

## Chapter 361:

### Young Master Lu Is Back

There was no news of Lu Shaoming.

Ning Qing turned her gaze back. She looked at the living room. Jian Han was seated on the sofa, and she was holding Little Qinwen in her arms as she played around with him.

Jian Han had her hair flowing down her face, and it blocked her small face, but she still looked pretty and pure. She could tell how much she liked babies. These past few days, she has been unable to let go of Little Qinwen. Her eyes were full of the natural motherly love that women naturally felt.

Ning Qing stepped forward. She sat beside Jian Han as she said, "Older Sister Jian, I can tell how much you like Little Qinwen. Older Sister Jian should also hurry up and give birth to one yourself."

Jian Han's smile on her lips froze for a moment. She turned her gaze sideways to look at Ning Qing and joked, "I also want to give birth to one, but I don't know who to have one with."

Ning Qing smiled brightly as she lowered her voice. "Of course, with Older Brother Dayuan."

Jian Han froze yet again, and she was displeased as she glanced at Ning Qing. "Don't speak nonsense. He and I..."

"Older Sister Jian, I have seen through it these past few days, Older Brother Dayuan disappeared together with Shaoming. You were unable to contact him, and you frequently looked at your phone as you daydreamed. Older Sister Jian, do you dare to say that you didn't worry about Older Brother Dayuan, and you didn't miss him?"

Jian Han lifted her hand to tuck her hair behind her ear. Her face was a little red, because Ning Qing had seen through her.

Half a month ago, in the car, he did tell her that he would not be around for some time. She did not take it into her heart. She did not think that he was really not around, and once he left, he disappeared for half a month.

She guessed that Young Master Lu was in danger. He was by Young Master Lu's side, and he would probably be in danger also.

A person like him, she understood him the most. He would place saving others' lives first. The call of duty for him was too heavy to ignore.

She was afraid that he would...end up in an accident.

Ning Qing looked at Jian Han's shy, worried expression on her face. She felt that it was really funny. Jian Han was already 31 years old. She had dated Zhou Dayuan for six years. She could be considered to have

experience, but now, in the face of love, she was very inexperienced and very shy, just like a young girl in her twenties.

Everyone said that how a woman was like was related to her man, Ning Qing believed in that.

Her man... He was cold and handsome on the surface, but personally, he was too bad. Half a month ago, he lured her into the car and brought her to the peak of the mountain. He even knelt down as he hit her face. He was extremely rogue. He occasionally liked to crack dirty jokes. At the start, she was unable to keep up with him, and after a while, she understood what he was trying to say in a second.

She has also turned bad.

But Jian Han was not. The 31 year old woman's face would still become red over nothing. She was very pure. This indicates that Zhou Dayuan did not teach her much. He was not used to a romantic atmosphere.

It was probably his education and his deeply ingrained morals. He would not take advantage of a lady before they got married.

Ning Qing softly and emotionally murmured, "Older Sister Jian, Older Brother Dayuan is such a great person. He loves you, and you also love him. Why don't you get together? Neither of you are young anymore. Life doesn't have many years for you to waste away. Could it be that Older Sister Jian doesn't want to have a family with Older Brother Dayuan. You don't want to have a cute baby with him?"

Jian Han listened on, saying nothing. Her long eyelashes drooped down, expressing her sad and depressed emotions.

Ning Qing wanted to advise her, but at this moment, there were bouts of light in her line of vision. Ning Qing froze immediately.

She stood up slowly and looked outside the French windows.

There was a familiar Bentley parked outside.

Jian Han also stood up, she wondered out loud, "Ning Qing, it is Young Master Lu's car. Is Young Master Lu back already?"

Was Young Master Lu was back already?

Ning Qing also asked herself inside her heart; it was his car!

Was he back?

She could have a thousand reasons to be unsatisfied and thousands of reasons that she could not forgive him for inside her heart, but when she found out that he was in danger, she could put it all aside as long as he was safe and sound.

After all, he was her husband, and also a man whom she loved deeply.

He was also Little Qinwen's father.

When Ning Qing regained her senses, she realized that she had already run out the door of the villa. She stood in the corridor, and she was looking at the grass patch in a blur. The man got out of the car, and he had the car keys in his right hand. He was walking in her direction.

She was not wrong. It was him — Lu Shaoming.

He was dressed in a white shirt matched with black trousers, he was tall and handsome, his deep chiselled lines had defined his handsome face, and he had a neat hairstyle on his head as he looked matured and clean.

His black and sparkling shoes stepped one by one on the stairs, and he was standing beside her.

Lu Shaoming looked at the small woman who was in a daze that stood before his eyes, she was looking at him, as if she did not dare believe, she looked pure and silly.

He lifted his hand, and kneaded her small, supple face. His voice was low and charming as he called out to her. “Ning Qing.”

Ning Qing was silent for a few seconds, and she suddenly lifted up her hand and went in the direction of his face.

But she was unable to slap him because her slim wrist was pinned down.

The man had a frown on his face and curled his lips up as he said, “You are addicted to slapping me now? I have been gone for such a long period of time. I think you have an itch to scratch.”

He forcefully pulled her into his embrace.

Ning Qing was out of breath while he hugged her. She struggled with all of her limbs as she did not allow him to hug her, “Let go!”

“I won’t let go. I want to see what you can do to me.” Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows up in a good mood. With one hand, he caressed her permed hair. He buried himself in her soft, tender neck as he took a whiff of it’s warm scent.

“It smells so good. Little Wifey, why is your body so fragrant?”

Ning Qing was in a hurry, and she was also angry. This man was made out of metal. He held her tight in the embrace of his two muscular arms. She was unable to move at all. She was full of hate and opened her mouth to bite his chest.

The man froze and stood up straight. His hoarse voice was sexy as he asked, “Wifey, where are you biting?”

After his reminder, it was only then that Ning Qing realized that she was biting his chest. Her saliva had stained his luxury shirt, and it was a little damp. He was exposed.

Ning Qing’s tiny face was crimson red. She did not use much strength with her teeth, because she did not have any strength in her entire body. When he took a whiff of her, and after he asked why she was so fragrant... He was a bad man — extremely bad.

She was forced into his embrace. All she could smell in her nostrils was the scent on his body. It was a crisp, clear scent mixed together with the scent of a healthy man, and also the chillness of the night — mesmerising.

His embrace was still how she remembered. It was broad and warm. The comfortable temperature on his shirt transferred to her body and made her feel at ease.

Her small face was cupped by the man's two large hands. When she lifted her gaze, she saw his dark, sparkling eyes. He was looking at her with emotion in his eyes.

Ning Qing's long lashes that resembled a butterfly's wings fluttered for a while. She frantically shut her eyes as she received the man's kiss.

He kissed her eyes.

His thin, warm, and gentle lips kissed her eyes lovingly and pitifully.

Ning Qing was at a loss. Two of her small hands slid down his shirt. She landed by his waist and firmly held the fabric. Her face was wet, and tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Wifey, don't cry. I am back. In the future, I would not make you cry again."

The tears in Ning Qing's eyes flowed even more, and he went all the way down and kissed her red lips deeply.

Ning Qing lifted her head up, accepting his kiss. He kissed her very gently. He slowly attacked her and made her entirely smitten with him.

It was a miraculous thing to be kissing a person you loved. Ning Qing felt her entire body tremble. She went soft from head to toe. Her sparkling toes were curled up, and she allowed him to kiss her.

After a long kiss ended, Lu Shaoming placed his forehead on hers. The man's large, rough palm wrapped around her small face, and his fingers brushed against her beautiful tender cheek. He was sighing. His thin lips were still on her red lips. He shut his eyes as he called her, "Wifey."

Ning Qing replied in a blur. She moved her small head wanting to escape his large hand. Her soft voice had coyness in it as she said, "Who is your wifey?"

She would not forgive him.

When he said that she was his wifey, she was.

When he said that she wasn't, then she was nothing at all.

It was so easy for him to ask her to come when he pleased and chase her away when he did not want her anymore.

Hmph!

Lu Shaoming opened his eyes to look at her, he wanted to speak, but at this moment, the main doors of the villa opened up. "Shaoming, Shaoming, are you back already?"

Ning Zhenguo and Yue Wanqing ran out excitedly.

Ning Qing quickly pushed him away. Lu Shaoming stood up straight and looked at his parents-in-law. He called out, "Dad, Mum, I am back."

Yue Wanqing had Little Qinwen in her arms. She was emotional, and tears flowed down her face. "Shaoming, what exactly has been going on? You met with accidents non stop. Thank god the Heavens have blessed you, and you managed to emerge unscathed after all. I hope that you will not end up in any more trouble. Dad and Mum are unable to withstand it any longer."

"Mum, don't worry — there won't be a next time."

"That would be good."

Little Qinwen in Yue Wanqing's arms saw his Daddy. He gurgled in laughter. His tiny little hands were dancing in the air messily, and his body tumbled towards Lu Shaoming. He was saying, "Carry... carry.."

Everyone heard what he was saying and broke out into immediate laughter. Yue Wanqing was displeased. "Look, Grandmother has looked after you for so long, but we are still not as close as compared to you and your father. Once Daddy comes back, our Little Qinwen wants Daddy to carry him."

Lu Shaoming went forward, and he welcomed a little, soft, fragrant bundle in his embrace.

"Little Qinwen." He lowered his gaze as he kissed his son.

Jian Han looked at the family of five that were reunited again. She felt happy for them inside her heart. At this moment, her phone rang. She received a text message.

She tapped it open to have a look. It was a message from Zhou Dayuan.

[Where are you?]

Her heartbeat accelerated, and did not know how to reply to him at the moment.

At this moment, she received another message. [I am outside the villa, come out.]

Jian Han lifted her head as she looked out. He...was outside now?

"Young Master Lu, Ning Qing, Uncle, Aunty, I congratulate all of you as you are all reunited with one another once again. I have something else to handle; I have to go." Jian Han bid farewell.

Ning Qing did not bear to part with her, and Yue Wanqing also tried to persuade her to stay, "Older Sister Jian, stay and have dinner with us."

"I wish I could. I have to go. I will make another visit to you all next time." Jian Han declined while she made her exit.

The entire family stood by the door to send Jian Han off. After Jian Han's back profile disappeared from view, Yue Wanqing smiled and said, "Shaoming, let's go. Let's go back home. Mum will go into the kitchen to make another two other dishes. We will celebrate your return."

...

Yue Wanqing quickly made a whole table full of dishes. They looked and smelled delicious. An amber light shone in the dining room. The entire family sat at the dining table to enjoy dinner.

Little Qinwen sat in his baby stroller. Ning Qing took two grains of white rice and fed them to him. Her voice was soft and sweet as she said, "Little Qinwen, Mama will feed you two grains of rice; see if it tastes good."

Little Qin Wen's tiny yet chubby hands were busy with his toy airplane. He did not lift his head. His tiny mouth was toothless. He moved around for a moment, and he was trying to speak.

Ning Qing looked at her son with a full heart. At this moment, her tiny head was clasped by a large hand. "Let Little Qinwen play for a while. You have to eat, otherwise the food will get cold," said Lu Shaoming, who was sitting beside her.

Ning Qing turned her head. He was very close to her. Her small face brushed the collar of his white shirt. She lowered her gaze. There was a piece of sweet and sour ribs in her small bowl — he had put it there.

Ning Qing felt sweet inside her heart. She lowered her head and obediently started to eat her rice.

Yue Wanqing looked at how the two of them were so loving with one another. She nodded her head in satisfaction and said, "Qingqing, Shaoming, Little Qinwen is extremely happy to see his daddy return. Let him sleep with the two of you tonight."

### **Chapter 362: I Must've Owed You, Father And Son**

Upon hearing that, Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing were stunned.

Ning Zhenguo saw that his daughter's son-in-law's expression was not right and quickly laughed, "Wanqing, let little Qinwen sleep with us tonight. Shaoming just came back — he must have a lot to say to Qingqing."

Yue Wanqing thought about it and felt that it made sense. The events of the past half month were like a dream. The couple must have a lot to say to each other.

"Alright, little Qinwen is still sleeping with his grandmother tonight."

...

After dinner, Lu Shaoming and Ning Zhenguo spoke in the living room. Yue Wanqing was cleaning up. Ning Qing said, "Mom, I'll help you."

"It's alright." Yue Wanqing shook her head. "Qingqing, you take little Qinwen up to bathe. After the bath, I can go upstairs to take little Qinwen. You and Shaoming are tired. Go to bed early after you've talked."

Ning Qing bent down and embraced little Qinwen in the carriage. She softly whispered, "Mom, little Qinwen sleeps with me tonight."

Yue Wanqing heard and said, "This..."

It had already been said that little Qinwen would sleep with her tonight. But now, Ning Qing had regretted it. Yue Wanqing was confused. Who is little Qinwen going to sleep with tonight?

Ning Qing picked up little Qinwen and walked up to the stairs. She didn't look at the man when she passed the living room, but two piercing gazes were focused on her, which could not be ignored.

She didn't need to think to know that he was looking at her.

Her mother had thought too simply. How could she go to bed early after talking? That man didn't intend to just talk.

She jogged upstairs.

Lu Shaoming and Ning Zhenguo were talking. Upon seeing his wife go to the bedroom with their son in her arms, he got up and said, "Dad, I'll go upstairs and accompany little Qinwen."

Ning Zhenguo nodded repeatedly. "Alright, Shaoming, go quickly."

...

Lu Shaoming went into the bedroom and stood by the door. He could hear the sounds from the bathroom. The voice of the little woman was sweet and soft, which tormented his eardrum so much.

"Little Qinwen, Mummy's going to bathe you. After taking a bath, our little Qinwen will smell nice, and Mummy's going to hug you to sleep."

Lu Shaoming's Adam's apple bobbed as he gently closed the door and locked it from the inside.

He walked to the bathroom door.

There was a big red bathtub on the rug in the bathroom. The bathtub was full of warm water. There was a layer of fragrant foam in the water. Little Qinwen was stripped of his clothes, and his fair, egg-like body was in the arms of Ning Qing. Ning Qing held his little head as she washed his hair.

Little Qinwen babbled and laughed. His legs kicked around happily as if saying, Mummy's hands are caressing my head so gently, and I love mummy.

Ning Qing washed his hair, then held him on her lap. She wiped his dark hair with a towel.

With his baby's nature, his hands started roaming around when he was in his mother's embrace. He caught his mother's t-shirt collar and pulled down as he dove into his mother's fragrant bosom.

Ning Qing felt ticklish, and she immediately giggled as she said, "Little Qinwen, what are you doing? What a glutton! You're hungry again..."

Little Qinwen ignored Mummy. His little dumpling body dove into his mother's embrace.

At this time, little Qinwen was stunned. Oh no, this is bad. Ouch! His small ears seemed to be have been pinched.

His big grape-like eyes looked up from Mummy's embrace. It's Daddy. Daddy's really tall. He tried very hard to raise his little head to see Daddy. Daddy had one hand stuffed in his pocket while his right fingers pinched his ear. Daddy was frowning. The 31-year-old man looked very serious. "You're so young but you're already such a pervert?"

Little Qinwen: "..."

Little Qinwen blew innocent bubbles. What is a pervert?

Only then did Ning Qing know that the man was here. When had he arrived? He walked without making a sound.

Her T-shirt collar was still pulled down by little Qinwen, showing a large area of smooth, fair skin. Her face felt a little warm. Needless to say, he must have seen it.

Ning Qing took little Qinwen's little hand, pried his little finger away bit by bit, and pulled up her collar. She looked sideways at the man, whose black trousers, cut like blades, were falling by her feet.

She wore a short, flowery skirt below with no stockings on her fair, thin legs, contrasting sharply with his trousers.

"What are you talking about? You are not allowed to say these words to little Qinwen in the future."

Little Qinwen was still a baby less than six months old. What pervert! Little Qinwen only wanted to eat. She had never seen a father like him.

One day, little Qinwen would follow his lead.

Lu Shaoming took back his hand and looked down at the woman. He took a look at her collar. Her chest was covered. There were only two delicate clavicles showing. She sat down and bent slightly. There was a small indent in her clavicle. It was very eye-catching.

He raised his eyebrows, and his voice was hoarse. "What did I say wrong? I am educating little Qinwen to be a good man in the future."

Ning Qing: "... Get lost!

She was going to ignore him.

Ning Qing put little Qinwen in the bathtub. With a little water in her hands, Ning Qing drenched her son's shoulder and poured a little baby shower gel to wash her son.

Lu Shaoming was left out. The woman didn't look at him. His son was sloshing the water with both hands, creating splashes and laughing at Mummy.

"Ning Qing, I want to take a bath." He lifted his foot and kicked her calf.

Ning Qing shrank aside. He could just speak; why did he have to kick her?

What about his upbringing?



“Then go and bathe,” Ning Qing replied.

“Get me some clothes.” There were no clothes for him here. He had to go and borrow them from his father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Ning Qing looked up. “Can’t you get it yourself?” she said impatiently.

Why did she have to do it?

Looking at the little woman’s distressed expression, Lu Shaoming remained expressionless. He looked down at her for a few seconds with deep black eyes, then turned his head and pointed to the door as he uttered two words. “Go quickly.”

Ning Qing felt her ears were burning red. She stood up and was finally defeated by the power of the man.

She could make a little fuss with him, but when he really got serious, she couldn’t even take a single look from him.

Besides, he had come to her house to stay, and things like borrowing clothes from his father-in-law should be done by her. A big president like him would not be used to that.

Ning Qing muttered discontentedly while walking towards the door. “I must’ve owed you both, father and son. After serving one to bath, I have to serve another.”

Ning Qing went out.

Seeing the little woman leave angrily, Lu Shaoming lifted a corner of his mouth lightly. He raised his hand, took off the watch on his wrist, then began to unravel the metal belt.

little Qinwen turned his head and looked for Mummy. Why has mummy disappeared?

He glanced up and looked at Daddy like a fool as he undressed.

Lu Shaoming stripped and saw his son staring at him foolishly. He raised his brows and was in a good mood. “Son, what are you looking at Daddy for? Mummy went to get clothes for Daddy. You sit and wait. You are not allowed to be a pervert in the future. Mummy is Daddy’s woman, got it?”

Little Qinwen: He shivers as if he had eaten sour grapes. So sour!

Lu Shaoming walked over to the showerhead, turned on the water, and took a shower.

When Ning Qing came back, she heard the sound of rushing water coming from the bathroom. She went in. Clothes were strewn on the carpet.

She bent down, picked up his changed clothes, and put them in the bamboo basket. The heavy frosted glass door was not closed. His body showed a blurred silhouette on the glass door. She dared not look at it. She lowered her head and picked his shorts up near the door.

She had just looked up when the tap turned off. The man took a bath towel and tied it around his waist as he asked, “Have you brought it?”

Ning Qing did not look at him. She turned as she nodded. “Yes.”

Cool air came up from behind. As the man landed a strong kiss on her face. The man laughed in a low tone and said, "Thank you, Wifey."

Ning Qing wanted to push him, but the man had already retreated and he went out the bathroom door.

Ning Qing came to little Qinwen and squatted down slowly. Little Qinwen looked at Mummy's little face that had turned red. There was still a wave of autumn waves in the autumn pupils of mummy's eyes.

Mummy, Mummy, what's wrong with you?

Ning Qing bathed little Qinwen and bit her lower pink lip while washing him. In her sweet, soft voice, she said, "Little Qinwen, you can't learn from your father in the future! Your dad has the thickest skin..."

Was it not thick?

He had clearly made a mistake but acted like everything was alright.

Throwing his clothes all around in the bathroom when showering, and also not closing the door, he was without an ounce of consciousness. She wondered if it was intentional?

Seducing her with the male body!

...

Ning Qing took little Qinwen, who had been washed, out to the bedroom. Lu Shaoming was lying on the bed, with his back against the head of the bed and his two long legs crossed. He held his cell phone in his right hand, and his fingers were flying as he typed. He was probably handling business on his cell phone.

Ning Qing looked at him. She had taken a new pair of sweatpants from her father. He did not touch the trousers and placed them beside the bed. He wore a grey shirt with buttons on his chest and a button on his shorts. His posture was lazy.

Ning Qing did not know where her eyes should go. She took a light green vest for her son to wear and a few small toys to put on the bed. "Little Qinwen, you play alone for a while. Mummy's going to bathe..."

Little Qinwen's attention was attracted by the toys. He was saying, Mummy, go quickly.

Ning Qing turned and went to the bathroom.

The door of the bathroom was closed, and little Qinwen crawled up and down on the bed with his arms and legs. Suddenly, he realized that a leg was crushing a small dinosaur. His two fair hands pushed the leg hard, and then harder still, but he could not push it away.

He raised his huge, grape-like eyes and looked at Daddy.

Lu Shaoming was dealing with urgent affairs. Something had happened in the company. He was too engrossed to notice his son's gaze.

Waa... Suddenly, little Qinwen cried.

Lu Shaoming looked up and saw that little Qinwen was sitting by his legs. There were big beads of tears on his fair and smooth small face. His moist little mouth was wide open as he wailed, and he wiped his tears with his small hand while crying.

Lu Shaoming quickly put down his cell phone and reached for little Qinwen. "Son, why are you crying? Tell Daddy."

Little Qinwen ignored him. Wahh, wahh...

Lu Shaoming stood up from the bed, rocking little Qinwen in his arms, patting his son's back with his big palm while rocking as he asked, "Son, what's wrong? Do you want Mummy? Mummy has gone to shower so that Daddy can hold her at night."

Little Qinwen: "... " Daddy are you sure you're not here to agitate me?

His son was still crying. Lu Shaoming found that his son had also inherited the woman's traits in many ways, like his crying. He was tender and soft like her, always shedding tears.

### **Chapter 363: With How Much I Love You, I Would Be In That Much Pain**

His son, who was soft and fragrant, felt weightless in his arms as he embraced him. It was the same feeling as a woman, soft and boneless.

Both his tiny lips and skin was inherited from her. He was moist and supple.

He liked it.

He liked it very much.

At this moment, the door of the washroom opened. Ning Qing ran out in a hurry. She was wearing a white nightgown, and she came forward to pick up Little Qinwen.

"Little Qinwen, what is wrong? Let Mama carry you."

Little Qinwen was in Daddy's arms. His small head was perched on Daddy's shoulders, and he felt wrong. He noticed that Mama had arrived, and he stretched both of his arms out, wanting his Mama instead.

Lu Shaoming did not have any other choice. He was a rookie dad without much experience, so he turned his body sideways, and he handed Little Qinwen over to Ning Qing.

Ning Qing held Little Qinwen. She used one of her hands to pat her son's back. Her voice was soft and light as she coaxed him. Little Qin Wen stopped crying. He perched himself on his Mama's shoulder as he slowly closed his eyes.

Knock knock. The sound of someone knocking on the door rang out. "Qingqing." Yue Wanqing was outside.

Ning Qing turned back to look at the man. He was dressed like this. How could she allow Mum to see him like this? She carried Little Qinwen as she went to open the door.

When she walked past the man, her shoulder was pinned down, and the man bent down slightly while he softly said, "Let Little Qinwen sleep with Grandma."

Ning Qing's small face turned red immediately. She glared at him before asking, "Why?"

"It is not convenient."

Ning Qing was at a loss for words; what was not convenient?

The man saw through her thoughts. His lips were curled up as he laughed mockingly. "You are not clear on why it is not convenient? Your son is only six months old, if you want to teach him early, I am also fine with that."

If an expression could kill, Ning Qing's would definitely kill him over a million times.

Mother was still knocking on the door. Ning Qing shook his hand off and went to open the door of the room.

Yue Wanqing stood at the door. She looked at Little Qinwen and said, "Qingqing, is Little Qinwen asleep already? Come, hand him over to me. I will take him to bed."

"Mum..." Ning Qing was not willing to hand him over.

At this moment, the man behind her laughed with a low and mesmerizing tone. "Mum, Little Qinwen is already six months old. It has been hard on you for these past six months."

Yue Wanqing immediately had a benevolent smile on her face upon hearing his words. "What hardship? Little Qinwen is my precious grandson. My hardships cannot be counted as anything. Mum just wants the both of you to be well."

Ning Qing had nothing to say anymore. This man had said everything that she wanted to.

These past few months, incidents spring up one after another. Both Mum and Dad were worried sick because of them, especially when Mother's health was not too good to begin with, and she could not withstand much provocation.

If she got into a fight with him, Mum would get worried again.

He was really intelligent. He spoke first to comfort Mum, that damned man.

Ning Qing could only hand Little Qinwen over to Yue Wanqing.

Yue Wanqing carried Little Qinwen and instructed them, "Qingqing, both you and Shao Ming should go to bed early. Mum will be leaving now."

"Okay, Mum. Good night."

Until Mum's back profile disappeared from Ning Qing's vision, Ning Qing waited to slowly close the door.

She barely shut the door when a hot figure put himself against her. The man stretched both of his arms out and held her tight in his arms.

Lu Shaoming kissed her hair with much strength.

Ning Qing ducked away from his kiss, and she struggled as she did not allow him to hug her. “Lu Shaoming, what are you doing? Let go!”

In the next second, he picked her up, and she had no strength to struggle at all. She was directly thrown by the man onto the large, soft bed.

Ning Qing was really taken aback. The things that happened on the peak of the mountain came flooding back into her mind. She immediately rolled and hid in the corner. She covered herself up with blankets. With her guard up, she looked at him. “What do you want? Other than this, can’t you even think of doing something else? Other than forcing me, what else can you do?”

Lu Shaoming knelt down on one knee. He stretched out his hand as he pinched her cheeks. He laughed while he said, “Ning Qing, could you actually not want it also?”

“What?”

“They all say that after a woman gives birth, her desires become stronger. I still remember when I didn’t touch you, and you kept blaming me when your desires were not met. You said that I was incapable. Furthermore...” Lu Shaoming squinted his eyes while he said, “I forced you at the peak of the mountain that day; you weren’t satisfied?”

Ning Qing was extremely furious. She stretched her leg out as she kicked him. “Lu Shaoming, you are shameless! You think everyone is as shameless as you?”

She did not do that because...her desires were not fulfilled. She had said that he was incapable, but he...was taking what she said out of context!

That day on the peak of the mountain...

He was not embarrassed to mention it.

Lu Shaoming let go of her small face and ducked away from her small feet. He stood up and went to take the hairdryer from the washroom before going on the bed. “Come over, I will dry your hair for you.”

Her hair was still wet.

Sleeping with wet hair causes headaches.

“I don’t want to!” Ning Qing was extremely firm as she coldly snorted.

The man had a frown on his face as he said, “Ning Qing, do you mean that you want to jump directly into the main event since you do not want to dry your hair right now?”

