

Chapter 281:

Are You Alright?

“Ning Qing, Ning Qing...”

Ning Qing heard someone calling her in the darkness and slowly opened her eyes.

Where was this?

Ning Qing looked around. It looked like a shabby little house.

She wanted to move but found herself unable because she was tied to a chair.

Ning Qing’s entire body was cold. She only had one thought. She had been kidnapped!

“Ning Qing.” Someone was calling her. Ning Qing looked sideways and realized that it was Song Yajing.

“Mom, why are you here too? Are you all right?”

Song Yajing was also tied to a chair. Her hair was messy, she was somewhat confused, and she no longer looked like a noble lady at all.

“I’m alright, Ning Qing. Are you all right? Does your stomach hurt?” Song Yajing looked nervously at Ning Qing’s protruding belly.

Ning Qing’s face was a little pale. She shook her head. “No it doesn’t, Mom. Don’t worry. Our little Master Lu is the strongest. We will survive.”

“Yes.” Song Yajing nodded.

At this time, laughter rang out, and a group of men in black walked over. At the front was the boss with a scar on his face. He applauded and laughed, “The scene of encouragement between you guys is really touching. I have never seen anyone who could be so calm after being kidnapped.”

Song Yajing was accustomed to all sorts of situations and did not panic under such circumstances. She looked at the boss and sneered, “Who are you? Who sent you to kidnap us? What’s your purpose? Money?”

“Of course we want money, do you think we’d just kidnap you for fun?”

The boss laughed with his men.

“Unfortunately, I’m afraid you’ll won’t have the life to spend the money after you’ve got it. You are so bold, daring to kidnap us. Do you know who we are? You dare to harm the Lu family members? I guarantee that you won’t be able to fly even with wings.”

“Hmph, won’t be able to fly with even with wings?” The boss pulled out a sharp knife and brought it to Song Yajing’s face. “You’re still so arrogant even though you’re in our hands. Do you believe that I could just disfigure your face now? The Lu family? There are so many Lu families in the world. How can I know which one you are talking about? Why don’t you say that you are the Empress Dowager Cixi, and we will kneel for you too? You think we are frightened?”

As he said that, the knife in the boss’s hand sliced towards Song Yajing’s face.

“Stop it!” Ning Qing quickly called out to stop him. She looked at the boss and laughed as she said, “If you want to get money in exchange for us, you’d better put your knife away.”

Now everyone’s eyes were trained on Ning Qing.

“Ning Qing!” Song Yajing shook her head secretly toward Ning Qing. She knew that Ning Qing had called out to divert everyone’s attention for fear that the boss would hurt her.

But Ning Qing had put herself in danger.

Ning Qing looked at Song Yajing with a soothing smile. “Mom, stop talking and agitating them. These people are desperate for money. It’s useless.”

“Tsk tsk...” They looked at Ning Qing’s small face carefully and laughed one after another. “Boss, I thought this was just a pregnant woman. I didn’t expect such a beautiful pregnant woman. We haven’t seen such a beautiful woman before.”

“That’s true.” One of the men could not help but touch Ning Qing’s small face. “Boss, look at how fair and smooth this woman’s skin is. Touching her must be very soul-stirring. This baby’s father really knows how to enjoy life. If it were us, we’d also be willing to die under the peony flowers, haha.”

These people uttered dirty words one after another. The boss walked up to Ning Qing, pinched her jaw, and forced her to look up. “She’s indeed a special thing. I’ve played with a lot of women in my life, but I haven’t played with such a beautiful... pregnant woman yet...”

When Song Yajing saw Ning Qing surrounded by these men, she was shocked. She shouted, “Stop touching my daughter-in-law. My son will not let you go when he arrives.”

The boss’s expression became fierce. He raised his hand and walked over immediately to slap Song Yajing.

“Stop it! Don’t touch my mom. Don’t you just want to play with me? We can always discuss it,” Ning Qing said calmly.

The boss laughed, withdrew his hand, and said, “Look, your daughter-in-law is so sensible. A wise person submits to their circumstances.”

The boss returned to Ning Qing’s side.

“Ning Qing!” Song Yajing cried out sadly as she looked at Ning Qing.

“Little Beauty, what do you think? Do you want to play with some of our buddies? I promise, as long as you make us feel good, we’ll show you mercy.”

“Hah.” Ning Qing smiled softly. “But what can you do? I’m a pregnant woman. If you touch me, I’ll bleed. Your employer doesn’t want to see blood right?”

The boss went stiff.

One of the men touched his chin and said, “Boss, this woman looks familiar.”

Ning Qing looked at the subordinate and gave him a praising look. “Good eyesight. Didn’t your employer tell you that my name is Ning Qing?”

The subordinate gasped. “My God, it’s Ning Qing, the New Goddess in the entertainment industry. No wonder she felt so familiar. Boss, this woman is the most famous actress with the highest net worth in the entertainment industry now. She is also said to be married to a world-class noble family, the Lu family...”

His words came to an abrupt end.

The crowd turned pale.

Ning Qing’s face was pale. She had ropes tied around her bulging stomach. She was not in pain, but it caused some breathing difficulties. She endured her discomfort and laughed. “Now that you know who my mother and I are. If you are smart enough, you shouldn’t waste time. Once you’ve received the money, let us go. To elaborate — if either my mom or I encounter an accident, you wouldn’t be able to escape even if you have wings. That’s no empty threat.”

His men were frightened by Ning Qing’s fierce momentum. “Boss, who on earth have we kidnapped? The Lu family are not to be provoked. What should we do about it?”

The boss kicked his subordinate heavily and blurted, “Watch them carefully. I’ll go make a call.”

...

Ning Qing breathed a sigh of relief as the crisis was finally lifted, and she watched those people disperse.

She realized that her forehead was covered in sweat. She had been terrified just now. She was not alone. She needed to protect Little Master Lu and her mother-in-law.

“Ning Qing, Ning Qing, are you all right?” Song Yajing immediately asked as she saw Ning Qing droop down weakly.

Ning Qing raised her little head and comforted her. “Mom, I’m all right. Don’t be afraid. Wait a little longer; Shaoming will come.”

With the situation now, she was still comforting her and asking her not to be afraid.

Song Yajing was speechless. Now, thinking about all the harsh things she had done to her before, she felt ashamed.

Ning Qing looked up into the distance. The boss was on the phone, and he seemed agitated. It seems that the employer had concealed their identities.

As far as the status of the Lu family was concerned, they were by no means someone these bandits and gangsters dared to provoke.

Only then did the boss realize the severity of the situation.

Ning Qing started thinking. Who would have wanted to kidnap her, and what was their motivation?

Why kidnap Song Yajing too?

She was deep in thought when the boss ended the phone call and rushed over. Ning Qing saw the boss's face and knew that things were bad. The boss knew that he had no way to go and could only fight to the end.

"Someone come here, and take them over to the cliff," the boss ordered.

"Boss..."

"Stop dawdling. Young Master Lu is already on his way here. We have no choice. Do you think Young Master Lu will let us go? Stop dreaming. Now let's make a bet. If we win the bet, we can go abroad with the money. We'll be happy for the rest of our lives."

"Yes, sir," the men answered.

They loosened the rope and lifted Ning Qing and Song Yajing from their chairs. Ning Qing shouted, "You still have a choice. As long as you let us go now, I will tell my husband and he will let you live."

The boss pushed Ning Qing out of the cabin and ranted, "You can only cheat children with such lies. Even if Young Master Lu lets us live, we will be sent to prison. We don't want to go to prison."

Ning Qing was pushed to the edge of the cliff. She slipped and kicked a small stone over. The stone fell off the cliff without an echo.

If someone fell over, it would be certain death.

Ning Qing suddenly thought about how Mu Yunfan had tied her to the cliff last year. Lu Shaoming had come to rescue her and lost his memory as a result.

Her current situation was eerily similar.

Could she survive?

Ning Qing's hands and feet were tied. Ning Qing hissed in pain and pretended to bend down as if she had a stomach ache.

After a pause, the subordinate looked at her belly and asked, "Hey, are you okay?"

Ning Qing shook her head. "I'm all right."

The man continued to tie the rope.

Having tied her rope, they went to tie Song Yajing's.

The blood drained from Song Yajing's face after she saw such a steep cliff. Ning Qing saw her legs weaken and laughed quickly as she said, "Mom, I didn't expect that we might die together. You used to hate me so much. If I am your companion in the afterlife, you can't abandon or despise me."

Song Yajing glanced sideways at Ning Qing. "What are you talking about? You silly girl, we will be alright. Believe in Shaoming."

Ning Qing immediately smiled with curved eyes. "Mom, when I used to talk like this at home, my mother would scold me as you did. Mom, I really like you. Thank you for giving me such a good Lu Shaoming."

Song Yajing's eyes were wet all of a sudden. She averted her gaze. "You only know how to flatter others."

"Mom, that's wrong."

Song Yajing nodded. "Alright, you're sweet mouthed."

The mother-in-law and daughter-in-law looked at each other and smiled.

...

They had just been tied up when a sudden braking sound squealed in the distance. Ning Qing looked back, and she saw the Bentley was stopped in the distance.

Lu Shaoming was here.

The man was wearing a white shirt and black pants. The wind was strong here. It blew the man's thin clothing into a cold and sharp arc. His black eyes were like spilled ink; a glare from him was even more dangerous than the edge of a cliff.

The boss took out a gun and pointed it at Lu Shaoming's head, then he stood beside Ning Qing. "Young Master Lu, you are here, we've waited for a long time," he said with a smile.

Lu Shaoming was carrying a suitcase in one hand. He threw the suitcase on the ground. "Here's what you want. Release my wife and my mother."

"Shaoming," Ning Qing and Song Yajing shouted.

Lu Shaoming looked up at Song Yajing and his gaze finally landed on Ning Qing. His deep, black eyes swept across her belly and his voice was soft as he asked, "Are you alright?"

Chapter 282: 282.I belong to you

I Belong To You

The unease and fear that she felt in the wooden house had all disappeared when the man said, "Are you still fine?" She nodded her head firmly and said, "Yeap!"

He had arrived, and she felt relieved.

He had always been the man she would trust and rely on completely.

The big boss gave an indication with his eyes. His sidekick opened the leather box up, and there was a heap of gold lying inside the box.

The big boss's eyes lit up, and he examined his surroundings, ensuring that he was safe. Lu Shaoming curled his lips into a smile, and he had a cold smile on his face while he said, "I came alone; let go of them. I will let you guys leave."

"Why is Young Master Lu in such a hurry? I said that once you bring in the money, you would get the person back. But I did not say both of them."

Lu Shaoming's glare became sharp, and he asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that between your mother and your wife, you can only pick one of them."

Ning Qing and Song Yajing's hearts sank, and they looked towards the big boss.

The big boss laughed out loud and continued, "Young Master Lu, I will give you some time. Come to a decision quickly. If Young Master Lu doesn't choose one, then I can only..."

The big boss touched Ning Qing's back and gave her a slight push.

Ning Qing's hands and legs were all tied up. Her body went leaning forward. Looking down, all she could see was a bottomless chasm. When she thought she was going to fall down, she was again tugged by the big boss.

The cold sweat on her forehead trickled down fervently. Her bright teeth bit down on her lower lip to stop herself from shrieking.

She could not add more pressure to Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming looked at her small, pale face. Her belly at 7 months was already huge, and she would not run all over the place like she did at 5 months anymore. Every morning when she woke up, she would use her small, soft hand to touch her own stomach. Even though she did not mention it, he knew that her body was starting to feel fatigued.

But now, she was in their captivity.

The man had a deep frown on his face. His eyes were full of sin as he looked towards the big boss. His lips curled into a blood-thirsty arc word by word, he spat, "You will definitely pay the price for what you have done."

The big boss was alarmed in his heart, but he did not have any path of retreat, and he could only choose to brave in his risky search for wealth.

“Young Master Lu, stop with the nonsense. Your mother or your wife. Make your decision quickly. I will count down from 10. 10...”

“Shaoming.” Song Yajing speedily opened her mouth and said, “Shaoming, quick, choose Ning Qing! She is your wife. There is the flesh and blood of the Lu family in her belly. Use Mum’s life in exchange for two lives. Mum thinks that it is worth it.”

“No, don’t.” Ning Qing shook her head and continued, “Shaoming, choose Mum. If you sacrifice Mother’s life in exchange for me and the child’s safety, I would not be happy for the next half of my life. Dad has still not made his way over; how would you explain this to him?”

The two of them went on with their words, and the big boss was still counting down.

“Nine...eight...seven...”

Lu Shaoming tightened the fist by his side. He closed his eyes and in a low voice said, “Enough! All of you, stop speaking!”

Song Yajing closed her mouth, and at this moment, Ning Qing looked into Lu Shaoming’s eyes. There was a warm smile on the sides of her lips. Her voice was soft and gentle as she pacified him. “Hubby, you listen to me talk. You should choose Mum... Believe me, Hubby. I beg you to believe me this once...”

As she spoke, she looked towards the big boss beside her.

Lu Shaoming saw Ning Qing’s beautiful eyes that were clear like water. She was looking so sincerely at him...

“Two...”

Lu Shaoming opened his mouth and said, “...I choose my mum.”

“Lu Shaoming, you!” Song Yajing was furious.

The big boss made an indication with his hands, and the sidekick loosened the ropes that bound Song Yajing. “Little beauty. I don’t have a choice. Your husband did not choose you. I can only send you back to where you came from.”

The big boss stretched out his hand to push Ning Qing.

But he did not get to push her, Ning Qing nimbly bent down her waist to duck from his push. The big boss and sidekick froze. They then came quickly to catch her. Ning Qing’s small hand that was tied behind her came out. The thick rope was quickly untied in front of everyone’s eyes. There was a painful cry of anguish, and everyone quickly covered their eyes. “Ah!”

No one knew when Ning Qing broke loose from the ropes binding her small hands.

Ning Qing did not have time for a second reaction. Her small, soft figure was already held in the man’s embrace. Her small head was held by a large palm. She had no choice but to squat down, and a muscular arm came behind her head. The hand steadily covered her ears and she heard Lu Shaoming say, “Mum, squat down!”

Bang! The sound of gunfire rang in the air.

The big boss and sidekick did not have a chance to resist. They had already been shot multiple times. Ning Qing thought quickly and escaped from the man's embrace quickly. "Hubby, don't let them die."

The moment she spoke, she was tugged into the man's embrace again. A powerful man was roughly kissing her hair. "Don't talk!"

What time was it already? She was still thinking of not killing them.

Did she ever think about her own safety?

Ning Qing could not escape. After 2 minutes, the sound of gunfire stopped. She was held up by the man supporting her waist. Those kidnappers were all dead.

"Mum, are you ok?" Ning Qing looked at Song Yajing who was a distance away from her, and Song Yajing was still squatting down on the ground.

"I am fine." Song Yajing stood up slowly.

But at this moment, a sidekick who still hadn't had stood up/ There was a stone in his hands, and he threw it in the direction of Song Yajing.

"Mum, watch out!" Ning Qing shrieked loudly.

There was a chill by her side, Ning Qing looked at Lu Shaoming dashing over and covering Song Yajing. When they both landed on the ground, Lu Shaoming was lying beneath her. Ning Qing could almost instantly hear the sound of his head hitting the ground.

At this moment, the sidekick was shot down by a police officer from afar, and he fell down to the ground.

Song Yajing was flustered. She stood up and embraced Lu Shaoming's head asking, "Shaoming, Shaoming! Are you hurt?"

Ning Qing heard her own heart beating rapidly. Both her legs had gone soft, and she was very afraid. Last time, he lost his memories in order to save her. She was afraid that there would be another mishap.

She slowly walked to the man's side. Lu Shaoming was lying in Song Yajing's arms. He had a frown on his face and was lying there with his eyes closed, probably because he was feeling pain somewhere.

His head probably hurt.

Song Yajing's palm felt something warm and wet. She stretched out her hand to have a look, and it was covered in blood.

"Shaoming!" Song Yajing's entire body was shaking. "Quick, quick! Call an ambulance."

Ning Qing felt her world go black, and she almost wanted to fall.

"Madam." A bodyguard came forward to support Ning Qing.

Ning Qing fluttered her long butterfly-wing-like lashes. She did not dare open her eyes, and she did not dare to look at the back of Lu Shaoming's head anymore.

Her face was wet, and tears were about to fall.

Suddenly, she felt like crying, but a large hand suddenly wrapped around her wrist. She opened her eyes. Her sparkling tears dripped as she looked into Lu Shaoming's eyes.

The man looked at her and said, "Wifey, I thought of someone."

"...Who?"

"Mu Yunfan."

...

In the hospital

Lu Shaoming was seated on the hospital bed. The doctor was bandaging his head. The girl beside him was sobbing uncontrollably. Her eyes were red and swollen like a little peach.

"Young Master Lu, a series of checks have indicated that your brain has not been injured. This surface injury requires you to avoid water. It should heal quickly."

"But, why is my brain filled with vague things from the past? Now, when I think about it more concisely, I am still unable to remember," Lu Shaoming asked.

"To find an answer, I suggest Young Master Lu contact the doctor who did the brain surgery. He understands your condition better." The doctor walked out.

The door of the ward was closed and Ning Qing quickly dived into the man's embrace. She tightly embrace the man's neck with her slim arms, and she nudged all of her tears and mucus onto the man's shirt. "Hubby, you gave me such a shock. I thought you were severely injured. I thought you were not going to remember me again."

Lu Shaoming cupped her small face and lightly kissed her tears. "Silly girl, I would not let myself get hurt. Both you and little Young Master Lu need me. I would not lose my memory again. I will never forget you, ever."

"Yes, Hubby, I believe you." Ning Qing gave him a few kisses on his handsome face.

Lu Shaoming lay back on the hospital bed, then used one arm to bring her into his embrace. He used one hand to cover her small, round stomach and said, "Ning Qing, sorry. Some things flashed through my mind just now, but they were unclear. Now that I try hard to think about them, I am unable to hold onto them..."

Ning Qing looked at his handsome face. There was a deep crease running across his forehead, divided between 3 lines. She straightened her body immediately and used her two small, white hands to massage his temples. She gently kissed the center of his forehead and said, "Hubby, does your head hurt? If your head hurts, then don't think about it anymore. It is okay if you can't remember. We are happy just like this. I am also very satisfied."

Lu Shaoming held onto her small hand and took her into his embrace. In a low voice, he said, "Ning Qing, I remembered Mu Yunfan, and there were many fleeting clips that flew past. This man likes you, and he snatched you away from me."

The man's tone was not too satisfied.

Ning Qing gurgled in laughter. She lifted her small head to kiss his strong jaw, "It is all in the past, don't care about the past. Now and in the future, I belong to you forever."

Lu Shaoming pinched her small supple face and had a low laugh while he said, "This attitude of you admitting to your wrongs is pretty good."

Ning Qing cheekily stuck out her pink tongue.

Actually, other men liking her, was it her fault?

But regarding the matter of Mu Yunfan, it really was her fault.

"Hubby, now that you can recall some things from the past, I think this a good omen. I heard Mum say that your surgery in England was done by Zhou Dayuan. If you are free, give him a call and ask him what is going on."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming lowered his gaze and kissed her forehead.

Song Yajing stood outside the door. She looked at what was going on inside through the small glass window on the door. The couple were firmly holding one another on the bed, and it was ultimately sweet.

At this moment, a large palm that locked onto her shoulder. She turned to look; Lu Dinghua had rushed over.

"Dinghua."

Lu Dinghua stretched out his hand to touch her face. His expression was caring as he said, "I heard about what happened to you guys. Are you hurt?"

"No. Shaoming and Ning Qing protected me. I didn't get hurt."

"Okay, how about Shaoming and Ning Qing?"

"They are inside the ward." Song Yajing pointed to the door.

Lu Dinghua's large hand was already on the door handle, ready to open the door. "Ay, Dinghua." Song Yajing held onto his hand and shook her head.

From Lu Dinghua's angle, he could not see what was going on inside, but the sound of the girl mewling could be heard. The two of them were kissing.

Lu Dinghua frowned. This was in the hospital. One was injured, another was a pregnant woman, and both of them were stuck onto one another in an inappropriate setting.

But he let go. These things were not something he could say as a father.

At this moment, the sound of chatting came from inside. The two probably separated from one another. "Ning Qing, do you know what you did wrong today? If you did not run all over the place, you would not be kidnapped by those bad guys. If an incident were to happen, what would you want me to do?"

Ning Qing knew that this man was finally settling the debts with her

Chapter 283: Finally Getting To Eat Mom's Dishes

Ning Qing nestled in the man's arms, looking at him with a pair of innocent eyes. "Hubby, don't be angry. If I knew in advance that I would be taken by bad people, I would not have dared to run around, but I do not have the ability to predict the future."

"You still have a valid excuse?" The man's face was grim.

Ning Qing coquettishly rubbed against him. "Aren't we all okay? Even if there's an accident, you can just marry another wife. You, as the Young Master Lu, cannot possibly lack women."

Before she could finish, a slap immediately landed on Ning Qing's little buttock.

"Hubby, it hurts..." Ning Qing kicked her feet and pouted her pink lips.

Lu Shaoming bent over and bit Ning Qing's lips. "Don't pout. It's useless to be coquettish now. Marry another woman? If that's the case, when I lost my memory back then, why didn't you just find another man? There are so many men who like you."

The last sentence was full of jealousy.

Ning Qing couldn't deal with this man. He must still be concerned about Mu Yunfan in his heart. He was too petty.

"That's not the same. You are my husband, my only one, and my everything. When I learned about your amnesia in the United States at that time, I felt that the sky was falling. But I knew that my husband still loved me deep in his heart. You would surely be hurt by losing me. My heart ached when you were hurting so much, so I had to make him fall in love with me again. No one can replace you."

Lu Shaoming listened to her sweet words, and his dark mood suddenly turned bright and sunny. Alright, he admitted that she was extraordinarily good at coxing people.

He refused to let go of her lips after biting them. "Ning Qing, I feel the same about you. Without you in my life, I would rather die alone."

This was his worst declaration of love. Ning Qing closed her eyes and let him kiss her.

Lu Dinghua, Song Yajing: "..."

When they separated, Lu Shaoming hugged her tighter. "Ning Qing, when the kidnapper asked me to choose, my mind was running quickly in that 10 seconds. The police were hidden behind me. With a single signal from me, they would blow off the kidnapper's head. But you and Mom were too close to the cliff. I did not dare to take a risk. I was trying to come up with a plan without any risks. But I didn't have one..."

"Alright, I'm your wife. I can guess what you're thinking with one look. You didn't choose in those 10 seconds, because in your heart, Mother and Wife are equally important."

Song Yajing, who was outside the door, teared up, and Lu Dinghua, whose hand was on her shoulder, wrapped her in his arms.

Lu Shaoming rubbed the girl's hair. "I will not choose. You two must live. If there is an accident, let mother live. I will carry you and Little Master Lu in my arms. Our family will live and die together and will never be separated."

Ning Qing touched his handsome face. Because of his words, she was willing to die for him.

"Hubby, in those ten seconds, I was like you. I was not thinking about how to choose. I was thinking about a way to save myself. Why do I have to choose who should die between Mom and me? I won't give up. Even if someone has to die, it should be those bad people."

Lu Shaoming looked at her bright autumn pupils and laughed softly. "So, how did you loosen the rope?"

Speaking of this, Ning Qing was proud. "At that time, a subordinate was tying me up. I pretended to have a stomachache. When the man came to check on me, I deliberately put a small piece of rope between my wrist, so that when he tied me up, it was loose. When they were focused on the money, I was struggling to break free from the rope."

"Mmm, my wife is so smart."

"Hubby is also very smart. I was so afraid that you would not listen to me or believe in me. I was so worried."

Lu Shaoming laughed. "Of course I believe in my wife. At that time, I had entrusted your life, Little Master Lu's life, my mother's life, and my own life into your hands."

Ning Qing rewarded him by kissing his eyes.

"Wifey, you actually still have another choice. Everyone would be selfish when facing death. You could have asked me to choose you between mother and you."

Ning Qing rapped him on the head with her little hand. "What do you think; am I that kind of person? If you really had to make a choice, the one in the most pain would be you. How could I let you make a choice? Although you and mother aren't too close, that is due to character and environment. Blood is thicker than water. Mother loves you, and you also love mother. Nobody can deny it. How can I sacrifice mother to let me live with Little Master Lu? What would father do if mother dies? How could you live

with yourself in the future? Our family should be happy and live happily together. No one can separate us.”

“Yes.” Lu Shaoming stared at the girl deeply. At this time, he was wondering why God had let him meet her.

It must have been due to years of loneliness that God had begun to care for him.

Ning Qing suddenly thought about something. “Hubby, who do you think wanted to kidnap mother and me? Who is the real employer? This employer is quite strange, even coming up with the unethical plan of asking you to choose between mother and me. Shaoming, I think there’s a big conspiracy behind this matter, and they are attacking you and me.”

Lu Shaoming glanced at her and pinched her nostril in a pampering manner. “Who do you suspect? Zhou Zhilei?”

“Yes.” Ning Qing nodded. “Shaoming, Mom doesn’t know about Zhou Zhilei’s character. Don’t you know yet? When she was in Finland, she took the initiative to seduce you and used Yingjie to deal with me. Once, she had even personally told me that Mom was a fool. Even if I entered the Lu family, she would still be able to ruin the relationship between Mom and I. This woman wanted to be Mrs. Lu so much that she went mad. She is capable of coming up with all kinds of evil tricks. Hey, I asked you to leave someone alive, but you didn’t, so now we can’t investigate even if we wanted to.”

Was she complaining about him?

Lu Shaoming laughed. “I’ve already sent someone to investigate Zhou Zhilei, but she’s clean and has provided no clues.”

So they could only let Zhou Zhilei get away with it?

Ning Qing was unhappy. She reached out her little hand and knocked his head. “Look at the big trouble you’ve caused me, and you’re still mentioning Mu Yunfan. Hmph! I’m going to ignore you.”

The girl turned her shoulder.

Lu Shaoming hugged her from behind and coaxed her softly and indulgently. “Alright, baby, it’s all my fault. I’ll send someone to take note of Zhou Zhilei; it won’t happen again.”

