

浮白曲

著

和邪神 结婚后



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Fu Bai Qu (浮白曲)

After Marrying the Evil God (和邪神結婚後)

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I

Main Story

1

chapter 1 — snow god

He fell in love with a mortal.

The setting sun was as brilliant as molten gold, the evening clouds floating in the afterglow. In the midsummer twilight, the shadows of the trees swayed on the golden ground, the air filled with heat.

The dessert shop near Nancheng Yizhong High School welcomed the busiest time of the day. The store was crowded with students who had been let out of school, gathered in groups of three to five, full of energy, laughing and whispering.

The cashier bowed her head to collect the money for change, and was so busy that she raised her hand from time to time to wipe the sweat from her forehead, with no time to even raise her head to ease her sore neck.

Even on such a hot day, the stingy boss didn't turn on the air conditioner or put a few more people on shift. She could barely keep up.

She was hating that she couldn't grow eight hands like an octopus when the shop suddenly quieted down tacitly, and even the sound of breathing was clearly audible for a moment.

TRANSLATED BY @/SNOFLAKESUN

With the sound of light footsteps, a clear and moving male voice fell from the top of her head into her ears.

“Hello, I’m here to pick up the birthday cake that was ordered at noon.”

The cashier was taken aback, raising her gaze and bumping into a pair of gentle eyes.

The face of the young man was like ice and snow, and he looked better than any big star on TV. A cold and white complexion, elegant temperament, a body soft like spring water, like ice and snow, isolated and out of reach.

The cashier was stunned, the enthusiasm on her body fading instantly, the room cooling as if the air conditioner was turned on.

The other guests reacted the same way. It seemed the youth was born with the ability to attract everyone’s attention. Anyone who saw him would have to take a few glances, stunned for a moment.

“Miss?” After seeing that she was dazed and unresponsive, the young man’s face did not have an unpleasant expression, only gently reminding her.

“Ah, yes.” The cashier came back to her senses and hurriedly checked for the order made at noon, “Are you Mr. Qi?”

Qi Baicha nodded: “Yes.”

“Wait a moment, the cake has already been prepared. I’ll get it for you.” The cashier turned around, feeling that her cheeks were burning badly, an unstoppable excitement in her heart.

It was the first time that she had encountered a handsome guy of this level in real life!

Qi Baicha waited in place. The other guests returned to their senses, continuing to pick their own desserts. However, many girls and students continued to secretly look at this

handsome man out of the corners of their eyes, and the bolder ones raised their phones to take pictures, posting them on social media.

At this time, another group of students opened the door and saw Qi Baicha in front of the cash register, and their faces were full of joy. The leading girl was surprised: "Hey, Teacher Qi, are you here to buy cake too?"

Qi Baicha turned his head and glanced over, seeing that it was his own student.

He simply responded: "Mm."

The voice was crisp and cold, with a gentle feeling that made people pregnant just from one word.

The cashier, returning with the cake box, was even more curious when she heard the sound of "Mr. Qi." The young man looked too young. She would've believed it if he

changed into a school uniform and said he was a student from Yizhong. She didn't expect him to be a teacher.

Becoming a high school teacher at such a young age, he definitely was brilliant and talented.

The appreciation of beauty was mixed with the worship of talent. When she handed over the cake box, she couldn't help saying: "Happy birthday."

Qi Baicha laughed: "Thank you. But it's not my birthday, today is my lover's birthday."

The cashier was directly hit by this laugh, stunned. By the time she realized that the youth had a lover, Qi Baicha had already taken the cake and pushed open the door, walking away.

Before leaving, the youth carefully told the students: "Don't stay out for too long, go home early."

The students answered obediently: "Okay, Mr. Qi."

The cashier suddenly felt a little surprised. Such a young and promising man actually married early.

And it wasn't known what kind of woman could be worthy of such a handsome man...

When the girls checked out, she curiously asked: "Was that your teacher just now?"

"Yes, he's our homeroom teacher, the most handsome male teacher in the school!" A girl said proudly, "Other classes can't even be jealous."

"Also, Mr. Qi is not only handsome, but also a nice person and has a high degree. He graduated from a prestigious university!" Another girl added, "He teaches history. Our

history class is ranked first in the grade.”

“But we only learned today that Mr. Qi is married. Mr. Qi is so good-looking, Mrs. Qi must also be very beautiful...”

Those girls wouldn't have been able to finish talking about Mr. Qi in a hundred sentences.

As the cashier listened, her eyes changed from envy to admiration, and finally into a relieved smile. A handsome man could always attract the eyes of unmarried girls, but such a godly character could only be watched from a distance and could not be disrespected.

Qi Baicha took the cake box, walked to the parking space not far away, opened the door of a white Chevrolet car, and looked back at the sky dyed red by the setting sun before getting into the car.

In the eyes of ordinary people, the beautiful sky was draped with a thin layer of golden hazel, and the sun shined brightly at sunset. What Qi Baicha saw was a strangely shaped

dark green mist shrouded in the northeast corner of the campus, with a stench that disgusted the gods.

Recently, the evil aura in the school has been getting stronger. He needed to find time to properly check it out.

He retracted his gaze, put the cake on the passenger seat, started the car, and left.

The car drove through the busy city and gradually entered the sparsely populated, quiet and affluent area. Behind the maze of rose flower walls was a magnificent and luxurious villa.

Qi Baicha drove the car into the underground parking garage. Among the expensive Lamborghini, Maserati, Rolls-Royce, Ferrari and other luxury cars, the Chevrolet worth hundreds of thousands looked extremely shabby.

But it didn't matter, this entire underground parking garage belonged to his family.

To be a good example, one should keep a low profile.

After coming back home, Qi Baicha put the cake box on the table. The living room was empty, and Fu Mingye hadn't returned yet.

Compared with Qi Baicha's status as a normal high school teacher, Fu Mingye's status was much more eye-catching. He was the president of a listed company and was the *number one* on China's rich list, so he was always busy.

Many people lamented that Qi Baicha's academic qualifications were buried in him being a high school teacher, but Qi Baicha didn't think so. He had lived for too long. He had been an emperor, a prime minister, and a general. He had experienced all kinds of

situations in his life, but the lifespan of a god was still endless. Whether he was the richest man or a beggar, it made no difference to him.

His old friends lived from ancient times to the feudal dynasty, and they chose to fall asleep because of the boringness of immortality. Qi Baicha was considered to be the youngest one among the ancient gods, and didn't intend on wasting time by sleeping, so he and his handful of remaining friends continued to wander the world tenaciously. Every few decades, he would change his human name, go to another place, and experience a new life.

Just like this, he traveled to many places, changed names many times, met many people, and said goodbye to many people.

Why change names? Naturally because every time he changed his identity, he became a famous person, some of those famous identities going down in history, so obviously he could no longer use his original name.

During the Republic of China, his last friend, the rain god, fell asleep. From then on, he was the world's last god.

t/n: the Republic of China lasted from 1912 - 1949

That day, he watched the rain god fall asleep in the heavenly realm. If the world did not change drastically while he was sleeping, he probably wouldn't wake up.

The last god felt lonely.

He once again went to the world's busiest tearooms and taverns, picked a table and sat down. This time, he was truly alone. Someone saw him as graceful and came over to talk to him, asking what his name was. At that time, the customer at the table next to

him asked the waiter to make a pot of white tea. He thought of an idea, and said a new name: “Qi Baicha.”

At that time, there were no old friends around him, he was down-hearted, and he didn’t have the fighting spirit to be world-famous. He chose to live without a name, but that name was used until now.

As for his real name used when he was a god, forget it. Everyone who knew it was asleep, so no one would be able to call it out again.

After the Republic of China, Qi Baicha also wanted to fall asleep. The eternal life of a god was indeed boring. However, at the last second, he made a decision in a moment of weakness, and ended up waiting until the establishment of New China, until the rapid development of science and technology, until the 21st century, and waiting... until he loved that person.

He fell in love with a mortal.

He was now his husband.

His husband was Fu Mingye.

Before meeting Fu Mingye, Qi Baicha never thought that he would really fall in love with someone, and that he would be a mortal.

The real world of the gods was not as forbidden from the seven emotions and six desires as in the books of the human world. Back then, Qi Baicha easily overwhelmed many beautiful goddesses and became known as the most beautiful in the heavenly realm, but he never had any suitors.

There was no reason for it. Qi Baicha was a god transformed from the snow on the top of thousand-year-old snowy mountains. At the time of transformation, he had a

beautiful, youthful body that was as clear as ice and as clean as jade.

The god of ice and snow, a cold beauty, a beauty that could only be seen but not touched, along with countless other names were crowned on the snow god's head. Even the deities who were also gods felt that he could not be disrespected.

Later, it was discovered that the snow god was actually a gentle little cutie, and the goddesses raised him as a son, none of them wanting to fall in love with him.

Therefore, even after living for thousands of years, Qi Baicha had not tasted the taste of love. After entering the human world to experience it, he had seen innumerable relationships, but his heart was never tainted. He had seen the consequences of a love between a god and a mortal. The flower god once chased after her mortal lover's death in their next life. When she found them, the lover of the previous life had already married a wife and had children, leaving her in pain, so she could only sleep to heal her wounds.

