

Bigoted 381

Chapter 381: The Man Who Suddenly Appeared Added Five Stars to the Sweetness Index

Ye Xue was weak-willed. After being called by the housemother, she subconsciously stopped. It was only then that she remembered that girls were not allowed into the male dormitory.

She turned around and caught sight of the housemother, her gaze darting from side to side evasively.

Fu Tingyan stopped and turned to look at the housemother, his tone was gentler than usual. "Auntie, her boyfriend is injured and lying in bed. She's just worried and wants to see how he is. After she's done, she'll leave. Class is in session and just about everyone else has already left. The dorm is as good as empty."

Upon hearing the word boyfriend being used, Ye Xue's cheeks took on a scarlet blush. She lowered her head in embarrassment, not daring to look up.

The housemother had a lasting impression of handsome men like Fu Tingyan, so when they spoke, she was always a little wary. She glanced at the little girl by the man's side who had a demure disposition. She thought about Fu Tingyan's words and pondered for a while before letting him go.

"Fine, fine. Just don't stay too long, okay?"

"Thank you, Auntie." Ye Xue thanked her before following Fu Tingyan into the dormitory.

When they reached the dormitory, Fu Tingyan pushed open the dormitory's door. He didn't enter but turned his body sideways to let Ye Xue in.

Ye Xue's face was still a brilliant shade of ruby red. She lowered her head and hesitated for a long time. Then, with light steps, she walked past Fu Tingyan.

Fu Tingyan did not follow her in. Instead, he stood by the railing in front of the long corridor, wondering if Jiang Yu would remain single.

Ye Xue found herself standing in front of a room situated in the middle of the dormitory. She looked at the person lying on the bed. As it was summer, Jiang Yu didn't have a blanket over him. He was wearing a white t-shirt and a pair of underpants.

Although her face couldn't be seen, Ye Xue's face undoubtedly resembled a tomato. She had followed Fu Tingyan eagerly just a moment before, but now that she was here, she didn't know what to say. She stood there like a wooden log silent and speechless.

Jiang Yu was lying on the bed. No matter how he twisted or turned, he felt uncomfortable. When he heard the sound of the door opening, he believed that Xiao Qi had returned. Before he could see him, he shouted, "Xiao Qi, I feel like I can't move my waist. Come over and help me take a look."

Hearing this, Ye Xue didn't know how to respond.

Jiang Yu waited for a while, but he didn't hear Xiao Qi reply. He lowered his head and peered under the bed in confusion. Fu Tingyan was nowhere in sight and only the figure of Ye Xue appeared in his line of sight. He was left momentarily stunned.

“Why are you here? I thought girls are not allowed into the male dormitory?”

Jiang Yu had shielded his head and face as he was being beaten up so there weren't any injuries on his face. Most of the injuries he had sustained were on his body.

Ye Xue raised her head and stole a few glances in Jiang Yu's direction.

Noticing his unspoiled features, she wondered if Jiang Yu had been injured in any place she could not see but it did not seem likely since his body was on full view.

She replied quietly, “I-I heard that you were injured so I asked Fu Tingyan to bring me here.”

“Oh.” though he wore a smile, Jiang Yu was in fact cursing in his heart. Xiao Qi was truly awful. He actually brought Ye Xue here. Was he trying to embarrass him?

“It's just a small injury. It's not a big deal.” a dry laugh escaped Jiang Yu's lips twice in quick succession.

“But I heard you saying that you could not move your waist. It sounds serious. Do you need to go to the hospital?” Ye Xue asked uncertainly with her head bowed.

Jiang Yu propped his head up to look at Ye Xue. Whether it was using his hands to support the bed or using his waist to support himself, he was in so much pain that cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Yet, he continued to downplay the severity of his injuries. “I was just teasing Little Qi. It was just a joke.”

He suddenly remembered something. “Oh right, didn't Little Qi bring you here? Where did he go?”

“He... He should be outside, I think? If you're fine, I'll ask him to come in.”

Ye Xue was relieved that Jiang Yu had not been hurt too badly. Feeling flustered, Ye Xue quickly found an excuse to leave in a hurry.

Without waiting for Jiang Yu's reply, she rushed out of the room disappearing as swiftly as a startled squirrel.

Jiang Yu was bewildered by the abrupt turn of events and laid there on his bed in a daze.

Not long after, the sound of footsteps echoed down the hallway and Fu Tingyan strolled into the room.

The moment Jiang Yu caught sight of Fu Tingyan, he groused indignantly, “Why didn't you tell me you were bringing Ye Xue here? Why didn't you come in when you were waiting outside? Do you know how embarrassed I'm feeling right now?”

Fu Tingyan pulled over a chair and sat down. He crossed his legs and laughed softly, “I didn't want to be a third wheel.”

Jiang Yu was feeling rather out of place and could not help but ask, “What do you mean?”

Fu Tingyan said, “Ye Xue likes you. She was worried about your well-being. Would I not be a third wheel in such a scenario?”

“She likes me?” Jiang Yu parroted in bafflement.

Fu Tingyan continued, "You've forgotten. Back at Linxi, she wrote a poem confessing her love for you. She even read it out loud in front of all her classmates on Monday."

Jiang Yu tried his best to recall his time at Linxi. It seemed to be true. "If you hadn't brought it up, I would really have forgotten."

"Would Ye Xue come to see you if she didn't like you? Would she blush at the mere sight of you?"

"I thought her blush was caused by the heat. It has been very hot as of late, and even I've been struggling with this flush of mine."

"..." Fu Tingyan facepalmed.

"What is that expression supposed to mean?" Jiang Yu mumbled unhappily.

"You can experience it for yourself."

Fu Tingyan threw him a look that said, "You've got a pig's brain," then stood up and walked into the bathroom.

Jiang Yu: "? ? ?"

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It was Friday. Qin Shu was planning to go on a hiking trip up the mountains. Her grandfather had cautioned her earlier that the mountains were cold and often quite dangerous. Therefore, she had to make sure she was well prepared before setting off.

Qin Shu packed two sets of thick hiking clothes, a camping tent, and several survival tools for her journey into the wilderness.

Qin Shu didn't know if she would find the medicinal herbs she was looking for on the first day, she planned to stay the night on the mountain.

In the evening, Qin Shu walked to the convenience store to buy some food to bring with her.

It was pitch black outside by the time she arrived at the convenience near her dormitory.

The street lamps were powered by solar energy. Seeing as it had rained quite heavily just a few days ago, it seemed like the street lamps had not managed to store an ample supply of power; resulting in the gloom that swallowed the streets. Although the lamps lining the streets were dim, Qin Shu was familiar with the route to the convenience store having frequented it on a number of occasions. Whipping out her phone and turning on its light, Qin Shu traced her steps in the direction she knew the convenience store was in and hurried along the path.

Suddenly, her phone rang. The caller ID reflected was — Baby Yu.

She immediately answered the call.

Soon, a familiar voice sounded in her ears. It was deep and magnetic. "Where are you now?"

Qin Shu smirked unconsciously. "I'm on my way to the convenience store. Have you had dinner?"

Fu Tingyu said in a low voice, "Yes, but I'm not full yet."

A hint of concern marred Qin Shu's delicate features. "Then why don't you eat a little more? Is the food not to your liking?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Then ask the chefs in the garden to make something that is to your liking. Make sure to eat your fill?"

"I would like to save some space in my stomach for other things."

While speaking into his phone, Fu Tingyu caught sight of a slim figure not far away. Numerous thoughts flooded his mind like the spring tide, evoking a sense of excitement from within him.

He walked over towards the figure with hurried steps.

At first, Qin Shu was taken aback then she guessed, "Do you plan to go out for dinner tonight? Or... Is Mo Chengyu inviting you for a drink?"

Fu Tingyu whispered into his phone and said, "Neither."

"Then what are you saving your stomach space for?" Qin Shu asked in confusion.

As he approached the girl from behind, Fu Tingyu hung up his phone and reached out to hug the figure of the girl in front of him.

He didn't even give her a chance to react and simply lowered his head to kiss her.

Chapter 382: Time to Fulfill Your Promise

The rain had stopped a while ago but the looming clouds had not yet dispersed.

Faint shafts of light glimmered amidst the hush that had fallen. It was as if the silence was meant to convey how much he had missed her.

Bewildered, Qin Shu struggled against the embrace that had caught her unawares but soon calmed upon realizing whose arms she was cradled in. A gasp of surprise stifled by the arms that enveloped her.

She blinked and looked up at the man who had locked her in an embrace. Her eyes sparkled with a crystalline light free from the squirmish instincts that had overtaken her earlier.

What felt like an aeon passed in the blink of an eye and still, Fu Tingyu refused to let go of her. Instead, he pressed her slender form against his own with even greater passion. Resting his nose atop the crown of Qin Shu's head, he breathed in the sweet fragrance of her shampoo that lingered in her hair.

"Bao'er, I have missed you."

The man's nasal voice was overcome with emotion.

Shock paralyzed her thoughts and rendered her speechless in his arms.

She could not believe it. She had just been on the phone with him a moment ago and now he was right before her. The kiss they shared had been real. It called to her with such longing that it could not have been an illusion conjured by her mind.

Magic. It had to be.

It was a surprise – a surprise so great that it left her dumbfounded.

The love of her life had appeared seemingly out of thin air.

The man called out again, “Bao’er.”

Recovering from her shock, Qin Shu raised her head to meet his gaze. The dim light made it difficult for her to make out his features but it made no difference to her. His face had been deeply engraved in her mind and no darkness was deep enough to bury her memory of it.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming? I wasn’t prepared at all.”

