

## Chapter 261:

### My Woman Only Needs To Hide Behind Me

“There’s a centipede!” Song Yingjie covered his face with one hand and pointed to his shoes, which he had thrown far away.

Ning Qing bent down and took out the centipede from his shoes. She blinked and laughed. “Are you talking about this?”

When Song Yingjie looked closely, he realized that it was fake.

“You! You did it!”

“Hah, that’s what you said, but I don’t admit to it. I didn’t even know that our arrogant young master was afraid of centipedes. You’re too timid, haha.” Ning Qing laughed at him mercilessly.

Song Yingjie was so angry that he ran upstairs. “Where’s my auntie? I want to tell my auntie.”

The boy walked past her angrily, and Ning Qing fell to her side and was caught by the servant. “What’s wrong with you, Madam?”

Song Yingjie turned his head and looked at the girl who had just laughed like a flower. She covered her belly painfully and said to the servant, “Quickly, call your Madam and say that young master Yingjie had not only frightened me with a fake centipede but also bumped into me.”

“Yes, Madam.” The servant turned around and called.

“Hey, hey!” Song Yingjie stared at her incredulously. Pranking others had always been his specialty, and now someone had snatched it from him? “Hey, what do you mean? That centipede was clearly used by you to scare me. I did not bump into you! You’ve not only spouted blatant lies, but you’re also complaining after messing with me!”

Ning Qing was still holding her belly, but she flashed a provocative smile at Song Yingjie. “So what? Aren’t I such a woman in your eyes? Stupid boy, I want you to apologize for playing tricks on me so many times the other day.”

Song Yingjie sniffed, raised his chin arrogantly and said, “Dream on!”

Ning Qing immediately collapsed on the sofa beside her. She lay down on her back and moaned painfully. “It hurts so much. It hurts so much... Call an ambulance. Call Madam and say some had tried to murder me...”

“Hey, come on! Stop acting in front of me...”

“You apologize!”

Song Yingjie grabbed his hair in frustration. She was so noisy. Only women and villains were hard to deal with. “I’m sorry...”

Ning Qing quickly sat up on the sofa and said, “No need to call her anymore.” She waved her hand to stop the servant, gracefully patted her messy hair, stood up, and went to Song Yingjie. She clasped the boy’s shoulder with her small, fair hand. “Stupid boy. It would’ve been settled long ago if you had just apologized. Don’t act arrogantly in front of me in the future, alright?”

“You...”

“All right, stop talking and come to dinner.” Ning Qing waved her hand and went to the dining hall.

When had Song Yingjie ever suffered from this kind of anger? “I’m not eating.”

Ning Qing’s footsteps did not stop. “If you don’t eat, I’ll ask the servant to keep your plate. You’ll go hungry tonight.”

Song Yingjie looked at the girl. She was already sitting in the chair. The servant served up duck blood noodles. The girl waved, “Where are you bringing them? Young Master Yingjie doesn’t like it. Let me try it.”

“Yes, Madam.” The servant put the duck blood noodles in front of Ning Qing.

Ning Qing took a sip of soup with a spoon. “Wow, it’s delicious.”

So Song Yingjie watched the delicious food originally prepared for him go into the girl’s stomach, and he saw how indulgently she was eating as if she were trying to annoy him.

Song Yingjie was fuming.

His professional pranks had not been surpassed for so many years, but the girl had already exceeded the limit he could accept.

“Hey!” His tone was negative.

Ning Qing took a small bite of rice but did not look up. “Who are you calling ‘hey?’ I have a name. It’s okay to call me sister-in-law or older sister if you don’t want to call me by my name.”

“Hmph.” Song Yingjie rolled his eyes. “Is it appropriate for you to bully me like this while my auntie is not at home?”

Ning Qing stood up quickly after hearing this. She patted her round belly. “Stupid boy. How can you bully a pregnant woman and a baby who has not yet been born while your auntie is at home? Is that appropriate?”

Song Yingjie: “...” Fine, you’re so clever and glib. I’m...going up the stairs.

The servant came to serve the food then. Everyone liked the Madam, so he said a few sincere words, “Madam, Young Master Yingjie had come to ‘play’ several times. Each time we are miserable. I really haven’t seen anyone who can control him; Madam is indeed the best.”

“Of course.” Ning Qing took another bite of duck blood noodles and instantly felt that life was good again. “Punish evil and promote good. We must persist when fighting against evil forces.”

...

In the evening, Song Yingjie was hungry. He walked around the room several times and played several rounds of games. He persisted until 11 p.m., when he couldn't endure his hunger anymore. He threw away his headphones and went downstairs to find food.

The door had just opened when a servant came with a plate. “Young Master Yingjie, this is what the Madam had told us to prepare for you. Madam said that you wouldn't be able to endure your hunger all night.”

Wouldn't be able to endure his hunger?

Song Yingjie frowned. It sounded like what the girl would say.

He looked at the plate. There was a bowl of duck blood noodles, a small bowl of rice, and a plate of meat and vegetables.

“Young Master Yingjie, after tasting the duck blood noodles, Madam felt that it lacked some sort of flavor, so she ordered us to add a kind of ingredient.”

“Ingredients? What ingredients?”

“Fennel. Madam had said that only when fennel was added can it remind people of the taste they missed when they were young.”

Song Yingjie froze while chewing his gum. Sometimes, one's heart could be so easily touched by a word.

The person who treated him best in the Zhu family was his grandmother. When he was a child. His grandmother often took him to get snacks. He loved duck blood noodles best.

Later, Grandma had passed away, and nobody was kind to him anymore.

In fact, when he was a child, how could he remember the taste of duck blood noodles, what he missed was the happy times back then.

Song Yingjie looked at the smiling face of the servant. He had been to the Lu family home several times. The servant had never laughed in front of him. They were like robots.

“Do you like your madam very much?” he asked casually.

“Yes, Madam is cheerful, lively, and kind-hearted. We can all be happy when we are with her. Besides, Madam and the young master's relationship is very good. Our young master is always very cold, but when he looks at Madam, his eyes are tender enough to ooze water.”

Song Yingjie listened, and then reached for the plate. The servant said, “Young Master Yingjie, Madam said that if the Master is not hungry, you can eat three meals instead of two, but as long as he eats one meal, he will have to eat properly. In the future, remember the feeling of hunger. Don't waste food, it's not easy for the farmers to grow all these crops.”

Song Yingjie: "...” The door was slammed shut with a bang.

He placed the tray of food on the bedside table and then fell onto the bed to think about things. In his mind was the delicate little face. She was beautiful, he admitted.

And she always laughs. She would stare at him foolishly when he played tricks on her but had looked smart when she had tricked him today.

So annoying. Why was she different from what Sister Zhilei had said?

He sat up, grabbed a spoon, and took a sip of the soup. Mmm, the duck blood noodle soup with fennel was indeed different.

She hadn't allowed him to eat at the table just to let him feel hungry?

Song Yingjie picked up the bowl to eat. When he put down his chopsticks, the bowl was empty.

There was not a grain of rice left.

Even he was surprised.

...

In the evening, Ning Qing returned to the Tea Pavilion Villa. Lu Shaoming was absent. Auntie Yang took good care of her. Her mother visited often too. She drank half a bowl of chicken soup, and after eating until her belly was round, she greeted Auntie Yang and went upstairs.

In the bathroom, Ning Qing took a comfortable hot bath and went to bed, toweling her hair with a dry towel in her hand.

Just then, something rang. It was a white, thin iPad next to the pillow. He had bought it for her to Wechat video call or watch movies when she was bored.

Ning Qing instantly had a sweet smile on her face. There was a time difference while he was on his business trip, but he always spent time chatting with her on video calls before she went to bed.

Her fair little finger accepted the video call. The man's jawline was distinct, and his precious, compelling, and handsome face appeared in her eyes.

His was using his laptop to call her. He should have just returned to the office after the meeting. With his defined fingers, he took off his black suit and revealed a stylish white shirt underneath. He pulled his sleeves back and sat in a black leather office chair.

Their eyes met and Ning Qing's autumn pupils glittered with broken bright light. She said in a sweet, waxy voice, "Hubby."

Lu Shaoming enjoyed her calling him. His bright black eyes moved from her little face, which had just taken been washed and looked particularly red, to her prominent lower abdomen. The man's voice was low and he had a soft smile. "Wifey, has Little Master Lu been behaving lately?"

"Yes." Ning Qing nodded forcefully. "Little Master Lu is very good. Every day, except for kicking me a few times, he won't cause other trouble. He knows his mother is busy."

Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows and said, "I heard about Yingjie from Secretary Zhu. Don't try to be brave. If you can't handle him, you can send him back."

"No." Ning Qing pouted her pink lips. "I can handle it Hubby, I've taught that stupid boy a lot tonight. Don't worry Hubby, Mom had said that she would support me. I'll hold my own ground. I found that the people of the Song family are all like this. It's no use for you to be polite to them. You have to be a little fierce."

The girl was full of vitality as she spoke, and Lu Shaoming's handsome eyes were full of indulgence and adoration.

Zhu Rui had told him everything that had happened. He always knew that her intelligence was adequate to deal with all difficulties without him. His girl could not only give him the double satisfaction of body and mind, but she could also disagree with him and be his strong backing.

He could go on business trips without worry. She could give him a warm and stable home.

"Hubby," Ning Qing said with a smile as she suddenly remembered something. "If I hadn't handled the matter last night, and was caught by Mom, would you misunderstand me?"

Lu Shaoming frowned. "What do you think? Would you leave me alone and choose a 20-year-old monkey without anything? Wifey, don't be burdened, alright? My woman, even if you had made a mistake or were misunderstood by others, you don't need to do anything, just hide behind me quietly."

He let her go because even a lover needs some freedom and space. She was still young and growing up.

But just because he hadn't asked, doesn't mean he doesn't know anything.

As long as she opens her mouth, he would fly back to her side to help her smooth everything out.

## **Chapter 262: Zhou Zhilei's Plan**

The Song family was never a problem.

Sure, he won. This man who was not good with sweet talking had already succeeded in soaking her inside a jar of honey, and her heart was full of sweetness.

"Hubby, I will return a favour since you are so good towards me. Then you can go on your business trip in peace, leave both your younger brother and mother to me. I promise by the time you are back, I will have won them over."

Lu Shaoming did not have much emotion, and he said plainly, "If you can't convince them, that's fine too."

Ning Qing looked at him angrily and she pouted while grumbling, "You are so stubborn! Who wouldn't wish for a peaceful and beautiful family?"

Lu Shaoming did not speak. Peaceful and beautiful family?

He's never had that before.

So when he went into the Ning home, when he saw the three of them happily interacting with one another, and especially when her mother was benevolent towards him, he felt warm.

"So what do you plan to do with Zhou Zhilei?" Lu Shaoming changed the subject.

"Umm." Ning Qing contemplated for a moment and said, "I know Zhou Zhilei's evil plans now, so I have control of the situation. Actually, I have many solutions, but I want to wait for a while."

"What are you waiting for? Wait until you convince Yingjie?"

Ning Qing did not expect that he would be able to guess her thoughts, and she stuck out her pink tongue and had a shy smile while she said, "Hubby, if I were to say yes, would you think that I am making use of your younger brother?"

"Of course you are making use of him. If not, what else could it be?" The man gave a definite answer without hesitation.

"Oh." Ning Qing pouted her delicate cheeks and turned her head downwards.

"But, if you would ignore such a good choice and choose not to take advantage of the circumstances, then I would look down on you!"

Ning Qing immediately lifted her head up, and her eyes were shining bright, "Hubby. Thank you for being able to understand me, actually I am still hesitating, because I am afraid that you would misunderstand me."

"What would I misunderstand you about?"

"You would misunderstand me for having ulterior motives." He did mention before that she was taking a very calculated and thorough approach.

"Ning Qing, if a person doesn't have ulterior motives, then he doesn't possess the basic skills needed to survive in modern society. You are making use of motives because you want a positive outcome for the right people. It only matters if you have a clear conscience when you do so."

"Okay." Ning Qing nodded her head forcefully.

Lu Shaoming looked at her adorable soft and pink look. He channelled his gaze downwards and said in a low tone, "Lift your shirt up, let me have a look at Little Young Master Lu."

"Sure." Ning Qing placed the iPad on the nightstand, and she knelt down on the bed. She then lifted up her nightgown, letting him see her round stomach.

"Hubby, it has only been a few days since you last saw him, but my Little Young Master Lu has grown a little, right? You were not here, but I was working hard in eating my meals..."

The girl's soft voice went into Lu Shaoming's ears, and he only needed to imagine his pregnant wife with his Little Young Master Lu waiting for him in T city. It made his heart into a puddle.

Love was really amazing. He was, by nature, a solitary person, yet he had a wife now. His wife has given him a home, and he felt satisfied and full.

Were all pregnant women like her? Other than her stomach that was bulging out slightly at 5 months, her figure was still slim and nimble, and even her skin was still fair and tight like that of a newborn baby.

But, the places that were meant to be well rounded got even more round. When she was facing sideways kneeling on the bed, she had a curvy S line figure that was extremely eye catching.

Notably, when she was excitedly chit chatting and did not take notice, she lifted her nightgown, and she was just wearing a pink cotton cartoon shorts underneath.

He knew she had other many other sexy looks, just like that time she wore the cheongsam.

The man opposite her did not speak. Ning Qing felt something was amiss, so she turned around to look, and when she did, she saw the man tugging on the tie on his neck.

He had participated in a high level meeting today, and he was dressed very formally. The tie on his neck had the classic black striped design.

He tugged on it twice, and the tie was lying sloppily on his neck, adding another layer of sex appeal to the mature man who held high status in society.

Ning Qing felt her face go crimson red. At the end of the day, she was still a young girl. She could not resist the strong uncle vibes he gave off, and she wanted to pull down the nightgown.

"Don't move, let me have a better look. I have not seen it for a few days, and I am seeing it only once."

Ning Qing felt her heart skip a beat. It was only now that she realized that her posture was not right, her body was emitting heat, and she did not know what he was referring to when he said "have a better look'." She didn't know whether he was referring to Little Young Master Lu or looking at her....

The girl in the video call immediately froze. She was going to be a mother, but looking at her now, he knew that he could make her so shy, so easily.

Lu Shaoming lit up a cigarette. He had not smoked since she was pregnant, but his body was tight and on edge, and he needed the taste of nicotine to numb himself.

"Madam, were you like this also with him? He could not touch you in bed, and once he did you would cry... and you still didn't allow him to look, having a grip on someone's neck and not letting go..."

At this moment, she was in his embrace. They were hugging. Two of his hands were at her sides, and he wanted to stand up, but she didn't allow him to do so. She tightly held onto his neck and kissed the side of his face with inexperience.

She didn't allow him to look.

Not looking would be fine. Her small, soft face was like a kitten nudging his neck. The nudging made him feel uncomfortable, so he had no choice but to look at her face.

Her entire neck was crimson red, like she was drunk, and she was mesmerized by his scent and strength. Her delicately drawn brows that were painted like calligraphy were ultimately charming.

Seeing him approach, she pushed his face away, and she ducked her small face and buried it deeply into the soft pillow.

More than anything else, he could not take her looking like this. She was like the flower under the morning dew, and it was easy for people with evil intent to ruin her.

Ning Qing felt all the blood in her body go towards her brain, and she hurriedly stole a glance at the man. Two fingers in his right hand were pinched onto the end of a cigarette, and in the smoke, his features were highlighted even more definitely. His index finger held onto the cigarette as he went towards the ashtray to flick the ashes, and the pure expression of the man pointed towards her.

“You...You... You...” Ning Qing was flustered as she fluttered her long lashes, and she was even stumbling in her speech. Other than saying “you” a few times, she really did not know what else to say, and she could only chide him saying, “Rogue!”

He had not mentioned that “him” for a long time. When he mentions “him,” it’s because he’s thinking of such things. This man had a gentlemanly demeanor, but his heart was so unhealthy inside; he was absolutely dirty!

“Heh.” Lu Shaoming curled his lips and smiled. He lowered his tone and had a gentleness in his voice. “Still dare to talk back to me? You are thinking about it yourself. Could I still wrong you both? You got pregnant just doing it once; how amazing did he feel on your body?”

Ning Qing had nothing to rebut him with. Her thighs were soft, and she thought of that Young Master Lu and had many memories with that version of him. To be honest, he was the first teacher she ever had.

He taught her many things.

Ning Qing was shy and hated that she could not make a hole for herself to hide in. She bit down on her pink lips and seemed like she was looking at him, but at the same time she wasn’t. “I don’t want to talk to you anymore. I want to sleep now.”

“Wifey, if you go to sleep, what about your husband? You are not bothering with him? If I go out like this, I guarantee that I would attract many other girls’ gazes.” He pointed towards his trousers.

Ning Qing was most afraid that he would have other women lusting after him. Wherever a successful man went, he would be in the spotlight. She was pregnant now. To say that she was not regretful would be untrue. As a woman, as a man’s wife, she knew what her responsibilities were, but she was helpless that what she could accept was that little, and she was reluctant to have to let go of more.

“...Then what else do you want?” She realized that he would use other women to threaten her, and it turned out that she was soft hearted and easy to bully.

Lu Shaoming was waiting for her to say this. He slowly stood up and placed the cigarette in his mouth. His two large hands were on his own belt.



Ning Qing could not imagine what he was thinking about, but her instincts told her that it was something that could not be seen by others, "Ah!" She gave a shout and covered her own small face and hid under the blankets.

"Wifey." The man on the other end was laughing, "Open your eyes, I saw your advertisements for the products you endorsed, and I saw your dancing. Those moves were flexible, so give some poses for your husband to have a look."

Ning Qing: "... Lu Shaoming!

...

The next day, Song Yingjie went to school. He saw Zhou Zhilei's red sedan in front of the school gate.

"Sister Zhilei." Song Yingjie walked forward.

Zhou Zhilei was seated in the driver's seat, she rolled down the windows, gave a warm smile, and said, "You are here, Yingjie! This is for you."

Zhou Zhilei gave a small medicine bag to Song Yingjie.

Song Yingjie received it in his hands, and his face froze and he looked up and asked, "Sister Zhilei, what...is this?"

"It's an incapacitating agent. Didn't we agree on this last night? Your plan has failed, so let us find another chance to strike again. Tomorrow, my mother and I will be making a visit to the Lu home. Spike Ning Qing's food and wait for her to faint, then get with her. It will be such a coincidence when we see that scene. This should be enough to chase her away."

"But..." Song Yingjie shook his head and said, "There are many ways to chase her away; why do you have to use medication? She is 5 months pregnant. Doing this would also harm the child."

Zhou Zhilei heard his words and her expression changed. She looked at Song Yingjie from head to toe and said with a frown, "Ying Jie, what is wrong with you? You are actually speaking up for Ning Qing? Didn't sister tell you already that Ning Qing does not love your Brother Shaoming sincerely? She is creating a great commotion in the Lu family, and for us to stop your brother Shaoming from falling for this femme fatale, you need to take action. Also Yingjie, didn't you always wish for me to be your sister-in-law?"

Song Yingjie lowered his gaze and did not speak.

Zhou Zhilei held onto his hand said gently, "I know you have a good heart and don't want to hurt the child. Don't worry, this incapacitating agent would not hurt the child; it would only make the pregnant woman faint. You don't have to feel bad."

"Really?" Song Yingjie asked suspiciously.

Zhou Zhilei nodded her head surely and said, "Yingjie, when have I ever lied to you? Believe Sister Zhilei; we will go with the original plan."

Song Yingjie did not nod or rebu,t and he said, "Sister Zhilei, I have to go to class."

He turned to leave.

Zhou Zhilei saw him walk away, and her lips curled into a cold cunning smile. She stepped down on the accelerator and sped away.

...

Song Yingjie went into the main gates of the school. He was bored as he took a stroll. He channelled his gaze towards the ground and kicked the green stone below his feet, and he contemplated deeply.

In his hands he still held on to the little medicine bag that Zhou Zhilei had given to him. He held it very firmly, and his hand was already sweating.

In his mind floated the small face of Ning Qing. It had been 5 whole days since his return to T City. The time that the two of them had spent together so far was very little, but all of her emotions were deeply entrenched in the depths of his mind.

She was a girl who easily passed on her energy to others. It was hard to express that feeling, but it seemed like she had magic on her body.

He still ate the clay pot duck blood vermicelli that she had prepared for him last night.

Song Yingjie stopped in his tracks and squeezed the small medicine bag in his hands. He turned around to throw it in the dustbin beside him, then turned away and ran in the direction of the main gates.

### **Chapter 263: Sowing Discord**

He wanted to tell his sister Zhilei that no matter what kind of person Ning Qing was, they could use other ways to drive her away. There was no need to hurt her body like this.

Any drug would affect her. The baby was innocent.

The baby was still the child of Brother Shaoming.

Song Yingjie ran out through the gate. The red car was still parked in its original position. Someone was talking in the car. Song Yingjie slowed down and stepped forward to listen.

Zhou Zhilei's voice came from the car. Through the window, Song Yingjie could also vaguely see Zhou Zhilei's familiar figure. At the moment, he saw that a person was sitting in the front passenger's seat and noticed that the two of them were talking.

The man whispered, "Zhilei. Does this substance really not affect the fetus?"

Zhou Zhilei sneered, "This kind of rice medicine is very strong. Once Ning Qing drinks it, even she doesn't have a miscarriage, the child would be disabled."

"Why did you lie to Song Yingjie just now?"

"What do you know, Song Yingjie is an important chess piece in my hand now. I want to use him to defeat Ning Qing. The boy himself is simple. He believes what I say. Wouldn't it be a waste not to deceive him?"

“Song Yingjie believes you because you had given him warmth four years ago. He has always regarded you as his future sister-in-law.”

“Hah, if I weren’t his future sister-in-law, would you think that I would be so idle, saving random people on the street? It was because he was Old Song Yingjie and Song Yajing’s most beloved nephew that I created an accidental meeting and saved him. I wanted to be able to use him one day.”

“Zhilei, you are really heartless. Song Yingjie is still studying. He knows nothing about the affairs of the rich and powerful. He does not know that once the plan succeeds, he and Ning Qing will be caught committing incest, and the child in Ning Qing’s stomach will be harmed, and he will be involved in the whirlpool. The entire Song family would be implicated because of him. Young Master Lu loves Ning Qing so much. Not only would the Lu family be torn apart, but he would also kill his uncle and auntie who loved him most.”

Zhou Zhilei was laughing. “Nobody in T City is unaware of Older Brother Ming’s love for Ning Qing. Once tomorrow’s plan is successful, Brother Ming will not let Song Yingjie and the entire Song family go. Let them fight. Let them make a fuss. The bigger the fuss, the better. By then, Ning Qing will be disgraced, and we will benefit in the shadows. What battle does not need a victim or two? All this is because Song Yingjie is too simple, and that b\*tch Ning Qing. Why could she get the love of brother Ming, while I get nothing? I am not willing to admit defeat. Mrs. Lu’s position must be mine!”

“Yes. Well, as long as we hold on to Song Yingjie, Zhilei, you can make your dream come true, haha...”

A burst of laughter came from the car.

Song Yingjie heard these words in his ears. His hands that hung by his side were clenched into fists, and his eyes were scarlet.

He stared at Zhou Zhilei’s figure through the windshield behind him. His chest was fluctuating violently. He was like a beast at the moment. He wanted to rush up and tear Zhou Zhilei apart.

It turned out that the sister Zhilei he had always trusted was actually a despicable person!

Why?

Song Yingjie wanted to rush forward to ask the question loudly, but his feet seemed to have taken root on the ground. He could not move them. Finally, he turned and rushed into the school.

...

As he walked fast in the school, a few wealthy men with yellow hair walked towards him, they usually followed Song Yingjie and hung out with him.

Someone patted Song Yingjie on the shoulder. “Yingjie, where are you going today? I heard that there’s a good bar. The wine there is delicious. The girls who pole dance are pretty. Let’s go there and relax?”

“Scram!” Song Yingjie barked as he threw aside the man’s hand.

After getting chased away, the man angrily took back his hand. They would not dare offend the prince of the Song family. The group left.

Song Yingjie wanted to enter the classroom door, but then heard the people behind him saying, “Who the fuck does he think he is? We usually go along with him, so does he think he is the boss? If not for his surname Song, would we still need to follow after him? To be honest, he is only the eldest son of the Zhu family who is not in favor. He cursed his mother to death at birth and was a child who lacked love.”

Song Yingjie turned around and asked, “Hey, who are you talking about?”

The group also turned around. One of the yellow-haired guys looked respectful, but his eyes were very arrogant, “Yingjie, we’re not talking about you...”

Song Yingjie rushed forward a few steps and landed a fist on the big face of the yellow-haired jerk.

The yellow-haired man fell onto the ground. He touched his mouth. He had lost his front teeth and hand was covered with blood.

He cursed and ordered his men, “What are you waiting for, beat him up!”

A scuffle ensued.

...

At the Lu family Villa

Ning Qing sat in her chair and looked at the information regarding the birthday banquet. Five days had passed, and she had made good progress. She had found the way, becoming a more skilled party planner.

Her cell phone rang. She had a pen in her right hand, and she picked up the phone with her left.

“Hello, Madam, everything is going as you had expected. We sent someone to pretend to speak like Zhou Zhilei and let Song Yingjie hear it.”

“Alright.” Ning Qing responded, marking the data.

There is worship in Zhu Rui’s tone, “Madam, this plan seems simple, but there are two aspects I can’t figure out.”

“What is it?”

“First, how did Madam guess that Song Yingjie would go back to find Zhou Zhilei? Second, how did Madam know that Song Yingjie would not rush forward to question Zhou Zhilei in the end? If either of the two aspects of the plan had gone wrong, then the plan would be exposed.”

Ning Qing lifted her lips and smiled. “I said that Song Yingjie’s nature is not bad. Because it is not bad, he would not accept the drugs that Zhou Zhilei gave him. He would definitely go back to look for Zhou Zhilei. If things went wrong and Song Yingjie did not go back to find Zhou Zhilei, then we wouldn’t have needed to save this person, and we could have implemented the second set of plans.”

