

Ex's Brother 91

Chapter 91: You're Really Ruthless

"Brother Mu..." Qiao Jiuyin's teary eyes revealed her grievance.

She blankly stared at Fang Mu, who was kneeling in front of the tombstone, and asked him in a panic, "What are you doing?"

Fang Mu finally turned toward her.

He looked at this shameless substitute and thought about how he had mistaken a viper for a beauty for the past few months. He even gave her two children. It all made him feel terrible.

Before Xiao Sheng's corpse had even turned cold, he had brought her sister into the marriage hall. Not even three months later, he had given the imposter two children...

This was a betrayal!

The sisters were distinguishable. How could he not tell?

After living together for the past few months, Fang Mu had noticed some unusual things about Qiao Jiuyin, but he had always ignored them.

Now that he knew the truth, Fang Mu wished he could stab himself in the eyes.

When he turned his head, Qiao Jiuyin finally saw his face.

Fang Mu's handsome face was still as good-looking as ever. However, his eyes, which usually held sharpness and coolness, were red and no longer as calm as before. Qiao Jiuyin looked into his eyes,

which were now filled with pain and hatred, and the words that were about to come out of her mouth got stuck in her throat.

“...” She thought of something, and her face turned as pale as death.

Does he know?

“Brother Mu, I...” Qiao Jiuyin tried to explain as she tried to get close to him.

Just as her hand was about to grip his sleeve, Fang Mu suddenly stretched out his right hand, closed his fingers, and tightly gripped Qiao Jiuyin’s throat.

Kill her!

Xiao Sheng would only rest in peace if this woman dies.

“Ugh!”

Fang Mu grabbed Qiao Jiuyin’s Adam’s apple, and she was in pain and shock.

However, her fear far surpassed the pain.

“Brother... Brother Mu, don’t... don’t kill me...” Qiao Jiuyin pleaded intermittently. Tears rolled down the corners of her eyes.

Fang Mu’s eyes turned even redder when he heard her calling him Brother Mu.

“Shut up!

“Who gave you the right to call me that!

“You’re not her! You don’t have the right to call me that! Qiao Jiuyin, you’re her biological sister! Didn’t she treat you well? Did she treat you badly? Whenever she came across anything good in her life, she would try her best to give it to you. Yet, before we could even find her corpse after she died, you were already busy replacing her! You’re really ruthless! Qiao Jiuyin, you’re really ruthless...”

His angry roar eradicated the last bit of hope in Qiao Jiuyin’s heart.

The hand locked around her throat tightened.

Fang Mu’s eyes were as cold as ice.

Qiao Jiuyin could sense that he really wanted to kill her regardless of the consequences.

A doubt flashed past her mind.

How did he know?

At this moment, her life was on the line, and Qiao Jiuyin had no time to think about this. She only knew that if she did not beg for mercy, Fang Mu would really kill her.

“Fang Mu, I’m Xiao Sheng’s sister.” She finally took the initiative to tear off her disguise.

She had had enough of playing Qiao Jiusheng.

Admitting that she was Qiao Jiuyin actually relieved her.

Xiao Sheng’s sister.

These words became Qiao Jiuyin’s bargaining chip to live.

She had used this face, which was the same as Qiao Jiusheng's, to marry the person she loved. Now, she used Fang Mu's memory of Qiao Jiusheng to beg for mercy from the person she loved.

How pathetic!

How hateful!

Fang Mu's hateful eyes stared at Qiao Jiuyin's face, which was the same as his beloved's. He hysterically scolded her, "You also know that you're her sister? When you stole her beloved, why didn't you stop to think that you were her sister?"

"How could you remain calm when facing your grandfather and elder brother?!"

Chapter 92: Aren't You Afraid of Nightmares?

Qiao Jiuyin's face turned red.

She was about to breathe her last breath.

However, after hearing Fang Mu's complaint, she calmed down.

"I did it because, because I love, love you." Qiao Jiuyin's eyes slowly widened and started to roll back. "I love you. Almost, for almost seven years. I loved you, yet I couldn't... say anything. I could only see you care for her... We look the same, and I only met you a month later than her. W-why could she... get your love? Yet, in your eyes, I was always an invisible person..."

"Brother Mu, if I had known that loving you would be so painful, I would've wished that I had never known you."

What could she do?

She had met him and loved him like a madman.

She had loved him for six to seven years.

At first, she wanted to watch him and Xiao Sheng happily live until they were old. Some people's love was restrained, while others were like drugs; addictive, crazy, and uncontrollable. Qiao Jiuyin originally thought that her love for Fang Mu was restrained, but she was wrong. She was a demon of greed.

In the past, when she had thought that her graduation was coming and that Fang Mu had been about to propose to Xiao Sheng, she had realized something. If she did not take the initiative, she would only be an invisible person in front of Fang Mu for the rest of her life.

She also wanted Fang Mu to care about her. Not as the sister of his lover, but as his lover, his wife!

When Fang Mu heard the word "love," he suddenly retracted his hand. As if he had touched shit in the toilet, he kept wiping his hand at the side of his pants.

Qiao Jiuyin fell to the stone floor and clutched her chest, coughing violently.

She looked pathetically funny as she gasped for fresh air.