Qin Shu had spoken on the phone with the man ahead of his unannounced arrival. The entirety of her attention had been focused on the man’s failure to eat his fill and she had not been conscious of her surroundings. Qin Shu’s inattention, coupled with the man’s uncanny ability to mask his own presence, made it a simple matter for him to sneak up on her.

If she hadn’t been familiar with the man’s aura, she would have thought a ruffian was attempting to have his way with her.

Fu Tingyu did not let go of the girl. He merely edged a couple of steps backwards to take in her current appearance. However, fortune did not favour him and the inky clouds blotted out what little light had managed to shine its way through the dour canopy.

Frowning in dissatisfaction, Fu Tingyu released Qin Shu’s arms and murmured, “Let’s go to the car.” As he spoke, he clutched the girl’s hand and pulled her along towards the car.

He was eager to see her face again. Her shy demeanour was one he adored.

Her hand was held by his and Qin Shu allowed him to lead her on.

Fu Tingyu did not walk very fast. He slowed his gait to match Qin Shu’s own so that they could walk together.

They walked side by side on the wet cement road. The loamy smell of dank earth tickled their noses.

It was a cool night with a gentle breeze filling the air. Many would have deemed it comfortable.

As it had rained, there was no one on the road. It was quiet. Occasionally, the cry of insects would resound. It was a cheerful symphony celebrating the cooler temperature brought about by the rain.

Time passed unknowingly and soon they had spent more than half a month in university. Qin Shu greatly profited from her meeting with a miserly old man who pointed her in the direction of a mysterious mountain where the medicinal herbs she sought were rumoured to grow.

It rekindled hope in her heart and she could not wait to go to the mountain in search of the herbs.

Her mind was so occupied by the thought of finding the herbs that she had no room to consider anything else outside of her goal.

Half a month felt like the passing of a year each and every day. As the saying goes, a day apart can feel like three years.

To Fu Tingyu, the wait was excruciating and there was not a moment he did not long for Bao'er's swift return.

In his hurry to meet up with his beloved, Fu Tingyu used his private plane.

With his identity and resources, it was not hard for him to obtain one. It was a plane he had spent a considerable sum on. Not only had he refurbished its interior he also made sure to install a bed within.

Despite the gratuitous amount of money he had spent on the aircraft, he rarely used it.

The car stopped a little ways away. The pitch-black body of the car camouflaged itself in the gloom of night.

Adjacent to the car stood Ye Luo's towering figure. When he caught sight of the fourth master and Qin Shu, he reached out to open the car's door and waited.

Fu Tingyu ushered Qin Shu into the car, ensuring she was comfortable, before taking a seat next to her.

Once the fourth master had taken a seat, Ye Luo shut the car's door, turned, sat in the driver's seat, and drove to the hotel.

Qin Shu had not sat for long when she was hugged abruptly by Fu Tingyu. She peered at his face, catching the man's sculpted jawline, pale cheeks, deep eyes and long eyebrows in the soft orangey glow emanating from the lights affixed to the roof of the car. Under its baptism, the man's eyes became as gentle as the flowing tide.

Using the shimmering lights above, the man traced the contours of the girl's face. Yet, no matter how much he looked, he could not get enough of her.

He knew he had missed her. He had missed her so much that sleep often eluded him. He thought of her face, her body, and the temperature around him surged in blistering ardour.

His longing surged like the tide – an unstoppable force that he could not suppress – and it drove him mad with hunger for her touch. He wanted to feel her skin against his. He wanted it so much that nothing was more important than she was. He would not let go of her. No matter the cost.

It was as his brother said. He was obsessed. From the moment he saw her, no one else had ever caught his eye. His love for her burned with the heat of roiling magma, entirely beyond his control.

He watched her for a long time. Pursing his lips, he asked, "Are you surprised to see me?"

Anxiety roiled beneath his skin as he waited in anticipation of Qin Shu's answer. Though he looked calm on the surface, it was merely a front. He needed to know the answer dwelling in her heart.

Qin Shu nodded sharply. "Yes, it really was quite surprising. It even felt a little surreal at first."

It was the truth. She had been stupefied by Fu Tingyu's unexpected embrace.

Hearing this, Fu Tingyu smiled happily, "Then you can verify it again."

"Pardon?"

Seeing that the girl had not understood what he meant, the man leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Kiss me and you'll know if it's true."

Qin Shu blushed.

The car slowed to a halt.

A moment later, the car's door was opened from the outside. Ye Luo's tall figure stood at attention, patiently waiting in attendance.

Fu Tingyu stepped out of the car before offering his hand to Qin Shu. She took hold of his hand daintily and followed suit.

With her hand in his, Fu Tingyu led her towards the hotel.

Ye Luo closed the car's door behind them and followed the couple in.

Earlier, Fu Tingyu had asked Ye Luo to book a room in the hotel – the same room as before. Fu Tingyu held Qin Shu's hand warmly.

The two of them rode the elevator in silence. Fu Tingyu's hand wrapped around Qin Shu's own with a firm grip, without letting go of the other.

Ding.

The doors to the elevator opened. Holding Qin Shu's hand, Fu Tingyu lead her to the room he had reserved.

Qin Shu recognized it as one she had stayed in before.

Fu Tingyu unlocked the door to their room and strolled in with Qin Shu trailing in his wake.

As soon as the door snapped shut behind them, he pushed her against the door and looked down to meet her eyes. The corner of his lips curled up. "Bao'er, do you still remember what I said last time?"

Chapter 383: Men Only Like His, Jun Li Who Suddenly Came to Visit

It was brighter in the room than it was in the car, allowing Fu Tingyu to capture Qin Shu's beauty in greater detail.

His eyes were obsidian pools that drank in her every expression, waiting in aching patience for her answer.

Qin Shu blinked uncertainly. She vaguely recalled the contents of a video call she had shared with Fu Tingyu a while back. Had he not raised it, she would probably have forgotten it completely.

She did not think he would remember an event that had taken place so long ago.

Yet, when she took the time to recall the matters that had taken place then, she remembered it more clearly than anyone else.

Qin Shu avoided his pitch-black eyes whilst saying, “Didn’t I say that I was going back to River City?”

Fu Tingyu watched Qin Shu lower her head shyly. It was a sight he could not get enough of. “You have said it before. You have said it to my face. Now... I’m right here.”

Qin Shu chewed on her lips. She did not know how to respond.

Leaning in closer, Fu Tingyu whispered coyly, “Do you want to, or don’t you?”

Under Fu Tingyu’s passionate gaze, Qin Shu wanted nothing more than to bury her head in his chest to avoid his teasing. She would rather let her actions speak for themselves.

Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed him.

When faced with a girl’s initiative, men have no resistance.

The dark clouds hanging in the sky had dispersed. Pale streams of moonlight filtered through the window, casting long shadows across the room.

Nestled in Fu Tingyu’s arms, Qin Shu listened to the strong, steady beat of his heart. It was soothing in a way she could not explain, and it was long before she was lulled into a deep sleep.

Fu Tingyu held Qin Shu’s sleeping figure in his arms. He was reluctant to let go of her. Lowering his eyes to feast upon every inch of her unconscious form, Fu Tingyu burned every line, every contour of her being into his living memory.

Qin Shu’s sleeping face was sweet and her cheeks smouldered with a dusting of red. Even in her sleep, she was beautiful. She was so beautiful that it took his breath away.

He brushed aside several stray locks of her hair and caressed her sleeping form with loving regard. She was flawless.

Moving his hand away, Fu Tingyu allowed the curtain of her hair to fall. It draped over her face and gently tickled her skin. Her eyelashes trembled at the touch, fluttering like the wings of a butterfly.

He pressed her body against his, felt the intermingling heat spread out from his arms and up towards his chest. With Qin Shu resting quietly in his arms, he too laid down to rest.

His sleep was a fitful one full of dreams. At times, a frown would mar his lips and irritation would taint his brows.

When he woke the next day, he could not call up any of the images he dreamt of. It was all a haze of indistinct shapes and unfamiliar voices.

Fu Tingyu opened his eyes and frowned slightly. Even if he couldn’t remember the dream last night, he could roughly guess what kind of dream it was.

Although he could not remember the dream in detail, he vaguely sensed that it had something to do with the time he spent learning martial arts. He tried his best to fish for more information from his fragmented dreams but to no avail.

Only the bitter taste of sorrow remained.

He studied the girl in his arms. Her eyes were knitted shut and the droning sounds of sleep clung to her still.

Stretching his aching limbs, he picked up his watch that had been sitting by his bedside table and noted the time. It was ten past seven.

He returned his watch to its perch beside his bed. He did not intend to get up. Instead, he hugged the sleeping girl at his side and lay down again.

Imperial University, Room 205

Mu Ke glanced in the direction of Qin Shu's bed. She had not returned last night and the only explanation he could think of was that she had gotten a room with a man.

Qin Shu may have looked innocent on the surface but Mu Ke knew her well enough to know the skeletons she kept in her closet. It was simply disgusting.

Rolling her eyes, Mu Ke whipped out her phone. Qin Shu had taken a video of herself last night and if she had posted another then it would prove that she had not returned the night before. They were both adults. She could hazard a guess as to what Qin Shu had been up to all night.

Knock, Knock.

Mu Ke frowned. Qin Shu must have returned and found the door locked. She probably did not think to bring her keys along with her.

She wanted to see just how much 'fun' Qin Shu had had last night.

Walking to the door, Mu Ke unlocked it hoping to catch a glimpse of Qin Shu's bedraggled figure.

Qin Shu was not at the door. Instead, she came face to face with Jun Li. She had been anticipating a good show but her hopes were almost instantly smashed when she finally registered the man standing before her.

Anyone who had met a man as handsome as Jun Li would have found themselves in a similar position.

Jun Li stood there unphased by Mu Ke's gawking. He had experienced it one too many times in the past and had gotten used to it. Ignoring her decidedly impolite stare, he asked, "Is Qin Shu here?"