Qi Baicha knew that mortal life was short, and ordinary friends would regret it when they were dead. After getting together with a lover, how painful would it be to watch them go through life, old age, sickness, and death without the ability to go against

destiny. Even if there was an afterlife, people in the afterlife would no longer be the people of that time. how desperate would he feel then?

He told himself to not get involved with that thing called love.

He just never thought that he would break that rule with Fu Mingye.

Love was like a moth to a flame. It was difficult to restrain, easily making him lose all his persistence.

Thinking of his lover, Qi Baicha couldn't help but pull his lips into a smile, but there was a touch of sadness hidden in those bright and clear eyes.

When he met Fu Mingye, Fu Mingye was twenty-four years old. Today, Fu Mingye was twenty-seven years old.

How many twenty-seven years could a mortal have?

There would be fewer and fewer days to be with him in the future.

Thinking of this, Qi Baicha's original happiness for celebrating his lover's birthday faded away, turning into an inexplicable anguish.

Qi Baicha put aside his troubled thoughts, opened a bottle of red wine, put on an apron, and went to the kitchen to prepare meals. Slender and beautiful fingers held the kitchen

knife, making delicious dishes: braised carp, sweet and sour pork ribs, braised spring bamboo shoots in oil, mapo tofu...

If a person's life was long enough, if they weren't too stupid, and if they had endless time to learn, then they could become omnipotent.

This was the case with Qi Baicha, who could effortlessly cook up dishes from the eight cuisines. He could even fight for the kitchen with a culinary god.

Wasn't he such a qualified snow god, not dirtied by even a speck of dust.

Qi Baicha really liked the smell of cooking smoke, especially when eating home-cooked dishes with Fu Mingye on ordinary nights. The taste was even better than delicious wine.

t/n: "cooking smoke" means something along the lines of "daily life brings comfort to ordinary people"

A hot and fragrant table of food was ready. Qi Baicha put them on the table, took off the apron, when just then came the sound of the key turning at the door of the villa.

Fu Mingye was back.

Hey! Thanks for taking the time to read my translation of this novel! I really love Qi Baicha and Fu Mingye — I hope that you will as well~ This novel is full of married life and fluffy moments (as well as second-hand embarrassment), please look forward to it!

Edit (7/11/23): People might not read my tl note in the drive so I'll put it here: yes this translation uses "machine translation" as a base, but I go through each line and compare the English / Chinese to ensure accuracy. Please do not assume that this translation is created solely from the English produced by a machine. Thank you!

chapter 2 — birthday

“Then let me kiss you a while longer.”

The man who entered the door was very handsome, nearly 1.9 meters tall, with slightly raised *ruifeng* eyes. He was particularly graceful and charming when he laughed. But it was only Qi Baicha who was fortunate enough to see this big president’s smile often.

As soon as Fu Mingye entered the room and took off his suit jacket, it was naturally picked up by Qi Baicha and hung on the back of the chair.

“You’re still wearing formal clothes on such a hot day, you must be hot.” Qi Baicha naturally raised his hand to untie Fu Mingye’s tie, “Did you remember that it’s your birthday today? I made a lot of food for you...”

He was suddenly hugged.

Fu Mingye embraced Qi Baicha's waist, lowering his head and curling his lips around his ear: "I'll cool down after holding you."

Qi Baicha's body was always cold throughout the year, lower than the normal temperature of the human body. Fu Mingye was worried before, but couldn't find any abnormalities, so could only attribute it to his special physique.

He wasn't wrong. Qi Baicha did indeed have skin that was clear and smooth, as fair as snow, and a face as beautiful as a flower.

He had lived for a god for so long that Fu Mingye had long forgotten his true birthday. This so-called "birthday" was nothing more than a fabrication for when he applied for a human ID card, the day not really having any value to him.

But once he remembered that there was a young man in the family who was earnestly preparing for his birthday, everything became meaningful again. Fu Mingye immediately left all his official duties behind and rushed back.

"Hey." Qi Baicha leaned on his chest and said softly, "Don't move, the tie hasn't been undone yet."

Fu Mingye pulled off his tie with one hand, striding to the table and sitting down: "You made so much? Chacha is becoming more and more virtuous."

Qi Baicha pursed his lips and smiled, sitting across from Fu Mingye: "As long as you like it, it's fine."

"How can I not like what you made?" Fu Mingye said, reaching out, wanting to pick up the spring bamboo shoots that were on the plate.

He didn't actually need to eat human food, but if it was Chacha who made it, he would

definitely want to eat it.

Especially since whatever Chacha made would taste delicious.

However, he had only reached out halfway when Qi Baicha pressed his wrist down.

Fu Mingye paused and looked up at him: "What's the matter?"

Qi Baicha held the knife for cutting the cake, saying gently: "Make a wish first."

He had carefully prepared for this birthday for so long; there was no reason to eat first without cutting the cake.

Although the young man was holding a plastic knife and speaking softly, Fu Mingye saw a posture of "if you don't do as I say, I'll hack you to death."

Fu Mingye considered it for a moment before carefully putting down his chopsticks: "... Okay."

The little human wife he married was extremely gentle in all aspects, and never got angry. But sometimes he was unhappy, and even if he were smiling, it could make people feel an inexplicable chill.

Fu Mingye was not willing to make Qi Baicha unhappy. Although he knew that this wish would not be heard at all.

Gods had endless life, but were not without death. The death of a god was called a fall, and it was true that the three souls and seven spirits were scattered, nonexistent even in the afterlife.

There had been countless gods in the world, and immortality could be cultivated the day after tomorrow, but gods were all innate, and they could be roughly divided into

four categories.

The strongest and the first to appear were the gods of nature. The sun, moon, stars, wind, thunder, rain and snow were all natural. The gods of nature were ancient gods, who would only sleep, as it was extremely difficult for them to die. Take the snow god for example. Unless all the glaciers on the earth melted, the snow mountain collapsed, and there was no more snow in the world, only then would the snow god die. Now, except for the snow god, all of the gods of nature were asleep.

Besides the gods of nature, there were gods for everything, such as dragon gods, flower gods, tree gods, and light gods. These gods were also tired of the changes in the world, and they too were all asleep.

In addition, there were gods of art who specialized in certain skills, such as the god of music, the god of dance, the god of forgery, the god of weaving... As more and more skills were lost, countless gods of art fell into the river of time, and the rest fell asleep.

Furthermore were the gods of prayer that came out of faith. If people believed that a piece of land could protect them, that piece of land would give birth to a god who protected them. If people believe that a mountain could keep them safe for generations, the mountain would give birth to a mountain god to protect the people of the

mountain. People made wishes to the gods, and the gods fulfilled their wishes and accumulated their merits.

However, it was now the Latter Day of Dharma. People no longer believed in gods. Those gods of prayer who gained power by repayment gradually lost their power and almost fell to death. Only one remained: the evil god.

The evil god was born from the evil thoughts of all things. Among everything, humans had the worst evil thoughts, thoughts even more terrifying than demons and ghosts.

Belief would wither, human hearts were sinister but unchanging, and all creatures had greed, so the evil god could live forever.

All the greed, selfishness, ugliness, and resentment in the world, all the voices and prayers with negative emotions, would be heard by the evil god. Depending on his

mood, he would satisfy the wishes of some creatures. In return, the other party would have to pay the price to make the evil god stronger.

However, although the evil god could satisfy the countless of the world's wishes, his own wishes were difficult to realize.

Thinking of this, Fu Mingye's gaze became slightly gloomy.

He had never heard the heartfelt wishes of his lover. Chacha was indeed too pure and flawless.

He had lived for thousands of years, but it was the first time he had met such a clean person.

It made him like him at first glance.

Fu Mingye opened the bow on the box, a fruit cake packaged inside. The sweet and greasy cream was dotted with fresh strawberries and cherries, and a soft and delicious mango layer was underneath. The chocolate label said "Happy 27th birthday, Mr. Fu."

Fu Mingye curled his lips unconsciously, a thin smile in his eyes.

Qi Baicha put candles on the cake and lit them up. There were 27 candles, no more, no less.

He handed Fu Mingye the birthday cone hat given by the cake shop: "Put this on."

Fu Mingye refused: "It's too childish, I would never wear it..." This went against his noble status as an evil god. Only human youngsters would wear such ridiculous hats!

Qi Baicha turned off the light with a "click" and looked back, his snow-white face illuminated by the flickering candlelight, his eyes under his long eyelashes shining

brightly.

“...” Fu Mingye put on the party hat silently.

His family had such a beautiful wife, of course he'd do everything as told.

Qi Baichafu laughed again: “Close your eyes and make a wish. I'll sing for you.”

He gently clapped his hands: “Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...”

Fu Mingye didn't take these human birthday rituals to heart, but listening to Qi Baicha's clear and gentle singing, his heart softened. He closed his eyes and became sincere, silently making a wish that no one would hear.

I want to be with Chacha... until the end of time.

After Qi Baicha finished singing the song, Fu Mingye opened his eyes. The moment their gazes met, it was clear that endless lingering affection was hidden in each other's eyes.

Qi Baicha reminded: “Mr. Fu, you should blow the candles out.”

The two looked at each other before smiling, and Fu Mingye blew out the candles in one go.

