

## Chapter 341:

### Babe, Where Does It Hurt?

Lu Shaoming stood up straight. He held the small woman in his embrace securely before he said, "The rooms here all have an attached bathroom. If you want to pee, you can only make yourself feel comfortable. I can carry you to the back of the house to settle it."

"But, you can also let me down."

"Sure." Lu Shaoming pretended to want to place her down. "The wild grass behind the house has snakes. Don't blame me for not warning you."

One of Ning Qing's legs had already touched the ground, but upon hearing his words, she speedily curled her arms around his neck and hung on his body. "Hehe, then I will still allow you to carry me for awhile more."

Lu Shaoming smiled confidently.

He did not go through the door. Instead he stretched out his hand to open the window to take a shortcut. The window was not high up, he hugged small woman as they nimbly jumped out of the window.

Both of his feet landed on the ground, and he found a piece of flat grass, "Would this be okay?"

Ning Qing nodded her head, "Okay, let me down."

Speaking about this, the problem had arrived, she did not have any shoes on her feet.

She was directly carried in his embrace from her blankets, and she had not put on any shoes.

Her entire body felt limb. She put her small hand over her stomach, and she was in a hurry as she hit him twice with her small fists. "Go and grab my shoes quickly. I am in a hurry."

Lu Shaoming did not move. His voice got more hoarse as he said, "You don't have to go back..."

"What?" Ning Qing was puzzled.

At this moment, one of the man's large palms landed on her small perky behind, as if he were going to remove her safety shorts below her skirt.

Ning Qing instantly knew what he wanted to do. All of the blood in her body rushed towards her head as her small face turned red. "Lu Shaoming, you are so shameless!"

She did not dare think about that. Did he really treat her like his daughter?

It was dark now. She could not see the colour of the man's handsome face. In a soft yet serious tone, he said, "Ning Qing, you thought that window was so easy to leap over? Forget it. If you don't want to pee, we will go back then."

Ning Qing was on the brink of breaking as she was in a hurry. "Lu Shaoming, you only know how to bully me."

Lu Shaoming bent down and kissed her small, snow-white earlobes. "It's all good as long as you know about it. I wouldn't even do it if anyone else would let me bully them like this. Even Little Qinwen."

Ning Qing: "... Get lost!

...

The two of them went back to the room. Ning Qing lay on the bed. Her body felt comfortable now, but her small face was burning hot.

She stretched out her hand to lift the blanket, and she covered her small face with it.

She felt that she did not have any face to see anyone.

"Ning Qing, take the blanket off. Can you breathe with the blanket on your small face? It doesn't feel good to sleep like this," the man said seriously, criticizing her.

"I don't need you to worry about me!" Ning Qing turned around and gave him the image of her back.

Lu Shaoming looked at the pink bundle in the darkness. There was a tenderness in his eyes. He stood by the window and leaned lazily beside it. He lifted his eyebrows and did not say anything again.

Ning Qing firmly tugged the blanket with one small hand. She contemplated for a moment and unwillingly said, "Oi, aren't you going back to sleep?"

It was about midnight now.

She had slept for one or two hours, and that whole time, he was standing outside the door without leaving.

She really did not know what he was thinking of doing.

"Yeah," the man snorted. There was a tinge of fatigue in his voice in the middle of the night. "Go to sleep, I will wait for you to fall asleep first. I will leave after."

There was a definite psychological effect that was left in her after she lost her eyesight. He was afraid that she would get scared again.

If he were not outside just now, she would have to cry in secret all alone again.

Ning Qing did not answer him. She was too lazy to reply to him. Who cared if he did not leave? Her heart would not pity him either way.

Ning Qing forcefully closed her eyes and fell asleep feeling angry.

But she was unable to fall asleep. She tossed and turned a few times.

Lu Shaoming noticed that she was tossing and turning, and he asked softly, "Ning Qing, what is wrong?"

In the past, she was very calm when she slept. She would sleep in her own spot. If he came on the bed and took her in his embrace, she would obediently lie in his embrace and sleep.

Every morning, when he looked at her pink and powdery little face, he would feel as if his heart was full.

He was satisfied.

The woman on the bed did not say anything, but in the silence, Lu Shaoming heard her sobbing.

She was crying yet again.

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows and took a few big strides forward. He stretched out his hand to pull the blankets covering her small face down, then caressed her small face, there were tears on her face, but not many.

"Ning Qing, what is wrong now? Say something."

Ning Qing firmly bit down on her lips. She laid sideways to sleep and curled her slim legs together. Both of her slim arms were protecting in front of her chest, and her entire body was curled into a small bundle.

"My bag..." She bit down her teeth like she was in pain.

Lu Shaoming stood up quickly and searched his pockets. He found a lighter and sparked it. He found her small orange shoulder bag on a small stool.

He opened the bag, and there were a few books inside it, tissues, and also a small mirror and hairbrush that a girl would use to tidy herself up...

"Ning Qing, there is nothing in it. What are you looking for?" She would not be looking for these things.

Ning Qing protected herself. She was not sobbing loudly, but she was moaning in pain.

Lu Shaoming realized that she was not behaving normally. One of his knees was bent on the bed, and he touched her forehead. Her forehead was covered in beads of sweat.

Lu Shaoming's irises contracted. His voice got even more serious due to his anxiety and pity. "Ning Qing, where does it hurt? Speak quickly. I will take you to the hospital."

The woman was not willing, and one of her small hands was firmly holding the bed.

At this moment, Lu Shaoming was really anxious. "Ning Qing!" he called out to her.

The woman on the bed heard him and curled up in fear.

Lu Shaoming put his hand on his forehead. He did not have a solution. He bent his body down and placed one of his hands by her side. He protected her below him. He bent down to kiss her, and he coaxed her gently. "Babe, sorry I raised my voice at you just now. It was because Hubby was in a hurry. Hubby saw you in pain. Hubby feels even more painful compared to you. Where does it hurt? Can you tell Hubby? Hubby will share the load with you okay?"

His hand went to hold her small hand, and it was only then that he realized that she was holding her chest tightly.

He froze and went towards her.

His tightly pent up emotions relaxed, and he heaved a sigh of relief. He kissed her small earlobes, "You came to the winery today so you didn't feed Little Qinwen. You forgot to bring your breast pump, so you are engorged and in pain now right?"

Two months ago, in England, there was a professional who came to massage and pump milk for her everyday. He saw it once unintentionally, and his body felt very uncomfortable for a long period of time.

After that, at the set timing, he would love to stand by the door of her hospital ward. Those intimate things... He was afraid that someone would see.

After all, the people in the hospital were messy.

At that time, Zhou Dayuan laughed at him, saying that he was more qualified than anyone to be a door guard.

At that time, Lu Shaoming slanted his gaze towards him. He was not qualified to speak when he did not have a wife himself.

The smile on Lu Shaoming's face got even more apparent. In these two months, the herbs made his entire being feel much better. At least, he would not get nose bleeds anymore. He would not go into shock anymore. He could look at her, get close to her, and have feelings for her. He could have deep feelings for her, but it would be a little painful for him.

Two of his large hands pressed on her shoulder, and he turned her around to face him. "Babe, I will help you."

He wanted to help her?

This four words made Ning Qing struggle instantly.

She would not tell him about this kind of thing. She could not let him know. She would only cry when she was in pain. She was frustrated with herself because she had forgotten to bring the item.

But he touched her, and she already had a whiff of danger. They have already been a couple for three years. In the eyes of this matured man, he could do anything that was out of her imagination.

Ning Qing could not stop pushing him away. "Lu Shaoming, what do you want to do? You better not do anything shameless again. If you do, I will look down on you."

The small, wild cat was moving too vigorously, but the man used one of his long legs to press down on her slim leg, and he used one hand to press both of her small hands behind her head. He successfully pinned her down.

It was extremely easy for him.

Ning Qing: "Lu Shaoming!"

“Babe, you know what I want to do right? I will help you. If not, you would in pain for an entire day. If you are engorged for the entire night, our Little Qin Wen would not have milk to drink; he would be hungry.”

A chill descended through her body, and her shirt was lifted up.

Ning Qing’s irises contracted as she said, “Lu Shaoming, go away. You are not allowed to touch me. I will hate you. I will really hate you... Ah!”

...

The next morning

The thunderstorm stopped, and the dawn was breaking. The flowers after the rain welcomed the warm breeze in the summer as they blossomed. The flowers were all in full bloom.

Ning Qing took in a breath of fresh air. At this moment, two female classmates came over and softly said, “Ning Qing, have you seen Director Zhou? Why has she not appeared?”

Ning Qing cast her gaze towards the dining room. It was true, she has not seen Zhou Zhilei this morning. She also felt that it was pretty weird.

Ning Qing shook her head. “I haven’t seen her. Maybe she is busy with matters concerning the winery. Do you have anything specific that you are looking for her for?”

The two females classmates shook their heads. “Nothing much.” Both of them held onto one of Ning Qing’s slim arms as they gossiped. “Ning Qing, we have heard something.”

“What?”

“There was a classmate who could not fall asleep. He came out to walk around, and he saw Director Zhou being helped by two maids as they secretly lifted her up into an ambulance. That classmate saw that Director Zhou’s face was swollen on one side. It seemed to be a slap on her face. There was a huge blanket wrapped around Director Zhou’s body.”

Ning Qing heard what they said, and she looked puzzled. She looked at the two cute female classmates and said, “So...”

“So given what we described, Director Zhou seems to have been...raped by someone.”

Ning Qing froze for a moment. This was Zhou Zhilei’s territory. Who could rape her here, unless it was...Tang Xueli.

She also did not know what Zhou Zhilei was thinking. The moment she saw Tang Xueli, Ning Qing knew that he was not a good person. Why did she want to date him?

Zhou Zhilei still wanted to make use of Tang Xueli, but he raped her. It made sense. She was being too risky, and she had risked her own life.

Ning Qing did not pity Zhou Zhilei. That woman was blinded by love. She would not shed a tear for her unless she saw her coffin.

Ning Qing was pondering, and at this moment, a voice that rang through her ears, “Young Master Lu.”

Ning Qing lowered her gaze instinctively. Lu Shaoming arrived.

He was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. His clothes did not have a single crease, and it made him look cold and elegant. He had slept in the wee hours of the night. His chiselled face did not have a single trace of fatigue on it, and he still looked handsome and mesmerizing.

Their gazes collided. The man’s dark eyes were especially sparkling, and when he looked at her, her gaze still had the gentleness and warmth left over from last night.

Ning Qing quickly looked elsewhere, then went down the stairs.

“Ay, Ning Qing.” The two female classmates called out to Ning Qing.

But Ning Qing did not even turn her head as she walked away.

She lifted her eyes to look at Lu Shaoming again. The man was speaking softly to the butler of the winery. The man had a steady and forceful gait, then he also left.

One of the female classmates saw both of their back profiles and murmured to herself, “Why did Ning Qing see Young Master Lu and run? Both of them seem to be acting weird. Ay, what do you think? Are the rumours saying that they had a change in feelings really true?”

### **Chapter 342: Lu Shaoming Is The Most Lethal Among All Poisons — Crane’s Red Crown**

“What change of heart?” Another female classmate quickly stopped her as she laughed mysteriously.

“Don’t talk nonsense if you don’t understand the situation.”

“Tell me what you know.” The two female classmates whispered among themselves.

“Let me tell you, the people who couldn’t sleep last night saw not only Director Zhou but also Ning Qing and Young Master Lu.”

“What? Tell me about it.”

“The man saw Young Master Lu carry Ning Qing out of the storage room and to the bungalow next door. I heard that it is Young Master Lu’s room.”

“My gosh...” the female classmate covered her face. “Don’t they need to sleep in the middle of the night? Moving from one room to another?”

“Ah, they are a couple, so of course, they did some exercise when they were not sleeping in the middle of the night. At that time, Ning Qing was in Young Master Lu’s arms and her little face was red. She looked as if she had been ruthlessly loved. And because Ning Qing’s room’s condition is very poor, it’s not convenient for them to take a bath. We can’t enter that bungalow either, so that was equivalent to the VIP room of the Zhou family’s Vineyard.”

The two girls chatted excitedly.

...

Everyone got on the luxury bus again. According to their schedule, they were going to the Zhou family's vineyard today.

Ning Qing was still sitting in her original position by the window. Everyone was seated one after another, but the bus did not start. Someone asked, "Driver, why aren't you driving yet?"

Then, a handsome figure got on the bus.

Everyone's eyes were shining. "Young Master Lu! Young Master Lu! Why are you here?"

Lu Shaoming got on the bus, and his deep black eyes swept to Ning Qing, who was sitting quietly behind. His voice was low and mellow as he answered, "I will take you to the vineyard today because Director Zhou is absent today."

"Really? That's great!" Everybody cheered.

Lu Shaoming walked towards the back with his long legs.

Ning Qing was wearing headphones and choosing a song. The bus seats were relatively high. She was a petite person and was hidden among the seats, so she could not see much around her. She did not look around either. She was concentrating on her work.

At that moment, the seat next to her sank as someone sat beside her.

Out of courtesy, she looked to the side and said, "Hello..."

She was stunned when she saw the man beside her.

Lu Shaoming looked at the woman's silly, stunned appearance, reached out, and touched her little head. He lifted his lip and laughed. "So surprised to see me?"

Ning Qing shrank back instinctively after being touched by him. She glared at him with big eyes. "What are you doing? Keep your hands to yourself!"

Lu Shaoming withdrew his hand and did not touch her, but he looked at her with a good mood and raised brows.

At this time, the morning sunshine sprinkled through the bright glass windows. The charismatic man bathed in the golden yellow light. He looked very young and handsome, attracting the eyes of everyone.

Ning Qing felt her face heating up as the many images of last night jumped through her mind, making her blush.

"You... Why are you here?" A man like him appearing in the bus formed a contradictory image.

"I'm here to go to the vineyard with you," the man answered calmly.

Ning Qing digested the news. "But, why are you sitting next to me when there are so many seats on the bus?"

The man narrowed his eyes. "Who says I can't sit next to you?"

Ning Qing: "You!"

It seemed impossible to expect him to sit elsewhere. Ning Qing rose suddenly and smiled politely. "Well then, Young Master Lu, please make way and let me sit elsewhere. I'm not used to sitting with others."

The man looked at her delicate, tender face and nodded. "Alright, please."

He spread out his left hand, a gentleman's "please" gesture smoothly followed.

Ning Qing's heart itched with hatred. Although the man had said "please", but he had no intentions of making way for her.

He sat on his seat calm and composed. His legs were too long and slender, and they were crossed in front of him, taking up a lot of space. How could she go out like that?

Ning Qing carried her small shoulder bag on her back, lifted her right leg carefully and stepped over his long leg.

Ning Qing was delighted to see that one of her feet was about to land.

But then, the driver stepped on the gas pedal, and because of inertia, she couldn't stand still and fell straight to the man's arms with an "ah."

"Be careful!" Lu Shaoming reached out his right arm and clasped her petite waist, holding her firmly.

Ning Qing looked at the handsome face inches away from her. She fluttered her long eyelashes that were like butterflies' wings, but she still could not adapt to the softness on her lips.

She...had kissed the corners of his lips?

Then exclamations sounded in her ears. "Wow, Ning Qing, are you pouncing on Young Master Lu? Have you considered our feelings? It's so embarrassing."

Ning Qing: "..."

Two small hands propped against his chest, and Ning Qing rolled back to her seat.

She stamped her foot. Wasn't she going to leave him? Why had she pounced on him?

Oh my gosh. She was too embarrassed to face anyone.

While she was shy and panicky, the man was in a good mood. "Alright, stop teasing, everyone. My wife's already blushing."

Ning Qing: Who's blushing?

Even if her face was red, it was because of anger.

She was furious.



At this time, a warm spray of breath touched her ear, as low, rich, amused and enticing voice said, “Ning Qing, you are not used to sitting with me, but you are used to sitting on my thighs? Why didn’t you say so earlier?”

Ning Qing: What?

Since things had already come to this point, Ning Qing took her small hand away. She lifted her beautiful lips as she laughed languidly. “Yes, even if I like to sit on your thighs, Young Master Lu can’t do anything to me, can you? It’s not a man’s fault if he cannot do something, but if you do it even though you’re not capable, you’ll make a fool of yourself.”

She said that he wasn’t capable again.

Lu Shaoming looked at the clever and stubborn light in the woman’s autumn pupils. He didn’t get angry. Instead, he laughed and said in a low voice. “Speaking of jokes, I really saw through some woman’s jokes last night. It’s just to ease your pain, and I haven’t even touched you, but you...”

Ning Qing quickly put out her small hand and covered his mouth. You can’t say it! You can’t!

Does he still want to maintain his dignity? They are in public now. There are people everywhere. What would they do if someone heard him?

She had not done it voluntarily; he had forced her.

Lu Shaoming narrowed his eyes at her, asking her — Do you admit to your mistake? Are you still going to be stubborn?

Ning Qing was convinced that she would never be his opponent.

Her pearly white teeth bit her pink lips. Her eyes were flashing with anger and grievance as she said, “Yes, yes!” She nodded.

She admitted that she was wrong.

She wasn’t going to be stubborn anymore

He was the boss, alright?

Lu Shaoming was satisfied.

Ning Qing released her hand. She was furious. She dropped her gaze and stuffed the earpiece in her ears. She listened to the song attentively and ignored him.

But she had barely listened to a single line when the earplug in her left ear was taken away. Lu Shaoming stuffed it into his right ear.

Ning Qing: “...”

She would not be able to take it back from him, and the bus was full of people. After weighing the pros and cons, Ning Qing admitted defeat.

She pouted her lips, grunted, looked sideways out of the window, and left him the back of her head.

A song flowed from the earpiece. It was Liu Wenlong's cover of a classic French song. The lyrics of the French song and the melodious strings blended into an eternal elegance and quietness. It was very beautiful.

Ning Qing was immersed in the music.

Right then, her little hand was grasped. She looked down. The man's large, clearly outlined hand was holding hers.

She wanted to pull her hand away, but she couldn't. He held her little hand dominantly and placed it on his thigh. He spread his hand and entwined his fingers with hers.

This gesture made Ning Qing's heart ripple.

"Do you know what the lyrics are singing?" The man went near her ear and asked her in a low voice.

Ning Qing hummed and looked out of the window, still ignoring him.

Do you think you're great since you know French and a few other languages?

He only knew how to show off in front of her.

This Liu Wenlong. Why had he not sung it in Chinese but in French?

(Liu Wenlong in the distance: All my fault then.)

"The lyrics say that after not meeting for many days, every minute and every second is suffering; the night comes and I miss you like the tide; Wifey, L, O, V, E, I love you."

Ning Qing's whole body was trembling and her eardrum was tormented by his low-rich and enticing voice. He always knew how to confuse her with his standard British accent.

Her small red mouth parted slightly as she panted a couple of times. Her ears were hot. She doesn't need to use her brain to know that he was talking nonsense.

What he said was not the meaning of the lyrics at all.

He knew it, but he didn't tell her.

What does he want?

On this bus on the country road, he sat beside her, with their fingers entwined, and whispered such bad words in her ear when no one was there.

Ning Qing closed her eyes. She would not listen. She would not think that she had been beside him step by step to win every battle and had also won the world for him, but he did not cherish her.

In that case, she shouldn't be obsessed with him anymore.

He wanted to coax her with a couple of sweet words, and she would only reply to him with two words — no way!

...

At the vineyard

Everyone arrived at the vineyard. There were pillars in the vineyard made of white jade all around, covered with dense branches and leaves, under which was a bunch of full and juicy grapes.

“Wow, these grapes are so beautiful. They are even in different colors. Young Master Lu, will you tell us something about winemaking?” The classmates looked excitedly at Lu Shaoming.

Men like Lu Shaoming were born into fame and fortune. All the places they had gone to were busy and upscale. He looked like a man with refined knowledge of wine.

Lu Shaoming stuffed both hands in his pockets and stepped forward. His firm face turned soft. “Wine can be divided into several colors. Red wine is fermented from these grapes with red skin and white flesh. Green wine is fermented from these grapes with white skin and white flesh. The process of making white wine is the most tedious, but after years of settling, it will become golden in color, which is the most popular color among the aristocracy at present.”

“Wow.” Everybody listened to Lu Shaoming’s explanation. The female classmates’ eyes sparkled with admiration, and the male classmates’ worshipped him. “Lu Shaoming, you know a lot. You’re great.”

Lu Shaoming gave a gentle laugh, and the elegant and poised appearance looked very noble. “You can pick the grapes here and taste them. Girls can choose these dark purple ones; they’re sweeter.”

Now the female classmates had been completely enticed by Lu Shaoming’s gentleman-like appearance.

Ning Qing was looking at the man. She didn’t realize that he knew so much about red wine. Perhaps this was why she had been infatuated with him all the time. This 32-year-old man had accumulated extraordinary wisdom and wealth with his life experience.

Ning Qing looked again at the female classmates who were admiring him. She was instantly upset. Her eyes turned cold as she glared at the man. He only knew how to seduce little girls like them.

Gentle, mature, and charming men were the fatal poisons of all women in the world.

And Lu Shaoming was the most lethal among all poisons — Crane’s red crown.

### **Chapter 343: Lu Shaoming, Don’t Do This**

Ning Qing glared at Lu Shaoming and reached for a grape.

After peeling off the skin, she ate all the glittering flesh. It was so sweet.

She looked up at the vine. There was a big round grape on it. The grape was wet with raindrops and was shining in the sunshine.

She reached for it.

She couldn’t reach it, so she tiptoed.

Then, a big hand reached over and easily picked the grape for her.

“Here you go.”

The man's low, mellow voice rang in her ears.

Ning Qing did not turn around. She took the grape from the man's hand, peeled it, and bit into it.

Lu Shaoming looked at her pink mouth that was moist from having just eaten grapes, making her look very enticing.

He lowered his voice, neared her earlobe, and stared at the remaining half of the grape as he said, "Let me have it"

Let him have it?

Wasn't he ashamed to ask?

Ning Qing turned around and laughed a couple of times at the man with the jade-like face. Then, she popped the remaining half of the grape into her mouth.

"Mmm, it's delicious." Ning Qing looked at him provocatively with raised, delicate eyebrows.

Lu Shaoming looked at her full and vivid little face and raised his brows in a good mood too. Suddenly he looked down to the ground. "There's a snake under your feet."

Snake?

"Ah!" Ning Qing screamed, and her entire body rushed forward. Her slim arms hugged the man's neck, and she ran straight into his warm arms.

"Haha..." Everyone laughed and said, "Ning Qing, Young Master Lu's tricking you. There are no snakes here."

Only then did Ning Qing realized that she had been tricked. She left his arms and looked up at him.

Compared with her miserable state, the man was composed. With both hands in his trousers pockets, his body was like a pillar of jade. The brilliant sunshine shone on his back and coated him with a fascinating gold rim.

He was looking at her with his lips raised, his eyes full of tenderness.

Ning Qing quickly swung up her little tender fist and hammered him. "Lu Shaoming, you are despicable!"

She stepped back and turned to leave.

Then the man behind him said, "Ning Qing, be careful!"

Be careful again?

Wasn't he tired of the same thing?

Ning Qing ignored him.

But her soft waist grabbed by a strong arm, the man pulled hard, and her whole body crashed into his arms.

She hadn't adapted to the situation when cheerful screams sounded in her ear. "Ah, it's spraying water!"

Ning Qing looked sideways. There was a fountain in the middle of the grape rack. The fountain in the pool sprayed out in all directions and sprayed on everyone.

It was summer. It was a good time to play with water. The male classmates rushed to the fountain while the female classmates cupped the water in their small hands. They were enjoying themselves.

Ning Qing was not touched by water because the man behind her had blocked it for her.

The sweet taste of grapes rose in her mouth again as she pushed at his strong arms which were fastened onto her soft waist with both hands. "Lu Shaoming, let go. Who wants your hypocritical benevolence? You're a cat crying at the mouse's funeral?!" she said in a delicate voice.

"Cat crying at the mouse's funeral? Nice. You have a clear estimation of yourself." Lu Shaoming stooped down, and his clear masculine scent sprinkled on her skin.

He said she was a mouse?

Fine, when it comes to eloquence, she was not in his league.

Ning Qing struggled fiercely and refused to let him hold her, but every muscle and line on the man was made of cast iron and full of strength. She was held tight in his arms, and she could not break away at all.

"Lu Shaoming!" She was enraged.

"Yes?" The man narrowed his eyes and responded lazily.

Ning Qing looked down and bit his arm.

The man smiled helplessly. "Why are you like a wild kitten?" He let her go.

Ning Qing jumped away and took a few steps away from him.

The fountain was still sprinkling, and as soon as she jumped away, she got a little wet.

Looking sideways, a long column of water rushed to the man's body and dripped from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet.

Ning Qing covered her small mouth and giggled crisply. Who asked him to bully her.

Even the heavens were dealing with him!

The man's body was already wet, and his white shirt stuck to his body, revealing his muscular physique.

Seeing her laugh, he was unfazed. He was still standing calmly with his hands in his pockets, smiling indulgently at her through the stream of water. The man's sculpted beauty was enough to entice all living beings at this moment.

Ning Qing blushed slightly and heard the female classmates' whispers in her ear. "Wow, Ning Qing, Young Master Lu's figure is great. I think he has a six pack."

"Yes, Ning Qing, Young Master Lu really has a good figure. He must have great physical strength in some aspects. Can you stand it?"

Ning Qing's small, reddish face blushed. Girls nowadays were so unrestrained. What were they talking about?

Ning Qing ignored them, but her sparkling autumn pupils peeked at the man. Alright, she admitted that his figure was really great.

