**POV of sidewalk scene**

**Three perspectives. One piece.**

Haruto:

Haruto streaked through the dense rain, his footsteps slapping against slippery concrete or sinking into patches of soggy earth-like stepping into a cold, discarded stew. He didn’t slow, didn’t breathe; only ran. Passersby cast anxious glances his way, uncertain whether to be alarmed. Fortunately, there was nothing chasing him. At least not visibly. From Haruto’s perspective, the danger had already arrived.

He used to be the CEO of a globally renowned gaming company. High-profile and high-risk, he was no stranger to assassination attempts or kidnapping threats. But the latest attempt on his life was unlike anything before.

It began with subtle warnings: odd movements, unexplained security breaches, uneasy silences in the office corridors. Sensing a looming threat, Haruto ordered guards to monitor every entrance around the clock. What he didn’t realize was that the danger wasn’t outside trying to get in. It was already inside.

Life at the company continued as usual, until one storm-wracked Christmas Eve.

A knife sliced through the air inside headquarters, barely missing Haruto and shattering a nearby monitor. Gasps erupted. Screams followed. In a flash, several masked men burst from a hidden panel near the fire extinguisher, armed to the teeth.

Chaos tore through the building like wildfire. Employees screamed and scrambled, some trampling over desks, others diving for exits. Haruto vanished into the panicked crowd just as police sirens screamed toward the scene. Squad cars swerved and skidded to a halt outside, narrowly avoiding civilian vehicles.

When the dust settled and the invaders vanished, a grim investigation began. But one question haunted everyone who’d made it out alive:

**Where had the CEO gone?**

Now, Haruto runs—not from the scene, but from the people who staged it. The ones who know his name. The ones who won’t stop until he's dead.

Kai:

Kai casually strolled along the drenched pathway, grinning with pleasure as dripping citizens trudged miserably through the thunderous weather. Raindrops bounced off the massive umbrella above him, forming puddles around his feet. But Kai, unlike the others, dodged them with ease, jogging playfully while fellow pedestrians occasionally slipped—sending tsunamis of crystal-clear water cascading from the sidewalks.

It was a miserable day for most. But not for Kai.

As a dedicated secretary to the local Member of Parliament, promotions were rare and slow to come by. Fortunately, today was different. The personal assistant to the MP had resigned—offered a job in court as a judge. The sudden vacancy had to be filled quickly, and that’s how Kai proudly found himself promoted to the coveted title of **personal assistant**.

But that wasn’t the only stroke of luck waiting for him.

Still reeling from the unexpected promotion, Kai couldn’t shake the feeling that his fortune wasn’t over. On a spontaneous whim, he dashed to the nearest lottery shop and bought a ticket. The salesman handed over the randomly generated slip, and Kai’s eyes scanned the printed numbers:

**10, 33, 41, 47, 56.**

Moments later, a voice crackled through the speakers in the shop. The Powerball draw was about to begin.

Kai’s heart pounded. He watched, frozen, as the host prepared to read the winning numbers.

**The first number: 10.**

"Yesss," Kai whispered under his breath, fists clenched. One step closer.

**Next: 33.**

Groans echoed around the shop as others began to lose hope. But Kai’s excitement only grew.

Then came the final sequence:

**41... 47...**

He could barely breathe. It felt like waiting for test results that would decide his future.

**“And the final number... 56!”**

For a moment, time stopped.

Kai exploded with joy—his body trembling, his mouth agape, his heart soaring. It felt like he had just won the World Cup. No, something bigger.

**He had just won $1 billion USD.**
(Or 1,512,242,000 AUD to be exact.)
**On his first try.**

Not wasting a second, Kai bolted out of the shop and sprinted toward the lottery headquarters, passing by stunned onlookers who could only watch the strange blur of a man racing through the rain.

Kwan:

There would never be another day like this for Kwan. Especially the tragedy of a superstructure brought down by several sinister terrorists. On that tempestuous afternoon, passersby were all solitary and avoid contact from another person. This made Kwan suspicious. There must be something terrible occurring this day. And he was right.

As a lone man turned the corner of a building, Kwan saw that in the exact same direction, a massive 35 ton oil truck, parked in a spot in front of the community shopping mall. Several men were leaning against the vehicle and to Kwan’s ultimate shock, one of them was holding not one, but a bunch of 10 strapped together in a tight bundle. The suspicious men looked as if they going to blow the building up. Kwan’s spine felt a shiver go through it. Whatever they were planing, he needed to intercept it, **now.** He peered around to check if the coast was clear before sprinting down the lane while dialing 000.

Just as he received the call, a deafening explosion could be heard behind Kwan. His mouth opened in disbelief as a colossal crater was reveal through all the smoke and flames. Shrieks fill the air like a disease as firefighters and medical services, including the police department rushed into the scene.

Citizens scampered for their lives as the whole mall bursting into a gigantic fireball. Even with the combination of the rain and water from the hydrants, the disastrous flaming rage continued to expand like a fresh balloon, eating everything in its path. Kwan spluttered in terror before making a split second decision,

**Run.**

He darted alongside all the fleeing residents, only petrified yelps and the crackling of burning wood. Nothing could wipe this thought out of Kwan’s memory. **Never.**