What was he saying?

He was really shameless with such thick skin.

Ning Qing flipped her body as she knelt down on the bed. She held her two hands into fists, and she punched his broad shoulders. “Rascal! How come you just like to bully me?”

Lu Shaoming let her hit him. He pinned her slim waist as he pulled her into his embrace. He was laughing merrily in a low tone. He liked her behaving like a wild kitten getting angry. One large hand went

searching for her tiny, curvy behind. He gave it a tight slap over her nightgown. “Ning Qing, I bully you because I like you.”

“Who wants you to like... ooh!” Ning Qing’s lips were blocked.

She widened her eyes and looked at him. The man was not kissing her — he was directly sucking on her. He used strength as he sucked on her. A while later, she was no longer able to breathe.

Lu Shaoming looked at her small face blush, and he quickly let go of her. “Ning Qing, it’s just been a half a month since I last touched you. You don’t even know how to kiss anymore? Do you know how to catch your breath?”

She was silly as she forgot how to catch her breath.

She was already a mother, and she was still so inexperienced.

Ning Qing stretched her hand out to forcefully wipe her lips. She wiped his saliva away. “Lu Shaoming!” She held his shoulders down and opened her mouth as she used strength to bite down on the corners of his lips.

She was really furious!

The corner of his lips were broken, but it was not too painful. The woman was glaring at him. There was a stubborn, moving glow in her eyes. It was like a kitten clawing his heart; his entire body felt soft.

His two large hands came to her soft waist. He did not think too much about the pain. He pecked her pretty lips while he said, “Wifey, do you know how to bite someone? Let me teach you. Biting lips is not painful. Come, bite my tongue.”

Ning Qing’s small face turned red. She stretched out her arm to punch his shoulder.

She felt like she did not know him anymore. Where was his baseline?

But the back of her head was pinned down. Her entire body was taken into his embrace. He buried his head in her pink neck. His stubble on his jaw nudged her as she felt pain. “Wifey, I really missed you so much.”

His deep and mesmerizing voice had a hint of pampering.

There was a gust of sweetness in Ning Qing’s heart. Her small hand on his shoulder was curled up. She tugged on his shirt, and her small, exquisite face looked wronged and was a little soft. “Why are you always like that? After bullying me, you are using sweet words to coax me.”

Lu Shaoming’s hands were strong. He treated her like a porcelain doll as he raised her up. He kissed her collarbones. When he saw her in the washroom, he had already wanted to kiss her. “Wifey, do you like it, then?”

Ning Qing shook her head. “I don’t like it.”

She liked...him to not bully her and coax her with sweet words.

Lu Shaoming put her down, then placed her small head on his thighs. He switched the hairdryer on, and used his hand to test the warm breeze coming out of the hairdryer. He began to curl her hair as he started to dry it.

Ning Qing became quiet. She obediently perched herself on his thighs. Times like this made her think of the time half a year ago, when he had lacked his memory.

Her long lashes that resembled a butterfly's wings fluttered for a while, and she asked, "What illness did you get?"

Since he has returned, he has probably settled everything. The thing that he had been hiding from her... Actually, she did not want to ask, but she could not control herself.

Lu Shaoming did not have any change in his expressions, and his actions were gentle and light. "A love spell."

"What?" Ning Qing did not understand.

"It is a love spell for those who have a lover. When I'd think of you, it would hurt, and I couldn't touch you, and I couldn't be together with you," the man explained simply.

Ning Qing was silent for a few seconds. Her small face was a little pale. Actually, she had already guessed most of what was happening, and now, he has confirmed most of her theories.

She's heard of a love spell before.

Once it happened, it would make the person feel the ultimate amount of pain in the world while being unable to die.

"Does it hurt?" she asked as her white teeth bit down on her pink lips.

Lu Shaoming laughed lightly. He looked at the woman's small, white, and supple face under the glow of the light. This was not an easy question to answer.

Speaking of pain, she would definitely be in more pain compared to him.

If he said that it did not hurt, she would blame him for not loving her anymore.

A woman's heart...

"Yeah." Lu Shaoming pondered for a while. "This kind of love spell is compared with the amount of love. If the love spell used, 10 marks as maximum as a scale. With the amount of love that I have for you, I would be in that amount of pain."

Ning Qing's long lashes drooped down forcefully, and she closed her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"If I would have told you, what would you have done?" the man asked her instead.

Ning Qing did not know.

The love spell was a form of poison between lovers. In other words, if she had turned into his poison, what would she do?

She did not dare to think.

From the start, no matter how many people objected to them, she held his hand tight. She worked hard to go through all the obstacles, and she tried to match the pace of his footsteps.

She believed it when she said that they were in love with one another

As long as they were still in love with another.

But if he was under the love spell, what was she going to do?

She had not seen him in pain before, but when she looked at him having the stubborn attitude towards her, the illness was probably very serious. If the love he had for her was rated as a ten, then maybe...she would let herself disappear.

They could not be in love, and she would retreat. As long as he lived on healthily, everything was fine.

Lu Shaoming dried the last bunch of hair as he curled it in his fingers. He suddenly realized that the woman's small shoulders were shaking. He lowered his gaze to look. The woman had buried her small face deep in his thighs as she sobbed.

Lu Shaoming was shocked. He put down the hairdryer quickly and parted all of the hair that was covering her cheeks. He then cupped her small, palm-sized face in his hand. "Wifey, what is wrong? Why do you shed your tears so easily. Don't you even need to stir up your emotions at all?"

The woman buried herself deeper into his thighs, not allowing him to touch her.

Lu Shaoming did not have any other plans. He used one of his arms as he cupped her small waist, and he took her in his embrace. Without his thighs blocking her, the woman's tiny hands were held into small fists. She rubbed her eyes to wipe her tears.

Lu Shaoming's entire heart felt soft. They all said that Little Qinwen resembled her. She looked exactly the same as his son as they cried.

"Okay, Wifey. Stop crying, okay? Everything has passed. Our lives can go back on their normal paths, right? It doesn't hurt anymore. In the future, I will accompany Wifey to the ends of the Earth."

He used his calloused thumbs to wipe the tears on her face.

He knew that he could not let her know about it. If she knew from the start that he was under the love spell, she would spend every day using her tears to wash her face.

Silly girl.

She was in that much pain, and that made him in pain also.

### **Chapter 364: Let's Go And Eat Together**

Ning Qing's pink mouth was trembling, and her hand was pulled down by him. She looked at him with through her tears. She had cried too much, and her small, dainty nose was red. "You lied. I said you couldn't touch me, but you tricked me to go to the top of the mountain that day..."



Lu Shaoming held her in his arms. The little woman's mind was quick. In a moment, she had thought through what had happened in the past few months.

He brushed her beautiful hair behind her ear and kissed her snowy little earlobe. "Wifey, I used a little poppy to relieve the pain that day."

Ning Qing was shocked and trembled. Pointing out her forefinger and scolding him. "You animal; don't you want to live? You only know how to do those things."

Lu Shaoming laid her down and pressed down on her. "Wifey, what else could I do? When you first came back, you pestered me. How could I not miss you after being apart for two months? I would react if you touched me. Later, you went to England, but when you came back, you showed up in front of me in such a blatant way. I would have a reaction just by seeing you. Wifey, you've tortured me so much that I wanted to do that with you so much."

Ning Qing covered his mouth with her small hand, not allowing him to speak. Does he have any shame? They hadn't been together properly for half a year. They were talking so much now, but all his words were laced with sexual intent.

Harmonious society was not afraid of harmony.

That's right, examine the design.

"Alright, I won't talk about it anymore." Lu Shaoming took her little hand and pressed it down.

Ning Qing twisted her head.

But her tiny jaw was pinched, and the man's kiss came in. "Wifey, we finally don't feel bad, but you still want to make me feel bad?"

This sentence hit the softest part of Ning Qing's heart. Her small hands slid onto the sheet. She closed her eyes, red faced.

...

Jian Han went out of Ning family Villa and saw Zhou Dayuan on the road when she turned.

The man wore a dark grey suit with a dark blue striped T-shirt. He left his side profile for her to see. His body was tall and gentle. He had one hand in his pocket and was looking at the cell phone in his palm.

Was he waiting for her?

He was waiting for her!

Jian Han felt that her empty heart was full again. She called out, "Dayuan."

Zhou Dayuan leaned sideways and looked at her.

It was a late summer night. The evening wind blew. The woman wore a thin black bat-sleeved shirt on top and a pink pleated yarn skirt that hung down to her ankles. Her soft, dark hair was tied up casually and hung down on her right shoulder. She emanated elegance through her refreshing style.

Jian Han has a distinctive feminine aura about her. The Gardenia fragrance gave off a comfortable and homey feel.

Zhou Dayuan watched the woman run toward him. She had a gentle smile on her face. She raised her feet and ran towards him. The evening wind blew against her skirt and drew beautiful scenery.

Zhou Dayuan raised his lips and opened his arms.

Jian Han fell into his arms.

Zhou Dayuan held her tigh.

“Is it cold?” he asked.

She was always cold.

Jian Han shook her head and rubbed against his striped shirt as she wrapped her arms around his waist. “Is it dangerous this time? Are you injured?” she asked with concern.

She couldn’t sleep well these days. She was always worried that he would get hurt.

Zhou Dayuan held her soft body, looked down, and sniffed the fragrance of her shampooed hair. He raised his eyebrows a little, and his gentle gaze was full of mesmerization and satisfaction. “It wasn’t dangerous, and I’m not injured.”

“Alright.” Jian Han nodded. She was happy, so she held him tight.

Zhou Dayuan caressed her hair and softly asked, “Did you have dinner? Let’s have dinner together.”

Jian Han let go of his waist and looked at his smooth, handsome face. Had he eaten? He probably hadn’t eaten yet.

“Alright.”

“What would you like to eat? I didn’t drive today. Shall we walk or take a taxi?” he asked like a gentleman.

Jian Han looked ahead. “There’s a restaurant nearby. Let’s eat there. It’s not too far. Let’s walk there.”

“Alright.” They both walked forward.

Zhou Dayuan walked and had Jian Han walk to his right. The man’s left hand was in his pocket while his right hand hung by his side.

Jian Han’s face was a little red. She had calmed down now and knew how inappropriate it was when she had rushed to embrace him. She had been extremely worried about him just now, and she wanted to see him, wanted to confirm his safety.

Now that she thought of it, what was her identity?

After the enthusiasm receded, she wasn't sure which path they were on now.

At this time, her left hand was grasped. The man's big hand was dry and warm. He smiled warmly. There were stars in his eyes as he looked at her and asked, "Jian Han, what are you thinking?"

Jian Han immediately blushed. He was...holding her hand?

She shook her head and stuttered. "No...Nothing."

As she spoke, she looked down at the shadows of the two of them on the ground. He was close to her. They were holding hands, and their shadows slowly overlapped.

Time seemed to go back to six years ago.

Zhou Dayuan looked at the woman's red earlobes, and his eyes turned more tender. After wandering among the sea of people for so long, the woman he had always wanted has finally returned to his side.

...

They came to a restaurant and had Chinese food. The decor was very romantic, with rattan chairs on one side and sofas on the other.

Zhou Dayuan took Jian Han's little hand and took her to a window seat. He pulled out the rattan chair for her like a gentleman.

The blush on Jian Han's face did not recede. She pulled her little hand out of his palm and sat down somewhat shyly.

Zhou Dayuan circled to the opposite sofa.

The waiter brought the menu, and Zhou Dayuan pushed it in front of her. "You order first."

"Ok." Jian Han nodded.

She picked up the menu, turned over several pages, and said to the waiter, "One fried beef fillet with hot peppers, milan fried fish steak, stir-fried fresh mushrooms, and vegetables."

She passed the menu to Zhou Dayuan.

Zhou Dayuan was holding a teacup to pour warm water for her. The man's hands were beautiful, like jade, without any calluses, fair and slender.

When he had held her just now, they were so warm.

Zhou Dayuan took the menu and said, "Another dried pot tea mushroom..." He added several more dishes.

The waitress took the menu away. Jian Han took a sip of water and looked out the window at the bright lights outside. The environment was quiet, the French music was romantic, and there was no other noise. Everyone looked down and talked quietly.

Jian Han's mood relaxed a little and became lighter.

The dishes soon arrived, and they both ate very elegantly. The dim light covered the aloof duo with a soft glow. Outsiders could not come into their world.

But soon, something unexpected happened. The rattan chair was connected with the seats behind. A family of three sat down behind them. The child was jumping around on the rattan chair, and his little arms touched Jian Han's shoulders.

Zhou Dayuan raised his eyes and looked over. "Come and sit here," he said with a soft voice.

He pointed to the seat beside him.

Jian Han could do nothing. Children were all naughty sometimes. She got up and sat beside him.

The adults behind them soon looked over and smiled apologetically. "Sorry, the child has bothered you."

Jian Han smiled and shook her head. "It's all right."

They sat together for dinner. Jian Han was a bit restrained while the man acted as he normally does. He picked up a small, clean bowl, scooped up two spoonfuls of Yangzhou fried rice with a small spoon, then picked up a pair of chopsticks and picked out all the onions inside, and finally put them in her hand.

After all these years, he remembered that she did not eat onions.

As the only daughter in the family, she was not only an idiot in life but also picky and difficult to support.

"Thank you." Jian Han looked down and took a delicate bite of rice with the spoon he had just scooped, then took a piece of lettuce with chopsticks and ate it.

But just then, the man in her peripheral vision stopped eating.

He leaned back into the sofa, with two long legs crossed gently, one arm across the sofa behind her, and one hand placed gently on his leg.

Jian Han looked sideways and saw the sharp and handsome outline of the man. He pressed his lips together lightly and brought out a bit of fatigue in his gentle appearance.

"You've eaten?" she opened her mouth and asked. There was an unnoticeable heartache for him in her gentle voice.

This kind of heartache felt as if it was about to spill over.

He hadn't eaten much just now, as if he had a bad appetite.

Zhou Dayuan looked at the woman and shook his head. "No."

"Why don't you eat then? Is the dish not to your liking?"

"It's alright."

Jian Han put a small piece of lettuce on her chopsticks into her mouth and chewed it. Then she took a piece of beef fillet and brought it to his mouth. "Have a taste."

Zhou Dayuan leaned over and ate with his mouth open.

“Is it delicious?” the woman asked.

Zhou Dayuan chewed a few mouthfuls of beef fillet, then swallowed. “Yes, it’s delicious.” He looked at her delicate and gentle apricot eyes. All three dishes she ordered were his favorite. As a doctor, he knew how to maintain a healthy lifestyle. He didn’t like raw, cold, and spicy dishes very much. He loved beef, fish, and seasonal vegetables.

He bent down and they were very close. Jian Han looked at his brows that were near his temples. His nose was not as tall and sharp as other men’s, but its silhouette was beautiful and very pleasant to look at.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

Zhou Dayuan frowned and softly said, “There’s nothing wrong. It’s just that Zhilei... She was tormented for half a month and had her right leg amputated when she was sent to the hospital. She has to sit in a wheelchair for the rest of her life.”

Zhou Dayuan’s tone was as if he were gossiping with her. He seldom made friends. Lu Shaoming had grown up with him. They were very close, but some words couldn’t be said to him.

Looking at the woman’s gentle eyes now, he wanted to talk about it.

“Actually, in the Zhou family, I don’t know why, but my parents have never been close to me since childhood. Besides living under the same roof, they are indifferent to me. They don’t care about my studies or my life. But they treated Zhilei very well, so well that they would be afraid that she would melt when they held her in their palms. Later, I thought that maybe it’s because I’m a boy, and girls need more care than boys.

“Nevertheless, I still think we are a family. Zhilei is my sister, but I can’t help her. She has a deep attachment to Shaoming. I watched her go astray, step by step, and she finally paid the price for her mistakes. Now, her entire life has probably been ruined...”

Jian Han listened and looked down slowly. Sometimes, a lot of things in the world could not be explained clearly. Zhou Zhilei’s disability now was to atone for her mistakes. Whether right or wrong, this man still felt bad for his sister.

His sense of responsibility was too heavy, both towards Lu Shaoming and Zhou Zhilei.

Just then, a big palm touched her little face as the man smiled and asked, “What’s wrong?”

### **Chapter 365: Don’t Ever Leave Me Again**

Jian Han lifted her head up. It looked like tears were about to trickle out of her small, almond-shaped eyes. “I don’t know how to comfort you.”

She was not glib with her words.

Zhou Dayuan curled the corners of his lips up into a smile. “You don’t know how to comfort me? Do you know how to do this? He bent down as he kissed the corner of her lips.

Jian Han's small hand that was holding chopsticks tightened, and she closed her eyes as she was flustered.

She didn't expect him to kiss her in the restaurant.

He kissed her for a short moment before he asked, "Have you learned what to do now?"

Jian Han was shaking a little. She slowly opened her eyes, and the man's handsome face grew larger as he neared. There was a hint of his anticipation in his eyes.

"Yeah." She was under his love spell. She nodded her head, looking silly, and slowly kissed him.

She really wanted to comfort him.

Zhou Dayuan's hand that had been placed on the back of the sofa slid down to her waist, and he wanted to take her in his embrace.

She had yet to kiss him, and suddenly: "Waa!" The small child in the back seat jumped up. He used both of his small hands to cover his eyes. "Embarrassing..."

Jian Han quickly pushed Zhou Dayuan away, and she held the chopsticks in her hands as she pretended to eat.

It was too embarrassing.

The child's parents quickly covered his mouth as they said, "Don't speak nonsense."

"But, but I saw Uncle and Auntie kiss on the lips just now."

"What is there to be surprised about kissing? If your Dad and Mum did not kiss, how would you have been born?"

"Then, then do Uncle and Auntie want to give birth to a younger brother or younger sister then?"

"Yes." ....

Jian Han heard their conversation and hated that she couldn't bury herself in a hole in the ground.

But Zhou Dayuan lifted his eyebrows while he broke out into a smile. He looked fatigued, but he was still in a good mood.

...

The two of them went out of the restaurant, and he flagged a cab.

Zhou Dayuan opened the back door. Jian Han sat inside first, then Zhou Dayuan went inside the car.

The driver politely asked, "Sir, Miss, where are you two heading?"

Zhou Dayuan looked at Jian Han. "Where are we going?"

Jian Han's face was a little red. A night like this, a couple walking out from the restaurant after finishing their meal... He asked her where they were going. It still had the trace of vague feelings.

"Take me home," she replied.

Zhou Dayuan's expression didn't change. He told the driver the name of the estate, and the driver started to drive.

The two of them sat in the back. They were not too close. To avoid being awkward with him, Jian Han turned her head sideways to look outside the window.

At the moment, the radio was turned on in the car, and there was a slow melody playing on the radio; it was an old song.

It was a very very old song. It was Teresa Teng's <As Sweet As Honey>.

Sweet as Honey.

Your smile is as sweet as honey.

Just like a flower blooming in the wind of spring.

I saw you right there.

Your smile still looks so familiar.

I can't manage to recall when I last saw it.

Ah, it was in my dreams...

This song made Jian Han dig up some memories. She was a fan of Teresa Teng. It's been 12 years since Teresa Teng passed away. She had cried with her nose all red. She had carried all of Teresa Teng's CDs in her arms as her parents send her off to the airport. She travelled across the ocean as she went to England to attend university in Oxford to further her studies.

But when she entered school, all of her precious CDs were lost. She was flustered in a moment, and she ran all over the campus as she went to search for them.

After that, in the kitchen of the school, she saw Zhou Dayuan.

At that time, he was only 20 years old. He was two years her senior. It was an autumn day. He was wearing a maple-red wool sweater. He matched it with a pair of dark coloured casual pants. He was definitely the absolute image of a proper young man, warm and gentle like a piece of jade.

There was a box placed beside his feet. Her box, and her CDs were in the box.

She went forward and got to know him.

It turned out that he picked up her box by accident, and he stood at this spot to wait for her to come.

At that time, when she saw his handsome face, she found that it turned out there was really something called a heartbeat on this world.

She hugged the box as she walked back, and she purposely left a cd there.

He picked it up, and called out to her from behind, "Student, you left a CD behind."

At that time, it was a beautiful period of time. She also did not know her face was crimson red as she told him, feeling displeased, "You, how come you are so odd?"

She ran away.

After a while, after she went around to find out, it turned out that he was the son of the Heavens, the person who had dominated Oxford, Zhou Dayuan, and he was a genius in medical school.

After that, she asked someone for his phone number and sent a text message to him, "Fix a place to meet me to return me the CD tonight."

It was a coy and brazen tone.

After that, it was a love story borne of her Teresa Teng CDs.

In the future, no matter how many times that they separated from one another, and how much time had passed, neither dared forget.

It was the same as the lyrics in the song — I have dreamed of you before, in a dream.

There was a type of love that had already germinated inside their hearts.

Jian Han's memories flew by. A car emerged from the tunnel and flew past them. The driver of the taxi had to make an emergency right to avoid the other vehicle quickly. As she was not paying attention, Jian Han's entire body went tumbling towards the right.

"Ah!" she gently screamed out.

At this moment, her shoulders were held, and her entire being fell into a clean and nice smelling embrace. Her hair was kissed, and the man coaxed her softly. "Don't be scared. Nothing is wrong."

The driver in the front cursed and looked through the rear view mirror to look at them. "Sir, Miss, did either of you get hurt?"

Zhou Dayuan shook his head.

Jian Han straightened up and adjusted her body. After the dizziness in her head went away, she struggled for a few moments, wanting to escape from his embrace as she tried to sit upright.

But she was unable to do as she pleased, because the large hand on her shoulder used some force and pinched her shoulder. "Don't move, let me hug you for a moment... These few days... I am a bit tired right now."

Jian Han lifted her gaze, in his embrace. The man placed his head on the seat, and he closed his eyes.

He did really look fatigued.



Jian Han stopped moving. She was soft as she nested in his embrace. All she could smell in her nostrils was his smell. It was the smell of disinfectant together with a masculine scent. It was clean and extremely fragrant.

Lu Shaoming's love spell, Zhou Zhilei's amputation surgery; how could they not affect him?

He was really fatigued.

Jian Han lay in his embrace. With one hand, she slowly touched his face. Very quickly, her small hand was wrapped into the centre of his palm. He moved around and hugged her even tighter. He closed his eyes as he kissed her face, then finally placed his jaw on her forehead.

Jian Han's head was over his heart, and she listened to his steady and forceful heartbeat. She looked at the window of the car, and her tiny face was red.

...

After reaching the estate, the duo got out of the car.

The taxi did not leave, and Zhou Dayuan stood beside the car door. Jian Han looked at him, "I...will go back. You should return home to rest."

Zhou Dayuan did not speak, and he looked at her with a glow in his eyes.

Jian Han did not dare to look at his eyes. She waved her hand. "I am leaving."

She turned around to run in the direction of the condominium.

After entering the lift, she pressed the button, and the doors of the lift slowly shut. Jian Han felt her entire body burn up. She could not erase that spark in his eyes from her mind.

He wanted...to do what?

No way!

She could not.

Ding! The doors opened, and she walked out of the lift.

She took her keys out from her bag. She wanted to open the door, but at this moment, her phone started to ring; it was a call from Zhou Dayuan.

She looked at it twice, then pressed the button to pick up the call.

"Hello..."

"Hello," The man was laughing. His warm, low voice was reverberating in her ears, and it sounded very gentle. "I am already downstairs right now. You are not inviting me in to have a seat?"

He finally said it out loud.

Jian Han was silent for a few seconds. "It's not convenient today, I..."

"Ding!" The sound of footsteps came from behind her. "It's too late, I am already here."

Jian Han turned her head back; Zhou Dayuan was standing behind her.

The man had a smile on his lips as he looked at her.

Jian Han put her phone away and did not know where to look. She stood at her original spot. Zhou Dayuan walked behind her, and the material of the man's shirt brushed against her skirt. He used one hand to go forward to open the door for her. His voice came from above her. He coaxed her, saying, "Go in."

It was just like a couple deeply in love that went to a hotel. After arriving at the door of the hotel room, the girl was not willing, and the guy was coaxing her.

He stretched one arm to open the door. It was just as if he were embracing her from behind. Jian Han was considered to be tall among girls. She was 5 ft 9 inches, but in his embrace, she still looked to be petite and small.

She was not willing to go in. The girl's voice was shy as she was on the brink of tears. She was in a hurry as she softly said, "Don't be like this..."

He took his left hand from his pocket to pin her soft waist down. He opened the door with his right hand, then pushed her inside. "What did I do?"

Bang! He shut the door of the condominium unit behind him.

Jian Han's small hand went against the wall. She wanted to switch on the lights, but in the next moment, her entire figure was pinned against the door by him, and his lips came onto her.

Both of Jian Han's legs went soft. She stuttered as she ducked away from him. She did not think that the man who was normally refined and warm would have times that he was dominating. She didn't think he'd want to force her.

"Don't... You don't..."

"Don't what, Jian Han?" His hoarse voice had the rogue sentiments of a man. He was fooling around with her, watching her get anxious, and he watched her duck away gently in his embrace.

"Zhou Dayuan..." Jian Han stretched out her hand to punch him. She had no choice in the end. He managed to kiss her.

...

Ning Qing was really exhausted. She did not know when she fell asleep last night. When she lay on the bed, she felt her small hand tighten up, and she did not have an ounce of energy.

The morning sun streamed through the curtains as she slowly opened her eyes.

She was hugged by someone, and she saw the man's sculpted chest right in front of her.

The white and azure blue blankets adorned with white clouds covered his waist. There was a rise in their blankets, his healthy waistline underneath. He was still sleeping. His chiselled face had traces of fatigue on it. It lost all of the coldness and sternness in it, and his side profile was glowing under the gentle rays of the sun.

### **Chapter 366: Hubby, You Would Be Having Your 60th Birthday Banquet**

The man was vigilant. When she moved, Lu Shaoming woke up.

His arm that was holding her small waist moved, and he pulled her into his arms. The man opened his eyes and was still a little groggy. His black eyes were clear and bright. He was so handsome that any woman's heart would pound when he looked at her. "Wifey, you're awake?"

He kissed her on the cheek.

Ning Qing pushed him and wanted to get up. "It's almost eight o'clock now. It's time to get up."

The man refused, his gaze languid, "It's too early."

"It's not too early."

Lu Shaoming hugged her tight and buried his face in her tender neck as he took a deep breath. It might be because she had been breastfeeding little Qinwen. There was a milky fragrance amidst the soft fragrance of the woman, which was very similar to little Qinwen's scent.

Lu Shaoming took a look at her skin. Her skin was like snow and was as smooth as an egg. He had exerted himself last night and left many marks on her body.