“As for the second question: Song Yingjie will not question Zhou Zhilei, because the more rebellious the person, the more sensitive and fragile his heart is. A sister who had lived in his heart for four years had suddenly changed her attitude. He dared not go forward because he was afraid to hear more hurtful words.

“Likewise, since he dared not go forward, he would never mention it again in the future. It will be the secret of his heart forever. Zhou Zhilei will become a thorn in his heart.”

Zhu Rui’s eyes were shining. He had a feeling that Madam was more mature and competent than when she was fighting with Li Meiling and Ning Yao last year. She had convinced him.

“Madam, what do you want me to do when the Zhou family’s mother and daughter visit the Lu family tomorrow?”

Ning Qing looked at the information, and she frowned when she saw something she did not understand. “No need, I have plans for tomorrow.”

“Alright, I’ll wait for Madam’s notification.” Zhu Rui hung up.

After putting the cell phone down, Ning Qing looked seriously at the information she didn’t understand. Just then, the housekeeper rushed over. “Madam, just now, the school called and said that Young Master Yingjie has been sent to the police station.”

“What?” Ning Qing put down her pen and turned her head.

“Young Master Yingjie fought with a group of people at school. Some students dialed 999. Today, Madam Song and the noble ladies have a business meeting. I can’t get through to their cell phones. I thought about it, and I think that Madam should handle this.”

Ning Qing stood up and went to the door. “Prepare the car and call the lawyer.”

“Yes, Madam.” The housekeeper followed Ning Qing all the way.

...

At the police station

Ning Qing was spoke to the director of the police station in person. Speaking of it, Ning Qing and the director were old acquaintances.

“Mrs. Lu, Young Master Yingjie is here. Mrs. Lu can rest assured that we know Young Master Yingjie’s identity and have been treating him gently.”

Ning Qing followed the director’s finger and saw Song Yingjie sitting alone in a chair. A group of yellow-haired people were crouched on the ground.

This treatment was very different.

Seeing that Ning Qing had arrived, Song Yingjie, who was covered with bruises and scars, snorted coldly and turned his head. He obviously did not want to talk to her.

In reply to Song Yingjie regarding her as air, Ning Qing...kicked him the moment she went up to him. "Stupid boy, you don't learn from the good things and dare to fight with others. And you even ended up in the police station. Tell me, why did you fight?"

Song Yingjie looked back at Ning Qing and said, "None of your business."

Right after he said that, Ning Qing twisted his ears and scolded, "Stupid boy, you ended up like this yourself and dare to stand up to me? Let me tell you, I have tolerated you for a long time. Now that your auntie is away, you'd better be good with me, otherwise, I'll teach you a lesson!"

The Director of the Police Department was shocked when he saw how the elegant and composed Director Ning, also known as Mrs. Lu, had turned into a strong female in an instant, "..."

The old housekeeper was shocked when she heard Ning Qing say, "Your auntie is not here."

When the yellow-haired lads saw Song Yingjie covering his ears and groaning in pain, they were shocked as well.

The woman was still scolding Song Yingjie. "Look at you. Isn't it just a fight. Why don't you kick one person away with a kick if you're so capable instead of bruising yourself all over? Hurry up and tell me; why did you fight? If you don't give an explanation today, then you can just stay here for the night."

Song Yingjie was backed into a corner by Ning Qing. He suddenly stood up, shook Ning Qing's hand away, and shouted, "Because they said I was a little jinx because I killed my mother. Are you satisfied?"

Song Yingjie stared at Ning Qing with scarlet eyes, trembling all over.

The entire police station was quiet after his outburst. This was the pain that the rebellious boy had been deeply hiding in his heart. Today, he finally let it out bravely.

In contrast to the boy's agitation, Ning Qing calmly glanced at the boy and said, "I'll handle you later."

She turned to the Yellow-haired lads.

"Who said that?" she asked.

The yellow-haired boss immediately stood up and said, "I said it. So what? Is that not true? Everyone knows that his mother died giving birth to him. He's a little jinx."

Slap! Ning Qing gave the yellow-haired lad a hard slap.

The entire police station was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. The loud, crisp slap echoed in every corner instantly.

Someone gasped. People were staring at the girl with a small belly. Her silky hair was in a bun. She wore a sleeveless white dress with two pearl earrings, and she looked bright and beautiful.

The yellow-haired boss held his face and could not believe it. "You, you..."

## **Chapter 264: I Will Lend You My Shoulder To Cry On**

Ning Qing's eyes were in a cold, sharp glare. Her voice was firm, and every word of hers was powerful. "It is a fact that everyone knows that his mother had passed away when giving birth to him, but you cannot speak like that! Your mothers gave birth to you, and both of you were born healthy and well. His mother was not that lucky, and she passed away. His mother not only gave him her selfless love, but she also gave up her own life. If his mother in heaven were to know that the son who she used her life in exchange for was labelled as a little malignant star daily by you guys, how upset would his mother be?"

"Who permitted you all to cruelly bully a child who never had the chance to enjoy the love of his mother? Who allowed you to use other's pain as your own entertainment. What right do you have to talk about the poor guy like this. Before you open your mouth to speak, first think about who you are."

After Ning Qing spoke, the entire venue was dead silent.

Everyone could only look at the girl in a shocked daze. Her words were extremely sharp, and every word of hers was strong and dominant.

Ning Qing turned around and she looked towards Song Yingjie. The boy also looked at her, and his eyes were even redder, and he had a thin layer of fog in his eyes.

Some tears were threatening to fall, but they could not.

Ning Qing slowly put on her sunglasses. She walked towards the door, and while she walked, she said, "Go, go tell them. You have to apologize and make a move first because you are the crown prince of both the Song and Zhu family. Go say bye to them."

The crowd: "..."

Ning Qing disappeared by the door.

...

When Song Yingjie made his way out, Ning Qing was standing by the car waiting for him. At this moment, he saw that her emotions were complicated. He lowered his gaze and went forward without a word.

The two of them sat in the back. The old butler was seated in the front passenger seat, and the driver was driving the vehicle.

"Madam, where are we going now?"

Ning Qing looked at the already-dark sky, and she softened her tone and said, "Bring me back to the Ning home. My mother is waiting for me to return home to have dinner."

...

The car stopped outside the Ning family villa. Ning Qing looked at Song Yingjie and said, "Little rascal, get out of the car. You looking like you need some help."

Song Yingjie was silent for a few seconds, and he obediently got out of the car.

Two of them walked into the villa.

"Qingqing, you are back!" Yue Wanqing heard the sound of the door opening and quickly came forward to welcome her.

"Yeah, Mum. I am back. I brought a guest along today, Song Yingjie. He is my mother in law's own nephew, and Shaoming's younger cousin. Add another pair of chopsticks and a bowl; he will be eating dinner in our house."

"Sure, Zhenguo, get another pair of chopsticks and a bowl." Yue Wanqing shouted inside. She then tugged on Song Yingjie's elbow and said, "Yingjie right? You seem to be really young. You must still be a student, right? Come, come in. Aiyo, what's wrong with your face? Did you get in a fight? Sit here; Aunt will get the first aid box to help you handle it."

Song Yingjie was brought to the sofa. He had a look around. It was not a high class villa, but the beige, white, and blue were cool colours, and even the thin open floral muslin that was covering the coffee table was inviting. It was simply elegant and homey.

The man who stood in the dining room was probably Ning Qing's father. He was taking the bowl and chopsticks, and he looked gently and benevolently towards his direction, then lowered his head to arrange the utensils.

Song Yingjie could not help but give him another look. This was the first time that he saw a man touching the utensils.

At this moment, Yue Wanqing walked over, and she opened the first aid box and sat by his side. She first used the cotton ball to clean up the wounds on his face.

"Does it hurt? Tell Aunt if it hurts. You have such a beautiful face; if there were a scar on it, it would not look good anymore. You should avoid fighting in the future."

Song Yingjie was embarrassed as he pursed his lips. He never allowed anyone to come near him. This aunty was very gentle, and she still had the scent of soap on her body.

It was very warm, and it had the smell of home.

"Mum, don't pity this little rascal. He only knows how to get into trouble..." At this moment, Ning Qing was peeling an orange in her hand, and she was eating it while she walked over.

Yue Wanqing was annoyed as she spared her a glance and said, "What little rascal? Speak properly; it is not as if he doesn't have a name. You have no manners."

Song Yingjie lifted his gaze to see that girl sitting obediently by the side of her mother. She was using her small head to nudge her mother's shoulders and she was smiling with her eyebrows in a curve while looking at him. "Yingjie." she called out to him.



Song Yingjie froze and immediately channelled his gaze down.

While handling Song Yingjie's wounds, Yue Wanqing said, "Qingqing, your mother-in-law is back. When will you arrange for our families to meet one another? This is basic etiquette for this situation. What's more, you have been married for such a long period of time, but the Lu family is a rich family; I don't know if they are satisfied with you?"

Ning Qing ate the orange and smiled saying, "Mum, Shaoming is on a business trip. My parents-in-law are also busy; you understand it well. They are a wealthy family. I will arrange for you all to meet. My parents-in-law are satisfied with me, especially my mother-in-law. She treats me just like her own daughter."

Upon hearing her words, Song Yingjie lifted his gaze to look at Ning Qing. That girl was lying to her own mother. Her small white hand was peeling a piece of orange to stuff it into her small mouth, and she was eating it deliciously.

"Is that right?" Yue Wanqing smiled happily and said, "Then you should be very grateful. Your mother-in-law is your second mother. In the future, you need to be filial to her. Whenever you meet with an issue, you have to think about Shaoming first, and then act according to his needs. You guys are all one family."

"Mum, I know."

Upon hearing that, Yue Wanqing was relieved. She bandaged the injury for Song Yingjie and put the first aid box away. "Yingjie, let's go, we will go and have dinner."

Yue Wanqing was walking in front. Ning Qing slowly rose up and Song Yingjie walked to her side and softly said, "Liar"

Ning Qing spared a gaze at him and said, "What do you even know, little rascal? No matter how badly you are treated outside, after you come back home, making your family happy is your responsibility."

...

The luxury vehicle of the Lu family was stopped outside the Ning family villa for the entire duration. The old butler got out of the car and stood on the grass patch. Through the large windows of the kitchen, he could clearly see the four people seated around the dining table, Song Yingjie was seated beside Ning Qing, and Yue Wanqing was dishing some food into Song Yingjie's bowl.

In the Lu family, no matter how boisterous things got, they could not take a dish and place it into another's bowl.

Song Yingjie did not speak, and only lowered his head to eat, but this was probably the most formal he had been, and he appeared to enjoy this meal more than any other meal that the old butler has seen him eat.

At this moment, the old butler's phone rang; it was Song Yajing.

"Hello, Madam..."

"Hello, Uncle Fook. Where is Yingjie? How come there was no one at home when I arrived?"

“Replying to Madam, Young Master Yingjie is having dinner with Madam in the Ning family right now.”

“What, Ning family? Can Yingjie adapt to the food in the Ning family? Quick, bring him back!”

The old butler was silent for a few seconds and he said, “Madam, just allow Young Master Yingjie to have a meal here. Young Master Ying Jie is fine with the food.”

Song Yajing was taken aback and she said, “Uncle Fook, you....”

...

The two had dinner and left the Ning home. Ning Qing went back to the Tea Pavilion villa, and Song Yingjie went back to the Lu home. They shared a ride.

The engine started, and Song Yingjie used the rear view mirror to look at the two seniors standing by the side of the door. He was in a daze.

The car made a turn and the two disappeared from sight. Ning Qing saw that he was still in a daze and had not withdrawn his gaze. She laughed and asked, “Do you like my family?”

Song Yingjie moved and looked outside the window, “Yeah.” He nodded his head lightly and said, “It is very warm, and in the past... When my grandmother was still alive, when I went to school, she always stood by the side of the door and waved at me...I have never seen Grandmother’s back facing me.”

It was quiet inside the car. Ning Qing had a quiet smile on her face and she said emotionally with a gentle voice, “But my family was not always this warm. My father has a lover outside the marriage, and even has an illegitimate daughter. Four years ago, my father officially married his mistress legally and kicked both my mother and I out of the house. Those few years were the hardest years I’ve ever had. My mother needed money for an operation. I didn’t have the money and borrowed some from my father, but he actually tried to give me away to a middle aged man.”

Song Yingjie turned his head around and looked at Ning Qing in shock.

Ning Qing looked into his eyes, shrugged her shoulders, and said, “At that time, I was beaten up badly by that middle aged man. I had a tough time escaping, and I met Shaoming outside the hotel.”

Ning Qing was envious as she spoke. “Look, you still had it better. You were the oldest son of the Zhu family once you were born; you also have the Song surname. You had the privilege to continue to be stubborn and rebellious for life because both your uncle and oldest aunt will always protect you.”

Song Yingjie listened on without much expression on his face. He turned his head again to look outside the window.

“But.” Ning Qing said again, “Your uncle and oldest aunt will have to grow old one day. What would you do then?”

This sentence reached the depths of Song Yingjie’s heart. His eyes were wet and the tears that were hidden away rolled down his face.

The youth's shoulders were shaking, and he looked so frail and helpless. "Why? Why are there so few people who love me? Even those who do have to leave me in the end... Why are they all fooling me, and making use of me...?"

Ning Qing used her small white hand to pat her own shoulder and said, "Come, come over here. I will lend my shoulder for you to lay on for a moment. This time, I will definitely not laugh at you."

Song Yingjie did move; he was sobbing secretly.

Ning Qing directly stretched out her hand to press his head to her shoulder.

"Yingjie, do you think that you are the one that Heaven threw away? Heh, but there are so many people on earth. Who are you exactly? Why would Heaven bother with you? The number of people who love you is too small? It's not too small. Your uncle and your oldest aunt have given you everything, and they did not miss out on anything. Your grandmother and mother that passed on loved you that much. Look at those sparkling stars in the sky; that's them looking at you from up above."

Song Yingjie perched on Ning Qing's shoulder to look outside the window. The night sky tonight was really beautiful, and there were numerous stars sparkling in the night sky.

"Is that really grandmother and mum?" he murmured in a daze.

"You have them in your heart, so they are always here. But if I were you, I wouldn't have the face to see them. Your mother lost her life while bringing you to the world, while your grandmother had great hopes for you, and wanted you to support the entire Zhu family in the future. But you've lived so messily, and you've failed to live up to all of their expectations."

Song Yingjie used his hand to cover his handsome face. The car was filled with the sound of him sobbing.

The old butler used the rear view mirror to look towards the back. The girl's gentle beauty was lighting up this dark cabin.

Her voice was really melodious, just like the sounds of nature of the night sky.

"You asked me why so many people are fooling you, making use of you. The answer is really simple; it's because you are easy to fool and good to make use of. You are twenty years old this year. There is a half brother of yours who would affect your position in the family, but you do not know a single thing about rivalry for profit among the wealthy families. Last night when you snuck into my room, you didn't even consider what could happen. You didn't think that this move would deal a shocking blow to the uncle and oldest aunt who love you the most. You are twenty now. Even if you do not understand the rivalry among wealthy families, that is fine. You still do not like to study, you go party and create messes when you have nothing to do, you have a bunch of shady friends beside you; who would want to care about you?"

**Chapter 265: Conquer Mother In Law**

“Don’t blame the darkness of the world for the simplicity of your life. Life has always been like sailing against the tide. If you don’t advance, you will retreat. Whose life is perfect? Go online and search my name, Ning Qing. I debuted at the age of 18 and have fought countless battles, small and large. I had fought against my stepmother, tore my sibling apart, kicked away a f\*ckboy, and tortured a b\*tch. Just how many calamities have you brought upon me since you returned home? It’s not that I haven’t been sad, but life is like this. If I had even slacked off a little, I wouldn’t have been able to get to where I am today.”

Song Yingjie listened and murmured, “You must not like my auntie very much.”

Ning Qing sneered, “Of course not. Do you think I’m masochistic. It’s not my hobby to stick my hot face to a cold buttock, alright?”

Old butler: “...”

Song Yingjie rose from her shoulder. If she had said she liked his auntie, he would think she was hypocritical, but she told the truth.

Ning Qing grabbed some tissues and gave them to him to wipe his tears. “But Yingjie, I’m your sister-in-law. Your auntie is my mother-in-law; we are a family. We can’t get everyone’s favor in this world, but if we try, and if we work hard, it’s alright as long as we have a clear conscience.”

Song Yingjie turned to look out of the window. He understood what she meant. She was talking about his father.

“Song Yingjie, I hope this is the last time you cry. Men shed blood and sweat but not tears. Grow up. If you continue to rebel so simply and foolishly, it will be your relatives who will suffer and your enemies who will benefit. Everything in the Zhu family is yours, and your mother left it for you. Even if you fight for love, you must only win and not lose.

“Your uncles and aunties will grow old. When you were young, they were the ones protecting you. When you get older, you should protect them. I still say that it is your responsibility to make your relatives happy.

“The world is too dark and cruel. Don’t treat this darkness and cruelty mercifully. For us to survive, we can only survive by being the strongest, eliminating the weak ones, and subduing violence using violence. A strong life never needs to be explained. Real and long-term happiness needs planning. Don’t dream of getting anything for free in this world, because it will only be a trap. If you are not tough in your present position, you will die miserably in the future.”

Song Yingjie looked at the girl’s bright autumn pupils. The car was passing the downtown square, and the bright lights shined brightly on the girl.

“I understand.” He nodded.

...

The limousine stopped in front of the Lu family Villa and the old housekeeper and Song Yingjie entered.

Song Yajing was still awake. She sat in the living room and looked at the documents. When they came back, she looked up and went to Song Yingjie. "Yingjie, you're back. I heard that you had dinner with the Ning family. Did you have enough? What would you like to eat? Auntie will ask the servant to make it for you?"

"No need." Song Yingjie looked up at Song Yajing. "Auntie, I'm going upstairs."

He went upstairs.

Song Yajing saw the wound on Song Yingjie's face. Her face changed. She said, "Yingjie, what's wrong with your face? Who bullied you? Tell Auntie, I will send someone..."

"Auntie, I'm all right. I'm going to bed." Song Yingjie went back to his room and closed the door.

Song Yajing immediately turned her head and looked at Uncle Fook. Her face was stern and she asked in a low voice, "Uncle Fook, what happened today? You have been with the Lu family for 40 years. This was the first time that you had gone against my wishes when I asked you to fetch Yingjie back. What benefits did Ning Qing give you?"

Uncle Fook bowed respectfully. "Madam, Young Madam has not given me anything, but I think Young Master Yingjie will be happier with Young Madam."

"What?"

"Madam, today the young master got in a fight at school and was sent to the police station. Young Madam picked him up and came back. The others had called Young Master Yingjie a little jinx..."

"Who?" This term was a taboo to Song Yajing, so she clenched her fists tightly as cold shards of light flashed from her eyes. "I want that person to disappear."

"Madam, Young Madam has already dealt with them. They were at the police station at that time. Young Madam had said..."

Uncle Fook retold Ning Qing's words to Song Yajing quietly.

Song Yajing's pupils shrank, and her face was obscured. She put one hand on the sofa and sat down slowly. "She...really said that?"

"Yes." Uncle Fook nodded. "After dinner at the Ning family home, she went back to the car and said something to Young Master Yingjie. Here's what she said at the time..."

Faber repeated it all.

This time Song Yajing went silent after listening. Not a sound could be heard in the quiet villa hall. After a long time, Song Yajing quietly laughed. She turned to Uncle Fook, "Uncle Fook, have you really regarded Ning Qing as the young madam from the bottom of your heart? Look, this is Ning Qing's strong point. She said these words to Yingjie because she wanted you to hear them; she wanted to use Yingjie to win favor and win people's hearts."

Uncle Fook was not humble or arrogant as he said, "Madam, how can I not see these thoughts of Young Madam? But that's why I think she's a good Young Madam. Even you couldn't handle Young Master Yingjie all these years, but Young Madam could. She has not only handled and taught him, but she has also won your favor. Madam also thinks that Young Madam is brave and resourceful, not lacking wise and ingenious means. Only someone like her can hold the high position of the master mother of the Lu family.

"Madam, I have been with the Lu family for 40 years. Nobody wishes the best for the Lu family more than I do. Madam also wants the Lu family to be well. Since we all think so, why is Madam so stubborn?"

...

Song Yajing opened the door and entered Song Yingjie's room.

There was no light in the room. Song Yingjie was lying on the side of the bed, sleeping with his eyes closed.

Song Yajing sat quietly beside the bed. She began to cover Song Yingjie with the blanket. Then she sighed and said, "Yingjie, you have not fallen asleep yet, right? Auntie wants to talk to you."

In the darkness, Song Yingjie opened his eyes. He did not move, nor did he speak.

"The simplest and happiest time of Auntie's life was in the Song family, where I grew up with my brothers and sisters. At that time, our father told us that because we were born in a noble family, our marriage and life could not be chosen by ourselves in the future, but we as brothers and sisters in the Song family should always be united because the family relationship will never change.

"Later, I married into the Lu family, there were countless open struggles and veiled fights in the Lu family. Men were men; how could they not have any flirtatious past? I was already numb. Later, I had Shaoming. This son is my pride and hope. Maybe because his surname is Lu, we were never intimate with each other.

"But you are different. You are my sister's son. My sister had left so early. I wish I could make up for all your missing motherly love. Yingjie, Auntie sincerely hope you will be well and successful."

Song Yingjie did not speak for a long time.

Song Yajing took back her sad expression and touched Song Yingjie's forehead. "Sleep now."

She got up.

But her hand was pulled and her movements stiffened. Song Yingjie had slowly turned around, and he put his head on her leg.

Song Yajing touched his face and realized that it was full of tears.

Song Yajing raised her eyes for a moment. Her eyes were wet. If there was a soft spot in her heart, it was reserved for the Song family.

...

The next day

Ning Qing came to the Lu family Villa. Today, Song Yingjie did not go to school. The servants were preparing fruit pastries and greeted the guests.

“Mom, I’m here.” Ning Qing spoke to Song Yajing who was standing in the living room.

“Alright.” Song Yajing gave a rare reply.

Ning Qing had greeted her because Song Yajing would just ignore her, but today Song Yajing had responded to her.

Ning Qing’s eyes brightened. It was a very good start.

Ning Qing went beside Song Yajing and asked, “Mom, are there any distinguished guests coming today?”

Song Yajing looked at the information in her hand without looking up, but she patiently answered, “Yes, Mrs. Zhou and Zhilei are coming to visit today,” and Song Yajing looked at Ning Qing as she said, “Although you are Shaoming’s wife now, the friendship between the Lu family and the Zhou family has existed there for generations and cannot be broken, especially since Grandpa Zhou had helped the Lu family during difficult times. Zhilei and Shaoming are also childhood friends.”

Ning Qing’s eyes squinted as she smiled. It was rare and strange to hear this sentence, “You are Shaming’s wife now,” from her mother-in-law.

Had she conquered this stubborn mother-in-law?

It has been difficult for her!

“Yes, Mom, you can rest assured that the Lu and Zhou families are family friends. This friendship will always go on. I will get along well with Miss Zhou.”

Song Yajing nodded reassuringly.

Ning Qing laughed in her heart. How could they get along?

That Zhilei would probably have some tricks up her sleeve today.

With this time bomb, their mother-in-law and daughter-in-law’s relations would explode at any minute. Their relationship had just improved; they couldn’t withstand Zhou Zhilei’s provocation.

But the Lu and Zhou families had a deep friendship. If she handles it improperly, she will burn herself.

Ning Qing was deep in thought when she heard the servant call “Young Master Yingjie,” as Song Yingjie came down the stairs.

Ning Qing looked up and saw that today, Song Yingjie had changed out of his normal fashionable clothes. He was wearing a clean white shirt and jeans and had no earphones in his ears. He put his hand in his pocket and went down the stairs. His fringe on his forehead, which covered his eyes, fluttered gently. He looked gentle, but there was no expression on his face. Ning Qing felt that he was more silent than before.

“Good morning, Yingjie.” Ning Qing greeted him generously.

Song Yingjie looked at her but did not speak, and instead went to the dining hall.

Ning Qing: “...” Stupid boy!

...

At about ten o'clock in the morning, the doorbell of the villa door rang. The servant went to open the door. Kong Lan came in with Zhou Zhilei.

“Mrs. Zhou, Zhilei, you are here! Please sit down.” Song Yajing welcomed them.

Ning Qing came out, and her eyes met Zhou Zhilei's. When the mother and daughter saw her, it was as if silver needles were about to shoot out from their eyes, Ning Qing smiled calmly and said, “Mrs. Zhou, Miss Zhou, welcome. I'll make tea for you.”

She turned and went into the kitchen.

The Zhou family mother and daughter sat on the sofa with Song Yajing. Zhou Zhilei gave Kong Lan a look. Kong Lan burst into laughter and said, “Mrs. Lu, two days ago, I was talking with Zhilei about going to Sanya for vacation. Is Mrs. Lu interested in coming along? We haven't gone out together for a long time, right? Is Young Master Lu on a business trip? Let's ask him to go with us together then.”

#### **Chapter 266: Miss Zhou, You Thought That My Mother In Law Was A Fool**

Since the family gathering with the elders of the Lu family, Song Yajing's attitude had changed a bit. These past few days, both mother and daughter had been calling her continuously to ask for an answer, and Song Yajing beat around the bush and refused to give an answer.

Both mother and daughter were like cats on a hot tin roof, and they just wanted to know; was the date they had set at the start still effective?

Song Yajing curled her lips into a smile and said, “Forget about a vacation. Ning Qing is pregnant now and it is uncomfortable for her move around. Shaoming probably does not have time to go.”

These three sentences made her attitude clear.

She has already recognised Ning Qing as the daughter in law of the Lu family.

The Zhou crew's facial expression changed drastically.

“Madam Lu, you...”

At this moment, Ning Qing walked out holding a tea cup in her hands and said, “Madam Zhou, Miss Zhou, please have some tea. The tea leaves were brought back by Father when he went to Europe. You can have a taste and see if it suits your palate.”



The mother-daughter duo saw her as an enemy and were jealous of her. Ning Qing acted as if she did not see it. She bent down and personally handed the tea to them.

