

I Regained 131

Chapter 131: Uncomfortable

Gu Dai crossed her arms and stared at Song Ling with coldness in her eyes, "If you have something to say, say it. Don't lay a hand on me."

Song Ling pursed his lips before asking, "If it wasn't for Song family secrets, then why did you marry me?"

For a moment, Gu Dai's mouth opened but no words came out. Her gaze towards him grew colder and colder.

In the past three years, her affection for him had been pure and without ulterior motives. Yet every possibility he guessed seemed to trample on her genuine feelings.

Song Ling avoided her gaze, "Then tell me, what was your purpose?"

Gu Dai let out a cold laugh and looked him straight in the eye, "I had no purpose. I simply liked you."

A moment of bewilderment crossed Song Ling's eyes. "Liked?"

Gu Dai confirmed, "Yes, I liked you. That's why I was nice to you."

Images of Gu Dai's loving gaze flashed through Song Ling's mind. But, encountering her now clear and unemotional eyes, he snapped back to reality. "Impossible. One can't simply stop liking someone. You must be lying to me."

Of course, love doesn't just evaporate overnight. Even when she had amnesia, even after Song Ling had hurt her in various ways, Gu Dai was able to quickly regain her composure. She continued to smile at him, taking care of various aspects of his life.

Before she could speak, Song Ling glared at her, iciness in his eyes, "I get it. You were after money, weren't you? I remember when we got married; you had my grandpa give you a huge sum of money."

Now, Gu Dai was beginning to question her own judgment. She couldn't fathom how she had fallen for someone like Song Ling in the first place. With a mind like his, she feared that spending too much time with him would infect her with his stupidity.

After all, he already knew that she was the daughter of the Gu family. If not for her amnesia, how could she possibly be short of money? And why would she marry someone she didn't like just for money?

Stung by her disdainful gaze, Song Ling spoke in a deep voice, "So, did I guess correctly? You don't want to admit it, do you?"

Gu Dai corrected him, "I want to deny it because it's not the truth, not because I don't want to admit it."

Song Ling, "So, if none of this is true, what is your reason for marrying me?"

Tilting her head slightly, Gu Dai looked at Song Ling with a sense of weariness, "I've already told you. I married you because I liked you."

Song Ling instantly refuted, "I don't believe it!"

Her gaze cooling even further, Gu Dai said, "Then I'll tell you the real reason. Are you ready to hear it?"

Song Ling nodded, "Go on."

Gu Dai looked serious as she began to speak, "The real reason I married you was because I was attracted to your body, which seemed rather impressive at first glance. Unfortunately, upon closer inspection, I realized that while you might look good on the outside, the 'hardware' was lacking. You know that kind of thing can really affect a marriage. So, my initial affection for you dwindled with each passing moment, until it eventually disappeared."

Song Ling was dumbfounded. When he finally snapped back to reality, he erupted, “Impossible. You’re definitely spouting nonsense. I am clearly—”

Gu Dai interrupted him calmly, “Clearly what? Have you forgotten what we were doing a few minutes before I decided to divorce you?”

As her words settled, Song Ling recalled that indeed, just before their divorce, they had been in bed together.

But he was sure he was quite capable!

Just as this thought crossed his mind, Gu Dai’s next words landed like a punch.

Gu Dai continued, “My experience each time was poor, simply enduring it. Perhaps you should consider taking a course to improve.”

Song Ling’s gaze was fixated on her, trying to discern her true emotions. However, he found her expression unchanging, making it difficult to tell if she was lying.

In fact, Gu Dai’s words did hold some truth to them.

While Song Ling was physically competent, he was self-centered and inconsiderate of her feelings, leaving her only with a sensation of piercing pain and discomfort each time they were intimate.

His abilities now challenged, Song Ling’s expression grew colder. He wanted to grab Gu Dai’s arm and explain himself.

However, before he could even open his mouth, a Lincoln Navigator pulled up beside them. A group of well-dressed, burly men stepped out, forming two organized rows..

Chapter 132:1 Regret Marrying You

Chu Min stepped out of the car and walked directly up to Gu Dai. Along with his suited entourage, he bowed slightly and greeted, “Miss, we’ve come to take you home.”

Diligently taking Gu Dai’s bag from her, Chu Min helped her into the car.

Snapping back to reality, Song Ling rushed forward and exclaimed, “Gu Dai, you can’t leave! We haven’t settled things yet. What is your purpose for coming to the Song family?”

Gu Dai looked coldly at Song Ling. She had no desire to waste her breath explaining the long list of events—her cruise accident, her amnesia—to this fool.

Song Ling, not receiving an explanation, stubbornly stood in her way.

Seeing this, Gu Dai spoke icily, “I’ve already made things quite clear. If you don’t believe me, feel free to investigate on your own. Stop bothering me. We’re divorced; the mere sight of you annoys me. I hope you keep your distance in the future.”