"You love me?" Fang Mu seemed to have heard a joke.

"Your so-called love can only move yourself. Who else would be touched by it?" Fang Mu looked at her bruised face and sarcastically smiled. "Qiao Jiuyin, your love doesn't move me. Your love only makes me feel disgusted."

Qiao Jiuyin closed her eyes, but she could not stop her tears from falling.

“Are you crying?” Fang Mu looked at her tears in a daze.

Qiao Jiuyin looked at him and cried speechlessly.

Fang Mu stretched out his left index finger and pointed at the tombstone. He asked Qiao Jiuyin, “Aren’t you afraid of being plagued by nightmares while crying in front of Xiao Sheng’s grave?”

Qiao Jiuyin was stunned.

She slowly turned her head and looked at the grave.

Even though she knew that Xiao Sheng was still alive and watching her in the dark, she was afraid. She was probably feeling guilty. Or perhaps, the scene of Qiao Jiusheng being flung out of the car and falling into the river valley was too unforgettable for her. At this moment, when she suddenly thought of it, she felt especially agitated.

Unknowingly, her tears stopped falling.

Suddenly, Fang Mu roughly raised Qiao Jiuyin’s left hand.

She looked up in surprise and saw Fang Mu trying to remove the ring on her ring finger.

Qiao Jiuyin’s expression suddenly changed.

“NO!”

She curled up her fingers and squeezed them tightly.

Fang Mu pulled her fingers out of his palm one by one. Qiao Jiuyin bitterly struggled, but in the end, Fang Mu still managed to straighten her ring finger. He grabbed the wedding ring on her finger and quickly peeled it off her fingertips.

“Ah!”

Qiao Jiuyin’s fingers ached.

Fang Mu lowered his head as his heart turned cold.

As the size of the ring was just right, Fang Mu had taken off the ring too quickly. His actions were too rough as well. He had torn Qiao Jiuyin’s skin at the middle joint of her ring finger. A small piece of skin connected to the finger, both skin and flesh, were lacerated. It looked very bloody.

“Brother Mu, you...” Qiao Jiuyin let the blood drip on the stone slab, her eyes dazed.

Is he so eager to cut ties with me?

Fang Mu shouted at her, “Get lost. Talking to you in front of her grave is an insult to her.”

Qiao Jiuyin looked at Fang Mu in a daze. She forgot how to speak and stopped moving.

Without hearing Qiao Jiuyin get up, Fang Mu suddenly turned his head. Two icy blades shot out of his eyes as he glared at Qiao Jiuyin. He then roared at her from the depths of his throat, “Get lost!”

Qiao Jiuyin trembled from head to toe. She held her injured fingers and stood up trembling. Then, she turned around and controlled her two weak legs to escape Fang Mu’s vision.

Chapter 93: Heartbroken Tears Before the Grave

The entire world was silent.

Fang Mu turned around, but didn't stop kneeling.

He looked up at the tombstone and swept his gaze across the words "Qiao Jiuyin" and the familiar face.

He did not even have the right to write "Fang Mu's wife" on her tombstone.

Fang Mu dug a pit in the grass in front of the tombstone with his bare hands. He placed the ring he took from Qiao Jiuyin's hand into the pit and covered it with soil to hide it. After doing all this, he straightened his back and leaned over to kiss the cold tombstone.

A moment later, Fang Mu softly said, "I'm sorry, Xiao Sheng. Brother Mu let you down."

His voice fell, but no reply came.

Fang Mu suddenly realized.

Xiao Sheng has really passed away.

This realization made his heart ache.

Pa!

Pa!

A few tears fell on the stone floor. Fang Mu slowly lowered his head and saw the drops of water in front of him.

He hesitantly raised his hand and touched his eyes.

He felt warmth.

It wasn't that he was being uncouth. It was more that he was in disbelief.

Why am I crying?

He haphazardly wiped his eyes, but could not hold back his tears.

After wiping his eyes a few more times, Fang Mu suddenly collapsed. He knocked his head hard on the stone slab and whimpered for Xiao Sheng. He lowered his head and did not raise it for a long time.

"Ah Wei, we have an emergency patient."

"Where's Teacher?"

"Chief Chen had to perform an operation in the morning. It's not over yet."

"Okay."

At the Medical University, Wei Shuyi was Teacher Chen Anyuan's student. Teacher Chen was not only an especially-invited lecturer at Binjiang Medical University, but he was also an attending physician in the Cardiothoracic Department of this private hospital. Before becoming a teacher, Wei Shuyi had been a doctor for a period. Later on, because of some matters, he became a teacher.

Nevertheless, whenever he got time, he would come to the hospital to help his teacher. This time as well, he put on his white coat and went to Teacher Chen's office.

The patient from the Emergency Department did not seem to be seriously injured. After all, her posture was tidy. Moreover, she elegantly sat with her back facing him.

Wei Shuyi said as he quickly walked over to her, "Hello, are you feeling unwell?"

When he reached the patient, the patient happened to look up and greet him. She said, "Doctor, please treat my wound."

Wei Shuyi lowered his head to look at the patient's wound. However, his gaze first fell on the patient's face.

When he saw that face, his eyes slightly changed.