He has good looks, too.

Ning Qing looked far away, raised her lips, and laughed.

...

After playing for a while, everyone was soaked, so they went to the villa in the vineyard to change their clothes.

Ning Qing changed her clothes and went out. She was walking to the corridor, ready to go to the restaurant for dinner.

Walking along, she found that a room door was not closed. It was slightly ajar. She was curious and stood by the door to look in.

Lu Shaoming was inside.

The man had changed out of his wet clothes into clean trousers. He was not wearing a shirt and was half-naked.

Ning Qing took a look and didn't know where to look anymore.

He was standing by the window, wiping his short, wet hair with a towel, and his casual appearance was somewhat wild and unruly.

Ning Qing thought it over carefully. They haven't been together for more than five months.

Last night, he had relieved her pain and then carried her to his room. She refused to pay attention to him and went to bed wrapped in the blankets.

He went to take a bath. The door of the bathroom was not closed. The cold air wafted out. He was taking a cold shower.

After taking the bath, he came out but did not go to bed. Instead, he took a blanket from the cupboard and slept on the sofa in the room.

That was how they had spent the night.

She wondered why he was so strange. Since the plane crash, he seemed to restrain himself from touching her.

He wasn't like this before.

What exactly happened?

Ning Qing was struggling to think, when a low, rich laugh came from the room. "What are you doing there? Peeping at me?"

Ning Qing's small face was instantly like a steamed prawn. This was bad, she had been discovered.

She turned and ran.

But she couldn't run because her slender wrist had been grabbed. She was pulled into the room, and with a boom, the man raised his long legs and kicked the door shut.

"You... What do you want?" Ning Qing pulled back her arm.

"Ning Qing, I should ask you that." Lu Shaoming strode towards her with long legs.

Ning Qing stepped back in terror, her back directly against the cold wall.

With a bam, the man raised his right arm and propped it against the wall.

Being forced into this narrow space by him, Ning Qing's entire sense of smell was swamped by his body wash. He had taken a bath.

She brought both of her small hands to his chest, trying to push him away. "Go away!"

The man remained motionless. He looked down at her two little hands.

Her palm burnt with his heat. His strong, textured muscles came in contact with her soft fingers, and crisp jolts of electricity traveled up the tips of her fingers, numbing her.

His burley skin against her fair and slender hands — it was an ambiguous visual stimulation.

She drew back her hand like lightning.

A shadow covered her. The man's breathing gradually came close. Her red lips were touched; he had kissed her.

Ning Qing's two small hands were held against the wall. Turning sideways and avoiding his kisses, her long, butterfly wing-like eyelashes trembled fiercely. "Lu Shaoming, don't do this! Mmph!"

She was kissed.

"Lu Shaoming, let go. If you don't let go, I'll call for help!"

"Help?" The man's voice was hoarse with some mockery. "Wifey, where's your marriage certificate?"

"You... Mmph."

She avoided him. He kissed her. She couldn't escape his scent, his net.

...

In the hospital

Kong Lan rushed into the ward. She looked at Zhou Zhilei lying on the bed and with grief, said, “Zhilei, what’s wrong with you? How did you end up in the hospital?”

### **Chapter 344: Chinese Valentine’s Day**

Zhou Zhilei was lying in the hospital bed. When she saw her mother coming, she immediately cried out, “Mom.”

Kong Lan helped her up and looked at the palm print on her daughter’s face. She was shocked and angry. “Zhilei, what happened to your face? Who hit you? Mom will ask someone to teach him a lesson.”

Speaking of this, Zhou Zhilei was trembling all over. She curled up her legs in fright. Last night’s scenes replayed in her mind. It was a nightmare.

Tang Xueli was a complete pervert!

“Mom, it was Tang Xueli who hit me.”

“What?” Kong Lan’s fierce attitude snuffed out quickly. “It was Xueli? Aren’t you in a relationship with Xueli? Xueli looks gentle and elegant. Why?” she asked in shock.

Zhou Zhilei cried, and she regretted so much. “Mom, we were all blinded by the appearance of Tang Xueli. He’s mentally ill. Last night, he was... He raped me, beat me, stepped on me, and burned me with his cigarette butt.”

Kong Lan stared and plopped down in her chair. Her impression of Tang Xueli had always been very good. The Tang family were famous. Tang Xueli was young and promising. He was the richest man in town. Seeing that he was always obedient to her daughter, although he could not be compared with Lu Shaoming, he was the second-best choice, and she had already decided that Tang Xueli was her son-in-law.

“Zhilei, how did Xueli become like this?”

Zhou Zhilei couldn’t answer this question. Everything had been fine originally. Tang Xueli listened to her very much. But recently, she had uncontrollable feelings towards Lu Shaoming. When she met the man, she would say something deep in her heart that she could not say aloud, which agitated Tang Xueli.

And hence, Tang Xueli’s nature was exposed.

All the changes had taken place so quietly. It was very creepy.

“Mom, I’m going to break up with Tang Xueli. I can’t be with him anymore. I’ll be tortured to death by him. You don’t know how much he’s changed...”



Last night, she had gone through hell on earth. She was tormented for two hours and needed several stitches when she was sent to the hospital.

Kong Lan looked at her daughter. Zhou Zhilei's face was pale, and there was a sharp palm print on her right cheek. Her hair was messy, her eyes were red and swollen like a peach, and her voice was hoarse from begging for mercy last night.

Her heart would naturally ache when her precious daughter had been tortured so much.

"Alright, Zhilei, Mom supports you. You and Tang Xueli can break up. With our Zhou family's conditions, there are many men for you to pick from. We shall dump him."

"Yes, yes." Zhou Zhilei nodded, but she shook her head again. She hugged herself in fear. "Mom, Tang Xueli said I couldn't escape."

"Why?"

"Because I used him to deal with Lu Shaoming and cast a love spell on him. If I broke up with him, he has the antidote of the love spell in his hand. Lu Shaoming would not deal with him first but would surely deal with me, and Tang Xueli would not let me go."

Zhou Zhilei realized the severity of the situation.

At that time in England, she was mad with jealousy. She had called Tang Xueli to help her deal with Lu Shaoming, but now, although Lu Shaoming was under the love spell, he and Ning Qing were still as loving as ever. On the contrary, she had not only failed to break Lu Shaoming and Ning Qing apart but had also sacrificed herself.

How could she fail like that?

She had also thought about who else dared to go against Lu Shaoming in this world, Whoever dared to provoke Lu Shaoming has some psychological problems.

It was because she had been too desperate she blindly chose Tang Xueli.

The situation now was: Lu Shaoming had not fallen, but she had sacrificed her life-long happiness instead.

She couldn't get rid of the devil.

Zhou Zhilei felt that the situation was getting stranger. He had been doing well for some time before, but now there was an adverse situation.

Lu Shaoming hadn't started taking action yet.

She doesn't want to deal with Lu Shaoming now. She just wanted to get rid of Tang Xueli.

As Kong Lan listened, her eyes turned. She said, "Zhilei, you said Lu Shaoming was afraid of the antidote of the love spell, then why don't you just steal the antidote, so that the antidote of the love spell would be your trump card."

Zhou Zhilei frowned. "Can I do that?"

“Certainly.” Kong Lan was very emotional. Her eyes were bright. “Zhilei, if you have the antidote for the love spell, then this antidote will become a chip in your hand. You can then tell Lu Shaoming that if he wants the antidote, he must first help you deal with Tang Xueli. Second, ask him to divorce Ning Qing and marry you. You’ll be able to kill two birds with one stone. Besides, Lu Shaoming won’t be able to do anything to you. Your brother and your grandfather are his relatives. Your grandfather is already old. You are the only successor of the Zhou family’s Vineyard. Your grandfather won’t let any harm come to you. Even if Lu Shaoming doesn’t care about the Buddha himself, he would still care about the monk.”

Zhou Zhilei felt cheerful in an instant and nodded her head. Yes, why hadn’t she thought of it?

Grandpa had come to T City. Grandpa wouldn’t let any harm come to her.

She just wanted to teach Lu Shaoming a lesson. She didn’t want to hurt him. She still wanted to be with him in her heart.

Zhou Zhilei forgot her pain. Her mind was filled with Lu Shaoming’s handsome face. Her pale little face began to turn red.

Last night’s incident, what Tang Xueli did to her was disgusting, but if it were Lu Shaoming...

Men like him must be gentle and caring to their women.

Now that the mother and daughter had come up with a plan, Zhou Zhilei felt at ease. Now, the top priority was to settle Tang Xueli and get the antidote for the love spell.

A few nights ago, she went to Tang Xueli’s villa. She knew where the antidote was.

“Zhilei, what do you want to eat? Mom will send someone to buy it for you. There are a lot of cars on the street today. It’s July 7th today — Chinese Valentine’s day.

Chinese Valentine’s day?

How time flies.

This festival was destined to have nothing to do with her.

Thinking of this, Zhou Zhilei thought of Ning Qing again. Would Ning Qing spend Chinese Valentine’s day with Lu Shaoming?

No.

She wouldn’t allow them to celebrate Chinese Valentine’s day.

“Mom, give me your cell phone.”

“Ok, Zhilei. Who do you want to call?”

Zhou Zhilei’s eyes flashed a vicious light. “I’m calling Tang Sitian. That girl has always liked Lu Shaoming. Today is Chinese Valentine’s day. I’ll have that girl stick to Lu Shaoming.”

...

At Ning Qing’s Studio

Ning Qing sat in her office chair and carefully read the information at hand. Just then, Xiao Zhou came in and asked, "Ning Qing, have you chosen the songs for <Lurker>?"

Ning Qing's hand movements paused as she said, "Mmm, let's use that...French song."

"French song?" Xiao Zhou asked, "Ning Qing, which spy warfare drama of the Republic of China uses a French song?"

Ning Qing blushed slightly and looked a little awkward. She said, "Xiao Zhou, did people not sing in France during the spy wars of the Republic of China?"

"They do, but..."

"But what? You can just do as I say."

Xiao Zhou bent over and put her arms on the table. She looked at Ning Qing carefully. "Ning Qing, you are very odd today. Tell me, what's the matter? Have you made up with Young Master Lu?"

"Who made up with him?" Ning Qing retorted.

"You're still saying no. Look how red your little face is. Lots of photos have been revealed on the internet today. You were so affectionate with Young Master Lu when you went to the Zhou family's vineyard. The netizens are shouting at you for abusing the singletons with these public displays of affection."

Ning Qing was speechless. There were indeed a lot of pictures on the internet today that had probably been uploaded by the classmates. The photos were viral now.

She hummed in her heart. Who wanted to be affectionate with him?

He had forced her, alright?

"Ning Qing, did Young Master Lu call you today? Do you have a candlelight dinner date tonight?"

"Date?"

"Yes, Ning Qing. It's July 7th, Chinese Valentine's day. Didn't Young Master Lu ask you out on such an important day?"

Ning Qing spaced out for a while. So fast; it was already Chinese Valentine's day.

When she was with him, they had never celebrated any festivals properly. He was always busy with work, and he had passed the age of sending her roses and accompanying her to the movies.

Ning Qing laughed. "He didn't ask me out. Even if he did, would I have to go?"

Xiao Zhou raised her thumb. What a proud queen.

"Ning Qing, since you don't have a date at night, how about all of the crew go to the bar tonight to have a drink to celebrate the national frenzy for <Lurker>?"

"OK." Ning Qing nodded.

Xiao Zhou went out, Ning Qing continued to look at the information at hand, but her long eyelashes that were like butterflies' wings quivered as she looked sideways at the cell phone beside her.

Her cell phone was silent.

No news from the man.

She breathed out through her pink lips, shook her head, and raised her lips in self-mockery. It seemed that she was thinking too much again.

...

Several luxury cars stopped at the entrance of a bar one after another. Ning Qing and Xiao Zhou got out with the crew.

Everyone laughed and talked as they entered the bar.

Just then, a beautiful voice rang out. "Young Master Lu, wait for me."

Ning Qing looked sideways. Lu Shaoming had arrived. The man was wearing a black shirt and pants. He looked handsome and noble, with his car keys in his right hand and his left hand in his pocket.

A sweet and lovely girl came running towards him — Tang Sitian.

Tang Sitian was pestering him.

Lu Shaoming saw Ning Qing and their eyes met. His deep, black eyes remained calm, looking at her with tenderness.

Ning Qing glanced at Tang Sitian and looked at the man again. Today, she was not even in the mood to say hello to him. She went into the bar.

Xiao Zhou quickly caught up and whispered, "Ning Qing, Young Master Lu is just walking with a girl. That girl is pestering him. Don't be angry."

Ning Qing's mouth curved in a faint smile as she said. "When have you seen him letting other girls close to him. It was too easy for him to stop her. He is indulging her."

Lu Shaoming watched the figure of the little woman disappear in the bar in front of him. Then, he looked at Tang Sitian slowly. "Don't follow me anymore, Miss Tang. I'll send you back."

"I won't go back, Young Master Lu..." Tang Sitian wanted to speak more, but then, two bodyguards came over. They put Tang Sitian in the car.

At this time, Zhou Yao came over from behind and said, "Big brother, don't let her appear if you don't like her. Now that Sister-in-law has seen her, it looks like she's going to misunderstand."

Lu Shaoming looked at him with a raised sharp brows. "Second Brother, do you think anyone is as simple as you? Why not use the chess pieces delivered to your doorstep?"

Zhou Yao laughed. "Brother, you're the worst."

## **Chapter 345: Does Luoxi Not Allow Xiaofu To Drink?**

Just then, another luxury limo stopped by the roadside. The assistant pulled the door open, and Ou Luoxi came out.

“Luoxi...” Lu Shaoming and Zhou Yao went forward.

Ou Luoxi lifted his lips, flashing a bright smile. “Big Brother, Second Brother.”

Lu Shaoming patted him on the shoulder. “Let’s go. Today’s Chinese Valentine’s day. Let all three of us go to the bar for a drink and have a bachelor’s day together.”

Zhou Yao said, “Come on, Big Brother, Sister-in-law is inside. It’s just a matter of a sentence from you if you want her to accompany you.”

Lu Shaoming looked serious. “I won’t provoke her today because she’s still angry. When she sees me, she would either bite or kick me.”

Zhou Yao: For real? Won’t provoke her? He doesn’t believe it anyway.

Ou Luoxi looked around and asked, “Brother, what about Doctor Zhou?”

“He’ll be here in a minute. He’s going to pick up his new girlfriend. Let’s go in first.”

The three of them entered the bar.

...

The three men sat down at the bar and ordered cocktails. The three men instantly became a focal point of the bar and attracted the entire audience’s attention.

Lu Shaoming’s right sleeve was folded upward, revealing his strong arms. He wore a low-key, luxurious watch on his wrist. He picked up a wide glass of wine with his right hand and drank a mouthful of wine, he looked noble and elegant.

Zhou Yao wore a black V-neck tee shirt and khaki casual trousers below. He sat on a high bar. His long legs that hung down caused the crowd to scream. He left his back view to the crowd. His shoulder blades under his tee-shirt spread out, emanating his male strength that was strong and rigid.

Unlike the two men, Ou Luoxi was dressed in a cream-yellow T-shirt, a hoodie, brown sweatpants, white sneakers. The delicate features of the young man were particularly beautiful under the halogenic neon lights in the bar. The young girls in the bar, who were around 17 or 18 years old, were looking at him with red faces.

Less than two minutes after they sat had down, a beautiful woman in a cropped top and shorts came to chat them up.

“Hi, handsome guys...”

The temperament of the three men was different, but their reactions were the same. They drank their wine and ignored her.

The beauty left in disappointment. These three were not here for amusement.

Lu Shaoming looked ahead and walked past two bars to a corner of the bar that had been booked by the <Lurker> crew.

Ning Qing guzzled a cocktail, and the people around her began to encourage her. "Director Ning, today's Chinese Valentine's day. Everyone is happy — Director Ning should sing a song to liven up the mood."

Ning Qing was in a good mood. She stood up with her eyes curved and took the microphone. "Okay, just one song..."

"Little Love Song?"

"Love Expert?"

"I'm Going to Marry You Today?"

Ning Qing shook her head. "No, no — Bubbles."

After a stunned pause, everyone laughed. "Haha, alright then cue the song, Bubbles."

Lu Shaoming watched the little woman sing. She was good at everything, but she was tone-deaf and was not cut out for singing.

But she has a good voice and was delicate and gentle. Sometimes, when she called him Hubby to act coquettishly with him, she could make his entire body numb and weak with her voice.

Bubbles under the sun, they are colorful

Just like me who have been deceived, I am blissful

What's there to be argued, all your lies

Based on you still loving me

Everything is like bubbles, they're all gone in a flash like fireworks.

All your promises are too fragile

As for who you are, shame on me for not seeing through.

And causing so much misery to myself...

Lu Shaoming listened to the song carefully. It must be a popular song nowadays. Why had he not heard it before?

But the lyrics were very interesting. All your promises are too fragile.

Lu Shaoming's eyes flowed with a tender smile. Does she think his promises were fragile?

Hah, silly girl.

The song's pitch was very high. The woman started shouting after a couple of verses. Unfortunately, she couldn't reach the pitch and instead, went off tune.

The atmosphere there was very good. Everyone was laughing brilliantly, while Liu Wenlong sat humming a couple of verses, which brought back the tune for the little woman who was way off tune.

Lu Shaoming remembered Liu Wenlong, the singer whom she had not given up on. By now, he has already been the most popular singer in China for more than a year.

The little woman was very high while singing. Today, she wore a white lace blouse with a wide neck that exposed her delicate clavicle. The hem of the lace blouse was very short and vest-like. It wrapped around her ample figure, with tassels hanging below. No one would know that she was already a mom from her small waist and flat and delicate belly.

The denim skirt she wore was tightly wrapped around perky buttocks, and the orange high heels on her feet were youthful and fashionable.

Lu Shaoming saw people looking at her in the hall, and even people were taking out their cell phones to take pictures of her.

The wires of her microphone were entangled under the table and chairs. A man untangled it for her considerately. The man looked familiar. His mother followed <Lurker> at home. The man was the male lead.

Lu Shaoming drained the strong cocktail in his hand, and his eyes sparkled with a calm and sharp light. His liked his little wifey. So did other men.

While he was away, she started to dress more provocatively.

He was not very happy.

...

Ning Qing sang the song joyfully.

Xiao Zhou came to grab the microphone, and she passed it over. Then, she saw three men on the bar in front of her eyes, the eye-catching scenery.

Three buttons had already been unbuttoned on the man's black shirt, revealing a large, malt colored chest. He was pouring wine. His features were prominent as he was glancing down. The man, who had always been noble and dominant, somewhat emanated a wild, uninhibited aura in this situation.

Aware of her gaze, he looked up.

Ning Qing was in a good mood. She looked at him lightly, then averted her gaze. Then she saw a familiar figure coming into the bar. She waved and laughed. "Hi, Xiaofu..."

Hearing this, Ou Luoxi stopped drinking.

Xia Xiaofu walked in with several female friends. Today, she wore a simple black and white striped checkered vest skirt, which looked fresh and refined.

Xia Xiaofu also saw Ning Qing. She excused herself from her female friends and went to Ning Qing. "Ning Qing, what a coincidence, meeting you here."

Ning Qing also went to her and said, "Yes, Xiaofu, you were still filming in Beihai when I contacted you the other day. I didn't expect you to come back so soon."

"Yes, I just came back this morning, and they pulled me to the bar." Xia Xiaofu said and noticed the figure not far from her side.

Ning Qing saw her gaze wander there, she quickly took her little hand and laughed, "Xiaofu, today is too coincidental. Since Young Master Lu, Zhou Yao, and Luoxi are all there, let's go over and say hello."

Xia Xiaofu looked at the bright light in Ning Qing's eyes. A shy smile appeared on her delicate, oval-shaped face. "Alright." She nodded.

Ning Qing held her little hand and led her to the three men.

"Young Master Lu, are you guys drinking here too? Would you mind if we drank with you?" Ning Qing walked in front of the three guys.

Zhou Yao placed both hands in his trouser pockets. He smiled and very cleverly cried out, "Sister-in-law."

Ou Luoxi put down his glass. He turned around and called out, "Sister-in-law."

Xia Xiaofu's watery apricot eyes quietly looked at Ou Luoxi. They had not seen each other for a long time. He only looked at Ning Qing but did not look at her. His attitude towards her was always the same — alienated and uninterested.

Her light and delicate eyelashes fluttered twice, then drooped.

Ning Qing sensed the subtlety of the atmosphere between the two. She raised her fair hand and gently put it on Lu Shaoming's shoulder. "Young Master Lu, make way. We'll sit here and have a drink."

Since she had arrived, he had only focused on drinking and ignored her.

She didn't know why he was arrogant.

When Zhou Yao heard this, he immediately got up and scooted to the side.

"Sister-in-law, please!"

However, Lu Shaoming sat still and had no intention of "making way" in the slightest.

The atmosphere was awkward.

Ou Luoxi then stood up. "Sister-in-law..."

"Luoxi, you sit still!" Ning Qing immediately waved her hand and said.

Ou Luoxi: "..."

Ning Qing looked at the side of the man's handsome face, then with a laugh, she came up and asked in a low voice, "Hah, what do you want to do?"



Even Zhou Yao knew to give up his seat, letting her and Xiaofu sit, allowing Xiaofu to sit beside Ou Luoxi. Would he not know?

He was deliberately embarrassing her.

Lu Shaoming then slowly glanced sideways. He hooked the corner of his mouth, using the gaze of a mature man to glance at her closed red lips, indicating — kiss me.

Ning Qing small chest heaved a little as she gasped. Okay, just a kiss, right?

Her small hand wandered to his thigh and gave him a sharp pinch.

Zhou Yao was staring with his mouth agape. Alright, he believed it.

Lu Shaoming frowned handsomely. The woman's offense was growing stronger. She received the warning glance in her eyes. Lu Shaoming decided to move two seats to the side.

Let's not annoy her.

Zhou Yao: Damn, when did Big Brother become his wife's slave?

Ning Qing and Xia Xiaofu sat down.

...

Xia Xiaofu sat beside Ou Luoxi. She could feel that when she sat down, Ou Luoxi moved to the side to avoid her.

At this time, she heard Ning Qing ask, "Xiaofu, what would you like to drink? Would you like a cocktail?"

"No."

"No!"

They both spoke at the same time.

Ning Qing laughed. "Luoxi, I'm asking Xiaofu what she wants to drink. What are you so excited about? Oh, I remember, Xiaofu can't drink. Even if she drinks just a little, she will get drunk. Is Luoxi not allowing Xiaofu to drink?"

Ou Luoxi's delicate and dainty face was expressionless because he had always been someone with facial paralysis, but Ning Qing saw that he looked somewhat unnatural and stiff.

Xia Xiaofu glanced at Ou Luoxi beside her. The corners of her mouth quietly lifted. Was that his intention?

"Xiaofu, how did Luoxi know that you can't drink? Have you gotten drunk with Luoxi before? Look at Luoxi's strong opposition to your drinking. Xiaofu, have you done anything out of the ordinary?"

Xia Xiaofu's little face turned red. There was this once when she...

Ning Qing looked at Xia Xiaofu. Her oval-shaped face was like smooth snow. Now, there was a thin layer of flush on her cheeks. She was looking down, but the water in her apricot eyes seemed to be overflowing. Ning Qing felt love and spring in the air.

“Ning Qing...” Xia Xiaofu gave Ning Qing a look, and she shook her head.

Okay, she’ll just stop here. Ning Qing did not press the matter. “Xiaofu, I’ll get you a long island iced tea.”

“Alright.” Xia Xiaofu nodded.

Ning Qing and Xia Xiaofu were chatting when Ou Luoxi’s cell phone rang, and he turned to answer the phone.

### **Chapter 346: Lower**

He didn’t have much to say. His assistant called him regarding his schedule tomorrow, and he hung up after a few mhms.

The sweet smell of milk on the girl wafted around his nose. It was only after living with her that he knew that she loved milk scented products, so she always had this tempting scent on her body.

Ou Luoxi felt thirsty. He hadn’t known what this reaction was until that time...

He reached for the wine glass on the table and took a sip.

It tasted wrong. Not wine but tea.

He was stunned. He had taken Xia Xiaofu’s cup by mistake.

He slowly turned his head and bumped into the girl’s shining almond eyes. She was looking at him with a small red face.

This was awkward.

He coughed and put her cup back.

Xia Xiaofu’s little heart was thumping wildly in her chest. She lived in his house. She was shopping in the supermarket at that time. She had bought a couple cup for them to use.

He was a very antisocial man. Besides filming, he liked to stay at home. He was a typical nerd. He liked to be clean and was very defensive, and he doesn’t like being close to others.

But such a boy also had a shepherd dog at home. Every morning, when she stood on the balcony, she could see him running with the shepherd dog on the lawn.

He also liked reading very much. There was a wooden rattan chair on the glass panoramic balcony. He would often lie on the chair while reading in a sweater and a pair of casual trousers.

Every now and then, a refreshing scent and aura would emanate from his body, and that fascinated her.

This reminded Xia Xiaofu of the recent popularisation of Professor Du, a character from a Korean drama. He was like Professor Du; they were both unique individuals in the world.

They each lived in this world as if they were not of this world.

Sometimes, she didn't know what she liked about him, why she was so obsessed with him.

Her fair hand reached over and took the cup, and she took a delicate sip from the place he had just sipped from.

Out of the corners of his eyes, Ou Luoxi saw the girl imprint her little flower-like mouth on the place he had just sipped from. His Adam's apple bobbed as he turned his head sideways and guzzled the alcohol in his hand.

