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# Stewed Squid with Honey - Chapter 00-44

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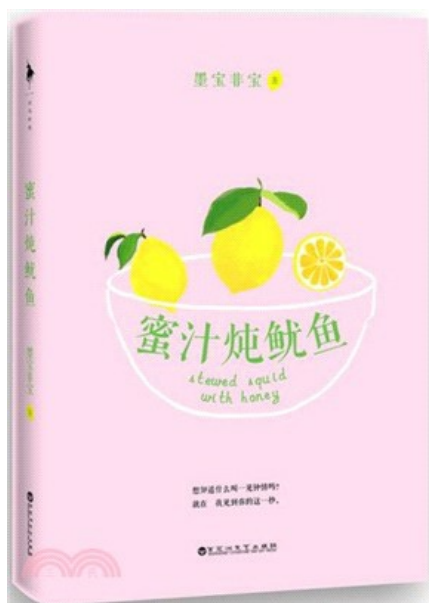
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# Introduction, Prologue, and Chapter 1

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Intro, Prologue, and Chapter 1

[June 20, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [58 Comments](#)



Peanuts is away, and technically, I should be filling in for her. Unfortunately, I don't have time to translate *Don't Be So Proud*, so I will have to pull something out of the files on my computer to fill that posting slot.

As usual, some introductory words for a new project followed by the actual translation.

*Beautiful Bones* and *Together Forever* were both more serious stories, so I'm definitely in the mood for doing something light right now. Mo Bao Fei Bao said the main inspiration for *Stewed Squid with Honey* (herein just called *Squid* for short) came after she re-read *Really, Really Miss You*, so from that, you can probably guess that this story is fluffy, fun, and candy-like cute.

Young, famous online cover singer of Japanese songs, Tong Nian experiences love at first sight when one night, a man happens to walk into the cybercafe she is helping out at. Her "digging" into who he is and her reverse pursuing of him brings this highly book-smart but low EQ girl, who is also a complete gaming

idiot, into the world of eSports (professional gaming).

Most of you know that my motivation for translating is highly personal, that the stories mean something to me in one way or another. This story is just as loved amongst Mo Bao Fei Bao fans as *Really, Really Miss You* is. I did enjoy this story, but the reason why I started translating it was... indignation. I actually started translating this many months back, when the story first came off the printing press. Without going into any details, let's just say that there were some "unpleasantness" and shoddiness (if you check out the cover, the story has nothing to do with lemons whatsoever) associated with the publishing of this novel that left a bit of a bad taste in the mouths of Mo Bao Fei Bao's fans. So, as my way of showing the author that this story is worthy of people putting their time and heart into it, I started the translation. (Yeah, I'm a rabid fan of the author, I know.)

I do have a confession, though. I, too, am a gaming idiot. (As I translated this, I had "DOTA 2 for Dummies" and "League of Legends for Dummies" guides open.) When I got Mo Bao Fei Bao's blessing to translate and post this, I made the promise that I'll do my homework, so, for all those gamers out there, if I get something wrong, feel free to let me know.

As for posting schedule of this story, until *Together Forever* is complete, I will not promise anything more than once a week to fill in for Peanuts' posting slot. I actually have the large majority of this story translated in draft already, so there is a chance that I can post more than that, but editing each update takes several hours. When *Together Forever* finishes up, this one will take over its posting slot. However, since I forgot and missed Peanuts' normal post time last week, there will be another update mid-week to make up for it.

Let's begin with the prologue and chapter 1! (BTW, jollymerry translated the prologue of this already on her [blog](#) and did a wonderful job of it. Feel free to check her version out and support her.)

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## Prologue – "Chicory's" First Love

Do you want to know what love at first sight is?

This exact second.

This exact moment, as she faced the man separated by a single counter from her, she experienced love at first sight.

Tong Nian lowered her head, her fingers making rapid click-clacks as she typed and typed. She was simply trying to create a new password, but her mind was recalling with all its might whether, a second ago, when he had said the two words, “overnight pass” to her, had she smiled at him? It seemed the corner of her lips might have turned up? Or had she just stared stupidly?

With great difficulty, she finally managed to complete the new password set-up. Grabbing a piece of notepaper, she copied down the username and password.

“Um... the overnight price is valid beginning eleven at night and ends at six in the morning. We usually close up shop here at seven, so it’ll be no problem if you stay until seven o’clock.” She set the slip of notepaper on the counter. Then, using what she believed to be her most adorable voice while also purposely acting sweet and thoughtful, with even hints of a cute expression in her eyes, she told him, “Oh, right here”—she pointed at the cupboard behind her—“there are some instant noodles and drinks. If you’re hungry, you can ask me at any time. I can boil some water and make noodles for you.”

The man she was making eyes at did not seem to really be listening and merely gave an offhanded nod before taking the slip of paper off the counter and walking away.

Unwilling to spare any extra glances for a girl he did not know...

He was for sure a good man!

Originally, it was actually her guy-BFF plus confidant who had coerced her into helping him keep an eye on the Internet café for an hour. She had not expected at all that she would end up like this, talking as if to herself and falling into that web called love. After the man had led himself inside and chosen a spot in the corner near the window, she had already made the decision: tonight, she was

going to make up a little white lie to not go home. Instead, she would volunteer herself up to help her guy-BFF watch over the Internet café for the entire night.

And so, when her BFF came back with two boxes of oden<sup>[1]</sup> in hand to discover Tong Nian, hiding behind the counter, furtively opening up a package of instant noodles and also grabbing some spicy sticks and chicken feet that had been pickled with hot peppers, her face wearing the look of someone who had fallen head over heels in love, he was seriously stunned.



Top: 辣条 Spicy sticks. Usually made of flour or dried bean curd and come in different flavours ([image credit](#)). Bottom: 泡椒鸡爪 Chicken feet pickled with hot peppers ([image credit](#) for both left and right). Both of these foods are available in pre-packaged form.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Her BFF thought she had been planning on sneaking the food and then, after eating it, charging it to him. From behind, he reached out a hand and tapped her on her shoulder. “If you’re going to sneak food, at least don’t have such cruddy taste. There’s some Ferrero Rocher in the cupboard.”

“Really?” Tong Nian was in somewhat of a flurry as she placed all these items on a freshly-cleaned tray. Without even lifting her head, she ordered her BFF, “Hurry up. Hand them over.”

Her BFF was speechless.

Very obediently, he pulled out the entire box of Ferrero Rocher that he had secretly stashed away and had planned on eating in the latter part of the night, handing it over to her. He had thought that Tong Nian would leave him a few, but instead, she ripped it open and poured it all out directly onto the tray.

And then, carrying that lavish late-night “set meal combo,” she headed towards a corner of the cybercafé...

Nervous.

Really nervous.

Even though she was wearing flat-soled shoes, she still felt as if she was going to slip and fall at any moment. The more she worried that the soup from the noodles was going to spill over, the unsteadier her hands became. If she had known... she would have just made him some UFO instant fried noodles instead...



Nissin brand, UFO Noodles are a souplless instant noodle. ([image credit](#))

Right as the instant noodle’s soup splashed over for the second time, she finally came to a stop and stood behind him. Her gaze was slightly flustered, and only after sweeping her eyes around the room once did she barely manage to compose herself. “Um... hello.”

Oh God, why did her voice sound so tight?

Such a joke. Where did her beautiful voice of a singing diva[2] go?

The man did not respond.

The café-provided headset still hung in its original position. He was using his

own personal black headphones that he had brought himself. This picture before her, its composition! For a man to be good-looking, he absolutely had to look good wearing a headset. This was her own unique view on beauty that she had absolutely kept to since she was young. From the instant he stepped into the Internet café, this man's every movement, every gesture had simply struck the bulls-eye of her heart.

On the computer screen, there was a computer game window that had been maximized. He should be playing games right now? But it was obvious he wasn't using the keyboard. Extending her index finger, Tong Nian poked him lightly on the back of his shoulder.

The person before her detected this and finally turned around.

Gently, she set the tray down in front of him. "This ... is the café's late-night set meal combo."

"Oh?" The man first conveyed surprise, but then, he very quickly discerned what was going on. "How much?"

Ah, so she was promoting food items.

Was it popular in Internet cafés nowadays to push sales? But, ten yuan for an overnight pass was indeed too low a profit.

Thinking this, he somewhat languidly pulled out a stack of money from his jacket hanging on the chair.

"Huh? No need—"

"Thirty." Without warning, the boy who had been behind her rushed over, and laying a hand on her shoulder, he grinningly said, "Individually, the items would total up to forty yuan, but the set combo is thirty."

Tong Nian's face immediately flushed, and she threw repeated signals to her BFF with her eyes.

Her guy-BFF, though, pretended not to see anything.

In the eyes of the man in front of them, the expressions in this silent exchange of glances became "the little lovebirds are having a quarrel over the pricing." He once again gave an "Oh?" and set fifty yuan on the table. "Then, I'll trouble you

to also bring me a can of Sprite. Thanks.”

And so, just like that, the dialogue came to a close.

The scene she had rehearsed in her mind had come to an end before it had even begun...

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## Chapter 1 – eSports?

After returning behind the counter, Tong Nian buried herself into her work, all the while grinding her teeth together in resentment. One by one, she recorded each food item she had brought over a moment ago, and then she began to add and subtract things up, making absolutely certain her BFF did not earn even one extra penny.

Her BFF, Soy Milk, hesitantly extended his hand toward that fifty-yuan bill, but intimidated by a single glare from her, he retracted it again. “I was worried that you were being tricked, so I was just trying to test if he is one of those broke old dudes who’s barely scraping by. My family runs a cybercafé, and I’m familiar with those types of guys who come here and just play games overnight. The vast majority of them have lives that are lousy. At most, you can say that this old uncle-dude’s looks are a little better than most.” After he said this, he even cast a glance from far at that backside, and speaking somewhat against his own conscience, he stated, “And they’re just a wee bit better... “

Tong Nian continued totaling up the bill.

“Hey, don’t ignore me, Squid ‘Chicory[3]’ [O Great One, Squid]? Squid *Juju*[4] [O Stupendous One, Squid]? Sealed Chamber *Dada*[5] [O Great One, Sealed Chamber]? Squid *Da*[6]? Little Squidie Fish? Little Fishie Squid?” Her guy-BFF switched through all her various 2-D world[7] nicknames, but none of them could even bring about a glance from her. At last, begging for mercy, he declared, “I’ll help you, I’ll help you.”

“Really?” Tong Nian immediately lifted her head, a smile written from the corner of her eyes to the tips of her brows.

“We’ll give him an entire week worth of overnights? And say he won it from a draw? Wait, overnights won’t work. We need to give him an entire week of free access. That way, once he thinks about it, he can just come.” While Soy Milk spoke, he clutched at his heart that was so agonized it felt as if it was dripping blood.

An epiphany went off in Tong Nian’s head. “Great idea!” And then, she furtively motioned with her eyes in that direction. “You go.”

“Me again?” Her BFF gaped at her.

“And...” Tong Nian mulled for a moment, then dropped her voice and instructed him, “Go tell him it’s an instant prize draw. He just needs to scan the café’s QR code with his WeChat[\[8\]](#) QR scanner and then a prize will automatically be drawn for him. Pull out those skills you used in your two months as a sales rep after being brainwashed by one of those multi-level marketing companies.”

“... Our café doesn’t have a public WeChat account.”

Tong Nian bowed her head and stared at her mobile phone, struggling within herself for 2.5 seconds before resolutely making up her mind and changing her WeChat screen name. Handing over her phone, she told him, “Use my WeChat account.” There on the screen, her WeChat name had astonishingly been changed to “There is Serendipity Tonight.”

This was the Internet café’s sign that hung outside: “There is Serendipity Tonight Internet Café.”

Understanding her meaning, Soy Milk apprehensively clutched the mobile phone and went off to do some scamming.

.....

The end result was... that night, in the wee hours, two major events occurred in her WeChat. The first was that a person with the handle, “Gn” was added to her contacts. The other was that her WeChat fan group completely exploded into an uproar. Her fans could not believe that their own normally cold, aloof, and outwardly-haughty-but-inwardly-adorable “Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers[\[9\]](#)” would actually change her screen name to “There is Serendipity Tonight” ... Chicory’s [O Stupendous One’s] ID must have been hacked!

.....

Her heart was noiselessly dripping blood, and she decided to simply treat this as if her account really had been hacked, not returning a single message and only staring with a silly grin at that user ID that had just been added to her contacts list.

It had been so easy it actually seemed unreal...

Admiring for a full half a minute that dark, indistinct profile picture that was a screenshot of some undeterminable thing, she finally tentatively opened up his “Moments” page[\[10\]](#) on his profile.

Huh?

Other than forwarded news on gaming, there was nothing in there? To this cover singer of Japanese songs who only played *Lianliankan*[\[11\]](#) [simple puzzle game to match pictures] and furthermore, would always lose when she played, these were simply gobbledygook to her, ah.

And what was even more depressing was... “Soy Milk, you suck at gaming, don’t you?”

“Yup!” Soy Milk grinned, not feeling even the slightest bit of shame. “I suck so bad, oh yeah, I suck so bad. I suck the most in all of history!”

.....

Forget it. Tomorrow she’d find someone who actually knew the ins and outs T.T...

At two o’clock in the morning, Soy Milk was so tired he was dozing off.

Inside the Internet café, everyone was wearing headsets, and it was extremely quiet. Only a middle-aged man had opened up a video chat, laughing away happily while he had a cyberdate... And she, with her chin propped on her hand, was also feeling drowsy. The pencil in her hand was casually drawing away on the paper. As a singing diva, her drawing skills were rudimentary and were unable to draw that backside so that it looked very attractive.

If she got the chance, she should practice up.

She mused this in her mind.

All of a sudden, the man stood.

Immediately, she straightened her back, secretly covering that piece of paper with her arm.

The man picked up his jacket and headed over to her. Her heart was beating rapidly. She could only lower her eyes and watch as his khaki-coloured pants and that black pair of skate shoes walked—one step, two steps, three steps—toward her...

Oh no, oh no. Hurry, breathe! Tong Nian, you be strong! You need to have a normal expression, and don't let your eyes flicker away!

Huh? Why was he going straight for the door?

“You... you... didn't you pay for overnight?” Seeing that he was heading out the door, she anxiously blurted, “It's j-just past two.” She glanced quickly at the clock. She was right. Two o'clock. Why was he leaving so early? ...

Gun slowly halted his steps and turned around.

The hair on his forehead was slightly disheveled, likely because he had arbitrarily run his hand through it earlier on when he was sleepy. His eyes, though, were alert, seeming even to have a type of power that could penetrate into a person's heart and mind. At this moment, it was not certain whether it was because he was tired or he simply could not be bothered to deal with her, but the expression on his face was somewhat detached so that a person could not tell what he might be feeling in the next second.

“It's two?” He seemed to have just realized what time it was, and with a lift of his brows, he said to himself, “Two o'clock still isn't considered late?”

“I-it's okay, I guess.” Huh? What am I saying?... She immediately pulled back the pieces of her awareness that had been scattered in a confused mess and recited the words she had already rehearsed a countless number of times. “This is your change. Congratulations on your prize. Please come again next time.”

12.5 yuan was set in front of him. It was obvious he had been given another

discount.

“Next time? You’re here every night?”

Huh?

He was...

A tiny flame of hope ignited in Tong Nian’s heart. *Whoosh, whoosh!* In an instant, her entire body burned bright red.

His eyes took in this young girl’s expression, which gave him no choice but to do some self-reflection. Had he somehow put pressure on her? He cast a glance at the girl’s “boyfriend,” who was sleeping, completely passed out in the corner.

His next sentence was originally going to be, “It’s not safe for a young girl to watch over an Internet café at night,” but judging from the look on the girl’s face now, she likely regarded him as an “unsafe,” bad person?

And so, Gun cleared his throat and tried as much as possible to make himself appear good and harmless. Towering tall over her, he put on a pleasant smile and told her, “Don’t be scared. I was just casually asking.”

