

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 721 - Chapter 720: Duke, Help (part two)

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Duke made the bathwater hotter than usual. He also added some essential oils in the water to help Belinda relax. He walked out of the bathroom when everything was ready for her bath but then halted upon returning to their bedroom and seeing Belinda. Her injuries astonished him.

"How many more injuries like this do you have?" Duke crouched and lifted her feet. His brows were in knots. He hadn't seen these bloodstained injuries in the dark suburb. Nor had he examined her body when they got home. Now that he saw them, he couldn't help but panic.

"No more. Just these on my feet. I got them when I fell. I'm going to have a bath." Belinda withdrew her feet nervously. She got up and started to walk toward the bathroom. She tried but the pain on her feet caused her to stagger.

"Wait a minute. You shouldn't have a bath right now with those injuries. Let me attend to them first." Duke stepped up and attempted to hold her by the arm but Belinda closed the door to the bathroom and locked it from the inside.

Duke frowned. She was stubborn. It seemed that he had to wait until she finished her bath. He went downstairs to fetch the first-aid kit.

In the bathroom, Belinda took off the coat. She bit her lips upon looking at her injuries in the mirror and then walked to the bath. The cuts stung terribly the minute they got wet, but they stopped hurting much anymore after a while. Belinda kept rubbing her body with a towel. She rubbed so hard that some cuts were reopened and started bleeding again but she didn't stop. She rubbed every inch the drunken man had touched. Her skin was torn and the water had become red, but she was still rubbing. It seemed as if she couldn't feel the pain anymore. She must get clean. She couldn't accept herself as a dirty person.

She couldn't unleash her emotions in front of Duke but she cried in the bathroom where nobody could see her. She didn't blame anyone but herself for what had happened. She had brought it on herself. She had been too willful. Now she had to suffer alone.

Belinda's feet had been covered with dust. Thus Duke hadn't seen how badly her feet had been hurt. He checked the time and paced back and forth in the room. It had been half an hour and Belinda was still in there.

He sighed, walked to the door, and knocked.

Belinda, is everything okay? Don't stay in the tub for too long. It's bad for the cuts."

As if Belinda didn't hear Duke's words, she applied more body wash to her body, and started the process all over again. She was rubbing and rubbing. The shower head kept spraying water towards her. Water mixed with blood overflowed onto the floor.

Duke waited at the door but got no answer. He was worried. He went downstairs again and grabbed a spare key to the bathroom door. He almost fainted when he opened the door and saw the blood in the tub.

"Belinda, what are you doing?" Ignoring the spraying water, Duke bent over and got Belinda out of the tub.

"Leave me alone. I'm not done yet." Belinda murmured and struggled.

"You are done. You are very clean now." Duke felt guilty while looking at the cuts on her body. He should have thought of that. How could he not know that there were other cuts on her after that asshole's rough treatment?

"No, I'm not. It's gross. I'm dirty." Belinda didn't look right. She tried to go back to the tub. Duke couldn't exert too much strength on her considering her injuries. He was worried that he might hurt her.

"I say you are done!" This was the first time Duke had raised his voice to her after the incident at the beach. It was killing him to watch her hurt herself like this.

Belinda raised her head and looked at him sadly, completely forgetting that she was naked. Duke bowed his head and kissed her on the lips all of a sudden.

It was the only way he could come up with to take her mind off the horrible scene at the beach. He had to drive away her sense of shame before treating her injuries.

He was kissing her so gently as if she was a delicate treasure. Yet the expression on his face was all remorse and sadness.

Belinda was surprised by his kiss. This was the first time he had kissed her so softly. Actually, she hadn't known at all that Duke could be so gentle. She still hadn't recovered from the surprise when he stopped.

Duke grabbed a towel to cover her body. He was afraid that he might not be able to control himself later. "Let's get out of here." He bent over and carried her out of the bathroom quickly.

He put her on the bed carefully and tucked her in. Then he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Hello. Why are you calling me in the middle of the night? I was asleep." Tom had been doing operations all day. He had been exhausted and went to bed early. Woken up in the middle of the sleep, naturally he was not happy about it.

