

"Zhang Jie, you live here?"

Ye Huan was greatly surprised. The building in front was likely an employee housing block from the 1980s, looking very old and full of historical charm.

While the base salary at Tianyun International wasn't high, the commission rate was quite good, reaching up to five percent. Senior employees could easily earn over ten thousand a month. With Zhang Huimin's financial capability, renting in a better community shouldn't be a problem.

Why would she live here?

"Yes, on the third floor." Zhang Huimin blushed slightly.

It was the first time she was carried by a man, and her heart was pounding rapidly.

After reaching the third floor and opening the door, Ye Huan glanced around.

The home decor was extremely outdated, with a bulky television relying on transistors, dating back more than ten years, and even the incandescent light flickered under a thick layer of dust. Still, it looked very tidy, clearly regularly maintained.

"You... you can put me down now..." Zhang Huimin said shyly.

"Be careful then."

"Okay."

Zhang Huimin blushed and nodded. After getting down from Ye Huan's back, she opened the shoe cabinet and bent over to take out a pair of men's slippers.

But just as she was about to speak, she let out a scream as sharp pain shot through her ankle, causing her legs to buckle, pitching her forward.

Seeing this, Ye Huan swiftly caught her and without a second thought, placed her on the sofa. Removing her high heels, he held her feet.

"Xiao Ye, what are you doing..." Zhang Huimin said through gritted teeth, her face flushed with embarrassment.

A woman's feet are practically her third hidden feature, and having them cradled by a man like this was utterly embarrassing for her.

"Zhang Jie, your ankle is already swollen, the bone might be slightly dislocated, and it needs immediate attention," Ye Huan said earnestly.

"But it's so late; how can it be treated? You... you should let go of my foot first," Zhang Huimin spoke weakly.

"I'll handle it."

"You will?"

Zhang Huimin didn't get it and was about to ask, then suddenly let out a scream, covering her face with a throw pillow.

Her face behind the pillow was so red it seemed it might drip blood.

Despite being in her thirties, her foot was being cradled and massaged by a young man?

This is outrageous!

"Xiao Ye, men and women shouldn't touch each other like this, stop now!" Zhang Huimin said anxiously.

Ye Huan chuckled and said, "Zhang Jie, we aren't touching directly; there's a layer of fabric in between, isn't there?"

Zhang Huimin's legs were clad in black crystal tights.

There certainly was a layer in between!

But does this really count as no physical contact?

"But... but..."

"No buts. If it's not handled now, you might end up bedridden for half a month." Ye Huan spoke seriously, quickening his movements.

Zhang Huimin was extremely nervous, especially in her feet.

But after a few seconds, she noticed the pain in her feet began to ease with Ye Huan's massage technique, and even a cooling sensation started to emerge.

...

"Snap... snap!"

The sound of bone realignment resounded...

"Zhang Jie, the misaligned bone is corrected, and the swelling has subsided significantly. Try walking normally now." Ye Huan took a deep breath and concluded the arduous foot massage.

Zhang Huimin lowered the pillow, nodded, and took a couple of steps on the ground, exclaiming, "It's better, it doesn't hurt anymore!"

"That's good. But Zhang Jie, you need to be cautious. Even though the swelling hasn't fully subsided, absolutely refrain from wearing high heels and minimize walking as much as possible," Ye Huan said with a smile, slinging his backpack over his shoulder, "Alright, I'm heading out."

"Huh? You're leaving?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, Zhang Huimin hurriedly covered her mouth, her face burning bright red.

Her expression was notably awkward, recognizing how her words could be easily misconstrued!

Zhang Huimin steadied herself, speaking softly, "I... what I meant to say is, it's so late, why don't you... you stay over for the night?"

"Isn't that inappropriate, Zhang Jie, with men and women avoiding close contact?" Ye Huan's resolute look almost made Zhang Huimin faint from embarrassment.

"I... I didn't mean for us to sleep together!" Zhang Huimin exclaimed, her face flushed, "You can sleep in the bedroom, and I'll take the sofa..."

"Just kidding, but I'll still take the sofa." Ye Huan chuckled, putting his backpack down.