Mu Ke only reacted after a long while. He remembered that Qin Shu Ye did not return home, so he took this opportunity to let Jun Li know what kind of Woman Qin Shu was.

It took some time for the cogs in her head to resume spinning but when they did, she knew an opportunity had come knocking. With Qin Shu out of the way, she could hang out all her dirty laundry and convince Jun Li of how despicable she really was.

“She’s not here. She didn’t come back last night and I do not know where she went.”

Jun Li frowned when he heard Mu Ke’s response. “She went out last night and hasn’t come back yet?”

Mu Ke peeked at Jun Li’s expression through the corner of her eyes and smiled. Jun Li probably girls like Qin Shu.

Nodding vigorously, she continued. “Yes, she went out around nine last night. She had not returned when I went to bed. I have not seen her all morning either.”

“Professor Jun, come in and have a seat.”

He had made the effort to pay Qin Shu a visit. Naturally, he ought to sit for a while. It was also a way he could show off.

“Thank you.”

Jun Li walked in and surveyed Qin Shu’s bed. The bedding had been folded neatly. He walked up to the desk. Sitting on the table was a laptop. It did not look like it was on.

Next to the laptop was a book. It was open. Jun Li’s slender fingers hovered over it, tracing the picture on the book’s cover. It was a book on pharmacology. Its contents described various methods of studying and identifying the medicinal properties of herbs.

Mu Ke eyed Jun Li’s actions with contempt. Gritting her teeth, she stalked towards Qin Shu’s bed and asked carefully, “Professor Jun, do you need anything to drink?”

“No, thank you.” Jun Li replied without even raising his head. Leafing through the book from one page to the next, Jun Li discovered a note sequestered within. It was written elegantly and carried with it a flamboyant flourish that flowed like water. It was not the neat but graceful handwriting of an ordinary girl.

Jun Li’s polite rejection left her feeling a little disappointed. She did not know anything about Jun Li’s preferences and it left her with nothing she could use to start up a conversation.

Poking its head out of the pet house, President Ba, Qin Shu’s cat, cried out aggrievedly, “Meow.”

He was thirsty, hungry and in need of a walk.

Jun Li spared a glance for the creature mewling pitifully at his feet. President Ba peered up at him from beneath Qin Shu’s desk, a woeful expression of having been wronged coloured its feline features.

“Your master isn’t here,” he said softly.

“Meow!” President Ba cried out plaintively again.

Taking in the sight of President Ba’s pitiful appearance – as if he were about to starve to death – a muted bark of laughter escaped Jun Li’s lips. “Would you like some fish?”

When the word ‘fish’ was mentioned, President Ba’s eyes lit up like stars. “Meow!”

The corners of Jun Li’s mouth curled up into a smile. “If you want to eat fish, I’ll take you out to have some.”

Jun Li's interest in the cat was not lost on Mu Ke. Could it be that Jun Li liked cats?

If Jun Li knew the kind of woman Qin Shu was, would he still like Qin Shu's cat?

If you love a person, you will be able to accommodate anything and everything about them. If you hate a person, you will hate them regardless of what they might say or do – pets are no exception.

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Chapter 384: A Message from Jun Li. The Man Was Jealous

Mu Ke didn't like Qin Shu or her cat.

Then again, with Jun Li's personality, perhaps it was inevitable that he would like her.

President Ba hurried to Jun Li's side and 'meowed' to please him.

Jun Li chuckled and bent down to pick up the cat. Rubbing President Ba's head tenderly he chortled, "It really is a cat that can be bribed with fish."

"Meow" President Ba mewled impatiently.

With President Ba in his arms, Jun Li waltzed out of the room.

Mu Ke had planned to ask Jun Li to stay a while longer but she could not come up with any reason for him to remain. By the time she gathered her thoughts, Jun Li had already wandered out.

She hurriedly chased after him and stood in the corridor at the entrance of the dormitory. She looked at Jun Li's straight back. Qiao Ran could not compare to him in terms of looks or background.

She chased him as quickly as she could, stopping at the dormitory's entrance to catch her breath. The sight of his firm back caused her heart to flutter. Jun Li's fading silhouette outstripped Qiao Ran's own – both in terms of his looks and background.

It was the silhouette of a man far beyond her reach.

Mu Ke knew that if she worked hard, she would be able to ensnare Qiao Ran with her feminine charms.

However, she could not be too hasty or it would cheapen her accomplishment.

Mu Ke refused to believe that Jun Li would continue to look at Qin Shu genially if he knew how much of a slut she was.

"Mu Ke, Professor Jun just stopped by your room. Did he come to see Qin Shu again?" He Xia had seen Jun Li enter dormitory 205 and noted how long he had been inside.

Mu Ke regarded the two girls standing outside her room with disdain.

Sneering, Mu Ke responded with distaste. "Who said he came looking for Qin Shu? Qin Shu didn't come back last night and no one knows where she is. God knows whom she is fooling around with."

He Xia was a little surprised. "How long has it been since school started? She didn't return last night? Impressive."

Pausing for a moment, He Xia could not help but ask, "Could it be that Professor Jun was here for you?"

Mu Ke glanced at He Xia, neither confirming nor denying her suspicions.

He Xia took Mu Ke's silence as a tacit admission. "Then why did Professor Jun leave with Qin Shu's cat?"

Seeing as He Xia was oblivious to the situation, Mu Ke replied, "You guys don't know, do you? Professor Jun likes cats."

"I guess the reason Professor Jun is close to Qin Shu is that he likes cats. Needless to say, Qin Shu's cat is really good-looking. Apparently, it is something of a rare breed." Hu Qinqin, who stood beside He Xia, chirped cheerfully. Hu Qinqin adored cats and knew a lot about them.

"I agree. Jun Li should now know what kind of woman Qin Shu is. He probably does not see her in a favourable light. He might even find her loathsome." He Xia nodded sagely.

Though she had no way to know what went on in Jun Li mind, Mu Ke was sure that a man of Jun Li's standing would be disgusted by women who indulged in promiscuous relationships.

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Jun Li carried President Ba out of the girl's dormitory.

Today is a weekend, many girls sleep until this point to get up, along the way, attracted a lot of female screams and exclamations.

It was a weekend and many girls had slept in. Every girl he passed elicited screams, exclamations and cries of surprise.

"Ah! Was that Professor Jun walking out of our dormitory? Am I seeing things? No? He actually visited the girl's dormitory? My God!"

"Professor Jun is extremely good-looking. I think I am in love."

"What I would give to be the cat in Professor Jun's arms... to be held so tenderly... It must be wonderful."

"Please let me become a cat so that I may be hugged by Professor Jun."

"So Professor Jun also visits the girls' dormitory. I'm curious. Who was he looking for?"

"What I'm more curious about is whose cat is being pampered in his embrace! I've never seen Professor Jun with a cat before."

All the girls stared at the cat lazing in Jun Li's arms. They were curious to know who owned it. More so, they wanted to become the cat. Maybe if they turned themselves into cats they would receive some of his affection.

Juying had been waiting downstairs the whole time. When he saw Jun Li holding a cat in his arms, questions flashed across his eyes.

Juying hurriedly made his way over. “Young Master, the cat in your arms...”

Jun Li interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. “Get the kitchen staff to prepare two dishes of fish and send them over.”

After instructing Juying, Jun Li made for the car with President Ba cradled in his arms.

As he got into the driver’s seat, a number of uncertainties whirled in his mind. Nonetheless, Juying did not forget to phone the head chef and relay the Young Master’s instructions to cook two dishes of fish.

Half-an-hour later.

The chefs worked with great efficiency and soon two dishes of fish were sent to Jun Li’s private lounge.

Juying took the plate from the chef and walked to the sofa where the Young Master sat.

Jun Li’s slender figure was patting President Ba who had usurped his arms for its personal comfort. He sat there listlessly with eyes that stared into blank space. Smelling the fresh aroma of fish, his deep green eyes lit up and became transfixed on the fish on the plate in Juying’s hands.

Juying placed the plate on the wooden floor.

President Ba did not need anyone to invite him to eat. He jumped down from his perch atop Jun Li’s leg and squatted in front of the dish. Drool gathered at the corner of his lips as his eyes fixed upon the delicious that had been offered to him.

Although he was starving, President Ba still looked endearing while eating.

Perhaps it was because President Ba was too hungry that he threw all caution to the wind.

It was while Jun Li watched President Ba eating the fish contentedly that he hummed and said, “A cat can be hooked by two fish.”

Juying glanced over at the Young Master and a smile escaped from his upturned lips. He opened his mouth slightly to ask something, but ultimately kept quiet instead.

He did not want to ruin the Young Master’s good mood and so he chose to keep his questions to himself.

Jun Li observed President Ba as he ate, his thoughts drifting to Qin Shu. Retrieving his cell phone from his pocket, he sent Qin Shu a message explaining what had transpired and where President Ba had gone.

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At the hotel.

Breakfast was delivered to the guest room and set on a table.

Fu Tingyu washed up in the bathroom and stepped out in a silver-grey bathrobe. He ambled to the bed, sitting in a position that would allow him to appreciate the view of the woman sleeping in it. She was

sleeping so soundly that he could not bear to wake her up. Yet, he was afraid that if he did not she would starve.

Ultimately, he decided to rouse her from her sleep.

However, before he could attempt any such undertaking, her cellphone announced the arrival of a message.

He eyed the phone whose screen indicated an unread message silently.

His outstretched hand retreated and dove for the phone beside him. He checked who the sender was and learnt that Jun Li had sent Qin Shu a message.

Fu Tingyu's eyes narrowed involuntarily at the sight of Jun Li's message.

Its contents were clear even without his opening it.