"Come to my house now. Belinda is injured. It looks bad. Take whatever you think might be useful." Duke said coldly and briefly. Sensing that Duke was serious, Tom got out of bed immediately and hurried into the bathroom.

"What's the cause of injury? Be specific. I need to know what medicine to take with me." Tom washed his face quickly with the phone between his head and shoulder.

"Scrapes. I am afraid there is a lot of sand in the cuts. Come as fast as you can. She's bleeding. I'll give her first aid for now. See you later." Duke hung the phone up and took the first-aid kit to the bed. He was sure Tom would be here soon.

"I'm fine. I just need some ointment. You shouldn't have troubled Tom." Belinda gazed at him. She didn't think her injuries were serious.

Duke just looked at her silently. He knew how bad her injuries were. He lifted the quilt to treat the cuts but Belinda pulled it down again quickly.

"Stay still. I must stop the bleeding before Tom gets here," Duke comforted her and tried lifting the quilt again slowly.

"But ... I am naked. Could you get me a nightgown?" Belinda grabbed the corner of the quilt tightly. She was too shy to lie naked before him.

"Can I stop the bleeding first and bring you your nightgown later?" Duke was extremely patient today. He even had never been so patient with Leena.

Chapter 722: Chapter 721: The Most Scheming Man (part one)

Belinda bit her lip and slowly closed her eyes. She thought, 'He's seen my body so many times already. Wouldn't it be too pretentious for me to be so reserved? Well, I'll just close my eyes and not look at him so I wouldn't be shy because of his look.'

Duke smiled playfully but he had no evil thoughts at all. He took a deep sad breath while looking at Belinda's bruises. He then stooped down before her and carefully applied the hemostatic powder on her bloody wounds.

"It would hurt a little. Hold on." Duke was gentle when he applied the medicine on Belinda's bruises and it was something unusual of him. His heart ached every time he saw her bruises. He didn't know if he had fallen in love with this woman who was as free

as the wind but he knew that he had felt sad and choked up when he saw the bruises all over her.

"Okay..." Belinda frowned and hummed. 'It's not like what he said. It really hurts,' she thought.

Duke regretted that he had just been too kind to that bastard while looking at Belinda's numerous wounds. He couldn't wait to kill that beast to get rid of his anger.

"Does it hurt?" Duke frowned as he looked at Belinda who was struggling in pain, and then gently applied the medicine on her bruises.

"No, it doesn't hurt much." Actually, it was not the pain of the powder biting on her wounds that troubled Belinda but Duke's way of looking at her naked body.

"I'm sorry. I know that it wouldn't relieve your pain even if I say sorry ten thousand times but still... sorry. As a man, I should not have only cared about my own self-esteem and ignored your feelings. It's my fault."

Duke looked soulfully at Belinda's half-closed eyes and then smiled in self-disapproval. He thought, 'I've been telling myself to be humble but I failed. I brought danger to Belinda.' He looked at the woman in front of him with mixed feelings. He knew he cared about her. It was just that he didn't know how to deal with his feelings for her.

"You don't have to feel guilty. It's all my fault. It has nothing to do with anyone else." Belinda might be careless and outspoken but unlike other girls in rich families, she wouldn't be capricious. She would not blame others for her own mistakes. Although she felt very sad, she knew that "One should not impose on others what he himself does not desire."

"You must hate me for letting this happen to you. Don't you?" Duke pursed his lips with a touch of sadness in his dark eyes.

"No. It is tiring to hate someone. I have no such taste for self-torture. Are you done?" I want to get dressed. I'm not used to not wearing clothes." Belinda kept her eyes closed. She was more afraid to look at Duke than to let him see her naked body.

"I'm done. I'll let Tom give a further check on your wounds." After Duke said that, he went to get her a nightgown. Belinda had always been an outgoing woman in his eyes. He didn't expect Belinda to be so shy. Belinda had too many wounds on her arms so he chose a skirt with shoulder-straps for her. Belinda let out a sigh of relief and let go of her tensed hands upon hearing his footsteps away. But the calmness didn't last long when she heard his voice again.

"Do you need any help?" Duke was not just holding her nightgown but also her underwear which made her extremely shy.