It suddenly occurred to him that his wife was 23.

She was still just a young girl who hadn't grown up, but the son she had given birth to for him was already six months old.

He thought he was indeed shameful. He never thought that he would have a 20-year-old girl as his wife.

He had cajoled her into becoming his woman, and then, a mother.

"Wifey, there's enough time. One more time."

Ning Qing stiffened and her face changed greatly. "What?"

Lu Shaoming did not say anything but immediately took action. His body was originally sensitive in the morning and could not stand her twisting and turning.

Ning Qing was very angry. Is he really an animal? He was always enjoying it.

She would die from exhaustion before she could satisfy him.

"Lu Shaoming, don't touch me..."

"Wifey, be good..."

They rolled around in bed. Ning Qing rolled on the bed with her blankets. Lu Shaoming pounced at her. They were fighting and rolling together.

At this time, a knock sounded. Ning Qing's fair, tender arms quickly rested on the man's chest. Her inky black brows and dainty eyes shot him a fierce warning as she lowered her voice and said, "Stop making noise. Mother is knocking at the door."

Lu Shaoming was quiet and heard Yue Wanqing talking outside the door. "Qingqing, Shaoming, are you up? Little Qinwen wants to play with you."

Ning Qing pushed Lu Shaoming aside and got out of bed while wrapped in blankets. "Mom, we're up. I'll open the door now."

She looked back and saw that the only blanket on the bed had been pulled away by her, and the man was naked.

Ning Qing's delicate little face instantly blushed, and with a quick glance, her vision was full of his healthy, tanned skin and six striking abdominal muscles. She let go of the blanket on her and threw it on the man.

Lu Shaoming shrugged and leaned against the head of the bed, allowing her to throw the blanket on his head.

When he reached for the blanket, the woman had put on the white nightdress he had thrown under the bed last night.

"Mom, I'm coming." She ran barefoot to open the door.

Lu Shaoming narrowed his eyes at her. From a man's eyes, frankly speaking, she was a very beautiful woman. Her body was exquisite and worth studying everywhere. Her little feet were very pleasant looking, and she did not paint her nails like other women. Her nails were full, like pink scallop shells, and she doesn't wear perfume. She had a natural fragrance.

She was wearing a white nightdress now. The ordinary loose cotton nightdress was flowy and goddess-like on her. Her wavy hair rippled seductively, bewitching his eyes.

Over the past two or three years, many men have wanted her.

Putting aside those passers-by, Xu Junxi, Kong Yang, Mu Yunfan... Later, there was also the pervert, Tang Xueli.

They all wanted her.

Lu Shaoming smiled coldly. He was not very happy that his wife was popular among men, but he felt that it was nothing much. There was a woman like a rose in the family. He could guard against the others and be also worthy of her.

Lu Shaoming saw the woman open the door and hug little Qinwen. He looked down at her two long, straight, jade legs, and he looked down at his reaction. He felt a little helpless.

He got up, picked up the towel on the floor, and tied it around his waist.

Ning Qing held little Qinwen with both hands. Little Qinwen was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with white stripes today. There was a lovely bow on the shirt. He wore small shorts with backstraps on the bottom. His handsome fair face and big grape-like eyes were extremely adorable.

Lu Shaoming went to hug him. "Son, did you miss Daddy?"

Little Qinwen opened his toothless mouth, giggled, and said, "Da... Da..." He was already trying to speak and trying to call him Daddy.

Lu Shaoming was very satisfied with this son. His wife had given birth to him. Both his appearance and intelligence quotient were there. During the past six months, little Qinwen had been raised very well. His body was fair and fragrant. The woman had her own style of dressing. She had dressed little Qinwen like a baby star in a fashion portrait.

Ning Qing placed a brand-new shirt and trousers on the bed, then softly said to little Qinwen, "Little Qinwen, Mummy's going to wash up; you play with Daddy for a while..."

Little Qinwen applauded. Sure, sure.

Ning Qing went into the bathroom. Lu Shaoming held little Qinwen in his arms. The father and son were just staring at each other. Lu Shaoming asked, "Son, did you want to ask Daddy why he didn't sleep with you last night?"

Little Qinwen looked at Daddy with his eyes puzzled. He was very cooperative. Why?

Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows and was in a happy mood. "Because last night, Daddy flirted with and got your mummy."

Little Qinwen was even more confused. His mouth was full of glittering saliva. His head tilted as he looked at Daddy with furrowed brows. What is flirting?

Lu Shaoming said, "You're just a child, you don't get it."

Little Qinwen jumped. Ahh...Daddy is a pervert!

Just then, Ning Qing came out of the bathroom. She went to hold little Qinwen and said to the man, "I'm done. You go and wash up. You're going to be late to the office."

Ning Qing laid little Qinwen on the bed.

Lu Shaoming stood behind her, and a big hand came and slapped her buttocks that stuck out because she was bending down. "Wifey, I'm not going to the office today. I'll take you and our son out to play, or we can go traveling."

Ning Qing blushed. Little Qinwen heard the slap sound, and he turned his head to find the source. Ning Qing blocked little Qinwen's view with her body while pulling at Lu Shaoming's wandering hands. "Lu Shaoming, what are you doing? Stop it! I'm not free to play with you. I'm going to the production team to shoot today, and I have another shoot scheduled."

Seeing that his son was looking, Lu Shaoming took back his hand. He frowned. "Really can't?"

"No!" Ning Qing plainly refused.

Why can he ignore her when he's busy? But when he's free, she had to put down what she was doing to cooperate with him?

<Lurker> was filming. He had an accident in the past half a month. She hadn't been to the production site. If she still didn't turn up, she would be an irresponsible boss.

Lu Shaoming pressed his thin lips together. His discontent was real. He took his shirt and pants to the bathroom.

...

When he came out again, little Qinwen was lying on the bed, playing alone, and Ning Qing was sitting at the dressing table dressing up.

Lu Shaoming wore a light blue striped shirt and black tapered trousers. He was without a tie. Two buttons were unbuttoned at his collar. His thumbs and index fingers were separated, and he was wearing a metal belt.

After seeing the little woman in front of the mirror, his pupils shrank.

Ning Qing had already changed her clothes. She had changed into a pink dress. The dress was the most popular Chiffon Cake dress this year with bubble sleeves. The slim and tapered style bunched around her petite waist. There were large and colorful flowers on her skirt. The skirt was not too long. It was just over her knees. The dress was sweeter, more beautiful, and more pretty than butterflies in summer.

She parted her wavy hair from the middle, then tied several braids from front to back, revealing her bright forehead and a tiny widow's peak. She had put on light make-up and was now applying lipstick.

Lu Shaoming stepped forward.

The way she applied lipstick was also different from other women. She smeared two-toned lipstick on the pads of her index finger and middle finger. Then she dotted the pink lipstick on her lips, then applied the red lipstick on her middle finger. She looked in the mirror and was satisfied. She pressed her beautiful lips together and got up.

When she got up, she found the man standing behind her in silence.

Ning Qing glanced at him. The man had an unexplainable dark expression. Those dark eyes stared at her little face. She didn't know what he was looking at.

"What's wrong?" she wondered.

Lu Shaoming frowned and glanced up and down at her clothes. She was still barefoot and was probably going to wear high-heeled shoes. "Don't want to travel with me, just to wear this?"

As soon as he said that, Ning Qing realized that the problem lies in her dress.

"I have a photoshoot and a press conference today, so I dressed up a little," she explained.

She had a professional makeup artist, stylist, and dresser, but she had gotten up late today. The photoshoot was starting in an hour; she didn't have time.

Moreover, her taste had always been good. Her team would generally only provide advice. She had her own decisions and judgment.

That was why she was successful in the fashion industry.

Lu Shaoming's thin, red lips went into an unhappy arc, and his eyes pointed to the wardrobe. "Change it."

Ning Qing's delicate little face suddenly turned into a bold what?

Lu Shaoming saw her doubts, raised his brows, and looked at little Qinwen, who was playing happily and climbing on the bed. He criticized her solemnly. "Ning Qing, you are a mother now. Pay attention to your clothes in the future. You dress up so...young. Little Qinwen will not recognize you as his mother."

Ning Qing burst into laughter. What's with this bad excuse of his?

She had finally figured it out. He just thought that she was too beautiful, too tender and young, and too dazzling today. Men like him all had some traditional selfish machismo.

Ning Qing stepped forward, stood on her tiptoes, stretched out two slender arms, and wrapped them around the man's neck. With her eyes curved from a smile, she asked, "Hubby, am I beautiful today?"

Lu Shaoming did not expect that she would call him "Hubby." She was calling him that now. She wouldn't call him that no matter how he tortured her last night. He knew she had complaints about him.

She could no longer be disciplined.

Lu Shaoming looked at her delicate little face and lightly cleared his throat. He did not speak and waited quietly for her next move.

"Hubby, you don't have to worry about little Qinwen at all. Maybe in little Qinwen's eyes, I can be his beautiful sister."

Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows and somewhat understood what she meant. He gave her a calm look, which meant — continue speaking.

"But Hubby, when little Qinwen's 20th birthday arrives, you'll be over 50 years old. If little Qinwen gives you a grandson at 29 years old, you'll have had your 60th birthday banquet."

### **Chapter 367: Younger Sister Would Look As Beautiful As Your Mama**

60th birthday banquet?

Was she complaining that he was old?

The girls nowadays all liked to marry men who were 10 years older than them, because these men would typically be rich, powerful, and successful, but after many of them really had them in their embrace, they would act just like her — they would use their young age to their advantage.

Lu Shaoming was not angered, but he actually curled the corners of his lips up as he laughed out loud.

He stretched out his hand to pin her soft small waist down. Lu Shaoming kissed the lipstick on her lips. She rarely applied lipstick so the probability of kissing her lipstick was very rare. He was particular in his

personal life. He liked to be clean, and he did not like to kiss lipstick. In the past, he also thought that his wife did not like to apply lipstick.

But now, when he kissed her, it felt pretty good.

“If I am 60 years old, you are 49 years old. No matter how I think about it, I am the party benefiting from this deal. If you are an older sister in Little Qinwen’s eyes, then what am I? An Uncle? Heh, why didn’t think of this last night? You should call me uncle to try it out. I want to see if an Uncle brings his niece to try it out, would it be exciting or not.”

Ning Qing’s small face turned red. She always knew that he liked to crack dirty jokes for no particular reason, but she didn’t expect his taste to be so peculiar this time.

Was he not embarrassed?

Ning Qing stretched out her hand to push him away. “I am not chatting with you any further. I am going to leave now.”

She admitted defeat. Even if she went back to a monastery and practised her craft for another 500 years, she would not be his opponent.

She turned around to carry Little Qinwen who was on the bed.

She had yet to pick up Little Qinwen. Little Qinwen had already been taken by the man. “Wearing this to carry our son? Aren’t you rushing to attend your appointment? Why haven’t you left yet?”

Ning Qing lifted her gaze to look at him. The man was already focused on their son. He left his side profile for her to look at. In her line of vision, all she could see was his mature, mesmerizing sideburns and handsome side profile that resembled a statue.

He changed too quickly. He was just telling her dirty jokes just now, and now he was pure and haughty just like a totally different person. There was no hint of rogueness on his body.

Ning Qing looked at him with a displeased expression. He just liked to bully her like this in front of her. When outsiders looked at him, they all thought that he was a president who was high and mighty.

She turned around to grab her bag, and she casually selected a small Korean style clutch adorned with snow flowers.

There was finally a touch of sweetness inside her heart. Just now, the person who asked her to change had just turned around and did not allow her to carry Little Qinwen, afraid that he would dirty her clothes and accessories.

He was both the good and bad person.



Ning Qing went to the side of the bed to grab a couple tissues, and she stood beside the father-son pair. "Lift your head up."

Lu Shaoming looked over.

Ning Qing went on her tiptoes. She used the tissue to wipe the lipstick stain on his lips.

When he kissed her just now, he was stained a little.

Lu Shaoming looked at the small face of the woman as she came close to him. He lifted his eyebrows up, and his voice was low and charming as he said, "You are already so beautiful, you don't even need makeup."

Ning Qing froze. Was he complimenting her right now?

She pouted her red lips and snorted out loud.

Her meaning was — I don't need you to pretend to be a good person.

Lu Shaoming curled the corners of his lips up. He used one of his arms to carry Little Qinwen. He touched her small face with his right hand. His low, gentle voice had a hint of pamper in it as he said, "It is not that I am not allowing you to wear pretty clothes and makeup. I don't like women that have thick makeup and elaborate clothes. You are my Mrs. Lu. I like the normal version of you the best. You look clean and beautiful."

At this moment, Ning Qing's entire heart felt sweet. The pout on her red lips disappeared slowly, and the corners of her lips went up. The man just shaved his moustache, and there was a light scent of aftershave on his body; it smelled very good.

She softly explained, "I have an appointment to attend later. I have to lead the people in the drama production group to walk down the red carpet to allow the media to photograph us, so I dressed up a bit... After I am done with the appointment, I will change out of it. In the future...I will take more care."

The woman was already making concessions.

Lu Shaoming's handsome eyebrows lifted. There was a sparkling satisfaction in his eyes. Of course, the look in his eyes could be understood as happiness.

Little Qinwen looked at his mama's look. He clapped his small, white hands in midair. Great, great! Daddy was doing great.

Just a while ago, Mama was still unwilling to be lectured. Daddy used two or three lines to make Mama willing to listen, and she did it so willingly — great.

At this moment, "Qingqing, Shaoming..." Yue Wanqing appeared beside the door.

Yue Wanqing looked at the young couple carrying their son as they looked loving between one another. She quickly turned around and covered her eyes. She was displeased as she said, "Qingqing, Shaoming, you are really too much. It is already 8:30. Little Qinwen is also still around. You two have to tone it down."

Ning Qing listened to what her mother said, and she knew that her mother had misunderstood them. She took a few quick steps away from Lu Shaoming, then walked towards the door. "Mum, you have it all wrong. There was a lipstick stain on Shaoming's lips. I just helped him wipe it..."

That was not needed. They were done. She realized that she had said something wrong.

Why would his lips have lipstick stains on it for no valid reason?

She was really taking the situation from bad to worse.

Lu Shaoming carried Little Qinwen as he walked out. Yue Wanqing took Little Qinwen in her arms as she smiled benevolently. "Little Qinwen, your daddy and mummy are both too embarrassing. In the future, you cannot follow in their footsteps. Let's go. Grandma will bring you to go downstairs to have breakfast. Just now, grandma saw that you were clapping happily. Our Little Qinwen is the king of flattering others!"

King of flattering others?

Little Qinwen listened: Ha Ha Ha.

...

Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing went downstairs. Breakfast was already sitting on the dining table, but Ning Qing did not eat. She rushed to the entrance of the house and changed into a pair of yellow crystal high heels as she wanted to head out.

Lu Shaoming looked on and had a frown on his face. "Ning Qing, have your breakfast before you leave."

"I am not eating, I do not have time. All of you should eat. There is breakfast in the drama group. Xiao Zhou will prepare it for me," Ning Qing replied while she put on her shoes.

Lu Shaoming inserted both of his hands inside his pockets. "Then I will drive you there?"

"There is no need for that; I have a car. I'm leaving. Bye bye." Ning Qing waved her arms, opened the door of the villa, and ran out.

Lu Shaoming stood at the side of the door as he looked at the small woman board the red Ferrari parked on the grass patch. She placed her small bag in the front passenger seat, then put a pair of broad sunglasses on her small, palm-sized face. Whoosh! The Ferrari left in a breeze.

The cold wind blew. Lu Shaoming looked at her hair as it flew in the wind.

Lu Shaoming curled the corners of his lips up. This woman was even busier than him right now!

She did not even want one more sentence with him?

Yue Wanqing carried Little Qinwen in her arms to have a look. "Shaoming, come and eat your breakfast quickly. You don't have to worry about Qingqing. She rarely eats breakfast at home. She has her own assistant. There's someone to help her organize her life."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming stretched out his hand to shut the door of the villa, then turned around as he headed into the dining room.

He did not object to her having her own work, but she could not work too much.

He did not need women to earn money.

Over these six months, the two of them had been separated for a huge period of time due to the love spell. Added to the year of him losing his memories, that silly man pampered her too much, and she became wild with his pampering. There were many aspects of her that he needed to correct.

Lu Shaoming gulped some milk. The sun outside the window spewed through the French windows. As the rays of the sun came through, they gave the man a mysterious air. He looked at Little Qinwen, who was sitting by his side. He was in a good mood as he softly said, "Son, you have to stick around with Mama for a long time, okay? Daddy doesn't like Mama to go outside frequently. We need to reel Mama back."

Little Qinwen did not understand anything. He salivated as he looked at his Daddy in a blur.

"Son, your Mama is too young. She still does not understand. What is a woman's career? A woman's first career would forever be her own man, her second career is our Little Qin Wen, and the third career would then be work. Furthermore, we both still need Mama to work harder, and she should quickly produce a younger sister for Little Qinwen."

Mentioning a younger sister, Lu Shaoming's entire handsome face was extremely apparent as he bent down. Placing his elbow on the baby pram, he stretched two fingers out to tease his son's soft jaw.

"Does Little Qinwen want a younger sister? Your younger sister would be as pretty as your Mama, as if she were carved out of jade."

Little Qin Wen's tiny mouth was pursed together. He immediately turned his head to look for Grandma. His eyes were full of tears. "Waaaa" he cried out ferociously. I don't want it! I don't want Daddy and Mama to have a second child!

If they dared to give birth to one, I will throw the little sister away secretly!

Lu Shaoming: "..."

...

In the hospital

Zhou Zhilei woke up from anesthesia, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Where was she?

Her line of vision was all white. There was the smell of disinfectant in her nose, and it was very jarring.

Was she in the hospital?

It was painful.

She felt her entire body hurt from head to toe, especially her right thigh. It was so painful that she felt numb.

There was no one in the hospital ward. She struggled as she sat up slowly.

She stretched out her hand to touch her right thigh, wanting to relieve the pain for a moment, but...why couldn't she feel it at all?

She lifted the blankets and had a look. "Ah!" she screamed out loud.

The door of the hospital ward was pushed open, and Kong Lan ran inside.

"Zhilei, what is wrong with you? Don't be afraid, Mummy is here. In the future, no one will dare to bully you anymore." Kong Lan took Zhou Zhilei in her arms.

Zhou Zhilei was shivering. She held onto Kong Lan's elbow with both hands, until her fingernails dug into Kong Lan's flesh. Fearfully, she asked, "Mum, Mum, where is my leg? Where is my right leg? How come it is gone now? No, I don't want to. I don't want to be disabled..."

Kong Lan felt her arm hurt a lot, but she did not struggle. She looked at her daughter's wild look right now, and she felt like her heart was cut with a knife. "Zhilei, your bone in your right thigh was broken after getting stepped on. Because there were a large amount of drugs injected into your body, it resulted in a viral infection. To protect your life, your right leg was amputated."

Amputated?

"No!" Zhou Zhilei covered her ears, and her face was pale. She looked just like a crazy person, as she said, "They didn't amputate my limbs, I still can walk, I can..."

Zhou Zhilei lifted the blankets up as she wanted to take two steps. Bang! Her entire body rolled onto the floor.

The hospital gown on her body was lifted up, and she looked at her own skin. Her skin that was once white and supple had turned wax yellow. There were still many scars from knives on it. Her skin was covered with blue black marks of trauma. They were the scars of being burnt with cigarettes. It looked extremely horrifying, and it was ugly and frightening at the same time.

"Ah!" She screamed out again, and she held herself tight.

"Zhilei, everything is all in the past. Everything is fine now. After you recuperate, Mum will send you to Korea for plastic surgery. We will do surgery for the entire body, and at that time, you would still be the most beautiful daughter in Mum's eyes."

"Mum!" Zhou Zhilei cried as she collapsed in Kong Lan's embrace. "Mum, Tang Xueli is a pervert. He gifted me to all of his subordinates. You don't know what I was going through every day. They came to torture me everyday. They handcuffed me and asked me to crawl on the floor. They even fed me drugs..."

Zhou Zhilei recalled what had happened, and she still shook in fear. That period of half a month was really her prison.

Kong Lan was very sad. "Zhilei, it is mum who is bad. You disappeared for half a month, so I sent someone to investigate. I was told that you were in England in charge of the red wine competition at that time. I wasn't suspicious at that time. Thinking about it now, it must be that Tang Xueli was misleading me. But Zhilei, you don't have to worry, Tang Xueli has already been shot down by Lu Shaoming."

### Chapter 368: Why, Is Young Master Lu Here To Laugh At Me?

Speaking of Lu Shaoming, Zhou Zhilei's crazed look quickly calmed down. "Hah...haha," she laughed.

"Zhilei, what's wrong with you? Why are you crying and laughing?" Kong Lan was afraid that Zhou Zhilei had gone mad.

"Mom, do you know who caused me to be like this?"

"Of course; it was that pervert Tang Xueli."

"No, Tang Xueli is just a pervert, but Lu Shaoming is the devil. He pushed me into the abyss, step by step!"

Kong Lan was shocked. "Zhilei, what are you talking about?"

Zhou Zhilei pulled Kong Lan's arm, and her eyes were full of malicious intent. Her pale face was distorted by hatred. She gritted her teeth and said, "Mom, this is the result of Lu Shaoming's plots! As early as a month and a half ago, he used Tang Sitian to drug me. It's ridiculous that I still wanted to use Tang Sitian to anger Ning Qing. But Lu Shaoming's plan was to use Tang Sitian to deal with me.

"Lu Shaoming provoked and destroyed the relationship between me and Tang Xueli. He knew so clearly what Tang Xueli's weakness was. He manipulated Tang Xueli and let Tang Xueli deal with me.

"Mom, do you know, Lu Shaoming set up a trap to fake his death. Before he faked his death, he asked a man to rape me and sent the video to Tang Xueli. Tang Xueli saw the video and took me away. That night, he rewarded me to his men. Lu Shaoming disappeared for half a month, and I was tortured for that time. Everything I've suffered in this half a month was because of him!"

Kong Lan clenched her fists after hearing that. With hatred, she said, "How could this happen! Does Young Master Lu have no regard for the friendship between the Lu and Zhou families?"

At this time, a knock sounded. Zhou Dayuan appeared at the door. Behind him stood Zhou Zhilei's doctor and nurse.

Zhou Dayuan was not a doctor in this hospital, but the name "Zhou Dayuan" has resounded throughout the entire medical industry, and he had a high reputation both at home and abroad. Therefore, Zhou Zhilei's operation was done by Zhou Dayuan with the attending physician. The attending physician admired Zhou Dayuan's talent very much.

The nurse came in and helped Zhou Zhilei onto the bed. The attending physician examined Zhou Zhilei. Kong Lan came to Zhou Dayuan with her fists clenched. She coldly said, "You come out."

Zhou Dayuan glanced at Zhou Zhilei in bed, nodded politely to the attending physician, then turned around.

They stood at the entrance of the corridor. Kong Lan's face was cold. She looked at Zhou Dayuan without any warmth. Her expression was only full of blame and resentment. "Since Lu Shaoming's plane crash and return to T City, you have been accompanying him. For more than a month, Lu Shaoming has been dealing with your sister. I don't believe that you did not realize his plans. Your sister is now disabled and ruined. Is that what a brother should do? Why didn't you help Zhilei?"

Zhou Dayuan looked at Kong Lan. The face before him was unfamiliar. From the time he went to England to study at the age of 18 to the age of 32, the number of times he had met her was probably less than 20 times.

She had never flown to Britain to see him. She had at most called him during the Spring Festival, but she had never been so welcoming and warm as to ask him to go home and have a reunion dinner.

She had also known that he had been back in T City for a long time, but she didn't even care about him.

Oh, there was some concern for him, regarding his marriage, to select the most suitable daughter-in-law for the Zhou family.

She had probably forgotten that he was her son.

"Mom, it's not that I don't want to help Zhilei, but that I don't have the ability. I've tried to talk sense into her, but unfortunately, her love for Shaoming had turned into hatred, and she had chosen a path of no return. Regarding Shaoming's case, it was indeed Zhilei's wrongdoing. She almost killed Shaoming by collaborating with Tang Xueli. You don't know what Shaoming and Ning Qing missed. Everyone should pay for their mistakes."

"Enough!" Kong Lan's face grew colder and colder. "I'm not standing here to listen to you lecture me about Zhilei's mistakes. Pay the price? How can you say that? Is Zhilei not miserable now? Don't you care about your sister at all?"

Zhou Dayuan closed his eyes and opened them again. "Mom, I'll go. I'll come to check on Zhilei regularly."

They can't see eye to eye, so even half a word was too much.

"You!" Kong Lan was trembling all over with anger. She Zhou Dayuan. "Dayuan, what's your attitude towards me? I'm your mother. I can finally see that since you dated Jian Han 12 years ago, you no longer respect the Zhou family. Your heart has been seduced and led astray by that seductress."

"Mom!" Zhou Dayuan's gentle face showed unprecedented seriousness. He interrupted her. "I'm going to tell you one last time — don't insult her like that. You don't have the right."

Zhou Dayuan turned and left.

Kong Lan kept saying, "Dayuan, what kind of poison did that woman drug you with? Have you forgotten how she used to treat you? When you were in prison, she abandoned you. It was me. It was your father who paid someone to get you out. Where was that woman then?"

Zhou Dayuan ignored her completely and walked away.

Kong Lan was almost vomiting blood from anger.

Just then, there was a voice behind her. "Doctor Jian."

Kong Lan looked back. Jian Han stood behind her. The woman was in a white coat and had a beautiful face. She hadn't seen this woman for a few years. She had matured.

She had been called by a nurse walking past her just now.

Kong Lan looked at her and quickly laughed. Much as she wanted to, one really can't avoid her enemy. She looked up and down at Jian Han with contempt. "Miss Jian, long time no see. You are now a...doctor?"

Jian Han stood up straight. She placed one of her hands in the pocket of her white coat and dropped another hand holding documents down beside her. She was expressionless and did not speak.

Her indifference did not affect Kong Lan's good mood. "Miss Jian, I mentioned you to my son just now..."

"Mmm," Jian Han said, lifting her lips and laughing coldly. "I heard it. Mrs. Zhou, you know where I was at that time."

Kong Lan froze, but she quickly recovered. She went up to Jian Han and murmured, "I never believed that you were sincere to my son! But I heard that your parents' train derailed, and they died six years ago?"

Jian Han's entire body suddenly started shaking. The deep scar in her heart was ripped apart so mercilessly that her eyes were instantly moist.

