

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 786 - Chapter 785: Haunting Us All The Time (part three)

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"What?! You're THE female colonel?! It is said that it was you who arrested Hawk. Is that true?" asked Shura. He was stumped. Feeling a little intimidated, he sighed deeply to himself. Was this his destiny? Was he going to die by this woman's hands today? Hawk was much stronger than Shura. If he hadn't managed to escape this girl, Shura could not manage to do it at all! Plus, everything was on her side at the moment. There was just no opportunity for him to turn the tide in his favor. Looking at how she had knocked down all his entourages just minutes ago, it would be too stupid not to admit she had great abilities. She could easily take him down in a split second.

"No, you are mistaken. I was the one who executed his arrest. But I only did it in accordance with the law of our country. Now, I am here to arrest you for the same reason. You violated the law, so I have to do what it tells me to do. It's my responsibility to keep our country safe. But it's not for me to decide whether or not to sentence you. I am only the executor," explained Daisy calmly. She couldn't risk relaxing at all. She must stay alert and keep caution until everything was settled. Just like the time when Edward had been shot, being careless in front of her opponent was deadly. If she wanted to avoid getting anyone harmed again, she could never be too circumspect. The same mistake could not be allowed twice. She would not allow Shura any opportunity to fight back again.

"What if I give you money? Lots and lots of money, so much that you wouldn't even be able to count it. Would you release me then?" asked Shura, with a sliver of hope in his heart. He tried to induce Daisy with his dirty money. He thought she must have chosen to become a military officer only because of penury. She shouldn't be able to resist the allure of so much money! She would probably take his bribery. What he didn't know was that Daisy already had so much money that she didn't even get a chance to spend. She would never be able to use up the pool of wealth at her disposal even in her entire life.

"The one thing I detest most in life is drugs. And people like you, who traffic them, are even more abominable! Do you even know how many good families are destroyed because of what you do?!" Daisy exclaimed in anger. What a shameless impenitent jerk! If she ever needed money, Edward, the man-shaped ATM would always be there for her. He was at her home and easier to get access to. So why would she ever choose Shura over Edward for money? Besides, Shura's money was dirty. It had so many people's blood and lives attached to it.

"Why should I care about other people's happiness? All I know and need to know is that I myself would be very unhappy if I didn't have so much money," said Shura unrepentantly. His eyes still glanced around sneakily, hoping to catch on to an escape

route. He hoped to take advantage of every mistake Daisy might make. Wondering at how he could bolt under such a circumstance, Shura knew he'd be damned if he decided to give in easily!

"You make so many people homeless and miserable. You destroy their chance to be happy just because you are so greedy for money. How selfish are you?!" Daisy condemned him severely. Daisy was furious at this unreasonable man. She would never forgive Shura. His heart was wicked and ugly.

"I don't think it's such a big deal. Every man on Earth does such things. Every single man is selfish. It's better that I am the fortunate one. Other people's mishaps are none of my business. Besides, dare you say that you are not doing this for your own merit? I don't think you truly care to help those unfortunate men," Shura sneered coldly. His tone was scornful and contemptuous. Shura believed that everyone on the planet was as self-serving as he was. All of them only bothered about their own benefits. Besides, Shura believed he was just a common man doing a job anyone else would do! A man like him would never reflect on what he did, Daisy thought. He would never label himself as a dangerous criminal who committed dishonorable deeds.

"I do dare say that I am NOT. I do not care about my merits. I only choose to do right for people. I am here to arrest you only because you ought to be arrested," replied Daisy. She had already seen through Shura's strategy. She knew exactly what he was trying to do - he was on the lookout for escape. But he would need an opportunity to do so.

That was the only reason why he kept talking to try and divert her attention, using his little tricks to delay her decision and gain himself some time. Then he might be able to get away. However, since Daisy already knew the way he thought, she would make sure to never give him the slightest of an opportunity. She was playing tricks with him too, talking back to him just as he wished she would, but always remaining on her guard. Before she could think of a better idea to take him down without firing any shot, she wouldn't be able to move either. She did not want to injure anyone if it wasn't inevitable, but it wasn't easy to keep him under her thumb otherwise. After all, not only Shura himself knew what he was going to do next. The best thing to do was to stay alert and be prepared for any movements he might make.

