

## Bigoted 881

### Chapter 881: Saw the WeChat Moments and Got Scared

The villa below Fengyi Mountain.

After training, Fu Tingyan suggested, "How about having a barbecue tonight?"

Bo Ye looked up and said calmly, "I don't have any objections."

Jiang Yu was in a good mood. "Barbecue with beer. A good combination."

They were nineteen, all legal adults now, so Ye Huang lifted the alcohol prohibition.

"Then barbecue with beer." Fu Tingyan asked the guards in the villa to prepare the ingredients for the barbecue.

There was plenty of beer and wine in the villa.

Ye Huang had always satisfied them with these things, especially in terms of food. He always provided the best.

The guards were very efficient. After an hour and a half, they had all the ingredients and seasonings that Fu Tingyan needed.

It was not the first time they had a barbecue. After a few times of experience, they cooked with ease.

When the meat was cooked, they sprinkled seasonings on it. The alluring smell quickly spread, and they could not help but swallow their saliva.

The three of them surrounded the barbecue table, eating meat and drinking wine.

Three years had made their relationship close. Although Bo Ye looked a little cold, he was very loyal to his friends.

Jiang Yu took a sip of beer and said, "Uncle Ye said that in another year, we can go down the mountain. It feels like time has passed too quickly. We've been on the mountain for already three years."

In these three years, their martial art strength had increased by leaps and bounds. They had already broken through to Gold level.

In another year, they would break through to Platinum level.

Fu Tingyan felt that his speed was still too slow. His brother had only used three years to reach the peak level.

Jiang Yu saw that he was holding his wine glass and didn't say anything. "Tingyan, why aren't you saying anything?"

Bo Ye turned his head to look at him.

Fu Tingyan glanced at Jiang Yu and Bo Ye in front of him and smiled. "My brother went to Qi Mountain to train. In just three years, he reached the peak level."

Hearing his words, Jiang Yu and Bo Ye were both stunned. There was such a big difference between people?

Could this be the difference between having talent and not having talent?

Seeing Jiang Yu and Bo Ye's shocked expressions, Fu Tingyan smiled and said, "Don't be discouraged. My brother had been praised for his talent since he was young, and he started earlier than us. So it's not bad to be able to reach and get over the Platinum level."

Although he said this, he was still a little discouraged in his heart.

After eating the barbecue, the three of them went to the rooftop of the villa.

It was summer, and the stars in the night sky were exceptionally bright.

The three of them lay side by side on the roof, their heads resting on their hands as they looked at the night sky above them.

Perhaps it was because they knew that they would be able to return in almost a year, so they were a little excited.

Jiang Yu tilted his head and looked at Fu Tingyan. "What is the first thing you want to do when you go back?"

Fu Tingyan said, "Help my brother. It's such a big family business, and my brother is carrying it all by himself. It must be tiring."

At the mention of their brother, Bo Ye thought of Bo Yin, who had been protecting her since she was young. "I'll go back and help my brother too."

Fu Tingyan tilted his head and glanced at Bo Ye. Under the night sky, he could only see Bo Ye's rough outline. Because he was too familiar with Bo Ye, his face would automatically appear in front of him. For some reason, he felt that there was something off with Bo Ye's brother.

As for Jiang Yu, who did not have a brother, he was very envious of Fu Tingyan and Bo Ye, who had a brother. He said, "Both of you are going back to your older brothers. I don't have an older brother, but when I go back, I will enter the company to learn from my father. However, the first thing I will do is to look for Ye Xue."

Fu Tingyan was quite curious. "Why do you have to wait until you go back to look for her? Can't you look for her now?"

Jiang Yu thought for a while, he said, "When I was dating Ye Xue, I was only 17 years old. At 17 years old, I didn't know anything about relationships. I don't know if it was just a momentary novelty of being in a relationship that I just happened to meet her and she liked me, so I chose to date her. When I dated her, I didn't know if it was because of puberty or something else, I liked her very much. I was afraid that my emotions for her were just an impulse. After it passed, I would fall in love with someone else again."

Fu Tingyan was silent when he heard that. Jiang Yu was right. What could 17-year-olds, like them back then, understand?

After being together with Bo Ye for more than three years, Fu Tingyan was very sure that he was gay.

Bo Ye listened quietly. She did not understand the feelings of being in relationships. Bo Yin said that he liked her.

Fu Tingyan also said that he liked her, even when she was a “boy”.

Jiang Yu continued, “That night, you said that you would leave the next day. I thought about it for the whole night and decided to follow you. I wanted to at least understand one thing. Before I left, I didn’t know how to tell Ye Xue. I wanted her to wait for me. But I was afraid that if I make her wait, as time passed, I might make her wait for nothing and waste her time.”

This was the first time Fu Tingyan heard Jiang Yu talk about this matter. At that time, he also wondered since Jiang Yu and Ye Xue were in the midst of a passionate relationship, how could they bear to separate?

“Then, have you figured it out now?”

“Three years is enough.”

When he first went up the mountain, he missed Ye Xue so much that he couldn’t sleep at night.

He thought that perhaps it was because he was used to having her by his side and was suddenly separated. For a moment, he wasn’t used to it, so he endured and didn’t contact her.

After a year of settling down, he hid his missing in his heart.

During the three years, he didn’t forget Ye Xue. Instead, her appearance was constantly in his mind. He didn’t need to think about it deliberately, and it would appear.

Although he did not mention it, he knew that he still liked Ye Xue. He had never stopped.

Fu Tingyan asked, “Since you know, why don’t you contact her now?”

Jiang Yu said, “Three years have passed. One more year is not a problem.”

“Then aren’t you afraid that Ye Xue will be snatched away? The year I went back, I found that she had become more beautiful and had changed a lot. In the Imperial City, quite a few people are chasing after her, aren’t there?” Fu Tingyan reminded him jokingly.

Jiang Yu was stunned. He had indeed never considered this question.

At first, he was happy that he had already confirmed his feelings for Ye Xue.

But now, because of Fu Tingyan’s words, he became nervous and uneasy again.

He did not dare to think further.

After returning to his room, Jiang Yu lay on the bed after shower. He tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep.

He took out his phone and habitually took a look at his moments.

His moments were filled with people he knew, but there weren't many of them.

He casually flipped through them and saw Ye Xue's updates. He was a little excited.

This was the first time in three years that he had seen Ye Xue's updates.

A photo of holding hands and a short sentence.

"Thank you for your company."

There was also a heart emoji next to it.

He was stunned and stared at the photo.

He was trying to persuade himself that Ye Xue must have taken the photo with a female classmate who must be a good friend of her.

Many girls also took pictures of holding hands with their best friends and posted them on WeChat moments.

Ye Xue's skin was very fair. Her hands were a little chubby, so he could recognize at a glance.

However, that hand was bigger than Ye Xue's hand. When she held it, the color of that person's skin was darker than Ye Xue's.

It was as if his heart had stopped beating. He had never been so afraid.

He was afraid that his loved ones would be snatched away by someone else.

### **Chapter 882: If You Left, You Were Not Allowed to Return**

He stared at the photo for a long time.

He gripped his phone tightly and suddenly jumped up from the bed. He opened the door and ran to the study on the third floor.

At this moment, he was extremely flustered. He had never been this flustered before.

He could not believe that the girl who was always shy would fall in love with another person.

He ran to the study on the third floor in one breath. He had even forgotten the most basic courtesy of knocking on the door. He pushed open the study door forcefully. When the door slammed into the wall, there was a "bang" sound. Even the wall trembled.

Ye Huang, who was sitting in front of the desk, heard the sound. He raised his head and saw Jiang Yu who had suddenly rushed in recklessly. He asked coldly, "What's the matter?"

The moment he pushed open the door, Jiang Yu realized that he had rushed in without knocking, but he couldn't care less.

"Master, I want to apply for leave to go to the Imperial City."

Ye Huang's voice was indifferent. "I don't approve leave."

Jiang Yu hurriedly asked, "Master, why? I'll only need three days."

Ye Huang looked down at the book in front of him and said coldly, "If you leave Fengyi Mountain, you're not allowed to come back. Do you still want to leave?"

Jiang Yu exclaimed, "Master..."

Ye Huang directly interrupted him. "You can go back in another year. Are you sure you want to leave now?"

Jiang Yu was stunned.

Ye Huang flipped a page of the book. "Think carefully before you speak."

Jiang Yu looked at Ye Huang's seemingly unreasonable words. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists tightly.

He had already endured for three years. He was still one year away from achieving some success in his studies.

But Ye Xue...

If he could not find out what happened with her, he could not continue learning martial arts in peace.

He seemed to have made an important decision. Suddenly, he raised his head and his gaze was firm. "Master, I've made up my mind. I still want to go to the Imperial City."

Ye Huang stopped flipping through the book and turned his head to look at Jiang Yu. Seeing that he had made up his mind, he only said two words indifferently, "Then, go."