As soon as he had finished drinking, he heard Ning Qing suggest, "Xiaofu, let's go dancing."

"OK." Xia Xiaofu nodded.

Ning Qing looked at Lu Shaoming beside her. The man's face was very gloomy. Ever since she had come over and pinched him, she had said nothing to him. She had ignored him.

Ning Qing approached him and drew up her lips. "Young Master Lu, do you want to go dancing? If you don't, it's alright. There are many handsome men on the dance floor."

"Go!" Lu Shaoming put down his glass and grinned. "Why wouldn't I go?"

Ning Qing hummed at him, then looked sideways at Zhou Yao. "Second Brother, do you want to go dancing?"

Zhou Yao's long legs were crossed. He looked rigid and devilish. With a cigarette in one hand and a lighter in the other, he was lighting up his cigarette. His smooth face was particularly handsome between the sparks of the flame.

He took the cigarette in his mouth, narrowed his eyes, and took a puff. "No, it's alright. You guys go play, Sister-in-law."

"Alright." Ning Qing looked at Ou Luoxi. "Luoxi, let's go together."

Ou Luoxi shook his head and wanted to refuse.

Right then, Ning Qing shot Lu Shaoming a look. Lu Shaoming smiled. Why must it be him? Had she really taken him for a wife's slave?

But he went up and clapped Ou Luoxi on the shoulder. "Luoxi, let's go and relax together."

All three were waiting for him, and Lu Shaoming was also urging him so he felt embarrassed to refuse. All four went to the dance floor together.

...

There were many people on the dance floor. As soon as Ning Qing and Xia Xiaofu entered, they caused a sensation. Many men surged towards them on the dance floor.

Ning Qing and Xia Xiaofu were very excited. They found a place where they swayed and danced to the music, but the expressions of the two men were not very positive.

Lu Shaoming and Ou Luoxi seldom came to such places. Sometimes, men had selfish traditional male ideals in their bones, and they don't want their women to be seen by other men.

Especially the two women who were particularly eye-catching on the dance floor. First of all, regardless of their delicate and beautiful little faces, just seeing their willow-like waist and exposed two fair jade-like legs was enough for people to ogle at them.

Lu Shaoming and Ou Luoxi pushed through the crowd and came to them.

Ning Qing deliberately left Ou Luoxi and Xia Xiaofu alone. When Lu Shaoming came and everyone had warmed up, she danced alone with Lu Shaoming.

Xia Xiaofu looked at Ou Luoxi. She looked up at the handsome face of the young man.

"Ou Luoxi, why didn't you contact me all this time?"

Ou Luoxi's dark eyes, which were clearer than those of a baby, slowly fixed on her, and the young man's lips were pink and moist. They were more attractive than a girl's.

He did not speak.

Xia Xiaofu raised her hand and tucked a strand of beautiful hair on her cheek behind her ear. She dropped her gaze and laughed at herself. "Ou Luoxi, my mother said that after you have laid with a man, don't contact him on your initiative, because if he wants you, he will take the initiative to contact you. If he doesn't want you, you should also keep a little dignity for yourself."

Ou Luoxi looked away from her delicate, beautiful little face.

He was avoiding her.

His evasive expression stabbed Xia Xiaofu in the heart. She had been out of his home for more than two months, during which time he had never contacted her.

This was the cruelest thing for a girl.

Xia Xiaofu's long, fan-like eyelashes trembled a few times and finally fell sadly on her beautiful face.

Then, someone bumped her from behind. She wasn't careful, and her entire body fell forward.

Her slender arms were held in time by two hands as Ou Luoxi stabilized her.

The distance between the two was close. The young man was 1.85 meters tall. The scent on his body was a clean and refreshing mint candy scent — the one that had enticed her.

Looking down, he had clasped his hands on her shoulder. He had probably been in a hurry. Half of his right hand touched the girl's chest.

Xia Xiaofu bit her lily-like lower lip, looked up at him shyly, and panicked.

Ou Luoxi was shocked too. He withdrew his hand as if he had been shocked.

But then, he felt something soft in his embrace. Xia Xiaofu had taken a step forward and gone directly into his arms. She was not bold by nature and was also rather shy as two of her small fair hands held his shirt at his waist.

Ou Luoxi wanted to push her away.

“Luoxi,” Xia Xiaofu cried out urgently. “Don’t push me away, don’t push me away again. I haven’t seen you for two and a half months. I’ve been missing you every day for the past 75 days.”

The girl’s soft, coquettish voice full of grievance sounded in Ou Luoxi’s ear. He frowned. This feeling was strange. He felt numb.

Like an electric shock.

“Luoxi, are you angry? I was drunk that night, though I was the one who initiated first... but it was you who...continued in the end. Could women force men to do that? Come on, Luoxi. I don’t want you to take responsibility for me. Can we go back to the past?”

Xia Xiaofu raised her head. She looked at the delicate outline of the teenager’s facial features and pouted her pink lips. “My luggage is still in the hotel. Will you drive me to pick it up later? I’ll move back to your place.”

She stood on her tiptoes and went near his ear. She was embarrassed to say something like that. It was close to the bottom line of the girl’s shame. “Luoxi, do you like me? I won’t ask you to marry me, but if we are boyfriend and girlfriend, I’ll give it to you...”

Ou Luoxi straightened his waist, stiffened his entire body, and his clear black eyes lingered on the girl in his arms.

Her well-maintained chestnut hair cascaded over her shoulders and slender arms. The black and white vest skirt outlined her exquisite beauty. Her beautiful willow eyebrows, her dainty oval-shaped face... Even without makeup, she was still beautiful and soul catching.

He had heard there had been a list on the internet ranking which female star men would like to have in bed. She ranked first.

Xia Xiaofu and Ning Qing were different people. Xia Xiaofu had come from a noble family and had both fame and talent. She had a fine and graceful temperament. She had no flaws on her body, just like the roses in the greenhouse, with dew in the morning.

Such women were the type whom men wanted to possess most.

Ou Luoxi looked at her lips. Her lips were so small that she enticed him to go in again and again and explore things he had never understood.

It was like jelly — fragrant and smooth.

Seeing him staring at her, Xia Xiaofu’s eyes darkened. She blushed, bit her lower lip, and tiptoed to kiss him.

She couldn't kiss him. He was too tall, and there were a lot of people here. She couldn't be too bold, so she could only pull on his clothes, appearing shy and anxious as she said, "Come lower."

When she wasn't in love, she couldn't understand why people who were in love liked kissing and hugging. She understood now; it was because they liked it.

Physical contact was the way to express love.

Ou Luoxi looked at Xia Xiaofu, a little fascinated by her, and he slowly bent down.

They didn't kiss each other. They were still a long way from each other when someone said, "Ou Luoxi, what a coincidence, bumping into you here."

Xia Xiaofu looked sideways. It was a popular actress, the lead singer in Korean girls' group who were now doing very well in China.

Ou Luoxi saw the actress and stopped dancing. He stepped back a few steps to distance himself from Xia Xiaofu.

Xia Xiaofu's expression turned gloomy.

The actress looked at Xia Xiaofu and smiled politely. "Hello, Goddess Xia." Then she looked at Ou Luoxi again. "Luoxi, do you have time now? Aren't we working on a single for an idol drama recently? I have a good idea. Do you have time to go through it with me?"

Ou Luoxi did not speak. The actress had already come forward and hooked his arm enthusiastically. "Luoxi, please just help me."

They crossed the crowd and stepped out from the dance floor.

Xia Xiaofu looked at Ou Luoxi's back, and her eyes were red when she bit her lower lip.

She had given up all her self-esteem and pride for him and loved him to her bones, but it had been two years, and nothing had changed.

She had lost her heart and body.

Xia Xiaofu covered her mouth and rushed off the dance floor.

Ou Luoxi's shoulder was bumped, then he saw the slim black-and-white figure running out and disappearing at the bar door.

The actress wondered aloud, "Luoxi, what happened to Goddess Xia..."

Before her words fell, her hand was pushed aside, and Ou Luoxi took a few steps away.

"Luoxi..."

Ou Luoxi looked at her with no temperature in his eyes. "Are we very close?"

The actress: "..."

Ou Luoxi strode away.

## Chapter 347: Truth Or Dare

Ning Qing noticed the abnormalities between the two. She turned around and tried to get out of the dance floor.

But her little hand was grasped by the man. "Alright, don't worry about other people's affairs. Are you addicted to being a matchmaker?"

What was he saying?

Ning Qing looked back and glared at him fiercely. "Young Master Lu, that's your third brother and my good friend. Should we not care about them? Besides, it's everyone's duty to help every couple live happily ever after."

The little woman was emphasizing every word. It sounded a little sweet and charming to the man.

He raised his eyebrows and said, "Ning Qing, not all couples in the world can live happily ever after. There are obstacles between Luoxi and Miss Xia that can't be crossed. It's difficult for them to be together."

Ning Qing listened and twisted her eyebrows slightly. She hummed and drew up her lips to laugh. "Yes, it seems that when we were together, we couldn't overcome the obstacles."

There was a lot of irony in her words.

Lu Shaoming's black eyes suddenly flowed with tenderness. At least in his eyes, the woman was complaining and acting spoiled with him. Yeah, how many obstacles had they overcome along the way?

He tugged her hand and bent over to kiss her cheek. "Wifey, I've wronged you. I'll love you even more in the future."

"Oh, love me? Young Master Lu, you're getting too serious. You'd better leave these sweet nothings for those little girls of yours."

Little girls?

Lu Shaoming's smile was more brilliant. What could he do, he really loved her jealous expression.

"Jealous?" He asked in a low voice.

Ning Qing did not reply, but her petite waist twisted flexibly and slipped away from his arms.

"Hi, beautiful, wanna dance together?" Two muscular men chatted her up immediately.

Ning Qing lifted her fair little hand and tucked a strand of beautiful hair on her cheek behind her ear. She flashed a bright sunny smile and said, "Ok."

Ning Qing swayed her little body and danced with the two men.

Lu Shaoming's entire handsome face was gloomy, especially as he watched her swaying around in front of the men with her back to them. The muscular man couldn't help but reach out slowly and touch her fair, exposed stomach.

Ning Qing's slender wrist was grabbed. Lu Shaoming pulled hard, and she fell into his arms.

The two muscular men were dancing happily. When they saw someone ruining their happiness, they immediately went up and said, "Hey, who are you?"

Lu Shaoming, with one arm fastened on Ning Qing's soft waist, stuffed one hand in his trousers pocket. His clean, handsome and dignified face flashed with a little wildness in the beat of the DJ's music. His thin, red lips were half-hooked, and his face was indifferent as he said, "It doesn't matter who I am. What's important is that she is my woman."

The casual tone of voice permeated the air with power and dominance.

The two muscular men looked Lu Shaoming up and down. Everything on the man was branded. The Armani hand-made black shirt costs about \$200,000. They had some insight and knew that this person was either rich or of noble birth. He was not easy to provoke, so they looked at each other and left.

Lu Shaoming looked down at the woman in his arms. "Satisfied? Next time you find other men to piss me off, remember to look for someone with more class."

Hearing his tone, it seemed that there was no man in the world except him.

How arrogant.

Ning Qing laughed, "Their class is not important. What's important is that Young Master said that I was jealous. I found two men who don't have class to let Young Master Lu know the taste of jealousy."

Ning Qing broke away from his embrace and slowly stepped away from the dance floor.

Lu Shaoming looked at the figure of the dainty little woman. The corners of his mouth lifted devilishly. He hadn't punished her for nearly half a year. She was so bold.

Lu Shaoming knitted his eyebrows and cleared his throat — wait and see.

He was sure to torture her to death tonight.

She needs to be punished!

...

Ning Qing stepped off the dance floor and saw that Zhou Yao had disappeared. She did not know where he had gone.

Looking around, Ning Qing saw an acquaintance at the door.

"Sister Jian."



Jian Han had arrived. She was accompanied by Tang Fan, followed by several colleagues from the hospital.

Ning Qing and Jian Han had become very good friends since their trip to the hospital in England.

Jian Han came over, smiled, and said, "Ning Qing, are you alone?"

At this time, Lu Shaoming walked over. He was going towards Ning Qing, but then two acquaintances came, Zhou Dayuan and Li Beibei.

Lu Shaoming stopped and talked to Zhou Dayuan.

The two groups of people looked at each other several meters away, and there was awkwardness in the atmosphere.

Tang Fan opened his mouth and said, "Jian Han, there are several colleagues over there who know each other. Let's go and say hello."

"Alright. Ning Qing, see you later. Jian Han followed Tang Fan and turned away.

Ning Qing waved her hand with a smile at Jian Han, then looked back at Zhou Dayuan. Zhou Dayuan had just withdrawn his gaze from Jian Han. He looked at Ning Qing and bowed politely.

Ning Qing: Hmph!

She turned her head arrogantly.

That meant — I'm going to ignore you.

Zhou Dayuan was speechless for a moment. Then, he looked at Lu Shaoming with his eyebrows raised. His message was — In this battle, the bystanders are caught in the crossfire. It's all your fault...

Lu Shaoming: "..."

"Ning Qing, is it really you? You are more beautiful than on TV. My daughter likes you very much. She is your little fan. Can you give me your autograph?" Jian Han's two female colleagues surrounded her excitedly.

"Sure." Ning Qing nodded.

The female colleague took out her pen and paper and handed it to Ning Qing. "Ning Qing, I've heard that you and Jian Han are good friends, but I didn't expect to see you today."

Ning Qing signed her name, smiled, and said, "Yes, I'm good friends with sister Jian. You've known her for many years. Friends of friends are friends. We can go have tea when we're free in the future."

The female colleague was so flattered that she immediately said, "Of course, I have known Jian Han for six years. Back then, when her family moved to Singapore, I had found her house for her. Unfortunately, her parents had an accident on the high-speed railway and passed away."

Ning Qing looked up and said, "Jian Han's parents had an accident on the high-speed railway?"

“Yes,” sighed the female colleague. “Six years ago, Jian Han had graduated from Oxford University in England. Somehow, she moved to Singapore with her parents. She went to Singapore before them to clean up her house. Her parents took the high-speed rail to the airport. However, before they reached the airport, they passed away. You don’t know how Jian Han had managed to survive those two years. She shut herself up in a small room all day and had serious mental problems. She refused to communicate with others and was very antisocial. Later, I met the hypnotist Bill in the hospital and took her to see the doctor. Not only had Bill cured Jian Han, but also successfully discovered the potential in her. Jian Han became Bill’s proudest pupil because of her talent in hypnosis.”

Ning Qing sighed. She never knew that Jian Han had such a painful past.

Jian Han had never told her about these things, even though they were so close now.

That past had been buried in Jian Han’s heart because it was too painful, so it was buried deep.

It couldn’t be revealed to outsiders.

Ning Qing suddenly remembered a key point — six years ago?

Six years ago, when Zhou Dayuan was in prison, Jian Han had left him.

Jian had once said that she was submissive to reality and could not overcome difficulties with Zhou Dayuan, so she left him, but she did not leave him to make a life for herself better?

Why had she moved with her family?

A serious mental problem?

What was the mental problem?

Had Jian Han really lived as well as she claimed in the past six years?

Ning Qing hooked her lips and laughed. “Those things are the past. Sister Jian is very happy now. I think Tang Fan is very kind to her. He’s her lifelong destination.”

“Yes, President Tang is sincere and kind to Jian Han. He has been accompanying her silently for years, but...” The female colleague shook her head. “If President Tang is Jian Han’s final destination, would Jian Han wait until now to marry? Jian Han’s 31 years old. How many women would wait until this age to get married after meeting their soulmate? Jian Han’s youth has slowly been spent.”

Ning Qing nodded in her heart. Tang Fan was a good man. If Jian Han could marry, she would have married long ago.

Ning Qing blinked wittily and pretended not to understand. “What do you mean? Sister Jian and Tang Fan are not in love? It’s a natural process from love to marriage.”

The female colleague put Ning Qing’s autograph in her bag. She went up in front of Ning Qing and whispered to her, “Ning Qing, let me tell you, I don’t think President Tang and Jian Han are in love.”

“Why?” Ning Qing was surprised.

“Because, people in love will have intimate behavior, but once in the office, I had unintentionally seen President Tang put one hand on the table and lean down to kiss Jian Han, but she refused.”

Ning Qing couldn't help but lift her lips. “Really?”

“Of course it's true. They've been in a relationship for years, and they don't even have a normal kiss. That's not normal.”

“Yes.” Ning Qing nodded. “It makes sense.”

At that time, Tang Fan came back with Jian Han, and the female colleague could not talk anymore. She and Ning Qing ended the conversation.

“Ning Qing, let's go to the bar and have a drink.” Jian Han came up and held Ning Qing's little hand.

“OK.” Ning Qing followed her.

When she came to Lu Shaoming and the others, Ning Qing suddenly stopped in front of them. She laughed and said, “Doctor Zhou, is this your girlfriend? It's such a coincidence today that I've encountered so many acquaintances. Let's have a drink together. Sister Jian, do you mind?”

Jian Han looked at Li Beibei and Zhou Dayuan with an impeccably polite smile on her face. “If Doctor Zhou doesn't mind, let's have a drink together.”

Zhou Dayuan looked at Li Beibei, inquiring like a gentleman.

Li Beibei laughed generously and brightly. “I have no objection. It's livelier when everyone gets together.”

So they booked a long bar table, and some of the <Lurker> crew and colleagues from the hospital all came and sat down around the bar.

Then someone suggested, “Today's Chinese Valentine's day. Let's play a game to liven up the atmosphere!”

“Alright, what game?”

“Truth or dare. We write all the questions on notes, then put them in a bamboo basket. We put a wine bottle in the middle and spin it, whoever it points to had to pick a note and answer them according to the questions on the note.

“OK, OK.” Everyone seconded.

So they began to play a round of truth or dare.

### **Chapter 348: Sister Jian, You're Not Afraid To Play, Are You?**

Tang Fan was sitting on Jian Han's right, while Ning Qing sat on her left side. Ning Qing was talking to her. She answered a couple of times. She had no idea what Ning Qing had said to her.

Her attention was focused on the opposite side of her. Although she did not look up, Zhou Dayuan and Li Beibei were sitting there.

The two of them were talking. Li Beibei was indeed a noble lad. She wasn't too invasive while smiling and talking with Zhou Dayuan, but her poised and lively manner made people feel good.

Zhou Dayuan was answering her, his clear eyes focused and gentle. His eyes would occasionally linger on Li Beibei's face. The two were sitting close. Li Beibei's face was a little flushed. She was fascinated by the man.

Neither of them were affected by the noisy environment at all. From a distance, they looked like a perfect couple.

Jian Han picked up her glass and took a sip of the cocktail.

The alcohol percentage of the cocktail was a little high. It tasted very strong. Jian Han took a sip and almost choked. To be honest, she couldn't drink well.

"Sister Jian, slow down. It's easy to get drunk on this kind of alcohol," Ning Qing reminded her with a smile as she looked at the disappointed expression on her face.

Jian Han looked down. "It's alright. I only drink once in a while."

She took another sip.

As soon as she put down the glass, she heard someone screaming. Everyone looked at her one after another. Even Ning Qing pulled at her arm excitedly. "Sister Jian, it's you."

Jian Han looked up and froze — the bottle was facing her.

Ning Qing took the little bamboo basket and handed it to Jian Han. "Sister Jian, take one. We're going to start the game of truth or dare."

Everyone stared at her excitedly. It was impossible not to play now. Jian Han reached out and pulled out a folded note, suppressing her embarrassment.

Jian Han opened it, and a small sentence was written on it.

Her little face turned red quickly after she glanced at it.

"Doctor Jian, what question have you gotten? Tell us quickly. We're all looking forward to it." The crowd was in an uproar.

Jian Han said nothing. Ning Qing took the note from her hand. After seeing it, Ning Qing quickly covered her mouth and snickered.

She showed the note to the crowd. "The question that Jian Han had drawn is: do you still have your first time?"

The crowd whistled and teased her. "Doctor Jian, you and President Tang have been in love for many years; you must have already lost your first time."

"Yes, Dr. Jian, when will you marry our President Tang and be our President's wife?"

Jian Han's face became redder and redder. She didn't know how to answer the question. She was stunned and froze there.

She looked up accidentally, and her eyes met the opposite Zhou Dayuan. The man was looking at her.

The dark eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses of the man were emotionless. In this noisy environment, he looked at her quietly and indifferently, and his clear gaze was alienated.

Last time he had hugged her downstairs. Now, maybe because he had a new girlfriend, his gaze when he looked at her had changed.

Jian Han's dropped her gaze in a bid to hide.

At this time, her shoulders were clasped, and Tang Fan laughed beside her. "Okay, stop joking. Jian Han's easily embarrassed. For this matter...let's keep it unspoken since everyone knows about it."

Everybody caught this "knows about it" and laughed. "Okay, this time we'll spare Dr. Jian. And you, President Tang. Why don't you get married since you've already taken her? We'll all be waiting to attend your wedding."

Tang Fan promised, "Okay, as soon as possible."

So the bottle turned again.

Jian Han breathed a sigh of relief. She was cold in nature and did not like to come to bars to attend these parties. When she was with Zhou Dayuan, the two of them would hold hands and go shopping together at most. When they returned to the house, they would hold their medical books. They could discuss a problem for an afternoon.

At that time, she was full of happiness.

But now, her heart was empty This empty feeling twisted her heart and made her miserable. Her two hands under the table were gradually growing cold.

Right then, her hands felt warm, Ning Qing had held her hand. She looked up and met Ning Qing's happy eyes. "Sister Jian, what's wrong with you? Why is your body so cold?"

Jian Han lifted the corners of her mouth and shook her head. "I'm all right."

Then there was another cheer in her ear and the beer bottle stopped.

Jian Han looked down the bottle. This time it was...Zhou Dayuan.

The man with gentle temperament was like a jewel in the sand. He was gentle on the surface, but his interior was exquisite and brilliant. The longer a person interacted with him, the more charming he would become.

People like Zhou Dayuan had academic authority and a clean, elegant temperament. He had a temper, a man's temper, but this was entwined with his calm wisdom. He treated people with a special tolerance. Jian Han knew that if he were to become someone else's husband, he would be the best husband in the world.

His wife would be very happy in the future.

There was a kind of man, love him or hate him, he could give you the most delicate treatment in life.

That man was Zhou Dayuan.

Jian Han was deep in thought, and Zhou Dayuan had already drawn a note. People around him looked at it and laughed. "The note that our Dr. Zhou had drawn is to turn the beer bottle to find someone to kiss."

Kiss?

The atmosphere was full of vitality. "This note is really awkward for Dr. Zhou. What if Dr. Zhou lands on a man?"

"Haha, it's still okay if it's a man. What if he lands on a woman? Would Doctor Zhou's girlfriend be jealous?"

Li Beibei laughed, shrugged and raised her hand. "It's just a game. Maybe Dayuan might land on me."

"Nice, since Miss Li is so straightforward, then let's stop dawdling Dr. Zhou. Come on, spin the bottle." Someone handed him the bottle.

Jian Han looked at the bottle and averted her gaze.

Her mouth felt dry, and her heartbeat accelerated uncontrollably. How great was the probability of it landing on her?

She picked up her glass and downed the cocktail.

Her throat felt spicy. The high concentration of alcohol quickly flooded up and made her small, fair face red.

Zhou Dayuan was emotionless. He lifted his lips and held out his right hand, treating it like a game. His slender hands, which were more beautiful than a woman's, held the bottle, and he spun it slowly.

Everyone held their breath in anticipation. The single women's eyes were sparkling brightly. In their eyes, Doctor Zhou was the immortal who doesn't have mortal desires.

They wondered how it would feel like to kiss him.

The bottle stopped spinning; it was time. Jian Han opened her eyes and looked at the bottle pointing at her.

Jian Han was completely shocked.

Everyone laughed and said, “Haha, Dr. Jian, you can go to buy lottery tickets today. It’s spun to you twice. President Tang, you don’t mind, do you?”

Tang Fan shrugged his shoulders.

Jian Han was shocked. Her eyes met Zhou Dayuan’s who was opposite her. The man looked at her with satisfaction in his eyes.

She didn’t know if she had imagined it. There were hints of devilishness and masculine malice in his eyes.

That meant — Ex-girlfriend, do you dare to accept the challenge?

Jian Han’s heart was beating like a drum. Turns out that he would also be like that sometimes.

Ning Qing pushed Jian Han and took the lead in coaxing, “Sister Jian, what are you still in a daze for? Everyone is waiting for you. It’s just a game. Sister Jian, you’re not afraid to play, are you?”

“That’s right Dr. Jian. If you don’t move, we’ll pull you.”

Jian Han didn’t move. She wouldn’t move at all.

This... How awkward would it be.

So Ning Qing and several female colleagues came forward. They pulled her up from her chair and pushed her forward to Zhou Dayuan’s side.

When she went forward, the man’s long legs touched the ground and the high chair he sat on swiveled around. Today, he wore a light pink shirt and sapphire blue casual trousers. This set was the most classic British style. But the men in China didn’t suit that style, because the Chinese people were different from the British people, whose gentlemanly style emanated from their bones.

And this man was a perfect gentleman.

He turned around and looked at her with a smile on his lips.

Jian Han didn’t even have time to respond when she was pushed forward by someone.

Like a piece of wood, Jian Han did not know to avoid it and threw herself directly into the man’s arms.

He clasped a big palm on her waist but did not really touch her. He had just touched her lightly to support her and bring her into his arms. He looked down and asked, “Are you all right?”