"What a good joke! You think I will ever believe what you say? It's better you release me now, or I can easily be a much bigger inconvenience to you," said Shura ferociously, gritting his teeth. He hated the way Daisy dealt with him. He despised her stubbornness and righteousness.

"You think you'll ever have a chance to get release from prison once you are captured? You should be more worried about how many kilograms of heroin you're carrying and what that means to your sentence," said Daisy mockingly. Her smile was laced with derision.

"I'll be dead anyway, but you would go to hell with me!" Even before Shura finished speaking, he had made his move. He bent down, quickly picked up a pistol lying near him and aimed it at Daisy. Before he could pull the trigger, however, Daisy made her shot without any hesitation. A bullet hit Shura's right wrist with precision. Before he could react to the hit, she rushed over to subdue him. It was all over just in an instant. Daisy was covered with cold sweat all over. If she had been even a second slower, the person lying on the ground would have been her. Fortunately, her eyes had been closely tracking his movements all the time, just in case of such an accident. Her well-trained battle skills were like conditioned reflexes now, and that had earned her precious time to always be one step ahead of Shura.

Finally, after the fight had ended, the other soldiers rushed over and captured the drug traffickers immediately. Most of them were badly injured. Another mission had been completed successfully. Without even affecting their training session, they had managed to arrest a group of drug traffickers and seized five kilograms of heroin, as well as a total of one million and six hundred thousand US dollars. That was a petrifying number!

"Colonel, you have been hurt. Shall we end this training session now?" Mark asked with worry in his voice upon returning to the combat area. Who would have thought they would run into a group of drug traffickers in a simple field survival training? Everyone was caught by surprise, though luckily, they had not been unprepared. Based on the number of drugs they had been carrying, this must have been a notorious group of drug traffickers!

Chapter 787: Chapter 786: Haunting Us All The Time (part four)

"I am fine. I just have some small scratches. It is no big deal. I will deal with them when we go back tomorrow. You don't need to worry about me. The most important task at hand is to make sure these drug dealers don't get away until the police arrive," ordered Daisy calmly. It was still early, so there should be enough time for the police to come and arrest the dealers before it grew dark. It would be better if they could transfer them to Mr. Yi, the director of the police station, today itself. She did not want to wait until tomorrow. Too many unpredictable things could happen in between.

"Don't worry! They have all been tied up. Those who are injured may still suffer a bit though. The military medics could only give them a simple treatment for their wounds. The bleeding has been stopped. But they will have to wait until they get to the hospital to take the bullets out by surgery," reported Mark. Though they had just undergone an intense battle, he was quite enthusiastic. The Colonel had once again done a great job. Her merits were earned by her excellent abilities. Who could still disapprove of her title?

"Did you ask for the ambulance too when you called Mr. Yi?" asked Daisy, frowning deeply. Apparently, she hadn't thought as far as Mark had. All she could wonder at was

how lucky she had been this time that she was still alive. It was not like she feared death much. But her life didn't merely belong to herself, but also to her beloved Edward. She couldn't afford to lose it since that would break his heart utterly.

"Yes, Colonel! I've mentioned that already. Shall I ask the military medic to take a look at your wounds too?" asked Mark. He was concerned about Daisy's wounds, but he didn't want to see an angry Edward either. He was already imagining how mad Edward would be when he got to know Daisy had been hurt again. Every time she got injured, he grew frosty and truly acted like a demon from hell.

"Not yet. It does not matter. I will deal with them when I get back," answered Daisy. Her emotionless face was still covered with oil paint from their training. It was hard to figure out what she was feeling. But Mark had been her comrade for so long, he could see that she was exhausted.

"Maybe you should take some rest inside the car then? I will wake you up when Mr. Yi arrives, Colonel," suggested Mark. Mark had always been attentive. It was not always that a man was as considerate as him.

"Okay then. But pay heed to their training progress. I hope that they can finish soon," said Daisy. She did feel tired after completing the tasks. So she did not reject Mark's suggestion this time. After giving her final orders, she went to the Humvee that stood at a distance.

"Yes, Colonel! I'll notify the leaders. Have a good rest!" Mark said, confirming her orders. As he watched her get on the Humvee, Mark realized he was happy. He had a brilliant smile on his face, similar to that of a young teenage boy.

Daisy had thought of only taking a nap. But she must have been too tired, and had fallen asleep right away. By the time Mr. Yi arrived, she had slept for more than an hour.

