

Chapter 753

Only, in Yusra Lin's opinion, Ober was just a housekeeper here, and housekeepers were, to be frank, just higher-ranked servants, so it didn't matter if they were offended or not.

She didn't know that Ober was more than just a butler at this castle.

He was also the only family, relatives, elders, and even... benefactors that Gu Siqian had here.

Thus, Ober's status in the castle was high, even in the heart of Kuskan.

The moment she dared to offend Ober, she must not have thought about how hard the future would be.

But spare a thought, Ober is, after all, a man of character and quality.

So despite the heart's disdain for the woman in front of him, he kept a distant yet polite expression on his face and asked, "Miss Lin, what can I do for you?"

Yusra Lin was also a little embarrassed.

After all, he had only just gotten off someone's back, but now he was asking for something to be done, and it didn't look good anyhow.

But there was no other way for Yusra Lin to do it.

She had just gone to Gu Si Qian with the mindset that she was desperate and had to succeed, so she hadn't left herself a way out.

In her opinion, as long as she climbed up to Gu Si Qian and became his woman, what was an uncle?

Where does she fit in?

That's why she wasn't polite to Ober.

Who would have thought that Gu Siqian would be unmoved by her seductive teasing and, in the end, let her out in the dust.

Now she didn't dare to offend any of the servants in the castle, not to mention Ober, just any of them.

Therefore, at this time, she could only pile up a smile on her face, look at Uncle Ou, and said, "Uncle Ou, I'm sorry, just now... I bumped into you in the heat of the moment, I didn't mean to, you... didn't get angry with me, did you?"

Afterwards, he even watched Ober's face carefully.

But who is Ober?

Genuine, authentic British elite housekeepers trained and orthodox, with joy and anger as their basic operations.

So spare Yusra Lin's observation, she couldn't tell if Ober was really angry or not.

He only looked at her indifferently and said, "Miss Lin is joking, you are a guest here, I am the housekeeper here, where would you say you are angry? I'm just doing something for hire by Young Master for fear of breaking his rules, and since Young Master didn't say anything, I naturally won't have any opinion."

Yusra Lin was secretly relieved to hear him say that.

Immediately after, putting on a pleasant smile, he asked, "It's good that you're not angry, that Ober, just now a maid named Peach came running over to me, saying that you sent her to take care of me, is this... is it true?"

Ober still had that calm look on his face and said, "Yes."

Hope rose up in Yusra Lin's heart and her eyes lit up, "Is that your decision or Mr. Gu's decision."

Ober smiled a little.

"The castle is the young master's, and all the servants here are paid by the young master, so naturally this order was given by the young master as well."

Yusra Lin's eyes lit up completely.

The subconscious came out, "So, he's not kicking me out?"

Her expression of undisguised amusement fell upon Ober's eyes, causing him to look a little complicated.

This girl was still too simple.

You are so intent on taking advantage of others that you don't realize that every advantage you take has already been secretly priced by God.

In layman's terms, that's what it means to be out and always pay back.

But Ober didn't point it out, just bluntly.

"Miss Lin doesn't want to leave, so naturally the young master won't chase you away."

Saying that, he also raised his hand to look at the time on his wristwatch and said, "If Miss Lin doesn't have anything else, I'm going to get busy first, Young Master is still waiting for me."

As soon as Yusra Lin heard that it was Gu Siqian who had ordered him to do something, she didn't dare to delay his business.

"I'm fine, you go ahead and get busy, go ahead."

With that, Ober nodded and turned away.

After Ober left, Yusra Lin returned to the room.

It's not like it's not exciting on the inside.

I thought that after being rejected by Lu Siqian, I would lose all my face and would never have the chance to stay later.

But unexpectedly, a new village has opened up, and now they not only don't kick her out, but they leave her behind and send someone to take care of her.

What the hell is going on?

Has Gu Si Qian suddenly found his conscience and is willing to accept her?

This thought made Yusra Lin's heart grow more and more excited.

She turned to look out the window and saw that it was dark outside.

The lights were lit up, decorating the entire castle in a magnificent manner, like a paradise on earth.

Those hidden in the heart of the ** and expectation, it seems to be lit up with these lights, more and more incandescent, instantly filling the entire chest.

She couldn't help but curl her lip and smile.

Kusikan....

Red lips spit out the name softly, like a splash of honey, making the heart unconsciously sweet.