Kong Lan was laughing, "Miss Jian, I heard you're with my son again? Tsk tsk... The love that you've got by stepping on your parents' death is noble indeed. Does it feel good? Did you ever think of your parents when you and my son were entangled with each other? They must feel disappointed."

Jian Han's lips were trembling, her disguise had been torn apart so easily. She felt as if all her blood had run cold.

She knew that she would go to the 18th level of hell after she died.

Right then, Zhou Dayuan asked the nurse where Dr. Jian was. He found her.

At a glance he saw his mother standing with Jian Han. The woman was crying.

He understood the woman. She was proud and aloof in her heart. She never cared about other people's opinions for those who she doesn't care about.

She was strong in front of outsiders, especially her enemies.

For the first time in all these years, he had seen her cry in front of others, so helpless and desperate.

"Jian Han." He strode towards her with his long legs.

Jian Han looked up and saw him. She quickly wiped her tears with her little hand, then turned and ran away.

"Jian Han!" Zhou Dayuan chased after her.

But Kong Lan blocked his way. “Dayuan, you should end it with her as soon as possible. I can tell you clearly, I will never allow her to join the Zhou family.”

Zhou Dayuan watched Jian Han’s figure disappear. He stopped and looked at Kong Lan. “Alright, please close your Zhou family’s door then. We will never knock on it.”

Zhou Dayuan ran away.

Kong Lan: “...”

...

In the ward

The doctors and nurses were gone. Zhou Zhilei was leaning on the bed alone. Her eyes were empty and she looked at her missing right leg.

Just now, the doctor had examined her. A nurse saw her skin. The nurse looked as nauseous as if she had eaten a fly.

Hah...hah...she, Zhou Zhilei had lived to this point.

She was laughing at herself when a figure appeared in her peripheral vision. She looked up — Lu Shaoming had arrived.

The man had on a light blue striped shirt and was as handsome as jade. He was leaning against the doorframe lazily with both hands in his pockets as he looked at her with a light gaze.

Zhou Zhilei’s heart was cold. How can she not feel the change in this man? He always wore black and cold-toned clothes when he was under the love spell. His hard and firm face wouldn’t have a hint of a smile. Even when he laughed, his smile would be as sharp as a knife.

But today, he was in a good mood. His entire body seemed full of life. Even if he was not laughing, he was still in a good mood. Even his shirt was light blue.

She could imagine that he could not wait to find Ning Qing after he had taken care of his love spell. He would surely be entangled with her that night.

Only that woman could satisfy him, please him, and influence him so much.

“Why, is Young Master Lu here to laugh at me?” Her vocal cords were damaged, and even after treatment, she still sounded like a 60-year-old woman. She could never recover.

Lu Shaoming’s thin lips lifted upward and his voice was mellow. “I’m here to find Dayuan. Laugh at you? Hah, I’m not so idle.”

His light tone and sentence had humiliated her once again.

Zhou Zhilei was triggered. She clutched the sheets tightly in both hands and shouted, “Young Master Lu, I’m disabled now, neither ghost or human. Are you satisfied?”

Lu Shaoming’s deep eyes swiveled to her. “If it weren’t for your brother and your grandfather, I would not have spared your life.”



Zhou Zhilei sneered, "Young Master Lu makes it sound so good. Didn't you spare my life so that I would suffer, and be better off dead?"

She only knew how scheming and cruel he was now. Putting aside how strong and cruel he was when he dealt with Tang Xueli, it was clear from this matter alone. If she had died, how could he have maintained the relationship with her brother and grandfather?

But she was better off dead than like this.

He had taken advantage of every avenue in the open and in the dark.

Sure enough, he was the winner of life.

What was the use of living now? Her whole life had been ruined. That half-month prison would be a nightmare that she would never forget.

Lu Shaoming laughed. "So what if you're better off dead? Why weren't you afraid when you provoked me?" He closed his eyes as his voice filled with pain. "When I watched that silly woman shed tears for me, when I knew she had to go to the UK to have ocular keratoplasty alone, when I had to be restrained to the seven hours when I wanted to touch her, I thought to myself: Very good, you guys did very well. The opponents that I, Lu Shaoming, would never take seriously in my whole life have finally made me take them seriously."

### **Chapter 369: Zhou Dayuan, Do You Know Or Not? I Love You So Much**

Zhou Zhilei's entire body was shaking. She had known Lu Shaoming for more than 20 years. It was until now that she truly realized how scary and cruel he really was.

At that time, she was really crazy with jealousy, and it was only right then that she decided to make use of that crazy Tang Xueli to provoke him.

Now, she regretted doing so.

How could she trade her entire life merely for one man?

Lu Shaoming looked at her for the last time. "You are like this right now. This is the greatest benevolence I can give you. In the future, don't create any more shockwaves. Otherwise, I would let you know, your situation could get much worse."

Lu Shaoming had one of his hands in his pocket. He used another hand to hold his car keys, and he left without a care.

...

Zhou Dayuan ran in front of Jian Han's office. The door was locked, and he was unable to open it. He could only knock on the door. "Jian Han, Jian Han, open the door."

The door did not open, and Jian Han's voice came out from inside. "You go away."

Three simple words of hers made Zhou Dayuan's body shake entirely. His long, delicate hand was on the door handle. He lowered his voice as he said, "Jian Han, what do you mean by this?"

What was the meaning of...you go away?

Jian Han did not speak further. The room went quiet, and it made him panic.

The frown on Zhou Dayuan's face got even deeper. There was a rare anxious sentiment on his warm and handsome face, and at this moment, "Da Yuan." Lu Shaoming appeared behind him.

Lu Shaoming laughed, and he scanned the tightly shut office door in front of him. "What is wrong? You two are quarreling with one another?"

Zhou Dayuan withdrew his hand from the door handle. He stood up straight. There was a hint of depression in his dark eyes. "It's nothing much." As he spoke, he lifted his gaze to look at the man. "How do you feel? I injected you with the cure two days ago. Does your body feel uncomfortable recently? Let's go, I will give you a check-up."

The test tube that they got from Tang Xueli's northwest camp was the genuine cure, but for safety purposes, Zhou Dayuan would check on him everyday. He didn't think it was likely, but he was just afraid of a minute possibility.

"Okay." Lu Shaoming followed behind him and looked at his cold expression on his face. Lu Shaoming went forward to pat Zhou Dayuan's shoulder. "I saw your mother just now. Your mother made life difficult for Jian Han again, and Jian Han threw a tantrum with you?"

Zhou Dayuan nodded his head. "Probably. But six years ago, Jian Han should have known that my mother was never the problem."

Lu Shaoming understood inside his heart, because of Jian Han, Zhou Dayuan had left that family a long time ago, and their relations did not warm up even a bit over these six years.

"When a woman is throwing a tantrum, you should just coax her for a bit. This is true, Dayuan, you are no longer young also. Don't waste time, and get married quickly."

"Marriage?" Zhou Dayuan laughed mockingly and said, "She is not even willing to start dating me."

That day in the car, when he asked to start dating, she did not reply, and she had been always avoiding this question.

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows. He was in a good mood as he laughed. "Dayuan, could it be that you didn't get to eat last night?"

Last night, he also stopped outside the villa, Jian Han left immediately. If anyone said that these two people did not do anything that night, Lu Shaoming would never believe that.

Talking about last night, Zhou Dayuan's cold expression immediately turned warm and gentle, and he curled up the corners of his lips.

Lu Shaoming looked at his expression just like a cat that had gotten his share of fish. He continued to laugh as he said, "Isn't it all done then? A woman gave her body to you, so what else do you want? If she doesn't want to get married, then don't you know how to force her? For example...create a child and have...a shotgun wedding?"

Zhou Dayuan listened on and the arc on the corners of his lips got even deeper. He glanced sideways to look at Lu Shaoming/ "Shao Ming, it seems like in your family, Ning Qing is definitely heavily controlled by you."

Lu Shaoming laughed. "That's for sure."

...

Jian Han spent an entire afternoon in her office. In a daze, her tears dried up, and she did not want to shed more tears. She sat on the office chair, and her eyes were in a blur as she looked outside the windows. Actually, she didn't even know what she was looking at.

At this moment, a minor sound rang out in her ears. The office door that was locked from the inside was already opened, and Zhou Dayuan appeared at the side of the door.

The man's large hands had a few exquisite bento boxes in them. He placed the bento boxes on the desk. The man's low, gentle voice was warm as usual as he said, "I asked someone to get the spares keys to the office. I opened the door. It is lunch time. I went to get takeaway from Fook Ji. Eat it while it's still hot."

Jian Han still maintained her posture looking outside the window, and she did not move at all.

Zhou Dayuan took the porcelain soup bowl in the centre of his palm, then he took the small spoon to ladle a few scoops of soup. He blew the hot steam away from it. He placed the spoonful of soup by her lips at last. He coaxed her softly. "Jian Han, I'm the one in the wrong. You can be angry at me, but have your meal first."

Jian Han started to move. She moved her body backwards and hid from the spoon in his hand. She lifted her eyebrows up, and even her pure and beautiful voice had a distant coldness to it as she said, "You get out. I want to calm down for a moment."

Zhou Dayuan did not have an expression on his face. His dark, warm eyes that were hidden behind his gold rimmed glasses looked at her beautiful almond shaped face that was the size of a palm. He only had grace in him as he said, "Sure, I will go out in a moment, but you eat your rice first. Come over, have a mouthful of soup. This soup..."

Jian Han waved her hand and directly overturned the bowl of soup in his hands.

After a deafening sound in the air, the soup bowl was shattered on the floor.

The atmosphere was silent for a few seconds, and there was a suffocating silence between the both of them.

Jian Han's long lashes fluttered for a few moments. She saw the man move from her peripheral vision. She turned her head to have a look. The man's black handmade shoes stepped on the overturned soup. His long and handsome figure bend down slightly, and his hand that was accustomed to holding the surgical knife went to pick the fragments on the floor.

All Jian Han could see in her line of vision was the half of the man's side profile together with his defined features. The definition of his nose was sharp and handsome, and at this moment, he was squatting down on the floor.

His pants over his right thigh were largely stained with the soup. When she splashed the soup just now, he didn't duck away, and she spilled it on him.

Such a clean and pure man, even the scent on his body was extremely pleasant to the nose. Why did he have to do all of this all because of her?

"Enough, stop already." The tears in her eyes flowed down. Jian Han bit down on her lip, and her voice was shaking.

Zhou Dayuan picked a few broken pieces up. His soft fringe covered his forehead above his eyes. He said, "I will clean up the mess here. The broken pieces would pierce your foot..."

"You don't...need to pick it up. I will eat... Is that okay or not?" Jian Han choked up.

Upon hearing her words, Zhou Dayuan's hands that were picking up the broken pieces up froze, and he lifted his head to look at her.

Jian Han frantically lowered her head, afraid to look into his eyes. She quickly took the chopsticks and rice on the desk and ate a small bite of rice.

Zhou Dayuan threw the broken pieces in his hands into the rubbish bin before standing up, standing diagonally behind her.

They were both silent. Jian Han had a few bites of rice before she softly asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

"Not yet," the man answered simply.

Jian Han had more tears flow down her almond shaped face. She took a breath through her reddened nose. She turned around slowly and used her chopsticks to pick a clump of rice to feed him. "You have some."

Zhou Dayuan did not move, and he looked down at her from above.

The expression in his eyes was not sharp. He was so quiet, and he had some faint traces of...pain...in his eyes as he looked at her.

He would kiss her forehead and call her name again and again.

Jian Han cast her eyes downwards. Her small face was pale as her lips were a little pink. He did not eat, and she slowly withdrew her hand.

At this moment, the man bent down and opened his mouth. He ate the rice from her chopsticks in her hands.

He did not leave. Jian Han also did not move, the man's long and lanky figure left her with a shadow. He chewed the rice and swallowed it down before looking at her. "Jian Han, can you not treat me like this in the future? I feel very insecure when you are sometimes hot and cold towards me."

Jian Han could not control her tears. Her small hands firmly held her chopsticks, and her lips were quivering.

Zhou Dayuan went forward and kissed her quivering lips gently. He plastered against her and brushed her lightly. "I am sorry, I also do not want to give you stress. You are angry at me and have asked me to leave. I also want to be like others, leaving to give you some space for freedom, but I am really afraid. Jian Han, do you know why I am really afraid right now?"

"I am afraid once I turn around, you would disappear again. It would be another endless six years. Last night, I had that little feeling of bliss. You slept beside me, in a spot where my hands could reach so easily. You gave me a warm nest, and I don't want to lose it yet again."

"Jian Han, I am 32 years old. I really don't have another six years to wait for you anymore. I am really afraid that we would not have the time to be in love with one another, and we would get old by then. I am afraid that as time passes, I won't even know where the time disappeared to."

"Jian Han, I can give up on the entire world for you. I only want you. Is that okay? Me being like this, do you want to have it? Do you dare to want me or not?"

Jian Han had nothing to say in response because she could not formulate any answer. Her heart was secured by multiple locks. She could not save herself, and she could not help him.

She shed tears as she shook her head. "I am sorry...I am sorry..."

Zhou Dayuan's eyes were filled with apparent disappointment. He closed his eyes and kissed her lips once again. "It's fine, I won't force you. If you like it, then we can also maintain this status as we grow old together. Only that, don't ever ask me to leave again. If you really do not want to see me I can stand at the side of the door to wait for you. I can wait for you forever."

"Dayuan..." Tears trickled down Jian Han's face non stop. She could not understand why there could be so many couples on earth who could have their own happy endings, just like Ning Qing, but they could not.

"Put your chopsticks down. Don't eat anymore. The dishes have gone cold. I will go take a shower, and I will bring you out for a meal later," Zhou Dayuan said, then he stood up and turned around as he headed towards the door.

"Dayuan." Jian Han put her chopsticks and the bowl of rice down. She tugged the sleeve of his shirt and stood up from the chair. She went on her tiptoes to embrace his neck. "Dayuan."

She called him.

Zhou Dayuan dodged her. His eyes were full of pamper as he said, "My shirt is dirty; don't hug me."

"I don't care. I want to hug you." Jian Han hugged him tight and said, "What did you say was in that bowl of soup?"

He had yet to finish his words.

“Oh, I ordered that bowl of soup for you. It was especially targeted to supplement a woman’s health after vigorous exercise.”

Jian Han’s small, pale face had two red spots on it. She laughed lightly and lifted her head to kiss his lips, and she kissed him deeply.

Zhou Dayuan do you know or not? I love you so much.

...

At night, Lu Shaoming drove back to the Ning family villa. After he entered the villa, he realized that Ning Qing had yet to return.

He lifted his hand up to glance at his watch. It was already 7pm.

Yue Wanqing carried Little Qinwen in her arms as she walked over. “Shaoming, Qingqing might be late tonight. She could not make it home for dinner. Let’s eat.”

### **Chapter 370: Father-Son Interaction**

She might not return home?

Lu Shaoming listened and frowned. He reached for Little Qinwen and asked, “Mom, does Ning Qing often not return home at night?”

When Yue Wanqing heard her son-in-law’s tone, she knew she had said something wrong. She hurried to smooth things out and said, “Oh, no, there are only a few times in the past two or three months. She had to shoot night scenes with the crew.”

“Mmm.” Lu Shaoming nodded. He reached out his right index finger to hook his son’s soft little hand. His son’s palm was sweaty, and when he was tired, he grabbed Daddy’s index finger and pulled it hard. Then he grinned with a glittering little mouth and cooed happily. “Da... dy...”

He was starting to call him again.

Lu Shaoming kissed his son’s small face and couldn’t take his hand off him. His son’s smile was like his mother’s. There were two dimples on his cheek.

“Little Qinwen, do you miss Mummy? Shall daddy bring you to find her?”

Little Qinwen quickly waved two small hands to applaud when he heard that. Yes, yes! “Mu...my” Little Qinwen misses mummy so much.

Yue Wanqing smiled adoringly. In her eyes, her little grandson was the cutest. When she usually brought him out to buy vegetables and go shopping, her neighbors next door would all come and look at him, and she was so proud of him.”

But, “Shaoming, are you going to take Little Qinwen to the production site to find Qingqing? I’m afraid that can’t be done. Qingqing will be busy and you don’t have any experience taking care of Little Qinwen. Shall I go with you?”

Lu Shaoming shook his head. “Mom, you just rest at home. I’ll take Little Qinwen with me. Don’t worry, he’s my son. How can I not be able to take care of him? I want to trouble Mom to pack a couple of Little Qinwen’s things and we’ll leave.”

Yue Wanqing was relieved to see her son-in-law’s calm and leisurely expression. Indeed, how could there be parents who can’t control their kids in this world?

“Alright, I’ll go now.” Yue Wanqing turned to pack up his things.

...

The Bentley stopped at the entrance of the production site. This scene was taking place in the National Anthem Hall, so the production site was set in the hotel. Lu Shaoming got out of the car, opened the back door, and took Little Qinwen out of the seat.

Little Qinwen was very good for the entire journey. He had been placed in the booster seat in the back by his daddy. He had been shaking the bell in his hands beside his small ears. He had looked so serious. It was as if he wanted to play a tune, but unfortunately, it was out of tune and it wasn’t melodious.

Lu Shaoming carried him out with one arm. The evening was cold, so he wrapped a goose-yellow blanket loosely around Little Qinwen and put small denim hat on him while carrying the bag with his other hand.

The bag was quite heavy. Little Qinwen’s grandmother was worried about him leaving the house, so she had packed quite a lot.

Lu Shaoming closed the door and walked into the hotel gate.

As soon as he entered, he attracted everyone’s eyes in an instant.

Everyone covered their mouths and shifted their gaze from the man to Little Qinwen.

The man was still in a light blue striped shirt with black pants. He was handsome and upright. He easily held Little Qinwen in one arm. His firm and carved features were prominent, and his clicking footsteps on the marble floor emitted a strong and fierce aura.

Everyone looked at the little baby. With his fair and tender skin, grape-like eyes that were full of life, and the small denim hat on top of his head, he was extremely adorable.

Lu Shaoming strode forward without looking askance. He took out his cell phone and dialed a number.

“Hello...” The call went through, but it was not Ning Qing’s voice; it was Xiao Zhou.

Lu Shaoming frowned, and his thin, red lips parted slightly. He responded with a low voice. “Hello.”

Xiao Zhou was a little nervous. "Hello, Young Master Lu. Are you looking for Ning Qing? Ning Qing is in the studio now, it's...inconvenient for her to come to the phone now."

Lu Shaoming looked down at his son and said directly, "I'm in the hotel now."

"What?" Xiao Zhou exclaimed.

Lu Shaoming hung up.

On the way to the elevator door, both of Lu Shaoming's hands were full. He was about to press the elevator button with his bag in his hand. "Young Master Lu, let me help you."

A group of young girls came running over and eagerly helped him press the button.

Lu Shaoming looked at the person lightly and politely said, "Thank you."

He went into the elevator.

The elevator door closed.

Outside, the group of girls exploded and said, "Wow, that was Young Master Lu. Young Master Lu was carrying...little Master Lu? Little Master Lu is really beautiful and adorable. I think he looks like my idol Sister Ning."

"Yeah, I was so excited just now that I nearly drooled. Young Master Lu is such a tall and stern man, but he had an adorable baby in his arms. What a rare sight."

"Little Master Lu has inherited the excellent genes of Sister Ning and Young Master Lu. This is Little Master Lu's first exposure to the outside world. It seems that Young Master is bringing his son to visit Sister Ning's workplace. Sister Ning is really blessed."

The group of girls chirped like birds.

...

Lu Shaoming went straight to the 12th floor, and when he got out of the elevator, Xiao Zhou rushed over. "Young Master Lu." Xiao Zhou looked at Little Qinwen as she spoke, and her eyes suddenly brightened. She waved. "Hi, Little Qinwen. I haven't seen you for a few days, you've grown even more handsome!"

Little Qinwen: heh...hehe.

Older sister, you have good eyesight!

"Young Master Lu, Ning Qing's room is here. I'll take you there." Faced with a man like Lu Shaoming, Xiao Zhou felt stressed. Xiao Zhou knew that he was upset and was afraid of offending him, so she was smart enough to take him directly to the room.

Lu Shaoming did not speak but walked along with his son.

Xiao Zhou swiped the room card, and Lu Shaoming went in. "Young Master Lu, take a seat. Ning Qing will come to you as soon as she is done with her work."



Lu Shaoming hummed and Xiao Zhou closed the door while wiping the cold sweat away.

...

Lu Shaoming looked around the room slowly. The room was not big, but it was clean and tidy, and the air was fresh.

He glanced down at the carpet under his feet. It was light grey, fresh, and soft.

He bent down and put Little Qinwen on the carpet.

Little Qinwen couldn't walk, but he could crawl. He put his hands on the carpet and crawled forward like a rabbit.

Lu Shaoming walked to the bedside, then put the bag in his hand by the bedside. He lifted his hands and unbuttoned his shirt. Finally, he sat down on the bed, and his right hand touched the snow-white blanket on the bed. He leaned against the bed and closed his eyes lazily.

When he opened his eyes again, he looked slightly sideways. Little Qinwen had crawled to the wall of the room and was looking curiously at the socket there.

What is this thing with several black dots? Little Qinwen looked at Daddy with a twist of his head.

Lu Shaoming, faced with his son's inquiring gaze, raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "That's a socket. It's electrified. It can't be touched. It'll shock you."

Little Qinwen: Shivering all over, so scary.

He didn't look at the black hole and crawled away with his little arms and legs.

He crawled to a table. A towel hung down from it. He reached for it, and with a whoosh, the towel fell and covered his little head.

Huh?

Huh?!

Why can't I see anything?

Little Qinwen's fair, chubby hands immediately reached up to grab the towel. He twisted and turned it around. The towel had turned 180 degrees. Why could he still not see anything?

At this time, he heard Daddy's low and rich laughter. That laughter reverberated from Daddy's strong chest and was extremely masculine.

He turned his head and lifted the towel over his eyes with his little fair hands. Wow, Daddy's handsome face appeared in front of him. He could see again.

Lu Shaoming looked at his son's appearance, and his heart turned into mush. It was hard to imagine that the seeds he sowed finally turned into this little life, the inheritance of his bloodline.

The son his wife gave him.

Little Qinwen didn't know what Daddy was laughing at or why Daddy's eyes were so bright. His eyes were sparkling as bright as the stars falling on the horizon that Grandma had pointed out to him. He was still young, so he allowed himself to not understand. He crawled away with his small arms and legs.

Lu Shaoming leaned lazily for a while. There was no desk in the room. He took his business hand-held bag, stretched his two long legs on the bed casually, put the thin laptop on his lap, and began to work.

The room was very quiet. Only Little Qinwen's cheerful babbling and cries could be heard. Daddy was handling business affairs on his laptop, his fingers flying. Little Qinwen was bored. He found the bag his grandmother had prepared for him. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. He had found the teething biscuits.

Little Qinwen was about to start teething, so he would eat two teething biscuits every day.

He put the biscuits that were still in the wrapper in his mouth and bit down, Oh, he couldn't bite it. Usually, his grandmother and grandfather always unwrapped it for him, but they were not here.

Bingo.

Little Qinwen crawled beside the bed and raised his hand with an effort to tug Daddy's pants on the bed.

Lu Shaoming's attention was attracted by a soft movement at the edge of his trousers. He looked up from a pile of reports and saw his son's watery eyes that were the same as his little wifey's. They were innocent and shy as they looked at him, and it tempted his heart.

A small hand stuck out. In it was a crumpled biscuit wrapper. "Dad..dy, eat...eat..."

He called him "Daddy" for the first time.

Sure enough, food was powerful.

Lu Shaoming took the biscuit, unwrapped it easily, and handed it to Little Qinwen.

Little Qinwen held the biscuit tight in his hand, and his watery grape-like eyes stared at the biscuit bag. "Dad...dy..." That's mine, give it back to me.

Lu Shaoming ignored him and looked directly at the reports. His thin, red lips moved as he said, "Eat fewer snacks. It is not good for your health."

What?

Little Qinwen figured out that Daddy had taken the opportunity to collect his biscuits.

He had to eat two of them every day.

Little Qinwen was angry. He sat on the carpet, holding the biscuit in his small hand while stuffing it into his mouth and staring at the bag of biscuit.

Lu Shaoming finished processing the reports and prepared to review the documents. There was an unusual, minor noise around him. On one side of his head, a small hand had grabbed the biscuit bag and quickly retracted.

Looking up again, his son had crawled on the carpet with his arms and legs directly to the farthest beside the door. Little Qinwen held the biscuit bag in his hand and pointed a little finger at Daddy. Ha, ha, ha.

Lu Shaoming: "... It was his fault that his son had eaten that biscuit for a quarter of an hour. He had focused on his work too much and forgotten about the bag of biscuits. He had allowed him to launch a sneak attack.

Lu Shaoming shrugged his shoulders and gave Little Qinwen a look — Good Job!

As a result, Little Qinwen could not stop laughing.

At this time, there was a familiar sound outside the door. The door was pushed open. Ning Qing came in. She looked at the man on the bed and flashed him a gentle smile. "Shaoming, you are here..."

Then Ning Qing looked around the room. She was puzzled. "Where's Little Qinwen?"

Little Qinwen had disappeared.

### **Chapter 371: Just Have One Bite To Have A Taste Of It**

Ning Qing was puzzled as she looked at Lu Shaoming.

At this moment, Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows up and pointed towards the door with his gaze.

A childish voice rang out from behind the door. "Ma...ma..." I am behind the door, hehe.

Ning Qing: "... She quickly opened the door. Her precious son sat on the floor. He held a bag of biscuits in one hand. He widened his big eyes as he innocently looked at Mama while feeling hurt at the same time.

Mama, what you did lock me behind the door for?

Could it be because I was laughing at Daddy just now?

Ning Qing carried her son up in a swift motion. She forcefully kissed her son's face and said, "I am sorry, Little Qinwen, Mama did not see you just now..."

Little Qinwen touched his Mama's face with one small hand and confidently gurgled in laughter. Forget it, I will forgive Mama this once.

At this moment, Xiao Zhou walked inside. She held a meal tray in her hands, and there were a few dishes on the meal tray, with a wooden bucket of white rice. Xiao Zhou placed two sets of utensils neatly, and politely said, "Young Master Lu, Ning Qing, enjoy your meals slowly. I will leave you two."

"Okay." Ning Qing nodded her head.

Xiao Zhou closed the door behind her. Little Qinwen could not control himself while he was in Mama's embrace. He moved about as he wanted to crawl with his little body over to the carpet to play around.

Ning Qing could not control him. She had barely placed him down, and Little Qinwen crawled a far distance away from her just like a rabbit. His two fingers took another biscuit stick from his biscuit packet, and he slowly used it to teethe.

