

Bigoted 851

Chapter 851: This Is My Name, Go Up the Mountain!

The Fengyue Inn was not far from Moat Street. It took about half an hour on foot.

Qin Shu strolled leisurely. Making sure to take care of Chao Yan beside her, she slowed down her pace whenever necessary.

Her obvious care did not go unnoticed. Chao Yan knew the reason for her slowing down, and the corners of his mouth could not help but curve into a nice smile.

Sometimes, it was not necessarily a bad thing to be blind.

Just like now, he could at least hold her hand. Although it was not a hand, but rather a sleeve. Still, it wasn't so bad.

Boss Ba ran fast. When he got ahead of them, he started to play alone. When he fell behind, he quickly caught up and circled Qin Shu and Chao Yan. Occasionally, he would meow. It was quite fun to play by himself.

Qin Shu turned her head to look at Chao Yan. After hesitating for a while, she asked, "What's your name?"

"You want to know so badly?" he asked.

Qin Shu was at a loss for words. "I was casually asking," she said.

"Call me Chao Yan," he told her. "I like it when you call me that."

"Chao Yan?" repeated Qin Shu.

"Yes," he replied with a smile. It had been a long time since he had heard someone call him that. It was a good feeling.

Qin Shu saw Chao Yan's raised lips and knew that he was in a good mood. "I used to call you that too?" she questioned him.

Chao Yan nodded. "Yes."

Qin Shu looked away. She still could not believe that they had such a good relationship in the past.

However, how could she explain the past kidnappings and threats?

When Chao Yan realized that she did not say anything, he called out, "Baby."

Qin Shu turned to look at him. The gauze on his eyes covered most of his facial features, which was a bit of an eyesore. She suddenly stopped in her tracks.

Puzzled, Chao Yan stopped too. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Qin Shu took a good, meticulous look at Chao Yan in front of her. Her delicate hand reached out to his eyes and touched the pure white gauze. It felt softer than any other.

Even if his eyes were covered, it could not hide his handsome face.

She wanted to remove the gauze and see if the pair of eyes hidden behind it were just like him.

“How did your eyes get injured?” she asked him.

Chao Yan was too familiar with this situation and this question. He was stunned and did not move at all, afraid that this moment in time would dissipate if he did.

Qin Shu realized what she did, and subconsciously retracted her hand. Looking at Chao Yan seemingly frozen stiff in front of her, she thought that he must have been shocked by her actions.

“I’m just curious why your eyes were injured,” she added awkwardly.

Chao Yan came back to his senses. “I was too mischievous when I was younger. I accidentally hurt myself,” he explained.

Qin Shu replied with an “oh” and did not say anything else. She continued walking.

It was only after returning to Fengyue Inn that Qin Shu spoke up. “Which floor and room are you staying in?” she asked Chao Yan.

Chao Yan felt that the journey had ended too quickly. When he was walking alone, the journey seemed longer.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll wait for Yin Shi in the hall,” he said to Qin Shu.

Qin Shu did not insist. “Then I’ll bring you to a chair at the side and sit down to wait,” she suggested.

“Okay.” Chao Yan agreed.

After Qin Shu brought Chao Yan aside and sat him down, she went upstairs.

Ye Luo was waiting by the side. When he saw Qin Shu make her way upstairs, he followed her and handed the key card to her.

Not long after Qin Shu left, Yin Shi walked in from outside. When he saw his master sitting on a chair, he walked over and said, “Master, let me assist you back.”

Chao Yan instructed, “There’s no need. Just get a room here.”

Here?

Yin Shi glanced at the Fengyue Inn. Although it was the best inn in the ancient city of Fengyue, it was not as comfortable as the Chaoyan Manor.

Still, he had to listen to his master’s orders.

Yin Shi went to the service desk to make the necessary arrangements, then brought his master to the guestroom.

The first thing Qin Shu did upon returning to her room, was to take a shower.

When she came out, she wiped her wet hair with a towel in one hand.

At that moment, her phone rang. She subconsciously thought it was Fu Tingyu.

They had agreed to call each other on the phone at night before parting ways.

She quickly walked to the bedside and picked up her phone. She glanced at the caller ID and saw “Baby Yu” reflected on the screen. She immediately picked up the call.

“Baby Yu, have you eaten dinner?” Qin Shu asked.

“I ate a long while ago. Where are you staying? Still at the Fengyue Inn?” replied Fu Tingyu.

“Yes, I plan to go up the mountain first thing tomorrow morning. I don’t know if Master has set up a formation on the mountain. Even if he has, I just have to recall the method I learned when I was young, on how to break the formation.”

Qin Shu was afraid Fu Tingyu would worry, so she deliberately added the last sentence.

“If you can’t, don’t force your way up. Wait for me at Fengyue Inn, understand?” Fu Tingyu said. “I need three days at least, so there’s no need to rush.”

“I know. You don’t have to worry about me,” reassured Qin Shu. Just focus on your matters. If it doesn’t work out, I’ll wait for you.”

“Okay, rest early tonight.”

“You too. Don’t be so busy with work that you tire yourself out.”

“I know what to do.”

“Good night, Hubby.”

“Good night, Honey.”

Qin Shu hung up the phone and continued to dry her hair.

After her hair was dry, she went to bed and rested up so that she could go up the mountain tomorrow.

The next day, Qin Shu woke up very early. After washing up, she changed her clothes and went downstairs.

Ye Luo was up even earlier. He had asked the inn to prepare the dishes in advance and then prepared fish for Boss Ba.

Qin Shu went straight to the dining table and sat down. She looked around the table and realized that the dishes in front of her were all her favorites.

At this moment, Chao Yan walked over under Yin Shi’s lead and sat down at her dining table.

Shortly after, the waiter brought the dishes over and placed them in front of Chao Yan. “Sir, please enjoy your meal,” he said before he turned around and left.

Qin Shu ate a red bean roll and saw Chao Yan seated opposite her, still chewing on the red bean roll in his mouth.

Chao Yan was not in a hurry to eat. Instead, he stated to her, "You will go up the mountain later."

Qin Shu swallowed her red bean roll and replied, "Yes, I will go home as soon as I get my son."

Chao Yan smiled. "It's a pity that I can't see."

Qin Shu picked up another red bean roll. Before she could put it into her mouth, she heard Chao Yan's comment and said to him, "If you want to see him, I'll send you a photo."

"Okay." Chao Yan smiled and said, "I want to hug him too."

Qin Shu hesitated for a while and replied, "Wait until I get my son first."

Chao Yan smiled and nodded. "Sure, I'll wait for you here," he said.

"Okay," responded Qin Shu. She lowered her head and continued eating.

Chao Yan didn't say anything else. He picked up his chopsticks and slowly ate his food.

"I'm leaving." After Qin Shu finished her meal, she said a quick goodbye and walked out the door.

Ye Luo carried Boss Ba and followed behind.

Chao Yan paused momentarily and then continued eating the food in front of him.

The master had a rule that outsiders were not allowed to go up the Qi Mountain. Hence this time, it was still Qin Shu who entered the mountain alone. Ye Luo carried Boss Ba and waited at the entrance of the Long Bridge.

From this end of the Long Bridge, there was no change from the last time. It was still shrouded in fog and no trees could be seen.

Qin Shu stepped on the Long Bridge and her figure gradually disappeared into the fog.

She walked down the bridge on the other end, glancing at the bushes in front of her and the weeds that were half the height of a person.. She took a deep breath and stepped forward.

Chapter 852: Recovering Her Memory With Master's Help

When she was young, she had only heard her mother talk about all kinds of arrays, as well as the techniques and methods to break them.

Because it had been too long, her memory was a little fuzzy.

This time, after personally experiencing breaking the arrays, her heart was still beating a little too quickly.

Looking at the forested mountains that had no access by foot, she felt like complaining.

Who in this present era still lived in seclusion in the mountains, setting up arrays to prevent outsiders from entering?

She thought that if her master had lived in ancient times, he would have been a highly intelligent military advisor or an invincible general.

Although she was grumbling inwardly, she still had to break the array and go up the mountain to fetch her son.

It had been a month since she last saw Xiao Jiu. She wondered how he was doing. Had he grown taller? Had he put on weight?

A grown man like her master carrying a small bottle of wine; she did not dare to visualize what kind of image it would be.

Not long after Qin Shu left Fengyue Inn, Chao Yan finished his breakfast. The waiter removed the dishes in front of him.

Yin Shi, who was standing by the side, asked, "Master, do you want to go back to Chao Yan Manor?"

Chao Yan took out a tissue to wipe the corners of his mouth. "No need, I will just wait here," he replied.

Yin Shi thought of Qin Shu going up the mountain and could not help but ask Chao Yan, "Master, can Miss Qin Shu go up the mountain successfully? Didn't you say that even you can't break the array of the Qi Mountain? But yet, she..."

"It's only a matter of time before she can go up," Chao Yan answered with great certainty.

Yin Shi was a little surprised. There were very few people in this world who knew how to form an array, and the same goes for those who knew how to break them. In Qin Shu's case...

"Master, breaking the array is so complicated, but Miss Qin Shu knows how to do it too?" Yin Shi marveled.

It was rare of Chao Yan to show interest in explaining. "She knows how to break the array," he clarified. "It's just that the amnesia caused her memory to be a little fuzzy. For techniques, even if she is unable to remember everything, she will be able to solve it easily once she gets used to it."

Yin Shi was a little taken aback at first until he remembered that Qin Shu's master was not an ordinary person and also very mysterious, so it was possible for Qin Shu to know.

