

Yang Mei's face was instantly filled with despair, crying and desperately slapping the door: "Li Zhiqiang, you bastard, you son of a bitch, open the door, I'm your wife, how can you do this, wu wu... Please, open the door! Open the door."

However, Li Zhiqiang stayed motionless, clutching the door tightly and refusing to let go.

Watching this scene from across the room, Liang Yuan couldn't stand it any longer.

"Haha, it's the woman Brother Erlong likes!"

"Holy shit, this woman is actually out!"

"Dressed so provocatively, quickly, catch her!"

Two men charged from downstairs, and upon seeing Yang Mei, they excitedly shouted in unison.

One of them, in particular, rushed up the stairs, laughing lewdly.

Yang Mei, her face full of terror, looked towards the stairwell and frantically slapped the door, screaming: "Open the door, open the door, Li Zhiqiang, open the door now, ah—"

At this moment, a skinny man charged up, not even fully stepping onto the landing, and lunged at Yang Mei.

Yang Mei screamed in fright and hurriedly tried to hide towards Liang Yuan's home.

But the space between the two doorways was so small that within two or three steps she was pushed into a corner.

Yang Mei tried to run upstairs to the rooftop in panic.

But she hadn't eaten anything for days and had no strength to climb; just as she took a step, the skinny man behind her grabbed her calf.

Her slender calf was clad in a pair of black stockings.

The moment the man grabbed her, with a ripping sound, the stockings tore immediately, exposing her fair leg.

This scene excited the man with the Mediterranean haircut trailing behind, making him shout loudly.

"Hahaha, catch the slut, Old Tan, catch her!"

The skinny Old Tan scrambled to get up and charged at Yang Mei again.

Yang Mei stumbled and directly fell on the steps, unable to get up from the pain.

Seeing the lustful face of Old Tan pouncing towards her, Yang Mei screamed incessantly, trembling with fright.

"Bang!"

At this moment, Liang Yuan's security door suddenly swung open.

The security iron door slammed into the skinny Old Tan's body.

The tremendous impact sent the frail Old Tan flying.

Immediately, Liang Yuan flashed out, thrusting a long gun forward!

Thud!

The fruit knife welded to the gun tip pierced straight into Old Tan's chest.

As Liang Yuan lifted the gun tip, blood spurted out.

The Mediterranean man's excited expression froze instantly, standing rooted to the spot in fear.

Liang Yuan glared at him sharply, making a thrusting motion with his hand.

Terrified, the Mediterranean man screamed wretchedly, turned around, and stumbled down the stairwell.

He tumbled down like a meatball, accompanied by a series of screams, uncertain whether he had broken any bones.

Liang Yuan didn't chase him but guarded the doorway, ensuring Yang Mei couldn't slip into his home and lock him outside.

However, he was clearly overthinking; Yang Mei was already paralyzed with fear, lying limp on the ground.

Liang Yuan reached out and grabbed the skinny corpse, dragging it inside his room.

"Little brother, little brother..."

Yang Mei came to her senses, immediately raising her head and pleadingly looking at Liang Yuan.

Liang Yuan frowned, looking at her timid appearance, thought for a moment, and said: "Wait here."

He went into his room, returning a moment later with two small loaves of bread.

Casually handing them over, he said, "Take them. You'd better eat them yourself; don't give them to Li Zhiqiang. He's unreliable."

With that, he turned to close the door.

Unexpectedly, Yang Mei quickly reached out, grabbing his arm, pleading: "No, little brother, I don't want to go back, please, Li Zhiqiang is a beast. If you give me food, he will definitely take it from me."

"This time you gave it, next time he will surely force me to come again. Little brother, be kind, take me in."

Liang Yuan frowned. Honestly, he didn't really trust this woman as they didn't know each other well.

But he couldn't just stand by and watch his female neighbor be defiled by Liu Erlong and his gang.

After thinking it over, Liang Yuan stared at Yang Mei: "Are you sure? I don't have much food here, and I don't support freeloaders."

"I understand. I can do anything. Trust me."

Yang Mei quickly raised her head, swearing she would be useful.

Eventually, Liang Yuan's heart softened. Honestly, over the past six months, the scariest thing wasn't the lack of food or Liu Erlong and his gang.

What scared him most was loneliness.

Without electricity and entertainment, solitude was the most terrifying thing.

Having someone to talk to might be a good thing.

Comforting himself, he nodded: "Get up, follow me."

Yang Mei's face lit up with joy, and she hurriedly supported herself on the stairs, staggering to her feet.

But as she stood up, she suddenly felt dizzy, her body went soft, and she was about to collapse again.

Liang Yuan, quick on his feet, caught her.

Her smooth, soft body fell into his arms, making Liang Yuan's heart flutter. Being summer, he was shirtless, and Yang Mei wore a sleeveless blouse; their arms pressed together, skin-to-skin.

A faint fragrance emanated from the beautiful woman, drifting into Liang Yuan's nose, making him itching internally.

He glanced at the impressive, untamed cleavage, his heartbeat quickening.

Liang Yuan discreetly shifted his gaze, suppressing his unusual feelings, and asked: "Are you okay?"

Yang Mei quickly shook her head, nervously saying: "Little brother, I... I'm just hungry, a bit hypoglycemic, I'm fine, I won't be a burden, don't worry, I'm really fine."

She was terrified of being deemed a burden and abandoned by Liang Yuan.

Liang Yuan glanced at Yang Mei; this woman must often have been treated as a burden at home.

Li Zhiqiang must have pua'd her a lot.

He nodded: "Glad you're okay, probably just hypoglycemia. Come in and eat something first."

With that, he led Yang Mei into the room, closing the iron door behind them.

But at this moment, the door across the hall suddenly opened, and Li Zhiqiang stuck his head out, shouting: "Liang Yuan, that's my wife. If you take her, shouldn't you compensate me?"

Liang Yuan paused, speechlessly looking at this old neighbor across the hall.

"You remember she's your wife? What were you doing just now? She was begging you to open the door, but you didn't. Now you remember she's your wife? How about you take her back?"

Liang Yuan's words immediately left Li Zhiqiang speechless.

Taking her back was impossible; another mouth to feed, where would they find food.

But letting his wife go to the neighbor's house made him equally unwilling.

He couldn't help but angrily shout: "Yang Mei, grab some food and come back immediately. Let me tell you, people outside have sinister intentions, my place is your home."

Yang Mei, behind Liang Yuan, shivered silently, crying.

She didn't dare retort or plead with Liang Yuan.

Seeing this, Liang Yuan frowned, stepping aside and saying to Yang Mei: "If you haven't made up your mind yet, you can still regret it now. Take these two packs of bread and go back."