Colonel Ouyang, thank you very much! We have been tracking these drug dealers for a long time, but could not execute their arrest due to lack of evidence. We never thought they would have the courage to trade drugs in your area. It is unlucky for them to meet you here, but they deserve it. With the proof you have collected this time, we could charge them prison sentences for life. We are so grateful to you!" Mr. Yi exclaimed fervently.

Actually, he felt quite small in stature every time he met Daisy Ouyang. It was not due to her high ranking in the military base, but because of her ability to solve complications and successfully complete impossible missions. Compared to her, he felt his own work did not match up in significance.

"It's our responsibility to protect our country and society. The safety of the people also relies on us. Arresting those who endanger our society comes under that. We just did what we were supposed to do. You do not need to thank us," Daisy said politely. She

was never someone who cared a lot about her merits, even though it had cost her many promotions.

In any case," Mr. Yi complimented, "You have made a great contribution to our country and to the people today." To be precise, it was not just Daisy who had made the contribution. By tracking down such a large drug transaction case and apprehending this group of drug dealers, Mr. Yi would also be rewarded. That was the main reason he was so enthusiastic.

"It is not a big deal. We just did what we had to do. I think it would be better if you take the drug dealers back to your station now. I can't go with you as I still have a training session to monitor. But if you have any problems, feel free to call me anytime. I am willing to assist in your investigation. Keep in touch," Daisy said, her tone still civil but cold. Watching the sun sink to the west, Daisy was lost in her thoughts. Whether she got merits for such missions was no longer as important as it used to be. She was no longer the young soldier from a few years ago, who needed to work hard and do her very best to earn her title. At that time, she did not have anyone to rely upon. She was forced to take up dangerous and deadly missions one after another, to make meritorious contributions and climb up the ranking ladder. The reason for the difference today was only one person - Edward, her beloved husband. She had been pushing herself so hard for all the merits not because she wanted them for herself. She had needed them to prove her abilities. She wanted to be approved by others so she wouldn't feel like she wasn't good enough for Edward. After all, Edward was so extraordinary, that to be with him, Daisy needed to be outstanding too. But now, he was hers, a man who only belonged by her side and would always belong there. She did not feel the need to push herself so hard anymore.

"Okay, then we will leave now. If there is anything that might need your assistance, we will call you. We will be in contact," Mr. Yi replied humbly. He had always been deferential with Daisy every time they met, both because of her military ranking and her patriotic attitude. She was indeed a responsible officer who completed all her missions perfectly. Mr. Yi believed that Colonel Ouyang was a lady who demanded respect.

"Of course. I will be cooperative," Daisy said. When Mr. Yi left with the arrested drug dealers, she finally got some quietude back. There would be a report to write regarding today's event when she got back. She sighed deeply. She frankly did not like that part of the job. They were only formalities without any meaning to them. No one would ever read those reports. What a waste of time!

As the police cars roared to life and headed out, the wicked drug dealers and their goods were gone with them too. But Daisy could not feel complete relief. She knew drugs would never fully disappear from the world. People could easily earn much profit by trading them. As long as there were people who worshiped money, there would be many other Shuras in the future. Just like what he said, people like him only cared about getting lucky and receiving the coin, while someone else's future could be thrown under the bus for all they cared. Human beings were selfish. Each one of us was, to some

extent. But it all depended on how badly we craved for things that didn't belong to us, and to what degree we were willing to sacrifice to get to them.

Chapter 788: Chapter 787: Enchantingly Handsome Little Boy (part one)

Tonight, it was cool as usual in the mountain. What was unusual, though, was the many figures hiding in the dark. A fierce match of strength and wisdom was going on between the two sides of Daisy's troops. The soldiers lurking in the shrubs were waiting for their chance to get an advantage over the false enemy. Victory was supreme glory to soldiers. Each side tried their best to win. The training didn't stop even when they heard the gunshots in the afternoon. Soldiers must follow orders. Before they received a formal order, everything had to be carried out as planned.

Daisy didn't attend to her injuries. They were too common for her and not serious enough to require her attention. As a servicewoman, she didn't spend much time on superficial things such as clothes and appearance, as other women might do. She hadn't felt bad last time when her face was cut by Jessica. But she had been worried she might not be pretty enough for Edward, whose face was more beautiful than those of most women! Daisy had been cooperative throughout the treatment Tom had offered to help her, just to make sure that when she and Edward were together, they would still look like the perfect couple.