"No. I'll be Okay. Turn around." Belinda took the clothes from his hand and gave him an order as usual.

Unexpectedly, Duke said nothing this time. He just did as he was told silently with a faint smile on his face. He thought, 'I've already seen your body. Don't you think it's a little late for me to turn around now?' He didn't want to quarrel with an injured woman though, so he didn't embarrass her and just shut up.

Belinda was careful as she was scared to hurt her wounds. After acting out of whack in the bathroom, she was now calm and less sensitive. Twenty minutes later, Tom arrived at Duke's house. Tom took a deep breath upon seeing Belinda's wounds. He did not know what had happened to Belinda or why Belinda had so many wounds. Although Tom was curious about this, neither Belinda nor Duke wanted to tell him, so he didn't ask. He just checked Belinda's wounds.

"OK. Don't let the wounds get wet. If I'm right, your wounds have been soaking for a long time. I'll prescribe some anti-inflammatory drugs for you to prevent the wounds from getting inflamed." Tom frowned as he said those things. He thought, 'Are Duke and Edward intentionally causing me trouble? Why are their wives always injured? I'm about to become their family doctor now.'

"Thank you, Tom." Belinda had met Tom before, but she didn't know him very well. She treated Tom politely which was totally different from the way she treated Rain. She didn't know why she would do that.

"You're welcome. But If you really want to thank me, don't let yourself get hurt. Are you and Daisy thinking that I am too idle? Why are you girls always injured?"

Tom shook his head. Although Tom gave Belinda good medicines, they were not as good as his own. It wasn't that Tom did not want to give Belinda the drugs he had made himself, it was just that Daisy already used them all up. Belinda was going to suffer more because no new drugs had been developed.

"I am sorry to bother you," Belinda said gently with an embarrassed look on her face.

"I just feel sorry for you. Just don't mind what I said." Tom knew from Belinda's expression that she must misunderstood him so he explained to her hurriedly.

"Are you done? If so, you can leave now. Stop talking rubbish!" Duke gave Tom a cold glance which really freaked Tom out. Tom thought, 'Does he really need to be overreacting?'

"Excuse me, Duke. Are you trying to kick down the ladder? Mr. and Mrs. Leng, then I shall leave you alone. Have a good rest." At that moment, Tom thought that he was really not good at making friends. Both Edward and Duke treated him bad and were ungrateful for his help.

"OK. Be careful." Belinda nodded softly. Belinda felt her wounds were less painful after Tom's treatment, "Okay. Goodbye." Tom picked up his medicine box, turned around and walked out. Duke followed him.

"How is her injury? How long will it take her to recover?" Duke asked anxiously. He suddenly felt uneasy upon remembering that Belinda had an appointment with the President of YD Group the next day.

"She's all right. She will be okay when the water on her wounds dries. As long as she keeps the wounds untouched, it will not affect her ordinary daily activities," Tom said calmly with his head tilted.

"Good. Okay, you may leave now. I'm not going to send you out." Duke stopped as soon as he heard what he wanted. Apparently, he did not intend to send Tom downstairs.

"Damn it, Duke! Could you be more impolite? You're not going to take me downstairs. I knew that! Is that how you treat your guests?" Tom glared at Duke. He thought, 'Who says the youngest one can get the most favor? Why don't I get it? Why am I so miserable?'

"Are you a guest?" Duke looked at him coldly with a trace of banter in his eyes.

"No, I am not." Tom answered honestly. Duke's family was the one he visited most often besides Edward's. He knew Duke's family very well for him to not be considered as a guest.

Since you are not a guest, why should I send you down? You how to get down right? Just go. As soon as had Duke finished speaking, he walked into the room, showing no politeness to Tom.

Chapter 723: Chapter 722: The Most Scheming Man (part two)

Tom closed his eyes and told himself not to be angry or he would really be killed by Duke's arrogance. After quietly adjusting his mood, Tom went downstairs and soon left the place which drove him nuts.

S City was still in a dark color in the early morning minutes after the sun rose. Daisy was already on her way to the military base.

"Colonel, will you be promoted this time?" Mark asked tentatively, looking at Daisy in the rear view mirror.