A shadow crossed Song Ling’s face as he retorted, “So you’re saying you have resentment because we’re divorced? What if we were to remarry—”

Gu Dai interrupted, her voice laced with frost, “I was the one who demanded the divorce. There’s no chance of us getting back together. Besides, I already regret ever marrying you. Persisting in this matter would only make me lose all respect for you.”

Chu Min, clearly pleased, disdainfully pushed Song Ling aside and helped Gu Dai into the car.

Once the suited men boarded the vehicle in an orderly manner, the car door slammed shut with a “thud,” and the vehicle sped away, leaving a cloud of dust to settle on the stunned Song Ling’s face.

The servants, hearing the commotion, couldn't resist discussing amongst themselves in hushed tones.

"The former lady seems so imposing now, almost like a different person."

"I can't believe the young master was the one who got divorced."

Song Ling shot them a chilling glance when he heard the whispers.

The servants promptly closed their mouths when they caught his piecing gaze. Only when he walked away did they exhale in relief.

Indeed, a ditched man was not to be trifled with. For a moment there, it seemed like Song Ling wanted to kill them.

Zhao Xuan felt the same, cautiously shrinking into the driver's seat, trying to minimize his presence.

Song Ling spoke coldly, "To the company."

Zhao Xuan promptly acknowledged.

Closing his eyes, Song Ling replayed his conversation with Gu Dai, growing more agitated as he thought about it. A relentless chill emanated from him.

All Zhao Xuan could hope for was that Song Ling wouldn't vent his anger on him.

Song Ling opened his eyes and called out coldly, "Zhao Xuan."

Zhao Xuan's body quivered as he stammered, "Wh-what is it, Mr. Song?"

Song Ling instructed, “When Gu Dai and I got married, she took a sum of money from the old man. Investigate what she used it for.”

He refused to believe that Gu Dai had divorced him over his performance in bed; there must be another reason, and her motives for marrying him couldn’t possibly be so straightforward.

Not daring to delay, Zhao Xuan quickly acknowledged, “Yes, Mr. Song. I’ll get on it as soon as we reach the company.”

Meanwhile, in another car.

Gu Dai looked at the crew of burly men and asked Chu Min with curiosity, “How did you know I was at the Song residence, and why did you bring so many people?”

Clearing his throat, Chu Min answered, “Third Young Master Meng just returned to the country and isn’t familiar with local matters. He called me to pick you up. I brought these men to bolster your presence and ensure no one would dare to mistreat you.”

Chu Min became visibly anxious. He hurriedly looked at Gu Dai and inquired, “Boss, were you mistreated at the Song house? If you were, we can go back right now and teach them a lesson!”

Gu Dai chuckled and spoke with a hint of resignation, “Why does the Song family seem like a den of cannibals in your eyes?”

Chu Min didn’t deny her observation and earnestly nodded, “The Song family is exactly that—a den of cannibals. Apart from Old Master Song, who is a sensible man, the rest are no good. Especially Song Ling; you’ve already divorced him, yet he’s still pestering you!”

Gu Dai picked up a cookie from the car’s snack tray and took leisurely bites. “Don’t worry,” she said languidly. “Grandpa has always been on my side, and I won’t give them a chance to bully me..”

Chapter 133: Your Misconception

Chu Min nodded, his eyes full of admiration as he looked at Gu Dai. However, when he thought of Song Ling's persistence, he couldn't help but ask, "Boss, I get the feeling that Song Ling regrets his decision and wants to remarry you. Is that so?"

Gu Dai was blunt. "That's your misconception."

Chu Min was speechless.

Though Chu Min didn't think it was a misconception—his intuition was usually accurate, and Song Ling did look like a man full of regret.

He saw Gu Dai's incredulous expression and thought better of pressing the point. "If he did want to remarry you, Boss, would you consider it?" he asked quietly.

Gu Dai replied firmly, "No."

After answering, she looked at Chu Min and added, speechless, "You've already asked me this. No matter how many times you ask in the future, the answer will still be 'no.' This won't change, and I've already made it quite clear to Song Ling."

Chu Min quickly nodded, "As long as the boss doesn't go back on her decision, it's good. After all, that Song Ling has poor character and worse judgment; he's not worthy of you!"

Chu Min felt relieved deep down. Thank goodness Gu Dai truly didn't like Song Ling anymore; that meant his brother still had a chance.

Gu Dai looked at Chu Min and suddenly remembered something. "The music at today's wedding, was that arranged by Su Ting?"

Chu Min froze momentarily, incredulous. "How did you know, boss?"

Gu Dai glanced at him and said emotionlessly, "I guessed. After all, Su Ting is currently abroad for his training, and the only person he's familiar with here should be you. So, it's likely he asked you for the favor. But what made you agree? As far as I remember, you guys weren't that close before."

Chu Min spontaneously answered, "Isn't it all to get back at Song Ling? Since we have a common enemy in this regard, we quickly came to an agreement."

