

Bigoted 781

Chapter 781: You Were a Hooligan, and a Scoundrel

Qin Shu was too speechless to answer.

“Babe, it pains me to see you like this.” Fu Tingyu said as he rubbed his back. “My back hurts. Can’t you feel bad for me?”

She glared at him but refused to offer any words of comfort. He continued rubbing his back with one hand while having another hand on the floor to support himself, trying to garner some sympathy from Qin Shu.

But still, she refused to take pity on him. He reluctantly pulled himself up from the floor.

Standing by the bed, he lowered his sight and gazed at Qin Shu sitting on the bed. Still, she did not bother to respond to him. He tugged at his tie and said, “Babe, I’ve been staying outside for a long time without a bath. I’ll take a shower first. You can sleep first if you’re tired.”

He immediately turned around and made his way to the bathroom in the dark, as if making a quick escape before she changed her mind and kicked him out of the house if he lingered in the room any longer.

Hearing the opening and closing of the bathroom door, she turned her sight towards the window, staring into the darkness outside the window. Everything that had happened this very night was rather sudden and surprising to her. Her mind was still confused and required some time for her to digest and straighten up.

Since she was under hypnosis to forget everything that had happened to her, she felt like she was still in the dark on many matters, which made her feel uneasy.

She was supposed to be happy to know that she was the one and only love of Fu Tingyu.

But she was depressed to know about her identity and the part where Fu Tingyu lied to her.

Exhausted from the overload of information, she closed her eyes and dozed off. Lucky for the excellent soundproofing of the apartment, she wasn’t disturbed by the sound of Fu Tingyu taking his shower at all.

The room returned to silence.

After his hot shower, Fu Tingyu came out of the bathroom covered in only a piece of a white bath towel wrapped around his slim waist. He had neither clothes nor pajamas in this apartment, let alone underwear. So, he could only be contented with a piece of a bath towel.

He walked to the bedside and quietly got on the bed.

Qin Shu felt the bed sunk, followed by a warm body closing in behind her. Her eyes twitched in reaction.

She could feel the weight of his hand on her waist while another warm hand reached across her neck to the other side of her shoulder, pulling her into a soft, warm embrace.

Qin Shu was speechless for a moment.

Seeing she did not react to his action, he moved closer to her, letting out warm breath down her neck, and absorbed her scent.

One of his hands reached for her stomach, caressing and checking on her pregnant tummy.

The tummy had grown so much since he left, but she seemed to have lost some weight.

Qin Shu blushed. "Go home."

He paused his motion and whispered, "I woke you up. I won't move anymore. Go back to sleep."

A little annoyed, she firmly repeated her request, "I told you to go home."

"Babe, I didn't mean to wake you up. Please don't send me away?" He coaxed with a whisper and tightened his wrap around her waist, refusing to let go.

Qin Shu's mouth twitched. "You have trouble understanding my words?"

He kissed the girl on the neck. "Babe, go to sleep. It's not good for your and the baby to stay up late."

Qin Shu had no idea how she should respond to his act of a hooligan, which had gotten worse than before. He was too far gone down the road of being a scoundrel as well.

[The story of Fu Tingyu Tricking Cutie Pie.]

Fu Tingyu was eight when he was suddenly kidnapped. The memory of his encounter when he was eight became deeply engraved in his mind. Both his parents Fu Beichen and Mu Shengwan thought little of it since he went missing once when Ye Huang took him out to play.

Leng Xiao was shot in the chest while trying to save Fu Tingyu. Although he was immediately sent to the hospital, they couldn't save his life.

He was Fu Tingyu's master, and Fu Tingyu was like a son to him. They shared a deep bond between them. No matter how smart and sensible Fu Tingyu was, he was only a child then. The boy who never cried had shed the first tears for the loss of his master.

Since then, he has become a gloomy little boy. The lively, cheerful little boy became withdrawn. He hated hospitals with every cell in his body because the man he held dear to his heart never left that place alive.

Ye Huang took him out to play a month after the incident, which seemed to brighten up his mood.

Although Fu Tingyu was just eight, Fu Beichen no longer saw him as a child. Thus, he demanded much from his son in every single aspect. After the kidnapping incident, nothing much changed other than the number of security details around Fu Tingyu.

It was a bright warm day at the end of May. Fu Tingyu was seated in the car wearing a school uniform. His sharp eyes glimpsed of an adorable baby standing on the street when he looked out the window. "Stop the car!" He immediately barked the order.

The bodyguard immediately pulled the car to a halt.

“Don’t follow me.” Fu Tingyu pushed open the car door and got out of the car. He made his way towards the baby and stared down at the Cutie Pie standing in front of him. His eyes glistened with emotions that were not supposed to be from his age.

She was less than a meter tall; the gap of height between them was enormous. Wearing a white skirt and dressed like a princess, her skin was as fair as the white of the snow.

Two adorable buns adorned the Cutie Pie’s little head while baby hair covered her little forehead as her baby hair was so short that it covered up until her brows. He could see her sweet, chubby face with baby fats. She was a lovely little girl.

She cocked her head upward and stared at the boy in front of her, her eyes filled with curiosity.

Fu Tingyu’s liking for her grew at every second he looked at her. He looked around them and saw no one nearby. He thought to himself, “Her family must have abandoned her.”

He took out a wristwatch from his pocket and handed it to the Cutie Pie. “Call me Big Brother, and I’ll let you play with this.”

The three-year-old Cutie Pie was curious about every little thing around her. The wristwatch looked like a new kind of fun for her too. “Big Brother.”

Her childish baby voice was pleasant to his ears, just like he’d expected.

“I’ll let you play with it.”

Her chubby little hand reached out for the wristwatch in his hand before he could finish his words and curiously turned it around with her tiny hands.

Fu Tingyu couldn’t help smiling to himself, looking at her action.

She would touch the wristwatch, then pinch it, before sending the watch into her mouth.

Fu Tingyu hurriedly reached out and stopped her before the watch touched her mouth, “This isn’t meant to be eaten.”

The Cutie Pie stared intently at him before she spoke with her sweet baby voice again, “Xiao Bao, be a good girl and eat up.”

What was she referring to when she said, “Xiao Bao, be a good girl and eat up.”?

Although he had no idea what she was trying to say, he was still amused with the serious tone when she said those words.

“Be good, and I’ll give you candy.”

Her eyes curved into two little crescents when she grinned, “Xiao Bao is the best.”

“Not only candy but also strawberry cake, mousse cake, chocolate...”

The Cutie Pie did not want the watch in her hand anymore when she heard of candies and cakes. Her chubby little hand grabbed the corner of Fu Tingyu’s shirt and started walking. She had no destination, but she just walked wherever her little feet took her. “Buy them, Big Brother.”

Looking down at the Cutie Pie walking in front of him with her little chubby fingers grabbing the corner of his shirt, Fu Tingyu couldn't help thinking, "She has a strong little hand."

He stretched his hand towards her, "Come, let me hold your hand."

The cutie pie immediately let go of his shirt and took his hand, then followed him wherever he took her.

Although she was three, she did not walk slow. Fu Tingyu got her into her car in no time.

The bodyguard was dumbfounded when he saw his master get on the car with the little girl in tow.

"Young master, who is this little girl?"

"Her family doesn't want her anymore."

"Should we call the police first?"

"No need. I'm going to take care of Cutie Pie."

Chapter 782: Bathing Was Challenging

Fu Tingyu replied without raising his head. He opened the storage in the car and took out a chocolate box, then retrieved a piece of the chocolate and handed it to the Cutie Pie.

"This is chocolate. It's delicious. Try this."

The Cutie Pie reached out and took the chocolate in her hand, then took a bite at it. She chewed on the delicacy for a while, savoring the taste. After swallowing the first bite, she took another bite and continued to nibble at it.

Children did not lie. They would continue eating if they liked particular food. On the other hand, they would refuse if they disliked the food too.

Fu Tingyu knew she liked chocolates when he saw her taking one bite after another.

"Young master, this... this." The bodyguard was in a dilemma at the boy's action.

Ignoring his bodyguard, who was in a dilemma, he lowered his sight and watched the Cutie Pie reach out her chubby little hand for another piece after she finished the first piece of chocolates.

"Brother, Xiao Bao wants to eat chocolate." The sentence was a little long, and her baby voice wasn't talking clearly.

But Fu Tingyu understood her words and gave her another piece.

They soon arrived at Bright Garden. Before he got out of the car, Fu Tingyu instructed, "Do not tell my father and my mother."

He wanted to keep the Cutie Pie and raise her on his own. She would be his in the future.

The bodyguard was even more in a dilemma. The young master was still a child. How could he raise a little girl on his own?

Would there be any trouble?

Fu Tingyu was eight. He was taller than his age, and he practiced martial arts, making him a strong boy for his age. He carried the Cutie Pie up the stair with no effort and went straight into his bedroom.

The Cutie Pie, who had just finished up her last piece of chocolates, had her pink, tender lips smeared with chocolates.

She gazed at the smooth, fair neck of the boy carrying her. It reminded her of her mother. She would kiss her mother's cheek every time she held her like this.

She held Fu Tingyu's face with her chubby hands and planted a kiss on his cheek.

Fu Tingyu stopped in his track when he felt her light smooch on his cheek. It was sticky and wet.

He turned to look at the Cutie Pie. Her lips were heavily smeared with chocolates. He did not need to check himself on the mirror to know the sticky, wet stain on his face was chocolates.

"Why did you leave the chocolate stain on my face?" He recalled that she might not understand him after he finished his question.

"Kiss. If you like it, kiss it." She gazed at him with a grin on her face.