Ning Qing's gaze was extremely gentle. She turned back to look at the man. That person was still leaning against the head of the bed. He was casual and lazy, and he looked sexy while he was typing fluently on the keyboard. His eyes were cast downwards as he was extremely focused in his work.

Ning Qing wondered, was he busy? If he were busy, he should have stayed in the study at home. Why would he bring their son over to look for her?

But her heart felt a little sweet.

It was likely that all women were such weird creatures.

Ning Qing walked to the side of the table. She held a small bowl and walked to the man's side. She handed the bowl over to him and said, "Work a little later. Finish your soup first."

The man did not even lift his head up. "What?"

"Green bean soup."

The man heard her response and had a frown on his face. "I am not eating it. It is sweet."

He did not like sweet food.

Ning Qing heard him speak like this, and she turned around to sit at the side of the bed. She used her right hand to hold the small spoon to scoop a spoonful of soup as she took it to the side of his lips. Her voice was gentle as she said, "It is not sweet. I boiled it myself, I added a bit of rock sugar. There are ice cubes inside. It is a refreshing soup in summer. Have a taste."

It was only then that Lu Shaoming lift his head up. The woman changed out of the dress that she was wearing this morning, and she was wearing a white tank top and miniskirt. Her loose curls were plaited into a fishbone braid and dropped on her right shoulder. There was a youthful and sweet air to her on her exquisite, coy face.

Lu Shaoming looked at her again. He found it a little hard to avert his eyes from her. The clothes on her body were very normal looking. The girls in university and office ladies that just entered the workforce all liked to dress like this. It was exactly suited girls her age, and she was only 23 years old.

If she hadn't entered the entertainment industry, she would be a fresh graduate from university.

Lu Shaoming did not say anything. In the past he did not think that her style was a problem, but now, he felt that it was a huge problem.

It was also probably because, after giving birth to Little Qinwen, the parts of her body that were meant to be grown had all developed. Summer wear would normally be light and have fewer pieces. No one was able to avert their eyes from that S Line of hers.

Ning Qing noticed that he was not eating, and she was a little anxious. She also felt bad for him. The man was busy in the office for the entire day. He was definitely tired. Just now, when her mother called

her, she told her that when he returned home and noticed that she was not home, he immediately brought their son over to look for her, and he was still working now.

“Shao Ming, what is wrong with you? Just have a taste. When you called me just now, I was in the studio. I didn’t bring my phone along. When I came out, Xiao Zhou told me that you were here. I immediately went to the kitchen to make some green bean soup for you personally. I also made these dishes.” Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and looked at the gentleness in his gaze.

Lu Shaoming pursed his lower lip and still did not answer her, making her feel even more anxious.

He was also very familiar with the woman’s character, the more he pampered her, the more wild she would be. The more he toyed around with her, the more obedient she would be. They’d been separated for too long, he needed to establish his presence in front of her.

He was not a huge male chauvinist, but he was really an extreme male chauvinist. When they just got married, she was still progressing in the entertainment industry, but now, he did not like it all. She was developing too well, and it was way different from what he expected, and it was getting out of his control.

He liked it better when she returned to the family and played the role of his wife, and he wanted her to give birth to a younger daughter for him.

Just like today, she had not come home, although it was late at night. She also did not have any time to answer his phone calls. He waited inside her room for an entire half an hour. She came late... She was doing it all wrong.

If he did not express it, she would not remember it, and she would not know that she had to correct her behaviour.

Although he did not reply to her, Lu Shaoming could not bear seeing her frown at him. He lowered his gaze as he took a small sip of soup.

The man was picky. He really did not like to eat sweet food. He was not willing to eat the green beans, and he only had a taste of the soup.

“Is it good?” the woman asked in anticipation.

It was delicious.

It was not too sweet, but there was the fragrance of rock sugar in the soup. The ice cubes were freshly taken out of the freezer and blended. It was placed into the green bean soup, and it made the soup cooling and refreshing in the heat.

He nodded his head elegantly. “It’s fine.”

After receiving his compliment, Ning Qing immediately had a bright smile on her face. She used a small spoon to scoop a mouthful to feed him. This time, the man gave her face as he ate the soup with the green beans.

After that, Ning Qing fed him spoonful after spoonful, and he finished half a bowl of soup.

At this moment: “Wa!” Little Qinwen was sitting beside the door and started to cry.

Ning Qing was shocked, and she handed both the bowl and spoon over to the man. She stood up straight and went forward to pick her son up from the carpet. She stretched out her hand to wipe the tears from the corners of his eyes. Ning Qing carried him as she coaxed him. She placed her small, soft hand behind his back as she said, “Little Qinwen, why are you crying? Didn’t you want to play by yourself just now?”

Little Qinwen did not want his biscuits anymore. He used his two tiny hands to tug on Mama’s tank top, and he planted his small head against Mama’s fragrant chest.

Ning Qing broke out into a smile. “Little hungry fella, are you hungry now? You want Mama to feed you...”

Ning Qing used her peripheral vision to scan the man on the bed. Feeding Qinwen was an embarrassing thing for her to do in front of him. The room was not too big. She also could not duck into the washroom, so she held Little Qinwen as she sat down on the sofa. She stretched out her hand to take the mustard yellow blanket, and she used it to wrap Little Qinwen up. She put the other end on her shoulder, turned her back, and lifted her tank top up.

Lu Shaoming took the bowl, and his spirits were a little dashed. He seriously suspected that his son was here to snatch affection away from him.

The ceiling lights in the room shone downwards. His dark, deep eyes were staring firmly at the sofa. The moment she lifted her tank top up, she was probably in pain, she bit down on her pink lips as she attempted to cover up her grunt.

This sound was extremely attractive in the man’s ear.

Lu Shaoming closed his eyes, then opened them up again. There was a mature and elegant air in his eyes. He used one of his hands to move the business laptop on his thigh away, then stood up. He walked to the side of the table and placed the bowl down.

There were 4 dishes and 1 soup. Beef in a clay pot, prawns in salt water, and two vegetables. There was still a red date chicken soup. It smelled fragrant and nourishing.

Lu Shaoming curled the corners of his lips up, and he was in a good mood.

She still had some decency to her.

It was still worth all his pampering he gave to her.

He placed both of his hands in his pockets and slowly walked to the woman’s side.

Ning Qing knew that he was here. Her small face had already burned up. He should know how to turn his gaze away from these types of things, and she did not expect him to come over for real.

Her breathing was a little hurried. Her right hand moved around hurriedly, adjusted her tank top and blanket, and confirmed that she did not have parts of her body exposed.

Lu Shaoming saw her small actions, and he did not speak. He lowered his eyes to look at his son. Little Qinwen was closing his eyes as he was in a blur. He used two of his tiny hands to hug Mama. He ate until his forehead was covered in sweat.

Lu Shaoming took a tissue and handed it over to Ning Qing. Ning Qing held it in her hand, and she wiped the sweat off her son.

As she wiped, a large palm touched her left side. It was not really touching. The man used his rough, calloused index fingers as he came to graze her face, one time after another.

Teasing her lightly.

Ning Qing turned her body sideways to duck away for a moment, not allowing him to touch her.

The man withdrew his hand. He was laughing, his low and charming voice had a little hoarseness in it as he said, "Change a side to feed Little Qinwen, now both sides look a little different."

Ning Qing's entire face burnt up in a flash. All of the blood in her body rushed towards her brain.

What...did he say?

Actually, she was used to feeding Little Qinwen on her left side, because she liked to sleep on the left, and throughout these six months, she did not think too much of this matter.

When she took her showers on a daily basis, she would look at herself, and she also could not tell any difference.

But he...

What was inside his brain normally? This man was too sensitive, and even in this aspect, he was also...

Ning Qing hated that she could not dig a hole in the ground to bury herself in.

She was silent for a few seconds, then she bit down on her pink bottom lip. She covered herself up with her right hand and carried Little Qinwen far away. She changed arms, and let Little Qinwen feed from the right.

Lu Shaoming felt his lips go dry. Even at this age, he could use his fingers to count the times that the both of them were wild together. This journey had been too tough, he rarely had the chance to do so, so his eyes liked to look at her body.

When she allowed him to look, and when she didn't allow him to look, he wanted her either way.

Just now, he saw a bit of it.

He turned around and walked to the window of the room. He wanted to smoke a cigarette, but he realized that he did not have cigarettes on him. He could only open a crack in the window, and he placed both of his hands in his pockets as he stood there to let the wind blow.

Little Qinwen was full, and he lifted his head from his Mama's chest before gurgling in laughter.

Ning Qing tidied her clothes and called Little Qinwen as she stood up. She turned her head back and looked at the handsome, lanky man at that end. "Shaoming, let's eat dinner."

The man walked over and stretched out his hand to take Little Qinwen. "Okay."

...

Little Qinwen obediently sat on his Daddy's thighs. Ning Qing scooped a bowl of rice to give it to the man, then she scooped a small bowl for herself. The duo started to eat.

Lu Shaoming used chopsticks to place two grains of rice into his son's mouth and asked, "Little Qinwen needs to be weaned already, right?"

The red patch on Ning Qing's face did not fade. She stretched out her hand to tuck the strands of hair by her cheeks behind her ear, before nodding her head. "Yeah, in these next few days. I actually planned to wean him today, but Little Qinwen came here, so I fed him for another day. We will start to wean him tomorrow."

Six months of breastfeeding should come to an end.

Lu Shaoming listened on without speaking, and ate his meal elegantly.

Ning Qing looked at him, and she hesitated a little before she said, "Shaoming, I... I have a night scene tonight. It might go late. You and Little Qinwen should go to bed first."

Ning Qing said these words in fear. She was afraid that he would be upset.

She heard that his temper was bad from Xiao Zhou today. When she entered the door today, he also did not look at her. She needed to coax him for a long period of time, and it was probably because she had done something wrong.

She neglected him.

Both of them were separated for such a long period of time. There were many of the other's habits that they had to start to get used to.

He was never a man who would throw a tantrum over nothing. He was a man who could control his own temper well, so when he was angry, she would think that she had something wrong.

Lu Shaoming looked at his son for a moment, before he casually said, "I have a meeting tomorrow morning at 6 a.m."

### **Chapter 372: Why Did I Have Lie To You? Think About It**

Ning Qing was instantly speechless.

He had a meeting at six and that meant that he had to go to bed early and get up early, and he could obviously go to bed with Little Qinwen, but he had instead told her about his meeting.

What he wanted to convey was obvious. He disagreed!

Ning Qing looked down and ate as she scolded him in her heart. He was so bad. Controlling her so strictly after coming back for just one day.



She had to shoot, right?

In the past, when he lost his memory, she had also been filming. At that time, he would drive a long way to visit her workplace, and he would go to bed first by himself.

It was different now.

He would no longer spoil her that much anymore.

After dinner, Ning Qing brought Little Qinwen to take a bath but was stopped by Lu Shaoming. "Is it not considered night yet? Go quickly if you want to shoot the night scene."

"But can you bathe Little Qinwen?"

Lu Shaoming took a look at his son, who also looked at Daddy in confusion. The father and son looked at each other, turned their heads, and nodded at Mummy at the same time.

Ning Qing was amused by the super-tacit action of the father and son, and she decided to just let things be. She gave him some advice. "Shaoming, don't wash Little Qinwen's hair, lest you get water into his eyes. Just wash him with warm water."

The man didn't speak and went into the bathroom with his son in his arms.

Ning Qing cleaned up the bowls and chopsticks. "Shaoming, Little Qinwen listens to fairy tales before bed. Tell him one later."

...

The door of the room was closed. Lu Shaoming carried Little Qinwen in one arm and went to clean the bathtub with the other hand. The man loved to be clean. He cleansed the bathtub under the showerhead several times, then put warm water in it.

Grandma's bag was simply a treasure chest. Everything was inside: baby shampoo, shower gel, and moisturizing lotion. Lu Shaoming glanced at it all and took the shower gel.

Lu Shaoming stripped his son's clothes and put his small body in the water with his big hands. "Son, let's take a bath."

Little Qinwen did not obey, his two fair legs bent up, determined not to let his little feet touch the water. He looked at Daddy, then slowly extended his left hand to touch his small head.

Why don't you wash my hair, Daddy?

Lu shaoming raised his eyebrows and patiently explained, "Little Qinwen, Daddy is smart but lacks experience. Shampooing is a skill. If I am careless, you will get water and soap in your eyes and ears. Today, we will bathe directly."

Little Qinwen couldn't understand. He scratched his head with his little hands. Today, he had crawled and sweated a lot. His head itched.

His love of cleanliness was inherited from his daddy.

Lu Shaoming helplessly took him to grab the shampoo, then turned back to the bathroom.

"Son, let's start washing." Lu Shaoming copied Ning Qing's posture, carrying him horizontally, then washed his hair with a small towel.

Little Qinwen's two little feet kick happily in the air. Daddy's hands weaved through his hair as gently as Mummy. Daddy's palms were bigger than Mummy's, two times bigger, so he was filled with a sense of security.

At this time, ah, my eyes hurt.

The soapy foam had gotten in his eyes.

Little Qinwen reached out to rub with his little hand instinctively, but it got worse with the rubbing. Oh no, it hurts so much. With a pout of his mouth, he began wailing.

At the sight of his son crying, Lu Shaoming panicked a little. "Sorry, baby, don't rub with your hands... Here, let Daddy wipe your eyes with a towel. Don't kick Daddy. Daddy will help you wash your hair."

Three minutes later, Lu Shaoming was done washing Little Qinwen's hair. He lifted Little Qinwen's tiny body. Little Qinwen was still sobbing and crying. He dared not open his eyes. His two rows of long eyelashes, which were as beautiful as Mummy's, fluttered and twinkled with grievance.

Both Mummy and Grandma had washed his hair comfortably, but Daddy caused him pain.

Lu Shaoming's heart ached. He reached out his finger to help him wipe away the tears hanging on his little face. He softly coaxed him, "Son, it's all Daddy's fault. Daddy's apologizing to you, alright? Don't cry. We are all little men. We shed blood, not tears, and Little Qinwen has to protect Mummy in the future."

Little Qinwen couldn't understand, but he heard "Mummy" and opened his eyes. His big watery eyes were sparkling more because of the wave of tears. Suddenly, he realized that the eyes did not hurt anymore.

"Hehe..." Little Qinwen was full of life again and giggled.

Lu Shaoming put him in the bathtub and he had a good time playing with the water.

Lu Shaoming stood up straight and breathed a sigh of relief. It had seemed easy to take care of a child, but in fact, it was not easy at all. He let his son play for a while and went to shower.

His handsome body stood in front of the bathroom counter as he lifted his hand to unbutton his shirt. After a while, the shirt came off, showing his tight and slender waistline. The white light in the bathroom shone on him, covering every inch of his malt skin with a healthy and attractive honey-like glow, dazzling anyone.

The legs of his pants were wet, but the man didn't care much. He lifted his hand and unbuckled his belt. The pants slipped his clothes off. He raised his long legs and stepped under the showerhead.

He was taking a cold shower. The cool little droplets splashed out. Some of them fell on Little Qinwen. Little Qinwen looked up.

Conscious of his son's gaze, Lu Shaoming squatted down, and with two fingers, he went to tease his son's soft chin. "What are you looking at, boy?"

Little Qinwen looked at a part on Daddy, and his gaze was stunned.

Lu Shaoming laughed. The deep corners of the eyes were crinkled, a special and mature charm that only a man his age had. "Son, don't look at it. You will have it in the future too. Daddy can only let mummy see it, alright?"

Little Qinwen covered his face quickly with both hands. Daddy is shameless.

...

After the father and son had taken a bath, Lu Shaoming slathered a layer of moisturizer on his son. Then he took a fairy tale book and held Little Qinwen's in his arms on the bed.

Lu Shaoming flipped through the book "Grimm's Fairytales" and found it very childish. He looked down at his son and asked in a low voice, "Son, which one do you want to hear?"

Little Qinwen gazed at the fairy tale book with big eyes and babbled. He stretched out his little finger and pointed to a random chapter. Lu Shaoming nodded. "Okay, this one it shall be."

Ning Qing rushed back to her room after shooting the night scene. When she entered the room, it was quiet. Her two favorite men were already asleep on the big bed.

Little Qinwen had a thin blanket on his stomach and was in a regular sleeping position. The man was half-naked and covered with a quilt around his V-line. He slept sideways with one arm still around Little Qinwen, giving his son a full sense of care.

A blissful smile shone on Ning Qing's face, and she quietly walked into the bathroom.

The bathroom was a mess. The shampoo scattered on the ground hadn't been cleaned. The man's clothes were strewn everywhere, and there were water stains. Ning Qing sighed that there was nobody else who could make the bathroom like this except the father and son.

Ning Qing cleaned everything up and took a bath.

After that, she took out the hairdryer and dried her hair.

She walked into the room, stood by the bedside cupboard, opened the lid of her night cream, squeezed a little bit into her palm, and patted it on her face.

As soon as she was done, her slender wrist was suddenly grasped. With a hard pull from the man, she fell directly into a warm, hard embrace.

She looked up in a panic and ran into the man's bright and charming black eyes. He grinned, tightened his embrace, and held her in his arms.

"Lu Shaoming, you're not asleep?"

Lu Shaoming grabbed her soft little waist and brought her between him and his son with ease. "I was, but you woke me up."

Then, he kissed her.

Ning Qing was frightened and turned around. She went to hold Little Qinwen and hummed. "Lu Shaoming, don't mess around. Your son is here. You wake him up if you can settle him."

Oh alright, she was using her son as a shield?

Lu Shaoming hugged her and embraced her firmly in his arms. He laughed. "Ning Qing, I'm going to mess around. You better not wake your son."

Ning Qing was pissed. What? He was too domineering.

"Wifey, turn around." He bent down to her snow-white earlobes and coaxed with endless charm in his mellow voice.

"No." Ning Qing refused. She had just taken a bath and her fair little face was so tender it would burst with a slight pinch. Her small pink mouth was very moist and delicious like cherries. Her small hand gripped the sheet tight. She said, "Don't you have a meeting tomorrow morning at six o'clock? It's almost 11 o'clock now. Go to bed."

With Little Qinwen in the room, they dare not speak loudly, which was very inconvenient.

Lu Shaoming stretched out his index finger to curl the beautiful hair that fell on her cheek. He bent over and sniffed it. The shampoo smelled good.

"Wifey, I can't sleep."

Ning Qing scooted forward, not letting him touch her, but her entire body had already been tormented to the point of fainting by his romantic action of sniffing her hair. A wronged and tender light fell into the beautiful eyes of the woman's autumn pupils. "Do you not have a meeting tomorrow morning? Lu Shaoming, you always lie to me."

At this time, her little fragrant shoulder was grasped. Her entire body was pulled over. The man put his right arm on her little head, then began to pull the blanket around his stomach to cover her small abdomen. His left thumb, and index finger reached out to pinch her dainty little nose that was like jade as he said in a pampering tone, "Why did I have to lie to you? Think about it. Other women with children are all waiting for their men to come home. My family is different. On the contrary, I work every day and do all this for you. Ning Qing, what else do you want?"

Ning Qing was immediately speechless. It was as if he had a monopoly on good points.

Lu Shaoming looked at the woman's soft, cat-like expression and was satisfied. He slowly lowered himself and kissed her.

Ning Qing immediately melted in his arms. The ambiance was too beautiful. She was placed in his arms steadily. His big rough palms slowly caressed her small face, giving her tenderness and love.

Under his handsome silhouette. Her senses were filled with the fragrance of shower gel on his body.

She slowly lifted her little hands that were holding the blankets and touched his strong arm. His arm was very hard. She drew her hand back as if she had been shocked, and went to hold his waist, which reminded her that he was not dressed.

Ning Qing turned her head sideways, not letting him entwine with her. She buried her flushed cherry cheeks in the pillow. "Why aren't you...wearing a shirt?"

Lu Shaoming was amused. He put out two fingers to clasp her tiny jaw and forced her to look at him. "I also want to know why I don't have a shirt. Where's my shirt? I'm to blame. Maybe I didn't earn enough money to support my wife, so my wife was too busy at work and forgot about me, and I don't even have pajamas."

### **Chapter 373: Let Me Hear You Call Me Hubby Once**

Listen to what he was saying.

All of the men in the world could say that they did not earn any money themselves. He was the only one who could not. The thing he lacked the least was probably money.

He said these words so sourly. Wasn't it all because he wanted to chide her for a bit?

Busy, busy, busy. She was so busy that her own husband did not have any pyjamas to wear anymore.

Sure, Ning Qing knew that she had made a mistake.

Last night, in her house, in the hotel now, he slept naked.

In normal families, husbands would prepare their own clothing, but he was different, this had nothing to do with the status between a woman and a man, he was a man who would have clothes prepared for him ever since he was born.

Although Ning Qing admitted to her mistakes in her heart, she could not use her mouth to confess them. She glared at the man and followed his tone as she snorted out, "Someone speaks so beautifully. Someone says that he would earn money to provide for his wife, but who knows whether in the next second, he would not bother with me and his son. If I don't have a job and did not have the abilities to survive in this society, if there is a day where he doesn't want me anymore, how would Little Qinwen and I survive then?"

Lu Shaoming knew that she still took offense to what happened in the past. Her character was very good, and she would not take things to heart. Sometimes he used a few sweet words, and he would be able to coax her to be like a little lamb, and she would listen to whatever he said obediently.

But it was different this time; she was really angry.

Even though she knew that he was under a love spell, she would also not come to stick to him like the past. She would not act cute towards him. She had considerations inside her heart.

Lu Shaoming looked at her eyes, bent down, and kissed her.

She must have been so afraid when she went to England for surgery.

She was so afraid that she was still unwilling to address him "Hubby."

His thin lips landed on her eyes. Ning Qing quickly stretched out her hand to push him away. Her small, fragrant body was struggling furiously. "Lu Shaoming, don't kiss me. You are not allowed to kiss!"

She did not want him to kiss her eyes.

Those five or six months, he had a million reasons to allow himself to be set free, because he was under the love spell, he was all of this for her good, so he hid the reason away from her. He was cold towards her, but he did not do anything wrong.

He did not do anything wrong, but she could choose to forgive him.

But she just did not want to forgive him.

She just wanted to throw a tantrum with him.

Without a single reason for it.

The man on her body was too strong and too hard. He pressed against her, and he did not allow her to struggle at all. Her beautiful eyes changed as his thin lips lovingly kissed her.

...

Ning Qing realized a problem out of the blue.

"Lu Shaoming, did you know from the start?"

He knew that she had gone to England for retinal attachment surgery?

If not, why would he frequently kiss her eyes? Ning Qing recalled for a moment; he really liked to kiss her eyes frequently.

It was not possible for him to kiss her for no particular reason.

Ning Qing widened her eyes as she looked at him.

Lu Shaoming placed one large palm on her side. He held her in mid air. His dark, sparkling eyes were gentle as he looked at her. His eyes were full of pity.

Ning Qing received her answer. The tip of her nose went red, and the tears in the corners of her eyes trickled down. She held her small fist up as she punched him. "Lu Shaoming, you rascal! You obviously

knew that I almost...went blind, but you didn't even say a single word about it! You treated it as if nothing happened at all. Lu Shaoming, how could you be so bad to me?

"Did you know what I felt when I lost my sight for the first time? It was on the day you came back from the plane crash. I thought that those elders came. I stood up from the bed, then I realized that I could not see anymore... The second time occurred when I was outside your villa. I was pushed by that Miss Leng onto the ground... Way after that, inside the lift, I could not see once again. I closed my eyes in fear and asked you to send me home, but you made a call to Secretary Zhu..."

"I made up my mind in the taxi. In the future, I would not go to bother you anymore. No matter if I really became blind in the future, my life, Little Qinwen's life — I can take responsibility for these things... Even without you, I can let myself live very well..."

"Lu Shaoming, I really thought of not wanting you anymore, but after that, I found out that you were under a love spell. I pitied you very much... Why couldn't you pity me a bit? I was in England for an entire month. You didn't show your face at all, and you didn't even give me a single call."

After after that, she really did not dare think that he would come to meet her, or maybe he would come to take her back home. During that period of time, even listening to his voice was such a luxury for her.

He once thought of calling her. She didn't need him to check up on her, as long as he told her. Even if she really went blind, in the future, she would just hand Little Qinwen over to him.

She would not be in such a daze and so helpless anymore.

Thinking about it right now, he was so bad. He obviously knew, but in that one month, he did not bother about her at all, and now, he also did not take anything to heart.

He was too evil.

"Wifey." Lu Shaoming slowly kissed the tears on her cheeks. He softly said, "Wifey, sorry. It was all my fault. There will not be a second time. I will be by your side forever."

Ning Qing's cute little pink lips were quivering furiously. She was really too suppressed and too aggrieved. He would never know how afraid she once was.

She hit him. "Lu Shaoming, you are really so cruel. Even if you were under the love spell, it was fine even if you didn't want me anymore. Little Qinwen is your son. How could you bear not to see him at all?"

Lu Shaoming had a frown on his face. This woman probably did not know. She gave birth to Little Qin Wen. Because it was her who gave birth to him, that made him like Little Qinwen. Even looking at Little Qin Wen would make him think of her shadow. He would also feel pain and would have no ability to do anything else.

After all, he owed her.

"Wifey, don't cry anymore, okay? In the future, even if I die, my assets would belong to you and Little Qinwen. Nobody can snatch them away..."

"Oi!" Ning Qing quickly stretched both of her small hands to block his mouth. She looked at him with her tears blurring her vision. She was displeased as she said, "What nonsense are you spouting?"

He was normally a person with a glib tongue. He was so fluent when he was complaining about her just now, but when she cried, he did not know how to coax her at all. He just knew how to say silly words like all of his assets would become hers.

Was he so confident that she would not bear him speaking like this?

“Who cares about your money? I can earn money myself. The thing I am lacking is a man. Little Qinwen wants a father.”

If he dared to die, she would never wait for him.

Lu Shaoming laughed softly, he kissed her gentle little hand as he said, “Yeah, I am back now. You want a man, right? I am giving myself to you!”

Ning Qing’s small face was crimson red. He obviously knew that she did not mean it this way.

“Go away!” She withdrew her hand.

Lu Shaoming kissed her tears away and slowly kissed her lips.

Ning Qing struggled for a few moments. She knew that she was unable to escape, so she stretched both of her small hands to hook his neck, and allowed him to kiss her properly.

The man’s breathing was a little hurried. He lowered his gaze as he scanned her pyjamas. He was unhappy as he lifted his eyebrows up, “You are dressed so sexily during the day, but you are just wearing this at night?”