Nodding, Gu Dai said, "Alright, I didn't consider that. By the way, my car is still at the Song house. Could you arrange for someone to bring it back?"

Chu Min immediately responded, "Of course, boss!"

The atmosphere grew quiet. A question popped into Chu Min's mind, but he hesitated, torn about whether or not to voice his doubts.

Gu Dai was resting her eyes but sensed the person beside her shifting awkwardly. She spoke, "If you have something to say, just say it."

Taking her permission as a green light, Chu Min voiced his curiosity, "Boss, how did you meet Su Ting in the first place?"

Gu Dai explained, "Three years ago, I accidentally hit Su Ting with my car. After an investigation, I found out he was an orphan. I then covered his living expenses and helped him a few times in his career. Combined with his own efforts, he became a worldwide sensation."

Chu Min nodded in understanding, then followed up with another question, "Did this happen abroad?"

Shaking her head, Gu Dai replied, "No, it was here in this country."

Here?

Chu Min furrowed his brows in confusion. He had conducted an investigation about Su Ting when he found out he was a person of interest to Gu Dai. According to what he knew, Su Ting had been abroad for the past three years. Could it be his investigation was flawed?

Or perhaps Gu Dai was misremembering, given how much time had passed?

Back in his office, Song Ling was seething with a palpable coldness, unsatisfied with every plan that came his way. One by one, he called the project managers into his office, berating them until they were soaked in humiliation.

The employees who witnessed this were trembling, increasingly uneasy.

“What happened to President Song? He’s always been intimidating, but never this scary!”

“Didn’t you watch the live broadcast? His wedding with Ms. Jiang fell apart because Jiang Yue cuckolded him. Who could bear such humiliation? No wonder he’s in a foul mood.”

“What? Even someone as wealthy as Song Ling can get cuckolded? What chance do I stand then?”

Frustrated, Song Ling looked at the contract in his hands and tossed it onto his desk.

He realized he couldn’t focus on anything; his mind kept drifting back to Gu Dai’s haughty and disdainful expression as she left. The memory gnawed at him, making it impossible to concentrate on anything else..

Chapter 134: Don’t Blame me for Being Rude

When Song Ling was enveloped in irritation, his phone buzzed. Seeing that it was a call from Wang Lan, he hesitated for a moment before answering, a frown already in place.

Song Ling asked, "What is it?"

Wang Lan's voice choked with emotion: "Son, your grandpa has kicked us out of the house because of that wicked girl, Gu Dai. The property is in his name, and we don't know what to do tonight."

Wang Lan's derogatory term for Gu Dai made Song Ling's frown deepen. He spoke coldly, "I'll send you an address later. Go and stay there."

Wang Lan quickly agreed, "Good, son. Thank God for you; otherwise, we'd be at a complete loss."

On the other end, Song Yu, upon hearing Song Ling's voice, urgently chimed in: "Big brother, I'm the real granddaughter. Why is grandpa favoring Gu Dai?"

Faced with Wang Lan and Song Yu's questions, Song Ling didn't want to answer. He just wanted to end the call.

But Wang Lan beat him to it, speaking faster than he could hang up.

Wang Lan said. "Son, I've been neglectful before, nearly getting you married to two women of poor character. Just wait, this time I'll find you a well-rounded young lady from a good family."

Song Yu added quickly, "Brother, you're such a great man; surely there are plenty of excellent women lined up to marry you. You'll bring home someone far better than Gu Dai or Jiang Yue."

Wang Lan, hearing Song Yu's words, grew anxious and interjected: "How can you even compare those two? One is a shameless woman pretending to be innocent, and the other is a two-faced, malicious bumpkin. I suspect the mess at this morning's wedding might very well be Gu Dai's doing!"

Song Yu agreed. "Exactly, after all, that vile Gu Dai is always up to no good. She just can't stand to see brother happy and wants to ruin—"

Hearing their words, Song Ling's frown turned into a scowl. He took a deep breath and cut them off sharply. "Enough!"

Wang Lan and Song Yu were stunned into silence by Song Ling's harsh tone.

Recovering first, Song Yu spoke in disbelief, "Brother, you're actually yelling at me?"

With a cold snort, Song Ling spoke to them icily. "I'd like you to be more mindful of your words and actions!"

Song Ling didn't give Wang Lan and Song Yu time to react. He continued, "Don't think I'm unaware of what you've done to Gu Dai over these past three years! Regardless, she saved grandpa back then. You should stop whatever you're doing now, or don't blame me for being rude."

With that, he hung up the phone.

Wang Lan and Song Yu sat dumbfounded, staring at each other as the line went dead. Both saw the hurt reflected in each other's eyes.

All they had ever wanted was a deserving wife for Song Ling. Yet, not only did he show no gratitude, he even scolded them!

And as for the old man, they had stood by his side for so many years, only to be overshadowed by Gu Dai in a mere three years.