“Are you still going to go out to flaunt then?”

As God has testified, he has never flaunted.

Only once, to make her like him, he had bought a lot of clothes and cologne, but of course, he would not tell her.

“Forgive me, baby. I won’t flaunt around anymore, alright?”

“That’s better.” Ning Qing laughed and dove into the man’s arms.

“Don’t move Wifey, let me see Little Master Lu...”

...

Lu Dinghua closed the door and led Song Yajing away with his arms wrapped around her shoulders.

Song Yajing's tears plopped down. She covered her mouth with her hands so that she wouldn't be heard crying.

It was said that time would reveal a person's heart. Only after this hardship did she discover that Ning Qing was such a good girl.

She always knew that Shaoming doted on Ning Qing. After she saw them together today, it was true that Shaoming indeed dotes on Ning Qing, but that's because Ning Qing was so worthy of being doted on.

"Yajing, don't cry, alright? You're already so old but still crying like a child." Lu Dinghua stretched out his hand to wipe away Song Yajing's tears.

Song Yajing took a deep breath and then put her head on Lu Dinghua's chest. "Dinghua, was I wrong? I'm so wrong," she said emotionally.

"Before going to England, you told me you had entrusted Ning Qing to me, but when we were tied up in the cabin, it was Ning Qing who had been taking care of me and encouraging me. I used to dislike Ning Qing so much, but at the edge of the cliff, she had said that she really liked me because I gave her the best Lu Shaoming.

"I've seen Ning Qing's efforts along the way. She is smooth and intelligent, and she can grasp the key point from a small detail. She has a delicate mind. She had saved Yingjie and helped me to open my heart. She has taught me how to be a truly qualified woman. She also has such a deep understanding and relationship with Shaoming. There is no girl like her who could make Shaoming laugh so happily and wilfully in the sunshine.

"But what have I done over the years? I haven't given any of a mother's love. I incorrectly believed in Zhou Zhilei and tried to break up Shaoming and Ning Qing. I'm really a fool."

Lu Dinghua squeezed his wife's shoulder and said softly, "Yajing, it's not too late for you to wake up. Shaoming and Ning Qing have not abandoned you. In the future, you will be a good wife, a good mother, and a good grandmother."

Song Yajing nodded. "Yes, it's not too late. They are willing to give me a chance to make up for it."

...

After Lu Shaoming had received his drip infusion, they came back from the hospital in the afternoon after they had finished acting lovey-dovey. However, they did not return to the Tea Pavilion Villa, because Song Yajing had asked them to go back to the Lu family villa for dinner.

Upon entering the living room of the villa, Lu Dinghua was just coming out of the upstairs study. "Shaoming, Ning Qing, you are back! Are you in good health?"

"Dad, we're alright. Where's Mom?" Ning Qing asked.

Song Yajing came out of the kitchen just then. She did not tie up her hair neatly now. Ning Qing had accompanied her to curl her hair a few days ago. Now she just pinned it up casually. She was wearing an apron and placed the dish in her hand onto the table.

“Shaoming, Ning Qing, are you back? Go wash your hands and get ready for dinner.”

Ning Qing stared and gaped. She went into the dining hall and asked in surprise, “Mom, did you cook tonight? I’ve never tasted Mom’s craftsmanship. It looks delicious.”

Lu Dinghua came over and said with a smile, “Ning Qing, not only have you never tasted it; I have never tasted it either. I get to taste it thanks to you guys.”

“Although I haven’t cooked before, my skills are acceptable,” said Song Yajing, looking at Lu Shaoming, who was still standing in the living room. She smiled gently and waved to him. “Shaoming, what are you still standing about for? Come here and taste the dishes cooked by your mother.”

Ning Qing looked back. The man’s face didn’t fluctuate very much, but he was standing there uncomfortably. Ning Qing hurried over to take his arm, and she dragged him into the dining hall. She smiled with curved eyes and said, “Mom, Shaoming is too touched. He must be crying and weeping in his heart. Finally, he can taste the dishes that his mother has cooked herself.”

Song Yajing was amused. “You witty girl.”

Lu Shaoming quietly pinched the girl’s little hand, indicating — Who asked you to say that!

Chapter 284: I Am In Charge Of Being Wealthy; You Are In Charge Of Treating Me Properly

Ning Qing had a cheeky smile on her face. “Hehe.”

Lu Dinghua squinted as he looked at the merry family. He said, “Yajing, serve the dishes quickly. We are all hungry.”

“Sure.” Song Yajing smiled as she entered the kitchen.

...

The servants served the dishes, and Song Yajing personally served a bowl of soup. “Ning Qing, I boiled soup braised with ribs and mushrooms. It has benefits for pregnant women.”

Ning Qing immediately took a small spoon to have a taste. Her small, pink lips smacked together, and she complimented her saying, “Mum, it is really delicious.”

Song Yajing gave a look to Ning Qing, meaning — Only you are so sweet.

“Shaoming, this is the soup that Mum boiled for you.” Song Yajing placed another bowl of soup beside Lu Shaoming’s hand.

Lu Shaoming looked at the bowl of soup beside him and said, “Mum, I don’t need to drink this.”

Song Yajing's hands froze.

Ning Qing looked at the situation at hand and quickly said, "Why would you not need this? Shaoming, you bled from your head today. Mum pities you and wants to help you nourish your body. This soup is for you. Have a taste."

Ning Qing placed the spoon next to his hand.

Lu Shaoming looked at the girl smiling brightly like a flower. He grabbed the spoon and had a mouthful of soup.

Song Yajing nervously asked, "Shaoming, is it good?"

Lu Shaoming nodded his head and said, "Yes, it's good."

With his words, the atmosphere at the table became boisterous.

"Mum, you have to make more soup for Shaoming to drink. Shaoming is so old, yet it is still the first time that he has had soup that you've personally made for him. In the future, you have to make it up to Shaoming."

Song Yajing took a glance at her son. There were tears in her eyes, and she immediately nodded her head and said, "Sure!"

Lu Shaoming elegantly ate his meal. When he heard what the girl was saying, he gave her a kick under the table.

Ning Qing did not mind. She did bother with him. She mixed the soup with the rice and was eating indulgently. She had a good appetite.

At this moment, Lu Dinghua said, "Ning Qing, how do you know what Shaoming is thinking? Do you know what I am thinking right now?"

Ning Qing blinked her eyes and pretended to contemplate while she said, "Dad is thinking now, Dear, why do both of them have soup to drink, but there is none for me."

Lu Dinghua froze and then broke off into roaring laughter.

Song Yajing blushed and gave a displeased look to Ning Qing. "I can't even block your mouth with food. Oh right." Song Yajing recalled an important matter. "Ning Qing, you have been married with Shaoming for so long. When are your parents free? We should go to visit them."

"That's right." Lu Dinghua sternly stated, "At that time, I would let the secretary book a private room in the hotel. Everyone should gather for a meal. Little Young Master Lu is about to be born. Both grandmothers have yet to meet one another; this cannot go on."

Ning Qing's eyes brightened up. Her in laws are going to meet her parents?

Great! Things have finally come this far.

“Dad, Mum.” At this moment, Lu Shaoming said, “You don’t have to book a private room at a hotel. When my parents-in-law have time, I will arrange it. We will go directly to the Ning home. My mother in law’s cooking is good. We will have a meal in their home.”

Ning Qing felt sweet inside her heart, these words were not suitable for a daughter-in-law to say. Lu Shaoming could talk on this matter and have more credibility.

On this point, he never has wronged her.

“That is also fine. We will be waiting for you to inform us.” Lu Dinghua nodded his head.

...

Lu Shaoming ate his meal and when upstairs. He took out his phone to look for a number, then made a call.

“Hello, Dayuan.”

“Hello, Shaoming.” Zhou Dayuan’s warm voice came over from the other end. “What’s wrong?”

“I fell on the ground today and hit my head on the floor. Then, I had a flash of the past, but when I wanted to think about it more concisely, I could not recall anything. What is going on?”

That end went silent for 2 seconds and then he said, “Shaoming, you arrange for some time to come to England for a while. I will check on your brain.”

“Do I have a chance to recover my memory?”

“Shao Ming, do you want to recover your memory?”

Lu Shaoming pursed his thin lips, and he stood at the top of the stairs looking down on the dining room below. The girl with the clean little face was holding onto the bowl delicately, taking mouthfuls of soup bit by bit.

There was a small bunch of hair by her cheek. She brought up her hand to tuck her hair behind her ear, and she was smiling with her eyebrows curved. He did not know what she was telling his mother, and his mother who was stern and proper broke out into a laid-back smile.

There was an amber light illuminating the dining room, and the room was warm.

“Yes”. He nodded his head and said, “I want to.”

“Alright then, we will speak when you come to England. I have been working with a renowned master well known in these parts for doing hypnosis, One of his latest methods to use hypnosis to recover memories. I feel that it is very promising.”

“Sure.” Lu Shaoming ended the call.

...

They spent the night at the Lu house. Song Yajing ordered someone to renovate the room, and it was made into Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing’s bedroom.

Ning Qing went inside. The eighty-square-foot room was spacious. The light gold tones of the design had a touch of retro luxury, and she drew the curtains open and saw the lights lit outside the window.

Her soft body was held by the man standing behind her. Lu Shaoming bent down to kiss her small face, and he said, "What are you thinking about?"

Ning Qing plastered herself against his broad chest and said, "I am thinking that my husband's family is really rich. This is not a plot of land in the city centre, but from here, I can see the sparkling lights of the city. This scenery surrounding this villa is beautiful. This location must have good geomancy, and it would probably take a large sum of money to purchase."

"Yes," the man replied lazily. "This is a property under the Lu family."

Ning Qing turned her head around to kiss the man's handsome face.

Lu Shaoming broke out in laughter and said, "Why did you kiss me?"

"Because you are rich."

Lu Shaoming looked at her lips, amazed that she had taken the lead to come over. "You are kissing me because I am rich?"

"That's right, a tall handsome man who is rich. What woman would not like him?"

Lu Shaoming grabbed onto her small shoulders and turned her around. He held onto the back of her head with one large hand and said, "Then in the future, I am in charge of being wealthy;; you are in charge of treating me properly."

He came over to kiss her lips.

Ning Qing gurgled with laughter and ducked away. "Hubby, don't fool around. You are not allowed to kiss me at night. If you do, you will be on edge again."

Lu Shaoming frowned and buried his head in her pink neck. From the time she officially entered into the 7th month of her pregnancy, the two of them did not have any life.

It was his first child. He would naturally cherish him. Furthermore, this was such a small girl, and he could not bear to torture her. He was always scared that there would be an accident.

He could just keep it in.

"Ning Qing, why do we have to sleep here tonight? We can return to the Tea Pavilion Villa to sleep."

Ning Qing burst out in laughter and cupped his face in her little hands. She gave him a pinch. "Hubby, what is wrong with your tone? I didn't ask you to sleep in my parents' home; why are you feeling wronged?"

Lu Shaoming lightly pecked her red lips and said, "I am actually willing to sleep in your home."

Ning Qing blushed. He did indeed like sleeping in her home. Especially when they slept on the bed. She did not even move, yet he would have a reaction.

There was a time when she was around 6 months pregnant. He kept pestering her and Yue Wanqing was not at home, the two of them kissed from the kitchen all the way to the room and then...

Her mother came back in the middle, and called out to them from the living room. He had covered her mouth, and did not allow her to speak.

Her mother murmured while she went to the kitchen. She was shy and dared not make a sound. She was afraid that her mother would hear her. Her senses were tight and that made it absolutely thrilling. The two of them were drenched in sweat, and her small face was red as she stared at him. He bent down beside her ear and softly said, "I like it here. It's your childhood room, and it is covered in your scent."

She never treated this man unjustly. He was someone that was outwardly cold but deeply passionate on the inside.

Because this was the room she had lived in since she was a kid, when he went inside it, he felt it was absolutely thrilling.

He especially liked to touch the stuff from her youth, and at that time, a large number of girls would love to fold starfishes. She placed small pink mirror inside her drawer, there was a small doll with a princess dress...

Thinking about his erudite manner now — he was tall and handsome while he stood beside her dressing table — she still felt flushed with excitement.

Ning Qing stood on her tiptoes to put her arms around his neck. She was shy and only dared to speak to him very softly. "Hubby, let me tell you a secret. Do you know where I want to sleep at the most? America — in your room. I also want to sleep with the Lu Shaoming from his youth."

That time she had gone to America to look for him, he stood on the milk white retro balcony carved with flowers. The elegant and exquisite wall and background made him look even more handsome.

He was previously that eminent and unapproachable.

Lu Shaoming slapped her perky butt, and his voice was hoarse, "You know that I would be uncomfortable and you still discuss this topic with me?"

Ning Qing shyly went into his embrace.

Lu Shaoming caressed her small head and said, "Umm, after Little Young Master Lu is born, let us arrange a wedding ceremony. I will bring you on honeymoon in America. I will definitely fulfil your dreams."

Ning Qing firmly hugged his abdomen and smiled sweetly. "Sure." She continued to speak. "Hubby, Mum has changed a lot. The Lu family is starting to warm up. Don't be so serious; Mum is trying to approach you."

Lu Shaoming was silent, and he did not speak.

Ning Qing lifted her head from his embrace and said, "Hubby, how come you are not speaking? Don't tell me... Today, Mum cooked personally; didn't you feel any bliss?"

It would be a lie if he said that he did not feel any bliss. In his impression, his mother was always strict and demanding, and she never given him any gentle treatment. The Lu family had always been cold and icy, so he rarely returned home.

He had never imagined that would come a day when his mother would smile so gently towards him like she did today. He had never dreamed that the Lu family could enjoy a meal happily together.

However, Lu Shaoming looked towards the girl, and his expression was a little unnatural as he said, "Don't you think it feels a little...awkward?"

Awkward?

Ning Qing burst out into laughter, and she hooked onto the man's neck and nudged him excessively. "Hubby, have you been tortured for such a long time that you enjoy being tortured now? Or is it to say that you are old and you are embarrassed to accept your mother's love? Aiyo, Hubby, Mum doesn't despise me. You can appropriately act cute towards us. A child who likes crying will get milk to drink."

"Act cute?" Lu Shaoming had disgust on his face, meaning — Isn't acting cute your speciality?

"Ning Qing, you think that everyone is like you? So pretentious!

Pretentious?

Ning Qing became angry in a moment. She raised her hand to tug on the man's ear and said, "Lu Shaoming, do you dare say it another time? Didn't I do all of this for you and for this home."

Lu Shaoming retreated a few steps, not allowing her to touch him.

The girl was anxious. She directly jumped towards his body. Lu Shaoming had a smile on his lips and hugged her in a swift movement, and they turned around a few times. Both of them rolled onto the big soft bed. "Wifey, I know that it has been hard on you, this family has a lot to thank you for, and I am now very very blissful."

Lu Shaoming kissed her gently.

Chapter 285: I Have To Go To England For A Business Trip In England

Zhou Dayuan was coming out of the operating room. He was wearing a white coat. His long, fair fingers raised to lift the mask, revealing a handsome and graceful face.

"Doctor Zhou, this is Young Master Lu's report. Have a look." The nurse passed the report in her hand to him.

"Okay." Zhou Dayuan took it, not forgetting to thank her. "Thank you."

He left.

The nurse looked at Zhou Dayuan's back. He was 1.85 meters tall. His white coat didn't even reach his knees. His black pants showed through the white coat when he was walking. He had a pair of leather shoes on his feet. Not a single flaw could be found on his clean figure.

There was passionate worship in the nurse's eyes. He was successful in the medical industry, his private life was clean and simple, and he was almost perfect with his noble upbringing and manners.

Zhou Dayuan went into the office and saw that Lu Shaoming was sitting on a chair.

"How is it?" asked Lu Shaoming upon seeing that he had arrived.

Zhou Dayuan walked around his desk and sat in his office chair. He looked up from the report and was in no hurry. "Your brain is recovering very well. I have also contacted the hypnotist Bill the other day. There is a 70% success rate of hypnotic treatment in your case. Hypno-therapy will be carried out by me and Bill together."

"Alright." Lu Shaoming was in a good mood as he raised his sharp brows.

Zhou Dayuan lifted his lips and handed a document to Lu Shaoming. "We have arranged a date for you. It's the 15th of next month; be on time then."

"The 15th of next month?"

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Zhou Dayuan with a laugh. "Oh, I remember; the last time I saw your wife in England, she was seven months pregnant. The end of next month should be her due date?"

"You've met my wife?" Lu Shaoming was surprised because Ning Qing had not told him.

"Yes." Zhou Dayuan nodded. "She seems nice."

Lu Shaoming frowned. "I'm not very happy to hear this kind of praise from other men."

"Come on, you." Zhou Dayuan threw the documents into his arms. "At that time, a little girl was almost hit by a car in the middle of the road. Your wife went to save her, despite the fact that her stomach is so large now. If I hadn't arrived in time, how would you have a wife now?"

"What?" Lu Shaoming's face turned dark. This Ning Qing!

Zhou Dayuan took a glance at his face and shrugged, "I seem to have said something wrong."

"You're only realizing it now?" Lu Shaoming stood up in a bad mood. "I'll come on time on the 15th of next month. I'm out of here." He grabbed the black suit on the chair.

“Shaoming,” Zhou Dayuan called him, “Although hypnosis has a 70% chance of success, there is also a 30% unknown risk. I hope you are already prepared. Maybe you will forget the present when you remember the past.”

Lu Shaoming suddenly froze.

“Come back and call me when you’ve thought it through. Besides, you didn’t bring your wife with you for the last operation in England. You lost your memory and went crazy. This time, I suggest you bring your wife with you. Hypnotic surgery is stressful; let your loved ones accompany you.”

...

Ning Qing was nine months pregnant when Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing officially went to the Ning family house.

Ning Zhenguo and Yue Wanqing got up early in the morning to clean up and buy food. Ning Qing looked at her parents’ nervous expressions, covered her mouth and laughed. “Dad, Mom, you are welcoming the head of the country.”

Ning Zhenguo laughed and said, “Qingqing, the Lu family is a big family and would be more critical of things; we should try our best.”

At this time, Lu Shaoming came down the stairs. “Dad, although the Lu family is a big family, it’s also your family. My parents don’t eat people. Don’t be nervous.”

Yue Wanqing opened her mouth and said, “How can we not be nervous? The Lu and Ning family are only meeting today, and your status is not the same. Qingqing is climbing up the social ladder by marrying you, so we can’t make any mistakes.”

Lu Shaoming wanted to say more, but at that moment, with a ding, the villa doorbell rang.

“I’ll open the door.”

Ning Qing went to open the door of the villa. It was the afternoon. The sun was shining warmly and beautifully. The room was sprinkled with golden rays of sunshine. Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing had arrived with gifts.

Ning Zhenguo and Yue Wanqing came forward to welcome them. “Mr. Lu, Mrs. Lu...”

When the two families stepped into the living room, Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing looked around. Although the villa was not as big as the Lu family’s house, it was elegantly and serenely decorated with clean windows. They sat on the sofa with great satisfaction.

“President Ning, I’m so sorry for visiting you so late.” Lu Dinghua shook Ning Zhenguo’s hand.

Ning Zhenguo modestly said, “Our Qingqing has married into your family. She is young and ignorant, and must have bothered Mrs. Lu.”

Song Yajing smiled gracefully, “How could she have bothered us? Qingqing is the happy fruit of the Lu family. With her around, it is always joyful. Beside, Qingqing has our Lu family’s Little Master Lu in her belly, so she’s a minister of merit in the Lu family.”

Yue Wanqing's heart was finally relieved when she heard this. She was afraid that her daughter would not be recognized by her mother-in-law and her husband's family. Now it seemed that Qingqing was like a fish in water over there.

"Mrs. Lu, I would have liked to visit you earlier. Qingqing is due to give birth next month. Where is Qingqing going to stay during her confinement, and where does Little Master Lu feed? I want to discuss this with you."

Yue Wanqing had mentioned the key point, and Song Yajing was also considering these issues. "Mrs. Ning, my family only has one son, Lu Shaoming, so after Little Master Lu is born, I will take care of the child full time. Qingqing shall just stay at the Lu family during her confinement period. The Lu family shall raise Little Master Lu until he is one year old."

Yue Wanqing was reluctant to give up and very euphemistically, she said, "Mrs. Lu, I also only have one daughter, Qingqing in my family. Qingqing can stay here with me during her confinement period."

"This..." Song Yajing was in a dilemma.

At this time, Lu Shaoming, who had been silent, said, "Mom, you guys can stop arguing. Ning Qing and Little Master Lu are not going anywhere. They will go back to the Tea Pavilion Villa after they leave the hospital."

The two mothers were stunned. Lu Dinghua laughed and said, "You two fight over Ning Qing without asking Shaoming for his opinion? Now, look at this, can you fight against the child's father?"

Ning Zhenguo hastily said, "Qingqing, you guys are both our only child, so just give birth to a few more kids in the future. Once everyone has a kid, no one will fight over them again."

Everyone laughed.

...

After an hour of chatting, Yue Wanqing got up and went to the kitchen. Song Yajing followed her. The two mothers talked and laughed harmoniously.

Ning Zhenguo went to answer the phone. Lu Dinghua stood up. He looked at Yue Wanqing in the kitchen and took a few more serious glances.

"Dad." Lu Shaoming appeared. He put his hands in his pockets and drank water with a paper cup in his hand. "What are you looking at?"

Lu Dinghua glared at his son and asked, "What are you thinking?"

Lu Shaoming frowned. From entering the door, he found that his father's gaze had traveled too much to Yue Wanqing.

"She's Ning Qing's mother."

Lu Dinghua laughed lightly. "Do you need to bring this up again? I just think Ning Qing's mother looks a little familiar."

Lu Shaoming directly blocked Lu Dinghua's gaze. Zhou Dayuan had said that his wife felt nice. Now his father had said that his mother-in-law looked very familiar.

Lu Dinghua looked scornfully at his son. "Why are you acting so nervous, boy? To quote you, I think your mother is very good. No one can replace her."

Lu Dinghua turned and left.

Lu Shaoming: "... Eavesdropping on others!

...

After the two families had dinner, Lu Dinghua, and Song Yajing bid farewell and left. Ning Qing remembered the mandala flower species cultivated on the balcony upstairs and hurried up there.

Over these four months, she had followed Yue Wanqing to learn how to grow flowers and brew wine. Sometimes she felt that she had a genetic talent for brewing red wine. She learned quickly.

In the villa, a special room was emptied for her to brew wine after she had entered the door and washed her hands. She put on her white coat and went to the balcony to retrieve the mandala flowers.

The mandala flowers had bloomed beautifully. She picked a petal and concentrated on grinding the juice.

She didn't know when the man had arrived. She noticed when he fed a piece of dragonfruit to her. "Have some fruit, Wifey."

She glanced sideways and saw that Lu Shaoming held a fruit tray with several kinds of cut fruits in it. He picked it up for her with a bamboo stick.

"Oh, thank you, Hubby." Ning Qing ate it obediently.

"What kind of flower is this?" Lu Shaoming asked as he fed her.

"This is a purple mandala."

"What kind of red wine do you want to make?"

"Hmm..." Ning Qing thought for a moment, then asked the man with raised delicate eyebrows, "Hubby, do you know the floriography of mandala?"

"... I don't."

Ning Qing looked at him and said, "My husband knows nothing about romance. Purple mandala's floriography is — terrifying. So my red wine should be a strong and potent red wine, which can create a flavor explosion. Red wine is just like love, and each flower has a different floriography, representing a different kind of love, so when Little Master Lu is born, I want to create a Language of Flowers Series red wine."

"The Language of Flowers Series Red Wine?"

“Yes,” Ning Qing nodded. “Even if it’s the chrysanthemum as tasteless as water, I can make a tasteless red wine too.”

Lu Shaoming was attracted by her bold and original ideas. He could not help but reach out to touch her little head. Sometimes, he wondered how could there be so many good ideas in her head.

He fed her another apple and praised her without hesitation. “You’re brilliant, Wifey.”

Ning Qing flashed a brilliant smile. “Although I’m still many steps away from opening a winery, you wait and see, Hubby. One day I will shine in the entire red wine industry.”

“That’s right!” Lu Shaoming bent down and kissed her little face.

After the kiss, Lu Shaoming frowned. “Ning Qing, I’m going to England for a business trip in two days.”

“Huh?” Ning Qing was surprised. She put down her petals and wrapped her arms around the man’s waist. “Hubby, didn’t you say that you would concentrate on accompanying me without going overseas for business? The end of this month is my expected due date; it’s my first time having a baby. I am afraid. I want you to accompany me, and after Little Master Lu is born, I want the first thing he sees to be his mom and dad.”

Lu Shaoming caressed her hair lovingly. “I’ll be back from England in two or three days. Important things are waiting for me to deal with. Be good and wait for me to come back, alright?”

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and was unhappy. “Don’t go, please.”

Chapter 286: Wifey, I Want To Give The Most Complete Me To You

Lu Shaoming continued to pacify her, and he said, “Baby needs to be obedient. Can you wait for Hubby to come back? I will bring you a present, okay?”

“I don’t want it. I don’t want any presents. Hubby, just accompany me okay?” Ning Qing acted coy.

Lu Shaoming was pestered by her, and he knew if she continued like this, he would have to surrender to her wishes.

He stretched out his hand to push her away saying, “Baby, be good. We came to an agreement. I will go back to the room.” Lu Shaoming stood up to leave.

Ning Qing looked at his handsome back profile and was extremely furious. She had been pregnant for so long. He had been docile and obedient to her wants, and never did he ever treat her like this.

She lowered her gaze to look at her big stomach. She was already 9 months pregnant. What if she went into labour early, what was she going to do?

Hmph! She was extremely furious.

Thinking from this perspective, Ning Qing felt something was amiss. The man tonight was acting rather strange.

England?

Ning Qing had other thoughts in mind.

...

After returning to the room, Lu Shaoming was grabbing his pyjamas. He saw her come in, so he went forward to grab her waist and said in a gentle voice, "Should I bathe you?"

She was really not mobile now. Her stomach was huge, and she did not move about randomly, afraid that she would hurt Little Young Master Lu.

She blushed and declined softly. "I don't want to. It is already winter now. Why would I need to bathe every day? If I want to bathe, I would let my mum bathe me."