Fu Tingyu blushed at her words. "How can you call this a kiss?"

He ran into the bathroom and checked himself on the mirror after putting her down on the floor. There was indeed a brownish stain on his cheek.

How could she call this a kiss?

Fu Tingyu washed the stain off his face and walked out with a wet towel. He squatted down in front of the Cutie Pie and said, "Your mouth is dirty. Let me clean it up for you."

He was gentle when he wiped off the chocolates from her lips, careful not to hurt her in the process.

After cleaning her up, he heard her say, "Xiao Bao, be a good girl, and eat up."

Fu Tingyu was stunned for a moment, not understanding what she was trying to say.

It was until he told the maid to bring dinner and had the food placed on the dining table that he got to understand she was hungry and wanted to eat, as she kept repeating, "Xiao Bao, be a good girl, and eat up."

Fu Tingyu, who was still a child, had no idea that a toddler still required spoon-feeding. He had the food placed in front of her and handed her a spoon.

"Xiao Bao, be a good girl, and eat up."

She held the spoon firmly in her hand and reached for the bowl. She scooped a spoonful of soup from the bowl and spilled half of the soup on the table before it got to her mouth. Regardless of that, she ate well.

Fu Tingyu couldn't help laughing when he watched her eat. He, too, picked up the cutleries and began to dig in.

The Cutie Pie placed the spoon on the plate in front of her and called out in her baby voice, "I want to eat meat."

"Let me get some for you." Fu Tingyu firmly gripped his chopstick, picked a few meat pieces, and placed them in her bowl.

"Eat more, and you'll grow taller."

Fu Tingyu needed to study and finish his homework after they were done eating. Apart from that, he needed to learn a few other languages from foreign countries.

"Play by yourself. I'll play with you when I'm done."

Fu Tingyu left a few books with her and put her on the sofa to play with herself while studying and doing his homework.

He turned around to check on her when he was done. What he saw came as a shock to him.

Books were scattered around the floor while the Cutie Pie was sleeping soundly on the sofa.

He looked at the clock and realized that it was already ten at night.

It was no wonder she fell asleep.

He stood up and walked over. Cutie Pie was sleeping with her lips pouted, and her chubby cheeks looked tender and adorable. She looked so cute when she was asleep that his heart went soft just by looking at her.

But she needed to bathe first before she could sleep.

There were baby clothes stashed away in the cupboard, beautiful dresses, clothes, and even sleeping bags for babies. And they were for baby girls because he would soon have a sister like her.

Bathing a baby was the most troublesome chore of all.

She was upset and pouted her little lips after being wakened up.

He put some water in the bathtub and started to undress her.

"Am I good to you?"

The Cutie Pie cocked her little head and stared at him for a moment before nodding her head.

"Do you want to keep being with me? I'll give you candies, chocolates, and cakes every day."

She pondered for a moment before she nodded again.

The corner of his mouth curled up into a proud bright smile.

But just as he was feeling proud of himself, he heard her saying, "Xiao Bao missed Mommy."

"Your Mommy doesn't want you anymore. Be with me, and I'll take care of you, okay?"

Fu Tingyu thought that she would be happy. He had no idea she would burst into tears. He had never seen a girl cry, so he was momentarily at a loss trying to coax her to stop.

It wasn't an easy task to coax her to stop crying. And now, Fu Tingyu needed to bathe her, and that for him, was the most challenging task.

It was past twelve when he put her to bed.

The Cutie Pie was yawning on nodding off when he left her sitting on the bed to take a shower himself. He couldn't help feeling amused at this sight when he came out from his shower.

He had a big bed, so there was more than enough space to accommodate both of them.

He pulled her into his arm and cuddled her as he slept.

Just at this moment, the Cutie Pie mumbled in her, "Mommy, I want milk."

Milk?

He immediately thought of the milk powder his mother prepared for the arrival of his baby sister. He climbed down from the bed, sneaked into the nearby room, and sneaked out with a tin of milk powder and a milk bottle.

Fu Tingyu was a person with high intelligence. He already knew the formula and how to turn them into milk after reading through the manual provided.

He prepared 200 milliliters of baby formula and handed the bottle of milk to the Cutie Pie with the teats pointed near her mouth. She opened her mouth and started sucking the teats of the bottle.

He lay down on the bed and pulled up the cover on both of them after she was done feeding on the milk bottle and slept together.

The same routine was repeated for two successive days. Although Fu Tingyu found this troublesome, he was happy when he saw the smile on Cutie Pie's face.

He was making baby formula for Cutie Pie when Mu Shengwan walked in on him. She was confused when she found her son making baby formula.

Chapter 783: What Should I Do If My Wife Ignores Me?

Her son was not a baby. Why would he suddenly ask for baby milk powder?

"My son, dearest, why do you want to drink milk made from baby milk powder?"

Hearing his mother's voice, Fu Tingyu got a fright of his life, causing the spoonful of baby milk powder in his hands to spill all over the table.

"Are you alright? You've spilt it all. You really should be more careful, my dear." Mu Shengwan arrived at her son's side, admonishing him gently.

Just then, a small head popped out from Fu Tingyu's side and stared at Mu Shengwan curiously.

Mu Shengwan was startled upon catching sight of the young girl who had suddenly appeared.

How did she appear out of thin air?

The little ball of sunshine was not afraid of strangers, just as a newborn calf is not afraid of tigers. Tugging at the hem of Fu Tingyu's shirt, she warbled excitedly, "Milk! Milk!" The young girl's voice was sweet and filled with childish innocence.

A tender smile tugged at Fu Tingyu's lips as he peered down at the child clinging onto him.

However, the smile on his lips did not last for long. His mother was eyeing him expectantly, and it would not do for him to ignore her. "It's for her to drink," Fu Tingyu said, speaking as if it were a matter of fact.

Mu Shengwan was roused from her stupor by her son's words.

The young girl, whose milky complexion resembled a glutinous rice ball, was one of those everyone adored.

Mu Shengwan was no exception. The moment she laid eyes on the girl, she instantly took a liking for her.

"My son, where did you find this cute little cinnamon roll?"

"I picked her up on the way here."

"... Picked her up?"

Fu Tingyu responded very seriously, "I want to keep her. She is mine from now on."

"..." Mu Shengwan, "My son, a girl is not an object – she is not an item to be discarded the moment you grow tired of her. If you intend to adopt her, it'll be a commitment for life."

"I don't think of her as an object. How can objects compare to her?" Fu Tingyu nodded sagely.

"Very well. If that is your decision, I shall not interfere. After all, my son is not someone ordinary people can compare to."

Though she appeared supportive of her son's actions, Mu Shengwan reserved a small measure of scepticism. In her eyes, Fu Tingyu was still a brat. What would a brat know about the responsibilities entailed in adopting a child?

"I'll eat and live with her, just like my parents," Fu Tingyu said simply.

Mu Shengwan's mouth twitched. What was this child of hers thinking?

"Mother, don't you think she is very likeable?" Fu Tingyu asked.

"I won't deny that she is. It wouldn't be bad if we were to adopt her."

A passionate fire welled up from within him. Enthusiastically, he said, "Mother, I will take it you have given me your seal of approval. If so, you wouldn't mind if I were to take care of her from now on, would you?"

"Give me a few days. I'll inform you of my decision then."

"Okay."

The young girl's origins were revealed the very next day.

The girl's parents posted news of their daughter's disappearance with a photo attached. Several news stations were quick to catch wind of this piece of information, and soon it became headlines across the country.

With great reluctance, Fu Tingyu parted with the little girl feeling more than a little downtrodden.

He had taken great pains gaining the little girl's trust only for her to be sent away. It was not fair!

On the day the girl was returned to her biological parents, Fu Beichen punished his son by starving him for the day and forcing him to recite the family's code a thousand times; he was even grounded! The punishment he received was light in comparison to what he could have received.

He could not even say goodbye!

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Ye Luo, who had been waiting outside the whole night, stared at the hotel with an inscrutable expression.

On the previous two occasions, the Fourth Young Master was quick to return. Yet, today, the Young Master had not come back despite the brightening skies.

Had the Young Master finally given in to his true nature?

In the hotel...

Fu Tingyu slept on the sofa that night. As long as he could stay by his wife's side, he did not care about the small details.

When he got up, the first thing he did was call Ye Luo and ask him to send a fresh set of clothes over.

Afterwards, he prepared breakfast.

When Qin Shu woke up, she found no trace of Fu Tingyu. Doubt flashed in her eyes. Since he was not around, she decided to wash up.

Just as she was about to step out of the bathroom, she walked into the tall figure of a man standing at the door. Who else could it have been other than Fu Tingyu?

He had changed into a new suit. It was well-tailored but not ironed.

"Babe, breakfast is ready. You should eat before it gets cold." Fu Tingyu said softly. He wanted to smile at her, but he feared she would think he was fishing for compliments.

Qin Shu ignored him and walked straight into the dining room.

A piping hot breakfast, freshly prepared, was laid out on the dining table.

As soon as she stepped into the dining room, Qin Shu smelt the fragrance of millet porridge.

She picked a chair she liked and sat down, scooping spoonfuls of the tasty porridge into her mouth, a tiny bit at a time.

Fu Tingyu sat in the seat opposite hers. Judging from the look on her face, he could tell how much Qin Shu enjoyed the meal he had prepared.

Recalling how she had been going out these past few days, Fu Tingyu offered a suggestion, "Babe, do you want to go out and have some fun? I'll go with you."

Qin Shu ignored him.

Fu Tingyu was not angry at being ignored. He ate a few mouthfuls of rice and said, "Have you been to the Century Gardens? Lucaya's gardens are famed across the world. Would you like to go and take a look?"