If only Gu Dai had remained the timid housewife she once was, they could have vented their frustrations on her. But now, she had transformed into a prominent figure in the Gu family of the capital city.

Song Yu was so infuriated that her face almost contorted. After holding it in for a long time, she finally couldn't help but say, "Mom, we can't let Gu Dai get away with this. We have to teach her a lesson!"

Although Wang Lan was equally angry, she hesitated. "But your brother said—"

Song Yu interrupted, "So what if he said it? Mom, think about how we've been mistreated. Can you really swallow that insult?"

Wang Lan responded. "I can't!"

Song Yu nodded, "Exactly. Let's think about how to deal with Gu Dai."

After hanging up, Song Ling angrily tossed his phone onto the desk. To his surprise, it rang again the next second.

Assuming it was Wang Lan again, he answered without even looking, his tone far from pleasant. "What else do you want? Spit it out!"

Zhou Ci, hearing Song Ling's irritated voice, responded with a chuckle, "Hey, man, who got under your skin like this? I just saw the entertainment news.. Is it about the wedding?"

Chapter 135:1 Want to Pursue Gu Dai

Zhou Ci's voice made the tension in Song Ling's brows ease a bit. Leaning back in his chair, he responded, "No, it's not about that."

As for the news, he had already dispatched Zhao Xuan to handle the PR crisis, minimizing the repercussions. Still, rumors continued to circulate.

However, Song Ling had prepared for the worst and didn't dwell on it.

Zhou Ci chuckled, "Man, you've got some nerve. But Jiang Yue is clearly bad news. She left you when you were down and out, only to return once you're successful. Yet you couldn't see through her."

Song Ling's eyes drooped, and he said coldly, "If there's nothing else, let's end the call."

Zhou Ci hurriedly interjected, "Wait, wait, I do have something to talk about!"

He had called Song Ling precisely for this matter and couldn't let him hang up just yet.

Zhou Ci continued, "I didn't have to tell you, but since we're brothers, I thought it best to let you know. I've developed feelings for Gu Dai and intend to pursue her."

Ever since their encounter at the bar, Zhou Ci found Gu Dai exceptionally alluring. The more he saw her, the more mysterious and captivating she seemed.

Song Ling froze. Regaining his composure, he frowned and demanded, "Say that again."

Zhou Ci sensed Song Ling's irritation but reiterated, "I said I like Gu Dai and I want to pursue her."

Song Ling flatly rejected the idea, "No way."

Confused, Zhou Ci inquired, "Why not? You and Gu Dai have broken up; you have no say in her life. What if she happens to like me?"

Though he might not be as handsome as Song Ling, perhaps Gu Dai didn't care for overly good-looking men and might find his type appealing.

Song Ling couldn't believe Zhou Ci's level of self-delusion. He scoffed, "Take a good look in the mirror. What about you could possibly attract Gu Dai? Even if we're divorced, I know her well enough to say she would never fall for a playboy like you."

Song Ling's words made Zhou Ci feel compelled to defend himself. "After realizing my feelings for Gu Dai, I've turned over a new leaf. I won't be a playboy anymore; I'll be a committed man. You should know, when a flirtatious man turns committed, he becomes irresistibly charming!"

Song Ling's expression darkened even more. With a slight exertion of force, the pen he was holding snapped in two. He coldly asked, "I don't know! But I do want to know when did you start having feelings for Gu Dai?"

Zhou Ci pondered for a moment before answering, "Initially, I was just struck by how radiant she seemed. The more I noticed her, the more I started to like her. Plus, she saved my grandfather's life. A life-saving favor deserves a lifelong commitment. Now, my whole family takes pride in my sincere pursuit of Gu Dai."

Confused, Song Ling inquired, "When did Gu Dai save your grandfather? Why wasn't I aware of this?"

Zhou Ci let out a yawn and spoke casually, "You were busy preparing for your wedding with Jiang Yue; of course, you wouldn't know. But I have to say, you've been married to Gu Dai for three years and yet know so little about her. You didn't even tell me she had a medical background. Could it be that you didn't know either? No wonder she lost interest in you and wanted a divorce."

Song Ling wasn't bothered by Zhou Ci's mockery. He quickly asked, "Are you saying Gu Dai has a medical background and she saved Grandfather Zhou using those skills?"

Rolling his eyes even though Song Ling couldn't see through the call, Zhou Ci said, "Bro, if you really want to know, you can always have someone investigate."

With that, Zhou Ci hung up the phone.

After all, he had more important matters to attend to—like executing his plan to woo Gu Dai.

The call to Song Ling had merely been a courtesy; whether or not he agreed didn't matter to Zhou Ci.

After being hung up on, Song Ling immediately dialed Zhao Xuan's number. "Find out what recent interactions Gu Dai has had with the Zhou family and how she saved Grandfather Zhou."

Zhao Xuan, already juggling multiple tasks in a short amount of time, felt his head spin. Nevertheless, he could only respond, “Understood, Mr. Song..”