Lu Shaoming looked at her small, white face and saw a bit of red on her cheeks. He knew that she was embarrassed.

He did not push the matter, and he said, "Then I will go and take a bath."

"Okay." Ning Qing sat on the bed and used strength to nod her head. "Hubby, quick! Go and wash up."

Lu Shaoming walked into the washroom.

The sound of water splashing came from inside. Ning Qing looked around her, and she saw that Lu Shaoming's phone was placed on the bed stand.

Her pearly whites bit down on her pink bottom lip, and she made a final decision, secretly taking the phone into her hands.

She opened his phone. There were many commercial secrets inside, and she did not dare to look through them. She could only look through the call log and there was Zhou Dayuan's number, as she expected.

Ning Qing thought for a moment and quickly created a new message to send out.

[I will fly to England tomorrow.]

A few seconds later, there was a reply. [Ok. Will you bring your wife along with you?]

Ning Qing's heart was beating quickly. [I won't; I am afraid she would be worried.]

[You don't have to worry. There is no danger with hypnosis. Worse comes to worst, you will just lose your memory one more time.]

These words, "lose your memory," made Ning Qing's heart hurt deeply. She just knew that Lu Shaoming had been acting strange. It turned out that he was going to England...to undergo hypnosis?

She did not type a reply, and another text popped up. [You are..]

Ning Qing replied with: [Lu Shaoming]

That side also replied with: [... His wife right?]

The sound of water trickling stopped in the bathroom and Lu Shaoming was done showering.

Ning Qing did not have time to reply. She quickly deleted the messages and there was another text from the other end. [If you are, come along then.]

Lu Shaoming walked into the room, and the girl was already lying sideways on the bed sleeping.

He went onto the bed and took her into his arms. He intimately nudged her small face and said, "Wifey, you are not allowed to be angry ok? Hubby will be back in a moment."

Ning Qing turned around and buried herself in his embrace. She said, "Hubby, I will punish you tonight by not allowing you to talk to me. I am going to sleep now."

She pouted her cheeks and shut her eyes.

Lu Shaoming looked at her girly look. He pinched her small nose lovingly and covered her with the blankets before saying, "Okay, I will listen to Wifey's words. I will sleep now."

...

In the morning, at the airport

Zhu Rui came to send him off. Lu Shaoming simply briefed him on matters regarding the company.

Zhu Rui scanned his surroundings and asked, "President, didn't you bring Madam along?"

Lu Shaoming froze, and he thought of this morning in his mind. When he woke up, the girl had already risen. Normally she would stay in bed until 8 or 9, waiting for him to pick her up. She would only rise then.

Not only did she wake up extremely early today, but he was taken aback when she did not allow him to touch her.

He looked as that clumsy little penguin slowly put on her clothes. While she was doing so, she glared at him with her misty eyes like he was doing something evil.

When he left the house, she was unwilling to go downstairs. Normally she would walk him to the door, and give him a sweet kiss.

Ning Qing frowned. They had barely been separated for 10 mins, and he already missed her so much.

His heart was a little empty.

“Umm, she didn’t come. If there’s anything regarding the company, give me a call. I will return quickly.” Lu Shaoming addressed him and took large strides away.

He went towards customs. He had merely taken a few steps and there was someone calling out to him from behind. “Lu Shaoming!”

Lu Shaoming froze, and he slowly turned around.

Ning Qing arrived on the scene. She was dressed in an army green cotton-padded jacket, wearing both a hat and scarf. She rushed over in a hurry. Her small nose was frozen red, and when she exhaled, a warm fog twirled through the air.

Not only did Ning Qing come, Lu Dinghua, Song Yajing, Yue Wanqing and even Ning Zhenguo had come too. The two families were staring intently at him.

Yue Wanqing started to speak first. “Shaoming, you are too much. Even if you didn’t tell us the first time you went to England for surgery, how come you are sneaking there again? Where would a patient go for surgery without his family accompanying him? You’re the only person who is so stubborn.”

“That’s right, Shaoming. This is nothing big. I called Dayuan to ask him. Isn’t it just hypnosis therapy? Why didn’t you let us know? At least we would be at ease waiting for you at home,” said Song Yajing.

“Okay, stop talking. Shaoming, quickly take Ning Qing and go.” Lu Dinghua hurried them.

Ning Zhenguo gave the bag to Ning Qing and helped her sling it over her shoulder. “Qingqing, your phone, passport and flight tickets are all inside. If there’s anything, give us a call.”

“Okay.” Ning Qing nodded her head, and she walked briskly to grab onto Lu Shaoming’s big hand. She waved her hand and said, “Dad, Mum, go back now. We will be leaving.”

“Okay.” The four of them waved goodbye.

The man was still frozen. He looked at each one of the four people, and there was a stream of warmth in his heart that travelled to each of his limbs. While he was in a daze, someone grabbed his right arm. He channelled his gaze to take a look, and his gaze collided with the girl’s gentle eyes. “Hubby, shall we go?”

The small hand held onto the large hand, and she held onto him as they walked towards the checkpoint.

As they walked on, they heard Yue Wanqing say, “Shaoming, your memories are not actually that important. We only want you to be safe and well. Don’t give yourself too much pressure. Relax.”

Song Yajing was also worried as she said, “Qingqing, you are already 9 months pregnant. You need to take care of yourself as well.”

“Mum, Dad.” Ning Qing looked at them with a smile. “Wait for us. We will come back safely.”

...

They boarded the plane. Lu Shaoming was seated beside Ning Qing.

His facial expressions were a little serious as he said, “Ning Qing, you are too stubborn.”

Ning Qing's small hand came over. When she touched his ear, she tugged on it cruelly and stared at him with bloodshot eyes. "Lu Shaoming, don't give me that face. You took advantage of my weakness at the airport just now. Since Dad and Mum were around, I gave you some face. Otherwise, I would have given you a slap long ago."

Ning Qing blinked her eyes, and tears came trickling down. "How can you always be this selfish? Would you come back from England this time and forget me again? Did you want me to bring Little Young Master Lu along as I chased after you again? Lu Shaoming, I tell you what; that is totally impossible!

"Lu Shaoming, I have realized that you are very irritating. Aren't you just going for hypnosis therapy? Why must you make yourself so pitiful? You have parents who love you so much, and you have such a beautiful wife and Little Young Master Lu. You look at how blissful you are! Why don't you know how to make use of that bliss and not bear everything by yourself? We also can help you take some of the burden away.

"Lu Shaoming, you also need to be taken care of just like a normal person. We all pity you dearly, and we love you..."

Lu Shaoming pulled the girl into his embrace and resolutely kissed her hair. "Sorry, Wifey. Don't cry! I was wrong, I was wrong."

He cupped her small face in one hand, and he was kissing her tears.

Ning Qing curled her hand into a fist to hit his shoulder, and she pushed him gently. "Go away! I don't allow you to kiss me. You go there alone. Didn't you not need me?"

"Wifey, it's not the case. Actually I am also scared, going to England this time. The last time, the moment I opened my eyes, I forget about you. Because there are many possibilities that might happen with hypnosis, I might turn into another form of myself..."

"Then why didn't you bring me along?" Ning Qing continued to hit his chest.

"I wanted to bring you along. This time, I wanted to see you the moment I opened my eyes. But, I am afraid. I am afraid that your body would be fatigued, and I am even more afraid that the therapy would fail and I would see the disappointment in your eyes."

"Don't blame me for not telling Dad and Mum. Because over the years, I've been alone as I went through life. Sorry, I am still not used to it. I am not used to having family sending me off at the airport. I am not used to having family care for me when I am sick, and I am not used to...so many people feeling worried and loving me..."

Ning Qing held onto his neck and gave him a tight kiss.

This old man... How would he not make her pity him so much?

Lu Shaoming took the lead and quickly pressed her into the seat to kiss her. He had not touched her last night or this morning, and now he wanted her really bad.

Two of them were in heat. They kissed until they were out of breath. Ning Qing hugged his head and gently placed her fingers by his mesmerizing hairline. "Hubby, you will get used to this in the future."

"Umm, thank you Wifey!" Lu Shaoming hugged her tightly.

Ning Qing buried her small face in his neck and said, "Hubby, you are such a fool. Since the hypnosis has so many possible outcomes, why do you still want to go and do it? We are already very blissful now."

"My brain recalled some snippets from the past, there is a 70% chance of recovering it using hypnosis. Since that is the case, why wouldn't I go and give a try? Wifey, I want to give you a complete version of myself."

"Silly." Ning Qing kissed his handsome face and used her small hand to pat his strong back, giving him encouragement. "Hubby, don't be afraid. I will always be by your side. This time, you are not alone anymore. You would never give me up again. Because I have Dad and Mum, together with Little Young Master Lu. Even if you want to dump me, you have to put yourself in total isolation this time. Hubby, everything will turn out well this time. You will definitely recover your memories."

"Okay."

...

When they arrived in London, it was noon.

Zhou Dayuan was not in surgery. He saw them arriving and stood up from his office chair. He wore his white lab coat as usual, and his gold rimmed glasses made him look even more reserved and elegant.

"Shaoming, you are here." As Zhou Dayuan spoke, he looked towards Ning Qing and said, "Ning Qing, how are you?"

"How are you, Dr. Zhou."

"I am close with Shaoming, you can address me by my name."

Ning Qing looked at the reserved man. She always had an impression of him being friendly. This feeling was miraculous, and she instantly cracked a smile. "Older Brother Dayuan, how are you?"

"What Older Brother Da Yuan? It should be Uncle Zhou," a low, unhappy voice retorted.

Chapter 287: He Refused To Cooperate From The Bottom Of His Heart

Uncle Zhou?

Ning Qing was secretly happy.

"Shaoming, Ning Qing calls me Uncle Zhou. What does she call you? I'm not much older than you."

Lu Shaoming felt that the “Ning Qing” sounded extremely harsh to his ears. Were these two people close with each other?

He glanced sideways at Ning Qing. “Tell him, what do you call me?”

Ning Qing’s eyes curved with a smile as she called out, “Hubby.”

Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows and looked proudly at Zhou Dayuan.

Zhou Dayuan gave him a look — childish!

He picked up a document from his desk and said, “Let’s go, I’ve made an appointment with Master Bill. It’s about time he came.”

The three of them were walking in the corridor when two figures stepped in front of them. The hypnotist Bill was in front, and a beautiful little woman was behind.

Lu Shaoming took a look at the woman, then looked at Zhou Dayuan, whose expression remained unchanged, but was stunned for a moment.

Zhou Dayuan welcomed him and held out his hand. “Master Bill, welcome. This is Young Master Lu, Mrs. Lu.”

Lu Shaoming reached out and said, “Hello, Master Bill.”

Bill smiled and shook hands with the two men. He looked at the little woman behind him and said, “This is my proudest student, Jian Han. She has some accomplishments in hypnosis and is a top student at Oxford University. She is also an alumna of Dr. Zhou.”

Jian Han bowed politely. “Dr. Zhou, Young Master Lu, Mrs. Lu, how are you?”

Zhou Dayuan glanced at Jian Han. They both looked at each other but their gazes did not linger.

“Young Master Lu, let’s go. I’ve heard about you from Doctor Zhou. We are still 70% sure about this hypnotic operation. Let’s try it now,” Bill said.

“Do you want to try now?” Ning Qing nervously held Lu Shaoming’s hand.

At that time, Jian Han said, “Mrs. Lu, don’t be nervous. Hypnosis is just a matter of sleeping. It doesn’t harm the patient’s body. There are few examples of an immediately successful hypnosis treatment. It depends on the individual’s mind. My teacher will check Young Master Lu’s condition first.”

Ning Qing was still worried. Lu Shaoming caressed her hair and said, “Wifey, wait outside for me. I’ll be out soon.”

“Alright.” Ning Qing nodded.

...

The hypnosis was performed in a warm, elegant room. Lu Shaoming was lying in a rattan chair.

Jian Han saw a blanket on the sofa, so she went over and reached for it, but then a big fair hand came over and held the corner of the blanket.

This hand was more beautiful than a woman's, with distinct outlines and slender joints. This was also the hand that wore white gloves while skillfully turning the scalpel to save lives and treat injuries.

Jian Han raised her eyes and bumped into Zhou Dayuan's eyes that were hidden behind his glasses. She looked sideways and laughed, alienated. "Doctor Zhou, please."

She passed by him.

Zhou Dayuan picked up the blanket, walked to Lu Shaoming, and bent over to cover him.

Lu Shaoming lifted his lip and mocked in a low voice, "Does your heart still pound upon seeing your first love again?"

"Worry about your own matters." Zhou Dayuan pulled away.

Lu Shaoming was in a good mood. At that time, he heard Bill say, "Young Master Lu, we'll start the hypnotic treatment at 4:30 pm. You can see the time for yourself."

"All right." Lu Shaoming raised his hand and looked at his watch.

The world seemed to stop at this moment, his ears were full of the "tick-tock" of the watch, he slowly closed his eyes.

...

Ning Qing waited outside for half an hour. After half an hour, the door opened.

Zhou Dayuan came out first, and Ning Qing nervously asked, "Brother Dayuan, how is he?"

Zhou Dayuan wasn't too emotional. Medicine was his specialty. He had a professional expression as he said, "The situation is not ideal. Shaoming has been successfully hypnotized, but Bill can't get into his dreams."

"What does this mean?"

"It means that Shaoming has built a wall in his heart. He has subconsciously refused to let anyone enter his heart. His personality is so tough that Bill couldn't enter his heart. Although he came for the hypnotic treatment, he refused to cooperate from the bottom of his heart."

Ning Qing was confused. "Since he has already come, why refused to cooperate? Is he unwilling to restore his memory?"

Zhou Dayuan shrugged. "You need to ask him."

Lu Shaoming got up from the rattan chair, and Ning Qing quickly grabbed his strong arm. "Hubby, are you alright?"

Lu Shaoming shook his head. "I'm alright, but I couldn't..."

Ning Qing quickly stood on her tiptoes and kissed him hard on his handsome face. "It doesn't matter if you can't recover your memory. Don't be pressured, Hubby. Just give it a go."

Zhou Dayuan looked at them and shook his head in his heart. Since neither of them want to restore his memories, why did they come to England?

They have mental problems.

Zhou Dayuan looked into the room. Bill was sitting in a chair. Jian Han stood beside him. The woman's figure was tall at 1.7 meters. She exuded a fashionable, professional style in her white coat. Because she was looking down, her hair was hanging down to her shoulders, and her small face was as beautiful and as smooth as water.

He looked at her twice before putting one of his hand in his trousers pocket, then turned around and walked away.

...

In the ward, Ning Qing was sitting in a chair, peeling apples. Lu Shaoming was leaning against the bed. He had one arm behind his head and was squinting leisurely at Zhou Dayuan.

Now that he had ended work, Zhou Dayuan had taken off his white coat. He wore a simple striped shirt underneath and was standing there quietly, as gentle as jade.

"Dayuan, what happened to you and Jian Han? I remember you were a couple that everyone at Oxford envied."

Ning Qing came in and asked, "Brother Dayuan, have you dated Jian Han?"

"Not only dated; back then, Dayuan was 18 years old. He was in love for the first time. He was in a relationship for about 6 years, then they broke up. Dayuan has been single ever since. Hey, Zhou Dayuan, you are already 31 years old. It's time to get married. Otherwise, Little Master Lu in my family can only stay single," Lu Shaoming said with a smile.

Ning Qing cut the apple and placed the pieces onto a small plate while smiling. She then speared a piece with a toothpick and fed it to Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming wrapped Ning Qing's shoulder with one arm and pulled her into his embrace.

Ning Qing's little face turned red. "What are you doing? Somebody's here..."

"Don't worry about him. He used to show off so much when I was single and he was in a relationship."

Ning Qing wanted to speak, but then a knock on the door sounded. Speak of the devil; Jian Han came in.

Jian Han held a tray in her hand. "Doctor Zhou, Young Master Lu, I'm not bothering you, am I? A nurse wanted to deliver your meal. I was on the way, so I brought it here."

Ning Qing quickly broke away from Lu Shaoming and stood up. She reached out her hands to take the tray. "Thank you, Dr. Jian."

Jian Han smiled and said. "You're welcome. It's no trouble." She looked at Ning Qing's happy little face that looked like a blossoming flower and asked, "Young Master Lu and Mrs. Lu's relationship is really good?"

Ning Qing looked at Lu Shaoming and handed him a pair of chopsticks while biting her pink lips. She nodded her head forcefully. "Yep!"

Extremely good.

"It seems that amnesia does not affect your feelings. In this case, Young Master Lu, why did you want to come to England?"

Lu Shaoming's hand that was holding his chopsticks froze. He then said, "Dr. Jian, I'm here to recover my memory."

"Mmm." Jian Han nodded and stopped talking.

Ning Qing looked at Zhou Dayuan and blinked wittily. "Doctor Jian, look at you, so beautiful and competent. Are you married?"

Zhou Dayuan had one of his hands in his pocket, and his eyes were downcast. When he heard the question, his expression changed.

"Yes, I have a fiancé. You eat slowly. I'll leave you be." Jian Han turned around and left.

After Jian Han went away, Lu Shaoming took the white rice from Ning Qing and looked at Zhou Dayuan casually. "Did you hear that? She has a fiancé. You should hurry up too."

Without paying attention to him, Zhou Dayuan stood up and walked to the door. "I have to go."

After both of them had left, the room was quiet again. Ning Qing took a piece of celery and bit into it with relish. She curiously asked, "Shaoming, was Dayuan and Jian Han's relationship good back then?"

Lu Shaoming scooped up the soup with a spoon, blew it gently, and then brought it to Ning Qing's mouth. "Yes, of course. They were both elite students of Oxford University. They are natural geniuses. They are both medical students and have the same interests and character. Even their cold and arrogant personalities are similar. They fell in love at first sight and dated for six years."

Ning Qing drank the soup that the man fed her. How difficult it was to find a lover who you can talk about everything under the stars in this vast sea of people. The first love on campus is often inexperienced, confusing, and the most memorable. How many wonderful memories would they have had in six years?

"Dayuan once brought Jian Han back to the Zhou family, but unfortunately, Dayuan's parents and Zhou Zhilei did not like her."

"Why?"

"Because Jian Han's parents only ran a small clinic; her status was not high enough."

Ning Qing understood that people like Kong Lan and Zhou Zhilei would like their daughter-in-law to be of noble birth. Besides, Zhou Dayuan was so excellent.

“Did Brother Dayuan compromise?”

“No. I remember at one of Dayuan’s birthday parties, Jian Han came with a cake, but Auntie Zhou didn’t even let her in. Later, Jian Han ran away, and Dayuan abandoned a room full of guests to chase after her. The birthday party ended on a sour note. When I left, I saw them both.”

“Where did you see them?”

“It was raining heavily that day. The two of them were hiding in a telephone booth by the roadside, and Dayuan was shielding Jian Han from the rain inside. His entire back was wet and he pressed against Jian Han while kissing her.”

Ning Qing’s small face turned a little red while listening. Such a clean and warm man like Zhou Dayuan, with an outstanding temperament about him all the time, she hadn’t expected him to be...

“Surprised?” Lu Shaoming saw through her mind at a glance. He laughed. “Later, Dayuan did not return to the Zhou family home. He rented a house outside the school with Jian Han, and they began to live together.”

Live together?

“Yes.” Lu Shaoming approached Ning Qing and whispered in her ear, “Once, I went to find him, guess what I found on his computer?”

Chapter 288: Ning Qing, We Have Made A Pact, You Are Not Allowed To Forget Me

What did he realize?

Ning Qing’s instincts told her that it was not something healthy.

She glared at the man and used her two small hands to cover her ears. She said, “I don’t want to hear it.”

“You really don’t want to hear it?” The man pecked her soft lips and spat out a word: “Films.”

At this moment, Ning Qing’s small face was crimson red. She stretched out her hand to push the man’s chest and said, “Lu Shaoming, is it okay to ruin your brother like that?”

Lu Shaoming was in a good mood as he lifted his brows. It was great!

Ning Qing: “...”

She thought of the image of Zhou Dayuan that she had in her mind. Of the people she knew personally, Zhou Dayuan was the most mesmerizing in his craft. He wore a white lab coat and acted like an angel protecting the world. He was straightforward and pure, allowing others to feel at ease.

It was hard to think of that relationship that he had with Jian Han.

Both the heart and body of a 18-24 year old man was already matured. When they stayed together in the same house, it was easy to end up doing the deed. It was normal for him to have films on his computer. What's more, what man has not seen a few of those films?

"Then Older Brother Dayuan and Jian Han..."

"They didn't. The house that they had rented was only 50 square metres. They used a wooden block to place between them, sleeping separately. There was definitely no problem with Dayuan's education. Without marriage, he would never have touched Jian Han." Lu Shaoming finally had something good to say about Zhou Dayuan.

"Hmm." Ning Qing's good feelings towards Zhou Dayuan were reinforced, and she emotionally said, "He would rather be on edge and not touch Jian Han. He is really a good man who can control himself."

Lu Shaoming heard her words and was upset, "Ning Qing, he is a good man. Then what am I? The first half-year that we were married, I didn't even touch you..."

Ning Qing picked a piece of pork belly to squeeze into this mouth. She came forward to kiss the sides of his lips and said "Hubby is an extremely great man."

It was only then that Lu Shaoming was satisfied. He gave her an expression with his eyes — At least you are aware of that!

...

After the meal, Ning Qing walked out of the hospital ward. "Mrs. Lu," someone called her from behind.

Ning Qing turned around to look. It turned out to be Jian Han.

"Doctor Jian, you have yet to leave?"

"Yeah, I didn't go. I was discussing the plans of how we plan to use hypnosis with Teacher just now. Do you have time now Mrs. Lu? I wish to have a chat with you."

"Sure." Ning Qing agreed.

...

The two of them walked to the stairs and Ning Qing lifted her gaze to look towards Jian Han. "Doctor Jian, what did you want to talk to me about?"

Jian Han smiled and said, "Mrs. Lu, Doctor Zhou probably told you about Young Master Lu rejecting cooperation with the hypnosis therapy from the bottom of his heart today, right?"

"That's right."

"Mrs. Lu, do you know the reason why?"

Ning Qing shook her head and seemed to contemplate for a moment. "I also found it weird. Shaoming has always wanted to recover his memory. He came to England this time with the sole purpose of recovering his memory. On the plane, he did tell me that there were many possible outcomes of hypnosis. He was afraid of becoming another form of himself and forgetting me again. But since he made the trip down, his decision was firm. He is not the type of man who would be unable to make a decision, so I don't know why he would appear to cooperate on the surface and then reject the treatment in his heart."

Jian Han was emotional as she said, "That's right; Young Master Lu is firm and steadfast. His patience and endurance have always been stronger than that of a normal person. This sort of person would be strong in their hearts, even if the hypnosis master is unable to get inside. If Young Master Lu does not open the doors to his heart, we will have no other methods to help him."

As Jian Han spoke, she looked towards Ning Qing and said, "Mrs. Lu, since you are also curious about why, why didn't you go and ask Young Master Lu?"

Ning Qing lowered her gaze, and her expression was shy. "I cannot go ask him; he would feel pressured that way. He would think..."

"What would he think?"

Ning Qing stabilized her heart and looked into Jian Han's almond shaped eyes. "He is often jealous of himself. He thought that I only loved the version of him in the past, so I do not dare ask him."

Jian Han heard her words, then smiled and said, "Mrs. Lu, this is the key to the question."

Ning Qing was in a blur, and she said, "I don't understand."

Jian Han used her two white small hands into the pockets of her lab coat. The scholar of England's Oxford University had a touch of arrogance on her face. She said, "Mrs. Lu, you thought that Young Master Lu is only plainly jealous of himself. That is because you feel that no matter whether he is the Young Master Lu who has not lost his memory, or the Young Master Lu who has lost his memory, he is still the same person. But in Young Master Lu's heart, these are two different men."

Ning Qing: "..."

"The Young Master Lu now does not remember everything that you two had done in the past. So over this year, whatever has happened between you two was considered to be an entirely new journey to him. Your appearance was considered by him as the first time you met him. The kiss that you gave him was also the first time you had kissed him. All of your intimacies were also done for the first time... We might think that he is incomplete, but in his eyes, he had you, and he is complete then.

"Young Master Lu loves you, so he wants to give you a complete version of himself. But he is not willing to leave the version of him now behind. Do you know what Young Master Lu is afraid of? Young Master Lu is afraid that his old self would replace his current self. Over the past year, you two were loving and sweet, and to Young Master Lu, he is not willing to part with the version of himself now."

Ning Qing was in a daze. Although he would like to address the version of himself from the past as "him" normally, Ning Qing did not think that he would really treat himself as two different men.

“What should I do then?”

“You should ask yourself what you should do now. You are so lucky, enjoying the love of two men, and now it depends on how you would deal with these two sources of love and successfully turn them into one complete love,” said Jian Han.

...

Ning Qing returned to the room. She did not have much of an expression on her face. She was passionate with Lu Shaoming and slept together with him.

In the morning, when Lu Shaoming opened his eyes, his arms were empty. He looked sideways and the girl by his side was gone. He used one elbow to help himself up and said, “Ning Qing, Ning...”

“Hubby, I am here.” Ning Qing walked in, slowed by her big stomach.

“Ning Qing, how come you are awake so early? Where did you go just now?” It was only 7 in the morning, and the winter sun had yet to rise.

Ning Qing got on the bed and looked into the man’s bright black eyes. She smiled and said, “Hubby, I went to look for Older Brother Dayuan just now. We will not do the hypnosis therapy. We will return to T city today.”

Lu Shaoming looked at the girl and stretched out his hand to bring her into his embrace. With a frown, he asked, “What is wrong?”

Ning Qing winked her eye cheekily and said, “Hubby, you are not willing to comply with the hypnosis therapy. We are wasting time staying here.”

Lu Shaoming’s entire body froze. “I...”

“Shh.” Ning Qing stretched out her small, pinkish-white finger to block his thin lips. “Hubby, don’t explain yourself. I think we are fine just like this. I only need you to be by my side forever, and I will be satisfied with that.”