Qi Baicha turned the light on again, and the room was re-lit. He stretched his eyebrows and said in a brisk tone: “You can cut the cake now.”

He really wanted to know what wishes Fu Mingye made, but unfortunately there was a

saying in the world that birthday wishes wouldn't come true if spoken.

Qi Baicha wanted to say that it would be effective if he said it, because he could help realize it...

He was a god of nature, not a god of prayer who specialized in helping people realize their wishes. He couldn't hear the voice of mortals, but most things were still within his spell-casting power.

It was a pity that gods could not make mortals immortal. This was against the laws of nature.

Holding a plastic knife, Fu Mingye cut the cake into eight equal portions and gave a piece to Qi Baicha. The two began to have dinner, and the atmosphere was warm and sweet.

Fu Mingye took a sip of red wine and raised his brows: "Such a rare wine like the vintage Romanée-Conti wine, Chacha, where did you find this?"

What rare wine... He even had a whole wine cellar of wine brewed by immortals that was ten thousand years old.

"With a method you can't do without money." Qi Baicha took a sip of the red wine.

He took the fork and ate the cake bite by bite. Qi Baicha had a good-looking face structure, looking very elegant and gentle while eating. His red lips were covered with

white cream, and his crow feather-colored long eyelashes trembled with the blink of his eyes, like a gentle painting.

Fu Mingye liked it the more he looked, calling out, “Chacha.”

“Hm?” Qi Baicha raised his head, his eyes blank, a cherry between his lips.

Fu Mingye stood up, leaning over to kiss him, licking the cream off the tip of his tongue, sweeping away the cherry in Qi Baicha’s mouth.

Qi Baicha’s eyes widened slightly.

“Thanks to Mr. Qi for the fruit cake.” Fu Mingye sat back and looked at him with a smile, “It’s very sweet.”

“...” Qi Baicha hurriedly lowered his gaze, picking up a strawberry with a fork and shoving it into his mouth, “You have your own food, why fight for mine?”

Fu Mingye teased: “Because Chacha looks very cute when blushing.”

Qi Baicha was shocked and covered his cheeks: “Was I?” How could it be, it wasn’t like it was their first day of marriage. How could he be blushing with heart pounding because of a kiss...

Fu Mingye squinted and fell on the back against his chair: “You weren’t, but this startled look is even more cute hahahaha—”

Qi Baicha directly picked up a piece of butter cake and smeared it on his face, saying softly: “Say it again.”

“...” Fu Mingye looked at his instantly noble and glamorous wife, bowed his head and

admitted, “I was wrong.”

Qi Baicha raised his chin: “Go wash it off.”

Fu Mingye, with cream on his face, obediently went to the bathroom to wash up.

If those company directors saw the appearance of the 2.8 meter aura president acting like a little sheep, they would’ve been so shocked their jaws would’ve dropped to the ground.

After taking off the childish birthday hat and cleaning up the cream on his face, Fu Mingye looked at himself in the mirror with satisfaction. Very good, he was still a handsome and unmatched evil god.

Walking out of the bathroom, Fu Mingye saw that Qi Baicha had put the leftovers in the refrigerator and was clearing the dishes on the table. He hurriedly stepped forward: “Leave it for the nanny to clean up tomorrow.”

Qi Baicha said: “It’s still early anyway.”

“It’s getting late.” Fu Mingye hugged him from behind and let out a low laugh, “After drinking red wine, I want to drink white tea.”

t/n: qi baicha’s name is literally white tea (mentioned in ch 1)

“...” Qi Baicha said softly, “Strong exercise is not suitable after meals.”

Fu Mingye kissed him on the cheek, lowering his voice.

“Then let me kiss you a while longer.”

I'd like to clarify that the "Mr." that Fu Mingye and most others use is "xiansheng" while the "Mr." that students and parents use is "laoshi" (teacher). In order to make this novel as close to an English translation as possible, I have decided to go with "Mr." for the translation of "laoshi" because it follows American traditions. Thank you for understanding!

chapter 3 — premeditated

"I accept your plan."

That sentence was like pressing a switch. The temperature in the room suddenly rose, and Fu Mingye picked the person up sideways. Qi Baicha hugged the man's neck and buried his face in his embrace, with long hanging eyelashes covering the dim light in his eyes.

This was not the first time this happened. The first time was not just nervousness, but rather a joke — and it didn't work out in the end.

Qi Baicha had been in love with Fu Mingye for two years and married for one. When love was strong, it was inevitable that there would be accidental shots of love. The most overwhelming time was on a rainy night. At that time, the two didn't live together. They had gone on a date at an amusement park, playing around for a whole day. When

it started to rain at night, Fu Mingye drove Qi Baicha home, insisting on even sending him upstairs.

The rain outside was heavy, pouring down, the sound of pattering rain echoing their pounding hearts. After Fu Mingye sent the man home, he was about to turn around and go downstairs, when his sleeve was pulled, catching him caught off guard.

He turned his head and saw the thin and beautiful young man's lips flutter. His voice was very soft, but it passed through the heavy rain clearly and agitated his eardrums: "The rain is so heavy... you should stay."

From then on, everything got messy.

They both knew what that meant. There was a phrase called "rain or shine." Heavy rain had never been an obstacle. Fu Mingye had a raincoat and an umbrella. After going downstairs, he could get directly into the car. If those were of no use, he still had supernatural powers... not even a drop of water would have been able to on him.

But heavy rain could also be an excuse.

In the face of the ambiguous signal sent by the youth, the heavy rain could be a grandiose excuse to stay.

Fu Mingye could have refused, but he chose to enter the door again and kissed him against the door.

... What happened later could be imagined. They were entangled and tore their way from the living room to the bedroom. Their clothes fell to the ground, and they kissed inextricably. Fu Mingye still remembered that the human body was very fragile. He asked the youth if he could bear it. The youth froze for a moment, panting and saying, "I've cleaned up beforehand."

Qi Baicha was talking nonsense. Gods did not need to eat nor did they need to clean up their bodies at all. But at the moment, he could only say so, making it seem like he had been prepared.

When Fu Mingye heard the answer, his eyes suddenly darkened.

He smiled and said, "I really doubt that you calculated this rain, Mr. Qi."

That really wronged him. Qi Baicha closed his eyes and thought, it raining was not something under his control.

What was this beating in his chest? Was it due to shock? The heart of the snow god was exquisite and clear, cold and quiet, as it had been for thousands of years.

Now this heart was also not under his control.

The invitation to stay was impulsive, but he didn't regret it either. That kind of uncontrollable feeling was very strange, Qi Baicha thought, when it was over, he had to find some initiative.

How could he impose himself on a mortal who was younger than him.

So he pretended to look like a veteran in love: "I looked at the weather forecast and

made an appointment for today.”

“Mr. Fu, I actually did plan it beforehand.”

Fu Mingye squinted, “Really?”

“Really.”

“But Mr. Qi.” Fu Mingye jokingly said, “Your face is very red, you don’t dare to look at me, and I can hear your rapid heartbeat.”

Qi Baicha paused and turned his head away: “It was the first time I planned this kind of thing, so I’m a little nervous.”

“Relax.” Fu Mingye gently kissed him, “I accept your plan.”

Up to this point, all events were in line with the development of idol dramas.

What happened after that turned the idol drama into a comedy in an instant.

At the critical moment, the two sides suddenly awakened, and stopped at the same time,

sitting on the bed silently.

After a long while, Qi Baicha suffocatingly said a sentence: "I have hemorrhoids."

Fu Mingye said at the same time: "I'm impotent."

Qi Baicha: "..."

Fu Mingye: "..."

The scene was very embarrassing.

At the last moment, they simultaneously remembered that the mortal body could not bear the union with gods. If they don't want to hurt the other person, they had to seal most of their divine power to ensure that it won't affect their lover's body.

It really was a faux pas.

After that attempt failed, neither of them mentioned anything about sleeping together.

The god of nature was born strong, and it took a long time for Qi Baicha to seal his divine power to one ten thousandth of his full power before daring to try it with Fu Mingye on their wedding night.

The result was beyond his imagination.

That night, Qi Baicha said shamelessly to Fu Mingye that his hemorrhoids were cured, and Fu Mingye happily replied that his impotence was also cured.

Then... Qi Baicha was tossed around so badly that he hated the fact that he couldn't

really get hemorrhoids.

It hurted so much. How could it hurt so much.

How could Fu Mingye be this bad?

What made Qi Baicha even more puzzled was that he had a divine body. Even if his strength was only one ten thousandth, even if that youth was not his true appearance, the strength of his body was far beyond a mortal's.

Him not hurting Fu Mingye was already a miracle, but it turned out that Fu Mingye could actually hurt him.

Incredible.

In fact, Fu Mingye was frightened when he saw Qi Baicha's pale face.

He had sealed his strength to one ten thousandth, specifically out of fear of hurting his frail little wife. He didn't expect Chacha to still be hurt like that.

Seeing the pale face of the always gentle and tough young man and the appearance of him shrinking on the bed, biting his lip forbearingly, Fu Mingye was so distressed that

he blamed himself for using too much power, fearing that something happened to Qi Baicha's body.