Saying that, without even taking the money, he pushed open the door and left.

Wait... please...

I... don’t mind... you asking... aaaah.

She stared at that door that was still swinging and had not fully closed yet, flooded completely by tides of disheartenment.

\*

Early in the morning, Gun was awakened by the sounds of conversation and footsteps outside the door and sat up from the couch. And then, he lowered his head, trying to allow it to completely clear. He had only slept for half an hour... Head really ached.

It seemed... this morning, there was a rock climbing activity? Hazily, he was able to grasp this piece of awareness. Then, still half a beat slow, he stood, felt for the door handle, pushed it down, opened the door, and walked out.

At the same time, he had pulled out a piece of candy from his pants pocket, unwrapped it, and held it between his teeth. Slowly he walked, and slowly he ate it.

There in front of him were a bunch of big boys running around, all wearing the team outdoor sportswear uniforms, which were a red and white, striped design. To be honest, they were quite ugly. But there was nothing that could be done about it. Those were the colours the sponsor had specified.

He was still only thirty percent awake while the remaining seventy percent of him was still asleep. Clearly written on his handsomely-contoured face were the words, “do not disturb.”

Unfortunately, someone just had to be unastute...

“Eh? Leader? Where’d you go last night?”

“You need something?” Those eyes managed to force themselves open and glanced in the direction of that voice.

“No...” The other party bit down on his lip and turned around, ready to flee.

“If you have something, say it.” He grabbed that person back. Languidly, he leaned in close, a faint dimple showing on his face. “It’s not like I’m going to eat you alive, hmm?”

[1]关东煮, the Chinese name for the Japanese food, oden in which a variety of foods are simmered in usually a light, soy-flavoured broth. In China, it can often be found in convenience stores and hence, is a food that is available late into the night.

[2]歌姬 “ge ji.” The literal translation is “singing girl,” but only a female singer who has reached a certain level of skill would be worthy of this term, hence the choice of the word “diva.”

[3]菊苣 “ju ju.” This is Chinese name of the chicory plant. It is used as an

online honorific for someone who is respected in the 2-D world (see footnote [7]) because it is a homophone with 巨巨 “*juju*” (see footnote [4]), which means “gigantic gigantic,” and the two are used interchangeably. To differentiate between the two, I will keep the literal translation, “chicory” but just understand that it also means “o stupendous one.”

[4] 巨巨 “ju ju.” Literally meaning “gigantic gigantic,” this is an online honorific used in the 2-D world (see footnote [7]) to address someone who is even greater than a “great god” or “big” persona. It would be one step up from 大大 “*dada*” which is “big big” (see footnote [4]). It roughly translates as “o stupendous one,” but this is a little cumbersome so I have decided to keep it in its pinyin.

[5] 大大 “da da.” Literally meaning “big big,” this is an online honorific used in the 2-D world to address a respected person who has a status of “great god” or “big” persona. It would roughly translate as “O Great One,” but for the same reason as *juju*, I will keep it in pinyin. (Plus, I’m a bit anal and want to be consistent with my *Really, Really Miss You* translation.)

[6] 大 “da.” Literally means “big,” but in this case, it is a shortened form of *dada*.

[7] 二次元 “er ci yuan.” The virtual world that exists in a “flat” or 2-D medium, what I will refer to as the “2-D world.” This includes manga/anime and the characters within as well as the online world, its artistes (singers, voice actors, etc), gaming, *etc.* and all the communication that takes place in it.

[8] 微信 “Weixin.” Literally means “micro-message.” This is a text and voice messaging app. Besides text messaging, there is hold-to-talk voice messaging, social networking, group broadcast messaging, *etc.* Its English name is WeChat. [www.wechat.com](http://www.wechat.com). A way to add contacts in WeChat is to scan the QR code of another WeChat user ID.

[9] 密室の游鱼. This is Tong Nian’s online handle, and it literally means “Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers.” However, 游鱼 “playing fish” and 鱿鱼 “squid” are both pronounced as “yóu yú” and hence, online, Tong Nian is also addressed as “Squid” or similar variations.

[10] In WeChat, the “Moments” page or 朋友圈 (which literally means “social circle”), as it is called in Chinese, is a page on your profile that your contacts can

see. It is a reverse-chronologically organized Facebook-like page where you can share “moments” with your contacts, such as thoughts, photos, videos, *etc.*

[11] 连连看 “Lian Lian Kan.” *Lianliankan* is a very simplistic type of puzzle game played by trying to remove images by using no more than four lines to connect identical images. Here are a couple of examples.

<https://itunes.apple.com/us/app/qq-lian-liankan/id385703650?mt=8> or

<https://play.google.com/store/apps/details?id=com.tmlok.tm006.mentaltrainer>

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### **Additional Comments:**

Just a little note. In the story, the man’s online name, “Gun” truly is written as an English word, not pinyin, and yes, it is the word that is the name of a handheld weapon.

### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

1 of 49 Chapters

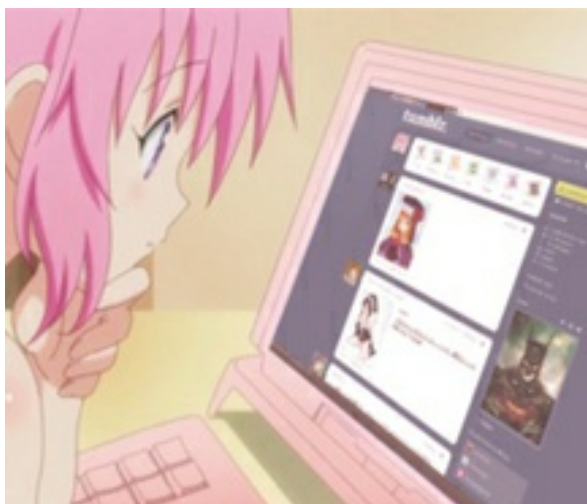
0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey, Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 2

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 2

[June 24, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [22 Comments](#)



Nowadays, I really don't get around in the translation community, so I only just learned of the other translation of Squid. Thank you to all who kindly pointed it out to me. Both Tears and I have chapters already translated in draft, so as to not waste either person's hard work, we will be translating in parallel for the next little while. As every translator has his or her own style, feel free to check out Tear's translation on her [blog](#), too. Hope you guys like the novel.

Mid-week update as promised. Where there's a will, there's a way... especially if you rope your BFF into helping you pursue a guy.

#### Chapter 2 – eSports (◉o◉) !

After a full week, Tong Nian's spirits had already sunk into the deep, deep, deep sea.

Adding him in WeChat had been useless. Whether she sent "thoughtful greetings," "weather forecasts," "promotional news," or even the "enticement of another prize," the other end gave absolutely no response.

He must have put her on his blocked list already...

Lying on her belly on the bed, she numbly forwarded the ads for the “Animes and Mangas Carnival” as well as “Winter Anime Expo” and “Winter Gaming Convention” that she would be attending. Beneath each of these posts in her Weibo[1] were the excited comments left by fans. As someone who had an overly fragile, glass-like heart such that her mood was very easily affected by remarks left on the Internet, she was terribly afraid of interacting with netizens. Consequently, her Weibo was basically to forward information about events, release her songs, and enable commercial collaborations.

It was only when Soy Milk called for the seventh time that she at last listlessly picked up the phone. “Hello?”

“Little Squidie.” The voice on the other end of the line was very low, with a purposely put-on air of mystery. “I have a way to find that person.”

Really?!

She instantly sat up, nearly kicking her laptop off the bed.

“Really. I found an expert to help me extract from the host computer a screen shot of his from that day! I asked my buddy to help me identify it just now, and he said it’s *God*, the latest team battle game.”

“I know...” She told him disappointedly, “I saw it that day, and I even deliberately found someone and asked about it, too.”

“You, the gaming idiot, would just ask so superficially. How could you possibly get good info?” Soy Milk grinned and lowered his voice a little more. “I can tell you what server he’s on and his ID.”

“Really?!”

“Guaranteed there’s nothing fake about it! I even managed to borrow a high-ranking ID for you. That way, you can run into him in ranked matches.”

“... Ranked wha?”

“Ranked matches!” Soy Milk had actually only just did the cramming on this stuff himself, but in front of her, he had a feeling of superiority. “I’m not going to talk to you, the noob, about it anymore. After I’ve solved everything for you, I’ll come back to this and teach you.”

And so, that evening, Soy Milk personally made a trip to her home. After greeting Auntie and Uncle[2] and freeloading a few bites of mapo tofu from the kitchen on the first floor, he sidled into her bedroom on the second floor. The two had grown up together since childhood, and her family members did not think anything of this action. In fact, when they thought about it, this address of “Auntie” had simply come naturally, without thinking, but if they traced back, there was not actually any sort blood relation between them. For all they knew, the two truly would become a couple, and then they would not even have to worry...



麻婆豆腐. Mapo tofu is a Sichuanese dish. While nowadays, there are many variations, this dish generally consists of tofu, ground pork (usually) and the Sichuan peppercorn, giving it the characteristic numbing spiciness. ([Image credit](#))

“Ah...” Inside the bedroom, Tong Nian impatiently watched the downloading progress bar. It was going to be done soon. “So, this game is played five people to a team, two teams battling one another?”

“Pretty much. Have you heard of LOL [*League of Legends*] and DotA [*Defense of the Ancients*]?”

“Uh-huh. ‘Lu A’Lu’ [‘stroke, ah, stroke’].” Yeah, she had heard of it. It was just that she had always thought that this nickname for LOL was rather indecent[3].

But here in front of her “last-minute teacher,” she still nodded her head in an innocent fashion. “In the anime expos I participated in, they also had a booth. DotA... It seems its popularity was several years back. When I was in high school, the boys in my class would often go play it. People still play it nowadays?”

She was that out-of-date?

“Yeah. DotA released a sequel, number 2, already. Right now, it’s the hottest game in eSports. The prize money is also the highest.”

“eSports?” 0.0

“Electronic sports. It’s, ah... video game competitions that you play on the computer...” Soy Milk used the plainest, simplest words to explain it to her.

“Online games? *Sword 3 Online*[\[4\]](#)? *Fantasy Westward Journey*[\[5\]](#)?” 0.0

“No... Those online games are ones that you spend time to level-up. They’re long-term games, where the leveling process is actually cumulative every time you play... eSports, eSports...”

“It’s fine. Explain it to me sometime later.”

Inside the computer, *God* had already completed downloading.

She had absolutely no interest in listening to Soy Milk continue to explain. It’s no problem. Once the man and I get to know each other, I’ll just ask him to explain it all to me... Why is my heart feeling all tingly?...

She could not refrain from bowing her head. Only after burying her face in her arm and rubbing it fiercely there was she finally able to make herself act a bit more normal.

Right then, Soy Milk, with a manner of all seriousness, had already pulled out a slip of paper from his pocket. Copied down on it was a game username and password. Tong Nian took it from him and carefully set it on her desk. One letter at a time, she typed in the username and password and then logged in.

A dim sound of a sword being unsheathed sounded out.

Login successful.

Then, a window with a vast server select list of more than twenty different server names...

“Um... Next is the server. We need to select a server.” Soy Milk fished out another piece of paper from his pocket. Written on it was the server name and user ID that had been found on the video left by the man that day. “Legend of Guevara, grunt.”

“grunt?” she repeated to herself. “It sounds so nice!”

No wonder his WeChat name was “Gn.”

It was right. It was definitely him!

“... Why don't I think so? When you read it, it sounds just like 'gun te' [滚特 get lost!]. Don't you think it sounds like you're yelling at someone?”

Hmph! She tossed a glare at Soy Milk.

Then, Soy Milk opened up his third “embroidered pouch” of instructions[6]. Inside were the detailed explanations the other party had given him this afternoon on how to participate in a ranked match, how to invite a specific ID to play, how to enter the game arena, how to select the character you wanted to control, how to... The two felt like their brains were muddled. Despite seriously and carefully reading everything over, they still felt as if they were in a fog.

“Forget it. Just invite him first...”

It should be fine after playing a couple of times, right? Practice made perfect...

And so, after looking it up on a system search, they soon found the names that started with the letter G. Row after row, they read down... Suddenly, they both gave a sharp inhale. grunt was online!

What was going on with her heart, pounding away like that?...

What was going on with her fingers, trembling away like that?...

She was shaking. Right-click. Send... invitation.

Waiting.

Endless waiting.

All of a sudden, a dialogue box popped up.

Her heart thudded another couple of times as she clicked it open.

*System message: The other party is currently in a match. Please wait patiently.*

.....

“Freaked me out...” She blew out a breath and rubbed her own chest. “I thought he wanted to talk to me...”

Soy Milk wore an expression that said, “You’re worrying about nothing,” but he could not bring himself to make a jab at her.

In the end, they waited for a full thirty minutes before the system finally showed another prompt with the row of words,

*The other party’s match has ended. Please wait patiently for the player’s reply.*

As she faced this so-called “other party,” it seemed she dared not even breathe a little louder until the system truly had prompted,

*grunt has accepted your invitation. Please wait patiently while the system randomly selects 8 players.*

“He accepted! Accepted!”

“Uh-huh... Uh-huh... Don’t be anxious. In just a bit, when we go in, you need to be calm and say hello, understand?”

“Uh-huh... Uh-huh...” She did not concern herself with Soy Milk’s cheeky tone and only stared fixatedly at the screen.

She did not even know what sort of character she had selected and merely dazedly entered the game.

Such pretty game graphics.

Tonight happened to be Christmas Eve, so there was a specially-created scene of falling snow.

Tong Nian could not be bothered with admiring the exquisite 3-D graphics. The instant she entered, she began searching for his name on the screen. Huh? How come he wasn't there? There clearly had been ten people who joined the game, but on the screen before her eyes, there were only five characters.

And that included herself... Five people.

"Oh shoot! He selected the opponent camp." Soy Milk was depressed. "You won't be able to see him unless you call for him in the all-chat screen or actually run into him; then you'll be able to see him."

"Huh?" Tong Nian was puzzled. "Why do I need to run into him? Can't I just go find him?"

"... That would work, I guess? Even though he's the enemy, you can just go say hi. Friendship first, competition second."

And so... a few seconds later...

The remaining nine people saw that, inside the game, an ID who had not bought a single item or equipment came running, one step at a time, in a ridiculous frenzy out of his base. Following the map display he... skipped and bounced in the direction of the enemy camp.

From the looks of it... that person was even pretty happy.

\*

grunt did not even lift a brow. Showing no mercy, with two slashes, he killed that person who was merrily waving his arms while jumping up and down... and saying nonstop, "Hi!"

He even sent emojis? Was this some nutjob?

"That dude..." 97's eyes were fixed on his own computer screen. "His account's been hacked?"

“... I guess so.” Another person watched incredulously as well as grunt killed off this opponent, who had been absolutely powerless to even resist, and drew the first blood. “Real points are involved in ranked matches. The people on his team are going to be ridiculously frustrated. As this game is played out, their point loss definitely is not going to be insignificant.”

“... How deep would the hatred have to be to specifically hack an ID and then specifically invite grunt, just to have him kill you?”

But as for grunt, who was doing the killing, he felt very disgruntled. Shoving his glasses up with his index finger, he put on an insincere smile and called a flunky buddy over. “Here. You play a match for me.” He did not want to waste his time on a hacker.

After he finished saying this, he stood up in front of his computer and stretched. “Where’s Leader?”

“Catching up on sleep. He just got back from watching a tournament in Chicago and is still adjusting to the time zone difference.”

97 gave a suggestive grin and added, “Oh, by the way, the other day, I heard his WeChat alert ringing. I thought he never uses WeChat to chat with people? He’s dating someone?”

“No. A cybercafé added him and keeps sending him ads. I said I’d help him block it, but he felt that would be a blow to someone’s motivation for sales and marketing and wouldn’t let me do it. He just had me set it to silent. Anyway, even if they send stuff, he won’t look at it.”

grunt was rather surprised. “When did Leader become so kind-hearted?”

“He suddenly found his conscience, I guess,” 97 answered offhandedly.

Everyone was at a loss for words.