Kong Lan stretched out her hand to receive the tea cup and she acted kindly and smiled saying, "Mrs. Lu has such a large belly now. Don't kneel. Quick, get up."

Ning Qing laughed in her mind. This Madam Zhou was acting so kindly, even though she obviously hated her so much in her heart.

"Thank you, Madam Zhou," Ning Qing answered while observing Kong Lan's actions. As expected, when she was about to take the teacup in her hands, Kong Lan's hand purposely tilted to a side in an attempt to blame the incident on Ning Qing.

If the tea split out of the cup, both mother and daughter would definitely blame her for not completing the task well. Likewise, her mother-in-law would definitely despise her in her heart also.

Ning Qing cruelly gave Kong Lan a stare. She wanted to use this trick to go against her?

She had prior experience dealing with Li Meiling and Ning Yao and had learned some things from that experience.

But it also weird to talk about. This Kong Lan was so foolish, how has she survived life in a wealthy family?

She heard that the world renowned red wine big shot Zhou Heng had started from nothing, and the Zhou family naturally had many friends like the Lu family. They also did not fight and scheme against each other. Zhou Heng only had one son, Zhou Lei. Kong Lan was his daughter in law. It seemed from the outside that Zhou Lei's family was warm and harmonious as a family.

The environment that a person grew up in also affected his education.

When the tea cup was tilted, Ning Qing shrieked. "Ya!" She unexpectedly threw the entire tea cup towards Kong Lan's body and her eyes were wide open, and she looked to be in huge shock as she retreated in fear.

"Ah!" The teacup was filled entirely with boiling hot water, Kong Lan was burnt by this flying teacup, and she was in pain as she felt her skin burn.

She immediately stood up and jumped up on the spot like a monkey, "Ah, this is so hot, I just got burnt. My skin was just rejuvenated when I went to the spa to relax..."

The maids in the villa saw Kong Lan's reaction, and they all covered their mouths to laugh sneakily, Zhou Zhilei immediately took out a paper napkin to help wipe off the water droplets off her own mother. She pointed at Ning Qing and chided her saying, "Ning Qing, you are doing this on purpose right? You want to harm my mother!"

Ning Qing immediately ran briefly to hide behind Song Yajing and she stretched out her hand to tug onto Song Yajing's sleeve and said softly. "Mum, Miss Zhou is so fierce right now; I am so scared."

Song Yajing always liked Zhou Zhilei's reserved and virtuous image, but now she noticed how Zhou Zhilei was staring at her with her eyes almost popping out of their sockets looking so fierce and tough. She raised her eyebrows and could not help but shake her head.

Whenever a person realized a flaw in a person, they would come to notice it more and more.

At the last gathering of the elders of the Lu family, Zhou Zhilei had disappointed her too much.

It was only then that Zhou Zhilei realized that she had exposed her ugly side. She immediately cleared her throat and looked innocently at Song Yajing. "Aunt, we clearly saw just now; Ning Qing purposely threw the tea cup towards my mother's direction."

Ning Qing immediately opened her mouth to speak. She did not even spare a glance at Zhou Zhilei, but she said softly to Song Yajing, "Mum, you have to decide for me. If Madam Zhou hadn't spilled the tea on purpose, would I have reacted so violently because of her actions because I was afraid? I am not just one person now; if anything goes wrong with the baby in my stomach, who is going to take responsibility? Shaoming is coming back in 2 days."

Song Yajing frowned even more deeply. She was used women in wealthy families fighting for favour, when this Kong Lan tilted the tea cup purposely, how could she not have seen that?

She turned back to stare at Ning Qing. She knew how to act innocent after throwing a boiling cup of tea towards another's face; this girl was too naughty.

"Hehe." Ning Qing embarrassingly stuck out her tongue towards Song Yajing and said sweetly and like she was acting coy towards her, "Mum.."

Song Yajing felt uncomfortable upon hearing her sweet voice calling her and she said, "Okay, don't make a fuss. Someone come, prepare a set of clean clothes and medication for Madam Zhou."

Zhou Zhilei was furious. This Song Yajing was obviously being biased to Ning Qing, and she wanted to patch up a quarrel.

Ning Qing lifted her eyebrows and was delighted as she gave a glance towards Zhou Zhilei. Her meaning was — See how I am able to make you furious!

Zhou Zhilei: "..."

Kong Lan was the most uncomfortable person. If an expression from the eyes could kill a person, her expression at the moment could already puncture multiple holes on Ning Qing's body. While she was staring at her, through her peripheral vision, she could see a youthful and lanky figure appear. Song Yingjie was leaning on the railing of the staircase looking at her.

Kong Lan could not tell what the expression in his eyes meant. The youth's expression was deep and dark, and it contained many emotions.

Kong Lan was taken aback. Song Yingjie was not her daughter's helper. She had only met him once or twice, and he looked innocent and unable to betray her.

Looking at things now, he seemed to have changed completely.

When Kong Lan spared another glance towards him, the eyes of the youth had become clear, and the darkness that was just there had already disappeared completely.

Kong Lan blinked her eyes and suspected that she was going blind.

...

Song Yajing brought Kong Lan and Zhou Zhilei to change their clothes. Ning Qing walked into the dining hall, and at this moment, Song Yingjie walked over and stood in her path.

He had walked over suddenly and Ning Qing almost banged into him, as she could barely stop in time. She lifted her gaze and asked, "What is it? Why are you blocking my way?"

Song Yingjie took out an item from his pocket and passed it to her. "It's for you."

Ning Qing had a closer look; it was a small bottle of medication.

Ning Qing broke out in a snort and said, "Little rascal; did you get things mixed up? I did not get hurt, you should send this medication upstairs.... Oi!"

Song Yingjie held onto her slim wrist on her left hand.

It was only then that Ning Qing noticed that her left hand was burnt and had a blister on it. It was probably because she did not have time to duck, and a little water must have spilled on her.

The blister was very small. She did not feel a thing, so she did not notice it.

"Doesn't it hurt here?" Song Yingjie used his index finger to press on it.

The youth's hand was starkly different from Lu Shaoming's hand. He had always lived a life of luxury. His fingers were long and fair, and he had a fair chance of competing with a girl's hand.

"Oi, why are you being like this? It actually did not hurt, and now you are making it hurt by pressing on it." Ning Qing's delicate, white face was squeezed into a ball, and her lips were half pouting as she wanted to retract her small hand.

Song Yingjie looked at the way she looked. He relaxed the strength in his hands, took out a needle, and said softly, "I will help you poke the blister, then apply some medication; it will heal well this way."

"Oh, then I would need to trouble you then."

Song Yingjie poked the blister carefully for her, and while he did so he blew on it, and asked gently, "Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't."

When the old butler came through the door and chanced upon this sight, he noticed that the boy was tall and was taller than the girl by the height of a head. The two of them were against the afternoon sun, and below them was a layer of light.

The old butler's expression changed, and he went forward and said politely, "Young Master Yingjie, I will help with Madam's injury. You don't have the experience."

Song Yingjie lifted his eyes. His long, curly lashes fluttered once, then he slowly let go of Ning Qing's small hand.

Ning Qing did not notice anything. She thanked Song Yingjie and said, "Little rascal, you have done well today. You need to continue being like this, okay? Also when you see me in the future, you are not allowed to be rude towards me. You need to address me as sister-in-law."

Song Yingjie had one hand inside his pockets and the tips of his lips curled up into a mocking smile as he said, "You are merely days older than me." He turned to leave.

Ning Qing shouted towards his shadow and said, "Why do you care about how much older I am? I am your older brother's wife, so you have to address me as sister in law; this is basic courtesy."

But the boy was already out of sight.

...

After eating a meal peacefully, Ning Qing was organizing her own documents. At this moment, Zhou Zhilei walked over and said, "Ning Qing, are you delighted now?"

Ning Qing lifted her hand to tuck the hair by her cheek behind her ear and smiled plainly before she said, "If I say that I am not delighted, wouldn't that make me a liar? Miss Zhou has always bullied me in front of my mother-in-law. You want to benefit as a third party. I have always said that my mother-in-law and I are family. I had said that there would be a day when you would return to being an outsider, and now this day has arrived."

Zhou Zhilei laughed mysteriously and said, "Are you so sure that you have won? As long the friendship between the Lu and Zhou families continues, I will still have the chance to come between you and your mother-in-law, and I can make your relationship with her bad. All it takes is for me to move my lips."

"Ok." Ning Qing held onto a document and came to Zhou Zhilei's side, then she lowered her voice and said, "Miss Zhou, don't overestimate yourself. Do you think of my mother-in-law as a fool?"

Zhou Zhilei laughed and said, "Whether she is a fool or not, we will see after we try. Your mother-in-law watched me grow up. The friendship between the Lu and Zhou families cannot be ruined so easily."

Ning Qing still wanted to speak but she suddenly heard someone speak. "Ning Qing, Zhilei, what are you guys chatting about here?" Song Yajing had come over.

Zhou Zhilei immediately had tears in her eyes. She donned an expression as if she had been wronged, then said, "Aunt, I know that Mrs. Lu doesn't like me, and she doesn't want to see me. Since that is the case, I will bid farewell along with my mother. In order for Mrs. Lu not to misunderstand us in the future, the Lu and Zhou families should keep their distance."

After she spoke, Zhou Zhilei ran out of the room.

"Zhilei!" Song Yajing immediately grabbed onto Zhou Zhilei's sleeve, and she turned her head back to glare at Ning Qing and said fiercely, "Ning Qing, what did you say to Zhilei?"

Ning Qing: "I..."

"Forget it. Aunt, you leave some dignity for me. I like Brother Shaoming, and have waited for him for 26 years, I know that I am stooping too low! Mrs Lu has expressed it correctly."

Ning Qing: "...". She was the one who had used the word "Stooping too low," although Ning Qing did think of her like this in her heart.

"Ning Qing!" Song Yajing gave a long stare at Ning Qing and then turned around to comfort Zhou Zhilei. "Zhilei, don't listen to Ning Qing spout nonsense; Aunt understands you. Let's go, we'll go take a seat on the sofa."

Song Yajing brought Zhou Zhilei into the living room.

Zhou Zhilei felt much better in her heart. She guaranteed that as long as she was still alive, she would not stop making Ning Qing's life difficult, and she would never let her live in peace.

## **Chapter 267: I Have A Plan And Need Your Cooperation**

Just now, in the dressing room, Song Yajing did not say much, but she expressed her words clearly. She said, "Mrs. Zhou, Shaoming is already all grown up and knows what he wants. Ning Qing is his wife, and nobody can change that, including me. Zhilei, you're not young anymore. You should get married."

Asking her to get married?

She couldn't accept it; she had waited for Lu Shaoming all these years and had wasted all her beautiful youth.

Besides, she had loved such an excellent and mature man like Lu Shaoming. Who else in the world could measure up to his standard?

She thought with great resentment as a figure appeared in her peripheral vision. She looked up. Upstairs, Song Yingjie leaned against the door and looked at her quietly.

Zhou Zhilei quickly flashed a warm smile and gave him a signal, which meant that everything was going according to plan.

Song Yingjie was silent for a few seconds and nodded his head.

Zhou Zhilei laughed inside. Oh, she had Song Yingjie as a chess piece. Ning Qing's good days are coming to an end.

Ning Qing looked at their communication quietly. She had no change in mood. She carried a book in her arms and went upstairs.

She wanted to go to the study, so she had to walk by Song Yingjie. When they were near each other, Song Yingjie spoke to her. His voice was not loud but enough for her to hear him, "Do you dare come to my room?"

Ning Qing raised her eyes and smiled. She looked at the teenager with bright autumn eyes and asked, "Can I trust you?"

Song Yingjie looked downstairs over the girl's shoulder. Zhou Zhilei was looking at them.

Song Yingjie reached out and grabbed Ning Qing's slender arm, pulled her into her room and closed the door.

Zhou Zhilei's eyes glittered with light. Alright, she only had to wait for Song Yingjie's phone notification.

...

In the room

Song Yingjie let go of Ning Qing, who straightened up her slender waist and smiled at the young man in front of her. "Say, what do you want, asking me to come in?"

"Zhou Zhilei asked me to give you drugs, and then she would bring my auntie in and catch us in the act."

"What?" Ning Qing pretended to be shocked, and she quickly said, "Yingjie, what are you going to do? Zhou Zhilei is not a good person. She is using you to deal with me. Just now, she told me that you and your auntie are utter fools. You can't be deceived by her."

This "utter fools" had been made up by her. Sorry, Zhou Zhilei, for letting you take the blame. Haha!

"I already know that Zhou Zhilei has been using me. She had instructed me to do all those things before. Ning Qing, I'm sorry," Song Yingjie said sincerely.

"That's all right. Everyone makes mistakes. I forgive you this time." Ning Qing patted the boy on the shoulder boldly. "But what about Zhou Zhilei's plan?"

"On the stairs, I pretended to nod to her. She's waiting for my call."

"Alright Yingjie, do you want revenge? I have a plan, and I need your cooperation."

"What's the plan?"

Ning Qing mysteriously waved to Song Yingjie.

Song Yingjie bent down to listen.

Ning Qing whispered a few words. Song Yingjie thought for a moment, then agreed with a nod.

Ning Qing's eyes curved as she smiled. She looked at the boy's big bed. Then she walked over and sat on it. "I'll pretend to faint then. You'll send Zhou Zhilei a message and ask her to come here later."

Looking at the girl sleeping comfortably in his bed, Song Yingjie's handsome face was a little red. Although he was a rebellious and wayward rich young master, he has not come into contact with girls in recent years.

Not to mention having a girl in his bed.

He wouldn't even look at the girls who were shy and weak in front of him. His heart was lonely and nobody could enter.

Ning Qing put the book in her hand beside the pillow. She had a sharp eye. Suddenly, she found a DVD beside the pillow, on which there was a scantily clad female star.

"Oh, Song Yingjie, you're watching these things!?"

Song Yingjie saw her take his DVD and ran over quickly. He stretched out his hand and grabbed it. He was very angry and said, "Ning Qing, give it back to me; it's not what you think! You're violating my privacy."

"You're still making excuses, stupid boy; I am from the entertainment industry. I know this third-class star with one glance; you're learning bad things!"

Ning Qing turned around. Her small hand held the DVD very high up. Song Yingjie reached up to get it. Right then, their faces were so close together.

Song Yingjie froze at that moment.

Her facial features were delicate. Her skin was so smooth it was as if water could be squeezed from it at any time. She smelled good. That night, when he was entangled with her in bed, he had smelled the fragrance of a girl.

He had accidentally kissed her on the face that night, and he got a slap from her.

Thinking of that, Song Yingjie's eyes looked down at the girl's lips. Her beautiful cherry pink lips were as moist as if she had applied lip gloss.

Song Yingjie quickly pulled back his hand and straightened up. He explained in a sullen tone, "I didn't! This is from my classmates. I didn't watch it at all."

Ning Qing put the DVD back beside the pillow. "Stupid boy, this kind of thing can be seen occasionally. Take it as a source of knowledge, but can't do it alright? Do you know that this kind of thing can only be done with the people you like, and you have to be responsible for whoever you touch? It's a man's most basic responsibility."

"I understand." Song Yingjie nodded.

...

Downstairs Zhou Zhilei was waiting anxiously for Song Yingjie's message because she did not know how long her mother Kong Lan could keep Song Yajing busy.

At this time, she heard the Ding! of the mobile phone. Zhou Zhilei looked at it with joy.

The message was a bit unexpected, Song Yingjie had sent — things have changed, come up.

Things have changed?

Zhou Zhilei's pupils shrank. She looked around a couple of times, then ran up the stairs, opened Song Yingjie's door, and went in.

"Yingjie, what's the matter, and what has changed?" As soon as Zhou Zhilei came in, she began to question Song Yingjie, and when she saw Ning Qing sleeping in bed, she immediately smiled and said, "Yingjie, isn't this a success? Ning Qing has fainted in your bed. Quickly, you take off your clothes and make some false impressions. I'll call someone," Zhou Zhilei said, then ran out.

But her wrist was clasped, and she heard the boy behind her. His voice was so low as he asked with amusement, "You go and call someone, and then what?"

Zhou Zhilei turned her head and looked at Song Yingjie seriously. "Yingjie, what's wrong with you? Then Ning Qing will be chased out from the Lu family, and I can be your sister-in-law."

"Hah," the corners of Song Yingjie's lips slowly curved up, and his black and white eyes were clear as he said. "No, you're talking about the consequences of a slut. What about me as a betrayer? Once everything comes to light, will I still be able to escape unscathed?"

Zhou Zhilei had never seen Song Yingjie like this. He had always listened to her and called her sister Zhilei.

"Yingjie, your surname is Song. What are you afraid of? What's wrong with you? Haven't we already planned everything? Is it... What did Ning Qing tell you? Has she strained our relationship?"

Song Yingjie smiled faintly. He pressed Zhou Zhilei closer to the corner of the room. Bam! He put one hand on the wall and the other on Zhilei's shoulder.

Today, she wore a skirt with thin shoulder straps. Song Yingjie gently lifted the straps with one finger. Zhou Zhilei felt her shoulder grow cold, and the right half of her fragrant shoulder was exposed.

"Ah!" Zhou Zhilei screamed and quickly put her hand over her chest. She wouldn't even dream that Song Yingjie would do such a thing to her.

"Yingjie, we can just talk things out! Tell me what happened, have you misunderstood me? I can explain it if you tell me what's wrong."

Misunderstood?

Song Yingjie's smile became more and more brilliant. "My biggest misunderstanding is that I had once thought that you were a good person, one of the few people in the world who was good to me."

...

Song Yajing and Kong Lan went into the living room. There was nobody in the living room. Song Yajing asked the servant, "Where is Young Master Yingjie, Young Madam, and Miss Zhou?"



These two days, she would often turn around and someone would disappear. Her eyelids were jumping, and she kept feeling that something was about to happen.

“In response to Madam’s question, I just saw Madam being dragged into the room by Young Master Yingjie, and then Miss Zhou opened the door and went in.”

What?

Song Yajing’s heart sank. She was still anxious about what had happened a couple of nights before. Why had Yingjie pulled Ning Qing into the room?

“Miss Zhou has also entered Young Master Yingjie’s room?” Song Yajing asked uncertainly. When had the relationship between Yingjie and Zhou Zhilei gotten so close and mysterious?

The servant looked at Song Yajing and calmly answered, “Yes, and Miss Zhou hasn’t come out.”

Song Yajing’s eyes instantly darkened with understanding. She had always felt something was off. Although Yingjie rebelled a little when he returned to T city, how could he have such harsh feelings towards Ning Qing?

Yingjie was her favorite nephew and was an easy target for those in need of a pawn. She hated it most when others approached Yingjie with malicious intent. That was forbidden by her!

Now it seemed that somebody had already started plotting behind her.

Song Yajing walked over to the stairs.

“Mrs. Lu.” Kong Lan grabbed Song Yajing’s sleeve in a hurry. “If the children are playing upstairs, let’s not disturb them.”

She had agreed with her daughter Zhou Zhilei. When the plans are put into motion, she will take Song Yajing upstairs.

But the plan had not included Zhilei. Why had she gone into Song Yingjie’s room?

Song Yajing was originally a person full of doubt, especially when Song Yingjie was involved. She was extremely protective of him. Now it was obvious that Song Yajing was doubtful.

The servant had also spoken in a strange tone just now too. How could he have reported so clearly when the three of them had entered the room one after another? The word “pull” was also used.

Unless...

The more Kong Lan thought, the more frightened she became.

She felt as if she were falling into a whirlpool.

Song Yajing turned around, and she saw Kong Lan’s panic at a glance. “It’s okay for us to go and see if the children are just playing upstairs. Why does Mrs. Zhou want to stop me? Now that I think about it, Mrs. Zhou had a talk with me that had lasted for half an hour just now. I’m unsure of your true intentions.”

“I...”

Song Yajing shook Kong Lan's hand away and went upstairs quickly.

...

The door was unlocked. Song Yajing placed her hand on the handle and turned it gently. The door opened.

When she saw everything in the room, Song Yajing's pupils contracted violently.

In the corner of the room, a man and a woman were entangled, both of them in untidy clothes.

### **Chapter 268: Zhou Zhilei, You Have Lost**

Song Yingjie was kissing Zhou Zhilei. While he kissed her, he was panting. He lowered his voice, and it was deep and hoarse as he said, "Older Sister Zhilei, I have listened to your orders and made Ning Qing faint. You have always told me that Ning Qing was a bad woman; she did not match Brother Shaoming and the Lu family. You asked me to return to T city and torture Ning Qing, so I came back. I came back to T City and have been playing pranks on Ning Qing. Two nights ago, I even snuck into her room.

"Older Sister Zhilei, you saved me 4 years ago. I have always treated you as my benefactor. Whatever you wanted from me, I've always been willing to do. I will make Ning Qing faint, and at that time, I will sleep beside Ning Qing to create a false image. Then after you will bring in my aunty to come in to catch us in the act. Doing this will ruin Ning Qing."

Song Yajing felt all the blood in her body rush towards her brain; the hand that was by her side was held tightly into a fist, and she was panting furiously.

Zhou Zhilei?

What a plan, Zhou Zhilei!

Kong Lan heard her words and was taken aback in shock; what were they exactly playing out?

What was Song Yingjie talking about?

The plan was not supposed to be like this, where did it go wrong, the ones who were supposed to be tangled with one another should have been Ning Qing and Song Yingjie. How did it change to become her daughter?

Kong Lan did not have to contemplate. Bang! Song Yajing furiously pushed the door open.

Song Yingjie heard this loud sound and immediately turned his gaze to look. When he saw Song Yajing, his expression changed completely, and he said, "Aunt, why are you here?"

Song Yajing clenched her teeth and looked sternly at him, something that she had never done before. "If I hadn't arrived just now, how would this have escalated? Song Yingjie, do you know what are you doing exactly?"

"Aunt.." Zhou Zhilei took the chance to break apart from Song Yingjie's embrace, and she ran forward, but in the process, she realized that her skirt was torn apart. She quickly used her hand to cover herself with her clothes.

Song Yajing saw the state of undress that Zhou Zhilei was in. She clenched her teeth in hatred and said, "Zhou Zhilei, you have always been a classy and elegant daughter of a wealthy family in my heart, so what are you doing right now? Seducing my nephew? Making use of my nephew? You have such a scheming heart."

Kong Lan took some clothing to help cover Zhou Zhilei. Zhou Zhilei immediately shook her head and explained, "Aunt, listen to me explain..."

At this moment, there was a chirp from the bed. Ning Qing, who was on the bed, woke up.

Song Yajing was very afraid at this moment that Ning Qing would end up in trouble. She waved her hands to call over two servants, and the servants held onto Ning Qing's elbow and helped her up.

Ning Qing caressed her forehead, and looked at her surroundings in a blur. "Why are there so many people around? Mum, my head hurts."

Song Yajing immediately went forward and she bent down to ask Ning Qing, "Does your head hurt? Does your stomach hurt also? Someone come over, call the doctor!"

"Mum." Ning Qing tugged onto Song Yajing's hands and shook her head, "Its nothing, I am not in pain now. Just now... I remembered that Song Yingjie pushed me into the room, and when I was about to ask him what he was doing, he gave a tight slap on the back of my neck and made me faint..."

As she spoke, Ning Qing stood up and she stretched out her hand to point at Song Yingjie, and she was emotional as she said, "Song Yingjie, how much do you hate me exactly? Time and time again, you have continuously tried to hurt me. I am now a pregnant woman! Mum, what do you say we do about this? You cannot continue to shield Yingjie anymore."

At this moment, they could hear a phone ringing, Ning Qing took out her phone to have a look; it was a call from Lu Shaoming.

Song Yajing saw the call and her expressions changed completely. She quickly said, "Ning Qing, listen to me. Yingjie has been taken advantage of by Zhou Zhilei. All of this has been plotted by Zhou Zhilei."

Ning Qing did not answer the call immediately and said, "What?" She widened her eyes and looked towards Zhou Zhilei. "It was you?"

Zhou Zhilei understood everything now. Today was all a show put on by Ning Qing, and Song Yingjie was totally bought over by Ning Qing.

Looking at how this woman made it seem so real now, she definitely lived up to the title of Best Actress.

“Aunt, hear me speak, everything is not what it seems to be. I didn’t...”

“Mum, Miss Zhou says that she’s innocent. That means that this was all the work of Song Yingjie. This time I really cannot forgive him again. I need to tell Shao Ming...”

Ning Qing gave an expression to Song Yingjie, and she lowered her gaze wanting to pick up the call.

“Ning Qing!” screamed Song Yajing to stop her.

“Ning Qing, let me tell you. All of these were pranks were done by me. I found you unpleasant in my eyes.” Song Yingjie took large strides forward and walked to Zhou Zhilei’s side. He stretched out his hand to hold her shoulders and said, “This has nothing to do with Older Sister Zhilei; this was all done by me.”

“Song Yingjie!” Song Yajing felt her head split into two. She tightened the grip of her fist and she stared fiercely at Zhou Zhilei, the mess was all her fault!

Zhou Zhilei received Song Yajing’s hateful stare and she quickly stretched out her hand to shake Song Yingjie off. “Yingjie, don’t think that I do not know! You colluded with Ning Qing to put on this show. Get away from me!”

Song Yingjie hit the wall, and he could not believe it. He was ultimately hurt as he looked at Zhou Zhilei, “Older Sister Zhilei, why do you have to speak this way? How could you push me towards this bad woman Ning Qing? I know that you are blaming me for not fulfilling your orders well. Older Sister Zhilei, give me another chance.”

Song Yingjie went forward to hug Zhou Zhilei.

Zhou Zhilei wanted to vomit blood. The great Ning Qing. Ning Qing has attached her to Song Yingjie, and now whatever she may say would be of no use.

Zhou Zhilei pushed Song Yingjie away, and at this moment, Ning Qing said in shock, “Yingjie, do you like Miss Zhou? How could this be? Miss Zhou has always liked your Brother Shaoming.”

