





GULP



THIS RESTAURANT LOOKS
EXPENSIVE. WHY DON'T
WE GO TO THE KFC
DOWNSTAIRS INSTEAD...?

DON'T WORRY,
THIS MEAL IS
ON ME.



THE COURT'S VERDICT
WILL BE OUT IN TWO
DAYS. TAKE THIS AS AN
EARLY CELEBRATORY
MEAL.

Menu



BUT...

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU'LL BE
WORKING ON A LOVE STORY?
YOU NEED IDEAS FOR THAT,
RIGHT? I'LL TAKE YOU TO
OTHER PLACES LATER.



HELLO?

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
HONEY?



*HOW COLD
SHE SOUNDS!*

*I WONDER WHO
THAT UNLUCKY
FELLA IS.*

A close-up illustration of a woman with short, layered teal hair and large, expressive brown eyes. She is holding a black smartphone to her ear with her right hand. She has a slightly open mouth, suggesting she is in the middle of a conversation. She is wearing a white turtleneck sweater. The background is a dark, textured grey.

I'M EATING
OUTSIDE.

WITH WHO?



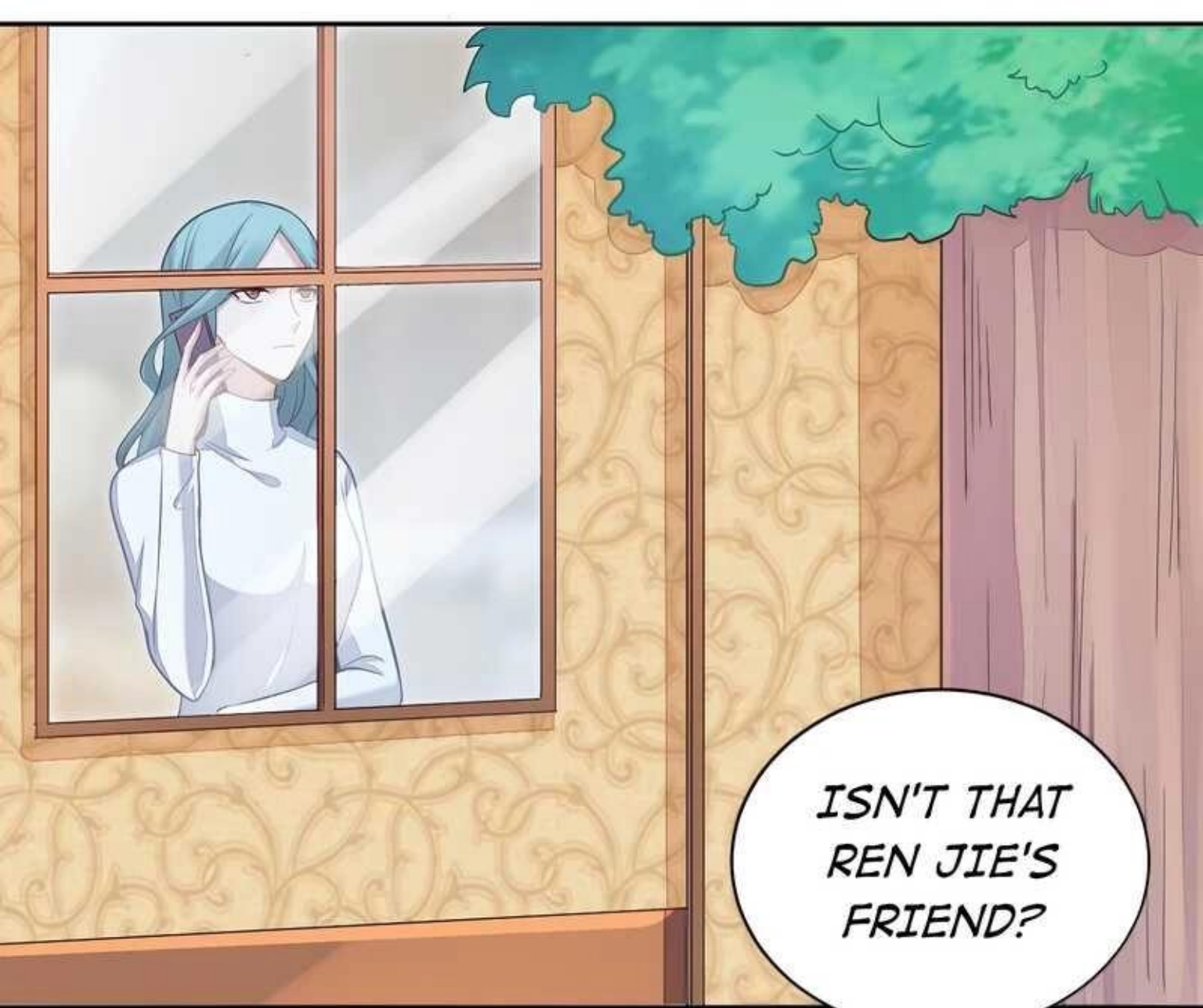


*THIS SORT OF
RESTAURANT SHOULD BE
SUITABLE AS A DATING
SPOT, RIGHT? I SHOULD
SAVE THE IDEA DOWN~*



*THE PRIVATE ROOMS
MUST BE UPSTAIRS...
I WONDER WHAT
THEY LOOK LIKE...*





**ISN'T THAT
REN JIE'S
FRIEND?**



*I'M EATING
ALONE.*



ALONE?



*WHAT'S WRONG?
STOP BEATING
AROUND THE BUSH...*

BEEP

*THE NERVE OF HER
TO LIE TO ME
WHEN SHE'S
EATING TOGETHER
WITH THAT GUY!*

THAT'S IT FOR
TODAY. I HAVE
TO GO NOW.





OKAY, I'LL GIVE
YOU A RIDE.

STAND





I HAVE BUSINESS
TO SETTLE HERE,
SO YOU MAY
LEAVE FIRST.

...FINE.



IT LOOKS LIKE THE
CALL DIDN'T GO WELL
JUST NOW. SOMEONE'S
GONNA BE IN TROUBLE.