Their faces were very close, and his breath touched her skin during the conversation. Jian Han’s heart tipped and a warm current rushed through her limbs.

When she was standing straight, he let her go.

Everyone at the bar stood up and watched. She couldn’t back out now. Her little face was burning fiercely. She looked at him and asked in a discursive tone, “Can I just kiss your face?”

Zhou Dayuan heard that and raised his eyebrows. His left arm was on the bar. Two long, fair fingers rubbed his temples. He looked calm and relaxed and looked at her embarrassed appearance with some introspection.

Jian Han had an illusion that he had done it intentionally.

Everyone disagreed. Ning Qing said with a laugh, "Sister Jian, how can this be? The note says kiss, so kissing it shall be. Everyone's here to play. It's just a kiss. What's there to be scared of?"

Jian Han gave Ning Qing a look, but she couldn't convince the crowd.

Too much refusal would make her look pretentious. She was afraid that everyone would see through her.

Jian Han looked down and made up her mind. It was just a kiss. It wouldn't kill her.

She slowly moved forward, bent down, and kissed his lips.

Zhou Dayuan watched her coming. Her stiff body looked as if she were a hero sacrificing herself. He laughed, and the devilish glint in his eyes deepened.

Her lips touched the man's supple lips. He drank some wine and there was still the fragrance of wine. She touched his lips and pulled away.

But her small face was suddenly cupped by the man's two big palms, and her lips parted in shock and allowing him to suck on her lips.

Jian Han froze and stared into the eyes of a man who was inches away from her.

Zhou Dayuan did not close his eyes. He looked at her quietly, a little indifferent.

His gaze was like a basin of cold water, dousing her from her head down. He didn't really make a move. He just looked at her shy and embarrassed appearance... So bad.

Jian Han reached out and pushed him away.

She wasn't sure if he was intentional before, but she was sure now.

"Wow..." Because when Zhou Dayuan kissed Jian Han, he had covered them with his hand, so the crowd could not see it clearly. They had just seen something exciting, and this was encouraging them.

Everyone went back to their seats.

Jian Han wasn't in the mood to play the next round. Her red face had turned pale. "Ning Qing, I'm going to the bathroom," she whispered to Ning Qing beside her.

"Sister Jian, I'll go with you."

"No need." Jian Han turned around and left.

## **Chapter 349: Dayuan, Let's Play A Round Of Truth Or Dare**



Ning Qing glanced at Jian Han's back and looked up at Zhou Dayuan. She saw Zhou Dayuan drinking from a glass in his right hand while his eyes followed Jian Han's body.

At this time, a female colleague was carefully discussing it. "Did you see it just now? Dr. Zhou... His...tongue was out."

"Are you sure? You must've seen incorrectly. I didn't see it clearly, but I heard that if a man loves a woman, he will cup her face when kissing. It is the most faithful way to express his love."

Regarding the "cupping of the face," Ning Qing thought about it and felt that it might be true.

Every time he kissed her, Lu Shaoming liked to cup her face, even when...he had kissed her yesterday while holding her in his arms, his other hand had weaved into her silky hair while he was kissing her.

Ning Qing's face turned red. Why had she thought of him?

She looked back at where Lu Shaoming was.

He didn't come to their table. He wasn't interested in this kind of game. He didn't have the patience for it, either. He happened to bump into a director of the company just now. He stood in a corner while talking to the director of the company.

Ning Qing looked at him. The man had stuffed one hand into his pocket and responded lazily all the way. He didn't speak much. The director was trying hard to please him, while he was accepting the flattery. His noble appearance attracted many women's gazes.

Conscious of her gaze, Lu Shaoming looked sideways.

Ning Qing was pissed and rolled her eyes at him.

Lu Shaoming smiled, his gaze was full of tenderness.

The director followed his gaze and saw Ning Qing. He nodded and bowed as he called out, "Mrs. Lu".

What Mrs. Lu?

She didn't want that term.

Ning Qing turned around.

She was very sad. Sister Jian wasn't in a good state right now. Zhou Dayuan seemed to be on the verge of establishing a love relationship with Li Beibei, who was from a rich and powerful family. How could she help them?

Ning Qing's eyes blinked, and she had an idea.

She got up and went to Lu Shaoming.

When she came to him, the director left to give them space. Lu Shaoming looked at the small woman's delicate and beautiful face and had a low, mellow smile as he said, "Why are you looking for me now?"

Today, she had ignored him and rolled her eyes at him quite a lot.

Ning Qing, with a small and solemn expression, seriously stated, "I need your help."

Lu Shaoming was not surprised. He raised his eyebrows and said, "Speak."

Ning Qing approached him, tiptoed to his ear, and whispered a few words.

Lu Shaoming frowned. She was short. He could only look down at her bright and moving eyes. "Are you really addicted to being a matchmaker? Continuing to the next one after the last unsuccessful venture?"

Ning Qing glared at him. "Can you do it? Give me a definite answer. I can do it myself, too."

Lu Shaoming was silent for a few seconds before he narrowed his eyes and said, "It's not impossible. It's just..."

Ning Qing looked at his expression and guessed that he wanted to get something from her again. This scheming businessman, asking him to do something without a return was absolutely impossible.

"Speak." She copied him.

Lu Shaoming couldn't stand how cute she was. Recently, she always liked to go against him. She had lost her warmth, but she was charming and beautiful.

He cleared his throat slightly and said, "Take my car at night, and I'll take you to the mountaintop."

"Mountaintop? What do you want?" she asked warily.

Lu Shaoming flashed a wicked grin and casually said, "Can't I take you to the top of the mountain to listen to the wind and see the stars? Aren't you very bold? What's the matter now? Scared?"

Who was scared?

Ning Qing straightened up her slender back, and she smiled with curved eyes. "Young Master Lu, you don't have to use aggressive tactics to agitate me. Okay, I promise to go to the top of the mountain with you, but the reason I can agree is just that you're useless."

The word "useless" made Lu Shaoming's eyes darken.

Ning Qing ignored him and walked away with her high-heeled shoes.

Lu Shaoming: "... Wait and see.

The people at the table all dispersed after playing, and many went dancing. Li Beibei said to Zhou Dayuan, who had been drinking the whole time, "Dayuan, let's go dancing too."

Zhou Dayuan downed a glass of wine and shook his head. "No."

Li Beibei looked at his well-defined face and softly asked, "Dayuan, what's wrong with you? Are you in a bad mood?"

Zhou Dayuan went to pick up the bottle again, only to find that there was no wine left in it. He retracted his hand and looked at Li Beibei. "Miss Li, I'm sorry, I can't consider dating you and getting married to you."

Li Beibei was stunned. This had always been how the man handled things. Under his warm temperament, his decisive and fierce style was hidden.

Li Beibei nodded and grinned bitterly. "Can you tell me why?"

Zhou Dayuan looked in the direction the woman had disappeared in and laughed self mockingly, as he said indifferently, "She's not married, so I don't want to get married."

Li Beibei knew who he was referring to. "But she already has a boyfriend. Is waiting six years for her not enough. How much more time do you have to spend on her?"

Zhou Dayuan was expressionless. "I know, but I have always been the passive one. I was the one left behind and waiting. It has become a habit, so this time it shall be the same, let her act first, I shall remain."

Li Beibei's eyes were filled with heartache. She really liked the man in front of her. "Okay, I respect your decision, but if you change your mind, you can call me anytime."

"No need," Zhou Dayuan shook his head. "Miss Li, you are a good girl. Go and find your happiness."

Li Beibei had nothing to say. What else could she say? He had said to let her go. He would be the one left behind. In fact, he was just afraid of regret.

He was afraid of getting married before her, but she was single.

As long as she stayed single for a day, his eyes would stay on her, and his hope would continue one more day.

Time had never been a cruel tardiness for men in the world who were as deeply in love as Zhou Dayuan. Otherwise, how could he have never learned his lesson in the past six years?

Li Beibei turned and left.

Zhou Dayuan raised his hand and looked at the watch on his wrist. He got up, but then he was patted on the shoulder. "Where are you going?"

Lu Shaoming sat beside him.

Zhou Dayuan sat down. He looked at Lu Shaoming and said nothing.

Lu Shaoming snapped his fingers. The waiter brought two glasses of red wine. Lu Shaoming took one and had a sip. He laughed. "Weren't you very open and casual during the truth or dare just now, even making her face pale? Why, are you feeling guilty now? Seeing that she hasn't come back for so long, are you anxious, wanting to get her?"

Zhou Dayuan took the other glass of red wine and took a sip. He remained silent.

Lu Shaoming swirled the red wine with one hand while the other was stuffed in his pocket. He was in a good mood as he looked at the ripples in the glass. "Dayuan, how many years have I known you? It's a piece of cake for you to spin the bottle to wherever you want it to stop. You wanted to kiss her, and she also let you kiss her. Why did you shame her with that gaze?"

Lu Shaoming looked at the man beside him as he asked, "Jealous?"

Zhou Dayuan did not nod or shake his head. He just drank his red wine quietly.

"You've also known that she has a boyfriend for a while. How many girls are still a virgin after being in a relationship for so many years? You should've guessed the answer to the topic of her first time. Why are you angry and jealous? What happened to your good patience?"

Zhou Dayuan's calm and gentle face was as silent as still water. He glanced sideways at Lu Shaoming. "Have you ridiculed me enough? You came here to laugh at me?"

Wasn't he a joke?

He had appeared here today and played a round of truth or dare. He was a complete joke.

Lu Shaoming was right. He admitted that he was angry, jealous, and even furious. His mind would automatically fill many images. Images of her pressed into the bed by a man who kissed and possessed her. Just now, he had used all his strength to suppress the urging emotions in his heart, but he couldn't suppress it.

So he spun the bottle to her and saw her panic in embarrassment.

But he regretted it.

Just now, when she had turned and walked away alone with a pale face, he regretted it. He had probably cherished her for too long and could not bear to see any grievance on her face.

She obviously did not have the right to feel wrong though.

Lu Shaoming approached him and with a low laugh, he said, "Of course I didn't come to laugh at you. It's not like I have nothing to do. My wife told me to do something."

Zhou Dayuan raised his eyebrows. "What thing?"

"Know what's best stocked in this bar?" Lu Shaoming asked with a smile while looking at the red wine in his hand.

Zhou Dayuan raised his eyes and scanned all around him. In the concealed corners around him, there were many crazy entangled figures of men and women. They had all taken drugs.

These things were bound to happen in these places.

Zhou Dayuan looked back at the wine in his hand and laughed. "Shaoming, Ning Qing couldn't have asked you to drug my wine, could she? Wouldn't you guys be playing too much this time?"

Lu Shaoming could not deny it. "You and Jian Han are really making everyone anxious. To say that she is ruthless to you, a woman's eyes will not deceive you... She looks at you differently, and you can't let her go. In that case, Dayuan, let's have a real truth or dare, alright?"

Zhou Dayuan understood what he meant, but he didn't respond.

"Dayuan, this time, we will bet if Jian Han will come to save you. If she saves you and kicks Tang Fan aside, you be with her. If she does not save you, you should just let her go and end it as soon as possible."

Zhou Dayuan was silent for a few seconds and swirled his glass. "Is this wine really drugged?"

Lu Shaoming stood up and said, "No. Although it is my wife's order, I can't betray you. Jian Han is not who she was. Can you accept her betrayal six years ago, including her...physical betrayal? Think clearly."

Zhou Dayuan was very quiet. Even in this noisy environment, he was not even a little impetuous.

His distinct features were hidden in the neon lights. A minute later, he drank all the red wine and stood up. "Room number?"

Jian Han stayed in the bathroom for a long time. She stood in the bathroom and splashed her face with cold water. She looked up at the mirror. The woman in the mirror was pale, but her lips were red.

She reached out and caressed where he had touched her. His scent still lingered in her mouth, which was fatal to her.

Her pupils flashed and she stopped thinking about him.

She turned off the tap and took out her cell phone from her bag.

She dialed a number.

The other end picked up quickly. "Hey, Tang Fan, tie up my loose ends at work. Yes, I'm going back to Singapore... No reason, I'm not happy staying here, so I want to go. Besides, isn't it always the same wherever I stay? I have no relatives, no..."

Lover.

The world was so big and she was alone.

Everywhere could be her home, yet her home was nowhere.

### **Chapter 350: He Was Her Lover Whom Time Could Not Erase**

Jian Han hung up the phone, carried her bag, and went out the bathroom door.

Walking along the corridor, she could see couples tangling together everywhere. Today was July 7th — Chinese Valentine's day.

What was he doing?

He was probably with Li Beibei.

Jian Han laughed at herself bleakly, looked down, and walked alone. The lights in the corridor stretched her shadow out. She looked so lonely.

She was like a moving lonely soul, cold all over.

“Sister Jian.”

Ning Qing came running over.

Jian Han looked up with a soft smile. “Ning Qing, why are you here?”

Ning Qing’s face was tense. She ran over and took Jian Han’s hand. “Sister Jian, it’s not good. Brother Dayuan has had an accident.”

Jian Han froze, then quickly grasped Ning Qing’s hand. “What’s wrong? What happened to him?”

“Sister Jian, Brother Dayuan’s wine was drugged. Lu Shaoming has sent him to a hotel room.”

“Drugged? What drugs? Why did they take him to a room? We should take him to the hospital.”

“Sister Jian, this bar is full of abusive drugs. Brother Dayuan might have been drugged with some date rape drugs. His body is not right. If the hospital could treat this kind of illegal drug, Lu Shaoming would’ve sent him to the hospital as early as possible. Brother Dayuan now needs a woman.”

Ning Qing emphasized “a woman.”

Jian Han was instantly stunned.

Ning Qing saw her stunned appearance and quickly pulled her while running. “Sister Jian, I’ll take you to Brother Dayuan.”

Jian Han followed her for a few steps, then moved her small hand, firmly withdrawing it from Ning Qing’s. She stopped running.

“Sister Jian, what’s wrong with you? Don’t you want to save Brother Dayuan?”

Jian Han looked at Ning Qing’s sparkling eyes. Her eyes were clear and simple as if she had no idea what would happen if she saved Zhou Dayuan.

She couldn’t.

“Ning Qing, I won’t go, he... doesn’t he have a girlfriend now, that Miss Li? She’s a good person. Aren’t they together?”

“But Sister Jian, Brother Dayuan and Miss Li just broke up.”

Jian Han’s pupils shrank; this was unexpected to her. “Why did he break up...”

“Sister Jian, I don’t know. You can ask Brother Dayuan in person. Sister Jian, let’s not delay any more. Let’s go to the hotel room first.” Ning Qing pulled Jian Han away as she spoke.

When Jian Han stopped again, she was already standing at the door of a room. Lu Shaoming was standing there too.

Jian Han bowed to this tall and authoritative man. She had interacted with him during the hypnotic treatment in England before. At that time, although he was handsome and noble, he gave people a warm feeling. Now, after he had recovered his memory, this man’s resolute and delicate face was much more cold and fierce from the years in the business industry. He had an elite aura, which made it difficult for people to approach him.

Lu Shaoming looked at the closed door with his eyes and parted his thin, red lips as he said, “Miss Jian, I’ll leave this to you.”

“Sister Jian, Brother Dayuan is inside, you...” Ning Qing wanted to speak more.

But her little shoulder was clasped by the man’s big palm, and the man’s low, rich and calm voice sounded in her ear. “Miss Jian, this drug will cause serious consequences if you hesitate for too long. The choice is in your hands. If you’re willing, go in. If you’re not, then leave. My people are nearby and will know what to do when they see you leave.”

Jian Han looked at Lu Shaoming’s black eyes. The man’s eyes were extremely deep. His polite but sharp gaze scanned her face as if he could see through everything in her mind.

Jian Han averted her gaze.

Lu Shaoming walked forward with Ning Qing in his arms and whispered to Jian Han, “Oh, Miss Jian, I forgot to tell you that Dayuan’s private life has been very clean all these years. Some men are like women, they regard physical loyalty as a very important thing in life.”

After that, Lu Shaoming left with Ning Qing in his arms.

Ning Qing looked back worriedly, and she still wanted to talk, but the man’s big palm wrapped around her back of her head, not allowing her to see, “Alright, we’ve done what we can, and we no longer have a say in what happens next.”

Ning Qing looked up at his sharp jawline. “Young Master Lu, your tone seemed so relaxed. Did you even drug Brother Dayuan?”

Lu Shaoming pressed the elevator button and embraced her with one arm. He looked down at the woman’s delicate, pink face. Without restraint, he reached out and pinched her. “The woman who he loved for many years is in front of him. If he had to rely on drugs, then Dayuan would really need to be treated with drugs.”

Her face ached. As he used 30 percent of his strength to pinch her, Ning Qing pushed him away in a bad mood. Did he think she was a pile of dough, letting him pinch her whenever he wanted to?

Her pale little hand rubbed her face and she whined with pouting pink lips. “What do you know? We have to cut off all means of retreat. With Brother Dayuan’s polite character, I’m afraid he’s going to give up at the last minute.”

Lu Shaoming stuffed both hands into his trousers pockets. He wore a black shirt and pants, which looked beautiful and perfect on him. His soft eyes stopped at the woman's supple face. He smiled softly. "Don't worry, these six years are not without lessons for Dayuan. Sometimes, you shouldn't be polite when there's something to eat."

Ning Qing stared at the man contemptuously. "Brother Dayuan is not as bad as you."

Just then, the elevator doors opened with a ding. Ning Qing took the lead and walked forward first. But the man reached out to grab her waist, and his deep and enticing voice reverberated into her ears. "Do you really know how bad I am?"

Ning Qing quickly jumped away like a spring and refused to let him touch her, nor did she intend to continue the topic with him. "Go away!"

When she raised her eyebrows and said "go away," she looked so enticing to the man that his Adam's apple bobbed and his voice was hoarse as he said, "Get in the car."

"For what?"

Lu Shaoming frowned. "Ning Qing, have you forgotten your promise?"

Ning Qing patted her head. She had indeed forgotten. "My crew is still upstairs. I'll go and bid farewell to them. I'll come later."

Lu Shaoming's frown deepened.

Ning Qing laughed happily. "Young Master Lu, who are you showing this expression to? Wait if you want to. If you don't want to, then go away."

With a sniff, Ning Qing turned around and walked away elegantly.

Just then, she heard the man behind her cursing in English, then footsteps rang out; he was chasing her.

"Ah," Ning Qing screamed and ran forward quickly.

After running more than a dozen steps, they happened to run past a few passers-by. The passers-by looked at them one after another, everyone covered their mouths, and laughed. "We should not have come out during Chinese Valentine's day, we'll just be abused by every couple. See how sweet they are."

What sweetness.

She wasn't feeling sweet.

Ning Qing coughed and realized that she had a faint smile on the corners of her mouth. She flattened her smile out quickly and turned to look at him.

The man wasn't chasing her at all. He was still standing in the middle of the hall.

Compared with the panic she had just experienced, he stood calmly, straight and composed, and the crystal chandelier in the center of the hall sprinkled a charming light on his sculpted face.

The passers-by kept looking at the man. "That man is so handsome."



Only then did Ning Qing know that he had tricked her.

B\*stard!

Ning Qing glared at him fiercely. She was so angry that she hummed and ran up the stairs.

When the little woman had completely disappeared from his field of vision, Lu Shaoming took back his tender gaze. He walked to the door with his long legs.

Two serving ladies stood by the door. They looked at Lu Shaoming one after another.

They stood here every day and had encountered many dignitaries, but this was the first time they had seen such a handsome, noble man.

The fine fabric wrapped around the man's exquisite body. The metal buckle at his waist and the wristwatch on his hand were luxurious. The sharp knife-edged trousers lined his two long legs, and his shiny black leather shoes stepped on the marble floor, each step radiating a firm and brilliant arc in the light of crystal chandeliers.

He was a man who could turn money into temperament.

When Lu Shaoming came, the serving ladies bowed respectfully and opened the door for him.

Lu Shaoming did not fail to notice the admiring gazes of those two women, but he did not show much expression as he had become accustomed to it.

He walked out and got in the car.

Lu Shaoming sat in the driver's seat for a while, then he reached out his right arm to the back seat and took out a medicine box.

There was a bottle of medicine in the box.

He sucked the bottle of medicine into the syringe with a needle, then skillfully rolled up his shirt sleeve on his right arm with his left hand and inserted the slender needle into his arm and pushed it in.

Head resting against the seat, Lu Shaoming buried his head into the seat lazily, waiting for the kick of the medicine to pass. He looked sideways towards the direction of the bar.

Waiting for her to come.

Jian Han stood by the door, her mind was in a mess and she had a lot of thoughts.

Should she go in or not?

She shook her head in her heart. She shouldn't go in. Why bother to provoke him after six years when the two parallel lines had already had an unexpected intersection and returned to their normal states?

And what would they be after she went in?

Jian Han turned around and left.

But her footsteps stopped again, she closed her eyes. She knew how fast her heart was beating. To be honest...

Admit it, she wants to go in.

She has been accustomed to all these years of loneliness, but being accustomed didn't mean that she liked it. She would wake up from her dreams in tears every night. She misses those beautiful days of her innocent youth so much.

Seeing him again, her heart would still pound for him. Seeing him with Li Beibei, she would still be jealous. After she was kissed by him, her body still reacted.

A thousand and ten thousand voices in her ear told her that she still loved him.

What if she doesn't go in?

Lu Shaoming told her that there would be other women going in if she did not enter. Lu Shaoming also told her that he had waited for her for years and had led a very clean life; his body and mind had remained loyal to her.

For six years, he had been standing in place and waiting for her.

He was her lover whom time could not erase.

Jian Han looked up for a moment, forcing back the wetness in her eyes. She compromised with herself. She turned around and went to the door. She put her hand on the door and pushed the door open.

There was a hazy yellow lamp in the room. It was soft and dim, and it emanated a sense of love and ambiguity. She looked forward. The man stood composed and straight by the window, one hand in his trousers pocket, lighting a cigarette with the other.

He was smoking.

She could not see his face clearly through the smoke surrounding him. When she had just stepped in, his actions paused for a moment before he took another puff and snuffed the cigarette butt in the ashtray with his right hand.

He looked sideways at her.

### **Chapter 351: Jian Han, How Come It's Your First Time, Huh?**

Both of their gazes collided.

Zhou Dayuan's gaze was very calm. His warm expression did not have any other emotion in it, and he was silently looking at her like that.

As if he were waiting to see what she would do next.

Jian Han felt anxious inside her heart. She lifted her feet and walked forward slowly, coming to his side.

She lifted her small white hand up and touched his elbow. The man's toned muscles were firm and tight beneath his light pink shirt, and he had the symptoms of being aroused.

"Are you...still okay?" Her warm voice reverberated around the room.

Zhou Dayuan laughed lightly as he said, "Do you want to touch it to confirm?"

She touched his elbow wanting to confirm if he was drugged. As a doctor, she would definitely be able to tell.

There was a mocking tone in his words. Jian Han channelled her gaze downwards slowly. As she channelled her gaze downwards, she unintentionally scanned his dark blue trousers, and her small face started to turn red.

At this moment, a long, white palm came into her line of vision. Her small jaw was lifted up by him, and she was forced to raise her head.

"Jian Han, do you know what you came in to do?" he asked.

Jian Han looked at his handsome and warm features. The version of him right now overlapped with the boy in her memories. Her heart softened, and both of her small hands by her sides did not know what to do as she tugged on her own clothes.

She knew...

Zhou Dayuan saw all of her shy actions. He curled his lips into a smile, and his fingers started to move. He used his thumb and index fingers to lightly caress her smooth skin. "Jian Han, when you decided to come in, did you discuss it with that Director Tang of yours. What kind of woman are you, exactly?"

Jian Han did not speak. She had nothing much to say.

The hand on her jaw was unable to be ignored. When he caressed her, it created a wave of electricity. Her small hand was kneaded into a fist, afraid that she would soften.

Six years was a long period of time. It was far. It was very far away. It was so far away from her that she was unclear on what he looked like. The man who would enter her dreams every night finally stood before her so realistically right now.

In one room, just with her and him, and they were conversing softly.

She did not have any other requests. She was very grateful.

Zhou Dayuan noted that the woman was silent. Actually, he was also quite curious. She was turning 31 years old soon, but the years have not left a single trace on her body. She did not change a single bit.

What did she look like in the past?

In the past, she was a scholar in Oxford University. She had a pretty face and looked beautiful. The moment she entered school, there were many guys chasing her, and she was who everyone agreed to be the most beautiful girl in school.

It was only a pity that she had a cold personality, she was still reclusive, she carried a book the entire day around, and also did not make friends with others. She did not even bother with the guys who were interested in her at all.

He knew about it. She was a talented woman who was pure. Actually, in her own personal life, she was a child who had yet to grow up.

She could not tell directions apart. She would get confused when she went onto the main streets. She was not great at building relations with her neighbours. She would cause relations between them to be very messy. The clothes and blankets that she folded were very unsightly. Don't even mention her cooking; even the rice that she cooked turned out to be raw...

Of course, this couldn't be blamed on her, because she was an only child at home. Her parents had their own clinic and treasured her preciously in the centre of their palms.

Before they were in a relationship, she would get shy. When he kissed her, she would duck in his embrace, not allowing him to look at her tiny face.

Zhou Dayuan withdrew his hand and stood up straight to look at her. His voice turned hoarse without him noticing. "Come over."

Jian Han heard his words, and her shoulders shook. She bit her bottom lip, not willing to go over.

Both of them were awkward for a few seconds. Zhou Dayuan lifted his feet to walk out.

His actions brought across a message — forget it if she was not willing, he could go to look for someone else.

