The sun hung low, peeking over the horizon, casting long shadows over the thriving metropolis. In the core of the city, where buildings stretch to the heavens, dancing with the wind, where the city smells of coffee and the streets are filled to the brim with clatter and clamour, there was a divide. A divide between the rich and poor, it was as clear as daylight.

In the penthouse of one of the tallest buildings in the spires of the elite district, (MC) moved through the halls naturally, with ease as if he had been doing it all his life, which he was. As a descendant of one of the most powerful families in the city, he was accustomed to all the privilege and luxury that the district had to offer. He was shielded from all the hardships and famine that consumed the world below.

Meanwhile, below in the lower district, in the slums and alleys lived (LI). She navigated through the crowded streets naturally, with ease, as if she had been doing it all her life. She was born into a family with one of the lowest ranks in all of the districts. She was accustomed to the poverty and oppression that the lower district had to offer. She had known nothing but struggle and the fight for survival her entire life.

It was time for (MC) to go and collect the resources from their factory in the lower district, it was his first time seeing the lower district. If it was not luck then it was destiny that (MC) met (LI), one of the workers in the factory. Their paths crossed in the chaos of the district, they didn’t meet in an ordinary way, (MC) accidently collided with (LI). (MC)’s heart was racing and he swiftly apologized, which led (LI) to be confused.

As they both reached down to retrieve the scattered documents, their eyes met in a fleeting moment of recognition. There was something in LI's gaze that stirred something deep within MC, a spark of curiosity and intrigue that they couldn't quite explain.

"Sorry," MC muttered, offering a hand to help LI up. "I wasn't watching where I was going."

LI hesitated for a moment, their gaze flickering with a mixture of surprise and suspicion. But then, with a small nod of gratitude, they accepted MC's help, their fingers brushing against each other in an electrifying touch.

"It's fine," LI replied, their voice soft yet tinged with defiance. "Just watch your step next time."

And with that, they went their separate ways, each carrying with them the memory of that brief encounter. Little did they know that their lives were about to become inexorably intertwined, bound together by fate and the fragile threads of hope in a world on the brink of collapse.