

"Mr. Qin, I really love you!!!" a woman's voice echoed in the dimly lit, cold concrete underground garage, startling Abigail that her phone almost fell from her hand.

She was just on her way towards her parked car but who would have thought that she would witness a confession in this dark, cold place?

"What did you say?" Abigail heard a cold, husky and deep voice and she flinched even though she was not the one the man was talking to. Perhaps, she reacted like that because the man sounded so damn intimidating. His tone even seemed heartlessly cold. What seemed like a romantic confession, sounded more like a misunderstanding!

"I said I love you," Abigail heard the woman's voice again, "I love you so much! I already fell for you the first time I saw you." The woman sounded very emotional.

Abigail held her breath waiting for his response, but only silence followed. She wanted to peek but she thought it was not the right thing to do. She waited until finally, she heard the man's reply.

"Is that all?" was all he responded causing Abigail to gasp in disbelief.

'Wah... he's so cruel.'

"W-what?" the woman sounded like she was utterly shocked.

"Tell me, what do you want?"

"I... I've been in love with you since the beginning. I've been your girl for two months now but you have never said anything about how you feel about me. Mr. Qin, I... all I want is... I just want you to love me back."

Abigail could tell from the voice of the lady that she was at the verge of breaking down, and yet, the man's voice didn't soften even a little bit after hearing her. Instead, he sounded even more menacing as he responded to her.

"We're done," he said nonchalantly without a care in the world. There was simply no trace of warmth in his voice at all.

"W-w-what?"

"I won't repeat myself."

"W-why? Mr. Qin, what a-are you saying? This is not... The contract I signed clearly stated that I would be your girl for three months! It's only been two months, but now you're saying we're over? What do you mean by -"

"Miss Song... didn't you properly read the contract?" the man's tone became even colder, almost harsh. "Cheng, come over and read the condition she didn't read."

Abigail was shocked to her bones hearing their shocking conversation, "A contract? Oh goodness, what are they saying?"

She could tell that the situation was getting worse so she really wanted to leave now but if she moved now, they would see her. Without a choice, she could only stay hidden and listen even if she didn't want to.

"Miss Song, here is one of the two conditions from that contract you signed." Another man started talking. "The contracted girlfriend can demand anything except for one thing; love or affection. Once the contracted girlfriend demands to be loved in return, the contract will automatically become null and void."

Abi was so shocked she couldn't stop herself from taking a peek at them. She just couldn't believe what was happening. She couldn't believe that something so outrageous as this was happening in real life. This was absolute madness to someone like her.

When she saw the girl, her hands flew to her own mouth. 'Isn't that Ina Song? The famous actress?!'

She couldn't believe her eyes. Why would a beautiful woman like her beg for a man's love? More importantly, their relationship was contractual?! This beautiful diva, Ina Song, was some ruthless man's contracted girlfriend?!! The entertainment world would be shaken if they found out about this!!! Abigail's widened eyes then shifted to the man but she couldn't see his face because he had his back to her.

"I warned you long ago. I don't do love and never will. And you of all people should already be well aware of how I deal with anyone who breaks any conditions in the contract." The man said and Abigail shivered as she watched Ina Song fall to her knees. The almighty goddess that every male creature out there praised now looked like all her blood was being drained all at once as she heard him. Then just like that, she was dragged away by a bulky man in black towards another car. When the car where Ina Song boarded was gone, Abigail finally came back to her senses and quickly hid herself again.

However...

"Come out. I know you're there. NOW!" The man ordered and she was so shocked that she just froze for a long while. She knew he was talking to her and she knew that he was a man who didn't want to repeat himself so holding her breath, she finally stepped out.

"Come over," the man commanded and Abigail slowly lifted her face. She was incredibly nervous. She couldn't remember if anyone ever made her feel this scared and nervous before in her entire life.

As soon as their eyes met, Abigail almost gaped. The man before her was just so damn good looking - no, good looking was actually a huge understatement. She was sure that he was a hundred times more handsome than any celebrity she had ever seen in her life. He was tall. His inky dark hair looked like it was combed by his fingers and swept back away from his face. He had a strong, defined and masculine jawline - it was perfection in her eyes. He just looked too good to be true. She was utterly impressed, and she had never been impressed by a man's beauty like this before. How could a mortal man look this stunning? No wonder such a beautiful woman like Ina Song begged for his love!

But this stunning creature, was glaring down at her. His eyes were hostile, making her want to shrink to the floor and disappear. The way he looked at her was definitely the definition of the phrase, if looks could kill.

"Who are you? A paparazzi?" Abigail flinched back from the resentment in his voice. His ice cold eyes glimmered with a dangerous light and it chilled her more than the freezing temperature. She couldn't help but think that this man was definitely the perfect example of the inhumanly beautiful demon king she often times read in fictional books.

After swallowing her own saliva, Abigail forced herself to respond to him.

"No, I'm not." She shook her head but the man's eyes narrowed and then, he moved his feet, walking closer to her.

Every step he took felt like a ticking time bomb to her but surprisingly, she was able to hold her ground despite her knees shaking a little. She was surprised.

When the man stopped just less than a meter before her, she couldn't help but bite her bottom lip. The man was scrutinizing her, looking at her like she was some prey. She knew with one look into those eyes that 'dangerous' was an understatement to describe him.