Lu Shaoming bent down to kiss her small face. He was silent for a few seconds before he said in a low voice, “Ning Qing, sorry. Are you blaming me for not opening up for him?”

Ning Qing flipped over and perched on the man’s chest. She touched the stubble on his chin and said, “Hubby, I will say it again: He is you!”

“Umm...” Lu Shaoming replied and lay back lazily on the headboard. “Ning Qing, this year, being together with you has been very happy. That day especially. I stood upstairs, and you were chatting happily with my parents. Because of you, not only me, but also the entire Lu family has been filled with merry laughter. I really wanted to go on like this with you forever, until our final days.

Ning Qing straightened her body. Her voice was soft and gentle as she said, “These things are not incompatible. After Hubby recovers his memories, you will have a complete set of memories to enjoy for the rest of your life. I am yours for an eternity.

Lu Shaoming nostalgically looked at her small supple face, “Ning Qing, there is also a risk with hypnosis therapy. If I recover my memory and forget about what has happened recently, what would we do?”

Ning Qing wanted to speak, but Lu Shaoming interrupted her and said, “Don’t say anything. You listen to me now. You all are telling me that the me in the past is also me, but I am alien to the version of me in the past. Talking about the duration of time, in your eyes, the man in the past is truly Lu Shaoming, and I am only someone who exists due to a car crash, like a temporary dream.

“Even though it might be a dream, Ning Qing, this is also the most beautiful dream you have created for me. I don’t want to wake up. I came to England because I wanted to give it a try, but Bill hypnotized me, and I did not want Bill to come in, because I am afraid that Bill will awaken the man from the past, and I will fall asleep then.

“Ning Qing, I am afraid that this year will disappear. When I wake up, the one who remembers this dream would only be me.”

Ning Qing’s eyes were misty as she looked at him with a gentle expression. She held onto his large hand and weaved her fingers between his. “Hubby, you are really a big fool. Who said that remembering the past would make you forget the present? This is not a novel. So melodramatic. Taking a step back to speak, even if you forgot about now, then the one remembering this dream would not only be you; it would also include me.”

Lu Shaoming touched her beautiful eyes and said, “Ning Qing, would you really remember me forever?”

“Yes.” Ning Qing nodded her head and said, “Hubby, actually I still have a lot that I have not told you yet. You and him are really very different. He would not pamper me like how you do, and he would not listen to all my whims and fancies just because I have a pout on my face. I do not dare to kick him. I do not dare to tug his ears. I do not dare act cute towards him; he is normally a serious person.”

Lu Shaoming curled his lips up into a smile and happily said, “Then when you compared them both, aren’t I the better option?”

“Yes.” Ning Qing nodded her head, but she ducked with an embarrassed expression in her eyes, and her face was slightly red. “However, your kissing skills are horrible. You do not have any of his technique, and even in bed... That matter..”

She did not finish, and the man turned her over and pressed against her. He hooked onto her snow white earlobes, and his voice was hoarse as he said, “Continue to speak.”

Ning Qing buried her small face in his embrace. She was unwilling to continue speaking. She looked towards his deep gaze and with a gentler voice, she said, “So, Hubby, I also love you, and I love the current version of you deeply. Not only have you given me two types of love, but I also have been the subject of this love. I fell in love twice with the same man.”

Lu Shaoming’s eyes were sparkling, and he closed his eyes and kissed her passionately.

Ning Qing hooked her arms on his neck and flipped herself over.

One slim arm was holding onto the bed. Ning Qing left his lips, and a crisp and melodious sound rang out in the air. There was a chain of bells in Ning Qing's small hand.

"Hubby, do the bells sound good? I wanted to gift this to our Little Young Master Lu."

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyes to have a look. It was now 8 o' clock. The morning sun shone through the window and felt warm on his face.

The girl's small, white hand was holding onto a chain of small golden bells. When she shook her hands, the melodious sounds of the bells filled the air.

Lu Shaoming stretched out one large palm to cover her belly. He closed his eyes, and said in a low murmur, he said, "Ning Qing, we have made a pact. You are not allowed to forget me."

"Ok." Ning Qing bent down and kissed his forehead. "Lu Shaoming, I love you."

Chapter 289: Young Master Lu Returns

Lu Shaoming felt that he had slept for a long time. He was walking alone and did not know where to go.

Suddenly, a girl appeared. Under her dark hair was a small face with bright eyes and teeth.

The girl saved a man whose abdomen had been injured. She covered the wound with her little hand and shed sparkling tears for him. She told him... My name is Ning Qing.

The scene changed. Outside the Civil Affairs Bureau, in a Bentley, a man in a suit and leather shoes hugged a girl in a red sweater and kissed her intimately. He called her... Mrs. Lu.

Finally, in a bedroom, the rose petals on the bed were crushed. The girl's milky-white body emitted a soft fragrance. The man pressed against her, and the girl cried as she hugged him... Lu Shaoming, I have finally become your woman.

There was a voice ringing in his ear, from far to near, repeating, "Young Master Lu, you should wake up."

Lu Shaoming slowly opened his eyes. The sunshine outside the window was very warm on him. Shadows were hovering in front of him. Lu Shaoming looked at them one by one. Bill, Jian Han, Zhou Dayuan.

Looking to the left, he fixed his eyes on a girl, exactly the same as the one in his dream.

Ning Qing felt the wetness in her eyes. She put her hand over her mouth and found that all the tears had dripped to her fingertips. The man looked at her without blinking.

She slowly moved forward and squatted down.

Her shaking hands slowly climbed up the man's handsome face. She kissed his lips, and her voice was trembling as she asked, "Shaoming, who am I?"

The man was silent for a few seconds before gently saying, "Little Wifey."

...

Ning Qing could not believe that Lu Shaoming had recovered his memory. She was sitting in her chair peeling the apple with a fruit knife, but her eyes were trained on the man.

Lu Shaoming was sitting on the bed. He was leaning his back against the head of the bed, and his long legs were laid idly beside the bed. There was a sense of elegance and nobility in the silence.

He was reading the newspaper — the New York Financial News. When the newspaper had come in, she looked at it and could only describe it with one word – incomprehensible.

But he was reading it seriously. With his sharp fingers holding the newspaper, his clear-ink eyes drooping, he was focused on reading the paper. His mature charm was unique to a 31-year-old man.

Although he did not speak, Ning Qing knew he was different. He was her beloved husband and her loyal dog when he had lost his memory. But now that he had recovered, the majestic authority and murderous aura from his time in the corporate world all these years had come out again, causing Ning Qing to be afraid of looking at him.

She was indeed like that sometimes. She was afraid to look at him when she had just gotten married because she couldn't stand the sharp and strong aura emanating from him. She didn't even dare to touch the expensive wristwatch on his wrist.

He was so deep that she was as simple as a piece of white paper in front of him.

"Have you finished peeling the apple?" While Ning Qing was in a daze, the man on the bed suddenly popped that question.

The low, rich, and magnetic voice combined with his slow manner of speech made Ning Qing's knees weak.

He didn't look at her when he asked her the question. His eyes were still trained on the newspaper.

"Oh, yes." Ning Qing felt her little face grow hot. She got up in a hurry, came to the bedside, and handed the apple to the man.

The man looked at the apple and then looked up at her. His eyes were clear and bright. They were very beautiful. He looked at the apple and asked in a low voice, "Did you peel them?"

Ning Qing looked down, and her little face turned red. She was focused on peeking at him just now. The apple she peeled looked as if a dog had chewed on it.

"I... I'll go and peel another one," Ning Qing stuttered as she turned around quickly.

But her slender wrist was caught by the man.

“Just now, you were peeking at me, huh?” Those eight short words were uttered by him with three pauses, and he spoke with an obvious teasing tone.

Had he caught her?

Ning Qing hung her head due to embarrassment. She twisted her wrist and hummed like a kitten. She decided to tell a little lie. “No.”

The man did not speak. His big palm turned slightly, and his rough fingers scraped the delicate skin on her wrist.

Ning Qing’s body trembled and her small face instantly became hot.

What is he doing?

For some unknown reason, after he had recovered his memory, they no longer got along as casually and intimately as before. Instead, they were like a couple who had been separated for more than a year.

But for couples, a reunion after a small parting was as sweet as their honeymoon. Sparks would fly when a man and woman spent time with each other. The unexplained ambiguity in the air was the most difficult to endure.

Her pearly white teeth bit her lower pink lip as her big, sparkling eyes wavered, and she looked at him. “What do you want?”

The next second, the apple in her hand was taken away, and the warmth on her wrist suddenly disappeared. “What do you think I’m going to do?”

The man took a bite of the apple.

Ning Qing: “...” He had done it intentionally!

...

When it was time to eat, the two did not go out to eat. The hospital cafeteria would provide cooked meals, and the staff would send it over.

Ning Qing picked up the spoon and scooped up some soup. When she wanted to pour it over the rice, the man next to her said, “Ning Qing, don’t mix rice with soup.”

Ning Qing’s small hands froze. She had developed a heavy appetite after getting pregnant. She felt that it was very bland to just have rice alone. She would always mix the rice with soup.

At first, Lu Shaoming refused to let her, saying that it would cause indigestion, but when she pouted her lips aggrieved, the man surrendered.

Now the man beside her wouldn’t let her!

Ning Qing looked sideways at him. The man was wearing a white shirt and a turquoise sweater. His facial features were so deep they looked chiseled. He held his chopsticks in a standard posture, as if he were holding an ink pen, and he looked at her with a light gaze.

Ning Qing knew that her good days were over. She wasn't just chatting for the sake of it. This man was very serious. She had never been coquettish with him since they'd been married.

"Alright." She drooped her long eyelashes that were like butterflies' wings. She dared not be coquettish. She could only drink the soup on the spoon, full of grievances. She then ate a small mouthful of rice with chopsticks.

The girl's pink mouth chewed her rice daintily. She was no longer willing to look up, nor was she willing to stretch out her chopsticks to eat any other food. She looked as if she had been wronged.

Lu Shaoming's gaze gradually softened, and he put a meatball in her bowl.

The girl raised her eyes but still refused to look at him. The girl's voice was very soft and harmless as she said, "I don't want to eat meatballs."

After saying this, she heard the man put down his chopsticks, and his clean scent came near her. She was shocked and hurriedly said, "Don't be angry. I'll eat it, alright?"

Her cheeks became wet as tears fell from her eyes.

For the past few months, she had been spoiled by the other Lu Shaoming, and pregnant women were naturally sensitive and emotional. She was nearing her due date. How could she stand him doing this to her?

The tip of her nose soured due to the grievance in her heart. As a result, her tears fell uncontrollably

The small bowl in front of her was picked up by the man. He picked up the spoon, put some meatballs on the rice, and fed them to her. "Open your mouth."

Ning Qing was stunned. Was he going to feed her?

She slowly opened her mouth and ate the rice he fed her.

"Is it delicious?" the man asked.

Ning Qing looked down at the rice as she chewed. In her peripheral vision, she saw his white sleeves around his wrist. The cuffs of the shirt were buttoned up. It was clean and straightforward. The hand that had just held the financial newspaper was now feeding her with a spoon.

"Yes, it's delicious." Her melancholic mood disappeared without a trace. Ning Qing nodded forcefully.

The man's big palm came to her face and gently wiped away the tears for her. "What are you crying for?"

Ning Qing sniffled and raised her eyes. The man was frowning and advising her seriously. "Mixing soup with rice is not a good habit. You are a mother now. You can't be capricious anymore. I didn't criticize you. I'm just pointing out your mistakes. Don't cry, alright?"

The man's black and white eyes were clear and bright. It was as if the stars were sparkling inside his eyes. When such a man looked at you quietly, he could easily create the illusion of being as tender and gentle with her like water. Especially when he was advising and lecturing you solemnly, he treats you like his beloved daughter.

Ning Qing couldn't stand this feeling. Her heart beat faster, and she was lost in his eyes.

She didn't know what he was talking about. She just nodded foolishly.

The man wiped the tears for her, but his palm did not leave her face. Beneath his fingers was fair and delicate skin that looked and felt even better because of her pregnancy. His fingers came across her dainty widow's peak and her delicate, little face.

His eyes darkened a little as his thumb turned and pressed directly over her delicate lips.

Ning Qing quickly came back to her senses. His movements were very gentle. She could even feel his deep, clear fingerprints as he was rubbing her lips gently.

Ning Qing, with a small red face, quickly lowered her eyes. She dared not look in his eyes at the moment. Even though she had missed his eyes at this moment so much this year.

Lu Shaoming had really come back. He was no longer eager and obnoxious. He was a 31-year-old gentleman who knew how to set the mood.

But Ning Qing's eyelashes quivered twice as she hesitated. She wanted to ask him a question, but she didn't know how to ask him. Does he remember what happened this year?

She promised not to forget him.

She had also loved that Lu Shaoming.

The temperature in the ward was raised a few degrees. Suddenly, they heard a knock on the door. The door was ajar. Zhou Dayuan leaned against the door and laughed, "If you don't continue eating, the food will get cold."

Ning Qing was so shy that she took his big palm in her small hand and dragged it down. Then, she took the small bowl in his hand and ate delicately.

Compared with the girl's nervousness, Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows and stood up slowly. He put one hand into his pocket and swept his deep and motionless gaze towards the door.

...

Lu Shaoming and Zhou Dayuan stood by the door and talked. Zhou Dayuan looked inside the ward. The girl had finished her meal and was standing by the bed, folding the blanket.

"Seen enough? Withdraw your gaze if you've seen enough," Lu Shaoming's said lightly.

Zhou Dayuan took back his gaze and looked at the man's handsome, noble eyes. He smiled. "Alright, you're still jealous of me. It seems that you haven't lost his year's memory."

Lu Shaoming remained expressionless. He glanced at him as he said, "Using your words — mind your own business."

That day he had laughed at him and Jian Han. Zhou Dayuan had told him, "Mind your own business." Now, Lu Shaoming returned it to him word by word.

Zhou Dayuan shrugged helplessly. Over the years, he was already accustomed to Lu Shaoming's cool temperament. He went up and had a small laugh as he said, "So, are you still accustomed to it? You have spoiled and pampered your wife to the moon and back this year. Also..." Zhou Dayuan gave Lu Shaoming a man's gaze. "Look at how you can't even restrain yourself during a meal. What are you going to do tonight? Let me remind you that your wife is already nine and a half months pregnant; you must be careful in the bedroom."

Chapter 290: Did You Miss Me?

"When will you bring your wife back to T City?"

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows and said, "Tomorrow morning."

"Okay." Zhou Dayuan nodded his head and continued, "I have surgery tomorrow morning, so I won't be sending you off."

"Alright."

...

Lu Shaoming closed the doors of the ward and went inside.

Ning Qing was bending down to change the sheets. The man loved to be clean. The things in the hospital ward were changed daily, especially the sheets.

Lu Shaoming stood behind the girl and watched her nimble little hand go to work. Her hair was let down and there was a bunch of hair tucked behind her right ear. Her black, shining hair made her small face shine even more. She looked adorable in this state.

He glanced at the girl's small face for a while. He scanned her from top to bottom. The size of her chest had increased noticeably. Her belly at 9 months had been very big, and only her legs were still long and slim.

After he gazed at her for a few seconds, he said, "Ning Qing, we will return to T City tomorrow morning."

Ning Qing was focused on the work in her hands and casually replied, "Okay. It is time for us to return. If not, Dad and Mum will be worried. Later, let me call home, and you let Dad and Mum know that you are fine."

As she spoke, the girl's face had a sweet smile. All he could hear in his ears was the sound of her sweet voice. It was the voice of a wife.

Lu Shaoming's eyes had a gentleness to them. Two of his hands were stuffed in his pockets. He took another step forward and plastered himself onto her. "Ning Qing."

He called out to her.

"Umm?" Ning Qing did not pay much attention, as she was organizing the sheets.

"Ning Qing," the man said again.

Ning Qing paused, and she slowly looked up. Because she was bending down, all she could see in her vision was the man's black tailored trousers, his wristwatch that he wore on right hand, and his hand stuck in his trouser pocket.

It was only then that she realized that the two of them were very close. Her kneecap was already touching the side of the bed. He was standing behind her, and that crisp, mesmerizing, masculine scent was engulfing her senses.

Ning Qing's heartbeat was beating like a drum, but she had a fake-calm expression on her face as she said, "What are you...calling out to me for?"

There was a mirror in front of her, and she secretly lifted her eyes to have a glance at it.

With this glance, all the blood in her body went flowing upwards. The man behind her, he was tall and lanky, dressed incredibly well, but he was channelling his gaze downwards, and his line of vision was...

"I am done with the sheets. I...will go to bathe."

She walked by him.

She was not able to move any further, as the man had removed his large hand from his pocket and hugged her belly in one move.

His lanky body was behind her, and her beautiful back landed against his broad chest, like he was holding onto her.

"Lu Shaoming...." Ning Qing's legs went soft, and she tried to push his hand away.

Her small hand touched something cold and hard. Ning Qing retracted her hand like she had been electrocuted, but it turned out to be his low-profile luxury wrist watch.

"Why are you so flustered? You are my wife. Can I still not hug you?" the man asked with a laugh, and he brought one large hand to her stomach.

Ning Qing really gave up this time. Women all love to be beautiful. He had recovered his memories now, and she was always afraid that he would despise her pregnant look.

The Lu Shaoming in the past loved her soft waist. Now that her waist was gone, it was no longer 20 inches. She was not sure how much it was now, so she did not dare let him touch it.

"Lu Shaoming, don't touch me." Once she had this thought in her heart, she said it out loud, and she used strength to escape from his arms. She ran out in shock.

She had merely gone a couple steps, but the man grabbed her thin wrist, and her small figure was turned around.

Ning Qing did not have time to react. Her waist was hugged again by the man. He was holding onto her while taking a few steps back. He stopped in his steps and she was forced to retreat into the corner of the wall.

Her back did not crash into the wall, as the man had placed his hand onto the wall as a cushion. He was afraid that she would bang into the wall, and he held onto her waist as he held her in his embrace.

Ning Qing was mesmerized completely with his dominant yet gentle movements. Her lashes were fluttering madly like a butterfly's wings, and she used her two small hands to push him away.

"Lu Shaoming, what are you doing?"

"Ning Qing, dare to say that again?"

The man's extremely exquisite face was enlarged in front of her face. Ning Qing felt her entire body go weak, and she originally did not dare be angry in front of Lu Shaoming as she was afraid that he would don a serious look.

Her white teeth bit down on her bottom lip, and she softly explained, "Shaoming, don't be angry. Just now...you scared me. I did not mean what I said. I am sorry about that."

He withdrew his hand and stood up straight. One hand was inside his pocket, and another was holding onto the wall. "Ning Qing, saying sorry is not worth much. Take the proper action to show your sincerity."

Ning Qing's breathing was in a mess. The healthy and mesmerizing scent on his body was flooding all of her senses.

Ning Qing just knew that he was different now. After he had lost his memory, he never treated her like this and forced her this way.

She held her hand into a fist to hit him, and she did not know what nonsense she was saying. "Shaoming, you are so bad! You are not allowed to be so bad towards me... When you lost your memory, you treated me so well. I just needed to pout and it would be fine... Now, I have already apologized to you! What else do you want?"

The man held up her chin with two fingers. Her smooth skin was caressed by his fingers, and he plastered himself onto her lips but did not kiss her. "Since he is so good towards you, why did you want me to come back? Do you like him or me. You can make yourself feel like this? I have yet to kiss you but you are already so uncomfortable?"

Ning Qing quickly covered his mouth with her small hand. She pouted her pink lips and said, "You are not allowed to say it. You cannot say it..."

Lu Shaoming held onto her small hand and laughed. "Why am I not allowed to say it? You obviously like the me now. Ning Qing, tell me, did you miss me? Did you miss me this year?"

"I didn't miss you. I didn't..." Ning Qing ducked her small head in the direction of the wall.

The man came chasing after her. Her lips were kissed, and he caressed her lightly. The man's lips were cold and ultimately gentle.

"Ning Qing, don't bluff. Be good, and tell me quickly. Did you miss me?"

Ning Qing could not take it anymore. She tugged on his sweater with both hands and turned her head over passionately, responding to him with inexperience.

"Umm, Lu Shaoming, I missed you so much."

Ning Qing held his sweater tight. She tried hard to raise her small head to accept his kiss. She really had missed him. She had missed him very very much, and sometimes when she dreamt at night, she would dream that he was holding her in his embrace.

When they were kissing, she could hear a phone ring. It was Ning Qing's phone, which was in her pocket.

Ning Qing froze, and she frantically pushed him away. She tried to take out the phone in her pocket. She reached in and fished the phone out.

She lowered her gaze to take a glance; it was Song Yajing.

"Shaoming, it is a call from mum. Stop kissing me..."

She swiped to answer the phone. "Hello, Mum...."

"Hello, Qing Qing, how come you are only answering the phone now? I was thinking that something had happened...Eh, Qingqing, why are you panting?"

"Mum, it's nothing. I was climbing a few flights of stairs just now..."

Chapter 291: Lu Shaoming, Only The Moon Knows How Much I've Missed You

Lu Shaoming picked up the phone carelessly. His eyes were all on the girl's black hair, soft red face, and he was focused on soft sweet taste of her mouth.

He had been both visually and gustatorily stimulated, and he was not in a controlled state.

His big palm touched her little face a couple of times, then slipped down to her pink neck and slowly caressed her.

Ning Qing quickly took the little hand that was covering her lips, firmly clasped the man's arm, and stared at him with bright eyes, not letting him move.

The girl stared at him, but it was unbelievably charming to the man. He bent down slightly and kissed her beautiful hair.

Ning Qing could not hear what Song Yajing said at the other end. She responded carelessly as she looked at the mirror in front of her. A 1.87 meter tall man leaned against her. He had one hand in his pocket as he weaved his other big hand, which was wearing a wristwatch, through her beautiful hair beside her cheek, kissing her as he liked.

Ning Qing's legs went soft and she slid down.

Only then did the man stop, grabbing her in a flash and lifting her up.

Ning Qing pushed the cell phone into his arms and fled a few steps back. Her elegant voice was filled with a soft charming air. "Say a few words to Mom."

She sat by the bed.

Lu Shaoming looked at the girl, then picked up the cell phone and put it to his ear. "Hello, Mom..."

Ning Qing looked down. She had heard the man call her, "Mom," and hummed casually. Then, she saw two proud legs and a pair of bright black shoes. The man had one hand in his pocket as he put the cell phone to her ear.

Song Yajing talked to her. "Hello, Qingqing, it good that Shaoming has recovered his memory. Why don't you just come back tomorrow? Your due date is near. Two days ago, I ordered a crib with Little Master Lu's maternal grandmother and bought clothes too. You come back to see if you like it or not."

"Alright," Ning Qing nodded. "Okay, I was...planning to go back tomorrow with Shaoming," said Ning Qing, but she was puzzled and asked, "Mom, I have not told you Shaoming has recovered his memory; how do you know?"

The man didn't say anything just now.

Song Yajing was laughing. "Shaoming called me 'Mom' on the phone just now, and then stayed silent. Why else would he be so cold if not for having recovered his memory?"

Ning Qing bit her pink lip with her pearly white teeth. See, even his mother knew that he would turn cold upon recovering his memory, and he was scheming too!

"Qingqing, Shaoming is hot inside and cold outside. You may not be accustomed to it just after he recovers his memory. If Shaoming bullies you, you tell Mom, and I'll be sure to help you when I'm back."

Ning Qing's dainty eyes curved with a happy laugh. "Mom, he hasn't...bullied me."

"That's good then. I'll pick you guys up tomorrow, we'll talk then." Song Yajing hung up the phone.

When the phone hung up, the man put it away. Ning Qing felt the bed beside her move. It turned out that he had casually thrown the cell phone on the bed.

The atmosphere was awkward. Ning Qing did not know what to say to him. Her lips and tongue did not feel numb. He had always been a gentleman who could control his strength well, and his demanding attitude and kiss was filled with lingering lust.

It caused her to...want more.

Ning Qing's two small hands were hanging nervously in front of her big stomach. Suddenly, the man standing in front of her touched one side of her small face.

His calloused hand felt painful and numb on her skin when he touched her.

"Lu Shaoming, don't..." She twisted about.

The man laughed in a low voice. "Don't what?"

His tall figure approached her. Ning Qing's vision was full of his stylish white shirt collar. She fell backward, and he pressed down on her on the bed.

Ning Qing grabbed the sheet and wanted to get up, but her little hand was gently wrapped in his big palm. Her forehead felt soft as the man kissed her forehead.

The man sighed contentedly. "Little Wifey."

As he planted cherishing kisses on her forehead, Ning Qing closed her eyes and tears flowed out from the corners of her eyes. The other hand wrapped around his neck as she embraced him tightly.

Embracing him was not enough. She punched him with her tender fists. "Lu Shaoming, you are truly a bad person! How can you bear to leave me for so long? You told me you had to go to England on business, but you forgot about me in a blink of an eye?"

"I gave you Little Master Lu. Do you know that? I cried every day when I was pregnant with Little Master Lu, but I dare not cry in front of you, lest you dislike me. You bastard! You promised to spoil me for a lifetime, to love me for a lifetime, but you let me drift outside without you for so long. I missed you so much."

"Lu Shaoming, only the moon knows how much I miss you."

The moon represents her heart.

Lu Shaoming kissed the tears along her small face, and he muttered, "Little Wifey, I will never leave again. I'm back, and I will always be with you in the future."

"Alright!" Ning Qing nodded, "Lu Shaoming, don't leave me anymore, or our Little Master Lu."

Little Master Lu?

Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows, put one hand on her side, and slowly descended. His big hand came to her stomach.

When he was holding her waist just now, he had wanted to feel it thoroughly. It was his first child.

His big hands found the edge of her dress, and he wanted to lift it upward, but the girl stopped him. "Shaoming, don't..."

Lu Shaoming looked at her from above. "What's wrong? Let me see Little Young Master Lu."

Ning Qing, with a red face and a flickering gaze, said, "I'll show you later. I haven't prepared myself... psychologically yet."

Her tiny jaw was immediately lifted by the man. Her panicked gaze met his deep, black eyes. He softly asked, "What kind of psychological preparation do you need for this? Ning Qing, give me a reason. I wasn't very happy with your "don't touch me" just now."