Gun, that demon overlord, had a thing called a “conscience”?

[1] 微博. This literally means “microblog.” Weibo is often compared to Twitter, but with other features such as the ability to comment beneath posts in long

thread. The biggest microblogging service in China is offered by Sina, and its full name is actually Sina Weibo, although due to its popularity, “Weibo” usually directly refers to Sina Weibo

[2] 表姑妈 “biao gu ma” is how you would address your father’s female cousin (which in English is still simply “aunt”) and 表姑父 “biao gu fu” is how you would address the husband of your father’s female cousin (which in English is still simply “uncle”). These are what Soy Milk calls Tong Nian’s mother and father. However, Soy Milk and Tong Nian are not related and have just been close friends since childhood. Somehow, along the way, these particular addresses of “aunt” and “uncle” just came about.

[3] 撸啊撸 “Lu A Lu.” This is the nickname given for LOL, partly due to its similar pronunciation to the English letters, L–O–L. However, its meaning of “stroke, ah, stroke” also implies masturbation (i.e. a hand job).

[4] 剑三 or “Sword 3 Online” is short for《新剑侠情缘叁Online》*New Jian Xia Qing Yuan 3 Online*. A popular MMORPG (massively multiplayer online role-playing game) with an ancient setting. A drama of the same Chinese name and based on the game was filmed a few years ago and called “The Legend of Swordman” or “Sword Heroes Fate.” *Sword 3 Online* is unlike DotA or LOL in that it is a MMORPG while the latter two are MOBA (multiplayer online battle arena).

[5] 梦幻西游 “Meng Huan Xi You.” *Fantasy Westward Journey* is a very popular MMORPG (massively multiplayer online role-playing game) based on the novel, *Journey to the West*. *Fantasy Westward Journey* is unlike DotA or LOL in that it is a MMORPG while the latter two are MOBA (multiplayer online battle arena).

[6] 锦囊 “jin nang.” The embroidered pouch of instructions is a trope used in ancient and/or wuxia stories/dramas where someone very wise or powerful places written instructions or advice into an embroidered drawstring pouch and tells the character not to open it to read what is inside until the crucial moment. The embroidered pouch has hence become synonymous with wise advice or instructions.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

2 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 3

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 3

[June 26, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [32 Comments](#)



Regular update during Peanuts' normal posting time-ish.

Second time for Tong Nian attempting to meet a guy in a video game. Will it be more successful than the first?

#### Chapter 3 – Pro Gamer?

The entire night, she was immersed in her own feelings of gloom, and the atmosphere in the room was so stiflingly depressing it was scary. The scariest part was, she later sent more invitations to grunt, but he did not accept them... Didn't accept them... Didn't accept them...

In this way, she tossed and turned in bed until three in the morning, when she finally could not take it anymore and, in the dark, sat up straight.

It must have been a problem with her character selection.

That character was too ugly!

That must be it.

So, she furtively opened up her computer. To prevent her parents from seeing the light in her bedroom, she pulled the blanket off the bed and, propping it up with the monitor, made a little tent, which she slipped into. Speedily, she turned

on the computer, clicked on the desktop shortcut, and entered the game...  
Hmm? Where was the password for the account? She dug around again on her desk for a lengthy time, and finally, pulling it out from beneath one of the keyboards, she carefully input it.

A few hours ago, she had persistently sent seven or eight invitations over... and they had all been flat out rejected. Now...

Even though she was feeling rather timid, she still, one letter at a time, typed in grunt's name.

And then, the enter key!

He was online?!

He wasn't sleeping? So hard-working?

No wonder Soy Milk said his account was in the Grandmaster group of players... Uh, what was the Grandmaster group? ... She had forgotten to ask.

Anyway, when she heard, "grandmaster," she would think of the saying, "a grandmaster of an era<sup>[1]</sup>." Really cool and flashy, so it must be right.

Poor her. She did not even really have any concept of what this particular game was about, but she had already learned proficiently how to invite someone to do battle. T.T

Eh?

He didn't immediately turn it down?

All of a sudden, a dialogue box popped up:

*grunt has accepted your invitation. Please wait patiently while the system randomly selects 8 players.*

He! Accepted! It!

Wait! She immediately sent over a private message: *May I... be on the same team as you? Let's not be enemies, k?*

There was no reply.

.....

The system began to read the data and then entered into the character selection screen. This time, she did not dare just arbitrarily choose one, and in those more than one hundred characters, she carefully searched to see if there was a lovely and adorable character whom, the instant you saw her, you could not bear to kill her. Soon, she found a Loli-style [Lolita style][\[2\]](#) character who was even riding... a big cat?

A cutie, and so adorable. She's the one!

With the sound of lightning flashing past, the image on the screen completely opened up. She swiftly swept her gaze over all the IDs that were before her eyes. grunt was there! His character was different from last night's. This time, the character he selected was... um, an evil demon. Even cooler and more attractive!

She wordlessly shifted a couple of steps closer to him. Seeing that he did not give any reaction, she shifted another two steps.

Finally, she decided to be bold and moved right up beside him.

Huh? He wasn't avoiding her? So, that meant he wasn't turned off by this? Hidden under the blanket, Tong Nian wiped away at the condensation from her breath that had coated the monitor, all the while wearing a silly grin on her face.

Before she had even gotten to experience that delight for more than a few seconds, everyone had already bought all their items and, one by one, were leaving home base. There were three lanes: top, mid, and bottom. grunt seemed not to even hesitate before going onto the middle lane and following it along.

Straightaway, Tong Nian exuberantly ran after him...

Mid lane, one player. Wasn't that... accepted, common knowledge?

On the chat screen, her teammates one after another passed out.

*Hey, the dude riding the big cat... ya crazy?*

*Sh\*t! I ran into two hackers already this week. Don't tell me this is*

*another one?*

*It's 3:00 in the morning. Hey hacker, don't you sleep??!! My ranking, my points AAAAH!*

.....

Tong Nian was utterly bewildered. Astride her big cat, she stood behind grunt, not knowing what she did wrong this time.

Weren't they all spawned in the same place? Weren't they teammates? Why couldn't she follow a teammate? Couldn't they help each other out?

*You... and I are teammates in the same group, right? Why can't I follow you?* She finally... summoned her courage to ask that person who was in front of her.

grunt: .....

He replied to me!! He really replied to me!

Tong Nian instantly forgot about these things that had baffled her, and riding on her big cat, she elatedly ran circles around him. *Hihi, grunt! I'm Little Squidie. It's my first time playing video games. Honest! Honest! I'm soooo excited! covers my face Don't know what I should say. I'll try my best to learn! Please, please don't get frustrated with me!*

grunt: .....

She had completely forgotten that she was toting around an account belonging to the Grandmaster group of this server...

Moreover, it was ranked 97th on the leaderboard for Mainland China...

Then, using this ID that was ranked 97th amongst all of the twenty-four servers and more than three million gamers in Mainland China, she bounded circles around grunt and asked: *I use Q, W, E, R, and A, S, D, F to attack, right? I read the walkthrough[3] on the official website, and I played against the computer quite a few times to practice.*

And so, three seconds later, a row of words appeared on the team-chat screen.

grunt: *Not a hacker. ID stolen by one of the kids in the family. Everyone, watch yourselves.*

Everybody fell over backwards.

This implied that, not only had they lost one person who could fight, they also needed to protect this ID and prevent him from being killed by the enemy. One kill meant that they were giving a hundred gold coins to the enemy, ah... Crap. They had no choice but to treat this guy like a Buddha whom they needed to reverentially worship.

Good thing this team still had grunt, a pro gamer who consistently ranked in the top ten on the leaderboard.

*See the underbrush over there?* grunt suddenly asked.

*Yup! I see it really clearly! My monitor is especially good! Guaranteed it won't lag!*

grunt was silent.

After three seconds: *Go inside it and stay there until the game is over.*

\*

grunt yawned and, turning himself over on the couch, blearily threw a glance at Gun, who had just turned off the computer. "Leader, can't you just register and get an account of your own to play? Why are you always using mine to get your kicks?"

"What do you think?" Gun could not even be bothered to look up at him. "If I don't help you win a few more times, you'll soon fall out of the leaderboard's top ten."

This was obviously calling grunt's capabilities into question.

"You really don't want to sign-up for one yourself to play?" grunt had long since grown accustomed to this languid, nonconformist Leader with a wicked

tongue and had acquired the ability to automatically filter out the sarcasm and taunting.

“Why? You really want me to register for one of my own?” Gun offhandedly shoved the keyboard in further on the computer desk and stood.

“I do, yeah. I still haven’t played a ranked match with Leader yet. I can’t really be happy about that.” grunt solemnly slipped on his rimless glasses and gave a stretch. Right as he was about to get up from the couch, a huge document folder came flying directly toward his face.

“If I register, then what’s the need for all of you? Go. Have them fill these all in, then give them to your captain to apply for visas.”

[1] 一代宗师 “yi dai zong shi.” When a person has reached a very high achievement in a field, to the point that he can create his own school/sect and lead others if he so desires, he can be called a “grandmaster of an era.”

[2] “Loli” is referring to the term, Lolita, which originated in Japan and describes a subculture of Japan. Simplistically, the Lolita look is one that evokes images of a Victorian doll — ruffles on the dress, ribbons, bonnet, *etc.* Although in Japan, there are many variations (e.g. Gothic Loli, Sweet Loli, Princess Loli, *etc.*), in general, it is striving for a cutesy, girly, princessy look as opposed to sexy, mature, elegant, *etc.* In China, when people are talking about a “Loli,” it is not always that specific and usually refers simply to a young girl that is very cute or a style that evokes that feeling.

[3] As the name suggests, these are instructions for a game that walk you through a game’s story, describing how it is played and/or how to beat the game.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

3 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue


Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 4

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 4

[July 1, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [17 Comments](#)

computer-gif



At least she's learned some stuff about gaming... kind of. LOL

#### Chapter 4 – Pro Gamer \(\^o^\)/ !

That entire match.

Tong Nian and her monitor both stayed under the blanket together. Obediently, she kept her eyes fixed on the screen, not daring to move her mouse in the slightest...

At six o'clock in the morning, Soy Milk was wakened by her phone call, and the excited tone in her voice was like she had been asked for her hand in marriage.

“... So, you really gamed with him?” Soy Milk yawned.

“Uh-huh!” Tong Nian's girly little heart was spilling over far and wide. As she held her phone and called to mind everything, she even now felt a little shyly embarrassed. “I reckon he knew that I don't really know how to play. He wouldn't even let me come out of the brush and was especially protective of me...”

“.....” Soy Milk had nothing he could say in response to that.

Even though he sucked at gaming, too, he still knew the basic concepts. In this type of game, you needed to keep on killing and keep on earning gold before you could buy items and before you could win the game.

So, there was no talk about “protecting” anyone. It was not like that guy was Lei Feng<sup>[1]</sup> [selfless person who was always willing to serve people].

He’s obviously snubbing your bad gaming skills, you know, my little missy? ...

“But having him always protect me isn’t good either, right? Will I be too much of a burden?” Tong Nian began, of her own accord, to fall into self-criticism.

“... Uh, right... Uh... Supposedly, in this sort of game, there’s a support role.”

“Support role?”

“It’s... it’s one that helps people.” Soy Milk did not know whether this was correct or not and was arbitrarily making things up.

“Really? Like to help add HP [health points/health pool]? Or add MP [magic points/mana points]?” Tong Nian had only occasionally heard these mentioned by her other friends who played online games.

“More or less.” Soy Milk gave an “mm-hmm” and said again, “For sure, it should be more or less that. You go read the guide.”

“Mm-hmm!”

And so, she hung up this phone conversation that had seemed like it had exuded pink bubbles of love.

Then, she began to prepare her gaming schedule for today.

Afternoon. Not there?

Fine, wait until the evening, then... Still not there?

Um, okay, she’d wait until the middle of the night, then...

She took advantage of this opportunity to go on the official website and study up on her Loli who rode around on a big cat. To her surprise, not only did the

character have eight different attacks, she also had many other supplementary abilities... Grabbing a notebook, she began, with all seriousness, to record every capability as well as the various recommendations by people in the forums until the odds and ends she had jotted down filled several pages.

.....

At three in the morning, the alarm beneath her pillow suddenly began to ring.

She sat up abruptly, scrambling to turn off the alarm. Then, hugging her blanket, she crawled over to the monitor and, with practiced movements, covered herself together with the monitor. Turn on the computer, log into the game, search... He's there!

And furthermore, her invitation and his acceptance of it went unexpectedly smooth.

Very familiarly and easily now, she went into the character selection screen and found the Loli girl riding the big cat. Somewhat nervously and excitedly, she waited for the remaining nine people to make their selections. All of a sudden, there was a system message:

*1 player has left the match. Please wait for a new player to join.*

Huh? What happened?

A new player came to fill the spot.

The game screen loaded.

Tong Nian eagerly surveyed all around and discovered that he was by her side. Suddenly, in the open view of everyone, grunt's body emitted a red nimbus, which disappeared after a second.

.....

.....

All her teammates fell over in surprise.

What in the world was going on? A system bug? The game hadn't even begun

and someone was already starting to use healing?

That couldn't be right, that couldn't be right... This wasn't some online RPG [role-playing game] game, ah. This was a frickin' eSport game, ah! Why would anyone need healing? ... At the beginning, you brought along your own health potion. Later in the game, who even cared about HP or healing. Just kill, kill, kill, *aaah!*

When her spell had faded off, Tong Nian merrily cast another one of her healing spells on grunt again.

.....

.....

The suckiest part was...

*g Shuai[2] [Cool and Suave g]? g Shuai? His Internet dropped?*

*Just frickin sh\*t! I waited so long for grunt to finally come online...*

*Ya! Frick! g Shuai has been focusing on Tempest of the Sealed Chamber lately. For once he's actually guest-appearing here in some of the league matches! Frick frick!!*

Focusing on *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*?

She wordlessly made note of this particular game. Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the darkness, Gun had just picked up a towel and stepped over. Drops of water dripped from the ends of his hairs, falling onto his shoulder and then continuing downwards. Because he had just finished showering, he had only arbitrarily slipped on a pair of jeans and had still not buttoned it yet.

And moreover, his upper body was unclothed as well.

“What the—?” He discovered that healing had been used on him. Lifting his eyes, he glanced at the screen.

Wasn't that the little kid from yesterday? Why was he back again? He hadn't even noticed earlier on.

Abandon the game? Too many points would be deducted for that.

Not abandon?

Yesterday, because everyone had known that there was a kid on the team who did not know how to play video games, they had nearly lost the match. Actually, he, alone, could unquestionably take on two expert players of the Grandmaster classification. However, “strength to withstand pressure” was actually a difficult thing to possess. After being fully aware that they had lost one person who could battle and, on top of that, in a match against experts, there inevitably had been some psychological pressure.

Bothersome...

He offhandedly rubbed his hair with his towel. Those short, black hairs, which had been wiped of water droplets, were still damp and fell disheveled across his forehead. It seemed as if something gleamed in those deep black pupils, that all of a sudden, there was in them... amusement.

Unconsciously, the tip of his tongue licked his lower lip.

Having a troublemaker around might not be a bad thing. Four against five would be very exhilarating, right?

\*\*\*\*\*

And so, inside the game, everyone watched as grunt headed directly towards the mid lane while that Loli character riding the big cat gaily followed right behind him, every five seconds tossing a healing spell onto the maxed-health grunt.

At the same time, on the team chat channel:

*grunt: This kid belongs to me. I'll be responsible for him. Everyone, just look after yourself...*

!!!!

Tong Nian could not help pressing her cheeks between her hands.

Silently, she squealed, “AH, AH, AH, AAAAH!” for a full three seconds.

Only after grunt had disappeared on the screen did she, with her chest thump-thumping away, speedily follow after him astride her big cat.

He said “kid belongs to me”! Belongs to me... belongs to me...

I belong to him...

Sob, sob, sob, sob.

I’ll definitely do a good job and keep adding HP for you!

In the team channel, all the teammates were relieved.