"Dayuan..." She stretched out her hand speedily to hold onto his large hand, not allowing him to leave.

Zhou Dayuan lifted his eyelids and turned his hand to hold onto her small hand instead. He used some strength, and Jian Han did not stand firmly. He directly pulled her into his embrace.

Jian Han's entire body was shaking. Her body was icy cold, but the man's embrace was so broad, warm, and powerful.

Zhou Dayuan hugged her, and when he hugged her a little closer, he placed one of his hands on her slim back. His other hand caressed her hair that was down like a waterfall. His breathing turned unsteady. He looked sideways and used strength as he kissed her hair.

There was a scent of shampoo on her hair.

"Are you cold?" he asked softly. His warm voice had gentleness in it as he said, "If you are cold, then hug me tight."

Jian Han's head was against his heart. She felt his steady and strong heartbeat, and she felt her own blood that had gone cold for many years following his as it started to heat up.

She stretched her shaking hand out, and hugged him tight.

He was hugging her with much force. That strength that he was using was if he wanted to rub her into his bones. This hug that came six years late had really come too late.

There was a warm and hurried breathing brushing across him. The man lifted his head from her neck. Jian Han's eyelashes were fluttering hard. She knew that he wanted to kiss her.

Two of her small hands were firmly holding onto the shirt on his shoulders. She closed her eyes as she waited for his kiss to land.

A warmth ascended on her forehead; it turned out that he kissed her forehead.

His thin, warm, and gentle lips lightly brushed across her forehead. His actions were gentle, and it was brought along with a large amount of tenderness and tender care.

Jian Han was instantly moved. After six years, when this man took her, he merely embraced her firmly, then kissed her forehead. This type of love was enough to make any woman on earth fall in love.

"Dayuan..." she called him.

"Yeah?" He kissed her entire forehead meticulously, and went down as he kissed her small, pure face. He answered her softly as he went in search for her red lips.

Jian Han opened her eyes at this moment, "Don't..." She stretched out her hand to block his lips.

Zhou Dayuan's eyes were both deep and hot as he kissed her fingertips, and he asked, "What is wrong?"

Her soft waist was pinned down by his large hand. Her entire body was cooped up in his embrace. All she could smell in every breath that she took was the crisp and clear scent on his body. Jian Han felt drunk as she asked, "Why did you break up?"

Her question was soft.

"If I said that ever since I met Li Beibei, you had a depressed and sad expression on your face frequently. Because I was scared that you would mind, I was afraid that you would get jealous, that was why I broke up with her; would you believe it?"

Actually both he and Li Beibei had barely started. Other than that time that they had met at the banquet, this was the second time that they asked each other out to meet and interact.

Jian Han lifted her gaze to look at his eyes. A hot liquid flowed down her face. "You are so silly."

She believed him.

So, he was silly.

There was Tang Fan by her side. They were in the past. He did not need to take care of every one of her emotions. He did not have to be...so loyal and so careful....

Zhou Dayuan laughed. If everyone on earth could control themselves not to end up as a silly person, then the word silly wouldn't be in the dictionary anymore.

"Then you...at the bar just now... Why did you behave that way?"

"Behave in what way?" Zhou Dayuan hugged her tightly and lifted his eyebrows up as he asked, "Kissing you, or using a gaze to look at you?"

There was a crimson red layer on Jian Han's small face. She felt wronged as she said, "Both."

"Isn't this what you always liked? After teasing me for a moment, you would leave after you finished teasing me, leaving me with a bucket of cold water."

Jian Han channeled her gaze down and pouted her red lips. She softly protested, "When did I?"

She has not teased him before.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her red lips and bent down, kissing the corners of her lips.

After he kissed her, Jian Han's body went soft. Her body slid towards the floor. Her entire body lacked strength.

Zhou Dayuan firmly held onto her soft waist and embraced her in his arms. He gently asked, "Can I kiss you now?"

He kissed her for real this time.

Both of their breaths were mixed with one another. They did not know which one of them was shaking. The light in the room was blurry and gentle, just like a dream. Jian Han fluttered her eyelashes, afraid, before she closed her eyes.

She was afraid that her dream would shatter.

After her world turned upside down, she was placed into the large and soft bed. Jian Han closed her eyes as she searched for his frameless glasses before removing them for him and carefully placing it on the nightstand.

"Jian Han, break up with that Director Tang."

Her thoughts became muddled instantly. She did not hear what he said clearly. "What?"

Noting her puzzled look, Zhou Dayuan said seriously, "Break up with Director Tang because I don't want to share a woman with another man."

Jian Han heard this line clearly. She had thought about that question during the truth or dare game. Her entire being burned up. His words were very insulting. Jian Han held her hands into fists as she punched him forcefully. She buried her tiny face into the pillow, not wanting to look at him.

Zhou Dayuan saw that she was not replying to him. His normally warm expression turned dark. He did not control the strength in his hands. His heart hurt, probably wanting her to feel the same amount of pain that he was feeling.

He closed his eyes.

Jian Han bit her own tongue till it bled. There was the taste of iron in her mouth. Her eyelashes were fluttering hard before her body started to shake. At this moment, the hair stuck on her cheeks due to the beads of sweat was lifted away. Her entire small face was cupped into his palms. There was the man's voice in her ears, "Jian Han, how come it's your first time, huh?"

Jian Han opened her eyes, the man's dark eyes had a layer of red in them. The light pink shirt was tugged by her as it lost a few buttons. It was drooping down messily. It was still her first time looking at Zhou Dayuan looking like this.

He was looking at her with fire in his eyes.

Jian Han stretched out her snow white arms as she hooked herself on his neck. She lifted herself up and took the initiative to kiss him. "Don't say anything."

...

Ning Qing sat in the Bentley. She did not want to speak to the man, so she perched her small head on the window of the car feeling bored, and she looked at the scenery outside the car.

"Ning Qing," the man beside her called out to her.

"Yeah?" she answered lazily.

"Hold on tight. I will show you how to drift properly."

Ning Qing did not have any time to digest his words, Lu Shaoming stepped down on the accelerator forcefully, and the Bentley flew out like an arrow.

"Ah!" Ning Qing shouted.

Ning Qing had never tried driving at this speed. Even though the windows were all shut, she could feel the gust of wind outside that brushed across her face like a knife. She did not dare open her eyes, due to fear.

She did not know how much time passed, and it was only then the car stopped slowly.

Ning Qing's palms were covered with sweat, as if she were on a ferris wheel just now. Her long lashes that resembled a butterfly's wings were shut tight, and she did not dare to open her eyes for a long period of time.

Lu Shaoming switched the engine off and turned sideways to look at the small woman who was curled up like a cat. He lifted his eyebrows up as he was in a pleasant mood. He stretched out his hand to caress her small head, he laughed as he coaxed her, "Okay, we are here. Don't be afraid anymore."

### **Chapter 352: Who Allowed You To Bully Me Like That?**

Ning Qing opened her eyes slowly and waited for the dizziness in her head to pass. Then with a "waa," she cried out loudly.

Lu Shaoming hadn't expected her to cry. The big drops of tears plopped down as if on command, and he reached out to wipe her tears with his hand in amusement. "It seems that you're indeed a scaredy-cat. Didn't you race Tang Xueli a few days ago? I just wanted to show you real racing."

When she was racing with Tang Xueli, he had followed them smoothly. He was not keen on this kind of game. To be honest, she and Tang Xueli were just playing around as far as racing was concerned.

At that time, her charming and fierce appearance had been hovering in his mind. Even if he felt that she was childish, he had still been enticed by her, so he had shown his skills in front of her today.

He would show her racing and skill.

Ning Qing looked at the man while crying. She was so angry that she threw a small tender fist at the man's shoulder. "Alright, you're the best. You're strong, alright? Lu Shaoming, why are you so bad and evil? I hate you so much. Waah..."

The girl was crying so sadly. Lu Shaoming let her beat him. He leaned over and wrapped his arms around her shoulders as he hugged her.

Ning Qing refused to give in and twisted around in his arms. Why was the man's head so thick. He had bullied her and now wanted to hug her?

"Lu Shaoming, you stay away from me. We've come to the top of the mountain. I've already seen it too. Take me back. I don't want to be with you anymore. Go and find your old and new love." Ning Qing started to open the car door as she spoke. She wanted to go out and didn't want to be with him for a moment longer.

But her petite waist was still held by the man from behind. How could she be stronger than him with her delicate strength? He had her in his arms in an instant. The man laughed and kissed her tender neck with great force. "New love and old love? Ning Qing, what are you then?"

He was still in the mood to tease her?

"I'm your passer-by, A, B, and C, all right?" Ning Qing said in a pissed tone.

"Alright." Lu Shaoming narrowed his eyes as the woman in his arms moved violently. He was panting a little. "Today, I happened to meet Tang Sitian at the bar entrance. Tang Sitian is Tang Xueli's sister. I kept her because she is of use to me. As for Zhou Zhilei, would it not ruin the mood to mention her? Don't fight with me, Wifey. I'll solve everything soon."

Really soon.

He had explained it very concisely and casually. Those women were not a problem. He was very frank. If she wasn't jealous, he wouldn't have seen a need to explain it.

The man's personality was like that.

When Ning Qing heard the phrase "everything will be solved soon," her heart skipped a beat, and she went quiet.

She always knew that he was up to something.



To be honest, she didn't really mind those old and new loves of his. A woman's mouth was just petty, and women feel jealous easily. In fact, she believed him.

He was not a man who would flirt with just anyone.

But since he hadn't told her about anything, she wouldn't ask.

She would give him freedom.

Ning Qing pouted her pink lip and hummed. "You solve your problem, and I'll continue to be angry with you. It won't affect you. Let go." She went to pry his big hands away.

But then, a touch of red burst into her sight, and she was stunned for a moment. The beautiful red roses still had dew on them.

"Happy Chinese Valentine's Day, Wifey."

He had bought her roses.

Ning Qing's heart was filled with honey instantly, but she did not accept it. She asked, "Who wants it?"

"You really don't want it?" Behind her, the man laughed as the window slid down. "I'll throw it then?" He made a gesture to throw out the roses.

"Ah!" Ning Qing quickly stopped him. She took the roses from him, but with a serious face, she declared in advance, "I just thought it would be a pity if you threw the roses away. Don't get me wrong."

Lu Shaoming shut the window and pampered her. "I won't." He grabbed her fragrant shoulder and turned her to face him.

The little woman looked down at the flowers, touching the petals with her fair and slender hands. Her small face was hidden by her delicate, soft, and wavy hair. A bunch of small roses could entice her.

She was a very easily coaxed little girl.

Ning Qing looked at the roses and then looked out of the window. It was really the top of the hill. Outside the window, there was sparse vegetation. Lifting her head, she could see the blue sea and wide sky.

This was her first time here.

"Did you take me to see the top of the mountain? Let's go out and have a look, then." She reached for the door.

But then with a ding, the car doors were locked from the central control. The door could not be opened.

Ning Qing looked at the man with a stunned look and said, "You...What are you doing?"

He had trapped her in the car.

Lu Shaoming put one hand on the steering wheel while he held her soft waist with another hand. His rough fingers skimmed over her belly and pushed away the tassels. He touched her flat, tight stomach.

He smiled lightly with his sharp brows raised and his languid voice was covered with a layer or hoarseness as he asked, "What do you think I want to do?"

Ning Qing shivered all over. Her skin prickled where he had touched her. The man was relaxed. His deep black eyes reflected the stars in the blue sky outside the window. He stared at her casually. His casual and relaxed attitude had the aura of a mature man.

If she still didn't know what he wanted to do now, she would be an idiot.

Ning Qing was about to throw the roses at him. She threw both her small hands at him. Her angry eyes turned red again. "Lu Shaoming, you bastard! I should have known that you wouldn't be so kind. Why did you take me to the mountaintop? Why did you trap me in the car? Why are you so dirty? I don't want your roses anymore, you've really thought things out, wanting me to sleep with you just with a bunch of roses. In your dreams, Lu Shaoming!"

Ning Qing hit him with her hands and feet.

Lu Shaoming saw her trembling in anger. The woman's small face was flushed, and her eyes were full of tears. She could not be more alluring.

He wished he could take her into his arms and coax her.

"Ning Qing, you were the one who mentioned sleeping. I didn't," he said as he laughed.

Ning Qing didn't argue with him. This man was scheming and evil. She couldn't beat him, and she wouldn't fight anymore. "Where's the key? Give me the key and let me out."

She got up and tried to grab the key in his hand.

The space in the car was limited. Ning Qing tried her best to grab it, but with a casual swing of his long arm, the car key was tossed into the back seat.

Ning Qing wanted to kill him at that moment. "Lu Shaoming!" She got up and dove into the back seat.

Lu Shaoming narrowed his eyes as he looked at how hard she was trying.

Ning Qing successfully climbed into the back seat and picked up the car keys in her hand. She was feeling happy when a gust of cool wind blew in. The back door opened and the man's long legs reached in as he sat in.

Ning Qing didn't even have time to react when the car key in her hand was seized again. With a muffled bang, the car key was thrown to the front seats again.

Ning Qing did not want to grab the car keys anymore. She couldn't grab it from him. He was clearly toying with her. Her tears flowed out of her eyes. They were tears of frustration.

He knew what he wanted to do. He had brought her to the top of the mountain in the middle of the night, trapped her in the car, and tricked her into the back seat with the key.

Shameless!

"Ning Qing." With a firm grip on her soft waist, he embraced her.

Slap! With a sharp sound, Ning Qing stretched out her hand and slapped him hard. She glared at him.

Lu Shaoming's face was thrown sideways. Two seconds later, he turned his face back to her. The man's delicate and resolute face did not have too many emotions. He reached out and touched her little face. There was indulgence and pampering in his hoarse voice. "Wifey, haven't you caused enough trouble? Today's Chinese Valentine's day! Be good."

Did he ask her if she had caused enough trouble?

Who on earth was causing trouble?

He was the one who wanted her, not the other way round. Does he even respect her opinion?

Her long eyelashes trembled, and she went to wrench his hand away. "Don't touch me! Lu Shaoming, I want to go home! Little Qinwen is still waiting for me at home. I want to call him."

Ning Qing took out her cell phone and pressed the call button. She realized that her tiny fair fingers were shaking.

Lu Shaoming did not stop her from calling. He closed his eyes and kissed her tender little face gently. "Wifey, you can accompany Little Qinwen every day. You can accompany me tonight. I miss you very much."

Ning Qing's tears plopped on the screen of her cell phone. The number was dialed. Soon, a melodious ringtone sounded.

"Hello, Qingqing." Yue Wanqing was speaking.

She wiped her tears from her face with her little hand and tried to speak, but then the cell phone was seized, and the man ended the call and threw the phone in front.

Her soft waist was grasped. She was forced to turn around. The man's handsome face flashed past her eyes. She wanted to struggle but was pinned down in the next second.

Ning Qing opened her mouth and bit the man on his shoulder.

The metallic and sweet tang of blood was in her mouth. She had no intention of letting go at all.

Lu Shaoming closed his eyes tight. His chest was heaving after the overwhelming sensation passed. He touched the little woman's head and gently coaxed her. "Alright baby, I'll stop. I was wrong. It's all my fault. Forgive me, alright?"

Ning Qing stopped biting him. She lay on his shoulder and cried while curling up.

"Lu Shaoming, you b\*stard... Who allowed you to...bully me like that..."

Lu Shaoming held her small face in his big hands. Her bright and hot tears fell into his palms. He closed his eyes and went to kiss her eyes.

His kiss landed on her. From the corners of her eyes to her long eyelashes, then to her beautiful eyelids, with infinite cherish in his kiss.

Ning Qing pushed him but couldn't push him off, so she hit him with a small, tender fist. The tip of her nose was red as she wept and said, "Lu Shaoming, go away. I don't need your fake feelings. Don't kiss my eyes. You don't have the right! I don't want to see you anymore. I'll never be fooled again."

Where was he when she was undergoing the operation in England? Where was he when she was so helpless and frightened? He wasn't there when she needed him, and now that she was well, he no longer had the right.

He was not allowed to kiss her eyes.

He was not allowed to confuse her with this false tenderness.

Just this once, she could not escape, and she would not be deceived in the future.

"Alright, baby, it's all my fault. It's going to be alright soon. Everything will be settled." Lu Shaoming cleared his throat and grasped her slim waist.

Ning Qing covered her eyes with her slender arms, and her pink mouth was trembling. She was out of breath from crying.

She wanted to bury himself. She doesn't want to let him see her.

But he didn't go along with her. His big hands weaved into her beautiful hair, and he closed his eyes as he kissed her lips.

Ning Qing felt that she could not breathe. Through the hazy veil of her tears, she could see the handsome and emotional appearance of the man and wanted to hide. But where she could hide? She was haunted by the charming scent on his body from all sides.

### **Chapter 353: Is This Considered Hitting?**

Lu Shaoming was driving the car, and he glanced at his wrist watch. It was already one in the morning.

There were not too many vehicles on the road. He could only see that there were numerous couples walking by the side of the road. They were hugging each other tight, and they all headed in the direction of the hotels.

He turned his gaze sideways to look at the front passenger seat. The small woman was asleep, and she was curled up like a little kitten on the seat. His black suit jacket covered her body, only exposing her small face that had a tinge of red which had yet to fade.

Lu Shaoming curled up the corners of his lips, and his expression was both satisfied and warm.

The Bentley stopped outside the Ning family villa. Lu Shaoming stepped out of the car and opened the door of the front passenger seat. He bent down as he carried the small woman out of the car.

He pressed the doorbell.

A person quickly came out of the villa. It was Ning Zhenguo, who was dressed in his pajamas. Ning Zhenguo opened the door. He froze when he saw Lu Shaoming. "Shaoming, why have you and Qingqing come back so late? Come in quickly."

Lu Shaoming carried Ning Qing as he walked inside.

There was a warmth and happiness that came upon him in the villa. There was an amber light that lit in the living room, and the room looked elegant and simple.

At this moment, Yue Wanqing placed some clothes on herself as she came down the stairs. "Shaoming, how come the both of you are back so late? Three or four hours ago, Qingqing made a call to me, but she hung up on me. I was worried about her."

Because it was in the wee hours, everyone spoke quietly, and the atmosphere of the room got warmer.

Lu Shaoming smiled gently as he said, "Dad, Mum, it is a festival today. I brought Ning Qing out for some fun. That call was probably made unintentionally, so it was hung up. You do not have to worry."

Yue Wanqing nodded her head. She looked at Ning Qing who was deep in slumber, "Qingqing is asleep? Shaoming, carry her upstairs then. It is not early; you should go to bed."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming carried Ning Qing upstairs.

After entering the room, her room was still the same as he remembered it to be. It was very feminine. He bent down as he placed her on the soft bed. The small woman did not open her eyes. She turned her body as she slept.

Lu Shaoming saw that there was a wooden baby cot beside her bed. It was light yellow in colour, with a light blue blanket. There was a small mosquito net hanging on the top of it.

He did not have to think. It must be his son Lu Qinwen's bed.

Little Qinwen was not in the baby cot. Ning Qing was not at home, so Yue Wanqing must have carried him to her bed.

His large, defined hands climbed onto the baby cot. He suddenly wanted to hug his son very much.

But Little Qinwen was probably sleeping right now.

At this moment: "Wa...." The sound of crying rang out. It seemed like Little Qinwen woke up in the neighbouring room.

Lu Shaoming stood up straight. He walked towards the door, and at this moment, he coincidentally met with Yue Wanqing who carried Little Qinwen over, "Shaoming, Little Qinwen is probably hungry right now. Ask Qingqing to feed him some milk."

"Okay." Lu Shaoming carried Little Qinwen over from Yue Wanqing's arms.

Little Qinwen, who was almost six months old, got more and more handsome. His skin was white and tender like an egg white. His thin, mustard yellow blanket was wrapped around his soft little body, and at this moment, he closed his eyes, only sobbing out loud. He was sobbing very loud with all of his limbs flailing around in the air messily.

Lu Shaoming's eyes were full of gentleness as he bent down to kiss the small face of his son. "Little Qinwen, you knew that Daddy was back, so you cried to act cute?"

Little Qinwen did not bother with him, and instead continued to cry.

He used his two tiny thighs to kick off the blanket. He kicked his daddy's strong and muscular arms non stop. He wanted to protest. Daddy kidnapped Mama and was full, but he was hungry.

Yue Wanqing looked at the warm scene that was unfolding between father and son. She closed the door, feeling comforted.

Lu Shaoming placed Little Qinwen back onto the bed. The small woman was deep in slumber and could not hear the sound of her son crying.

Lu Shaoming had one of his hands on the bend, and he bent down his body as he pecked the small woman's face. "Wifey, wake up for a moment, you can sleep later. Our son is crying."

Ning Qing was awoken by his kiss. She was really too fatigued. There was not a single ounce of strength left in her body. She opened her eyes in a blur when she heard her son's loud cries. There was the hoarseness from waking up and a gentleness of a new mother in her voice as she said, "Little Qinwen, what is wrong with you? Little Qinwen, don't cry. Do you want to eat?"

Little Qinwen heard his Mama's voice. He quickly turned his head over to look. The baby was not yet six months old, and he could not stop crying. His small lips were in a frown. He looked at his Mama while he was choked up.

He felt so wronged.

Ning Qing felt her entire heart soften with her son's cries. She coaxed him gently. "Little Qinwen, don't cry anymore. Mama's wrong..."

Lu Shaoming heard the small woman coxing her son sweetly. He lifted his eyebrows up. Educating his son like this, would he be feminine when he grew older?

Furthermore, why did she not speak to him like that?

Lu Shaoming placed Little Qinwen into the woman's embrace and tugged the blanket over her body. "Okay, stop coxing him. Mother said that Little Qinwen is hungry; you should feed him milk."

At this moment, Ning Qing could not give the man a pleasant expression on her face. Her youthful eyes glared at the man fiercely. She stretched out her hand to swat his large hand and said, "What are you doing? You are hinting something in your words. Don't touch me here and there. Turn around!"

There was a lamp at the head of the bed. Her curls were spread out messily on the bed, her small, palm-sized face was blushing, making her cheeks peach red. Her tender neck was also stained red, as if she moisturized with the rain, looking radiant and beautiful.

Lu Shaoming looked at her, swallowing his saliva. No matter how much he was not willing to, he placed both of his hands inside his pockets, before turning around.

He knew that she was shy.

His son was crying; he would not throw a tantrum with her.

There was a hushed sound behind him, then, "Wa..." Little Qinwen started to cry again, and he was even more agitated this time compared to before.

Lu Shaoming turned around quickly. His son was crying, and that small woman also started to cry. Her sparkling tears trickled down her face.

Lu Shaoming was frantic. His heart felt very painful. He knelt down on the bed and used one large hand to wipe the tears on Little Qinwen's face. He then touched her small face. "Wifey, what is wrong? Aren't you feeding him milk? Say something quickly."

Ning Qing bit down on her pink bottom lip. She glared at him. "Rascal! Quickly go and make formula milk for Little Qinwen!"

Lu Shaoming froze for a few seconds and reacted a while later. His son was already so famished that he started to use his tiny tongue to lick the corners of the blanket. His low and deep voice had a tender hint of apology in it as he said, "Sorry, Little Qinwen, Daddy did not control himself in time. I stole your food. Daddy will remember to leave some for you next time."

Ning Qing: "..."

Lu Shaoming went down from the bed. He found the milk bottle on the counter, and then put water inside the milk bottle. His large hand touched the body of the milk bottle to feel if the temperature of the water was appropriate before he grabbed the formula.

There were instructions on the back of the milk powder tin. He scanned the instructions briefly and followed them. He scooped four scoops of milk powder into the bottle as the water level in the bottle rose up while he shook it.

He returned to the side of the bed. He used one of his hands to hold the milk bottle. He used one arm to hold Little Qinwen up, then placed the soft Little Qinwen in the bend of his arm. He placed the nipple of the bottle in Little Qinwen's tiny mouth.

Little Qinwen immediately started to drink from the bottle.

Ning Qing laid on the bed. She had already stopped crying. She cried because she felt shy, and that man did not have any morals.

She still wanted to sleep. She closed her eyes. In the crack of her eyes, she saw the man carrying the child in his arms. He was really tall. He stood against the light, and he looked handsome and lanky.

The shirt and trousers on his body were already crumpled. The space in the car was too tiny. She could not withstand his torture, but this did not affect the man's attractiveness, His hot and powerful breathing was still on her skin. The man had a frown on his face and stretched out his tongue to lick his dry lips, and when he opened his eyes occasionally, he revealed the gaze of a mature man.

He was cunning and wild.

He still asked her whether he was capable or not.

Pfft!

Ning Qing's heart was still itchy with hate. She hated that she did not have the strength and wits to not allow him to gain the upper hand, but her gaze still stopped on his body. He carried Little Qinwen, and his behaviour as a dad was extremely mesmerizing.

He probably has not made formula milk before, but he was not frantic at all. The water temperature. How many scoops of baby formula? He was fluent and calm, unbothered and logical in his steps.

This was the intelligence of a man.

Every minor detail of how he lead his life made others admire and be at ease with his intelligence.

At this moment, he lowered his gaze as he looked at Little Qinwen. She could tell the love he had for Little Qinwen. He curled the corners of his lips up, and his expression was focused and gentle.

Little Qinwen finished his milk very quickly. His little stomach was round and puffed up, and he stopped crying. He used his tongue to push the nipple of the bottle out, and he used his big, sparkling eyes that resembled grapes to look at his Daddy curiously.

"He, hehe..." Little Qinwen smiled with his toothless little mouth. It seems like this man is my daddy.