Ning Qing buried her little face in her pillow and could hardly speak, "Umm... A woman's figure will change a lot after pregnancy."

After Lu Shaoming heard that, he lifted his sharp brows. He looked down at the girl's figure and uttered one word from his thin, red lips. He was in a good mood as he said, "Indeed."

Ning Qing immediately hammered his chest. "Lu Shaoming!"

Lu Shaoming caught her little hand and lifted his lips. "But this little face is still so beautiful." He kissed her on the cheek.

All women liked to listen to men's praise. Ning Qing quickly giggled and laughed.

Lu Shaoming looked at her smile, and his eyes darkened again. He came to see her slightly red and swollen lips.

Ning Qing met his gaze, and her little face turned red.

Nothing could happen with her in this state, but his eyes were telling her that something must happen tonight.

"I promise you, I'll look at Little Master Lu in the evening. Now let Dad take a good look at Mom." Lu Shaoming kissed her.

How was this taking a look? It was clearly a kiss, alright?

Ning Qing looked sideways and hid from him, laughing to keep him from kissing her.

He easily clasped her small hands, and the man's lips immediately fell onto her tender neck.

"Hey, Shaoming!" Ning Qing didn't allow him to.

Just then, a knock on the door sounded, and Jian Han's voice came from outside. "Mrs. Lu, it's time. Are you going to take the bath tonight?"

Ning Qing broke away from the man's scent and answered, "Dr. Jian, I'm going. Wait for me."

"Alright."

Lu Shaoming frowned in displeasure. "Where are you going to take a bath?"

Ning Qing covered his mouth and asked him to speak more softly. Her silky black hair was spread out messily on the bed because of him. Her face was red. She explained, "Shaoming, I'm going to bathe in a barrel with Dr. Jian. It's good for pregnant women and helps with natural birth. I'm going now. You take a shower here."

Lu Shaoming pressed his thin lips together. He did not speak but did not let her get up either.

He seemed unhappy.

If he were the Lu Shaoming with amnesia, she would've already pinched his handsome face and acted coquettishly with him, but now she dared not. She could only hug him and kiss him on his handsome face. "Hubby, be good, I'll come back early and accompany you."

Her "Hubby" still made the man happy. Her small face felt a sharp pain as the man reached out and pinched her. He got up. "Go! Be careful."

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips. Look at this. This was the difference in treatment. Now that the real Lu Shaoming was back, she could only be obedient and get lectured.

...

Ning Qing walked out of the ward, and Jian Han was standing in the corridor waiting for her.

Jian Han had taken off her white coat and was wearing a dark yellow overcoat. She wore tapered jeans and high heeled boots. She was tall, beautiful, and poised.

"Mrs. Lu, you're here!" Jian Han walked forward.

Ning Qing smiled with curved eyes and said, "Doctor Jian, we are all so familiar with each other. Let's call one another directly by name. You call me Ning Qing, and I'll call you Sister Jian."

She was eight years older. It was appropriate for her to call her Sister Jian.

"Alright," Jian Han said with a poised laugh. "Ning Qing."

...

They both went to the dressing room. Ning Qing took off her coat and stood in front of the mirror, looking at her figure.

She had grown thicker, especially her upper body. It could hardly be called a figure. Her nine and a half months pregnant belly was huge, and there were stretch marks on her belly.

How could she show Lu Shaoming her body like this?

She had a little inferiority complex.

Jian Han watched Ning Qing standing still while holding her belly tightly with a frown, so she went up and said, "Ning Qing, what are you thinking about? Your stretch marks will disappear, and your figure will recover after you give birth to Little Master Lu. Your due date is approaching, don't worry about this for now."

Ning Qing's little face was a little red, and she wittily spit out her pink tongue as she hid her feelings and said, "I'm just looking."

Jian Han shrugged and helped Ning Qing into the barrel while holding her slender arms. As the warm water flowed over her whole body, Ning Qing's entire body relaxed and unfolded.

She cupped a handful of water in her two small hands and washed her face, then looked up to see Jian Han undressing.

The female doctor's figure was more graceful than that of ordinary people. Probably because she was familiar with how to maintain and nourish her body. Jian Han's perfect S-curve emanated a glittering luster.

Ning Qing remembered the vague relationship between Jian Han and Zhou Dayuan. She had forgotten to ask Lu Shaoming about the reason for their separation last time.

Zhou Dayuan was 31 years old, and Jian Han was 30 years old.

When they entered Oxford University at the age of 18, they began to date. They had been in a relationship for six years. Even after they had broken up, they were only 24 years old. Why had they become leftover men and women?

There was something strange going on.

Jian Han went into the barrel, and they soaked for a while. Ning Qing's small face turned pink from the steam. She leaned on the edge of the barrel with her two slender arms and asked, "Sister Jian, why did you break up with Brother Dayuan?"

Jian Han froze and said nothing.

Ning Qing quickly covered her mouth and laughed. "It doesn't matter if you don't want to say it; I'm just curious."

Jian Han lifted her lips and smiled indifferently. "It's nothing much, to be honest. At the age of 24, Dr. Zhou was already a doctor in the Royal Hospital of England. At that time, he performed an operation. The patient was a commander of the Royal Army of England. Later, an accident happened in the operation, and Dr. Zhou got into a lot of trouble and went to jail, so I left him."

Chapter 292: You Are A Traitor; What Right Do You Have?

Ning Qing was shocked. "What?"

Jian Han's facial expressions were calm and she welcomed Ning Qing's gaze. "You did right. I did leave him when he got into trouble. Actually, reality is a crucial part in love. My family background is very ordinary, and he... We were not suited from the beginning, and if I continued to be together with him, then I would also be affected similarly."

It was what they called "going their separate ways during times of crisis."

Ning Qing shook her head and said, "I don't believe it. Older Sister Jian, I don't believe that you are that sort of person. You must have had your own hardships when you chose to do so."

Looking at Ning Qing's firm expression, Jian Han laughed and she placed her head on the edge of the wooden bucket. She closed her eyes and said, "I didn't have any hardships then. Breaking up is just breaking up. Us being together had always been a mistake."

...

Two of them were done bathing. They wrapped themselves in towels and went to the changing room to change into an outfit. Jian Han rubbed a milk moisturizer onto her body. Ning Qing did not put it on due to her pregnancy.

Ning Qing put on her clothes and said, "Older Sister Jian, I'm going."

"Sure." Jian Han nodded her head.

Ning Qing walked out of the changing room. She turned around to have a look. There was nobody around in the changing room at the moment; it was just Jian Han alone.

She walked into the corridor and went in the direction of the hospital wards. She stopped in front of the ward and her eyes brightened up. She immediately took a step and went in the direction of Zhou Dayuan's office.

Zhou Dayuan had not finished work, and he was preparing for a surgery late at night.

Ning Qing was flustered as she ran into his office. "Older Brother Dayuan, there is something wrong!"

Zhou Dayuan was dressed in a white lab coat. He put down the documents after hearing her words. He calmly stood up and the button on the waist of his lab coat was undone, revealing his green shirt and black trousers. Actually, his personality was similar Lu Shaoming's, and they had the coldness that was able to make women mesmerized.

Lu Shaoming had elegance through his cold vibe, and this man had talent shining through his cold vibes. He was elegant and handsome.

"Ning Qing, what is wrong? Say it slowly."

Ning Qing pointed outside and said, "Older Brother Dayuan, I went to soak in a bath with Older Sister Jian just now, and when we came out, Older Sister Jian fainted."

Zhou Dayuan's eyes brightened up and he took large strides to walk to Ning Qing's side. "Where is she?"

"Older Brother Dayuan, I will bring you over."

...

Ning Qing brought Zhou Dayuan to the door of the changing room. "Older Brother Dayuan, Jian Han is inside."

Zhou Dayuan looked at the "Female Changing Room" sign plastered on the door, and he looked at Ning Qing with a smile. "Ning Qing, kids who lie are bad kids."

Oh no, he figured her out.

Ning Qing curled up her lips into a smile and said, "Older Brother Dayuan, then looking at the woman you love and not daring to go in, you are also not a real man."

Zhou Dayuan had a frown on his face.

"Older Brother Dayuan, Older Sister Jian is inside. It's up to you whether you go in or not. I'm out of here." Ning Qing waved her small hand and left.

Zhou Dayuan looked at the back profile of the girl. He was silent for a few seconds, then lifted his hand to open the door and walked inside.

...

When he took a step in, Zhou Dayuan's eyes contracted. Jian Han, who was inside, had just finished putting on her underwear, and her back was facing him while she was putting on her bra.

She heard the door open, and she thought that Ning Qing had returned. "Ning Qing, how come you are back here again? It's perfect; you can help me with the buckle on the back."

Zhou Dayuan swallowed his saliva, and closed the door lightly. He took a step forward and slowly walked behind Jian Han.

She had just showered, there was a fresh scent on the woman. He took the bra in her hands into his, then helped her to buckle it.

His fingers touched her skin, and it was smooth like premium jade.

Jian Han was adjusting the arc in front of her and said, "Ning Qing, Young Master Lu recovered his memory today. Looking at how things are now, some things cannot be avoided tonight. But standing from a doctor's perspective, I will give you a reminder; you are already at 9 and a half months, so it is best to be careful in case of early labour."

After her words left her mouth, the person behind her did not reply.

Jian Han's hands stopped. She sensed that something was amiss, so she turned around to have a look, and the most familiar stranger was standing behind her.

The man has not done this before, and he was focused on trying to buckle it for a long time, but he was still unsuccessful.

All of the blood in Jian Han's body went rushing towards her head. She looked at the man and lowered her gaze to look at herself. She was only wearing lace underwear, and also a bra that was not buckled.

"Zhou Dayuan, you are shameless!" Jian Han shrieked and stretched out her small hand wanting to give him a slap.

But her hand was caught in mid-air. Zhou Dayuan held onto her wrist, and he curled his lips into a smile before saying, "Why do you only know how to call my name now? I still thought that you only knew me as Doctor Zhou."

"You!" Jian Han's small face was red as a cooked prawn, and she did not know how to reply to him.

Zhou Dayuan's gaze went down and scanned her curvy figure. "Jian Han, you guessed that another couple would have something happening later at night. Then you come and make a guess now. I am looking at my first love who is standing before me naked. In my heart, is there something that I want to happen?"

Jian Han was extremely furious. She knew that she looked despondent today. Her hand was held onto by him, and she could only use one slim arm to protect herself, but this could only block what she wanted to protect.

"Zhou Dayuan, let go!" she uttered while biting through her teeth.

Zhou Dayuan looked into her eyes. This woman was normally arrogant, and now that he was looking at her like this, she felt insulted. Both her eyes were glaring at him boldly, although they were both bloodshot.

Zhou Dayuan slowly let go of her.

Once Jian Han was out of his grasp, she quickly ran to the side of the counter. Her back was facing him, and she started to speedily put on her clothes.

Zhou Dayuan did not look at her. His long and lanky figure was leaning on the wall, and he turned his body sideways. One of his hands was inside his pocket, his white lab coat was pushed to a side because of him putting his hands into his trouser pocket. He revealed his long black trousers, and his entire figure was warm and elegant.

"Where did you go for these six years?" He went to jail when he was 25, and she disappeared from his life in a night.

Jian Han was putting on her clothes and casually replied, "Six years ago, I had already completed my studies in Oxford. After that, I needed to look for a job. My parents only have one daughter, me. So I went back to my hometown's nearest city to work."

Zhou Dayuan heard her words and laughed. His lips were mocking as he said, "Is that right? Then six years ago, why did you leave me? With our relationship at that time, even if you wanted to leave, wouldn't you at least leave after saying something?"

"Heh, what would you want me to say? That surgery made you get into a mess, and at that time, both the military and the royal family were all up in a stir. I could not help you, and also did not want to get entangled into this mess. I have my life to live. If you really wanted me to say something, then I will say it you now: Zhou Dayuan, we have broken up."

"Yeah." Zhou Dayuan nodded his head calmly, "So you chose your current boyfriend, the Big Master of the Tang family, Tang Fan?"

Jian Han had finished putting on her clothes. She was putting on her scarf, and when she heard his words, she froze and hastily resumed. She put on her coat, took her bag, and walked towards the man.

Zhou Dayuan behaved as if he did not see her coming. On his own accord, he said, "Tang Fan is 32 this year. We are in the same industry. He is a medical professor from the West. He has a large hospital

under his name. He has talent, and is wealthy. Umm.” He looked towards the woman and continued, “Your taste is not bad.”

Jian Han stopped in front of him and said, “Zhou Dayuan, you investigated me? Do you know that you are invading another’s privacy?”

“Privacy?” Zhou Dayuan said with a cold smile. He straightened his body and bent his body forward slowly, approaching the woman. “You are talking about privacy now? When we were dating, you sat on my thighs to look at documents. I went back to your hometown to meet your parents. I slept in your bed at night and we kissed until the day broke; why did you forget to talk about privacy with me then?”

Jian Han’s small hand that was holding onto her bag was curled into a fist. She lowered her gaze and said, “What’s the use of talking about this now? We are not suited for one another. I also once naively thought that love could be everlasting. But reality is too cruel. Your Zhou family is unable to accept me, and at that time, you went into jail. I did not see any hope being together with you...”

Zhou Dayuan snorted lightly while he said, “The Zhou family did not accept you, but didn’t I cut my relations with my family because of you? I did go into jail at that time, but I did not go to prison! Reality is cruel, so I didn’t ask you to wait for someone who was in prison, but whoever has loved truly, couldn’t that person just wait a while for someone who was in jail? It was just a few days before the court proceedings. You were not willing to wait for a few days, even with our 6 year relationship?”

Jian Han fluttered her lashes and was silent for a moment before she said, “Since that is the case, let’s just say that I have wronged you, Doctor Zhou. I’m out of here.”

She turned to leave.

But her shoulder was grabbed by a large hand. The man used force. She took a few steps back and her back directly crashed into the wall behind her.

Jian Han was in pain, she knitted her eyebrows tightly and said, “Zhou Dayuan, what are you doing?”

She tried to push him away.

But she could do not do so. The man’s long figure was exquisite, and he had the full strength of a man.

She lifted her eyes to have a look, and her gaze met the man’s dark black eyes behind his gold rimmed glasses. She had known him for all these years, and it was the first time she had ever seen this sinister look.

“Jian Han, tell me now; how can you afford to be so arrogant?”

Jian Han was instantly at a loss for words. She channelled her gaze down and did not look into the man’s eyes. She even wanted to stop breathing, not wanting to breathe in the scent of the man’s clean and cold air.

“Jian Han, what are you considered to be in front of me now? You still think that you are still the girl that I had placed into my palm to cherish and love? At that time, we were living together. Hot water was enough for us to use. I let you wash up first every time, and I was always the one who was bathing with

cold water during the entire span of winter. When you were down with the flu or a fever, I would be by your side for the entire night. Looking at you in discomfort would make me feel like dying myself. Sometimes, when we kissed, I would be unable to control myself, but I would not bear to take you.

“You said that reality was too cruel, but after I finished my studies, I rejected a work opportunity in England. I wanted to go with you to return to where your parents were. Because you had told me before, your parents only had one daughter, and it would also be good if we took over your parent’s clinic.”

Jian Han’s eyes were red. She bit her lip, and the tears in her eyes rolled down uncontrollably.

Her chin was tilted up by the man. Her eyes were blurring her vision, and she could not see his expressions clearly. She could only hear him mock her saying, “Jian Han, who taught you how to lie? Where exactly did you go for these six years? Six years ago, you moved, and I looked for you for six whole years but was unable to find you.

“Jian Han, how can you dare to speak to me like this? Towards a man who gave you 13 whole years from when I was 18 until I was 31. You are a traitor. What right do you have to be like this?”

Chapter 293: Zhou Zhilei, Are You Tired Of Living?

From the age of 18-31, Zhou Dayuan had lived for this woman named Jian Han.

She had disappeared for six years, and he had searched for her for six years. Even if she had walked out in his most difficult years, even if she had betrayed their best times, he did not forget. He still remembered their agreement.

Later, she appeared as the proud student of hypnotist Master Bill. She was Young Master Tang’s girlfriend; everything was so ridiculous.

Turns out that he had been the only one standing in the same place. She had led such a good life!

Jian Han pressed her hand over her mouth and cried bitterly. Memories of their past appeared in front of her eyes. Once, they had been so happy.

The hand on her shoulder slowly loosened, Zhou Dayuan stood upright. His white coat hung down, and he recovered the quiet, calm composure he had during the day. He turned around, put one hand on the door handle, and calmly said, “Dr. Jian, congratulations, happy breakup, and I wish you happiness.”

Breaking up had always been her unilateral attitude. He had not agreed before, but today, he agreed.

Happy breakup.

He went out.

When the man left and the door of the changing room closed again, Jian Han slowly slid down against the wall behind her. She sat on the ground, curled up her legs, buried her face, and cried bitterly.

Traitor?

Jian Han was laughing in her heart. He could never understand her pain!

...

Ning Qing stayed in the corridor. About 10 minutes later, the door opened and Zhou Dayuan came out.

"Brother Dayuan." Ning Qing looked at the man. There was no emotion on the man's face. His handsome features were calm and composed. His shiny leather shoes made a steady sound on the cold floor.

"Ning Qing, why haven't you returned to the ward yet?" Zhou Dayuan stopped beside her and asked.

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips in embarrassment. "Brother Dayuan went into the women's dressing room. I was afraid someone would go in. This is the hospital where you work. If gossip spreads, it would not be good for you and Jian Han's reputation."

Zhou Dayuan lifted his lips and smiled warmly. He looked at the girl who was one head shorter than him. Somehow, there was always an inexplicable closeness to her in his heart.

He could not help but reach out and touched Ning Qing's head. "Go back, it's all right. Shaoming's going to look for you if he doesn't see you soon."

"Alright..." Ning Qing hesitated and looked back at the dressing room. "Sister Jian?"

Zhou Dayuan withdrew his hand, but his eyebrows did not move. "If you're worried about her, go in and have a look."

He walked away.

...

Ning Qing went to the door of the women's dressing room. She hesitated to knock. Judging by Zhou Dayuan's appearance just now, the two must not have reconciled.

She was about to raise her hand and knock at the door, but the door opened, and Jian Han walked out.

Ning Qing looked at her. Jian Han's mood was calm, similar to Zhou Dayuan's, but her eyes were red, and she looked like she had just cried.

"Sister Jian," Ning Qing blinked twice and whispered, "I think I must have made a mistake. I'm sorry."

Jian Han sniffled, stretched out her hand, and rubbed Ning Qing's small head. "I'm alright. It's all in the past. It's alright after we've talked it out. Doctor...Zhou and I will have our own lives, but, Ning Qing, you are not allowed to let men into my dressing room in the future," Jian Han joked.

Ning Qing looked at Jian Han's gentle and beautiful eyes and thought that when she had first met Jian Han, she felt a little aloof, but in fact, Jian Han was a very gentle little woman deep down.

She must have been a very young and naïve girl when she fell in love with Dayuan.

Her small head had just been touched by Zhou Dayuan, and now it had been touched by Jian Han. Both of them have a lot of tacit understanding in character and action.

After all, how many people would change in six years?

Ning Qing was very sorry. In her heart, Zhou Dayuan gave her a sense of security similar to an older brother's. If only Jian Han could be her sister-in-law.

But feelings could not be forced. She was an outsider and did not have a say.

"Alright." Ning Qing nodded and reached for her slim arm. "Jian Han, let's go."

...

They went out, Jian Han was going to take Ning Qing back to the ward and leave, but when they reached a corner, they heard someone talking at the entrance of the corridor.

Ning Qing felt that the voice was familiar when she heard it.

Zhou Zhilei!

Jian Han stopped beside her. She was no stranger to the voice either. She put her little hand hanging by her side in her coat pocket and then clenched it in a death grip.

Ning Qing looked at the entrance of the corridor. The door of the corridor was half-hidden. She saw Zhou Dayuan and Zhou Zhilei standing face to face. Zhou Zhilei was very agitated.

"Brother, what's this? I heard that Brother Ming has recovered his memory? Did you arrange a hypnotic treatment for him? Did you restore his memory?"

"Brother, how could you do this to me? I'm your sister. You know I like Brother Ming, and I'll only marry him. But instead of helping your sister, you helped an outsider. How could you help Brother Ming recover the memory of Ning Qing."

"Brother, how can you harm me like this? Is your surname even Zhou? Are you from our Zhou family?"

Zhou Dayuan frowned and lightly replied, "Zhilei, Shaoming and Ning Qing love each other very much, and they are husband and wife. No one can break them apart. As I've said earlier; Shaoming doesn't have any feelings for you. You guys are not suitable. Don't spend your time and effort on Shaoming anymore."

"Brother, how can you say that?" Zhou Zhilei broke down when she heard those words. She went up and pulled at Zhou Dayuan's clothes with both hands. "I have spent so many years on Brother Ming. You're asking me to stop now? Have you ever thought about me? I don't want to! Brother, please help me. Help me find a way! Aren't you a doctor?"

Ning Qing's eyes blazed. She knew what Zhou Zhilei's "aren't you a doctor?" implied. How could her heart be so poisonous?

With a whoosh, Ning Qing burst out and pushed open the door. "Miss Zhou."

Zhou Dayuan glanced at her and frowned slightly, but he looked very calm, however, when Zhou Zhilei saw Ning Qing, she was shocked.

Ning Qing sneered, "Miss Zhou, don't put your brother in a bad spot. Your brother won't help you. I've already told you a long time ago that if you want Lu Shaoming, you might as well come and beg me. Maybe I'll see how pitiful you are and sympathize with you."

Zhou Zhilei released Zhou Dayuan and stepped forward with a vicious glare in her eyes. "Ning Qing, don't be so smug so early. You're going around with such a big belly now. You might be in danger at any time. You'd better be careful."

Was this a threat to her?

Ning Qing remembered the last kidnapping incident in the wooden cabin. The main envoy behind the scenes must have been her!

Zhou Zhilei was also desperate. She used to push her mother-in-law Song Yajing forward as a shield. Now, her mother-in-law doesn't even want to look at her. She couldn't enter the Lu family anymore. Lu Shaoming wouldn't let her get close to him. She was desperate and unpredictable.

She had watched her get Song Yajing's approval step by step, followed by the Lu's family's approval, and now that Lu Shaoming had recovered his memory, she was almost mad with jealousy.

She was even using her own brother now.

Ning Qing wanted to speak, but a slim arm blocked her. Jian Han, who was next to her, took a step forward to shield her.

Jian Han looked at Zhou Zhilei and said in a cold voice, "Miss Zhou, it's you who should be careful. That sentence you just said poses a threat."

When Zhou Zhilei looked at Jian Han, she laughed and sneered. Her eyes were full of scorn and sarcasm. "I thought, who is this person? It's the sparrow who wanted to fly up to the branches and become a phoenix six years ago. Miss Jian, we haven't met for six years; how are you doing?"

"Zhou Zhilei, that's enough!" When Ning Qing and Jian Han both wanted to speak, Zhou Dayuan came in and said, "Leave yourself a little dignity. Go."

"Brother, why do you always protect these outsiders? Do you still like Jian Han? Why can't you bear it when I scold her a little? Brother, you are still the same as before. This Jian Han is not worth it. She abandoned you six years ago. Who knows how many men she has been with in these six years."

"Zhou Zhilei!" Zhou Dayuan stared at Zhou Zhilei with dark eyes, then looked at Ning Qing. "You guys, leave quickly."

"Brother Dayuan." Ning Qing wanted to speak.

“Ning Qing, forget it.” Jian Han shook her head. “You can’t talk sense into this kind of person. Let’s go.”

Jian Han took Ning Qing away.

Zhou Zhilei watched the two people go, and she quickly went after them. “Ning Qing, Jian Han, don’t go, I haven’t finished speaking yet. Indeed, birds of a feather flock together. I didn’t expect you two to become good friends. You both come from humble backgrounds but want to rise in social status by seducing noble gentlemen. I despise people like you the most.”

Zhou Zhilei chased them as if she had gone mad. As long as she saw Ning Qing’s nine-months-pregnant stomach, she would become agitated. It was a pity that the last straw-house kidnapping didn’t kill her.

She lifted her bag and smashed it against Ning Qing.

Jian Han witnessed Zhou Zhilei’s crazy action. “Ning Qing!” she cried and quickly embraced Ning Qing from behind.

The sound of the bag hitting someone rang out, but Jian Han didn’t feel any pain, because a hand had been placed gently on her soft waist, and the cool scent that she was obsessed with rushed through her nose.

Zhou Dayuan was behind her, protecting her.

Jian Han froze. Suddenly she felt warm liquid dripping on the sleeve of her coat. Looking sideways, she realized that it was blood.

Jian Han quickly turned around. Zhou Zhilei’s bag had hit Zhou Dayuan’s forehead. His forehead was injured and bleeding.

Her pupils contracted violently, and she tiptoed quickly. She pressed her finger against the wound. Her voice was trembling. “Your forehead is bleeding. Does it hurt?”

With that, she gently wiped the droplets of blood from the side of his face with the sleeves of her coat and approached him again, blowing gently on his wound.

Ning Qing immediately became angry. She pointed at Zhou Zhilei and scolded, “Zhou Zhilei, are you crazy? You’re even attacking others now!”

Zhou Zhilei was stunned for a moment as she watched the blood on her brother’s forehead, and she decided that she might as well go all in and rushed at Ning Qing immediately. “Ning Qing, it’s all your fault.”

Right then, her arm was clasped by a big, powerful palm, and a deep and emotionless voice rang out in her ear. “Zhou Zhilei, are you tired of living?”

Chapter 294: Daddy Loves Mummy

Zhou Zhilei heard his words and turned around slowly. Lu Shaoming was here.

The man was dressed in a black shirt and trousers. He had just come out of the shower, and his wet short hair brought along an entire cloud of fog, making his handsome face that was defined like a sculpture even more life like.

His deep black eyes stared at her directly. In his eyes, there was a pent up darkness that overwhelmed her. The man actually did not have any expression on his face, but Zhou Zhilei felt that her scalp was numb, and her breathing was rushed.

This was a man who was strong and well versed, who created vast changes in the corporate world. He was not angry, but he could show his domination.

