybaby.

"I don't know," she replied. If she were stuck in the elevator for a long time by herself, she might actually cry.

Meanwhile, outside the apartment complex, Ted tried calling Iris a few times, but the calls couldn't get through.

By the time Stanley drove over, he still couldn't reach her.

Seeing Ted standing there with a large bouquet of roses, Stanley couldn't help but mock him. "This is so tacky. Iris doesn't like this kind of thing."

Ted stood his ground. "She might not have liked it before, but maybe she'll appreciate it now. You know better than anyone that a person's heart doesn't stay the same forever."

The last part was a veiled jab at Stanley's infidelity.

That seemed to have stung Stanley. "Where is she?" he asked.

"I don't know," Ted replied, baffled. "I can't get through."

"She's probably avoiding you," Stanley chuckled. "If she really liked you, she wouldn't have chosen me seven years ago."

"She couldn't see you for who you were back then, but now, she's left you – her eyes are crystal clear now," Ted shot back.

Both men refused to back down.

They exchanged glances filled with disdain before turning away, the tension palpable as they waited at the entrance. Ted tried calling Iris a few more times, but still, there was no response.

Inside the elevator, the air had grown thin and stifling. Sweat trickled down the two people's cheeks and necks. They could hear the sounds of their breathing very clearly in the quiet, enclosed space.

After nearly an hour standing in the same position, Iris was starting to feel tired.

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