Edward's face flashed into her mind at night, tempting her. She missed him. She understood why it was so hard for Jessica to let him go. To women, he was like a poppy, seemingly charming yet intoxicating. Once they got close to him, they all hopelessly became enamored and were never able to leave him.

All humans pursued good things. People tried so hard to get them that in the process they destroyed the very thing they were chasing. Daisy disapproved of that, but she had been lost too once, and had worked hard to make her dreams come true. That was how she got her position in the army.

In contrast to the cold in the mountain, the city seemed warm at night. Edward sat on the balcony, swishing the contents of his glass as he sipped the wine. The sorrow on his face was evident.

When Daisy wasn't around, he felt extremely lonely. He was always thinking about her. Only the wine could dispel his loneliness. But this was his life now! Days like this would come and go, again and again in the future. He must learn to get used to them. He had been unable to deal with loneliness before. It used to make him feel suffocated. But after Daisy had come into his life again, he had begun to feel peaceful. Daisy had filled up the emptiness in his heart. As he sat there and sipped the wine, he recalled the moments he and Daisy had shared in their lives. The wine tasted a little bitter, but all he felt was the sweetness around him.

"Daddy, are you thinking of Mommy?" Justin got into Edward's arms. He looked keenly at him, with a gorgeous smile.

"Little guy, have you finished your homework yet?" Instead of answering Justin's question, Edward put him in his lap and pinched his tender cheek affectionately.

"Yes, I finished it early. It was easy. Daddy, you haven't answered my question yet," Justin said, shaking his father's arm.

"What question?" Edward pretended he had no idea what Justin was talking about. He felt a little embarrassed to answer the question.

"The one I just asked you. Are you thinking of Mommy?" Justin persisted. Apparently, he was not going to give up until he got an answer.

"You tell me first. Do you miss your Mommy?" Edward smiled. Justin was too smart, so he had to be careful before he answered his query.

"Of course I do. I miss her so much every time she is on a mission or can't come home because of training." Justin pouted. In the past, when his Mommy was not around, his babysitter had been his only company. He was okay if his Mommy was away for a short time. But when she had to be away for a long time, he would cry in secret by himself.

"Whom were you staying with when your Mommy wasn't home?" Edward touched Justin's head tenderly. He always hated the way his parents had neglected him when he was a little boy. Nonetheless, his son was apparently experiencing exactly what he had gone through. He wouldn't forgive himself for letting that happen to Justin.

"It was my babysitter when I was little. Then when I was older, it was Uncle Mark, Uncle Kevin, and sometimes the commander." Justin sounded calm, yet what he had said made Edward's heart heavy. He held Justin tighter.

"I bet they all liked hanging out with you." Edward couldn't help but give Justin a kiss on his forehead, his eyes filled with love.

"Yes. They were all good to me. Mommy used to say I was getting bigger every time she came back home and saw me." Justin was reminiscent of the past. Although Edward had been absent back then, it was one of his happy memories.

"I see. You have been an enthusiastic eater since then. You must have eaten a lot of snacks to be that big."

Edward shook his head, amused. No wonder Justin was delighted whenever there was delicious food. It was the outcome of years of cultivation by the people around him.

"Daddy, you are good! How did you know? Mommy never buys me snacks. She says they are all junk food. So I would ask Uncle Mark and the others to buy them as soon as Mommy was not around." Justin seemed very complacent about his counter-measures. Those had been good days for him.

"Weren't you worried that Mommy would find out about it?" Edward asked with a smile. Daisy could sometimes be careless, while Justin was clever. Edward could imagine that Justin would succeed in his little trick. He thought, 'As perceptive as Daisy is, did she really sense nothing suspicious?' He didn't believe it.

"She wouldn't. I would eat up all the snacks before she came back, even the crumbs, leaving no trace at all."

Justin gave him a cunning smile. He would throw the package away as soon as possible. So he had never got caught.

"Kiddo, did you ever think about this possibility? Maybe your Mommy knew about it all along. She just didn't want to expose your little trick." At that point, Edward was more convinced that Daisy had known about Justin's trick. More often than not, pretending to be ignorant was a wise strategy to mislead your opponent. Suddenly, it occurred to him that it was Daisy who was the smart one in the family. And she was the cunning one too. She did an excellent job hiding it from the others.