He kept asking Qi Baicha if anywhere was in pain, and if anything was uncomfortable, then he had to say it.

After Qi Baicha came to, he fiercely smashed a pillow onto Fu Mingye's body, saying angrily: "You can only touch me again after you practice your skills!"

Fu Mingye was taken aback for a moment, and subconsciously answered: "But I can only practice with you?"

With a clear conscience and upright personality, although Master Evil God had lived for countless years, he had always been single because of his critical eyesight. He thought that gods were sanctimonious, human souls were dirty, demons and ghosts were ugly... In short, none of them were eye-catching.

Unexpectedly, after thousands and thousands of years, and thousands of years after that, by rare chance, he fell in love with a clean soul, which included its body and mind.

It was natural that his skills weren't that good.

Qi Baicha looked even more annoyed when he heard that.

Fu Mingye couldn't forget those cold eyes. He felt that his little wife might have even had the heart to kill his husband at a certain moment.

Fortunately, Master Snow God, who had experienced the world, did not think it was worth leaving a psychological shadow on that matter. The day before, he was so angry

that he did not want to pay Fu Mingye any attention, but the next day, he threw himself into his husband's arms, acting gently and coquettishly.

There was no other way, the life of his lover was too short, and there was no time to waste on anger, Qi Baicha thought sullenly as he embraced Fu Mingye.

He wanted to cherish every day he spent with Mr. Fu.

Fu Mingye was flattered at the time, and felt a little more pity for the little wife in his arms.

Chacha had such a good temper, he really was a little angel.

He had to treat Chacha well.

The determined Master Evil God worked hard, studied hard, read countless films, finally evolved from a novice to an old driver, and lived a happy and harmonious husband life with his little human wife.

t/n: because... you know... driving cars...

He believed that today, they would also have a wonderful night.

Fu Mingye carried him into the bedroom. The jacket and tie were thrown in the living room, leaving only a thin shirt, which was quickly taken off, revealing a figure with smooth texture and beautiful lines.

He looked thin when he wore clothes, but there was flesh when he undressed. That was basically what Fu Mingye was like.

He was very tall, 1.89 meters, and his skin was not the honey or wheatish color popular among handsome men, but very fair. Whether it was the slightly upturned *ruifeng* eyes,

or the thin lips that were naturally a little curled, all tended to be more beautiful than handsome.

So beautiful that it had an evil aura.

Gods all grew up naturally, so no matter the gender, except for a few with strange aesthetics, were all first-class beauties.

He was originally turbid *qi* during the Chaos Period, a spirit without a form. After everything existed, he condensed into a form due to the wishes of those things. After humans appeared, he became a god because of their evil thoughts. From the perspective of his age when he became a god, he was an extremely young god. But as far as the age of survival was concerned, he was older than all the gods of nature. However, his gestation time was too long, and he suddenly became a younger brother.

The evil god was not a god of evil, but a god who listened to the evil thoughts of the world. Good thoughts and evil thoughts were two sides of the same coin. Being altruistic and praying for the common people was virtuous, while being selfish and greedy was corrupt. But all things had greed, and even the gods could not guarantee the purity of the six roots. Some evil thoughts were not unforgivable. Fu Mingye didn't mind mutual benefit when possible.

The evil god was just an ordinary position among the gods. However, because of the nature of his profession, he was exposed to some negative energy every day, and the evil god's personality was also perverse and wicked, and somewhat world-weary.

He was a maverick, unable to play with the mainstream gods. He was the most free and arrogant god.

He had profound strength, all of the living and dead his followers. He was the most powerful god of prayer.

Of course, all these fancy names were now inferior to Chacha's husband, Chacha's lover, Chacha's simp...

Fu Mingye kissed Qi Baicha's fingertips, his eyes lingering on the youth's slender snow-white waist.

His Chacha was so beautiful he seemed ethereal.

As the true snow god, no one was qualified to be called pale-skinned and beautiful in front of Qi Baicha.

Qi Baicha could feel the trembling of his fingertips. He loved this person, so he could give the most honest response to every kiss of the person in front of him.

He hummed and whispered: "... Mingye."

The atmosphere in the room was on fire.

Fu Mingye clasped his five fingers and kissed every inch of him.

They hugged, kissed, were affectionate, shared glances, and were intimate, like any

couple in the world.

They were also true, an enviable pair of immortal couples who were unparalleled in the world.

After tasting delicious pre-dinner desserts, just as Fu Mingye was about to start enjoying tonight's dinner, a cell phone ringing suddenly interrupted the fiery atmosphere in the room.

The movements of the two paused at the same time, and their senses quickly cooled down.

Fu Mingye said, "Your call."

Although he was very unhappy to be disturbed at this time, Fu Mingye always left Qi Baicha personal space to deal with his own affairs, and would not use his divine power to spy on his lover's privacy.

Although Fu Mingye had no love experience except for Qi Baicha, he has heard appeals and prayers of the world countless times, many of which were the distresses encountered in love. Some of them couldn't be together, some had loved but never cherished it, wanting to reunite but unable to do so.

It was normal to have problems with love. But Fu Mingye was an evil god, and all he heard were evil thoughts. So what he heard every day was not the ignorant questions of young boys and girls, but "how can I make him unable to leave me, can I kidnap him and break his leg for him to accompany me forever?" "God, bless me, make her real

boyfriend die, so I can get her.” “Is there any way to prevent her from getting divorced? I haven’t finished transferring their community property.”... and so on.

People’s hearts were really interesting things, but they were annoying when they saw too much. He couldn’t pay attention to such demands.

It wasn’t for justice, it was just that he didn’t care. Satisfying those filthy souls did not bring him much supernatural power, and those rats simply could not afford to pay a precious price.

Gods loved the people. This was the nature that natural law bestowed on most gods.

Divinity was something that was more etched in bone and difficult to change than human nature. The law endowed the snow god with gentleness, holiness, clarity, and love for all beings. Qi Baicha was such a deity.

But the evil god hated the world.

Wanton, perverse, cynical, hating everything. This was the nature given to the evil god by the laws of nature.

For thousands of years, he had been listening to such despicable and gloomy thoughts. Master Evil God felt that by just being world-weary and not blackening the world to the point of extinction, he had given the world a lot of face. The law should give him a “Toughest Mind Award”.

However, after encountering Qi Baicha, the world became gentle and lovely. The noble Master Evil God felt that he could reluctantly stay in the world for Chacha and deal with these stupid mortals.

Back to the point. He had heard of many similar troubles, and Fu Mingye summed up a set of experiences. Loving someone meant having them, and wanting to keep them

close at all times; loving someone for a long time meant respecting them, and knowing to give each other appropriate space.

So when they were interrupted at a critical moment... He, was, definitely, not, angry, at, all.

“Here.”

Fu Mingye, who barely suppressed his anger after a tirade in his heart, considerately handed the phone on the bedside table to Qi Baicha, saying the simplest word.

Qi Baicha picked up the phone, and the caller id showed Zhuang Jingyi’s parents.

Zhuang Jingyi was the female student he met in the cake shop, the first one to greet him.

If a student’s parent was calling at this hour, something must’ve happened.

Qi Baicha answered the phone, but before the word “hello” was spoken, a woman cried anxiously on the other side of the phone: “Mr. Qi, I am Jingyi’s mother. Our Jingyi is not home yet, do you know where she went?”

t/n: used the formal “you”

I went to look up the meaning of “擦枪走火” and apparently there’s a movie with the title “Accidental Shots of Love” and I thought it was funnier than the actual meaning so ended up using it...

Sometimes Qi Baicha or Fu Mingye is referred to as “大人”, and I’m unsure as to which title to use, so it will be translated as “Master.” Some terms may be subject to change!

chapter 4 — demon and ghost

“Too scary.”

The woman’s emotions sounded very broken. Qi Baicha said soothingly: “I saw her buying cakes in the cake shop with some classmates in the afternoon. Is it possible that she went out to play with her classmates?”

“I also thought that Jingyi was with her classmates and delayed on the way back. But after waiting and waiting, it passed dinnertime but she still hadn’t come back. Only then did I go to call Jingyi, but I couldn’t get to her at all!” Zhuang Jingyi’s mother said anxiously, “I just called some classmates who are close to Jingyi. They said that they separated from Jingyi midway, and Jingyi went home alone. How dangerous is it for a girl to be out alone at night? The child’s father and I were extremely panicked when we heard this, and went to find the police to report the case. But the police said if the disappearance had not been for 24 hours, they wouldn’t accept it. 24 hours! If she was

abducted by a bad person, it would be too late! I only have this one girl, if something happened to her, I wouldn't be able to live anymore..."

"Please do not be so restless." Qi Baicha knew that at this time, the other party wouldn't calm down no matter what he said, so he could only comfort her with a sentence, "I will help you find her."

He hung up the phone, his expression condensing slightly, immediately putting on the clothes that were scattered on the bed.

"Something happened to one of the students in my class." Qi Baicha got up and out of bed, buttoning his clothes and putting on his shoes, "I have to go."

"Need help?" Fu Mingye also quickly got dressed.

Without looking back, Qi Baicha grabbed his phone and car key and walked out: "No."

If it was done by humans, he could deal with it very quickly. If it was not done by humans... Qi Baicha pursed his lips when he remembered the evil spirit in the school that had recently grown stronger.