"Will Miss Qin Shu remember what happened between both of you when she goes up the mountain this time?" asked Yin Shi.

He looked at his master carefully, since his master was not in a hurry for Qin Shu to remember what happened in the past.

As for the reason, Yin Shi had also somewhat guessed it.

Chao Yan paused, and then he emphasized his reply. "No."

Hearing such a confident answer, Yin Shi was puzzled. "Could Miss Qin Shu's master not be able to help her recover her memory?" he asked.

Chao Yan removed the napkin from his mouth and looked up at Yin Shi, deep in thought.

After a while, Chao Yan stood up and walked out of the inn.

It was not cold when the air-conditioner was turned on at the inn, but the temperature outside the inn was very different.

Seeing that his master was only wearing a woolen sweater, Yin Shi immediately turned around and went upstairs to get Chao Yan's woolen coat.

Chao Yan walked out of the inn and looked up at the sky. Snow was predicted for the day, but Chao Yan did not know if the forecast would be right.

Yin Shi walked out quickly with Chao Yan's woolen coat. "Master, it's cold outside." As he spoke, he put the coat on Chao Yan.

Tong Yao, who was staying at Fengyue Inn, saw a man standing at the door when she returned. Instantly, she recognized him as the man she had met at the city tower the night prior. Because his eyes were covered with gauze, she could not forget him even if she wanted to.

The fear she had experienced then had subsided quite a bit.

"You're also staying at Fengyue Inn?" she questioned. Tong Yao was the bolder girl that night.

Chao Yan tilted his head in uncertainty as he tried to figure out the source of the voice, but he did not ask.

Seeing that Chao Yan was silent, Tong Yao realized he was probably wondering who she was, since he could not see. "We met last night at the city tower. I even talked to you," Tong Yao offered.

Chao Yan recalled the few girls he met last night. The one in front of him was one of them.

The temperature atop the mountain during the day was much higher than at the foot of the mountain. There was no need to wear a heavy down coat.

Under the grapevine in the courtyard, a small swing chair swayed gently in the breeze.

Firmly sat on the swing chair was Xiao Jiu. His small frame was secured by a safety belt so that he would not risk falling off.

As the swing chair swayed, Xiao Jiu giggled.

Ling Er pushed the swing chair with one hand. When she saw Xiao Jiu laughing so happily, her eyes crinkled from smiling.

"Confucius said: Isn't it a pleasure to review and practice what you have learned? Isn't it delightful to have friends who come from far away? Others do not understand you, but you do not get angry. Isn't that also the traits of a well-trained gentleman?"

A man sat at the side, reading the Analects of Confucius to Xiao Jiu. When he looked up and saw Ling Er's raised eyebrows, he was stunned for a few seconds.

"Zi Qing, read a fairytale. Xiao Jiu is still so young. He will not be able to understand the analects even if you read it," Ling Er said.

She looked up at Zi Qing and realized that he was staring at her. "What's wrong?" she asked him curiously.

Zi Qing returned to his senses and replied, "I don't know how to read fairytales."

Ling Er saw his expressionless face. He read the analects with a straight face and it sounded pretty good. If it were a fairytale, it might have become a different version of one.

After giving it some thought, she decided against asking him to read the fairytale again.

Zi Qing put down the book in his hand and looked at the time on his watch. It was 3:30 pm. He looked at Ling Er. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

Ling Er looked toward Xiao Jiu. It had been more than six months and she could start adding supplementary food slowly. After some consideration, she said, "Prepare some egg custard for Xiao Jiu. As for me, you can decide."

"Okay." Zi Qing stood up and walked into the kitchen.

The kitchen was very large, and not at all far from the courtyard. One could reach it in less than a hundred steps.

Upon first impression, one would think that they had entered a supermarket. It had everything, whether it was a wok, a frying pan, a saucepan, a steamer, or a stew pot.

There was a huge refrigerator at the right corner with a wide range of ingredients inside.

There were also baking utensils, flour, and the like.

Looking at the equipment and ingredients in the kitchen, one could eat Chinese or Western food, even dessert. None of it would be a problem.

Over the years, Zi Qing had not made much progress in other areas, but his culinary skills had improved by leaps and bounds.

Zi Qing was wearing a windbreaker. It was pure white and spotless. His movements were professional. Whether it was cracking eggshells or controlling the heat, he was very skilled and precise.

It had been almost eight hours since Qin Shu had entered the mountain gate in the morning. She had spent the entire day in the forest.

She looked at the marble tablet at the side. The words 'Celestial Sect of Wonders' was written on it. She took two deep breaths and said, "This should be the top of the Qi mountain. We are finally here."

She could feel the temperature on the mountain rising. Today, she was wearing a cashmere sweater and a T-shirt underneath. She was so hot that her entire body was covered in perspiration.

She took off her coat and tied it around her waist.

After resting a little, she continued on her journey.

Shortly after, she arrived at the forbidden area of the Celestial Sect of Wonders. Looking through the gate, it was apparent that the top of the Qi mountain was huge. The amount of money, manpower, and energy it took to be able to build a house on it and build it so magnificently was a feat. There was no need for her to say anything more.

At first glance, it felt like a huge palace.. The overall structure was rather ancient, yet at the same time, it made one's eyes light up.

Chapter 853: Mother Is Still Alive

It was indeed a good place to live in seclusion and cultivate one's mind.

It was also an ideal place for a vacation.

Qin Shu stepped on the marble stairs and walked onto the huge square.

As she walked, she looked around. The moment she had reached the top of the mountain, she had realized that no one was guarding the door.

On second thought, if they hadn't known about it or been there before, no one would have known about the existence of the long bridge. That was because that road had also set up checkpoints, and they were not easy to discover.

In addition, there were four arrays from the foot of the mountain to the top, which was equivalent to four checkpoints. It would not be easy for anyone to make their way up unless they could break the arrays.

Therefore, it was normal for no one to guard the door.

The sun was setting in the west. The afterglow of the sun shone on the glazed tiles, refracting a dazzling light. It gave an illusion of the Forbidden City.

Qin Shu looked at the big door opposite the square. She was tired after walking for a whole day, but her body felt full of energy again at the thought of being able to see Xiao Jiu soon.

Qin Shu did not hurry to enter upon reaching the door. Instead, she stuck her head forward and looked inside.

The inside of the door was a little similar to what she had expected. Because it was an ancient-style house, the interior garden design was very suitable for this house. It was easy to imagine.

After sizing it up for a while, she still did not see a single soul. Were they all busy?

She stood up straight and walked over the threshold openly.

The antique-style courtyard was cozier than a villa.

She did not see a single maid in the huge courtyard.

It was a little strange.

“Xiao Jiu, look at this windmill. Zi Qing made it. Isn’t it fun?”

The child’s laughter was as melodious as a silver bell. It came from the inner courtyard.

Qin Shu walked around the courtyard for a while. She heard someone talking, and a child’s laughter. Her heart tightened. Even though she hadn’t heard Xiao Jiu’s laughter in a month, she could still tell that it was him.

Knowing that Xiao Jiu was not far away, she couldn’t help but quicken her steps, wanting to see him as soon as possible.

She walked around the flower bed, passed a cobblestone path that was about ten meters long, and came to the concrete path. After a couple of steps, she arrived at the Moon Cave Door.

When she stepped through the Moon Cave Door and saw Xiao Jiu, who was smiling happily under the grapevine, her heart instantly softened.

Having not seen him for a month, Xiao Jiu seemed to have gained a little weight. The baby fat on his cheeks was even more obvious than before.

He seemed to have also grown a little taller. Sitting on the swing chair, it seemed like he was having a lot of fun.

Looking at her son, Qin Shu couldn’t wait to hold him in her arms. Just as she was about to step in, she saw the woman who had been seated all along, turn her head to pick up the bell on the table. When she revealed that extremely familiar face, Qin Shu was completely stunned.

Her brain had even lost the ability to process her thoughts. She only stared blankly at that woman. The face that often appeared in her dreams now appeared in front of her eyes. It felt like she was in a dream.

Until now, she could still clearly remember her mother’s charred body in the hospital. Her face, which could not be distinguished, made people feel pity for her.

That woman. That woman was her mother.

Her mother was not dead, her mother was not dead...

She covered her mouth in disbelief as she struggled not to call out to her. She was afraid that her mother would disappear the moment she made a sound.

It was great that her mother was still alive.

Her body trembled uncontrollably from excitement. She was afraid that she had seen wrongly, afraid that she was dreaming again.

Ling Er, who was sitting at the table, shook the bell at Xiao Jiu. “Xiao Jiu, look here. This is a bell. Doesn’t it sound nice?”

Xiao Jiu looked at the bell in Ling Er's hand and stood up again.

Qin Shu did not know when the tears had rolled down her face, blurring her vision and making it difficult to see the person in front of her.

She hastily wiped away her tears and strode in hurriedly. She could even have been running instead of walking.

Qin Shu had only taken a few steps when a white figure suddenly appeared in front of her, blocking her line of sight.

She raised her head to look at the person who had suddenly appeared in front of her. When she saw the person's face, she was stunned for a second.

The man had a beautiful face, and his features were as pretty as a picture. He looked like someone who had walked out of a painting. All the words in the world were not enough to describe the extent of his gorgeousness.

He had a slender figure and seemed to be about 1.91 meters tall, which was two centimeters taller than Fu Tingyu.

Wearing a spotless white windbreaker, he had the air of a celestial being.

She could swear that the man in front of her was the most beautiful man she had ever seen.