"But since Mommy didn't expose me, it means she was okay with it and I don't have to worry about it anymore, right?" Actually, Justin had thought about the possibility that his Mommy knew what he had been doing. But he had chosen to ignore it. Snacks were too appealing to him. As long as his secret was kept, he would still have snacks to eat.

"You have an answer for everything. Be careful, you might become a fatty one day." Edward didn't think it was good parenting to be too strict with children. He believed strictness only caused rebellion. Children from a strict family tended to defy their parents sooner or later. Hence, he never forbade Justin from doing anything, But he didn't agree with indulging children either. Everything had a limit. There should be a line.

"How so? Like you, I never get fat no matter how much I eat or what I eat. I have good genes." Justin was an excellent suck-up. To flatter his dad, he lied. He always thought he got those good genes from his mom.

"Well said. No wonder you are the smart one. Okay, time for bed. You have school tomorrow." Edward got up, carrying Justin in his arms toward his bedroom. Although Justin often acted maturely, he was a kid after all. Kids needed to be loved by their parents.

"Wait. Daddy, since Mommy is not home today, can I sleep with you tonight?" Justin looked at Edward in earnest. He seldom asked to sleep beside his parents at night. He knew he was already a big boy. But since his Mommy wasn't around these days, it fell

on him to keep his Daddy company and take care of him. Besides, there were too many women who were jealous of his Mommy and wanted to steal away Daddy. He had to stay close to his Daddy and protect him from those women.

Chapter 789: Chapter 788: Enchantingly Handsome Little Boy (part two)

"Do you really want to sleep next to me?" Edward stopped and asked, confused. Justin almost did everything with a clear aim. What was his purpose this time? Sometimes, Edward felt Justin was too intelligent to be from this era; he must have come from a later age or from another planet.

Yes. Can I? Please..." Justin begged. He gave himself goosebumps as he realized the sweetness in his tone. He didn't think he was up to act like a spoiled child. It was not his style. Girls must be cuter when they did it. Therefore, years later, Justin pampered his little sister with utmost love.

Okay then, but no bed-wetting." Edward put him on the bed and turned on the air-conditioner.

Daddy, since when do I wet the bed? Wait. I guess it was you that you were talking about. Did you wet the bed when you were a child?" Justin acted as if something had dawned on him and sized up Edward.

"Nonsense. I'm not you. Be quiet and go to sleep. Do you want me to tell you a bedtime story?" Knowing Justin wouldn't like it, Edward gave a sly smile. He suddenly became evil. "No, I don't. Bedtime stories are for kids. I'm not that childish." Justin moved aside as if he was afraid that Edward would really tell him a story. He wanted to stay far away from him.

Don't forget that you are a kid too. Stop acting like a grown-up. It's not cute at all." Justin had a distinctive personality. Sometimes Edward felt that although he had a son, he couldn't act like a father around him. As a child, Justin was supposed to be naive and innocent, but instead, he talked and acted like an adult. When he did that, Edward felt a little ruffled. He felt that a lot of fun between father and son had been taken away from him.

Cute is for girls. I am not a girl. Another expression suits me better." Justin giggled.

"What expression?" Edward wondered. He felt he couldn't keep up with Justin's thinking anymore. Was he getting old?

Enchantingly handsome!" Justin grinned widely. He was indeed as handsome as Edward. He got his appearance from his Daddy.

"Ugh! You are absolutely narcissistic. Handsome is enough to make your point. Why did you have to say enchantingly handsome?" Edward had to ask again. Obviously, there was a huge generation gap between him and Justin.

"Enchantingly is about attitude. Handsome is the key word in this expression. Daddy, don't you think Uncle Rain is handsome and looks enchanting at the same time? That's why people call him Sissy." In Justin's eyes, Rain was enchanting and Edward was striking. When people saw the former, they wished time would stop. The moment they set their eyes on him, they were afraid that the slightest movement would disturb his beauty. On the other hand, people got greedy at the sight of Edward, unwilling to avert their gazes and hoping to get one more glance at him - and another and another.

Edward furrowed his brows. He couldn't believe these words had come from the mouth of a six-year-old kid, whose observation was so thorough in capturing Rain's nature. This was just too insightful to be a kid's perception. Edward was lost in his thoughts. Now he understood why Jessica had been tricked by this little guy.

"Daddy, what are you thinking about?" Justin asked, worried he had said something wrong.