Jun Li:

I went to your dormitory today. President Ba was hungry so I packed him off to my place. He's really well-behaved, don't worry. Let me know when you return. I'll bring President Ba back home.

President Ba was very picky with whom he allowed to carry him. Not just anyone had the right to do so. The fact that Jun Li could carry President Ba around in his arms meant that they were very familiar with each other.

Fu Tingyu gripped his phone in his clenched fist. His eyes were fixed on the person lying in bed. A frigid light flashed in his pupils. He was not happy. He was not happy at all.

Having had a good night's rest, Qin Shu was well-rested and dozing lightly in bed. The gleam in Fu Tingyu's eyes sent chills down her spine. She woke with a start, shaking off her lethargy as quickly as she could.

In the seconds it took her to do so, she felt the glare being directed at her by Fu Tingyu. It left her more than a little confused.

Just the night before, Fu Tingyu had been smiling happily. His words were peppered in sugary spice, reflecting his good mood.

Chapter 385: You Belong to me only'. Kill Anyone Who Dares to Covet His Wife

What had caused his displeasure?

Gripped in the palm of Fu Tingyu's hand was her phone. Was there something wrong with her phone?

Retracting her gaze she asked gently, "Have you eaten?"

Qin Shu sat up as she spoke, the long hem of her T-shirt trailing against her supple skin.

Fu Tingyu stared at Qin Shu for a long time, appraising her in silence. Eventually, he spoke, "You and Jun Li seem very close." hanging in the air was a barbed accusation.

"Pardon?"

Hearing Fu Tingyu mention Jun Li's name, she tilted her head to the side and inquired, "You know Jun Li?"

Fu Tingyu neither confirmed nor denied being acquainted with Jun Li. He simply fixed an uncompromising stare at her. Suddenly, an idea came to mind – he would take her to Sheng Garden.

Seeing as Fu Tingyu chose to keep his peace, Qin Shu did not press him for details. She stretched her slender arms out and wrapped them around his neck. In a husky voice dripping in sensuality, she whispered in his ear, "Are you angry?"

Fu Tingyu lowered his eyes to meet hers. He could smell the floral scent of her warm breath against the nape of his neck. His eyes darkened with desire.

His arms enveloped her delicate form, closing the distance between them. His obsidian eyes locked onto her hungrily. "Are the two of you so close that he visits you at your dorm often?"

"Not really. He has only visited the dorm once."

Qin Shu leaned into his embrace, feeling a little perplexed. Her first encounter with Jun Li was purely coincidental. He had offered her a ride and she took it. In their second encounter at her dorm, he had brought with him a strawberry cake.

"Once? He has managed to befriend President Ba in a single meeting? If the two of you weren't close, would President Ba allow someone unfamiliar to carry him?" Fu Tingyu's eyes glinted with frosty furore. His fingers around Qin Shu's phone clenched like a vice. It was getting harder for him to suppress his mounting fury.

From Fu Tingyu's reaction, a vague impression of what might have occurred formed in her mind. Jun Li had probably gone to her dormitory in search of her. Since she had yet to return to her dormitory, he must have taken the liberty of securing President Ba's material comforts and provided him with food and shelter. The message he had sent was, in all likelihood, a memo informing her of his actions and an assurance that President Ba was safe at his side.

The more she reasoned, the more likely it appeared. Jun Li was just that kind of person.

Qin Shu met Fu Tingyu's intense scrutiny and felt wronged. "Jun Li and I are just friends. There is nothing special going on between us."

Fu Tingyu's grip on the phone tightened. "Just friends? Why would he go looking for you at your dormitory, then?"

His lack of faith in her fractured her brittle heart like thousand knives slicing into her skin. It hurt. "Why won't you believe me?" she asked with a quiver in her voice.

Fu Tingyu pursed his lips and inspected her once over with a raised brow.

His reticence hurt her more than she showed. He did not trust her. Struck by this epiphany, her nose twitched and her eyes grew moist. "Jun Li and I are really just friends. There is nothing going on between us. He is just the friendly face next door."

Fu Tingyu studied Qin Shu's trembling form and his eyes took on a predatory gleam. He drew her deeper into the embrace, leaning in towards her vulnerable neck. "You're mine. You're not allowed to get close to any other man."

His words rolled off his tongue with a deep-throated growl. It was a domineering declaration of what was his.

Clinging to Fu Tingyu's stalwart figure, Qin Shu could feel his unease, his roiling emotions simmering under the surface of his skin. An inaudible sigh escaped her lips. "Do I not even have the right to make friends?"

Fu Tingyu replied overbearingly, "You have me."

Qin Shu traced the lines of his chiselled jaw to his high cheekbones and cold, onyx eyes. His anger was a wintry chill barely concealed by his sharp looks. She tilted her head up towards him and planted a kiss on his lips. "I love you."

Startled, his body stiffened. He turned to her and demanded fervently, "Say that again."

Qin Shu took a deep breath and intoned seriously with all of her heart. "I love you. I love you and only you. My love for you will never change. Don't ever doubt my feelings for you, okay?"

Fu Tingyu inhaled her affections for him in the same way a dry sponge soaks up water. Though his outward appearance did not change, his heart throbbed with scalding passion.

"Will you stay away from them, then? For me?"

Qin Shu looked at him in bewilderment. Her contact with the opposite sex was all but non-existent. How did it become them?

"What do you mean by them?" She couldn't help but ask.

He squeezed her lithe form possessively and muttered, "Bao'er, you are mine. Do you hear me? You are mine and mine alone. No other man may approach you."

She had heard him repeat this matra countless times but the more she heard it, the heavier her heart ached for him.

What was he so scared of that he had to repeat himself so earnestly?

"I am yours and only yours but could you give me some space to be free?"

Qin Shu implored gently. She was afraid of his temper and never wanted the misfortune of having his ire directed at her.

"I can give you anything. Nothing is beyond my grasp. All I ask is that you never leave me." Fu Tingyu's words weighed with cloying ardour.

Bending forward, he kissed her.

Qin Shu's words caught in her throat. She had wanted to assure him that she would never leave him but before she could do so, she had been silenced by the abrupt kiss that had stolen her lips. In the end, she could only bury them in her heart and pray that he would be fine.

The room quietened.

A rumbling growl echoed in the vacuum.

Qin Shu blushed a bright crimson. She was so hungry that she failed to suppress her stomach's ardent protests.

Much of Fu Tingyu's annoyance subsided when he heard her stomach's growl of hunger. Helping her out of bed, he instructed, "Go wash up and we'll have something to eat."

"Okay."

Though her mind laid with her bed, her stomach protested the thought and demanded immediate satisfaction.

Hauling herself out of bed in slow uneasy steps, she slipped on her bedroom slippers and ambled her way to the bathroom to wash up.

Fu Tingyu sat by the bed, his eyes glued to the phone sitting innocuously on a pillow. He picked the phone up again. This time he opened the message in its entirety and read its contents. His jet-black eyes darkened further. Opening an options window, he blacklisted the number representing Jun Li's contact details. He then deleted Jun Li from his friend list and blacklisted him on his phone too.

He did not hesitate.

He erased everything. Nothing was spared. Anyone who would covet his woman was an enemy – and enemies were obstacles he disposed of.

Returning the phone to its comfortable perch atop a pillow, he stood up and headed for the dining room. He would wait for Qin Shu there.

It did not take her long to wash up and join Fu Tingyu in the dining room. He sat at the table, patiently waiting for her to arrive.

She sat in the chair opposite his and marvelled at the exquisite breakfast laid out. She was so hungry that she could eat a horse. Picking up her chopsticks with her index and middle fingers, she gobbled down the delectable dishes with serene grace.

Watching Qin Shu relish in the delight that was a good meal, he felt a twinge of hunger stirring his own appetite.

Midway through their meal, Fu Tingyu raised his head to examine the woman eating with him. He had asked her a question earlier but had not received an answer.

The uncertainty clawed at his mind – a veiled threat inducing panic and unease.

His hunger abated as his thoughts ran wild.

He put down his chopsticks and raised a glass of water to his lips. He drank from it slowly.

At this point, Qin Shu's hunger diminished. She felt stiff and bloated – a clear sign that she had overeaten.

She had been worried that President Ba would not have had anything to eat or drink. Her initial plan had been to return and have Ye Luo watch over him.

There was no need for that now. President Ba was safe in Jun Li's hands.

Dabbing the oil stains around her mouth with a clean napkin, Qin Shu regarded the man she had been eating with. In his hand was a glass of water. He brought it to his lips and took several tentative sips before asking, "Would you like to go out and play?"

A workaholic like Fu Tingyu did not just 'go out and play'.

Qin Shu eyed him cautiously but when she thought of how he had taken time out of his busy schedule to accompany her, it seemed a little inappropriate not to indulge his whims.

Setting his glass down on the table, Fu Tingyu smiled and continued, "Where would you like to go and have some fun?"

Chapter 386: Like Babies to Be Born On Their Own. Master Four Can Attract Peach Blossoms wherever he

His words suggested that he wanted to go out and have some fun.

Not being familiar with the capital, Qin Shu did not know much of the city's attractions. She racked her brains for a minute when an image of a park sprang to mind. It was not far from the hotel. "Let's go to the park. There's a Ferris wheel there."

Fu Tingyu nodded, "Okay. You should go and have a change of clothes before we go. I've had someone pick them up for you."

A rose-tinted blush suffused her skin at his mention of clothes.

Fu Tingyu was not a stranger to her three sizes so the outfit he chose for her fitted to a T.

Not only was he picky but he also had very high demands for the quality of the materials used. The clothes he selected were, more often than not, comfortable yet pleasing to the eye.

Qin Shu stepped out of the bathroom in her change of clothes.

