

## Bigoted 57

### Chapter 57: Sir's Happiness

Did Babe Knit this for him?

She knitted it with her own hands.

Fu Tingyu still couldn't believe it. Although he appeared calm on the surface, he was actually extremely excited deep down inside.

The unlit cigarette in his hand had unknowingly fallen onto the wooden floor, and no one cared about it.

Shi Yan mustered up his courage and said, "Sir, you've misunderstood Madam. "

Fu Tingyu glanced at Shi Yan. He tightened his grip on the scarf and pursed his lips.

Then he strode out of the bedroom and into the study.

Shi Yan heaved a sigh of relief. It was a false alarm.

It was just that Qin Shu had been wronged.

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Inside the study

Fu Tingyu pushed open the door of the lounge and looked at the bed. The girl was still sleeping.

He walked to the edge of the bed and squatted down by the side. He lowered his eyes. The sleeping girl looked sweet and her thick eyelashes were curly.

Her fair face was slightly flushed.

A penetrating tenderness filled the man's dark eyes.

After looking at the girl for a long time, he leaned over and kissed the girl on the forehead.

Then he took off his shoes, laid down beside the girl, took her into his arms, closed his eyes and began to sleep.

The red scarf was placed on the head of the bed. The word 'Yu' embroidered in golden silk shone brilliantly in the moonlight.

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The next day

The morning light was faint

Qin Shu tried to turn over in her sleep but to no avail. She felt as if her body was clamped down tightly by a pair of large pliers.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a patch of white and was stunned for a few seconds.

Fu Tingyu had already woken up. He looked at the soundly sleeping girl in his arms and could not bear to get up.

When he saw that she had awakened, he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "Babe."

Qin Shu raised her head and saw the man's handsome face. His pitch-black eyes looked as if the rain had passed and the sun had risen. He was no longer as gloomy and ruthless as before.

This also meant that the man was no longer angry.

Fu Tingyu picked up the red scarf with his name embroidered on the headboard and handed it to the girl. His deep voice was filled with unconcealable excitement.

"Babe, this scarf was knitted for me, right?"

Qin Shu looked at the man in front of her. He had been angry because of a scarf but he was happy because his name was embroidered on the scarf.

He was like a child. He looked even happier than a child who had received a beloved toy.

But when she thought of what had happened yesterday, when the man had not listened to her explanation, she felt wronged.

She reached out and snatched the scarf from the man's hand.

Fu Tingyu didn't use any strength, so she easily got her way.

Qin Shu turned her head away from him in a fit of pique. "Who said it was for you? I'm giving it to someone else."

Fu Tingyu did not believe that the scarf embroidered with his name was for someone else. He picked up the end of the scarf with the word 'Yu' embroidered on it and showed it to her. His eyebrows were raised, and there was a hint of pride in his voice. "My name is on it."

Qin Shu took out the scarf from his hand and said angrily, "It's not for you just because it has your name on it."

Qin Shu's words might as well have been an admission that his name was embroidered on the scarf.

Hearing the girl's angry words, Fu Tingyu was not angry, but rather happy.

Qin Shu took the scarf, lifted her blanket, got off the bed, and walked straight out.

Fu Tingyu was stunned for a few seconds when the girl suddenly left. Then, he got up and chased after her.

In the bedroom

Qin Shu put the scarf on the dressing table. It was embroidered for Shen Yaohui by her past self.

Although she had changed the name embroidered on it, her original intention of knitting the scarf was different. She did not want to give this scarf to Fu Tingyu.

She wanted to knit another scarf with all her heart before giving it to him.

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