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At this time, Gu Siqian still didn't know that because of his own random decision, he had already made someone completely misunderstand and miss.

He finished the last bit of work and looked at the time, it was 10:00 at night.

The entire castle was brightly lit, and Gu Si Qian got up, moving his muscles and bones as he walked to the large floor-to-ceiling windows, looking out at the bustling lights, his eyes dark.

Just then, there was a knock on the study door from outside.

He shouted in a deep voice, "Get in!"

The door opened immediately, and Ober came in from the outside, holding a tray in his hand, on which was a small bowl of white porcelain jade, in which was a clear red and white soup, placed in front of him.

"Young Master, your medicine is ready."

Gu Si Qian nodded slightly, not even looking at the bowl of medicine.

Reaching up, I tilt my head and take a sip.

Ober handed over a clean handkerchief at the right time, and Gu Siqian took it, wiping the drug stains from his lips, but his eyes were still on the window, and asked in a soft voice, "What day tomorrow?"

Ober froze.

A slight lowering of the eyebrows before answering, "Twenty-three."

Twenty-three now....

In the meantime, the man's beautiful brow was slightly knitted, like a wind-blown crease on a strong pine and cypress branch, and he remained silent.

Ober had been serving beside him, hanging his head slightly, and had not spoken.

Half a dozen times before he heard a low sigh of relief.

"I know, you go down!"

Ober curtsied slightly and said yes respectfully, before taking the empty bowl and turning away.

The door to the study was quietly shut again.

The lights were bright, and Gu Siqian was still standing there, feeling as if his surroundings were suddenly empty even though nothing had changed.

He opened the window and let the cool night breeze hit his face.

Because the downstairs is the swimming pool, the wind seems to be mixed with the wetness of the pool water, and when it hits your face, your skin is cold.

Chapter 754

His heart, however, was inexplicably dull aching.

The dusty memories seemed to be suddenly uncovered at this moment, and the night breeze blew open the door of memory, turning out all those piercing past.

October 23, 2019.

One night, four years ago, a man had stood in the long, heavy rain and told him that she would come out on this day four years from now.

She would come over to him.

It's been four years, but he's always thought of that night on many occasions over the past four years.

Think of the girl's cool eyes and hardened face in that downpour.

Brightly thin as a sheet of paper that could be washed and broken at any moment in the rain, but those eyes, so calm, so determined, like indomitable steel, and like a leopard creeping about waiting for the best moment to strike him a fatal blow!

Gu Si Qian closed his eyes and recalled the scene in detail.

For a moment, a sudden snort of laughter came out.

I don't know if I'm laughing at her, or at myself.

Half a dozen times, he finally opened his eyes, which were already clear, then turned around and walked out without hesitation.

At the same time.

A women's prison three hundred kilometres away.

In the cold, damp cell, a thin figure sat quietly on the bed.

She bowed her head slightly, her short, ear-length hair covering half of her cheek, and the dim light shining down from the top of her head made it impossible to see her expression, but her fair, delicate chin was vaguely visible.

There was a cold, stern voice from the guard outside, "95201, your call!"

She raised her head, revealing a clear but cold face.

There was a pause as the guards looked on, before getting up and getting out of bed.

The cell door banged shut behind her and she held out her hands, allowing herself to be handcuffed before walking towards the mailroom on the other side.

A row of corded telephones was on the desk in the mailroom, and she walked over to one of them, picked up the flipped microphone and put it to her ear.

"Hello."

The exit voice, slightly husky, but s*xy and nice.

Across the street came the girl's clear voice, like a yellow warbler in spring, rushing full of joy, "Sis! You'll be out tomorrow, so I'll pick you up, okay?"

It was the voice of her half-sister, Tang Qi Qi.

Bella Qiao was stunned for a long moment.

Maybe it was because it had been too long since she had heard the voice, or maybe she didn't expect that after all these years, the notorious downward dog, who was notoriously beaten by everyone, would still be willing to pick her up after four years in jail.

About half a minute passed before she nodded softly, "Good."

The voice on the phone continued and was even happier because of her agreement, "You know what, sis? The Sobel's son drowned in an accident last year. He used to bully you. I told you he deserved to die! Surely the wicked are getting their comeuppance now!"

Kitty Qiao thought about it for about five or six seconds before she remembered who she was talking about as the Sobers' son.