"Thank you, Master, for your teaching these past few years." Jiang Yu bowed deeply. Then, he turned around and ran out in large strides without a trace of hesitation.

Ye Huang watched him leave in hurry. What could cause a person to be so reckless?

Jiang Yu returned to his room, briefly packed his luggage, and walked out of the guest room. When he passed by Fu Tingyan and Bo Ye's rooms, he did not greet them. He carried his luggage and rushed downstairs. Then, he left the villa in large strides.

He wanted to wait until he reached the Imperial City before telling Fu Tingyan and Bo Ye about this matter.

It was currently eleven o'clock at night. The moon was bright and the stars were sparse.

The heat of summer was merciless. Not long after, he was drenched in sweat.

As he walked out of the villa, he suddenly stopped and turned around to take a look. The villa was shrouded in thick darkness. He had lived here for three years. He really could not bear to leave suddenly.

There was also Bo Ye and Fu Tingyu. If he left, he would not be able to see them for a year.

But when he thought of Ye Xue...

He gritted his teeth and turned around to leave in large strides.

From here, he needed to walk two hours before catching a taxi to the airport.

He took out his phone and walked while buying a plane ticket.

When he arrived at the airport, it was already five hours later. He didn't even have time to change his clothes. He directly picked up the ticket and sat in the waiting hall.

The flight was at 10 am.

He did not know how he managed to get through these few hours. Until 9:50 am, he took the ticket and went to the ticket check-in counter to board the plane.

On the plane, he slept for a while, but he did not sleep well. He felt his body keep falling. The speed was so fast that he suddenly woke up. He looked at the time. It was only noon.

He closed his eyes. He wished that he could appear in front of Ye Xue in the next second.

Three hours later, he arrived at the Imperial City. He took a taxi to the Imperial College.

When he got there, it was already evening.

He paid the fare and pushed open the car door. He held his suitcase in his hand and looked up at the college that he had not seen for three years. There seemed to be no change since his departure.

However, he had already become mature. He was no longer that rash person who did not know anything.

The sun was high in the sky. He narrowed his eyes and a scene suddenly appeared in front of him.

It was the autumn of his first year in college when Ye Xue liked to lower her head and speak softly with her face red.

Her slightly red cheeks were not because she was hot, but because she was shy. She was shy because of him.

When he recalled the countless memories from their relationship, that girl always had a blushed face. Her words were very sweet, and her smile was even sweeter.

What he liked the most was to tease her. Seeing her blush was the most fun thing in his day.

If he provoked her, she would hide her face into his chest, blush, and not say a word.

"Ye Xue, I'm here."

He carried his suitcase and walked to the school gate. He had always been a student of the Imperial College. Although he had always stayed at home, he did not quit school.

Therefore, he took out his student ID card and showed it to the security guard. Soon, he was let in.

Along the way, he looked at the familiar campus and the familiar road. It was the road that he often walked with Ye Xue.

When he passed by the library, he subconsciously stopped and turned his head to look at the library entrance.

He remembered that night when it suddenly rained. He took off his coat and covered their heads. Then, he held her and ran back to the apartment together.

When they went back, they found that they still got soaked.

Ye Xue was wearing a white chiffon dress. He had gifted it to her, so she wore it often.

The chiffon dress stuck to her skin after soaking in water. The scenery inside her dress could be seen.

It was the first time that he was curious about a woman's body.

Later on, he would always remember this scene at night. Sometimes, he would even dream...

When he woke up in the morning, he could not help but check online. Most of the older netizens said that it was a normal reaction during puberty.

"Isn't this Adonis Jiang? Are you here for school?"

A pleasant female voice interrupted his recollection. He looked back and saw a girl standing in front of him. She looked sweet and had a similar figure to Ye Xue. Her skin was also very fair.

However, he did not remember her, nor did he know her name.

He shook his head. "No, I'm looking for someone."

"Are you looking for Ye Xue?" The girl asked tentatively.

Jiang Yu nodded. "Yes."

The girl pointed to the teaching building behind him. "She and her boyfriend just came out of the classroom and are heading towards the dorm. If you walk faster, you'll be able to catch them."

When he heard the words 'boyfriend', Jiang Yu's heart suddenly constricted. The sudden suffocation made him feel a little uncomfortable, but he still politely said, "Thank you."

After saying that, he carried his suitcase and walked towards the student's apartment.

Zhou Yizuo held Ye Xue's hand. He could feel the sweat on her palm and knew that she was a little nervous and shy. "Ye Xue, let's go out for dinner tonight."

Ye Xue said, "It's better to cook ourselves than go out. I don't have any homework tonight."

Zhou Yizuo smiled and said, "I'll listen to you."

Ye Xue seemed to have remembered something. She suddenly stopped and looked at him sideways. "There don't seem to be any ingredients left in the fridge."

"Then I'll go and buy some.. You can rest for a while when you go back."

## Chapter 883: I Was Too Conceited and Self-righteous

After Zhou Yizuo left, Ye Xue carried her textbooks and continued walking. They were less than ten minutes away from the apartment. So she arrived in a short while.

The sky gradually darkened, and the street lamps on both sides of the cement road lit up ahead of time.

“Xiao Xue.”

Just as she was about to reach the entrance of the student’s apartment, she heard a male voice. It was a little low, but it was also very familiar. The most familiar was the nickname, “Xiao Xue”.

She stopped in her tracks and suddenly tightened her grip on the textbooks. After that voice, she suddenly quieted down. She felt as if she had heard “Xiao Xue” in an illusion.

She smiled bitterly and shook her head. As expected, she had heard an illusion. She continued to walk.

“Xiao Xue, I’m back.”

Ye Xue stopped in her tracks. This time, she heard it. It was Jiang Yu.

She turned around abruptly. The moment she saw Jiang Yu, her entire body froze, and the books in her arms were scattered all over the ground.

Under the light, he stood there straight. The strands of hair on his forehead fell, and his brows and eyes were hidden in the shadows. His handsome face was a little tougher than it was three years ago.

His figure was tall, and he seemed to have grown taller as well.

After not seeing him for three years, the youth in her memories had matured.

It had been a sudden meeting, and she had not been prepared. She was not prepared for how she would react when she saw him, nor was she prepared for her opening remarks. She just stared at him, feeling as if the person in front of her was once again a figment of her imagination.

Jiang Yu quickly stepped forward and bent down to pick up the books on the ground.

Only then did Ye Xue come to her senses. She bent down to pick up the books as well, and both of their hands reached out to pick up the last book.

The moment their fingers touched, Ye Xue froze for a moment before quickly withdrawing her hand.

Jiang Yu’s action of holding the book paused. Did Ye Xue’s subconscious action just now show that she wanted to avoid his touch?

He didn’t dare to think too much. He organized the books and handed them to her.

She said, “Thank you.”

Jiang Yu froze. His hand that hadn’t been withdrawn in time froze in mid-air. As if he had foreseen that he was going to lose something, his heart suddenly constricted. That suffocating feeling was very uncomfortable.



“Between us, there’s no need to say such polite and courteous words.”

Ye Xue pursed her lips and did not reply.

The two of them slowly got up and stood face to face.

Silence.

He followed her the entire way. Along the way, his gaze had been fixed on her back. He discovered that she had lost a lot of weight. Her thin figure felt like it could be blown away by a gust of wind.

She had also cut her hair. It was very short. Just beside her ear, her fair neck could be seen.

Ye Xue’s skin was very fair. It was not an exaggeration to say that her skin was as white as snow.

In the past, he even teased that it was because your skin was too white that your father got the name, Ye Xue, for you.

She said, “I was born on a snowy day. My parents’ educational level was not high, and they saw the sky full of snowflakes. So they named me Ye Xue.”

At that time, he even joked, why not call you Ye Bai, Ye Hua?

Ye Xue lowered her head and held the textbooks he had just organized in her arms. After she said thank you, the distance between them widened just like that, just like two familiar strangers. They were very familiar with each other, but they were speaking the most polite words.

He had a lot of things to say to her, but now he did not know where to start.

Should he start from the purpose of coming back this time, or from the thoughts he had when he left?

Or was he going to tell her the purpose of this visit and express his feelings.

Just as Jiang Yu opened his mouth to speak, Ye Xue slowly raised her head. Her fairness was not affected by the dim light at all. “Are you back for school?”

Jiang Yu hurriedly shook his head. “No, I’m here for you.”

Ye Xue was stunned. She stared at him with her pair of big eyes, showing her surprise.

“In these three years, I’ve always missed you, and I’ve never stopped liking you. I want to see clearly whether my feelings for you are temporary or pure love through time. I also want to become stronger and more mature.”

Jiang Yu didn’t know whether it was fear or nervousness, but he was a little incoherent. “Xiao Xue, I like you. I’ve always liked you.”

Ye Xue was stunned. Her mind was in a mess.