Chapter 136: Amulet

After the conversation ended, Zhao Xuan felt a sudden clarity wash over him. He noticed that Song Ling had been paying close attention to Gu Dai lately. Could it be that after being hurt by Miss Jiang Yue, he had come to appreciate the virtues of his ex-wife and had fallen for her again?

Unaware of the various speculations people had about him, Song Ling sat in his office, lost in his own thoughts. He was consumed by all that had happened since his divorce from Gu Dai, echoing the words Zhou Ci had just spoken.

The more he thought, the more agitated he became. Closing his eyes, he pressed his throbbing temples. It felt as though a raging fire was burning deep within him, urgently in need of a cooling breeze to quench it.

But what could that cooling breeze be?

His brow furrowed, the headache intensified, and his fingers massaged his temples with greater force.

Suddenly, a scent wafted into his consciousness. With a swift motion, he stood up, grabbed his car keys, and strode quickly out of his office.

His secretary, who was just about to walk into his office to brief him on some work matters, was startled. Lowering her head, she said, “Mr. Song, the information you requested—”

Song Ling didn’t even acknowledge her; he simply walked past.

Confused, the secretary watched Song Ling's retreating figure. When she saw Zhao Xuan, she quietly asked, "Assistant Zhao, what's going on with Mr. Song?"

Zhao Xuan shook his head, equally clueless. "I have no idea."

The secretary couldn't believe it. "You're his right-hand man, and even you don't know? Mr. Song is a workaholic. He never leaves before finishing his work. Could it be that he's affected by what happened at the wedding?"

Zhao Xuan suspected that Song Ling's abrupt departure had more to do with Gu Dai than the wedding fiasco.

Catching the sudden change in Zhao Xuan's expression, the secretary excitedly asked, "Assistant Zhao, did you figure it out?"

Quickly masking his emotions, Zhao Xuan replied sternly, "No. Now go back to work and tell everyone in the company not to discuss Mr. Song's personal matters. If he hears us talking, we're all doomed."

After leaving the company, Song Ling sped down the roads, driving straight to the villa where he and Gu Dai had once lived.

On the road, his phone rang more than a dozen times, but Song Ling ignored every call. Eventually, finding it too annoying, he switched off his phone entirely.

Right now, whether it was work-related or calls from friends and family, Song Ling had no desire to pick up. His mind was intermittently invaded by images of Gu Dai, and he was desperate to find the subtle scent on her that could bring him peace.

There was a fragrance about Gu Dai—a faint aroma that was almost elusive.

Five years ago, after surviving a shooting, Song Ling was left with lingering symptoms, including bouts of headaches and irritability. Yet, each time he caught a whiff of that scent on Gu Dai, his mind would quickly calm down, and he would be free from nightmares for a considerable time.

But Gu Dai's presence in his life had been so frequent that he never paid attention to this particular scent. Only now, gripped by a troubling headache, did he realize how much that faint aroma had helped him.

Recognizing this, he pressed on the gas pedal even harder.

The dozen or so unanswered calls were all from Jiang Yue.

Seeing that Song Ling wasn't picking up, Jiang Yue's face grew increasingly sour. Finally, hearing the busy tone from her phone, she threw it angrily onto the floor.

When Song Ling arrived at the front door of the villa, he habitually entered the old password into the keypad. The door clicked open instantly. Stepping inside, he took a deep breath and sensed a familiar fragrance—that of Gu Dai.

However, as time had passed, this fragrance had become incredibly faint. Inhaling it did nothing to lessen the turmoil within him; if anything, it made him more restless, wanting to catch a stronger scent.

With a steely face and bloodshot eyes, Song Ling clenched his fist and slammed it into the wall. The pain snapped him back to reality for a moment. He suddenly remembered an incident when he had been severely injured while away from home. Upon his recovery, Gu Dai had tenderly handed him an amulet.

Gu Dai had said, "Honey, I got this amulet from the most efficacious temple in the country, hoping it will keep you safe. By the way, you occasionally suffer from headaches, right? I've added some herbs inside it that have a calming effect. When you're feeling uncomfortable, just take a sniff, and it will surely ease your discomfort. You'll be able to sleep soundly at night.."

Chapter 137: The Gifts in the Box

Song Ling remembered how Gu Dai had blushed, wanting to put the amulet around his neck after explaining its significance. He had thought she was deliberately trying to curry favor with him, and his gaze became increasingly disdainful and mocking.

Beneath his gaze, Gu Dai struggled to maintain her smile and began, “Honey—”

Before she could finish, he cut her off, his voice icy, “I don’t need useless things like this.”

After that, he snatched the amulet from Gu Dai’s hand, threw it on the ground, and even stomped on it twice for good measure.

The light in Gu Dai’s eyes dimmed, her smile forced as she muttered something about going to cook and quickly turned to leave.

Though she moved fast, Song Ling still caught the glimmer of tears in her eyes and the hurried, almost frantic pace of her exit.