“What?” Song Yingjie turned around and glared fiercely at Ning Qing. “Shut up! I don’t allow you to stir up a controversy regarding my relationship with Older Sister Zhilei. Older Sister Zhilei likes me. She’s come to my school just to look at me. She’s bathed in my washroom, and she’s shown me her bare body. She told me that if I listened to her, she would give herself to me.”

“Zhilei...” Zhou Zhilei was pale as she took a step back and Kong Lan stretched out her hand to support her.

Zhou Zhilei was furious as she trembled. She was 26 years old, and she was still pure, but this Ning Qing was so evil. The claim of Zhou Zhilei’s nudity and seduction were actually Ning Qing’s words. These shameless words... She actually dared to ruin her innocence?

But it had to be Song Yingjie saying those words, and Song Yajing would definitely believe in him totally.

She’s finally tasted her just desserts.

Ning Qing saw the expressions of both the mother and the daughter, and she looked painfully at Song Yingjie. “Yingjie, how come you are so silly? Don’t you know that Miss Zhou wants to chase me out of the Lu family because she wants to marry your Brother Shaoming?”

As she spoke, Ning Qing covered her mouth and softly and shyly said, “You and Shaoming could also be considered to be brothers. This woman is serving two men...”

Song Yajing’s eyes painfully contracted, and she interrupted Ning Qing immediately. “Hmph, the Lu family does not have such bliss, but we will still invite Miss Zhou to seek connections of higher status with another family.”

“No, Aunt! Listen to me...” Song Yingjie was still adding oil to the fire.

“You better shut up. Someone come and lock Young Master into the room. Without my orders, no one is allowed to let him out.”

“Yes, Madam.” Two bodyguards brought Song Yingjie away.

“Madam Lu...” Kong Lan wanted to speak.

But Song Yajing looked directly at the pair and coldly said, “Madam Zhou, Miss Zhou, the Lu and Zhou families have been friends for generations. Even though we cannot be families in law, I will still always value two of you as distinguished guests. We are all intelligent people. The things that Miss Zhou has done today were selfish and shameless, and it would disrupt the prosperity of the Lu and Song families. I will not clarify further; everyone is clear in their hearts. I will not make things more difficult. Miss Zhou made use of our Yingjie and was wrong in doing so. In the future, I hope that everyone would take this at face value. These kinds of things can only occur once, not twice. Don’t challenge my limits. Someone come, take the guests away.”

Song Yajing left after shaking her sleeve.

“Aunt...” Zhou Zhilei had yet to lose hope and still want to chase after her to explain.

“Miss Zhou.” Ning Qing called out to stop her. She walked forward and there was a smile on her face, “I advise Miss Zhou to stop now while everything’s still ok. Could it be that you couldn’t tell? My mother in law doesn’t want to waste another sentence on you! I think you should hold onto what face you have left.”

“Ning Qing, it was you. It was you who harmed my daughter. Just wait and see how I deal with you.” Kong Lan was furious, and she immediately rolled her sleeves wanting to dash forward to beat Ning Qing up.

Ning Qing pretended to look shocked. Her two small hands were covering her chest and she took a step backwards.

Kong Lan’s hand that was stretched out was already held onto firmly by the bodyguards. The strength of the bodyguard was very great, and Kong Lan felt her wrist was almost going to break. She called out helplessly, “Ah, pain! How are you so daring? I am Madam Zhou, I am the precious guest of the Lu family. You dare to lay a finger on me?! Quick, let go of me!”

Zhou Zhilei wanted to go forward to help her own mother, but another bodyguard block her path.

“Ning Qing, what exactly are you trying to accomplish? Ask them to let go of my mother, quickly!”

Ning Qing fluttered her eyes cheekily and slowly walked forward. She laughed gently and said, “Miss Zhou, you know how to beg me now? I don’t know if you all are easy or dumb. In my house, could I still be bullied by you guys?”

“You!”

Ning Qing waved her hand, and the bodyguard let go of Kong Lan.

“Mum, are you fine?” Zhou Zhilei came forward to support Kong Lan. Both mother and daughter were hurt deeply, their clothes were torn and tattered. They lacked the elegant and haughty glow, and they looked to be in a difficult situation.

They raised their gaze and stared at Ning Qing evilly.

Ning Qing lifted her eyebrows and walked to Zhou Zhilei’s side, then she lowered her volume as she said, “Miss Zhou, I think one sentence really fits you. ‘Don’t try to be too smart, or you would end up thinking of ending Qingqing’s life.’”

Zhou Zhilei’s chest was panting as she said, “I still do not understand, when did Song Yingjie become your person? He has always been obedient towards me! Now it seems that he has totally changed. I guess there was something that happened that I did not know of.”

“Heh.” Ning Qing laughed lightly and said, “Miss Zhou, you want to know?”

Zhou Zhilei nodded her head.

“I won’t just not let you know. I’d rather let you die out of curiosity.”

“You!” Zhou Zhilei felt all the blood in her body boil. She looked at this small radiant face that Ning Qing had, and she hated that she could not tear her apart now.

Ning Qing welcomed Zhou Zhilei’s gaze and said, “Miss Zhou, you only need to know that Song Yingjie has already completely seen through you. He won’t be used by you anymore! You want to make use of him to ruin my innocence. now that I am in the clear, your innocence has been ruined in my place. Don’t struggle anymore. I guarantee, as long as Yingjie is here, my mother-in-law will not bother with you anymore.

“Because in my mother-in law’s eyes, not only you are a woman who has tried to seduce her nephew, but you’ve also shamelessly tried to tear the Song and Lu families apart. Zhou Zhilei, it’s time to face reality. This time, you have lost completely, and I have made you unable to ever turn the tides!”

## **Chapter 269: Lu Shaoming, Aren’t You Embarrassed?**

Never turn the tides?

Zhou Zhilei was so agitated by these words that she felt dizzy. She knew that she had lost here with Song Yajing; she had lost completely.

“Hah,” Zhou Zhilei sneered, “Ning Qing, let’s see who’ll win in the end.”

Zhou Zhilei helped Kong Lan along as they left.

Ning Qing stood upstairs and looked at the backs of the mother and daughter. Her autumn pupils were clear and bright. At last, Zhou Zhilei’s plans have been nipped in the bud.

Now, there was another person who “wanted to see who will win in the end” with her, but there were too many people who had told her this, so Zhou Zhilei’s words were insignificant.

At this time, her cell phone was still ringing, it was Lu Shaoming’s call.

A sweet smile flashed across Ning Qing’s lips as she pressed a button to pick it up. “Hello, Hubby.”

It must be night time over there. The man was supposed to be sleeping. His low-magnetic voice was hoarse and enticing as he said, “Has everything been settled?”

“Yes, it’s all taken care of, Hubby. I’ve cleaned up all the smoke and pestilence in your harem for you,” Ning Qing said proudly.

The man was laughing. Where did “harem” come from? “Thank you, Wifey. You’re great.”

Ning Qing smiled so wide she couldn’t close her mouth. She covered her cell phone with her small hand. “Hubby, don’t mention it. Go back to bed. Didn’t we agree that you can just call me when it’s time; you don’t need to answer it.”

Just now, she had calculated the time and asked Lu Shaoming to call her in advance, all to pressure Song Yajing psychologically.

Lu Shaoming was not here, but he was still a deterrent.

“I was worried about you, so I wanted to hear your voice.”

Ning Qing’s eyes were bright. Her little face was red, her whole body was weak, and her bright autumn pupils swept around her. No one was there. She asked quietly, “Hubby, when will you come back?”

She shouldn’t rush a man out on business because it would make her seem not demure enough, and she didn’t want to seem clingy.

But she still wanted to ask.

The man on the other end was in a good mood and asked, “Wifey, when do you want me to go back?”

Hmph!

Why did he throw the question back at her?

“Hmm, Hubby you don’t have to rush. Work is more important.”

“Haha, why did Wifey answer so officially?” Afraid of angering her, he finally added, “I’m going back tomorrow.”

Ning Qing’s eyes rippled with joy. “Okay, Hubby, I’m waiting for you with Little Master Lu.”

...

They hung up the phone in a loving manner. Ning Qing walked to the door where Song Yingjie was locked in.

Knock Knock. She knocked on the door. “Yingjie.”

The door was locked and could not be opened. Song Yingjie stood by the door and answered, “Yes?”

“Yingjie, thank you for today. You can rest assured that mother will release you tomorrow.”

Song Yingjie was silent for a few seconds and then said, “Ning Qing, you’ve also lived like this before? As if life is a battlefield?”

“Yes.” Ning Qing nodded. “There are too many bad people who want to harm me. I need to be strong and knock them down one by one. You’ve also seen it. If I don’t knock them down, they’ll be sure to sneak up on me in the end. Yingjie, you need to be like me; you need to protect yourself and protect your happiness. Today is just the beginning. You have done a good job.

“I see.”

“Alright, Yingjie, I’ll go back now. I’ve been so tired lately that I want to sleep.” She was overdrawn physically and had been busy lately.

“Alright.”

Song Yingjie leaned against the door and listened to the girl’s footsteps. Several years later, when he stood at the peak of his power, he would often remember this scene. Today, the girl had led him to fight the first battle of his life.

...

Ning Qing returned to Tea Pavilion Villa. It was only noon now and she still needed to work. But she wanted to take half a day off because this week was too tiring. She already had dark circles under her eyes. With the baby, her energy was not as high as before.

She went back to the bedroom to take a bath, got into bed in her pajamas, looked at the two pillows on the bed, slowly moved her little head to the man’s pillow, and occupied his place.

On the pillow, there was still the clean and refreshing smell of the man. Ning Qing sniffed and closed her eyes sweetly.

Her husband was finally coming back.

Ning Qing soon fell asleep. In her sleep, she heard someone calling her, “Ning Qing.”



Ning Qing opened her drowsy eyes and saw a handsome face with sculpted facial features.

“Hubby...”

Ning Qing fluttered her long eyelashes that were like butterflies’ wings as she murmured. It seems like her hubby is here.

Lu Shaoming watched her in her half-asleep state. Her autumn pupils were bright but had a childlike confusion. Her small blushing face was like a delicate apple; anyone who saw would like to rush up and take a bite.

“Wifey...” His said in a soft voice as his lips curled up.

Ning Qing thought that she was dreaming. Lu Shaoming’s flight was tomorrow. How can he be here now?

He was still abroad when he was on the phone just now.

Mmm, she was too tired lately.

She yawned, slowly turned around, closed her eyes, and continued to sleep. As she slept, she also pouted her pink lips as she aggrievedly muttered, “Hubby, why do you come to my dreams every night? I miss you so much! I’m so sleepy. Be good, Hubby; I still have to sleep.”

Lu Shaoming didn’t know if he should laugh or cry. He hadn’t seen his little wife for only a week, and his foolish wife could no longer tell the difference between dream and reality.

Sitting beside the bed, he reached out a big hand and caressed her tender little face. He couldn’t help it and pinched her a little hard. “Wifey...”

The pain on her face made the sleeping girl suddenly open her eyes. She turned around and looked at the man standing over her in shock. One second, two seconds, three seconds...

“Hubby? Hubby, you’re back?”

She immediately stretched out her slender arm and grabbed the man’s neck. Her pink mouth kept rubbing against his handsome face.

Lu Shaoming smiled a little, clasping the girl’s waist with two big palms, and lifted her entire person out of the blankets with ease.

He stood up, supporting the girl’s buttocks in his big hands while letting her legs rest on his lean waist, then held her as he spun around.

He coaxed her as if she were a little girl.

“Wifey, are you awake? It’s not a dream. It’s me. I’m really back.”

Ning Qing was wearing a dark purple v-neck nightgown. Her eyes glanced at the mirror. She saw a small tender ball carried by a man in the mirror. He spun around as he carried her. Her beautiful skirt swung in a circle of happiness and made sweet arcs in the air.

Ning Qing held him tight, put her mouth by his ear, and exhaled as she said, "I'm not awake yet. I feel dizzy because we're spinning around. It's really like a dream, Hubby, I really really really really really miss you..."

People had said that a reunion after a brief parting is as sweet as a honeymoon. He had been away on a business trip for so long this time.

She nearly went mad missing him.

Lu Shaoming carried her and placed her on the high windowsill. The window has opened a crack. The cool summer wind blew slowly. The golden veil danced with the wind as it revealed the dreamlike mirage of T city. Everything was so beautiful.

He held her waist in one hand and carried her in his arms. The thumb of the other hand slowly came to her beautiful red lips and rubbed them.

When their eyes met, they couldn't be separated anymore. There was an electric current between them.

His bright black eyes were tender and emotional. His tall body bent down, and the girl who he wanted to hold even in his dreams was finally in his arms. He rubbed her delicate skin with his tall mountainous nose and sniffed her soft, sweet scent that she had from just waking up.

Nothing was enough.

"Wifey, I missed you, too. I really really really really really missed you."

Copying the tone of her voice just now, he said "really" one more time than she had, because he definitely missed her more, because of Little Master Lu.

He was missing two people at the same time.

His low-rich and magnetic voice seeped into her eardrum like an electric current. Ning Qing shivered and quickly melted in his arms like water.

She couldn't be touched by him. Once he touched her, she would feel weak.

Her two tiny fair hands firmly clutched his sleeve. He had the scent of a healthy and mature man that she was infatuated with.

"Hubby, what are you waiting for?" She bit her pink lip, and she said two words, "Kiss me!... Mmph!"

He kissed her.

## **Chapter 270: Then Shall We Kiss Next**

They were stuck together for a long while before they separated. Lu Shaoming closed his eyes and calmed his body down.

He stretched out his hand to tidy her nightgown and carried her onto the bed. He turned around to get a tape measure and then went back to the bed again.

Ning Qing covered her chest with one small hand. Her small was burning. The skirt of the nightgown was a little short. It could not cover her safety shorts from the side, and she femininely tugged down on her skirt to cover it, not allowing him to look.

He only knew how to bully her.

The man was back. He probably rushed back. He was wearing yesterday's clothes, and his white shirt was tucked into his trousers under his metal belt, and now one side of his shirt was squeezed out totally. He looked messy and wild.

She glanced downwards, and in her vision, she noticed that he was wearing a pair of well-tailored trousers. He had the strong scent of a mature man, and his long legs were bent in a cool, gentle arc. He was especially mesmerizing.

He bent his down and lifted her nightgown up again. "Lu Shaoming!" She was shy as she refused his advance.

Lu Shaoming lifted his gaze to look at him. He had a rogue smile on his lips and said, "Wifey, I want to measure your stomach. You're rejecting me like this but with such welcoming actions. What are you reminding me of?"

Who was rejecting him with welcoming actions?

Ning Qing was at a loss for words, and she released her small hand like he wished.

Lu Shaoming lifted her night gown up and placed the tape measure around her small belly and took measure of its circumference.

The man saw the number and his brows furrowed. His facial expression was serious as he said, "Ning Qing, I was out on a business trip for 7 whole days; how come you haven't plumped up but instead slimmed down? Didn't you eat?"

After he found out she was pregnant, he would use the tape measure every night to measure her stomach. He took notes and he would know when she got heavier or slimmed down.

Ning Qing was afraid that he would get angry, and she immediately stretched out her small hand to hook onto his neck and said, "Hubby, don't be so fierce towards me okay? I did eat my meals, but I have been busy recently and maybe have slimmed down just a little. Hubby, you don't even take pity on me; you only know how to be fierce towards me."

Lu Shaoming held onto the tape measure and maintained his half kneeling stance. He lifted his eyes to scan her small face. She looked energetic, and her small face was also radiant. Her white skin had a healthy pink glow to it.

But there were dark rings below her beautiful eyes, probably because of her fatigue. He felt his heart soften incredibly. He stretched out his hand to squeeze her supple cheeks and explained, "Wifey, I know that you have been working hard recently. You have been busy dealing with my mother, Yingjie and Zhou Zhilei. I am not being fierce towards you; I am only pitying you."

"This is more like it." Ning Qing kissed his lips and did not retreat. She nudged him cutely and said, "Hubby, it has not been hard on me. This is our home. Protecting it is my responsibility. Didn't I just get a little slimmer? You are back now. Won't it be fine if you indulge me right now? I've missed you so much; you are not allowed to have a stern face now. Give me a smile."

Her big, youthful eyes looked misty. The small pregnant woman had more flavour. It only took one random glance from her. Not knowing if she was displeased with him or not, it was enough to make his entire body feel pain.

Lu Shaoming slowly curled up his lips and gave her a gentle smile.

Ning Qing kissed him with satisfaction.

Ning Qing did not know how long they had kissed until they were on the bed. Ning Qing hugged him while her thoughts were all over the place, and the man stopped suddenly and put himself on top of her. His eyes were a little red, and his voice was very hoarse as he said, "Are you hungry? I will go take a shower, and change my clothes. Auntie Yang probably went to purchase groceries. What do you want to eat? I will cook later."

Ning Qing's eyes brightened up and in a soft tone, she asked, "You also know how to cook?"

The man lifted his eyebrows and came down from her body, "I have never cooked, but I can learn." He walked to the closet to take a pair of black casual pants and said, "You can teach me. If you teach me well, I can confirm that I would be able to do it well"

He went into the washroom.

The door of the washroom was not closed. The cold air from inside seeped into the other room. He was taking a cold bath.

Ning Qing was lying sideways on the bed. Her small face was crimson red, and she was only 5 months pregnant now. What would he do in the future?

Her pearly white teeth bit down on her pink lips. She wanted to go in, but thinking about it, she still decided not to. The last time they had video chatted, he really made her... unable to control herself.

It was so embarrassing.

Now, they did it around once a month, and every time they need to make an appointment. He was 31 when he had his first child. Although he said it like that, he was especially nervous and prudent towards this child, and he not dare wrong the mother or the son.

He did not dare be reckless, but he occasionally missed that taste and also would hug her. It was the hardest to bear during the night. She could not let him touch her. He was on edge and she was also on edge.

She did not know if they should sleep in separate beds?

She was thinking messily and the man walked out. He was only wearing a pair of shorts. He was bare bodied on his upper half, and his short hair still had water droplets on it. The moisture on his body made him seem extra handsome and young.

Ning Qing did not dare look at him. She used her two small white hands to cover her own eyes.

Lu Shaoming saw her behaving like such a small girl and felt it was hilarious. He walked forward and caressed her small head, then went to the closet to grab a grey shirt to put on.

Ning Qing could not control her own eyes,. She secretly opened her eyes to a tiny sliver to look at him. His back was facing her and when he put on his shirt, his shoulder blades by his back were enlarged greatly, full of his masculine strength.

It was not an exaggerated enlargement, rather, it was delicate.

As she was looking on, the man turned around suddenly.

His large hands that had defined bones were buttoning up the shirt. The shirt was not tucked into the belt, and the buttons were not fully buttoned. They were only buttoned to the top 3 buttons.

“Ah!” Ning Qing gave a shriek and immediately covered her two eyes.

She did not see anything.

She did not see anything!

The next moment, her body was lifted up. Her small bottom was held onto by the man’s large palms, and because he moved too suddenly, she was afraid of falling below. She immediately stretched out her hand to hook onto his neck, and her two slim thighs were locked on his strong waist.

“Heh.” The man had a low laugh and his eyebrows were deep and clear. “Wifey is so welcoming?”

“What are you talking about?” Ning Qing was embarrassed, and she perched on his broad shoulders. She was too shy to look at him.

Lu Shaoming used one hand to support her bottom, and the other hand touched her head. In a pampering tone, he said, “Wifey, if you want to look at me then have a look. No need to hide it. I am yours. Nobody will laugh at you for doing so.”

He had said no one would laugh at her; he loved to tease her.

Ning Qing buried herself in his neck. She was like a piglet who was nudging onto his short wet hair. He had a good scent on him, and the cold shower made him have a refreshing vibe together with the fragrance from the bath.

...

The two of them walked into the kitchen and Lu Shaoming causally grabbed onto a soft cushion and placed it on the glass counter, then picked her up to sit on top of it. “Wifey, want do you want to eat?”

“Umm.” Ning Qing pouted her pink lips as she contemplated. “There is steak inside the fridge. Hubby you take it out and fry it for me to help me fill my stomach. We will wait for Auntie Yang to come back to cook dinner. Hubby, learn it step by step. Learn the easy stuff first.”

Lu Shaoming did not show off. Culinary skills were not something that could be mastered in a day, and she was also picky with her food. She was not easy to take care of.

He took out the steak from the fridge. There was a seasoning packet inside. Lu Shaoming rolled up one of his sleeves and cast his gaze downwards to follow the instructions on the packet.

He lit the stove and heated the pan up. He opened the packaging calmly, and Ning Qing’s eyes were filled with small pink bubbles. He was naturally a high level harsh director. She didn’t expect him to come home and be able to keep calm in the kitchen. He was cool, collected, and precise with each step.

As people say; there is nothing that cannot be mastered, it’s only up to the person on whether he is willing to learn.

Ning Qing looked at his hand that was usually holding onto a fountain pen, and he was using it now to slowly fry the steak. He was cooking for her, filling her stomach, and feeding little Young Master Lu. This thought brought her much bliss.

Lu Shaoming took the gap while he was frying the steak and looked at the free-range chicken eggs on the glass counter. When he touched them, they were warm, and he took one egg out and slowly peeled it.

The egg that was peeled was passed to the girl, and he saw that her eyes were full of moisture. She was looking at him with admiration, Lu Shaoming straightened his body and put one hand in his pocket. He lifted his eyebrows saying, “Ning Qing, if you dare to use your eyes to seduce me again, then don’t blame me for not being courteous towards you.”

“What are you saying?” Ning Qing swung her legs that were in mid-air, and stretched out her small hand to receive the egg,. She took a small bite and pouted her lips looking wronged, then said, “My eyes need to be focused on you. I can’t control it. Hubby, did you not hear my eyes talking? Lu Shaoming, don’t seduce people like this, okay?”

He was actually the one seducing her.

This man was absolutely handsome.

Lu Shaoming curled his lips into a pampering smile. He has been alive for 31 years and had not heard anyone speak to him like that. He heard the girl’s cheeky words of love.

He could not help but stretch out his hand to squeeze her small face and say, ‘Ning Qing, if you are unable to control it, then I am willing to let you pounce on me.’”

Ning Qing did not bother with him. She was pregnant; how would she pounce on him?

She used her small hands to split the egg into two. She ate yolk inside and gave the white to him. “Hubby, this is for you to eat.”

Lu Shaoming had a frown on his face. "You can't even finish an egg, why are you so picky with your food?"

Ning Qing wanted to rebut him. She pointed towards her own stomach and was bold as she said, "Hubby, it is not me who is picky with food, but it is little Young Master Lu. Little Young Master Lu secretly told me something. He said, 'Mama, I don't like to eat egg whites. Have Daddy help finish them,' so Hubby just have it."

She was now looking for an excuse and was getting better and better at it.

Lu Shaoming was helpless. He went over and opened his mouth, and she put the egg white into his mouth.

The steak was ready quickly, Lu Shaoming dished the steak out and placed it onto a plate. He then used a knife and fork to cut the steak into small pieces.

The way the man cut the steak was very elegant. He lowered his gaze, and his focused look made his sculpture-like features even gentler. He did not button the top 3 buttons on his shirt, revealing masculine, sculpted collarbones.

Ning Qing was looking on, mesmerised. He brought the plate over and fed her the steak. "Is it good?"

Ning Qing chewed for a moment. The taste was delicious, and she was also hungry. She swallowed it quickly and was burnt in the process, so she used her small hand to fan herself. "It's so good. I want more."

Lu Shaoming fed her another piece, and looking at her sharp nose that was emitting sweat because of the heat, he said gently, "Eat slowly! No one is snatching it from you."

As he spoke, he turned around to walk to the microwave. He took the warmed milk out of it, poured it into a cup, and gave her a mouthful of milk.

He was taking care of Ning Qing so well. She closed her eyes in contentment, and the man was still asking, "What do you still want to eat? Should I go make some pasta for you?"

"No." Forget about noodles. He would have difficulty cooking them as it was still his first time cooking. "Hubby, I didn't expect that you would be so good at cooking, even though it is your first time. Hubby is awesome, as expected!"

She was not stingy as she complimented him.

The man laughed and held onto her slim waist with a muscular arm. The milk was placed at the side of the glass counter. He bent down and puckered his lips. "Wifey, then should we kiss next?"

## **Chapter 271: Little Master Lu Is Here; Control Yourself**

She liked to use internet slang, such as: mammy, pops, epic, and so on. When she said these words, she would enunciate them, and her lovely girlish voice was extremely coquettish.

Probably because he had pampered her. She knew that such a dull and rigid old man like him would love her coquettish charm.

Her body and heart melted together.

Ning Qing didn't expect to hear the term "kissy" from his mouth after she had been kissed by him. She blushed and hid from him. "No, I still need to drink milk."

She went to get the milk.

But the tall man was holding the cup of milk in his hand. He took a sip in front of her eyes, and with his fingers holding onto her tiny jaw, he moved closer to feed her.

"Lu Shaoming, no!" This was beyond the scope of the girl's psychological endurance, and it was something that she would never do.

She kicked him with her little foot while pushing him away.

However, the man had managed to grab her little foot. His rough fingers felt deeply textured. When he rubbed them on her delicate feet, it tickled.

"Lu Shaoming, I'm ticklish! Don't bully me like that." Ning Qing broke away from him and climbed up the shiny countertop like an alert rabbit. She crawled towards the corner with her perky butt in the air, going far away from him.

Lu Shaoming swallowed the milk and glanced around, feeling relieved after checking that there was nothing that could injure her. He focused on her dainty figure in her violet nightgown, and since the night was still young, he suddenly got up and stopped her mischievously.

"Ning Qing, come down. I'll go up if you don't come down!" He grabbed her little buttock and slapped her gently.

The place where he hit her burned like fire, and Ning Qing scolded him. "Lu Shaoming, you're a wolf in sheep's clothing. I don't want to drink the milk you feed me. You're already completely shameless."

"Ning Qing, I'm Wolffy, so you're my Wolnie. I'm nice enough to feed you milk. If you deprive me for too long, I'll have you drink my milk."

Ning Qing hardly knew what he was talking about. He was so outrageous.