Qin Shu did not deign a response.

Fu Tingyu pursed his lips. "Oh right, Babe, have you thought of a name for the baby?"

Qin Shu paused for a fraction of a second before continuing her meal.

Being ignored once again, Fu Tingyu remained silent, deciding to keep his peace while she ate.

After eating, Qin Shu walked into the living room and sat on the sofa. She picked up her laptop and balanced it on her lap.

In the past, Qin Shu had no problems propping up a laptop on her lap.

But now, as her stomach grew bigger and bigger, it became harder and harder for her to type on the keyboard.

Fu Tingyu looked in the direction of the living room. After eating breakfast in silence, he called the hotel staff to clean up the empty plates.

At this moment, his phone rang.

He took out his phone and looked at the caller ID. It was Qin Feng.

Answering the phone, he heard Qin Feng's voice. "Where are you? Have you found Ling Bao?"

Fu Tingyu paused. "I found her."

"Really?" Qin Feng was thrilled. "Where is she? Let me speak to her."

Fu Tingyu frowned. "I'm at a hotel."

He sent the hotel's address to Qin Feng.

After sending it, he put away his phone and walked into the living room.

Seeing Qin Shu seated on the sofa, Fu Tingyu took the opportunity to sit beside her.

Qin Shu did not look at him and continued typing away on her computer.

Fu Tingyu stared at her helplessly. Up close, he noticed how thin she had become.

A month away from her, and she had lost weight. Why did not she take better care of herself?

However, no matter what he said, it was useless.

“Babe, Qin Feng called just now. He said he wanted to talk to you.”

Qin Shu’s hands stopped moving. Qin Feng was coming?

She and Qin Feng were fellow disciples.

Could it be that he wanted to talk to her about what happened on Mount Qi?

A knock sounded at the door not a while later.

It was probably Qin Feng.

“I’ll go get the door.” To no surprise, Qin Feng stood outside, waiting.

“Come in.”

Qin Feng obliged readily. He saw a woman sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed, a laptop propped over them.

The woman’s bulging stomach was plain for all to see.

Black hair fell on her shoulders, covering half of her face.

With her head lowered, her features were indistinguishable.

Fu Tingyu closed the door behind them. He shot Qin Feng a wary glance, noticing how his eyes were glued on her motionless form. Coughed lightly, he said, “Please have a seat.”

Only then did Qin Feng react. He walked over and sat down on the seat opposite Qin Shu.

Qin Shu looked up for the first time since Qin Feng entered the room. She was already acquainted with him. Outside of being surprised, she showed no other emotion on her face. Qin Shu still was not sure where they stood, and their relationship was tenuous at best.

However, Qin Feng was different. It was his first time meeting Qin Shu. Previously, she had masqueraded as a man, dressing up in men’s clothes and wearing make-up to modify her features. Now that he could see her completely bare-faced, he was shocked.

It is often said that as a person grows up, their appearances change, save for the shape of their eyebrows, and the light in their eyes.

Chapter 784: A Greeting Gift

In the seven years since he had seen her, the young girl of days past had grown up into a fine young woman, possessing elegance and grace.

As a young girl, few could match her beauty. Now that she was all grown up, her beauty exceeded his wildest imagination.

His gaze fell on her bulging belly. She could not have been much older than a regular college student, and yet...

“You shameless scoundrel!” Qin Feng roared, glaring fiercely at Fu Tingyu.

Fu Tingyu received Qin Feng’s indignant glare with cool indifference. The feeling was mutual.

Qin Shu regarded Qin Feng silently. He had casually taken the seat opposite hers without waiting for an invitation.

There was no need for introductions; they already knew one another.

The longer Qin Feng stared at Qin Shu, the more he felt embarrassed, strangely enough.

Perhaps it was because of how they met, the process by which they became better acquainted with each other, or the way she saved him when he was poisoned. His feelings for her were a complicated tangle of knots he did not know how to unravel.

One thing was certain, however. The young girl dwelling in his memories had grown up, maturing into a fine young woman.

Blurting the first thing that came to mind, he said, “If I had known you were Ling Bao when I first met you, I would have brought you away and made Fu Tingyu, this despicable man, cry bitterly and pay for what he has done.”

Fu Tingyu had just sat down beside Qin Shu when he heard Qin Feng’s words. Sneering, he sent Qin Feng a withering glare.

Qin Feng ignored Fu Tingyu. He only had eyes for Qin Shu, and it showed the dazzling smile trained at her.

Qin Shu did not expect Qin Feng to say such words the moment they met. It was endearing, the way he wanted to protect her.

Unfortunately, she had no recollection of this junior martial brother of hers.

Although she did not remember learning martial arts on Mount Qi, she had heard many things about the mountain and the time she was said to have spent there.

From what she could gather, Qin Shu learnt that she was the first disciple accepted, and therefore, was called Senior Martial Sister by those who joined after her.

Despite Fu Tingyu and Qin Feng being several years older and more successful than she was, they still had to address her as Senior Sister. It felt great.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t remember my time on the mountain.” Qin Shu was referring to her time spent on Mount Qi.

Not remembering what happened on Mount Qi was a sore point for her.

Qin Feng smiled. "It's fine if you don't remember. Who knows? You might remember in the future. You need only know one thing. Fu Tingyu, this despicable man, is a bully and he enjoys bullying those weaker than him. Just say the word, and I'll help you get back at him."

Fu Tingyu laughed coldly. "I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. There is no one worth bullying except my wife. I have no time for anyone else."

Qin Feng chuckled mirthlessly, retorting, "I wouldn't be so sure if I were you. You have the blackest heart I've ever had the misfortune of knowing."

In the past, Fu Tingyu's martial prowess might have been second to none. Now? Hehe! He could defeat the pride of the Celestial Sect with one hand!

The tables had turned. Fu Tingyu was not his match, and they both knew it.

"Humph! No matter how black it may be, there will always be an untainted spot within it for my wife." Fu Tingyu emphasised the two words, 'my wife', in his passionate declaration.

Dazed, Qin Shu did not know how to react.

Fu Tingyu's gaze shifted from Qin Feng to Qin Shu. The frigid pinpricks of obsidian immediately thawed, turning into mellow pools of comforting warmth. "My wife, let me peel some fruits for you."

No sooner had he said so than Fu Tingyu got up, disappearing in search of fruits for his wife.

Qin Feng's eyes trailed after Fu Tingyu's departing form. Only when he was sure the other man would not hear him did he ask Qin Shu seriously, "Do you want to get away from him? I can help you. I guarantee he won't be able to find you."

Qin Feng's expression was solemn. He did not seem to be joking.

Qin Shu offered Qin Feng a wan smile. "I only want to know now, who made me lose my memory?"

"I don't know. I only found out about your memory loss recently." Qin Feng replied apologetically.

His fury was palpable as he apologised. "I met Fu Tingyu in Nan Yue. That villain did not mention you at all! How could he be so treacherous!"

Qin Shu listened quietly. Once he had finished venting, she said, "It's not just you. He lied to Han Xiao and Hua Wuyan too. He... he should clear the air once and for all."

While they were in the capital, Fu Tingyu had said they were two different people because they did not share the same speech patterns. Obviously, he had been lying through his teeth.

"How could he do this?" Qin Feng was so angry his face turned blue. "Memory alteration is not a technique just anyone can use. The user has to be sufficiently skilled, or the target would become a vegetable. It's been more than ten years since your memories were stolen from you. It'll be a challenge finding the culprit, let alone uncovering the reason for taking your memories away."

Qin Shu frowned when she heard this. How could she find someone she did not know, someone she had not met in ten years?

How would she find the perpetrator?

Before she could voice her questions, Qin Feng continued, "Don't worry. I'll help you find the person who did this to you and seek answers on your behalf. Once we find whoever it is, I'm sure your memory will be restored."

Ever since her rebirth, Qin Shu found it easier to differentiate those who treated her sincerely from those who held ulterior motives. Qin Feng fell into the former category. With gratitude shining in her eyes, she said, "Thank you, Junior Brother."

Qin Feng was about to reply by saying it was a small matter and that she did not need to be overly zealous with her thanks, considering the relationship they shared in the past.

However, before he could do so, Qin Shu acknowledged him as her Junior Brother, causing him to choke on his saliva.

Following the customary rules of Mount Qi, it would not have been wrong for him to call her his Senior Sister. Nonetheless, it did not take away his discomfort in having to do so, considering their age difference.

Pointing at himself and then back at her, he quipped, "Do you think it's appropriate for me to call you Senior Sister with our age difference?"

Qin Shu coughed into her hand, muffling her laughter and said, "I think it's quite appropriate. I'll have you call me Senior Sister in a while, yet!"

The corners of Qin Feng's mouth twitched. "I would prefer calling you Ling Bao to Senior Sister."

At this moment, Fu Tingyu returned with a plate full of freshly peeled fruits and placed them in front of his wife. The fruits were washed, peeled, and then cut into cubes. They looked delicious.

Qin Feng regarded Fu Tingyu with due caution. He was a sneaky fellow who preyed on the weak and tormented those he did not like. "It seems you treat our Senior Sister quite well."

Fu Tingyu paused. Turning around, he shot Qin Feng a look that spelt death by a thousand knives.

A chill ran down Qin Feng's spine. Even though Fu Tingyu's martial strength had deteriorated severely, he still had an aura about him only an expert could possess.

The scene playing out reminded her of something Han Xiao had said in the past. Han Xiao mentioned how he and Fu Tingyu had once fought because he addressed her as Senior Sister.

As for the specifics, she did not know.

Resolving to find out the truth from Fu Tingyu, Qin Shu tried to catch his eye.