I'm not going to get promoted. Remember the tip-off last time? It affected me a lot. So, even if I performed deeds of merit in the military drill, it was useless." Daisy didn't care if she could get a promotion. She just wanted to do her job well.

"But you'll not know when you'll get a promotion if you miss this opportunity," Mark pouted, feeling a little bit unhappy with what had happened to Daisy.

"It doesn't matter. I am quite happy now. Anyway, I got what I want. There is no need to be greedy. Just as the old saying goes, "A man who is contented will be happy." Daisy smiled mildly. She used to work hard to match with Edward. She had lost that impulse now, having no enthusiasm and perseverance for promotion.

"I'm just angry. Why do you have to make sacrifices every time? That's unfair. I thought you would be able to regain people's approval in the military drill this time even though you missed the opportunity in the closed training the last time. I didn't expect that this drill would still be ruined by someone." Mark was angry at the very mention of it. He did not understand why his colonel's merit and strength were always ignored by them.

"I'm not angry, so you don't have to be angry. You can say that in front of me but don't tell anyone else. I can't protect you if you do that. Did you hear me?" Daisy knew Mark was speaking for her but she was still worried that he was too noisy to keep his mouth shut.

"Yes, I did, Colonel." Mark was not that stupid to say anything in front of others. He could just complain. He didn't want to get Daisy into trouble, after all.

Okay. Drive carefully." Looking from the car window, Daisy saw patches of fallen leaves were flying along with the Humvee. It was a little cold on that late autumn morning but she was still in her summer uniform; She did not feel cold at all.

Winter was Daisy's favorite season of the year because the cold could hide her heavy sadness. Only in this way would she not be defeated by her painful experience of the past.

Daisy sighed softly and turned to pick up the phone next to her. After thinking for a while, she fidgeted on the keyboard with a smile on her face and sent Edward a message. Obviously, Daisy was in a good mood.

Edward was woken up by his message alert tone. He didn't know why Justin had set up such a pop song as a ringtone.

Edward held out his slender hand to his side to feel the space beside him. He didn't feel her soft body next to him as usual. He was used to that but still like a hard hobby, he would still reach out his hand every morning to that side when he got up.

He reluctantly opened his eyes, ran his fingers through his messy short hair and then picked the phone next to the bed up. He frowned quizzically when he saw the sender's name and then quickly clicked on the message. A warm message immediately caught his eyes and completely woke him up. "Baby, open the window. Have you heard the wind is telling you I miss you?"

Although the message was short, Edward was thrilled. He went to the window, as Daisy said. He drew the thick curtains aside and opened the window. He held out his hand upon feeling the chill of late Autumn and tried to catch something in the wind. He knew he would catch nothing but it somehow made him feel that Daisy was beside him.

"Baby, it's still early in the morning. Do you miss me that much? Do you want to see me?" Edward quickly sent back an erotic message to Daisy and then looked out the window. 'This little woman doesn't like to say anything mushy but she really surprised me this time', he thought.

While Edward was indulging in these sweet moments, Justin ran in without knocking the door. He was dressed very cool and looked very cute.

"Daddy, can you send me to school today?" Justin asked with his head raised, looking at Edward who was much higher than him.

"Don't you like your grandparents to send you to school? Why did you suddenly change your mind?" Edward slightly pinched Justin's nose and went to the bathroom.

"I want you to send me to the school today. Please." Justin ran after Edward like a shadow with a pleading expression on his face.

"Tell me why." Edward turned to look at him without stopping washing up.

"Tell you why?" Justin pouted, miserably looking at Edward who was brushing his teeth.

"Buddy, I am not your mother. I know what you're thinking." Edward thought Justin must have quarreled with someone because of him.

"Then why don't you send me to school?" Justin ran over and hugged Edward's leg and started acting spoiled.

"You'll have to wait for me to wash up!"

"I can't just go out like this!" Edward always had no way to deal with Justin, so as soon as Justin behaved in a spoiled manner, he would give what Justin wanted.

"Yes! That would be great! Daddy, I'll go downstairs and wait for you. Hurry up." Edward promised to send Justin to school, which made the child very happy. The kid ran down the stair with a bright smile.