In her heart, she still felt that Fu Tingyu was more beautiful.

But because she was in a hurry to see her mother, she did not care who the man in front of her was.

Since she did not know his identity, she could not address him carelessly. "Please excuse me," she said politely. "I need to go find my mother."

She did not know why she was so sure that the woman was her mother, Wen Xin.

That was simply how she felt.

"Why are you here?" The man paused and calculated the time carefully. He then said, "I forgot that time passes so quickly. You must be thinking of Xiao Jiu."

He then remembered that Xiao Jiu had been on the mountain for a whole month.

He had not taken a look at the arrays for the past few days, hence he was unaware that there were people going up the mountain.

In addition, Jiu Yan had just gone down the mountain earlier to look for fun toys for Xiao Jiu and was not present.

Upon hearing the man's words, Qin Shu thought for a second and concluded what she had guessed. She looked at the man in front of her. "You are my master?" she asked in disbelief.

The man nodded. "Yes."

She had guessed correctly.

Her master was not quite the same as she had imagined.

The master she had imagined had a slender figure. It was the image of a handsome uncle in his forties. He had a sage-like appearance and might even have had a handlebar mustache.

The man in front of her was a little too young. He didn't have a handlebar mustache, and he didn't look like a middle-aged man in his forties. He did have a slender figure, though.

He also had this flawless disposition. Tsk tsk. If he became a celebrity, he would instantly outshine both the young and old. He would surely become popular.

Although she was surprised, Qin Shu did not forget that her mother was inside. She said excitedly, "Then please excuse me, Master. I want to go find my mother."

Her master stood still and said in a cold voice, "Let's talk outside."

"Why do you want to talk outside?" Qin Shu realized that her tone was a little agitated, so she repeated, "Master, if you have anything to say, can you wait until I confirm that person is my mother?"

Her master replied, "She isn't."

Qin Shu was stunned. She retorted, "How could she not be? She looks exactly like my mother. I won't mistake her for someone else."

"I said no," he repeated.

Hearing her master deny her again, Qin Shu's hope that had just been ignited was about to be destroyed. She refused to give up and grabbed her master's lapels. "It's impossible." Qin Shu was overwhelmed with emotions. "I wouldn't mistake her for someone else. She is my mother. My mother isn't dead."

"Zi Qing, who's here?" Ling Er heard the crying and looked in the direction of the Moon Cave Door in confusion.. She saw Zi Qing standing tall and straight at the entrance.

Chapter 854: Do You Agree to This Request?

A person was standing beside Zi Qing. From this angle, Ling Er could only see a small silhouette, like a woman.

Zi Qing's body stiffened as he looked down at Qin Shu. When Qin Shu heard the woman's voice, she could hardly wait to go in. She tried to push Zi Qing away.

Before she could make her way through, her vision blurred and the back of her neck hurt. Her vision subsequently went black. Before she fainted, she inexplicably felt that this scene was very familiar, as if she had experienced it not too long ago.

A second before Qin Shu fell, Zi Qing quickly caught her and carried her in his arms.

This was the first time he did not respond when Ling Er called him. She stood up and walked over, puzzled. She asked again, "Zi Qing, who is here?"

Zi Qing carried Qin Shu in his arms and turned to look at Ling Er. "My disciple," he said.

Ling Er looked at the girl in Zi Qing's arms. It was the same girl she saw the last time. Xiao Jiu was her son. She had gotten married and had children at a young age.

She remembered that she had heard her speak. Why had she fainted now?

Baffled, she asked Zi Qing, "What's wrong with her?"

Zi Qing did not answer her question. Instead, he said, "I'll carry her inside to rest for a while."

With that, Zi Qing carried Qin Shu and turned around to walk to the room in the side wing.

Ling Er stood rooted to the spot, and the doubt in her eyes deepened. She remembered that Xiao Jiu was still on the hanging swing chair and that the egg custard should be cold by now. Hence, she did not follow behind. Instead, she went to feed Xiao Jiu his egg custard.

In the room, Zi Qing bent down and placed Qin Shu on the bed. He pulled the thin blanket up to cover her, his gaze falling on her slender wrist. His long fingers reached out to hold her wrist and feel the martial art strength in her body. She had already broken through to the upper intermediate stage of platinum.

He was a little confused. It was clear that he had already sealed her martial art strength. How could she suddenly have rebounded?

He placed Qin Shu's hand under the blanket and stood up straight. Looking at her still unconscious in bed, he felt a little helpless.

This time, it was a complete accident.

He suddenly remembered something his father had said. If you were greedy for pleasure, it would be easier to make mistakes.

That was indeed the case.

Zi Qing stood by the bed and watched Qin Shu for a bit, then turned around and left, closing the door behind him.

When he walked to the courtyard, he saw Ling Er holding a bowl and feeding Xiao Jiu egg custard mouthful by mouthful.

In the past, she would always stay in the room to read, play chess, and draw. Sometimes, when she was in the mood, she would even play the piano. She seemed to enjoy it very much. She was very quiet and laidback, but he always felt that something was missing.

Ever since Xiao Jiu came, the smile on her face had never waned. She no longer stayed in the room to read, draw, and play the piano. Instead, she often carried Xiao Jiu out to bask in the sun, talk, chat and tell stories.

The once-quiet Qi mountain was now full of jokes and laughter.

Although he rarely participated in the banter, he was very happy.

If you were greedy for pleasure, it would be easier to make mistakes.

So what?

Zi Qing walked over and sat down at the table. He looked at Ling Er and saw that she was feeding Xiao Jiu earnestly. He then looked at Xiao Jiu and found that he was also eating happily.

Ling Er smiled and said, "Zi Qing, Xiao Jiu loves the egg custard you made. He is about to finish this small bowl."

"Ling Er likes Xiao Jiu very much," commented Zi Qing.

Ling Er nodded. "Yes, Xiao Jiu is very likable. When I play with him, I feel that time passes very quickly."

Zi Qing pressed his lips together. He could not bear to say it, but he had to. "I'll send them down the mountain tomorrow," he told her.

Ling Er's hands stopped moving. When she saw Xiao Jiu's mother arrive, she knew that Xiao Jiu would follow his mother home. Moreover, Xiao Jiu had stayed on the mountain for so long. His mother must have missed him too, which was why she suddenly came up the mountain.

However, she was a little reluctant to part with Xiao Jiu.

She took the last mouthful of egg custard and put it into Xiao Jiu's mouth.

Zi Qing did not say anything. He just looked at her quietly.

After feeding the egg custard, Ling Er placed the small bowl on the table. She looked up at Zi Qing and said, "Well, Xiao Jiu has been away from home for so long. He must miss his parents too."

Zi Qing saw her reluctance and said, "If you miss Xiao Jiu, I will bring him up the mountain again in the future."

"Sure." Ling Er smiled at Xiao Jiu, who had just finished eating the egg custard and was already dozing off.

"Xiao Jiu is sleepy. I'll carry him back to his room to sleep," said Ling Er.

"Okay," replied Zi Qing.

Ling Er carried Xiao Jiu into the room.

After Xiao Jiu had fallen asleep, Ling Er walked out of the room and saw Zi Qing coming out of the next room. "Why did Xiao Jiu's mother suddenly faint just now?" she asked him.

"She's fine." Zi Qing held her hand and walked towards the study.

Ling Er turned back to look at the tightly shut door and followed Zi Qing into the study, puzzled.

Zi Qing brought her to a painting. "This is what I drew last night. Do you like it?" he asked.

Ling Er looked at the painting he was talking about. In the painting, she was holding Xiao Jiu and looking at birds under the silk cotton tree.

She was aware of Zi Qing's superb painting skills and the realness of the characters he painted.

However, this painting was by far her favorite.

She turned her head to look at Zi Qing. "I like it very much," she said.

Zi Qing held her in his arms and rubbed against her soft hair with his jaw. He said in a low voice, "You like children. Let's have one too."

This was the second time he had mentioned having children.

Ling Er pursed her lips. She had been on the mountain for a few years and her memory was not good, to begin with. She could not even remember her age. She asked him, "How old am I this year?"

Zi Qing stroked her soft hair and replied, "You are thirty-nine years old."

Ling Er sighed, lamenting at how time had passed so quickly. She did not know how she had managed to survive for so many years.

"How about you?" she asked him.

"Forty-two," replied Zi Qing.

Ling Er could not help but laugh. "It is said that a man's spring comes in their forties. I see that you look like you're not even thirty yet. I'm afraid it wouldn't be a problem for you to pass off as a high school student."

When she had nothing to do, she would go watch idol dramas. The male and female celebrities in the dramas were not young anymore, yet they acted as high school students. However, none of them were as good as Zi Qing.

He was good-looking and charismatic. Most importantly, he looked very young.

Zi Qing looked down at her and saw her wanton smile. "Are you laughing at me?" he asked her.

Ling Er hurriedly shook her head. "No, I'm complimenting you."

Zi Qing stared at her for a while. "Then are you willing?" he asked again.

Ling Er thought about it and abruptly raised her head to look at Zi Qing. Looking at the man she had been with for four years, she thought of how well he took care of her and how considerate he was. Although he was a man of few words and kept a poker face all day, and did not know how to speak romantically, she could feel how much the man in front of her cared about her.

However, she constantly felt that something was missing.

As for what exactly was missing, she did not know.

It had been four years, enough to understand a person well.

Yet, she kept feeling that the man in front of her still maintained some kind of mystery, and what she saw was only the tip of the iceberg.

