

## The Rest Of My Life Is For You

Chapter 14: Young Master is back!

As soon as Fang Zhenyi finished her sentence, the butler and even Nian Xiaomu looked up and cast a glance at her.

Was this woman trying to make trouble out of nothing again?

With a gentle laugh, Fang Zhenyi glanced at the butler. "Well, since different people have different ways of nursing, I suggest for Nian Xiaomu to do a handover of work so that I can better care for Little Miss."

"..." Just a handover of work?

A trace of astonishment flashed across Nian Xiaomu's eyes.

This was such a simple request; she would have agreed to it even if the butler objected to it.

It was great that Xiao Liuliu had undergone a successful surgery, and her wounds were also healing very well. Nonetheless, she is still a kid after all; there were a lot of things to take note of when caring for her.

It just so happened that she, too, had a couple of reminders she needed Fang Zhenyi to know.

"Sure, I will watch over Little Miss; you girls can do the work handover," the butler simply spoke and lifted Xiao Liuliu up.

Upon hearing what the butler said, a look of delight flashed past Fang Zhenyi's eyes, as though she had succeeded. She turned around and headed to the room.

Although it was the second time she had been in Xiao Liuliu's room, she still could not control the look of awe in her eyes.

This was indeed the lifestyle of the rich...

She was just a kid, but she was living the life of a princess...

"Where should we begin?" Nian Xiaomu entered right behind and asked her directly.

Fang Zhenyi finally hid her look of envy when she heard Nian Xiaomu's voice. With an arrogant look, she pointed to the medicine box. "You can start with this."

"I changed Xiao Liuliu's dressing at 6 p.m. in the evening, so you will only need to help her change it again before her bedtime..." Nian Xiaomu opened the medicine box and began the work handover in a very serious manner.

Before she even finished her sentence, Fang Zhenyi interrupted her.

"There are only the two of us here. Do you still want to continue this act?"

"..." Nian Xiaomu was stunned.

What did she mean by this?

Wasn't she the one who had been keeping up with all the pretense?

"Nian Xiaomu, what exactly are you going to do before you are willing to leave the Yu residence?" Fang Zhenyi walked up and questioned her in a puffed up manner.

"..." Nian Xiaomu finally understood that the so-called "handover" was an excuse after all.

Fang Zhenyi was not genuinely concerned about Xiao Liuliu; it was just part of her tactic to show dominance.

"Lame." Just as Nian Xiaomu was about to close the medicine box and leave, Fang Zhenyi reached out and stopped her.

"Nian Xiaomu, you will have to leave today even if you are unwilling to!"

Just as she finished her sentence, Fang Zhenyi picked up the cup of water on the table and proceeded to pour the contents into the medicine box.

"What are you doing?!"

Dumbfounded, Nian Xiaomu grabbed Fang Zhenyi by her wrist and pulled her back forcefully.

Hugging the medicine box, she immediately checked its contents.

Xiao Liuliu needed these tonight...

Before she had the chance to take out the medicine, Fang Zhenyi placed the empty cup in her hand back to the original spot and proceeded to the door, calling out loudly, "Nian Xiaomu, how dare you wet Little Miss's medicine! How did you take care of her!"

The voice startled everyone in the living room.

Before Nian Xiaomu had any chance to react, the butler was already in the room. Looking at the wet medicine, then at Nian Xiaomu, who was hugging the medicine box, his face sank...

"It wasn't me..."

"Nian Xiaomu, you better give me a reasonable explanation regarding this!" the butler swung his arms, pushed away the onlookers, and left the room.

In the living room.

The butler stood at the front, his face overcast.

Trembling with anger, he pointed repeatedly at Nian Xiaomu, who stood right in front of him.

“You, you, you... Explain what you have done!”

“What is there to explain? Butler, as you have seen just now, the medicines are all wet. If I did not request for a handover of work today, whatever had happened would have become my fault...” said the red-eyed Fang Zhenyi, who spoke up before anyone else, with an accompanying sense of grievance.

Before she could continue, voices chanting words of greetings came from the door.

“Young Master—”