Two small hands covered her ears as she spat, "Lu Shaoming, I don't want to be friends with you anymore! I'm going to tell my mother."



Lu Shaoming stretched out his two strong arms and pulled her in. He bent over her chattering mouth, and started fiercely kissing her. He was panting. "Wifey, the heavens are high and the Emperor is far away. There is no help; I'll have already devoured you by the time Mom comes to rescue you."

Ning Qing puffed up her delicate cheeks and hammered at him. "Lu Shaoming, why are you always thinking about these things? Little Master Lu is here; control yourself."

"Alright then." Lu Shaoming leaned over and set her on the cushion. "We'll just do it and not talk about it."

"You!" The man had already pressed down and covered her red lips.

...

The next morning, at the Lu family Villa

Song Yingjie was released by Song Yajing. He went downstairs and glanced around but did not see Ning Qing.

It was already 8 a.m. Ning Qing had never been so late.

Song Yingjie saw a servant and asked, "Has the Young Madam come down yet?"

"No." The servant nodded. "Young Madam hasn't come down yet."

"Yingjie." Song Yajing was coming down the stairs. She had lectured Song Yingjie the entire night and was still not reassured. "Yingjie, do you hear auntie talking to you? Zhou Zhilei was just using you. You should stop causing trouble and use your brain in the future," she chastised.

"Auntie, I know." Song Yingjie furrowed his brows and was a little annoyed.

Just then, a car drove past the landing window. Song Yingjie looked up. It was not the luxury car that had been retrieving Ning Qing; it was a Bentley.

The driver's side of the door opened first and a handsome figure came out. It was Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming went around the car and opened the passenger door. He put one hand on the door and the other hand held Ning Qing's little hand as he brought her out.

The man closed the passenger door. Song Yingjie saw that Lu Shaoming was going to wrap his arm around the girl's shoulder, but the girl's sparkling autumn pupils glared at him shyly, as if she were reprimanding him coquettishly. She didn't allow him to touch her.

So Lu Shaoming just smiled gently.

Song Yingjie was somewhat shocked. This was the first time he had seen Lu Shaoming smile after all these years. In his bones, Lu Shaoming was like a king walking at the forefront of the new era. He was born to be looked up to — a fact augmented by the exquisite suit wrapped around his body and superior, cool demeanor.

But today, like all men in the world, this man had looked at his wife and smiled indulgently.

When Song Yajing saw Song Yingjie frozen on the spot, she followed his gaze, and she sighed again when she saw the man and woman outside the landing window. "I have finally come to understand: In this world, Ning Qing is probably the only one who can control your Brother Shaoming. I don't know what the devil got into your Brother Shaoming."

Song Yingjie thought to himself that this might be the magic of love. To be honest, this girl was really easy for men to fall in love with.

Ning Qing entered the villa first and saw the two of them standing there. She quickly put on a sweet smile and energetically said. "Good morning, Mom, Yingjie."

Her smile was sweeter than yesterday's. Women nourished by their man's love would be filled with happiness inside and out. Ning Qing was one of those women.

"Hello. You're here," Song Yajing responded.

At this time, Lu Shaoming came in. He stopped beside the girl. The man's tall and stern body made the girl seem more delicate. "Mom, Yingjie."

Song Yingjie felt very guilty when he saw Lu Shaoming. "Brother Shaoming," he cried out apologetically.

Lu Shaoming approached him, raised his hand, and patted him on the shoulder. He gently said, "Yingjie, you are 20 years old today. You should be able to distinguish between good and evil. You should be responsible for your words and deeds in the future."

"Brother Shaoming, I know." Song Yingjie nodded.

Ning Qing and Song Yajing both looked at the cousins with a feeling of satisfaction. Lu Shaoming had an aura of a successful and mature man about him. Song Yingjie always listened to him.

Lu Shaoming took back his hand. "I have to head to the office. Ning Qing, I'll pick you up tonight."

"Alright," Ning Qing said as she watched him go.

The Bentley disappeared in the distance. Ning Qing went to organize her information. The banquet would occur the day after tomorrow. She had already arranged everything.

There was only one thing left that she wanted to ask Song Yajing. "Mom, the invitations have already been sent out, but how should I send the invitations to the Zhou family? Mrs. Zhou and Ms. Zhou are in China now. Should we send them the invitations?"

Song Yajing was also stumped. After last night, her impression of Zhou Zhilei was extremely poor, and so, she naturally would not want to see her at the birthday banquet, but the friendship between the Lu and Zhou family...

At this time, Song Yingjie said, "Auntie, of course, please let sister Zhilei come. I believe I have misunderstandings with sister Zhilei, as long as she explains it to me clearly, I can forgive her."

As soon as Song Yajing heard this, her face sank and she said directly to Ning Qing, "Send the invitation to Master Zhou in the United States. Forget the mother and daughter pair. You don't have to invite them to the banquet. And you, Song Yingjie, you stay out of trouble."

Song Yajing walked out.

Seeing Song Yajing stomping out furiously, Song Yingjie looked at Ning Qing. Ning Qing's eyes were curved as she looked at Song Yingjie and gave him a thumbs-up, which meant — you did great.

The old housekeeper took in the scene. In fact, he had already invited the Zhou family's mother and daughter to the birthday party by phone. No matter how much Song Yajing hated Zhou Zhilei, at public banquets, the etiquette between the rich and powerful still needed to be observed.

But the Young Madam had chosen to mention the matter again at this juncture. Song Yingjie had used the method of agitation to agitate Song Yajing, causing her to harden her heart and sever the family's relationship with this mother-daughter duo.

If they didn't invite the Zhou family's mother and daughter to the birthday banquet, then there would no longer be any more opportunities for private meetings.

The Young Madam had nipped all possibilities in the bud and made a quick and precise move.

"Young Madam," said the old housekeeper with a respectful look. "If we're not inviting the Zhou family's mother and daughter to the birthday banquet, do we still use their red wine? I'm afraid they'll be dissatisfied and not let us use their red wine."

"Why would they do that?" Ning Qing replied with a calm smile. "Although Zhou Zhilei has failed a little as a person in her life, she has indeed been a strong and capable woman in the wine business all these years. The Lu family banquet using the Zhou family's red wine is giving them face, and she would not be silly enough to ruin this brand opportunity. To put it another way, if she doesn't want to let us use it, then so be it. Red wine is available everywhere; her family does not monopolize it."

"Yes, Young Madam," the old housekeeper answered.

...

After lunch, Song Yingjie sat down beside Ning Qing and studied. Ning Qing was teaching him English.

Her little air finger pointed to an English word: family. She had already taught him how to pronounce it several times, but Song Yingjie would always read it as "fa-mu-lay".

Ning Qing was annoyed. "Song Yingjie, I've already said it so many times. This is pronounced family, not "fa-mu-lay". Are you possessed by Deng Chao?"

Song Yingjie was also annoyed. He pushed the book away with both hands and said, "I'm not studying anymore."

"Hey, you stupid fellow!" Ning Qing twisted his ear. "Are you going to study?"

Song Yajing was very distressed when she saw this scene. She wanted to go up and advise Ning Qing to be gentle, but the old housekeeper stopped her and said, "Madam, look again."

Sure enough, the word "family" came out in perfect English.

Song Yajing shook her head in relief as she looked at Ning Qing's back. She didn't know what had happened to these people. They would only listen to Ning Qing's discipline.

Song Yajing went upstairs with a faint smile on her face.

Ning Qing became sleepy after teaching English for a while. Summer was the season for sleepiness. She leaned her little head on the desk, closed her eyes, and muttered, "Yingjie, I'm going to sleep. You must continue to study and not be lazy."

Song Yingjie looked at her sideways. "Why are you so sleepy today? Did you go to bed late last night?"

Ning Qing's little face turned red instantly, and she closed her eyes in panic. "Children shouldn't ask about adults' matters!"

Song Yingjie: "... He was no longer a child!

The girl beside him fell asleep quickly. The girl's sweet and even breathing gently passed through Song Yingjie's ears. The corner of his lower lip lifted as he turned a page of the book.

At this time, the girl moved. She touched his arm and probably felt that it was very soft, so she placed her little head on his arm and slept.

Song Yingjie stiffened and sat upright in an instant. He didn't want to move out of fear of waking her up.

Looking sideways, she had only left him the back of her head. He was tall and could see the girl's soft face covered by her beautiful, silky, black hair.

## **Chapter 272: I Only Want To Hide You Secretly**

Song Yingjie looked on for a few seconds and then withdrew his gaze.

At this moment: "Young Master Yingjie." A maid came in to serve a cup of coffee.

"Shh." Song Yingjie gave a motion that meant to keep silent and waved to send her away.

The maid saw that Ning Qing was sleeping, and she knew that Young Master Yingjie did not want to wake Madam up. The maid turned and thought, Young Master Ying Jie is really good towards Madam.

...

Lu Shaoming came at 5 to get Ning Qing. He got out of the car, and with a single glance through the windows, he saw that Ning Qing and Song Yingjie were seated side by side.

Ning Qing was still sleeping, and she slept facing sideways with her small head nested on Song Yingjie's elbow.

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows, and the expression on his face was calm and unbothered. He took big strides with his long legs and walked into the villa.

"Yingjie." He stood at the side of the table and called out to Song Yingjie.

Song Yingjie lifted his head and spoke in a quiet voice. "Brother Shaoming, you are here. Ning Qing is still sleeping."

Lu Shaoming's expression in his eyes was dark. He curled his lips and he suddenly thought that when talking about seniority, Ning Qing was actually Song Yingjie's sister-in-law, but Ning Qing was similar in age with Song Yingjie.

There were supposed to be in the same age group.

Lu Shaoming went forward, used one large palm to support Ning Qing's small face, and Ning Qing's entire body went leaning towards the left. Lu Shaoming bent down his waist and caught her, allowing her to lean in his embrace.

This movement woke Ning Qing up. Her moist eyes were still in a daze, and she looked around in a blur, furrowed her eyebrows, and in a low tone said, "It hurts..."

Lu Shaoming immediately bent down and gently asked, "Where does it hurt?"

As he was talking to Ning Qing, he noticed Song Yingjie stand up in his peripheral vision. Probably because he heard Ning Qing call out in pain, he stood up in a rush. The chair was pushed to the back, leaving a large space.

The floor was covered with high quality carpeting, and it did not make any squeaky noise.

But Lu Shaoming knew that he was overreacting.

Ning Qing press on her own calf with one hand, and did immediately say where it hurts. In a coy voice, she said, "Hubby, my leg is numb, it feels so uncomfortable.."

Lu Shaoming used his two large palms to raise her slim calf up gently, then massaged it bit by bit. "Is it getting a little better?"

"Yes, it's getting much better. Thank you, Hubby." Ning Qing smiled sweetly.

Lu Shaoming stood up, held onto her slim arms, and helped her stand up. He then held onto her shoulders and placed her in his embrace. He lifted his head to look towards Song Yingjie. Song Yingjie was numb from his right hand, and the feeling travelled through half of his body. A helper came forward to rub his elbow.

"Yingjie, what happened to you?" Ning Qing still did not know that she had been nesting on his elbow.

Song Yingjie shook his head and said, "Its nothing."

The helper smiled and said, "Madam, you have slept for almost 2 hours, and you have been resting on Young Master Yingjie's elbow for the entire time. Young Master Yingjie did not even dare move. He was afraid he would wake you up, and now his body is completely numb."

“I...” Ning Qing widened her two misty eyes, wanting to speak.

But the man beside her spoke. His tone was warm and plain. She could not discern any emotion in his voice. “Yingjie, are you alright? Two hours is not easy to get through; you should have woken your sister-in-law up.”

Song Yingjie looked at Lu Shaoming. The man’s deep, dark eyes were warm and sharp as he scanned his face. His gaze could uncover everything inside his heart.

Song Yingjie avoided his gaze and channelled his eyes downwards. “I got it.”

Lu Shaoming channelled his gaze towards the helper. His tone was not serious, but it was cold and pure as it brought along the crisp and domineering air of a person of high status. “Madam is pregnant now. Can she perch on the table to sleep for 2 hours? It is fine if Madam is stubborn, but don’t you all know how to advise her to go back to her room to sleep? If she catches a cold, who would take responsibility?”

It was the first time the helper got chided by Lu Shaoming. Lu Shaoming lived delicately. He had his own taste, he did not rely on the helpers, and normally he would not take note of the helpers. He was also normally forgiving towards the helpers, as a true gentleman would be.

It was the first time he had ever chided anyone like this.

The helper was so frightened that her entire body was shaking. She immediately bowed down and admitted to her mistakes saying, “Young Master, it was my fault. I will take note in the future.”

Ning Qing looked at Lu Shaoming in shock. She did not know what was wrong with him today. Why he was making a fuss about nothing? She subtly tugged on the sleeve of his shirt.

Lu Shaoming gave a glance towards Song Yingjie, and gently curled his lips into a smile saying, “Ying Jie, we’re leaving. You work hard on your studies.”

Lu Shaoming held onto Ning Qing as they left.

Song Yingjie stood by the French windows to send off the Bentley with his eyes. At this moment, the voice of old butler rang out in the air. “Young Master Yingjie, there are some relationships that cannot be gained in this world. You have to leave it inside your heart and forget about it slowly. Your statuses are sensitive, and Madam’s path to her current situation was not easy. Don’t create more trouble for her.”

Song Yingjie was silent for a few seconds and he nodded saying, “Okay.”

...

Inside the Bentley, Ning Qing gave a shifty look towards the man who was driving. She fluttered her long lashes and opened her mouth to ask, “Shaoming, what was wrong with you just now? I was tired, so I slept at the desk for a while. I did not think I would oversleep; why would you blame the helper?”

Lu Shaoming lifted his handsome eyebrows and gave her a casual glance with his dark eyes as he said “Ning Qing, you said that your legs were numb. I felt bad for you, so I was in a bad mood. Is that not ok?”

Ning Qing laughed for a moment. She bit on her pink bottom-lip and was displeased with him as she said, "What's wrong lately? How come you are so good with hypocritical flattery?"

Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to pinch her small supple face and said, "Ning Qing, when can you grow up? Would you still be this young when I get older?"

Ning Qing's small face bloomed like a flower. She turned sideways and hugged the man's right shoulder, and pecked him like a bird on his handsome face. "Hubby, did you only know after marrying me, how much you are earning from this? Men all love to bring along young beautiful girls when they go out for business interactions. I will never embarrass you. How come you still want me to grow older so quickly? People are all jealous of you."

Lu Shaoming lowered his gaze and kissed her forehead. His voice was low and deep as he said, "I don't want others to be jealous of me. I only want to hide you away secretly."

Ning Qing was gurgling with vibrant laughter. She curled her fingers into a fist and hit him. "Lu Shaoming, why are you hiding me? Others can see me but not touch me. I only belong to you."

Lu Shaoming's right palm went into her small soft hand and he interlocked his hand with hers. He felt it was not enough, and he kissed her fingertips. Ning Qing withdrew her hand and sat up straight. "Drive seriously."

Lu Shaoming saw the shyness in her actions and looked sideways to look outside the window. "Keep your distance from Yingjie in the future. Yingjie is 20 this year. He is at an age where he is easily attracted to girls," he said slowly and casually.

Ning Qing almost choked on her own saliva, and she stared with her huge eyes. She could not believe his words, and she responded, "Lu Shaoming, what's going through your head? I am Yingjie's sister-in-law. I see him as naughty rascal that has yet to grow up."

Lu Shaoming knew how she thought. She was his wife, so she treated herself naturally as an elder, but she had omitted that she was only 21.

He did not like this topic too much, and his handsome eyebrows were scrunched up in disapproval. He turned to look at her, and the strongly defined arcs of the man were highlighted perfectly by the setting sun. "Wifey, be good. Listen to me; don't make me angry."

"I got it. Hubby makes sense, so I will listen to Hubby." Ning Qing nodded her head and complied.

Lu Shaoming patted her head like a beloved puppy, then he gave gestured towards the back seat. "Take a look; this is the present I brought back."

Ning Qing looked towards the back, and noticed that there was an exquisite present at the back.

Ning Qing's eyes glowed, and in her heart, she was under the impression that Lu Shaoming was not the type who would buy presents. Even if it were some special occasion, he only knew how to give her his credit card and ask her to spend it at her discretion; to sum it up, he was a boring man.

She really didn't think he would have the time to purchase a gift.

Ning Qing turned to the back and brought the package forward, “Hubby, is this the present that you got for me when you went on the business trip?”

“Yes! I wanted to see you when I came back last night, and I forgot to take it out.” The man smiled gently.

Ning Qing opened the package, and first took out a small bottle that seemed like a perfume bottle. The packaging was gorgeous, and Ning Qing did not open it. “Hubby, is this a gift for my mum?”

“That’s right. Didn’t Mum always like to collect flowers to make floral water? This is the latest floral water from Europe. Mum will definitely love it.”

Ning Qing turned around and pecked his cheek loudly. Muah “You have put in so much effort.”

She could tell the heart of the man from his presents. He loved her, and hence also loved the things she loved. Because he loved her, he also placed her family members in an important position.

Just like her. Because she loved him, she thought of all sorts of solutions to gain Song Yajing’s recognitio, as she wanted to give him a warm home.

Ning Qing took out another item. It was a tobacco pipe, and it looked to have a long history behind it. It was made out of briar wood, and it was engraved with flowers and words. One look and she could tell it was an item of the upper class. It was probably procured from an antique auction.

“Hubby, this is worth a lot, isn’t it?”

“Yeah.” Lu Shaoming affirmed, then said, “It’s all good as long Dad likes it.”

The way he agreed like that meant that it was really worth a lot, because he would not mention a little sum.

Ning Qing turned around again and wanted to kiss his face, but the man turned sideways and suddenly kissed her soft, fragrant lips.

Because he was driving, he did not dare be reckless, so he let go of her after a moment.

Ning Qing’s small face was a little red, but wait a minute... Ning Qing went through the package. It was empty?

It was actually empty!

Ning Qing was angry as she stomped her feet, and she lifted her eyebrows and complained to him saying, “Hubby, where is my present? Did you forget about me?”

The car had already made it to the grass patch at the Ning family home. Last night he came back from his business trip, and Yue Wanqing had given him a call to ask them to come home for dinner.

Lu Shaoming stopped the car and turned off the engine. He curled his lips into a smile as he said, “Madam, we are already an old couple. What present would you want? Wouldn’t me returning home be the best gift for you?”



“That... That is not the same okay... Lu Shaoming, you are too bad! I don't want to like you anymore, hmph!” Ning Qing was extremely aggrieved, and she wanted to open the car door and get out of there.

But her slim arm was locked. A thick fashionable book with a glazed glass cover was thrust into her arms. Ning Qing channelled her gaze down to look and was still not satisfied. “What is this?”

She casually flipped through it, and her heartbeat sped up immediately. She hastily closed the book with her little hands and held it in her embrace as she gave him a girly look. Her face was burning hot, and she bit down on her pink lips to ask him, “Lu Shaoming, what are you trying to say?”

“Wifey, it is time for us to hold a wedding.”

### **Chapter 273: Mom, Let's Open A Winery (A Small Theatre Play Included)**

What did he say?

Wifey, it's time to hold our wedding?

Lu Shaoming looked at the girl's confused expression. He raised his hand and rubbed her hair. “Why? Don't you want to walk down the aisle with me and wear your wedding dress?”

Ning Qing's dainty eyes rippled with joy as she embraced the glazed book he'd just given her. She kept nodding like a woodpecker — yes, yes, yes!

Lu Shaoming laughed and pretended to think. “Hmm, let's not have a wedding. Didn't someone just say she doesn't like me?”

“No, I like, Lu Shaoming! I like you.” Ning Qing tried to explain. Her autumn pupils were bright as she went near him and kissed him again.

Lu Shaoming blocked it with his hand and pinched her dainty little nose. He went near her lips and softly said, “It won't be as satisfactory kissing now. Let's wait until the evening. Kiss me well and make me happy. Then, I'll buy you whatever wedding dress you'd like, whatever jewelry, whatever Chinese or Western wedding you want; I will satisfy you.”

Ning Qing was so happy, and she wasn't ashamed. “Ok!” She nodded her head.

...

They entered the Ning family Villa together. Ning Qing ran upstairs. She pushed the door to her room open and hid the glazed book beneath her pillow.

She cherished that book so much.

Downstairs, Lu Shaoming was talking to her father, Ning Zhengguo. They were sitting on the living room sofa. Lu Shaoming filled his pipe with tobacco, sparked a lighter, and lit his father's bowl.

"Dad, remember that a pipe is different from a cigarette. A pipe is smoked. Take a breath first, and then slowly breathe in the aroma of the tobacco. Right, that's it."

Ning Zhengguo leaned comfortably into the sofa, and he took a mouthful of smoke according to his son-in-law's instructions, enjoying it so much his eyes narrowed.

The awe and fear he usually had for Lu Shaoming had disappeared. Ning Zhengguo directly changed "Young Master Lu" to "Shaoming" when addressing him. "Shaoming, this is really a good thing. No wonder the pipe has always been the favorite of gentlemen and nobles. Looking at this pipe, I would say it has been some years. An antique?"

Lu Shaoming's face was calm as he said. "Yes, I bought it from an auction when I was in Europe. It is from the Qing Dynasty. I thought that Dad might like it, so I got it."

Ning Zhengguo heard that it was "from the Qing Dynasty" and thoroughly looked at the pipe three times over. His expression indicated — Oh my, it's indeed a treasure!

"Oh my, Shaoming, Dad understands your filial piety, but don't buy anything else in the future... How expensive it is. If Qingqing gives birth to a football team for you in the future, that will be enough of a gift to make up for it."

Now Ning Qing saw the smile on her husband's face blossom completely, and the son-in-law and father-in-law pair laughed but did not speak.

Ning Qing's little face turned red. A rich son-in-law had bought his father-in-law an expensive and luxurious gift, the gift blinds the eye. So the father-in-law had pushed his beloved daughter forward to flatter his son-in-law. The two men were laughing so tacitly.

A revolutionary friendship was thus born.

Just then, Yue Wanqing came out of the kitchen. She saw her son-in-law getting along so harmoniously with his father-in-law. She laughed and asked, "What are you talking about so happily? Come and wash your hands; get ready for dinner."

"Ok." Lu Shaoming got up and looked at Ning Qing. He walked over and held her soft hand.

Their eyes met and an indescribable affection and sweetness passed between them.

Ning Zhengguo, who was behind them, still dared not put his pipe away. He held it in his hands like a baby, and then pull out his cell phone to make a call, "Hey, Lao Liu, come over for a game of mahjong tomorrow, I've got something interesting to show you! Yes, my son-in-law bought it. Of course, it's Young Master Lu; isn't that a given? Since when do I have a second son-in-law?"

With her father's bragging behind them, Ning Qing blushed. She carefully peered at the man beside her, and his refreshing scent swept over her as he whispered in her ear, "You do not have to give birth to a

football team for me, just give birth to two kids, two sons, two daughters, or one son and one daughter. I'll like them all."

Ning Qing felt so sweet that she felt as if her body was like a pile of marshmallows. "Ok." While nobody was around, she nodded her head vigorously. She would promise him. She would promise him anything.

As long as he liked it.

Then Yue Wanqing came out again. "Shaoming, go and grab the red wine in the storage room. It's the one Qingqing had brought back last time. You weren't home then, so we didn't drink it. You're back today, and everyone's happy, so let's have a good time and drink some red wine."

"Alright." Lu Shaoming went to get the red wine.

...

The family of four sat at the table. Ning Qing saw that there were red wine glasses in front of the three people, but she was unhappy because there was only a bowl of soup in front of her.

He kicked the man under the table and gave him a pitiful look — Hubby, I want to drink too.

Lu Shaoming could not bear seeing her being so coquettish. He held up his glass of red wine and wanted to give her a sip.

But how could they possibly hide their little actions from Yue Wanqing who was opposite them? "Qingqing, pregnant women must abstain from alcohol. You can't drink it. You have to endure it for the sake of the Little Master Lu in your stomach. And you, Shaoming, I don't want to nag at you, but I have seen this so many times! Every time Qingqing acts a little coquettish, you take her out to eat all that junk. She's picky, but you would pamper and spoil her? How can you be such an easily swayed father? Is Little Master Lu or your wife more precious? Don't spoil the wrong person, otherwise Little Master Lu would say that his father is easily swayed by words and only listens to his mother."

Yue Wanqing was right about this. Since Ning Qing had discovered that she was pregnant three months ago, if she wanted to eat lobster or ice cream, as long as she pouted her mouth a little, Lu Shaoming's heart would ache and he would make sure that she could have it.

She was also picky when it comes to food. What she wouldn't eat was given to Lu Shaoming. She would only pick out what she liked to eat. Lu Shaoming would also follow after her to feed her.

Yue Wanqing couldn't bear to keep seeing this; he spoiled her too much.

How could they be such irresponsible parents? Bullying Little Master Lu since he hasn't been born yet...

Lu Shaoming was embarrassed and took a sip of red wine as he held the glass. "Mom, Qingqing is always very good. She's only been that capricious once or twice."

Yue Wanqing looked at them. "A while ago, I saw you peel crabs for Qingqing to eat. How many times have I told you that Little Master Lu would drool if you eat crabs? You guys don't listen to me. That's OK. After five months, we shall see if Little Master Lu will drool or not."

Lu Shaoming: "..."

“Mom, how can you say bad things about me? Am I your biological daughter?” Ning Qing knitted her eyebrows and said in a delicate voice, “Hmph, if you don’t let me drink red wine, so be it. I can still smell it. It’s red grape wine, made by fermenting dried raisins and lavender.”

Lu Shaoming looked at the girl beside him with a rather surprised look. “Ning Qing, are you sure you didn’t read the label?”

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and was unhappy. Her little hand under the table felt around for his thigh and pinched it. “Lu Shaoming, what are you saying? Are you looking down on me?”

Lu Shaoming held her small hand quietly and looked at her adoringly as he said, “No.”

At this time, Ning Zhengguo laughed and said, “Shaoming, you probably don’t know, Wanqing has studied red wine since childhood. She likes to make her own red wine. Qingqing has probably been imperceptibly influenced, and it’s likely that she has a keen sense of smell for these flavors.”