Edward resignedly shook his head. He knew he was being used by this little guy again. However, instead of being unhappy, he quite looked forward to sending Justin to the school. 'What trouble has he got me into this time?', he thought.

Edward opened the large cloakroom which was full of all kinds of designer clothes. He put on a black shirt and a silver-gray tie. Then he took a black suit and went downstairs. He looked more handsome in this suit.

Wow! Daddy, I'll give you a full score of 90 for your suit." Justin was so excited when he saw what Edward was wearing today that his face started to crack into a smile.

Isn't the full score 100? Why is it 90?" Edward put his coat and briefcase on the sofa, and then walked to sit down at the table.

"In my assessment, there is a 10-point floating score, or you will have no room for development." Justin said earnestly, leaning against the table and looking at his Dad.

"You mean I'm not that handsome today?" Edward glanced at Justin and began to eat breakfast. 'Justin is the only one at home today? Where are the others? This is so weird,' he thought.

"Come on. That's a compliment! I mean you could be more handsome. It would be great if you wore women's clothes. You must look incredibly beautiful." Justin said excitedly, with a look of anticipation on his face.

"Buddy, it seems that you don't want me to send you to the school today?" 'Did he really just say that I look like a woman? Isn't he afraid I won't send him to school?' Edward thought.

"No. I didn't mean that." Justin touched his nose and thought, 'Who said that he is an easy-going man? That's nonsense! He is the most scheming man who can easily defeat you at any time.'

Chapter 724: Chapter 723: Uprooted Jasmine (part one)

"Don't cry over spilled milk. That's exactly the case. It's too late to take back your words now." Edward raised his eyebrows at the sullen look on Justin's face. Justin wanted to rile Edward up, but he was too young and naive. Since Edward was the father, it was impossible for him to lose to his son.

Ha! Dad, I know you won't disappoint me, will you?" Justin repeatedly shook his dad's arm, despite the fact that Edward was in the middle of eating his breakfast.

"What makes you think so?" Edward stuck out his tongue to lick the rice on his lips. He narrowed his eyes and looked at Justin with a derisive smile.

I don't care about anything else. I only know that if you don't go with me, I will lose to someone!" Justin pouted. Thinking of the new boy in his class, his face swelled with anger. Not only was the newcomer cocky, but he also constantly made trouble for Justin. If he wasn't worried about his mother punishing him and making him join the drill, he would have taught the boy a good lesson earlier. Then the newcomer wouldn't have had the chance to be so overbearing in front of Justin.

"Alright, spit it out. What did you do this time?" Edward put down his chopsticks and took out a napkin to wipe his mouth before standing up.

"I didn't do anything! It's just been a long time since the last time you took me to school." Justin bit his lip. He didn't want to admit that the reason he was insisting that his father bring him to school was because he was sick of the cocky boy boasting how handsome his dad was. Justin didn't want to lose to him in this regard.

"Is it really just that? Why does it seem like you're not telling the truth?" Edward grabbed his suit and briefcase from the sofa and gave Justin an incredulous look.

"Yes, that's the only reason why I want you to go with me. You are thinking too much." Justin took his backpack and rushed to keep up with Edward, his face beaming with excitement. He knew his father would give in.

As soon as they walked to the garden of their house, Edward was shocked by the sight that greeted him. He had wondered why everyone suddenly disappeared from the house. It turned out that they all gathered in the garden. Even his parents were present.

"What are you doing here?" Edward frowned. When he saw the uprooted plants lying on the ground, he felt his stomach turn.

"Mr. Mu, your mom said she was bored and wanted to plant some vegetables in this plot. In this case, we don't have to buy inorganic vegetables from the market anymore. We can grow organic vegetables at home." Mrs. Wu wiped the mud off her hands, and looked at Edward with concern. She knew that the jasmine flowers in the garden were Edward's favorites.

"That's nonsense. Can't you just plant the vegetables somewhere else?" Edward glared at the spot with burning eyes. Why did they have to uproot his favorite flowers? Besides, this was a garden and not a vegetable plot.

"Your mom said that since the jasmine flowers flourished the most in the garden, the soil here must be the most fertile. If we grow vegetables here, they would turn out very good." Mrs. Wu hesitantly relayed Cynthia's reasoning to Edward, prepared for Edward to lose his temper on her.