"We..." Ling Er gritted her teeth as if she was about to make a drastic decision.

Zi Qing listened intently to what she wanted to say next.

Ling Er didn't think of herself as an impulsive person.

Perhaps it was this calmness that kept the both of them from getting over that hurdle..

Chapter 855: Finally, It's Time

The woman's silence made the man a little nervous, but he still looked cold and expressionless on the surface.

Ling'er looked up at him with a smile. "Let's get the certificate."

He had been waiting for her to say those words for four years.

Now that he heard it all of a sudden, the man was stunned. He just stared at her in a daze and forgot to react.

Ling'er arched a brow. "Aren't you happy?"

The man came back to his senses. He was still so excited that he could not speak. "I am, I am. I'm so happy that I'm at a loss for words!"

"A-are you sure," he asked hesitantly.

Ling'er smiled. "I'm 39 years old, not 19 or 29. We've been together for four years. I know you'll treat me well. Although I can't say I know everything about you, I think I know enough not to regret this decision. There's nothing more I could ask of you as a man."

Any man receiving such an evaluation would have known it to be high praise.

"I'll bring you home."

"That's not what I meant. I know your identity isn't simple, and I wouldn't say I like overly complicated relationships. I like the way things are between us."

Whether it was a wealthy family, an aristocratic family, or a legendary ancient family, living in such a large family was no different from a struggle for the throne.

She was older now and appreciated the quiet, carefree time offered to her.

She thought that living like this for the rest of her life was something she yearned for and brought her great joy.

"I'll listen to you," he said.

He hugged himself, not betraying any expression on his handsome face. It was a force of habit whenever he felt nervous or excited.

Like the kapok tree behind her, Ling'er's laugh was bright and delicate, charming but not overly so.

She did not know if it was because of her that he was willing to live on a mountain, isolated from the rest of the world, or if she liked the isolation afforded to them by Mount Qi because of him.

Four years had transformed their passionate feelings into the subtle fragrance of flowers alight in the spring air or the cold wind to red plums in winter; they were inseparable.

Knowing that Xiao Jiuyan would leave Mount Qi with his mother, Ling'er was reluctant to part. When Xiao Jiuyan woke up, she hugged him and teased him.

Xiao Jiuyan had only been there for five months, so he did not understand what it meant to part ways. Instead, he continued smiling happily.

The man stood at the side and watched as he enjoyed the warm-hearted scene.

Ling'er suddenly looked at the man. "Ziqing, please help me record a video. We'll watch the video whenever we miss Xiao Jiu."

"Okay." The man walked to the table, picked up her phone, and turned on the recording function. He aimed the camera at Ling'er and Xiao Jiu, taking great pains to capture their joy and laughter.

At dinner, Xiao Jiu's mother did not join them. Confused, Ling'er trained a questioning look in the man's direction. "Is she still not awake?"

"It's alright. You need not wait. I'll make sure she has something to eat later." The man picked up some food with his chopsticks and graciously offered it to her.

Ling'er stared at the man. She was not sure what was going on between him and her disciple. A nagging itch told her something was not quite right about the situation, but she could not put her finger on it.

Ling'er's gaze lingered on the man for a time. It was with much hesitation did she refrain from prying further. Pensive, she continued eating her dinner.

The man clenched his chopsticks tightly. He could see the hesitation in Ling'er's eyes and how she finally decided to let the matter rest. He saw it all as he matched her gaze, unflinching. In the end, he, too, chose to say nothing.

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Sometime later that night, Fengyue Inn...

Chao Yan sat with his legs crossed and an arm dangling over the back of the sofa. He was sitting in the main hall with a coffee table in front of him. Not a hint of colour peeked through the gauze covering his eyes. On the table was a cup of coffee gone cold.

Yin Shi entered the inn and saw his Master seated in the hall. Hastening his steps, he arrived before his Master.

"Master, it's already late. Miss Qin probably isn't coming back. It would be best if you went back to the guest room to rest for now," he advised in a low voice.

"Make another cup of coffee." Chao Yan's responded with supreme indifference.

“Master...” Yin Shi wanted to oppose his Master’s decision but thought better than to do so. In the end, he did as instructed and prepared another cup of coffee for his Master.

Just then, Ye Luo walked in with President Ba in his arms. When he saw Chao Yan sitting on the sofa, Ye Luo pretended he had not seen him and made for the stairs with President Ba lounging in his arms.

Yin Shi returned with the freshly brewed cup of coffee and happened to see Ye Luo heading upstairs with President Ba. Earlier, he had seen Ye Luo accompanying Qin Shu out. It was strange for him to return without her. “Hasn’t the Young Madam returned yet? She should have come back by now...”

Ye Luo stopped in his tracks and responded to Yin Shi’s question. “No.”

As soon as he answered Yin Shi, Ye Luo continued up to the second floor.

Qin Shu had said that there was no need to wait for her if she did not come down after dark.

Ye Luo waited until ten in the evening before returning.

“...” Yin Shi carried the hot cup of coffee to his Master, replacing the cup of coffee that had gone cold. He put it in the same spot as the previous cup for his Master’s convenience.

Recounting how he met Ye Luo moments earlier, he said, “Master, Ye Luo has just returned. It seems Miss Qin hasn’t come down from the mountain yet. I’m afraid she’ll have to wait until tomorrow to come down.”

Chao Yan inclined his head, pausing ever so slightly as he listened before taking a sip from the steaming cup of coffee Yin Shi had left on the table.

His Master’s silence revealed his intentions: he was planning to sit there the whole night if need be.

Yet, as much as he tried, he could not understand why his Master would choose to sit on the couch and await Miss Qin’s return.

Miss Qin was not going to return that night, so what was the point of waiting?

Yin Shi kept his thoughts to himself and did not try persuading his Master from proceeding with the course of action he had decided. Instead, he stood vigil, waiting quietly.

The inn ran on central air-conditioning, so he did not feel a draft.

In the wee hours of the morning, only a young lady remained at the front desk, working the night shift. Yin Shi and his Master were the sole guests left in the main hall. Words could not describe the surreal sense of serenity.

Time passed at a snail’s pace. Many would agree that the act of waiting is one of those which lengthens the distance between periods, with time moving slower than one would expect.

Yin Shi stared at his Master the whole time in agonising silence. If his Master chose to wait, who was he, as a servant, to say or do otherwise?

Moments before dawn, the figure of two people appeared at the inn’s entrance. Ziqing carried Qin Shu in his arms while Jiuyan carried Xiao Jiu. The two men entered the establishment together.

Fearing she would catch a cold, Ziqing wrapped Qin Shu in a mink fur coat as she slept soundly in his arms.

Like Qin Shu, Xiao Jiu was fast asleep. She, too, was bundled up in a coat such that only her eyes peeked through.

Chao Yan immediately sensed the disturbance. He turned and faced the entrance.

Yin Shi snapped to attention, scanning the two who had walked in. At first, he was puzzled, but that changed when he saw Qin Shu. "Master, someone has brought Miss Qin back. A man is carrying her."

Chao Yan got up in one smooth motion, making his way over to the hall's centre, almost as if he was waiting for someone.

Although the person walking towards them had restrained his aura, Yin Shi still felt an immense weight pressing down upon him, making it hard to breathe.

It was enough to prove that the man carrying Qin Shu was much stronger than him.

Yin Shi did not dare take a step forward – to do so was to walk to his death.

He now understood why his Master chose to stay up all night waiting in the main hall. It turned out that he had guessed that someone would send Qin Shu back.

Ziqing hugged Qin Shu tightly, glaring at the man who stood in his way with cold eyes.. The man's eyes were covered in a layer of white gauze.

Chapter 856: Master Is Very Good-Natured

A step behind Ziqing, Jiu Yan immediately recognized the blindfolded man blocking the way. It was the youth who lived at the foot of the mountain, in Zhe Yan village, those many years past.

North-south of Mount Qi was a village called Zhe Yan. It had a history spanning a hundred years.

For a long time, that village remained deserted. One day, a youth of several summers settled in the abandoned town. The man with white gauze covering his eyes was precisely that man.

Back then, Jiu Yan recalled informing his Master of this new development. His Master's response had been lukewarm, and thus he let the matter go.

Jiu Yan could not fathom what the youth – now a man – was he trying to do.

Ziqing merely glanced at him, and his voice was clear and cold. "You know Xiao Bao."

Judging by the fact that the man knew Qin Shu by her nickname and the oppressive weight to his words, Chao Yan was fairly certain he knew who the man was. "I know her. You are her Master, aren't you?"

"What's it to you?" The man retorted curtly.

Although the man had not admitted it directly, there was no doubt in Chao Yan's mind that he was speaking to Qin Shu's Master.

He would be lying if he said he was stronger than Qin Shu's Master. Indeed, he could sense the difference in their strength quite keenly, but it did not mean he feared him either. "I wish to make a deal with you. Are you interested?"

"I don't need any deal." The man ignored Chao Yan and continued walking with Qin Shu in his arms.

Chao Yan was not surprised he had been given the cold shoulder. It seemed the man's reaction was well within his expectations. "What would you do if I said I know the reason for her amnesia?"

A person is only as strong as their weakest link. No one is invulnerable, no matter how they make themselves out to be; that was Chao Yan's belief.

The man paused midstride, giving Chao Yan a long, hard look before heading for the second floor.

When Jiu Yan walked past, he gave Chao Yan a long look. It was his first time meeting someone who had the nerve to provoke his Master.

His Master had disappeared upstairs by then, so he hurried to catch up.