It was her stepfather's neighbour, who used to try to get close to her when she was a little girl because he wanted her pretty face.

The boy wasn't very old, no more than two years older than her.

Teenagers like, always impulsive and awkward, first chased her for a while, saw her s*xually cold, bad chase, and refused to give up.

So they find all kinds of excuses, always bring a group of fox friends to make a little trouble for her, so as to attract her attention, expecting that they can leave some weight in her heart.

However, who is Bella Qiao?

The street tyrant who grew up on that street can avoid the Grinch who has been plotting against his stepfather's side of the street.

From a young age, it had been said that Bella Qiao, the girl, had more heart and was finer than a hair's breadth.

Don't expect to get a rise out of her unless she's blind and deaf and can't move her limbs.

Therefore, Bella Qiao, who had been smart and clever since childhood, saw right through the group of teenagers.

Naturally, it's not like you really take such people seriously.

In fact, although they had used countless tactics on her, they were all just petty thugs and other unorthodox methods that she could easily defuse without them seeing the slightest flaw.

So after all these years, if Tang Qi Qi hadn't brought it up, she wouldn't have even remembered that there was such a thing.

Thinking of this, she was silent for a moment and said, "Qi Qi, death is like the end of a lamp, let's forget about the past. Give yourself some credit."

Tang Qi Qi sniffed and really stopped continuing this topic.

Although the two sisters are from different fathers, they had a good relationship since childhood, and Tang Qiqi was still very young during the years when Bella Qiao's accident happened, so she didn't know much.

All she remembers is that when she was imprisoned, Tang Qi Qi cried and asked her why.

She said, "Go back and live your life!"

Then, without looking back, they let themselves be led away.

There was no way to tell her the unspoken reasons why the love-hate relationship between adults should not be inflicted on a child in the end.

Besides....

Not knowing what she remembered, Bella Qiao's eyes darkened, and they gradually turned cold.

There was a response to Tang Qi Qi's hot voice on the phone, until she finished, then she returned, "That's it for now, we'll talk about anything tomorrow."

Only then did Tang Qi Qi end his lively conversation on the phone and reluctantly hung up.

Georgie put down the handset and turned around.

The guard who managed her was standing just a short distance behind her, saw her finish her speech, came up and pulled her into the cell.

She'd served four years here, and the guard in charge of her had been this one.

A middle-aged woman in her mid-forties, with high cheekbones, hanging eyes, and a fierce face, but an actual good heart.

She took Bella Qiao with her and said as she walked to the cell: "I heard that you were locked up for manslaughter."

Bella Qiao stared ahead and replied softly, "Understood."

The door to the cell opened and she entered.

Turning, she held out her hands and allowed the guard to unlock her handcuffs.

Then, with a faint quirk of the lips, he smiled at her and said, "Thank you."

The guard was stunned.

She looked up at her and for a moment was dazzled by that warm but serene smile.

Obviously, she was still wearing that worn-out prison uniform, and her face was still as usual, as cold as water without any waves.

But at that moment, it was as if she saw the radiant bloom of a diffuse flower.

Four years in prison and I can't believe I'm seeing her smile for the first time.

Chapter 755

The guards didn't think much of it.

After all, for the past four years, Georgie has been so good.

So well behaved that it's not like a vicious criminal at all, but like a gentle sister next door, the kind you can't help but pamper.

She couldn't help but sigh in her heart sometimes, and look what a nice girl she was!

It's just raw and ruined.

While comforting Georgie, she would also say that she was still young and had a lot of hope and possibilities for the future.

But in the back of her mind, she understands that if a person walks in jail once, or for a crime like murder, how can it not affect her future even if she gets out later?

She sighed at the thought.

After Jackie released the handcuffs, she went back inside the cell and sat back on the bed.

The guard locked the door and turned to leave.

The cell was quiet again.

She sat there quietly, her legs crossed, her body thin and pitifully weak, but looking into a person's eyes, she somehow felt resilient.

Like an indomitable pine, it stands firm even through the frost.

She hung her head slightly and remained silent for I don't know how long, but then she suddenly reached out, felt under her pillow for a pencil, and began to write and draw on the small, white wall next to her bed.

Seemingly messy lines, and letters and numbers that are often hard to read.

It was put together extremely quickly by her and finally converted to an answer she wanted.

At the end of the day, looking at that result on the wall, she narrowed her eyes and her lips quirked up.