Oh. It's nothing. Go to sleep." Edward tucked him in and patted his back lightly. It was a sweet moment, yet his mind wandered. As if able to read his thoughts, his phone rang at the exact moment. Looking at Justin apologetically, Edward picked up his phone and walked outside.

"Hello, Duke. What's up?" Edward walked into the study and sank into the sofa, wondering what the call was about. Duke and Belinda's wedding was set the day after tomorrow. Duke was supposed to be busy.

Are you free now? How about coming out to have a drink with me?" Duke had been feeling down since he encountered Rachel this morning. The gloomy expression had rested on his face all day, even after work.

"Really? Is this what I think it is? Are you throwing a bachelor's party?" Edward joked.

"No. I just feel like drinking. Are you coming or not?" Duke stood on the balcony, his eyes intense and brooding.

"What's the matter? Is everything okay?" Edward was hesitant. Justin was still sleeping. He was a father now. He couldn't simply say yes to Duke and leave the house.

"Everything is okay. I just feel a little depressed. Are you worried that Daisy might not let you go out? Give her the phone and let me talk to her." A beam of headlight appeared. A car was coming closer to Duke's house. The expression on his face grew complicated.

"What are you talking about? Daisy is not home. She's in the middle of survival training with the soldiers in some mountain." Edward got upset thinking about it. He had been expecting Daisy's call all day, but hadn't heard from her at all. He had considered calling her himself. However, he was afraid he might interrupt her work. Anger simmered in his heart. Duke's words prodded at his anger.

"Then why are you so hesitant? It doesn't sound like you at all," Duke said as his eyes closely followed the beam of light. He didn't feel relieved until he saw the familiar figure get out of the car.

"Justin is sleeping in my bedroom. I can't leave him alone. You are getting married the day after tomorrow. What are you depressed about? Are you nervous?" Speaking of weddings, Edward felt regretful. He had never had that nervous and eager feeling before a wedding. It was a pity to him. He had suggested to Daisy that they have a second wedding ceremony, but Daisy had turned him down, saying that she didn't want to have one. She had sounded determined, so he had to give up.

"Ha! It's just a wedding. What's there to be nervous about?" Duke opposed. Actually he was a little nervous. But he was looking forward to seeing Belinda in a wedding dress. Picturing that, he didn't feel so miserable anymore. However, there were certain things that had been bothering him.

"If you are not nervous, don't be bothered by meaningless stuff. Stay away from trouble. Just look forward to your wedding day. Relax. Let nature take its own course." Edward didn't know what Duke was upset about, but nothing could be more important than the wedding.

"Never mind. The depression was just a spur-of-the-moment feeling. I am fine. All right. I've taken too much of your time. Go back to Justin." Duke smiled wryly. It had been silly of him to call Edward.

Okay then. Take it easy. Good night." Edward hung up the phone and shook his head. He was curious. Duke had been said to be the most stately man among his friends. Tonight, it didn't seem so.

Edward was about to put his phone aside when it rang once again. Looking at the caller ID, he was so thrilled that he grinned from ear to ear.

"Hello, " he said. It was the simplest word, but all his affections were infused into it. His blue eyes reflected tenderness. One could tell that the person on the call meant the world to him.

"Edward, whom were you talking to on the phone? It was a long call. Was it a woman?" Daisy asked with a faint smile. The breeze blew gently against her face. Standing all alone in the dark of a secluded place, she didn't feel a trace of fear.

Chapter 790: Chapter 789: What A Bastard You Are, Duke (part one)

"What a smart woman you are, my Colonel Ouyang. You guessed it correctly straightway. Yes, I was flirting with a beautiful woman just now." Edward cozily nestled himself into the soft bed as a soft smile rested on his face. He wondered whether Duke would get angry after finding out that Edward called him a woman.

Wow. Congratulations to you! You are so considerate to comfort someone else's wife late at night." Daisy's smile grew wider as she teased him. He must be treading on the air. Did he really believe that she would feel jealous about his words? Too innocent.

"Someone else's wife? Are you implying that I am flirting with a married woman?" Edward frowned slightly. Since when did his wife become so sharp-toothed? She was not like the former Daisy.

"Well, I didn't say that. I just helped you finish your words." She had not meant to call him but still decided to dial his number when she found time. She thought of his sensitivity as a "prince" and knew that he would get unhappy with her should she not call him.