Qiao Jiuyin saw that the doctor was staring at her face, and she thought that she had not tidied up her appearance. She used her right hand to sweep away the strands of hair on her forehead and forced out a smile. Then, she said, "I accidentally injured my hand. Please help me deal with it, Doctor."

"What happened?" Wei Shuyi stared at the wound on Qiao Jiuyin's ring finger and frowned.

Qiao Jiuyin's expression did not change. She only said, "I met a robber while shopping."

It was useless to say anymore. Wei Shuyi understood this.

"Don't wear too expensive jewelry when you shop." He took out an antiseptic, a gauze, and scissors. After saying this, he smiled again and joked, "But expensive and beautiful accessories exist to show off."

Qiao Jiuyin laughed. "You're right, Doctor."

"This might hurt a little. Just bear with it."

He poured the antiseptic solution on her ring finger and saw her frown. Qiao Jiuyin gasped in pain, and a painful expression appeared on her face. However, Wei Shuyi's expression did not change.

After putting the flesh back on the wound, Wei Shuyi bandaged the wound and reminded Qiao Jiuyin to take note of it.

Qiao Jiuyin listened and silently remembered.

The treatment finished quickly.

Qiao Jiuyin thanked Wei Shuyi and left.

Wei Shuyi took off his gloves and walked out of the office. Chief Wu's assistant, Xiao Gao, hurriedly walked over and joked with him, "This patient looks rigorous!"

Wei Shuyi glanced at Xiao Gao and said, "People who only look at others' appearances are superficial."

"Fine, fine! How can you, the Immortal Wei, understand the thoughts of ordinary people like us?" Xiao Gao shook his head, but he then heard Wei Shuyi say beside him, "In the future, there's no need to trouble Teacher with such minor injuries."

Xiao Gao curled his lips.

Wei Shuyi walked away. Xiao Gao stared at his back and silently thought. He remained indifferent even when he saw such a beautiful lady. Is he really a man?

Chapter 94: Fang Yusheng's Dream

Qiao Jiusheng's phone rarely rang.

Only a handful of people knew her phone number.

Therefore, when her phone rang in the afternoon, she thought that it was Fang Yusheng. This puzzled her. It's late at night on Fang Yusheng's end. Why is he awake in the middle of the night? She picked up her phone. However, when she saw that it was Wei Shuyi, she was shocked.

"Brother Wei?" Qiao Jiusheng asked in confusion. "Why did you call me?"

Wei Shuyi said, "I saw Second Madam Fang today."

Qiao Jiusheng exclaimed in surprise, "Her?" She asked again, "Where did you see her?"

"The hospital."

Qiao Jiusheng laughed and teased Wei Shuyi in a good mood. "Why? Did you go to the Gynecology Department for an internship recently?"

Wei Shuyi could not understand her laughter.

After Qiao Jiusheng finished laughing, he calmly said, "She's injured."

Raising her eyebrows in surprise, Qiao Jiusheng leisurely asked, "Is it serious?"

"No. It's a minor injury."

It's just a small injury. There's no need for Wei Shuyi to call me about it.

There's definitely something odd about this injury.

"What exactly are you trying to tell me?"

"I found something interesting. Guess where she's injured?" Wei Shuyi asked her.

Qiao Jiusheng rolled her eyes.

How would I know where Qiao Jiuyin is injured? I'm not clairvoyant.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just say it."

"Her left hand." Wei Shuyi paused and said, "The ring finger."

Qiao Jiusheng's expression subtly changed.

The position of this injury is worth thinking about.

"Her ring is missing. She told me a robber stole it while she was shopping."

She's lying.

The corners of Qiao Jiusheng's lips twitched. She realized that something must have happened between Qiao Jiuyin and Fang Mu. Perhaps, Fang Mu took the ring.

After hanging up the phone, Qiao Jiusheng walked to the wooden chair in the backyard of the house. She thoughtfully sat down.

Leaning against the wooden chair, she crossed her arms and looked up at the sky.

Why did Fang Mu take off Qiao Jiuyin's ring?

From Wei Shuyi's description, she could guess that Fang Mu had been rough when he had taken the ring off Qiao Jiuyin's finger. In what situation will people become so rough?

In extreme anger!

What could make Fang Mu angry at Qiao Jiuyin?

Even after mulling over it, Qiao Jiusheng still could not think of a possibility other than the one where Fang Mu had discovered that Qiao Jiuyin had replaced “Qiao Jiusheng” to marry him.

If Fang Mu has discovered that Qiao Jiuyin is not Qiao Jiusheng, what will he do when he finds out the truth?

Qiao Jiusheng closed her eyes and suddenly looked forward to it.

Suddenly, Auntie Jin shouted, “Madam, Young Master Yusheng is calling.”

“I’m here.”

Qiao Jiusheng picked up the phone and asked, “Why aren’t you sleeping at night? Are you calling just to chat?”

The other end of the call fell silent for a second, then Fang Yusheng’s hoarse voice came through. “I had a terrifying dream just now.”

“You dreamed that you opened your safe and realized that the money had disappeared?” Qiao Jiusheng could not imagine what dream could be scarier than this.

After all, Fang Yusheng valued wealth as much as his life.

Fang Yusheng was speechless.

After a while, he said in a muffled voice, “No, I dreamed of you.”