“Shao...Older Brother Shao...” Zhou Zhilei was afraid, and called out to him with trembling lips.

Lu Shaoming used great strength to push her away, and Zhou Zhilei lost her footing. Her entire being retreated a few steps back, directly crashing into the wall.

“Sii.” Zhou Zhilei immediately teared up in pain.

Ning Qing felt satisfied. She walked to Lu Shaoming’s side and held his arm. She had a sweet smile on her face as she said, “Shaoming, you are here!”

Lu Shaoming channelled his gaze down to glance at the girl, his thin maroon lips moved and he said, “Didn’t you go take a soak? How come you are here getting bullied by someone?”

Ning Qing: “...”

Zhou Zhilei felt that her hand that was locked by his arm was in such pain that she felt numb. Her back that had hit the wall was also in pain. He had used a lot of strength just now. He was actually a gentleman. Not using force on women was one of the most basic demonstrations of being a man, but he had used force on her.

Zhou Zhilei’s entire heart sank, but she still tried to explain herself. “Older Brother Shaoming, you have mistaken me. I didn’t...”

Lu Shaoming’s sharp, hawk-like eyes scanned her, and he said, “Zhou Zhilei, you are a fool, but don’t think that everyone is a fool like you. You didn’t what? What you did in the past, and what you are doing now, what you want to do, you thought I did not know about it all?”

Zhou Zhilei’s face was pale. This man was so cold and heartless towards her.

She tightened her fist, and her eyes were full of hatred, “Lu Shaoming, you are really so heartless. I’ve loved you so much, and I’ve waited for you for 26 whole years...”

“What does you waiting for me for 26 years got to do with me? The women who love Lu Shaoming are all over the streets. Should I have to take responsibility for all of them if they do not get married? Zhou Zhilei, I am not interested in a woman like you. I didn’t ask you to disappear in front of my eyes, although I do not like you, tolerating you is already the greatest benevolence that I have given you and the Zhou family. If you still do not know about how to write the word shame, then get lost.”

Get lost?

He asked her to get lost?

Zhou Zhilei took a deep breath of air. She turned her head to look at Zhou Dayuan. “Older Brother, what is with that attitude of yours? Won’t you give me some help?”

Jian Han was actually helping Zhou Dayuan press on the wound, and when she heard Zhou Zhilei’s question, it was only then that she realized that she was being inappropriate right now. She was always like that. Every time he got into trouble, she saw him and only had him in her heart.

Now she was still on her tiptoes pressing against his body, and his hand that was originally on her slim waist was long gone. She withdrew her hand like a bolt of lightning and took two steps back.

Zhou Dayuan glanced at Jian Han and then looked towards Zhou Zhilei. “Zhilei, right is right, and wrong is wrong. I would not help you do wrong.”

Zhou Zhilei had a mocking laugh and she said, “Young Master Lu, Ning Qing, you really believe that my older brother is helping you all with all of his heart, and he is not just feigning civility? My older brother and I are one family after all.”

Lu Shaoming curled his thin lips into a smile, and his low voice rang out. “I have been good friends with your older brother for numerous years. I know what kind of person he is better than you do.”

Ning Qing nodded her head and smiled as she said, “That’s right. I believe in Older Brother Dayuan. I can believe in his character. Miss Zhou, it is actually you; you are trying to drive a wedge between yourself and your brother. Are you really part of one family then?”

Zhou Zhilei was furious, and she broke out into laughter. “Great, it seems like I am the third wheel. Young Master Lu, I have totally lost my interest in you today; I will leave!”

She took her bag and straightened her waist to walk forward.

When she passed by his side, one of Lu Shaoming’s hands was in his pocket, and both of his eyes were looking in front of him. He curled his lips elegantly and softly said, “Can you scale back on what you are doing? Also, never let me catch you with your tricks again.”

Zhou Zhilei bit down on her lower lip. It was great, she accepted his threat and she walked out.

...

Zhou Zhilei walked out of the hospital. She took out her phone and made a call. “Hello, I will accept you courting me. I will agree to be your girlfriend, but I have one condition...”

....

After seeing Zhou Zhilei leave, Ning Qing wanted to go forward to care for Zhou Dayuan's injury. "Older Brother Dayuan, you..."

But her small shoulder was held tightly by the man next to her. Lu Shaoming directly turned around and brought her back into the hospital ward. He scanned Zhou Dayuan for a moment and left with one line. "Manage your injury yourself."

"Ay, Older Brother Dayuan..." Ning Qing tried to turn her small head back, wanting to speak.

But the man held onto the back of her head and lowered his gaze. He looked upset while he frowned and said, "Still think that you have not gotten into enough trouble? Go back to the room!"

Ning Qing: "...". She accepted his bad attitude.

...

The two of them left, and only Jian Han and Zhou Dayuan were left in the corridor. The two of them did not speak, and the atmosphere was extremely quiet until it became suffocating.

Jian Han held onto her bag, and she used another hand to tuck the hair by her cheek behind her ear. She said, "Just now..."

"Don't misunderstand, my younger sister wants to harm you. Naturally, I would have to protect you. Furthermore, it's not a serious injury."

"Okay," Jian Han replied as she lowered her gaze.

The phone in her bag rang and she took it out to scan the number. "Doctor Zhou, I still need to thank you for what happened just now. I have to go," she said to Zhou Dayuan,

Zhou Zhilei lifted her heels and left.

Zhou Dayuan silently stood in the same spot. The corridor of the hospital was very quiet, and the woman was walking as she picked up the phone. Her voice was soft and gentle. "Hello, Tang Fan, you must have waited for a long time... Umm, I am going downstairs now...."

Zhou Dayuan laughed lightly and took large strides back to his own office.

...

Ning Qing was held by Lu Shaoming as they returned back to the hospital ward. They walked into the ward, and the man let go of her small hand, his handsome figure went to the side of the bed, and he got onto the bed.

There was a business notebook that had probably been sent by the bodyguard. He straightened his body and placed the thin, black book on his long legs. Two large, well defined hands were speedily flying across the keypad with ease, and he was settling business matters.

Looking at him like this, it seemed that it had been going on for some time. He probably had waited around and hadn't seen her, so he came out to search for her.

Ning Qing looked at half of his handsome, mature face. Her small face was a little red. She took small steps to the side of the bed and uncovered the duvet to sleep underneath.

Her small round body rolled and turned sideways, her two small hands slowly tugged onto the shirt around his waist, and she hid her small face while she softly said, "Shaoming, does Older Brother Dayuan have bad relations with his family? I saw that Zhou Zhilei was also very arrogant and rude in front of Older Brother Dayuan. She was acting like she was the boss. Don't wealthy families favour boys over girls? How come Kong Lan treats Zhou Zhilei like she's so precious, and why has she allowed her to inherit the winery business? But Kong Lan does not really bother about Older Brother Dayuan. Could it be that Jian Han had come between them in the past?"

The man's fingers that were hitting the keyboard did not stop, and he said, "You are interested in knowing?"

"Umm..." Ning Qing nodded her head and continued, "Yeah."

Pa! Lu Shaoming closed the notebook in one motion.

Ning Qing did not know what was wrong, and she lifted her youthful eyes to look at him. "Shaoming, you are done with your work?"

The man's handsome figure pressed against her. He used one elbow to support himself on the bed. "Mrs. Lu, do you still know how to care about me?"

What was he saying?

Ning Qing looked at his handsome face that was right in front of her. She secretly swallowed her saliva. Was he angry? How did she offend him now?

The girl's pure eyes were absolutely innocent. Older Brother Dayuan, Older Brother Dayuan... Did she not realize that her saying "Older Brother Dayuan" was piercing to the ear?

Lu Shaoming bent down and pecked her red lips. "You are a pregnant woman. Take care of yourself, and care less about the matters involving others."

"I'm not worried about others; I am only asking..." Ning Qing said softly.

"You still dare to talk back?" The man lifted himself up slightly, and he looked at her with his deep and black eyes.

Ning Qing did not dare speak.

"Not happy?"

The girl's pink lips were still half pouting, and she was still silently angry.

Ning Qing did not speak. His temper was out of the blue, and she had not done anything wrong.

Lu Shaoming laughed lowly and used one large hand to touch her small face. He kissed her lips gently, then made his way inside to tangle himself with her.

Ning Qing was immediately soft. She closed her eyes and waited for him to kiss her even more deeply.

But the man stopped kissing and looked at her with a smile on his face. "You are happy now?"

Ning Qing knew that she was weak. She could not control her own mind, just like she was under his gentle spell. She nodded continuously and she was willing to accept it...

It was only then that Lu Shaoming was satisfied. His large hand came onto her belly and pushed her nightgown up.

"Shaoming!" She was flustered as she used two small hands to cover her own belly, not willing to show him where she had stretch marks. It was ugly.

But in the next moment, something gentle came over her. The man slid down and lowered himself, bit by bit; he was delicately kissing her belly.

"Are you called Little Young Master Lu? You have actually grown so much. Daddy was gone for so long. Did you miss Daddy?"

"Daddy missed you two a lot. I missed your mother especially. I pity your mother. Did you know in this 9 and a half months, she went through a lot of hardships, and she was wronged a lot? It is explained in one sentence; it was all of daddy's fault.

"Daddy has to thank Mummy. I need to thank her for protecting you and this family when Daddy was not around. Daddy loves Mummy."

The man's voice was soft and gentle, and it rang back in Ning Qing's ears like magic. Her heart was like a lake with a feather that glided by softly, creating numerous ripples.

He did not speak much, but to her, it was enough.

These 9 and a half months were all worth it, with him saying that he loved her.

The tears at the tip of her eyes fell out again. She curled up her lips into a smile, and this time, they were tears of bliss.

The small hand that was blocking her belly was held gently by him. His fingers weaved through, and he interlocked 10 fingers together with her. He kissed her stretch marks and said, "Little Young Master Lu, Daddy wants to tell Mummy that Mummy is the most beautiful woman in the world. She has you inside her stomach. Daddy's blood flows through you. Daddy's little Wifey, she will only be 21 when she gives a descendant to pass down Daddy's lineage. She has been so brave and so worthy of admiration."

Ning Qing closed her eyes and sighed, satisfied. She had never felt so blissful before in her life. He was hugging her, and she was pregnant with his Little Young Master Lu in her belly.

A family of 3 — a blissful family.

Her small hand searched for his handsome face. She felt his defined features bit by bit, and she grazed his tall nose with hers. "You are such a sweet talker."

Chapter 295: Premature Labour

The sweetness inside her heart came bubbling up again, and she toughened up her guts and grazed his nose.

Who asked her to be pregnant with his little Young Master Lu.

He should pamper her like this.

The man laughed, and held her little hand in his large palm. He carefully kissed her small, white fingers while he said, "You are so bold right now! You even dare to graze my nose."

"I don't dare to do so, but it was little Young Master Lu who asked me to do so. He wanted me to graze your nose," she retorted in a coy voice.

After she spoke, she felt pain in her fingers, and it turned out that the man had opened his mouth to bite her.

Ning Qing opened her eyes, and quickly withdrew her small hand to hit his shoulder, and her voice was coy and girlish as she said, "Why did you bite me? It hurts so much."

Lu Shaoming held her waist and placed his head gently on her belly, then said, "It is not my desire to; it was little Young Master Lu who asked me to do so. It was him who asked me to bite you."

"You..." Ning Qing was at a loss for words upon hearing his rebuttal. This man who had a gentle outlook but have evil intent inside, could he not let her have the upper hand now and then?

At this moment, her belly hurt, and Ning Qing winced in pain, "Shaoming, little Young Master Lu kicked me."

Lu Shaoming saw it, and he plastered his face on her belly. That kick occurred before his eyes just now, and even he could feel that strong burst of motion.

He straightened up his body, and curled one hand up. With his knuckles, he rhythmically knocked on her belly a few times, one, one-two, one...

After that, Ning Qing winced in pain again; little Young Master Lu had kicked her another time.

"Wifey, look. Little Young Master Lu is talking to me," Lu Shaoming said in a surprised tone.

Ning Qing squinted her eyes in bliss while she said, "That's right, little Young Master Lu is saying, 'Daddy, you have finally come back! Both Mama and I have missed you so much.'"

Suddenly, a black shadow came over her eyes, and Ning Qing received a kiss from the man.

Ning Qing quickly pressed both of her little hands against his shoulder. The scent on the man was very pleasant, and the man's healthy, masculine fragrance was mixed with the refreshing scent of a recent shower.

He kissed her very gently and lovingly, and with one large hand, he tugged the blanket to cover her. He only left her little head uncovered while using his right hand as support on the bed. His right hand was gently combing her fringe in front of her forehead backwards, and his left hand slowly went up her belly...

Ning Qing's entire body went soft. It was a typical winter day. There was a heater in the room, and the two of them were buried underneath the blankets to kiss one another. The man was treating her so gently.

Two patches of red that appeared on her small face, and her small hand that she placed on his shoulder could not take it anymore. She slowly moved her hand to his exquisite shoulder, then caressed it.

The man exited her mouth and forcefully kissed her small face numerous times, then covered her snow white small earlobes with his lips. "How many months has it been?"

His question right now had another layer of meaning. Furthermore, how could he not know that she was already at 9 and a half months right now?

"You can't." Her small face was crimson red as she rejected him.

"Little Wifey, don't be scared. Hand little Young Master Lu over to me. Also hand yourself over to me, I will take care of both you and our child."

Ning Qing's long lashes that were like a butterfly's wings were fluttering hard, and she subtly opened up her eyes. She shyly and fearfully looked at the man beside her.

She had tugged the black shirt that he was wearing till half the buttons on them had been undone, and it revealed a good part of his masculine, sculpted chest. His short, dark hair had a few beads of mist, and his features were defined, handsome, upright, and attractive.

In this state, Lu Shaoming would be able to make any woman who saw him feel their heart race and their face blush.

"Shaoming, call me."

"Ning Qing... Little Wifey... Babe..."

Ning Qing stretched out her hand to hook onto his neck, and she messily nudged his side which was getting hot. "That is not enough; there is still more."

Lu Shaoming snorted once and continued, "...Baby."

Ning Qing curled up the corners of her lips and broke into a sweet, saccharine smile. He remembered. He really remembered.

The complete Lu Shaoming has returned.

And he did not forget any bit or piece from the time when the two of them met and fell in love with one another.

Ning Qing's two small, pinkish-white feet nudged the bed sheets, and the sweat of the man who was deeply mesmerized with her started to drip on her face. She opened her dazed eyes, and it was only then that she realized that he had always had his eyes on her. As he stared, his eyes were bright.

Ning Qing was momentarily bedazzled by his gaze. She had never seen such a bright expression in his eyes before. It was like the version of Lu Shaoming who had lost his memories has finally found his complete set of memories, and he now loved her with all of his being...

It was just like Lu Shaoming whose memories were intact had returned again, and he brought along one year's worth of longing. Pampering and loving her was his entire life's focus...

Ning Qing had tears rolling down his cheeks. Lu Shaoming. Her Lu Shaoming!

...

Ning Qing was called to rise. She opened her sleepy eyes, and she glanced around at her surroundings; she was already on the plane.

Looking at the girl's blurry state, Lu Shaoming could not help himself but stretch his hand to pinch her small face. He plastered himself on her red lips, and gave her a peck. "Little wifey, we have arrived in T City. It is time to get off the plane now."

Ning Qing was taken back. Her voice was soft and coy like a small girl as she said, "What, we've already landed? How long have I been sleeping?"

She was way too exhausted and fatigued last night, and after he was satisfied, he wiped her body down for her, and she did not have any of her senses left with her. In her dreams, she felt the man holding onto her for the entire time, and she was buried in his warm chest while she kept sleeping on and on.

She did not want to wake up.

"Yeah, it is already the afternoon," The man gently replied.

Ning Qing's small face was a little red, she lowered her gaze to look at herself. She was dressed in a white winter coat and black leggings, and her clothes were clean and proper...

Lu Shaoming could tell what she was thinking about. He gently kissed her small, blushing face and said with a smile, "Why are you still so shy? I'm the one who put on the clothes for you. I then carried you onto the plane. You did not awaken during the entire time, and I held you for the entire journey."

At this moment, Ning Qing buried herself in his shoulder. She was shy, and she did not dare to lift her gaze back up.

He kneaded her little head he said, "Why, do you still want me to carry you off the plane? I do not mind..."

"I don't want that!" Ning Qing pushed him and said, "I can get off the plane myself."

Lu Shaoming knew that she got shy easily, and he rose up, and grabbed her slim shoulders as he carried her off the plane. He then held onto her small hand as they walked to the main hall of the airport.

“Wifey, what do you want to eat later?” Lu Shaoming cupped her shoulders and asked her.

She slept from last night until now, so she should be hungry by now.

Speaking of food, Ning Qing was pretty hungry, and at this moment, she saw a little girl holding an ice cream cone. Ning Qing had a glance, and both her eyes lit up.

She also wanted to have a taste.

Lu Shaoming looked in the direction that she was gazing towards, and he gently asked, “Wifey, do you want some ice cream?”

Ning Qing turned back to look at the man, and her gaze was soft and gentle. “Yeah.” She looked at him with a pitiful gaze.

Lu Shaoming did not say that she was not allowed to do so. He lifted up his eyebrows, came over, and kissed her lips.

Ning Qing was in a daze as he kissed her. This was in the main lobby of the airport. There were many people walking by, and her small face was blushing as she glanced at him. The man was dressed in a thin black coat, and his handsome, sculpture-like face was mature and attractive. As he held her hand while they walked through the terminal, he attracted the gazes of many women.

Now that he was kissing her, her entire body felt limp.

Lu Shaoming let go of the girl in his embrace, and she lowered her gaze. She did not know where to direct her gaze, and he said, “Still want some ice cream?”

The sounds many girls’ screams came to Ning Qing’s ears. “Wow, that handsome oppa kissed that beautiful older sister just now; he is so masculine!”

Ning Qing shook her head vehemently, and she was very forthright as she said, “I don’t want it anymore.”

It was only then that Lu Shaoming was satisfied. He stretched out his hand to wipe the bit of saliva on her moist red lips, then said, “Wifey, it is not that I am not allowing you to eat. But it is winter now; ice cream would do no good for you or little Young Master Lu. Let’s shake off our bad habits and make things right. We will go to have dinner instead, okay?”

“Okay.” Ning Qing felt that her brain was already unable to work already. Directly next to her ear was his low, mesmerizing voice that was like a spell, and she could only nod her head.

She knew that she was dead. In the past, once she pouted her lips, Lu Shaoming would feel extremely sorry for her.

Now that Lu Shaoming had come back, he kissed her for a bit, and she was totally mesmerized by him.

In an instant, their roles silently reversed.

His damned masculine appeal!

...

After exiting the main lobby of the airport, they coincidentally met with Song Yajing and Yue Wanqing, who had both come to receive them.

Their mothers saw them and were very delighted. They first looked at Ning Qing's huge stomach to ensure that she was safe, then they held her small hand and said, "Qingqing, you are back! We were worried about you the whole time that you were away, and we were afraid that there was no one looking after you."

"That's right. Qingqing, our hearts could only be relieved upon your return. There are still 8 days until the due date; we need to prepare for labour in advance."

Lu Shaoming had been holding onto Ning Qing, and now that the two mothers have snatched her away, he was ignored and left behind.

As he began to frown, Yue Wanqing turned back to look at him and say, "Shaoming, I heard Qingqing mention that you have recovered your memory. Your body is fine, right?"

Lu Shaoming curled up the corners of his lips up into a polite smile and said, "Yeah, Mum. I am in good health."

Yue Wanqing was relieved, and Song Yajing opened the door of the car while she said, "Shaoming, Qingqing, let's go home quickly. Mum made some soup for both of you."

Ning Qing turned back to look at Lu Shaoming, and in a sweet voice, she said, "Shaoming, let's go home."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming looked at the girl who had a gentle and sweet gaze in her eyes, and he started to walk forward.

The entire family boarded the vehicle, and Lu Shaoming drove them personally while the two mothers sat with Ning Qing in the back.

Song Yajing looked at the car and said, "Shaoming, you switch to an SUV for the next few days. When Little Young Master Lu is born, many people will be coming around, and you will have to bring more stuff along. It would be more convenient to drive a SUV."

Lu Shaoming's large, defined palms gripped the steering wheel. He looked through the rearview mirror to have a glance at the girl. He said, "Sure, there are a few SUVs in the garage of the villa. If Ning Qing doesn't like any of them, then we will buy a new one as soon as possible."

Ning Qing felt warmth inside her heart. Her sparkling bright eyes glowed as she looked through the rear view mirror only to see him looking at her, and she shyly ducked her head.

Suddenly, she felt an excruciating pain in her belly, and she shrieked out in agony. She put her hands on her stomach while she said, "Mum, my stomach hurts so much."

Yue Wanqing looked at her, and her expression changed completely. "Things are amiss. Her water has broken. Qingqing is probably going into labour."

Labor?

Lu Shaoming's dark, solemn eyes contracted, and he immediately turned the steering wheel with the desire to stop at the side of the road.

Song Yajing was also flustered, and she held Ning Qing's body as she said, "How come she is going into labour right now? This is premature labour!" As she spoke, she realized that Lu Shaoming wanted to stop the car, and she immediately went to hit his shoulder and had a displeased tone as she said, "Shaoming, what are you doing? Quickly, drive to the hospital! Qingqing is going to give birth soon."

What was he doing?

He only wanted to hug and kiss his wife to give her strength.

After hearing his mother's reminder, he realized that he had to drive to the hospital. "Okay." He floored it right away, driving in the direction of the hospital.

His big hands on the steering wheel were swearing. He sat up straight and took two deep breaths. He was truly worried; he was a 31-year-old man, but even he had times when he was flustered and did not know what to do.

He stretched out his tongue to lick his dry lips, and he looked through the rearview mirror at the girl whose face was already deathly pale, then he said, "Wifey, don't be scared. We will reach the hospital in a moment. Persist for a moment more, I will be with you as we see little Young Master Lu come into this world."

Chapter 296: 7.3 Pounds; Both Mother And Child Are Healthy

Inside the hospital

Both Lu Dinghua and Ning Zhenguo rushed over. The doctor and nurses all pushed Ning Qing into the labour suite and said, "Sorry, there are too many people here. You all cannot be inside. There can only be one person maximum"

"One person?" Song Yajing said, then continued, "Shaoming, you...."

Lu Shaoming had already made his way in.

...

Inside the delivery suite

Ning Qing was lying on the operating table, her face was pale white, and because of the vigorous pain, her entire forehead was covered in sweat, and her hair was messily stuck to the side of her cheeks.

The doctor said, "New mom, relax, and take a deep breath in. Breath in. Use your strength..."

“Ah!” Ning Qing’s two small hands were firmly holding onto the bed sheets. She was using all of her strength to no avail. Tears trickled down her face, and she said, “It hurts so much! it hurts so much...”

“Wifey.” Lu Shaoming put on protective gear, and he quickly ran over. He bent down and held onto Ning Qing’s small hand while giving her a kiss. “Wifey, don’t be afraid. Listen to the doctor’s instructions. Little Young Master Lu will be here in a moment.”

Ning Qing had never experienced this type of pain. It turned out that giving birth is a painful process. She cried while shaking her head. “Hubby, it’s not possible. I can’t... It hurts! It really hurts...”

Lu Shaoming looked at her small, tear filled face, and he pitied her greatly. He comforted her gently. “Wifey, be good. Press on for a little while longer. Think about our little Young Master Lu.”

Little Young Master Lu?

Ning Qing clenched her teeth and exerted her strength.

Surprised, the doctor exclaimed, “New mommy, you are doing well. Use your strength; we already can see the baby’s head!”

Lu Shaoming caressed Ning Qing’s forehead and said, “Wifey, did you hear that? Little Young Master Lu’s head is already out. Wifey, keep pushing. Once you’re done, it won’t hurt anymore.”

Ning Qing bit down on her lower lip so hard that it almost drew blood. Lu Shaoming looked on and quickly kissed her. “Wifey, let go. Don’t hurt yourself. If you want to bite something, then bite me instead.”

The doctor saw that the pregnant lady was already exerting her strength, and if she gave another push, the baby would definitely be out. But the pregnant woman’s entire body softened, and she did not have any strength.

The doctor found this odd. He glanced over and he said angrily, “Sir, you cannot kiss her now. Didn’t you see that when you kiss your wife, she softens up? How can she give birth to the child like this?”

The doctors and nurses in the room all laughed.

“Sorry, sorry.” Lu Shaoming quickly left Ning Qing’s lips. He swallowed his saliva, and he was panting as he looked on. He did not have any experience with this, and when he saw her in pain, he just wanted to kiss her.

He did not know that giving birth to a child would make her suffer this much. She was only a 21 year old girl, after all.

Ning Qing looked at the man’s awkward expression and suddenly had a smile on her small face.

At this moment, a wave of painful contractions came. "Ah!" she bellowed out while her two hands were clenched onto the bed sheets as she used all of her strength....

"Wa wa...." The ear piercing cries of a baby rang out in the air.

Lu Shaoming stood up slowly and turned his gaze to look.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The faint glow of the sunset filtered through the window, showering them in a sea of warm gold hues. He could only see the doctor carrying a baby over. "Sir, congratulations. It is a son, 7.3 pounds; both mother and son are healthy."

It was a son...

At the start, there was one voice ringing in Lu Shaoming's ears, then numerous voices, and after that, the entire world was telling him, "Lu Shaoming, you have a son."

The doctor handed the baby over. Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to receive him. It was such a tiny bundle; he was like a tiny dot...

Lu Shaoming carried the baby in front of Ning Qing. He bent down and gave her a look. Now that he could kiss her, he kissed her forehead lightly and said, "Wifey, look! This is the little Young Master Lu that you've given birth to for me. Our Little Young Master Lu..."

Ning Qing's entire body was covered with sweat. She stretched out her hand to touch the baby's face. He was great. He was their Little Young Master Lu.

Ning Qing closed her eyes.

Lu Shaoming looked at Ning Qing close her eyes, and his expression changed. "Ning Qing, Ning..."

"Sir," the doctor said quickly. "Don't be nervous sir. The new mother is very fatigued at this moment. She is asleep now, so we must let the new mother have some rest. Don't disturb her."