Ning Qing felt like fainting. She could not hear what he was saying too clearly. She had light pink cartoon pyjamas on her. How did she offend him now?

There was a chill in the bottom of her thighs. The man kissed her hair forcefully. He lovingly murmured, “I don’t care, I want to see the most beautiful one.”

...

The temperature inside the room rose. Ning Qing felt her entire being step into the clouds. Knock knock. The sound of someone knocking on the door rang out in the air. Xiao Zhou was speaking. “Ning Qing, regarding the editing of the video, we have something that we need you to confirm. Do you have time now?”

Ning Qing fell directly from the clouds to the ground. She struggled with all her might. She used two of her small hands to tug his cold short hair. She pushed him away, “Shaoming, someone’s here.”

Lu Shaoming lifted his head. He looked at the woman’s flustered expression. She looked just like a small rabbit. She wanted to move. He used one long leg of his as he pressed down on her and did not let her do so. With an irritated tone, he said, “What time is it now, if there’s work, talk about it tomorrow.”

He rejected her in one sentence.

After that, there was not a sound from outside the door.



Ning Qing felt extremely awkward. They were all adults. They only had to think for a bit to guess what both of them were doing.

She had filmed the night scenes and rushed back to the room tonight. She left all the video editing to Xiao Zhou. She could already be considered lazy, and now...

Ning Qing pulled the nightgown that was pushed up back down. Her long lashes that were like a butterfly's wings fluttered for a few moments. She turned sideways to hug Little Qinwen. "Shaoming, go to sleep. Tonight...is not convenient. Little Qinwen is here."

They could not avoid making noise. Just like in her house last night, her entire person felt as if she'd been steamed in hot water. Her parents were in the neighbouring room. The sound of the creaking was too loud.

He closed his eyes and still felt a little disappointed.

But her small hand had yet to touch Little Qinwen. Her entire body was picked up by her waist. The man carried her over his shoulder. Her soft and gentle little waist was on his shoulder.

Ning Qing's small hand touched the collar of his shirt. She withdrew her hand in shock. Her two snow white feet went to kick him. She wanted to slide onto the floor. "I don't want to be carried."

She didn't want to be carried.

The girl was extremely shy. She felt inside her heart that she should not be carried.

Especially a man like him.

She once heard Xiao Zhou mention that in certain places, the family of the bride was afraid that she would be bullied after she married, so she would secretly take the groom's shirt and let the bride sit on it.

But she was afraid to sit on it.

In their family, it would be fine for him to be the head of the family.

Lu Shaoming pinned her and coaxed him patiently. "Okay, don't make a fuss, be good. The counter is dirty. Just make do and sit here for a moment. Give hubby a kiss. It would all be fine in a moment."

Ning Qing's five small fingers went to block his mouth. Her voice was soft as she said, "Don't be like this. It is almost 12. You were just cured of the love spell. You have to nurture your body. We shouldn't do this every day...."

Greedy.

Lu Shaoming pulled her entirely into his embrace. He used his strong jaw to nudge her soft skin, "It is also fine to listen to you. Call me Hubby once for me to hear."

Ning Qing placed her small hands on his chest. She bit down on her lip with her white teeth. She was not willing.

"Little Wifey, you are not obedient, huh?" The man laughed softly yet dangerously.

...

The next morning

Little Qinwen opened his eyes. He slept for the night and felt very comfortable. He used his two small hands that were like white steamed buns to rub his eyes. His small elbows and small thighs moved around on the bed.

Eh, where was Daddy and Mama?

Little Qinwen turned his head sideways to look.

Mama was sleeping beside him. She was a soft and fragrant pink bundle. Mama was sleeping sideways, and she looked obedient as she nestled up in Daddy's embrace.

Daddy was awake. He wore a white shirt, and Daddy was lying down, He used one large hand as he gently caressed the strands of hair by Mama's cheeks. He was warm and gentle as he stared at Mama.

Daddy noticed him and lifted his gaze to look at him.

Little Qinwen was excited. He flipped over actively and directly started to climb on the bed.

"Hehe, Daddy..."

Daddy placed his index finger on his right hand as he placed it on his own lips. He made a gesture asking him to be silent. He picked him up with one large hand. "Son, be a little softer in volume. Mama was fatigued last night. She is still sleeping right now. Let us not wake Mama up."

### **Chapter 374: Miao Jiang, Right? You Wait For Me**

Huh?

Little Qinwen tilted his head and stared at Daddy innocently.

Lu Shaoming sat up and placed Little Qinwen on the corner of the bed. He rubbed his baby son's small head and explained, "Daddy and Mummy are making you a beautiful little sister."

When Little Qinwen heard that, he was unhappy. He wanted to throw her away.

Lu Shaoming got up and went into the bathroom with the milk bottle. "Son, don't make any noise. Let Mummy sleep a little longer. Daddy is going to make your milk for you."

Little Qinwen's eyes shone when he saw the bottle. He was so hungry.

Little Qinwen climbed around and played by himself. He slowly climbed to Mummy's side. Mummy was beautiful today. Her small face was flushed. Her wavy hair cascaded down. The bright light shone on Mummy's dark hair, making her appear soft and sweet, and even her breath was sweet.

No wonder Daddy spent so much time peeping at Mummy.

Little Qinwen was naughty. He sat on the bed and pulled at the blankets on Mummy's body with two small hands. Mummy was still wearing a pink cartoon nightgown. But the wide collar slipped down from

one of her small shoulders. Little Qinwen looked at the hickey on Mummy's tender, creamy skin and cried.

Hearing her son's cries, Ning Qing was quickly awoken. She opened her eyes and saw Little Qinwen sitting beside her, mouth wide and wailing his heart out.

"Little Qinwen, what's wrong?" Ning Qing wanted to get up, but her little hands could not exert themselves on the bed. Her body felt as though it were breaking apart.

Lu Shaoming came out from the bathroom. He held Little Qinwen in his arms and wiped the tears away with his thumb as he said, "Son, why are you crying? Tell Daddy about it."

Little Qinwen stole a peep at his Mummy's shoulder in his father's arms and covered his eyes with two small hands: Little Qinwen was afraid.

Ning Qing realized that Little Qinwen was looking at her. She quickly pulled up the collar of her nightgown and looked at the man with a pointed but dainty look.

All your fault!

Lu Shaoming laughed in an adoring manner as he raised his eyebrows at the woman. Alright, all my fault.

"Son, don't cry. Don't be afraid. That's Daddy's kiss."

Ning Qing: "... My son is going to learn bad things from him.

"Come on, let's eat." Lu Shaoming held Little Qinwen in one arm with the bottle in the other hand, and he fed it to his son.

Little Qinwen had forgotten to cry as he sucked on the bottle energetically.

Ning Qing looked at the father and son and turned over lazily. She looked at her cell phone. It was already 6:30 a.m.

She looked at the man by the bed. The man was wearing a white shirt, black trousers, clean and refreshing, with an aloof, noble aura. He didn't appear tired at all.

Ning Qing complained in her heart. She didn't know why he was so strong.

She was exhausted.

Ning Qing did not want to get up from bed. Her eyelids were heavy, and she wanted to sleep for a while. Just then, Little Qinwen finished his milk. Lu Shaoming put the bottle on the nightstand. The man bent down and kissed her on the forehead. "Ning Qing, I really do have a meeting today. I'll take Little Qinwen with me. You sleep a little longer."

Ning Qing opened her eyes and buried her fair, delicate face lazily in her pillow. Her apricot cheeks were as dewy as leaves after rain. She had just woken up. Her eyes were still sleepy. Her groggy look was extremely adorable. "Are you going to the office? I'll take care of Little Qinwen."

Lu Shaoming looked at her big, beautiful, clear eyes and could not help but lean over and kissed her forehead. "It's alright. I'll take Little Qinwen home. You sleep a little longer."

Ning Qing got up and knelt on the bed with her fair, slender legs. The man's collar was flipped over. She reached out and flipped it back. Her voice was delicate and melodious as she said. "No, it's inconvenient for you to take Little Qinwen. Leave Little Qinwen here. I'll call Mom later; you go to work."

Lu Shaoming stooped low and let her smooth his collar. The woman's eyes had softened for him. His heart felt full. "Wifey's the best."

He approached to kiss her on the lips.

"Ah!" Ning Qing quickly reached out and held Little Qinwen in her arms. She blushed and said, "Our son is here! Don't mess around; go to the office, quickly."

"Alright." Lu Shaoming laughed and kissed his son's little face.

Little Qinwen was kissed by his father. He was so happy, so, so happy, but Daddy had plopped a kissed and went away. Daddy's big hand directly clasped the back of his Mummy's head while he kissed Mummy deeply.

Ning Qing's little face turned red. She hadn't expected him to launch a sneak attack.

The man's chest was too wide and smothered the mother and son in his embrace. She opened her mouth, letting him suckle for a moment. He wasn't greedy this time, leaving after getting a taste.

"Wifey, I'm really going now." Lu Shaoming touched her forehead, lingering.

Ning Qing's heart felt so sweet it was about to burst, but she refused to admit it. She pushed him with her little hand and said, "Go."

She wasn't shameless enough to do anything with her son in front of them.

Lu Shaoming stood up straight, took his briefcase in his right hand, opened the door, and went out.

When the man closed the door and disappeared completely from her sight, Ning Qing finally withdrew her gaze and looked sideways, only to find Little Qinwen staring at her lips foolishly.

Ning Qing felt something wet on her lips. It was the kiss he left behind.

"Oh, Little Qinwen, what are you doing staring at Mummy? Mummy's blushing already. Okay, Mummy admits, Daddy kissed Mummy. Little Qinwen, to be honest, Daddy treats Mummy and Little Qinwen quite well. Shall we forgive Daddy?"

Little Qinwen clapped: OK, OK.

...

Lu Shaoming left the hotel and went straight to the Bentley. Right then, the cell phone in his pocket rang. It was Zhou Yao.

“Hello, Second Brother...”

“Hey, Elder Brother, we have found Tang Xueli’s hiding place. He took his men to Miao Jiang.”

Lu Shaoming’s deep black eyes flashed for a moment. “Miao Jiang?”

“Yes, Elder Brother, don’t worry. I have sent troops over, and I will go over today. This time, I will wipe him out.”

Lu Shaoming pressed his thin lips together. “Second Brother, Tang Xueli’s trip to Miao Jiang seems a little suspicious. Where are you? I’ll join you. Let’s go to Miao Jiang together.”

Lu Shaoming hung up.

He opened the car door and sat in the driver’s seat. The morning sunshine shone through the window and spilled all over the man. He closed his eyes gently and wondered why Tang Xueli had gone to Miao Jiang.

Miao Jiang...

He heard that his love spell had come from Miao Jiang.

Lu Shaoming suddenly frowned. His ears rang with a sharp tone, and his nose felt warm. He reached out to touch his nose and saw piercing red blood on his fingers.

His strong body leaned back into the chair, and all his senses could be described with one word: pain.

Long forgotten pain.

Pain that drove deep into his bones.

...

In the hospital

Zhou Dayuan’s face was grave. He looked at the man sitting on the bed. “Shaoming, the result of the examination shows that your body is alright. The antidote is real. Your love spell has been solved, but...”

“But what?” Lu Shaoming’s face was pale, but his black eyes were still as sharp as an eagle’s, and his features were as calm as water.

“But the situation may be worse. If I’m not wrong, you were under the oldest love spell in Miao Jiang. It is in the form of a maggot, and the mother hides in the human body. Someone had made the mother maggot give birth in your body to cause you pain. This kind of maggot poison is like a curse from ancient China. It is an unexplainable category of medicine and is very mysterious.”

Lu Shaoming replied, “That means... I will be under someone else’s control all my life?”

Zhou Dayuan shook his head. “No, you can also choose to find that person and kill him. If the maggot mother dies, you will live.”

Lu Shaoming stood up and said, "What are we waiting for, then? Let's go. Let's go to Miao Jiang."

"To Miao Jiang?"

"Yes, Tang Xueli is in Miao Jiang. That man must be in his hands. Second Brother's men had surrounded him. He must have sniffed out something abnormal. He called me over through the maggot. He wants to fight to the death with me."

Zhou Dayuan nodded. "Alright, what else are you waiting for? Let's go."

...

Ning Qing was in the hotel room. Yue Wanqing woke up quickly. She held Little Qinwen in her arms.

Just then, Ning Qing's cell phone rang. It was an unknown number.

Ning Qing picked up the phone. "Hello."

"Hello, Mrs. Lu."

Ning Qing's pupils shrank. "Tang Xueli?"

A wild laugh sounded. "Haha, I didn't expect Mrs. Lu to guess who I was just by hearing my voice. It seems that I have left a deep impression on Mrs. Lu."

Ning Qing sneered, "Yes, I haven't met a lot of madmen in my life, only about two or three. Mr. Tang takes the top place in terms of madness. I dare not forget you. I heard that Mr. Tang is now a wanted man. So, how have you been?"

"It's only been a few days, and Mrs. Lu's mouth has sharpened. Hah, your husband, Young Master Lu, ruined my entire life's efforts. Now, he's not even leaving a path of escape for me. I fled to Miao Jiang to try to recover my strength. But, in just a couple of days, he has pursued me and has me surrounded, trying to wipe me off the face of the earth. Mrs. Lu, since Young Master Lu is cornering me like this, how should I repay him?"

Ning Qing's face turned cold. "What do you want?"

"Haha, what do I want? Young Master Lu thought that it was enough to get rid of the maggot. The maggot can give birth to baby maggots, so with the mother maggot lodged in his body, I can still make Young Master Lu suffer in unbearable pain by manipulating it. By this time, Young Master Lu should have only suffered once, but I think he would not tell you that. He must be in the hospital now."

Ning Qing's whole heart sank, and she trembled. "Tang Xueli, say it straight, the purpose of calling me."

"Gee, Mrs. Lu is so smart. My taste is good indeed. Come, come to Miao Jiang with Lu Shaoming. Come to accompany me for one night. Service me well, and I'll hand the person in charge of the mother maggot to you."

"Hah," Ning Qing laughed, her little head turning quickly. "You are surrounded now. The mother maggot is your only trump card. You're not using this trump card for a chance to escape but exchanging it for a woman instead."

“Haha, Mrs. Lu, you don’t seem to know that in Young Master Lu’s eyes, you are not as a mere woman. Playing with you can hurt him hundreds of times more than a maggot attack. Besides, Mrs. Lu, I been thinking about you for too long, and I’ve always wanted a taste of you.”

Ning Qing knew that this man was hopeless. He was really a psychological pervert.

“Alright. Miao Jiang, right? You wait for me.” Ning Qing hung up.

She dialed Lu Shaoming’s number. After a few rings, someone picked up. The man’s low, rich voice sounded, no different than usual. “Hello, Ning Qing.”

“Hey, Shaoming, where are you now?”

There was no pause, and his answer was very natural. “At the office. Why?”

### **Chapter 375: Okay, I Won’t Cry**

Ning Qing listened on. The tears in her eyes trickled down her face. She bit down her pink bottom lip before closing her eyes, stopping herself from trembling.

He lied to her again.

The man on the other end heard her abnormality. His low voice was a little sharp as he asked, “Ning Qing, what is wrong with you? Where are you going now?”

Ning Qing opened her eyes. “I am fine, I am still inside the hotel room. Mum came just now to take Little Qinwen away... Shaoming, I am going to work. Let’s stop chatting; bye bye.”

The other end went silent for a few seconds. “Ning Qing, I’m going overseas on a business trip for the next two days. You should take care of Little Qinwen and stay at home obediently to wait for me.”

“Business trip?”

“Yeah, I am going on a business trip. I will be back very soon.”

Ning Qing nodded her head, and wiped her tears away with her small hand. She gently said, “Okay, stay safe.”

They ended the call.

Ning Qing held her phone and walked to the window. She looked outside and dialed a number.

“Hello, Older Sister Jian, can you help me for a bit.... Shaoming must definitely be with Older Brother Dayuan. Older Sister Jian, can you help me find out where Older Brother Dayuan is?”

...

Lu Shaoming and Zhou Dayuan walked out of the hospital together. A car was outside to pick them up. It was an army green jeep. Zhou Yao jumped out from the front passenger seat.

“Eldest Brother, Doctor Zhou...” Zhou Yao greeted them.

Lu Shaoming nodded his head. “Don’t say anything. Let’s go. Board the car.”

Lu Shaoming and Zhou Dayuan sat in the back. The young soldier driving the car changed directions and made a right turn. At this moment, a red Ferrari rushed towards them from the front.

Both cars made an emergency brake at the same time. Zhou Yao was about to curse softly, but he lifted his head up and saw the door of the Ferrari open up. A familiar lithe figure appeared before his eyes.

“Sister-in-law...”

Lu Shaoming looked through the glass windows and also saw Ning Qing. His firm expression turned dark. He stretched his hand out to open the door of the car, and his long leg came out of the car.

The woman was already at his side. Lu Shaoming glared at her sharply. His tone was tight and serious. “Ning Qing, why are you here?”

Other than her red eyes, Ning Qing’s expression was still normal. She welcomed the man’s sharp gaze. “Lu Shaoming, didn’t you say that you went on a business trip? I am here to send you off,” she said with a cold smile.

Lu Shaoming was a sharp and sensitive person. He heard Ning Qing’s tone, and he felt something was off. “Ning Qing, you knew about it already? Who contacted you?”

Ning Qing did not answer. She got directly to the point. “Bring me along.”

Lu Shaoming looked at the exquisite small, stubborn face. His thin lips were in an unhappy arc as he added emphasis on his words. “Ning Qing!”

He was not going out for pleasure. There was danger in the journey to Miao Jiang.

“You are not agreeing to it?” Ning Qing took out her phone from her pocket. She went through her call log as she gave to him to have a look. “Lu Shaoming, if you do not dare to bring me along... Do you believe it or not? I will bring myself to Tang Xueli’s bed tonight. That pervert said that as long as I serve him well, he would hand the maker of the love spell to me.”

Lu Shaoming’s entire handsome face became cold and evil. His deep, dark eyes were just like split calligraphy ink. The abyss didn’t end.

He lifted his eyebrows as he glanced at Zhou Dayuan.

Zhou Dayuan maintained his innocence. He lifted his eyes to look at Jian Han who was standing beside the front passenger seat of the Ferrari. He was slightly chiding her with his warm eyes.

He did not have to ask. It must have been Jian Han.

These two women were on the same side.



Jian Han looked at Zhou Dayuan. She knew that she made a mistake, and she admitted her mistake as she pursed her red lips with a good attitude.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her cute, fearful behaviour. She curled up the corners of her lips. He took his hand from his pocket and stretched it out towards her.

Jian Han's entire almond shaped face livened up. She had a smile on her face and ran in his direction.

Zhou Dayuan held onto her shoulders as he held her in his embrace.

"Shaoming, don't freeze right there. Since Ning Qing is here, bring Ning Qing along to Miao Jiang," Zhou Dayuan suggested.

Lu Shaoming looked at Ning Qing. This woman was extremely stubborn. She has already found him. It would not be possible for her to go back again. If he made her anxious, he would really be worried about her.

"Get in the car then," said Lu Shaoming.

A big stone in Ning Qing's heart finally dislodged itself. He was willing to bring her along! She got in the car.

Because of Ning Qing's presence, Zhou Dayuan brought Jian Han to the jeep. Zhou Yao was still seated in the front passenger seat, and the group made their way out once again.

...

Zhou Yao looked through the rear view mirror to look at the two people in the back, one of them was perched on the window to look at the scenery outside the window. Another was crossing their legs elegantly. His expression was dark and sinister, and both of them were ignoring each other.

The couple were in the middle of an argument. Zhou Yao laughed awkwardly, and tried to calm the atmosphere. "Sister-in-law, you really shouldn't be coming on this journey to Miao Jiang. It is too dangerous. Eldest Brother hid this from you for your own good. Sister-in-law, don't be angry."

Ning Qing snorted out loud and said, "Some people think they are so capable. He thinks that he is doing this all for my good, but is he really doing this for my good? We have been married for such a long time. I have been worried and afraid together with him. I don't know when the family will receive news of his death."

Zhou Yao: "... " He glanced at Lu Shaoming and laughed awkwardly. "Haha, Sister-in-law is so great at making jokes."

Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and did not speak. She was not joking at all. Too many things had happened in these past few months. She was always the one at home getting news. She was the one who had to wait for news.

She was very scared.

She was afraid that she'd be married to a corpse if she continue to wait.

This time, she wanted to accompany him.

There was also that pervert Tang Xueli. Didn't he have his eye on her? If she did not come, how would she fulfil his wish?

Ning Qing's mind was a mess. At this moment, a muscular arm came to her small waist. She did not know when he had come over to sit. He used some strength and pulled her into his embrace.

Ning Qing was not willing and started to struggle quickly. "Go away! Lu Shaoming, I think I have seen through you. The both of us can only spend good times in luxury, but we cannot share the difficulties in tough times? Every time you meet with trouble, you like to push me away, but when you have access to my body, all you know is how to get whatever you want without any limits."

With her words, Zhou Yao: "..."

The young soldier who was driving heard these racy topics for the first time in his life. It was boring and hard in the army. He barely saw any girls in the span of a year in the army. The young soldier was shocked, and his face turned red. He looked at Zhou Yao in a daze.

His meaning was: Reporting to Big Boss, there is someone here spreading unhealthy messages.

Zhou Yao gave him a slap and directly slapped the young soldier's head. He chided him saying, "Focus on driving."

Lu Shaoming pinned the woman who was moving about all over the place. He didn't look too pleased. He lowered his gaze as he kissed her small face. He lowered his volume while he said with a smile. "I do not treat you well? I am afraid that you would melt when I hold you in my lips. I cup you in the middle of my palm, afraid that you would fall. What else do you want?"

From this man, these words were romantic and sweet.

Ning Qing stopped moving. She lifted her head up from his embrace. The man's perfect handsome face that she found no flaws on was magnified multiple times before her eyes. Her heart became extremely soft. She said, "Does being together with me...hurt?"

Her careful question was like her flustered heart.

Lu Shaoming noted all of her emotions. He lifted his eyebrows and kissed her forehead gently. "It does not hurt...We have cured the love spell, but that Tang Xueli is able to control the spell."

When he controlled it, Lu Shaoming would feel pain.

Ning Qing stretched out her small hand to firmly tug the collar of his white shirt. She placed her small head in his warm, crisp embrace. She nudged him softly. Her gentle tone was almost coy as she said, "Shaoming, don't chase me away. In the span of these six months, you've been involved in two accidents. Other people might think that I am very resilient, but none of them know that I am actually very afraid. I am really afraid. I cry all by myself in secret."

Lu Shaoming's firm expression on his face immediately turned gentle. He stretched out his hand slowly as he caressed her hair. He then held her firmly in his embrace. "Silly girl."

She was really too foolish.

He guaranteed that this would be the last time.

After this time, he would never allow her to cry all alone in secret. He would not leave her again, and he would not allow her to be afraid.

Ning Qing stretched out her hand to hook onto his neck. She kissed his sexy, bulging Adam's apple. She went upwards as she kissed his strong, stylish jaw.

She wanted to give him strength.

At this moment, the man pinned her deeper into his embrace with his muscular arm. He pressed the back of her head with one of his large hands, not allowing her to lift her head up.

Ning Qing was sensitive as she noticed the changes in his body. Below the thin material of his shirt, she could see the blood flowing through his veins, and it was a bit frightening.

Ning Qing closed her eyes forcefully. She obediently nested herself in his embrace. Her eyes were very dry and did not have any tears, but her voice was shaking. "Does it hurt?"

The man kissed the top of her head. His voice was extremely hoarse from restraining himself. "It does not hurt."

Ning Qing tugged the corners of her lips up and let out an extremely ugly smile. She looked even worse compared to when she was crying. "Shaoming, let go of me. I feel uncomfortable with you hugging me like this. I don't dare sit together with you anymore. Stop the car. I want to chat with Older Sister Jian."

The arm around her shoulder was slowly withdrawn. The car stopped, and Ning Qing opened the door and jumped out.

The moment she jumped out, she heard something heavy hit the seat, and Zhou Yao called out, "Eldest Brother."

Ning Qing's entire body turned icy cold. The blood in her body froze. She immediately started to walk away, heading to the jeep behind their vehicle.

He did not allow her to look, so she would not look.

She...also did not dare to look.

Zhou Dayuan opened the car door and walked out. He looked at the woman's frail eyes that were in a blur. He lifted his eyebrows and strode away with his long legs. He directly brushed past her and walked towards the jeep in the front.

Jian Han quickly stretched her hand out to support her, "Ning Qing, what is wrong with you?"

Ning Qing shook her head. Everything was fine. She was fine. Her man was in pain in the back and was undergoing emergency resuscitation. She could not make him worry once again. She did not even dare to cry.

"Older Sister Jian, let's get in the car."

"Okay."

Both of them sat inside the car. The tears in Ning Qing's eyes trickled down immediately. She cupped her face in her small hands, and the tears immediately covered her entire face.

"Ning Qing." Jian Han cupped her shoulders.

"Older Sister Jian, it turned out that he's been living like this... I never knew... I cannot imagine how much pain he must be going through. He has never been a person who would express pain... My heart really feels so painful. It feels so painful that I think I am going to die..."

Jian Han comforted her immediately. "Ning Qing, you have to be strong for a moment. Young Master Lu has always been hiding the truth from you. He was afraid that he would see you behaving like this. The journey to Miao Jiang is extremely dangerous. Since you have made your way here, don't distract Young Master Lou. Didn't you say it before? We don't have to do anything. We only need to believe in Young Master Lu. Everything will be fine. He can do it."

"Okay, okay." Ning Qing nodded her head immediately. Then she stretched her hand to wipe her tears away. "Okay, I will stop crying."

### **Chapter 376: Sister In Law Has Run Away**

The next day, the group arrived in Miao Jiang.

They had rented several houses from the people in Miao Jiang, but there were not many rooms, so they needed to squeeze a little.

After discussing it, it was decided that the three men would sleep together, while Jian Han and Ning Qing slept together. This was the best and most effortless arrangement.

The local people brought dinner, and after they had eaten, they discussed strategy.

Zhou Yao took the map and spread it out on the table. "Big Brother, Tang Xueli is hiding with his men in the Han Palace not far ahead. Our people have already surrounded them. As far as combat effectiveness is concerned, it is not a problem for us to exterminate them. However, Tang Xueli has the mother maggot in his hand. If we force him into a corner, he will certainly do something unfavorable to you. It's imperative to find out who has the mother maggot."

Zhou Yao's deputy commander said, "Boss, we have been monitoring them for several days. They are quiet and have had no contact with others. I think the person with the mother maggot must be hiding in the Han Palace."

