

# I Want a Lifetime with You

## Chapter 304

“You—you sharp-tongued vixen!”

Song Zhenyan had not expected Shi Nuan to retaliate. There wasn't an ounce of respect in the way that the girl had spoken to her. “You insolent witch! How dare you compare yourself to me?”

“No, indeed!” Shi Nuan smiled blandly. “Actually, I must thank you for praising my oratory skills, Mrs. Fu. After all, your son is of the same mind as you!”

“Shut the hell up!” Song Zhenyan slammed the table angrily. “I suppose that you won't be leaving Yan, then.”

“I don't have any reason to leave my husband!” Shi Nuan snapped. “Mrs. Fu, I wonder why you've even bothered to call me here, for this discussion today. What sort of mother doesn't want her son to be happy? Yet, I had the misfortune of meeting you, Mrs. Fu. Your desperate attempts to break up our marriage have made me a little confused.”

Song Zhenyan glared at Shi Nuan as though she was looking at her biggest nemesis. “Of course I want my son to be happy and fulfilled. Nevertheless, I'll never accept you as his wife. Never!”

Shi Nuan had never met Song Zhenyan before this, so she never had the opportunity to get into her bad books. However, upon seeing the malicious look on the older woman's face, anyone would have thought that the both of them harbored an ancient grudge against one another.

Shi Nuan pursed her lips. “Why not? I've never offended you in any way...”

“Take a good look at your own face!” Song Zhenyan spat suddenly. “Why do you think Yan fell for you in the first place? I’ll tell you— it’s because of your face! You—you’re no more than a replacement for her...”

Before Song Zhenyan could finish speaking, there was a loud *bang*, as someone kicked the door in. Shi Nuan and Song Zhenyan were nearly startled out of their seats. Keeping her wits about her, however, Shi Nuan turned to Song Zhenyan and asked, “Yes, who am I?”

“You are nobody but yourself!”

A hulking figure of a man had appeared in the doorway. His face was clouded over with rage, and the dangerous aura that he radiated sent shivers down the two women’s spine. As he met his gaze to Song Zhenyan’s, his gaze resembled that of an arsenal of knives that were hurtling towards her.

For an inexplicable reason, Song Zhenyan felt petrified at that moment. She got up hastily and gazed at Fu Chengyan, her face entirely white. *He is my son, but he is also the man whom I fear the most in the entire world.* “Y—Yan, what brings you here?”

Fu Chengyan refused to shift his gaze from hers. His lips narrowed cruelly, to match the dark expression on his face.

Shi Nuan was no exception, She could feel the anger radiating from him too. *Fu Chengyan is certainly furious, this time around.*

Fu Chengyan gazed at Song Zhenyan for a long while. A moment later, he finally stepped into the room. With every step that he took, Song Zhenyan felt as though a knife was being plunged, deep into her heart.

Fu Chengyan stopped beside Shi Nuan and placed a protective arm on her shoulder. His arm felt a little heavy, and the expression on his face was still extremely ugly. “Why am I here? Madam Song, I was merely wondering why you’d invited my wife out today.”

## *Madam Song?*

This was not the first time that Fu Chengyan had addressed her, using that offending name, but Song Zhenyan could not accept the fact that he was being so rude to her in front of an outsider.

Song Zhenyan balled her hands into fists. Taking a deep breath, she muttered evenly, “Yan, I’m your mother. Now that you’re married, shouldn’t I meet your wife?”

“My mother?” Fu Chengyan smiled mockingly. “Madam Song, I’m afraid that you’ve forgotten that I don’t have one.”

“You...” Song Zhenyan leaped up from her chair abruptly, so staggered by his blatant declaration that she was swaying slightly as she stood up. “Yan, I know that you hate me, but that won’t change the fact that you’re my son.”

“Yes, I can’t change the fact that you’d given birth to me, but I can decide what I’d like to do with our relationship from now on!” Fu Chengyan snapped, his eyes flashing dangerously. “Perhaps I haven’t been clear enough with you, Madam Song. Listen to me very carefully, because I’m not going to repeat myself— Shi Nuan is my wife, and nobody can change that fact! I don’t care for the Song family’s and the Fu family’s approval of our relationship— your opinions mean nothing to me!”

