

Chapter 244: Stop Following Me

Xu Youyou was the first person to believe Yun Youwei truly loved Xie Tingxi.

After a moment of silence, Yun Youwei asked, "Since you don't believe I'll fall in love with another man, can you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" Xu Youyou asked.

Yun Youwei pursed her lips briefly before she said in a gentle and pleading tone, "Divorce Mo Shenbai. Both of you can still be together after I marry him. I just need the identity of Mrs. Mo. Perhaps, I should put it this way. Please lend me the position of Mrs. Mo, and I'll return it to you in the future. Okay?"

Xu Youyou: "???"

Xu Youyou understood Yun Youwei's words, but she could not understand them when they were strung together. It was clear Yun Youwei did not love Mo Shenbai at all so why was Yun Youwei so adamant about marrying him?

'Lend? Is this something that can be lent?'

"I'm sorry. I can't agree to this," Xu Youyou said in a crisp and clear voice without hesitation. There was clearly no room for negotiation. She continued to say, "Since you loved Xie Tingxi, you should understand that perhaps, most things can be lent, but your own man cannot be lent..."

'Who knew if you'd return him if I lend him to you? Do you think I'm stupid?'

"I don't want Mo Shenbai, I just want Mrs..."

Xu Youyou interjected, "Whether it's Mr. Bai's wife and girlfriend, it can only be me. I can't give these titles to anyone."

Although Xu Youyou sympathized with Yun Youwei, she did not have wings on her back; she was not an angel. She would not hand her husband to another woman.

Yun Youwei's face was pale. Her long eyelashes covered the darkness in her eyes. She picked up the cup of coffee silently and took a sip.

Due to the air-conditioner in the cafe, the coffee had already cooled down. It was bitter and cold when it entered Yun Youwei's mouth, but it could not compare to the coldness and bitterness in her heart.

Xu Youyou took a deep breath and licked her lower lip before she said, "If you have any difficulties, you can tell us. Mr. Bai and I will definitely help you."

Yun Youwei trembled slightly. She raised her head and met Xu Youyou's clear gaze. For a moment, she was in a daze.

'She's indeed a very good girl, but humans are fickle. Who knows what she'll be like in the future?'

Finally, Yun Youwei said, "You can't help me. No one can help me."

Yun Youwei set the empty cup down on the table before she left the cafe.

Xu Youyou bit her lip as she watched Yun Youwei leave with eyes that were filled with questions. She really could not figure out Yun Youwei's intention.

After finishing her cup of cocoa, Xu Youyou left the cafe. She had only taken a few steps after leaving the cafe when she felt a tingling pain in her lower abdomen. She looked around and saw quite a few passersby looking at her strangely. She smacked her forehead, looking frustrated and ashamed. She had forgotten her period was due today.

'Damn you! Why do you have to come at this time?'

Xu Youyou looked to the left and right. She did not know where Cang Ming parked the car. She held her bag behind her after she struggled to bring her phone out to call Cang Ming.

At this moment, a black shirt suddenly flew over and landed on Xu Youyou's head.

For a moment, all Xu Youyou saw was darkness. She removed the shirt and saw a young face with an unruly expression.

"Fu Jianchen?"

Fu Jianchen had taken his shirt off and given it to her so he was now only dressed in a white sleeveless shirt that revealed his strong arms. The sunlight illuminated the distinct lines on his arms, giving him a very masculine charm.

At this moment, Fu Jianchen's expression was tense, and his gaze was piercing as he said, "Are you an idiot? Your pants are dirty, but you're still standing around doing nothing."

Xu Youyou returned to her senses and quickly wrapped Fu Jianchen's shirt around her waist. After that, she looked up at him and said with a smile, "Thank you."

Fu Jianchen scoffed coldly before he turned to leave.

"Huh?"

Xu Youyou followed him and said, "Wait. I'll go to the mall over there to buy a change of clothes. I'll return the shirt to you later."

Fu Jianchen's footsteps paused suddenly.

Fortunately, Xu Youyou reacted quickly. Otherwise, she would have walked into his back.

Fu Jianchen's piercing gaze was dark as he said, "I don't want the shirt anymore. You can tear it up and throw it away. Stop following me."

Xu Youyou: "?"

Fu Jianchen was cold as he suddenly turned around and took a step toward her. Then, he said, "People like me are born bloody and cruel. I like excitement and thrills. Since you're following me, does this mean you want to go racing with me?"

Xu Youyou shook her head immediately. "No! I don't want to!"

'Why is his logic so strange?!'

Fu Jianchen sneered. His eyes shone with derision. Then, he turned around and walked toward his racing motorcycle that was parked at the roadside. He straddled the seat with his long legs before he put on his helmet. He no longer looked away as he started the engine and sped away.

Xu Youyou scratched her ear in confusion, not understanding why he was angry.

'Is he still angry because of what I said last time?'

Fu Jianchen did not turn around, but he could still see the slender figure in the rearview mirror. However, the figure was quickly turning blurry.

After beating up that loser, Fu Jianchen thought she would get a divorce. He did not expect to have beat up the wrong person. Even more unexpectedly, she was that person's wife. She could marry anyone, but why did she have to marry that person?

Fu Jianchen's eyebrows were tightly knitted. He increased his speed as his expression turned icier.

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The day that classes started, Xu Youyou was on the third day of her period. She went to register herself before she was summoned by Kang Mingcheng to his office.

Kang Mingcheng did not call her during the summer vacation, but he sent a list of books on WeChat that could help her improve.

"Did you read the book I recommended?"

"I did," Xu Youyou replied. After she injured her arm, she could not draw for a while. At that time, she bought the books Kang Mingcheng recommended and read them.

Kang Mingcheng nodded in satisfaction. "I called you here because the chairman of the Golden Brush Competition mentioned to me that there's a spot in the student exchange program. What do you think?"

"Student exchange?" Xu Youyou was stunned. Then, she asked, "You mean to go abroad?"

Kang Mingcheng smiled. "Of course. This opportunity is very precious. If you agree, you'll be going to the Paris Academy of Fine Arts in France. It's one of the top four fine arts academies in the world."

Xu Youyou naturally knew about the Paris Academy of Fine Arts. It had produced many skilled painters, but she never dreamed that she would be able to go there.

"How long is the duration of the exchange?"

"It's a little long. Three years," Kang Mingcheng replied.

"Three years?" Xu Youyou hesitated. She had never been abroad that long. The two times she went abroad she was with Mo Shenbai, and their time overseas was brief.

Upon seeing her hesitation, Kang Mingcheng patiently analyzed the pros and cons with her. "I know that your current situation is special. It's not easy to leave just like that when you have a family. However,

you have to understand that you're only 20 years old. You have years ahead of you, and you shouldn't trap yourself. You're very talented, and you should go out and see the world. It's good to broaden your horizons. This opportunity will only benefit you..."

Xu Youyou nodded. "Teacher, I know. It's just that this is too sudden. Moreover, going abroad is a huge matter. I still need to discuss it with my family."

Going abroad did not only concern Mo Shenbai, but her parents and her brother as well.

"I understand. I just want to inform you first. If you really want to go, you have to learn the language first. You'll only be leaving next fall," Kang Mingcheng said considerately with a kind smile, "Go back and discuss this with your family first. Think about it carefully. This is related to your future. Don't be in such a hurry to decide."

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Xu Youyou walked on the shaded path, still in shock.

'Paris Academy of Fine Arts... Am I really going there?'