Then only he could deal with that.

Qi Baicha hurriedly walked to the door, and was stopped by Fu Mingye: "Wait."

He turned his head, Fu Mingye hurried to catch up, put a coat on him, and carefully

said: "It's windy at night, don't freeze."

Qi Baicha glanced at him, nodded, and turned to go out.

Fu Mingye watched him leave.

As soon as the door closed, Fu Mingye's face became cold.

Gods' hearing was very good, and he could clearly hear the phone call between Qi Baicha and Zhuang Jingyi's parents.

Master Evil God, who was interrupted halfway through his work, was in a bad mood, a very bad mood, an extremely bad mood.

But he could not vent this anger to Qi Baicha, nor to the anxious parents of the child, even more not so to the missing girl.

Then the culprit who kidnapped the girls would unfortunately have to bear all the anger of Master Evil God.

Qi Baicha rushed to the underground parking garage, opened the Chevrolet car, sat in the driver's seat, took out his mobile phone, and sent a message in the second-year Class One group chat.

Mr. Qi: *Anyone who went home with Zhuang Jingyi after school, please come out for a second.*
@all members

Zhu Qingxuan: *Here! Mr. Qi!*

Zeng Yirou: *Mr. Qi, what happened?*

Xia Fangyan: *Is it because Zhuang Jingyi hasn't returned home yet? Just now Zhuang Jingyi's*

mother called me and Huang Mengjia, saying that Zhuang Jingyi hadn't come home.

Wang Xuanyu: *Huh? What happened? Zhuang Jingyi is missing?*

Qu Sunsheng: *No way? It's so late, where could she go?*

Zhuang Jingyi was beautiful and cheerful, and was very popular in the class. Something happened to her, and the class group chat instantly exploded. Many people came out to express their surprise and concern, and the messages reached 99+ in minutes.

The group owner has muted all members.

The group owner has unmuted all members.

Mr. Qi: *Don't send any more messages. Who was the last person with Zhuang Jingyi this afternoon?*

Wei Xuan: *It was me, Mr. Qi.*

Wei Xuan: *I left with Zhuang Jingyi, Zhu Qingxuan, Xia Fangyan and Huang Mengjia after school today. Zhuang Jingyi and I were on the same route, and we stayed together until the end, at about half past five. I was waiting for the bus and she entered Huangshui Alley.*

Mr. Qi: *I see, thank you.*

Qi Baicha turned off his phone and drove out of the garage.

Huangshui Alley was the only way from school to Zhuang Jingyi's house. Zhuang Jingyi walked through this alley every day, but something happened today.

Zhuang Jingyi lost contact at half past five, and it was now eight o'clock in the evening.

If there really was an accident, it could be too late.

The night scene outside the car window kept going backwards. Qi Baicha held the steering wheel, his eyes gradually darkening like night.

From as gentle as water to as cold as frost, it only took a change of expression.

He had clearly noticed something wrong in the school. He also told the students to go home early after school, but he was still negligent.

If they really encountered evil things, those ordinary students would have no power to resist.

Today was Fu Mingye's birthday. Qi Baicha wanted to check it out another day, but accidents always happened by surprise.

The car stopped near Huangshui Alley. The street lights there had been broken, and it was hard to get around at night.

After Qi Baicha got out of the car, he was the only person in the empty alley. The evening breeze blew, and a few wisps of chill emerged.

The snow god couldn't feel the chill, but the coat Fu Mingye put on him made him feel a little warmer.

Huangshui Alley was a very narrow and long alley, without any monitoring or street lighting. It was quiet and silent at the moment, and it was terribly dark.

Qi Baicha walked in alone.

There was still a trace of evil aura in the alley, and the walls were entwined with dark

green. Some evil creatures had visited there not long ago.

All monsters and demons possessed evil aura. The more the evil the thoughts were, the more evil the aura became. If one was committed to good, one could also turn evil energy into spiritual energy, and could be ranked in the immortal class.

Mortals had no evil aura. But the snow god had an exquisite heart, clear eyes, could differentiate right and wrong, understood good and evil, and discerned people's hearts.

The breath left in this alley seemed to be a low-level monster's.

The clue was cut off there, and there was no trace of the monster. For a while, Qi Baicha stood still in the alley, raising his hand to conjure a transparent ice crystal ball in his palm, recreating the scene two and a half hours ago.

Zhuang Jingyi carrying a schoolbag clearly appeared in the picture. She walked into the alley alone. When she reached the middle of the alley, she was suddenly enveloped by a cloud of dark green evil, and then disappeared into thin air.

If this area was monitored, it would not be able to capture the monster's evil aura, let alone the monster's real body hidden in the evil aura. Ordinary people would only see a

person suddenly disappear from the world. With so many disappearances happening starting from ancient times, they became unsolved mysteries.

Qi Baicha could see that an ugly sex demon was wrapped in the dark green mist, holding Zhuang Jingyi and heading toward the northwestern part of the city.

A snowflake condensed on his fingertips again: "Find this sex demon."

The snowflake accepted the command, danced around in the air, swished to the northwest, and started to navigate.

Qi Baicha also turned into a white light and quickly followed.

He shouldn't have had to spend so much time and effort. If he was the snow god he was in his prime, he could find someone directly just by using a spell to locate them; anywhere within the six realms would not be a problem. But now he only had one ten thousandth of his divine power left. He was unable to sense the faint breath of mortals, and could only find where monsters were.

If he wanted to lift the seal, he had to set up an enchantment and slowly release it, otherwise the powerful divine power that bursted instantly would directly cause the

city to collapse. And it would take months to reseal it. How would he explain to Fu Mingye? Did hemorrhoids recur?

By this time, Qi Baicha had already rescued her.

In an abandoned warehouse in the northwest, a demon and a ghost were arguing endlessly.

A half-length hungry ghost flared his tongue out: "We should have eaten this delicious little human girl right away, I can already smell the fragrance of her flesh!"

The hideous and ugly sex demon waved its paws: "Go away! You violent thing, such a beautiful woman should be raised for me to vent my desires!"

"Fucking women, fucking women, all you know is how to fuck women!" The hungry ghost rushed to the girl who had long fainted on the ground, and spit out a long tongue, "I want to eat her!"

"You also only know how to eat! Good-for-nothing." The sex devil grabbed the hungry ghost's tongue fiercely, "I caught her, so I get to decide how to deal with her!"

"Hmph, if it weren't for me telling you that the school was such a good place, could you have seen so much young and tender flesh? Could you have hidden in the women's

bathroom and peeked under the skirts of so many women?” The hungry ghost was unwilling to be outdone and the two began to fight.

“It looks like you two really have done many wicked things.”

A cold male voice came, and the devil and the ghost who were fighting couldn’t help but stop their movements.

They turned their heads to look at the glamorous youth who suddenly appeared in the warehouse, dumbfounded.

The snowflake that led the way lightly fell on Qi Baicha’s palm, disappearing. He lifted his gaze, his face gentle, but there was a chilling coldness in his eyes.

Quiet and peerless, as beautiful as a god.

In reality, it was also like that.

t/n: as in, he was actually a god

“Who are you?”

“When did you come in?”

The sex demon and the hungry ghost spoke at the same time.

Qi Baicha saw Zhuang Jingyi who had fainted on the ground and walked over to confirm her physical condition. Fortunately, she was safe.

The hungry ghost immediately yelled to jump forward: “What are you going to do with my food!”

The sex demon immediately realized that something was wrong, quickly turning and running away. The strange man who suddenly broke in looked like no ordinary person, and he was not scared upon seeing their inhuman appearances. It shouldn't be a celestial master who was called here on purpose, right?

Sex demons and hungry ghosts were the lowest-class demons and ghosts. Even if they fought against a half-hearted celestial master, they might not be able to beat them. Before, it had no guts and only dared to hide in the toilet in the northeast corner of the

school. After a few days, no one found it, so it gradually became bold, breeding evil thoughts, and finally putting them into action.

Who would've thought that something unexpected would have happened during its first attempt.

The sex demon did not have the concept of loyalty. Now he just wanted the hungry ghost to catch that man, so he could escape quickly.

Qi Baicha lowered his gaze. His figure did not move, but the warehouse door closed.

The temperature inside inexplicably seemed to drop by ten degrees Celsius, becoming a frozen warehouse. Demons and ghosts originally could not sense temperatures of the human world, but at that moment, they were able to feel a chill.

"You..." The hungry ghost stopped abruptly and realized something was wrong.

The man in front of him... was so fucking scary.

One demon and one ghost looked at each other, knelt down, hopelessly crying as they hit their heads on the ground.

"I'm sorry, Mister celestial master! It's because we were possessed for a while and wanted to do bad things, we will never dare to do it again! Mister celestial master forgive us!"

"I haven't eaten anyone yet! Mister celestial master! Please just let me go!"

Qi Baicha looked at them for a moment: "Your evil aura is so heavy, yet you aren't truly

regretful. If I let you guys go today, you guys will not let others off in the future.”

He smiled gently: “Why not freeze to death.”

The icy temperature only targeted the sex demon and the hungry ghost, and had no effect on Zhuang Jingyi at all. Qi Baicha was about to pick up the unconscious Zhuang Jingyi, but suddenly stopped.