It so happened that Fu Tingyu glanced in her direction just as she wanted to speak to him. When their eyes met, they both paused.

"Honey, you should eat some of the fruit I've cut for you." It was as if the confrontation he almost engaged Qin Feng in did not happen. Sitting down on the sofa, Fu Tingyu snuggled closer to Qin Shu; his

sheep-like eyes held nothing in their sights but her. To make matters worse, he edged into her personal space and only stopped when he was satisfied that he could not get any closer.

Qin Shu: "..."

Meanwhile, Qin Feng nursed a sense of relief, having found Qin Shu at last. All he needed to do now was rescue her from Fu Tingyu's clutches. The man was as nefarious as they come. He would not feel at ease leaving his precious Senior Sister by his side. Who knows when his horns and forked tail would appear? No. He would not allow Fu Tingyu to bully Qin Shu.

Before he left, Qin Feng gave Qin Shu a gift.

"This is a little something for you. It's also to cash the blank check I wrote on Mount Qi."

Qin Shu accepted the gift. It was a document bag. Confused, she asked, "What's this supposed to be?"

"You'll know when you open it and discover its contents," said Qin Feng smiling mysteriously.

Qin Feng excused himself after bidding farewell to Qin Shu. As the door closed behind him, Qin Feng heard Fu Tingyu mutter a threat, "You had better not have given my wife anything you shouldn't have..."

Qin Feng quirked an eyebrow mockingly, "Unlike you, I'm more than happy to give her anything she wants. Besides, what's in there isn't for you."

Qin Feng left with a smile. It was more than worth it seeing the blackened expression etched onto Fu Tingyu's face.

Chapter 785: Call Me by Your Name

Qin Feng left in such a carefree manner that it grated on Fu Tingyu's nerves.

With a belly-full of resentment and an expression as black as night, Fu Tingyu slammed the door shut. What secrets dwelled within the document bag in his wife's hands? He felt a strong urge to rip it open and examine its contents for himself.

Qin Shu, for that matter, was puzzled by Qin Feng's sudden gift. Had there been a speech bubble over her head, it would have marked her confusion with several question marks. What did Qin Feng promise her on Mount Qi? An earnest curiosity welled up in her chest.

Fu Tingyu stalked over to her, his eyes never straying from the offending document bag. "Babe, open it and see what is inside."

Qin Shu pretended not to hear Fu Tingyu. Instead, she gathered up the bag and her laptop, making for the adjoining room.

Fu Tingyu was one step behind, failing to react in time. Just as he reached the door leading out of the sitting room, it swung shut, barring him entry with a soft click of a lock.

If he had not been half a step away from the door, he would have slammed face-first into it, breaking his nose in the process.

A series of thumps resounded for a moment before everything returned to normal.

Fu Tingyu stared at the door helplessly.

Qin Shu had not spoken a word to him since the previous night, and it irked him in a way he did not know how to express.

Yet, he could not blame her. She was still terribly upset with him. Had he known it would lead to such a turn of events, he would have told her the truth much earlier on.

He would have told her all about Mount Qi and explained everything that had taken place back then. Now it was too late for regret. The only thing he could do was pick up the pieces of his mistake, doing everything in his power to make up for it.

If he could turn back the clock, he would not have lied to Han Xiao or others.

However, there exists no medicine to cure regrets. Though it was a bitter pill to swallow, Fu Tingyu knew he had no other choice but to soldier on.

He stood outside the door, keeping a penitent vigil, but seeing that it was pointless, he decided to go for a walk and get some fresh air.

Ye Luo had been waiting outside the entire time.

When he saw the young master exiting the hotel, he quickly opened the car's door, awaiting instructions.

Once Fu Tingyu was seated, Ye Luo closed the door and hopped into the driver's seat.

"Go to my mother's place." Fu Tingyu said as he stared out the window.

His mother had instructed him to return with information on his wife's whereabouts when he found her.

Ye Luo grunted his assent, starting the engine and stepping on the gas pedal. It seemed it was time to return to The Grand Kaya.

Ten minutes later...

Fu Tingyu stood in front of the guest room in his suit. He did not want to go in. The mere thought of having to meet his stony-faced father was a massive put-off. That man gave the word impassive a whole new meaning.

Hesitantly, he knocked on the door twice, his knuckles making a crisp sound against the hardwood.

A few seconds later, the door was opened by none other than his stolid father. It was well within his expectations.

"Hello, Father."

"Come in."

Fu Beichen only said those two words by way of a greeting before spinning on his heel and returning to his mother's side.

Fu Tingyu was already used to his father's taciturn responses – he was not too bothered by it. He followed his father into the room, closing the door behind him.

His mother, Mu Shengwan, was lounging on the sofa, eating some fruits while watching television. Upon noticing her son's arrival, she waved at him and said, "Son, come and sit."

"Okay, Mother." Fu Tingyu did as instructed, obediently sitting down beside his mother. The show being played was the Titanic, an old classic.

Fu Beichen sat down on his mother's other side, his expression solemn and unforgiving. Initially, he had planned to accompany his wife in companionable silence as they watched the film, only for his son to ruin the whole occasion by making his presence known. Stiffly, he picked up the newspaper and began reading, his fingers gripping the loose sheets so hard that they almost tore.

Mu Shengwan gave her son a once-over. Immediately, she noticed the dark circles under his eyes and asked, "Son, it looks like you haven't slept well these past few nights. You're about to become a panda!"

Facing his mother's concern, Fu Tingyu decided to tell her the truth. "Yeah, I've been staring at her these past few days. I didn't dare to sleep in case she disappeared again."

Mu Shengwan felt both anger and heartache on her son's behalf. If she had known this would happen, why would she have revealed Qin Shu's location in the first place?

"How are things between you and Qin Shu?"

"I've already told her the truth." Fu Tingyu replied.

"Then, what about you now?" Mu Shengwan could infer many things from her son's expression, none of which seemed promising.

Fu Tingyu pursed his lips dejectedly. "I won't let her leave me."

"It's normal for her to be angry. Admit to your mistakes. Don't make her angry, and don't antagonise her." Mu Shengwan huddled closer to her son as she spoke. "Did she kick you out?"

"..." Fu Tingyu. "I slept on the sofa last night."

Mu Shengwan nodded thoughtfully, seemingly understanding a great many things from that outcome alone. As she stared at the television screen with a plate of fruits in her hands, she sighed, "If the female lead hadn't gotten on the boat, the male lead might have had a chance to survive. Not just anyone will sacrifice themselves for another for the sake of love."

True love reveals itself in times of adversity – or so the saying goes – and it holds whether it is romantic love, familial love, or in the ties of friendship.

Fu Beichen put down his newspaper and wrapped his wife in a tight hug.

Mu Shengwan nestled in her husband's arms, smiling lovingly.

The two of them had overcome hell and high water in the many years they had been together. There was no need for sentimental words between them; they understood each other almost instinctually. A

glance, a smile, even the smallest of actions was enough to convey their thoughts and feelings to each other.

Such was the strength of their bond.

Fu Tingyu watched the whole movie with his mother. The male lead died, leaving his life to the female lead.

With the chance given to her by the male lead, the female lead managed to survive, whistling for help upon the cold sea.

Fu Tingyu was not overcome by emotion seeing the male lead's end. To him, protecting the person he loved was worth it, no matter the cost.

Turning his attention to his parents, Fu Tingyu watched as his mother burrowed like a small bird in his father's arms.

It was a scene he grew up with, a scene entrenched in his mind, something he would never forget.

...

Qin Shu sat on her bed, sizing up the document bag. Carefully, she opened it and retrieved the contents it carried. Only then did she realise it was a transfer letter.

At the top was a small card with the words:

[I said I would prepare a gold mountain, a manor, and a horse farm for you...

The blank cheque weighed heavily on my shoulders. I was terrified I wouldn't be able to meet your expectations.

That is why I didn't dare to look for you all these years.

Only when I managed to do as I promised you did I realise that finding you was more difficult than earning money.

To you who gave me my surname,

— Qin Feng]

Qin Shu was deeply moved by the card's contents. Back then, she did not know why Qin Feng handed her a blank cheque.

What caught her eye, however, was the way he signed off. Was she the reason his surname was Qin?

Qin Feng?

Qin Shu read the transfer letters one by one. One of them was for the gold mine in North Lake Scenic Area.

Even the turnover of the North Lake Scenic Area had been signed over to her.

Qin Feng's greeting gift was too big!

Master Feng was reputed to be an iron rooster. It was out of character for someone so well known to be a scrooge.

Contemplating her course of action, she decided to phone Qin Feng's number.

The call went through almost instantly.

Qin Feng was stunned by the stream of words that followed. "Qin Feng, your greeting gift is too great. I can't accept it."

"Why can't you accept it? If it weren't for the promise I made you then, I would never have achieved all that I have today." Qin Feng's voice carried a hint of pride.

Qin Shu decided a compromise was necessary, seeing as Qin Feng wouldn't budge. "Fine, I'll take the horse farm. As for the rest, you should take them back."

"Ling Bao, you don't have to be so polite with me. You said that a man's word is worth its weight in gold. If I take them back, wouldn't that mean that I've gone back on my word?" Before Qin Shu could insert a word of her own, Qin Feng carried on cheerfully, "Moreover, with my wealth, not even Fu Tingyu can compete with me."

Qin Feng ended his impassioned speech by reassuring her, "Don't worry. I'm hardly a pauper with or without what I have given you."

Qin Shu burst into a fit of giggles. Although she could not remember what happened between them, she could feel Qin Feng's sincerity in his words. Their relationship could not have been bad.