"Little lamb... did u hear everything?" he asked, his gaze seemed deadlier than the sharpest dagger. He was definitely glaring at her like he wanted to kill her. She had never seen eyes as beautiful as his but also as deadly cold as his. He had such killer eyes that could pierce through anyone's soul.

"I'm sorry, I... I didn't mean to -" Abigail managed to answer when the man suddenly raised his hand towards her neck. She flinched in fear as she shut her eyes, thinking that the man was going to strangle her.

But that didn't happen. Slowly, Abigail opened her eyes.

He did not say a word. He was solely focused on her bright yellow knitted scarf. For some reason, the daggers and the ancient glaciers in his eyes seemed to have been washed away and was suddenly replaced with an odd, calm blankness.

She looked down and when she saw his fingers fiddling with the edge of her knitted scarf, Abigail simply froze again, her heartbeat beating so erratically as if a hammer was inside her chest.

"Yellow..." he murmured to himself as he dropped his hand and then the look in his eyes changed again. He didn't look harsh and cold anymore as he did moments ago. "Go home," he said and just like that, he turned to leave.

Abigail exhaled as she watched him moving away from her. She should've been running away now that the demon finally let her go unscathed but she just stood there, unmoving, her gaze watching his retreating perfect and graceful figure.

Closing her fists tightly that her knuckles turned white, she suddenly called out.

"Wait, mister, please wait!"

The chauffer had already opened the door for him to enter. Her voice echoed in the cold garage and he looked over to her.

"What?" he replied without turning to look at her.

Fearlessly, Abigail began walking towards him. She was suddenly high on adrenalin and she felt brave. Her knees had stopped trembling and the fear in her eyes was replaced with something else - resolve.



"Was everything you said true? That you do not do love?" she asked as she stood less than a meter behind him. "Are you really sure you won't fall for anyone?"

The man finally turned to look at her. His dark gray eyes assessed her with disbelief and then, interest.

"From what I understand, you're willing to make someone your girlfriend as long as she won't demand for your love, right?" she asked again.

Silence reigned between them for a moment. The man stared at her through his narrowed eyes. He seemed astonished as if he was looking at a certain unbelievable creature.

"Why are you asking?" his lips now curved up in a wicked, amused smile but his tone was still obviously disbelieving.

"I'm just curious. Is it true?" she answered. She was unbelievably calm.

"So what if it was, and what if it's not?"

Abigail pressed her lips tight. "If it's true, how can you be so sure? Do you really believe that you will never fall for anyone? Ever?"

What she got as a response was a low chuckle. The man looked like a devil when he laughed. His laughter didn't reach his eyes, but somehow, he seemed a bit amused? She wasn't sure. His expressions were just too tricky for her to figure out.

"Yellow, tell me. What exactly are you trying to say?" he fiddled with the edge of her scarf again, his thin lips still curved up to a dangerous and mischievous smile.

"I... I'm just saying that I don't think you'll be an exception. Maybe you just haven't met that special someone who has an axe to force your heart open."

"Little Yellow, are you saying you want to try me?"

Looking at his eyes, Abigail fell silent for a moment before she nodded her answer. Her eyes were decisive.

He laughed.

Creasing her brows, Abigail tried to show him how serious she was but when she said she was serious, her intensity seemed to have only made the man more amused.

After he stopped laughing, the man spoke. "Are you perhaps thinking that you could eventually make me fall in love? Too bad, Yellow... Countless women already tried that and besides... I don't think you are capable of that." His eyes traveled from her head down to her toes.

"And you heard me correctly, I don't do love. Never. So don't waste your brain cells thinking about it." his voice was smoldering, despite the smile on his face.

But Abigail was unfazed. "How about you try me? I promise, I will not demand for you to love me back." She promised, even raising her hand like a girl scout, causing the man to laugh again.

"Yellow, you're such a brave little girl." His smile faded and a hard edge crept into his voice.

"Please stop calling me Yellow! My name is Abigail. And I'm not a little girl! I'm about to turn twenty-two."

The man's expression abruptly shifted once again and he chuckled. His laugh seemed to have some sort of magic as it lingered in her ears. His laughter was unexpectedly so pleasing.

"Indeed, you are one brave little girl, Yellow. Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"And yet, you're still here blindly offering yourself?"

She nodded and the man now smirked evilly. He stared at her from her head to toe for the second time as he licked his sexy lips and then he stepped forward. His long, graceful finger lifted her chin.

"Little lamb, let me tell you this. You're standing before the gates of hell right now. Doing this means ruining your life. Are you ready to step down to hell with me?" his eyes blazed. A warning was burning within it and Abigail knew he was more than serious and that the danger was real.

His intensity made her shudder slightly but his warning wasn't enough to make her give in. She had never been this brave - or crazy- in her life. She was already imagining lots of things in her head. The possible outcome of this madness she was trying to throw herself into, of course terrified her but... every time she thought about her future, was there anything scarier to her at this point? Wasn't she looking for something like this? For a man like this?

As the silence dragged on, the man's lips curved up into a triumphant, mocking smile and his hand landed on her head. He ruffled her hair and leaned in on her.

"Hell is not a good place, at least for a little lamb like you. I'm sure you're aware of that. Now run away while this demon king is still being nice and calm." He whispered.

And then, he turned to leave, so casually, as if nothing just happened. But after three steps, the girl stopped him again.

"The hell you're talking about..." she mumbled, "I... I'd like to see it for myself... Take me there."