In time she had taken to don her outfit, Fu Tingyu had put on a timeless black suit with his shirt buttoned up to the collar. Around his neck hung a tie streaked in silver highlights. His appearance was sleek and neat.

Perhaps it was the change of clothes but his aura seemed to take on a completely different feel from what it had been last night. He looked every bit like the perfect gentleman.

Footsteps echoed behind him, and a woman in a white patchwork dress arrived at his side. The upper body was made of lace with its sleeves shortened by half its original length. The lower body was made of

Organza fabric. It puffed out and accentuated her curves in a way no woman with a thick waist could hope to carry with elegance.

The woman looked gorgeous in the outfit he had chosen. The dress itself had been excellent, to say the least, but when she wore it, she breathed life into the graceful one-piece dress; transforming her into the very image of an ethereal immortal.

Though the woman's figure was lithe, and some might have regarded her as being a little thin, she had all the makings of a classic beauty that would look impeccable in any dress she wore.

"Do you like the dress?"

Qin Shu peered down at her dress in consideration. Couldn't he tell from a glance whether the dress suited her?

Was he asking her a rhetorical question?

Unsure of what to think, her body language conveyed confusion.

Seeing as Qin Shu didn't seem to understand his question, he paraphrased and asked, "I mean the inside."

Qin Shu flushed with embarrassment, a searing heat perfusing her skin. Fu Tingyu had to be asking her such a question on purpose. Quietly, she muttered two words. "... Just right."

Taking pleasure in Qin Shu's blushing discomfort, Fu Tingyu took her small hand into his. It was a little warmer than his own and he laughed contentedly.

"Let's go."

"I've been in the capital for a while now but I haven't had the chance to see its sights. It is cooler today than it was a few days ago. Hopefully, the weather won't take a turn for the worse."

Qin Shu accompanied Fu Tingyu out of the hotel.

Qin Shu's happiness was his own. If she was happy, then so was he.

Ye Luo stood by the car with an arm outstretched. He had opened a door and was waiting in attendance.

After Fu Tingyu and Qin Shu got into the car, Ye Luo closed the door, hopped into the driver's seat, and drove off.

They arrived at the park fifteen minutes later.

Being a cool autumnal weekend, the park was filled with visitors. Retirees were practising Taichi in groups of four and fives, children shuttled about playing games of tag and hide-and-seek, while students enjoyed a short reprieve from their studies.

The two lovers entwined their hands together, walking side by side along the weather-beaten path that stretched from one end of the park to the other. To their right was a dense thicket of low-hanging trees. It was their first time together in a park, enjoying each other's company on a leisurely stroll. There was a world of difference walking the bustling city streets and that of the park.

Qin Shu watched as a gaggle of kids chased a little boy with a blue balloon up and down the lawn. They were young, somewhere between three and four years old. Their voices rang with youthful cheer, sweet and innocent.

Turning in the direction of Qin Shu's unwavering gaze, Fu Tingyu spotted the three children frolicking in the field. The hand holding hers clenched. "Do you like children?"

Qin Shu nodded unconsciously. She inclined her head to meet his eyes. Gentility rippled in his eyes. A shy smile bloomed with the grace and nobility of a peony, "I like them very much. They are very cute."

Fu Tingyu stopped in his tracks and pulled Qin Shu into his arms. His eyes locked with hers, tenderness seemed to gush forth with unprecedented serenity. "Let's have a baby together. Ours will definitely be the cutest baby in the world."

Qin Shu leaned against his chest, her lips quivered with words unspoken. No words escaped her throat. She could only remain silent.

Fu Tingyu followed the antics of the three children with mild interest. If he had a child, he wanted a daughter. It would be best if his daughter shared her mother's looks and temperament. Then he would have a second Bao'er.

"Let's go sit on the Ferris wheel," Qin Shu mumbled into Fu Tingyu's chest. Turning away from the jubilant cries of children, he agreed, "Okay." They departed a moment later and made for the Ferris wheel.

The Ferris wheel was not far from where they were. It was only a few minutes walk away. However, as it was a weekend, there were many people out and about. They had to wait their turn if they wanted to board the Ferris wheel.

The sea of people queuing daunted her. If they waited, it would take at least an hour before it was their turn. A bubble of anxiety welled up in her chest.

Fu Tingyu's patently good looks and noble temperament attracted the attention of many park-goers. Just by standing there, he was like a beacon attracting attention far and wide. Men, women, the elderly or youths. It did not matter. They were all besotted by his ravishing appearance.

Qin Shu did not look as good he did with her glasses on and people could not help but overlook her beauty in the face of the brilliant star that was Fu Tingyu.

"T-that man is so handsome." A teenage girl swooned. The words had tumbled out before her mind had the opportunity to register what it was she had said. Squeaking in mortification, she covered her mouth and did her best to conceal her star-struck wonder.

"He's not just handsome – he's the very picture of a Prince Charming. I'm in love."

"This is the first time I've met such a handsome man. Is he a celebrity? if so, why haven't I seen him appear on screen? I really want his number."

"I don't think I should get his number. He's got a girl by his side. She is probably his girlfriend."

“Maybe it’s his sister? Meeting such a handsome man is a once-in-a-thousand-year event. I... I can’t help it anymore. I must have his number.” An attractive girl placed her hands over her pounding heart. It felt like it was about to explode from how fast it raced.

“Go, go, go. You’re so pretty. Maybe you will be his type?” The girl next to her cajoled dreamily.

“Then I’ll go. Wish me luck.”

Mustering up her courage, she marched up to Fu Tingyu with a sweep of her hair and confidence in her innate beauty.

Fu Tingyu stood beside Qin Shu. His eyes were trained on her like a hawk’s. Nothing else mattered. So focused was his attention on her that he paid no heed to the amorous glances being shot in his direction.

Qin Shu, on the other hand, noted the many pairs of eyes ardently following Fu Tingyu’s every move. It was not a strange sight, to say the least. Fu Tingyu was the most handsome man she had ever had the fortune to lay her eyes on. Whether it was his looks or bearing, he was what Polaris was to the night sky, a constant light attracting attention like moths to the flame.

Her brows furrowed at a woman who had meandered over.

As she drew closer, the charming woman felt her chest flutter with arousal. The man she had lain eyes on was more handsome than she had ever imagined. He was sculpted like a Greek statue and looked like heavenly being made flesh. Her confidence crumbled and her words carried with them a trembling lilt.

“Hey now, handsome. Care to spend some time together? How about leaving me your WeChat ID?”

Fu Tingyu didn’t even bat an eye and he spoke with an arctic chill in his tone, “I’m sorry but I am a little busy at the moment.

Qin Shu was his whole world. He had no time to spare for extras. Though it was fall and much of the summer heat had already dissipated, the garish rays of the sun were as hateful as ever. He regretted not bringing an umbrella out to shelter them from its glare.

The gorgeous woman could not take the hint and replied, “It’s okay. I’ll wait. You can give it to me later.”

Having had enough of the farce unfolding, Qin Shu hugged Fu Tingyu’s arm and hissed with upturned lips. “Asking for my husband’s WeChat ID... Are you trying to be the third wheel in our marriage?”

Chapter 387: The Face Slapping Caught Her off Guard. The Fourth Master’s Ruthlessness protected his wife

The beautiful girl was caught flat-footed. She could not help but raise her head to look at the handsome man expectantly. Though he was not old, his eyes were reserved and wary. He exuded a sense of calm that differed from his age. It added to his unique charm.

Had he really married at such a young age?

She turned her sights to the woman beside him. She too looked rather young to have been wed already. Except for the woman’s old-fashioned glasses, she was no different from others her age.

Would such an extraordinary man fancy such a mundane woman?

To the extent that he would marry her?

The beautiful girl's face turned ugly when she was accused of trying to become Fu Tingyu's mistress.

"How does my asking for his WeChat ID make me his mistress?" The pretty girl defended angrily.

Still smiling, Qin Shu continued and said, "My husband has already told you that he is busy. He's already rejected you as politely as he can. What does it matter whether you acquire his WeChat ID or not?"

The pretty girl's face took on a vivid shade of red. "I-I was just asking. He only said he was busy. He never said that he wouldn't give it to me."

Pulling Qin Shu into his warm arms, his steely eyes glowered pointedly at the girl who had so rudely intruded upon their time together and growled harshly, "I won't give it to you."

"... I-I see." It was the first time she had been rejected. Glaring at the man who could flip the world order upside down with a simple nod or careless grin, the pretty girl hurried away in shame and anger.

Qin Shu watched the pretty girl tromp off in humiliation before dismissing her. There was no need to waste her attention on a passing figure in the crowd.

Fu Tingyu didn't even spare the pretty girl a second glance as she scurried away with her tail between her legs. The entirety of his attention was focused on Qin Shu. Her cherry coloured cheeks reminded him of their time together last night. It made him hunger for more.

The pretty girl stalked to her good friend's side. She felt wronged.

"What happened? Did he not give you his WeChat ID?" her good friend asked.

The pretty girl did not respond. She had always been pursued by men seeking her WeChat ID. Now, the first time she had ever taken the initiative to ask a man for his, she had been rejected. It left a bitter taste in her mouth.

The silence stretched. The pretty girl's friend took it as a confirmation of her speculation. "It's okay if he didn't give it to you. Men like him have very high standards. He must be the son of a wealthy family to have a girlfriend as young as he is."

"What high standards are you talking about? Do you honestly believe that woman next to him is prettier than me? Apparently, she's his wife." the pretty girl snorted in disdain.

"He's married at such a young age?" her good friend looked at the handsome man in surprise and frowned at the woman by his side, "She's wearing glasses from the last century and are completely out of style. From what I can see, her skin is smooth and blemish-free. The skirt she's wearing complements her figure well. It looks quite tasteful on her. It makes you wonder if she would look better if she lost those hideous spectacles."