“Oh, so it’s a nightmare even if it’s a dream about me.” Qiao Jiusheng deliberately said those words.

She was still smiling when she heard Fang Yusheng say, “I dreamed that you were locked in a small house with chains on your hands and feet. You had lost your hair, were as thin as a skeleton, and were also missing a tongue.”

Fang Yusheng sighed and asked her, “Do you think this is a nightmare?”

Qiao Jiusheng’s blood turned cold.

Chapter 95: Let’s Get a Divorce

Why did he dream of the miserable situation of my previous life?

Qiao Jiusheng did not remember her and Fang Yusheng meeting in her previous life.

She moved her lips, then said with difficulty, “Fang Yusheng.”

“I’m here.” Fang Yusheng had yet to wake up from his sorrow. He sounded somewhat down, and this made Qiao Jiusheng feel terrible.

She forced a smile and said to Fang Yusheng, “I’m still young and beautiful. What are you dreaming about? Are you looking forward to that?” She pretended to be relaxed.

Fang Yu heaved a sigh of relief.

He naturally hoped she would be well.

Since she was still young, this made the “Qiao Jiusheng” in his dream seem too miserable in comparison.

“I’m still busy here, so I’ll hang up first. Let’s talk next time.” Without waiting for Fang Yusheng to answer, Qiao Jiusheng hung up the phone. She was afraid that Fang Yusheng would discover that her mood was off.

After ending the call, she held the telephone, her eyes glassy.

Aunt Jin saw that Qiao Jiusheng’s emotions were a little off, so she softened her tone and asked with concern, “Madam, what’s wrong?”

Qiao Jiusheng shook her head and said, “I’m a little vexed. I’ll go upstairs to rest.”

Aunt Jin watched Qiao Jiusheng go upstairs. She was still a little worried.

Fang Yusheng held his phone and sat on the bed alone. His eyes were wrapped in a white bandage. He was still thinking about that dream.

What a strange dream!

Ah Sheng is still young. So why did I dream about the her in her later years?

The strange thing was that in his dream, he did not know that the woman was Qiao Jiusheng. However, when he woke up, he clearly knew that the miserable woman was Qiao Jiusheng. Actually, he had not told Qiao Jiusheng the complete dream. He actually dreamed a follow-up to that dream.

Fang Yusheng vaguely remembered that he was not blind in this dream. When his people discovered the miserable woman, no one knew her identity. They only knew that the Second Young Mistress had locked her up. Fang Yusheng ordered his people to investigate her identity, but they found nothing.

Someone then asked him how to deal with the woman since the Second Young Mistress had departed. After thinking about it, Fang Yusheng asked the old lady who had been taking care of the woman for a long time to bring her out of the house and admit her into a nursing home.

For some reason, he was always worried about the woman's condition. Hence, every year after that incident, he would donate a sum of money to the nursing home's dean. He would ask the dean to care for and accompany the miserable old woman who had lost her tongue.

Fang Yusheng touched his chest. It hurts.

He felt sad.

The reason for his sadness was not that the woman in his dream looked scary. He was sad that he had not recognized her and did not protect her well.

"It's just a dream." Fang Yusheng sighed and lay down again. However, no matter how much he tossed and turned, he could not fall asleep.

In the afternoon, Qiao Jiuyin dejectedly returned home.

Usually, when Fang Mu was at work, only she and the servants were at home. But today, Qiao Jiuyin stood in the wide and open hall of the villa. She looked up at the big house and felt that it was too empty.

It was empty and cold.

"Madam, why did you get hospitalized today?" The woman responsible for taking care of Qiao Jiuyin's food and clothes was a little surprised to see her return.

She had heard about Qiao Jiuyin's experience at the hospital the previous day.

Naturally, she had thought that Qiao Jiuyin would stay in the hospital for a few more days.

"I'm fine, so I'll go back first." As she spoke, Qiao Jiuyin planned to get a cup of water.

When they brushed past each other, the woman noticed that Qiao Jiuyin's hand was wrapped in gauze. She could not help but ask in surprise, "Madam, are you injured?"

Qiao Jiuyin was just about to say that she was fine when she heard the woman nagging something. "Sir loves you so much. When he comes back, his heart will ache on seeing you injured. Sir looks cold, but he cares about you deep down."

Qiao Jiuyin bitterly smiled.

If not for this face that looks exactly like Qiao Jiusheng's, he probably would not have looked at me.

Without saying anything, Qiao Jiuyin went into the kitchen to pour a cup of water. Just as she took a sip, she heard the butler's voice come from the door. "Sir, you're back."

A shadow walked inside the house. Qiao Jiuyin looked up and saw Fang Mu's cold face.

"Everyone, leave," Fang Mu said to the others.

No one dared to make a sound. They lowered their heads, went out, stood outside the door, and looked at each other.

Only Fang Mu and Qiao Jiuyin were left in the room.

Qiao Jiuyin looked at Fang Mu's dark face and got a hunch that what he was about to say was not something she could withstand.

“Qiao Jiuyin, divorce.”

As expected.

Upon hearing this, Qiao Jiuyin, who felt like she had been sentenced to death, was no longer nervous and panicked. She calmly smiled, but her eyes were red. “Even if I use the children as a bargaining chip, you’re still determined to divorce, right?”