The pressure disappeared as soon as the man left, and the hall returned to its previous silence.

Chao Yan felt a fishy sweetness in his throat as if his heart had been gripped in a vice. It was suffocating. His pale complexion took on a sickly hue.

Yin Shi sensed something was wrong and quickly stepped forward to support him. "Master."

Chao Yan swallowed the fishy sweetness in his throat. "Let's go back to the guest room."

Yin Shi did not tarry. He supported his Master and helped him back to his room on the second floor.

...

...

As the sky brightened, a ray of light pierced through a gap in the curtains.

Qin Shu felt she had slept for a long time. When she opened her eyes, a feeling of bloatedness overcame her. It made her lightheaded and more than a little uncomfortable.

She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and found a person sitting on the bed with her. It was a handsome man of extraordinary temperament, a figure straight out of a painting.

All she remembered was climbing up the mountain... a sudden flux of images bombarded her mind, yet she could not grab ahold of any of them. It was like she was trying to scoop up air.

"You're awake." The man said, his voice ringing cold and clear.

Qin Shu looked at him in confusion. "Yes, and you are?"

"I'm your master."

"Oh. Master..."

... Master?

Qin Shu jolted upright, staring at the man in disbelief. Immediately, she scanned her surroundings. They were in her room. With some hesitation, she asked, "If you're my Master, then what about Xiao Jiu?"

"Xiao Jiu is sleeping next door." The man replied.

Qin Shu heaved a sigh of relief. "Did you bring me back to the inn?"

"Yes, I did."

"What happened yesterday? I remember I going up the mountain, but nothing of what transpired afterwards..."

The man did not answer her. Instead, he said, "I've saved my number in your phone."

Qin Shu picked up her phone, scrolling down her list of contacts. At the very bottom was her Master's contact details.

She heaved a sigh of relief. It would be much easier to contact her Master in the future with his number.

She looked up at the man, her Master, wanting to say something but hesitated.

"You have a lot of questions for me now, haven't you?" The man spoke without any inflexions in his voice.

Qin Shu was glad her Master was the first to broach the topic. "Yes, I have a lot of questions to ask you, Master." She nodded in affirmation.

"I, too, have questions. Unfortunately, I have no answers." The man looked his disciple in the eye and said, "I have no answers save one."

Excitedly, Qin Shu asked, "What can Master tell me?"

"Some things, Xiao Bao... Some things are best left unknown. Ignorance is bliss." The man responded by way of an answer.

Qin Shu was left speechless. It was obvious, to her, how much her Master knew. Yet, there was nothing she could do if he refused to reveal the truth of her memory loss. No. There was still away; there had to be.

While there was a will, there was a way. She would recover her memories herself if it came to it.

She would know the truth, one way or another.

She looked up at the handsome man in front of her and sighed. His youthful looks contrasted greatly with the experience reflected in his eyes.

"If Master does not wish to talk about it, then don't." Qin Shu threw open the covers and got out of bed, slipping on her slippers as she did so.

Qin Shu's tepid reaction was not something the man had expected. So much so, he could not help but stare.

Working out the kinks in her sore limbs did wonders for her circulation. She felt much more comfortable now. Smiling, Qin Shu asked, "Don't you find Xiao Jiu annoying? He's so noisy."

The man looked at her for a while but did not see anything suspicious. "No."

Qin Shu was a little surprised. "It seems Master has a good temper. He doesn't think Xiao Jiu is rowdy at all."

"He's cute." The man stood up, ready to leave.

If she had thought her Master was tall while seated, then it was nothing compared to his towering height when he stood up. Now that she had a better look, he was very likely taller than even Fu Tingyu.

"If you need anything, call me. There's no need for you to come to Mount Qi." The man said.

"Okay. If Master misses Xiao Jiu, you can visit him in Jiangcheng."

"Alright, be careful on your way." The man left once he had said his piece.

Qin Shu shrugged helplessly. It was time for her to focus on finding a way to recover her memory.

Not long after, Jiu Yan entered with Xiao Jiu in his arms. "Xiao Jiu just woke up. Here are his milk bottles and pull-up pants."

He placed Xiao Jiu's bottle bag on the table at the side as he spoke.

Qin Shu was not paying attention to what Jiu Yan was saying. Her gaze was fixed on Xiao Jiu. After not seeing him for a month, the little fellow had grown a little. His pair of pitch-black eyes stared right back at her. Perhaps it was because he had not seen her for a long time, so there was a curious light in his eyes.

"Xiao Jiu, Mommy's missed you so much." She could not wait to step forward and hold Xiao Jiu in her arms. She noticed Xiao Jiu staring at her. "Don't you recognize Mommy?"

Although they had not seen each other for a month and Xiao Jiu most likely did not remember her, Qin Shu did not cry or make a fuss. Instead, she stared at her child for a long time, a smile brightening her features.

Qin Shu's heart melted.

Seeing this, Jiu Yan quietly excused himself.

Qin Shu played with Xiao Jiu and even prepared his milk bottle together. While he sat on the bed drinking his milk, Qin Shu went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face.

Ye Luo entered the guest room carrying President Ba in his arms. The Young Madam must have returned if the door was ajar. His reasoning rang true when he saw Xiao Jiu rolling on the bed drinking from his milk bottle. Xiao Jiu eyed the curious pair who entered the room with black eyes.

The sound of running water echoed from the bathroom. Qin Shu was washing up.

President Ba hissed and kicked, leaping out of Ye Luo's arms and quickly ran to the bed where he happily pounced onto the fluffy mattress. It all occurred in a smooth, practised motion.

“Meow” President Ba meowed at Xiao Jiu.. He strolled towards Xiao Jiu with feline grace, raising his forepaws and digging into the baby boy’s hands as if to say hello.

Chapter 857: You Haven’t Done What You’ve Promised Me

By then, Xiao Jiu had finished his bottle of milk, and he was happily chewing on his pacifier. When he saw President Ba, the young boy kicked his empty bottle aside, clambering towards the black cat.

He grabbed President Ba’s forelimbs and refused to let go, intent on playing with him.

President Ba sheathed his claws, swiping at Xiao Jiu playfully.

Ye Luo stood by the bed and did not stop President Ba – he would prove a sufficient distraction for the child while the Young Madam was washing up.

Fortunately, President Ba was exceptionally intelligent for a cat and knew not to harm Xiao Jiu despite their rough play.

President Ba was a stickler for hygiene, cleaning himself every day. He even rinsed his mouth at night, when everyone was asleep so that his mouth would always be squeaky clean the next day.

The bathroom door slid open, and Qin Shu stepped out. She was not surprised to see Ye Luo in the room.

While showering, she had heard President Ba’s unmistakable cry, which could only have been possible if Ye Luo was in the vicinity.

Ye Luo greeted his Young Madam upon her exiting the bathroom. “I’ll go prepare breakfast,” he said, excusing himself in the process.

Qin Shu smiled happily as Xiao Jiu played with President Ba. Picking up her phone, she called Fu Tingyu, excited beyond measure. She wanted to tell him as quickly as she could that Xiao Jiu was with her.

The line beeped a few times before connecting. “Baby Yu, I’ve got Xiao Jiu. I’ll return to Jiangcheng first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Did you climb Mount Qi alone?” Fu Tingyu asked.

“That was the plan. Though... I don’t know why Master carried me down afterwards.”

Qin Shu finished her last sentence with some hesitation. She could not understand why her recluse of a Master would do such a thing.

Doubt flashed in Fu Tingyu’s eyes, but he kept his thoughts on the matter to himself. “Did you get a chance to talk to Master?”

Qin Shu sighed helplessly. “You know what Master is like – he’s as cold as an iceberg. He said very little if anything at all. Master refused to tell me how I got down the mountain of why I lost my memory. He said it was for my own good.”

Fu Tingyu was silent for a time. “Then what are your plans?” he asked.

“There must be a reason why Master refuses to tell me anything. I’m not sure why he thinks hiding it from me is best... He must know the cause of my memory loss. Don’t worry. I don’t plan on pressuring Master for an answer; I’ll think of some other way to recover my memory instead.”

“That’s for the best. I’m sure we’ll find some other means of achieving it.”

“I’ll be back in Jiangcheng the day after tomorrow. Take care of yourself and Xiao Jiu.”

“I will. You take care too.”

Qin Shu ended the call, putting away her phone. President Ba and Xiao Jiu were rolling around on the bed. Being a baby, Xiao Jiu was quite flexible, and in a feat of gymnastics only a child of such a young age could possess, he grabbed hold of President Ba’s hindlegs, refusing to let go.

Affectionately, she picked up Xiao Jiu, cradling him in her arms. “Xiao Jiu, stop teasing President Ba. It’s time for breakfast. Let’s go and have it together.”

Xiao Jiu seemed to like President Ba very much. Despite being separated, he continued flailing his limbs, trying his best to grab hold of President Ba.

“Meow!” President Ba meowed indignantly. He did not like being manhandled, let alone by a child the same size he was. With a flick of his tail, he hopped off the bed and matched his mistress’s stride.

The food was ready and waiting by the time Qin Shu arrived. Ye Luo had been very efficient. He even made arrangements with a waiter for a baby chair.

Qin Shu took her seat at the table once she was sure Xiao Jiu was seated comfortably in his baby chair. She could not wait to dig in.

Xiao Jiu, who was already more than five months old, stared at Qin Shu with curious eyes. He seemed fascinated by the food his mother was eating.

Yin Shi led Chao Yan to the dining area. When he saw Qin Shu and Xiao Jiu at the dining table, he whispered, “Master, Miss Qin and Xiao Jiu are eating at the table.”