"Denying? That's not what a good soldier is supposed to do, Colonel Ouyang." Daisy seemed to be assured that he would not get angry with her and that he would not be interested with other women. She was very casual and was not even afraid that her words might offend him. How confident she was! However, it was something he couldn't do anything about as it was him who gave her such courage. He loved her with all his heart and that was the real score.

"Mr. Mu, have you forgotten what you have said before? Let me refresh your memory a little. You said that I was your wife before I was a soldier. So I am talking with you as a wife instead of a soldier. I could surely say whatever I want as a wife, right? Do you have any comments now?" Daisy preened herself with her excellent excuse. Yes, she made it! Edward would never anticipate that what he had said could be used against him. She was really clever to take advantage of it!

"Good. You mastered the philosophy of taking advantage of your enemy to win." An evil smile appeared on Edward's face. People always said that couples who got along for a long time would be subtly influenced by each other. They had been together for a long time. Was this the reason why she became so cunning now?

"Oh, I won't say that. I probably just have a good memory." Daisy wished she could burst into laughter. Edward must have been pissed off with his teeth gritted tightly! But he had no way to vent his anger on her because she was not staying with him now. All he could do was be quietly furious alone.

"When will you come back?" Edward stopped kidding her. He missed her so much even though they had only been apart for a day. What if there would be some closed training in the future again? He would go crazy if he couldn't see her for such a long time.

"I don't know yet. Alright, It's late now. Sleep early! I gotta go." Daisy hung up immediately as she saw a blurry figure running towards her. She knew she had things to deal with when the soldiers tried to find her because they would not disturb her in usual times. She was always serious about her work.

Edward was speechless while looking at his phone. She hung up. His mouth twisted heavily for a while. He seemed to be too nice and permissive to her recently, thus, she was getting used to hanging up on him even before he could say goodbye. What could he do to such situations anyway? All he ever did was just to heavily make love to her on the bed. He did not have the heart to beat her. And worse, he was seriously doubting if he had the ability to beat her. Come on, she was a soldier and a colonel with impressive and endless fighting power!

Belinda went to a cocktail buffet tonight. It was a little late when she finished the party and got home. She was walking step by step upstairs. Her close-fitting, backless, silver dress revealed her charming figure perfectly. Her big waves, curly-permed, flaxen hair was worn up to show her delicate neck. A pair of silver stilettos matched her dress and made her look even taller and more fascinating. Thanks to Tom's magical medicine, her wound was able to recover utterly. No sign of scar could be seen on her back anymore.

She opened the door carefully to check if Duke was inside but there was nothing but darkness in the bedroom. She frowned slightly and turned around without even entering the bedroom. She walked to the study but was welcomed by the same darkness. So she decided to go back to the bedroom while wondering where Duke went. He had not informed her about his possible errands at all!

"Pat!" Belinda pressed the button on the wall to turn the light on. Taking a look at the surroundings, she decided to take off the dress. It was then that she felt the chilly breeze coming from the small balcony of their bedroom. She crept to the balcony and was about to shut the curtain when a still shadow standing outside almost freaked her out. It turned out that Duke was staying there. She thought he'd left!

"Oh, you are home! Why don't you turn the lights on?" Belinda walked slowly to him as he just stood there motionless. He looked so lonely and desolated that Belinda's heart began to ache out of something she couldn't even name.

"I forgot it." Duke replied in a cold tone without even turning to her. He was distant as he remained staring in the dark. Belinda felt her heart cracked a bit. She knew that she must have made him unhappy. She tried to recall all the things she did to him recently but failed to find a clue.

"What happened to you? You seem to be unhappy today. Is there anything wrong in the company?" Belinda bit her lips a little. How she wished to hug his waist from behind. It was just that the cold atmosphere around him made her hesitate. She was afraid that he might push her away.

No. You can just leave me alone and do your thing!" Actually, Duke was not waiting for any fancy or beautiful words from her. All he wanted was her embrace. A gentle hug from her would be enough. He was just like a kid in this respect.

"Is it not appropriate to talk about it with me? Or is it about me?" Belinda was exceedingly sensitive as a female. She was actually gentle and soft inside even if she spoke like a man most of the times. She sensed that Duke was acting unusual tonight. His refrained anger and unhappiness made her feel worried and she couldn't help but think that she got something to do with it. She did not know what it was but she just could sense it. She trusted her instinct.