Lu Shaoming’s handsome facial features softened as he said. “No wonder, Ning Qing can immediately smell whatever cologne I have on.”

He’s had two fragrances on him since they had met. One time, it was to please her, and the other time, it was because of Zhou Zhilei. Each time, Ning Qing was immediately aware of it.

Ning Qing pulled back her little hand, scrunched up her little nose, and hummed to the man. She said coquettishly, “So you should be careful in the future. My nose is very sharp.”

Lu Shaoming raised his sharp brows, which meant — how dare you?

Yue Wanqing looked at her daughter and son-in-law’s sweet interaction and laughed happily. She drank a mouthful of red wine, then had a second mouthful. Finally, she couldn’t help but praise them. “Qingqing, whose red wine is this that you told me about last time? It tastes pure.”

Ning Qing drank the soup with a small spoon. She glanced sideways at Lu Shaoming and said, “Shaoming, my mother asked whose red wine is this. I am not too familiar with them. You’re the most suitable one to introduce them.”

Lu Shaoming quickly gave her a look that plead for mercy. Firstly, he was afraid that she would overthink it. Secondly, he was more afraid that his mother and father-in-law would misunderstand.

Ning Qing hummed again, then bowed her eyes and drank the soup.

“Mom, this is the wine of Zhou Heng, the king of the winery industry. His red wine is very pure. It had become a global hit in just over 10 years.”

“Mmm,” replied Yue Wanqing, nodding her head. She tasted the red wine carefully again and twisted her eyebrows. “I always felt that this red wine lacked a taste. Lavender is a small purple-blue flower, with a very romantic feeling, but the taste of this wine is weak and not rich enough.”

Lu Shaoming was a little interested. Nobody had ever been able to criticize the Zhou family's red wine all these years. "Mom, what do you think is missing?"

"Wait." Yue Wanqing got up and went into the kitchen. She took out a small bottle and poured half a milliliter into the red wine.

Ning Qing wanted to drool when she smelled it. "Mom, you've added the Chinese liquor: Er Guo Tou."

"Yes, this is the oil from the rose petals with dew which I picked in the morning, mixed with Er Guo Tou. Shaoming, have a taste of this after I've mixed it like this." Yue Wanqing poured another cup for Lu Shaoming.

Yue Wanqing was a connoisseur of red wine, but when it comes to wine, Lu Shaoming had the most say.

Growing up in a rich, noble family, he had tasted most of the world's top red wine. Only a genuine gentleman could discern the real taste of red wine.

Lu Shaoming took a sip, and with admiration, he said, "This kind of alcoholic smell of the Er Guo Tou has stimulated the taste of lavender, making it stronger and richer. Mom, the red wine from the Zhou family is better after you've mixed this in. Next time when I meet Mr. Zhou, I will tell him your formula, I wonder what he'll think about it?"

Yue Wanqing smiled modestly. "Is Mr. Zhou not the king of the world's winery industry? I'm just a class fool in front of him; it's alright to not mention it."

"Mom." Ning Qing's little head turned as she came up with an excellent idea. "Mom, shall we open a winery?"

When the words came out, all three were stunned.

Ning Qing's laughter became more and more brilliant. Her autumn pupils sparkled with bright and touching light. "Mom, let's open a winery, and later, we will have our grasslands and Winehouse, roses, cherry blossoms, lilies... When we open the doors in the future, we will be welcomed with a sea of flowers. Let's make our own wine, wine that belongs to the Ning family!"

P.S: A small theatre play included.

When Little Master Lu was two years old, he ran to Xiao Hua's house, who was his neighbor, to confess his love. "Xiao Hua, I like you, be my girlfriend."

Xiao Hua looked at Little Master Lu with a disgusted face. "Hey, come back to me when you don't drool."

The door closed with a bang.

Little Master Lu wiped the sparkling corner of his mouth and returned home in melancholy. His mother was in the kitchen, and his father was sitting on the living room sofa reading a newspaper. Little Master Lu asked, "Dad, why can't I stop drooling even though I'm already two?"

Lu Shaoming lifted his head from the newspaper, lifted his sword brows and softly replied, "Ask your mother."

Little Master Lu placed his hands on his hips and said, “Dad, come on, do you really think I don’t know? That’s because you and Mom always show off your love in front of me, torturing me, a single dog.”

## **Chapter 274: I Will Listen To Wifey Entirely**

Lu Shaoming looked towards Ning Qing. Every time that Ning Qing was like this, she would think of great ideas. Her entire being would glow with a shine that was brighter than a priceless pearl.

This kind of glow made him even more mesmerized with her.

“Opening a winery?” Yue Wanqing nodded her head in response and said, “Qingqing, Mum only knows how to brew red wine. I am merely a housewife; I know nothing about running a winery.”

“That’s right, Qingqing. It’s not so easy to operate a winery. From production to advertising, to actual sales, it is a lengthy chain of operation. You have no experience with regards to this; it would be taxing on you,” Ning Zhenguo said.

Ning Qing curled up her lips into a smile and said, “Dad, Mum, starting any other business would be just as hard. If you do not take the first step to give it a try, you will not be able to make a breakthrough. Mum, you still only need to think about managing the brewing of red wine, and you can pass the rest to me. Who is your daughter? Ning Qing. I can casually create brand awareness with a snap of my fingers. What’s more..” Ning Qing smiled while she looked at the man beside her. “We have the strongest back up with us. Shaoming, will you support me?”

Lu Shaoming really wanted to caresses her head, but with his in-laws present, he can only suppress the urge. He did not have any other words of nonsense, and he simply nodded his head and said, “I will.”

What she wants to achieve, whatever she wants to achieve in the beautiful age of her youth, she only needs to put in the effort. He would always support her in her endeavors. Ning Qing smiled sweetly.

“What about this, Qingqing. You are pregnant now. Even if you have any ideas you have to wait for Little Young Master Lu to be born first. Little Young Master Lu is the important one. He is in first place. In these five months, you can follow mum to learn how to brew wine. You are naturally talented, and you will be better at it than me after you learn how,” Yue Wanqing suggested.

Ning Qing thought for a moment and agreed saying, “Okay.”

...

The family ate dinner, then Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing stayed there to sleep over.

In the room, Ning Qing went to shower first. She wore cotton pyjamas as she lay comfortably on the bed, and she took out the glazed glass book and flipped through every page.

The book was full of wedding gown designs. They were renowned designs of a well known wedding gown designer. It was full of tulle, and it was extremely romantic.

And also for the design of jewellery, from the tiaras to bracelet, there was an abundance of pearls and agate — extremely dazzling to the eyes.

As she flipped through excitedly, the man got on the bed. Because she was pregnant now, she had to avoid electronic products, so Lu Shaoming had a towel in his hand to help her dry her hair.

Her stomach was huge and she was already unable to lie on her belly, so she sat sideways, and her small hand were flipping through the book. Lu Shaoming was behind her helping her dry her hair.

“Hubby, when did you prepare all this?”

“Do you like it?”

“Of course I do. I like all these gowns by this designer. I want to wear one every day. As for the jewelry: I want it all. Hehe, Hubby, am I very old fashioned?” Ning Qing was embarrassed as she turned around to look at him.

Lu Shaoming sat on the bed. One of his large hands was on her side. He bent down to kiss her pink lips. “It is okay if you are old fashioned, as long as I like it, it’s fine. As long as you like it, we can hold a wedding every year. You are only 21 this year, we can hold one every year until you are 81; you will forever be my bride.”

Ning Qing hooked onto his neck with her two little hands. She was full of bliss and said, “Hubby, you are getting better with sweet talk and honeyed words.”

Lu Shaoming caressed her small face and came to block her lips.

“Ay!” Ning Qing laughed as she ducked away. She turned sideways and continued to flip through the glazed glass book. “We have serious matters to discuss!”

Lu Shaoming put the towel down and lay down. One of his muscular arms was hooked around her small belly, and he pulled her into his embrace. His was on his own head. “Which design did you choose?”

“This one.” Ning Qing nodded her head. She was fooling around just now. No matter how great the design was, she had one that she fell in love with at first glance.

She pointed to the design and said, “I want a wedding gown from You Tang, and the jewelry would definitely have to be done by Shelley.”

Lu Shaoming did not feel alarmed. You Tang and Shelly have been famous for more than a century. They represented the memories of an entire generation, and now it has become a classic. His little wifey did have good taste.

“Why those ones?”

“Because I have been reading a story about a president recently. The author Gu Saner highly recommended them inside it”

Lu Shaoming frowned. Gu Saner? What was she talking about?

“Hubby, we definitely have to wait for Little Young Master Lu to be born first before we hold our wedding. At the time, I want to regain my good figure. I have already thought of the bridesmaids: Shuiling and Xiaofu. If we hold it late, and Little Young Master Lu is able to learn how to walk fast, Little Young Master Lu can be our little flower boy.”

“Okay, it’s all up to you.” Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to close the glazed glass book. With one large hand, he straightened her small shoulders, then came again to nudge her lips. “Wifey, do you really want to start a winery?”

“Why? Are you not willing to?” Ning Qing curled up her fingers into a fist and hit him on his shoulder. “You are afraid I would exceed the prestige of the young lady of Zhou family?”

Lu Shaoming looked at her young face that seemed to be half truthful. He swallowed his saliva. His lips were a little dry, and he opened his mouth to trace the beautiful outline of her lips, “Wifey, are you jealous?”

She should understand his emotions. She had interacted with Song Yingjie for barely one week, how would she create trouble for him?

She was only his, and she could only be liked by him.

He was very jealous!

“Hmph, you are such a jealous monster!” Ning Qing turned her gaze sideways and used strength to bite down on his hand that was pressed onto her shoulder.

Lu Shaoming’s eyes darkened, and his lower abdomen became rigid and straight, allowing her to bite him.

She only exerted a bit of strength, and she did not bear to really bite him. It was more like a tickle.

Ning Qing had enough of biting him and looked at the little teeth marks on his arm. She lifted her eyebrows and said in delight, “Remember this pain; if there is another woman who likes you, I will bite you again!”

Lu Shaoming locked his thumb onto her small chin. His calloused thumb pressed down on her red lips. There were two bolts of fire in his eyes, unintentionally giving off an evil vibe. “Wifey, instead of biting me, how about spending some time thinking of to satisfy me?”

He was exerting much strength with his thumb. Her lips immediately became numb, and she lifted her gaze to look at him staring at her lips; he was hinting at something.

Ning Qing’s small head exploded as she thought about it. She stretched out her small feet to kick his defined waist and said, “Lu Shaoming, you are not human!”

She was still pregnant! Only this scoundrel could think of such things.



He was kicked by her. Although it did not hurt, it made him come back to his senses. The girl was really angry, and she stared at him with her misty eyes and had the expression of someone who meant to complain.

Lu Shaoming felt his face go a little red. He did not realize that he had said that out loud. He had experienced a wave of emotions today. Someone else liked her, and she wanted to go open a winery. He was afraid that she would escape his control.

She was only 21 this year. It was only when a woman was 25-30 that she would be in full bloom, and when that time came, he would probably be old already.

Actually, he was a male chauvinist. He had a strong desire to control. On one side, he allowed her to go out and fly, but in another aspect, he wanted her to never escape his grasp.

Ay, this old man...

"Sorry." He did not know what else to say. Some things were better left unsaid. Lu Shaoming expressed his apology, then he straightened his body and said, "I will go and take a shower."

The man quickly went down from the bed.

Ning Qing did not think he would leave just like that; he would usually pacify her in his arms for a long period of time.

Ning Qing felt flustered in her heart. She hastily stood up and hugged him from behind. "Hubby, what is wrong with you? You.. Do you not like me anymore? I know I am not as pretty recently. I am unable to satisfy you, and I've made you very uncomfortable. Everyone said that the easiest time for a man to cheat in his marriage would be when his wife is pregnant for 10 months, do you...want to look for another woman?"

Lu Shaoming sat at the side of the bed, and upon hearing her words he abruptly turned around. The girl's delicate face was full of tears, and she was sobbing, feeling wronged and disappointed.

Lately, he has spoiled her very much, and now she could not take a harsh word from him.

Two large palms were cupping her small face and he hurriedly explained, "Wifey, what are you talking about? Are the men who cheat on their wives when they are pregnant still considered men? Your husband is not an animal, he won't be in heat when he sees any other female. I love Wifey, so I will have desires towards Wifey, and I want to be intimate with you. Wifey is the most beautiful wife out there, if you don't believe me, I still have not kissed you, but just by looking at you, I am already..."

Ning Qing speedily used her small hand to cover his mouth, not allowing him to speak. "Are you being truthful? I am still beautiful, and you also love me?"

"Yes, I swear!"

Actually Lu Shaoming despised those men that would swear and promise to their woman for no reason. Whether it is true or not, they would be clear in their hearts.

There was no need to say such superstitious things, and taking a vow is not necessary.

But he was doing it right now.

Ning Qing pouted her small pink lips. She stretched out her slim arms to hug him, and she nudged his face with her tear-covered cheek. "Hubby, I know that you are on edge. You just went to go take a bath, and now you are going to wash for a second time...The request that you mention..."

"Wifey, I was being a rascal; you don't have to worry about me." The man was filled with dirty intentions,. He liked women who would give whatever they had without holding back for their men.

Ning Qing breathed through her small nose and kissed his mesmerizing hairline. She came up to his ear and said softly, "Hubby, don't despise me, okay? I know in this aspect, I am not good enough. Sometimes, I really...am embarrassed..."

Lu Shaoming held her tight, and he buried himself into her tender neck and kissed her. No, he did not despise her.

No matter how he had her, it was not enough for him.

He knew that she was embarrassed, so he cherished her more. He did not have many demands, so it was good enough that she was willing to cooperate.

"Hubby, actually it's not that it's not okay..." Ning Qing was completely embarrassed. The hand that she was using to hook onto the man's neck did not let go, and she did not dare to look at him.

Lu Shaoming felt his eyes contract. His large palm locked onto her slim waist. He wanted to pull her apart from him and have a serious look at her small face, but she did not allow him to do so.

She purposely did not want him to look.

"There is a condition for this. It's Mom's birthday in two days. I want you to sing happy birthday. I will spend a lot of effort on the banquet and would definitely be able to give Mum a surprise. Can you just cooperate with me? You have sung for me in the past."

Lu Shaoming forcefully cupped her small face and pulled her down. Her small face was hot and her butterfly-wing-like lashes were facing down. She looked totally embarrassed and frail.

"Wifey, what surprise have you prepared?" His voice was hoarse.

"I won't tell you. Hubby, promise me. If you promise me, I will also promise you."

"Silly girl" That was only his mother...

Lu Shaoming placed her gently on the bed and inched his large palm into her small hand. "I will promise you; I will listen to all of Wifey's words."

He kissed her passionately.

## **Chapter 275: Birthday Banquet**

Two days later, it was the Lu family's birthday banquet.

Milky white tents were erected on the endless lawn, crystal chandeliers were hung on the trees, and a variety of delicacies were spread out on the long tables.

There were rows of luxury cars parked in front of the villa, and a large number of distinguished men and women in suits and gowns arrived. Lu Dinghua was welcoming them.

"Mr. Lu, I wish Mrs. Lu a happy birthday in advance."

"Thank you, thank you."

"Mr. Lu, Mrs. Lu has never held a birthday banquet in the past. I didn't expect such a grand banquet to be held this year."

"Of course, my son Shaoming is married, and the Lu family has a daughter-in-law now, so naturally, things are different. Look at this, my daughter-in-law handled and planned this birthday banquet herself."

"Oh? It is said that Mrs. Lu is the new and upcoming director in the entertainment industry; she's called Director Ning. Director Ning has always been elegant and graceful. Her first birthday banquet is also unambiguous. President Lu is always envied by people."

"No such thing, no such thing."

"Mr. Lu, where is the birthday girl, Mrs. Lu, tonight? Why hasn't she shown up yet?"...

Tonight's birthday girl, Song Yajing, was upstairs in her room. She and Ning Qing were having some trouble.

"Mom, this is the evening gown I asked Fan Chengsi to make for you. Mom, as long as you put it on, I guarantee that you will amaze everyone," Ning Qing said with a smile.

Song Yajing looked at the lake blue gown, the style was not too open, but she had her reservations.

"Ning Qing, look at this, the gown has a split ending, how can I wear this with my status?"

"Mom, the split is not too high, just to the knee. Fan Chengsi has tailored it for you according to your temperament. It suits you well. The clothes you usually wear are graceful and luxurious. Adopting a new style on your birthday today will surely amaze everyone."

"No!" Song Yajing refused, and there was no room for discussion.

Ning Qing knitted her eyebrows and her tone became strong. "Mom, Dad gave me full responsibility for the birthday banquet, including your gown. It doesn't matter if Mom can't accept it now. I'm going. Have the servant notify me when Mom can accept it."

“Ning Qing, you!” Ning Qing intended to keep her confined if she wouldn’t wear the dress. How dare she.

Ning Qing turned around and left.

“Hey, Ning Qing, come back.” Song Yajing couldn’t help it. Now was not the time to be disgruntled. She was the birthday girl tonight. It was a matter of face for the Lu family. She would embarrass them all if she made the guests wait for a long time. Ning Qing could be childish, but she had to think about the overall situation.

Ning Qing, with a witty wink, directed the servant. “You guys go and help Madam change into the gown.”

Song Yajing: “...”

Song Yajing was about to go out after she had changed her clothes. Ning Qing sat her down in front of the dressing table. “Mom, since you’ve already changed your clothes today, we should also change your hairstyle and make-up. Give me 10 minutes. I’ll help you do it myself.”

Song Yajing rolled her eyes at Ning Qing and chastised her. “Ning Qing, the birthday banquet is just a show. What are you taking it so seriously for?”

Ning Qing helped Song Yajing with her hair. “Mom, how can a birthday banquet be a show? If it’s a show, then why are we holding the birthday banquet? To entertain others? You are the birthday star tonight. You have to be happy.”

Song Yajing disagreed. “Ning Qing, you are too young to understand...”

Seeing that she was going to reprimand her with those rigid dogmas, Ning Qing quickly begged for mercy. “Mom, alright, alright, you chant sutras in my ear every day; my ears are almost falling off.”

“You!”

“Mom, relax, forget that you are Mrs. Lu tonight. Uncle, Shaoming, Yingjie and, most importantly, Dad are downstairs. Unload all the burdens and become a beautiful sister, mother, auntie, and wife. Since Mom is so young, you should enjoy your youth.”

Song Yajing rolled her eyes at Ning Qing again, but she quietly lifted her lips. “Ning Qing, I realize that you are very flattering.”

All women like to listen to praise and flattery, and Song Yajing was no exception, but the burden of being Mrs. Lu all these years had caused her to lose herself.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain on her scalp. Ning Qing had deliberately pulled a strand of Song Yajing’s hair, Song Yajing was angry. “Ning Qing, did you do that on purpose?”

In the mirror, she could see Ning Qing smile and spread out her hands while shrugging her shoulders innocently. “Sorry, Mom, I didn’t mean to. I just wanted to correct you. I’m not flattering but sweet-mouthed, ok?”

Song Yajing: “...”

...

The guests in the banquet hall were waiting impatiently. They chatted while looking upstairs. Neither of the two ladies of the Lu family had appeared yet.

Lu Dinghua couldn't get away as he was welcoming and entertaining the guests. Lu Shaoming looked at his watch and whispered to the servant, "Go upstairs and see why Madam and Young Madam are not coming down yet."

"Yes, sir." The servant went up to the stairs.

At this time, a figure clad in lake-blue floated out in a hurry. She had probably been pushed out by the people behind her.

Lu Shaoming took a look and his expression changed. For the first time in years, he saw his mother dressed like this.

The lake-blue skirt was very elegant, with shallow V-neck and shoulder straps. Song Yajing had a white silk scarf draped over it. Her hair was tied up in a neat hairstyle as usual. The ends of her hair were curled into big curls and were scattered freely. As a 55-year-old woman, she had been dolled up and looked 10 years younger. This outfit and hairstyle added a little graceful sexiness to the 45-year-old intellectual woman.

Song Yajing would like to look back and glare at Ning Qing, who had pushed her, but she realized that everyone's eyes were fixed on her, so she smiled calmly.

Lu Dinghua was entertaining a guest, but the guest he was entertaining suddenly froze. Looking upstairs, he sighed. "Mrs. Lu is really beautiful today, Mr. Lu."

Lu Dinghua turned and looked upstairs, not paying much attention to it. When he married Song Yajing back then, he had already known that this woman was qualified to be Mrs. Lu, but as a woman, she was somewhat lacking, as she was somewhat insipid.

But seeing Song Yajing now, his pupils shrank rapidly, and he was stunned.

Finally, it was Song Jin who teased him. "My brother-in-law, why are you stunned? You're husband and wife already, aren't you? Yajing is wearing high-heeled shoes and walking down the stairs. Doesn't brother-in-law know how to give her a hand? Haha."

The distinguished guests in the hall laughed at Lu Dinghua and said, "Mr. Lu, there are still many opportunities to see her in the future. Why don't you go and help Mrs. Lu?"

Lu Dinghua smiled. He raised his feet generously and held Song Yajing's hand on the stairs. "Madam, you are so beautiful today."

The distinguished guests in the hall laughed.

Song Yajing, on the contrary, was somewhat restrained. Over the years, she had a strong, skilled demeanor. She had received all the gazes of awe but had never been teased.

Looking at her husband, whom she had been married to for more than 30 years, and how his eyes were shining brightly, she remembered that Lu Dinghua had looked at her like this the first time they had met when she was young.

Over time, that look slowly faded away.

When they went down the stairs, Lu Shaoming raised his feet and went upstairs. Someone joked and said, "Mr. Lu, Lu Shaoming is more considerate than you. Director Ning is probably coming downstairs so Lu Shaoming went to fetch her."

Everyone's gazes swiveled upstairs again.

When Lu Shaoming went upstairs, Ning Qing appeared. She wore ballet flats, but the servants carefully supported her. Today, there were many people, so they were afraid that she would fall and injure the child.

Ning Qing raised her eyes and looked at Lu Shaoming. The man looked at her with a certain shock after seeing her. Then, his expression quickly turned black.

Ning Qing felt wronged. She did not know how she had offended him.

Lu Shaoming waved the servants away, held her small right hand in his right hand, and took her step by step down the stairs with his arms around her waist.

Everyone gasped when they saw Ning Qing. Everyone knew that the first socialite in T City had a delicate little face, but remaining unchanged after five months of pregnancy, except for her bulging belly... She was the first person to achieve this feat.

The girl's fair and gentle little face was without a trace of makeup, but her features looked as if they had been carved out. Her beautiful hair hung down, and fishtail braids started at both sides of her head and went around to the back of her head. She looked pure and beautiful.

She wore a gown with light gold hand embellished crystals on top. The shoulder straps from her dainty shoulders to her slender arms were especially pleasing to the eye. Inside, was a close-fitting suspender strap and a fluffy vertical red skirt, revealing her petite, snow-white calves, making it impossible to look away.

At this time, someone could not help but exclaim, "I didn't expect Director Ning to be so beautiful at five months pregnant. Director Ning is going to make a bunch of expectant mothers cry like this."

"Yes, Mr. Lu, Young Master Lu, Mrs. Lu, and Young Madam Lu are amazing today. The Lu family is indeed a noble family, and the family is thriving."

Lu Dinghua quickly laughed and said, "You flatter us. Thank you for coming to my wife's birthday banquet today. Everybody enjoy yourselves."

Today was Song Yajing's birthday. With her parents-in-law here, Ning Qing naturally did not need to entertain the guests. She just needed to be a clever and obedient daughter-in-law.

One should know how to act in different contexts, and one should know to take on different roles according to the occasion.

Ning Qing lifted her lips to express her goodwill to the guests. They dispersed slowly. Ning Qing looked at Song Jin and Song Yingjie, who were in the distance, and said, "Hubby, Uncle, and Yingjie are there. Let's go and say hello."

Lu Shaoming held Ning Qing's little hand and refused to let her go. The man's facial features were cold and hard, and his thin, red lips were parted. He looked at her skirt with disgust. "Ning Qing, what are you wearing? You don't look like a pregnant woman at all."

Other pregnant women would wear white or grey cotton and comfortable clothes. Only she wore clothes as beautiful and bright as a normal person's. Usually, he tolerated her, but there were so many people here today, and she still didn't know how to restrain herself.

Ning Qing looked down at her clothes. There was no problem. "Hubby, what's wrong with you? I'm dressed so well. I'm not revealing anything."

Lu Shaoming did not speak.

Ning Qing looked towards the kitchen. "Hubby, I don't have time to discuss this with you. Don't forget our agreement."

Ning Qing broke free from his grip and trotted to the kitchen, lifting her gown.

Lu Shaoming: "... He has been deserted!

...

Song Yajing came beside Song Jin. Song Jin, with red wine in one hand, ended the conversation with his friends and looked at Song Yajing. He laughed and said, "Sister, you are beautiful today."

Song Yajing looked down and smiled. "Brother, I'm 55 years old this year. Why would I care about looking beautiful? Even you're teasing me!"

Song Jin looked to Lu Dinghua not far away. "Is Dinghua teasing you too?"

Song Yajing followed his gaze and saw Lu Dinghua entertaining the guests, but his gaze seemed to fall on her casually. His eyes were bright and burning. Her skirt was slitted on the right side. She had not worn high-heeled shoes for a long time and felt a little uncomfortable. But Lu Dinghua's gaze traveled from her high-heeled shoes to her slitted gown several times.

## **Chapter 276: It Turns Out That Mother Wants Dad To Feed Her Cake**

No matter how strong of a woman Song Yajing was, as Lu Dinghua looked at her like this, she began to blush.

She withdrew her gaze and looked towards her older brother.

Song Jin had a sip of red wine and emotionally said, "Little Sister, I know the education of the Song family has enabled you to have a stable position as Madam Lu. But at the same time, you also lost the happiness of being a woman. Isn't it better this way? You can start to slowly enjoy life. Let go of the reins, and hand this family over to Ning Qing. She is a great successor; you can tell just by the banquet itself."

