

MRS. HUO IS A CRYBABY

Chapter 4: Don't Provoke Me, I'm 'Fierce'

Actually, she didn't mean to cry — but it hurt too much!! It wasn't like she could control her physiological reaction just because she wanted to.

Huo Yunque: "..."

1

The man scrunched up his brows and looked at the girl on the ground who had trespassed into his area. She was covering her head, twitching and crying in extreme pain.

She had clearly run into him, yet she seemed to be wronged instead of him.

The noise caused Huo Yunque's brain to hurt. He glanced at Song Yaoyao, parted his lips slightly, and ordered a subordinate who was standing in a dark corner, "Kick her out."

The man's voice was pleasant, yet cold and indifferent.

"Yes, sir."

Song Yaoyao stopped crying. As she held onto her head, she gasped for air.

Meanwhile, Huo Yunque turned around to leave. But before he got far, he felt something grab onto his Chinese-style robe.

He lowered his eyes and looked at the girl who was lying on the ground, gripping onto the corner of his robe.

She was tiny, rolled up on the floor like a small ball. Underneath the moonlight, he could see that her eyes and nose were red from crying, and her dark eyes reminded him of grapes that had been iced in summer: watery and round.

"Let go!"

His voice was cold and it contained a trace of impatience.

"No!"

Song Yaoyao had never been wronged. She grabbed onto the corner of Huo Yunque's robe and said in a weak, nasally voice, "You hurt me. Apologize!"

Huo Yunque lowered his gaze and his eyes fell on Song Yaoyao's red forehead. He raised his eyebrows slightly. Was this girl so delicate?

Huo Qi, who had just approached, felt his knees go weak. He looked at the shameless girl speechlessly and thought to himself, *oh my god, who is this fierce young lady? How dare she stop Master Huo and force him to apologize?*

You may be pretty and your voice may be delicate and soft, but Master Huo has never taken interest in the opposite sex! If you think you can get his attention by doing this, then you are wro—

“No.”

Huo Qi rubbed his face quietly when he heard Huo Yunque's response. The face slap was too painful!

Huo Yunque wanted to laugh, but he didn't. He simply stared at Song Yaoyao leisurely and waited for her response.

Song Yaoyao: “...” *This man is so annoying!*

Her bottom hurt and she wanted to cry again. Song Yaoyao pouted her lips and got angry.

2

“If you don't apologize, I won't...hic...I won't let go!”

How does it feel to sob in the middle of a sentence that's supposed to sound ruthless?

Huo Qi couldn't help but laugh. Huo Yunque glanced at Huo Qi coldly and he suddenly felt a chill on the back of his neck. As the temperature lowered around him, goosebumps formed on his arms.

“Sorry, sir, I will kick her out immediately!” Huo Qi immediately stopped laughing. He stepped forward, grabbed onto the back of Song Yaoyao's collar, and got ready to throw her out in case his boss got upset and decided to bury the girl in the garden as fertilizer.

It would be a shame for such a pretty girl to be used as fertilizer!

Seeing that Song Yaoyao was beautiful and delicate, Huo Qi decided to be gentle. But, to his surprise, the moment that he stretched out his hand, the world flipped upside down, and with a *bang*, he was lying on the floor before he could even react.

2

“Oh, I...” *WTF??*

What the hell happened? Did I encounter a ghost?

5

Song Yaoyao stood up. Her eyes were still red and teardrops continued to fall. As she cried, she pointed at Huo Qi who was lying on the floor in a daze. "This is a matter between the two of us. You, step aside!"

2

Turning her head, she grabbed onto the corner of Huo Yunque's robe again. "Hurry and apologize. I need to go eat."

3

Amusement appeared in Huo Yunque's eyes. Playing with the prayer beads in his hand, he asked, "What if I don't?"

3