Fang Mu looked at her stomach in disdain and remained unmoved.

His reaction gave Qiao Jiuyin an answer.

“I understand.”

Qiao Jiuyin put down the cup and walked past Fang Mu to leave the kitchen.

Fang Mu frowned and turned to look at her back. He coldly said, “Let’s talk about the divorce agreement.”

He’s really impatient.

The last hope in Qiao Jiuyin’s heart completely died down.

“Talk?” She turned around and expressionlessly looked at Fang Mu. In the end, she said, “But I don’t plan to be a single mother.”

Fang Mu frowned. “You’re unwilling to divorce?”

“Of course, I am.” How could she stand tall if everyone knew what she had done?

“You can’t refuse,” Fang Mu said.

“Ha...” Qiao Jiuyin walked up to Fang Mu step by step. She looked up at him and suddenly flashed a sadistic smile at him. “Brother Mu, you can’t divorce me.”

Sarcasm appeared in Fang Mu’s eyes. He said, “I don’t care what others think, nor do I care about cutting off all business contact with your Qiao family.”

Qiao Jiuyin asked, “Then, will you care if the entire world knows about your past?”

Chapter 96: You Can’t Help Me

Fang Mu’s expression did not change. He only looked at her with a pair of cold eyes.

Qiao Jiuyin got a little afraid of his gaze.

She tried to straighten her chest, opened her lips, and said an unfamiliar name, “Cheng Ke.”

Fang Mu’s pupils shrank.

Qiao Jiuyin saw the corners of his mouth slowly curl into a strange and cruel smile.

Fang Mu felt fury rise within his heart.

Qiao Jiuyin then heard Fang Mu say in a treacherous tone that he had never used before, “Qiao Jiuyin, I really admire you.” He walked closer to her and raised his hand. Qiao Jiuyin subconsciously closed her eyes, thinking that he was going to be rough.

Fang Mu stretched out a long finger and lifted the messy strands of hair on her forehead. He played with them.

“You’re wasting your talent by using your shrewdness and tricks on trivial matters like playing house.”

Hearing his sarcastic words, Qiao Jiuyin fearfully gulped.

Fang Mu suddenly bent down and placed his head beside hers. Qiao Jiuyin heard him say in a gentle tone, “You’re really smart. So smart that I would feel uneasy if I didn’t kill you.”

She trembled at once. Qiao Jiuyin endured the fear in her heart and pretended to be calm. Keeping up a shrewd exterior, she said to Fang Mu, “Even if you kill me, you can’t destroy what I’ve seen.”

Fang Mu’s expression froze.

A successful but bitter smile appeared on Qiao Jiuyin’s weak and pale face. “I took pictures of everything you’ve done.”

Fang Mu narrowed his eyes. His murderous gaze held some consideration.

“If anything happens to me, someone will naturally expose your exciting past to the world.” Qiao Jiuyin turned her head and looked at Fang Mu’s well-defined and handsome side profile. The smile on her lips became smugger and smugger. “Brother Mu, you can’t do anything to me.”

“You’re really smart and bold.” Fang Mu helplessly sighed and retreated.

He stared at Qiao Jiuyin for a long time, then said, “Do your job as the Second Young Mistress. If I find out that you leaked any information, there will be no Qiao Jiuyin in this world.” After he finished speaking, he thoughtfully stared at her stomach and went upstairs.

With her back facing the living room, Qiao Jiuyin heard Fang Mu’s footsteps disappear. She then heaved a sigh of relief and slowly slid down while holding the kitchen counter.

Her back felt cold. Qiao Jiuyin reached out to touch it and felt the cold sweat.

The dark house lit up as bright as a day.

The haggard-looking man narrowed his eyes and stared at the man walking toward him.

Fang Mu stood outside the glass wall. He opened the small window and glanced at the man lying on the ground, who had new and old scars all over his body. Fang Mu's gaze was filled with disdain.

The old man looked at Fang Mu. He was so dispirited that he seemed lifeless.

In his many years of imprisonment, when he first saw Fang Mu, he was afraid and begged for mercy. Now, his heart was as dead as ashes.

"Let me ask you," Fang Mu said.

The old man looked up and glanced at him without saying a word.

Fang Mu said again, "Other than me, has anyone else been here?"

The old man frowned. He thought about what Fang Mu meant.

Other people?

He suddenly smiled.

“Fang Mu.” Due to him screaming for too many years, the old man’s voice had become sharp and ear-piercing. He suddenly smiled. “You thought that you had locked me up here without anyone knowing, but you didn’t know that you had been discovered long ago!

“It’s so good! Fang Mu, you have done all sorts of evil. The world is finally going to know your true colors.

“Hahaha, everyone discovering your past. Just thinking of that scene is worth it even if I die!”

Chapter 97: Sore Spot

Fang Mu ignored the old man’s sarcasm.

From this conversation, he had confirmed one thing. People other than him had indeed come here.

“Was it a woman?” Fang Mu asked again.

The old man continued to smile.

He laughed for a long time.

“Why should I tell you?” He laughed until tears fell out of his eyes. Under the light, his aged face was covered in tears. This sight looked miserable and scary. When the old man saw that his words and actions did not affect Fang Mu, he stopped laughing.

