

Abigail knew she sounded like a mad woman.

"You're crazy, Abi," a whisper in her head told her but the oddest thing was that she didn't feel it. She was totally sane and completely clearheaded.

This was the most daring thing she had ever done in her life and the most terrifying, too. Yet, she was calmer than ever; more certain about this than anything else.

The man directed a gaze of disbelief at her. His eyes pierced through her as if he was trying to pry into her soul, but when he saw the unwavering look in her eyes, he shook his head.

He failed to understand this little fragile creature before him. Everyone yearned for heaven, yet this girl wished to experience hell? He was simply stupefied. This little girl might be the most intriguing person he'd ever met.

"Yellow, what's your name?" he finally asked.

"Abi... Abigail Chen."

"Abigail..." he echoed her name as he fiddled her yellow scarf again. Her name on his lips sounded so nice.

He seemed to be thinking about something as he looked into her eyes again before a wicked, devastating smile appeared on his glorious face.

"Sorry but..." he started as his gaze once again traveled from her head down to her to toes. "I'm not interested in unattractive girls."

His comment, and that playful smirk on his face aggravated her. She was usually unaffected by these kinds of judgmental comments that boys and girls often threw at her. She simply didn't care what they said about her looks but why was it that this man's comment riled her up this much?

"Just you wait! I will prove to you how attractive I can be!" Abigail was quick to retort. She didn't even know how she managed to speak like this. She was used to not giving any attention to what other people said. She wouldn't even bother justifying herself so what she was saying right now was actually a shock even to herself. She didn't know she was capable of speaking this way, until now.

But then, the man's response was another fascinating chuckle.

"Yellow, you really are unbelievable." He said before his expression abruptly shifted again. The corner of his lips turned down in disapproval. "But I'm serious. I'm not into little girls."

"Ina Song is just two years older than me." She argued, not backing down.

"Miss Song is... a mature, sexy woman. And you're..." He raised an eyebrow.

"Even though you're two years younger than her, you look like a granny."

Abigail was getting more and more aggravated. No one ever made her feel like this before. The way she dressed up today was, as always, purposely unfashionable. Her hair was braided in pigtails; she was wearing fake thick eyeglasses and her winter coat was boring and unfashionably thick and long. She knew she looked really unappealing at the moment. After all, this was the appearance she was aiming for today - for her to look so damned unattractive that no man would bother to look at her.

"I purposely dressed like this today." She hissed, bravely. If only she knew that she would meet this man at the end of the day, she would've at least made herself a little more presentable.

"Oh... really?"

"I will show you."

The man snickered, shaking his head. He was looking at her with wonder and disbelief and for a moment, there was a strange and dangerous glimmer in his eyes as he stared at her. But it abruptly disappeared as his hand landed on her head.

"Go home, Yellow. It's late." He smiled and entered his car.

"Wait!" she called out but the man only waved at her before the car left, leaving her astounded and unexpectedly upset.

Abigail was incredibly frustrated. She was pouting, her brows were pulled together as she entered her car. She couldn't understand why that rude man had this unnerving effect on her. Was it because he rejected and mocked her appearance? But she was truly used to this kind of thing. Something like that definitely shouldn't frustrate her to this extent. More importantly, her heart was still pounding. The man was long gone, and yet, she was still nervous?! What was going on? Could it be that this nervousness was the aftershock of her bravery? That was the only sensible reason she could think of.

Shaking her head to clear her mind, Abigail just started the engine when someone knocked on the car's window.

A man was standing there, smiling at her. The man was wearing a black leather jacket and he was also unbelievably pleasing to the eyes. Was there something wrong with this place? Why do overly good looking men keep popping out of nowhere?!

Abigail didn't dare roll down her window. What her eyes looked for first were the locations of the CCTV's. When she spotted one right above her car, she relaxed a little but she was still hesitant.

"You're so damn outrageous Abigail! You didn't fear offering yourself to that scary stranger but now you're afraid to open your window to this pleasant looking one?!" she mumbled to herself, shaking her head, as though she was now convinced that she was crazy.

The man knocked again, flashing his pleasant smile, as if he was using his beauty to lure her out.

'I have something to give you.' She read his lips.

Heaving a sigh, she finally rolled down the car's window.

"Hello, Miss..." he grinned, flashing his white teeth. He was truly another out of this world beauty. Although, to her, that ruthless man still beat him good when she compared their looks.

"What is it? Do you need something?" she asked politely. The man leaned in on her and gave her a piece of paper.

"If you want to meet that man again, just contact me and I'll tell you where to find him," he said, smiling kindly at her. He had a pleasant atmosphere about him that made one not feel that he had any ulterior motives. He looked like the kind of man that would easily entice people with just his sweet smile. Still, Abigail had a hunch that this one was dangerous, too.

"That man?" Abigail creased her brows, trying to confirm, even though she already knew, who he was talking about.

"Mm. That cold man who told you that you're unattractive." He grinned and Abigail blinked at him. Her frustration somehow came back.

"You know him?" she finally asked and the man nodded.

"He's my friend."

"W-why would you want me to meet him?"

"Because you want to show him that his judgement is wrong. So let's just say, I'm helping you prove your point." He grinned again, looking as though he was encouraging her.

Abigail was even more confused but before she could say anything more, he spoke again.

"You don't want to? Did you already change your mind?" he asked, seemingly disappointed.

But the moment he began retracting his hand, Abigail took the piece of paper he was holding out to her.

The man smiled in satisfaction before he moved away. "Bye bye, Miss Yellow! See you!" he waved and then before she knew it, he disappeared from her sight, leaving her blinking in confusion and curiosity as she stared at the note in her hand.