Jiang Yu’s appearance was like throwing a huge rock into the surface of a calm lake, creating thousands of waves that couldn’t be calmed down for a long time.

“Xiao Xue.” Jiang Yu suddenly took two steps forward and pulled her into his arms. His lower jaw brushed against her soft hair. “You’ve lost a lot of weight.”

Only then did Ye Xue react. She slowly pushed away the person who was hugging her. However, because she was too weak, she was unable to push them apart. "Jiang Yu, I already have a boyfriend. If he sees us, he will misunderstand."

Jiang Yu froze. He knew that she had a boyfriend, and he also knew that the person was Zhou Yizuo. When he walked over just now, he just happened to see Zhou Yizuo holding her hand and leaving.

Now that he heard her say this, it was to tell him that she already had someone else she liked.

The feeling of suffocation spread from his body, and his throat felt as if it was forcefully blocked by something. He couldn't breathe, and the discomfort made his heart feel stuffy and painful.

In the end, he still let go of her.

"Xiao Xue, I... I'm sorry."

Ye Xue held the textbooks in her arms tightly, lowered her eyes, and said in a low voice, "We're still classmates, and you didn't let me down. From the beginning, you made it very clear and I was also prepared."

"I was too conceited. I thought that you would always like me and wait for me at the same place until I came back to find you."

Jiang Yu took a deep breath with difficulty. The corner of his mouth twitched. His smile was uglier than crying. "What right do I have to make you wait for me at the same place? What right do I have to make you not like others?"

"I... I came back this time because..." Jiang Yu felt that he could hardly breathe. His throat and chest seemed to be blocked. He said with difficulty, "Xiao Xue, I'm sorry."

He didn't know what to say. He wanted to redeem the relationship, but he didn't have the right.

After saying this, he turned around and left without any backbone. He left hastily.

It was said that a man shouldn't cry easily, but he still failed to live up to his expectations and cried.

He had never cried like this in his entire life.

Jiang Yu didn't walk fast, but he didn't walk slowly either.

Under the street lamp, the figure gradually disappeared on the cement path.

Ye Xue, who had acted calm all this time, was already crying. Her heart felt like it was being pulled hard. It was so painful that she couldn't breathe, and it was so uncomfortable that she couldn't straighten her back.

She held her textbooks tightly and slowly squatted down. Her hoarse voice even broke when she spoke. "Why did you only come back now? Why did you only come back when I decided to forget you?"

Ye Xue did not know how long she cried until a familiar voice came from above her head. "Ye Xue."

It was Zhou Yizuo.

She wiped the tears on her face carelessly and looked up at him. She saw the handbag in his hand. There were all kinds of ingredients in it.

“You’re back.” The moment she opened her mouth, she realized that her voice was hoarse.

She hurriedly stood up from the ground.. She was afraid that he would see her crying eyes, so she turned around and walked into the apartment.

#### **Chapter 884: Snatched Her Back!**

Zhou Yizuo pursed his lips and followed.

When he entered the apartment, Zhou Yizuo looked at Ye Xue in front of him. He opened his mouth to ask her if Jiang Yu had come back to look for her, but the moment he said it, he only asked, “Why are you crying?”

He didn’t dare to mention Jiang Yu, afraid that Ye Xue would leave him because she still had Jiang Yu in her heart.

Ye Xue placed the textbooks on the sofa and turned around without even daring to raise her head. She reached to grab the handbag in his hand. “I’m fine. Give me the ingredients.”

Zhou Yizuo let her take the handbag and turn around to the kitchen. He stood rooted to the ground and watched.

When he came back just now, he just happened to see Jiang Yu leave.

It had been three years. He never expected Jiang Yu to suddenly appear in front of Ye Xue. He also didn’t expect it to be at this critical moment.

Ye Xue had only agreed to be his girlfriend for a few days, he knew Ye Xue still had feelings for Jiang Yu.

Jiang Yu didn’t know how he had run out of college. When he came back to his senses, he was already in the bar.

This was the first time Jiang Yu had entered a bar. Because he was underage before, his family banned him from bars.

Tingyan had the same experience.

He sat in a remote booth and ordered a cup of flaming cloud.

The bartender was fast. In a short while, he had finished mixing the wine and placed it in front of him.

“Give me ten shots first. I’ll continue after I finish.”

After Jiang Yu finished speaking, he raised the glass to his mouth and finished it in one gulp.

The bartender had worked in the bar for five years. He had seen many people of all kinds. Just by looking at the boy in front of him, he knew this boy wanted to drown his sorrows with alcohol.

He smiled and continued to make drinks. He made ten glasses for Jiang Yu in one go.

Jiang Yu drank one glass after another. He reached into his pocket and took out his phone. After pressing it multiple times, the screen did not light up. Only then did he realize that his phone was turned off.

After he turned it on, his phone kept ringing.

When he clicked on it, he realized that it was all from Tingyan. The meaning was almost the same. He asked him where he had gone and what he had been doing. He was asked to call back after reading the messages.

He drank while he waited for the call to get through.

After the call was connected, he heard Tingyan's anxious voice, "Jiang Yu, what's wrong?"

"I just broke up." Jiang Yu finished the remaining wine in his glass in one gulp. After he put it down, he picked up another glass.

"Ye Xue was snatched away by someone?" Fu Tingyan didn't know what to say. He had just mentioned it casually. How did it come true?

"Her boyfriend is Zhou Yizuo." Jiang Yu didn't know how he could say this name so calmly. After saying that, he finished the glass of wine in his hand in one gulp. He drank very fiercely.

"Zhou Yizuo poached her. He is too unkind." If Fu Tingyan knew that Jiang Yu would encounter this matter, he would come back with Jiang Yu no matter what. His brother must be feeling very down now.

Jiang Yu didn't say anything. He picked up another glass and continued to drink.

Hearing the gurgling sound, Fu Tingyan asked, "Are you drinking?"

"Yes. Without you by my side, no one will drink with me."

Fu Tingyan and Jiang Yu were very close. If it were anyone else, he wouldn't have said this.

Fu Tingyan chuckled. "Just you wait. You'll see me tomorrow night."

Jiang Yu knew that he wasn't joking, so he said, "You'd better stay there. You'll be back in a year. It won't be too late to drink with me then."

"What do you mean by that? Are you planning to come back?"

Jiang Yu paused. "I'm not planning to go back."

"Yu, I can..."

Before Fu Tingyan could finish, Jiang Yu interrupted him. "Tingyan, stop trying to persuade me."

"Okay, I won't persuade you."

"In the future, you'll have to help me when I fight."

"When have I ever let anyone bully you?"

"I knew it."

Fu Tingyan tilted his head and glanced at Bo Ye. "You are a man, right? If you are a man, then compete fairly with Zhou Yizuo."

"But Xiao Xue, she..."

Jiang Yu didn't continue. When they were in a passionate relationship, who would want another troublemaker beside them?

When he was with Ye Xue, he wished that it was just the two of them every day.

Xiao Xue wouldn't like it either.

"If you don't try hard, how will you know the result?"

Jiang Yu pursed his lips.

"I'll teach you how to get her back."

Jiang Yu halted.

...

...

...

Jiangcheng.

Bright Garden.

Xiao Jiu was three years old, one day before he went to kindergarten.

Qin Shu was anxious. "Will Master forget the time our son goes to kindergarten?"

Since Xiao Jiu was four months old, Master had come to pick Xiao Jiu up and gone to Qi Mountain to play every few months. He had done this countless times.

Fu Tingyu comforted her, "No, don't worry. He might send our son back in the afternoon."

Master had sent Xiao Jiu back at the right time.

When Xiao Jiu returned to the Bright Garden, the sky had just turned dark. It was time for dinner.

Master still did not show up.

Xiao Jiu, who was three years old, had already learned most of the etiquette.

After washing his hands and sitting beside the dining table, he called out politely, "Dad, Mom."

Qin Shu picked up some food for her son and asked him, "Did you have fun going to Qi Mountain this time?"

"Yes..." Xiao Jiu subconsciously glanced at Fu Tingyu. From his cold and stern face, he saw two phrases: No talking before sleep, eat quietly.

Therefore, he stopped talking and lowered his head to start eating.

Before his wife glared at him, Fu Tingyu reminded her, "It will affect digestion and absorption. You can ask after we finish eating."

Qin Shu felt that it made sense, so she didn't ask any more questions. She picked up her chopsticks and started eating as well.

After dinner, Fu Tingyu went to the study on the second floor.

Qin Shu carried her son to the yard to play for a while. Boss was circling her.

"Tell Mommy, is there anything fun in Qi Mountain?"

"Uncle Handsome taught me kung fu. He's very good." Xiao Jiu had seen a handsome uncle jump down from the mountain with his own eyes.

Uncle Handsome? Master?

"I should call him uncle. You calling him that will mess up the seniority."

Xiao Jiu put her arm around Qin Shu's neck. "Mom, how should I address him then?"