“Useless!”

He raised his head and looked at the ceiling. Then, he said, “She was really a beauty.” He smacked his lips as if he were reminiscing. He sighed again and said, “To be honest, that woman is superb. She’s even more delicious than when your mother was young and pretty.”

It was unknown what the man said touched Fang Mu's sore spot and agitated him. However, as he stood outside the glass wall, Fang Mu's face suddenly darkened.

He removed the whip from the wall, opened the glass door, and strode in.

Then, he picked up the skinny man and whipped him.

In the beginning, the man even screamed twice. However, he then ran out of energy and simply lay on the ground like a dead pig, allowing Fang Mu to abuse him.

Fang Mu threw away the whip when his right hand got tired.

He expressionlessly looked at the man on the ground and asked in a cold tone, "Cheng Ke, have you forgotten the feeling of being assaulted by a group?"

Cheng Ke's body froze, and his expression suddenly became fearful. "Don't! Don't do that to me again."

Cheng Ke had been insulted too many times over the years, yet every time this happened, he wished he were dead.

Fang Mu sneered. "Then control your mouth. Don't let me hear you say things you shouldn't."

Cheng Ke immediately nodded.

Fang Mu straightened his tie and sleeves, then walked out of the glass house.

He opened a cabinet in the corner and took out the medicine for external wounds. After putting on his gloves, Fang Mu walked back into the glass house and tore open the man's clothes. He disinfected the wounds on his body, sprinkled the medicine on the wounds, and wrapped the man in bandages.

The man groaned throughout the entire process, but Fang Mu remained calm.

After doing all this, he stood up and glanced at the man called Cheng Ke before walking out.

Cheng Ke heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the sound of the glass door being locked.

All these years, whenever Fang Mu was in a bad mood or a good mood, he would come to find trouble Cheng Ke him. He would beat him every time, then apply medicine on his wounds. Fang Mu wanted him to live, live a life worse than death. There were no methods more unbearable than this torture.

It was better to live than to die. Cheng Ke had gotten used to and become resistant to these attacks. Today's beating was nothing to him.

He hoped that he could walk out of this dungeon one day and kill Fang Mu.

Saturday night was the day of the Fang family's fixed gathering.

Qiao Jiusheng walked into the main hall of the main house. She greeted Xu Pingfei and Fang Pingjue first. Suddenly, she noticed that Fang Yuqing was in a low mood, so she walked over to her and asked, "Qingqing, are you unhappy?"

Fang Yuqing stopped looking dejected and forced out a smile. "No."

Although she was smiling, her eyes were filled with hurt.

Qiao Jiusheng stared at her face, and a puzzled expression appeared on her face.

What's going on? She looks like a girl who has just fallen out of love.

Qiao Jiusheng thought that she was late. When she arrived, she realized that Fang Mu and Qiao Jiuyin were not there yet. Everyone waited for the two of them. It was almost seven o'clock when Fang Mu finally arrived at the hall. Everyone was surprised to see that he was alone.

Chapter 98: Wei Xin's Invitation

"Where's your Jiusheng?" Since both of her daughters-in-law's names had the word "Sheng," Xu Pingfei now called their names to differentiate them.

Fang Mu coldly said, "Resting at home."

Since he was always this cold, no one sensed anything unusual from his words.

Qiao Jiusheng stared at Fang Mu's face and revealed a thoughtful expression.

She understood Fang Mu. After all, she had loved him for many years.

Other people could not tell, but she could. When Xu Pingfei had mentioned Qiao Jiuyin just now, Qiao Jiusheng had seen a flash of gloom in Fang Mu's eyes.

The dinner was especially quiet and peaceful.

The one in charge of setting up a lively atmosphere in the past, Qiao Jiuyin, had not come today. The smiling Fang Yuqing had also become mute tonight. The young master who loved to cause trouble was far away in America. Among the youngsters at the table, Fang Mu was not familiar with his sister-in-law, Qi Yunsheng. Coupled with the differences between men and women, he naturally did not have any words to say to her.

Qiao Jiusheng was not used to such silence.

After dinner, even Fang Mu could not leave too early.

Everyone sat together and pretended to talk about their daily lives.

The servants boiled tea, cut some fruits, and brought them over. Qiao Jiusheng wanted to make Fang Yuqing happy, so she sat with the girl and conversed about topics young girls would be interested in. As she heard her sister-in-law speak, Fang Yuqing forced herself to stay awake.

When Fang Yuqing went to the toilet, Qiao Jiusheng saw that Fang Mu had kept his hands in his trouser pockets the entire time. Her eyes flashed as she picked up a cup of tea. She handed it to Fang Mu and said, "Second Brother, have a cup of hot tea to warm your stomach."

Fang Mu looked up.

He took the teacup and thanked her.

When he reached for the teacup, Qiao Jiusheng quickly glanced at his hand.

He was still wearing a ring.

This is strange. Could it be that a robber really stole Qiao Jiuyin's ring?

After drinking some hot tea, Fang Mu got up, greeted her, and left. Qiao Jiusheng felt bored, so she stood up to leave.

"Sister-in-law."

However, she had just walked out of the door when Fang Yuqing suddenly stopped her.