So grunt had brought one of his own to play? Then they wouldn’t concern themselves. grunt was making the guarantee, so it was certain they wouldn’t lose.

Yamate[3]: *Haha. No worries, g Shuai. If he’s one of your own, then we get it.*

Cookicooki: *grunt! Please accept this lowly one’s bow! Joining K&K is my lifelong dream!*

OneCardDoesAll: *Hey ol’ g, it’s three in the morning and you’re not sleeping. You’re hanging here instead and you’ve even brought an ID along with you. You wouldn’t be playing with a girl, eh? Hahahaha.*

This...

Tong Nian’s cheeks blushed a rosy colour, very embarrassed by all the teasing.

Since everyone’s saying something, I should say a few words, too, right?

And so, a few seconds later, everyone saw grunt’s “kid who belongs to me” say on the chat screen:

SoDamnGoodLookin[4]: *(>^ω^<) Meow. This is Little Squidie. Thanks for watching out for me.*

Yamate: .....

Cookicooki: .....

OneCardDoesAll: ... *Hahahaha. Hi...*

Tong Nian was bewildered.

Riding her big cat, she followed closely after grunt. *Is it because the screen name I'm using with this ID isn't a good one? They don't seem very friendly?*

The name, SoDamnGoodLookin, was indeed... too...

grunt: .....

*... So, should I sign-up again for another account? Wait for me? Ten minutes, at most!*

grunt was silent.

So...

grunt interrupted her: *Add HP. Don't stop.*

*Oh, oh. Uh-huh, uh-huh. I guarantee I'll accomplish my task!*

She instantly became alert and fell into combat-readiness, her eyes staring unblinkingly at her screen. As long as her healing ability level indicated it was okay, she would immediately release it onto grunt. Thus... the entire time, all nine people who were present watched as the maxed-HP grunt continually emitted halo after halo of red glow...

Everyone... Hehehehehe...

g *Shuai*... sure knows how to get his kicks of romance...

[1] 雷锋 Lei Feng (1940-1962) was a soldier in the People's Liberation Army. Known for his selflessness, he was declared as a role model to the people, that they should "learn from Lei Feng." This name has become symbolic of modesty, selflessness, and devotion.

[2] 帅 "shuai." This word is an adjective used most often to describe men or

manly attributes (though occasionally you will see it used on women, too). You often see it translated as “handsome.” It actually describes not just physical appearance but manner, bearing, or actions as well. In general, it carries connotations of “cool,” “attractive,” “charismatic,” “suave,” *etc.* This same word is also the title given to a commander-in-chief. Here, the “g” is for “grunt” and “shuai” acknowledges his very “cool” high-level status as a gamer.

[3]鸭灭爹 “ya mie die.” Literally translated, this would be “duck wipes out dad,” but it is actually a Chinese transliteration of “yamate,” the Japanese word for “stop it!”

[4]帅的一B “Shuai De Yi B.” The “shuai” is the same word used in the address for grunt, g *Shuai*, and means “handsome,” “attractive,” “charismatic,” “cool,” *etc.* “Yi B” or literally “one B” is Chinese slang for “extremely,” roughly equivalent to how we would use “so ridiculously.” In this case, this moniker that Tong Nian borrowed could translate as “So Ridiculously ‘Shuai’” or the translation I’ve used in the text is “So Damn Good Looking,” which has some artistic discretion.

#### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

4 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 5

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 5

[July 3, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [16 Comments](#)



*Together Forever* is finishing up this Tues evening/Wed morning (N. America/rest of the world). *Squid* is taking over its posting time, which means the next update for it will be Fri evening/Sat morning, followed by next Sunday to fill Peanut's usual posting slot.

Well, things eventually have to move out of the gaming world. She just never thought it would be so fast.

### Chapter 5 – Professional Gaming Organization?

Several consecutive days of staying up through the middle of the night left her simply exhausted and beat.

When she exited the game at four o'clock, she finally mustered up the courage to probingly ask grunt the next time he would be online. grunt's answer: "Not certain." Very shortly, he left the game in a flash.

... She hadn't even had the chance to ask him for some time off. She would not

be able to go online for two days.

Four in the morning. All around, it was still. Her parents were still fast asleep downstairs.

She, however, needed to start packing her luggage to leave. She had a seven o'clock flight somewhere to go participate in a winter festival. The organizer was providing one night's accommodation, so it was a perfect opportunity for her to get together with a local friend there. She made herself a warm cup of honey water while also carefully looking over the promotional material she was holding. Very soon, her gaze was drawn to the name, *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*.

Eh? Eh?

Her eyes lit up.

.....

The entire journey, she fixedly read the description given for *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*, all the while planning that she would have some of the staff members whom she knew introduce her. She absolutely had to find a way to be introduced to the in-charge person from that gaming company to see if she could possibly guest cosplay one of the characters in the game.

He liked that game so much... What if, one day, her cosplay photo suddenly appeared on its title screen?...

Oh no, why were her hands feeling all tingly?...

There was a faint blush in her cheeks. Fiercely rubbing her palms together, she continued to cram herself amid a cluster of flight passengers and wait for the baggage from her flight to be delivered out.

CA3901. Again, not her flight...

She took a glance at her mobile phone. It was still early. She was simply worried that if the time was too late and she had to rush over, there would not be enough time for her to warm up her voice. That would be embarrassing...

When she slipped her phone back into the pocket of her down coat, she suddenly noticed that across from her, there were several men with tall builds, all wearing red and white, striped down jackets, like a team uniform for a group of athletes.

Had she run into a basketball team? Or a football [soccer] team? As she speculated, she, out of curiosity, looked them over a couple more times.

Those people were one by one carrying away their suitcases when someone gave a cry of “Leader, we’re good.”

“Oh.” The man who had been behind everyone else, sitting on his luggage the entire time while he played with his mobile phone, stood. Not bothering to even raise his head, he continued to play with his phone as he turned around and walked toward the exit.

!!!!

A hallucination?!

She gaped after them. Right as she was about to take a step, the baggage conveyor belt all of a sudden began to move.

One after another, luggage was sent out, and with sounds of *thunk, thunk*, they fell onto the belt... Tong Nian truly felt her heart was breaking, able only to watch helplessly as those people, one at a time, stepped outside and moved far away from her until the view of their backsides disappeared from her sight...

He was an athlete?

Tong Nian absentmindedly made wild guesses. Only when her silver suitcase passed by in front of her did her attention snap back. Hastily picking up her suitcase, she walked outside with brisk strides the entire way, trying to catch up to them. At the very least, she needed to see what the logo was on their team uniform, aaaah...

She had not expected that outside the airport, it was already empty, with no one in sight.

The end result was, because of this chance encounter, she spent the entire event in a daze. Aside from during the opening performance when, stepping on stage, she had reflexively slipped into form and sang the song, *Emptiness*, the whole time, even after she had walked off the stage and her fans were dashing over to thrust at her mound after mound of little gifts, she was half a beat slow and out of form.

“Your Squidie Highness.” Blueberry, her good friend and also the person in charge of the closing performance of the event, teased her quietly, “Your cold, haughty aloofness has reached new levels, eh.”

“Huh?” Tong Nian gazed bewilderedly at her.

With a “pfft,” Blueberry burst out in a giggle. “I won’t tease you anymore. Oh, you. Last time, when you were reciting all those IELTS [International English Language Testing System] vocab words, you were so absorbed in it you forgot to stand up to thank your fans, and then you got badmouthed. Have you forgotten about that?”

... How could she forget? She had secretly cried at home about it for two days...

“Do you know what sort of competitions or matches are going on here these days? A basketball game? Football game? Or maybe... don’t professional athletes all have to train?”

Blueberry was stupefied by all the questions. Rubbing her on the head, she asked, “Have you mixed up your dimensions<sup>[1]</sup>? Why is an online singing diva concerned about basketball games?”

Sighing, Tong Nian blew rather glumly at her bangs, at a dead end with no ideas.

“Oh right, that *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* that you were just asking me about, I think that game is having a pro-level tournament these next few days.”

“Huh?” Tong Nian’s eyes were once more glazed with confusion.

“It means, professional gamers who play video games have started a new round of competitions for this year. My hubby is a fan of eSports, and he specifically came here with me to watch the tournament. It’s at... three o’clock?”

Blueberry raised her wrist and took a glance. "It's started already."

"Professional gamers..." Tong Nian continued digesting this new term. All of a sudden, an epiphany flashed in her mind. "Just like athletes, they wear a team uniform?"

"Of course they do. They're particularly proper. On top of that, the true, high-level pro gamers' earnings are especially high. Supposedly, there's one team there today where, in the last half a year, the prize winning for each person was... 800,000?"

.....

It should... not be... that incredible, right?

It was as if she had found hope, and wagging her tail, she begged Blueberry to call her husband to ask whether there was a team with red and white team uniforms. And the answer really was "yes!" "Then let's go." Tong Nian immediately stood. "I want to watch the tournament."

"I can't go." Blueberry poked her in the forehead with a pointer finger. "Your Squidie Highness, I need to wait until the entire exposition ends to do the closing performance! How about this? I'll give my hubby a call and have him give you the address. You go yourself."

"Mm-hmm, mm-hmm."

And so, she, the guest performer for the opening act, just like that, disappeared from the exposition. Dragging her luggage, she did not even have time to go to the hotel where she would be staying, and based on that unfamiliar address, she found her way to a small stadium. She wandered around in front of the main entrance for a long time until she finally found a ticket scalper and bought an entrance ticket. It was only after she had gone in, had breathlessly taken a seat, and was staring at the picture of a fierce match on the large screen that she at last felt that she might really have found the right place.

But after scanning her gaze everywhere, she found that there were no red and white uniforms at all...

Where would they have gone? ...

“There’s no one sitting here?” a voice suddenly asked from behind her. “If there’s no one, I’ll sit.”

Tong Nian instantly bristled. Turning around, she stared gapingly as the man, who had already removed his jacket and was wearing a black, short-sleeved shirt, swung his leg over the seats from the row behind and sat down in passing beside her.

That pair of extremely dark, extremely bright eyes swept over to where she was. Raising the corner of his lips, he said, “Where’s your boyfriend? Didn’t come?”

“.....”

“You specifically came to watch the competition?” Gun glanced down at the luggage by her feet.

“.....”

“You’ve forgotten me?” Gun tentatively asked, thinking he had frightened the girl.

“.....”

“Don’t be afraid. I’m just purely here to say hi.” Why did Gun feel as if, every time he ran into this little girl, he was able to give her a big scare? He once again re-examined himself, then decisively stood up. “Enjoy watching. I—”

Abruptly, he halted.

A small hand had already taken ahold of the hem of his clothes...

[\[1\]](#) By “dimensions,” Blueberry is referring to the 2-D world (online world) vs. 3-D world (world of “real life”). Tong Nian is an online singer of Japanese songs as well as into cosplay, all things of the 2-D world (refer to footnote [7] of chapter 1), while basketball is something belonging to the 3-D world.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

5 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 6

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 6

[July 9, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [22 Comments](#)

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Oh, hahaha. Tong Nian, what a misunderstanding!

### Chapter 6 – Professional Gaming Organization @\_@ !

And so, about a dozen or so metres away from where the two were, in the VIP section beside the seating area of the event host, all the team members of K&K had already picked up their own luggage and were preparing to leave when they saw this scene. Through a side door, they saw from afar that, in the rather empty last few rows of the audience seating, a cutie of a girl wearing a pussy bow blouse was pulling on the hem of their own leader's shirt.

Aside from the young man with the tallest build who, wearing a baseball cap, still continued striding straight ahead, everyone else had all nosily halted his footsteps.

The Demon Overlord and... a girl?

He actually knew a girl?

Could it be...?

Within the team, Gun was known to be an insulator against all females of the unmarried classification. Fine, he did not recruit any female gamers onto the team, but even that rare female team captain he had hired was already married.

He was absolutely an odd specimen in the profession. As a result, there was a secret rumour that had long since been circulating in the organization: Leader must already have an eldest sister-in-law<sup>[1]</sup> for them who very, very easily got jealous.

“So,” 97 logically deduced, “could this be Leader’s woman?”

Eh? How come she let go so soon?

What’d he say? Look, he scared Sister-in-Law until her face was all pale...

On the stands.

“...I remember you. Last week, in the cybercafé, you won a prize.” Tong Nian instinctively covered up for herself.

But the result was, the instant she finished saying those words, she wanted to slam her own head into a wall and die and just let things be at that. Why was she talking about the cybercafé again? Tong Nian, you’re so lame...

“Oh, right. Won a prize.” Gun obviously did not remember.

All around, it unexpectedly grew dark.

Up on the stage, the host turned on his microphone and began to warm-up the crowd with a string of appreciation and thanks expressed to the various sponsors... In the dark, he saw someone waving anxiously at him from the players’ lounge area, and from the looks of it, it was quite urgent.

“Enjoy watching.” Gun hastily tossed out this sentence and swung his legs over the empty seats of the last few rows, leaving directly through the stairwell at the outer edge.

Tong Nian stared after his receding backside, kicking at her suitcase with a slight feeling of dismay.

What should she do next?

She took a glance all around. Since she had come in midway through the competition, she could only sit in the last two rows. There was nobody beside

her, and the closest audience members were two rows in front of her. After a short consideration, she climbed over a row and patted the shoulder of a boy in front. That person turned around, initially somewhat impatient, but when he saw that it was a ridiculously adorable girl, the expression in his eyes instantaneously grew warmer.

“Pardon me. I wanted to ask, what team is the one wearing a red and white team uniform?”

The boy was somewhat speechless. Someone would actually come here to watch a competition but not even know what the teams were. But considering that this girl was simply too cute, he still patiently answered, “K&K. One of the top two eSports organizations in the country.”

... That awesome?

“Then... is grunt really formidable in that team?”

“grunt?!”

Three boys simultaneously whipped their heads around and stared at her.

Previously one of the high-level pro gamers for *StarCraft II*. Annual earnings of 800,000 RMB. Currently K&K's famous solo top champion<sup>[2]</sup> in its *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* roster. Overall, a super idol-status gamer. That name was basically inlaid with a gold border, you know?

“g Shuai is super formidable, you know! Absolutely a trump card type of player! To be like him is my lifetime goal!” One of the boys was grunt's super-fan. “I came to watch the tournament just because of him and specially came all the way from Suzhou!”

... That awesome?!

Incredulity was written all over her face.

And then, those people began jabbering away, broadcasting to her everything about grunt's career journey while Tong Nian listened in stunned amazement. Unfortunately, K&K had just won a round in the double-elimination tourney and had already left.

Left?

She was even more downcast.

Since his team was gone already, there was no point for her to stay here. Pulling her suitcase, she glumly left the audience stands and went outside. As she passed the ticket-check gate, the security guards there even looked her over a couple extra glances. It was apparent these two really did not understand why, ten minutes earlier, this girl had frantically run inside, dragging her suitcase with her, and now, she was once more towing that suitcase behind but with her head hanging and walking back out... What was that for? ...

She did not pay heed to other people's gazes and, lowering her head into the whistling north wind, she strode in the direction of the stairs.

"I heard grunt had internal bleeding in the stomach, but he still held out for the entire match and even won the game."

"It's not easy being a pro gamer. They basically throw their entire selves into it."

!!!!

She abruptly halted.

Beside her, two staff members walked inside with quick strides.

Her mind immediately went blank, and with her suitcase in tow, she chased after their direction, running back to the main entrance. She tried to go in, but the two security guards stopped her. "Once you've left, your ticket becomes void. You can't go in and out."

"I honestly, urgently need to go inside. I just stepped out for one minute..." Tong Nian was so desperate she repeatedly bowed to them. "Let me in, please? I honestly have something urgent!"

The two security guards would not budge at all to let her pass.

Tong Nian continued bowing. "Honest, honest! I swear! I'll go in for just a few minutes and then come right back out. I'll leave my luggage here with you as collateral!"

"It's okay." Out of the blue, a hand tapped her on the shoulder. "I'll bring you

in.”