"That's ridiculous. Replant them and put the garden back to how it was before." Looking at the uprooted jasmines spread all over the place, Edward was filled with the urge to kill someone. His mother said that the soil here was the most fertile? Of course it was, he had asked the gardener to cultivate the land especially for the growth of the jasmine flowers.

Um..." Mrs. Wu glanced at the loving couple not far away and back at Edward who was currently in a fit of rage. Caught in the middle, she was at a loss for what to do. She had tried to persuade Cynthia away from the idea right from the beginning, but she didn't listen. Now, Edward was telling her to replant them, which would go against Cynthia's instructions.

At this time, Cynthia finally saw Edward and walked towards him with a gentle smile. "Who made you so angry this early in the morning?"

You're definitely my good mother." Edward ground his teeth as he restrained his anger from exploding. Who was she fooling? She already knew the answer. No one else would dare anger him except for her.

"I've known that for a while, it's surprising that you didn't realize it until now. It seems that I didn't pay enough attention to you before." Cynthia smiled gracefully, a mischievous look flashing on her young and beautiful face. She knew why Edward was upset, but playing the fool was the best option for her now.

"Don't try to change the topic. Why did you have them remove all my jasmines?" Looking at his mother smiling brightly in front of him, Edward controlled his temper and remained calm in front of her despite how angry he felt in his heart. Meanwhile, someone who was just as intimidating was looking at him aggressively not far away. If Edward dared to be rude to his wife, Jonathan would definitely step forward and fight back immediately.

"Don't you feel bored seeing the same thing everyday when you walk out of the house? I decided to reorganize this place for you myself. Don't be too moved." Cynthia tried to use her charm to justify her transgression in front of the raging tiger. She completely ignored her son's sullen face and flashed him a gentle smile.

Grandma, you should stop provoking my dad. Can't you see that he's about to blow his top?" Justin hoped that his dad would not blow his top. Otherwise, who else would bring him to school? The main point was that he had yet to achieve his goal.

"I'm not provoking him. I'm just telling the truth." Cynthia didn't expect Edward to be so angry with her. But she was also gambling whether or not she had a place in his heart after getting along with him for several months since she came back. It was true that she wanted to grow some organic vegetables, but more importantly she wanted to test how important she was in Edward's heart.

"Yes, you didn't provoke me, you're only testing my patience. But I have to say you win." Looking at the jasmine flowers spread all over the place, Edward closed his eyes and clenched his fists before turning around and quickly walking away.

"Grandma, you're finished. Don't expect dad to talk to you for the rest of the week. He holds a grudge on things like this," Justin gloated in a low voice and ran to catch up to his dad, leaving Cynthia standing alone with a frown. She watched the tall man and the small boy quickly disappear from her sight.

"Are you happy now? You pissed him off." Jonathan approached her. Although he was rebuking her, his tone was affectionate.

"Do you think I went too far?" Cynthia raised her head and asked Jonathan hesitantly.

"What do you think? Just let it go. It's already done, it's pointless to wonder if it's right or wrong. Just think about what vegetables you want to plant here." Planting vegetables in the garden was a whimsical idea that only his lovely wife could come up with. But as long as it was something that she wanted, he would support it no matter what. He would do whatever it took to make it happen, even if it meant he had to ruffle his son's feathers.

"Mrs. Wu, please find a place for these jasmine flowers and replant them." Cynthia heaved a sigh. Actually, she was very satisfied with how things turned out. Although Edward got really angry, he didn't shout at her or lose his temper with her. If it were before, this reaction would have been impossible.

"Okay, I will." Mrs. Wu shook her head. Cynthia was so stubborn to challenge Edward like that. Despite knowing that the jasmines were his favorites, she insisted on growing the vegetables in the same plot.

During the entire trip to the school, Edward kept his mouth shut firmly and didn't say a word. Justin couldn't help but worry at the tense silence. It seemed that the flowers were very important to his dad, otherwise he wouldn't be so angry.

"Dad, are you still mad at grandma?" Justin asked, turning his head to look at him. He seldom saw his dad so quiet.