Since Qin Feng was so insistent, it would not be polite of her not to accept his gift. Changing the topic, she asked, "What do you mean by your last sentence, using my surname?"

Chapter 786: Terrified

Qin Feng paused for a moment. "You're smart; you should be able to guess its meaning. You gave me my name and surname."

Though she had guessed as much, Qin Shu did not expect that she was the one to give him both. It was a curious turn of events. What on earth happened between them such he would take her surname?

"Won't you tell me how it came to be?"

Qin Feng mulled over the question, relenting with some hesitation, "I'll look for you tomorrow. We should have this conversation in person."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Qin Shu padded over to her suitcase. She stuffed the transfer documents back into the document bag, throwing it into her the maw of her luggage. Stepping out of the room, she half-expected to see Fu Tingyu grovelling somewhere close by. Instead, he was nowhere to be found.

Did he head out?

Qin Shu sat down on the sofa with a headful of questions, questions that lacked answers. Picking up her laptop, she resumed her unfinished work.

It was only around dinnertime did Fu Tingyu make his presence known. She did not need to open the door for him; he had a copy of the room's key.

His sudden, unannounced entrance caught her by surprise. She could not help but cast a suspicious glance in the direction of the coffee table. Where did he get a key to her room?

No sooner had she asked herself the question than an answer popped into her mind. Fu Tingyu must have obtained one from the front desk. It was well within his ability to do so, the cunning man that he was.

"Babe, wash your hands. It's dinner time." Fu Tingyu hovered at the living room's entrance, calling in soft, dulcet tones. He did not step into the living room, merely calling her before setting the table, garnishing it with mouth-watering dishes and elegant cutlery.

Qin Shu's hands stilled but quickly returned to their previous task. She was almost done, anyway.

It took her a few minutes to wrap up.

By then, all the dishes were ready and waiting. Seeing that his wife had not joined him, Fu Tingyu got up and checked in on her. It looked like she was still busy. Quietly, he joined her on the sofa. He did not rush her; he knew better than to do so. He merely accompanied her in silence.

His gaze fell on her hands. The rapid smattering of her fingers against the keyboard resembled a pianist in motion. Sages of old once said that the hands are only second to the face. Qin Shu's hands were the colour of fresh milk, her knuckles forming ridged contours as if painted by an artist with meticulous attention to detail. It was mesmerizing.

With a final flourish, the graceful fingers dancing over the keys stopped. At last, their work was complete.

Fu Tingyu stood up, offering her his hand.

Qin Shu closed her laptop and stowed it away. She got up without his help, callously brushing away the proffered hand and strutting off in the direction of the dining room.

Fu Tingyu's hand that had just reached out stopped in mid-air. He helplessly retracted his hand and followed them into the dining room.

All the dishes on the table were those Qin Shu favoured.

Without waiting for Fu Tingyu, Qin Shu picked up her chopsticks and helped herself to the food laid out. She seemed absent-minded as she ate as if her mind was elsewhere.

Fu Tingyu joined his wife at the dinner table. He, too, seemed pensive. Halfway through the meal, he could not help but think of supper. The thought caused him to grind to a halt. Looking up, he asked, "Babe, what would you like to eat for supper? Do you want to eat wonton or shrimp dumplings?"

Qin Shu stopped chewing on her food, glancing up at Fu Tingyu.

This small action alone was enough to delight Fu Tingyu. With a megawatt smile, he felt like he was approaching cloud nine. Qin Shu possessed a heaven-defying beauty capable of toppling countries. Even the slightest smile was enough to cause one's heart to flutter and their mind to waver.

Qin Shu quirked an eyebrow and said, "I'm not eating supper." Having made herself clear, she continued enjoying her meal.

Fu Tingyu did not know how to react. Dazed, he asked, "Then what if you get hungry?"

Qin Shu did not respond, not having anything else to say on the matter at hand. She finished her bowl of rice and put down her chopsticks. It was time for her shower.

Fu Tingyu stared at the barely touched food before him and then at Qin Shu's departing figure. Helpless, he sighed.

While Qin Shu went to take her shower, Fu Tingyu cleaned up the table.

Once he was done, he took off for the balcony. Closing the door behind him, he fished out a box of cigarettes from his pocket and lit a stick. Soon, he was puffing away, wallowing in his misery.

He smoked one cigarette after another in quick succession, but he could not think of any means to coax his wife out of her acrimonious anger.

After a period of fruitless contemplation, he took out his phone and dialed Mo Chengxu's number.

Fu Tingyu was desperate for a love doctor.

Mo Chengxu eventually picked up.

"Brother Yu, what's going on? Are you up for a drink?"

"I'm not in town. I called you to ask for help. I need help coaxing a woman out of her shell."

"Me? I'm just some dandy, you know? Buying flowers, clothes, and so on, I'm no love doctor. Brother Yu, are you trying to get Qin Shu's attention?"

Ever since he had seen Qin Shu's undisguised appearance, even he, a renowned playboy, could not help but sigh in admiration of her beauty. Qin Shu was the most attractive woman he had ever laid eyes on.

As the saying goes, one who dies under a peony will return as a romantic even in their afterlife.

It was no wonder his good Brother Yu was so infatuated with Qin Shu.

Fu Tingyu frowned. How could he forget that Mo Chengxu was a playboy? The women around him did not need him to coax them at all. They were the ones who came up to him in swarms.

"Fine. I'm hanging up."

Without waiting for Mo Chengxu's reply, he hung up. Hah! He should have known better than to try asking Mo Chengxu for advice. Huffing, he took another long drag of his cigarette.

Qin Shu stepped out of the shower and looked around. Fu Tingyu was nowhere in sight. Withdrawing to her room, she shut the door behind her.

The room was lit in a warm orangey glow.

Lying in bed, she propped her head up with a pillow and read a book for a time before laying down. Sleep arrived on swift wings, carrying her into the arms rest.

Qin Shu could not be blamed for her fatigue. These few weeks had been trying for her, exhausting her mentally and physically.

Subconsciously, she rubbed her bulging belly. She had not thought of a name for her unborn child yet.

When Fu Tingyu had asked, she had not said anything.

She was in no hurry, though. There was plenty of time for her to decide on a name. It would not be too late even if she waited for her baby to be born before choosing a name.

Fu Tingyu stubbed the remains of his cigarette into an ashtray and reentered the living room.

He had brought a change of clothes with him today.

Donning his bathrobe, he went to the bathroom and took a shower, making sure to wash his hair thoroughly.

Afterwards, he brushed his teeth and gargled his mouth to get rid of the smell of smoke.

Once he had tidied himself up, he exited the bathroom.

He made sure to be extra careful not to make a sound, afraid he would wake Qin Shu up.

Fu Tingyu's every move was light and intimately conscious of the sounds he was making.

He did not even turn on the lights as he padded to the bed in his bedroom slippers.

Lying down beside Qin Shu, Fu Tingyu turned sideways to face her, as was his habit. Gently, he hugged her from behind. There was something about feeling the warmth Qin Shu exuded against his skin that brought a sense of comfort and peace.

Qin Shu woke the moment she heard the door open. Suddenly, she felt a pair of muscular arms bundling her up, pressing her into a well-toned chest. It was going to be quite a challenge falling asleep again.

Instinct kicked in, and she struggled under the vice-like grip of those two limbs.

Fu Tingyu, who was behind her, grew nervous. He was afraid she would wake up and force him to sleep on the sofa again.

One night on the couch was torture enough. Any more and his back would protest.

Nothing could beat the comfort of sleeping together with his wife.

Qin Shu lurched forward in an attempt to break free, but just as she moved, the arm around her waist yanked her back forcefully, preventing her from moving the slightest bit.

Fu Tingyu realized, then, that Qin Shu must have woken up. He buried his head in the crook of her neck, nuzzling it affectionately. "Babe, don't hide from me, okay?" He whispered.

Qin Shu stiffened, but she refused to look at him. "Don't you have anything to say?"

Fu Tingyu leaned forward, breathing in the heady scent of her body wash. It was a sweet scent that complimented her. "Babe, it was my fault for hiding things from you before. You can hit me and scold me as much as you would like, but I won't let you ignore me."

Qin Shu retort was swift and merciless. "From the moment you met me, you've been lying. Like my mother, you've been lying, keeping secrets from me... How do you think I would react? You want me to distance myself from Han Xiao, Hua Wuyan, and all the others..."

Inhaling a rattling breath, she cried, "Do you know how I feel? Do you know what kind of pain you've caused with all your lies? Everyone... They all believed and tried to make me believe I was the Little Munchkin, the Little Munchkin they loved and knew... How could you be so cruel? How could you lie to them all? How could you lie to me!"

Fu Tingyu felt Qin Shu trembling against him. He renewed his hug, trying his best to console her. "I'm sorry, Babe. It's all my fault. I was afraid you would remember what transpired before we parted ways on Mount Qi! I was afraid you would leave me..."

A hush descended upon them as his words rang in the air.

Chapter 787: Only You Are Allowed to Bully Me

"What were you so afraid of?" Qin Shu asked.

Fu Tingyu did not know what he should say to quell Qin Shu's anger.

In his desperation, he let slip the words he buried in his heart, words not meant to be said.

Fu Tingyu pursed his lips, refusing to speak further.

No man would willingly talk of their wife's relationship with another man.

"Why didn't you say anything?" Qin Shu suddenly turned around and faced him. The lights were not lit, masking Fu Tingyu's expression from her.

Fu Tingyu clenched his teeth, seemingly in agony. He clutched onto Qin Shu as if she were his only lifeline left. With great reluctance, he said, "You and Han Xiao were peas in a pod; your relationship could not have been better. I feared you would remember the past and go looking for him."