Daddy, Daddy, why have you not come to see me for such a long period of time?

Lu Shaoming placed the milk bottle back on the counter. He lifted his elbows up high and used one large hand to go behind Little Qinwen's small back as he patted him. "Little Qinwen, look at what Daddy is doing. Are you going to ask what Daddy and Mama did when we went out at such a late hour? We went to make a little younger sister for Little Qinwen."

Little Qin Wen: We are unable to converse with one another happily any longer.

After he spoke, an unhappy shout came from behind. "Lu Shaoming!"

Lu Shaoming turned back to look at her. The small woman on the bed was glaring at him. Her meaning was — Stop right there; you might teach bad stuff to the child.

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows up, and he was in a good mood.

At this moment, he felt a dampness on the sleeve of his shirt, and felt something was amiss instantly.

He carried Little Qinwen away from him as he had a look. The mustard yellow blanket on his arm was already soaked, and that dampness had spread to the sleeve of his shirt.

Little Qinwen has peed.

Lu Shaoming's face started to contract. He looked over with a sharp gaze. Little Qinwen turned quiet and had an extra innocent expression with his large eyes to look at his own Daddy. He was saying, Daddy, I made a mistake, can you forgive me?



Ning Qing laughed. He deserved it. Who asked him to be wild? She let their son pee on him as punishment.

Lu Shaoming returned to the side of the bed and placed Little Qin Wen on the bed. He carried the tiny figure out from the blanket and slapped his little butt with a loud and crisp slap.

Ning Qing saw and quickly had a frown on her face. "Lu Shaoming, why did you hit our son?"

Lu Shaoming lifted his gaze. His definite features were accented by a rogue smile. He knelt on the bed, and he brought the woman's exquisite face as he hit her a few times. "Is this considered hitting? Does it hurt?"

Ning Qing's face was blushing with his exaggerated action. She lifted her hand to push him away. "Go away! Little Qinwen's clothes are inside Mum's room. Go and knock on the door, and borrow another shirt from dad. Go to the washroom to take a shower."

She knew that he liked to be clean, and he had yet to experience his son peeing on him.

The shirt on his body had to be changed for sure.

Lu Shaoming did not say anything else. He was afraid that his son wet himself and would catch a cold due to the chill, and he walked out of the room.

Very quickly, he returned with Little Young Master Lu's clothes and a grey shirt.

Ning Qing was tired. She buried her body deeper into the warm blankets. She lifted her gaze as she saw him change Little Qinwen's clothes. She did not have to worry. The man's actions were very gentle.

A while later, a tiny, soft, fragrant bundle was stuffed into her embrace. She lowered her gaze to have a look. Little Qin Wen had already fallen asleep due to his Daddy's comfortable actions, and there were transparent bubbles emerging from the corners of his lips.

### **Chapter 354: Wifey, If You Get Pregnant, Give Birth To The Child**

Ning Qing was still groggy from her sleep. She looked up at the man. He threw the yellow blanket and wet baby clothes into the bathroom. He stood by the door and was lifting his hand to unbutton his black shirt.

Ning Qing closed her eyes in alarm. She didn't want to see him naked.

The door of the bathroom was quickly closed, and the sound of running water could be heard. Soon afterward, the man came out with a cool and refreshing scent wafting around him.

The big bed beside her sank. Her small face was caressed, and the man's big, rough hands skimmed piteously over her face.

Ning Qing shrank and buried herself deeper in the blankets.

The big hand on her face was withdrawn. The man was turning around.

When Lu Shaoming turned around, he suddenly felt that his little thumb was pulled by a small, boneless hand, and behind him, there was a soft, sweet voice. "Are... Are you leaving?"

Lu Shaoming raised his hand and looked at his watch. Seven hours. There was still an hour left.

He turned around and casually placed his long legs on the bed. Little Qinwen was sleeping soundly in his mother's arms. The little woman had closed her eyes. Her eyelashes that were like butterflies' wings drooped down uneasily. Her little face was pink because of sleepiness, and the layer of fluff on her face was shining and soft.

In an instant, his heart melted as he looked at her.

Lu Shaoming lay down. His handsome figure wrapped Little Qinwen in his arms. One arm behind his head, while another hand touched the woman's small face, he leaned over to kiss her forehead as he said, "I'm not leaving; don't worry. Go to sleep."

Ning Qing bit her pink lower lip, and only felt reassured then.

The man's low, rich, and magnetic voice was still going, "Wifey, we didn't have any protection today. Do not take any pills. Give birth to the child if you get pregnant."

Ning Qing's heart pounded like a drum. She had thought that this man knew everything. How could she get pregnant while she was breastfeeding?

She did not speak.

The man's comfortable scent mixed with the smell of his body wash was getting closer, and her soft red lips were kissed by him.

She quickly reached out and pushed his chest, avoiding his kiss. She didn't allow him to kiss her.

Lu Shaoming's low but pampering laughter rang out. He reached out and pinched her little face. He wouldn't tease her anymore, "Wifey, go to sleep. I will always be with you guys."

...

The next morning

The morning sunshine penetrated layers of veils and curtains. Ning Qing reached out to block the sunlight and slowly opened her eyes.

Giggling laughter bubbled up in her ears. She looked sideways. Little Qinwen had woken up early and was moving his arms and legs to amuse himself in bed.

Ning Qing smiled and reached out to hold Little Qinwen in her arms and kissed her son's fragrant little face.

The rest of the space her gaze landed on was empty. On the other side of the bed, where the man had slept last night, there was no one. He had already left.

Ning Qing curled her eyelashes and stretched out her fair little finger to tease her son's little hand. "Little Qinwen, why are you so happy today? Is it because Daddy came back to see you last night? But your daddy is a big villain. He said he would stay with us all the time, but had left again. Big liar..."

Little Qinwen didn't understand her, but his two tender hands clapped hard in the air. As if saying – Nice, Mummy has said it so well! What truth!

Ning Qing was amused. She kissed her son who was full of flattery again, got up, and got out of bed.

After a night's rest, her whole body still seemed to be falling apart. On her fair feet, she put on a pair of light yellow slippers and went to the bathroom to wash up.

After she had washed up, she started to clean the dirty clothes.

The man had placed his black shirt in the bamboo basket. She reached out and picked it up, ready to wash it by hand.

Then she noticed an unusual smell on his shirt. She already had a keen sense of smell, and after she started making red wine, she knew a lot about flowers and herbs. She lifted his shirt under her nose and sniffed it vigorously.

Just then, Yue Wanqing pushed the door open. She went forward and held her little grandson. She smiled kindly and said, "Little Qinwen, you're up. Last night, you were happy that Daddy came back to see you, right? Let's go. Grandma's going to take you for a walk."

Yue Wanqing went out with Little Qinwen in her arms. She saw Ning Qing standing in the bathroom and said, "Qingqing, why are you standing there early in the morning? Leave the clothes behind. I'll wash them later. Go downstairs and have breakfast."

Ning Qing turned around and went straight out with her shirt in her hand.

Yue Wanqing realized that she looked pale and asked, "Qingqing, where are you going?"

Ning Qing had already run out. She was running down the stairs, and she didn't even turn her head back as she said, "Mom, I have some business to attend to, you and Dad eat your breakfast; don't wait for me."

Yue Wanqing sighed. This child. She had already become a mother but was still so impetuous.

"Little Qinwen, you can't be like your mom in the future. You have to be like your father, ok?"

...

Zhou Dayuan and Jian Han walked one after another. The man was tall and clean, and his expression was not any different. Jian Han was carrying a bag in her hand. She was no longer wearing yesterday's clothes. He had bought a new skirt for her.

Zhou Dayuan, with his keys in his hands, went to the silver-gray Porsche. He opened the door of the passenger's seat, propped one hand on the door while placing another hand into his trousers pocket as he looked back at the slow woman.

Jian Han hung her head and dared not look at his eyes. Both of them were tired last night. She was in great pain, so he carried her to the shower. She woke up in his arms in the morning.

Women and men were different. Men enjoyed the process, but women paid more attention to the process. He had hugged her as they slept all night.

She went to the car and sat in the passenger's seat.

Zhou Dayuan closed the door.

He went around the car, came to the driver's side, opened the door, and got in.

When the car started, he put his hands on the steering wheel without looking sideways and said. "Fasten your seatbelt."

"Huh?" Jian Han was absent-minded and instinctively responded.

Zhou Dayuan leaned over directly, reached out, pulled her seat belt down for her, then fastened it.

The two of them were very close. Jian Han was stiff as she accepted his overwhelming, cool scent that was pressing down on her. Her seat belt was fastened, but he did not leave. She looked up and their eyes collided.

Zhou Dayuan looked at the dazed and panicked look in her eyes and grinned as he asked. "Are you regretting it?"

He wondered if other women were like her, after waking up, would look pale and be in a daze. Except for her, he hadn't been with any other woman. He couldn't guess what she was thinking. The only explanation he could think of was — She had regretted it.

Otherwise, why was she so resisting him and so scared?

Jian Han didn't know how to answer him at that moment. Her head was muddled, and she could only look down.

Zhou Dayuan gave an unidentified chuckle, let go of her seat belt, and stepped on the accelerator.

The quiet atmosphere in the car turned depressing and heavy. Jian Han looked at him through her peripheral vision. He had changed into a white shirt, and the clean white sleeves wrapped around his wrist. It gave off the clean and refreshing aura like when he was wearing a white doctor's coat. It was especially charming.

He didn't drive very fast. The Porsche was driving smoothly along the road. He did everything like that. He was calm and composed.

Jian Han's face was burning a little. When he woke up this morning, he had looked at her and asked if she was tired. She thought he cared about her body, but he pressed down on her...

She could understand the two times last night, he couldn't control himself because of the drugs, but this morning...

She didn't look at him head on. Her little face turned sideways. His breathing, with his fresh scent, would become hectic when he kissed her. She had never dreamed that he would have such a side to him.

Jian Han chased the images out of her mind. She looked out of the window. A drugstore appeared in her view.

"Stop the car," she opened her mouth and said in a hurry.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her rearview mirror in the distance. He saw a drugstore.

He switched on the signaling lights and pulled over.

"What do you want to buy?" he asked.

Jian Han suddenly felt embarrassed. She could've bought whatever she wanted after he had left, why did she have to buy it in front of him?

It was just because she was just thinking about it, and it had appeared in front of her.

"I'm just going to get some random things. Wait a minute." Jian Han panicked and went out of the car.

...

Jian Han walked into the drugstore and the shop assistant enthusiastically asked, "Miss, what do you want to buy?"

Jian Han looked down the glass cabinet and whispered, "Plan B."

"Alright, Miss, just a moment." The shop assistant opened the glass cabinet and reached for the medicine. "Miss, this kind of medicine hurts the body, so it's best to avoid it if possible. You look like you are already married. You should give birth to the child if you're married and pregnant. Think about how lovely and innocent a little life is. A woman's life is perfect when she becomes a mother."

Jian Han took the medicine. She looked down and took the money from her bag. The shop assistant continued, "Miss, you should have a baby earlier on in life. When you're over 30, you'll have a high-risk pregnancy. You should have a baby now while you can. How happy it is to have a baby with your loved one."

Jian Han's little hand that was holding the money jerked, and she looked up at the box of medicine.

...

Jian Han took her bag out of the drugstore and looked at the man in the car from afar.

The window slid down halfway. Zhou Dayuan leaned lazily in his seat. His left arm was on the frame, and he was holding a cigarette between his fingers.

Far away, she could see his graceful figure and his tightly knitted eyebrows.

She didn't know when he had become addicted to cigarettes, but she had seen him smoke frequently since they had reunited.

Jian Han walked to the car, reached for the door, and sat in.

When she sat in, Zhou Dayuan snuffed out his cigarette. The man's gentlemanly demeanor was ingrained in his bones and would not be affected by his mood.

"Done?" he asked.

"Yes." Jian Han nodded.

He wound up the window, blocking out the noise outside. He looked sideways at her and asked, "Jian Han, have you considered our future?"

Future?

She looked at him dully.

Looking at her expression, she hadn't thought about it.

They had just slept together; what future could they have?

"Then start thinking about it now and break up with Tang Fan. If you want to take things slow, we can start dating," the man said concisely.

Jian Han was instantly shocked. She could not digest his words for a moment.

Wait a minute. Wasn't that just to save him? Why was he talking about dating?

What was taking things slow? If it was fast, what would he do?

Zhou Dayuan looked at the stunned little woman with a soft happiness in his clear eyes. "Jian Han, break up with Tang Fan. No matter if you are willing or not, you'll still have to break up with him. I believe Tang Fan will not want a woman who has given her first time to her ex-boyfriend."

What does he mean?

"Why are you looking at me like that? Yes, the woman who slept with me, I'm not going to let go of her hand for the rest of her life. Even if her heart is cold, I will hold it in my hands and warm it up."

### **Chapter 355: Why, Doesn't Miss Zhou Want To Meet Me Once**

Jian Han's head was all muddled up. She could only look at Zhou Dayuan.

Just now, what did he say?

Zhou Dayuan did not speak further. He bent over and helped her secure her safety belt, then he stepped on the accelerator and brought her to her condominium block.

The car came to a stop, and Jian Han stretched out her hand to release the safety belt. He was still silent, and she did not know what to say, with her mind all muddled up. "I...will go."

She opened the car door.

“Wait a moment.” At this moment, he pulled her wrist, and there was a small tube of medication squeezed into her palm. The man ordered her gently with his warm voice, “Apply this. The pain will subside quickly. It’s the weekend. You don’t have to go to work at the hospital today, so make sure you rest.”

Jian Han’s face burned a little. She lowered her gaze to look, it was a pain relieving cream of some sort.

When did he buy this?

It was probably in the morning when he went out to buy clothes for her.

Since he knew to buy medication and also went inside a pharmacy, why did he not think of buying...contraceptives for her?

As a doctor himself, how could he not think of this? They did not use any protection, and she was in her peak fertility window; it was easy for her to get pregnant.

He... What was he thinking?

“Also, I might not be around for a while — it might be a period of half a month...” He suddenly stopped talking.

Jian Han did not dare to listen on. His attitude changed very quickly from this morning when he pressed himself against her, the man was very gentle towards his woman and reassured her.

“I’m going, now.” Jian Han exited the car nervously and walked briskly as she entered the condominium.

She did not dare turn her head back. She knew that the Porsche had yet to leave. He probably rolled his window down and was looking at her back profile.

Jian Han entered the lift and looked at the mirror, scanning her own burning red face in the reflection. All she could hear repeating in her ears were his words. He said that he would date her first. He said that he would never let go of her hands for his entire life.

He really wanted to have a future with her?

Jian Han held her fists together. The heat on her face faded slowly. A chill emerged from her body yet again; could she do so?

She could not!

She had sinned deeply, and she was not qualified to be blissful.

Ding! The doors of the lift opened up, and Jian Han walked out.

She took out her keys from her bag wanting to open the door, but when she lifted her head, she saw Ning Qing standing by the door. Ning Qing's face was frail and pale, and there were tears flowing down her cheeks.

Jian Han was taken aback. She quickly went forward to hold Ning Qing's hands. "Ning Qing, why did you come here? What happened? Why are your hands so cold?"

Ning Qing was crying, and she handed a black shirt to Jian Han. She choked up while she softly said, "Older Sister Jian, I smelled the scent of...opium on this."

Opium is used to make painkillers and heroin. Normal people were not able to get their hands on it. If they did, they would get addicted to it.

"Opium?" Jian Han lifted her eyebrows up, and she took the black shirt in her hands as she took a sniff. She had a serious expression on her face as she said, "Ning Qing, don't cry. There is, in fact, the smell of opium on this, but this cannot prove that Young Master Lu is doing drugs. The laws of our country control the growth of opium very strictly, but opium has a scientific use in the medical world. If it is used in medical treatment, it is not abnormal."

"Medical treatment?" Ning Qing used her small hand to wipe her tears away, but her tears flowed down even more relentlessly. "Older Sister Jian, do you think that he is sick? But what kind of illness would require opium for its treatment? I see that he usually looks pretty normal, but the more normal he seems, the more afraid I am."

Jian Han took another whiff of the shirt. "Ning Qing, I cannot confirm right now what other content is added on to this type of opium, and what kind of illness it is used to treat. What about this: Tang Fan is in the hospital today, and you can come and have him examine it. He has a lot of expertise in regards to clinical medicine."

"Okay, Older Sister Jian, let's go right now."

...

In the hospital

Tang Fan gave his conclusion. "Jian Han, Mrs. Lu, this type of opium has been mixed with a large amount of numbing medication used to numb the senses, together with antibiotics. Because I am only basing my conclusion using the scent on the shirt, I am unable to accurately analyse the exact contents of it, but I can confirm that this type of medication is not available in the market yet. If I am not incorrect, it is probably a new breakthrough in scientific research, and it is used to treat a special type of illness."

Ning Qing heard his words and immediately felt unwell. Her legs softened, and she almost fell towards the ground. Thankfully, Jian Han supported her shoulders in time, "Director Tang, what do you mean by special...illness?"

Tang Fan pondered for a moment, then made a professional guess. "For example — an extremely painful illness. Once this type of illness starts to set in, it will directly stimulate the blood flow in his entire body together with the nerves in the brain. There would be a series of symptoms like nosebleeds or the heart going into shock that has serious consequences."



Heart going into shock.

That line repeated numerous times in Ning Qing's ears. She felt her entire world collapse.

"Mrs. Lu, we are unable to confirm what kind of illness this is, but there is something I have to say. It is best not to use this kind of medication. The methodology behind this type of medication is to fight poison with poison. If it is not properly controlled, it would directly threaten his life."

Ning Qing's face was covered with tears. That was right, ever since the plane crash, Zhou Dayuan flew back into the country, and he always stood by Lu Shaoming's side, Zhou Dayuan was a doctor. She has been foolish and did not consider this fact.

And he was to blame for pretending too well; he did not even seem sick at all.

"Older Sister Jian, I am really afraid. Why would he fall sick? He did not tell me when he fell sick. What should I do now?"

Jian Han hugged Ning Qing as she said, "Ning Qing, Young Master Lu did not tell you because he must be afraid that you would be worried. If you are really worried about him, why not go look for him, then."

"Okay." Ning Qing quickly wiped the tears on her face. "I will go right now. I must see him safe with my own eyes, and only then would it be fine."

"Okay, Ning Qing, I will accompany you."

...

Guang Qing

Lu Shaoming sat in the President's office. Zhou Dayuan pushed the door as he entered. The tall and lanky man briskly walked forward, and his long, white fingers knocked on the surface of the desk. "Lu Shaoming, where is that test tube? Don't tell me that you don't know."

Lu Shaoming lifted his head up from a pile of documents. He looked at Zhou Dayuan's bad expression on his face before he curled his lips as he smiled. "I really do not know. Could it have been stolen?"

His tone was carefree.

He did not even need to draft his lies.

Zhou Dayuan looked at him mockingly. "Lu Shaoming, don't you want to live anymore? You should not use the test tube if you do not need to use it. It is to be used as a last resort when your life is at stake. Aren't you scared that there would be a bad reaction to it and you will suffer a premature death? What did you go and do last night? Can't you control yourself at all?"

Lu Shaoming threw the fountain pen in his hands. He leaned his handsome back against the genuine leather sofa. His deep, dark eyes had the satisfaction of a mature man as he looked at Zhou Dayuan. "Isn't Doctor Zhou the clearest person on whether this kind of thing can be controlled? Okay, don't be angry anymore. You are still a person who came back after a night of enjoyment after all. Why is your temper so fierce?"

Zhou Dayuan pursed his lips and withdrew his hand. He placed both of his hands in his pockets, and he casually leaned on a corner of the desk. "It is your own life. I won't worry about you anymore."

He was still angry.

Lu Shaoming had a smile on his lips, and he closed his eyes lightly. He recalled what occurred last night as he swallowed his saliva lightly. His low and charming voice had a hint of hoarseness in it as he said, "Dayuan, have you heard this saying before?"

"What?"

"Dying before the peony flower — even being a ghost after would be still worth it."

Zhou Dayuan lifted his gaze to look at Lu Shaoming. Lu Shaoming also lifted his eyebrows as he looked at him. Zhou Dayuan softly cursed in English, and there was a hint of joy in his eyes.

The two men knew what they were each thinking inside their hearts.

The taste of some women was so good that men were willing to die for it.

At this moment, a melodious ringing rang out in the air. Lu Shaoming's phone rang on the office desk.

Zhou Dayuan stood up and looked at the phone. There was a rare seriousness on his warm face.

Lu Shaoming cast his gaze sideways to look at the phone number on the screen of the phone. He was not surprised, and he stretched out his hand to hold the phone in the centre of his palm before sliding the button to answer the call.

The man's voice was both low and charming. He was still in a good mood as he said, "Hello."

"Hello, Young Master Lu." There was Zhou Zhilei's voice ringing out from the other end.

Lu Shaoming laughed and snorted while he said, "Yeah?" He sounded masculine.

Zhou Zhilei, who was on the other end, froze for a moment upon hearing his voice. Her face had already started to turn red, and she went straight to the point. "Young Master Lu, I know that you are under the love spell. The cure to the love spell is in my hands right now."

Lu Shaoming's handsome eyebrows moved. The man did not cross his legs this time. He stretched his long, straight legs out and buried himself lazily in the chair. He split both of his legs. Even the lines in the trousers were long and straight. No matter how he carried himself, he looked rogue and attractive.

"So what?" His voice turned gentle.

"So let's have a trade. Once you divorce Ning Qing and marry me, after we get our marriage certificate, I will hand the cure over to you."

Lu Shaoming was silent for a few seconds, and he turned the black leather seat. His body faced the French windows, and the rays of sunlight spewed onto his body. The man's strong, chiselled features had a serious chill in the midst of the golden glow.

He did not move his eyebrows at all. He laughed softly while he said, "Yeah, I would believe you just by you saying that you have the cure in your hands? I want to see the cure first. Pick a location, and we will meet."

"Young Master Lu, you think that I am lying to you? I stole this cure from Tang Xueli after spending much of my effort and time. I...."

Lu Shaoming interrupted her and said, " Why? Does Young Master Tang not agree to it?"

"Sure." Lu Shaoming nodded his head, "The cure is in Miss Zhou's hands today. What about opening a hotel room? You can do whatever you please."

Zhou Zhilei's heart was beating like a drum. This man had always been at a peak to which she could not scale. She had rarely seen the times that he exposed his wildness of a man when Ning Qing was present, but she did not think that he would also talk to her like this. He had a hint of vagueness. He did not express it clearly, and it made her heart hurt.

"Okay, I will wait for Young Master Lu."

...

After hanging up, Zhou Dayuan said, "What does Zhou Zhilei plan to do?"

Lu Shaoming stood up and had an easy smile on his face. "What else can she do? Your younger sister wants me to be your brother-in-law."

Zhou Dayuan shook his head. "She is really beyond anyone saving her anymore."

"Yeah," Lu Shaoming replied, then walked outside. "I will go to attend her appointment then."

"Shaoming," Zhou Dayuan called out to stop him. He had a serious expression on his face as he asked, "Are you already all prepared?"

Lu Shaoming looked at him once and stretched out his hand to pat his shoulder for a moment. "Don't worry, everything is prepared and settled. The only thing I have to do is to attend this date."

### **Chapter 356: Lu Shaming, We're Over**

Ning Qing and Jian Han were sitting in a taxi. It was raining cats and dogs outside. Looking at the grey weather and the small puddles slowly forming on the road, Ning Qing felt cold. She held Jian Han's hand as she said. "Sister Jian, I feel very uneasy, as if something bad will happen today."

Jian Han patted her little hand as she comforted her, "Ning Qing, don't be too nervous. Young Master Lu is a man. You should believe him for now."

Ning Qing nodded slowly. She could only trust him.

Just then, she saw a familiar figure through the window, and she blurted out, "Driver, stop the car!"

The driver parked his car by the roadside.

“Ning Qing, what’s wrong?”

“Sister Jian, look, Shaoming.”

Jian Han followed Ning Qing’s gaze. Not far away, a Bentley stopped in front of a luxury hotel. The door opened, and the waiter in the hotel welcomed Lu Shaoming with an umbrella.

“It really is Young Master Lu. Ning Qing, why is Young Master Lu going to the hotel?” Jian Han asked.

Ning Qing shook her head. “I don’t know either, Sister Jian. You sit and wait for me. I’ll go in and have a look. Since I’ve bumped into him here, I have some questions to ask him face to face.”

“But it’s raining outside...”

Ning Qing had already opened the door and run out.

...

Lu Shaoming took the elevator to the sixth floor. He stopped at the door of Room 601, then reached out and rang the doorbell.

The door quickly opened, and Lu Shaoming entered.

He went into the room, which had an ambiguous pink and green light. The room was fragrant, and the air was not fresh. He looked around with both hands in his trouser pockets, then toward Zhou Zhilei.

Zhou Zhilei wore a red and white spaghetti strap dress. She took off her knitted cardigan outside and exposed the spaghetti straps and the deep V neckline. The skirt was not very long. It stopped at her knee. She was wearing delicate makeup on her face and was stepping barefoot on the carpet in the room.

“Young Master Lu, you’re here.” Seeing him, Zhou Zhilei’s heart was beating uncontrollably, and her eyes seemed to be attracted to Lu Shaoming like magnets.

Lu Shaoming was wearing a wine-red shirt. Although he had an umbrella, several raindrops had landed on his shoulder and back. However, he didn’t care. The man stood tall and handsome.