Lu Shaoming was still worried, he stretched out his hand to touch Ning Qing's small face. "Is she really sleeping?"

The doctor laughed and said, "Sir, you do not need to worry. She really is just sleeping."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming nodded his head.

...

Inside the hospital ward

Lu Dinghua, Song Yajing, Yue Wanqing, and Ning Zhenguo were all gathered beside the stroller. "Everyone look at Little Young Master Lu, his features look like Shaoming's, but his eyes and lips are like our Qingqing."

"Haha, that's right. The genes that Mummy and Daddy passed down are so good. Little Young Master Lu is guaranteed to be a handsome little fella." The grandparents were chatting merrily.

At that moment, Lu Shaoming was lying on the wall. One of his hands was in his pocket. He looked through the tiny gap into the stroller. The mustard-yellow blanket was wrapped around Little Young

Master Lu. Little Young Master Lu's hair was black and full, like his mother's dark locks. Only because he was so tiny, his skin was red and wrinkly. He slept from the moment he was born, and he did not open his eyes. How could they tell who he resembled? The grandparents were talking nonsense.

At this moment, a doctor that passed by the corridor. Lu Shaoming quickly asked, "Doctor, how come my wife is still not awake? She has been asleep for 2 hours already."

The doctor gave a helpless smile. In the span of these two hours, this Young Master Lu had asked this same question several times.

He was way too nervous.

The doctor said, "Mr. Lu, the new mother is really just asleep. If you are really worried about her, you can wake the new mother up."

Wake her up?

Lu Shaoming looked towards the hospital bed. Little Young Master Lu had just been born. She did not have that round stomach anymore. She was thin and frail as she slept on the bed. She was much like Little Young Master Lu; they were both tiny bundles.

Her long lashes that were like a butterfly's wings were resting quietly. Her small gentle face had a good complexion. It was fair with a healthy, radiant red to it. There were circles of fatigue below her eyes.

Lu Shaoming shook his head. Although he was worried, he chose not to wake her up.

He could not bear to.

At this moment, Song Yajing laughed and said, "Shaoming, Qingqing used up all of her energy when she gave birth to Little Young Master Lu. She needs her rest. Don't be too nervous, no one is snatching your wife away from you."

Lu Dinghua had a glance at his own son. "Shaoming, come over to look at Little Young Master Lu. Don't keep staring at Ning Qing. Ning Qing will wake up."

Yue Wanqing and Ning Zhenguo looked at their son in law focused fully on their daughter. They both smiled. The two had a good relationship, and they, as parents, were happy to see that.

At this moment, with a groan, Ning Qing, who was on the bed, moved. She opened her eyes slowly.

Lu Shaoming froze entirely. Both his eyes were shining bright, and he stepped forward.

But it was of no use, someone was faster than him. The grandparents who had asked him not to be nervous all crowded the side of the bed and swarmed around Ning Qing.

Lu Shaoming: "..."

Yue Wanqing helped Ning Qing sit up, then placed a soft pillow underneath her. "Qingqing, how do you feel? Are you in any pain?"

Ning Qing shook her head and said, "Mum, I am not in pain..."

As she spoke, Lu Shaoming saw her eyes move. She was searching for someone in the ward.

He curled his lips into a smile and was ready to step forward.

However: "Mum, where is Little Young Master Lu?"

Lu Shaoming: "..."

The confinement nanny pushed the crib in front of Ning Qing and said, "Madam, Little Young Master Lu is here."

The four people gave way, and Ning Qing moved the bed a little. She was wearing a pink maternity shirt. She bent down and grabbed Little Young Master Lu's small hand underneath of the mustard yellow blanket, and she placed it at the side of her lips to kiss. The new mother's voice was soft and gentle as she said, "Hi, Little Young Master Lu! You are finally here. Mama loves you."

Lu Shaoming felt his entire body go soft. His blood was boiling, but he was unable to gather any strength. He could not tell what he was feeling. There was only his wife and his son in his heart.

The confinement nanny asked, "Madam, are you planning to breastfeed?"

Ning Qing nodded her head without hesitation and said, "Yes."

"Alright then, Madam has just woken up, have some noodles first. We will try feeding Little Young Master Lu milk later," the confinement nanny said professionally.

At this moment, Yue Wanqing opened the thermos and said, "Qingqing, you have just given birth. Have some red sugar noodles."

Ning Qing went to take the chopsticks and said, "Mum, I can feed myself."

"Qingqing, it would better for Mum to feed you. From now onwards, you are in confinement. In this one month, you need to take care of yourself. Women are the most weak during confinement. If you do not take caution, you will end up with confinement illnesses."

"Mum, I got it." Ning Qing nodded her head.

With her chopsticks, Yue Wanqing picked some noodles to place it by Ning Qing's lips. Ning Qing did not eat it, and she was gazing sideways to look at Lu Shaoming. From the moment she awoke, the lanky man had stood there.

He removed his thin coat, revealing his grey striped shirt and black trousers. At this moment, he had one hand inside his pocket, making him appear especially handsome and stately.

Lu Shaoming saw her looking towards him. His heart that was previously strained from being ignored regained consciousness immediately, and his gaze was bright as he looked back at her.

She was reflected in his deep, bright eyes..

Sometimes, some words did not need to be spoken. An expression with the eyes was enough.

Ning Qing's small face was red. She opened her mouth to have a small bite of noodles, then lowered her gaze to eat.

Yue Wanqing saw her daughter's shy expression. She could not help but laugh and say, "Daughters are really gone once they are old. She has barely looked at me. Instead, she is looking at her husband."

Song Yajing continued, "That's right, my son hasn't even looked at his own son! His entire heart is set on his wife."

Everyone broke out into laughter.

"Mum, you are not allowed to laugh at me!" Ning Qing lifted her eyes to look at them, displeased.

Lu Shaoming leaned against the wall. The group of people were chatting happily, and even his mother, who was normally serious as far as he was concerned, had changed completely. An amber light that shone through the room, and he felt a warmth that he had never experienced before.

Yue Wanqing stood up and passed the thermos over to Lu Shaoming. "Shaoming, come feed Qingqing. I will go back to make some soup for Qingqing."

Ning Qing stretched out her finger to tug onto the tip of her mother's shirt, and she lifted her eyes shyly, "Mum."

Song Yajing covered her mouth and laughed sneakily, "Qingqing, you are just too much. What is wrong with Shaoming feeding you? Now that you have given birth to Little Young Master Lu, why are being even more shy now?"

Ning Qing was shy and unable to respond.

"Mum!" Lu Shaoming walked forward and received the thermos flask from Yue Wanqing's hand. He frowned while looking at Song Yajing, meaning — Don't say so much.

Song Yajing was delighted. Lu Dinghua interrupted, saying, "Look at this fella fending for the weaker side."

Lu Shaoming did not bother with them. He sat on the bed and looked at the girl. Her locks were spread messily, and there were a few strands of hair stuck on her elegant neck. Her beautiful, small, white face was pinkish-red. Maybe it was because she had expended a lot of energy giving birth to a child. Her entire being was frail yet beautiful. Her frail shoulders below her pink maternity shirt made the man cherish and love her even more.

Chapter 297: Control It For A While, After You Finish Your Confinement Period, I Will Bring You Ice Cream

Lu Shaoming softened. He used his chopsticks to feed her a mouthful of noodles, and Ning Qing opened her mouth to eat.

"Does it taste good?" he asked gently.

Ning Qing lifted her gaze to look at him, and there was a layer of moisture in her eyes. She shook her head with grievance as she said, "It doesn't taste good."

The taste of red sugar with noodles was a little weird.

Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to touch her small head, and in a pampering tone, he said, “Be good; control it for a while. After you finish the confinement period, I will bring you ice cream — Haagen Dazs.”

“Okay!” Ning Qing’s eyes were sparkling bright, and she used strength to nod her head.

Yun Wanqing heard her words, and shook her head in despair, he really treated Ning Qing as a small girl to coax her.

She put on her scared and prepared to leave, and she suddenly thought of something. “Qingqing, you weren’t supposed to deliver for another eight days. How come you went into premature labour like that?”

Lu Shaoming was feeding Ning Qing noodles at that moment, and upon hearing her words, both of them froze.

How did she end up in premature labour?

This question...

Ning Qing lifted her gaze to sneakily peek at the man, and the expression in his eyes was not flustered and calm, but Ning Qing also saw a hint of embarrassment and haste in his eyes.

Song Yajing looked at them, and they were looking at one another. She knew what had happened, and she inferred the situation at hand by saying, “Ning Qing’s mother, the estimated delivery date is not accurate, both premature and late labour can happen. Little Young Master Lu is born already, don’t worry too much about this.”

“That makes sense.” Yue Wanqing nodded her head and said, “Qingqing, Mum will go back home to boil soup for you. You have a good rest.”

Yue Wanqing and Ning Zhenguo left.

Lu Dinghua felt that it was inappropriate for him to stay longer in the hospital ward as a grandfather. He glanced at Little Young Master Lu twice before he left, and Song Yajing stayed behind to take care of Ning Qing.

...

After eating her noodles, the confinement lady carried Little Young Master Lu over to the bed and said, “Madam, the first time that you feed Little Young Master Lu might hurt a little. New mothers all go through the same process. Madam, you should hold it in for a while.”

Ning Qing gently looked at Little Young Master Lu and nodded her head.

The man was standing by her side, and with a crimson red face, Ning Qing stretched out her hand to push him. She said in a sweet voice, "You should go."

Lu Shaoming had a frown on his face, and his gaze unintentionally diverted to her chest, which had grown significantly larger.

Ning Qing was extremely embarrassed, and she turned sideways, making her back face him.

Song Yajing walked over to her and said, "Shaoming, Qingqing is embarrassed. Go to the side of the door and stand there. Furthermore, what is there to see here? Go quickly!"

Lu Shaoming had a glance at the girl's frail back profile. Even though he was extremely unwilling to do so, he still strode over at last and really stood at the side of the door.

Both of his hands were in his pockets, and his handsome back leaned casually against the door. He looked down the quiet corridor, but in his peripheral vision, he was still attracted by the sound of clothes rustling inside.

It was not that there was something interesting to look at; there was something that he really wanted to see.

He swallowed his saliva.

Ning Qing lifted her shirt up and fed Little Young Master Lu, but she winced in pain. She was in intense pain until both her legs were straight and rigid.

"Qingqing, bear it for a while. It will be fine after you get used to it," Song Yajing comforted.

The confinement lady was massaging her, and after 5 minutes, she shook her head and said, "Madam, it's not working. Little Young Master Lu could not get any milk. Relax as much as you can."

Ning Qing tugged on Song Yajing's hand tightly and the tears in her eyes rolled down uncontrollably. She cried out and said, "Mum, it really hurts. I am really in pain..."

Song Yajing saw her crying and quickly stretched out her hand to wipe her tears, "Qingqing ah, my little master. You cannot cry during your confinement period, it is not good for your eyes. Please stop crying."

Lu Shaoming heard the girl cry and quickly channelled his gaze over. It was probably because of the immense pain. The little figure on the bed was shaking all over.

He felt his heart ache immensely, and he came forward to say, "Mum, forget it. If it doesn't come out, then we'll feed him formula. We don't have to stick with breastfeeding."

"Confinement nanny, carry Little Young Master Lu away. Feed him some formula then." Song Yajing agreed.

The confinement nanny carried Little Young Master Lu away, and Song Yajing also went to take care of him. Lu Shaoming walked to the side of the bed, and there were still traces of tears on the girl's face. She looked very pitiful.

He stretched out his hand to wipe her tears and kissed her forehead before saying in a gentle tone, "Wifey, forget it if it hurts. Most of the babies nowadays take milk powder."

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and shook her head. "I don't want to. It was just too painful. After I am used to this kind of pain, I will try it again."

Lu Shaoming looked at her brave eyes, and his heart softened immensely. He said, "Okay, Wifey is the bravest. She is the best. You can definitely do it."

Ning Qing pulled the blanket up, and she brought it above her shoulders. Underneath the blanket, she cupped her painful area with one hand. She felt that she could not open her eyes; she wanted to sleep.

"Wifey, go to sleep then." Lu Shaoming lovingly touched her small head.

"Okay." Ning Qing closed her eyes.

...

Ning Qing fell into a slumber, and Little Young Master Lu started to cry.

The confinement lady carried Little Young Master Lu while she coaxed him, but no matter what she did, he would not stop crying. Song Yajing took him in her arms and felt extremely bad for him. That little bundle was screaming his lungs out, and he was sobbing uncontrollably with his face all red.

The confinement lady took a milk bottle in her hand, and there was formula inside the bottle. "Madam, this Little Young Master is way too smart. We fed him some of Madam's milk, so now he is unwilling to suckle on the bottle. I put the bottle in Little Young Master's mouth, and he spat it out. He must be hungry, so he is crying so fervently."

Song Yajing held Little Young Master Lu in her arms and was also at a loss. "Then... what should we do then? We can't let Little Young Master Lu be hungry and continue crying."

"This..." The confinement lady was also at a loss.

She was the best and most famous confinement lady in the circle of elite wealthy families. She had served numerous wealthy families, and she had never met with such a situation before.

The women in wealthy families did not have much status, and they had to breastfeed after giving birth. No matter how much pain she was in, she still had to do so. The Lu family treated this Madam as their sweetheart, and they did not bare to make her endure that. Unfortunately, this Young Master was a picky fella, so this didn't quite work.

"Old Madam, should we let Madam try again?" the confinement lady suggested.

Song Yajing hesitated and said, "This..."

"Mum, Ning Qing is asleep. Don't wake her up. Hand Little Young Master Lu over to me, I will hold him." Lu Shaoming walked over.

"Shaoming, can you handle it? Neither of us are able to coax him."

With both hands, Lu Shaoming took Little Young Master Lu carefully into his arms, and he lowered his gaze to look at his son who was crying at the top of his lungs. He nodded his head before saying, "I can."

Little Young Master Lu cried until his entire body was covered with sweat and tears. Lu Shaoming tugged the mustard yellow swaddle to open it a little. He carried him into the corridor and softly said, "Shh, Little Young Master Lu, don't cry so loud. Mummy is sleeping! Don't wake her up."

"Little Young Master Lu, Mummy went through a great amount of pain to give birth to you. Now that you are born, you have to understand and pity Mummy. Formula tastes very good, drink a little bit of formula, and after Mummy wakes up, she will give you more to eat, okay?"

Lu Shaoming looked at his little son, and he held him up high. He stretched out his fingers to tease his small soft face, and he lowered his voice to a whisper as he said, "Little Young Master Lu, Mummy is still very young. She is only 21 years old this year, and she is still a small girl. Mummy is not used to breastfeeding you, and she feels pain when she does. When you suckle, you have to be gentler, and you especially cannot bite her. Normally, whenever Daddy would use even a little strength, Mummy would cry."

"In the future, Little Young Master Lu is a little masculine man. You have to protect Mummy together with Daddy. Co-operate a little now. Can you drink some formula?"

Little Young Master Lu: "...Wah, wah..." He did not understand anything Lu Shaoming said.

At this moment, two nurses walked through the corridor, and when they channelled their gazes over, they saw that handsome man was using one arm to carry a small baby, and his back was strong and firm. He was incredibly masculine and attractive.

The trousers and wool sweater that the man was wearing were both creased, but this did not affect the elegant poise that came with him naturally. He lowered his gaze and was focused at looking at the baby. His sculpture-like side-profile was as handsome as a painting. He was softly and gently coaxing the baby with a tone that was extremely mesmerizing and charming to the ear.

The harsh fluorescent in the corridor shone down on the top of his head, and as he was now a father, it made him appear exceptionally warm. He had the exclusive attractiveness of a mature man.

The two nurses had a glance at him, and both their faces and ears were burning red.

"I heard that this is the richest man in the country, Young Master Lu. He is really so attractive."

"Oy, don't be crushing on him. Young Master Lu's wife is Goddess Ning Qing. They have such a good relationship between them. When Goddess Ning gave birth just now, she fell asleep, and Young Master Lu was extremely anxious. He was afraid that he had a son but lacked a wife."

"How could I have feelings for him? Do you dare to say that you haven't fallen for him? A man like Young Master Lu — what woman would not like him?"

The two nurses were chatting and joking with one another.

"Ay, let me tell you a secret."

"What secret?"

"My mentor is Goddess Ning's main physician. She told me, Goddess Ning went into premature labour because yesterday because she and Young Master Lu...did that..."

The nurse was red in the face, and she turned back to look at the man's handsome back profile. She shyly cupped her face while she said, "Oh my gosh, Young Master Lu is too much, right? She is already nine and a half months already."

"So that is why Lu Shaoming and Goddess Ning have such a good relationship with one another."

The two nurses left.

...

Lu Shaoming carried Little Young Master Lu and coaxed him. He did not know how long he was coaxing him for, but finally, Little Young Master Lu's cries softened. The tiny bundle of a baby was still hungry, and he turned his tiny head and stretched out his small tongue to lick the corner of the wool blanket.

Lu Shaoming had a smile on his face, and he walked into the hospital ward. "Mum, Little Young Master Lu wants to eat now, make some formula and bring it over. I will feed him."

"Okay." The confinement lady speedily made half a bottle of milk.

Lu Shaoming placed the teat of the bottle to Little Young Master Lu's lips, and Little Young Master Lu stretched his tongue out to lick it. He then exerted his strength to suck on it.

The confinement lady looked on and had a smile as she said, "Old Madam, this Little Young Master Lu has an attitude. We are unable to coax him; only Sir can do so. This is because the father and son are connected in their hearts."

Lu Shaoming sat on the chair. This was his first time carrying a small baby, but his left shoulder was supporting the small baby, allowing him to safely sleep in the curve of his strong shoulders. He used one hand to hold the milk bottle, and his posture as he held the child was very professional. He curled up the corners of his lips, and his firm eyebrows had a hint of pride in them as he said, "That's right."

He had learned this sentence from that girl.

Song Yajing looked on and nodded her head in satisfaction. "Sons all follow their fathers."

At this moment, Little Young Master Lu was really very hungry, he was sucking hard on the milk bottle, and while he sucked, he looked sideways to have a glance at his old dad.

Nonsense! Didn't you see how long I cried for? I was crying for almost an hour. Even if I did have an attitude before, I became so famished to have one anymore!

What he did know?

Such a cruel old dad!

...

Little Young Master Lu was full and satisfied before he fell asleep again. Song Yajing and the confinement lady both lay down on the hospital bed and sofa respectively, and they prepared to stay the night.

“Shaoming, you have also been exhausted for the entire day. Go back to sleep. I’m here tonight; you come again tomorrow morning,” Song Yajing said softly to Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming shook his head and said, “There is no need for that. I will stay the night here.”

Chapter 298: Wifey, Wait For Me To Return

Lu Shaoming placed Little Young Master Lu, who was fast asleep, beside Ning Qing, then covered them with a blanket. After that, he lay down by Ning Qing’s side.

He stretched out his hand to tease Little Young Master Lu’s small face and lowered his gaze to look at the little girl who was fast asleep in his embrace. One of his elbows was placed vertically on Ning Qing’s waist, and he closed his eyes.

Song Yajing looked at the family of three squeezed together sleeping on the cramped hospital bed. Satisfaction shone in her eyes. She stretched out her hand to switch off the lights and only left a small yellow lamp on.

...

The next morning

Ning Qing felt a small thing moving around in her embrace, and she slowly opened her eyes.

She lowered her eyes to look; Little Young Master Lu was awake. He opened his eyes. Little Young Master Lu’s eyes were big and bright, just like black grapes. They were now turning around in circles, and his two tiny hands were trying to escape the mustard yellow blanket, flailing around in the air.

Ning Qing immediately broke out into a smile, and she rolled up the sleeves of Little Young Master Lu’s shirt, exposing his small yet chubby hands.

“Hi, Little Young Master Lu, are you awake now?” Ning Qing held onto his small hand, placed it by her lips, and kissed it. It was so fragrant — the milky scent of a new-born baby.

Little Young Master Lu did not know what Mama was talking about. When his big eyes found Mama: “Yiyiyaya,” he was calling out to her merrily.

Ning Qing’s eyes were full of gentleness.

At this moment, her waist tightened and the man behind her was awake.

It was only now that Ning Qing realized that the man had been sleeping behind her. His large palm was on her now-flat abdomen. He was protecting them and cherishing all of the hardships that she had gone through through.

The hospital bed was not big. The family of three were squeezed together with him pressed tightly against her. His embrace was really warm. Being held by him, she could pick up his masculine scent.

He kissed her small face and said, "You are awake!"

The man's voice was a little hoarse as he had just awoken, and when Ning Qing heard it, she thought it was absolutely sexy.

"I am." Ning Qing's small face was slightly red.

Lu Shaoming supported her head with his elbow. He straightened his body slightly, and a little bit of the morning sun shone into the room, illuminating the girl's small face that was white with red peaking through it. Upon further inspection, the girl looked different from usual, probably because she was now a mother. Her delicate features were gentle, and would make others' hearts melt.

Ning Qing's small hand was still holding onto Little Young Master Lu's tiny hand. Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to take both mother and son's hands into his palm, and he bent by her ear to softly whisper, "Wifey, the Little Young Master Lu you've given birth to for me is really beautiful. I like him very much."

Ning Qing's heart felt like it had been smothered with a layer of honey, and she smiled sweetly.

Little Young Master Lu was still playing around happily. Based on his instinct, he had a sniff of where his mother was smelling fragrant. His small head planted itself directly on Ning Qing's chest, and he started nudging her.

Ning Qing felt itchy and gurgled in laughter.

Lu Shaoming frowned and used one finger to tease Little Young Master Lu's pitiful chin, then pushed him further away. With a serious tone, he said, "Little Young Master Lu, be a little more proper. Where are you nudging? That is Daddy's place."

Ning Qing looked at him immediately. As she glanced at him, she was obviously displeased. "What are you talking about?"

He was a father now, yet he was still so improper!

Lu Shaoming gently looked at her and knitted his handsome eyebrows. "Could it be not the case?"

Ning Qing had nothing to say, so she hit him.

Lu Shaoming allowed her to hit him, and he looked at her with passionately hot eyes.

Ning Qing could not take his gaze. As she sat there without a clue of how to respond, Yue Wanqing's voice rang out from outside the door.

"Mum is here, quick go away." Ning Qing took the opportunity to push him away.

Lu Shaoming did not fool around. He got off of the bed slowly and straightened his posture.

Yue Wanqing walked inside and said, "Qingqing, you are awake! Shaoming, you have been here throughout the night. Go home to have shower and change into a new set of clothes before coming back. I will be here to accompany Qingqing."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming nodded his head, and he looked at Ning Qing who was on the bed. "I'll go clean up."

"Okay." Ning Qing nodded her head.

...

When Lu Shaoming returned, it was already the mid-afternoon. He stood by the door to have a look. Yue Wanqing was holding Little Young Master Lu and playing with him, and the confinement nanny was serving the types of vegetables, some soup, and some fruit as a confinement meal.

He walked inside and said, "Mum, I will carry Little Young Master Lu."

"Sure." Yue Wanqing passed Little Young Master Lu, who was in her embrace, over to Lu Shaoming. Her son-in-law seemed to like children. "Qingqing fed Little Young Master Lu with milk just now. Little Young Master Lu is full. You carry him horizontally, and help burp him by patting his back," she told him softly.

She had fed him milk?

Lu Shaoming carried Little Young Master Lu took a glance at Ning Qing.

As Ning Qing was taking spoonfuls of soup, she felt his gaze, so she directly channelled her gaze downwards and did not bother about him.

Yue Wanqing and the confinement nanny exited the room and left some space for the family of three.

Ning Qing was eating her meal. She lifted her gaze to look at the man. He was carrying Little Young Master Lu in his arms. The soft, tiny body was perched on his father's handsome shoulder, and the man's large broad palm was patting Little Young Master Lu's back. He controlled his strength well, and Little Young Master Lu let his head down and fell asleep.

He had changed into a new set of clothes. He was wearing a clean white shirt and black trousers. When he had first entered the room, he draped his back suit jacket over the back of the chair.

After a bath, his fatigue was washed away, and his entire being was young and handsome again.

Ning Qing lowered her gaze to eat her meal. Lu Shaoming saw that Little Young Master Lu was asleep, and he placed him in the baby cot.

He placed one hand into his pocket while he sat beside Ning Qing and softly asked, "Does it still hurt?"

The confinement nanny had just told her that Little Young Master Lu cried endlessly last night. He did not bear to wake her up, and he fed Little Young Master Lu using formula powder.

The confinement nanny still teased her, saying that she had never seen such a man who would love his wife more than his own son.

She lowered her gaze and shook her head. "It doesn't hurt."

Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to touch her small face, and with a smile, he asked, "What is wrong? How come you don't even dare to lift your head to look at me after giving birth to our son? It's not as if I eat humans!"

His calloused index finger caressed her smooth skin and made her small face feel hot.

"No." Ning Qing tried to keep calm, and she pointed towards the plate of kelp. "It is just that I do not want to eat this."

"Does it taste bad?" he asked.

Ning Qing used her chopsticks to pick a piece of kelp to bring it to his lips. "You give it a try."

Lu Shaoming opened his mouth to have a bite, then said, "It tastes fine."

"Really?" Why did she not enjoy it? She picked another piece of kelp and brought it to his lips. "Then you have this then."

Lu Shaoming knitted his eyebrows and opened his mouth to eat.

Ning Qing lowered her gaze and continued to eat, but he suddenly cupped her tiny, palm-sized face. He blocked her red lips. She did not have the time to react. Her teeth lost control, and he placed a tiny piece of kelp inside her mouth.

"Woo!" Ning Qing let out a sound, and the man let go of her. But he did not leave. He was situated very close to her and said, "You are not allowed to be picky with food. Have a taste and swallow it."

Her small face was still inside his palm. She did not know what he was thinking about, engaging in the act of feeding her.

Ning Qing chewed a few times, then swallowed it.

"Is it good?" he asked.

Ning Qing stretched out her small hand to push his large palm away. "Umm, it's delicious."

The girl looked obedient and gentle. Lu Shaoming looked at her moist red lips, and he took out the large hand that he had placed inside his trouser pockets. He held onto the bed for support while he used another hand to weave through the back of her head to hold onto her small face. He was stable as he held her and gave her a kiss.

