

Chapter 425: It's good that you're fine (1)

Azure Dragon Temple.

Because it wasn't the first month of the lunar year yet, and the weather was cold, there weren't many pilgrims on the mountain to offer incense and pray.

Fu Jianchen went up the mountain before dawn and knelt on the stone slab in front of the temple, praying for Xu Youyou devoutly.

It was ironic that he was once an arrogant man who did not respect the gods and Buddha and was not afraid of death. But now, he was kneeling in this Holy Land of Buddhism and praying devoutly.

He prayed to Buddha to bless his beloved with peace and joy.

The two lackeys who used to follow Fu Jianchen knew that he was back and also followed him. At this moment, their legs were numb from squatting by the side, not to mention that Fu Jianchen was still kneeling on the uneven stone slab.

Master Chen, you've been kneeling for almost the entire morning. If you continue to kneel, your legs will be crippled.

Fu Jianchen opened his eyes and glanced at them coldly. He said coldly, "Get lost," he said.

The two of them looked at each other and stopped talking.

They seriously suspected that the person with the surname Xu had cast some spell on Master Chen. Otherwise, how could Master Chen have become like this?

Fu Jianchen closed his eyes again and prayed seriously.

For so many years, the ideals and love he had persisted in were worthless in the eyes of Bai Ying and Fu Dongsheng, and his paintings were not up to standard in those orthodox schools.

No one understood him. No one understood him, but Xu Youyou understood his paintings and appreciated them. From then on, she hoped that Xu Wanwan would be different from the others.

He didn't care about Zhiyin or love. Even if his hands could no longer draw, as long as Xu Youyou could draw and smile at him, he would do anything.

The cold Mountain wind blew, and her thick eyelashes trembled. Suddenly, she felt a cold touch on her cheek.

When Fu Jianchen opened his eyes, he saw snowflakes falling from the gray sky. They were like willow catkins dancing in the wind.

His phone suddenly vibrated. It was a call from the hospital.

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He picked up the phone and his low and hoarse voice rang slowly, " Hello ...

He didn't know what the person on the other end of the phone said, but he first heaved a sigh of relief. After a few seconds, his expression froze, and the phone slipped from his palm.

The screen hit the cold Stone slab and instantly shattered, just like his expression ...

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In the hospital ward.

The large Ward was full of people, but the bed was empty. The quilt was folded neatly, and there was no trace of lying down.

Cheng Ying and Xu Jiushi were each holding a newborn baby in their arms. They had not taken a bath yet, but their skin was white and smooth, not like a newborn baby at all.

Because they were not at full term, the two children were light and as thin as kittens.

Cheng Ying's heart ached, but she was more concerned about her daughter.

Xu Youyou's cesarean section didn't go smoothly. During the operation, she suddenly had massive bleeding. Although the last two children were born safely, she was transferred to the ICU and her condition wasn't very good.

Family members were not allowed to enter the ICU, so mo shenbai stood guard at the entrance of the ICU and did not leave.

As for the two children, he only took a quick glance at them when the nurse carried them out. He did not hear clearly whether they were boys or girls, but he was still thinking about Xu Youyou.

By the time Fu Jianchen rushed over from the mountain, the sky was already dark and it was snowing heavily. The snow on the roadside had already affected his travel.

He limped out of the elevator and prepared a stomach full of words to scold mo shenbai. Did he have to have a child? Was it more important to carry on the family line than Xu Youyou?

However, the moment he saw mo shenbai, he swallowed the words that were on the tip of his tongue.

The man who used to dominate the business world, who was swift and decisive, full of schemes, and who was not soft-hearted even in front of his own mother, was now sitting in a simple chair with his head lowered and his hands supporting his forehead. His straight back seemed to have been crushed by something.

Dejection, sorrow, and even deep despair.

It turned out that he was not invincible. He also had a weakness, and there were times when he was helpless.

It turned out that they were all the same, watching the rolling mortal world with their mortal bodies, being sucked in and stirred, unable to withdraw.

When Fu Jianchen walked to his side, he couldn't take it anymore. He sat on the cold floor and took a deep breath.

She'll be fine. She still owes me a lot of paintings. I haven't helped her hold an art exhibition yet. She'll definitely be fine.

When Mo Shenbai heard this, he slowly turned his head to look at his pale and even cracked lips, and then at his pants. There was obvious dust and moisture on his knees.

He took out the amulet from his pocket. She asked me to keep this before she went in.

Fu Jianchen took a glance at it and did not speak.

Mo Shenbai's open palm slowly clenched. She always thought that I asked for this for her. If she's safe and sound this time, I'll tell her that you asked for this for her, and I'll let her carry it with her for the rest of her life.

He was afraid, afraid that Buddha would no longer bless Xu Youyou because of his selfishness.

Fu Jianchen's eyes flickered. So ...

She didn't know. She never knew.

He lowered his head and chuckled, his voice hoarse, "No need,"

Mo Shenbai's black eyes were as calm as an ancient well. He looked at him in dead silence, and a trace of confusion flashed in his eyes.

"It doesn't matter who asked for it." Fu Jianchen had already seen through her. In the face of her safety, all these were nothing.

"As long as she's safe and sound, it doesn't matter if she knows or not."

He had done so many things for her not to move her, but because he wanted to.

If she knew, it would become a burden to her instead, and they would not be able to get along with each other freely.

Three days.

Xu Youyou lay in the ICU for three days, and Mo Shenbai and Fu Jianchen guarded the entrance of the ICU for three days.

Xu Youyou had woken up once during this period, but because her body was too weak, she fell asleep again without even saying a word to the nurse.

On the third day, Xu Youyou woke up again. Her body's indicators had returned to normal, and her spirit was much better.

The doctor announced that she was out of critical condition and could be transferred to the VIP Ward.

Mo Shenbai saw her in the ward and lowered his head to kiss her forehead deeply.

"I thought you really didn't want me anymore."

He lowered his head and pressed his forehead against Xu Youyou, his voice trembling.

No one could understand how he managed to survive the past three days. He didn't dare to leave or sleep. Every time the door of the ICU opened, his heart would be in his mouth.

He was afraid that the doctor would come over and notify her of her critical condition. He was afraid that she would really abandon him and leave.

He had even thought of what to do with their funeral. The only thing he did not do was to send it to PEI Chuan.

Xu Youyou could feel his fear. She smiled and said in a weak voice, "I'm sorry to have made you worry."

"It's good that you're alright, it's good that you're alright."

Mo shenbai kissed her lips, not caring about Fu Jianchen, who was still in the ward.