"Even if she takes off her glasses, she won't look any better. Why would any beauty tarnish their looks with those antiquated frames?" the pretty girl grumbled.

Her good friend nodded. "That's true."

Qin Shu and Fu Tingyu waited for more than an hour before it was their turn. They paid the ticketing fees and, with the help of the staff, boarded the Ferris wheel.

Fu Tingyu's sat first before helping Qin Shu onto the ride.

Her face burned with mortification. The Ferris wheel had not started up yet and countless eyes followed her every move through the transparent glass.

She struggled to get off the ride but was held in place by Fu Tingyu's firm grip.

At this moment, the Ferris wheel lurched forward and began its slow ascent into the sky. The ground beneath grew further and further and soon they found themselves suspended in the open sky, an unobstructed view for as far as the eye could see.

Feeling a little more at ease, Qin Shu stopped struggling against Fu Tingyu's hold. Instead, her eyes wandered out the window and took in the wonderful feeling of weightlessness that accompanied their departure from the earth below.

Fu Tingyu rested his chin on the girl's shoulder and enjoyed the view together with his dearly beloved. He wasn't interested in the Ferris wheel. He just wanted to spend some time alone with the woman he loved. Somewhere no one would disturb them. That was enough to satisfy him.

From their vantage point high in the sky, Qin Shu could see the sprawling park unfolding before her eyes. She could even see the city's skyline beyond the edges of the park.

She tilted her head in wonder. The tip of her nose brushed against Fu Tingyu's. The sound of her laughter rang in her ears. "I've heard that when a couple rides on the Ferris wheel, they will find eternal happiness together. I wonder if it's true.

"It's not. What I want isn't something an inanimate object can attain for me. I'll seize it with my own two hands." Fu Tingyu's glimmered passionately. As long as Qin Shu was by his side, nothing else mattered.

Fu Tingyu was right. An inanimate object had no such power available to it.

She was a whole new person, reborn from the ashes of her past self. No longer was she that naive girl who believed everything she saw or heard.

It didn't matter if she believed in superstition. They would share in their happiness together, whether it be on the Ferris wheel or elsewhere. She believed it with all her heart.

Kissing Fu Tingyu on the cheek she whispered, "I believe you."

For a split second, an image of a young girl superimposed itself on Qin Shu. It was a reflection of her as she had been years ago. Though he knew it was only an illusion, Fu Tingyu knew it had been real for the simple fact that he believed in it.

Was Bao'er really willing to stay by his side?

She wasn't lying or trying to deceive him, was she?

Regardless of what her intentions were, Fu Tingyu decided to push it all to one side. He did not wish to dwell on them at the moment. The only thing he wanted was to enjoy the simple earthly pleasure of intimacy between a man and woman.

High up in the clouds, that was what he did.

Beyond their glass carriage, the weather was good and the sun shone brightly in the sky.

The cerulean sky was dotted with clouds that looked like grazing sheep, drifting lazily in the cool air.

The Ferris wheel slowed as it began its descent.

Qin Shu's rosy cheeks flushed with excitement. The feeling of descending towards the ground was vastly different from its earlier ascent.

Eventually, the Ferris wheel ground to a halt.

Holding her hand as he helped her down, Fu Tingyu gently ushered Qin Shu out of the passenger car.

It was then that he bumped into the pretty girl who had hit on him earlier.

He did not put much stock into their encounter, having long forgotten the girl who had flirted with him. He simply offered Qin Shu his hand and continued on his way without batting an eye.

Qin Shu followed suit.

The pretty girl was left disappointed by Fu Tingyu's lack of reaction. The fact that he had not even looked at her, stung her pride. She did not believe her looks were inferior to Qin Shu's – especially with those unfashionable glasses hanging from the bridge of her nose.

Hence, as the couple were walking past, she intentionally bumped into Qin Shu in a moment of her distraction.

Qin Shu was caught off guard and staggered. Had it not been for Fu Tingyu's quick reaction to catch her as she fell, she would have fallen backwards and knocked her head against the stone steps leading to the Ferris wheel. The consequences of such a fall would have been disastrous.

Although she had not fallen, thanks to Fu Tingyu's timely assistance, the collision was fierce and it knocked her glasses off the bridge of her nose. It clattered to the ground with its lenses shattering against the hard stone.

Qin Shu took a second to steady herself, turning to face the pretty girl who had bumped into her.

When the pretty girl caught sight of Qin Shu's face, its immaculate beauty branded itself in her mind. Qin Shu was a beauty like no other she had seen before.

She was beautiful and yet, so much more.

Fu Tingyu enveloped Qin Shu in his arms, glaring coldly at the pretty girl. It did not take a rocket scientist to extrapolate who had crashed into Qin Shu and threatened her with a serious injury. His intense, wintry gaze settled on the pretty girl.

"What's your name?" demanded Fu Tingyu acerbically.

Still mesmerised by Qin Shu's exquisite beauty, the pretty girl could not formulate her thoughts into any semblance of order for a short but uncomfortable period of time.

At first, she was stunned. She had not expected the handsome man to ask for her name. Feeling that it was her chance, she responded excitedly, "My name is Mo Ran. I'm studying at Xifan University."

Chapter 388: Was Very Unexpected. Fourth Master Didn't Want To Rely On His Looks

"Good, good."

Fu Tingyu repeated these two words and walked away with Qin Shu's hand in his.

Qin Shu followed Fu Tingyu's lead and put the pretty girl out of her mind.

As they strolled away from the Ferris wheel, Fu Tingyu reached into his pocket and sent Ye Luo a message through his phone.

The pretty girl stared at the man's stalwart back with hearts in her eyes. She could not suppress the joy that bubbled in her chest. Grabbing her good friend's hand, she inquired breathlessly, "Did you hear that? He asked for my name!"

A chill ran down her friend's spine. "But why do I feel like he's very angry?"

The pretty girl was still immersed in her love-sick fantasy that she failed to consider the circumstances objectively, "Was he, now? He could not have been. He asked for my name."

"His wife is not just beautiful, she's awe-inspiringly so. This is my first time seeing such a beautiful woman. I know of many actresses who fall short when compared to her beauty."

The pretty girl pursed her lips when she heard that.

"It's our turn," said the pretty girl's good friend as she pulled her in the direction of the Ferris wheel.

It only took a few seconds for Ye Luo to finish reading the contents of the message he had been sent. Being a man of action, he did not hesitate in the slightest as he made his way towards the Ferris wheel.

At this moment, the pretty girl and her good friend disembarked from the passenger car and departed from the Ferris wheel.

"I'm going to buy a cup of iced milk tea. Wait for me here, I'll be right back." the pretty girl's good friend called as she made a beeline for a stand selling milk tea.

While waiting for her friend to return, the pretty girl took shelter beneath the shade of a large tree. Her mind was caught in a loop, endlessly replaying the brief exchange between the handsome man and herself. Her heart trembled with excitement. If he had taken the initiative to ask for her name, perhaps there was a chance he would come looking for her after all?

So caught up in her fantasy was she, that she failed to react in time to an assault against her person. Her vision blurred and a sharp pain lanced through her abdomen. Someone had kneeed her in the stomach, causing her to collapse in on herself like a shrivelled shrimp.

She cried in shock as pain filled her senses. Beads of perspiration slid down the sides of her face, contorting her pale skin into a picture of agony.

Before she could recover, the pretty girl felt a force knocking her sideways; sending her rolling down the sloped lawn and towards the stone steps below.

From start to finish, the pretty girl never had an opportunity to see who her aggressor was.

Ye Luo stared on dispassionately as the pretty girl was furlled down the slope and crashed into a heap of misshapen limbs.

Had she not been a woman but a man, Ye Luo would have let his fists do the talking instead.

Ye Luo spun on his heel and left without looking back.

The pretty girl ought to be glad that Qin Shu had not fallen down the stone steps and suffered any debilitating injuries or else her punishment would not have been as simple as that.

Fu Tingyu would not have let her off so easily.

The pretty girl tumbled down the slope, bouncing up each time she landed on one of the stone steps. Six steps later, she collapsed in on herself as immeasurable pain scoured the scrapes and bloody marks riddling her body.

Onlookers were left aghast, unsure of how to respond.

Panicked voices filled the air and someone dialled 120 for an ambulance which carted her off to a hospital for treatment.

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Typing furiously into his phone, Fu Tingyu sent off a message covertly. He did not want Qin Shu to know this side of him. He did not want her to think less of him just because of his ruthlessness.

Whether it was business or matters of life, he had always been cold-blooded and merciless. He used any means necessary to accomplish his goals – even if he had to resort to violence.

Whoever dared to hurt what was his would be punished with extreme prejudice.

The only caveat being his wish not to allow Bao'er any chance to perceive this side of him.

Qin Shu chewed on her lips as she studied her right leg. She had twisted it when she tried to break her fall on the stone steps. Now, not only was it painful, but it was also a little numb.

She had not felt the pain earlier but, having walked some distance since then, her right leg was now swollen and numb.

She had not said a word to Fu Tingyu because she did not want him to worry.

If he had known that she had been injured by the pretty girl, Fu Tingyu would not have let the obnoxious girl off so easily.

He wasn't someone who would allow her to be bullied without exacting retribution on her wrongdoer.

Fu Tingyu stole a glance, admiring Qin Shu's delicate features. Without those tacky glasses marring her beauty, Qin Shu was simply breathtaking. Not even the heat of the sun or the faint beads of perspiration lining her forehead could detract from her exquisite looks.

"Let's find a place to rest."

"Okay." Qin Shu nodded. The temperature had risen with the midday sun and it was getting quite hot.

