



Chapter 73

"I'm fine," Iris replied, lowering her head.

A firefighter asked, "Do you guys need to go to the hospital?"

Iris shook her head.

"No, we're fine. Thank you for rescuing us," Jason said.

"Just doing our job," the firefighter assured them before leaving after confirming they were safe.

The property management team quickly called the elevator repairman to address the malfunction.

Iris and Jason took the stairs back to Iris' apartment. They were rescued on the first floor, so they had to climb from the first floor to the sixth.

Iris felt weak and struggled with each step, gripping the handrail tightly for support. Jason walked beside her.

The cool air outside the elevator gradually dried the sweat on their bodies, and Iris' face was no longer as flushed.

By the time they reached the sixth floor, Iris was exhausted.

Jason, however, showed no signs of fatigue. Iris glanced at him in surprise. She was out of breath, while he wasn't even breathing heavily. "Mr. Just, aren't you tired?"

"It's only the sixth floor," he replied nonchalantly.



"I see," she conceded, acknowledging her lack of physical fitness.

She took out her keys and opened the door. Since they had lost so much time in the elevator, Iris went to cook as soon as they stepped inside the apartment.

However, after glancing around, Jason suggested, "Let's just order takeout."

It was late, and Iris was probably still a little shaken from their ordeal.

Iris poured two glasses of water and handed one to him. "It's okay, I'm feeling much better now."

She took a sip of water and added, "I'll make something simple; I have all kinds of ingredients in the fridge."

Jason took a few sips, set his glass down, and took off his coat. "I'll help you," he offered.

Iris looked at him in astonishment, disbelief evident in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" Jason asked.

She quickly shook her head. Then, she looked down to hide her surprise.

Stanley had never helped her in the kitchen before. She had always assumed that successful elites like him never cooked.

It turned out she was wrong.

Opening the fridge, which was packed full, she asked, "Mr. Just, is there anything you'd like to eat?"



"Anything's fine," he replied.

"You're pretty easy to please, huh?" she remarked.

Jason looked at her back and asked, "Easy to please?"

"Yes," Iris nodded.

He pretended to sound disappointed. "Unfortunately, no one's willing to please me."

She looked back and said, "You must be kidding. If you're willing, women would be lining up to marry you."

In her eyes, Jason was a genuinely decent man. Initially, she found him cold and difficult to approach, but she had come to realize that he had a warm heart beneath the surface.

"Really?" Jason asked, his gaze deepening.

Iris said yes as she took some simple-to-cook ingredients out of the fridge.

She prepared the pot while Jason helped her clean the ingredients.

His white shirt was neatly tucked in, emphasizing his broad shoulders and slim waist. The rolled-up sleeves revealed his strong forearms as he stood by the sink, his tall frame slightly bent forward.

Iris first prepared a simple yet delicious shrimp dish. After boiling the shrimp in water, she peeled them and mixed them with chopped coriander and onions in a glass bowl, seasoning them to create a refreshing dish. She also made salted egg yolk with cabbage and stir-



fried tomatoes with broccoli and eggs – just three simple yet satisfying dishes.

One person cleaned the ingredients while the other cooked. The two worked together in harmony.

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