

Chapter 45: He's Your Nephew

Ji Wen said curiously, "I know my mother's character. She values her reputation very much. Logically speaking, the two of you won't quarrel."

"This matter can't be explained in a short amount of time. Your mother and I only found out the reason last night."

Ji Wen turned around and saw his uncle standing not far from him under the scorching sun. He rubbed his eyes in disbelief and took a closer look. It really was his uncle. "Fang Xiaonuan, why is my uncle standing under the scorching sun and looking at us?"

Fang Xiaonuan turned around and narrowed her eyes at her husband. She said, "He's probably sunbathing to replenish his calcium!"

Ji Wen said, "That makes sense."

Ji Lingchen could not bear to watch any longer. He took his hands out of his pockets and walked toward the two of them aggressively. The weather was obviously hot, but the two of them felt a gust of cold air approaching them. The two of them stood properly as if they were mischievous students waiting for a lecture from their teacher.

Ji Lingchen walked in front of the two of them, his face dark, and said, "I didn't get enough of the sun outside? You think I still have to go out to sunbathe when I get home?"

Ji Wen acted a little innocent. He leaned over to his deskmate. "Aren't you also sunbathing to replenish calcium?"

Ji Lingchen pulled Fang Xiaonuan to his side. "And you, watch your step. He's your nephew!"

The two of them stayed quiet. Ji Lingchen grabbed Fang Xiaonuan's hand and pulled her away from the backyard. Fang Xiaonuan staggered and almost fell. Ji Lingchen picked her up. "You need to have eyes to see where you're going."

"Oh." Fang Xiaonuan was dragged away. She turned her head and mouthed to Ji Wen, "Your uncle is angry."

Ji Wen mouthed back, "I can tell."

Ji Lingchen noticed the interaction between his nephew and his wife, so he tugged hard again. Fang Xiaonuan stumbled again, and Ji Lingchen carried her horizontally into the hall.

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Ji Lingchen did not want to stay any longer. When he thought about his wife and his little rascal nephew, who had been deskmates for more than ten years, he did not feel good. He informed Old Master Ji that he was going to leave, but because Ji Wen had just returned today, Old Master Ji did not want him to leave in such a hurry. He stopped him. "What's the hurry? Leave tomorrow."

"After dinner, we'll leave." Ji Lingchen made his final concession.

For the rest of the afternoon, Ji Lingchen's gaze never left Fang Xiaonuan. Even when she went to the bathroom, he kept his gaze on the door. Fang Xiaonuan could sense that there was something wrong with the man. He did not leave her sight either. This made Fang Xiaonuan feel suffocated.

Finally, it was nighttime. Because Ji Wen had returned, Old Master Ji was very happy. Even the dinner was exceptionally sumptuous. When Ji Lingchen pulled Fang Xiaonuan down the stairs, everyone had already arrived.

Mayor Ji said a few words to ask Ji Lingchen to stay. Even Feng Qi wore a rare pleasant expression. If it was before Ji Wen had returned, Ji Lingchen might have stayed. But now, he explicitly refused.

Ji Wen slowly cut the steak in front of him. He did not say a word to ask Ji Lingchen to stay, because even if he did, everyone knew that it would sound insincere. As he cut the steak, the tattoo on his hand became harder to miss.

Feng Qi pointed at Ji Wen's hand and asked, "What's going on? How could you turn into a bad child?"

"Mom, a tattoo doesn't mean I'm a bad child. That's the proof that I've stepped into society," Ji Wen said.

Feng Qi looked at Ji Lingchen. "Lingchen, we can't control him. Tell Ji Wen."

Ji Lingchen was the only person in the Ji family who could control Ji Wen. Ji Lingchen usually returned to the old mansion to discipline his nephew. When Ji Wen saw Ji Lingchen's gaze, he immediately put his hand behind his back. "Uncle, I'm old enough. You said before that when I turned eighteen..."

Ji Lingchen said, "Don't let me see the tattoo on your hands. Either chop off your hands or remove the tattoo."

Ji Wen had a mournful look on his face. He looked at Fang Xiaonuan, hoping that his aunt and deskmate would speak up for him. However, Fang Xiaonuan was confused. "Why are you looking at me? Your uncle asked you to chop off your hands, not me."

Ji Lingchen said, "Three minutes. If you can't remove it, I'll get someone to help you."

"No, no, no need to trouble yourself. One minute will do." Ji Wen, who was alone and helpless, had a sad expression on his face. He got up and went to the bathroom. When he came out, his hands were clean and there was not a single trace of a "tattoo".

Fang Xiaonuan suddenly understood. "So, it wasn't permanent!"

Ji Wen did not dare to really put a tattoo on his body. However, to satisfy his desire for one, he paid a high price for a very realistic tattoo to be put on his hands.

Mayor Ji hated that his son's hair was always colorful. Taking advantage of Ji Lingchen's presence at home, he said, "Dye your hair black."