Someone was coming.

He couldn't let mortals see inhuman creatures.

The sex demon and the hungry ghost were shivering from the cold, the cool air like a hostile force invading their bodies, only to see the young man wave his hand, the two of them suddenly possessing human skin that they could only dream of.

... There were even sticks forcibly stuffed into their hands.

Those low-level creatures would never be able to cultivate a human form in their lifetime. Now, they were given a free copy, but they were close to dying.

As soon as Fu Mingye opened the door, he saw his little wife firmly guarding the student in front of him. Two sturdy men, holding clubs in their hands, stared fiercely at the weak, pitiful, and helpless Chacha.

The sex demon and the hungry ghost: We're fucking so cold that our faces are distorted okay!

When Qi Baicha saw the person who came was Fu Mingye, he was surprised for a moment, before hurriedly flying into his arms as if he had found support: “Why are you

here?”

“I was worried about you.” Fu Mingye hugged him distressedly. “You scared me to death. What were you thinking, running over to fight the kidnappers alone. Were you scared?”

“Too scared.” Qi Baicha said with lingering fear, “How did you find me?”

“Phone location.”

In fact, Master Evil God locked down on the evil thoughts he received within the local area, found those with the words school and girl, followed the evil aura, and easily found Zhuang Jingyi’s location.

It was just that he didn’t expect his Chacha to be so capable. He found it so soon.

If he hadn’t arrived in time, how could Chacha have dealt with it alone?

Fu Mingye was scared after thinking about it.

“Send the student home. Let me take care of these two people.” Fu Mingye furrowed his eyebrows.

Qi Baicha nodded, picked up Zhuang Jingyi, and went out. His top priority was to send Zhuang Jingyi home. Her parents were probably extremely anxious.

As for the sex demon and the hungry ghost, the coldness had entered the body, and they had no more resistance. They couldn’t live for much longer, and if investigated, it would only show that they died of sudden illness.

As soon as Qi Baicha left, only Fu Mingye was left in the warehouse, with a demon and

a ghost who were half-frozen to death.

Fu Mingye turned his head, showing no expression on his face.

The sex demon and the hungry ghost were overwhelmed at the moment, shivering so uncontrollably that they were unable to say even a sentence, having no intention to care about the mortal who had appeared from who knows where.

Who would've guessed that the man's airy words would actually make them even more frightened.

"A sex demon and a hungry ghost, with unprecedented good luck to be able to cultivate a human form." Fu Mingye's eyes and tone were extremely cold. "Since you dared to scare Chacha, your good fortune will end here."

The next second, with a mournful wailing sound, a devil and a ghost turned into a black mist, disappearing completely.

chapter 5 — a hundred years

“I will accompany you till the end of life.”

When Qi Baicha teleported to the warehouse, he also transferred a Chevrolet. He put Zhuang Jingyi in the passenger seat, the girl still unconscious, showing no sign of waking up.

Upon seeing those monsters and ghosts, she was so frightened that she passed out, leaving a huge psychological shadow.

Qi Baicha stretched out his hand, a soft white light condensing above her forehead, slowly immersing into her mind.

When Zhuang Jingyi woke up, she would have forgotten everything she saw tonight, except that she was knocked out by kidnappers.

After doing all this, Qi Baicha drove to Zhuang Jingyi's house.

At the beginning of the first year of high school, the whole class had filled in their home addresses when filling out the information form. Qi Baicha glanced at it and memorized it all, very clear about the direction of Zhuang Jingyi's house.

Ten minutes later, Qi Baicha carried her out of the car and arrived at an ordinary house. The sounds of quarrelling could be heard. It seemed that the woman was

complaining that her husband was too busy working, and didn't know to pick up their daughter after school, which was why she disappeared.

The man was silent, obviously also feeling bad.

They had already gone out and looked for her for a while, but there was no result. When they came back, Mrs. Zhuang was emotionally unstable. Conflicts broke out, and she began to criticize Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang knew that his wife was anxious, and he had no intention of quarreling at this time. How could he not be worried?

Qi Baicha knocked on the door to Zhuang Jingyi's house.

There was a loud noise inside, the sound of footsteps neared, and someone came to open the door.

The door was opened by a haggard woman, her eyes red with tears. She immediately saw the girl in Qi Baicha's arms. She stared for a moment, then hurriedly went to hug her daughter and said excitedly: "Jingyi! Jingyi is back! Hey child's dad, look, it's our daughter!"

Mr. Zhuang was a seemingly taciturn man who was not good at expressing emotions, but he was obviously relieved when he saw his daughter was returned safely. Mrs.

Zhuang's mind was full of her daughter, not even bothering to thank Qi Baicha. It was Mr. Zhuang who said: "It was Mr. Qi that brought our daughter back."

"Ah, Mr. Qi, yes yes, Mr. Qi come in and sit." Mrs. Zhuang reacted, wiped her tears, and said in a panic, "Mr. Qi, why is Jingyi unconscious? Nothing happened to her, right?"

"It's okay, she was just kidnapped by kidnappers and got frightened." Qi Baicha said.

"What? Kidnappers?!" The couple was not calm, their eyes filled with shock.

Although they had guessed this possibility early on, when they thought of the worst consequences or what happened to their daughter while in the hands of the kidnappers, the parents felt distressed.

"They were two gangsters. Before they had time to do anything, I had already called the police to take them away." Qi Baicha reassured them.

"What gangsters? Which police station?" Mr. Zhuang said angrily, "I want to make those two little rascals take a proper look!"

"They had committed many crimes, and will not escape legal punishment." Qi Baicha lightly changed the subject, "We should pay attention to Zhuang Jingyi's mental health now. She was badly frightened. Tomorrow, she can take time off and not come to school, so she can relax at home for a day. You guys should also try not to ask for details, so as not to irritate her."

"Ah, okay, okay." When it came to their daughter's psychological condition, the couple was both concerned and nervous.

Mr. Zhuang sighed and blamed himself: "I'm usually busy at work, and let Jingyi go home alone after school. It's too dangerous. I will pick her up from school in the

future.” After going through this kind of thing, which parent would dare let their daughter continue going home alone? No one would be that calm.

Qi Baicha nodded and smiled.

Mrs. Zhuang eased her worry about her daughter, and suddenly knelt down to Qi Baicha: “Mr. Qi, you are really our great benefactor...”

t/n: used the formal “you” (used throughout their conversation)

Qi Baicha quickly helped her up: “You don’t need to be like this. Zhuang Jingyi is my student, and also I have the responsibility to take care of her safety.”

“Mr. Qi should stay and have a meal.” Father Zhuang also said.

Qi Baicha shook his head and declined: “I have already eaten. It’s getting late, and I should go back.”

The couple thought so too. It was almost nine o’clock, and most people would have eaten dinner long ago. They were worried about Jingyi and were too anxious to eat.

When they thought that Mr. Qi might have left halfway through his meal to help find their daughter, the couple was grateful and a little embarrassed. Mrs. Zhuang said

enthusiastically: "It's okay if you don't stay. I'll cut some fruit for you, you must take it with you."

This was the goodwill of the couple. If he didn't accept it, they would have felt bad.

Qi Baicha did not refuse this time.

Mrs. Zhuang filled a bag full with fruit, the bag heavy in her hand. She stuffed it into Qi Baicha's hand, and waved at him: "Mr. Qi, go slowly, be careful on the road!"

Qi Baicha nodded slightly, turning and getting into the car.

When he returned home, it was already nine something in the evening, and Qi Baicha found that the light in the living room was on. As soon as he entered the door, he was completely embraced by Fu Mingye.

"Is the matter resolved?" Fu Mingye asked in a low voice.

"Yeah." The fruit bag in his hand fell on the carpet, Qi Baicha hugging him back, "How long have you waited for me?"

"I've been waiting since I came back." Fu Mingye bit Qi Baicha's earlobe punitively, but his strength was so gentle that it was negligible. "Conscientious and responsible Mr. Qi, can you now think about how to comfort your angry husband?"

Qi Baicha lifted his gaze and looked at him directly: "You're angry?" Honestly speaking,

he couldn't really see it.

Fu Mingye always indulged him.

Fu Mingye said, "I'm very angry."

Qi Baicha asked: "Why are you angry?"

Fu Mingye glanced at him, grabbed his hand, and walked into the bedroom.

"Hey." Qi Baicha followed him in, but before he could say anything, Fu Mingye pushed him into the bathroom.

With a click, the bathroom door was locked.

Fu Mingye ordered: "Take it off."

Qi Baicha said: "The bathroom... is not so good, is it?"

They seem to not have unlocked the map of the bathroom yet.

Even after one year of marriage, Fu Mingye cherished and pampered Qi Baicha very much, cautiously and carefully.

In Fu Mingye's eyes, his little human wife was a delicate and fragile porcelain doll, and wouldn't be able to stand any hardships. He didn't even have time to cherish and love him, how could he play so wildly.

What's more, Qi Baicha's character was indeed cold and reserved, which made people not even dare to have rash thoughts.

However, if Fu Mingye really proposed it, Qi Baicha would not fail to meet his

requirements...