Zhou Yao nodded, and he looked at Lu Shaoming. "Brother, we can't rush into the Han Palace. Now... If only someone else could infiltrate..."

Zhou Yao looked at Ning Qing.

Tang Xueli wanted Ning Qing to go. Ning Qing was the best and only candidate.

“Alright, I’ll go.” Ning Qing stood up and said, “That pervert Tang Xueli likes to play, but he will not play someone to death straight away. I know his personality well, and when I arrive there, I will act according to the situation. We can cooperate from both inside and out.”

“No!” Before Ning Qing could finish speaking, she was rejected by Lu Shaoming.

Ning Qing looked at the man and softly said, “Shaoming, this is the best way. You can rest assured that I won’t let myself be in danger...”

Lu Shaoming’s thin lips were slightly parted. His eyes were serious and sharp. “Ning Qing, since you know that Tang Xueli is a pervert, do you think he will give you a chance to cooperate from the inside and out? He won’t kill anybody, but that’s not the problem. Are you really going to deliver yourself to his door?”

Ning Qing was immediately speechless.

Lu Shaoming looked at Zhou Yao. “Let’s think of another way.”

Zhou Yao looked Ning Qing in the eye. He was a commander on the battlefield. When the situation was urgent, he was decisive and cruel. He would also exchange the life of the whole team for one person’s life. There was no way out. This was the battlefield, and battle is ruthless.

But, Ning Qing was different. If she were to encounter even a slight mishap at Tang Xueli’s hands, Lu Shaoming would not be able to live with himself.

“Alright.” Zhou Yao shrugged, admitting that this was not a good plan.

Ning Qing wanted to speak again, but at this time, Jian Han went forward and held her little hand while shaking her head gently. Young Master Lu would never agree.

Ning Qing stopped talking.

Just then, Lu Shaoming said, “Ning Qing, go back to rest with Jian Han. Fighting is a man’s business. You don’t have to worry about it.”

“Alright, Ning Qing, let’s go to bed.” Jian Han took Ning Qing’s little hand and went out.

...

When Ning Qing and Jian Han had left, Lu Shaoming looked at Zhou Dayuan. “Dayuan, give Ning Qing some drugs at night and have her sleep for a couple days.”

“Why? Afraid that something would happen to her?”

“Yes. I know her character. Tang Xueli has asked her to meet him. She won’t miss the chance to go to the Han Palace. I’m afraid she’ll do something rash.”

Zhou Dayuan laughed. "Shaoming, treat Ning Qing better in the future. This woman, she is willing to do anything for you."

"Do I need you to remind me?" Lu Shaoming raised his eyebrows.

How could he not understand the woman's feelings for him?

Zhou Dayuan stood with his hands in his pockets. He shrugged. Fine, just take it as he hadn't said anything.

Knowing that his wife was coveted by other men, Lu Shaming was not happy. Given his gentlemanly demeanor, Zhou Dayuan would not bicker about it with him.

...

Jian Han and Ning Qing entered the room and closed the door. Jian Han softly said, "Ning Qing, don't be too nervous. I also don't agree with you about going to the Han Palace. You haven't seen Zhou Zhilei's tragic state. That Tang Xueli is really a psychopath. He has all sorts of ways to torment women. Who do you think Tang Xueli is? He won't give you a chance to fight back. What if he really touches you? Young Master Lu will never allow this to happen."

Ning Qing sat beside the bed, her small face depressed. "But the mother maggot is in the Han Palace. Our people can't get in. Shaoming's life is still in the hands of Tang Xueli. Should I watch Shaoming be in pain like that again and again?"

Jian Han went up and touched Ning Qing's small head. "Young Master Lu will find a way. After all, we have them surrounded."

"Mmm." Ning Qing nodded.

At this time, a couple of knocks sounded. The indigenous people of Miao Jiang brought two cups of tea.

The Miao Jiang girl was very enthusiastic. "Sisters, this is the rice tea that we've brewed ourselves. It tastes good. Drinking a cup before bed is helpful for sleep and beauty. Come and have a taste, Sisters."

"Thank you, Little Sister." Jian Han and Ning Qing thanked her politely.

Jian Han took a cup of tea first, and she tasted it. "Mmm, it tastes really good, with the fragrance of rice," said Jian Han, taking another cup and handing it to Ning Qing. "Ning Qing, try it."

Ning Qing nodded and she was about to drink it when she saw several soldiers standing outside the door. She asked, "Sister Jian, who is outside the door?"

Jian Han looked over. "General Zhou's men. Probably sent to protect us. Ning Qing, what's wrong?"

Ning Qing pressed her lips together and shook her head. "Oh, nothing. I'm too nervous. Everyone seems like the enemy now." She finished the cup of rice tea.

The young Miao Jiang girl took the teacups, talked and laughed for a few minutes, then left.

When the door was closed, Jian Han went to the bedside to tidy up her blankets. Ning Qing quickly went into the bathroom. She bent down and spit all the rice tea in her mouth into the toilet.

“Ning Qing, what are you doing? Come to sleep.” Jian Han was calling her.

Ning Qing quickly turned on the tap and the sound of rushing water could be heard. She answered, “Sister Jian, I’m washing my face. I’m coming.”

Ning Qing washed her face and went out.

The two women were sleeping under the blankets. Jian Han was talking to Ning Qing, but no one answered for a long time. She looked sideways and saw that Ning Qing was looking at her cell phone.

“Ning Qing, the signal here is very weak. You can’t send messages or make a phone call.”

Ning Qing put her cell phone under her pillow, and she smiled sweetly. “Sister Jian, I was just looking at the time.”

Looking at the time?

Jian Han didn’t know why she wanted to know the time.

“Ning Qing, go to bed soon. Goodnight.”

“Alright, goodnight, Sister Jian.” Ning Qing closed her eyes.

...

The next morning, when Jian Han opened her eyes and looked at her side. Ning Qing was no longer there.

Jian Han sat up and looked around. She opened her mouth and cried, “Ning Qing, Ning Qing...”

There was no answer in the room.

Jian Han looked at the time. It was 7 o’clock now. She patted her head. How could she have slept so late?

Ning Qing had already gotten up.

Jian Han didn’t think too much about it. She got up, got out of bed, washed her face, and opened the door.

When she went out in the bright sunshine, she happened to see Lu Shaoming and others. Jian Han looked at them and did not see Ning Qing. She asked, “Young Master Lu, where’s Ning Qing?”

Lu Shaoming had intended to see Ning Qing for a moment. Last night, Zhou Dayuan had drugged her, which guaranteed her two days’ sleep. Only when he saw her would he feel relieved.

Hearing Jian Han’s question, his eagle-like eyes widened and he asked, “Ning Qing is not in the room?”

Jian Han shook her head. “No, Ning Qing was gone when I got up. I thought she was worried about you, so she got up very early to find you.”

Behind him, Zhou Yao secretly said, “This is bad.” He strode forward with his long legs to the special guards who guarded the door. In a bad temper, he cursed, “I asked you to watch the people inside. What did you do all night, sleepwalk? Where’s my sister-in-law?”

“Boss, we’re innocent. We dared not close our eyelids last night. There was no movement in the room. Nobody came out, and we don’t know what is going on.” The soldiers were at a loss.

Zhou Yao kicked open the door of the room with his long legs. He glanced around the room, then he went straight to the window. He opened the window and looked out. “Big brother, there are footprints under the window. My sister-in-law has escaped.”

“Escaped?” Jian Han was shocked. She hadn’t expected Ning Qing to run away. Where had she gone?

At this time, her shoulders were grasped. Zhou Dayuan half hugged her in his arms. The man’s body smelled of floral Chinese medicine. He had probably been busy all night.

He squeezed her shoulders and gave her the strongest support and comfort. “Don’t worry.”

As he said that, Zhou Dayuan looked at Lu Shaoming, “Shaoming, Ning Qing must have gone to look for Tang Xueli. By now, Ning Qing must already be in the Han Palace.”

Then, a soldier shook his head and said, “No way. We have surrounded the Han Palace in groups. If someone were to enter the Palace, we would know. But it’s so strange that Sister-in-law could enter the Palace so silently... Unless...”

Zhou Yao’s entire face sank. “Big Brother, there’s a secret way into the Han Palace!” he concluded with certainty.

“Tang Xueli could obviously escape through the secret pathway we didn’t know about, but he didn’t; he waited for you and Sister-in-law to come. Sister-in-law is in danger. Brother, what should we do now, rush in immediately to rescue Sister-in-law, or... wait for news of Sister-in-law’s?”

“Shaoming.” Zhou Dayuan took a step forward. “Ning Qing must have had a plan to leave when she chose to go to the Han Palace. She took the risk for you. If you make a bold move at this time, you will waste all her efforts and intentions. Ning Qing is always alert and wise. We can wait for her.”

“No.” Jian Han shook her head. “Ning Qing was prepared but so is Tang Xueli. Ning Qing’s alertness and wisdom can’t make a difference in the face of a psychopath. Let’s not take a risk with Ning Qing’s life.”

“Jian Han,” Zhou Dayuan said with a low voice. “Ning Qing’s life is a life. Shaoming’s life is also a life. Don’t forget that the mother maggot in Tang Xueli’s hands, if we fight him head-on, the result would be defeat and injury on both sides.”

Jian Han didn’t speak anymore. Her eyes were wet. She couldn’t imagine what would happen if Ning Qing, a girl so delicate, were to fall into the hands of someone like Tang Xueli.

“Big Brother...” Zhou Yao looked at Lu Shaoming and asked for instructions.

Zhou Dayuan sighed softly. “Shaoming, don’t you know what Ning Qing’s intentions are? She already knew you were going to drug her, and now she has cut off all means of retreat, tying her life together with yours. Are you going to choose to let her efforts go to waste or to cooperate with her from the outside, going through the hard times together? You think about it.”



### **Chapter 377: Mrs. Lu Smells Really Good**

Lu Shaoming's thin lips were pursed into a cold straight line. He was not too flustered, other than the dangerous air on his body. He was just like a wild beast. He was calm and yet intelligent.

He rushed him to save her or to choose to believe her once again...

He needed to make a decision right now.

Lu Shaoming clenched his hands into fists. He has never once thought of strangling a person to death. He wanted to strangle that woman right now.

What was she considered to be?

A beautiful woman saving a hero?

Lu Shaoming looked at Zhou Yao, "Go and investigate that secret passage. Inspect it closely. See if Ning Qing has left any clues for us on the way there."

Zhou Yao had a glow in both of his eyes. He nodded his head quickly and said, "Okay, Eldest Brother!"

Zhou Dayuan also heaved a sigh of relief. He was most afraid that Lu Shaoming would lose his senses during this critical period of time. Men in their 30s would not be like a 20 year old boy and rush to the scene like a hero using their youth and vigour. Both of them understood. They had to ensure their own survival, first. Only then would they have the ability to love someone else.

"Shaoming, I will go with Zhou Yao," Zhou Dayuan said.

Jian Han tugged his elbow. "I also want to go."

...

Zhou Yao brought his subordinates. They went around the surroundings of the Han Palace. They went to search for clues, but the area was too huge. They could not tell if Ning Qing had really left them any clues. They also did not know what kind of clues she may have left. A half an hour passed. Everyone gathered together as they pooled their resources.

Zhou Yao looked at his watch, "Eldest Brother, the situation is critical right now. We are not sure about Sister-in-law's condition right now. If we continue to search like this, it would be akin to looking for a needle in a haystack."

Lu Shaoming's eyebrows were tightly knitted together and three deep lines ran across his forehead. He did not reply. His deep, dark eyes scanned the floor. He suddenly saw a patch of yellow. He took two steps forward and bent his body down. He stretched out his hand to touch the yellow patch on the ground.

Zhou Dayuan had a look and said, "This is a flower that originates from Miao Jiang. This type of flower has a yellow bud in the middle."

"I remember something. I have seen this type of flower before. There is one below the window of our room. Ning Qing pointed at it last night to ask me to have a look. She said that the yellow bud was really beautiful," Jian Han said.

Zhou Yao gave his subordinate a look. The soldier nodded his head and stepped forward. He lifted the green grass and shrubs before them, then said, "Big boss, the road in front does in fact have a yellow colour. It is because of the shrubs here are dense and tall/ This type of colour is not too eye-catching, so we didn't notice."

Zhou Yao cursed and said, "That's a given. If it was so easy for us to realize, then the subordinates of Tang Xueli would have realized it immediately. You thought that our sister in law is so dumb? Continue to search in the front. Look at what is in front."

"Yes, sir." The soldier ran far away.

Three minutes later, the soldiers turned and came back. They were extremely happy as they said, "Big boss, this kind of yellow colour disappears before a mountain. We have found an entrance, and there is a secret passage through the mountain."

Zhou Yao curled his lips up. "This bunch of kids, they actually have such endurance. They have dug a tunnel through the mountain. It looks like we have underestimated them all."

As he spoke, Zhou Yao looked at Lu Shaoming, "Eldest Brother, we have found the secret passage. I will send people to block their escape route, preventing their retreat. This is all thanks to Sister-in-law's wits. Otherwise, Tang Xueli would definitely be able to escape."

Lu Shaoming's dark eyes did not have a trace of glow in them. His heart was soft and painful. He always knew that the woman was very intelligent and brave. She had managed to surprise him time and time again.

Although he did not want to be surprised in this way.

How was she doing right now?

...

In the Han Palace

The black cloth on Ning Qing's eyes was removed. She shut her eyes and slowly opened them back up. She came to a luxurious, brightly-lit hall.

There was a ferocious air in the hall. There were soldiers holding guns. Tang Xueli sat on the sofa. He was casually shaking a glass of red wine in his hands.

"Mrs. Lu, you are here. I had to wait a long time for you." Tang Xueli held the glass of red wine as he stood up.

Ning Qing laughed coldly. "Mr. Tang is waiting for me. How could I not dare to come? Save the unnecessary talk. Where is the creator of the spell? I want to check if its genuine or not."

Tang Xueli looked at Ning Qing. He had admiration in his eyes as he said, "Tsk tsk, it is Mrs. Lu after all. You still dare to be so stubborn after you arrive on my territory? Aren't you afraid that I would not give you the creator of the love spell, and that I'd want you instead?"

Ning Qing straightened her beautiful back, and she curled the corners of his lips into a smile. "Mr Tang, you would not do that."

"Oh, why would I not? Let me hear the reason why." Tang Xueli looked to be very interested.

"Mr. Tang had a secret passage dug out a long time ago, so my second younger brother's elite troops have surrounded you. You are not afraid at all. You continue to live your high-life with alcohol and entertainment as usual. You obviously could bring the creator of the love spell with you and start anew. At the same time, you could control Lu Shaoming's life, but you were not willing to do so. You felt that it was not fun this way."

Tang Xueli listened to her words and lifted his eyebrows. He had a smile on his face as he said, "Continue."

"Mr. Tang is 30 years old this year. You have a successful career. You are involved in money laundering and sales of weaponry. You have the skills. You think that you are the hero of our time. What hero? Heroes take credibility to achieve their status. You shouldn't go back on what you promised me. At the same time...try to think about it for a moment/ After raping me, you would leave Lu Shaoming an insult he could not erase for the rest of his life. Of course Mr. Tang doesn't place the tiny creator of the love spell to heart at all."

Tang Xueli burst out into grand laughter. He went forward and stretched out his hand to touch Ning Qing's exquisite face. "I really like Mrs. Lu the more I look at you. You understand me very well. It is only a pity that we have met each other too late in life. Otherwise, I could have provided for you. It would be so good if you could my best female buddy."

Ning Qing turned her head sideways to duck away from his perverted hand. "I do not dare to be your female buddy. If Mr. Tang is not worried about leaving me by your side... I cannot control my own hand at all. We might not know. I might be the reason for Mr. Tang's sudden death."

Tang Xueli was not angered; he broke out into a smile instead. "Sure, you are daring enough. Someone come over here. Bring the person out. Let Mrs Lu have a look."

"Yes, sir." His subordinate swiftly opened a door and dragged a person out from inside.

Ning Qing lifted her eyes to look over. He was a local from Miao Jiang. He had dark skin. Because he was locked up for a long period of time, he seemed disoriented.

He was also a victim.

Ning Qing knew that he was the creator of the love spell. On this point, Tang Xueli would not cheat her. This man was too wild and crazy, and he would not bother to bluff.

"Old Uncle..." Ning Qing lifted her feet forward, wanting to say something to him.

But the subordinate pulled that man away and threw him back into the room.

At this moment, Ning Qing's small waist was hugged from behind. Tang Xueli came to her hair and took a deep whiff. Drunkenly, he said, "Mrs. Lu is too fragrant."

Those subordinates burst out in loud laughter, and someone whistled out loud.

"Tang Xueli, let go of me," Ning Qing said while she struggled.

"What about letting go? Mrs. Lu, do you know how long I have waited for this day? Every night when I play around with these women, it is not fun enough. I am just thinking of when I would be able to play with Mrs. Lu. What old uncle? Come. Call me "Uncle" for me to hear, haha..."

There was a layer of pink goose bumps on Ning Qing's entire body. This man was really disgusting.

There was a big difference between a woman and a man. Ning Qing had yet to struggle for a few moments. Her entire body was lifted up. Tang Xueli carried her to sit on the office desk. He placed one hand on her face as he said, "Tsk tsk, look at how smooth your skin is. It is as soft as cotton! Young Master Lu's taste is really good. You are really a premium product."

His subordinates all cheered out loud. "Big Boss, what do you mean by premium product? After you are done playing, you should gift her to us subordinates. Let us have a taste, too!"

Tang Xueli nodded his head. "That is a must. Lu Shaoming treats this woman so precious and has hidden her away. He is not even willing to let others have a look! He is too petty, I am a generous person, I will share my fortune with others. Haha."

Ning Qing sat on the desk. She ducked away from Tang Xueli's advances. "Tang Xueli, since I am here, then I have already made up my mind to allow the dog to bite me, but you also should not forget what you have promised me."

Tang Xueli bent down and kissed Ning Qing's tender neck. This feeling was both fragrant and soft. It made Tang Xueli's entire body go soft. He shut his eyes. "The relationship between a couple is really deep. Things have already developed to this point. You are still thinking of Young Master Lu."

Ning Qing did not answer, and could not duck away from his kiss any longer. She coldly commanded, "Ask them all to leave!"

Tang Xueli opened his eyes to look at Ning Qing. It was only when he was so up close that he realized that this woman was really so beautiful. His hands went downwards and came to her arc as he kneaded it. Her body was fragrant and soft like jade. At this moment, most men would probably treat the woman better. He smiled and asked, "If I let them leave, what benefits would I get?"

Ning Qing snorted coldly. "The only benefit that you will get: I can guarantee that the people under you would be still alive."

She's using life and death to threaten him?

Tang Xueli looked at her big, dark eyes. The blood inside his body went upwards. He'd never experienced this kind of feeling before. He bent down, and he kissed her all the way from her eyes to her collarbones.

“Sii.” Ning Qing felt a chill on her neck. The t-shirt on her body was ripped apart.

The subordinates were all in awe. They were standing too far away. Tang Xueli had one of his palms pressed down on the desk. The subordinates could only see the aqua blue lace bra, and also a big stretch of white.

After having a look, the men’s blood began to flow.

Everyone wanted to come forward. They wanted to take a closer look.

At this moment, Tang Xueli said, “All of you should go.”

Although the subordinates all wanted to stay to watch what was unfolding, Tang Xueli had already given his orders. Everyone stood up and went out.

The large hall immediately became quiet.

Tang Xueli’s eyes turned red. The woman’s body looked as if she had just taken a milk bath. It was white and sparkling. He stretched his hand to hold onto Ning Qing’s exquisite face. “Are you satisfied now? I didn’t expect Mrs. Lu would be more voluptuous than I thought. With you like this, I cannot guarantee that I would let go of you after I play with you once.”

Ning Qing’s entire body went stiff. She welcomed his gaze and spat out three words: “Go and die!”

Tang Xueli laughed. “Sure, then I will die on top of Mrs. Lu!”

He started to kiss her.

Ning Qing’s two small hands were holding onto the table very firmly. She turned her face sideways and closed her eyes tight. When she set off, she was only wearing a t-shirt and jeans. It was not easy for a man to do anything to her with these clothes.

While Tang Xueli kissed her, he used his hands to undo her jeans. She did not struggle, and only hoped that time would pass by quickly.

The bottom of her thighs felt cold. Her jeans were tugged down by a little. At this moment, two small hands went loose. Bang! Tang Xueli fell to the floor.

Ning Qing stood up quickly. She stood on the ground and stretched out one leg to kick Tang Xueli, who had fainted and landed on the ground. He did not have any reaction.

Ning Qing tidied her clothes quickly. The t-shirt on her body was ripped badly. She ran quickly to the side of the sofa and picked up a black suit jacket as she put it on herself.

She walked silently to the side of the wall. When the subordinate opened the door just now, she looked at it carefully. There was a mysterious machine on the wall. Probably, when the position of the big dipper was aligned, the door would open.

She tried it out and took a deep breath. The door was opened.

## **Chapter 378: Luoxi, Don’t Sleep**

Ning Qing was delighted; she had succeeded.

The Miao Jiang uncle was crouching in the corner of the room. He seemed to be in a feverish haze.

“Uncle...” Ning Qing walked in.

But then, a large hand tugged her silky hair. Her scalp was in pain, and tears welled up in Ning Qing’s eyes. She staggered backward, then with a slap, a strong palm hit her right cheek, and Ning Qing fell against the wall.

Ning Qing felt pain. Her right cheek was almost numb with pain. In her mouth was a sweet and metallic taste. She couldn’t hold back. A large amount of blood was oozing out from the corners of her mouth.

Looking up, Tang Xueli had awoken.

Tang Xueli’s face was shrouded in shadowy gloom, and his cheeks were twitching, which made him terrifying. “B\*tch, how dare you drug me?”

Tang Xueli came forward, grabbed Ning Qing’s fine, tender neck with one hand, and slowly squeezed. “When you came in, my people patted you down. You couldn’t bring anything in, so you put the drugs in your body?”

He had been drugged when he kissed her.

Ning Qing’s face was red, and he was squeezing her neck. Gradually, she could not breathe. She swatted at him with two small hands, and tears flowed.

“B\*tch, do you know what sort of people I hate most in my life? It’s the people who trick me! You are insulting my IQ. You are provoking me!”

Ning Qing felt that she was not getting enough air. This man had gone mad. If he went on like this, she would surely die.

Ning Qing dropped her hands. She stopped struggling. She looked contemptuously at Tang Xueli. Her eyes were cold and ironic.

When Tang Xueli saw her look at him like this, he slowly released his hand and asked paranoidly, “What are you laughing at? You are dying, yet you dare to laugh?”

He let go, Ning Qing gasped. She breathed too fast, and the fresh air entering her lungs made her choke up in tears. “Tang Xueli, why don’t I dare to laugh at you? Do you know who hates being laughed at most? The person who was born a laughing stock!”

“You!” Tang Xueli clenched his hands into tight fists. The cracking of his bones sounded very ominous. “I promised to give you the mother maggot. Why are you so anxious? Ning Qing, you’re the one who has harmed Lu Shaoming.”

“Hmph,” Ning Qing sneered. She touched her neck with one hand and supported herself against the wall with the other. Her pale little face was filled with stubborn and cold amusement. “Tang Xueli, you don’t even dare to tell the truth at this point. After raping me, would you really give me the person with the mother maggot?”

Tang Xueli did not speak. He gave Ning Qing a deadly stare.

“Not talking, are you? Tang Xueli, let me guess what you’ll do. You have a secret pathway. You can escape. You have the mother maggot. You can rape me. In fact, you not only want to rape me, but you also want to take the mother maggot with you. Maybe after you’ve had fun with me, you might take me away with you as well. What reputation? What hero? All bullsh\*t. Tang Xueli, you are a madman, a big psychopath who acts at a whim!”

Tang Xueli listened. He closed his eyes, smoothly inhaled, and laughed. “Haha, what a great one, Mrs. Lu. You’re smart and courageous.” He took two steps forward and put his hands on Ning Qing. He sneered, “Then guess how I’m going to play with you now?”

“Get lost!” Ning Qing broke free and ran away.

But she could not run away. The man pulled her back with one hand. He had a grip on her jeans. “I had originally wanted to be gentle with you. Now, it seems that I do not need to be. Women... They’re all born cheap,” the man’s cold voice echoed in her ear.

Only now did Ning Qing felt afraid. He firmly held her down, and she had no strength to resist.

The drug on her body had come from Zhou Dayuan, which could cause people to faint when ingested. She didn’t expect that Tang Xueli would wake up so quickly.

This kind of drug seemed to not affect him.

Ning Qing was trembling all over. Her head was running fast, and she was thinking about what to do.

She wondered if Lu Shaoming had realized the yellow signal she had sprinkled along the road.

Last night, she went out of the room and waited outside the Han Palace.

She could not enter the Han Palace directly, as the Han Palace was surrounded by Zhou Yao’s people. She would be found once she went in, so she stood outside the Han Palace and waited. She believed that Tang Xueli could see her.

Sure enough, Tang Xueli’s people came.

When she was covered with the black cloth, she knew that there was a secret pathway.

The yellow stamen core had been rubbed by her and wiped on her jeans. Every step she took, the stamen core would be sprinkled down. This was the mark she left behind.

She has done so much. She hoped that Lu Shaoming could understand and realize it. She hoped that he would not let her down.

At that time, Tang Xueli stopped. He pricked his ears and listened.

Ning Qing did not know what he wanted to do, but it was a good thing for her. She quickly broke away from his oppression and reached to lift her jeans.

She had just pulled them on when light penetrated through the top, and a black figure fell from the sky.

Ning Qing was very happy — Luoxi.

It was Ou Luoxi.

Ou Luoxi had finally arrived.

“Luoxi, there, take him away quickly!” Ning Qing pointed to the room.

In fact, she had a better way. That is, to kill the Miao Jiang uncle, but that uncle was also a victim. If she took an innocent life so that Shaoming could live, what was the difference between her and Tang Xueli?

Tang Xueli’s heart sank. Who was this man?

His Han Palace was made out of walls of copper and iron, impregnable, and no one could break in.

How did this man break-in so quietly?

However, when he heard Ning Qing’s voice, Tang Xueli sneered, “Want to take him away in front of me? Hah, not so ea-...”

The “sy” was stuck in his throat. Tang Xueli’s pupils contracted violently. The man was so fast that he could not even see the man’s face. The man had flashed into the room like lightning. This inhuman speed made Tang Xueli’s head spin for a few seconds.

