

TINY GENIUS ALERT! MOM & DAD BETTER MAKE PEACE

Chapter 3: Number Freak

Jin Jumo frowned, a little hesitant, "But it's already past midnight now."
Drinking coffee at this hour...

Ying Jingyao squinted, "I'm on duty tonight, so having some coffee to stay awake."

"..." Jin Jumo's lips twitched, thinking to herself: Just because you don't need sleep on duty, you're not considering whether others do, right?

It was Jin Jumo's first time at Ying Jingyao's office.

The layout was bright, the style simple yet elegant, not quite like a doctor's office, more akin to a bachelor's pad.

Ying Jingyao handed a cup of warm milk to Jin Jumo, who was sitting on the sofa.

The rich scent of milk wafted into her nose, causing Jin Jumo's eyebrows to twitch. She reached out to take it, sipping as she looked at the black coffee in Ying Jingyao's hand.

Ying Jingyao sat on the sofa across from Jin Jumo, lifting his coffee to her, "What? Want some coffee?"

Jin Jumo quickly shook her head, "I'll just have the milk."

Her eager manner caused Ying Jingyao to raise an eyebrow.

Jin Jumo took a sip of milk, still glancing curiously around the room, "Brother Ying, are all the doctors' offices in the hospital like this one?"

"No." Ying Jingyao replied.

Jin Jumo looked at him with curiosity.

Ying Jingyao smiled but didn't explain why his office was different from the others.

Seeing him silent, Jin Jumo didn't ask further.

"Are you free this Saturday?" Ying Jingyao suddenly asked.

Jin Jumo was slightly stunned, "...Is there something?"

Ying Jingyao lowered his dark eyelashes slightly, "It's like this, there's a dance event on Saturday night, and my partner suddenly can't make it."

Ying Jingyao shrugged, looking at Jin Jumo with a bit of innocence and helplessness, "So now, I'm in need of a dance partner."

"..." So then?

"Can you be my dance partner?" Ying Jingyao straightforwardly asked, staring at Jin Jumo.

Jin Jumo's eyelid twitched, wanting to refuse outright.

But just thinking that he was her grandfather's attending doctor, she couldn't say it.

She silently lowered her head, drank some milk, slowly swallowed the fresh milk down her throat, then looked up at Ying Jingyao with innocent eyes, "Brother Ying, I can't dance."

"I can teach you."

"...I'm very clumsy."

"No worries, I have a lot of patience."

"..."

The last class on Friday, Jin Jumo's phone vibrated almost in sync with the class bell.

Jin Jumo's lips twitched slightly; she didn't need to check the caller ID to know who it was.

Because apart from Rong Mochen, who could time things to such a precise and nearly obsessive degree, she couldn't think of anyone else.

Jin Jumo took a breath, then answered the call, not waiting for the other party to speak, she volunteered, "I just finished class, I'm on my way."

In Jin Jumo's view, there was only one reason Rong Mochen would proactively call her.

Nan Jing Apartment.

Jin Jumo breathed heavily, cheeks red as ripe pomegranates from lack of oxygen, lazily looking at the handsome face close at hand with her watery eyes, voice slightly hoarse, reminding, "Mr. Rong, my waist is about to break."

Jin Jumo's voice already carried a soft, Wu-nong accent typical of Jiangnan women, her tone cottony, with a hint of coyness.