"You can call him grandmaster." After saying that, Qin Shu felt that calling him grandmaster was too old. Master looked very young.

"Ok, I see." Xiao Jiu listened to his mother very seriously. Next time, he would remember to change the way he address him.

Qin Shu hugged her son and asked, "You're going to kindergarten tomorrow. Are you nervous?"

"Mom, I see that you're quite nervous." Xiao Jiu expressed that he didn't want to go to kindergarten. He wanted to go to first grade.

Qin Shu felt that her son was very cunning. "I've been seen through by you. Xiao Jiu is going to leave home to go to school. What if you are not used to not having Mommy by your side?"

Xiao Jiu expressed that even at home, the amount of time she spent with him was pitifully little.

Just as the mother and son were chatting happily, they heard a male voice behind them, "You should go take a bath and sleep. You have to wake up early tomorrow morning and go to school."

Xiao Jiu shrugged helplessly. 'You see? With father around, it's really hard for you to accompany me.'

Fu Tingyu pulled his wife to the master bedroom.

Xiao Jiu returned to his room and prepared to take a bath and sleep.

He had already formed the habit of being independent. Of course, he had to take a bath by himself.

He had just finished taking off his clothes when he thought of grandma.

The person he had always called grandma in Qi Mountain.

**Chapter 885: Who Exactly Was Xiao Jiu Like?**

Xiao Jiu thought for a while, then neatly put on his clothes. He wore a small black t-shirt and gray halon trousers. It took him less than a minute to put them on.

He pushed open the bathroom door, ran out of the bedroom with his two short legs, and came to the door of the master bedroom.

He clenched his small hands into fists and knocked on the door.

The door opened. Xiao Jiu saw that it was his father and asked very politely, "Dad, where's Mom? I have something to say to Mom."

"What time is it now? If you have something to say, we can talk about it tomorrow." Fu Tingyu glanced at his son and found that he was still wearing the same clothes as before. "Why haven't you showered?"

Xiao Jiu explained, "I came to look for Mom, so I haven't showered."

Fu Tingyu said, "Shower and sleep. You have to go to kindergarten tomorrow."

Xiao Jiu lowered his eyes and turned around to go back to the bedroom. He suddenly stopped and turned to look at Fu Tingyu. "Dad, can I not go to kindergarten?"

Fu Tingyu raised his eyebrows. "If you don't go to kindergarten, do you want to fly?"

Xiao Jiu looked up at the ceiling of the corridor above him. It was very white. He said very seriously, "One day when I'm as powerful as Grandmaster, I might be able to do it."

Fu Tingyu was speechless. "Stop talking nonsense. Go to sleep quickly."

"How can I not listen to Father's words?"

After saying that, Xiao Jiu turned around and ran into his bedroom quickly. He was afraid that his father would want to lecture him again.

Fu Tingyu pinched the space between his eyebrows with a headache. When he was young, he was not as naughty as Xiao Jiu and liked to talk nonsense.

His personality was like... Babe?

After chasing his son away, Fu Tingyu closed the door. He saw his girl walk out of the bathroom. She was wearing a silk nightgown. The belt was a little loose, causing the lapels of the gown to open much wider. One could see the deep-set collarbone.

His eyes darkened a little.

Then, he licked his lips.

"Who came just now?" Qin Shu walked over and asked him as she dried her hair.

"Xiao Jiu, he doesn't want to go to kindergarten." The man walked over and stood in front of her. He looked at her wet hair, which had been trimmed a while ago.

"Let me wipe your hair."

Qin Shu nodded and let him take the towel in her hand and dry her hair.

The height ratio between the two of them was perfect. When he wiped her hair, it was effortless. On the contrary, it was very relaxing.

Qin Shu smiled and said, "Now he is telling you that he doesn't want to go to kindergarten. Just now, I asked him if he was nervous about going to kindergarten, and he said he wasn't."

No matter how independent Xiao Jiu was, he was only three years old.

"He wants to fly," the man couldn't help but joke about it.

Qin Shu couldn't help but laugh. "How about I'll go with him tomorrow. I'll accompany him for a few days to get used to it."

"Didn't we agree to go and customize the wedding dress tomorrow? Are you going to let me go alone?" The man expressed some dissatisfaction.

"Isn't the wedding date set at the beginning of next year? There's still half a year. We don't need to do it tomorrow."

Xiao Jiu was already three. They hadn't held a wedding banquet yet, so many people still didn't know.

Therefore, Fu Tingyu decided to hold a grand wedding of the century at the beginning of the year. At that time, his relatives and friends would have the time to attend the wedding banquet.

He planned to spend half a year organizing it.

"You can't spoil Xiao Jiu. He needs to be independent. Other children go to school alone, but he needs his parents to accompany him? Xiao Jiu will feel inferior," the man advised earnestly.

"That seems to make sense." Qin Shu thought for a moment. "Then I won't go. I'll let Boss go with him tomorrow."

"Good." Only then did the man continue to wipe his wife's hair in satisfaction.

Following that, Qin Shu said, "I'll secretly follow behind. It's fine as long as he doesn't find out."

"..." The man stopped wiping hair and held his wife in his arms, he continued to persuade her, "You can't follow him forever, and you can't protect him forever. If he is nervous even just by going to kindergarten and is not used to it, then is he still my son?"

"But Xiao Jiu is still a three-year-old child."

"He can bathe and sleep by himself at the age of three, brush his teeth, wash his face, and put on his clothes. He's very brave. He has memorized our phone numbers, Shi Yan, Ye Luo, our parents, and grandmother's number as well."

"But Xiao Jiu is still a child after all."

"A child also needs to learn how to face problems alone so that he can grow up."

Qin Shu couldn't help but say, "You always make sense."



The man paused for a moment and said, "That's how I lived when I was young."

Qin Shu raised her head and looked at him with raised eyebrows. "So, you want your son to walk the same path as you once did?"

The man looked at her fixedly. "I just want him to be independent and self-reliant. When he grows up, he will understand that the hardships he suffered when he was young were worth it."

Qin Shu was persuaded.

The next morning, they finished their breakfast.

Qin Shu watched Xiao Jiu put on his backpack. She felt the size of the backpack could crush his skinny shoulders.

Xiao Jiu carried the backpack and looked around. Finally, his gaze fell on Boss. He waved at the cat and said, "Boss, come here."

Boss had just finished eating the fish. Before it could lick the fish soup off the corner of its mouth, it heard Xiao Jiu call out to it and ran over without any hesitation.

Xiao Jiu then looked at Qin Shu, wanting to say something. However, seeing his father's cold face, he swallowed what he wanted to say. "Dad, Mom, I'm leaving."

After saying that, he brought Boss out. He couldn't help but complain in his heart. Was he actually his father's son?

Ye Luo had been waiting by the car. The car door had already opened.

After Xiao Jiu got into the car, Boss also jumped into the car and sat on the seat next to Xiao Jiu.

After Ye Luo closed the car door, he sat in the passenger seat.

A designated driver was driving.

On the road, Xiao Jiu lifted his small face and looked at Ye Luo who was sitting in the passenger seat. He was a little worried. "Uncle Ye, do you think I'm dad's biological son?"

Just as Xiao Jiu said that, the driver's hand trembled in fear. What did this young master just say?

Ye Luo was also stunned. He looked at the driver. "Concentrate on driving."

"Alright, got it." The driver comforted his timid heart and continued to drive.

Ye Luo turned to look at Xiao Jiu. "Why do you ask, Young Master?"

Xiao Jiu said angrily, "Dad hates me. He cares about me even less than Grandmaster and Grandma do."

Grandma?

Ye Luo's expressionless face cracked. Didn't Qin Shu's mother pass away?

So this is???

“It doesn’t matter if he’s my biological father or not. As long as my mother is my real mother, it’s fine. Uncle Ye, don’t worry that I won’t give him a pension. I’m living in his house now, eating and drinking his food, so I’ll give him a pension.”

The corner of Ye Luo’s mouth twitched. What kind of logic was this?

After complaining, Xiao Jiu’s mood improved a lot, and he threw all that to the back of his mind. “Uncle Ye, let’s practice boxing together next time.”

Ye Luo agreed.

On the first day of school, many parents came to the entrance of the kindergarten to send their babies to school.

Xiao Jiu refused Ye Luo to send him to school. He carried his bag alone and walked into the kindergarten.

Boss always sneaked into the kindergarten through the stainless steel wall.

### **Chapter 886: Mom Wanted to Hear the Truth? This Was the Grandma**

Compared to the other children who were crying and making a scene, Xiao Jiu was a very calm and quiet little boy.

He sat in front of the table but did not play with the toys. Instead, he took out a sharpened pencil, a drawing book, and began to draw.

Boss was just outside and did not enter. He was afraid that his teacher would find out and call the security guards to chase it out.

