

Yang Mei saw Liang Yuan close the master bedroom door, and only then did she truly relax, slowly leaning against the wall and squatting down.

She spaced out for a while, not knowing what she was thinking about.

After a moment, she stood up, looked in the direction of the kitchen, hesitated for a bit, but didn't dare to go over, instead walking towards the bathroom.

Liang Yuan could not see what was happening on that side, only hearing the sound of running water.

Yang Mei stayed inside for about ten minutes, and when she reappeared in the living room, she was holding a mop.

Liang Yuan, watching through the monitor in the bedroom, couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Yang Mei skillfully began mopping the floor, cleaning up the bloodstains on the ground.

She worked intermittently, seemingly exhausted, as one piece of bread couldn't fill her stomach.

But she still persisted in cleaning the entire living room, wiping places like the coffee table until they were spotless.

There were many dirty clothes piled on the sofa, which she also helped to tidy up.

In less than an hour, she had organized the whole house, making it much cleaner and more spacious.

However, she was very careful, not daring to touch some of the obvious things Liang Yuan needed.

For instance, the homemade long gun by Liang Yuan, Liang Yuan's renovation equipment, especially dangerous items like the Nail Gun.

As for the kitchen, she was even more conscientious about not going there.

After finishing cleaning the living room, she rested for a while and then went to the secondary bedroom that Liang Yuan had left for her.

The secondary bedroom was decorated as a children's room, with a design that included a bed on top and a desk below. The window was sealed off.

Under the bed was a solid wood desk, but there were no books on it, only a lot of wires, soldering irons, solder, screwdrivers, and other tools.

Yang Mei looked at it curiously but didn't touch anything without permission.

There was a storage cabinet by the bed, which was empty.

However, there was a mattress and bedding on the bed. After tidying up the room a bit, she lay down wearily.

Curled up on the bed, Yang Mei hugged her shoulders tightly, listening to the sound of thunder and rain outside, tears welling up in her eyes.

"What on earth has happened to this world..."

She murmured, gradually falling asleep.

She didn't know how much time had passed when she suddenly woke up with a start.

"Ah—"

She screamed instinctively, her hands twitching reflexively.

Just like stepping on stairs in a dream and feeling like she missed a step.

She had a nightmare where Li Zhiqiang opened the door and invited Liu Erlong and the others in.

Liu Erlong gave Li Zhiqiang a box of cookies, and Li Zhiqiang sold her out.

In the dream, Liu Erlong's ferocious face looked like he was going to eat her, pushing her onto the bed and pinning her down.

She screamed and struggled but had no strength.

At the critical moment, a gun barrel suddenly pierced through Liu Erlong's chest, spraying blood everywhere.

She woke up scared, unable to hold back a scream.

At this moment, she stared blankly at the ceiling, taking some time to come to her senses.

After a while, her mind gradually cleared, and she realized she was no longer in her own home.

This bed was not the one she remembered.

That disgusting Li Zhiqiang was also no longer here.

She felt a sense of relief, letting out a heavy sigh.

Recalling the long gun in her dream, she suddenly realized it was the same gun Liang Yuan had used earlier.

Yang Mei's expression changed to one of intrigue, her mood improving.

"Little brother isn't a bad person, he's different from Liu Erlong and the others, he's even lent me food before."

She thought to herself, slowly sitting up.

Feeling a pang of hunger, she swallowed, got up, and opened the bedroom door to take a look.

No one was in the living room, and the door of the master bedroom was closed.

She sighed in relief; honestly, she didn't know how to face Liang Yuan.

With Liang Yuan not around, she felt a bit more at ease.

She walked to the living room, picked up a cup from the dining table, and wanted to go to the kitchen to get some water.

But when she reached the kitchen door, she hesitated again.

"This is where he cooks, if I just go in like this, will he think I'm stealing food?"

"Forget it, I'll wait a bit, I'll go in when he wakes up."

With that thought, she licked her dry lips and sat back on the sofa in the living room, silently watching the storm outside through the balcony.

The gloomy sky was occasionally illuminated by lightning, revealing a brief glimpse of a pale, rain-soaked world, with buildings half-submerged in floodwaters.

Boom!

After the lightning, there was a loud crack of thunder.

Yang Mei trembled in fear, instinctively reaching out to grab something.

But there were only Liang Yuan's clothes that she had tidied up on the sofa.

She grabbed a T-shirt and couldn't help but hold it tightly in her hand.

The smell of male hormones flooded her nose, inexplicably making her feel a bit more secure.

Instinctively, she hugged the clothes to her chest, as if it made her feel safer.

"Are you cold?"

Suddenly, Liang Yuan's voice came from the dark room.

Yang Mei jumped in fright, instinctively straightening up, curling her legs defensively.

When she saw it was Liang Yuan, she came back to her senses and quickly said, "Little brother, you're... you're awake?"

Liang Yuan nodded slightly and said, "It's June now, it shouldn't be cold. If you feel cold, I'll find another blanket for you later."

Yang Mei was stunned, looked down at the clothes in her hand, and blushed immediately, hurriedly putting the clothes down, "No, no, I'm not cold."

Liang Yuan said nothing and walked towards the kitchen, "Hungry? It's about three o'clock in the afternoon, we haven't had lunch yet."

Yang Mei quickly stood up and jogged to the kitchen, following Liang Yuan, her body shaking, but she didn't notice, and said ingratiatingly, "Little brother, let me cook."

Liang Yuan didn't stop her, opening the fridge and taking out a small piece of thawed meat.

Seeing the thawed meat, Yang Mei's face was filled with astonishment, looking disbelievingly at Liang Yuan.

"You... you still have meat at home?"

It wasn't surprising she was stunned. It's been half a year since the flood, and electricity had long been cut off. Who would still have meat as an ingredient?

Even if there was, it would have rotted and spoiled a long time ago.

She suddenly remembered the scene of Liang Yuan disposing of a corpse earlier, her face changing dramatically, looking at Liang Yuan in horror.

Liang Yuan glanced at her and knew what she was thinking.

"What are you afraid of?"

"I... I'm not... not..."

Yang Mei's legs were almost giving out, tears welling up in her eyes, her expression showing extreme fear, but she was struggling not to cry.

Liang Yuan suddenly turned to look at her, "Are you thinking this is human flesh?"

"No, I'm not, really..."

She turned ghostly pale in an instant and shook her head frantically, pressing herself against the corner of the wall.

Liang Yuan smiled and didn't scare her anymore, continuing to take out two thawed potatoes.

"Look to your right."

Yang Mei, trembling, glanced to her right through the corner of her eye and was slightly stunned.

There was an old freezer beside her!

She looked puzzled. What's so special about a freezer?

But when she looked down at the inside of the freezer, her almond-shaped eyes widened in shock!

"Ice? Your... your freezer still works?"

"How can that be? You still have electricity at your home?"

Yang Mei looked at Liang Yuan in utter disbelief, her expression one of astonishment, as if she had won the lottery.