It was a lot for her to take in. Were they a thing in the past?

Qin Shu felt her heart flutter and could not help but ask, "Did I like Han Xiao in the past?"

Fu Tingyu shook his head helplessly. "Babe, don't think about the past anymore, okay?"

Pressed against Fu Tingyu's chest, Qin Shu squirmed uncomfortably. It was getting hard to breathe. "No. I must learn what happened on Mount Qi. My relationship with Han Xiao is great. I want to know everything that happened between us."

Fu Tingyu stared at Qin Shu uncertainly, his mind abuzz with a dozen different questions. "But you're my wife now. Isn't that enough? Why should the past hold such a grip over you?"

Qin Shu heaved a soundless sigh and changed the question. "Were we on good terms back then?"

"It wasn't bad. I'd say our relationship was so-so!" Fu Tingyu's reply was as vague as they came, ending with a short addendum, "You were always ferocious whenever I was around."

Ugh!

Hearing how aggrieved he sounded, Qin Shu felt an inexplicable urge to laugh. Unfortunately, now was not the most appropriate time for her to indulge in a few laughs; thus, she held back.

"I'm five years younger than you. How could I have been so ferocious to have wronged you in any way? Humph! You must be playing the victim to make me forgive you."

Fu Tingyu leaned in, whispering in her ear, "You don't know how savage you were in the past. Your beloved husband isn't playing the victim at all."

Qin Shu snorted coldly. "I don't believe it."

Fu Tingyu attempted to refute her, "It's true, Babe. You even threatened me when I told you I don't like eating sweets!"

He recalled the day Qin Shu handed him a piece of strawberry-flavoured candy. His instinctual reaction was to reject her – not because of her kind intentions but for the fact that he didn't like sweets, especially sour ones.

Her response to him had been an ultimatum. If he did not eat the piece of candy she gave him, she would never offer him any candy ever again.

He was not the only one to receive a strawberry-flavoured candy; Han Xiao had also received one and eaten it expressionlessly.

He had no choice but to eat the bonbon sitting innocuously in Qin Shu's hand; he would not allow himself to be outdone. It tasted sweet... and horribly sour.

The corner of Qin Shu's mouth twitched. "How could I have threatened you with a piece of candy? I would have been happy if you didn't eat it; I would have had more to myself!"

There was still a lot that Fu Tingyu did not say out loud.

The Qin Shu of Mount Qi treated him very differently from the way she treated Han Xiao.

In front of Han Xiao, she was the friendly neighbour next door, but she behaved like a wild cat while with him. Most people adored her for the loveable side she projected. Others, like him, were greeted with her vicious claws.

She would pick fights with him at the drop of a hat.

Every time they fought, he would lead her on a wild goose chase up and down and around the mountain, deliberately slowing his pace so that she would not lose his trail.

Whenever she was about to catch up, he would pick up his pace and shake her off.

In the end, when she tired from chasing him, he was the one who carried her back.

After all, she had only been a little girl around ten years of age, then. No matter how skilled or accomplished she was, there were physical limits imposed by her body's immaturity. There was no way she would not exhaust herself chasing him the whole day.

What he liked most was the way she treated his grandmother in the same way. Not even his grandmother was spared from Qin Shu's savagery.

"What is there not to believe? I'm sure once you regain your memories, this poor husband of yours is going to be bullied to death by you..."

"Nonsense! You are five years older than me, and your martial might is much greater than mine. There's no way I could have bullied you." Qin Shu was convinced that Fu Tingyu was feigning his misery. It was more likely for him to have bullied her in the past than it was for the reverse.

"There's no one I love more than I love you." Although he spoke softly, his words and the sense of helplessness they conveyed were heard by Qin Shu.

She stiffened. Fu Tingyu's words were molten chocolate against her skin, whispering honeyed promises as they wound their way around her neck and between her ears.

She shuddered.

In response, Fu Tingyu cupped her chin with his slender fingers, lifting it to meet his lips. A haze of warmth sent tingles across her skin. She did not even have the time to react before their lips were locked in a passionate kiss.

Even Fu Tingyu was confused by his actions. Why did he have the sudden urge to kiss her?

At first, his kiss was a cautious probe, but it quickly devolved from there.

It was at this moment that the realisation hit him.

He missed her. He missed her warmth, the spicy taste of her lips, the balmy scent of her body; he missed everything about her.

He could feel her skin against his, smooth and as clear as water.

Hah... It required no effort to love her, to keep falling in love with her. It was an enterprise he would never tire of reliving.

Qin Shu felt every molecule of oxygen draining from her lungs, her mind slowing to a crawl.

It was a while later before Fu Tingyu released Qin Shu. "Babe, let bygones be bygones. Let's not talk about the past anymore. Alright?"

Qin Shu remained silent.

Fu Tingyu called out, anxious. "Babe."

Qin Shu did not meet his eyes. The room was as dark as a moonless night, and she could not make out her surroundings very well. The air was heavy with the cloying smell of his minty breath and shower foam.

Uneasy, she asked, "With everything you have said, do I owe you a debt of gratitude?"

Fu Tingyu nearly laughed out loud upon hearing Qin Shu's question. However, he managed to check himself, not wanting to arouse her ire. Reigniting her anger towards him was the last thing he wished. "Even if you do owe me a debt of gratitude, it's in the past. You are my wife. Our lives have been joined together as husband and wife – the marriage certificate is proof! There is nothing more that needs to be said."

Qin Shu snorted coldly. "You still have the cheek to mention our marriage certificate? You should be clear who went to collect the certificate and who was carried there against her will."

Every time she thought about the marriage certificate, she was reminded of how Fu Tingyu manhandled her from Bright Garden to the Civil Affairs Bureau.

It sounded like something out of a fairy tale: The great King of the Mountain kidnapping a damsel he fancied from some rural village.

"The process is not important. It is the result that matters most. There can be no dispute that you are not my wife." A weighty solemnity hung about Fu Tingyu's words. It was no different from him claiming ownership over her – as if she was merely an object.

Qin Shu's face darkened. She could not believe he still had the audacity to parade that piece of information around so shamelessly.

She tried shoving him away, but he refused to let go. He was too strong. With nothing else she could do, Qin Shu chose to ignore him.

Perhaps it was not the best course of action as Fu Tingyu tightened his hold around her.

"Fu Tingyu, let go of me." She hissed forlornly.

"Babe, if I could do it all over again, I would not have employed such means. I would have done everything in my power to endear myself to you, to make you accept me. Marriage would have followed naturally, and we could have children of our own. I didn't have the time. I needed you to stay by my side. I don't ask for forgiveness, and I'd accept your anger and hatred with open arms. You can shun me, but I won't let you abandon me."

Qin Shu's struggle slowed, her movements coming to a standstill.

She did not want to start all over again. She did not wish for a future she could not predict.

But did she have a choice in the matter?

"Babe." Fu Tingyu growled.

Compared to his tenderness from before, his voice now sounded deep and guttural.

He had her coiled around her fingers, like a ball of yarn being toyed by a cat. She was powerless in front of him.

Fu Tingyu caressed her silken black hair, dragging his fingers through its soft, cascading falls, like petals catching the tiny drops of morning dew.

It was intoxicating.

In her dazed state, Qin Shu could barely make out the rest of his words.

... Now that she was almost five months pregnant, she could...

She could not think straight. Fu Tingyu was depriving her of oxygen again, slowing her reactions and masking his intent.

It was not until he made a move that she finally understood the words he had spoken under his breath.

“You hoodlum!” She cursed.

Fu Tingyu laughed heartily, not caring in the least that Qin Shu apprehended his intentions. “Babe, do you know how much I’ve missed you? I’ve thought of you every single day for the past month, dreaming of having you in my arms again. There were times I thought I was going crazy without you around. I won’t let you disappear again. I won’t let things end the way they did on Mount Qi. Never again will you disappear without a trace!”

...

...

....

Chapter 788: Wanting to Bet Fu Tingyu’s Relatives?

The man leaned close to her ear, telling her about his fear and longing. Even though he was holding her in his arms, his voice still had a tinge of tremulousness and breathlessness.

The man’s low voice entered her ears ultimately. It stopped at the tip of her heart, and she could not help but tremble slightly.

It reminded her of something Yan Shuang said. When they were at Qi Mountain, her sudden departure made Fu Tingyu stand on the platform and wait for one whole day and night.

She could empathize with the feeling.

Unfortunately, she could not recall those things.

She also didn’t know why she suddenly left the mountain.

“Babe, promise me that even if you get angry next time, you won’t run away from home, okay? I’m terrified.”

Previously, he could easily find her as she had lost all her strength and could not disguise herself.

But now, if she wanted to hide, there’s no way he could find her.

If he were not extremely terrified, a man like him who was at the peak of influence would not have said such things.

Qin Shu's heart softened, and even her body softened, along with the man's deep and powerful voice. Her heart rose and fell and did not stop for quite some time.

It was like the cool moonlight outside the window, enveloping the night. The light and shadows intertwined, with the shadows of the trees swaying.

Then everything returned to peace and tranquillity.

The man hugged her in his arms tightly and fell into a deep sleep with satisfaction.

..

Yesterday's indulgence led to today's lingering late morning.

When Fu Tingyu woke up, he looked at the person in his arms. The girl's breathing was even and shallow. She slept soundly, and her face was as beautiful as a flower.

He could not help but lower his head and kiss her on the cheek. Only then did he gently lift the blanket and get out of bed.

His movements were light and did not wake the sleeping person.

After getting out of bed, he went to brush his teeth and wash his face.