When the teacher saw how Xiao Jiu behave, he looked at other children in front of him. They were either crying or making a scene, or they were snatching toys. How good would it be if all of them were like Fu Zhiheng?

The wedding dress designer had always been working with Fu Tingyu. She was MS, a famous designer.

Because they were getting married, Fu Tingyu paid a lot of attention to it. It was unlike in the past when he directly report the size and let the designers design it.

When Fu Tingyu and Qin Shu arrived, MS was designing the drawings. Because they had informed her beforehand, when she heard the sound, she stopped what she was doing and raised her head to look at the two people who were walking towards her.

Fu Tingyu and MS had met many times. Because every time he ordered clothes for Qin Shu, Fu Tingyu would personally come over and tell her what he wanted.

MS had been designing clothes for Qin Shu for several years, and this was the first time she had seen her in person, so she was looking forward to it.

When she looked at the woman beside Fu Tingyu, she immediately recognized that the woman was Qin Shu. She had designed countless clothes for this woman, and with just a glance, she knew her measurements. Her proportions were extraordinary, and those legs were very long.

And her face was more like a work of art. It had been meticulously carved by an artist, and her facial features were exquisite to the point of being impeccable.

It was not that she had stunning beauty at a glance, but that she made one couldn't help but want to take a second look.

And her natural noble temperament would not be ignored.

"After designing so many clothes for you, I finally saw you in person today. Otherwise, it was all imaginaries in my mind." There was a faint smile at the corner of MS's mouth.

While MS was sizing up Qin Shu, she was also observing MS. She was wearing a business suit and her long hair was tied up casually behind her head, making her look very capable.

"Me too. I've worn so many custom-made clothes and only heard of the name. Today, I finally met the famous designer, MS."

"You flatter me. I'll take your measurements first."

MS was a very professional designer, and she was very serious when it came to working.

She took out the projection ruler and came in front of Qin Shu, giving her a detailed measurement.

The projection ruler measured very accurately and effortlessly. It didn't even need to touch the other party, and it could easily measure the other party's three circumferences and height ratio.

After the measurement, she measured Fu Tingyu.

MS praised, "You two's figures are even better than the model's body ratio. I'll draw the first draft first. After I'm done, I'll send it to you. If there's anything that needs to be modified, just let me know."

"Okay." Fu Tingyu quite admired MS's style of doing things. Otherwise, he would not have kept asking her to design clothes for Qin Shu.

As for the wedding photos, they would be taken after the wedding dress was designed. Anyway, there was still half a year before the wedding date.

In the afternoon.

Xiao Jiu returned from kindergarten. Qin Shu was waiting in the courtyard. When she saw a small figure walking over from the Moon Cave Door, she quickly walked up to him.

"Xiao Jiu, is kindergarten fun?"

Xiao Jiu was a little hesitant to speak. "Mommy, do you want to hear the truth?"

Qin Shu's heart skipped a beat. Did Xiao Jiu have a big fight with the children in kindergarten? Snatching toys? Not listening to the teacher's words?

She nodded with difficulty. "Yes. If Xiao Jiu has anything to say, any thoughts, and any worries, you have to tell Mommy, understand?"

Xiao Jiu sighed. "It's a little childish."

Qin Shu was startled. "Who is childish?"

"What the teacher taught was a little childish."

Uh!

"You don't like what the teacher taught you?"

"The other children quite like it." Xiao Jiu thought of the painting he had drawn. He hurriedly took out the painting from his school bag and handed it to his dear mother. "Mommy, this is for you."

"Thank you, Xiao Jiu. You even prepared a present for Mommy." Qin Shu held the painting in surprise and opened it. When she saw the painting inside, she was a little surprised. "Xiao Jiu, where did you learn how to draw a sketch?"

She had not hired a drawing teacher for Xiao Jiu, but this sketch was very skilled. It did not look like something that he could draw at his age.

With his current level, he could draw even more amazing portraits if he studied for a few more years.

"Grandmaster taught me. He is very good." Xiao Jiu revealed a look of admiration. His cooking was very delicious too.

Qin Shu was still a little surprised that Master knew how to draw. She smiled and said, "It seems that when Master brought you up the mountain, it wasn't just for fun. You also learned a lot."

Xiao Jiu said excitedly, "Grandmaster and Grandma taught me a lot. Learning martial arts, drawing, learning to read, reciting..."

Qin Shu realized that something was wrong and hurriedly stopped him. "Wait, where did this Grandma come from?"

She wondered if Xiao Jiu had taken the maid on the Qi Mountain as a grandmother?

Xiao Jiu thought for a moment when he was suddenly interrupted. Then, he said very seriously, "I don't know where this Grandmother came from either."

Qin Shu tilted her head to look at her son, thinking about the meaning of his words.

Xiao Jiu continued, "But she treats me very well. If there's anything good to eat, she gives it to me alone. Even Grandmaster can't eat them."

He didn't know where that grandmother came from. Anyway, he could always see her when he went up the mountain.

Qin Shu didn't feel like he was talking about the maid. She suddenly had a flash of inspiration. Could it be that Master was tired of living a clean life and had a girlfriend?

Was this considered breaking news?

She smiled and asked, "Xiao Jiu, is that Grandma beautiful?"

"She's as pretty as Mommy," Xiao Jiu said and then added, "Mommy is the prettiest in my heart."

Qin Shu was amused by her son's words. "You're such a blabbermouth, just like your father."

Xiao Jiu raised his chin arrogantly. "I'm not like him."

Qin Shu was amused by her son again, but from Xiao Jiu's words, she knew that the woman was very pretty.

She trusted Xiao Jiu's judgment.

Xiao Jiu thought of the portrait in the study and pulled Qin Shu along. "Mommy, let's go to your study."

Qin Shu looked at him in confusion. "Why are you going to the study? You just finished school. I'll get Ning Meng to prepare some food for you."

"I'm looking for Grandma." As Xiao Jiu spoke, he pulled Qin Shu along and continued walking.

She could only let her son hold her hand and follow his footsteps into the master bedroom.

When they entered the small study, Xiao Jiu let go of Qin Shu's hand and walked over to the desk with his two short legs. He held the chair with one hand and the table with the other. After a while, he climbed up and held the picture frame, he shouted at his mother, "It's this Grandma."

Xiao Jiu's IQ was much higher than children of his age. He had been to Qi Mountain many times, so he knew that the grandma was very similar to the grandma in the portrait..

### **Chapter 887: The Secrets of the Portrait**

Xiao Jiu had seen the portrait in the picture frame on the desk many times. Every time he saw it, Qin Shu would tell him that it was her mother and his grandmother.

While Xiao Jiu climbed up the chair nimbly, Qin Shu had already walked to the desk and was curious as to why he was so agitated.

When she saw him holding her mother's portrait and saying that it was this grandmother, she was completely stunned.

Xiao Jiu meant that the woman on the Qi Mountain looked very similar to her mother?

She hurriedly asked her son, "Are you saying that the woman on the mountain looks very similar to the person in the portrait?"

Xiao Jiu nodded, "Yes, her eyes are not azure blue, but they look very similar."

There was a woman who looked very similar to her mother on the Qi Mountain. What did this mean?

Could she be her mother's sister?

Or...?

For a moment, countless possibilities flashed through Qin Shu's mind, but she quickly dismissed those thoughts.

Fu Tingyu had said that Master and her mother should know each other. Master should know that woman and her mother look alike.

Why hadn't he mentioned it?

"Mommy," Xiao Jiu called out. Qin Shu didn't respond. He was a little confused, so he took the portrait and got down from the chair. After all, he was still a three-year-old child. With the portrait in his hand, it was a little inconvenient for him to get down. Since he was also rushing, in the end, his hand slipped and the photo frame fell to the ground. With a "splash" sound, the glass shattered all over the ground.

It also brought Qin Shu back to her senses. She first looked at her son, afraid that he would be injured and frightened. "Xiao Jiu, are you okay?"

"Mommy, I'm fine. It's just that..." he looked at the shattered glass on the ground. "The photo frame broke."

"It's fine. Mommy will clean it up. You stand by the side and don't cut your hand." Knowing that her son was alright, Qin Shu heaved a sigh of relief and bent down to clean up the glass shards on the ground.

She picked up the portrait first and saw the words on the back of the portrait from the corner of her eye.

She had been keeping the portrait in a box ever since she took it back from Qin Hai's villa.

She had only taken it out and placed it on the desk last year. She had never opened it or changed the frame.

The reason she hadn't changed it was the patterns on the frame were very artistic, and the chosen materials were not ordinary wood, but very expensive rosewood.

With Qin Hai's taste, he couldn't have chosen such a frame.

If she looked carefully, she knew that this frame was specially customized by someone.

She turned the portrait over and saw that on the back was written, 2004.5.7/Ziqing

This date should be the date the painting was drawn, and the time should be twenty-four years ago.

"Who is Ziqing?" She held the portrait and muttered to herself.