"No, I just feel bad for the flowers." Edward flashed a reassuring smile towards Justin before turning back forward to keep his attention on the road. He was only angry for an instant, he felt more regretful than anything else. The flowers represented his childhood dream. Although he had already made it come true, he still wanted to preserve the memory. Seeing the flowers every time he passed by the garden was a reminder of his passion for this dream.

"Why do you like jasmines so much?" Seeing that Edward had calmed down, Justin began to ask him to get to the root of the matter. All the things his father used were

jasmine-scented. Justin had always been curious about this, but he couldn't find the appropriate moment to bring up the topic. He seized the opportunity to satisfy his curiosity.

Guess, Edward gave him a mysterious smile. It was a secret he only shared with Daisy, and he wanted to keep the beautiful memory to themselves.

Chapter 725: Chapter 724: Uprooted Jasmine (part two)

"I think it's related to my mom." Justin smiled. Judging from how much his dad loved his mom, the reason Edward was so fond of jasmines could only be his mom. Justin couldn't think of anybody else who could weigh so much in his dad's heart except for her. It was not possible in any way for Edward to plant those flowers for any other woman.

"Yes, completely right. You're so clever." Edward smiled in admiration. Since Justin already knew, he thought it was needless to keep hiding it.

"In that case, did you fall in love with mom long before our family got reunited?" The first time Justin entered the house, he remembered seeing those jasmines. This was the reason why he was so certain.

"That's not your concern. You kids don't understand the adult world. Okay, we're here." Edward pulled the car over at the gate of the school and opened the door of the car. It happened to be the time that all the parents were bringing their kids to school, so there were many luxurious cars parked nearby. But the appearance of the luxurious Lamborghini was quite a rare sight.

Justin looked outside the car window, trying to find the boy who always showed off in front of him. Today, it would be Justin's turn to show off. But after searching for a while, he couldn't find him anywhere. Justin became a little frustrated at the prospect of getting riled up by that annoying boy again.

"What are you looking for? Get out of the car." Edward pulled the door open and followed Justin's gaze, but he didn't find anything unusual.

Haha... Nothing!" Justin slowly got off the car. He stood at the gate of the school and continued to look around, trying to find the boy. If he missed this chance today, he didn't know what excuse he could give to his dad to bring him to school another time.

Although Edward found his son's behavior odd, he stopped asking and went into the car to pick up the ringing phone. He didn't have time to pay attention to Justin's strange behavior.

"Justin, this is my dad. Isn't he very handsome?" At this time, an adorable boy appeared with a gentleman next to him. The boy smiled smugly at Justin.

"Good morning, uncle." Although Justin didn't like the boy, the good manners that had been instilled in him since he was little made him greet them politely.

"Good morning, little boy." Moore Fei lowered his head and looked at Justin with a smile. He had the feeling that he had met the boy before, but he failed to remember on which occasion they had met.

Dad, hurry up, I'm getting late!" Justin shouted at Edward, who was sitting in the car and talking on the phone. He suddenly found his actions stupid. But the arrow had already left the string, he had to continue carrying out his plan and go with the flow. But he was no longer as eager to win as he was before.

At Justin's shout, the little boy and his father looked in the direction that Justin shouted at. But the only thing they saw was a sleek luxurious Lamborghini. They couldn't see the person inside the car.

"Justin, are you fooling me? Where is your dad?" The boy pouted and glared at Justin angrily. He displayed his true feelings on his face immediately, as a typical child would.

Hearing his son urging him to go, Edward had to end the call. He pushed the door open and got off the car. His handsome appearance, distinguished temperament, and noble demeanor immediately attracted everyone's attention. The moment Moore Fei saw Edward, he was stunned. He had wondered why the boy seemed so familiar when he first saw him. It turned out that he was the son of Mr. Mu.

"Mr. Mu, good morning!" Moore Fei nodded to Edward in a humble and polite manner.

"Mr. Fei, it's you. What a coincidence!" Edward frowned in surprise. Moore Fei was the new planning director of the FX International Group. He was a rare talent, a young man with great potential. It was very strange to see him here.