This time, Song Yajing did not rebut him, but she had a faint smile on her face.

At this moment, the grandfather clock in the hall rang. Dong, dong... It struck a total of 8 times. Song Yajing was born at the exact timing of 8 o'clock as the bells rang.

Pa! The lights in the hall all went off, and the door of the kitchen opened up. The flickering lights of candlelight successfully captured the attention of everyone present on the scene immediately.

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Everyone turned over to look, and they only saw Ning Qing using her two small hands to hold a beautiful cake as she walked out. The cake was decorated with lit candles.

Song Yajing saw the girl walk slowly towards her, and in the shadow cast by the candles, she could see the reflection of the girl smiling brightly like a flower.

She froze, and at this moment, the sound of a low and charming voice singing rang in the air of the hall. "Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear Mother..."

Song Yajing looked towards the direction of the sound. Her son Lu Shaoming was standing among the sea of people, and was clapping as he sang a birthday song for her.

The man's voice was like a cello playing melodiously in the night. It was low and deep, he spoke with authentic English pronunciation, and he could make anyone drown in his voice.

Song Yingjie also started to clap, and he followed behind to sing, "Happy birthday to you..."

At the start, it was one person singing, but many others followed to sing along, then it became a combined chorus of everyone singing. Song Yajing stood in a daze and forgot to react. She felt warmth emanating from her waist; Lu Dinghua held onto her waist and stood beside her.

Ning Qing placed the cake on the table. There was still an apron tied around her. The girl's voice was soft and sweet as she said, "Mum, I wish you a happy birthday."

Song Yajing did not know what to say. This was probably the second time she's ever had a birthday party. The first time was in the Song family home. She and her sister, Song Yashu, had been at home. Her older brother was only 12 years old. In his hands was a cake, and the three siblings gather around a table and happily sang happy birthday.

That time was too long ago, and her memory of it was blurry.



Over the years, she had attended numerous banquets, grand and majestic occasions. The numerous fine wines and delicious spreads, and the constant sea of faces that were masked and acted with hidden agendas... She had slowly become numb.

At this moment, her heart was as soft as sand, like something had come inside, and the occasion made her eyes fill with tears.

“Mother, you are the birthday girl today. Come and make a wish and then blow out the candles quickly.” Ning Qing stood beside Song Yajing and cheekily winked at her.

Making a wish?

Song Yajing looked towards Ning Qing hesitantly.

“That’s right, make a wish.” Ning Qing tugged on Song Yajing’s hands and taught her to place them together. “Mum, close your eyes.”

Song Yajing closed her eyes hurriedly and her movements were a little stiff. It was obvious that in her life, she had never truly experienced such things.

Her mind was in a mess, and she did not know what to think about, then... She hoped that everything would go well for both the Lu and Song families.

Song Yajing opened her eyes, and Ning Qing laughed and said, “Okay, then we will blow out the candles now. Dad, Uncle, Shaoming, Yingjie, let us all blow together with mum.”

“Sure.”

Lu Dinghua held onto Song Yajing’s waist, and they bent down and blew out the candles together with the crowd.

The lights in the hall turned back on at this instant, and the bubbles and balloons above their heads were punctured, showering the partygoers with colorful streamers.

Bang! Lu Shaoming opened the bottle of champagne. He poured the liquid from the 18 storey red wine tower to reach the bottom. Lu Dinghua took a glass and passed it to Song Yajing. “Dear, I wish you a happy birthday. Come, let us cheer.”

“Madam Lu, we wish you a happy birthday. Cheers!” The crowd congratulated her.

Song Yajing channelled her gaze from Lu Dinghua’s face to Song Jin, then from Lu Shaoming to Song Yingjie. She then made a brief glance of those present on the scene. She smiled, and it was a smile from the depths of her heart.

She felt so warm.

At last, she looked at the girl beside her. The girl passed the knife towards her and said, “Father, Mother, you guys cut the cake together. This cake was baked personally by me. This is my first time making a cake; if it does not taste good, please excuse me, Father and Mother.”

Lu Dinghua held onto Song Yajing’s hand and cut the cake down from the middle. He laughed and said, “Ning Qing, we don’t have to taste this cake to know that it is definitely good.”

“That’s right. Director Ning, this cake is full of your filial piety and love; it will definitely taste good.”

Lu Dinghua cut the first piece, and a servant that came to cut the cake into smaller pieces. Lu Dinghua used a small fork to take a piece to send it to the side of Song Yajing’s lips. “Yajing, have a bite.”

Song Yajing blushed. Everyone present was looking. Both of their ages added up to over a hundred, and they were still feeding one another under everyone’s eyes.

She stretched out to receive the cake, and Lu Dinghua withdrew his hand, not allowing her to do so.

Ning Qing was laughing behind them, and she said, “Mum, it is your birthday today. You are the most important today. Dad fed you a piece of cake and you are already reluctant; that means that you have to feed Dad another piece of cake tomorrow.”

“That’s right, Madam Lu. You have been married with President Lu for more than 30 years; we didn’t think that you two would still be so loving.” The crowd gushed on.

Song Yajing wanted to turn around to glare at Ning Qing. She was behaving so rudely, and she dared to tease her?

But in the next moment, she felt herself tumbling, and it turned out Ning Qing who was behind her gave a push, and she unexpectedly crashed into Lu Dinghua’s embrace. Lu Dinghua conveniently grabbed onto her.

“Mum.” Ning Qing directed used her two small hands to cover her own eyes. “Oh, it turns out that Mother actually wanted Dad to hug her while feeding her cake. I am embarrassed to watch.”

Song Yajing: “...” She wanted to retreat.

But she heard Lu Dinghua’s low laughter from above her head. The man locked onto her waist, laughed, and said, “Yajing, have a bite.” He brought the cake to the sides of her lips.

With this move, everyone laughed.

There were so many people around. Song Yajing’s entire face was crimson red. She had no choice. She lifted her gaze and she could only see Lu Dinghua’s face in her line of sight, and he was smiling gently while looking at her.

They had been married for so many years, and her heart suddenly started to beat faster.

She opened her mouth and had a bite from Lu Dinghua’s hand.

“Mum, what do you think of the taste?” Ning Qing’s face was full of anticipation as she looked at Song Yajing; this had really been her first time baking a cake.

Lu Dinghua let go of her, Song Yajing took a step backwards and she gave it a taste. Her expressions froze, but she smiled very quickly. She complimented Ning Qing and said, “Umm, it’s good.”

“Really?” Ning Qing was immediately delighted.

Everyone got a piece of cake and had a taste. Everyone’s expression was the same as Song Yajing’s. After they froze for a while, they shared intense laughter among themselves. “Haha!”

“Director Ning made this cake personally; it is definitely different from the rest. This taste cannot be found elsewhere. We are all honoured here today to have a taste thanks to Madam Lu.”

Ning Qing smiled even brighter.

Suddenly, music rang out through the hall. The birthday party always had music playing, but this music was different. It started with the sound of a trumpet, then it was slowly joined by the piano, drums.... The banquet hall was filled with a romantic vibe from the melody of France’s Romantic Era Chanson music.

The crowd looked towards the stage. The curtains were lifted up, and there was a French band performing on stage.

At this moment, someone exclaimed, “Oh my god, it was actually Stven Band! This band performs French classical music and has created a new wave throughout China in the previous century. They won many girl’s hearts. Stven Band represents the memories of a generation. They are already over 60! They have been in retirement for decades and have existed only in people’s memories. Who invited them here? This couldn’t have been accomplished with money alone!”

Everyone channelled their gaze at Ning Qing.

The main singer of Stven was already singing. That familiar melody rang out, and the beautiful memories from that generation came back like a flood, Song Yajing looked at the stage in shock.

“Dad.” Ning Qing gave an indication towards Lu Dinghua. The girl’s bright and beautiful eyes were sparkling like the stars in the sky, “What is Dad doing standing there now?”

Lu Dinghua understood, he withdrew his gaze, bent down his waist in a gentlemanly manner, and extended his hand towards Song Yajing. “Dear, can I invite you to have a dance with me?”

Song Yajing glanced at Ning Qing. Ning Qing was smiling brightly with curved eyebrows. “Mum, forget about your burden and enjoy your time!”

Song Yajing slowly curled up her lips into a smile and gave a nod towards Ning Qing. Then, she gave her hand to Lu Dinghua.

The two of them shared a dance.

...

Lu Dinghua was holding onto Song Yajing’s waist, and the two of them were dancing. Lu Dinghua looked towards the Stven band on stage and asked in a gentle voice, “You like Stven? When Stven was popular, you were only 18 at that time; I didn’t expect you to be chasing after stars.”

“That’s right, at that time I was only 18 years old! I was at the age of rebellion. On the surface I acted like a prim and proper daughter of a wealthy family like my parents demanded me to. But I skipped classes, and I would go with my younger sister Yashu to climb over the walls to secretly watch Stvn’s concerts. I did not dare buy tickets, as I was afraid that my parents would find out. So my sister and I hid outside to watch. That was a chilling day in winter. Our feet and hands were all frozen, but we were all so happy.”

Sometimes music could make a person more drunk than a bottle of red wine. All of Song Yajing's memories retreated to that beautiful time of her youth. She removed the mask on her face and she let out the smile that she had from when she was a youthful girl.

Lu Dinghua looked at her face seriously and smiled while he kept silent.

Song Yajing let go of his hand and said, "Dinghua, I have actually never liked such social dances. You probably do not know about this, but before I married you, I learned how to dance. At that time, my younger sister and I listened to Stven's songs and danced to this type of music."

Song Yajing moved her limbs around and danced 4 small steps.

"Mum, you are such a great dancer!" Ning Qing clapped her small hands in applause from a distance away. Lu Shaoming cupped onto her small shoulders and also channelled his gaze towards his own mother.

Song Yajing felt her face go red. She tucked the curled hair by her cheeks behind her ears. Lu Dinghua saw her behaving like this and hugged her in his embrace once again. The movements of the duo were the product of their affluent upbringing, and they were proper and standard. But two of them did not dance the proper steps from then on, and they were casually hugging one another.

"What else do you have to tell me?"

"There is still another secret. When I went on that blind date with you, I actually didn't like you."

"Why?"

"Because at that time, I had a crush on a boy in school. He sang Stven's songs really well. But my father and my older brother said that Lu Dinghua was my only choice."

### **Chapter 277: Ning Qing, Thank You**

"So you married me?" Lu Dinghua asked softly.

"Yes," Song Yajing nodded, "I married you."

They danced quietly for a while. Lu Dinghua reached out and touched Song Yajing's hair. "Yajing, this is the second time I've seen the four little steps you took just now."

Song Yajing was immersed in Stven's music, but she suddenly stiffened when she heard him.

"The first time, I watched you dance outside the dance studio. After that, I ran home and said to my mother, "Mom, that girl named Song Yajing, she is my Mrs. Lu."

Song Yajing looked up incredulously. "You..."

Lu Dinghua smiled. "At that time, I only wanted to marry you, so I pushed away all those noble ladies and chose the Song family. Unfortunately, after I married you, you stopped dancing."

Song Yajing: "..."

"Over the years, I've had a couple of women that are close to me outside. I know you're not jealous, and you haven't paid attention to them. If you had paid attention, you would realize that they look very similar to you in one way or another."

Song Yajing heard that and quickly reached out to hit him.

Lu Dinghua embraced her in his arms. "Don't get me wrong, as long as a man of the Lu family marries his wife, he will only have that woman in his life. Yajing, we've been married for 35 years; give me a little feminine tenderness."

...

Looking at her in-laws in the distance, Ning Qing was really embarrassed. Lu Shaoming had wrapped her shoulders in his arms. She buried her small face in the man's chest and whispered, "Hubby, I didn't know that Mom and Dad's relationship was this good. I feel so shy looking at them."

Lu Shaoming turned around with her. "It's my first time seeing them so close too, Wifey. It's all thanks to you."

Ning Qing raised her head quickly. Because of their difference in height, she could only look up at his sexy Adam's apple and firm jaw. She was not at all modest, and she smiled. "That's right, Hubby. Your wife is the best. People's hearts are all made out of flesh. Mom and I don't have any conflicts of interest, and we're also family. As long as I treat her with sincerity and filial piety, Mom will accept me when she sees how good I am."

"I understand Mom. Sometimes environment decides a person's life. Mom has been Mrs. Lu for too many years. She had forgotten that she has another name, Song Yajing, and she can be herself. As long as I find Mom's softness, and then strip off her disguise bit by bit, Mom will be happy, and my future life will be comfortable."

Lu Shaoming caressed her hair adoringly and asked, "How did you know that Mom likes Stven?"

"Yingjie told me."

Lu Shaoming froze midstep. He quickly took back his big palm on her shoulder, and his thin, red lips flattened into an unhappy, straight line. He was about to walk away.

"Hey, Shaoming!" Ning Qing quickly grabbed his arm. Her fair, slim, little index finger quietly climbed up to his nose tip and rubbed it as she said, "I lied, Uncle told me. Hubby, I finally know, you're jealous of Yingjie! You're actually jealous of that little kid. You must be embarrassed!"

She was holding onto him. The girl was laughing at him. She rubbed her soft body on his arm like a charming woman. His heart softened a little as his face turned a little red.

He ignored her and walked on.

Ning Qing followed him like a little tail. When they came to the cake counter, Ning Qing smiled proudly. "Hubby, see how popular your wife's cake is? Everyone ate it all without wasting it."

Lu Shaoming frowned. "Why didn't I get to taste it?"

The first time his wife had baked a cake was not for him. He was not the first to taste it. Now he didn't even get to eat it.

Ning Qing looked at his expression and snickered, "Hubby, don't you hate desserts?"

Lu Shaoming: "... I'll ignore her.

Ning Qing took his big hand and brought him into the kitchen. There was a small piece of cake on the glazed kitchen table. Ning Qing picked it up and handed it to the man. "When I cut the cake just now, I told the servant to leave a slice for you. How could my husband not have a slice? Try it, Hubby?"

Lu Shaoming took the cake and gave her a "that's better" look.

Lu Shaoming frowned when he forked a piece of cake into his mouth with a small fork.

Ning Qing looked at his face nervously and asked softly, "Hubby, isn't it delicious?"

Lu Shaoming picked up a piece and handed it to her lips. "You try it."

"Ok." Ning Qing opened her mouth.

But she could not eat it because Lu Shaoming took back his hand and placed the cake in his mouth.

Ning Qing laughed quickly and landed a small tender fist on his shoulder. "Hubby, give me a bite. I haven't tasted my craft yet!"

Lu Shaoming did not fulfill her wish, and he soon finished the small piece of cake.

Ning Qing stamped her feet in anger. Her delicate cheeks puffed up angrily, then she turned her head fiercely with a "humph." She did not look at him.

Lu Shaoming, with a low laugh, approached her and embraced her from behind. "Angry? Because Wifey's skills are too good, Hubby had to eat a little more."

"But you can't not let me have some," Ning Qing said angrily.

"Wifey, I left you some." Lu Shaoming held out his left hand, and his index finger was covered with some bread from the cake.

Ning Qing's soft body twisted in the man's iron arms when she saw the bread crumbs. She protested, "What is that? I want to try some of the cream."

"The cream is gone. Have some bread." Lu Shaoming gave her a big kiss on her little face.

Ning Qing didn't have a second choice. It was better to have a little than none at all. She opened her mouth and ate the bread on the man's fingers.

The bread went into her mouth, soft and tasty. Ning Qing was satisfied, but she quickly furrowed her eyebrows, as the man did not withdraw index finger from her mouth.

“Lu Shaoming!” Ning Qing’s little face turned red, and she broke away from his grasp. She hid in the corner with a guarded gaze. “You!” What are you doing?”

Lu Shaoming cleared his throat. “Ning Qing, you haven’t forgotten the promise tonight, right?”

Ning Qing’s eyes avoided him. Her anxious and shy appearance was like a young girl, “No...”

He needn’t keep reminding her. She would be nervous.

Lu Shaoming approached her with his long legs. “Good, that was just to help you get used to it.”

Ning Qing wanted to drill a hole in the ground and vanish. The man’s clean and oppressive scent was approaching. Her two small hands firmly gripped the corners of her gown. She was extremely nervous.

She was afraid that he would bully her without caring about the occasion.

At this time, she heard, “Young Madam.” The servant had come over. She did not barge into the kitchen unwelcomed but stood by the door. “Young Madam, the housekeeper asked you to come over and discuss something about the banquet.”

It was as if Ning Qing had been granted amnesty. She pushed the man’s chest with her fair little hand and jogged out immediately.

Lu Shaoming was really worried about the way she jogged so casually. She was already five months pregnant, but her body was still so agile. She liked jogging frequently, and he was afraid that she would eventually fall and injure herself.

Lu Shaoming stood by the kitchen door, looked at the servant, and in a low voice, asked, “Are you sure the sugar wasn’t mixed up in the kitchen today?”

The little servant glanced at his young master secretly. The man was wearing a black shirt and trousers, and he had a low-key luxury watch on his wrist. His sculpted, handsome face was hidden in the darkness, and he appeared more noble and calm. The charm of a mature man was extraordinary on him.

The servant’s face turned red. She walked into the kitchen quickly and took out the sugar box. After tasting it, her expression changed. “Young Master, somebody had probably made a mistake. The sugar was mixed up with salt.”

“Makes sense.” Lu Shaoming hummed and went out.

The little servant suddenly thought, “Oh, no, Young Madam’s cake is made with this sugar. Are the cakes all salty?”

...

The birthday banquet came to a successful conclusion, and the VIPs gradually dispersed. The family of four stood by the door as they sent the band Steven off.

Ning Qing stood beside Lu Shaoming. At this time, she still felt pretty inferior. Her husband and even her parents-in-law could speak French fluently, but she could not understand it.

She felt awkward.

Song Yajing was talking to the lead singer of the band Stven. "You guys quit the music industry about 20 years ago. I didn't expect you guys to be reunited at my birthday banquet today. Thank you for the wonderful memories you have brought me. I had a great time tonight!"

The lead singer looked at Ning Qing and had a smile as he said, "You should thank this beautiful girl. We hadn't intended to come, but the girl went to our doorsteps several times and said she wanted to give her mother the best birthday present. She prepared a special plane for us and even threatened to bring us here even if she had to tie us up and kidnap us. With the right amount of willpower, you can achieve anything. We were touched by her sincerity. We couldn't help it. We're here."

Ning Qing roughly knew that they were discussing her. She put her hands together and bowed. She winked and said embarrassingly in English. "I'm very sorry for this bold interruption. Thank you for your wonderful singing. Thank you."

Lu Dinghua and Lu Shaoming exchanged a few more words with them, then the band Stven left in their personal car.

In the villa, servants were cleaning and tidying up. The four people stood by the door and talked. Song Yajing's eyes lacked her usual sternness, and she became extremely gentle. She looked at Ning Qing and said, "Ning Qing, thank you."

She asked her to unload her burden, be a beautiful woman, and enjoy the time that belonged to her. She was really happy tonight.

It was like going back many years ago. She had the chance to throw off her armor and relax.

Ning Qing flashed a sweet smile. "Mom, you're welcome. Today is your birthday. As long as Mom is happy, everything's good."

Song Yajing was moved in her heart, but she was not a person who could be sentimental, so she asked about serious matters. "Shaoming, Ning Qing, where are you sleeping tonight? Do you want to...sleep at home?"

Speaking of where to sleep, Ning Qing was a bit guilty.

She didn't know if Lu Dinghua had done it unconsciously or intentionally, but she saw Lu Dinghua's hand on Song Yajing's shoulder slide down to her waist.

Ning Qing immediately felt uneasy. Did she accidentally see a hint from her father-in-law to her mother-in-law?

Raising her sparkling gaze to look at the man beside her, she waited for him to open his mouth.

This was when he should speak.



“Dad, Mom, it’s already too late today. Everyone is tired. We’ll go back to the Tea Pavillion Villa. You should go to bed early too.”

Lu Dinghua immediately opened his mouth and said, “Okay, drive carefully then.”

Lu Shaoming took Ning Qing’s little hand and led her to the Bentley. The car started. Ning Qing looked through the rearview mirror. Song Yajing was standing by the door and watching them leave. Lu Dinghua directly grabbed her waist and belt and went upstairs.

Song Yajing was a little awkward and pushed Lu Dinghua a little before going up the stairs. Lu Dinghua’s lips fell on her face once they were upstairs.

Ning Qing quickly withdrew her gaze. Her breathing quickened and her mind was thinking — No, she should not see it. Should not see it... She would have a sty in her eye.

Accidentally, her autumn eyes collided with the bright, black eyes of the man.

### **Chapter 278: He Would Use An Appreciative Gaze To Look At Me**

Their gazes collided. Ning Qing’s small head exploded with a bang!

She quickly waved her hands and said, “I did not see a single thing.”

Lu Shaoming turned around, and he was focused right in front of him. The large hand holding the steering was making a smooth turn, and the Bentley cruised onto the main roads. He curled his lips into a smile and had an easygoing laugh as he asked, “Wifey, what are you so guilty for? Did I say that you saw anything?”

Ning Qing: “...”

She was a little flustered. Her own husband could see right through her, and it was absolutely embarrassing.

And they were returning to the Tea Pavilion Villa...

Phew.

She turned her small head to face the window. Her small face was as red as an apple. Her eyes were shining bright, and she blinked. It was like the stars in the sky.

After a few seconds, she realized the man was also looking sideways at her. There was the deep gaze of the man in the reflection of the car window, and he was looking at her with a pampering smile on his face.

Her small head was caressed. "You don't have to be shy; think about yourself."

Ning Qing: "... " What was wrong with this night? The two men of the Lu family had to pick tonight?

....

Outside the Lu family villa, there was a luxurious sedan. Zhou Zhilei was seated in the driver's seat.

Her eyes were staring intently at the Bentley that had disappeared from view. She took another look at the bright and luxurious view of the Lu family villa.

The birthday banquet was already over. She sat in the car for a whole of 3 hours. She heard the sounds of Stven coming from inside, and she also heard the merriment and joy of the event.

But she could not even get through the main doors.

They did not invite her to the birthday banquet!

Zhou Zhilei was panting heavily. Why? She had been only a step away from being Mrs, Lu, but because of that damned Ning Qing who had come out of nowhere, one step has turned into a million miles.

She could not resign herself to this fate.

She took out her phone to make a call. "Hello, Big Brother. I like Shaoming. I really do like him. Big Brother, I am begging you to help me; I am your younger sister by blood..."

...

In the Tea Pavilion Villa

Lu Shaoming held onto Ning Qing's small hand as they walked into the living room. Auntie Yang came out to welcome them and said, "Sir, Madam, you two are back. I have boiled some soup. Madam, please have a bowl of it."

"Sure." Tonight, she had only eaten desserts and had forgone her habitual portion of nutritious soup. Although she was stubborn sometimes, in order for Little Young Master Lu to grow strong, Ning Qing would drink soup every day."

She walked into the dining room and grabbed the soup bowl. She had a small sip.

"Ning Qing." The man stood on the stairs above to look at her. "Don't have as much tonight."

Ning Qing froze, and she heard Auntie Yang laugh and say, "Sir, why would you ask Madam to have less? Normally, Sir would want Madam to be able to drink two bowls."

Lu Shaoming had one hand in his pocket, and his dark eyes glanced casually at that young mother who did not even dare lift up her eyes. "It is because I am afraid that she would be uncomfortable a little later."

The man went upstairs.

Ning Qing: "... "

...

Ning Qing fumbled around for a while before she went upstairs. She entered the bedroom. Lu Shaoming was standing beside the counter pouring red wine into the wine glass. He saw her entering, and he placed one hand in his pocket while the other hand was holding the wine glass. He turned around elegantly, slowly walked to the sofa, and sat down.

“Ning Qing, come here.” The man’s voice was low and deep.

Ning Qing took small steps over. Her red tulle skirt fell beside his feet.

He took out the large hand from his pocket and patted his own thighs. He asked her, “I want you to sit in my embrace. Is it uncomfortable in this position?”

Ning Qing’s small face was red. Her two small hands were clasped in front of her chest, and she lifted her gaze to look at him and went back to the bedroom. He moved his hands to undo some buttons on his shirt. Because she was standing up, she could have a clear view of his mesmerizing, sculpted chest.

His black trousers did not have a crease in them. Under his thin trousers were his firm muscular thighs; he was extremely masculine.

Ning Qing was tortured by this masculine attractiveness, and it made her lightheaded. He held onto her small hand, and she lifted her skirt as she climbed into his embrace to comfortably sit on his lap.

Lu Shaoming held her tight. His handsome back leaned against the sofa. The girl relaxed, and eased the tension in her body. She was soft, and she nested comfortably in the man’s embrace.

“How much soup did you drink?” he asked.

Ning Qing’s moist eyes gave him a stern glare. He still had the guts to ask?

He had gone upstairs, but Auntie Yang nagged at her for a long time. She did not have the face to refuse her. She could not take it anymore, so she hurriedly took two gulps and came upstairs.

“... A little.”

“Umm.” Lu Shaoming kissed her forehead and said, “Didn’t you want to drink red wine? Since mum is not here, I will let you have two sips. The alcohol content is not high.”

Ning Qing’s eyes brightened up and she said, “Yes yes!” She nodded with certainty in his embrace.

The man pitied her very much, and he used his hand to feed her two small sips.

The red wine entered her mouth. Ning Qing’s delicate cheeks revealed a pair of small, satisfied dimples.

“Is it good?”

“It’s good...” Ning Qing softly replied. When he wanted to feed her again, she stretched out her small hand to block him. Her small head was buried in his neck, and she nudged him intimately. “I don’t want any more. I am fine drinking a little. If I have any more, Little Young Master Lu will kick me.”

“Heh.” The man smiled, and he drank the remaining red wine in the glass in one gulp. The sounds of the man swallowing the liquid and the bob of his adam’s apple reverberated through Ning Qing’s tiny ears.

After that, the crystal barrette on the back of her head was removed by the man. Her hair fell down. The man's defined large palm inched into her hair. He turned his face sideways and he kissed her soft lips.