Her legs were starting to feel heavy. She needed to rest or her legs would give way under her pain and exhaustion.

Fu Tingyu led her to a shaded bench. It sat in the shadow of a large tree. Its wooden exterior was worn and battered from its frequent use by park-goers.

Turning his gentle eyes on Qin Shu's fatigued form, he spoke lightly, "Sit down and rest for a while." His ruthless countenance had disappeared as if it never existed.

Qin Shu sat on the wooden bench, grateful for the short respite. She tugged at the hand that held her own and said, "You should sit down too. There is a breeze here. It's pretty cool."

Fu Tingyu did not respond. He scanned their surroundings like a hawk, settling his sights on an ice-cream truck not far away.

Lowering his eyes to meet hers, he took in her flushed cheeks and laboured breaths, murmuring, "Bao'er, wait for me here. I'll go and get you some ice cream."

When she heard the word "Ice-cream," Qin Shu's eyes lit up in appreciation. "Okay."

Fu Tingyu looked at her sparkling eyes that shimmered with childish wonder. The corners of his mouth curled up into a smirk. He straightened his back and made his way over to the ice-cream truck.

Qin Shu crossed her legs, bending down to massage her calves. Her legs were feeling a little numb and ached from exertion.

Suddenly, a cat ran over and meowed happily at her. "Meow!"

She was taken aback. Wasn't this President Ba? How did he get here?

"Meow!" President Ba purred proudly as if saying, "I've found you."

"What are you doing here?"

Qin Shu's surprise was cut short by the sound of a man's voice ringing from above her bent form. She looked up and realized Jun Li was hovering over her. Astonished by his abrupt appearance, Qin Shu asked, "Why are you here? And you've even brought President Ba with you?"

"President Ba wanted to go out for a walk, so I took him to the park." A faint smile tugged at Jun Li's lips. He paused while giving President Ba a look of consideration before continuing, "When we arrived, President Ba would not let me carry him and ran off by himself. I chased him here. He probably ran off because he was looking for you."

“Meow” President Ba twirled in between Qin Shu’s legs and sat in a half-squat with his eyes trained firmly on hers. His dark green eyes twinkled with mirth.

President Ba’s feline features were drawn into a smug line that etched itself on its face. Learning of her cat’s antics drew out a belly full of laughter that left her gasping for breath. “P-president Ba’s n-nose is even sharper than a dog’s.”

Jun Li’s gaze wandered to the hand pressing on her calf. He frowned and asked, “Does your leg hurt?”

“No,” she said as she released her aching foot as if it had not been throbbing at all.

Abashed, Jun Li averted his eyes. “When I saw you rubbing your leg, I thought you had hurt yourself.”

Qin Shu noticed Jun Li’s pale complexion and thought of how unruly President Ba usually was with Ye Luo.

Considering Jun Li’s sickly disposition, how much energy could he have to put up with President Ba’s mischief?

“President Ba really is quite naughty and entertaining him requires a lot of energy. You should rest for a bit.

“Okay.” Jun Li sat next to her.

Sensing that neither Qin Shu nor Jun Li intended to help it up onto the bench, President Ba sniffed haughtily and hopped up himself. His flicking tail swished from side to side, showing off his great magnanimity despite not having received any help from either of them.

Meanwhile, Fu Tingyu had gone to buy some ice cream. With his supernaturally good looks and aristocratic bearing, he garnered more than a few adoring sighs from the crowds of women flocking to his side.

Even the female ice-cream vendor couldn’t help but sneak a second peek at the attractive man buying the milky, frozen dessert from her.

When Fu Tingyu asked for some strawberry flavoured ice cream, the female ice-cream seller threw in a few more freshly cut strawberries for free.

Chapter 389: The Vinegar Jar Was Knocked over On Purpose

“Take it,” giggled the female ice-cream seller enthusiastically. Six freshly cut strawberries sat atop the frozen dessert.

Fu Tingyu accepted the cup of ice cream graciously, beaming in satisfaction. Girls loved strawberries.

Although only the corner of his mouth twitched with mirth, it dazzled the eyes of all who saw it.

Bathing in Fu Tingyu’s delight, the middle-aged ice-cream seller felt like she had returned to her youth.

The surrounding women were equally entranced by the minute shift in his expression and their hearts fluttered with unrestrained desire.

Fu Tingyu paid for the ice cream, leaving the change as a generous tip, and made his way back to where Qin Shu was seated.

Meanwhile, in the shade of a giant tree...

Qin Shu poked and prodded President Ba's meaty little paws. They were pleasantly plump and soft to the touch. She enjoyed playing with them. It was a pastime that helped her relax when she had nothing else better to do.

President Ba felt his eyelids droop. He was beginning to feel a little sleepy. Qin's Shu gentle ministrations were so soothing that they threatened to put him to sleep. He couldn't allow himself the luxury of sleep, however, so he did the next best thing he could – he ogled Qin Shu with wide saucer-like eyes.

Jun Li watched in amusement as Qin Shu teased President Ba with her sweet caresses. Speaking lightly, he gestured at President Ba, "I think it's better for you to move into a studio apartment. It'll give President Ba more space to stretch its legs. There are several studio apartments attached to the dormitory. It would be a waste for you not to consider moving into one of them."

Qin Shu stopped tickling President Ba. She had wanted to experience life in a dormitory but getting along with her roommates was proving to be an exercise in futility.

She could not help but feel somewhat tempted by Jun Li's suggestion.

Jun Li's reassuring gaze bolstered her confidence. Perhaps it would not be such a bad thing to move into a studio apartment, after all.

"Alright. President Ba probably feels bored being caged up all day."

Nodding in approval, Jun Li's smile took on the appearance of a sunflower in full bloom. "I'll get someone to tidy up an apartment immediately. You'll be able to move in at any time.

Qin Shu returned the smile with one of her own. Thank you, Jun Li. It hasn't been long since I enrolled in the university and I've done nothing but troubled you since."

As Fu Tingyu returned with the cup of strawberry ice cream in hand, he chanced upon Qin Shu and Jun Li chatting happily. A surge of jealousy clawed his insides at the sight of her sweet smile being directed at another man.

If anyone had been around to see his expression, they would have thought that someone had poured a vat of vinegar down his throat. He was angry. Livid.

Jun Li was the first to catch sight of Fu Tingyu. They had met before and Fu Tingyu's illustrious reputation, as Jiang City's fourth young master, preceded him.

The last time he had asked, he only enquired about the relationship between Fu Tingyu and Qin Shu.

Turning in the direction of Jun Li's gaze, Qin Shu saw Fu Tingyu making his way over with a cup of strawberry flavour ice cream in his hands. She spied several freshly cut strawberries lining its sides and it made her eyes sparkle with joy.

When she thought of Jun Li's sudden appearance, she explained, "Jun Li brought President Ba here to have some fun. President Ba came looking for me when he caught my scent."

"What a coincidence."

Fu Tingyu kept his eyes trained on Jun Li whilst handing the cup of ice cream to Qin Shu. Adorning his face was the mask of neutrality he habitually wore. "Eat it before it melts."

Qin Shu received the cup of strawberry ice cream gratefully.

Jun Li spoke indifferently, "This is the only park in the area."

Qin Shu peered at Fu Tingyu, trying to grasp his thoughts. Jun Li had spoken truthfully. The park they were situated in was the only one around for miles. Their meeting was purely coincidental.

She reached out and tugged at his sleeve. "You should sit too. You must be feeling hot after walking for so long."

Fu Tingyu studied the hand tugging at his sleeve, his expression a placid facade betraying nothing of his thought. He recalled the tender smile Qin Shu had given the other man and his eyes darkened with barely restrained fury. In a fit of vindictive pride, Fu Tingyu positioned himself in between the two and sat down.

President Ba crept away instinctively. He jumped into Jun Li's arms and levelled his dark green eyes on the man who had evoked a sense of feat within it.

Fu Tingyu sent a pointed look towards President Ba which caused him to shrink back warily. With his voice laced in sarcasm, he asked, "Is the third young master of the Jun family so free that he has time to bring a cat out for a walk?"

Jun Li answered jovially, the faint lines of a boyish grin carrying his charm, "I'm an idle person. I've got plenty of time to spare. Besides, President Ba is a cool cat to hang out with."

Jun Li spoke while he combed his well-defined fingers through President Ba's fur and rubbed its head.

Qin Shu held up her ice cream and ate the strawberries on it. He turned his head to look at Fu Tingyu and Jun Li, silently eating the ice cream.

Qin Shu scooped her ice cream into her mouth with small, slow bites. She regarded the two men sitting beside her silently.

Fu Tingyu observed Jun Li as he played with President Ba for a while before turning his attention to Qin Shu. The ice cream in her hands had already begun to melt and some of it had smeared the corners of her mouth pink. He was not the least bit surprised. It was getting rather hot.

Drawing out a white silken handkerchief from his pocket, he adjured softly, "Don't move."

Qin Shu stopped eating her ice cream and looked at the man in puzzlement. Seeing him regard her so intently, she asked, "What's wrong?"

"The corners of your mouth are stained with ice cream."

Fu Tingyu leaned in closer, carefully wiped away the stains with his silken handkerchief. His movements were slow and deliberate – as if he were polishing a precious treasure of his.

In fact, he did it on purpose for Jun Li to see.

Qin Shu remained still as Fu Tingyu cleaned the corners of her lips. She tilted her head to one side, giving him more room to work with.

From where Jun Li sat, it almost looked like they were kissing. Despite knowing that they were not making love beside him, he could not help but frown.

Jun Li picked up President Ba and made to leave. He acknowledged Fu Tingyu with a nod of his head and said, "I'll go back first." He then offered Qin Shu an affable look saying, "When you return to school, send me a message to let me know."

