

Bigoted 21

Chapter 21: Furious

Fu Tingyu pursed his lips and said nothing.

Gu Yan had no choice but to threaten him and said, "I'm warning you for the last time, if your wound reopens, any disability you might face is self-induced."

With that, he started to take care of Fu Tingyu's wound even though he was fuming.

When Gu Yan observed Fu Tingyu's persistent silence, he could not help ask, "What's so good about her? To the extent that you would ignore all possible consequences?"

The tenaciously reserved Fu Tingyu finally spoke up, "She is my woman, and also the best one around."

Gu Yan snorted coldly. "Your relationship with her only exists in name, but you're so complacent."

"She's mine from head to toe." Fu Tingyu declared this with gravitas.

Gu Yan was studded momentarily, as he seemed to have understood the real reason why the wound on Fu Tingyu's back reopened. "Aren't you afraid that your hand will become crippled?"

"I still have you as a last resort, don't I?"

"..." Gu Yan felt really tempted to swear at him but said nothing.

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At night, Qin Shu brewed a cup of coffee and added a small amount of milk. She omitted sugar as she recalled that Fu Tingyu did not take his coffee with sugar.

She had personally ground the coffee beans. After she soaked them in hot water and added milk, there was a rich aroma.

Since Fu Tingyu regularly worked late into the night, coffee was the most suitable drink for him at this time.

Qin Shu picked the cup of coffee up and proceeded to the second floor.

Wang Ma caught sight of that and could not resist mentioning to the passing housekeeper, "Madam has certainly grown into her role as a wife ever since the morning I saw her emerge from the study room. I just saw her personally grinding coffee beans and brewing coffee for Mr. Fu."

Housekeeper Shi replied, "This is a good thing. This goes to show that feelings can only develop between a couple if they stay together."

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Qin Shu walked to the study room door. With the coffee in one hand, she raised the other and knocked twice before she pushed the door open and walked inside the room.

As her gaze landed on the dark, coffee-colored desk, she saw Fu Tingyu seated behind it. He was dressed in a black suit with a navy shirt underneath. He positively overflowed with a masculine aura and self-restraint.

When the door opened, Fu Tingyu's gaze shifted from the pile of project folders before him to the door. His eyes grew curious as he watched Qin Shu approach him step by step.

Qin Shu arrived at the desk under his surveillance. She placed the cup of coffee before him and lifted her eyes to gaze at him. In a gentle voice, she said, "Here is some freshly ground coffee, I didn't add any sugar. Please drink it so you have enough energy to work."

Fu Tingyu lowered his eyes, stared at the cup of coffee, and noticed that steam still rose from it. He picked it up with his slender fingers, brought it to his mouth, pursed his lips, and sipped a small mouthful. The temperature was slightly hot, still at an acceptable degree for consumption.

Just as she had told him, no sugar had been added.

Following that, he drank the entire cup of coffee in one go. His elegant and graceful temperament was not diminished by his actions at all, in fact, he looked like he was sampling the coffee.

Qin Shu felt rather elated when she saw him finish the entire cup as she had personally brewed it. She waited until he set it down before speaking, "Do continue with your work. I'm going back to read a book."

Without waiting for his reply, Qin Shu grabbed the empty cup from his hand and turned around to leave. Her long hair spun along with her, and at that moment, she seemed full of energy instead of the usual listlessness that plagued her.

Fu Tingyu watched her leave the study room. He was momentarily dazed and had wondered about his babe's unusual behavior.

He recalled her behavior within that one hour in the afternoon and did not think it was normal for her behavior to be like it was now.

"Is she compromising so that I won't go after Shen Yaohui?" Fu Tingyu thought to himself.

His gaze instantly grew cold at this possibility.

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