Then he changed into his usual suit that had not varied in style forever. It was well-cut and matched his tall and slender figure.

As for his wife's meal, he had always taken care of it himself. He would never let others do so.

There was no kitchen in their room, so he had to go to the hotel kitchen and use it.

With his status, he could arrange with just one sentence.

He cooked porridge, side dishes, and some other dishes with ease.

However, the chefs who stood behind him were stunned.

Fu Tingyu was noble and had a strong aura. Even though he deliberately restrained himself, he was still an outstanding person.

Who would have thought that such a person would come to a place like a hotel kitchen?

Not only did he come, he even personally cooked, which was shocking enough.

As for whether he really could cook or not, that was another matter.

As for now, the fragrance slowly overflowed from the pot, and they discovered that this noble figure's culinary skills were comparable to theirs.

After making breakfast, Fu Tingyu untied the apron on his waist. Ye Luo immediately took a few steps forward, took the apron handed over, and handed the suit in his hand to his master.

Fu Tingyu put on the suit jacket. His movements were neither fast nor slow, and he looked elegant and noble. Although he was in the hotel kitchen, he seemed to give off an air that he was trying on clothes in the shop.

After fastening the buttons, he picked up the tray, turned, and left the kitchen with a calm pace.

Ye Luo carried a plate of fish and followed behind him.

When Fu Tingyu returned to the hotel room, Qin Shu was still asleep. He was not in a hurry to wake her up. Instead, he planned to wake her up for breakfast in half an hour.

When Ye Luo walked to the sofa, Boss lazily opened his eyes and glanced at Ye Luo. Then he looked at the fish in his hand. Although he couldn't see it, the smell of the fish was powerful. He could tell with just a sniff.

Ye Luo expressionlessly stopped and stood still. He scooped up Boss from the sofa and walked to the next room.

Boss glared at Ye Luo. He snorted in dissatisfaction. Can't he hug him properly?

Fu Tingyu sat at the dining table with a high-spec computer before him, reading an urgent email from Shi Yan.

While waiting for Qin Shu, he suddenly heard two knocks on the door.

His fingers paused. He raised his eyes and looked at the entrance.

When Ye Luo heard the knocks on the door, he walked over from the next room to open the door. Then he saw Qin Feng standing outside.

Qin Feng said, "I'm here to look for Ling Bao."

"Young Master Qin, please come in." Ye Luo stood at the side.

Qin Feng smiled and walked in.

When he walked past the entrance, he saw Fu Tingyu at the dining table. He paused for a moment, then turned and walked toward the dining room.

After Ye Luo closed the door of the guest room, he returned to the room next door.

"Where's Ling Bao?" Qin Feng walked to the dining table and sat down. He glanced at the dishes on the table and knew that Ling Bao hadn't had her breakfast yet.

Fu Tingyu glanced at Qin Feng. "Why are you here?"

Qin Feng smiled widely. "I'm here to look for Ling Bao. I have something to say to her."

Fu Tingyu was speechless. "What do you want to say to her?"

As if to deliberately anger him, Qin Feng said, "I won't tell you."

Fu Tingyu sneered. "You think I'm interested? I'm just reminding you that she's pregnant now and shouldn't agitate her. Mind your words."

"I know, I don't need you to remind me, but..." Qin Feng changed the topic. "Don't make things difficult for her."

Fu Tingyu said, "She's my wife. I couldn't have enough time to dote on her. Making things difficult for her? You're overthinking."

Qin Feng said, "But you lied to her in the first place and tricked her later." My surname is Qin, and I'm her brother, her family, and also her backer. Even though her parents are dead and she's not related to me by blood. But she still has me. If you dare to make things difficult for her, I won't let you off."

His every word was sonorous and powerful. Every sentence was imposing and could not be ignored.

Fu Tingyu paused and stared at Qin Feng sitting opposite him. After he went up to the mountain, Qin Feng was brought up the mountain by their master. He had always thought that Qin Feng and his master should have some relationship, but it did not seem to be the case now.

He asked, "How did you become her brother? Do you want to be related to her? And be my brother-in-law?"

Qin Feng smiled so widely that his eyes and brows were curved. He said arrogantly and proudly, "Then I'm sorry. Since you're married to Ling Bao, you have to call me brother-in-law."

Fu Tingyu sneered, "In your dreams. I'm the only close relative of my wife."

Qin Shu was awake by hunger. Although she had eaten early last night, and they had gone to bed early. She was still hungry after going through a lot.

She got up and walked into the bathroom to wash up.

As she was in the guest room, she was too lazy to change her clothes, so she wore a nightgown and walked into the dining room.

When she saw Fu Tingyu and Qin Feng sitting at the dining table, she was stunned for a moment.

When she heard the last two sentences of their conversation, she was a little confused for a moment.

Brother-in-law?

Close relative?

What the hell?

She walked over with confusion and sat down beside Fu Tingyu. She looked at Qin Feng across from her and said with a smile, "You're so early. Have you eaten?"

"I've already eaten. I was bored in the hotel, so I came over to take a look." Qin Feng glanced at Fu Tingyu with a faint smile on his lips. "While I'm at it, I'll chat with senior brother."

When the girl walked over, Fu Tingyu closed the laptop and pushed it to the side. Then, he opened the lid covered over the food and placed it aside. He picked up the bowl, scooped some porridge for the girl, and put it in front of her. "The temperature is just right. Eat first"

Chapter 789: An Encounter That Can Not Be Recalled

From last night until now, Fu Tingyu knew that the girl was hungry, so he reminded her to eat breakfast first. If there was anything, she could talk about it after she finished eating.

No matter how big the issue was, it was not as crucial as being hungry.

Qin Shu was already hungry. Looking at the dishes on the table being opened by the man one by one, the fragrance assaulted her face. The side dishes, dishes, color, aroma, and taste were all present. She could not help but swallow a mouthful of saliva secretly.

This hotel didn't have Chinese food, and with her understanding of Fu Tingyu, she could be sure that he made this table full of breakfast.

At this moment, the man handed her a pair of chopsticks.

She picked up a fried dumpling and put it into her mouth to chew. She took it and held it in her palm. Perhaps it was because she had eaten too many dishes made by the man personally, but she was even more confident that these were all made by him.

She turned her head to look at the man and asked curiously, "Where did you buy these ingredients?"

"You might not know this, but there is a place here that specializes in selling Chinese ingredients. I went to pick them up early in the morning. There are quite a lot of empty stoves in the back of the hotel, so I borrowed them." The man placed a glass of fresh milk in front of her. "Drink some milk."

"Okay." Qin Shu didn't know, so she was a little surprised. She glanced at the glass of milk in her hand and used another hand to hold the chopsticks. Then, she picked up the glass and brought it to her mouth to drink.

There was a slight difference in the taste between fresh milk and processed milk.

Qin Feng held his chin with one hand and watched the interaction between the two people in front of him. He glanced at Fu Tingyu with a probing gaze.

Fu Tingyu seemed to feel the gaze from Qin Feng. He raised his eyes and looked at him, but there was no emotion in his eyes.

Qin Feng shrugged and withdrew his gaze. He watched Qin Shu eat. From the looks of it just now, Fu Tingyu was quite good to her. He was meticulous and thoughtful.

He then looked at the side dishes in front of him, a little in disbelief. These were all personally cooked by Fu Tingyu?

Moreover, how they interacted with each other felt a little like they had walked onto the wrong set.

That was because when they were at Qi Mountain, the two of them would often fight each other. When Ling Bao chased after Ling Yan and ran all over the mountain, they had been thinking, why couldn't the two of them get along peacefully?

Later, after a long time, they wouldn't make a move every time they met.

On the contrary, Ling Bao and Ling Han's way of getting along.

Ling Han's personality was cold, and he spoke little, but he was especially good to Ling Bao. As long as she made a request, Ling Han would think of a way to fulfill it.

Ling Bao would only have the appearance of a girl in front of him.

At that time, they were both fifteen or sixteen years old, just at puberty, and the definition of liking was only curiosity and exploration.

But in private, they all said that Ling Han liked Ling Bao.

They felt that they were very compatible.

They had never thought of Ling Bao and Ling Yan together.

Thinking of this, he sized up the girl opposite him. Not only was she a wife, but she was also about to become a mother.

Yet, she was together with Ling Yan.

And Ling Han...

Qin Shu finished her breakfast, and before she could stretch out her hand, a clean white tissue appeared in front of her.

She turned to look at Fu Tingyu and smiled at him. Then, she took the tissue from his hand and wiped the oil stains on the corner of her mouth.

Fu Tingyu was stunned. It was the first time she smiled at him when he met her. Her smile was a little shallow, and only half of her canine teeth were exposed. It was so white that he wanted to take a bite.

After wiping, Qin Shu threw the tissue into the trash can and looked up at Qin Feng. "Let's go to the living room."

Qin Feng nodded. "Okay."

The two of them walked into the living room one after the other.

Fu Tingyu asked Ye Luo to clean up the dishes while he followed them into the living room.

Although this guest room was not a luxurious suite, the living room's balcony was huge, and the lighting was perfect.

Qin Shu sat on the sofa while Qin Feng sat opposite her.

Fu Tingyu took a glance and looked away, He went to make tea.

Qin Feng looked at Qin Shu, he wanted to ask if she had decided to be together with Fu Tingyu. He opened his mouth, but in the end, he could not say anything.

Since she had already forgotten about it, it was better not to mention anything.

As for Ling Han, he also planned to go and take a look.

"I told you about the death of my parents, right?"

“Uh-huh.” Qin Shu nodded, listening attentively.