She turned around and confusedly looked at Fang Yuqing. "Qingqing?"

Fang Yuqing crossed her arms in front of her chest, her fingers intertwined. She looked a little hesitant. Qiao Jiusheng silently walked to the young girl's side and softly asked, "Do you have something to say to me?"

Fang Yuqing looked back into the house and saw that no one was paying attention to her. She then asked Qiao Jiusheng, "Can you accompany me for a day next weekend?"

This request stunned Qiao Jiusheng.

What happened to her?

Qiao Jiusheng did not voice the doubts in her heart. She smiled and patted Fang Yuqing's head. "Yes, since a beauty is inviting me, I'm free even if I have to go to a mountain of knives or a sea of flames."

Fang Yuqing gratefully smiled at her.

"Then I'll look for you at your house."

"Okay."

After saying goodbye to Fang Yuqing, Qiao Jiusheng returned to her house.

She took a shower and finished her usual call with Fang Yusheng. Qiao Jiusheng was about to sleep when she suddenly received a message on her phone.

The sender was a string of numbers who only sent her one sentence.

Tomorrow night at nine, Shengjue Entertainment Club, Room 608. If you don't come, I'll go to the Fang family and tell them everything.

Qiao Jiusheng was familiar with the domineering tone of the message.

Actually, she immediately recognized the sender.

Sigh! What should come will come!

The next afternoon, Qiao Jiusheng called Fang Yusheng and explained why she would be back late tonight. She hoped that he would be magnanimous and not deduct any money. Fang Yusheng actually agreed, showing his generosity.

At night, Qiao Jiusheng changed her clothes and drove the Volkswagen to the Shengjue Entertainment Club for the appointment.

Chapter 99: Confession

The elevator door opened.

“Welcome to the Shengjue Entertainment Club!”

Rows of beautiful girls with long legs stood in the hall opposite the elevator. They bowed to Qiao Jiusheng to welcome her.

Qiao Jiusheng glanced at their proud figures and subconsciously raised her chest.

The girls were dressed so revealingly, displaying their long legs and big breasts.

The waiter led Qiao Jiusheng straight to Room 608. Along the way, many men looked at Qiao Jiusheng with admiration and passion.

They could not be blamed for being too perverted. Qiao Jiusheng was too beautiful, after all.

After entering the clubhouse, Qiao Jiusheng took off her winter coat. She had worn a royal blue halter silk blouse. The black round collar was wrapped around her elegant snow-white neck, revealing her sexy shoulders and collarbone.

She had tightly wrapped her black high-waisted skirt around her slender waist and buttocks, showing her beautiful calves. Her legs rested on black high heels, making her look even more slender. Qiao Jiusheng swayed her extremely enchanting body as she walked forward. The large black curly hair that lazily draped over her left shoulder swayed with her, shaking all the men's hearts.

When Qiao Jiusheng reached the door of Room 608, she instantly cowered.

The confident smile on her lips collapsed.

She was just about to take a deep breath when the heavy door in front of her suddenly opened.

A domineering and beautiful figure appeared in Qiao Jiusheng's vision.

Wei Xin stood in the middle of the entrance of the clubhouse, holding an e-cigarette.

She had worn a bodycon turtleneck mini dress, black silk stockings with golden stilettos, a checkered fur coat that reached her ankles, and a shiny black leather choker around her collar. All of this would make one think of only one word: expensive.

When the poor Qiao Jiusheng saw Wei Xin's coat, she suddenly felt a bit of hatred for the rich.

"Aren't you hot?" Qiao Jiusheng accidentally said what she was thinking.

The temperature in the clubhouse is 25 degrees Celsius. Is she really not hot in all that?

Wei Xin tucked her long hair behind her ear, revealing the exaggerated and luxurious fan-shaped diamond ear studs on her ear. She spat out a mouthful of white smoke at Qiao Jiusheng and devilishly smiled. Then, she said, "It's fashion. What's heat in front of that?"

Qiao Jiusheng shook her head.

On a hot summer day, they fashionably dressed in furs. On a cold winter day, they wore suspenders. She didn't quite understand how the minds of these fashionists worked.

"Also, when did you learn to smoke?" Qiao Jiusheng was a little puzzled.

Wei Xin twirled the e-cigarette on her fingertips and frankly said, "Like I said, fashion."

Okay, fashion queen! Style above all!

Wei Xin smiled and looked at Qiao Jiusheng. She then asked, "I would like to ask you when did you get a hobby of plastic surgery?" She sounded relaxed, but her eyes were filled with heartache. How many knives must've been used on her face to successfully change her appearance and turn her into a completely different person?

Wei Xin thought she herself was an awesome person, but when she thought about the pain of using a knife on her face, she was a little afraid.

Qiao Jiusheng's expression turned serious. She turned around and confirmed that no one was around them. Then, she walked into the room and closed the door. "I didn't have plastic surgery."

"Then your face." Wei Xin looked puzzled.

"It's a mask." Qiao Jiusheng touched the mask on her face and asked Wei Xin, "How is it? This mask's production level is very impressive, right?"