“Yan!”

Song Zhenyan staggered backward. Placing both of her hands on the table to steady herself, she took a deep, shuddering breath and announced, “Yan, are you going to go up against the Fu and Song families just for this woman? Do you have any idea what you’re doing? You’re the future head of the Fu family!”

“It’s up to me to decide whether this is worth it or not!” Fu Chengyan responded angrily. “The Song family has no business making this decision for me.”

If Fu Chengyan had been holding back earlier, he certainly wasn't bothering to do so now. Meeting Song Zhenyan's gaze coolly, he snapped, "Madam Song, hasn't your brother left Jiang City recently? I think that he must have forgotten to bring you along with him."

Song Zhenyan was aghast. "I'm the daughter-in-law of the Fu family, and your father's wife!"

"Oh, so you do remember that you're my father's wife. Congratulations!" Fu Chengyan smirked cruelly as he continued gazing at Song Zhenyan, blatantly ignoring her horrified expression. "There's no need for you to inform me about what's going on between you and the Fu family. Similarly, there's no need for me to seek the approval of outsiders, regarding my marriage and my wife. This is my last warning to you— if you dare to visit my wife again, Madam Song, I'll make sure that you bear the consequences yourself."

Fu Chengyan took Shi Nuan by the hand as they prepared to leave. Just then, Song Zhenyan called out to him as she questioned urgently, "Yan, do you know what you're saying now? Are you aware of what you're doing?"

Fu Chengyan replied, "Yes, I'm very clear on that!"

"Good, good on you!" Song Zhenyan laughed, as a sudden realization dawned upon her. "So, you'd actually gotten married to this woman a long time ago! Were you also the one behind the rumors of Shi Wei and yourself? You had done that to divert our attention so that we would go up against Shi Wei instead of this wench here, didn't you?"

Song Zhenyan gritted her teeth in anger. She finally realized that her son had played her for a fool. The Shi Wei affair had taken place a while ago— *the entire Fu family had been dancing in the palm of Fu Chengyan's hand all this time.*

Something flashed in Fu Chengyan's eyes, but he didn't say anything. However, Song Zhenyan could tell from his expression that she had hit the nail on its head.

Song Zhenyan felt like an idiot. She had lived for such a long time and she had learned almost everything there was to know about people, only to end up getting tricked by her own son. *Am I too foolish, or is Fu Chengyan simply a genius? Whatever the answer, his methods are simply too harsh!*

Song Zhenyan took a deep breath. When she finally spoke, her voice sounded rather hoarse. "So... Were you the one behind Jingyu's incident too?"

Hearing this, Fu Chengyan raised a brow, as he immediately released his hold on Shi Nuan's hand.

Shi Nuan felt a little nervous. After all, Song Zhenyan was still recuperating from her illness. *It appears as though she is going to faint, at any given moment.* Rather worriedly, Shi Nuan cautioned him, "Yan, your mother..."

Fu Chengyan turned around and shook his head at her. Patting her back gently, he ordered, "Go and stand by the side for a minute."

Shi Nuan wanted to say something else, but she didn't know where to begin. Obediently, she went to stand by the side of the room to observe the ensuing conversation between the mother and son. Quite frankly, she was curious about what had happened back then, too.

All Shi Nuan knew was that Song Jingyu had been taken away by members of the Song family. However, she wasn't aware of the true details of the situation. Seeing the thunderstruck look on Song Zhenyan's face, Shi Nuan started to feel slightly sympathetic towards her.

Song Zhenyan took a deep breath as she shot an infuriated glare at Shi Nuan. Her words had done nothing to help the situation.

Now that she thought about it, Song Zhenyan realized that Fu Chengyan had yet to take action against the Song family, throughout the three years. *However, he has chosen to strike today without any warning.* Song Zhenyan decided that

there was only Shi Nuan to blame for this—the vitriol in her eyes as she gazed at the girl doubled instantly.

Shi Nuan didn't know why Song Zhenyan was looking at her with so much fury, but she didn't, particularly care. She was more worried about Fu Chengyan.

Fu Chengyan's gaze shifted from Shi Nuan to his mother. As he looked at her with a steely glint in his eyes, he pronounced, "The Song family has been in a decline ever since my uncle became the head of the family. Isn't it time for a change in leadership?"