Xiao Jiu replied, "It's Grandmaster. Grandma called Grandmaster Ziqing."

Qin Shu turned her head to look at her son and asked again, "Did you hear her call Master like this? Ziqing?"

Xiao Jiu nodded vigorously. "Yes, that's how Grandma calls Grandmaster."

Qin Shu lowered her head and looked at the portrait in her hand. It was drawn by Master more than twenty years ago. This also meant that Master and her mother had known each other before she was born.

Then, were they friends, or...

Rather than thinking about this, it was better to see it with her own eyes.

Xiao Jiu did not know what had happened. Seeing her mother's expression, he felt that something must have happened.

When Fu Tingyu came back, Qin Shu told him about this matter in general.

"I want to go to Qi Mountain to take a look."

After hearing her words, Fu Tingyu felt that something was amiss. Master said that parents were not allowed to go up the mountain, while Babe's mother could go up the mountain to see her child. It seemed that Master and Wen Xin had an unusual relationship.

"I'll go with you."

Qin Shu nodded. "Okay."

Fu Tingyu also looked at the portrait. It was of Wen Xin when she was young. It was very detailed and looked very much like a photo, especially the color that matched it very well.

Blue eyes?

He suddenly remembered that his mother's pet, Ye Si, also had blue eyes.

He then looked at the words on the back of the portrait. They were somewhat similar to Master's handwriting.

Ziqing?

It shouldn't be his name, but his nickname?

After confirming that he was going to Qi Mountain, Fu Tingyu asked Shi Yan to book flight tickets for the next day.

Before going to bed, Qin Shu went to her son's room and briefly told him about going to Qi Mountain the next day.

"Mommy will come back after we find out about the matter."

Knowing that his parents must have something important to go to Qi Mountain, Xiao Jiu didn't insist on going. "Then I'll wait for Mommy at home."

Qin Shu rubbed her son's hair and felt gratified. "Yes, Xiao Jiu is the best."

The next morning, Fu Tingyu and Qin Shu left the house and rushed to the airport.

When they arrived at the Ancient Wind City of Nan Yue, it was eight o'clock in the evening.

Fu Tingyu booked a room at Fengyue Inn. After settling in, he said, "Let's rest for the night first. We'll go up the mountain tomorrow morning."

Qin Shu looked at the pitch-black night outside the window and could only nod. "Yeah, that's all we can do."

Fu Tingyu saw that she was a little absent-minded. "You are in a hurry to go up the mountain?"

"Yeah, Master must know about what happened to my mother. Also, what does that woman who looks like my mother on Qi mountain have to do with my mother?"

There were too many questions that troubled her, making her anxious to uncover the answers.

The man comforted her. "Don't think so much. Go take a shower first and rest early. You'll know the answer when you go up the mountain tomorrow."

"Okay." Qin Shu took her clothes and went in to take a shower first.

Fu Tingyu changed the bedsheets and quilt again and waited for Qin Shu to come out before going in to take a shower.

When she was lying on the bed, Qin Shu was nestled in the man's arms. Thinking that Master had not mentioned these things, she felt a little uneasy. "Will Master not be willing to talk about it?"

Fu Tingyu paused, tightened his arms, and hugged her tightly. He comforted her in a low voice, "You'll know when you go up the mountain tomorrow. Go to sleep first."

Qin Shu nodded and did not ask any more questions. She felt a little uneasy.

The sky had just turned bright when Fu Tingyu and Qin Shu got up.

After eating some food, they left the inn.

When they reached the Long Bridge, the sky was already bright.

It was just autumn, and the weather was still very hot.

On the Long Bridge, the white fog was still very thick, and Qi Mountain could not be seen.

Fu Tingyu held his wife's hand and stepped onto the Long Bridge.

Qin Shu suddenly thought of something and turned her head to look at the man. "Do you want to call Master to let him know? Master said that if there's anything, call him and not go up the mountain."

The man chuckled. "It's too late to call now. This is a signal-blocking area."

"Oh, right." Qin Shu finally remembered that there was a signal-blocking area at the foot of the mountain. Signal was only available on the mountain.

"Then let's go up first. Master shouldn't be so petty."

The man smiled and then said seriously, "Don't you feel that Master's not allowing us to go up the mountain, and even setting up an array is trying to hide something?"



Qin Shu was a little helpless. "I have my doubts too, but Master isn't willing to say it. He said that he has his doubts and no one can answer them. I'm wondering what his doubts are."

Fu Tingyu said, "Master's doubts shouldn't be with us.." He thought for a while and said, "I have a feeling that Master will know some of the reasons for your amnesia."

### **Chapter 888: Master Looks Different...**

Qin Shu tilted her head and looked at Fu Tingyu. She agreed. Although Master always wore a cold expression, a reassuring presence about him bespoke calm and a feeling of trustworthiness. He would not lie to them.

"Only by climbing the mountain to see Master will all doubt be dispelled."

Fu Tingyu nodded and continued walking with her.

Qin Shu might not remember the situation on the mountain, but Fu Tingyu remembered. He had been there once and knew what was going on, but it did not mean he broke the array.

Qin Shu had to be the one to break it.

Even if she could not remember a large portion of her past, experience had ingrained those skills in her. Her mind might not remember, but her body still did.

Qin Shu knew how to break the array. Even though it was not the same as before, it was only a matter of time before she cracked the seal.

Climbing Mount Qi was an arduous undertaking.

It took them quite some time to reach the platform midway up the mountain. The platform overlooked the ancient city of Feng Yue, the sight of which caused a sigh to escape Qin Shu's lips, "It's such a waste of Master's skills for him to lead the life of a hermit on Mount Qi."

Fu Tingyu could not help but give his pennies worth, "This is an era unsuited for Master. Things would have been different were we living in ancient times. He would have been a general, proficient in the military arts: arranging troops and setting up grand arrays."

Qin Shu burst into laughter, "Hubby, you've read my mind."

Just then, a cold voice rang from above. "Why are you here?"

Qin Shu looked up. Standing on a tilting tree growing out of the steep mountain wall was a figure clad in white. It was a tall, slender man whose clothes fluttered in the wind. It reminded her of those mysterious figures in Wuxia dramas.

Who else could it have been but her Master?

How did Master know they were here when they were only halfway up the mountain?

"I wanted to ask you a few questions, Master."

“Why didn’t you call, then?” The man clad in white asked.

Qin Shu took a few steps forward, arriving at the edge of the platform. She faced her Master and said, “I can’t describe or explain these things over the phone. I needed to speak to you face-to-face.”

Fu Tingyu stood by Qin Shu’s side. He stared at the man in a white windbreaker, doubt flashing in his eyes.

It was his first time seeing his Master since descending the mountain, and he had many doubts.

If it were not for Qin Shu confirming the man was their Master, he would not have known who it was speaking to them.

His appearance had changed.

If he thought their Master looked young in the past, it could not hold a candle to the man before him now.

The only thing that hadn’t changed was his Master’s temperament. It was still as cold as ever. No one could glean his thoughts.

Could Master have disguised himself in the past?

Nevertheless, Master was still his Master however he looked. Respectfully, he greeted, “Master.”

The man glanced at Fu Tingyu briefly before returning his attention to Qin Shu. “What is it you wanted to ask?”

Qin Shu composed herself, organising her thoughts. With a sly smile, she asked, “Master has a girlfriend, doesn’t he?”

The man paused, a thoughtful expression colouring his face. It only took a moment for him to guess how Qin Shu had come by such a piece of information. “Did Xiao Jiu tell you?”

Qin Shu nodded. “Yes. Master has always lived a life of seclusion, and I feared you would be lonely. I even thought of introducing someone to you... I’m relieved.” Qin Shu tucked a few strands of hair behind her ear before continuing, “Master, why don’t you take Mistress out for some fun? You could always stay with us at Bright Garden if you’d like a change of pace.”

Mistress?

What a sweet name.

“We like the peace out here,” said the man in white.

A foxy grin lit her features. “Master, I still have some other questions I would like to ask you.”

“Ask them, then.”

“Were you close to my mother? Is Master’s name Ziqing?” Qin Shu asked.

A stunned silence accompanied Qin Shu’s question. Slowly, the man nodded.

Qin Shu arched a delicate brow, revealing her sparkling canines, a saccharine smile gracing her lips. “So that’s why Master treats me so well.”

Fu Tingyu turned to Qin Shu. He did not think she would dive to the heart of the matter so quickly.

The man stared at her for what felt like an age. He flashed forward from his perch on the crooked tree, appearing before Qin Shu.

Qin Shu exclaimed in praise, “Master is so amazing.”

The man ignored her bit of flattery. “Xiao Bao, what is it you really want to ask?”

“I want to show you something.” Qin Shu opened her backpack and withdrew Wen Xin’s portrait, giving it to her Master. “Did you draw this portrait of my mother?”