Chao Yan knew the layout of Fengyue Inn like the back of his hand. Judging by the sound, he turned in Qin Shu’s direction and said, “Let’s go and see her.”

“Yes, Master.” Yin Shi led Chao Yan to the table where Qin Shu enjoyed her meal. He pulled out a chair for his Master and poured him a warm cup of white wine. Only then did he instruct a waiter to have breakfast served for his Master.

Chao Yan picked up the cup of warm white wine and took a few sips before putting it down. “When do you plan to return to Jiangcheng?”

Qin Shu looked up, noticing Chao Yan across her for the first time. She did not know when he had appeared, so engrossed as she was with her meal. “I’m heading back tomorrow morning.”

Chao Yan expected as much. “Don’t you plan to do any sightseeing? I know you’ve stayed here before, but have you seen all its sights?”

Qin Shu took in her surroundings with a sigh. "Feng Yue sits below Mount Qi. I lived here for almost four years. It's more like a house call than a tourist attraction. I-I don't remember everything just yet, and staying for another day or two is going to do much for me. So, no. I'm not planning on staying longer."

She took a deep breath and continued more slowly, "I want to know my past. I want to know what we were like back then."

"Are you merely curious, or do you truly desire to know the truth?" Something about Chao Yan's question weighed heavily in the air, though it was only for a split second.

Qin Shu took a bite out of her fried dumplings, her eyes glued on Chao Yan opposite her. It was obvious to anyone who looked that she was deep in thought.

At this time, Yin Shi returned with his Master's breakfast. He set the table just as he usually did, placing the cutlery and dishes in their respective positions. "Master, breakfast is ready."

Yin Shi retreated to the side, awaiting further instructions once he had completed his task.

Chao Yan picked up his cutlery and ate slowly.

The scene reminded Qin Shu of their first meeting. She recalled her surprise when she learned he was blind and how it had transformed into astoundment when she saw him eating without any difficulty. Although Chao Yan waved it off as muscle memory and the use of habit, it did not detract from his accomplishment, overcoming his physical impairment.

She could not help but ask, "I didn't promise to be your girlfriend or anything now, did I?"

Even now, the promise she had made Han Xiao gnawed at her conscience. She prayed she was not some lovestruck fool who made pacts with others willy-nilly. That would be... unfortunate.

Thinking of the things Chao Yan had done for her in the past, Qin Shu's thoughts naturally took that turn. Why else would he treat her so well?

Not only did she owe Han Xiao, but she also owed this person in front of her.

Chao Yan nearly spat out the crispy golden spring he was on the verge of swallowing when he heard Qin Shu's question. It took him a great force of will to control his reaction and hide his surprise with a choked laugh.

Although he had suppressed his laughter to the best of his ability, it still came out as a muffled chuckle. Naturally, Qin Shu, as the target of ridicule, caught wind of Chao Yan's laughter at her expense.

Chao Yan and Han Xiao's personalities were like night and day.

Han Xiao was the sort to keep his thoughts to himself. He was cold and aloof, appearing more so when he had nothing he wished to say.

Chao Yan was the opposite. He was frank and forthright, saying whatever he felt like saying, wearing his heart on his sleeve.

The fact that she did not know what he wanted out of her was terrifying.

“...” Yin Shi closed his eyes in embarrassment.

“...” Ye Luo debated whether he ought to report this piece of information to the Fourth Young Master.

It took a while, but Chao Yan eventually curbed his giggling fit. “Why would you ask me a question like that?”

“I just wanted to confirm something.” Qin Shu pointedly replied.

A smile lit up Chao Yan’s face, “Don’t you know what kind of person you are?”

Qin Shu thought carefully about the meaning of his words. She did not believe she was a nymphomaniac when she was young.

She was different from the man in front of her and Han Xiao.

As for Han Xiao...

Before she recovered her memory, she had no way of knowing what kind of person she had been in the past.

Nevertheless, her mood was greatly improved when she ascertained no words of that nature had passed her lips, and she continued eating her breakfast contentedly.

Chao Yan could not see her expression, but he knew she had resumed eating.

Almost casually, Chao Yan continued, “You never did profess your undying love for me, but you did not fulfil the promise you made me.”

Qin Shu, whose mood had improved, suddenly heard this sentence.. She paused, eyeing Chao Yan doubtfully. “What did I promise you?”

Chapter 858: Fu Tingyu Is In Trouble. Be Prepared.

The pitiful way Chao Yan spoke made it sound like he had suffered a great wrong.

Qin Shu knew Chao Yan’s temperament. Being the way he was, how could he not show his dissatisfaction when he felt wronged? It made her feel a little guilty. Still, why should she feel guilty if she could not remember the past? It was a strange contradiction she could not answer.

If she had promised him something, she should remember something of the promise she made. The problem was: she could not remember. Qin Shu was, if nothing else, someone who took her word seriously. She would not make a promise she could not keep.

Why then did she feel guilty?

Chao Yan smiled that enigmatic smile of his, “If you treat me better, I will let bygones be bygones.”

Qin Shu was caught flatfooted. Her lips drew a thin line, no reply being forthcoming. She knew Chao Yan was up to something – some ploy to guilt-trip her into treating him better – yet there was nothing she

could do but play along. There were still things she needed Chao Yan's help with, and who's to say she never made such a promise to him in the past?

She bowed her head and continued eating her breakfast. It was bland.

She only ate a few mouthfuls before putting down her chopsticks and calling for the waiter to take away the half-eaten plates of food.

Qin Shu lifted Xiao Jiu out of his baby chair, rocking him back and forth, teasing him.

Children are simple-minded. They find amusement in the simplest actions, laughing and gurgling at the silliest things.

Chao Yan heard Xiao Jiu's childish giggles and tilted his head, listening to the wonderful innocence filling it.

Qin Shu noticed Chao Yan's attention and thought of the matter she had mentioned before climbing up the mountain. "Would you like to hold Xiao Jiu?" she asked.

Chao Yan nodded. "Yes, I would."

Qin Shu carried Xiao Jiu over to Chao Yan. "Xiao Jiu, this is your uncle. Be good, alright? Uncle wants to carry you for a while."

As she spoke, she placed Xiao Jiu into Chao Yan's arms and waited for him to get a firm hold over Xiao Jiu before letting go.

Chao Yan kept a firm hold on Xiao Jiu. It would not do to be careless. He needed to take every precaution necessary since he could not see him.

Xiao Jiu did not cry or make a fuss while in the arms of a stranger. He was surprisingly well-behaved, quietly appraising the man in whose arms he was being held.

"Xiao Jiu is such a good child. He isn't making a fuss despite me carrying him."

"Xiao Jiu may be young and naive, but he's very smart." Qin Shu remarked, watching the byplay from the side. The five months since she last saw her child had done much to change his features. Her son looked more like Fu Tingyu by the day. Everything from the shape of his eyes to the arch of his brows reminded her of him. He was shaping up to be quite the cute miniature of her husband.

Chao Yan grinned and said, "That's true. With two highly intelligent parents as his father and mother, there can be no doubting his intelligence. I'm sure Xiao Jiu will surpass his father in time."

Xiao Jiu stared at Chao Yan intently, curiosity burning in his dark eyes. Perhaps he felt no ill will from the man holding him, so when an opportunity arose, he waved his arms, trying to grab at Chao Yan's gauze wrapped eyes.

Chao Yan felt the little tyke's hands reaching for the gauze around his eyes, those cute, chubby arms doing their best to grab ahold of the elusive material inspiring his interest. It was endearing. Chao Yan could not help but laugh.

Unfortunately, Xiao Jiu, being the child he was, did not have enough strength to yank the white gauze off of Chao Yan's face, even though he tugged at the fabric several times. Nevertheless, it did not stop him from trying.

Qin Shu watched Chao Yan and Xiao Jiu's interaction with keen eyes. An inexplicable desire bubbled up from deep within her. If Xiao Jiu managed to tug free the gauze covering the greater portion of Chao Yan's face, she would finally get the chance to see what he looked like without it. Qin Shu cheered for Xiao Jiu from the depths of her heart. She went so far as to make a silent promise of giving him candy if he pulled off the heist successfully.

It dawned on her then that her son still could not savour the wonders of candy. He was not old enough yet!

Instead, she changed the object of her promise. So long as Xiao Jiu succeeded, she would buy him a new toy.

To Qin Shu's dismay, her son's small hands were as ineffectual as a fly trying to move a mountain. His chubby arms flailed left and right, swatting nothing but the air around Chao Yan's face, failing to tear even a small bit off.

Yin Shi gleefully recorded the entire scene on his phone.

—

It was snowing outside and a biting chill hung in the air. Xiao Jiu was still young. It was easy for a child his age to get frostbite or hypothermia if not kept sufficiently warm.

Qin Shu chose to stay indoors with Xiao Jiu for the rest of the day.

Xiao Jiu spent most of his time playing with Chao Yan. Despite his lack of sight, Chao Yan was a competent companion who managed to keep up with the energetic young boy throughout his various escapades.

Naturally, Xiao Jiu was happy to have another playmate.

Even President Ba joined in on the fun by ferrying toys back and forth between Chao Yan and Xiao Jiu.

It brought a smile to Qin Shu's lips. Watching her son play with Chao Yan was happiness in and of itself. As she observed Chao Yan and Xiao Jiu, Qin Shu soon realised that adults were not so different from children. This newfound perspective was enlightening, and for once, she felt like she could cast aside her worries and fears if she only took a moment to enjoy the simple things in life.