"Yes, it's such a coincidence! I was wondering why this boy looked so familiar. It turns out that he is Mr. Mu's son. Please excuse my imprudence." Moore Fei was new in the company. He didn't know that Edward had a son this age. He was taken aback at the sight of the father and son together.

"It's okay, you didn't know. But you also surprised me. I didn't think that a young man like you would already be married and have a son." Edward smiled pleasantly at the boy who was gazing at him in awe. He was very friendly to the little boy.

"I'm flattered. I'm glad you didn't laugh at me." The reason why he quit his former company was because he heard that the CEO of the FX International Group provided the employees with a lot of creative space to exercise their talents and reach their full

potential. Hearing that the CEO wouldn't randomly overturn the achievements of his employees, he decided to quit his old job and transfer to the FX International Group.

"We can talk later in the office. The kids will be late for school." At that moment, Edward didn't seem like a superior CEO. He talked to Moore Fei like a fellow parent. There was no trace of putting on airs in his tone and actions.

"Dad, we can go to the classroom by ourselves." Realizing that they were colleagues, Justin suggested in understanding. He was also very surprised at the turn of event.

"Okay, you may go now. I'll watch you from here until you enter the classroom." Edward knew that Daisy always made sure to develop Justin's independence, so he happily agreed with Justin's suggestion.

"Dad, I'll go with Justin," the boy said, taking his eyes off Edward. He suddenly realized the meaning of the saying, "there is always someone better than you." Although it was true that his father was very handsome, compared to Justin's dad, his own dad paled. At the knowledge, he suddenly became very friendly towards Justin and wanted to be close to him.

"Okay, go on then." Moore Fei had a temperament that was very similar to Tom's, they both belonged to the gentle kind. He wore a graceful smile the entire time.

"Bye, dad! Bye, uncle!"

"Bye! dad! Bye, uncle!"

The two little boys bid the adults goodbye and turned around to go to school, with Justin walking in front and the other boy following behind. The two fathers didn't leave until the kids disappeared from their sight. Then they tore away their gaze and left in their own cars. While they drove away, an interesting conversation was taking place in the campus.

"Justin, is your dad a movie star? He's so handsome!" The boy ran to catch up to Justin before asking him in a low voice.

"No." Justin answered shortly, keeping his fast pace.

"But why doesn't he become a movie star? It's such a pity to waste those good looks!" Not getting the answer he wanted, the boy continued to ask.

"Martin Fei, you're so annoying! Who says that handsome men have to be movie stars? You are so shallow!" Justin suddenly stopped in his tracks. He couldn't stand Martin's babbling any longer. "Okay, I'll change the topic. You dad's car is so cool! It must be very comfortable riding that car, huh?" Martin Fei was used to being scolded, so he

wasn't put off by Justin's angry face at all. He continued to ask questions that he was curious about.

"I don't know." Justin didn't give any clear answer. If he had known that Martin Fei was such an annoying boy, he wouldn't have asked Edward to come with him. But it was done now, he already drew Martin's attention. He had to suffer Martin Fei's pestering for the rest of his life. This was what would happen in the later part of the story.

"So, what does your father do? He looks so awesome!" Whatever Justin said didn't matter now. Martin Fei would continue to ask him questions no matter what. He believed that Justin would tell him in the end.

"He sells things." In Justin's eyes, that was exactly what he thought his father did. From department stores to restaurants, his father's business sold things. So he thought that he was answering in the correct way.

"Really? Does he sell delicious food?" Martin Fei swallowed his saliva at the thought. He was obviously also a foodie who was only interested in excellent delicacies.

"You're such a pig, only thinking about food." Justin looked at Martin Fei with contempt. Although he was also a foodie himself, he ignored the fact in favor of deriding Martin Fei.

Does he sell delicious food or not? Please tell me! Martin Fei continued to pester Justin with his questions. Probably he lacked the exercise, he panted as he trotted to keep up with Justin's pace.

Yes, if you don't want to be a fat boy, you can keep being curious. Justin quickened his steps, while Martin continued to follow him without the slightest intention of giving up. Their voices quickly trailed off in the distance. Many years later, they would look back at this memory with amusement. Although they started out as enemies, they became friends since that morning.