Truthfully, Brother Huan initially intended to stay over, but considering the societal implications of an unaccompanied man and woman together, he thought to leave.

But since the woman offered, it shouldn't be an issue.

With a sofa to sleep on, who would choose to sleep under a bridge? That would be insane!

"Absolutely not, I'll take the sofa..."

Before Zhang Huimin could finish, Ye Huan interrupted, "Zhang Jie, if you keep saying that, I'll leave. I love sleeping on sofas the most, so why are you challenging me for it?"

"You... love sleeping on sofas?"

Zhang Huimin was thoroughly puzzled.

"By the way, Zhang Jie, how did you get involved with Wang Biao?" Ye Huan quickly shifted the topic, avoiding further conversation about the sofa.

"Wang Biao?"

Zhang Huimin said helplessly: "I owe him money, and he often comes to collect the debt."

"Debt? Zhang Jie, you should be a seasoned employee at Tianyun. You seem to lead a modest life without extravagant clothes or bags. Logically, your salary should be more than sufficient."

Zhang Huimin frowned, her face laced with complexity.

The atmosphere was incredibly tense...

After a long pause, Zhang Huimin sighed deeply, breaking the silence: "Xiao Ye, don't laugh, but actually, the money... wasn't borrowed by me..."

"Not borrowed by you, then by who?"

"By my husband," Zhang Huimin laughed, "Can you imagine? I'm actually married. But on the night we got married, my husband went clubbing with his group of rowdy friends and ended up getting hit by a car."

Ye Huan's mouth twitched violently.

Clubbing on his wedding night and then getting hit by a car.

That's definitely divine retribution!

"My husband used to be Wang Biao's lackey and owed him three hundred thousand. After his death, the debt naturally fell onto me."

"It's quite laughable. Back then, my brother was also gambling, owing a thirty thousand gambling debt. My father forced me to marry this person to clear the debt."

"That man coveted me for a long time and even tried to take me by force a few times. When he found out my parents were using me to settle debts, he willingly agreed. Even though I was a million times unwilling, my parents knocked me out and forced me to marry him."

"In the end, that man didn't even get me before he was hit by a car. The debts he left behind had to be paid by me, just so happened to be three hundred thousand."

Zhang Huimin laughed self-mockingly, "Doesn't my life's trajectory seem ridiculous? Now I'm infamous in this area as a husband-killer..."

"What husband-killer? It was his own fault. That was divine retribution! And Zhang Jie, you shouldn't care about outside opinions. You're clearly an independent modern woman, way better than gold diggers or those princesses with no royal grace but a royal attitude!" Ye Huan couldn't take it anymore and interrupted Zhang Huimin.

"Independent modern woman?"

Zhang Huimin was stunned. Did someone actually call her an independent modern woman?

A warm current surged through her heart, making her feel shy.

"Xiao Ye, stop teasing me..."

"Teasing? Zhang Jie, have confidence in yourself. You're gorgeous and have a great personality; you'll definitely find a tall, handsome boyfriend who loves you in the future."

"Huh? Gorgeous? Great personality? Tall, handsome boyfriend?"

Being directly complimented for the first time, Zhang Huimin felt happy yet extremely shy, seeming awkward.

In the past, she wouldn't even dare think about these things, all because of that 'husband-killer' title.

Zhang Huimin slightly raised her head, and meeting Ye Huan's determined gaze made her even more bashful.

"Sit tight, I'm... I'm going to take a shower!"

Unwilling to stay in this ambiguous atmosphere with Ye Huan any longer, Zhang Huimin blushing fled the sofa, took a thin nightdress from her bedroom, and headed to the bathroom.

Ye Huan chuckled, retrieving a Panda brand cigarette, tapping it on his thumb before lighting it, taking a deep puff, and blowing out a smoke ring.

At this moment, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Brother Huan's mind couldn't help but drift off...

At that moment, a loud, ear-piercing scream broke through from the bathroom.

"Ah!!!"

The voice belonged to none other than Zhang Huimin!

Ye Huan's face changed drastically. He quickly put out his cigarette and rushed to the bathroom, pulling open the bathroom door abruptly.

"Zhang Jie, what's going on!"

Right after asking, Ye Huan's eyes lit up...