Fu Tingyu paused for a moment and sat up straight.

Qin Shu flashed Jun Li an apologetic look. Seeing President Ba snuggled in his arms and asking him to continue caring for President Ba while she was busy, made her cheeks burn in embarrassment. "I'm sorry for troubling you."

It was then that Fu Tingyu interjected, "Third young master Jun has already taken care of President Ba for more than half a day. There's no need to trouble him further. I'll have Ye Luo attend to President Ba."

Without waiting for Jun Li to reply, he whipped out his phone and dialled Ye Luo's number. "..."

"Ye Luo, come and watch over President Ba."

Ye Luo was momentarily stunned when he heard Fu Tingyu's command. He had not seen Qin Shu bring President Ba along. It had been more than a month since he had last seen President Ba at all.

Ye Luo's stupefaction did not last long and he reacted fairly quickly. Putting away his phone, he marched to where he knew the young master was resting in order to fulfil his duties.

Jun Li did not mind. He released his hold on President Ba and placed him on the bench, then bade farewell to Qin Shu. "Then I'll be taking my leave first."

Qin Shu stopped eating her ice cream and mumbled apologetically, "Okay, thank you for taking care of President Ba for me."

"It's nothing. I was getting rather bored alone. Having a cat keep me company helped relieve some of it."

A grin settled over his face but did not quite extend to his eyes. He left with a steady gait, neither walking too fast nor too slowly.

Qin Shu watched as Jun Li's slender figure stepped out of the tree's shadow. His suit was loose and made him look skinnier than he really was. Guilt racked her conscience. If it weren't for the fact that he had taken care of President Ba, she wouldn't...

"Bao'er."

Fu Tingyu's voice cut her off from her train of thought. She asked uncertainly, "What's wrong?"

Fu Tingyu glowered at Jun Li's retreating form. With furrowed brows, he probed, "What are you looking at?"

Chapter 390: Jealousy Is Out of Control. Follow Me Back to Jiang City

Qin Shu spoke softly, "Jun Li's health isn't good. He's always pale. Yet, in spite of his poor health, he still took the time to care for President Ba."

The chill in Fu Tingyu's voice dropped to subzero temperatures. "Are you feeling sorry for him?"

Anyone would empathize with a person like Jun Li.

Qin Shu snuck a glance in Fu Tingyu's direction. His face was set in a gloomy visage and his deep-black eyes rippled with frigidity. He and Jun Li were two completely different individuals. Fu Tingyu's love was so great that there was nothing he would not do for her. Some would have even described his love as a type of madness.

If anything, she felt greater heartache for the man who loved her than she did for Jun Li.

Before she died in her first life. She imagined what life might have been like for Fu Tingyu had he not met her. She fancied his life would have been better off, and that he would have met someone who would love him better than she ever could.

However, it was not to be. God had given her a new lease on life, granting her rebirth in a time when she was entangled romantically with him.

Perhaps it was fate – a fate she could not escape. If so, then she would live her life to its fullest. That, she discerned, was the fuel fanning her love and the reason she would wed him for life.

As for Jun Li...

Qin Shu's thoughts were cut short by an abrupt declaration of Fu Tingyu's. "Return with me to Jiang City."

Qin Shu was startled when she heard it. "Why?"

Fu Tingyu ignored her question and continued, "If you want to go to university, you can go to one in Jiang City. Don't you like children? We can have one now."

Qin Shu shook her head. She would not study at Jiang City's university. It was simply out of the question.

She had yet to make a trip into the mountains for the medicinal herbs she was looking for, and whether she would find them was up in the air.

If the medicinal herbs she was looking for weren't in those mountains, there were still places nearby she could explore in search of them.

Gritting her teeth, Qin Shu asserted, "I'm not going back. If you want to have children, we can have them in the future when I'm a little older. For now, I just want to graduate from university."

Qin Shu's blunt refusal caused Fu Tingyu's eyes to darken. "Why must you stay in the capital? Is it because of Junli? Or is it because of someone else? Or maybe you don't want a child by me at all?"

Fu Tingyu swallowed his fury with great difficulty. His hands were clenched into fists in an attempt to reel in his temper. He did not want to resort to coercive force as he had done in the past when he dragged her back to Jiang City.

Every word of his felt like a sharp blade, tearing her heart into ribbons. She felt wronged – wronged in a manner that hurt her most. Even now, Fu Tingyu did not have faith in her. His lack of trust in her was more painful than any physical blow he could have meted out.

Her nose twitched and tears welled up in her eyes.

She wouldn't cry. Crying would not solve any of her problems.

She took a long shuddering breath, suppressing the tears that threatened to fall. "Why won't you believe me? Believe that I love you? Believe that I won't ever leave you?"

Fu Tingyu seized Qin Shu's wrist, a harsh light shining in his opaque eyes. "If you return to Jiang City with me, I'll believe you."

Qin Shu sniffled pitifully. "If I don't follow you to Jiang City, you won't believe me, will you?"

Fu Tingyu regarded Qin Shu in silence. The thought of simply hauling her home with him bubbled to mind. It was an urge so strong that he almost felt compelled to act on his desires.

"Are you saying that you won't go back to Jiang City with me?" a hard edge had crept into Fu Tingyu's voice when he learnt that Qin Shu didn't want to return with him.

"I will not go back to Jiang City, for now." a bitter smile marring her lips. "Do you intend to have your way without any regard for what I want to do?"

It was at this moment that Ye Luo walked over. Although he had an emotional quotient akin to a log's, he could tell – almost instinctively – that something had happened between the fourth young master and Qin Shu.

He didn't dare find out what was wrong. He merely picked up President Ba who was sitting on the wooden bench and retreated five meters away.

President Ba, sensing Fu Tingyu's seething anger, cowered in Ye Luo's arms. He refused to budge even an inch from his position of relative safety.

President Ba felt as if he had met his saviour in Ye Luo. Fu Tingyu was beyond scary when enraged.

Qin Shu wilful insistence on the matter of staying in the capital made him purse his lips in distaste. It went without saying that he wanted her back in Jiang City with him.

Without responding or indulging further preamble, Fu Tingyu lifted Qin Shu off the bench in a bridal carry and stalked towards the car.

Qin Shu reacted by clasping her arms around Fu Tingyu's neck. The remainder of her strawberry ice cream left all but forgotten.

She looked at the man holding her in his arms, their bodies barely separated by a layer of clothing. She did not know what his intentions were and felt the sting of fear branding itself against her skin. Fu Tingyu really was planning to force her back to Jiang City without any consideration for her wishes.

If she really returned to Jiang City, what options would she have?

Run? She definitely couldn't run.

However, if she did not run, she would be locked up in Sheng Yuan without being able to do anything.

The car was not far and it would only take Fu Tingyu a short ten-minute walk to reach it.

Ye Luo immediately understood the fourth young master's intentions. He took the lead, making his way to the car with President Ba in his arms. He then opened the car's door and waited by its side.

Not a word escaped his lips as he hauled Qin Shu to the car. He bent down and stuffed her into the car. He snapped the door shut and spun around the back to get to the other side where he entered and sat down.

Ye Luo quickly sat in the driver's seat and placed President Ba beside him in the passenger seat, then he started the engine and drove off.

Space in the car was limited but thankfully the heat was banished by the cool air gushing out of the air-conditioner.

The temperature inside the car seemed to drop by several more degrees with Fu Tingyu's cold chagrin. His simmering rage was a quiet but deadly force that sent shivers down her spine.

Qin Shu could feel his anger vibrating just beneath his skin. He was still in poor humour.

She didn't want to go back to Jiang City. Not now, at least.

By his tone, it was more than likely that he was planning to take her back to Jiang City by hook or by crook.

Recalling the sweet smile Qin Shu had sent Jun Li's way and the tender look of empathy she had worn as he departed was etched in his mind. He couldn't calm down.

The two of them didn't speak on the way back. A terrifying stillness settled over the car.

Ye Luo parked the car at the entrance of the hotel, then got out and opened the backseat door.

Fu Tingyu was the first out of the car and he traipsed to the other side. By then, Qin Shu had already pushed open the car door and gotten out. A firm hand reached for hers and clutched it in a tight grip; almost as if it were afraid she would run away.

Qin Shu peered up at Fu Tingyu. His features were impassive save for the arctic glint in his eyes. She trailed behind him as he marched into the hotel with purposeful strides.

Ye Luo picked up President Ba and walked into the hotel. There, he asked the hotel staff to prepare two portions of fish for him.

President Ba curled up in Ye Luo's arms lazily. It was so good not having any need to walk!

Qin Shu and Fu Tingyu made their way to the room they shared in the hotel, neither of them saying anything to the other.

Qin Shu didn't know what to say. She had said everything that needed to be said, and she didn't know what else she could do to make him believe her.

Fu Tingyu opened the door to their hotel room with Qin Shu trailing in his wake.

Once secure in their room, Fu Tingyu released Qin Shu's hand and closed the door behind her.

Qin Shu stood where she was, rooted in place. She watched as Fu Tingyu shut the door to their bedroom. Hesitating for a brief second, she grabbed Fu Tingyu's hand with the same firmness as he had used on her earlier.

"Are you really going to take me back to Jiang City?"

Fu Tingyu stared at Qin Shu. Judging from her tone, it appeared that she honestly didn't want to go back. He wasn't in a hurry to answer. Instead, he took out his phone and dialled for room service.

When the line went through, he spoke coldly, "Room 808, lunch service."

He hung up as soon as he had said his piece. He had already instructed the kitchen on what was to be prepared for their lunch previously.

Qin Shu stood in place, waiting patiently for his answer. She hoped that Fu Tingyu would change his mind. She could not go back to Jiang City. Not before she scaled those mountains in search of the medicinal herbs she needed.