He looked at Zhou Zhilei, slowly lifting his lips and eyebrows. The man glanced up and down at Zhou Zhilei’s figure. His gaze wasn’t very appraising, but the man’s gaze was full of amorous intent. “Are you already longing for love before I even arrived?”

He caused Zhou Zhilei to blush. She used to admire him for his cold dignity. His manner and appearance now made her feel weak.

Lu Shaoming casually strolled over to the bedside, then he sat down and asked, “Where’s the antidote? Let’s see it.”

Zhou Zhilei took out her cell phone and found a picture. "This is the antidote."

Lu Shaoming took a look at the photo. In the bottle was a white liquid that looked like the antidote.

After a slight glance, his deep eyes moved to Zhou Zhilei's face. "Just a picture?"

"A photograph is enough to identify the authenticity. I'm not a fool. What if I brought the antidote for Young Master Lu to snatch it from me?"

Lu Shaoming laughed more happily. Under the light, the clear, deep corners of his eyes crinkled with laughter. His chiseled, handsome face was as handsome as jade. He had a profound low and mellow voice as he said, "Yes, of course, Miss Zhou was not a fool. It's just a photo; you could've just sent it to my phone. But you asked me to meet you in a hotel room. Tell me, what do you want to do?"

Zhou Zhilei almost drooled as she looked at the man's devilish appearance. Some of her thoughts and actions were uncontrolled. She reached out and touched the man's strong shoulder as she softly and sweetly said, "Brother Ming, don't you know what I want? I want you, as long as you divorce Ning Qing..."

"We can talk about divorce later. Since we're already in a hotel room, wouldn't it be a waste to do nothing?" Lu Shaoming silently avoided her hand and looked at her deep V neckline with a smile. "Take it off and let me have a look."

Zhou Zhilei's pupils shrank. What did he say?

Her face was hot as her eyes swept over his strong body. "Brother Ming, why are you so bad?"

Despite her words, Zhou Zhilei stepped back a few steps, brushed off her shoulder straps with her small hand, and pulled it down.

...

Ning Qing went up to the sixth floor. She wondered if she was too sensitive. She felt that the atmosphere in this hotel was not right.

Standing at the door of Room 601, she reached out to knock, but the door was not closed, so it opened automatically.

In the room, the man she knew was sitting on the bed. She saw a woman standing in front of him. The woman's red and white spaghetti strap dress had fallen to the ground, revealing her beautiful, fair figure.

Ning Qing froze. She was instantly stunned.

The door was already open, although it had only been open a crack, the slight noise still attracted the people inside, and the man's deep and sharp eyes immediately floated over.

"Ah!" When Zhou Zhilei saw Ning Qing standing by the door, she quickly covered her body with her hands.

Lu Shaoming's focus shifted; he hadn't expected Ning Qing to come.

He quickly stood up straight and went to the door. "Ning Qing!"

His tone was heavy, and there was a hint of unconscious panic.

Ning Qing's face was pale, and she shook her little head dully. She couldn't believe it and took several steps back.

Lu Shaoming frowned deeply when he saw how lost and depressed she looked. "Ning Qing, you shouldn't have come. Go!"

Slap! Ning Qing reached out and slapped him.

Lu Shaoming's face turned to the side from the force of the slap. After a few seconds of silence, he turned around. He reached out to hold her hand. "Ning Qing..."

In the silent hotel corridor, a woman screamed sharply, "Lu Shaoming, you bastard! We're over. I want to divorce you!"

"Ning Qing..."

Ning Qing turned around and ran away.

Ning Qing ran to the elevator. On the way, she met a waiter carrying a plate. She bumped into the waiter, and everything on the plate fell to the ground.

"Are you alright, Miss?"

Ning Qing had already run into the elevator. The waiter looked back and saw that the entire body of the woman was trembling and her delicate cheeks were covered in tears.

...

Seeing Ning Qing disappear, Lu Shaoming put his hand on the doorknob. His chest was heaving. He took a deep breath, adjusted his breathing, then closed the door.

When he turned around, Zhou Zhilei was already in front of him. Her eyes were full of lust as she withdrew the two hands that were blocked in front of her chest. "Brother Ming, Ning Qing is going to divorce you. That's great. You're not suitable for each other. Brother Ming, do you like me? I want you. As long as you're with me, the antidote is yours."

Zhou Zhilei pounced on him as she said that.

Lu Shaoming took a step back. His body was against the door. There was a scent of perfume on her. Lu Shaoming frowned as he avoided her.

Zhou Zhilei came up empty-handed. She laughed as a small hand wandered down Shaoming's chest, "Brother Ming, do you want me too? You didn't chase Ning Qing but stayed with...me..."

Zhou Zhilei's entire body was stiff. She had already stripped down like this, but unexpectedly, he had no response.

"Brother Ming, you..."

Zhou Zhilei suddenly smelled a fragrance. Her vision turned blurry and she shook her head to see the man in front of her, but she couldn't see clearly.

This fragrance was familiar.

She remembered it was the same fragrance on Tang Sitian.

Then, the bathroom door behind her clicked, and someone grabbed her from behind. All the clothes she had left on her body was gone.

Who was it?

When she was dragged to the big bed behind her, Zhou Zhilei tried to look at the man by the door. The man still had both hands in his trousers pockets. His black eyes were as terrible and dangerous as the abyss of endless coldness.

...

At the Tang family villa

Tang Xueli sat in the living room. His bodyguards were all over the villa. These bodyguards were strong and fierce-looking. They were not ordinary bodyguards but mercenaries from all over the world.

Ding! A text message arrived.

Tang Xueli opened it. It was a video. The video was in the hotel room. A man sat on the bed. He did not reveal his face, but the man held Zhou Zhilei's hair in one hand, while Zhou Zhilei knelt on the carpet naked, serving the man.

Tang Xueli's cheeks began to twitch. He stretched out his hand and pulled at the tie on his neck. His eyes gleamed with twisted sickness.

Another ding sounded, and another video arrived, this time in bed. The woman who only knew how to stay still and shout in pain under him was moaning in joy in the video.

Tang Xueli suddenly stood up cursing, then with a bang, he smashed the cell phone on the ground.

"B\*tch!" he cursed.

It had really challenged his bottom line. He was arrogant and conceited. He boasted that he had no rivals in the world. But Lu Shaoming had slapped him in the face with two video messages.

Lu Shaoming was saying, "Look, the proud little princess in your eyes, the woman you want to marry and make your wife, the Zhou Zhilei who had called you a pervert. She was willing to obey me sincerely."

This was a mark of shame in his life.

A subordinate came up and said, "Boss, don't get angry. That b\*tch Zhou Zhilei stole the antidote from you just because she wanted to be with Lu Shaoming. Zhou Zhilei wanted to make use of you. But Boss is smarter. You went along with the plan. The antidote Zhou Zhilei carries has already been swapped. It's fake."

Tang Xueli flashed a malicious smile. "That b\*tch came to me voluntarily for two nights in a row to steal the antidote. I allowed her to get the antidote and pretended I didn't know because I wanted to know what she had in mind. That b\*tch really didn't disappoint me. But we can't let our guard down. Lu Shaoming is a tough man to deal with. He is deep and scheming. His arrival at the hotel this time may also be an act."

The man nodded. "The boss is right. We'll wait for news."

Just then, the door of the villa opened and the waiter in the hotel came in. He bowed respectfully and called out, "Boss."

Tang Xueli asked, "How is it?"

"Answering your question, everything is normal. Young Master Lu was eager to get the antidote and went into the room. Mrs. Lu came in the middle of it all."

"Ning Qing? What did she do and how did she react?"

"When Lu Shaoming opened the door, Zhou Zhilei took off her clothes. Mrs. Lu saw Young Master Lu, slapped him immediately, and said that they were over and she was going to divorce him."

Tang Xueli was very happy. His eyes were bright, and he stroked his chin. "This Ning Qing is indeed a fierce one. She dared to slap Lu Shaoming in the face. Mmm, I like it."

His subordinate laughed and said, "Boss, when Lu Shaoming dies, his wife would be yours. You can torture her as you like then."

Tang Xueli was in a good mood. He went on to ask, "Did you clearly see that Ning Qing really said she wanted to divorce him, and you're sure that they didn't collude in advance to put on a show?"

### **Chapter 357: Older Sister Jian, I Think That Shao Ming Must Have Met With Huge Trouble**

The service staff member shook his head confidently. "At that time when Mrs. Lu lost her soul while she knocked into me, her entire body was shaking. There were tears on her face, and she is definitely not putting up a show."

Tang Xueli felt relieved at this moment.

"Big Boss, that wicked person Zhou Zhilei might still be unaware we switched the cure out for drugs. As long as Lu Shaoming consumes it, he will have no chance of survival," his subordinate happily exclaimed.

Tang Xueli sat on the sofa while he snorted coldly, "If he wanted the cure, did he think it would be so easy? Heh, let's all just wait for the news of Lu Shaoming in deep trouble then. Also, contact our powerful allies in the northwest. They will be our base camp. Once Lu Shaoming ends up in trouble, it would be hard for us to the fallout. We will make a quick retreat to the northwest region. Coincidentally, a big sales transaction will go through."

The subordinate looked at Tang Xueli with admiration in his eyes as he said, "Big Boss, Lu Shaoming definitely would not have thought that the cure is not in your hands. You did not bring it back, and left it



in the large base camp in the northwest, and as for the address of the big base camp in the northwest, no one knows about it.”

Tang Xueli laughed and said, “This is known as there can never be too much deception in war. Oh right; wait until Lu Shaoming comes out from that room, and send someone to bring Zhou Zhilei back for me.”

“Big Boss, why do you still want that wicked woman?”

Tang Xueli took a cigarette, and he held it in his mouth. He squinted his eyes as he said, “Heh, Lu Shaoming sending a picture message to me is a challenge. He wants me to handle that wicked person. Since that is the case, I will take responsibility. I will bring that wicked woman back and gift her to you all.”

The subordinate hesitated for a moment, and then burst out in great laughter. “Hahah! Big Boss, isn’t this a little bad? Our brothers...”

Tang Xueli crossed his legs roughly as he said, “You should keep it if I gift it to you. That wicked woman is still a daughter of a wealthy family. I doubt that any of you have touched a person like that in your entire life. She is not in the same league as those from the red light districts. When that time comes, don’t keep my feelings in mind.”

“Yes, thank you, Big Boss.”

...

Ning Qing sat in the taxi, and she said to the driver, “Driver, let’s go quickly.”

Jian Han saw the tears on Ning Qing’s face as she asked in concern, “Ning Qing, what is wrong with you?”

Ning Qing stretched her hand out to wipe the tears on her face. She looked sideways. Her eyes were dry and did not have any sign of her crying, but her entire body was cold and shaking. “Older Sister Jian, I think that Shaoming must have gotten himself into huge trouble.”

Jian Han was taken aback. “What is wrong?”

“I saw Shaoming with Zhou Zhilei in a hotel room. Zhou Zhilei had already removed all of her clothing.”

Jian Han: “...” She stretched out her hand to touch Ning Qing’s forehead. “Ning Qing, what is wrong with you? Do you have a fever. Did you hurt your head with the heat?”

Ning Qing held Jian Han’s hand tightly. She curled up her lips with a pale face. There was a calm and witty glow in her eyes as she said, “Older Sister Jian, I know that you find it weird. Because I saw my own husband with another woman inside a hotel room, I didn’t get angry or try to expose the mistress; I actually thought of him getting into trouble.”

Jian Han nodded her head. She did feel weird. If any another woman met with this situation, they would not react like her.

But Jian Han noticed that Ning Qing was clear and concise. She was calm. Jian Han also felt relieved and hurriedly asked, "Ning Qing, what is going on exactly? Come and tell me."

Ning Qing shook her head. "Older Sister Jian, actually I also do not know what is going on exactly. It's all just a bunch of assumptions. This person, Lu Shaoming, we have been married for two years. If you were to tell me that he has cheated on me, I would never believe you. If this were a normal day, if I saw him and another woman go into a hotel room, I would definitely barge in without a single word. I would face the situation immediately and want him to explain even more."

After she explained it, if she felt that he was making sense, she would choose to believe him.

It would be best for a woman not to use their imagination and make up a fuss out of nothing. No matter what, she would make herself keep calm. Love was something that was new and fresh. It was a feeling of rashness due to hormones, but marriage for something that had to last for an entire lifetime, it needed a long period of trust and trade offs to maintain it.

She would not speculate about him with another woman. Of course, being petty and jealous was something else.

Furthermore, he was together with Zhou Zhilei...

He was not a man lacking dignity.

There was also something else. Last night, on the peak of the mountain, he tortured her for such a long period of time. He was clear with what he did. He slept in the wee hours of the morning, and he left at dawn. Even a man made out of metal was also unable to stand it.

Even if he wanted to cheat, he should have rested a day or two first.

"Then Ning Qing, did you walk into the room?"

"No, I stood at the door to give him a tight slap."

Jian Han widened her eyes, and she looked at Ning Qing. She could not control herself. Her eyes were filled with admiration as she said, "Ning Qing, you...are...so...great. Since you trust Young Master Lu, why did you still have to hit him?"

"Because at that time, I stepped into the hotel, the hotel was very quiet. There were not many people around, but when I went up six floors, I felt that there were many pairs of eyes staring at me. The moment Lu Shaoming opened the door, he did not look guilty, but he did look anxious. He asked me to leave. At that time, Zhou Zhilei also saw me. She used an extremely mocking and very satisfied gaze to look at me, as if Lu Shaoming were already prey in her territory. So I guessed that Lu Shaoming and Zhou Zhilei must have agreed to meet here to do something. Zhou Zhilei threatened him, and Lu Shaoming could not let me know about it?"

Jian Han continued her words as she said, "If this is really true, then your appearance is an accident, it might well have ruined Young Master Lu's plan, so you chose to use the quickest and most direct method — you gave him a slap and turned to leave."

“Yeah.” Ning Qing nodded her head. She looked at Jian Han and contemplated for a moment. “Older Sister Jian, I suddenly thought of something just now. Ever since Lu Shaoming returned from his plane crash, he started to distance himself from me. My parents-in-law and Older Brother Dayuan all asked me to distance myself from him. He also asked me to give him some time, as if I were his biggest threat in his life.

“There were still some other things that happened in the midst of everything. For example, Zhou Zhilei and Tang Xueli were in a relationship, and Shaoming gave Tang Sitian the opportunity to come near him. Everything is unfolding with Tang Xueli in the center...”

“Ning Qing, what do you want to say?” Jian Han asked.

“What I want to say is, Older Sister Jian, if I’m not wrong, that plane crash was plotted by Tang Xueli and Zhou Zhilei. Lu Shaoming was their victim, and he fell sick. The root of the illness is me. Shaoming was hence unable to get close with me, furthermore, I daringly make the assumption that this kind of illness has a cure. The cure is in Zhou Zhilei and Tang Xueli’s hands.”

Jian Han’s eyes lit up. She had to say, after hearing Ning Qing speak, everything made sense. Every behaviour of Lu Shaoming was all because he wanted to lay his hands on the cure.

“Ning Qing.” Jian Han stretched out her hand to cup Ning Qing’s shoulder. “What should we do now?”

Ning Qing looked at the heavy rain pouring outside the window. “Let’s go home and wait for news,” she said softly.

“Wait?”

“Yeah, I believe there will be news very quickly. This time, no matter what happens, we will not take action. The only thing we have to do is believe in him.”

“Okay.” Jian Han hugged Ning Qing as she said, “Ning Qing, I will stay in your house to accompany you or a few days, and I can look after Aunt’s health at the same time.”

Ning Qing quickly smiled and said, “Older Sister Jian, thank you.”

...

The next day, Ning Qing woke up and received a piece of news that shocked everyone in T City. It appeared that Lu Shaoming’s heart went into shock while he was in the office. When they sent him to the hospital to rescue him, they were unable to revive him successfully.

After that, “Young Master Lu’s death” created a large stir among everyone in the city.

As Ning Qing was going down the stairs, Ning Zhenguo and Yue Wanqing were both sitting on the sofa in the living room. Ning Zhenguo had Little Qinwen in his arms, and Yue Wanqing was wiping her tears away.

“Dad, Mum...” Ning Qing went forward.

Yue Wanqing saw her daughter and quickly came forward to hug Ning Qing. She sadly cried, “Qingqing, this child Shaoming... How could it be? He was fine two days ago, and today he suddenly.... Qingqing,

you have to persevere. Little Qinwen is Shaoming's only descendant. You have to bring up Little Qin Wen up well..."

"Mum." Ning Qing patted her mother's shoulder. Her face was a little pale, but her eyes were energetic. "Mum, Shaoming is not dead. Don't cry anymore."

Yue Wanqing cried even harder upon hearing her words. "Qingwing, what is wrong with you? Mum knows that you are unable to accept this blow..."

Ning Qing let go of Yue Wanqing and went to carry Little Qin Wen. She kissed her son's soft, small, fragrant face, smiled, and said, "Dad, Mum, you do not need to worry about the rumors. Stay in for the next few days."

"Qingqing..." Ning Zhenguo and Yue Wanqing both wanted to speak further.

"Uncle, Aunty." Jian Han came forward to comfort them. "Ning Qing knows what she is doing. Ning Qing and Young Master Lu have gone through so many difficulties. When Young Master Lu was involved in the plane crash, Ning Qing made it through that ordeal. We all have to believe Ning Qing."

"This..."

At this moment, there was the sound of a phone ringing, Ning Qing's phone was ringing.

Ning Qing carried Little Qinwen in one arm and answered the phone with her other hand.

"Hello, Xiao Zhou."

"Hello, Ning Qing. I saw the news. Young Master Lu... What is going on exactly? The landline at the studio has been jammed with calls. Ning Qing, you..."

"Xiao Zhou, continue filming <Lurker> like normal. As for the matter involving Lu Shaoming, we will not make any statement on that. We have to lay low for a while."

"Ning Qing..."

"Lu Shaoming did not die. Xiao Zhou, believe me. Help me with something. Help me to investigate the situation Lu Corporation is in right now."

After hanging up, Ning Qing took the remote control and switched the tv on.

The TV was full of news coverage mentioning the death of Lu Shaoming. The door of the hospital was crowded with a swarm of journalists. Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing walked out from the hospital. Both of them were wearing masks, and they had bodyguards to escort them. They did not answer the journalists who were chasing them for answers, but their red rimmed eyes could show their sadness and depressed feelings.

Ning Qing's brain started to stir quickly. Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing were both low key people normally. They did not directly announce anything to the public, but their departure from the hospital revealed the truth; Lu Shaoming has passed away.

It was different from the plane crash. Lu Dinghua and Song Yajing were pretending to be high key while staying low key.

They had the intention to mislead the public.

At this moment, her phone rang again, Xiao Zhou returned her call very quickly.

“Hello, Ning Qing, I just went to check, Lu Corporation has gone into a dark atmosphere, but every department is working as usual, and they are not engaging in any abnormal behaviour.”

“Then what about the American side?”

“Ning Qing, after Young Master Lu came back from the plane crash, he revamped the Lu Corporation. He punished those who had scheming and speculating thoughts in the company. He first retracted the shares held in the hands of those elders, then axed the management power in those elder’s hands. Those elders were left with nothing and could not instigate anymore. Lu Corporation controlled solely by Young Master Lu.”

Ning Qing put her phone away, and she touched her son’s soft little hand. Softly, she said, “Little Qinwen, your daddy is busy again. But, he did say that he would be back very soon... Little Qinwen, in the future, you have to be the same as your Daddy. Your Daddy, he debuted his first company in America when he was 16 years old. He took the entire Lu Corporation back into his hands when he was 32 years old. He has consolidated his power. He is your role model, someone whom you should be proud of...”

Ning Qing was relieved. This time, whether or not Lu Shaoming was around, the Lu Corporation and Lu family could be handed over to him without a single worry.

### **Chapter 358: Zhou Zhilei’s Retribution**

Tang Sitian cried bitterly when she got the news of Lu Shaoming. The kind and simple girl picked up her cell phone and called Zhou Zhilei for comfort.

But after two beeps, no one answered.

She couldn’t contact Zhou Zhilei for two days.

Tang Sitian called her second brother, Tang Xueli, but nobody answered either.

The driver of the private car looked at the tearful little girl in the back seat through the rearview mirror and asked, “Where are we going now, Miss?”

“Go to Second Brother’s villa,” Tang Sitian said as she cried.

...

Tang Sitian arrived at Tang Xueli’s villa. She pushed the door in. There was nobody in the living room. She called out, “Second Brother, Second Brother...”

No one answered her.

With her school bag on her back, she ran up the stairs and opened the door of the study. She went in and called out, “Second Brother.”

Tang Xueli wasn't there.

She took out her cell phone and dialed a number. A melodious ringtone rang out. She walked forward and stood by the desk. Her second brother's cell phone was on the desk.

On the desk were several papers in dense English and what looked like digital models of guns and ammunition.

She was looking at it curiously when the door of the study was pushed open and a serious reprimand was directed at her. "Sitian, what are you doing?"

Tang Sitian turned her head and saw that it was her second brother, Tang Xueli.

Tang Xueli's face was very dark. He stepped forward and covered the files on his desk. He continued to reprimand her. "Sitian, how many times have I said that my study should not be entered casually, and my papers should not be read..."

"Waa..." Tang Sitian immediately burst into tears. She balled her little hands into small fists and rubbed her eyes. "Second brother, you're scolding me again!"

When Tang Xueli saw her crying, he could only hold her in his arms, and he touched her hair helplessly as he said, "Alright, Sitian, don't cry. Second Brother won't scold you anymore."

Tang Sitian was still crying. She wiped her tears and rubbed her nose on her brother's shirt. She sadly choked out, "Second Brother, Young Master Lu is dead. The first man I liked is dead just like this."

Tang Xueli drew a gloomy sneer on his lips, but he comforted her by saying, "He's already dead; Young Master Lu won't be revived with you crying like this. Besides, Young Master Lu already has a wife and a son. Why do you like him?"

"But Second Sister-in-law said that Young Master Lu would be divorced soon..." Tang Sitian quickly covered her mouth with her little hand. Oh no, it had slipped her tongue.

Zhou Zhilei hadn't allowed her to tell her second brother.

Tang Xueli grabbed her shoulder and pulled her away. "Did Zhou Zhilei encourage you to chase after Young Master Lu?"

Tang Sitian shook her head like a rattle drum. "No, no, I was just spouting nonsense." Under her second brother's stern inquiring eyes, Tang Sitian had to diverge from the topic. "Second Brother, where's Second Sister-in-law? I miss her, and want to go shopping with her."

When she's in a bad mood, she likes to go shopping.

"Your Second Sister-in-law is busy lately. She has no time to accompany you. Let me take you home. You need to study hard." Tang Xueli took Tang Sitian's hand and led her out of the study.

“Second Brother, my car is outside. You don’t have to take me home.”

They walked past a guest room just then. The door was not closed tight. A woman was screaming inside. Tang Sitian was frightened and asked, “Second Brother, who is inside?”

Zhou Zhilei, who was in the room, heard Tang Sitian’s voice. Her eyes lit up with hope, like a drowning man who had grabbed onto a straw. She wanted to call out for help.

But a man was on top of her and her mouth was covered by his hand. With some force from the man, her pupils shrank and she was in so much pain she nearly died.

At that time, she heard Tang Xueli say, “Children shouldn’t ask so many things. She’s second brother’s subordinate’s girlfriend. He has brought her here to stay for a couple of days; don’t worry about it.”

“Ok,” Tang Sitian said, and her footsteps echoed as she went down the stairs.

Zhou Zhilei’s entire body slumped down. Her eyes became empty, and she was hopeless.

Slap!

A slap landed on her face. Her silky hair was grabbed as the subordinate cursed, “B\*tch, you almost ruined my good thing.”

Another subordinate went to persuade him. He laughed as he said, “Heh, okay, don’t kill her. The boss has just rewarded her to us. I haven’t gotten her yet.” He lifted his foot to kick the man on top of Zhilei. “Hurry up, so many people are in line.”

“What’s the hurry? This woman is so smooth all over. She is indeed a noble lady. Whenever I think about how she used to order us around when she was with the boss, I wanted nothing more than to torture her to death.”

The seven or eight men in the room laughed. “What noble lady? I think she is but a hostess now, haha...”

Zhou Zhilei was tied to a big bed. She was numb with pain. She could not understand how she had ended up like this.

What had happened in the hotel room? When she awoke, she was lying in bed alone. She was covered with traces. Who left them?

But she knew it would never be Lu Shaoming.

She seemed to have fallen into a whirlpool and was kicked around like a fool.

When the door was kicked open, Tang Xueli’s men brought her here. That big pervert tormented her all night, then rewarded her to these subordinates.

These subordinates were of humble birth and dirty. They were people she despised most in her life, but now they were humiliating her and tormenting her wholeheartedly.

Zhou Zhilei couldn’t understand it. Tang Xueli used to treat her like a little princess. Why had his attitude towards her become like this?

Does Lu Shaoming not want the antidote in her hands?

And she had disappeared for two days. Why hasn't her mother come to find her?

Who will save her?

Just as Zhou Zhilei was in a daze, her cheek was pinched. "What are you thinking about? Are you pondering who will save you? Haha, Young Master Lu is dead. No one is coming to save you."

Young Master Lu is dead?

Zhou Zhilei was alive again. She stared at the ugly man. She opened her mouth to speak, but her voice was hoarse, like an old lady in her seventies or eighties. Tang Xueli had forced her to drink boiling hot water and her voice was broken as a result.

"Haha, look, when we talk about Young Master Lu, this bitch will come alive. Yes, Young Master Lu took the false antidote you gave him and died."