Thinking back, his headache intensified, haunted by the memory of Gu Dai’s trembling shoulders as she wept.

Near the point of breaking, Song Ling staggered into the bedroom he had once shared with Gu Dai. He remembered tossing the amulet here, but despite searching everywhere, he couldn’t find it.

Could it have fallen under the bed?

Considering this possibility, Song Ling, who was usually fastidious about cleanliness, quickly knelt and peered under the bed. If the space weren’t so limited, he would have crawled under to search.

After a long look, there was no sign of the amulet, but he did spot a box tucked in the corner.

What is this?

He reached under, fumbling to pull the box out, only to discover it had a lock code.

The box must belong to Gu Dai, and the password she would most likely use was his birthday. After all, even her phone's unlock code was his birth date.

With trembling hands, Song Ling entered the code.

The next moment, the box clicked open, releasing a strong wave of that familiar, calming fragrance.

Stunned, Song Ling unconsciously took several deep inhalations.

Minutes later, as he regained his composure, his eyes fell on the amulet inside the box—an object both familiar and foreign. Carefully, he picked it up.

The amulet was red, its perimeter intricately embroidered with gold thread.

Song Ling didn't believe in gods or Buddhas, nor did he think that anything obtained from a temple could truly bring safety. However, he had heard about the temple Gu Dai had visited, and knew that the amulets there were actually crafted by those who sought them.

This meant that the amulet was actually embroidered by Gu Dai!

Song Ling, who usually wore custom-made clothes featuring stitching by top industry experts, only realized how inferior the embroidery on his garments was compared to the stitches on the amulet. The difference was like night and day.

But how could Gu Dai know embroidery? He had never heard of this before.

As for the fragrance in the amulet, it was astounding that the scent still lingered after all this time.

Lowering his gaze to the amulet, he caressed it a few times before bringing it to his nose and taking several deep sniffs. The agitation that had plagued him all day began to significantly fade.

Recognizing this, a flicker of surprise crossed Song Ling's eyes. He had not expected the amulet to be so profoundly effective.

He took out his phone and dialed the number of the world's leading fragrance master.

Song Ling demanded, "Come analyze a particular scent for me at the address

I'll send you."

The fragrance master was slightly disgruntled. He never expected there would be a scent in the world that required him to make a personal appearance.

From past experience, he knew he could usually identify the components with a casual sniff—there was no need for anticipation.

However, Song Ling was his boss, so he had no choice but to agree, "Alright, Mr. Song, I'll be there shortly!"

After the call, Song Ling gradually returned to his senses. Casting his eyes downward, he noticed the dust on his clothes and the mess he had left the bedroom in. His obsession with cleanliness caused him to frown deeply.

Song Ling tidied up the bedroom and took a shower. It wasn't until he had groomed himself thoroughly that the dreadful feeling, as if being nibbled by a million bugs, finally dissipated. Only then did he have the time to examine what else was in the box.

Inside the box was a wristwatch, a suit, a necktie, and various other delicate gifts, each carefully enclosed in its own box..

Chapter 138: You Can Leave Now

The content of the box completely stunned Song Ling when he examined them closer. He had seen all these items before; they were gifts Gu Dai had given him over the years.

The watch was for their first wedding anniversary, the suit for their second. The other items were gifts Gu Dai had prepared for various holidays and occasions. Each time he received a gift from her, he would dismiss it with icy scorn, tossing it carelessly into the trash.

He had never expected that after discarding these gifts, Gu Dai would retrieve them, one by one, carefully storing them in this box as if they were treasures.

But where was the gift for their third anniversary?

His eyes fell on the trash can. When he saw what was inside, he froze. He walked over, bent down, and picked up the tie.

This was the gift Gu Dai had given him for their third anniversary, the very day she mentioned divorce.

Using a towel, he gently wiped the dust off the necktie and placed it alongside the other gifts in the box. Just as he was about to close the box, he noticed something at the bottom—a picture frame. Curious, he reached in and pulled it out.

The frame held a painting of him and Gu Dai in their wedding attire, smiling at each other.

A look of bewilderment flashed in Song Ling's eyes when he saw the painting. He had never shared such a moment with Gu Dai.

Gu Dai had never shown him this painting before, and he clearly remembered that she had stayed home for the past three years, never mingling with others. It was impossible for her to commission such a painting.

Suddenly, a possibility flashed through Song Ling's mind.

Could Gu Dai have painted this herself?

As he focused on the painting more closely, Song Ling, who had seen many works of art over the years, recognized the skill and meticulous detail in this one. It was even better than what some masters could produce.

For a moment, he felt disoriented, unable to distinguish between reality and illusion. He even began to believe that he and Gu Dai had once shared such a moment.

Could Gu Dai also be skilled in painting?

As this thought crossed his mind, his phone suddenly rang.

Fragrance Master texted, "Mr. Song, I've arrived at the villa."

