

The man in the back passenger seat, who was lazily leaning his head on the headrest with his eyes closed, finally moved upon hearing her voice. He opened his eyes and turned to look at her.

"Yellow..." he mumbled upon seeing her. He stepped out and when he saw the awful damage to his car, the man lazily leaned on the car's door, crossing his arms on his chest as he looked at her. He was wearing a long black coat and he was simply breathtaking. His black wardrobe and ink black hair and the black Lamborghini behind him caused his skin to look even paler. He was simply out of this world that anyone would think of him as someone that only existed in dreams. His features were unlike anything that could have come from the human world.

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Abigail didn't wear her thick eyeglasses that day, nor did she braid her hair but her clothes were, as usual, unflattering and she didn't wear any makeup at all.

"U-uhm... M-mr. Qin! I'm so sorry!" she bowed at him. "I tried to –"

2

"Avoid hitting the deer." He took the words out of her mouth. His voice was as deep and pleasant to the ears as she remembered.

"Yes, that's right. I wasn't speeding, please believe me."

"If I say that I believe you, do you think that solves the problem?"

"Uhm... I... h-how much do you think the cost will be to repair the damage to your car?" she swallowed while the man just smirked, looking so amused as she watched her fidgeting due to her nervousness.

2

"Mr. Wang, how much do you think this will cost to fix?"

"This damage might cost a hundred thousand dollars." The old man replied and Abigail felt like her blood instantly dried up. She was so shocked she couldn't speak for a long while. Where the hell would she get such a huge amount of money?

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Abigail was still stunned when the man chuckled. He moved closer to her, his eyes on her yellow scarf again. "Why are you always wearing yellow scarves?" he suddenly asked.

Abi finally snapped and immediately answered him. "Because I only have yellow scarves at home."

"Oh, that's amusing." The corner of his lips were up and he looked at her as if she was an amusing comedy show. "You love the color yellow, huh?"

3

"I like all colors. My mother just loved the sight of yellow scarves on me so she made a lot of it."

"Hmm... indeed, your mother is right. A bright yellow scarf suits you."

Abigail didn't know why but her heart skipped a beat. She liked that he didn't mock her for it, or told her she looked like a sunflower like everyone else. But wait... are they really going to talk about her yellow scarf in this situation?!

"Uhm... Mr. Qin, about the damage to your car... I... I..." Abi was stammering. She really didn't know what to do with this. She didn't have any money to pay for it and there was no way she would let her family find out about this or else her father might collapse.

As she struggled to think what she should say, she heard him chuckle again. What's wrong with him? Was there something funny about this situation?!

Abigail looked at him with a confused face when the man leaned in on her.

"You really are amusing, Miss Chen. You didn't look this pale and troubled when you offered yourself to me. I think your sense of danger is pretty messed up, little lamb." He said, showing her his breathtaking, wicked smirk again.

Somehow, what he said seemed to have some truth to it. She was acting like this was far scarier than what she did that night. But to her, this was scarier because she could go to jail for this! She only had a year left in this world so how could she accept spending what remained of her life in jail?! Or paying for a debt by having to work her ass off?!

1

Now that he made her remember that night in this troublesome situation, something popped in Abi's head. She moved closer to him and looked up at him with her big, clear eyes. "Mr. Qin, do you pay your contracted girlfriends?" she asked innocently but firmly. She was so damn serious and extremely determined as she looked at him.

The man raised a brow upon seeing the intensity in her eyes. "And why are you asking?"

Abigail fell silent for a moment. When she opened her mouth to answer, someone beat her and spoke first.

"You already know what she's trying to say. I don't understand why you're refusing such an offer from a cute lady like her," that someone butted in and when Abi turned to look at the source of the voice, she saw Mr. Black Leather standing on the other side of the black car. He was resting his chin on his palm as he watched them. It appeared that he too was inside the car.

The moment Abi met his eyes, the man smiled. "Hello, Miss Chen. Actually, you're right. He compensates his contracted girlfriends... by a LOT." He grinned and Abigail immediately returned her gaze to the man right in front of her.

For a moment, she saw him throwing deathly glares towards Mr. Black Leather but it immediately disappeared, like it was just an illusion, the moment he stared back at her.

"Mr. Qin, I want to be your next contracted girlfriend." She declared. Her voice was as decisive as ever. There was no hesitation in her eyes at all.