Zhou Zhilei felt as if she had been struck by lightning. What? She did not... She hadn't given the antidote to Lu Shaoming. How could Lu Shaoming die?

She wanted to speak, but then a man straddled her and everyone laughed. "Boss said we cannot wear a condom. If this woman gets pregnant, we shall see who is the strongest, then Boss will reward him."

...

Zhou Zhilei didn't know how many days they tortured her for. Every day, she would be awakened by cold water after she fainted. Men were coming all the time. Gradually, her limbs grew numb and her entire body became dull.

Two men dragged her out of the room one day. The door of the villa opened and she saw the sunshine.

She couldn't adapt to the intense light for a moment and slowly reached out to block it, but she staggered, and the people behind her rudely pushed her, "Get in the car."

More than a dozen black luxury commercial cars were parked on the lawn.

"Mmm...mmph!" Zhou Zhilei shook her head in fear. Where were they taking her? She didn't want to go.

"Boss."

At that time, Tang Xueli walked over, surrounded by a group of subordinates.

Zhou Zhilei saw him and backed away in fear. This perverted devil!

Tang Xueli saw Zhou Zhilei and stepped forward slowly. He looked at Zhou Zhilei from head to toe. He let out a jolly laugh and said, "Gee, is this still the eldest lady of the noble Zhou family? Haha, you've completely changed in just half a month. Someone, let Miss Zhou take a look at herself in the mirror."

"Yes." The subordinate brought a mirror.

Zhou Zhilei was shocked when she looked in the mirror. Her cheeks were swollen from the slaps. Her face was covered in bruises. She could not recognize her features. She had lost more than 10 kilograms, and every inch of her had been injured. She was totally disfigured, dirty, and disgusting.



“No, no...” An ugly voice crawled up from her throat, and she covered her face with her hands. She was in a state of emotional collapse.

Tang Xueli laughed more and more freely. “Miss Zhou, I treated you kindly and you didn’t cherish it. All the women who dare to make a fool of me and challenge me, Tang Xueli, are going to end up like this. Come on, follow me back to the southwest compound. I promise you that you’ll live so miserably that you’ll beg for death but won’t be able to die.”

Zhou Zhilei shook her head. She was trembling all over. She wanted to escape, but after barely two steps, she was kicked to the ground by someone behind her.

Someone pulled her to the car by pulling her hair.

More than a dozen luxury cars started and disappeared in all directions.

...

About 20 minutes later, more than a dozen luxury cars gathered in a field, and a plane was waiting.

Tang Xueli got out of the car. Zhou Zhilei was dragged by two of his men, and the group of people went to the plane.

Tang Xueli looked back at the direction of T City and shook his head with emotion. “It’s such a pity to go back this time. I couldn’t take Young Master Lu’s wife back with me.”

“Boss, it’s been an eventful autumn, and the woman is a big star. Our people have visited the Ning family Villa several times, but there are all media reporters squatting and waiting there. They can’t take any action at all. There will be opportunities in the future. When we come back, the woman will not be able to escape the boss’s palm!”

Tang Xueli rubbed his chin. “The more I think about that woman, the more delicious and interesting she seems, the more tempted I am. I really wanted to take her back and listen to her moans. That feeling must be...tsk...”

His subordinates laughed and held Tang Xueli’s arm respectfully as they helped him board the plane.

When he had just stepped on the pedal, a submachine gun touched Tang Xueli’s forehead.

Tang Xueli’s eyes darkened, and he looked up.

Zhou Yao was wearing camouflage clothes today. His short-sleeve jacket was tucked into his camouflage trousers. He was standing at the door of the cabin. He was 1.9 meters tall with two long, proud legs. He had a piece of dog’s tail grass in his mouth and squinted his eyes. He laughed and said wickedly, “Don’t move!”

Tang Xueli looked into the cabin and saw that his men had already been knocked unconscious. A strong figure walked out, accompanied by a low, rich, and calm laugh. “President Tang, I don’t think you’ll have the chance to hear my wife moan in your life. What should I do? President Tang covets my wife so much, and it makes me very upset...”

Lu Shaoming walked out.

The man was still wearing a black shirt and black pants. The fine cut texture defined his handsome figure. His eyes were full of amusement as his deep and sharp gaze fixed on Tang Xueli's face.

### **Chapter 359: Second Younger Brother, Send President Tang On His Way Then**

Tang Xueli was extremely taken aback. "You...aren't dead?"

Lu Shaoming curled up his thin maroon lips and had an easygoing smile on his face as he said, "I know that President Tang has been eyeing my wife, so I don't dare to die before you."

Zhou Yao held the submachine gun in his hand as he pointed on Tang Xueli's head. "Retreat."

Tang Xueli and his subordinates all retreated to the grass patch.

They looked at their surroundings carefully. They were surrounded from all directions, and elite forces soldiers dressed in camouflage gear were surrounding them. They were members of the Flaming Forces Elite team that made others look on in awe and fear their presence, and Zhou Yao was leading the team.

Zhou Zhilei saw Lu Shaoming. Her muddled and unclear eyes quickly had a glow in them. "Ming...Ming..." She could not say the words any longer. "Older Brother" Her vocal cords had already been damaged to a great extent.

Lu Shaoming did not look at her. From the time he got off the plane, the cold breeze on the grass patch was already moving in the wind as it blew on his black striped shirt. the man's handsome face had a strong hint of bloodthirst on it.

It made other's heart palpitate.

Tang Xueli laughed loudly. "Haha." his face was constricted as he looked at Lu Shaoming. "Young Master Lu, I get it now. You faked your death, and you have made a trap for me to walk into."

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows up, and he lazily snorted, "President Tang knew early on that Zhou Zhilei wanted to steal the cure. You are such an intelligent person. You would not let go of this chance to take action. You would definitely place a fake cure to harm me, but I didn't go in the direction that you wanted me to head in. You wanted me to die, and I sacrificed myself to entertain you for a moment. I didn't think that President Tang would really think it was genuine."

"Heh." Tang Xueli had a weird smile on his face, "Young Master Lu spoke so casually, but it is hard for you to set up this trap. The key point was the cure that Zhou Zhilei stole, Young Master Lu. Can you reveal the answer? How did you know that Zhou Zhilei would come and steal the cure?"

"This is an easy question; Zhou Zhilei was drugged."

“What? That is not possible!” Tang Xueli denied what he was saying, and continued, “I knew that Young Master Lu would definitely take action, so I was very cautious. I monitored her diet, food, and surroundings. I would definitely have known if she were drugged.”

Lu Shaoming had both of his hands inside his pockets as his tone was casual as if he were chatting with a friend, “President Tang seemed to forget about someone — Tang Sitian.”

Tang Xueli was shocked as his face continued to be constricted as he said, “Ha, such a smart Young Master Lu. You did not disappoint me as you made use of every chess piece that you could lay your hands on.”

“President Tang has over complimented me. Zhou Zhilei instigated your younger sister to pursue me. How could I ignore this chess piece and not make use of her when she sent herself my way? I know that President Tang has ordered someone to follow your sister, but she came to Guang Qing, and she met with a staff member on the way, and a person in the lift... It was very easy for me to spray medicine on her body.”

Tang Xueli’s expression was solemn. He was waiting for Lu Shaoming to continue.

“This kind of medicine is a mystifying aphrodisiac. In the long term, a person would have wet dreams and would start to hallucinate. After meeting with someone that the person likes, the person would not be able to control the excitement in their body. Don’t be angry. President Tang. At that time, Zhou Zhilei was your girlfriend, how could I know that after she had a whiff of this medicine, the person whom she would be thinking of would be me?”

Tang Xueli’s large hand that he placed by his side was kneaded into a tight fist. He listened to that man’s arrogant and calm tone. It was definitely not true that he did not know Zhou Zhilei would think of him.

Lu Shaoming’s words were meant to provoke him.

No wonder that lately, Zhou Zhilei’s gaze was always on Lu Shaoming. He was really angered at that point, and he didn’t think that all of this would be Lu Shaoming’s evil plotting.

Lu Shaoming looked at Tang Xueli’s expression on his face after he was provoked. His dark eyes were careless. “President Tang, to be honest, you have bad taste in women. As for this type of woman like Zhou Zhilei who has cheated on you with another man, you actually treated her like a princess. Tsk tsk, it is really such a joke. Let me guess, when she was under your body, did she experience exhilaration? How about when she was under your subordinates? I dare to bet that the only time she has felt exhilaration was when she was in the hotel that day. I looked for someone to play with her. She screamed out so happily, and so freely.”

Tang Xueli’s fists were kneaded, and they knocked against each other. He looked at Lu Shaoming with an evil expression on his face.

“Heh, given how you speak, it’s clear that Young Master contemplated and planned deeply. You thought of this plan early on, then silently started to put your plan into place. You knew my personality well. You drugged Zhou Zhilei to provoke me, and you made us battle behind the scenes. Zhou Zhilei was so foolish. You led her step by step to go and steal the cure. I fell into your trap, and you came to reveal what you were plotting all along.”

It was only then that Tang Xueli truly saw this man's ability and scheming ways. He was very clear on his personality and Zhou Zhilei's personality. He did not appear personally, and he did not give up on a single tool that he could make use of. He was able to control whatever was going on fluently to push his entire plot.

He was betting on an extremely well executed psychological battle.

At last, he pretended to die. While he awaited for his chance to strike, he awaited for him at this very grass patch, with every aspect of his plot leading here.

Tang Xueli laughed coldly. "But, Young Master Lu, what is the use behind you doing all of this? You still cannot lay your hands on the cure. The cure is in my hands. Do you actually bear to kill me? Haha."

Tang Xueli laughed with satisfaction.

Lu Shaoming lifted his eyebrows up slightly as he thought about something else, then he broke out into a smile. His tone was steady and soft as he said, "Is President Tang referring to your northwest home base that holds the cure?"

Tang Xueli froze and panicked.

How could it be?

Nobody knew about that base!

These past few years, on the surface, he was a legal and proper business man. He was the president of Tang Corporation. He sneakily dealt with money laundering, stealing and selling military weaponry, and drugs. Even Interpol was unable to trace him, and certainly not his main base.

But Tang Xueli thought of one person — Tang Sitian.

He looked at Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming knew what he was thinking inside his heart. He nodded his head, giving him a definite answer. "That's right — Tang Sitian. I placed a GPS tracing camera on her face, and I saw the documents on your table. As long as I have a little information, it would be extremely easy for me to search for where your main camp would be. The lesson for President Tang is: If you want to be a true monster, don't have relatives around. As you are now, you are merely just a pervert."

"You!" Tang Xueli's chest was panting heavily.

Lu Shaoming was not willing to add oil to the fire. "President Tang, I am informing you that, unluckily for you, I have destroyed your subordinates. I have the cure in my hands right now. Your main base has been ruined by Interpol. You are implicated in a major international crime. You no longer have a home to return to."

This sentence completely destroyed Tang Xueli's inner peace.

The cure was taken away?

His main base camp was ruined?

No, that main base camp was his blood and sweat.

How could he lose?

How could he lose just like that?

Everything that Lu Shaoming was telling him right now, if he was not interested in the cure in his hands, Lu Shaoming would not waste a single minute of this time being his competitor!

This was the greatest insult that Tang Xueli has received in his entire life.

Lu Shaoming glanced at Tang Xueli and said, "President Tang, I already answered all of the questions inside your heart. Even if you die now, you will have at least understood everything. President Tang knows that, since you have your heart on my wife, I would not allow you to survive for too long, and you have already survived for a long time already."

As Lu Shaoming spoke, he turned to look Zhou Yao. "Second Younger Brother, a coward like President Tang would definitely not be willing to go to jail. He would face the death sentence in the future. Now, you have to help him. Send him on the way."

"Yes, Eldest Brother." Zhou Yao spat out the green bristle grass he held in his mouth, and he placed the barrel accurately on Tang Xueli's head.

These mercenary soldiers looked around them. They were surrounded from all directions and did not dare act rash.

Other than the breeze on the quiet grass patch, there was only the sound of Zhou Yao loading the gun in his hand.

The atmosphere froze in this exhilarating second.

Zhou Yao was about to pull the trigger, but suddenly: Bang! Bombs could be heard from all directions, and three or four jeeps came over.

Tang Xueli's troops have arrived.

Zhou Yao cursed and pulled the trigger.

Tang Xueli casually grabbed a subordinate by his side. The bullet went through the subordinates' head.

Zhou Yao wanted to shoot again, but at this moment, a jeep drove over and ruffled the dust on the entire way here. His line of vision was obstructed, and he closed his eyes lightly. At this moment, the door of the car opened up in a flash. A foreign mercenary dressed in black jumped out of the car.

The scene instantly went out of control. Those mercenaries had the latest arms available on the market. They battled with the special forces soldiers from the Flaming Forces unit, and they were duking it out with their lives on the line.

"Ah!" At this moment, nobody could pay any mind to Zhou Zhilei. Zhou Zhilei fell onto the ground. The sound of guns came into her ears from all directions. There was bloodshed, and she was shaking in fear.

Kacha! Her bones cracked. The pain was deep. She rolled her eyes and fainted.

The scene was messy, and at this moment, a dark, beautiful shadow appeared. Leng Zhiyuan was dressed in a short black shirt and leather pants. Her small, exquisite face was cold and pretty.

Tang Xueli wanted to jump in the car with the protection of his subordinates, but his shoulder was pinned down. He quickly grabbed this person's elbow. He wanted to throw the person over his shoulder, but he was unable to move at all.

Tang Xueli's eyelids become heavy; this person was extremely skilled.

He turned around.

When he had a clear look of Leng Zhiyuan, he had an evil laugh as he said, "Female special agent?"

Leng Zhiyuan did not have any spare time to chat with him. This person was the one who harmed her older brother. He has also harmed so many of her buddies. She was here to seek revenge, "Say your last words!"

She howled out and rushed forward.

The two of them were battling with one another. Leng Zhiyuan had always known that Tang Xueli's martial arts skills were extremely good, and when they crossed hands, it was only then that she knew that his skills were really not ordinary, and he was really proficient.

Tang Xueli's skills were accurate and cruel. There was a natural difference in a man's and a woman's strength. Even after fighting for some time, Leng Zhiyuan was unable to gain the upper hand.

Leng Zhiyuan purposely opened herself up to trap Tang Xueli. Tang Xueli kicked Leng Zhiyuan's stomach, and Leng Zhiyuan endured it. A taste of sweetness came into her lips, and she took out a sharp knife from her pockets, directly stabbing it into Tang Xueli's chest.

But she was not able to stab him.

Leng Zhiyuan was taken aback. He wore a gold amour. Whether she used a knife or gun, she would be unable to stab him.

Tang Xueli kicked her once again, knocking Leng Zhiyuan far away.

Leng Zhiyuan retreated a few steps. There was a sweetness in her throat once again, and she could not help herself as she vomited a mouthful of blood.

A large hand pinned on her waist. The man used his strength, and she was dragged into a strong, firm, masculine chest that had the scent of a man's sweat.

Zhou Yao held Leng Zhiyuan with one arm while he had his submachine gun in his opposite hand. His dark, narrow eyes scanned Tang Xueli while he wildly cackled, "You are so cruel towards a woman? Do you have any interest in combat?"

Zhou Yao threw the gun in his hand.

“Sure, I have heard many good things about Zhou Yao’s famous reputation. It is such a rare opportunity to meet with you today. Let’s fight.” Tang Xueli lifted his hand as he undid the two buttons on his shirt while he laughed evilly.

Zhou Yao let go of Leng Zhiyuan, and stepped forward.

“Oi!” Leng Zhiyuan quickly pulled Zhou Yao’s hands. No matter how strong she was, she was still a woman. The woman’s small hand did not change. She held the man’s shoulder. His shoulders were bare. The muscles on his shoulders were like firm barriers. She could only lay her hands on a small area, and it was all full of strength and power.

### **Chapter 360: Tang Xueli Has Escaped**

The man was tall, and she could only see his rigid side face when she raised her eyes. Sweat beaded on his face, and he emanated a strong and manly scent like a soldier on the battlefield.

Leng Zhiyuan whispered, “Be careful of traps.”

Zhou Yao looked back at her. The man smiled and narrowed his eyes, giving off a wild aura. His left hand came to her mouth as he stretched out his hand to wipe the blood for her. “I don’t need your warning. Women should look like women. Why are you putting on a strong front when you can’t beat him?”

Leng Zhiyuan glared at him in anger. Does he despise women or what?

His movements were rough, and his thumbs that held guns all year round were very calloused. He rubbed the corners of her mouth so hard that he probably reddened the skin around her mouth.

She reached out and brushed his hand away.

One word — scam!

Zhou Yao withdrew his gaze. He approached Tang Xueli. His right hand, which hung beside his trousers, rhythmically struck twice. The two men looked at each other and were excited. This was a fight between masters.

Tang Xueli attacked.

He grabbed Zhou Yao’s throat with his right hand, but Zhou Yao did not avoid it. When Tang Xueli’s hand came to his throat, his long leg swept out and kicked Tang Xueli directly under his crotch. Tang Xueli veered sideways and avoided the attack, and the two men fell to the ground with a bang.

Leng Zhiyuan was settling the enemy at hand while watching the tense struggle over there.

Both men were extremely skilled. Tang Xueli practiced Qigong and was precise and fierce. Zhou Yao was mainly fighting with force and was very fast. The two of them fought from the car to the ground. Their faces were bruised and battered, but they were tied.

Only then did Leng Zhiyuan realized the disparity of her strength. She had grown up in the gang, and her father and brother had doted on her. She was the young missus. She was usually praised and so she thought that she was skilled.

Of course, she was indeed amazing. At the age of 26, she hadn't met any real rivals yet. Zhou Yao was the first, and now Tang Xueli was the second.

Looking at Zhou Yao's fierce and sharp skills, she realized that the two fights she had with him, he had let her win or given her an advantage.

She couldn't beat him.

The two men had a hard time fighting each other. Leng Zhiyuan looked at the fierce battlefield. She made a quick decision.

She turned around, picked up an assault rifle from the ground, knelt on one knee, and pointed the muzzle at Tang Xueli's head.

The two men had challenged each other to a duel, but all's fair in war.

She quickly aimed the gun at Tang Xueli, and the two men in the fight were instantly aware of her. Zhou Yao was stunned, and his face went dark.

Tang Xueli burst out in vulgarities. "F\*ck, you're going back on your words!"

He let go of Zhou Yao, when a jeep came by, the door was open, he jumped up with the help of his long legs, and the jeep sped away.

Tang Xueli had escaped.

Leng Zhiyuan gave up shooting and her little face was cold. At that time, footsteps sounded and the gun in her hand was kicked away.

"What are you doing?" A man's thunderous roar reverberated in her ears.

Leng Zhiyuan rose and met the man's glaring eyes.

In addition to his natural unrestrained character, his brow bones were prominent. The two sharp eyebrows that were full of a sense of justice. His hard-lined face was overflowing with strong, manly vibes.

"Don't you know what I was doing? I was going to shoot him in the head," Leng Zhiyuan answered, raising her chin.

"Shoot him in the head? Didn't you hear that we were going to fight? You went back on your word in an instant, but I have to keep my promise, a man's promise, and now you've made me a man of no faith!" Zhou Yao's voice was loud and forceful, and he was obviously furious.



When had Leng Zhiyuan ever suffered this kind of anger? Wasn't she shooting Tang Xueli in the head for his own good?

"Enough, Zhou Yao, what are you clamoring about for? This is the battlefield. Not only do you have to fight with physical strength but also with your brain. How long will you be able to fight with your brute strength? When you're done, the battle will already be over."

Zhou Yao gave her a contemptuous glance and said, "Yes, I'm not like Miss Leng, who can be mean and insidious to achieve her goals."

In his bones, he somewhat looked down on these mercenaries. They were different from soldiers. They would do anything to win. They had no principles or bottom lines.

Leng Zhiyuan was really angry. "You!"

"What?" Zhou Yao raised his firm jaw and gave her a look.

By this time the battle was over: "Boss." The Flaming Forces surrounded Zhou Yao.

"Young missus." Leng Zhiyuan's men also surrounded her.

The two camps were facing each other.

Leng Zhiyuan was not angry, and instead, she laughed at the moment. She crossed her hands around her chest and posed lazily. Her face was soaked with sweat, and her fair little face was flushed. The sweat was like dew gliding on the petals of roses. As she was a mixed blood, with both Caucasian and Asian heritage, her skin was perfect.

"Yes, of course, I'm different from you. I'm unlike some people, who secretly seduce other people's fiancées and breaks up other people's marriages. You are the third party!"

What?

The Flaming Forces had heard such shocking news for the first time, and they were stunned. They were angry, extremely furious. Their boss usually did not even look at a woman. He was self-conscious and was probably still a virgin. How could this woman insult their boss like that?

When Zhou Yao heard that, his temper flared up, and his eyebrows were jumping. He copied the strange tone of the woman and sarcastically said, "Hmph, if I'm the third party, what are you then? I admire how many men you female mercenaries have played with; your bodies are your secret weapons."

Zhou Yao happened to be right.

These female mercenaries led the most chaotic private lives. They would be robbed of their virginity by the chief officer before their first mission so that they would not fall for anyone who would affect their missions in the future.

When they were on a mission, they would not hesitate to sleep with different men to achieve their goals. Throughout the ages, how many politicians have died because of female mercenaries?

Leng Zhiyuan's mercenaries were angry when they heard these words!

Although their young missus was a little fiercer and less gentle than a woman, she still couldn't understand what was going on between men and women.

It was simple — she was the young missus of the gang and had always been surrounded by men. Since childhood, she has been fighting and killing. Her father and brother have protected her, and they did not allow her to come into contact with such things, so she naturally did not understand.

Otherwise, she would not have gone to see a doctor after he had bullied her a little that day.

She was like a blank sheet of paper in this respect.

"What are you talking about? If you dare to slander our young missus again, we'll duke it out with you," said the mercenaries as they pointed at him.

The Flaming Forces were also angry. "Fine then, we're not afraid of you. We haven't asked you to apologize, but you've triggered us."

"Come on, then. Let's fight."

"Alright, come first. Let's talk with our fists."

When Lu Shaoming arrived, he saw the two camps arguing. He frowned deeply and said, "Second Brother, Young Missus Leng, isn't it chaotic enough here? What are they arguing about?"

Leng Zhiyuan snorted, "Those who have different beliefs should not work together. Young Master Lu, Tang Xueli has escaped today. If you have any news regarding him in the future, do inform me. I'll bid my farewell now."

Leng Zhiyuan turned around and left with her men.

Zhou Yao looked at the woman's back. The woman was in good shape. She was curvy and seductive. She liked to wear tight, black leather trousers. When she walked away, her big, perky buttocks moved, and she looked arrogant.

"Women." Zhou Yao cursed, and his throat was dry. Every time he met her, she would always be able to seduce him. One day, he would have her under him.

The way men conquered women was simple and crude. A woman, no matter how strong she was, would beg for mercy when she was in bed.

In Zhou Yao's eyes, Leng Zhiyuan needed to be...

Lu Shaoming watched Leng Zhiyuan get on the bus, then gave Zhou Yao a sideways look that said — You should control yourself.

Zhou Yao shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Lu Shaoming turned sideways and looked forward. Zhou Dayuan came with two nurses. Zhou Zhilei lay on the ground. He could not ignore his own sister. He listened to Zhou Zhilei's heartbeat. Two nurses lifted Zhou Zhilei into the car.

Zhou Dayuan stood there, warm and gentle as jade, looking at Lu Shaoming.

Lu Shaoming walked towards him.

When the men got on the luxury car and left, the Flaming Forces burst out. "Boss, How did this happen? How did you become the third party? Tell us about it."

"Yes, Boss, it's a good thing! You don't have to worry if it's someone's fiancée; as long as you like her, we will grab her for you immediately."

"Get lost!" Zhou Yao stretched out his leg and kicked a soldier's ass. "So rude. Clean up this mess for me and return to base."

The Flaming Forces soldiers were afraid of their boss's fists and had to go to work obediently.

Zhou Yao raised his right foot and stepped on a stone. His heart was burning with fury. He was not a third party at all; the woman was instigating him.

This all started on the Chinese Valentine's day.

His elder brother and his third brother had gone to the dance floor to dance. He smoked a few cigarettes and found that the pack was empty, so he got up and went to the supermarket to buy cigarettes.

He had just gone out of the door when a half-drunk woman bumped into him. The woman smelled of perfume. He frowned and was extremely disgusted.

Then the half-drunk woman looked up at him, and her expression changed instantly. She drooled like a fool in love. "Handsome man... Big handsome man..."

The woman threw herself at him.

He pushed her away with a finger as the woman's fiancée arrived.

When her fiancée saw her embracing him, he immediately jumped up and slandered him as "the third party", then, unfortunately, Leng Zhiyuan passed by.

She saw the scene.

He couldn't forget her gaze then. She had both her hands in her pockets, and her usual braided hair was down and scattered over her shoulders. For the first time, she had the look that a woman should have.

She noticed the ruckus and went over when she saw the situation and saw that it was him. She sneered and gave him a contemptuous look as she said, "Third party".

He was so furious that he dumped the entangled fiancée and chased after her.

She realized that he was chasing her, so she walked faster and reached a bus station. She jumped agilely, got on a bus, and the bus sped away.

Through the glass window, he could see that she was chewing gum while giving him the middle finger.

F\*ck.

Fine, that Hong Kong woman probably doesn't know what f\*ck means. She will know it one day.

...

At the Ning family villa

Ning Qing watched the dark night outside the landing window. Her long eyelashes drooped. Another day passed.

It had already been half a month.