Carrying the amulet, Song Ling descended the stairs to meet the Fragrance Master.

Song Ling said, "Take a look at this."

The Fragrance Master took the amulet and casually sniffed it. Then he froze, his eyes widening in astonishment. He took another whiff, a look of fascination appearing in his eyes.

Just as he was about to smell it again, Song Ling swiftly snatched the amulet away. "Did you figure it out?" he asked, his voice tinged with coldness.

The Fragrance Master stared intently at Song Ling and shook his head regretfully. “No, I haven’t. I’ve been exposed to all kinds of renowned fragrances and perfumes over the years, and none of them compare to this scent. Even the fragrances I’ve personally crafted don’t come close.”

Song Ling’s gaze on the amulet deepened. “You can’t analyze what this fragrance is made of?”

The Fragrance Master shook his head again, disappointment lining his features. But then his eyes lit up, staring fervently at the amulet. “I think the reason I can’t analyze it is because of the cloth covering it. If we remove the cloth, we might be able to identify the ingredients. Mr. Song, should we open the amulet...?”

Before he could finish his sentence, Song Ling cut him off. “No!”

After uttering these words, Song Ling quickly tucked the amulet into his suit pocket, casting a wary glance at the Fragrance Master as if guarding against a thief.

The corners of the Fragrance Master’s mouth twitched. Not willing to give up so easily, he ventured another suggestion. “How about you introduce me to the person who crafted this fragrance? This is the first time I’ve encountered such a scent. They must be incredibly talented—probably even more skilled than I am. I wonder if they’re considering taking on an apprentice. If I’m lucky enough to become their pupil, my skills in fragrance crafting would surely improve!”

By now, Song Ling was no longer refuting the Fragrance Master. Instead, he ushered him out. “You can leave now.”

The Fragrance Master felt speechless at the moment.

Although he was reluctant, he had many collaborations with the Song Corporation and wanted to maintain that relationship. With no other choice, he turned around and left the villa..

Chapter 139: Unimportant Rambling

After he confirmed that the Fragrance Master had completely disappeared from sight, Song Ling finally pulled his gaze away. He took the amulet from his pocket and stared at it for a long time.

The master had suggested that Gu Dai was exceptionally talented in crafting fragrances. Yet in all these years, she had never mentioned this to him. Perhaps she had learned this skill from someone at the temple where she had obtained the amulet?

Even as he pondered this, Song Ling found himself increasingly skeptical of this notion. After all, there were so many things about Gu Dai that he didn't know.

Surveying the room, his eyes fell on the furniture covered in a layer of dust, a result of the house being uninhabited for too long. A sense of emptiness clouded his vision.

When they had divorced, Gu Dai had asked for this villa. At the time, he had assumed she wanted to sell it for money. He had branded her a gold-digger, convinced that she had divorced him for financial gain.

But the reality before him slapped him in the face.

Gu Dai had never returned to this villa after their divorce. She hadn't even changed the front door's passcode. Moreover, it had been confirmed that she was the young miss of the Gu family and didn't lack money.

After Song Ling reflected on all this, he realized just how little he understood Gu Dai. For the first time in his life, he questioned whether he had utterly failed as a husband.

Meanwhile, Gu Dai had no idea that Song Ling had entered her villa.

She had just arrived at the Gu residence. As soon as she got out of the car, Meng Zhi came to greet her, asking with concern, "Daidai, did anyone from the Song family give you a hard time?"

Gu Dai shook her head and smiled, "Don't worry, Third Brother, no one mistreated me."

Although she reassured him, Meng Zhi was not entirely convinced. Given what he had observed from the morning's livestream, he knew that the Song family was not to be trifled with; they would not easily let Gu Dai off the hook.

Realizing this, Meng Zhi asked anxiously, "Daidai, be honest with me. Tell me who bullied you. I'll go and tear down their roof right now, especially Song Ling. Has he been bothering you?"

Meng Zhi had quickly assessed that Wang Lan and Song Yu were not particularly intelligent. Gu Dai wouldn't have a hard time dealing with them. However, Song Ling seemed like a more difficult opponent.

Gu Dai continued to shake her head, "No, Song Ling only spoke a few words to me."

Meng Zhi furrowed his brow, "A few words? What did he say?"

Gu Dai tried to recall but couldn't remember. She said awkwardly, "I've forgotten what he said, but it was all unimportant rambling. In the end, I told him it would be best if we avoided seeing each other in the future."

Meng Zhi scrutinized Gu Dai one more time. Seeing that she didn't appear to be lying, he finally relaxed and softly said, "As long as things are clear, that's good."

Gu Dai smiled and nodded, then said to Meng Zhi, "Let's go inside, Third Brother."

Just as they took a few steps, the roar of powerful engines filled the air behind them. Both turned around to see four to five cars driving up, stopping only when they reached them.

The next moment, the door of the lead car opened, and a man stepped out.