Tomorrow, they would take a plane back to Jiangcheng.

Qin Shu woke at the crack of dawn. She did not have much on hand, and everything was packed and ready to go after a short while. Ye Luo carried her luggage for her.

With Xiao Jiu in her arms, she walked downstairs.

When she arrived at the main hall, she was stunned to see Chao Yan sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed as if he had been waiting there for some time.

Yin Shi stood by his master's side. The moment he saw her, he whispered in his master's ear.

Chao Yan got up and walked over.

Before Qin Shu could say anything, Chao Yan cut in and said, "I'll send you to the airport."

Qin Shu had wanted to decline politely, but that went out the window as soon as Xiao Jiu tried to hug him. Xiao Jiu leaned so far forward that she would have had to be blind not to notice what he was trying to do.

Children are like that. As long as one is willing to spend time with them, patiently familiarising oneself with their likes and dislikes, they eventually grow attached.

In the end, two small hands found their way around Chao Yan's collar, tugging at them playfully. It was obvious Xiao Jiu wanted a hug from Chao Yan.

"Let me hug Xiao Jiu for a while," he said.

"Okay."

Xiao Jiu only let go after Chao Yan had hugged him.

"Let's get in the car." Chao Yan carried Xiao Jiu and walked out of the inn, Yin Shi leading.

—

An hour later, at the airport...

Chao Yan was a little reluctant to part with Xiao Jiu. After saying a few words to him, he passed Xiao Jiu to Qin Shu.

Qin Shu carried Xiao Jiu and waved at Chao Yan using his small hand. "Say goodbye to your Uncle."

Chao Yan smiled, returning the gesture. "Goodbye."

Qin Shu bade Chao Yan farewell, then turned around and walked towards the ticket gate with Xiao Jiu in her arms.

When the plane took off, Chao Yan was standing outside the airport, listening to the roar of the engines as they awakened from their slumber.

"Meeting her once again makes me feel like I haven't met her at all."

Yin Shi regarded his master in solemn silence, feeling the immeasurable sorrow in his master's words.

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Jiangcheng...

Ning Meng was the most excited person to see Xiao Jiu again upon his return. She cradled him in her arms like he was the most precious thing in the world to her. If it were not for how late it was, she would have continued hugging Xiao Jiu.

Qin Shu was tired after a day of flying. She slept until eight o'clock the next day.

It was a phone call that woke her.

She rubbed her eyes and picked up the phone. A female voice sounded in her ear, "Ling Bao, Ling Yan is in trouble."

The familiar voice and style of address could only mean it was Yan Shuang on the line with her.

Fu Tingyu was in trouble?

She bolted upright. "What did you say just now? What's happened to Fu Tingyu?"

"I can't explain the situation clearly in one or two sentences. You'd best come over." Yan Shuang inhaled deeply before continuing, "You have to be mentally prepared, and you must have faith in Ling Yan. I'll go through everything in detail when you arrive."

Qin Shu did not know how to respond and could only listen mutely. Why did she have to prepare herself mentally? What was going on?

By the time she found her voice again, Yan Shuang had already hung up. There was no time for hesitation. Qin Shu dressed as swiftly as she could and instructed Ye Luo to have a plane ticket ready for her immediately. She was heading for North Star.

Ye Luo did not know what was going on, but he knew that the Fourth Young Master was currently in North Star, so he quickly booked a plane ticket as Qin Shu told him to.

Before Qin Shu went out, she told Ning Meng to take care of Xiao Jiu, then rushed out of the door.

From the car to the airport to the plane's boarding, Qin Shu was extremely nervous all the way.

She called Fu Tingyu's cell phone on the way, but it was turned off.

Then, she called Shi Yan's cell phone number.

After she dialed, the first thing she said was, "What's wrong with him?"

Chapter 859: Sit Down and We'll Talk It Out

The person on the other end of the phone first called out in surprise, "Y-young Madam?" "The Fourth Young Master is... alright."

Alright?

Qin Shu could tell from Shi Yan's tone that he was not telling her the whole truth. "I want to speak to him. Let him answer the phone himself."

"The Fourth Young Master had too much to drink last night... He is resting at the moment. My apologies, but he can't answer the phone right now." Shi Yan replied hastily.

Shi Yan's words and how he spoke were obvious tells. Qin Shu felt her heart lurch with worry. The only reason she could think of, which would explain why he felt the need to conceal the truth from her, was that he had nothing but bad news for her.

Qin Shu's tone of voice took on an icy edge. "Tell me the truth. What's wrong with him?"

"Young Madam, it's nothing. W-why don't I ask the Young Master to return your call when he's feeling better?"

"There's no need."

Qin Shu frowned and hung up the phone.

Shi Yan was about to say something else when the Young Madam ended the call. He realized that Young Madam Fu had hung up the phone on him. There was no mistaking her displeasure in the way she cut off the line so abruptly.

The flight from Jiangcheng to North Star was eleven hours long.

By the time the plane touched down at North Star International Airport, it was already seven in the evening. Qin Shu used satellite positioning to triangulate Fu Tingyu's whereabouts.

The hired car chauffeured Qin Shu from the airport to the hotel Fu Tingyu was staying in, and from there, she asked for his room number at the front desk. Once she had obtained the information she was looking for, she marched to the elevator, intent on reaching her husband's guest room.

She bumped into Yan Shuang in the lobby.

Yan Shuang squeaked, more than a little startled by how swiftly Qin Shu had arrived. "Ling Bao, y-you're here!. That was quick."

On the other hand, Qin Shu was not surprised to see Yan Shuang. Fu Tingyu was in North Star in the first place because they were cooperating with her on a certain project. That project was almost complete.

"Of course I'd be here. Where else would I have gone? I took the first flight flying to North Star as soon as I ended my call with you. What's wrong with Tingyu? What happened?"

Thoughts sped through her mind at lightning speeds. Cautiously, Yan Shuang said, "The Xu Family's daughter woke up early this morning and said Ling Yan offended her. Tingyu was drunk last night, and only she knows the specifics. You must believe in Ling Yan. He is not someone who would act recklessly even under the influence of alcohol."

Qin Shu did not know what to make of Yan Shuang's words and clarified, "Are you saying that he drank too much last night and offended the daughter of the Xu Family?"

"It's a set-up. I'm sure of it. While the investigation is underway, we should refrain from making hasty judgments. I wanted to break the news to you in person so that you wouldn't misunderstand. I'm sure we will learn the truth soon enough. Have faith in Ling Yan." Yan Shuang's indignance shone through her impassioned words.

Qin Shu remained silent, her fists clenched into tight balls.

"Ling Bao, are you alright? Why don't you stay at my place and wait? I'll bring you news of the results in a day..."

Before Yan Shuang could finish her sentence, Qin Shu turned down her offer. "There's no need. I appreciate your kindness, but I have a score to settle with him."

Qin Shu stalked away, anger being the most prominent emotion in her gait.

"Settle... settle the score?" Yan Shuang reacted by grabbing hold of Qin Shu's hand. "Ling Bao, calm down. If you need to vent and get it out of your system, I'll help you. We'll talk it out. Don't act on impulse, please!" Yan Shuang earnestly pleaded.

Stopped by Yan Shuang, Qin Shu growled through gritted teeth, "I'm not going to roll over and take this lying down. Unhand me this instant!"

Yan Shuang felt her anxiety spike with how angry Qin Shu was. "Ling Bao, the truth is still uncertain. Please, calm down. What if Ling Yan didn't do anything while he was drunk? What if these are all baseless accusations the Xu Family's daughter has cooked up? If there's someone to blame, then blame Xu Qianjin. She's the one levelling these accusations at Fu Tingyu."

Yan Shuang took a deep breath and continued softly, "She's gone for a checkup. Notwithstanding any accidents..."

"No," Qin Shu squeezed out, "I'm going to get even with him." With a forceful twist of her wrist, she freed herself from Yan Shuang's grasp and made a beeline for the elevator.

"Ling Bao, wait! At least hear me out first..." Yan Shuang tried to grab hold of Qin Shu again, but her hand found no purchase but empty air. Qin Shu had already entered the elevator, leaving her behind.

It was too late for her to stop Qin Shu. She prayed nothing bad would transpire between Ling Bao and Ling Yan while she was seething with rage.

Ye Luo carried President Ba in one hand and a suitcase in the other. When he saw Yan Shuang, he gave her a blank look, barely acknowledging her existence.

Ye Luo treated everyone like this. Outside of the Fourth Young Master and Qin Shu, Ye Luo greeted everyone in this manner.

"..." Yan Shuang glanced at Ye Luo but remained unphased by his indifference. She had done what she could; now, it was up to fate. Giving the direction in which Qin Shu left one last look, Yan Shuang left.

—

The elevator stopped on the 20th floor.

"Ding!"

The doors slid open. Qin Shu stepped out of the elevator with a frigid expression, searching for the room Fu Tingyu was occupying.

She stopped outside Room 806 and knocked on the door.

No one answered.

She knocked again and waited for about three minutes, but still, no one opened the door.

Fu Tingyu had only brought Shi Yan with him. If Shi Yan were inside, he would have opened the door immediately. Five minutes had passed, yet the door stayed close. It could only mean that Shi Yan was not inside.

She did not continue knocking on the door. Instead, she pulled out Broken Moon and stroked the door lightly. A soft click and the door unlocked itself.

Broken Moon was so sharp it could split the finest hairs and cleave through iron like mud.

