"The law firm had just accepted a difficult divorce case today, and the lawyer who had accepted this case applied for sirle leave so in the end. I was placed in charge of it. After I got off the plane, the client called me and asked me to

meet him in his apartment. I didn't expect that there a fire would go off in that building." Andy couldn't believe his bad luck. The client's apartment was just next to the one that had caught fire. When they found out about it, they quickly went downstairs through the exit stairway. But then the fire found its way to the gas cans and they exploded. The whole building trembled, and even the apartments on other floors started burning. The electricity was cut off, and it was dark in the stairwell which was filled with people who had escaped. Someone from behind pushed Andy whose mind hadn't been on the steps under his feet at that time, so he missed his footing and fell down the stairs.

Luckily the next landing wasn't that far, and Andy's legs were fine. The problem came in when he protected his head with his arms, and his elbow hit the wall sharply. His arm was broken. The pain of it was just too much and he fainted from the shock.

"By the time I woke up, i was already in the ambulance. I heard that two explosions occurred in Gentlefolk in a row and that there were several car accidents caused by the traffic jam." Probably because the effect of the anesthetic had worn off, the wound on Andy's forehead throbbed as he spoke. 'Two explosions in a row... Victor has been living in Gentlefolk these days.' Rachel was lost in thought. At this moment, her mobile phone vibrated in her hand.

The screen lit up as a news pop-up showed on it. "Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A. Many people have been injured, and severa apartments were seriously damaged. It is said that Victor Sullivan... The screen was locked, so the content of the news didn't show completely. When Rachel saw

the name, her heart skipped a beat for no reason and a chilly thought formed in her mind.

'Was Victor in Gentlefolk at that time? Did he get hurt as well?'

"I don't know if the fire is out yet or not," Andy continued, not noticing the change in Rachel's expression.

"Which floor was your client's apartment on?" Rachel suddenly interrupted. She didn't know why she was even asking to begin with.

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Andy was stunned for a while, then he said, "The 27th floor. Is something wrong?" Rachel pursed her lips. The 27th floor was very close to the 29th floor, and a gas explosion could affect a large area. If Victor had been in Gentlefolk at that time, he would have been injured. Because in addition to the floor on fire, the floors above it and below it should had been affected greatly.

Thinking of this, Rachel didn't even notice that her fingers were trembling. Her heart sank at the morbid thoughts, making her short of breath.

Why did she get such a feeling? Why did her heart ache at the thought of him getting hurt?

If something bad happened to Victor, she should have been happy. Wasn't that what she wanted anyway? That way she could take Joey away from Apliaria and go far away. Then she wouldn't need to worry all the time that Victor would find out about Joey's identity. And she wouldn't be afraid that the feelings between Joey and Victor growing deeper and deeper. Andy finally realized that something wasn't right with Rachel. Just as he was about to ask what happened, Rachel suddenly stood up. "I have to go now. Rest well."

Betore Andy could say anything, Rachel had turned around and left the ward. Looking at Rachel's receding back, Andy was confused. What could have been on her mind? The phone on the bedside table buzzed. He looked away from the door and picked up the phone.

It was a news alert. The very same one that Rachel had received on her phone.

As soon as Andy clicked on it, the whole news page was displayed on his screen Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A Many people have been injured, and several apartments were seriously damaged It is said that Victor Sullivan, the CEO of Sullivan Group, 18 currently visiting those who were injured in the hospital

He said that Sullivan Group would set aside some money to compensate the owners of severely damaged

apartments in Gentlefolk.'

When Rachel walked out of the ward, her mind was occupied with what had happened. She walked forward subconsciously, thinking about the explosion in Gentlefolk that Andy and the news alert on her phone had informed her about

Bang Rachel didn't notice her surroundings and accidentally touched the flowerpot on the nursing station with her hand, The flowerpot fell to the floor immediately and broke into pieces, which shocked the nurse who was on duty at the station. The nurse quickly walked out she didn't care about the fragments on the floor but instead asked with

concern

"Miss, are you okay? Did you get hurt?" Rachel came to her senses and her sight became clearer. She looked at the broken flowerpot and apologized, "I'm fine. I'm sorry. I didn't notice it there. How much is it? I'll pay you for it." "It was a gift from a discharged patient. I don't know how much it is, but it shouldn't be too expensive. You don't have to pay for it. The flowerpot was supposed to be placed inside, but I was so busy just now that I forgot it. So I can't really blame you for breaking it." The nurse smiled. "But you don't look well though. Is something wrong?" Rachel smiled, then she said softly, "I am fine. How about this? Please give me your number. Then I'll go to the flower market tomorrow and see if there's the same flower. If there is, I'll buy it put it in a nice vase, and send it to

you."

After all, she was the one who had broken the flowerpot. There was no need to let others take the consequence for her actions.

Seeing that Rachel was determined, the nurse didn't refuse anymore. "Alright." Rachel nodded, unlocked her phone with her thumb, and saved the nurse's number on her phone. As soon as Rachel did that, the nurse was called away by her colleague. She said goodbye to Rachel in a hurry. Rachel was about to turn off the screen, but then she opened the phonebook by mistake. She had just come back and had gotten a new number. So there were only a few people's phone numbers on her phone, and they all fit into one page of it. Looking down, the last line of the address book was Victor's number.

Rachel looked at the number, lost in thought once more.

Beep!

All of a sudden, the phone rang. When Rachel came to her senses, she realized she had somehow pressed the dial key by mistake. The name 'Victor' was flickering on the screen, meaning that it was calling his phone. Rachel wanted to hang up on reflex, but her finger just hovered above the red button for a long time. She didn't press.

The beeping lasted for nearly a minute. Looking at the screen that told her that no one answered, Rachel unconsciously bit her bottom lip. Perhaps she didn't even realize that she was frowning. The gnawing feeling in her gut was growing stronger "Sorry, the mobile subscriber you dialed cannot be reached. Please try again later."

The beeping stopped, and the female voice replaced it. Then the phone hung up, and the screen returned to the phonebook page. For some reason, Rachel felt as if her heart was being squeezed in her chest. When the phone hung up, her heart didn't hurt anymore, but it was now a little numb, and even her fingers were slightly numb as they held the phone.

"The man who was sent over just now is quite handsome. Does he work in Sullivan Group? Or is his surname Sullivan? He is so badly injured. I don't know if he can survive." Suddenly, a loud sigh came from behind them.