Tong Nian turned her head back, then paused in surprise. Who was this? Didn't know him.

97 smiled at her. “I have a staff badge and can bring you in.”

He wouldn't be a bad guy, right? She said somewhat hesitantly, “I shouldn't trouble you like that...”

97 continued smiling at her. “Don't worry. I'm from K&K, too.”

Huh? How did he know she wanted to go see grunt?

“I saw you through the side door earlier on. You were with Leader,” 97 patiently explained while also, in passing, giving a suggestive grin. “Even though you guys were sitting far off to a remote side... I still saw.”

Huh? Leader?

Oh, right. At the airport, they had all called him “Leader.”

She nodded. “Well, then, thank you.”

97 flashed his staff badge and brought Tong Nian into the stadium once again. All along the way, while he walked, he silently sighed over his own cleverness. Sure enough, this was the Sister-In-Law who had been kept hidden all this time, ah... Who would have thought she'd be such a... cutie little girl? How did Leader manage to kidnap her to be his? “How come Leader didn't get you a badge?”

Huh?

“I... didn't feel right asking. Just now, I didn't get the chance to say more than a couple sentences and then he left.” She was thinking and talking at the same time. “I didn't know you needed a badge before you could get in. I bought a ticket. It was from a scalper at the door.”

And I don't know him all that well, ah...

How could I have the boldness to ask him for one? ...

“Leader’s like that,” 97 grinningly comforted her. “Once there’s a competition, he’ll be like that. But that’s going too far. He actually had you buy your own ticket?”

“I should, I should.” She hurriedly shook her head. “I need to show my support for you guys.”

Look how considerate his wife is! 97 wordlessly clicked “like” in his mind for this Sister-In-Law.

When they arrived at the staff lounge area, 97 scanned his eyes around, and discovering that Gun was nowhere to be found, he pulled someone over to ask, “Where’s Leader? I brought Sister-In-Law over.”

Sister-In-Law?!

What Sister-In-Law? Is he talking about me? I can’t be hearing things, right?

“The doctor just arrived. They’re in the small conference room.” That person stared excitedly at Tong Nian.

“The doctor just arrived?” 97 gave him a meaningful look: *Show some restraint. Be careful or Leader might give you a beating.*

“grunt has GI bleeding.” That person also signaled back with his eyes: *Sister-in-Law is beautiful, ah.*

“No way?” 97 was startled by this and did not have the time to make eyes with him anymore. “He was fine just earlier.”

“It was also just discovered.”

97 gave an “oh” and then asked Tong Nian, “They’re in the conference room. Let’s go over?”

Tong Nian could not be bothered to concern herself with any “Sister-In-Law” or whatever anymore and hurriedly nodded.

Therefore, 97 thoughtfully had her set her suitcase in K&K’s lounge area, and then, leading her through a corridor, he pushed open the door and entered the

conference room. Inside the room, there was one doctor and two nurses doing a medical check on a person. That person, his face hidden from view, was lying on a makeshift “simplistic bed” formed by pushing three chairs together. Tong Nian’s footsteps paused, for she felt that she had just met him and simply walking in this way was rather intrusive. But... popping in for a quick visit and inquiring how he was doing because she heard that he had internal stomach bleeding shouldn’t be a problem, right?

She mused in this way as she walked over.

Standing beside the doctor, she tentatively said, “I was originally planning on leaving, but I happened to hear one of the staff workers say that you were bleeding in the stomach... So your teammate brought me in to see you...” The doctor smilingly stepped aside and made some space to allow Tong Nian to get close to the patient.

As he lay there on the chairs, grunt’s face was now in view. His hand that was holding a pair of glasses blocked half his face. Amid sharp stabs of pain, he somewhat irritably, as well as bafflingly, looked toward this girl who was a stranger to him.

.....

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.....

.....

Huh? Who was that?

Tong Nian was stupefied.

“Hey, Leader, look. I happened to see Sister-In-Law, so I brought her in for you. She must have thought we had left already and was waiting for you outside. She didn’t see you and didn’t have a staff badge either, and the security guards were blocking her from going in,” 97 grinningly said at the back of her.

Tong Nian slowly turned around.

In a spot ten steps behind her, sitting by the window, was a man wearing a

black, short-sleeved shirt, his jacket draped over his shoulders as he talked on his phone...

Wasn't that... him?

Just who exactly... was the one who had internal stomach bleeding, *aaaaah*? T.T  
...

[1] 大嫂 “da sao.” Literal translation is “eldest sister-in-law.” The members of K&K address Gun as 老大 “Laoda” which, although it is translated as “Leader” in the story, can also be thought of as “Eldest/Biggest Bro.” In a group where there is a sense of brotherhood, the leader of the group would be addressed as such (for example, in Chinese triad movies, you often see the head of the triad addressed this way by the other members). It could also be used as a more informal way to address one’s leader or boss, but usually that implies the subordinate’s relationship with him is quite close, familiar, and casual. Hence, in the big brotherhood of the K&K organization, Gun can also be thought of as the “eldest/biggest brother” of this group, and his girlfriend or wife is everyone’s “eldest sister-in-law.” Besides here, where I am introducing this address, I will be dropping the “eldest” for most of the story to maintain that casual flavour and fun tone that the K&K members emit.

[2] A solo top champion is a player who is an expert at playing alone in the top lane.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

6 of 49 Chapters

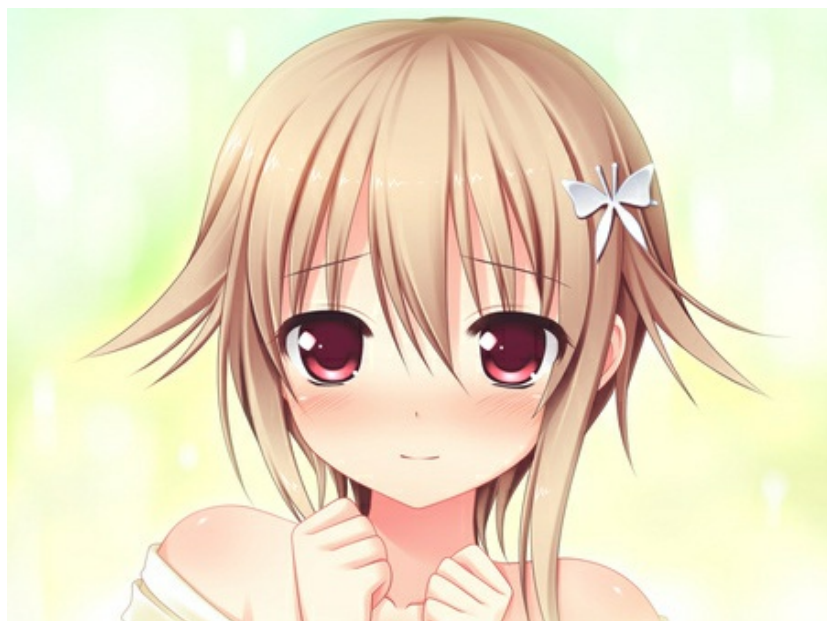
0 of 1 Epilogue

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## Chapter 7

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 7

[July 10, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [28 Comments](#)



Um, so how is Tong Nian going to explain herself out of this one? Or is she going to explain? LOL. Poor girl.

#### Chapter 7 – God Gun?

With one earbud in his ear, he was still listening to the phone call, but those gorgeous eyes divided out some attention to look Tong Nian up and down before turning toward 97. “What did you call her?”

“Si-Sister-In-Law...” 97 legs had gone somewhat limp.

Those deep black eyes swept back to her. “Why is he calling you Sister-In-Law?”

Tong Nian was about to cry. “I don’t know...”

How in the world would I know why this guy wants to call me Sister-In-Law? ...

He cast a glance at grunt. “grunt, you know her?”

With his eyes closed, grunt shook his head. “No.”

“Really?” he countered suspiciously.

“Really... Leader, just stab me with a knife and let me be.”

Narrowing his eyes, he once more turned them back on Tong Nian. “Do you know him?” He motioned with his chin toward grunt.

Tong Nian felt terribly wronged as she madly shook her head. “I honestly don’t know him.”

How in the world would I know who he is? ...

He fell silent for several seconds before, in English, telling the person in charge of the European team, “Continue talking. Don’t stop.” Then, he stood up from the large sofa beside the window and made a motion at Tong Nian, indicating that she should come with him into the side room. Tong Nian felt so awkward she did not dare even to raise her head, nor did she notice the admiring look of “Leader sure does manage his wife well” in 97’s eyes. Head lowered, she obediently followed him into the side room.

He made a gesture that was very pleasing to the eye: *close the door*.

Tong Nian straightaway reached behind and pushed the door shut.

Walking up behind the door, he turned on the room’s heating, adjusted the temperature, and tossed the black jacket that had been draped on his shoulders onto the empty sofa. He pointed again, this time at the chair beside her: *sit*.

Tong Nian sat down with lightning speed.

The wheels on the chair slid, and she narrowly avoided falling over.

Immediately, she adjusted herself so she was seated properly. Only then did she discover that it was not because she had sat down unsteadily, it seemed, but that the wheels were broken...

But she felt that the atmosphere in this place was simply too weird. Not daring to move, she could only self-consciously sit on that chair with the broken wheels until he finally finished his phone conversation and sat down across from her.

“The chair’s broken?” His eyes slid over the chair beneath her.

“Huh?” Tong Nian at once shook her head. “It’s okay. No big deal. It can still be sat on.”

He cast a doubtful glance at those few small wheels on the bottom of the chair but then did not concern himself anymore about this. Offhandedly tapping open the Texas Hold’em Poker game in his phone, he began a match. “If I recall correctly, this is the second time we’ve seen each other?”

She replied, “Mm...”

Gun asked, “The first time was the all-nighter in the Internet café. The second time was just now.”

She replied, “Mm ...”

With head bowed, she stared at her hands, which she had placed on her thighs, and her fingers that were intertwined together, so dejected she was about to cry.

After running that whole mix-up a moment ago through her mind a few times, she was roughly able to figure out what blunder she had made. It was all because of that forever-unreliable Soy Milk. He actually “put the hat on the wrong person’s head<sup>[1]</sup>” and gave her the wrong name.

The one called grunt was clearly that girly man with the glasses...

It wasn’t him at all...

A pretty good hand of cards? He wagered five thousand, then continued to query, “So do you know anyone else in K&K? Besides me?”

“No...”

He confirmed again, “So, in this entire stadium, you only know me?”

“Mm...”

“So you’re here to find me?”

“Ah?” Her head jolted up in alarm, and she blurted out a denial. “No, not at all. I wasn’t looking for you.”

Was she supposed to say, “A few days I go, I fell in love with you at first sight. Then this morning, I saw you again at the airport, so I got all excited and searched all over to find information on where you were. And then from the anime expo, I chased you down all the way to the site of the gaming tournament”? ...

Of course not!

He raised his brows. In his mobile phone, he threw in everything he had to wager, successfully scaring away all his opponents to win the game and collect the countless number of chips into his purse. “That’s weird. You only know me, but you didn’t come to find me... Then why did you specifically come into K&K’s lounge area?”

“I...” she stammered, “I was just passing by and thought it seemed fun, so I came to check out the excitement.”

“Oh? Check out the excitement?” The corner of his lips curved up, and a shallow dimple appeared on his cheek. “You flew all the way on a plane here, passed by this stadium, thought it seemed fun, and deliberately bought a ticket to come in and check out the excitement. And then, you suddenly heard someone say, ‘A player named grunt has GI bleeding,’ and felt that this person named grunt was very worthy of pity, so... you came into K&K’s lounge area to pay a visit to the unlucky chap whose stomach was bleeding?”

He finished his summary and, in passing, even added a sentence in emphasis. “Oh, right, I forgot to mention, that unlucky chap is someone you don’t even know.”

She was about to cry. “I honestly don’t know him. Honest...”

Even though it sounded a lot like she was fibbing...

Taking all these answers, Gun compiled them together in his mind and, after arriving at more or less a reasonable conclusion, stopped his questioning.

Based on the expression this girl had had and the content of what she had said

when she was talking to grunt just now, to say that they did not know one another was not very likely. Yet, the two of them were both insisting that they did not know each other. He reckoned it was... a romantic entanglement of some sort? The little girlie had come searching across miles and miles, only to be rejected, and furthermore, to protect him, she had not told the truth?

But why are they saying she's my wife?

He's making his boss be his scapegoat?

He frowned, suddenly feeling that, of the several key players on his team, there was not a single one whom he did not have to worry about. Why did they all have love and relationship issues?

Why wasn't he asking anymore?

Tong Nian furtively lifted her head again and stole a glimpse of him. And once again, completely unexpected, she was caught in the act.

Gun shut down his game and in a mocking tone, said, "What? You have questions you want to ask?"

Huh? She really... was allowed to ask?

Hesitating for half a second, Tong Nian mustered up her courage and asked, "Are you also a professional gamer?"

"Me?" He pondered for a moment. "Can't be considered one."

"Then why do they call you Leader?"

As for this question...

He truly had never answered it for someone unfamiliar with the profession and merely replied vaguely, "They play in matches; I take care of their food, clothing, shelter, and transportation."

Oh... So he was like the planner for an exposition, responsible for organizing all of the special guests who would be coming, arranging their food and accommodations, arranging the entire schedule... It must be very tiring work. Gee, those professional gamers won so many awards and got so much glory, but

who actually thought about the hard work of the people who worked behind the scenes?

Tong Nian secretly, and a little sheepishly, fantasized for a bit. If, in the future, he saw how many fans she had, would he be given a huge shock? Would he feel pressured? Did a man not really like it when a woman had more fans than him?  
...

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

“Um, well... Leader, are you and...”—a couple of dry coughs—“done yet?” The voice of the person who asked was quavering. It was obvious that 97 had coerced the chap into throwing himself into the line of fire.

He unhurriedly put away his mobile phone, then said rather impatiently, “Something the matter?”

“... No. Just that... we’re hungry...”

The implied words: “You and Sister-In-Law have locked yourself up together in the room to do who-knows-what. How can we, this-pitiful-bunch-of-single-dudes-who-have-not-eaten-a-single-bite-of-anything-from-this-morning-to-now-and-also-had-to-compete, even take it? Oh, how can we take it?!”

“Have everyone get on the bus.” He lowered his head and took a look at his watch, feeling as well that it was very late already.

As for this little lady...

He would be the scapegoat for now. Tonight, he would take care of the matter between her and grunt.

He stood and picked up the jacket from the sofa, casting another look at her sitting posture. “Are you sure the chair isn’t broken?”

“It’s not.” Tong Nian shot up onto her feet.

With a bang, the chair responded to her words by toppling over.

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.....

.....

He glanced down at the fallen chair, arched his brows, and, without saying anything, headed directly out of the room.

As Tong Nian stood there alone, she had an urge to run on and on and on, with tears streaming down her face, and race straight back home.

She swore, all the most embarrassing things she could possibly do in her entire life had been done in these last few days.

The conference room was completely empty already. Whether it was the ill girly man or the doctor and nurses who had come to see the patient, everyone had already left. All around, it was quiet. After spurning herself silently for a full three minutes, she finally gloomily pushed open the door and stepped out.

This was the working area for all the tournament operations. Today's competitions had not come to an end yet, so naturally, there were still many staff and workers present.

When everyone saw Tong Nian walk out from the conference room that had been specifically assigned to K&K, they immediately looked her over a few extra times, speculating and inferring who exactly was this girl, who looked even sweeter and more of a cutie than the cosplayers who had come today?

.....

Tong Nian wordlessly took a few steps before her mind at last cleared a little.

Wait, something wasn't right. Her luggage.

Her luggage was still with that boy who had brought her in.

Pulling herself together, her gaze travelled around everywhere, trying to find the room where she had left her luggage. By chance, 97, a broad smile on his face, was pulling a small, silver suitcase and coming toward her.

“Thank you.” Tong Nian awkwardly stretched out her hand, wanting to take her luggage from him.