She pushed the door open, closing it behind her.

The faint smell of tobacco wafted into her nose. Fu Tingyu must have been smoking.

She surveyed the room, taking a peek in the direction of the balcony, but did not find Fu Tingyu. She noticed the door to the master bedroom was open.

She walked in and heard the sound of rushing water. Qin Shu turned to look at the source and was stunned.

Most hotels use glass panels as doors to the shower area. Though they were not transparent, they were translucent enough for most people to see through them.

In the shower was the slender figure of a man.

Oddly enough, the bedroom did not smell of tobacco. Perhaps Fu Tingyu had developed the habit of not smoking in the bedroom. Only the smell of his cologne hung in the air.

Looking away, Qin Shu made herself comfortable on the couch. She crossed her legs and sat in the posture of a big shot. She held Broken Moon in her hand, skillfully rotating it in her palm. Qin Shu was not about to sheath her dagger.

The sound of running water eventually stopped. Ten minutes later and the bathroom door opened with a resounding crash. Fu Tingyu was dressed in a silver-grey bathrobe, his hair still dripping from the shower he took.

Qin Shu eyed him coldly, Broken Moon gleaming with a ferocious light that made any who saw it shiver in fright.

Fu Tingyu had no idea he was not alone in the room. Not in his wildest dreams did he envisage his wife suddenly appearing in his hotel room when she should have been in Jiangcheng.

With his martial strength diminished, Fu Tingyu could not detect threats as easily as he once could. Otherwise, he would have sensed Qin Shu's presence as soon as she entered the room.

Since he had not expected anyone to be in the room with him, Fu Tingyu did a double-take when he passed the sofa upon feeling a familiar aura. A flash of cold light stopped him.

When he finally realized who was sitting on the couch, he nearly jumped out of his skin.

Qin Shu offered her husband a faint smile, Broken Moon twirling in her hand, emitting a murderous aura.

Fu Tingyu reacted on instinct. "Babe, what are you doing here? When did you arrive? Why didn't you let me know in advance?"

Chapter 860: Is This How You Coax Your Wife?

Qin Shu was perfectly calm as she sat on the sofa staring at Fu Tingyu. The lower hem of his bathrobe was exactly two centimetres above his knees, revealing his long, slender legs as he approached her, anxious.

No sooner had Fu Tingyu sat down beside his wife than the glinting edge of Broken Moon was raised, poised against him. It stopped him from leaning towards Qin Shu.

Fu Tingyu eyed the dagger in his wife's hand. He recognised it. How could he not, when it was a gift from Qin Feng to Qin Shu? Broken Moon was a blade with few equals.

Qin Shu adored Broken Moon and always kept it on her person.

He locked eyes with Qin Shu. There could only be one reason for her sudden appearance.

"You're here because you heard I got drunk..."

Qin Shu's frigid gaze was all the answer he got. With Broken Moon trained in his direction, he knew she was angry. Very, very angry.

When Qin Shu made no effort to respond, Fu Tingyu felt his heart sink. "Do you honestly believe I would tangle with any other woman besides you while drunk?"

The silence stretched, with Qin Shu refusing to say a word; her hand clenched around the hilt of Broken Moon.

The more she maintained her silence, the more flustered Fu Tingyu became. He hurriedly explained, "I did drink some wine, but I didn't do what you think I did. Even if I were drunk, I would still know who it is I'm hugging. Babe, you can't just believe hearsay or the account of one party and not the other. I'm innocent!"

Fu Tingyu squeezed his words through gritted teeth. Someone had cooked up this scheme, framing him in a debauched light.

Qin Shu regarded him silently. From the plane to the hotel, not once did she have the opportunity to hear more than one account of what transpired. As for whether this Xu Qianjin was tall, short, fat, or thin, she did not know, let alone listening to her side of the story over his.

Now that she thought about it, Qin Shu decided to meet Xu Qianjin. She wanted to hear what had happened from the horse's mouth.

Seeing his reflection in those cold pools of Qin Shu's eyes, Fu Tingyu's heart lurched in panic, anxiety crawling against his skin like a nest of frenzied ants.

He had courted her for so many years, spending another three just trying to get her to like him. Now, they even had a son together. Everything was supposed to be perfect, but a schism had formed through

the machinations of an outsider. If the burning feeling in his chest was not anger, he did not know what it was.

He did not dare pursue that train of thought.

Fu Tingyu did not care if Broken Moon hurt him. Desperately, he reached for Qin Shu, wrapping his arms around her. His hold tightened. He would not let her leave him.

He rubbed his clean-shaven chin against Qin Shu's shoulder and caressed her flowing black hair. Her hair slipped through his fingers with a biting chill, but he did not care. It grounded him in reality, more than anything else.

He nuzzled her in the crook of her neck and said, "I'm already investigating this matter. The truth will come to light soon. I did not touch a hair on that woman's head or any part of her for that matter. That, I promise you."

Qin Shu glanced at Fu Tingyu. From her angle, all she could see was his glistening hair, the colour of smooth ink. He smelled of soap – the kind he usually used. Fu Tingyu wore the scent well.

"I received a call from Yan Shuang early this morning. She said that something had happened to you. She told me I had to prepare myself mentally." Qin Shu spoke in a whisper.

Fu Tingyu was startled by this revelation. So it was Yan Shuang who was responsible for his wife's sudden appearance. She must have called Qin Shu while he was still asleep.

Without waiting for him to speak, Qin Shu continued, "I tried calling you, but you turned off your phone. I called Shi Yan and asked him about your current situation, but he hemmed and hawed so much that I grew suspicious. You told him not to say anything."

Qin Shu almost blurted out how scared she was at that time. She had been afraid that something had happened to him, so she rushed over.

Thankfully, she held that impulse in check.

Fu Tingyu sensed how upset his wife was and rubbed slow circles into her back. Gently, he explained, "My phone's battery died, and I didn't have time to charge it. I'm sorry if I made you worry. I wanted to get to the bottom of things before letting you know."

When he woke up in the morning and learned of what happened from Shi Yan and Yan Shuang, his first reaction was that his wife might think he had committed a wrong against her if she found out.

For this reason, he told Shi Yan not to say anything.

Still, even if he were drunk, he would not have hugged just any woman. It did not matter if the said woman threw herself into his arms; he would push her away from him all the same.

He recognised the alluring fragrance his wife emitted – he would never mistake her for someone else. She held a place in his heart no one could hope to claim.

"..." Qin Shu wanted to say something, but no words formed at the tip of her tongue. She was seething with rage.

After a long while, whereby neither of them spoke, Fu Tingyu glanced at his wife, a bundle full of nervous tension. She seemed calmer than she had been earlier, but it was hard to tell whether she was happy or angry. Cautiously, he mumbled, "Babe?"

Qin Shu noted his anxiety; it was hard not to with how meekly he was looking at her. In a quiet tone, she said, "Let go of me. I'm going to have a word with that Xu Qianjin."

Before he knew whether his wife believed him, how could he let her meet the woman who was trying to ruin his reputation?

His reputation aside, he was more worried about what his wife would think of him should she harbour some misunderstanding.

Not only did he not let go, but he also hugged her tighter. "Babe, why do you need to see her? Don't you believe me?" He was not interested in any other woman, and he felt the need to convey his stance to his wife.

Fu Tingyu's embrace nearly suffocated Qin Shu. Annoyed, she demanded, "I know what's right and wrong; I don't need you to tell me how I ought to think. Let go of me."

With the direction the wind was blowing, Fu Tingyu decided to take a step back. He let go of Qin Shu and said, "Fine, I'll go with you."

Qin Shu sheathed Broken Moon. "There's no need. If you did nothing wrong, would there be a need for you to worry?" Qin Shu retorted with an arched brow.

Did he mean to scare this Xu Qianjin into silence? She was not so naive. She would uncover the truth herself.

Qin Shu walked out of the room without hesitation.

Quite evidently, his wife was still displeased, so Fu Tingyu gave in, "Alright. I'll have Shi Yan pick you up."

Qin Shu paused at the door, nodding her assent before continuing on her way.

Fu Tingyu's gaze trailed after her. Qin Shu had been in a hurry, so she was dressed casually with nothing but a simple black hoodie over her shirt. The clothes fit her like a glove, clinging to her well-proportioned body like a second skin. She had tied her hair in a high ponytail. Together, it made her look capable and efficient.

The sound of a phone ringing brought him back to his senses. The call was from Shi Yan.

"How's the investigation going?" Fu Tingyu asked, his tone clipped and to the point.

"Fourth Young Master, the surveillance cameras in the banquet hall malfunctioned last night. It's the same for the lounge. Xu Qianjin only met Master once. Even if she schemed against you, she wouldn't have managed to create such a perfect setup."

Shi Yan did not dare reveal his thoughts on the matter.

The Fourth Young Master's looks and identity were things many women lusted over. It did not surprise him in the least that someone would pull a stunt like this to get close to him.

Fu Tingyu frowned. "Qin Shu is here. Take her to see Xu Qianjin." After saying that, he added, "Continue the investigation. I want anyone and everyone who has had contact with Xu Qianjin questioned. Thoroughly. I don't care if it means you have to go through the whole list of attendees – check each of them carefully."

Startled by the knowledge of Qin Shu's arrival, Shi Yan failed to react for several seconds. What was Qin Shu doing here? Judging from the time she had called him, could she already have been on her over?

The matter involving Xu Qianjin had not been settled yet... Could she have jumped to her own conclusions and misunderstood the Young Master...?

"Understood, Young Master."