The man blinked in surprise. He accepted the preferred article, staring at it with a complicated look. He never thought he would see it again, this painting. Had it not been destroyed when she left this world? He did not expect it to reappear in Qin Shu’s hands... and so remarkably well-preserved too...

“Where did you get this painting?”

Qin Shu sized up the man and felt something amiss. Her Master had drawn it – there could be no doubt about it.

“I took it out from the room in Qin Hai’s villa.” She replied cautiously.

The mere mention of Qin Hai’s caused the man in white to purse his lips.

Her Master’s silence encouraged her to speak. “I brought this painting with me because I wanted to compare it with Mistress’s likeness.”

He could guess the true purpose behind Qin Shu’s visit. Still, he wanted to hear it from her lips.

“Why do you want to see her?”

“Master, I want to see the Mistress who looks like my mother.”

The man eyed the portrait in his hand and suddenly thought of Xiao Jiu. Such an intelligent child, he was.

“You must have guessed it was Xiao Jiu who told me. You’re not wrong. Xiao Jiu was the one who described how similar the Mistress and my mother looked. Please, won’t you let me see her? I want to know if she bears some relationship with my mother.”

Just as he expected, it was Xiao Jiu, that child.

“What’ll happen after you see her?”

Qin Shu felt a surge of excitement. There had to be a reason they looked so similar. If nothing else, the fact her Master knew her mother was enough to point them in a particular direction.

Fu Tingyu wrapped an arm around Qin Shu’s shoulder in support, gently nudging her back to her senses. It would not do to get too excited. “Master, Bao’er has always missed her mother. That’s why she was so anxious to meet Master’s wife, who is said to look a lot like her mother.”

After they got married, it was only right to call Wen Xin 'Mother'.

As for Mistress, that was how his wife addressed their Master's spouse. Naturally, he would follow his wife's lead.

The man sighed, a hint of helplessness reflecting in his cold, emotionless eyes.

"I can bring you to see her, but you must promise me one thing."

"What is it? Please tell me, Master. I'll agree to anything you ask of me." Qin Shu responded enthusiastically.

"You may only stand by the side and watch." The man said.

"Okay." Qin Shu agreed without thinking.

The man directed his gaze at Fu Tingyu and said, "Wait here."

Fu Tingyu was not willing to wait there and protested. "I want to accompany Qin Shu."

The man was not asking for Fu Tingyu's opinion; he was informing him of his decision. With a step, he closed the distance between him and Qin Shu. Wrapping his arm around her waist, the two of them disappeared in the direction of the mountain's summit.

Fu Tingyu was so angry that his face was as black as the bottom of a pot. Unfortunately, his martial might was nowhere near the requisite level to break the array. He was still stuck at the peak of Silver-ranked strength. He watched helplessly as his Master took his wife away, powerless to stop him.

He always felt their Master kept too many secrets.

—

At the summit of Mount Qi...

Qin Shu felt her vision blur for a second, and in the blink of an eye, they were standing at the peak of Mount Qi.

The sprawling streets of Feng Yue bore the vicissitudes of time, an ancient city in a modern world. She could not help but sigh. "If only I were as strong as Master... I could go anywhere I please."

"...."

### **Chapter 889: Recovering Half of Her Memory**

"I know... One must work hard to grasp the strength they seek." If she worked hard, it was only a matter of time before she attained martial might of the Emperor level.

The man glanced at Qin Shu. She appeared unruffled despite their swift journey up the mountain.

Guiding her into his abode, he brought her to the inner courtyard.

He would allow no one to disturb his and Ling'er's peaceful life.

Qin Shu could not perceive her Master's thoughts. The most important thing on her mind was seeing her Master's girlfriend, the woman whose appearance was similar to her mother.

The path leading into the inner courtyard was not long. It was a much shorter trek than the one leading into Bright Garden's inner courtyard. Yet, the road seemed to stretch onward without end for one reason or another. Qin Shu chalked it up to her frazzled nerves.

When they reached the Moon Cave Door separating the inner from the outer courtyard, her Master stopped. Qin Shu followed suit. Her gaze traced her Master's line of sight to a woman seated by a stone table, a book in her hand. Hanging over her was a trellis of grapes.

The woman wore a serious expression, absorbed in the book she was reading.

The resemblance was uncanny, and it left Qin Shu dumbstruck. No wonder Xiao Jiu said he had met his grandmother. Xiao Jiu had a good memory and had seen her mother's likeness on many occasions. It was no wonder he would identify her Master's girlfriend as his grandmother.

That person, however, was much older than the portrait of her mother she carried. She may have looked young, but there was no deceiving her eyes.

It made her think of her mother. Although her mother already had a daughter as old as her, she was still very young.

When the man saw Ling'er reading again, he glanced at Qin Shu and happened to see the surprise that marked her features.

After some time, he led Qin Shu away without giving her the chance to react.

Once they were some distance from the inner courtyard, he released her.

Qin Shu allowed her Master to lead her away without a fuss. Her mind was a mess, and doubts buzzed in her head like a swarm of locusts. That woman she had seen looked too much like her mother; it was as if she was a perfect reflection of her mother. The tilt of her head as she read, the expression she wore when in serious thought, they were the same as her mother – the memory of her that lived in her mind.

Her mother had never mentioned she had a twin sister.

She looked up at her Master and grabbed his sleeve. Doubt and hope warred in those expectant orbs of hers. She was not sure what to believe or what it was, exactly, she prayed. "Master, why does she look exactly like my mother?"

Qin Shu's reaction was within his expectations. Gently, he said, "It's time to return."

Qin Shu stood still, her hands fisting into balls as she clung onto her Master's sleeve. "Master, please. Please, tell me what's going on. Why does she look exactly like my mother?"

The man answered with a question. "What do you think?"

"I-I think..." Qin Shu stared at her Master for a few seconds, hazarding a guess she hoped to be true yet prayed it was not. "My mother isn't dead, is she? That woman... She is my mother, isn't she?"

Qin Shu stared at her Master, fidgeting uncomfortably. On the one hand, she desperately hoped he would say 'yes', and on the other, that she had made a mistake.

She clung onto the vague hope that her mother was still alive, that her Master had saved her by some stroke of providence.

Her Master was so powerful. It would have been a piece of cake for him to save her mother from the car crash that had befallen her.

If so, why did he save her and bring her back with him to Mount Qi?

Why had not her mother looked for her?

For years, she had dreamed of reuniting with her mother.

How could she bear to leave her alone in Jiangcheng?

The man's face was cold, and there was no hint of emotion in it, let alone what he was thinking.

"... Master?" She called out again.

The longer the silence stretched, the more fearful Qin Shu became. It felt like judgment day was upon her.

Eventually, the man broke the silence with one word. "Yes."

Qin Shu could barely contain her joy. "... She's my mother. She's my mother! My mother isn't dead."

She wanted to rush to her mother's side, but her Master stopped her. "You wish to acknowledge her?"

Qin Shu replied without a trace of hesitation, "Of course! How could I not? She's my mother – my mother whom I thought was dead for all these years. S-she need to know Xiao Jiu is her grandson. There are so many things I want to say to her..."

"Have you forgotten what you promised me just now?" The man asked quietly.

Qin Shu remembered. She promised her Master she would do nothing but stand by the side and watch. Biting her lip, she pleaded, feeling much aggrieved, "I didn't know she was my mother before, but now that I do, how could you possibly prevent me from speaking or even hugging her?"

"When I learned my mother had died in a car accident, my whole world collapsed. Do you know what it was like for me then? Do you know how I felt when I met the battered corpse at the hospital, which was supposed to be my mother? No words can describe how much pain I was in!"

Qin Shu glared at the man through her stinging tears. "Master, do you know the pain of losing someone you love? The day I believed my mother was dead was the darkest and most painful day of my life."

The man suddenly pulled her into his arms. He did not know how to comfort people, but he tried nonetheless. "Xiao Bao."

At some point, tears slid down her fair cheeks. It tasted bitter, salty and sweet all at the same time.

"I want to see my mother."

The man was silent for a while before saying, "You want your mother as she was in the past."

What did he mean?

Qin Shu was not sure how to respond. She did not want her mother to relive her life with Qin Hai.

She did not want her mother to give up everything for scum like him.

Suddenly, it struck her. "Mother has amnesia?"

"Yes."

Her mother had lost her memories: she did not remember her.

Years had passed since the accident, yet, in all that time, not once had she gone looking for her.

Only then did she understand her Master's words. He did not want her mother to remember the life of suffering she had led.

One thing led to another, and she finally realised why her Master had secluded himself on Mount Qi all these years. He had done so out of love for her mother.

Her eyes widened comically upon arriving at this epiphany.

The man saw through her thoughts and did not refute them. Instead, he said, "If you don't want Ling'er to return to the past, then forget what you saw and heard today."

Qin Shu nearly collapsed where she stood. "Master... You don't mean... You can't... No. You don't want me to acknowledge mother for who she is?"