“Sister-In-Law, no need to be so polite,” 97 grinned, with no intentions at all of giving back her suitcase. “Hurry and get in the bus. I’ll help you bring your suitcase.”

“Huh?” Where were they going?

“Leader is discussing something with the event organizer. He told me to bring you onto the bus first. A victory celebration. We’re going to eat.”

“Huh?” A victory celebration?

“You’re going to have to see everyone sooner or later.” 97 dropped his voice and softly comforted, “Don’t be scared, Sister-In-Law. Let’s not be scared.”

[1]张冠李戴 “Zhang guan Li dai.” Literally, “Zhang’s hat was placed on Li’s head,” and the idiom is describing when something has been attributed to the incorrect person, *i.e.* you’ve found the wrong guy.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

7 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 8

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 8

[July 13, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [36 Comments](#)



Tong Nian finally clues in to what this whole misunderstanding is about in Gun's mind.

### Chapter 8 – “Shen Gun” Q\_Q!

Tong Nian was arranged to sit in the first row of the bus, and there, still she remained in a daze, not certain why she needed to go to their victory celebration.

On the bus were the team captains and squads for various other games or secondary teams, sub players, *etc.* It was not until the bus was about to start driving that, one after another, the members of the primary squad for *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* as well as its sub players stepped onto the bus. Those several people were each carrying a backpack, and because of their tall builds, their heads were ducked low to avoid being assaulted by the bus door. And then, one by one, they walked past her.

“Hi Sister-In-Law.”

“Hi Sister-In-Law.”

“Hi Sister-In-Law.”

“Sister-In-Law, nice meeting you for the first time. Remember to look after me, 'kay?”

Tong Nian was caught in an awkward bind. Smiling did not seem appropriate, but not smiling wasn't appropriate either. The entire time, her lips maintained an eerie curve to them. Finally, when the one and only baseball cap-wearing grown boy, who had not said anything, walked by her, his steps paused for a moment. Wordlessly, he gave a nod, which could be considered his greeting to her. Then, very quickly, the boy sat down in the seat beside 97, which also was behind Tong Nian.

The driver asked him, “When is your leader getting on the bus?”

The boy was silent for a few seconds. “Wait a little longer.”

And so, from various viewpoints within the bus interior, everyone snuck looks at this cutie sister-in-law who seemed to have fallen from the sky.

Never before had Tong Nian been this nervous. She had not even been this nervous the first time she stepped on stage to perform. Her back was erect, and she dared not show even the slightest little movement, for fear that she would leave any sort of bad impression with anyone on his team.

She clearly heard 97, the person who had helped her carry her luggage and who was sitting behind her, ask in a quiet tone, “Eh? Dt, when did your big bro find a girlfriend? Doesn't he spend twenty-four hours a day basically living in the club's house?”

“Don't know.” It was apparent Dt was not interested in pondering on this.

“An underground romance? Leader likes to play that type of game? Is it because he's worried we'll follow his lead and start dating, and that will interfere with competing?”

After a short silence, Dt answered, “He's no spring chicken anymore. Isn't dating someone a very normal type of need?”

That sentence... could very easily be interpreted with multiple meanings... The various big and little, younger and older, good-looking guys behind her

immediately understood, and, each thinking their own naughty little ideas, they all chortled.

Hearing this dialogue in her ears, she instantly became indignant.

How is he “no spring chicken”? ...

He’s so obviously cool and handsome it’s ridiculous, and he gives off way more of a manly air than you bunch of little boys...

In the end, however, Gun merely sent a team captain to inform the driver that he might be returning to the hotel a little later, and he told the team captain to bring everyone back first. Tong Nian stole a glance at this female team captain with the curvy figure who, even when wearing a hoodie, exuded a unique appeal. Listening as she methodically explained what the schedule and arrangements would be for everyone, Tong Nian suddenly felt that, when she compared herself to her, she was just...

Tong Nian looked down at her own short skirt and white, over-the-knee tube socks with the cat ears...

A little kid, you know?



Imagine socks similar to these ones, but in white.

(Image credit:

[Taobao](#))

With everybody on it, the bus drove out of the stadium grounds. Through the window, she saw that, both inside and outside the stadium, some of the boys

and girls whom they passed would elatedly look toward their particular bus. Some would even point and have discussions about the people inside the bus. Such a scene was very similar to how some of the famous online singers, cosplayers, or writers in the entertainment circle she belonged to would be stared at by fans.

So, you could play video games to the point that you were so cool in real life? How come she had never paid attention to this before?

Tong Nian had a moment of silent regretfulness. She began to prick up her ears to listen to the casual chatter of the people in the bus, trying to understand a little more about his social circle. But... why couldn't she understand anything that she heard? T.T...

So in this way, the entire drive, her mind whirred with all sorts of activity, and her heart felt all sorts of anxiety. From when she was on the bus to in the hotel, she was under 97's personal, attentive care, and someone even eventually brought her luggage into his room... Even when her hands were unburdened, holding only her mobile phone, and she was sitting in the buffet restaurant of the hotel, she still had not even seen so much as his shadow yet.

"Everyone, Leader called and told us to eat first. He said he will first raise a glass to all of you. Thanks for all your hard work this last month, travelling to four countries for the exhibition tourneys." The female team captain smiled and raised her glass in gesture.

Once the captain finished saying this, she walked over and bent down at the waist to speak next to Tong Nian's ear. "Come, I'll bring you somewhere."

Tong Nian paused blankly for a moment, but soon, her cheeks grew hot. Nodding her head, she stood and blindly followed after her.

Behind her, all the men had pained expressions of "Leader's mind has been overcome by lust, and he has deserted his comrades." Completely immersed in this earth-shaking piece of gossip, they had all forgotten about a serious matter, that today, they also had a fellow comrade and teammate who had suffered internal stomach bleeding and needed everyone's care and concern...

The female team captain brought Tong Nian to the door of an executive suite on the twelfth floor.

Why... had they come to a hotel room? Tong Nian secretly peeked around at the surroundings.

The team captain knocked on the door.

Footsteps, far away, but getting closer.

*Click.* The door opened. With one arm resting on the doorframe, Gun glanced first at the female team captain, then lowered his head to look at Tong Nian, whose height reached only to his chest. "Come in."

.....

All around, it was terribly quiet.

Tong Nian peeked at the female team captain, then at his chin...

Do she really... have to go into the room? ...

"If there's something to talk about, can't we do it... in the restaurant? ..." She felt that this was a little improper.

A hint of impatience flashed across Gun's eyes. "You want to discuss personal matters in a public setting?"

"Ah?" Of course not!

The female team captain could not suppress a laugh, and coughing, she said, "I'm going now. You guys take your time and talk. Uh, take your time." Upon saying this, she really did turn around and, with footsteps that were lithe and could even be said to be merry, she retreated out of there.

And so, truly, only she and he remained in a standstill at the doorway.

Gun sensed that this little girl still needed to struggle within herself for a long time, so he simply left the door open, turned around, and went back inside.

G-gone i-in already?

Tong Nian continued to keep her head bowed and continued to struggle for a dozen or more seconds before finally, one little step and one little shift at a time, she went in. Stepping past the front entryway, her view suddenly opened up.

Huh? The girly man with the bleeding stomach?

She stared in blank surprise.

Because he was not wearing glasses, grunt, who was lying on one of the large beds, could only squint his eyes. Seeing her walk into the room, he also wore an expression of great astonishment. Gun was sitting on the sofa behind the desk, and the silver fruit knife he was holding in his hand was very soon by his fingers, spiraling around as it pared the skin off a fruit. “The two of you, are you ready to tell the truth now?”

Huh? Tong Nian gazed vacantly at him.

“I honestly don’t know her...” grunt felt he might as well really have had GI bleeding. At least, that would have been better than now, where after being misdiagnosed, he could only stay in the hotel to rest and, furthermore, be forced into a situation of being woken up by Gun and given a dressing-down.

Gun’s brows furrowed slightly.

He folded the knife closed and took a bite out of the freshly-peeled apple. Chewing as he walked over, he lifted grunt’s chin with the knife handle. “Just be quick and straight about it.”

.....

grunt’s face was covered with a look of “just hack me to death and let it be.”

His eyes were lowered and fixed on grunt for several seconds before at last shifting to Tong Nian, whose brain was stuck in a thick fog. “You’re not planning on telling the truth, either?”

“Huh?” Tong Nian carried on in her muddledness.

“You’re still going to insist that you don’t know him?”

“I really don’t know him...”

“Do you know he has a girlfriend?” Gun raised a brow.

“No...”

“Now you know. Do you have any thoughts on that? Hmm?”

“.....” Why did she have to have any thoughts on that? ...

grunt suddenly leapt off the bed, grimacing painfully as he put on his glasses. Barefooted, he strode swiftly over to her. With both his hands, he gripped Tong Nian's shoulders and, bearing through the pain, enunciated his sentence one word at a time. "Little girlie... I'm begging you. I have a girlfriend. I don't know you, okay? Eh? Just give us one sentence of truth, please?!"

Ah?

Wait...

They... They wouldn't all be thinking that I've been tailing this girly man, right?!

Her eyes opened wide, and in disbelief, she stared at grunt. Her mouth opened, but stunned by the shock she had received, no words came forth. And then, she looked in panic at Gun, who was still carrying on with eating his apple... And then, back at grunt again. Back and forth her eyes went for several times until she finally recovered her speech capability. "I'm not... I don't know this girly — ... this grunt. Honest! Honestly, I really don't know him. Please, don't get the wrong idea at all. He and I honestly have nothing to do with each other whatsoever..."

grunt turned to look at him with an aggrieved expression of "Leader, see, this girl has nothing to do with me."

Gun shrugged and threw back a look that said, "If I believe you, I'm an idiot."

grunt gave a tearless cry and, deciding that things were already as bad as they were, that he had nothing else to lose<sup>[1]</sup>, he asked, "Little girl, just say it. Why exactly are you here to see me? ... Today, right here, let's say everything and just lay it all out there."

"....."

"You can have an autograph, you can have a photo with me. State whatever terms you wish, so long as you tell the truth and say that there really is nothing between you and me! Really! I swear! Any request you may have, just as long as it isn't to be my girlfriend, I will fulfill for you."

She shook her head incessantly, so miserable she truly was about to cry.

How could I be here to find you? What does this have to do with you? ...

“Who said I wanted to be your girlfriend?” With a sobbing tone, she flung off grunt’s hands. “I don’t even like you...” After saying this, she very woundedly looked toward Gun, who had been munching on his apple and watching the lively show. Her eyes had reddened, and she truly was about to break down into tears.

That look in her eyes...

As someone who had played the field with women for a long time, grunt paused in surprise. Immediately, he read the meaning behind that look...

That was...

He also turned his head. Incredulous, he fiercely threw a look of disdain at Gun.

This is obviously your freakin’ romantic mess, Con Man[2] [pinyin: Shen Gun]!

[1]破罐子破摔 “po guan zi po shuai.” Literally, this means, “to smash a pot to pieces since it is already cracked,” and is meant to describe a situation that has already gone bad, so one might as well just not worry about anything and risk it all.

[2]神棍 “shen gun.” In the strictest sense, this is a derogatory address given to people who use the name of religion or the supernatural to cheat or swindle, like a religious charlatan/swindler (or, as I have translated in the text, “con man”). However, this nickname for Gun is also a play on his online name and status as “Gun神” (pinyin: “Gun Shen”) which means “God Gun,” due to his highly respected status and abilities in the world of gaming. If you break that term I have translated as “con man” apart, the first character 神 “shen” is “god” while the second character 棍 in pinyin is “gùn,” so playing around with the words, they could be written out as “godly ‘gun.’ ”

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

8 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 9

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 9

[July 16, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [35 Comments](#)



Based on some of your comments, I thought I would explain the title of this novel. Though I'm choosing to use the novel's official English name, *Stewed Squid With Honey*, if I were to translate it to keep to the feel of what the title is trying to convey, it would probably be "Squid Stewed In Honey." Yeah, sounds like nitpicky wordsmithing, doesn't it? The key to me is the "stewed in" part of the title. In Chinese, when a person is extremely happy because of something romantic, loving, etc done by the one she loves, her heart feels so sweet it is like she has been "soaked/bathed in honey." So, this is supposed to be a very sweet story of Little Squidie's romance, so sweet and happy it's like Squidie is not just being bathed, but stewed in the honey until the sweetness is infused in her. So now that that's been all cleared up, no more misunderstandings that I'm going to be spamming you guys with recipes, okay? (I did that with RRMV already.) LOL

And while we're at it, let's clear up this misunderstanding between God Gun and Tong Nian and let poor grunt off the hook.

#### Chapter 9 – Great Demon Overlord?

A very odd smile brimmed over from grunt's lips. Slowly, he turned around and bent at the waist to ask Tong Nian, "Little girl, do you know this guy?" As he spoke, he flicked a glance at Gun from the corner of his eye.

Tong Nian's eyes were red, and though she did not want to acknowledge this person... she still nodded.

"Then... do you know what his name is?"

She did not really dare state it directly and looked over at Gun once more. The latter still carried on eating his apple and actually had a look of "I want to see what new thing you two can come up with" on his face.

"... Han Shangyan," she answered softly.

That day... when he came to the Internet café, that was the name on the identity card he had used...

Don't tell me I got that wrong as well?

Son of a...

grunt straightened back up, clutching at his abdomen in a posture of pain while, at the same time, walking back with delight over a certain someone's misfortune. With his back to Tong Nian, he dropped his voice and asked beside Gun's ear, "In our entire club, no more than three people know your Chinese name, much less people outside of the club. You want me to be your scapegoat? No freakin' way, Con Man!"

Gun felt a moment of incomprehension, but then, he immediately lifted his brow and sent a punch into grunt's chest.

"Sh\*t..." grunt abruptly threw a hand over his chest and nearly fell to the ground. "You're trying to kill off anyone who knows, eh!"

An arm had already snaked onto grunt's shoulder and was applying a heavy downward force. "Say it again. What scapegoat?"

"... Little lady." Before he was to sacrifice himself, grunt first removed his glasses and used his most, most innocent and harmless gaze to look at Tong Nian. "If you like someone, be bold and say it out. Let me tell you, this guy here

doesn't even have any sort of female living creature in his life, much less a woman. Even the dog belonging to the male security guard downstairs of his apartment is a male... If you miss your chance with a quality guy like this, it's going to be for forever!"

.....

"I..." The tears in her eyes had not even retreated yet, and now her face suddenly burned up. "Anyway... the person I like isn't grunt..." Tong Nian lowered her head and firmly fixed her eyes on the toes of her shoes as she stated in a quiet voice, "I came to find you."

Oh God...

She actually said that out...

Gun's brows creased together slightly.

His eyes were quite beautiful, with fine, long eyelashes that no man should have. Right at this moment, those deep black eyes were filled completely with suspicion. "You're still refusing to tell the truth?"

"That is the truth!" This sentence immediately flew out from both Tong Nian and grunt's mouths as they refuted him in unison.

Was it not obvious enough already?!

It was the first time she had ever given a love confession, aaaah... And it was not turned down, nor accepted, but rather, it was not even believed to be true.

Not believed...

Tong Nian felt she was going to faint soon, filled with feelings of being wronged as well as a sense of defeat.

The room fell into a short, eerie moment of silence.

It lasted until someone cleared his throat and said, "What are you doing still standing here? It's none of your business now."

Ah?

Tong Nian's heart sank, and she lifted her head.

Nonchalantly, he tossed his apple core into the wastebasket, then cast a gaze at grunt.

Huh? He's not talking to me?

Now that he was at last set free to leave, grunt did not want to stay for even one additional minute. Not bothering to even grab his jacket and wearing only a short-sleeved shirt in the deep of winter, he shiveringly slipped on his glasses. "You and little sis here carry on. I'm outta here."

Saying that, he hightailed out of the room as if he was flying.

With a click, the door locked shut.

Out of reflex, Tong Nian straightened her back.

Very soon, a pair of black skate shoes appeared before her eyes.

She dared not even breathe, and with her two hands behind her back, she frantically twisted her fingers, so anxious that bursts of sweat were breaking out on her.