All of Ning Qing's senses were filled with the scent of the man's body. His crisp and clean scent was mixed together with the flavour of red wine.

It could make a woman mesmerized.

Ning Qing opened her eyes to look at his. The man's eyelashes were like two brushes. The man's double eyelid line was very deep after he turned 30. When he was kissing her with a frown on his face, it rippled as a sign of the man's maturity.

Ning Qing opened her mouth. Her two small hands were placed on his shoulders, and she sat up straight. She hugged his head, pressed him into the sofa, and took the initiative to kiss him without experience.

They separated a long while later. Lu Shaoming opened his eyes and saw the small woman biting on her red and swollen lips. She looked like she wanted to look at him but was afraid to, instead choosing to steal secret glances at him.

She was lively and bright.

Lu Shaoming gave her a tight hug. He was holding onto the small girl whom he loved. "Baby, why are you so sweet?"

Ning Qing returned his hug, and she naturally deflected the question. "Hubby, why were you angry during the birthday banquet?"

Lu Shaoming lifted her skirt up and said, "I don't like this."

"Why? It is very pretty."

"It is because it is too pretty! Didn't you see all the men present on scene all staring at you?"

Ning Qing broke into laughter. She cupped his handsome face and gently bit him on the corner of his lips. "Hubby, why do you like to be jealous all the time? People will naturally give something beautiful a second glance. Your wife is just so beautiful; what can you do about it? Others are only taking a look, and they don't mean anything else."

Lu Shaoming lifted his strong eyebrows and said, "Is that right?"

Then what would she say about the matter regarding the cake?

His mother was touched by her. He pitied her, and he did not let her know that the cake was salty.

But just like what she had said, the guests present all ate the cake, and they did not even waste a bit of it. If it did not taste good, they could totally have a bite to show their effort, but this elites and socialites did not ever care that much about cake. However, the cake that Ning Qing had made was probably different.

They had heard that his wife was the number one socialite in T city, and that she was also the new generation's goddess. He never paid attention to these things, and now when he thought of it, he was rather jealous.

It seemed that everyone liked her.

Even if it was not love, she was able to create a good impression that was hard to resist.

Ning Qing saw his jealous expression and was delighted inside her heart. "Hubby, okay, don't be jealous. I will take note in the future. I don't plan to have a sexy image in the future. When I turn up occasionally for galas, I am normally elegant in my taste. You are not allowed to be harsh towards me. Women all love to be beautiful. If you control me like this, how would I bear it in the future?"

Lu Shaoming heard her words and felt something was not right. He did not want to control her. He, Lu Shaoming, did not stoop down to the level of those men who need to control their women.

"In the past, did he get jealous?"

Another him.

"Yeah..." Ning Qing thought for a while and said, "In my impression, he was rarely jealous. When I wore clothes, as long as the outfit was not revealing, he would not be angry. Furthermore, when I wore pretty clothes, he would give me an appreciative look."

"Really?" Lu Shaoming did not believe her.

"Really." Ning Qing contemplated and said, "... I think there was once when I was filming, Xu Junxi entered my room, and we were swept into a scandal. At that time, he had rushed over from T City."

Lu Shaoming curled his lips into a smile and said, "This is also called not being jealous?" That man had never said that he was jealous, but he buried it inside his heart. He was the type who looked gentle on the outside but was scheming on the inside.

Ning Qing held onto the man's waist and used her small mouth to nudge his handsome face. "Hubby, I will take note in the future. You should also be more gracious. You need to pamper me well. This was your promise to me when you proposed to me."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming nodded his head and lowered his gaze to search for her red lips, then gently kissed her.

After kissing her for a while, he let go of her and kissed her hair. "Wifey, before I met you, I had considered waiting for a few years to find a suitable woman to marry. An arranged marriage between wealthy families to boost relations was an acceptable prospect. Didn't everyone live like this? How many people can truly meet their true love?"

"From the day I was born, I did not ever experience family love. It was the same with the Lu family. We never had merry laughter in the family; we were cold and stern. But after you married me, things changed. Today, at the birthday banquet, my mother was very happy. She was not young with the body she maintained, but rather it was her heart that had become a decade younger. My dad used that kind of expression in his eyes to look at my mother.. You know, from the perspective of a child, there is nothing better than looking at your parents in love and seeing the loving expressions they exchange.

There is nothing better that can make a person experience warmth, because that is a sort of...safe feeling.”

“Ning Qing, thank you. My life is so different thanks to your presence.”

Ning Qing smiled sweetly and said, “Hubby, you don’t have to thank me. You treat me similarly; you treat my parents very well.”

“That is different. You are a woman. You gave yourself to me, and so it is vital that I treat your parents well.”

Ning Qing pushed his chest with her two little hands. She blushed while she gave him a punch. “You say that as if you didn’t give yourself to me.”

Lu Shaoming’s eyes darkened. He quickly picked the girl up and brought her to the soft bed.

“Lu Shaoming, turn off the lights!”

“Wifey, are you sure you want to off the lights? After I turn off the lights, everything is dark. Are you sure you won’t kiss the wrong person?”

Ning Qing: “...”

### **Chapter 279: Won’t I Be A Third Wheel Then?**

Time flew. Two months passed. Ning Qing was already seven months pregnant.

In these two months, Song Yingjie first flew back to the United States, followed by Ning Qing’s successful cooperation with Song Jin.

The stock market coincided with the second bull market. And with Ning Qing’s unique vision when investing in the entertainment industry, her net worth had increased eight times in just two months. She had become a real billionaire director in the entertainment industry.

The relationship between Ning Qing and Song Yajing was also rapidly improving. Song Yajing gradually let go of the Lu family’s business and traveled around with Lu Dinghua, enjoying the second spring of her life.

Ning Qing was at the Lu family Villa that day. She was sitting on the living room sofa chatting with Song Yajing. Xiao Zhou handed her an invitation.

“Ning Qing, Elbow, the founder of S&W, the luxury clothing brand in England, invites you to attend their fashion show. Ning Qing, do you want to go?” Xiao Zhou asked.

“S&W?” Ning Qing repeated the name and looked at Song Yajing. “Mom, I remember that I’ve seen you wear S&W.”

Song Yajing nodded. She looked at the invitation and said, "Yes, I do wear the brand S&W. The noble design of this brand is very distinctive. Unfortunately, S&W is always in short supply. Only a few VIPs can enjoy the tailor-made wares."

Ning Qing raised her lips and said, "Mom, it's easy if you want your clothes tailored. I'll give a call to Ello later."

"Do you know Ello?" Song Yajing was surprised.

Xiao Zhou smiled and answered, "Mrs. Lu, the entertainment industry is connected with the fashion industry. Especially the big clothing brands abroad, they like to find famous stars and artists in China. Several of the movies that Ning Qing has invested in have cooperated with S&W, and the cooperation was very pleasant. So Ning Qing was invited to participate in this season's Ello's fashion show."

Song Yajing looked at Ning Qing. In her subconscious, stars in the entertainment industry, especially female stars, were the people who dealt with the hidden rules and were not open about whatever they do. To her, they were at bottom of the society.

She had no idea that the entertainment industry would also deal with the upper class.

This subverted her long-held prejudice against Ning Qing.

Ning Qing naturally knew what Song Yajing was thinking at the moment. She laughed and said, "Mom, the industry is not noble nor cheap. It all depends on the people. Just like how in the eyes of ordinary people, your circle is a messy word."

Song Yajing nodded, expressing her approval. "Makes sense."

Ning Qing laughed.

Xiao Zhou looked at how well the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law got along and was happy for Ning Qing, who had conquered her mother-in-law in just a few months.

"Ning Qing, shall we go to the fashion show this time?"

"Yes, I'll go. Whoever receives the gift sells their liberty. Mom, don't you like S&W? Come with me. I'll introduce you to Ello. He can take care of your clothes for all four seasons in the future."

Women all loved to be beautiful. Ning Qing's sweet words directly hit Song Yajing's heart. Song Yajing burst into laughter. "Alright then, Ning Qing, I'll go with you. You're pregnant. I can take care of you on the way, too. When will we leave, I'll have the housekeeper prepare a personal plane."

Xiao Zhou said, "Mrs. Lu, this time, S&W has dispatched a personal plane for us, accompanied by attendants all the way. The flight is in the afternoon."

Song Yajing was stunned. S&W's personal plane?

it was clear that S&W had attached great importance to Ning Qing.

Song Yajing looked more and more satisfied. "Okay, let's go this afternoon..." Speaking of that, Song Yajing hesitated and asked, "Ning Qing, it's almost noon. Is Shaoming coming home for lunch?"

Once someone's thinking changes, many aspects would change as well. Song Yajing had thought a lot over these past two months. After all, Lu corporation and the Lu family would have to rely on Shaoming and Ning Qing in the future. At her age, she should let go and seek family peace and harmony.

Lu Dinghua said that in their 35 years of marriage, she had never had an ounce of the gentleness of a woman. So how could she ever have had an ounce of a mother's compassion and kindness for her son towards Lu Shaoming?

She had been in the wrong this whole time.

She wanted to ease the relationship with Lu Shaoming, but after all these years, she had been passive in her emotions. Lu Shaoming was 31 years old. He was probably not willing to let her take the initiative to step out of that place. There was a barrier between mother and son, and neither of them could get close to each other.

Ning Qing was laughing in her heart. Her mother-in-law mentioned Lu Shaoming more and more in the past two months. But when Lu Shaoming really arrived, she, as the mother, didn't know what to say then.

Sighs... This awkward mother and son.

"Mom, Shaoming says he won't be coming back for lunch. There's a meeting at the office."

"Oh." Song Yajing looked down in disappointment.

"Mom, you can call Shaoming and ask him. If Mom personally asks Shaoming to come home for lunch, Shaoming will come back."

Song Yajing waved her hand. "Forget it. His work is important."

Ning Qing furrowed her eyebrows. The mother and son's relationship was stiff. It seemed that she had to do some things herself.

She had to find a good plan.

Let's wait until they got back from England.

"Xiao Zhou, you can go back to the studio. It's been a hard time for you."

"Ning Qing, it's no trouble. I'll go, then. Mrs. Lu. Goodbye." Xiao Zhou left after bidding farewell.

"Mom, let's go upstairs. We're going to England in the afternoon. I'll help you pick out some outfits."

...

After they had changed their clothes, they went downstairs. Song Yajing wore a white shirt with deep blue sequins and a leopard print scarf around her neck. She looked at her exposed legs below her knees and asked, "Ning Qing, would this be too revealing?"



“Mom, it’s not. Nowadays, who still wraps herself up? How wasteful it is for Mom to have such a good figure and not wear such clothes.”

“I’m out of shape.”

“Mom’s figure is well maintained. After I give birth to Little Master Lu, I’ll take you dancing with me. I am quite the expert when it comes to dancing.”

Song Yajing was elated when she heard that. She remembered that fairy flower shower performance for Cabbage Plume. At that time, she was in awe. Her heart was tempted. “Alright then, we’ll have a friendly competition then. If the baby is a daughter, all three generations of us can dance together.”

The two people were talking and laughing when the door of the villa opened and Lu Dinghua came in from outside.

Lu Dinghua saw how Song Yajing was dressed and, with a tender smile on his face, took a couple more glances.

Ning Qing looked at her mother-in-law. Song Yajing seemed to be red-faced. Her mother-in-law was also a unique kind of woman. Before that, she had been strict, grim and dogmatic. She had only realized the sweetness of love now. The identity of Mrs. Lu had made her temperament graceful and noble all these years. Now that she had added a little shyness to her nobility and gracefulness, she was very lovely.

“Dad, you’re back. Mom was just saying that this dress is not pretty. Dad, come and comment on it,” Ning Qing shouted.

Lu Dinghua looked at Song Yajing. “It’s pretty! Madam looks good in everything she wears.”

Now Song Yajing was embarrassed.

Ning Qing sometimes thought that Lu Dinghua was indeed a gentleman. To be honest, Lu Shaoming was not a gentleman. The real gentleman is a man like Lu Dinghua who radiates tender and romantic feelings from his bones.

In the past two months, Lu Dinghua’s eyes had been lingering on Song Yajing. His gaze would not go overboard, but when his gaze was gently entangled on one person, he could make others blush.

Song Yajing gave Ning Qing a look, then went down the stairs. “Dinghua, Ning Qing and I are flying to England this afternoon to attend a fashion show.”

“Then I’ll go with you guys,” Lu Dinghua said.

Ning Qing quickly covered her mouth and snickered. “Dad, Mom, won’t I be a third wheel then?”

Song Yajing blushed and Lu Dinghua raised his eyebrows. “I just remembered that I have an important meeting this afternoon and cannot go with you guys. Ning Qing, you won’t be a third wheel, but don’t forget that you are a pregnant woman. I’ll give you more bodyguards; take care of your safety.”

As he said that, Lu Dinghua wrapped his arms around Song Yajing’s shoulder, he softly said, “Call me when you’re in England. I’ll entrust Ning Qing and Little Master Lu to you.”

Song Yajing nodded. "Don't worry."

The three of them had lunch together. Ning Qing took out her cell phone to call Lu Shaoming, but the call didn't go through. He was probably in a meeting.

"Dad, I can't get through to Shaoming's phone. It's time to board the plane. Mom and I have to leave. Let Shaoming know for me."

"Alright, you can go. I'll let him know," Lu Dinghua promised.

...

When they flew to England in the afternoon, Ellow, the founder of S&W, gave them a warm welcome. In the afternoon, they took part in the fashion show, and in the evening, Ellow personally entertained them.

"Miss Ning, it's a great pleasure to have you here. I thought I wouldn't be able to invite you. After all, you have completely stopped working since becoming pregnant."

Ning Qing held onto Song Yajing's arm affectionately. "Ellow, I brought my mother with me. My mother has always liked your brand's designs. I hope Ellow could design some clothes for my mother personally."

Ellow looked at Song Yajing and bowed respectfully. "Hello, Mrs. Lu. It's a blessing that you have such a filial and competent daughter-in-law."

Song Yajing looked at Ning Qing and answered, "That's right."

What did her mother-in-law say?

That's right?

Ning Qing instantly had a bright smile on her face.

"Miss Ning, Mrs. Lu, this way, please. I'll take your measurements. I'll make the latest fashion for Mrs. Lu over the next four seasons. I'm sure Mrs. Lu would be satisfied with them."

The three of them went into the VIP room together. Ellow and his assistant took Song Yajing's measurements.

Ning Qing felt that the air was stuffy here. She opened her mouth and said to Song Yajing, "Mom, I don't think the air is fresh here. I want to go out and take a breather."

"Go ahead, don't go too far. Bring two bodyguards with you. Be safe," Song Yajing advised.

"Alright." Ning Qing went out.

...

Outside the gate, Ning Qing took a breath of the fresh England night air. She stood on the street and looked at the corners of England. At this moment, she suddenly missed Lu Shaoming very much.

England was where he had undergone the operation; it's where he had lost his memory.

She reached for her cell phone habitually, but she suddenly remembered that the dress she wore today was without pockets. Her cell phone was in the bag; she had not brought it with her.

She took back her hands resentfully. Ning Qing straightened up her slender back and casually looked at the prosperous night scene.

Suddenly cries of “Waaa” sounded in her ear. Looking over, a cute and dainty little girl ran into the middle of the street and in a tender voice, cried, “Mom, I want Mom.”

In front of the little girl, there was a car speeding towards her.

### **Chapter 280: Kidnap**

Ning Qing’s eyes painfully contracted. The car was going at an extremely fast pace, and in the blink of an eye, it was very very close to the little girl.

It almost crashed into her.

It was a matter of a single moment.

The sound of the little girl’s soft crying came into her ear and was continuously ringing as she cried out, “Mama, where are you Mama? I want Mama”

When Ning Qing regained her senses, she realized that she was running and she was calling out loudly in English. “Hi, baby!”

The two bodyguards had a slight distance from Ning Qing. Ning Qing did not like them coming too close, so when the bodyguards realized something was wrong, their expressions had a major change as they shouted. “Madam!”

Ning Qing ran onto the main street and took the small girl into her embrace in one move. There was a strong, glaring light coming into her eyes, and it was so bright that she could not open her eyes.

She held the small girl in her embrace and said, “Baby, close your eyes. Be good. Don’t be scared..”

There was a second when Ning Qing thought the car would crash into her. She could not hide, but there was no other choice. It was human nature; she could not bear to see a small life disappear in front of her eyes.

A sharp screeching sound pierced her ears, and the car stopped.

Ning Qing opened her eyes to look. A man was standing in front of her. The man opened his arms wide and bravely thrust himself in front of the car.

The car braked to a sudden stop.

The owner of the car opened the windows, and in English, cursed, "Who are you guys? Don't want to live anymore?"

Ning Qing saw that man walk to the window and share a few words with the car's owner. The face of the driver calmed down, and he drove the car away.

Ning Qing withdrew her gaze, and in a moment, she crumpled onto the floor. She was heavily gasping for air. She had never known fear, but now, she was truly afraid.

She used her small hands to caress her stomach. She almost...

The little girl stopped crying and looked at Ning Qing with her big, moist eyes. "Older Sister, what is wrong with you? How come you fell to the floor?"

Ning Qing touched the girl's soft hair and said, "Older Sister is fine, and it is just that my legs went soft. You can't ever run into the middle of the road again, okay? There are only cars on the road, and there is no Mama there."

"Oh." The girl nodded her head like she understood what was being said.

Suddenly, Ning Qing heard, "Are you fine?" A pair of handmade white leather shoes stopped before her.

Ning Qing lifted her eyes and before her was a handsome noble. He wore a white striped wool sweater paired together with a brown casual pants, and he gave off the impression of a warm, clean man.

Ning Qing let out a smile and said, "I am fine. Thank you for everything you just did."

The man walked to her side and stretched out his hand to support her elbow. He donned a smile and said, "You are willing to give up two lives in exchange to save a small girl. Then why wouldn't I give myself up in exchange for 3 lives?"

Ning Qing laughed; this man was humorous.

At this moment, the bodyguard ran over and said, "Madam!" Someone came over to help Ning Qing up.

"Don't move! She sprained her ankle."

After the man spoke, Ning Qing suddenly realized that her right ankle was sprained. She groaned in pain and her face was pale.

"You can't jump when you are 7 months pregnant. Now you need to go to the long bench by the road and sit down. Let them carry you over." The man released his grip.

One bodyguard came forward and scooped Ning Qing up.

The man held onto the little girl's hand to walk to the side of the long bench, then picked the small girl up to help her sit beside Ning Qing. He bent down and held Ning Qing's right foot in his palm. "You'll have to bear a little pain for a moment. I will help you massage it for a while."

Ning Qing did not feel much pain. The man's movement was very gentle and experienced. Ning Qing looked at his long, fair fingers that could rival a woman's. She asked, "Are you a doctor?"

Only doctors could possess this pair of hands.

“That’s right.”

After massaging her for a moment, the man let go of Ning Qing’s right leg and the leg hit the floor. Ning Qing moved it around for a bit, and it indeed did not hurt anymore.

At this moment, the little girl’s mother came looking for her. The little girl immediately ran into her mother’s embrace. The mother thanked both the man and Ning Qing, then left.

Ning Qing stood up and gave a sincere smile. “I am really thankful towards you tonight. If you were not here, the consequences would have been horrific. Oh right, I still do not know your name?”

“Ning Qing!” At this moment, Song Yajing ran out from the building.

“Mum.”

Song Yajing looked at the man and was surprised as she said, “Dayuan, what are you doing here? I have not seen you for such a long time. It’s such a coincidence tonight.”

“Aunt, how are you?”

“Mum, you two know one another?”

“That’s right. Ning Qing, this is Zhou Zhilei’s older brother, Zhou Dayuan. Dayuan, this is Shao Ming’s wife, Ning Qing.” Song Yajing introduced them.

Ning Qing heard the name “Zhou Zhilei” and lifted her eyebrows and then opened her mouth to say, “It turns out that this is Mr. Zhou. How are you?”

Zhou Dayuan looked at Ning Qing’s small, exquisite face. His black eyes behind his gold rimmed glasses looked amused as he said, “Miss Ning, why did you have a frown on your face after you heard that I was Zhilei’s older brother?”

He actually noticed?

She heard that doctors were all very meticulous.

Ning Qing did not have a change in her facial expression and said graciously, “I was too surprised. Mr. Zhou and Miss Zhou look so different. What’s more, Miss Zhou’s older brother is actually a doctor. I am shocked at this fact.”

“Yeah, Shaoming has such a young wife. I am also equally taken aback.”

Ning Qing curved her eyebrows in a relaxed expression. The feeling that this man gave off was very comfortable, and he had made the driver immediately calm down. His personality was probably very gentle.

Song Yajing saw that the two were chatting happily and said, “Dayuan, we are here to participate in the fashion show. Since we have met, shall we have dinner together tonight?”

“Aunt, there is no need. I still have a surgery to complete tonight. I just came to buy something and coincidentally met with Miss Ning. I need to return to the hospital. I will bid farewell now.” Zhou Dayuan turned around to leave.

Ning Qing looked at Zhou Dayuan disappear, and at this moment, Song Yajing pulled Ning Qing to take a look from head to toe. “Ning Qing, are you fine? I didn’t see you just now, and I was very shocked.”

Ning Qing gave an indication to the two bodyguards to indicate that they are not allowed to tell her.

The bodyguards were also scared of Song Yajing chiding them, and their jobs might be at risk, so they obediently looked towards the ground.

Ning Qing went forward to hold onto Song Yajing’s elbow and said, “Mum, I am fine. I just came out to take a walk, then I met Zhou Dayuan. Mum, I am hungry. Let’s go for dinner.”

“Okay.” The duo walked towards the back.

“Mum, isn’t Zhou Dayuan Old Man Zhou’s grandson? How come he did not inherit what the winery and went on to become a doctor instead?”

“Da Yuan has liked medicine from a young age. He has no interest in red wine. He has a penchant for practicing medicine, so Old Man Zhou allowed him to do so. From his youth, his relationship with his own parents and Zhou Zhilei has been distant. He was all alone in England when he completed his PhD in Medicine, and now that he is 31 years old, he is the youngest medical professor out there. Da Yuan and Shaoming have always had good relations, and they have a lot in common.”

Ning Qing listened intently, especially when she heard that he had good relations with Shaoming. The good feelings that she had for Zhou Dayuan got deeper in her heart. Birds of a feather flock together. Any friend of Shaoming’s is guaranteed to be of good character.

Like this medical professor who wore a white lab coat. Even if he removed the white coat, his entire body exuded the benevolence he used to save and rescue others. The man bore the most magnificent type of universal love.

When Zhou Dayuan blocked the car to protect both her and the little girl, his benevolent character became apparent.

She did not think that a woman like Kong Lan could actually give birth to a son like Zhou Dayuan. Zhou Dayuan and Zhou Zhilei really did not seem like siblings. They were two different people from different walks of life.

...

The next day, Ning Qing and Song Yajing flew back to T City.

After getting off the plane, they entered the lounge of the airport, and Ning Qing switched her phone on. Ding Ding! Numerous messages popped up on Ning Qing’s phone. They were all from Lu Shaoming. Ning Qing had a sweet smile on her face, and she prepared to open a message.

But at this moment, her phone began to ring. It was Lu Shaoming.

This man was definitely furious.

“Mum, it is a call from Shaoming. I also want to go use the washroom. Why don’t you wait for me in the car?”

Song Yajing nodded her head and said, “Okay.”

Ning Qing walked to the corridor and went in the direction of the washroom. She pressed the button to pick up his call. “Hello, Hubby...”

“Ning Qing, you are getting bolder and bolder. You went all the way to England and did not even discuss it with me? You are 7 months pregnant now! How come you are still running all over the place?” The man’s anxious tone was very clear.

“Hubby, don’t get angry. I wanted to discuss it with you, but I couldn’t get through to you...”

“If you couldn’t get through, couldn’t you wait a moment? Yesterday afternoon, I had specially left work early to pick you up. In the end, Dad told me that you had asked him to inform me that you had gone to England.”

Ning Qing: “...” This dad was not a good communicator.

“Okay, Hubby. Don’t scold me over the phone. I am back now. Wait until I get home. I will write a reflection letter. Is it okay if I admit to my mistakes?” Ning Qing begged him for forgiveness.

The man on the other end went silent for a few seconds and his tone was still unhappy. “Ning Qing, forget it this time. There will not be a next time. In the future, you can discuss it with me. Wherever you want to go, I will accompany you there.”

He meant that he could accompany her to England.

A smile quickly bloomed on her face. She gave a loud kiss towards the phone. “My good husband... Hubby pampers me the most.”

“Umm, stop being flippant. Where are you now? I am on the way to the airport. Give me some time. I will go to get you.”

Ning Qing’s heart felt like it had been dipped in a jar of honey. Actually, there was a car already outside the airport, but she had returned home, and her husband wanted to come personally to grab her.

This feeling felt beautiful and special.

“Okay, Hubby, I will wait for you.” The two were reluctant to end the call.

Ning Qing put her phone away. She opened the door of the washroom and stepped into it. Suddenly she was in excruciating pain. Someone had hit her hard in the back. Her eyes blacked out, and her mind entered into darkness.

Song Yajing, who was outside the airport waiting for a long while, did not see Ning Qing. She felt something was amiss and hastily walked towards the washroom.

When she walked to the corridor, there were two bodyguards standing outside of the restroom. She asked, "Where is Madam?"

The bodyguards pointed to the door of the restroom and replied politely, "Lady, Madam went into the washroom and has yet to come out."

Song Yajing was slightly relieved. She pushed the door of the washroom open and walked in.

"Ning Qing, Ning Qing." Song Yajing called out to her but there was no response.

She stepped on something. She looked down and saw that it was Ning Qing's phone.

Song Yajing felt her heart tighten, and at the moment, she had a bad premonition. She wanted to call out to the bodyguards.

But suddenly, someone came from behind her. That person stretched out his hand and covered her mouth with a warm towel. Song Yajing struggled for a moment, but there was an intoxicating agent on the towel, and she had two breaths of it and closed her eyes at last.