Four years, exactly fourteen hundred and sixty days.

She had done nothing but this one thing.

She believed that this one thing alone would be enough to revive herself and completely turn over a new leaf after her release.

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Time passes.

In the blink of an eye, it was the next day.

The day she was officially released from prison.

In the morning, Georgie woke up to the sound of the bugle, got up, and quickly washed up before heading out for breakfast with the rest of her cellmates.

Thanks to the Tang family's dealings back then, serving four years in prison, life wasn't much better, but she didn't suffer much bullying in prison.

Moreover, because of her special case, the prison has prepared a special cell for her and is holding her incommunicado.

It seemed like a punishment for her, after all, and independent detention meant that she was pretty much alone the rest of the time, except for meals and release time.

Four years, over a thousand days and nights, and not even a single person to talk to.

This matter would be unbearable for any normal person.

But in reality, for a person of Bella Qiao's s*x, it didn't matter if there was anyone to talk to.

Anyway, she wasn't a talkative person in the first place, living alone, it was rather quiet.

Also, it's better for her to do certain things.

The corner of Georgie's mouth quirked up at the thought.

After breakfast, it will be time to get out of jail.

But before that can happen, there are a series of formalities to go through.

Everyone knew she was out today, and the inmates congratulated her after breakfast.

Although she hadn't lived with them all these years and hadn't interacted with them much, there hadn't been many friends in this place.

I'm not sure how much I like her, but I don't hate her, either.

Now that she's going out, she'll naturally drop by to congratulate twice.

Jackie didn't say anything, accepting each and every one of them.

After breakfast, he was called over by the guards watching over him to check out of jail.

And now, the other side.

Almost everyone in the castle felt a low pressure from someone this morning.

The early morning sun came in through the windows, brightening the room, but still not penetrating the gloom of someone's heart.

At that moment, he was sitting at his desk, staring at a copy of a document on his computer.

That document, still open half an hour ago, but until half an hour had passed, not a page of the document had been turned.

Ober came in from outside with the medicine and put it in front of him.

Looking at him with concern, he said, "Young Master, are you alright?"

Kuskan came back to his senses.

Sharp eyes landed on Ober's face, slightly dazed for a few seconds before he reacted and shook his head.

"Nothing."

I said, picking up the bowl of medicine and tilting my head back to drink it in one gulp.

Ober sighed.

"You've been drinking this medicine for a while now, but it hasn't improved, and I don't know when Dr. Gong will come over again..."

"I'm fine."

Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Gu Siqian.

Put your fingers on the mouse, drag the indicator on the screen, and then say quietly, "If you have nothing to do, get out."

Ober saw that the valley owed his words.

But in the end, I didn't bother much, put the empty bowl back on the tray and turned out with it.

As soon as he left the house, he saw Yusra Lin standing there at one end of the corridor, looking expectantly at something.

Ober couldn't help but frown.

Ever since the last incident, his impression of Yusra Lin had been completely bad.

This woman, not only had a bad heart, but also tried to get close to the young master several times, but anyone with a discerning eye could tell at a glance what she was up to.

Ober wasn't a stubborn old man, not to mention the fact that there hadn't been any women around Gu Siqian all these years, making him worried as well.

But that doesn't mean that he'll be sick and tired of it.

Before, he had only thought of Yusra Lin as a poor girl, even if she was sold to this place, it wasn't her fault in the end.

But later, her behavior, and those manifestations of a lack of hope for the valley, caused Ober to change his mind about her completely.

So how come there's a saying that the poor man must be hated?

She was kidnapped and sold here, and it's true that she was bullied after several ups and downs, but it's also true that she herself is not only ungrateful to Gu Siqian, who saved her life, but also delusional in trying to achieve her own goals by climbing the dragon and phoenix.

She even went so far as to use her savior to get what she wanted.

Heh. A woman like this, who wants to climb into the young master's bed, is she worthy?

Ober scowled inwardly, but kept his face quiet.

Walking over, he asked, "Miss Lin, what are you doing here? Is something wrong? Young Master is busy, so if it's not something urgent, it's best not to disturb him."

Yusra Lin was new to the city before yesterday, when she didn't know Ober's true identity, nor did she know that Gu Siqian relied on him and trusted him so much.

So much for offending him.

It was only later when she returned that she learned of his position in the castle from the maid, Peach, who had long since repented.