The pure and innocent snow god did not admit that he actually wanted to give it a try.

When with the one that he loved, he wanted to try everything.

Seeing that Qi Baicha did not move, Fu Mingye came to help him take it off.

Qi Baicha cooperated with him obediently, thinking that today's Mr. Fu was a little forceful.

The youth was as white as snow, pure and elegant, and looked like a classical beauty. His arms and waist were very slender, a pair of beautiful butterfly bones on his back. He gave off the vibe of a gentle willow just from his looks.

In other words, no one would be willing to hit him after seeing him.

Fu Mingye carefully looked at Qi Baicha's white and flawless body: "They didn't beat you, right?"

When he arrived, he checked Qi Baicha's entire body to make sure he didn't suffer any injuries.

What was more terrifying than the dispersal of the soul was the sea of suffering and purgatory, would never be merciful.

Although Qi Baicha didn't have any traces of bruising or swelling, Fu Mingye still asked. If he had gotten hit but there were no scars, then how wronged would Chacha be.

If he didn't ask, with Chacha's temperament, he definitely wouldn't say anything to

make him worry.

“No. They were going to hit me, but you came before they did.” Qi Baicha was slightly uncomfortable from being looked at. Even though they were already married, and even

though they had done rash things before, the other party still had no trace of lust. Just a gaze solely checking for wounds, it felt...

Very weird.

And very angry.

A lively beauty was standing in front of him, but he didn't even have any intentions.

"Then it was really lucky I got there in time." Fu Mingye said angrily, and also took off his clothes.

Qi Baicha thought reservedly, his husband was in really good shape.

So could they unlock a new map next?

Fu Mingye picked up the shower, turned on the faucet, and adjusted the water temperature, making sure that it was just right for the human body. Only then did he let the water touch Qi Baicha's body.

A person who was as white and flawless as Chacha couldn't be contaminated with that disgusting evil aura.

He must be washed clean.

In fact, the evil spirits of demons and ghosts would not be transmitted to human beings. Everything was just Fu Mingye's thinking.

Evil aura was the most familiar thing to the evil god, it could nourish and strengthen him. For him, the evil aura that ordinary gods hated was jade slurry that tasted

extremely good, and the soul of the evil god was the chaotic and muddy energy that was far beyond the reach of all evil in the world.

But Fu Mingye still didn't like it.

It was good for him, but it didn't prevent him from looking down on those poor and ridiculous evil thoughts. The evil god's divinity made him destined to only absorb those "good smelling" smells, but he himself appreciated clean souls more.

Because it was scarce, it was worth looking at differently.

It was a pity that the evil god could never hear kind thoughts.

Because of this, Chacha must not be tarnished.

Compared to the snow god that traveled the world, the evil god was an extreme shut-in. Only after spending thousands of years in his temple, did he feel bored and want to take a look at the lower realm.

When he first saw Qi Baicha in the human realm, the young man was helping a grandmother cross the road. Even elementary school kids would find this scene extremely cliché when writing their compositions, but the evil god was very surprised upon seeing it.

That was the first time he saw a person doing good deeds.

It was also the first time that he found a person who had no evil thoughts.

This was how love blossomed.

The steamy water washed down on the young man's body, transpiring the snow-white skin to a faint blush. The bathroom glass was enveloped in a layer of condensation,

making it hard to see what was inside.

Qi Baicha felt a layer of goosebumps rise on his skin. In order to perfectly pretend to be a mortal, he adjusted all aspects of his body's response to be similar to that of a mortal. No matter the water temperature, he would still feel a little cold.

He was very quickly surrounded by warmth again.

He was pressed against a broad chest.

Fu Mingye liked to hug him, just as Qi Baicha liked to hug him.

The time when the distance between the hearts was the closest was when they embraced each other. It was as if time was forever stagnant at this moment, and he completely had this person until the end of time.

Qi Baicha felt a trace of loneliness from this usual hug.

The drops of water slid down Fu Mingye's eyelashes, decorating the perfect look and making him even more attractive, with a little coolness.

Qi Baicha watched him quietly, as if he understood something in that moment.

He asked softly: "Are you angry, because I didn't care about my safety, and went to go fight those kidnappers alone?"

He almost forgot, in the eyes of his lover, he was a very weak mortal.

"You can still be counted as not too stupid." Fu Mingye looked down and laughed, "Chacha, I want to live with you for a lifetime, until you are a hundred years old. I don't

want to ask for much, just a hundred years.”

That was a drop in the ocean in a god’s long life, but it would definitely become his most beautiful and important memory.

Then, he would live forever in solitude.

This was what Fu Mingye prepared to do after he fell in love with Qi Baicha.

The life of a mortal was too short, so short that it was not even as long as a god’s dream. Before he met Qi Baicha, there was no difference between a hundred years and a thousand years for Fu Mingye. After encountering Qi Baicha, every year, every month, every day, and every minute all become extremely precious.

But humans were more vulnerable than he thought. Mortals who were dying of life were the winners at the end. Every day in this world, people died because of various

diseases, accidents, and premeditated plans. Their vitality stopped in the middle of their lives, or even before it started.

So Fu Mingye could not allow any accidents like today to happen. If he came a step late and Chacha made a mistake in the hands of those demons, he did not know how he would spend his future.

He didn't seem to be ready at all.

The evil god who was the most free and arrogant in the world also had fear because of love.

Qi Baicha's eyes trembled upon seeing Fu Mingye's drooping eyes, his long eyelashes trembled, a little pain in his heart.

He pretended to be indifferent and joked: "Still saying that you're not asking for much. A hundred years is a long time. Mr. Fu, the reason why a long life is a blessing is that most people die before they are a hundred."

I am also asking for this, my husband, I am asking for this every day.

After Fu Mingye heard what he said, something seemed to die down in his eyes, and his entire being radiated some sort of depression.

Qi Baicha didn't know what suddenly happened to his lover, perhaps because he was stimulated because he almost failed to protect him, or perhaps the late night suited his anti-social attitude.

He held Fu Mingye's face, looked at the other's eyes, then carefully kissed away the

teardrops.

“Don’t worry.”

“I will accompany you till the end of life.”

After your life is over, the snow god will join the ranks of those who are asleep in the world, spending his life dreaming about you.

chapter 6 — nightmare

“It’s not that I can’t do it.”

They lost another inch in that lingering kiss. The shower was still on, and the pattering water wet their hair and backs, flowing down the slightly curved spines. Qi Baicha raised his head, his half-closed eyes stained with a thin layer of mist, touched by the kiss.

His body was quite red, not just because of the heat rising in the bathroom. He knew that Fu Mingye felt the same right now; their breathing was the same, much faster than normal.

A clear handprint was printed on the misty bathroom glass. Qi Baicha was pressed against the glass and he heard the movement of the shower being closed behind him. He lowered his gaze slightly, ready to be occupied by Fu Mingye.

... Then, behind him, came the rough rubbing of the towel.

Fu Mingye was wiping his back.

Wiping his back?!

Qi Baicha opened his eyes and turned around, with a trace of confusion: "You..."

"If you don't dry off, you will catch a cold. Aren't you cold?" Fu Mingye carefully wiped off all the drops of water on his body, "The one who will suffer after getting sick will be you."

A mortal's physique was very weak, so he had to take good care of Chacha.

Qi Baicha thought, he was a snow god, what cold was he afraid of getting. He didn't give up and said: "Don't you want to..." Don't you want to unlock a new map with me???

"Raise your arms." Fu Mingye's expression didn't change, "I can't reach here."

Qi Baicha raised his arms, his expression a little incredulous: "You really have no idea at

all...”

Fu Mingye changed towels: “Lower your head, your hair has to be dried too.”

Qi Baicha lowered his head and glanced at Fu Mingye.

There was really no response at all.

Qi Baicha: “...”

The god was furious.

Qi Baicha was carefully washed by Fu Mingye, his hair dried, wrapped in a bath towel, and sent out of the bathroom intact. Then, he closed the door and went to clean himself.

The sound of splashing water came from the bathroom again.

Qi Baicha who was thrown outside the door: “...”

The snow god was born with a pure heart and few desires, but after falling in love with a mortal, the cold of winter turned into soft water of spring. He was accustomed to being intimate with Fu Mingye early on, and it didn’t feel good to be left behind after being teased halfway.

He picked up the mirror on the bedside table and took a look at himself. The young man who just came out of the bath had skin so delicate that it could be broken with a

touch, his complexion rosy and gorgeous, whole body so charming that there was no one place to focus on.

Even after all that, there was still no response.

Qi Baicha put down the mirror and thought about it.

What happened to Mr. Fu today?

In the bathroom, Fu Mingye, who had tried his best to pretend to be nonchalant before, immediately adjusted the water temperature to the coldest and let it pour over his head, so that the body that was suppressed by supernatural power would completely calmed down.

How could he not be turned on by Chacha.

Seeing the normally cold and precious young man leaning down silently for an invitation, becoming shocked and aggrieved after being rejected, and sulking while

blowing his hair dry... Fu Mingye wanted to press him against the wall and bully him until he cried out.

But he had to hold back.

The psychology of mortals was very fragile. There was such a big incident today, Chacha must've been frightened horribly, and needed a good rest. He couldn't bother Chacha even more.