"Woo..." Ning Qing's small hand was still firmly holding the soup spoon, and she hurriedly leaned her head against his shoulder.

...

Song Yajing and Yue Wanqing met one another in the corridor. They were chatting merrily as they pushed the door open and walked inside.

They had a clear look at what was going on in the room. Both of them were on the bed, and they were closing their eyes to kiss passionately. They were not even aware of their mothers' entry.

“Shaoming,” Song Yajing said immediately. “What are you doing?”

Upon hearing this, Lu Shaoming opened his eyes and let go of the girl in his embrace, then he stood up.

“Shaoming, Qingqing is in her confinement period now. This is not a joke! No matter how much you want it, you cannot bully her now. How are you a husband and a person’s father?” Song Yajing said with displeasure.

Ning Qing was extremely embarrassed as she said, “Mum...”

Lu Shaoming stuck one hand in his pocket. He swallowed his saliva, and he felt that this situation was pretty awkward. His own wife had just entered her confinement period, and he was already unable to control himself.

After kissing her, he was caught red handed.

Yue Wanqing also shook her head and said, “Qingqing, you two cannot fool around. Your body belongs to you yourself! Control yourselves for a while; one month will fly by.”

“Exactly. Shaoming, this is your fault.”

Ning Qing was sitting on the bed while Lu Shaoming was standing up, and the two mothers lectured them for a long time regarding this embarrassing topic.

“Mum!” Lu Shaoming couldn’t stand it anymore, and his expressions looked glum.

Song Yajing dropped it and made a conclusion. “Forget it. I think that Shaoming is not self-aware. In this one month, you two will sleep separately, and Qingqing will focus on completing her confinement period.”

...

Ning Qing and Little Young Master Lu went back to the Tea Pavilion Villa. The confinement nanny and the two mothers supervised her during the entire confinement period, and Little Young Master Lu was growing up healthily.

Lu Shaoming went to the office every day, but he would return home very early. Mother would not allow him to step inside the bedroom, and he could only stand at the side of the door to look at Ning Qing. He carried Little Young Master Lu in his arms, and he saw Little Young Master Lu grow bigger and bigger day by day. He felt that his heart was full.

One day, there was a sudden problem with Guang Qing’s oil refinery project in Hong Kong, and Lu Shaoming needed to go on a business trip.

Before he left on his business trip, he in the hall and knocked on Ning Qing’s door.

Ning Qing opened the door. She had not seen this man for half a month, and she missed him too. He was dressed formally. He was wearing a light blue shirt matched with a business vest. His figure was handsome and built.

Ning Qing looked around her surroundings. "Where is Mum?" she asked with a red face.

She was afraid that Mum would see the two of them meeting one another secretly, and she was going to chide them again.

"It's nothing. Mum agreed to this. I have come to look at you. Ning Qing, I am going to Hong Kong on a business trip, and I might not be back until two weeks from now."

"Half a month?" Ning Qing was taken aback. This business trip was so long.

She frowned, and she did not know if it was because he spent a lot of time with her, but she always felt that him leaving on a business trip this time would end up in him involved in some incident. The woman's sixth sense was not picking up anything good.

"Yes." Lu Shaoming nodded his head. He gently leaned against the side of the door. One hand was in his pocket while he was looking at her small face. These past few days, she had been nourished well, and her small face was getting more and more smooth and supple.

He looked at her pajamas. She had already regained her figure. The loose pyjamas could not hide her small waist that was narrow like a porcelain vase's opening; it was 20 inches.

"Ning Qing, in a few days, won't we have passed the one-month mark?" he asked.

The man's gaze was bright and Ning Qing bit down on her bottom lip with her white teeth. She nodded her head shyly. "Yeah."

Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to touch her small face, and his index finger caressed her skin lovingly. He bent down and kissed her red lips. His voice was deep and low as he said, "Wifey, wait for me to return."

Ning Qing slowly stretched out her small hand to embrace his strong waist. "Okay, Hubby. I will wait for you."

...

Lu Shaoming went away on his business trip, and half a month passed.

Chapter 299: Plane Disappearance

Ning Qing received a call from Lu Shaoming at night, and he said that he would be returning tomorrow.

The next day, Ning Qing woke up very early, and even Little Young Master Lu, who was sleeping beside her, opened his eyes and was looking around curiously.

Ning Qing picked Little Young Master Lu up. Little Young Master Lu was getting heavier and heavier, and Ning Qing kissed his small, fragrant face. She had a gentle smile on her face as she said, "Little Young Master Lu, could it be that you know that Daddy is coming back today, so you are as excited as Mummy, and you are unable to sleep... Mummy hasn't seen Daddy for half a month already! I miss him very very much... Little Young Master Lu, do you miss Daddy?"

Little Young Master Lu's small hand was tugging on Mummy's shirt, and he was blabbering about.

Ning Qing kissed her son twice and carried him in her arms as she opened the door.

Both Song Yajing and Yue Wanqing were sitting in the living room. Little Young Master Lu was still too young, and both grandmothers were scared that Ning Qing was unable to take care of him, so they both stayed over here.

"Mum, Shaoming is coming home today."

Song Yajing covered her mouth and smiled as she said, "We got it, we got it. Qingqing, you have repeated this several times already."

The entire family was laughing.

Yue Wanqing carried Little Young Master Lu in her arms and fed him a little warm water before she said, "Qingqing, what time is Shaoming's flight? We will go to welcome him when the time comes."

"Sure." Ning Qing was smiling brightly with her eyebrows curved up as she said, "Two in the afternoon."

...

At 2 pm, the entire family pushed the stroller and waited in the main hall of the airport. But 2 pm passed by, and there was no sign of Lu Shaoming.

"Qingqing, how is Shaoming still not here? Did the flight get delayed?" Yue Wanqing asked.

Ning Qing had a bad premonition in her heart. Her right eyelid had been twitching for the entire day, and she comforted her mother by saying, "It seems like the flight is probably delayed. Mum, let us wait a little while longer."

They waited until three, then they waited until four, but Lu Shaoming still did not appear.

Ning Qing's heart was beating furiously, and she took her phone out to make a call, but all she got in return was the cold tone of the female voice — The number you have dialled is not available.

Ning Qing suddenly recalled something; phones are not allowed to be used on board.

She comforted herself with this fact, and suddenly, a passerby crashed into her shoulder, and the phone in her hand fell onto the floor and broke into pieces instantly.

“Sorry, Miss. Are you okay?” The passer by stooped down and helped her pick her phone up.

At this moment, “Wa! Wa...” The sound of crying came from the stroller. Little Young Master Lu started to cry.

Song Yajing held Little Young Master Lu in her arms to coax him, “Little Young Master Lu, what is wrong? Why did you burst out crying so suddenly? Come, let Mummy hug you.”

Ning Qing took Little Young Master Lu in her arms, and Little Young Master Lu had big fat tears rolling down his cheeks. He was screaming at the top of his lungs.

“Little Young Master Lu, be good. Don’t cry. Daddy will come back very soon....” Ning Qing gently comforted him.

At this moment, “Ning Qing.” There was a wave of noise from behind her. Ning Qing turned around to have a look, and Lu Dinghua held a phone in his hands as he walked over. The butler and secretary followed close behind.

“Dinghua, why did you come here?” Song Yajing walked forward and said, “What is wrong with Shaoming? He said that he would be back at two in the afternoon, but he is still not here.”

Lu Dinghua had a solemn expression on his face as he looked towards Song Yajing, then he channelled his gaze to look at Ning Qing. “Ning Qing, I have just been informed...”

Ning Qing’s mind was in a complete mess, and her bad premonition that she’d felt for these two weeks was written on her face right now. Her face was deathly pale as she took a step backwards.

She did not want to continue listening...

“Ning Qing, I just got news that the private jet that Shaoming was on was involved in an accident when the plane passed by Lake Baikal. The plane has crashed.”

Ning Qing’s irises contracted dramatically, and her ears were ringing out loudly. She was unable to clearly hear what was Lu Dinghua saying.

“What?” Song Yajing shook her head in disbelief and said, “Dinghua, you are not joking with us? Where did the plane crash? Did they find Shao Ming?”

With grief in his voice, Lu Dinghua replied, “I have already ordered some people to go over. The plane crashed in the lake; it would be difficult for them to lift the plane out of the lake...”

“Ay, Ning Qing’s mother!” Song Yajing shouted out suddenly. It turns out that when Yue Wanqing heard this piece of news, her two eyes shut, and she fainted immediately.

Song Yajing ran over to help her up.

Ning Qing forgot how to react, and she did not know what she was thinking about. Little Young Master Lu in her embrace was moving around non stop, and Ning Qing lowered her gaze to have a look. Little Young Master Lu was crying so much that he was out of breath.

She felt a hot liquid roll down her face, and it immediately turned cold. She was crying, and the tears filled her entire face.

...

Yue Wanqing was sent to the hospital, and the doctor conducted a series of tests on her. He shook his head and sighed before saying, "Mrs. Lu, your mother's condition is not too bright right now. Two years ago, she had a kidney transplant. This kind of surgery can prolong the patient's life by a few years, but your mother's heart was under stress, and coupled together with the bad reaction of the kidney, her condition is not too good."

Ning Qing's small face was pale, and she looked at her mother who was lying on the hospital bed. She asked, "Then what should we do about my mother now?"

"Don't be too anxious, Mrs. Lu. Let her stay in the hospital for a while, and we will observe her for a period of time. We will use the best medication to treat her, and if the patient is able to maintain a positive spirit and comply with our aggressive treatment, we will be able to prolong her lifespan. The patient's feelings and spirit are both important."

"Okay." Ning Qing nodded her head.

The doctor left.

At this moment, Ning Zhenguo rushed over and said, "Qingqing, what happened to your mother? I heard about the matter regarding Shaoming; how did it turn out like that?"

"Dad, they have yet to find Shaoming. I believe he is fine. You do not need to worry about Shaoming. For now, I will hand Mum over to Dad for you to take care of her."

Ning Zhenguo nodded his head while he said, "Qingqing, you do not need to worry. I will take care of your mum well. Little Young Master Lu is still small. You have to take care of him. Furthermore, the fact that Shaoming ended up in an accident has spread, and there are many supporters of the Lu family, but there are also many people looking for their opportunity to lay their hands on the Lu Corporation. The Lu Corporation might have a battle for custody, and neither Mum nor Dad can help you in that matter. Qingqing, you have to take good care of yourself."

The things that Ning Zhenguo could predict, how could Ning Qing not expect?

She nodded her head and said, "Dad, I got it."

At this moment, Yue Wanqing, who was lying on the bed, opened her eyes, and the two of them walked in. Ning Qing held her mother's hands.

Yue Wanqing was silently tearing up before she said, "Qingqing, Shaoming, he..."

Ning Qing kissed her mother's hand and said, "Mum, Shaoming will be fine. Before Shaoming comes back, I beg Mum to continue to persist. We don't have time to wallow in sadness. Both the Lu family and Little Young Master Lu needs me. Mum has to take care of herself well. Don't make me worry, okay?"

Yue Wanqing choked up upon hearing her daughter's plea. She firmly nodded her head and said, "Okay, Qingqing. Mum will not add to your burden."

"Okay, thank you Mum." Ning Qing kissed her mother's forehead.

...

Ning Zhenguo walked Ning Qing out of the hospital ward, and at this moment, Ning Qing met a familiar person. "Older Sister Jian."

Jian Han was dressed in a white lab coat as she walked in the corridor. She was speaking to a nurse and was addressing matters regarding work.

Hearing that there was someone calling out to her, she lifted her head to have a look, and she quickly put on a smile and came forward. "Ning Qing."

She did not know why, but Zhou Dayuan and Jian Han were both people who could make her feel relieved. They were people she could go to and rely on. Ning Qing saw her, and the tears in her eyes rolled down her face.

Jian Han saw her crying, and she was taken aback. She quickly went forward to gently hug Ning Qing's shoulders, and she caressed her small head. "What is wrong? How come you are sobbing like a small kitten? You are so emotional once you see me?"

Ning Qing took a breath through her nostrils and held back the tears that were threatening to fall from her eyes. She said, "Older Sister Jian, Shaoming has disappeared. However, I believe that he should definitely be fine. My mother has fallen ill. She had undergone a kidney transplant in the past, and now that her kidney disease has popped back up, she is in the hospital right now."

Jian Han let go of her and said, "Young Master Lu has disappeared? Ning Qing, trust your own instincts. If you feel that he is fine, then he should definitely be fine."

As she spoke, she looked at Ning Zhenguo and nodded her head politely. "Uncle, how are you?"

"How are you, Doctor Jian?"

"Ning Qing, although I am unable to help you regarding Young Master Lu's matters, hand Auntie over to me. Her kidney illness has relapsed? It is nothing much; it is a small matter. The medical technology in the country is very advanced. I know a great medical professor, and he has many patients under his care that are all kidney transplant patients who have lived to 80 or 90 years old. I believe Auntie could also live that long."

Ning Qing was instantly surprised. She exclaimed, "Older Sister Jian, is this true?"

Jian Han shrugged her shoulders and pretended to casually raise her eyebrows up. "Would you actually take me as a liar?"

Ning Qing shook her head. She did not seem like one at all.

There was a gentle and meticulous aura on Jian Han's body, and it was very similar to Zhou Dayuan. It made others believe in them easily.

"Doctor Jian, if Qingqing's mother is able to have a long and prosperous life, then you will really become the benefactor of the Ning family," Ning Zhenguo proclaimed.

Jian Han pointed at the work badge on her shirt, and she said, "Uncle, you don't have to be courteous. I will contact that medical professor as soon as possible. I am working here in the neurology department. I will contact Auntie's main physician and the nurses working for her, and I will leave my contact number for you later. If anything comes up, you can call me. I will come here to visit frequently."

"Okay, okay," Ning Zhenguo calmly agreed.

"Ning Qing, you can go and attend to your own matters. Hand both Uncle and Auntie over to me," assured Jian Han.

Ning Qing nodded her head forcefully. Half of her heart was relieved. Jian Han was around to care for her mother, so she could feel safe.

...

Ning Qing did not return to the Tea Pavilion villa. At the airport, Song Yajing sent Little Young Master Lu back to the Lu home, and now she also wanted to go back to the Lu home.

Walking into the main lobby of the Lu family villa, the confinement lady carried Little Young Master Lu to drink some water, and Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing were seated on the sofa in the living room.

The butler placed some documents in front of both of them and said, "Old Master, Old Madam, the situation is in a state of hurry right now. Although we have suppressed the news of Young Master being in a plane crash for now, this piece of news has spread among the Lu family in America. We've just received news; many sources of power have already collaborated with one another, and they are preparing to come to T City to open an emergency shareholder's meeting. They want to elect the next president of Lu Corporation."

Song Yajing slapped the table in anger and said, "These old things have waited a long time for this day to arrive. Now that we are unsure whether Shaoming is alive or not, they already anxious to lay their hands on his position."

The butler had a painful expression on his face as he said, "Old Madam, the people who we sent to Lake Baikal have already found the remains of the plane. There is also the body of the pilot, but there is no news of Young Master. I have sent more manpower to Lake Baikal to go in the depths of the lake to sweep, but for now, we are racing against time. As long as one day passes without news of Young Master, the American side will take the opportunity to strike. We cannot stay here and do nothing. We definitely have to think of a way to fight back."

Lu Dinghua contemplated for a moment, and in a low voice, he said, "After tomorrow, if there is still no news of Shaoming, we will officially announce that Shaoming...has passed away."

Chapter 300: Ning Qing, The Lu Family Would Be Handed Over To You

"What?" Song Yajing stood up.

Lu Dinghua also stood up from the sofa, and he walked to Song Yajing's side. He stretched out both hands to hold onto her shoulders. "Yajing, it is not the time to be leaving things up to chance. The plane crashed. The body of the pilot was the first body to be discovered. The chance of Shaoming surviving the crash is close to zero. Our house now is having crises both inside and out. The Lu group of corporations is one delicious piece of meat that everyone is salivating over. They all want to take a bite, and we need to have a contingency plan for the worse case scenario.

"We have 25% of the stocks in our hands. Shaoming has 26% in his hands. If Shaoming gets into an incident, the stocks would lay in the hands of Ning Qing and her son. The amount of shares that we have added up as a family would be 51%; we still can keep a steady position as a large shareholder of Lu Corporation. But the annual shareholder general meeting would have a vote count. If they make a deal under the table, once the annual shareholder general meeting starts, they would want to strip Shao Ming's position of President away from him. If they vote, then the Lu Corporation would belong to another party. How would we have the face to face our ancestors and descendants?

"Yajing, since we do not know if Shaoming is alive or dead, those old things still fear Shaoming. We still hold power. We should make a swift decision and announce the news of the death tomorrow morning. They would be at a loss not knowing what to do, and I would merge of all subsidiaries of Lu Corporation to hold an annual general shareholders' meeting, and I'd suggest that I would continue and take on the role of Lu Corporation's president.

"Yajing, we still have hope. Shaoming's son, Little Young Master Lu is our hope. Shaoming was only 16 when he debuted his own company in America. Our Little Young Master Lu can do the same. Over these 16 years, we will give him support as his grandparents, and in the future, we will hand over the Lu Corporation to Little Young Master Lu."

Song Yajing's eyes were filled with tears, and they trickled down endlessly. She covered her mouth and sobbed painfully.

Those with white hair sending off those with black hair; it is really the most cruel thing on earth.

"Dad." Ning Qing stepped forward, and she shook her head. "We cannot do it this way."

Lu Dinghua turned around. He looked towards Ning Qing. Ning Qing's face was dry, and she did not have any traces of tears. Her small face was pale, and it was like her entire soul had been sucked from her body. It made her look even more frail and despondent.

But her eyes were still bright, and they had a glow of determination and strength in them.

"Ning Qing, now is not the time to be thinking of romance..."

"Dad." Ning Qing interrupted him and calmly said, "It is not me that is thinking of romance, but it is your plan that is not feasible. 16 years is a number, but it is long and weary. You place all of your hopes on Little Young Master Lu, then those people who are hungry for power would also be pinned against Little

Young Master Lu. How would they allow Little Young Master Lu to grow up healthy in this span of 16 years?”

Lu Shaoming had only a short 31 years on earth, but he had been framed endlessly. If he had not met Ning Qing five years ago, he, Lu Shaoming, would be long dead.

The life of humans could be so frail.

“Ning Qing, don’t worry, Little Young Master Lu will definitely grow up healthy. I would not allow anyone to harm him...”

“Dad, even if you can give Little Young Master Lu support and fend off all possible attacks, who would guarantee that Little Young Master Lu would be the second Shaoming? If he does not have any interest in commerce, if he is not a genius, what would we do then?”

This question made Lu Dinghua’s eyes contract. She was right, there was only one Lu Shaoming on this earth. He was the pride of the Lu family.

Who would know how Little Young Master Lu will turn out?

If Little Young Master Lu did not have the flair, then what was the Lu family going to do?

“Dad, Little Young Master Lu is still small. He doesn’t know anything; he should not be forced to carry such a heavy burden in his life. Little Young Master Lu has the right to fly as freely as any kid on earth. We don’t have the right to control his life, and this is unfair towards him.”

Song Yaijing went forward and said, “But, Qingqing, what should we do then? Would we simply allow Lu Corporation to slip away from our hands like this?”

“No.” Ning Qing’s voice was soft as she shook her head slowly. She was firm as she said, “The things in the Lu family — nobody can snatch them away!”

Lu Dinghua looked at Ning Qing directly in the eyes. “Ning Qing, then what do you plan to do?”

“One word: wait!”

“What are we waiting for?”

“Wait for Shaoming. I believe that he is definitely alive.”

Lu Dinghua’s facial expressions was grave. He sighed and said, “Ning Qing, I know that you still cannot accept reality. You do not want to announce Shaoming’s death to the masses. But we do not have any more time; those old vultures will definitely rush over quickly, the annual shareholders meeting will happen in a half-month’s time.”

“Dad, it is not that I do not want to announce Shaoming’s death to the masses, but it is rather that we cannot do so. I know Dad wants to bet on the shareholder’s meeting, but Dad, how confident are you of succeeding?”

“The loyalists of the Lu Corporation have been following the Lu family make up half the number, I believe...”

“Dad, that was when Shaoming was around. Did you ever consider that once the news of Shaoming’s death is announced, the hearts of the people would be in a mess. At that time the situation would be chaotic. Are you able to rein them in? Would that bunch of people still be willing to follow behind you? Dad is already in his fifties this year; the Lu family is left with a lone son and widowed mother. What would those people see in us to still follow behind us? If Dad releases the news of Shao Ming’s death and loses at the annual general stockholders meeting, then we will really be at a loss.”

“But Ning Qing, if we do not give it a try, would you think that those old vultures would give us time to wait?”

“Dad, it has only been a day since the plane crash. Shaoming is only somewhere we cannot locate. These people all still fear Shaoming, so in the meantime, they would not dare attempt to usurp him. Dad, don’t worry. Let them come endlessly. I will face them. If they do not give us time to wait; I will force them to give it up.”

Ning Qing spoke with a bright glow in her eyes. Her small, frail body had a certain strength to it. Lu Dinghua hesitated, and this was the moment that the Lu family stood at the end of the cliff. Did they really want to listen to Ning Qing?

If they listened to Ning Qing now, they would be passing the entire fortune of the Lu family into Ning Qing’s hands.

She was only 21 years old; could she shoulder this responsibility?

Could she really manage it all?

“Ning Qing, this is the defining moment that determines the Lu family’s life or death. Some words still cannot be said anyhow. Let me ask you, facing those vultures; how confident of you in doing so?”

Ning Qing welcomed Lu Dinghua’s eyes that were scanning her. She contemplated seriously and said, “On their first visit, I have total confidence.”

Lu Dinghua was satisfied in his heart and nodded his head. Ning Qing had her own considerations in her own heart. When she said, “the first time,” it explained everything.

She knew that “waiting” would be a project that would take a lot of time. As time dragged on, those scavengers would have less and less patience.

They would force themselves in with more and more strength.

Lu Dinghua stepped forward and stood in front of Ning Qing. “Ning Qing, speaking from personal experience, people are selfish beings. If Shaoming is really not with us anymore, you are still young, you still have better choices. We would also understand you. This is a time when you could totally hide behind us, but you are now choosing to go on a tedious road,” he said seriously.

Ning Qing had a little smile while she said, “Dad, ever since I married Lu Shaoming, I have not had a second choice. I will spend the rest of my life with the Lu family.”

Song Yajing went forward and she teared as she held onto Ning Qing’s small, cold hand. “Good child, Mum knows that you are suffering...”

“Mum.” Ning Qing held onto her hand and said, “Mum, everyone says that a Mother and Son are connected by their hearts. Does Mum really think that Shaoming is dead? Shaoming is our pillar. He has Dad and Mum to provide for. He has Little Young Master Lu and me. He would not die so easily. He is not willing to die. In his life, he is someone with gratitude and responsibility; he would never resign to fate.

“Mum, Shao Ming has definitely met with some difficulties now, so he is unable to rush back. At this time, we should band together and give him some time to return home. He has only disappeared for one day. Mum, how can we give up on him so easily when he is in such a difficult time?”

Song Yajing sobbed loudly and she nodded saying, “Yes, yes, Qingqing, Mum supports you. Shaoming would definitely not die like this. We will wait for Shaoming’s return together...”

Ning Qing looked towards Lu Dinghua and said, “Dad...”

Lu Dinghua nodded his head and said, “Forget it, Ning Qing. We will listen to your plans. Later, I will personally bring people over to go towards Lake Baikal to search for Shaoming. If he is alive, we must see a person. If he is dead, we need to look at a body. Ning Qing, then we will pass the Lu family to you; you have a battle to fight now.”

“Dad.” This time, the tears flowed down from Ning Qing’s eyes. She nodded saying, “Dad, you are in the back looking for Shaoming. Let me fight the war in the front. I will guarantee, as long as I am here, non nonsense would not be able to enter the Lu family. I will strive to earn as much time as I can.”

“Yes, Ning Qing. Dad believes in you.” Lu Dinghua patted Ning Qing’s shoulder and ordered the butler, “In the time I am not here, all matters at home will be at Madam’s discretion.”

The butler looked towards Ning Qing. His expression was polite and admiring. He nodded and said, “Madam, we will all listen to your orders in all aspects. We will also go down with the Lu family.”

Ning Qing broke out into a smile while she cried, “Yeah.”

...

Lu Dinghua brought manpower over to fly to Lake Baikal. Ning Qing was in charge of the Lu family.

She had just fed milk to Little Young Master Lu and comforted him to sleep. Song Yajing walked into the room and said, “Qingqing, those buzzards are already on their way here.”

“Umm, Mum, you ask the maids to prepare a table full of dishes. It is time for a meal.”

“Okay.” Song Yajing nodded her head.

“Mum.” Ning Qing turned her head around to look at Song Yajing and winked playfully. “Are you scared?”

Song Yajing gave a displeased expression at Ning Qing before saying, “Qingqing, Mum is a person who has weathered many storms. Those old leeches are not of any importance to me. As long as Shaoming is still alive, Mother and Daughter-in-law will grit our teeth and protect this home. Everything will turn out well.”

Ning Qing hugged Song Yajing and said, "Mum, don't worry. Shaoming is definitely alive."

...

The maid opened the doors of the villa. Eight or Nine elders walked inside.

Ning Qing and Song Yajing came forward to welcome them. "Oldest Uncle, Second Uncle... This is Seventh Grandpa," Ning Qing said with a smile.

The elders all looked at Ning Qing. Ning Qing's eyes were still red rimmed, but there was no hint of sadness or fluster on Ning Qing's small face. She was refined and elegant in her speech. These elders had heard of Lu Shaoming's flight crashing, and it was a hotly debated topic. They hated that they could not sit in the position of President of Lu Corporation at this moment.

But they were not sure; they were afraid.

Did this Lu Shaoming actually die?

So they came over to assess the situation.

Ning Qing's elegant demeanour made the elders' hearts frustrated.. Everyone had a secret expression in their eyes, and they benevolently said, "Little girl Ning Qing, you still remember all of us. Your memory is really good."