He walked up to her, contemplating how he should begin what he wanted to say.

This afternoon in the stadium, the sight of her pulling a suitcase, hurriedly running in after all the important matches had already come to an end, had caused him to suddenly remember that he seemed to have met this girl once before. After all, it was only a small number of girls who would tow a suitcase along and dash all over to watch a gaming competition. This had reminded him of the only girl he had ever crossed paths with in his professional career.

His good buddy, appledog.

The first time he called a girl his good buddy, a brother, that girl had only been fifteen years old and had been Solo's girlfriend.

That was also the first time he had changed his views on the female gender, that he could actually talk on the same wavelength with the opposite gender and

that they could mutually support one another and have a sense of camaraderie. Later... those seemed to have disappeared. In regards to that loss of friendship, it had weighed on his heart all this time. Hence, in that moment, something in him had been stirred. He had wanted to say hello to that young girl in front of him, to encourage her in her passion for eSports.

Afterwards, he discovered something was not quite right.

This... was utterly the type of girl that, in these last twenty-odd years, he was most turned off by. A weak personality that drifted and conformed to circumstance and the crowd. A person who was fond of getting lost in various fancies and blind conjectures and was most skilled in being ruled by emotions. And moreover, someone who liked—

He glanced at her short skirt and white tube socks with cat ears.

... liked to use her limited time on repeatedly trying on clothing, doing her hair, and doing make-up.

.....

She lightly, tentatively gave a cough.

Her hair wasn't mussed, right?

Uh, or did he not like this cute sort of style?

“Do you” —Gun finally found a breakthrough point that he could speak to —“know what my name is?”

Of course... She replied quietly, “Han Shangyan.”

Even though peeking at someone's identity card was morally wrong...

A brief moment of silence.

“You like me?” He opened his mouth to speak again.

“.....”

“What's wrong? Have I misunderstood?”

“No...”

“What do you like about me?”

“.....”

Was she supposed to say it had been love at first sight? T.T...

If fingers could be tied together, hers would have long since been twisted into a jumbled knot.

In front of her eyes, his feet suddenly shifted.

To the right, two steps. Then, unhurriedly, they strolled back.

“Not easy to answer? Let’s do this. We’ll change the question.” Gun tried as much as possible to make himself smile pleasantly and exude a friendly countenance while asking, one word at a time, the question that was stemming from this tiny, hard-to-come-by bit of curiosity. “What is there about me to like?”

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

9 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 10

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 10

[July 17, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [24 Comments](#)



LOL. An awkward interruption. What would fans think if they knew where Her Highness was taking the call?

#### Chapter 10 – Great Demon Overlord 0.0!

“.....”

Even the most dim-witted person would be able to hear that, despite the fact that his tone was maintaining a sense of politeness, he was obviously not very pleased. He undoubtedly disliked people sneaking looks at his identity card and disliked it when a girl pursued him all the way to where he was, especially... all the way into his hotel.

The person whom, over these last few days, she had fallen so hard for it was as if she was bewitched was now standing before her, personally and impatiently questioning her over “What is there about me to like?” The subtext of that question was obviously “Don’t like me. I’m not interested in you,” right?

She gnawed on her lip and after a while, finally spoke. "I'm sorry. I... I didn't intentionally follow you. It's just, when I saw you at the airport, you and these people were all wearing team jackets. It was such an especially nice surprise... I asked my friend and she said there was an eSports tournament going on here, so I ran over just to see whether you really were competing here..."

I... just wanted to know your age, occupation, lifestyle, and what you like to do.

I wanted to let you, in the most casual of circumstances, meet me, know me, and remember me...

I wanted you to see the best side of me, to like me and fall for me...

And not...

... the way things are now.

"Your name was in the net café's records... I shouldn't have purposely peeked at it. And as for that stomach-bleeding incident, I suddenly heard some staff members talking about it. I thought grunt was you and I was especially worried, so I just wanted to have one look... just one look to see if something really was the matter with you. I never intended to bother you."

But later, she was bafflingly brought into the conference room by that boy.

And later again...

With bowed head, she silently told herself with all her might, "Tong Nian, absolutely do not embarrass yourself anymore.

"Finish saying what you're going to say and then leave.

"Do not waver at all..."

Gun could hear that there was something not quite right with the little girl's mood. Dropping his eyes, he looked down at her.

Had he been too direct? It seemed he had scared the little girl again?

The ringing of a mobile phone shattered the quiet of this moment.

And then, it continued to ring. No one moved.

She was still caught up in her feelings of dejection, and with her mind rather dazed, she raised her head and prompted him, “Your phone...”

Gun’s eyes flicked to the side, motioning in the direction of her backpack. It was her mobile phone.

0.0? What was going on?

Wait. Something wasn’t right...

Oh no, the interview...

Tong Nian suddenly started back to reality. In panic, she looked at him, then in panic some more, she looked at the surroundings.

Do it here? Or out in the hallway?

Here... would be really awkward.

But the hallway... would that be even more awkward?

In the end, she could only put on a brave face and ask in a small voice, “May I use your bathroom? It’s a very urgent call.”

Gun did not really care and pointed at a spot. “Over there.”

The layout of this executive suite was rather strange. The location of the bathroom door was beside the queen-size bed and was very hidden.

Tong Nian breathed out in relief. Following the direction his finger was pointing, she ran several steps until she was inside, closed the door behind her, and cleared her throat. Then, fishing her mobile phone out from her backpack, she brought it up to her ear.

A very clear, very enthusiastic voice immediately rang into her ear. “Hi? Hello? Is this Her Royal Squidie Highness?”

“Mm-hmm, it’s me.” She tried as best as she could to make her voice regain its steadiness.

“Yay! This is awesome! Your Squidie Highness! I’m your diehard fan, *aaaah*.”

Hohohoho. Oh, covering my face. Please allow me, the host here, to first be smitten for a little bit. Your Highness, when I was in my senior year of high school, I relied on the songs that you covered to keep my HP up, and that's how I managed to crush all those exam papers!"

"Uh, oh really?" The instant she encountered a zealous fan, she would not know what to say.

And so... over time, this had created the mistaken rumour of her cold aloofness...

"Ahem, ahem. Alright, as the host for today's program, I must resume my role. Hello to all the listeners and friends. Tonight, our animes and mangas channel has called a singer of anime songs who is extremely popular online, has more than one hundred thousand followers on Weibo, and has exceeded more than one million page views on Bilibili<sup>[1]</sup>—Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers. Of course, we fans like to address her as 'Her Royal Highness.' Please give a shout-out to everyone, Your Squidie Highness."

"Hi everyone, this is Little Squidie Fish. Please be kind to me tonight. And please don't call me 'Your Highness.' Just Little Squidie will be good."

"Oh, Our Royal Highness is laying on the cuteness. Your Highness, our netizen friends who are currently online are professing their love and asking if you can do a cute little something."

Do a cute something?? ...

Her back was against the door, and her eyes were looking toward the shower stall in front of her. There distinctly was still condensation in it. It was apparent it had just been used for a shower.

Behind her, separated by only the door, was him.

How... how was she supposed to act cute in this circumstance? ...

The host did not hear any sound and immediately understood. "Ha ha ha ha, Your Highness is still just as cold and aloof as ever. Well, then, we will start today's interview."

.....

.....

This twenty-minute interview was something that had been pre-arranged a week ago. She had just never thought that...

... it would be in such an awkward place.

Worried that the person on the outside of the door might hear too many of what would seem like weird, absurd-sounding things, she tried as much as possible to shorten the number of words in each answer. The most common answers she used were “Ah, yes,” “Oh, not bad,” and “Really?” ...

By the time she hung up the call, her entire body had already broken out in a sweat.

Putting her phone in her coat, she touched her own face. Still burning hot. She had been too anxious.

Behind her was the door.

Beside the door was a ten-metre long marble counter, and on the countertop were an already-used bath towel and wash towel...

And separated from her by only a single door was him.

As she recalled the situation from earlier on, she somewhat did not have the courage to step back out, and she stood like this inside the bathroom, struggling with herself and not knowing what she should do. Forget it, just keep your head down, open the door, and walk straight out. The worst case is just... saying goodbye...

Resolving herself firmly to this, she put her hand on the doorknob. But right as she was about to open the door, she heard a knock.

Instinctively, she retracted her hand.

“Done?” his voice asked.

“Done...” she answered.

“If you’re done, then open the door.”

“Oh.” She stretched out her hand again and slowly opened the door.

Continuing to keep her head down, she stared at that black pair of skate shoes in front of her...

“Hungry?”

“Huh?” Dazed, she lifted her head.

“Let’s go eat.”

“Ah?” She looked at him.

Gun very simply and clearly explained, “After eight o’clock, it is the team’s time for training. There are still another twenty minutes, and then there will be no food to eat.”

Since this mix-up did have something to do with him and it could be said that he had managed to accidentally bring the little girl here to a strange, unfamiliar hotel, he should take some responsibility for it. “The deal may be off but goodwill and uprightness should still remain.[\[2\]](#)” He should, nevertheless, ensure that the kid was fed and then have a driver take her back.

“Oh...” She picked up her backpack. Then, half a beat slow, she thought, “He’s not... telling me to go away?”

Gun put on his jacket and slipped his mobile phone and room key card into his pocket. Opening the door, he motioned to Tong Nian to step out first. As Tong Nian passed by his side, she, seeming out of sorts, came to a stop.

Wait, something was wrong. Why were they having dinner together?

“Actually...”

“What’s your name?” Gun thought this little girl just naturally was a slow walker. Gently, he nudged her backpack and stepped out after her, reaching behind to close the door.

“Tong Nian...”

He nodded, the meaning being, “Got it.”

Walking in front, he went into the elevator first. Very shortly, he pulled out a fruit-flavoured candy from his pocket and unwrapped it, planning on tossing it into his mouth. Suddenly, his hand paused, and he glanced over at Tong Nian, who was following him closely into the elevator. “Want one?”

Ah? 0.0

[1] B站. This literally means “B Station” and is the nickname for 哔哩哔哩弹幕视频网, which goes by the English name, Bilibili (see bilibili.com). This is a Chinese video sharing site, with a characteristic feature where users can submit comments/subs that will show up in real-time on the video like a moving “bullet.” Its beginnings were in animes, mangas, and gaming videos, but its content has now expanded to be more extensive.

[2] 买卖不成仁义在 “mai mai bu cheng ren yi zai.” A saying that means, although a deal could not be made and business may be off, a person should still always act in goodness and uprightness. In Gun’s case, even though he and Tong Nian really don’t have any connection and he doesn’t want the type of relationship that she does, he will still “do the right thing” and make sure she is taken care of.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

10 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 11

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 11

[July 20, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [32 Comments](#)



The face-off of who has the more impressive Baike [similar to Wikipedia] page.

### Chapter 11 – Founder?

He... was a fruit-flavoured candy lover, too?

“You don’t like this flavour?” Gun tried as best as he could to maintain his patience. From his pocket, he pulled out several more candies. Red, green, yellow, orange—they all lay there in his palm.

And so, the young, sixteen-year old team member, demo, who was taking advantage of dinnertime to purposely return to his room to get some thicker clothing and was planning on going back to the restaurant to have a slice of cake, just happened to... be right on time to make it into this elevator. There, he witnessed the Great Demon Overlord, his head lowered and five or six different colours of fruit candies in his palm, gazing at that little Sister-In-Law in front of him with an expression in his eyes similar to one used when coaxing a little child...

Little Sister-In-Law had a serious look on her face as she... chose a flavour?!

“This one.” Tong Nian picked a green one, then bowed her head, her cheeks flushed with a tinge of red.

Oh crap... Am I going to be killed to silence me? ...

The young team member’s legs grew somewhat limp. “L-Leader.”

“What?” Gun answered flatly. “You want one, too?”

“No!” The young team member, in his heart, raised both his arms in surrender.

When Leader ate candy, it signified that he was “super annoyed, super troubled by something on his mind.” This was accepted, general knowledge in their club.

Are you kidding? Who’d dare eat it?

Oh, wait, no. Sister-In-Law dares to eat it...

When they arrived at the restaurant, the result was that that entire group that had already begun packing up and getting ready to leave saw the late-arriving Gun and Tong Nian. Immediately, as if they could read one another’s minds, they all... sat down again. A once-in-a-thousand-years type of moment. The Demon Overlord was actually, for the first time, walking side-by-side with a woman? And on top of that, he was going to eat at the same table with her?

Even though, uh, she was Sister-In-Law already, they still felt that this image was simply too exhilarating.

With a tray in hand, Tong Nian stood in front of the line-up of pan after pan of hot foods. Spicy crab. Ugh, you looked so unsightly when you ate that. Whole prawns. Ugh, also unsightly, and you also needed to spit out the shell... In the end, she had no choice but to starve her belly, reluctantly taking only a slice of mango cake and a cup of coffee... She didn’t even dare get any chocolate cake, for fear that she would get chocolate sauce on her mouth T.T...



Left: 香辣蟹 Spicy crab, or more literally, fragrant spicy crab, is a Sichuanese dish in which crab is sautéed in a spicy, chilli sauce ([image credit](#)).

Right: 基围虾 A type of prawn. The cooking method was not specified. This particular photo is one where the prawn was boiled, which is a common method of preparing it, and when it is served, the shell is still on. ([image credit](#)).

She docilely walked back, wordlessly sat down, and quietly set her tray on the table.

Gun took a glance at the dinner she had selected and did not say anything. Raising his head to address the table that 97 was sitting at, he ordered, “Two of you, come over here.”

Everyone...

What was this about now? ...

“Hurry up.” Gun was not happy.

Not daring to delay, 97 speedily grabbed a cup of cola and stood. He tugged on the arm of his team captain, Dt, who was beside him, but was unable to budge him... So, he had no choice but to pull along demo, that little teammate who had only just sat down after taking the same elevator as Gun and walking into the restaurant with him. Together, they moved to take a seat over there.

“Leader,” 97 grinned jokingly, “you’re having dinner so late?” You sure were held up for a long time. Ha ha ha ha...

Gun could not be bothered to reply, only asking in return, “You’re full?”

“Full! Just waiting for training now.”

“If you’re done eating, then provide chatting service.” Gun motioned with his eyes in the direction of the utterly embarrassed Tong Nian. “I thought you know her really well.”

“.....” I’m innocent, *aaaaah*... A shudder ran through 97.

After Gun finished talking, he lowered his head and began to eat in silence. He had always hated when people talked while he was eating, and therefore, he had always eaten alone at his own separate table, never once making an exception to this. Today, though, he had suddenly broken away from his usual practice. 97 and demo were somewhat at a loss and did not know what they should say.

Besides, you guys are having dinner as a husband-and-wife couple. What can we, this bunch of... outsiders, even chat about?

97 and demo exchanged a look.

Alright, let’s start...

“Sister-In-Law...”

“Sister-In-Law?” Gun cut them off, a frown on his brows.

“Oh, oh.” 97 got the hint. Leader must be worried that Sister-In-Law will feel embarrassed. “We won’t call her that, we won’t call her that. Um, then, Sister-In-Law, your name is...?”

.....

“Tong Nian.” Her head bowed, Tong Nian scooped at her cake with a spoon.

“Oh, oh, Sister-In-Law Tong. Oh, wait, no, Tong Nian... Is it alright if we just address you directly by your name?” 97 beamed, “We were just guessing earlier on, are you a cosplayer? These clothes and make-up of yours... It really does look like you are.”

She shook her head. “I am a singing diva and do covers of Japanese songs.”

Gun, who had just taken a sip of beer, briefly paused the motion of his hands. He had not understood a single word.

97 also stared blankly, not understanding as well.

“Ah... I know about that.” demo immediately smiled obsequiously. “I used to have a classmate who was one as well. Sometimes when I’m practicing, I like to listen to some, too. Sister-In-Law, do you have an online handle? I’ll add you in Weibo?”

“Mm, I do. Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers.” She peeked secretly at Gun. He... shouldn’t be turned off by this, right?