Mortal bodies were very fragile. He couldn't mess around in the bathroom and let Chacha get sick.

Fu Mingye was very considerate, willingly restraining himself. He also had to think about Qi Baicha.

He cleaned himself quickly, wrapping himself in a bath towel and walking out.

Gods didn't get dirty and didn't need to control what they ate. Originally, they didn't even need to shower or eat. But after being with Qi Baicha, the way he lived became more and more like the way humans did.

When Fu Mingye stepped out of the bathroom, Qi Baicha, who was on the bed, turned over and turned his back to him, pulling the quilt up.

As if pretending not to see him.

Fu Mingye thought that Chacha was tired, so he didn't bother his rest. He silently

changed into his pajamas, and slipped into the quilt quietly, intending to go to sleep.

Qi Baicha felt that Mr. Fu should come to coax him.

Must come to coax him.

For so many years, he was cold and self-sufficient, but when he was by his lover's side, he was still a Snow-baobao, unable to bear the slightest grievance.

But after not hearing any movement behind him for a long time, Qi Baicha turned over and saw that Fu Mingye was sleeping peacefully with his eyes closed.

“...”

Death stare.

Qi Baicha calmly said: “Mr. Fu.”

Fu Mingye opened his eyes immediately: “What's the matter?”

Qi Baicha looked at him suspiciously.

Fu Mingye suddenly felt a little nervous.

He was concealing something from Qi Baicha, and he couldn't bear such speculative glances.

Fu Mingye was honest and open about everything to Qi Baicha, only concealing one

thing, that he was a god.

And an evil god on top of that.

The evil god was just an ordinary god, but the word “evil” was very unusual. Humans were creatures with the most evil thoughts, but they talked about good and evil a lot. They treated evil as a derogatory term, saying that “evil can’t overcome righteousness” and “good and evil are not compatible.”

Chacha was a righteous and kind-hearted person, and Fu Mingye was very afraid that grudges would arise between the two.

In fact, he was still a little frightened. Even as the world’s most powerful god of prayer, he still had a secret inferiority in front of his lover. Fu Mingye hated evil auras, thinking that everything had terrible hearts and dirty souls, but his body had a chaotic aura that was darker than all evil auras in the world.

At first, he didn’t think there was anything worth living for, but after meeting Qi Baicha, there was something worth living for.

Chaos created the world. Clear *qi* turned into the beautiful essence of mountains and rivers, the sun, the moon and the stars, nurturing all things in nature; turbid *qi* was

hidden in the ground, bred in the dark, taking shape in evil thoughts, which was an invisible existence.

The evil god hated the world, but the one he hated the most was himself.

He felt that him... getting his hands on Qi Baicha, who was like crystal clear snow, who even had a soul that was pure and noble, was him being pretentious.

In today's words: Ah, I am so dirty, he is so pure and kind and unassuming, I am not worthy of him, *yingyingying*.

t/n: crying noises

Moreover, even if the name of the evil god was put aside, there would always be an eternal distance between gods and people. Gods were too far out of mortals' reach. He

was not willing to let Qi Baicha feel that he was in a disadvantaged position in this relationship, and just wanted to live an ordinary life with mortals.

Those were Fu Mingye's concerns.

Chacha, shouldn't... have discovered it, right?

He shouldn't have; he didn't show any flaws, and normal people wouldn't be okay with their lover being a god...

Fu Mingye's thoughts had floated to the sky, Qi Baicha's words abruptly pulling him back again.

"Don't you..." Qi Baicha covered his chest, a cold sharp edge flashing in his eyes.

Fu Mingye held his breath.

"Actually, you don't need to hide it from me." Qi Baicha sighed lightly, "The one I love is you. No matter what you become, I won't mind. Just tell me directly, we shouldn't keep secrets from each other."

Sure enough, Chacha found out!

Fu Mingye was so nervous that his heart jumped out.

Could it be that Chacha saw him extinguish the sex demon and hungry ghost in the

warehouse earlier?

Chacha knew that he was no ordinary person?

Chacha also didn't mind that he wasn't a mortal?

His heart was excited, his hands shaking. He wanted to hug the youth forever.

Qi Baicha said gently: "Even if you're not a normal person, I won't divorce you because of this. I will definitely stay with you forever."

Fu Mingye was very moved.

His heart began to spin and jump.

Qi Baicha paused, and his voice became softer: "Mr. Fu, tell me the truth, do you have recurring impotence?"

"..."

The spinning heart spun so much it became dizzy, then it jumped off a cliff.

Fu Mingye was silent for a moment and said, "My dear, why do you think so?"

Qi Baicha had an expression that read "you don't have to pretend to be strong, I understand very well": "You don't need to explain, I understand. Men are unable to say no."

Fu Mingye: "It's not that I can't do it."

"But when we started dating and you directly said you couldn't do it, I didn't break up with you. I even married you and waited until it was cured. What are you worried

about now?” Qi Baicha was puzzled.

Fu Mingye: “It’s not that I can’t do it.”

Qi Baicha: “I will contact the best doctor for you...”

“It’s not that I can’t do it!” Fu Mingye raised his voice, vindicating himself.

Qi Baicha looked at him without blinking.

He said: “You’re being mean to me.”

Snow-baobao was angry.

Fu Mingye’s momentum weakened in an instant, and his tone was soft: “Weren’t you scared by the kidnappers today?”

Qi Baicha thought for a while: “Yes, I was terribly scared at the time.”

“Luckily you came.” He smiled softly.

Fu Mingye rubbed his hair: “Of course, it’s because I care for you. Rest well tonight, don’t make yourself even more tired.”

Qi Baicha said: “Okay.”

That night, the two embraced and slept.

Qi Baicha quickly fell asleep in his arms, Fu Mingye brushed the stray hair on the

young man's forehead to one side, and closed his eyes while holding him.

Perhaps because of tonight's worries, Fu Mingye had a nightmare.

He dreamed of the world's changes, and another hundred years passed in a blink of an eye.

In his dream, he and Chacha spent a lifetime together, and at the end, the grey-haired Chacha died in his arms.

t/n: "human" qi baicha has black hair

The moment the person in his arms fell asleep, the evil god removed his mortal disguise, and returned to his youthful beauty.

He held Chacha quietly, like every morning, dropping a kiss on the youth's... oh no, the old man's forehead.

After that, he was not willing to bury Chacha, the two of them living together as always.

He still gave Chacha a good morning kiss every morning, fed Chacha with vegetables three meals a day, bathed Chacha, and slept with Chacha at night.

In the end, he kissed a skeleton every day, fed the empty mouth of the skull, carefully cleaned its bones, and fell asleep with the skeleton...

Waiting for the reincarnation of Chacha's soul.

The evil god could only hear the evil thoughts of the world, and knew where a person was from that. But Chacha was a pure and kind soul, without any evil thoughts. He

searched for a long time and didn't find him. When he finally found him, he was a step late, and saw Chacha marry another woman...

"Chacha!"

Dreaming of this, Fu Mingye woke up immediately.

It was already bright outside, sunlight passing through the windows, illuminating the interior warmly.

The young man slept beside him, his face delicate and soft in the sun.

Hearing his voice, Qi Baicha also woke up, sitting up sleepily: "What is it..."

Before he finished his words, Fu Mingye held him tightly again.

He was this clingy every day.

Qi Baicha helplessly patted him on the back: "Nightmare?"

Fu Mingye nodded, hugging him without saying a word.

"Did you dream about being chased by a ghost?" Qi Baicha asked.

Fu Mingye hesitated for a moment, then nodded again.

"You're so old yet you're still afraid of ghosts, get up quickly." Qi Baicha laughed, "I'm going to make breakfast. You go to the company to work, and I should also go to

school.”

Fu Mingye let go of him reluctantly: “I’ll help.”

“You’re not allowed in the kitchen.” Qi Baicha glanced at him, “I’m familiar with your cooking skills.”

“...” Fu Mingye admitted that his cooking skills were indeed not very good, far from being as good as the food Chacha made.

But in his dream, after Chacha died, he learned to cook delicious meals. Every condiment was put according to Chacha’s habits, just to bring back the familiar taste.

Thinking of that dream, Fu Mingye’s mind was clouded again.

He looked at Qi Baicha’s busy figure in the kitchen, and made up his mind.

He couldn’t wait any longer, he had to find a way to make Chacha immortal.

chapter 7 — first meeting

He was a passer-by in the human world.

Breakfast was simple and nutritious. The poached eggs were fried until they were golden and fragrant, the sausages exuded a rich aroma, the toast had a heart drawn with jam on top, and the milk in the cups was added with thirty percent sugar, which was too sweet for the throat.

The two had a warm breakfast, the clock already pointing to eight o'clock in the morning. Eight-thirty was when Qi Baicha clocked in at work, while Fu Mingye had to sign in at the company at nine o'clock — but as the president, no one could do anything if he didn't go.

Since their home was close to the school and far from the company, their departure times were basically the same.

“Do you need me to send you?” Fu Mingye had the character of a business elite when he put on formal attire. He had a very noble appearance — of course, not the fat head and big ears kind of extravagance. Fu Mingye's features did not conform to the deep and three-dimensional Western aesthetics, having the sophistication and elegance of an