Qin Feng smiled. “I don’t know if my parents are still alive. I don’t even know my surname. “I grew up in an orphanage. A couple adopted me, and their surname was Lin.” The director told me to be obedient and treat them like my parents. They would treat me as if I were their own

“But the truth is not as good as I imagined. Foster fathers tend to abuse his family. Especially after he got drunk, he vented the anger that he encountered outside on me. After two years, the foster mother who hasn’t gotten pregnant suddenly got pregnant.”

After listening to the story’s first half, Qin Shu began to feel sorry for Qin Feng. After listening to this, she could roughly guess what kind of treatment Qin Feng would face in the future.

Just as she expected, Qin Feng said, “With their biological son, as I was adopted, I was ill-treated.” At that time, I just entered junior high school. My foster father said he wanted to save money for milk powder for my younger brother, so he didn’t let me continue with school. He even made me go to a hotel to wash dishes to earn money. My part-time job took up more than ten hours a day.”

Thinking back to that period, Qin Feng couldn’t stop thinking about it. The most hateful thing was.

“Later, my foster father wanted to sell me. When I found out, I ran away. That year, I was fourteen years old.”

Qin Shu looked at Qin Feng. She felt that she was considered pathetic, but she didn’t expect Qin Feng to be sad and very miserable.

“You ran out at the age of fourteen. Where do you live?”

“Sky is the blanket and the earth is my bed. Although I don’t have enough to eat and wear, it’s better than staying at that home,” Qin Feng said casually.

Qin Shu asked, “Then what happened after that?”

At this time, Fu Tingyu brought over the tea that he had brewed. He placed one cup in front of Qin Feng, another cup for himself, and a cup of warm water in front of his wife.

Qin Feng said, “As I was too young and didn’t understand the wickedness of the human heart, I was deceived by the human traffickers.”

Qin Shu’s heart clenched when she heard that. Being deceived by the human traffickers didn’t have a good ending.

It was because Qin Feng was already fourteen years old at that time. He was too old to be sold to others as a son.

Then, one could imagine his ending.

Qin Feng caressed the scar on his brow bone. “Here, I cut it with fruit knife myself.”

Qin Shu looked at the scar on Qin Feng’s brow. She didn’t expect him to cut himself.

It took a lot of courage to do so.

“After I ran out, the bodyguards in the nightclub chased after me. Just when I thought that was the end of me, I met you and our master. You saved me.”

Thinking back to the scene, he was still shocked.

A little girl who was a few years younger than him had beaten up four burly bodyguards.

Master, on the other hand, had a sage-like demeanor as he stood in the shadows and watched.

“Little brother, you’re bleeding. Don’t move. I’ll wipe them up and put some medicine on you.”

“The wound is so deep. It must be painful, right?”

She was probably the first to ask him about the pain after coming out of the Welfare Institute.

Chapter 790: The Trouble Caused by the Young Fu Tingyu

Qin Shu couldn’t help but ask, “I saved you? Then what about Master? Didn’t he help?”

Fu Tingyu took a sip of tea. “Master was giving you a chance to practice.”

Qin Shu suddenly understood. “That’s true.”

After she said that, she looked at Qin Feng. “What happened after that?”

Qin Feng said, “After that, you asked Master to bring me up the mountain to learn martial arts together. You said that in this way, I could fight back if I was being bullied.”

Qin Shu was a little proud. “Then I was quite smart at that time.”

Fu Tingyu turned to look at the girl. Seeing that she raised her eyebrows, he couldn’t help but smile.

“After I ran out of my foster parents’ house, I didn’t use their family name, nor did I use the name they gave me. When you asked me, I said I didn’t have a name. Then I asked you what your name was.”

“You said your surname was Qin. Since you saved my life, I’ll take your surname. You were the one who gave me my name.”

Qin Feng looked at Qin Shu and couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

Qin Shu said unhappily, “Why are you laughing? Isn’t Qin Feng a good name? I feel like I’m pretty good at giving names.”

Qin Feng’s smile was a little helpless. “Then do you know why you gave me that name?”

Qin Shu smiled and asked back, “Isn’t it because I’m smart?”

Qin Feng couldn’t help but laugh out loud. “After I followed you and Master back to the mountain, we had a chat. I asked you if there was any special meaning to my name?”

“You said that as you happened to see a line of words on a shop’s signboard at that time. You said that the word ‘Feng’ was pleasing to the eye, so you gave it to me as a name.”

The corner of Qin Shu’s mouth twitched. Was she that casual back then?

“Maybe it was because I was too young at that time, so I do as I pleased. The word ‘Feng’ was pretty good, and Qin Feng’s name was also easy to pronounce.” She explained awkwardly.

Qin Feng laughed. He didn’t bother. “But before I went up the mountain, Master said that since I took your surname, I could be considered a relative. So, no matter what, I had to protect you and ensure your safety for the rest of your life.”. Initially, Master said that when you went down the mountain, I should follow you. But after you suddenly went down the mountain, Master didn’t mention this matter again.”

After hearing it, Fu Tingyu felt that there must be a reason why the girl suddenly went down the mountain back then.

Could it be because of Wen Xin?

Qin Shu guessed. “Why do I feel that Master doesn’t want you to learn his martial arts for nothing and wants you to be my free bodyguard.”

“Even if Master doesn’t say it, I think so too. So, I’m now considered a member of your family. If Fu Tingyu dares to bully you, I’ll support you.”

When Qin Feng said this, he raised his eyebrows and looked at Fu Tingyu with a provocative look.

Fu Tingyu stretched out his long arm and pulled the girl’s thin shoulders into his arms. He didn’t show any weakness and looked at Qin Feng. “Don’t worry, you, a family member, are completely useless because I will never bully her.”

Qin Shu smiled and said, “So, you have become my older brother.”

“I have always treated you as my younger sister. I will treat you well as your brother.” Qin Feng Glanced at Fu Tingyu. “Thinking back, I didn’t expect him to have such thoughts towards you. Mainly because he is too cunning and conceals his intentions.”

Qin Shu turned to look at Fu Tingyu. “Are you a fox?”

“It’s not that I hid it well. It’s because...” Fu Tingyu pursed his lips, feeling a little helpless. “You were too fierce to me.”

Qin Shu couldn’t help but laugh. She was curious about how she had been so fierce to Fu Tingyu back at Qi Mountain, causing him to suffer such a blow?

Qin Feng said, “Don’t keep saying that my sister is fierce to you. You should think about how poisonous your mouth is.”

Since he had already said everything, Qin Feng directly changed how he addressed her as his sister.

Hearing this, Qin Shu turned to look at Fu Tingyu. “Do you often say that I’m fierce to you as I got angry with your vicious words?”

Fu Tingyu thought of what happened when he met her in the hundred-year-old ancient city. He was a little regretful for what he said and what he did.

Firstly, because of the series of effects caused by his casual remarks that she had stagnant growth.

And... and...

He smiled and explained, "I was young at that time."

"I don't believe you." Qin Shu retracted her gaze and looked at Qin Feng, asking, "Did he often find fault with me in the past?"

Qin Feng glanced at Fu Tingyu and chuckled, "Anyway, he didn't say anything nice."

Fu Tingyu was afraid that she would be jealous, so he tightened his grip on her. "Honey, don't believe what he said. What he saw was only on the surface."

Qin Feng sneered.

Qin Shu also laughed. It sounded a little cold.

Fu Tingyu felt a chill on his back.

That night

The two of them took a shower one after the other.

Qin Shu went to bed first and looked at her phone for a while.

After taking a shower, Fu Tingyu also took off his shoes and went to bed. He hugged her from behind and glanced at the lit-up phone. "Honey, let's go see my parents for dinner tomorrow and then go back to Jiangcheng, okay?"

Qin Shu gripped her phone tightly and turned to look at the man. Instead of answering, she asked, "Tell me, why did I treat you so harshly when we were on Qi Mountain? I wasn't harsh to Han Xiao and Hua Wuyan. Why did I treat you so harshly? Shouldn't you look for the reason for yourself? Huh?"

Fu Tingyu was stunned for a moment. He moved the girl over to face him and kissed her smooth forehead. "Babe, can we not talk about the past?"

Qin Shu rolled her eyes at him. "After thinking about it for so long, I think it's because you often bully me, so I felt pressured and fought back."

The man used his slender fingers to blow the strong wind against her nose. "How would I dare to bully you? You are the Master's beloved disciple. You're on the tip of his heart. Bullying You is as good as waiting to be chased down the mountain, isn't it?"

Qin Shu snorted. "That's not necessarily true. You are black-bellied."

Fu Tingyu said, "Master treats you well. Otherwise, if they were to copy the rules for you, do you think Master wouldn't be able to tell? He is only using your name to punish them."

Qin Shu had heard about this matter from Han Xiao. She suddenly remembered something and asked him, "Then did you copy the rules for me?"

Uh! !!

The man shook his head. "No."

Qin Shu paused. "Then what are you doing?"

"I'm watching from the side."

Qin Shu was speechless.

Qin Shu retracted her gaze and stopped looking at him. She placed her phone back on the bedside table and prepared to sleep.

Fu Tingyu leaned close to the girl's ear and asked in a low voice, "Babe, are you angry?"

Qin Shu sneered. "Why would I be angry? I'm just wondering when I can remember the past. In that way, I can settle the score openly."

Fu Tingyu was a little helpless, so he could only explain, "Babe, you were the one who said in front of them that you didn't want me to help."

At that time, he even had a pen in his pocket.

Qin Shu nodded thoughtfully. "I don't want you to help? I guess that before that, you must have said something that made me angry."

Fu Tingyu was speechless.

Qin Shu's guess made him wordless.

As he did said something before that.