*I WONDER
WHAT FANG GE
IS DOING NOW.*



A person is shown from the waist down, standing on a set of stairs. They are wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and tan-colored trousers. Their right hand is in their pocket, and a black wristwatch is visible on their left wrist. The background consists of a wooden wall and the steps of the stairs.

DOES HE
MISS ME...?





....?!

WHAT'S FANG GE



WHAT'S GOING ON
DOING HERE AND
WHO IS THAT
WOMAN?

HIDE



HAVE YOU SELECTED
WHAT YOU WANT?

WHY IS IT
HER AGAIN?!



YES, DO YOU
WANT TO ADD
ANYTHING ELSE?

BY THE WAY, I
THINK I SAW YOUR
FRIEND JUST NOW.



THE ONE WHO
PICKED YOU UP
AT THE AIRPORT
THAT DAY...





WHAT ARE THEY
DOING?! THEY'RE
WAY TOO CLOSE
TOGETHER!

A woman with long, flowing teal hair and a white turtleneck sweater is looking down with a sad or contemplative expression. She is in a hallway with wooden walls and floors. In the background, a small figure of a person is visible on a distant staircase. A speech bubble from an unseen character is in the top right corner.

NO WAY! WHERE
IS SHE...?





WHY ARE YOU STILL
HERE, MR. QIAN?





AHEM... I HAD
TO TAKE A CALL
JUST NOW.







WHAT'S WRONG,
REN JIE? YOU
LOOK TERRIBLE.



AVERTS GAZE

THAT'S STRANGE. WHY
DO I FEEL GUILTY
AND LOOK AWAY OUT
OF REFLEX?



I'M FINE.

*SHE'LL ONLY BECOME
MORE ARROGANT IF I
CONTINUE TO GIVE
IN TO HER...*



!

*SHE'S GOING TO
IGNORE MY
EXISTENCE?!*



HEY...

SINCE YOU
HAVEN'T LEFT...



*OMINOUS
FEELING*



I'D LIKE TO
ASK YOU...

TO SEND
ME HOME.