Wei Xin could not help but touch Qiao Jiusheng's face. She could not feel any traces of the mask. She asked, "Who did it? That's awesome." She even wanted to have one for herself. Then, in the future, when she went out to travel or do bad things, she would not be afraid of being recognized.

Qiao Jiusheng bent down to pour herself some wine and said to her, "The one who took the plane with you the last time."

"Suzanne?" Wei Xin's eyes lit up as if she had found a treasure.

Qiao Jiusheng, who was pouring wine, did not notice her expression.

She heard Wei Xin ask again, "Didn't you love Fang Mu so much that you were devoted to him? Why did you marry Fang Yusheng?"

Qiao Jiusheng slowly looked up. The smile on her face disappeared, and her eyes seemed to be in pain.

Chapter 100: Slut + Mu, Perfect Couple!

When Wei Xin saw Qiao Jiusheng's reaction, she became serious.

She suddenly took out her phone and made a call. Once the call went through, she said to the person on the other end, "Angie, come up."

A moment later, her assistant Angie came up to the room.

Wei Xin said to Angie, "Guard the door, and don't let anyone get close."

Angie looked at Qiao Jiusheng, who was sitting opposite Wei Xin, in surprise. She nodded and went out.

After Angie left, Qiao Jiusheng sighed.

“Sister Xinxin, I almost died.”

Wei Xin’s heart skipped a beat. “What happened during the accident? Why did Qiao Jiuyin marry Fang Mu as you? Why did you marry the eldest son of the Fang family?”

Since she had come to see Wei Xin today, Qiao Jiusheng had no intention of hiding anything from her.

She sorted out her thoughts and told Wei Xin the shocking inside story behind the accident, as well as the real reason she married Fang Yusheng. Wei Xin quietly listened from the beginning to the end. After hearing the story, her eyes turned red. She was angry and heartbroken for Qiao Jiusheng.

“She’s your biological sister!” Wei Xin wiped her face and could not help but ask, “How could she bear to do that?”

Qiao Jiusheng bitterly smiled. “I also want to ask her that question.”

“Then, how did you survive without meeting Fang Yusheng?” Wei Xin could imagine how pathetic the wounded and in-hiding Qiao Jiusheng would’ve been without Fang Yusheng as her support.

Qiao Jiusheng’s eyes were red.

On the operating table, she had forced herself to stay awake. She had been undergoing the surgery awake. The pain she felt had been excruciating. Then, she had escaped from the hospital with injuries all over her body. Every step she took was like stepping on a knife. Now that she thought about it, she admired herself.

“I sought a friend who knows medicine.” Qiao Jiusheng did not say much about Wei Shuyi.

When Wei Xin heard this, she looked hurt.

Qiao Jiusheng noticed this change and understood why Wei Xin felt hurt. "Sister Xinxin, I didn't dare to meet anyone I knew during that time. Qiao Jiuyin knew everyone I knew, so I didn't dare to take the risk."

She did not dare to take any risks. To find her during that time, Qiao Jiuyin had to have hired someone to pay attention to their common acquaintances. If Qiao Jiusheng had gone to see Wei Xin, Qiao Jiuyin would've definitely noticed.

Although Wei Xin understood this logic, she still felt terrible when she thought about how she had not helped Qiao Jiusheng during her most difficult period.

Qiao Jiusheng looked up at her.

Wei Xin's eyes turned red. She raised her hand and patted Qiao Jiusheng's head. "It's been hard on you."

Even when she was hiding from Qiao Jiuyin's search, Qiao Jiusheng had not cried once.

She thought she was tough.

However, when she heard Wei Xin's words, her act of toughness suddenly collapsed. Her tears gushed out. As soon as they fell, she could not control them.

Wei Xin used her hand to wipe away her friend's tears, but she could not wipe them all away.

She simply walked over and squatted by Qiao Jiusheng's feet. Then, she reached out to pull her into her arms. "Cry! Cry if you feel wronged or afraid."

Her words acted like tear gas and made Qiao Jiusheng cry even more uncontrollably.

"I can't accompany you through the hardships of the past, but I'll accompany you in the future." Wei Xin patted Qiao Jiusheng's back and promised her, "I'll help you take revenge. We have to let Qiao Jiuyin taste ten times the hardships you've suffered."

Thinking of Fang Mu, Wei Xin said, "That bastard Fang Mu is not a good person either. He can't even tell the truth between the lover he has been with for six years and a fake. Such a man is perfect for that bitch Qiao Jiuyin!"

Qiao Jiusheng smiled through her tears.

Wei Xin added, "However, it's easy to board Fang Yusheng's boat, but difficult to disembark." No matter what the rumors said about the Fang family's eldest young master, Wei Xin believed that her senses were right. She felt that Fang Yusheng was even more unfathomable than Fang Mu.

Qiao Jiusheng wiped her tears and revealed a worried expression.

"He's a pirate ship."

Fang Yusheng had clearly shown his attitude toward her. Qiao Jiusheng could forget about getting off the boat for the rest of her life.

Knowing that her dear friend was not dead, Wei Xin was finally relieved.

Both of them cried hard, and their makeup got smudged.

Wei Xin pulled Qiao Jiusheng up. "Go and touch up your makeup. You look terrible."

"Okay."

Wei Xin took her makeup bag and went to the washroom with Qiao Jiusheng.