"What do you think you're doing?" Song Zhenyan gazed fearfully at him. "Don't you dare go up against the Song family! My kinsmen are innocent!"

Fu Chengyan laughed, but there wasn't a hint of mirth in his voice when he spoke. "Innocent? That's the last word that I would use to describe the Song family. I might have been very young back then, but I knew exactly what was going on. My father went easy on you because he had feelings for you, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to do the same. You took advantage of my father's love, attempting to manipulate him into giving you all of the Fu family's assets. The Song family had planned everything out really well!"

"Do you even hear yourself? How could I have done that to the Fu family?" Song Zhenyan's face was white as a sheet. "I'm your mother! Do you really think that I could have done something like that?"

"You might not have been able to do it, but I wouldn't put it past the Song family to have done something like that. Why don't you ask your older brother yourself? Ask him what he had done to you, thirty-five years ago." Fu Chengyan walked slowly towards Song Zhenyan, backing her into a corner. "My father was loyal to you till the very end, but you'd helped the Song family, plotting against him. Here are a few more questions that you should ask your brother— what did he do to my father twenty-five years ago, and what did he do to Song Jingyu, three years ago?"

As Fu Chengyan inched closer to her, Song Zhenyan continued to back away in horror.

Fu Chengyan's words seemed rather innocuous, but Song Zhenyan knew exactly what he was talking about. After all, she had been around to witness it all— the incidents from thirty-five, twenty-five, and three years ago showed up vividly in her mind as though they had only just happened yesterday.

“That’s impossible!”

Seeing the devastated look on Song Zhenyan's face, Fu Chengyan smiled at her, rather mockingly. As the smile vanished from his face, he gazed coldly at Song Zhenyan and chided, “Madam Song, you have some brains in that head of yours, so you must know that I’m telling you the truth. If you want to know the answer to those questions now, however, I can merely provide you with the evidence this instant!”

“No, no! I don’t want to see it!” Song Zhenyan gazed at her son, looking as though she was in a trance. Suddenly, she burst into laughter. “Haha, look at this good-for-nothing son that I’ve given birth to! I’m his mother, but he has chosen to go up against me to side with this outsider instead!” Song Zhenyan jabbed an accusatory finger at Shi Nuan and spat, “Are you going to cut off all your relatives just for this wench? Does it make you happy to reopen old wounds from my past?”

Fu Chengyan was livid. When he spoke, however, his voice was perfectly even. “You’ve used those old wounds as an excuse to harm my father over the past few decades. Doesn’t that make you equally as poisonous and self-serving as you make me out to be?”

Song Zhenyan widened her eyes and looked at Fu Chengyan. She wanted to scream back at him, but she was at a loss for words.

“Is— is this how you’ve thought of me all along? Do I really seem like such a vile woman in your eyes?”

“Well, am I wrong?” Fu Chengyan snapped. He stuck his hands into his pockets and brooded in silence for a long while. Finally, he uttered, “When I was six, I saw you drug my father as you sent another woman into his bed. From that moment onwards, I knew that you were the sort of woman who would do anything to get what she wanted.”

“You...” Song Zhenyan’s eyes widened in shock. She stared at Fu Chengyan in disbelief.

*Six years old! Fu Chengyan had only been six!*

Back then, she had watched helplessly, as Fu Heng got married to that wretch, Ning Xin, having a daughter with her. The daughter had been named Fu Jiaqi. Afterward, she started to harbor a strong grudge against Fu Sheng. *Why had he taken her virginity back then? Why had he accepted her as his wife?*

Everyone knew that the man that she truly loved was Fu Heng. She was supposed to have married him instead.

However, Fu Heng had wound up marrying Ning Xin instead, and Song Zhenyan had nearly gone mad with jealousy. She had wanted to kill both Ning Xin and Fu Sheng, for taking away her chance at happiness.

Hence, on Fu Sheng’s birthday that year, she had coaxed him into drinking the drug-laced wine. When Fu Sheng was so drunk that he couldn’t tell left from right, she had sent one of his interns, a personal assistant, into his bed. She had wanted Fu Sheng to pay the price for his actions.

However, this plan of hers had merely backfired on her, in the end...