

CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU

Chapter 1: The Voice

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“Hurry up, Jiang Yao, we have to go now!”

The door suddenly burst open and Wen Xuehui, who was drenched in rain, charged into the room anxiously. Jiang Yao looked at her, puzzled and confused. “What’s wrong?”

Wen Xuehui, being an impetuous person, didn’t have the time and patience to explain everything. She quickly packed a few items of Jiang Yao’s clothing, grabbed an umbrella, and snatched some of the important documents on the table and placed them into a bag before charging out of the dormitory while pulling Jiang Yao with her. She didn’t even close the door.

When Jiang Yao arrived downstairs, she found that everyone in her block had gathered on the field. There was a team of Support Guards in uniform standing before them, but she couldn’t see their faces with their backs turned on her under the heavy rain.

“Those who have already come down, leave at this instant. Don’t wait any longer,” the principal ushered in a tone of great dismay and anxiety.

Heavy rain had been pouring into this small valley in the mountain for a week in a row. Since two days ago, the villagers had been jittery and panicky for what would happen in the near future.

“What’s going on?” Jiang Yao asked in a low voice while catching up to Wen Xuehui’s swift footsteps.

“This horrible weather, that’s what’s going on. Because of the week-long downpour, there are many landslides in the village today and our village is no longer safe. The village head has asked for the support of the nearby volunteer guards and he wants to evacuate the whole village by tonight. Unfortunately, the road is too rugged for the guards’ cars to come in, so we have to walk to the junction where they’ve parked their car and escape.”

Wen Xuehui was talking nineteen to the dozen, indicating her anxiety and anguish. “See those guards there? They are here to help us.”

At Wen Xuehui’s remark, Jiang Yao turned and looked behind her. She saw two guards and the principal following behind them. One of the guards noticed Jiang Yao looking at him. He managed a shy smile and a wave, then tugged at his comrade by his side, who was keeping his head down as if looking for something on the ground.

The principal was pacing anxiously, presumably still worried about other people. He turned and said to the guards, “Comrades, I have to excuse myself to check on the other villagers elsewhere. Both of them are doctors from the city. They are our benefactors, our guardian angels who have been looking after us, the old folks in this village, over the years. Please escort them to safety and take good care of them.”

“You take care of yourself. No matter what, you must come and assemble here twenty minutes later,” the man with his downcast head ordered in a deep voice.

At the remark, Jiang Yao was stunned and her footsteps froze midway. She hurriedly looked behind her.

It was him. The voice sounded way too familiar.

In other words, the voice was carved in her mind. It was too memorable for her.

However, as she looked at the man who was keeping his head down, Jiang Yao turned around again, pondered, and then shook her head. She told herself that there was no way the man could be here—it was absolutely impossible.

In order to hide from him, she had given up her job at the prestigious hospital and came here voluntarily to tend to the villagers. In order to find her, that man had transferred troop after troop that it was impossible for him to be here.

The voice did sound familiar. Anyway, she hadn’t heard his voice for many years, so perhaps she had mistaken the voice with other people.

“Hey, what are you thinking of? Hello, mind your step!” Wen Xuehui noticed that her best friend was in a daze and quickly grabbed her before she stepped

on cow dung. “Jiang Yao, what’s wrong with you? How can you be so absent-minded at a critical moment like this?”