Dressed in a baseball cap, sunglasses, and a face mask, along with a casual jacket, he looked like an internet sensation—unrecognizable in his disguise.

Gu Dai's eyebrows knitted together as she scrutinized the man.

Zhou Ci removed his sunglasses and mask, revealing a peach-blossom-eyed smile. "Gu Dai, long time no see."

Gu Dai remained silent.

Meng Zhi quickly recalled that this was the man from the restaurant who had seemed interested in pursuing Gu Dai. Realizing this, his gaze towards Zhou Ci cooled. "We saw each other not too long ago; it hasn't been that long."

Unfazed by Meng Zhi's icy tone, Zhou Ci continued to smile. "Perhaps it's because I've missed Miss Gu Dai so much that even a short absence feels like an eternity."

Meng Zhi couldn't hold back his irritation. "What a smooth talker!"

Seeing Meng Zhi getting riled up by Zhou Ci, Gu Dai quickly reassured him with a few words. Then she turned to Zhou Ci and asked, "What brings you here this time?"

Remembering the reason for his visit, Zhou Ci gestured toward the cars behind him..

Chapter 140: Apology and Gifts

As Zhou Ci signaled, the doors of the cars behind him opened one by one. Out stepped a group of burly men, each holding an exquisite gift box. They lined up and opened the boxes to reveal the contents.

Gu Dai's eyes swept across the items in the gift boxes.

Having regained her memory, she had promptly familiarized herself with the latest fashion trends. She recognized that the jewelry, clothes, shoes, handbags, and various trinkets inside those boxes were all high-end items from the latest collections.

Standing at the forefront, Zhou Ci took out an ornate box and bowed deeply before opening it. Inside were a pair of bracelets.

Gu Dai's eyes narrowed slightly upon seeing the bracelets.

They were crafted from the finest materials, completely flawless and translucent.

What astonished Gu Dai was that she had seen pictures of these bracelets before. Old Master Zhou had once declared that these bracelets would be permanently kept in the family as heirlooms. Now, however, Zhou Ci had brought them out, and not just one, but a pair.

Lifting her eyes, Gu Dai looked at Zhou Ci and asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Zhou Ci smiled, "Miss Gu Dai, with your discerning eye, you must already know the origins of these bracelets. When my grandfather learned that I was coming to see you, he insisted that I bring them as a token of our gratitude."

Meng Zhi, initially unaware of the bracelets' significance, did a quick online search and couldn't help but exclaim, "These are incredibly valuable."

Zhou Ci responded solemnly, "Not too valuable at all. I believe it would be an honor for them to be worn by Miss Gu Dai."

Meng Zhi gave Zhou Ci a surprised look, not expecting him to have such an enlightened view.

Remaining as composed as ever, Gu Dai said, "I merely helped your grandfather in passing; it was nothing extraordinary. These bracelets are far too valuable; I cannot accept them."

Zhou Ci seemed alarmed by her response and quickly said, “How could it be a mere passing favor? After we reached the hospital, we consulted the doctors. They said if not for your timely treatment, my grandfather would have surely died on the spot. He considers you his life-saver and insists on repaying this debt. Should you need anything in the future, you can count on the entire Zhou family to assist you wholeheartedly.”

Not waiting for Gu Dai to speak, Zhou Ci continued with a worried expression, “My grandfather insists that you accept these bracelets as a token of his gratitude. If you refuse and he sees me bringing them back, he’ll probably beat me with his walking stick. Then he’d personally bring the bracelets to thank you. If you still refuse, he’ll certainly lose sleep and appetite, which would affect his health...”

Listening to Zhou Ci’s extended tale, Gu Dai sighed and said, “Alright, I’ll accept the bracelets for now. When you go back, please thank Old Master Zhou for his kindness. Also, remind him to rest well. He’s still in the recovery stage and shouldn’t stress himself too much; it could negatively impact his health.”

Zhou Ci’s face shifted instantly from an expression of worry to one of relief and joy. “Rest assured, I’ll convey all your messages to my grandfather!”

Gu Dai nodded, her eyes drifting to the items held by the men behind Zhou Ci. “Are these gifts also from Old Master Zhou?” Her tone was laden with skepticism; it just didn’t feel likely.

Quickly, Zhou Ci clarified, “No, these are my personal gifts to you as an apology.”

Then he bowed deeply again, “I was far too impulsive that day, ignoring your explanations and offending you repeatedly. Although you’ve forgiven me, I still hope you’ll accept these gifts as a chance for me to make amends.”

Gu Dai looked at Zhou Ci, who remained in a deep bow before her, and let out a soft laugh.

Even though Zhou Ci was the only young master of the Zhou family, and had been coddled since childhood, he was unreserved in his apology once he realized his mistake. He didn’t seem to mind losing face, which was quite commendable.

Though his actions were a bit flamboyant.

Shaking her head in mild exasperation, Gu Dai said, "Alright, stand up. I accept your apology and your gifts.."