



Chapter 72

"I can squat down?" Iris asked.

Jason reached out to support her. "Let's move over there and lean against the elevator wall."

"Okay," Iris replied, but as she tried to shift her legs, she felt a cramp from standing still for so long. She bent down to rub her calves, and in that moment, the elevator suddenly plummeted.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, startled, instinctively grabbing onto something nearby.

The rapid descent threw Jason off balance as well. He quickly caught Iris, maneuvering them both to a corner, one hand gripping the handrail while his other arm wrapping securely around her, pulling her close to his chest.

Clang!

The elevator came to a sudden halt, and Iris, still shaken, slumped against Jason.

She breathed heavily, her hot breath brushing against Jason's Adam's apple.

It was unexpectedly seductive. Jason's body tensed up. He didn't dare to move.

Iris had yet to recover from the scare.

After about ten minutes of stillness, the elevator showed no signs of



moving further down, and Iris gradually regained her composure. It was then that she became acutely aware of how closely they were positioned, with the wall behind her and Jason's strong chest in front.

Despite the thick winter clothing, she could feel his body heat.

His breath was warm and slightly moist. She moved her head aside to avoid it, but his breath brushed against her ear instead, sending a shiver down her spine.

However, she didn't dare to make large movements in this situation. She felt her cheeks heat up and was grateful for the darkness that concealed her flushed face.

A drop of sweat slowly glided down her neck into her collar, causing her to jerk slightly.

That drop of sweat wasn't hers; it was Jason's.

"What's wrong?" His deep voice was a little hoarse.

He felt her move just now.

"N-nothing," she stammered.

Despite her best efforts, she couldn't avoid his breaths because they were so close.

They were so, so close.

After some time, someone finally realized the elevator had malfunctioned. They heard a voice from outside asking, "Is anyone in there?"



Excitedly, Iris replied, "Yes!"

There was a commotion outside, but soon, silence enveloped them again.

"Do you think he heard me?" Iris asked doubtfully.

"I think so," Jason assured her.

Iris' reply was loud – louder than the voice they heard – so it should be loud enough to carry through the closed doors.

"Why is it so quiet, then?" she questioned uncertainly.

"He probably went to get help," Jason speculated.

"I see," she said, feeling somewhat reassured.

Meanwhile, outside, two fire trucks drove into the apartment complex.

Stanley and Ted had been waiting at the entrance for over two hours.

"Looks like we're not seeing her today," Ted remarked, glancing at the building.

Stanley, his anger having subsided somewhat, got into the car. Seeing Ted still standing there, he rolled down the window and asked, "What? Are you gonna wait here all night?"

Ted looked up at the building, unsure which one belonged to Iris. With a resigned sigh, he got into his car and drove away too.

As they left, the firefighters finally rescued both Iris and Jason from the elevator.



They were both drenched in sweat. Iris' hair clung to her face, and her cheeks were flushed.

Jason looked at her with eyes filled with concern. "Are you okay?"