When he had recovered, he wanted to pull out the gun, but when he touched his waist, he realized that the gun had fallen on the table. He had just unfastened his belt to do something with Ning Qing, so he had placed the gun on the table.

Ou Luoxi had come out with the Miao Jiang uncle in those vital few seconds.

The Miao Jiang uncle was so thin that bones were all he had left. Ou Luoxi carried him in one arm effortlessly. At the front of his desk, he jumped up with one long leg and soared up with the help of his jump. In a blink of an eye, he had darted out of the round hole in the roof like a ghost.

Tang Xueli was stunned.

How could there be a man so fast in the world?

The next second, the figure fell down again. Ou Luoxi stood in the center. His beautiful eyes were covered by soft hair on his forehead, and he looked at Tang Xueli expressionlessly.

Tang Xueli also saw his face clearly.

What a delicate young man.

The young man was dressed in a black T-shirt and chinos, and the tapered end of his trousers wrapped around his fair ankles, with a pair of blue sneakers on his feet. He was so beautiful. He looked as if he had walked out from a painting.



Tang Xueli came back to his senses. He grabbed Ning Qing by the shoulder and dragged her in front of him. He took a sharp knife from his boots and placed it against Ning Qing's neck. He laughed at Ou Luoxi. "Who are you? You'd better not move another inch. If you move, don't blame the knife for being blind and injuring Ning..."

Before he could finish, a shadow flashed in front of Tang Xueli's eyes, and Ou Luoxi, who was just a few meters away, appeared in front of him.

Tang Xueli was prepared this time. When Ou Luoxi sped towards him, he held out the sharp knife quickly and fiercely, plunging it into Ou Luoxi's heart.

With a plop, the sharp knife sank into his flesh and blood, and Ou Luoxi was grievously wounded.

"Luoxi!" Ning Qing's pupils shrank. She took the opportunity to open her mouth and bite Tang Xueli's hand that was firmly gripping her shoulder.

Tang Xueli felt pain. It was as if the woman was going to bite off a chunk of him.

He tried to pull back the sharp knife and end Ning Qing.

But he could not pull it. Tang Xueli felt that the knife in his hand had gone deeper into the other man's flesh. Looking down, the young man held the handle of the knife and refused to let him move.

Tang Xueli was shocked, this person was so fearless of pain and death.

What an incredible weirdo.

Tang Xueli's hand relaxed. Ning Qing took the opportunity to get rid of Tang Xueli, "Luoxi, Luoxi, are you okay..." Ning Qing went to hold Ou Luoxi's arm.

With an unpleasant plunging sound, Ou Luoxi took the handle of the knife and pulled the sharp blade out of his body. He clasped Ning Qing's waist with one arm. In the blink of an eye, Ou Luoxi withdrew to the corner of the wall with Ning Qing.

"Luoxi..."

The blood from Luoxi's heart flowed out, and the black T-shirt was dyed red. His blood flowed along his trousers straight to the ground. Ning Qing's tears poured out. Her small hands pressed on the wound in a panic.

Ou Luoxi was pale, but he stood straight as a tree, with no pained expression on his face. He gazed warily at Tang Xueli.

Tang Xueli's bloody hand brushed his face and his expression became distorted. "Want to play with me on my turf? I'll play until you die."

He opened the door of the hall and commanded, "Come in and shoot them into honeycombs."

But then, there was a boom, and the sound of gunpowder and the smell of bombs overtook the room. His men panicked and said, "Boss, this is bad. They're bombing us."

Tang Xueli's eyes sank. "Don't fight, we'll retreat through the secret exit."

Another man came running over. "Boss, the secret exit has been bombed by them. The mountain has collapsed, and the secret exit is gone."

"What?"

The battle between the two sides had officially begun, and there was gunfire everywhere. Ning Qing could not hear it. Her whole focus was on Ou Luoxi.

Ou Luoxi's legs went soft and his body slid against the wall until he sat on the ground.

"Luoxi, Luoxi, what's wrong with you? Don't scare me. Hold on a little longer. Dayuan will be here soon. He will save you."

Ou Luoxi looked at Ning Qing. His hand was very cold. He slowly took Ning Qing's small hand. He shook his head. A pure and brilliant smile appeared on his lips. "Sister-in-law, I'm alright. I'm not in pain... It's just that I feel weak all over and want to close my eyes and sleep..."

Ning Qing looked at Ou Luoxi through blurry tears. This young man was born bright and dazzling. His delicate outline was like a painter's portrait, the most outstanding work of heaven. If he were a girl, he would surely be a fatal beauty, but he was a young man.

Everyone says that a boy who was more beautiful than a girl would have a hard and short life.

He said that it didn't hurt even after suffering such serious injury. Ning Qing knew that he wasn't in pain. He spoke very little. He had learned to speak slowly, so he could not lie.

He really doesn't feel pain.

Ning Qing shook her head. "No, no, Luoxi, don't sleep. You can't sleep."

### **Chapter 379: Why Does It Have To Be Me?**

Ou Luoxi's long lashes drooped down slowly. The shape of his lips was really pretty. The corners of his lips were lifted up. On a normal day, they had a cute tint of pink, just like a little girl.

He really wanted to sleep already.

Ning Qing was extremely shocked. She could not allow him to sleep.

One of her small hands pressed against his wound. His body tilted forward. She bent down by his ear as she spoke. "Luoxi, do you remember Xiaofu? Xiaofu likes you very much."

Upon hearing the name "Xiaofu," Ou Luoxi's beautiful eyes moved around, and he started to react.

Ning Qing was extremely delighted. At this critical period, it was just like she expected. She could only use Xiao Fu to provoke him.

"Luoxi, tell Sister-in-law, do you like Xiao Fu?" Ning Qing started to question him, and she attracted his attention as she chatted with him.

Ou Luoxi's beautiful eyes drooped down again. The youth's Adam's apple was moving, and it was hard to discern his feelings. "I...cannot...like her."

"Why?" Ning Qing asked.

Ou Luoxi closed his eyes and did not say anything else.

Ning Qing's heart sank. She stretched out her hand to shake his shoulder. "Luoxi! Ou Luoxi..."

Ou Luoxi did not have any reaction, and Ning Qing was frightened as she cried out pitifully, "Luoxi, don't sleep. I am begging you not to sleep..."

At this moment, there was a warm feeling on her shoulder. Her entire being was lifted up. She entered into a warm, familiar embrace. "Ning Qing."

Lu Shaoming came over.

Ning Qing lifted her gaze up to look at him. It was as if she had met her saviour. Her bloodstained hand went to tug the man's black shirt. "Shaoming, save Luoxi! Quickly! Luoxi was stabbed with a knife."

Lu Shaoming looked at the woman whose face was like a kitten crying pitifully. He used his calloused thumb to wipe the tears off her face, then he coaxed her with a gentle tone. "Dayuan is here. Don't be afraid. Everything will turn out fine."

"Okay, okay." Ning Qing nodded her head immediately

If Ou Luoxi died because of her, she would be extremely upset and blame herself for it.

The battle outside was intense. Zhou Dayuan came over. He was dressed in a clean white lab coat. The lab coat exposed his dark coloured trousers, and there was a pair of brown coloured leather shoes on his feet. Even in the middle of the chaos and battle, he remained calm and confident, and he behaved calmly as usual.

Ning Qing looked at Zhou Dayuan's warm face that resembled a piece of jade. She felt her entire heart ease up.

Older Brother Dayuan was here...

Her body softened, and she directly collapsed into Lu Shaoming's embrace.

Lu Shaoming put his hand on her small, slim waist. He comforted her as he kissed her forehead. At this moment, no matter what the both of them wanted to say to each other, neither of them wanted to speak. Luoxi's life was the priority.

There were some assistants following behind Zhou Dayuan. It was the assistant leader of his medical team, and also another two young ladies from Miao Jiang that studied medicine. They were lifting the stretcher in their hands.

Zhou Dayuan walked to Ou Luoxi's side. He bent down, and he put on his medical gloves. He used both of his hands to test Ou Luoxi's breathing, irises, heartbeat... His movements were incredibly experienced as he did so.

"The patient's heartbeat is weak. He has lost too much blood, and that has led to a lack of oxygen. I will count from one to three. You all will lift him up, place his body flat, and put him on the stretcher..."

Zhou Dayuan's low, charming voice sounded out. The people behind him all followed his orders, and Ou Luoxi was placed on the stretcher.

"Oxygen mask." Zhou Dayuan stretched his right hand out.

The young lady from Miao Jiang looked at him with ultimate admiration in her eyes. Her small face was blushing as she passed him the oxygen mask. "Doctor Zhou, I will do it."

The young girl attached the oxygen mask for Ou Luoxi.

Zhou Dayuan did not bother with that young girl. He used his scissors as he cut the t shirt that Ou Luoxi was wearing. He exposed the gory wound on Ou Luoxi's left chest. It was by his heart.

"The patient's knife wound is around 3 cm from his left clavicle. The situation is a little critical. We do not have enough time to send him to the operating room right now. Administer coagulants. Someone, come over to press the patient's chest. Take the needle over here. I will use it to sew the wound close."

His assistant silently brought over the coagulants. He spread it over Ou Luoxi's wounds. The young lady from Miao Jiang blushed as she came forward excitedly. "Doctor Zhou, I will press his chest down."

"Okay." Zhou Dayuan held the young lady's small hand as he taught her to press Ou Luoxi's chest down. His big, warm, beautiful hands pressed on the young lady's. He lowered his gaze as he spoke with a gentle and charming voice. "Follow the clockwise direction as you add pressure in order to prevent the blood from not flowing well when I am sewing the wound up."

"Yes, Doctor Zhou." The young lady from Miao Jiang looked at Zhou Dayuan's handsome face in front of her, and he looked extremely powerful.

At this moment, Jian Han walked inside. That old uncle from Miao Jiang did not have a clear state of mind. He had just had a bout of craziness. She spent some time trying to hypnotize him.

When she came in, she saw Zhou Dayuan looking resplendent. That lanky figure resembled a piece of jade. He stood together with a young lady while speaking in hushed tones. The young lady looked at him with admiration and love in her eyes.

She stopped in her tracks.

The man that was a distance away from her did not notice her. He let go of the young lady's hands and received the needle from his assistant. The blood stained his gloves, but he was confident and warm. He looked attractive and intelligent with his medical skills.

The needle moved around in his hands, and a moment later, the wound was sealed successfully.

“Lift the patient into the observation room. Inject him with saline. Tonight would be the key observation period. We will change shifts as we observe him tonight.” Zhou Dayuan removed the blood stained gloves on his hand while addressing his assistant.

“Yes, sir.” The assistant lifted Ou Luoxi up.

Ning Qing looked on as she was worried. She asked, “Older Brother Dayuan, is Luoxi’s life still in danger?”

Zhou Dayuan shook his head. “This is not a given. Today will be the key period. We have to see if he can wake up from his coma.”

The tears in Ning Qing’s eyes trickled down. “It’s all my fault. If I had not asked Luoxi to come, he would not be in danger now.”

At this moment, a low voice came from above her. “It is alright as long as you know it. In the future, don’t overestimate yourself again.”

Ning Qing heard what he said and stretched out her hand immediately to push the man away. Her tears blurred her vision as she glared at Lu Shaoming. “You go away! I don’t want to talk to you.”

She was only apologetic towards Luoxi. This man did not have any share of that.

She had yet to settle his debts that he owed her.

Rascal!

Ning Qing walked away.

Lu Shaoming, who was controlling the anger in his entire body: “...” She was the one who got angry with him first.

Ning Qing took two steps forward and saw Jian Han. She said, “Older Sister Jian.”

The young lady from Miao Jiang was asking Zhou Dayuan a question related to medicine. Zhou Dayuan replied, and at this moment, he heard Ning Qing call “Older Sister Jian” out loud. He quickly turned around to look.

Jian Han was standing a distance away.

Her almond shaped eyes were quietly pointed in his direction.

Zhou Dayuan went forward. His expression was a little displeased as he said, “Jian Han, didn’t I not allow you to come over? It is very dangerous here! Go back, quickly.”

He had yet to reach Jian Han. Jian Han held Ning Qing’s small hand, and both women turned around to leave.

Zhou Dayuan who was left at his original spot was puzzled: “...”

He looked at Lu Shaoming from a distance away.

Lu Shaoming placed both of his hands in his pockets. After Ning Qing's back profile disappeared from sight, he plainly withdrew his gaze and looked at Zhou Dayuan. "Your woman is jealous," he said with a laugh.

Jealous?

Zhou Dayuan froze a moment before he lifted his eyebrows up and broke out into a smile.

He was in a good mood.

"Your woman is angry, and she would be angry for a long period of time," Zhou Dayuan reminded him kindly, returning his words back to him.

Lu Shaoming snorted out loud. He did not bother with him. He lifted his gaze to look in the distance.

The elite troops from the Flaming Forces Commando unit had already killed all of those mercenaries. Zhou Yao and Tang Xueli were battling with one another. The abilities of these two people were at about the same standard, and the winner had yet to be determined.

At this moment, there was a black lithe figure that emerged in the midst of the chaos, Leng Zhiyuan was here.

The woman was able to get news that quickly.

Lu Shaoming was afraid that when the both of them met with one another, they would end up fighting. The last time, they had allowed Tang Xueli to escape. This time, there could not be another mishap.

Lu Shaoming curled the corner of his lips. Casually, he said, "Miss Leng, Second Younger Brother, you two should collaborate to deal with Tang Xueli then. If you two are not able to capture him, then I will personally help the both of you to organize your wedding."

Organize their wedding?

Zhou Yao and Leng Zhiyuan heard his words. Their senses were cruelly tugged on for a moment, and their entire faces were covered in disbelief.

Tang Xueli and Zhou Yao separated from one another. Tang Xueli looked at his subordinates. They were mostly dead, and this time, he had really lost.

His entire face was constricted in an evil expression. He spat a mouthful of blood and said, "Come over then."

Leng Zhiyuan threw her submachine gun onto the ground. She tied her hair up casually and placed a sharp knife at her waist. She laughed coldly. "Take your life over here."

The 3 of them battled with one another.

20 minutes later, Tang Xueli was defeated.

Zhou Yao used one of his long legs to kick Tang Xueli's joint on his thighs. Bang! Tang Xueli knelt down on the floor.

Leng Zhiyuan pointed her gun at his forehead. "You've killed so many brothers of mine. You even harmed my older brother. Watch shoot you right now."

"Miss Leng, pause for a moment." Lu Shaoming went forward.

Leng Zhiyuan lifted her eyebrows up. "Why, could it be that Young Master Lu has forgotten our gentleman's promise? My older brother saved you. Didn't you say once before that Tang Xueli would be handed over to us to handle?"

Lu Shaoming was not surprised at her words. He had a confident smile on his face as he said, "Miss Leng, don't misunderstand. I would definitely hand this person over to you to handle, but only, if you kill him now, aren't you short-changing yourself? As for President Tang, if you hand him over to the country to punish him, if they give him the death penalty or hand him life in imprisonment, wouldn't that be even better then?"

Tang Xueli, who was on the ground, heard his words and laughed coldly. "Hmph, Young Master Lu, let us have a trade. You are not even willing to let me end it off quickly."

Lu Shaoming slowly bent over. He looked at Tang Xueli with his dark eyes. He had a smile on his face as he slowly said, "President Tang, didn't you want to beg for death but not get it, or to ask to live on but not be able to do so? I will now gift this ending to you." As Lu Shaoming spoke, he came to Tang Xueli's ear. With a smile, he said, "Don't worry, they won't give you the death sentence. I will ask the people in prison to take care of you well, and they will care for you for your entire life."

Tang Xueli's constricted face had a trace of depression in it. He was dead, he had really failed this time.

"Young Master Lu, you should feel lucky. If you did not have an intelligent wife, you would've been the failure today."

"Yeah." Lu Shaoming nodded his head, "But what are we going to do? I just so happen to have this intelligent and quick-witted wife. President Tang, you can spend the rest of your life being jealous of me."

"You!"

Lu Shaoming stood up and gave an indication to Zhou Yao using his eyes. A few elite troops came over. They handcuffed Tang Xueli as they brought him away.

Tang Xueli was not satisfied. "If you have the ability, kill me then. I don't want to go to prison. How can a person like me go into prison?" he shouted out crazily.

Tang Xueli was brought into the car, and waiting for him was a long, dark life in prison.

The car drove away, and Lu Shaoming withdrew his gaze. He looked at Leng Zhiyuan. "Miss Leng, many of your subordinates were hurt. You should stay behind for a few days. You should recuperate before going back."

Leng Zhiyuan looked at her subordinates. She nodded her head casually before she said, "Sure!"

She placed her submachine gun on her shoulder, and walked forward to settle the mess.

Lu Shaoming patted Zhou Yao's shoulder. "You are still not going to help?"

Zhou Yao: Oldest Brother, why does it have to be me?

### **Chapter 380: What Are You Thinking Of? I'm Not In The Mood**

Zhou Yao and Leng Zhiyuan were cleaning up the mess. Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing were staying in the local hospital in Miao Jiang. Ou Luoxi had been pushed into the intensive care unit.

Jian Han took a small medicine box and treated Ning Qing's wounds.

Ning Qing's right cheek was extremely swollen, with bright palm marks on it. The corners of her mouth were injured, and residual bloodstains remained. A black suit that she had gotten along the way was draped on her body, and the beauty of chaos and frailty shone through her miserable state.

Jian Han held the cotton ball with pliers to clean the wounds on Ning Qing's face. Ning Qing furrowed her eyebrows and painfully screamed, "Sister Jian, it hurts! Lighter."

Lu Shaoming stuffed both hands into his pockets and leaned against the wall of the corridor. He heard the unending sounds of the woman's grief and pettiness. He looked sideways at her.

A few strands of her wavy hair was stuck to her little face. Her face was like an abandoned kitten's. Bloodstains and tears were everywhere. The big black suit made her body seem petite. Those autumn pupils were beautiful, black, and moist as if water would flow out of them.

It was no wonder Tang Xueli liked her.

The beauty of a woman can be considered a sin.

He stepped forward, took his big hand out of his pocket, and went to pick up the pliers in Jian Han's hand. "I'll do it," he said in a low, rich voice.

Jian Han looked at Lu Shaoming and wanted to pass it to him.

But then Ning Qing pouted her pink lips and said, "No! Sister Jian, just help me deal with it."

On hearing this, Lu Shaoming's deep black eyes swept over the woman's small face, like a cold and fierce wind in winter.

Ning Qing ignored him and hummed.



“Young Master Lu, forget it, let me do it. Ning Qing is afraid of pain. I’m sure I’ll handle it lightly,” Jian Han said with a laugh.

Lu Shaoming pressed his thin lips together and stopped talking.

Jian Han cleaned the wounds on Ning Qing’s face for her. She softly asked, “Ning Qing, besides the pain on your face, is there any pain on your body?”

Ning Qing hesitated. She was probably feeling guilty. Her autumn pupils turned to look at Lu Shaoming, who was standing tall in front of her.

Lu Shaoming met her gaze. He half-narrowed his eyes and glanced at her tender neck. A few strands of her wavy hair had twisted over her neck. His eyes were sharp and he could see some kiss marks through the twisted hair.

He had no expression, but his firm face was cold to the extreme.

As soon as Jian Han saw the couple exchanging looks, she made a few guesses. Ning Qing had been at the Han Palace for so long. What happened between her and Tang Xueli?

This was a very sensitive topic.

Especially for men like Lu Shaoming.

Jian Han stood up and laughed. “Ning Qing, let’s go. Let’s go to the infirmary. You have a lot of blood on your body. I’ll get some warm water to wash you.”

Ning Qing gave Jian Han a thankful look. She got up and went into the infirmary with Jian Han.

...

In the infirmary

Jian Han pulled up the curtains. She rolled up her white sleeves and went to the bathroom for a basin of warm water and a towel. “Ning Qing, wash your face and hands. I’ll go and find clean clothes for you to change into.”

Ning Qing lifted her lips and smiled sweetly. “Thank you, Sister Jian.”

“For what?” Jian Han walked out of the infirmary.

The room was quiet. Ning Qing wrung the towel dry and came to a mirror. She wiped the bloodstains on her face with the towel.

After cleaning up, she put the towel in the basin, turned around, and took off her black suit.

The collar of her white T-shirt had been torn, and her state was somewhat uncovered as soon as her suit was taken off.

Looking down at the kiss marks on her body, Tang Xueli hadn’t taken much advantage of her, but he did touch her.

That psychopath had been rough with her, and her skin was fair and supple, so all the places he touched were covered with bruises and some pain.

Ning Qing touched her supple shoulder with a small hand. He had slapped her so hard she hit the wall, and her shoulders felt as if they were falling apart.

“Tss.” She couldn’t help but hiss in pain.

Then, she heard a door open and close behind her. Ning Qing asked, “Sister Jian, are you back?”

No one answered behind her, but her little petite waist was held, and a warm and strong body came up behind her, accompanied by a soft, enticing voice. “Does it hurt?”

Ning Qing knew who it was just by the clean and pleasant smell on his body. “Why are you here? Who allowed you to break into someone else’s room?”

Ning Qing stretched out her hand to pull on her suit, trying to hide herself.

But it was no use. When the man’s arm pulled her back, she couldn’t even budge. The man’s amused voice didn’t reveal his mood as he asked, “Are you addicted to wearing other men’s suits?”

Ning Qing was speechless.

She was not concerned about whose suit it was but about the fact that she had to be exposed without it.

The focus of the man’s thinking was different from hers. They couldn’t talk together.

“Let me go!” She struggled.

At that moment, her small body was turned over to face him. Her buttocks were against the table. In front of her was the man’s iron-cast body; she was trapped.

Her small hand barely covered her body with the shredded cloth while another small hand pushed at him. An embarrassed flush appeared on her face. “Lu Shaoming, what are you doing?”

The man did not reply. His big hand came to her small face, gently touching her as his fingertips pulled her beautiful hair behind the ear, revealing her entire face.

Ning Qing’s body was burning. His big hand trailed down her tender neck and grasped her small hand that was covering herself with.

“Lu Shaoming, don’t...”

Before she could finish speaking, her little hand was caught, and with a casual pull from the man, her little hand was pulled away, and the torn fabric at was scattered.

Ning Qing’s small face was red, and her small hand, which rested against his chest, balled up into tender fist to hammer him, but it was no use. The man used three fingers to restrain her two small hands.

Ning Qing struggled fiercely to shake him off and cover herself. His shirt and trousers were priceless, while her clothes were torn and ragged. It was extremely shameful.

Looking up, she saw the man looking down at her body. Ning Qing fiercely turned her face away. She didn't need to think to know that he was looking at where Tang Xueli had touched her.

Her jeans below were suddenly touched. Ning Qing bit her pink lower lip and looked pale with fear. "No, he didn't touch me..."

He did not touch me below.

So please don't look at it.

Lu Shaoming took his hand away and raised his eyes. He stared at the woman's pale little face with eagle-like eyes, smiled, and said, "You feel ashamed now? Why didn't you prepare yourself for the most shameful outcome when you went to the Han Palace?"

Ning Qing heard his tone. He was laughing at her.

Ning Qing's nose was red, and her eyes were full of bright tears. Hadn't she done all this for him?

He didn't even speak a word of comfort to coax her.

"Lu Shaoming, go away, I don't want to see you ever again. You take my kindness for granted and think that I have other intentions instead. You are a big, bad bully.

"If you would have agreed to let me enter the Han Palace in advance, I would not have contacted Luoxi to ask for his help. Now, Luoxi is injured and still unconscious. Do you know how much I blame myself? What if something happens to Luoxi? What should I do then? I won't want to live anymore..."

Ning Qing's heart was devastated. In her heart, she had regarded Luoxi as her younger brother — the beautiful young man with a sad life, who grew up with the wolves in the deep mountains at the age of 8. She hoped that he would recover.

If she would have known that Luoxi would be injured, she would rather have died than drag Luoxi down.

She was under such pressure, and instead of easing her worries, he satirized her.

All his attention was focused on whether she had been sullied by Tang Xueli.

Ning Qing's tears fell like pearls of a broken necklace. Large drops of tears fell. She cried and complained, "Lu Shaoming, I see it clearly now. You just want to know what Tang Xueli had done to me. He touched me and kissed me. All the marks on my body were left by him. Are you satisfied? If you think I'm dirty, then don't stay with me anymore. I don't want you either."

The woman cried so hard that she couldn't catch her breath. Her weak, fragrant shoulders trembled fiercely. Her eyes and nose were red. Her fair, delicate face was swollen because of the slap, and her fair skin was covered with marks from being handled roughly.

Lu Shaoming's eyes were full of heartache and pity. He put his hand on the back of the head and took her into his arms. He looked sideways and kissed her little face. He laughed and softly said, "You're my wife. You've been touched by other men. I don't even have the right to ask?"

Ning Qing ignored him and kicked him with both hands and feet.

Lu Shaoming tightened his arms and hugged her trembling body tight. "Alright, Ning Qing, stop crying. Luoxi will survive. He will be alright."

Ning Qing stopped struggling. She looked at the man through blurry tears and asked, "Really?"

"Yes, really, I promise." He touched her lips.

Ning Qing was comforted. This man had always been her sky. He would never lie to her.

Luoxi would be all right.

Lu Shaoming clasped her petite waist and carried her to the table. "What are you doing?" Ning Qing struggled to come down.

The man put his long leg against her and refused to let her move. He had a tube of ointment in his hand. "Don't move. Doesn't it hurt? I'll apply some ointment for you."

Ning Qing bit her lower lip and felt a sweetness in her heart. He had kept the ointment in his trousers pocket. Just now, he was probably checking her body to see where she was injured.

Can't he just say it when he's concerned about her?

She had thought that...he minded that she had been touched by Tang Xueli.

In her heart, she was a very traditional woman. In her life, she could only have one marriage, and only one man. If she had been sullied, she would feel dirty.

That was why she had been so nervous in the corridor just now.

Afraid that he was suspicious of her.

Afraid that he minded.

Lu Shaoming gently applied the ointment to her. Ning Qing's eyes did not know where to land. Her small hands firmly clutched the shirt on his arm.

Suddenly, she felt the man's big, rough hand going around behind her to unbutton her clothes. Ning Qing was anxious and pressed his hand down. "I'll do it myself."

The man pulled out his hand and smiled softly. "What are you thinking? I'm just applying the ointment. There's a lot of work to be done outside. Luoxi is still in the ward. I'm not in the mood."

Ning Qing's blood rushed to her head. He hadn't meant that, but her thoughts were unhealthy.

He unbuttoned her clothes. The man looked at her intently as he applied ointment to her. His heart ached for her so much. The girl he had held in his hands and pampered had suffered so much because of him.