The man nodded.

He wanted her to forget about her mother.

He knew her mother was not dead, yet he never told her. Now that she knew her mother was alive, he did not want her to acknowledge her mother and dredge up the past. What was she supposed to feel?

To be so close to her mother but denied the right to talk or hug her... It hurt her more than anything else had in a long time.

The man knew that she was not feeling well, so he said, "I can help you recover some of your memories if you'd like."

Her Master had to be doing it on purpose, dangling hope and despair before her like a carrot and stick. Her emotions were in constant flux. Should she be pleased to recover some of her memories or pain because she could not even recognise her mother, who sat mere feet away from her?

Qin Shu did not know how she arrived at the foot of the mountain or why tears flowed freely down her cheeks. She cried, cried, and cried; Fu Tingyu's presence was her sole bulwark against the hysteria clawing its way out of her fragile form.

"My mother isn't dead, Baby Yu. My mother isn't dead. She is on the mountain."

Fu Tingyu did not know what had happened on the mountain. He knew nothing.. His heart clenched at the sight of Qin Shu laughing with tears in her eyes.

### **Chapter 890: Running Away With Her**

Fu Tingyu led Qin Shu back to the hotel. They sat on the bed after they each had a chance to shower.

The whole story tumbled out of Qin Shu in a mess of words. Wen Xin was alive. Wen Xin was on Mount Qi...

It explained her hysteria, the tangled threads of joy and pain...

Their Master did not want Qin Shu to acknowledge her mother for who she was. It was the crux and reason for her sorrow.

It took her a while, but she eventually reigned in her emotions. "Master did not explain in detail how he saved my mother or the circumstances behind the accident."

It was puzzling.

"There's something fishy about the car accident she had." Fu Tingyu mulled over the issue and asked, "Let me get this straight. Master didn't let you interact with your mother because he did not want her to remember anything related to Qin Hai, am I right?"

Qin Shu looked up at Fu Tingyu and remembered how he had concealed his identity once upon a time. "It might be similar to what you have in mind."

Qin Shu's words startled him out of his thoughts. Why did it feel like Qin Shu was in a rush to settle old debts?

Yet... he could not think of any other reason for their Master's actions.

Had he not been the person he was, Fu Tingyu would never have guessed a man as unworldly as their Master could have a possessive streak that could rival him.

"I'm different from Master. I never wanted to lie to you. When I found out you couldn't remember me, I was unhappy. When I got over my dejection, I realised it was not as bad as I made it out. It was a fresh start, a second chance at winning your affection."

"Master said he would help me recover part of my memory." Qin Shu paused, helplessness tinging her following words. "I can't shake the feeling that Master is hiding a lot of things from me. It's probably related to how I lost my memories in the first place."

A woman's intuition is a frightening thing, and it told her the two were linked somehow.

"Part of your memory?" Fu Tingyu felt a sense of foreboding. What if she only remembered her love for Han Xiao and nothing else?

"Yes. Master wouldn't let me acknowledge my mother, so he's probably offering to help me recover some of my memories as compensation..." Qin Shu drew in a rattling breath and continued, "... I would



rather reunite with my mother than recover those memories. How long has it been since I've had a chance to speak to her? How long has it been since I've heard her call me Xiao Bao?"

"It took three years for me to remember even bits and pieces of my past; my memory is nowhere near complete. If it means I get a chance to be with my mother, waiting for another three, or however long it'll take to remember, is a price I'd gladly pay."

Her nickname, Xiao Bao, was given to her by her mother when she was born. The pet name stuck. It was a precious token of her love.

Fu Tingyu held her in his arms. "Don't accept Master's offer. Don't let him restore part of your memories, please."

Qin Shu looked up, barely holding her laughter in check. "What are you afraid of?"

"What if Master only helps you remember your time with Han Xiao?"

Qin Shu seriously considered Fu Tingyu's question. "They say we fought a lot on Mount Qi... You are worried we would start fighting if I remembered only those memories, aren't you?"

"That's not what I meant. Even if we shared a rocky relationship in the past, even if those memories aren't the most beautiful, at least they still belong to us."

Qin Shu leaned on Fu Tingyu's shoulder and said, "I still can't fathom what goes through your mind at times..."

Fu Tingyu basked in Qin Shu's warmth. He smiled but chose not to reply.

"Master is so annoying. He always seems to be hiding something from me." Qin Shu complained, though not angrily.

Fu Tingyu was silent for a time. "I'm sure there are many things he does not want you to know."

"It's a pity we can't beat Master. Otherwise, we could have extracted a confession from him."

Fu Tingyu could not help but laugh. "Only you would dare to say something so brazen."

Who would dare beat up their Master to extract a confession?

The wise sages of old taught the importance of respecting one's Master. To beat one's Master was to trample on their trust and goodwill, a betrayal so heinous it went against every moral tenet of nature.

Qin Shu smiled. "Don't mind me. I'm just running my mouth."

Fu Tingyu eyed her knowingly.

"One day, I will surpass Master. Perhaps, then, he'll volunteer what he knows without me having to knock on his door."

Fu Tingyu nodded, a grin on his face. "You and your fanciful dreams..."

Without warning, Qin Shu wrapped her arms around Fu Tingyu's neck. "It's only a matter of time before your martial strength returns to its peak. We will defeat Master together. When that time comes, defeating Master and learning the truth won't be a pipe dream."

Fu Tingyu swallowed the laugh that bubbled to the surface and said, "Okay, okay. I'll listen to my wife."

Qin Shu had originally planned to ask her Master about something the next day. Regardless of his answer, she would have been satisfied.

However, her Master did not give her a chance to ask him the question plaguing her thoughts.

—

The next morning...

Fu Tingyu always woke early; it was a habit for him. Glancing at the figure soundly asleep next to him, he thought of the wonton noodles she loved eating. It would not take much effort to stop by Snack Street for some wonton noodles and light bites.

After washing up, he put on his clothes and left the inn.

Qin Shu was the sole occupant of the guest room upon Fu Tingyu's departure.

Light streamed into the room, warm and gentle.

A white figure jumped in through the window as silent as a spectre.

It was none other than Qin Shu's Master, Ziqing.

Qin Shu, who was sleeping soundly, did not notice someone had come in. She did not know her Master had come to look for her.

He glided to the bed, his eyes unblinking as he stared at the figure sleeping soundly. The first time Qin Shu climbed the mountain, he thought she felt very much like Ling'er, especially her features and personality. Qin Shu looked so similar to Ling'er as she had been three years ago that it was hard to tell them apart at times.

He placed a hand over Qin Shu's forehead and closed his eyes. Helping someone recover their memories was no easy task, and he needed to concentrate.

More so when he was only going to help her recover a part rather than the whole...

Ziqing spent an hour hovering over Qin Shu. It was done. Sparing Qin Shu one final glance, he left the way he entered.

—

At the peak of Mount Qi...

"Going home?"

Ling'er looked at Ziqing in surprise. She did not know why he suddenly wanted to bring her home.

They had been together for a few years, but he had never mentioned where his home was or disclosed his identity. Then again, she had never asked either. Wen Xin had lived a peaceful, contented life with him.

Ziqing's sudden decision caught her off guard.

He nodded. "Our marriage has been finalised. It's time we return. You'll get to know me better, then."

Ling'er felt sorry for the trouble she must have caused him. All this while, he had stayed with her on Mount Qi, not once taking time off for himself.

"Will... Will we have trouble seeing Xiao Jiu in the future?"

"Xiao Jiu always seems to be at the forefront of your mind," Ziqing spoke in a cold monotone, jealousy lacing his words.

Ling'er offered him a weak smile. "When do we leave?"

"Now.," was his curt reply.

Although it shocked her immensely that they should leave so soon, Ling'er kept mum. He had spent so many years on Mount Qi with her; it would not be fair of her to demand more from him.

Ziqing had already packed everything they needed. The rest would remain on Mount Qi whenever they decided to return in the future.

Once he had seen to everything that required his attention, he brought Ling'er onto a private jet, leaving Mount Qi.

Jiuyan left two guards on Mount Qi and cleaned up the courtyard his Master and Mistress had been staying.

His Master had taken great pains preparing Mount Qi for the Mistress. It would not do to leave it in a mess.

Ling'er was now Mistress. She and his Master were married in the eyes of the law.

His Mistress's sudden appearance was sure to cause a stir among those old, stubborn biddies when they returned.

—

Fengyue Inn...

Fu Tingyu placed the wonton noodles and food in front of the table. He turned around and walked into the guest room. When he realised that the girl was still not awake, he frowned.

Last night, they did not do much because of Wen Xin's matter. It was strange for Qin Shu to feel so tired.

He leaned over and looked at Qin Shu with one hand supporting himself against the bedframe. He realised her forehead was covered in a sheen of perspiration.. She felt cold and clammy to the touch.