Gun frowned. What was this now?

97 cried, “Ah, that... I know that. *Hunter x Hunter!*”

She nodded. “Mm-hmm. It’s Chrollo’s attack[1]...”

.....

Gun did not even want to continue listening anymore. Pulling out his mobile phone, he began to clean out his received emails.

“Sh\*t...” demo exclaimed in alarm.

Gun’s eyes tossed a flat glance at demo, and only then did the latter clue in that he had just cussed in front of Leader while he was eating. Instantly, he reigned in his excitement, but his eyes still could not refrain from continuously throwing glimpses at Tong Nian. 97, who had no idea what had just happened, asked puzzledly, “What?”

Excitedly, demo held his mobile phone up in front of 97’s eyes.

“Sh\*t...” 97 was also shocked.

The two looked with burning gazes at Tong Nian.

What a long description on Baidu Baike[2] [online, collaborative encyclopedia] ... Her fan count was second in numbers only to the few celebrity team members of K&K eSports Club. She was a “Big V[3]” on Weibo, a goddess in the online cover-singing circle, and a well-known singer of anime songs. Holy crap, sure enough, he’s our Leader. He either doesn’t make a move or when he does, the girl he gets is a cutie who’s like a gold-banded treasure... And... she’s also... such a good, docile little girl.

She's just eating there across from Leader, not saying even one sentence of useless blather.

Just there, being a good girl, taking one bite and then stealing a half-glance at Leader, then taking another bite and stealing another half-glance at Leader...

And our Leader...

He's eating so damn calmly, not even returning her gaze once.

That's what you call having a good handle on the wife!!

The two men nearly wanted to grip each other's hands and stare at one another with starry eyes...

"Um, well, uh, Sister-In-Law."

... Gun already could not even be bothered to open his mouth and give them a warning.

97 completely ignored his Leader. "Um... I read in Baidu that your majors are biological engineering and electronic and information engineering? You... just started university?" Tong Nian's face and features looked simply too young. She must have just... reached the age of majority?

Just started university? That should be pretty close, right?

And plus... those two majors were a little too... impressively brainy, you know?

"The write-up in Baidu is on... my undergrad double degree. My Tieba[\[4\]](#) [online, topic-specific forum] administrator hasn't updated it." Very apprehensively, she peeped at Gun. "I'm now in the first year of my master's program already."

"First year of your master's?" 97 did not really dare believe this. "How young did you have to start uni to do this?"

"Fifteen years old."

Fifteen years old?!

“Holy dang! How come I’m sixteen and still just in my first year of high school? ...” demo felt like crying.

“The university... has a special juvenile class<sup>[5]</sup> [special class for gifted youth].”  
Sh\*t... A super student!

The two who were there simply to provide chatting service instantly started to grow exhilarated. Surrounding Tong Nian, they asked all sorts of questions until, in the end, it became, “Sister-In-Law, I’ve always wanted to hack into a website. Do you know how to take care of that?”

Tong Nian felt awkward at this question and looked helplessly over at Gun. “Technically... it’s not hard, but infiltrating a server is against the law...”

.....

.....

97’s eyes followed her gaze and only then did he discover that Gun was already extremely irritated. Straightaway, he curbed himself. “Then, Sister-In-Law, you must like to game, right? Do you normally play LOL? DotA? Or *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*?”

Tong Nian wordlessly kept her head down and ate the last bite of cake. “I don’t really play any of them. I suck especially bad...”

Writing code and playing computer games... are two completely different things, you know? Cries...

“Leader hasn’t brought you along to game with him?” 97 was shocked.

He had thought Gun had made use of his career history that was like a thing of legends to conquer Sister-In-Law’s young, girly heart. Could it be that wasn’t the case?!

“Never.” She hastily shook her head to clarify this.

She absolutely could not say that she had gamed with grunt before.

Otherwise... the misunderstanding would just grow even bigger.

And so, after dinner came to an end, a story started to spread within the entire K&K eSports Club: how Gun, in circumstances where he had not used the valuable tool of gaming to woo the girl, by virtue of his own charm and winsomeness (?), had vanquished the heart of this super-student-plus-great-cover-singer-goddess-plus-gaming-idiot, little girlie Sister-In-Law...

After dinner, Gun escorted Tong Nian into one of K&K's work vehicles. As she sat in the front passenger seat, listening to Gun tell the driver to bring her safely back to her hotel, she felt somewhat nervous and uneasy. Was this considered their farewell?

He... shouldn't dislike me, right? Otherwise, he wouldn't have had dinner with me, right?

Right there, she asked the questions and then answered them for herself.

Over on his end, he had already finished giving his instructions to the driver, and straightening up, he gave the car door a light slap, indicating that they could leave now.

Tong Nian, not wanting to leave, stared longingly out the car window.

Gun nodded in farewell to her, then turned around, pulled out his mobile phone, and began dialing a number to call into a phone conference.

"Go now?" The driver could tell that this young girl really did not want to leave this place and did not have the heart to drive away directly.

Crestfallen, Tong Nian nodded her head, gazing after his tall, slender backside.

Not even... any words of goodbye...

When the car had driven far and she could no longer see any part of the scene in front of the hotel, she finally pulled her gaze back. With her head down, she gently doodled on her knee with her pointer finger. She did not even know when she would be able to see him next...

She returned to the hotel the festival organizer had reserved for her. After sorting out her things, she sat on the bed and stared vacantly, lost in her own

thoughts and not even daring to recall in detail the super misunderstanding from this afternoon. Playing through over and over in her mind, though, were images of him—him eating dinner, him nodding his head in goodbye, him turning around and leaving... So... what was his stance on the fact that she liked him? ...

It seemed... he wasn't too turned off by it? ...

In silence, Tong Nian sat for a while until all of a sudden, she started. How could she have forgotten to search?!

T.T Since that night, her IQ seemed to have fallen until it was nearly in the negatives.

K&K was so famous. Even if he wasn't a professional gamer... there should still be some information on him as an individual, right?

She continued to search up on K&K.

The webpage opened:

*K&K eSports Club is one of the nation's well-known eSports organizations. It was founded in 2013, and using only a period of one year, it swiftly rose up to stand alongside SP as one of the two top eSports organizations.*

*Its founder and number one investor, Gun (real name unknown) is an inductee of the World eSports Hall of Fame. He was once the sole investor as well as a key player of Team Solo, which was famous in the world of CS [Counter-Strike]. He has won more than ten international tournaments and has also individually made many world rankings and awards: number 2 as Most Dominant Player, number 1 as Top Shooter, number 4 as Top Player for Opening Kills, twice nominated as MVP... From a world context, he has several million fans as well as a website dedicated to him. He has items christened by fans with his name, including brand-name keyboards, brand-name computer mice, brand-name computer accessories shops, and a chain of Internet cafés.*

*He once, with his gaming accomplishments and glory, changed the public perception towards gaming. At the same time, with his almost-legendary career, he witnessed that decade when professional gaming*

*transformed from bare beginnings to a booming sport.*

*And now, as globally, the output value of eSports reaches nearly \$50 billion USD and the golden age of eSports has arrived, he, carrying the identity as founder of one of the top eSports organizations, has returned in a low-key fashion...*

At the bottom of that full page that introduced the founder...

.....

... was his photograph.

[1] Chrollo Lucilfer (sometimes referred to as Kuroro Rushirufuru or Kulolo Lushilufeilu) is a character from the Japanese manga series, *Hunter x Hunter*, and is the leader of a criminal organization called the Phantom Troupe. One of his attacking abilities is 密室游鱼, which literally means “Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers/in a Secret Room/Behind Closed Doors” but is often referred to as “Indoor Fish” by the English community. This ability conjures skeletal fish that survive only in a completely sealed room and consume human flesh.

[2] 百度百科 “Baidu Baike.” This is a Chinese online, collaboratively-built encyclopedia provided by the search engine, Baidu. See baike.baidu.com. It’s concept is very similar to Wikipedia.

[3] In Weibo, an account holder (usually a well-known or popular person such as an actor, singer, writer, etc.) who has been verified by Weibo will have a V next to the username. These are known as “大V” or “Big V.”

[4] 贴吧 “Tieba,” which literally means “Post Bar” is a Chinese key word-based forum provided by the search engine, Baidu. It is a massive online communication platform, and keyword searches will bring a user into a group discussion site or “bar” in which one can start or join posts on that topic. Each bar is run by an administrator. In the story, there is likely an entire bar for Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers to allow fan discussion, and the administrator of that bar updates Little Squidie’s Baidu Baike page as well.

[5] 少年班 “shao nian ban.” In China, Xi’an Jiaotong University (XJTU) and the University of Science and Technology of China (USTC) have an early university entrance program designed for gifted students who are younger than the normal university entrance age. In XJTU, this is generally referred to as the program for gifted youths, while in USTC, it is called the School of the Gifted Young. The Chinese text, 少年班 “shao nian ban,” however, literally means simply “juvenile class.” Hence, Tong Nian does not sound boastful or as if she is flaunting her giftedness.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

11 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 12

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 12

[July 23, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [24 Comments](#)



If someone were to ask you one thing about your knowledge on a famous person, what would you expect them to ask?

### Chapter 12 – Founder (つ\_\_\_\_つ) !

Carrying her computer with her and not bothering to care that she was wearing her completely-pink jogging suit, Tong Nian burst straight into Blueberry’s room. Blueberry had been huddled together with her husband on the bed, watching the re-adaptation of *Hunter x Hunter*, and when she opened the door, she said in surprise, “What a coincidence. We’re just at the part when the Phantom Troupe comes out, and we were dissing the new art style...”

“Is this a convenient time for you guys?” Tong Nian felt a little apologetic.

But even though she asked this, her face was clearly already written with the row of words, “Even if it’s not convenient, you will need to make it convenient. Please!” ...

Blueberry smiled, “It’s fine. Come on in.”

“I want to ask your hubby a few questions about eSports.”

“No way. You’ve honestly started to get hooked on pro gaming?” A look of disbelief covered Blueberry’s face. “You, the person who’s practically a cripple in the hands and can’t even play *Lianliankan* well...” Blueberry really did not want to cut her down, but Tong Nian was genuinely a huge gaming idiot.

Tong Nian nodded her head furiously, but very shortly, she switched to continuously shaking her head.

Where could she even begin to explain?

She was already feeling slightly in a fluster. Catching sight of Blueberry’s husband, she paused blankly for three seconds before spinning her laptop computer around and setting it down in front of him. “I want... to know, in detail, stuff about this person.”

Since Blueberry’s hubby was a longtime eSports fan, the information he knew would for sure be the most numerous and most comprehensive.

At first, this grown boy of a man was confused. His gaze fell on the computer screen, though, and half a second later, he freaked out. “Holy sh\*t! God Gun! He’s my male god of this lifetime, AAAAH!!!! It’s because of him that I went to watch the tournament today, AH, AH, AH, AH!!!!

.....

*Thump, thump, thump, thump.* Her ears were filled with the sound of her heartbeat.

Her heart, which had already been having difficulty quieting down, once again ignited.

“Have you seen the photos of him with the Chinese flag draped over his shoulders? Or seen the one where he’s wearing a gold medal and holding up a golden trophy? So awesomely cool that no one can even compare!” Blueberry’s

husband rolled up his sleeves and leapt off the bed. “If you want me to talk about him, one night absolutely is not enough. Tell me, where to begin? What do you want to listen to first?”

Huh? Where to begin?

Tong Nian was dazed. From... ten years ago?

Or...

Ah, right. “From his romantic history!”

.....

.....

Blueberry and her husband exchanged a look.

Uh, this... To point at the Baidu Baike page of a person but then ask, as a first request, to hear the romantic gossip of that person... A bit of a fruitcake, eh.

Blueberry was the first to recover, and giving a faint sigh, she remarked, “Our Highness is like that... Hubby, you’ve got to understand, the thoughts and mind of a girl who was forced to study biological engineering from the age of fifteen will more or less be a little defective.” Blueberry tossed him a look that said, “Please try to understand.”

Blueberry’s husband pulled himself back together and cleared his throat. “I can’t say that this romantic history of his is a hundred percent accurate.

“In regards to this, we need to first talk about Team Solo from ten years ago. Ten years ago, the situation of the eSports industry within China was very poor. There were not this many competitions, and there also weren’t many professional gaming teams. The earnings of pro gamers were very low. At the time, he was the only investor in Solo and also one of its key players... Ah, all of this can be found on Baidu. I’ll talk about stuff that Baidu doesn’t have.

“When Team Solo was at the height of its game, it suddenly disbanded. Some people say it was because its captain, Solo, out of nowhere got an illegitimate

daughter, which caused the breakup between him and the team's sniper, appledog. And because of that, the team dissolved. There are others that say that Gun was the third party who stuck himself into his captain's relationship by falling in love with appledog, and that's what caused the team to disband."

"Is that rumour true or..." Tong Nian anxiously looked at Blueberry's husband.

The latter spread his hands. "Don't know. It's a mystery."

"So that means, the person he likes possibly is" —she reflected on this for a moment—"appledog?"

"Can't say for sure."

"Then... were they ever together?"

"Huh? Of course not! If they had ever been a couple, then it wouldn't be a mystery."

"Oh, right." She was somewhat dejected. "Well, is she pretty? ..."

"Oh yeah! She is absolutely worthy of being matched with my male god! The most important part is not whether she is pretty or not but her pro gaming history, which absolutely could be classified as goddess level. Go search her up on Baidu Baike. It's all written there."

"Oh, okay..."

Blueberry's husband had apparently not noticed that, in front of him, Tong Nian was already beginning to droop into depression. "So that's why lots of people are saying that Gun established K&K eSports Club to win appledog back."

"Win her back?" Tong Nian's eyes widened.

"Check out Baidu Baike." Blueberry's husband pointed at the webpage. "Doesn't it say that K&K and SP are standing together, like equal legs of a *ding* [vessel][1], as two top eSports organizations? SP's core members now are basically the key players from Team Solo of the past, minus Gun." He sighed, "My poor male god. He established K&K all alone. All of his former brothers and comrades are in SP and are now his opponents."

.....

.....

Tong Nian did not really listen to anything that was talked about after.

She was merely submerged in this: ten years ago, because Gun liked a girl named Appledog, his team disbanded, and in the end, he also retired from professional gaming. Ten years later, it was also because of this girl that he started over and established K&K.

That was... such a fixated, persistent love.

The other party blabbered away for a lengthy period until, discovering that the young girl's mind had wandered away for a long time already, he finally hastily brought the topic to a close. Curiously, he asked, "You went to the tournament today because you wanted to see my male god, too?"

Tong Nian nodded dully. "Uh-huh."

"Were you able to get his autograph? I didn't even get a chance to rush up there."

"No..." Tong Nian dropped her head. "He doesn't really like talking to me."

He didn't even say goodbye...

"Wha—?" That grown boy was shocked. "You talked to my male god at a close distance?! What did you guys say?"

"Just..." She took a few seconds to recollect. It was not like she could tell them about her mortifyingly huge mess-up. But, during dinner later on, it seemed they hadn't really communicated. It was actually those players of K&K who had chatted with her... It would seem that the only thing she could mention was the brief moment of interaction inside the elevator. "He said he was giving me a fruit candy to eat."

A green one... Apple-flavoured...

“Wha—?!” Blueberry and her husband cried out in unison, utterly flabbergasted. Then, in unison again, they asked, “Why?”

“Maybe...” she guessed, “because he wanted to comfort me.”

“Why would he comfort you?!”

How was she supposed to tell them this? She couldn't just say that it was because she had professed her feelings and had been turned down, right?

Tong Nian struggled inside herself, and then, after falling into a long silence, three words finally popped out from her: “It's a secret.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Late into the night, in the hotel room.

With his black headset on, Gun was having a telephone conference with the various team captains of the Nordic branch. Inside and outside the phone were all perfect Nordic accents...

The door, which had not been latched closed, was pushed open. Dt walked in and, in front of Gun's eyes, waved the mobile phone he was holding that was still in a call.

Gun frowned, not really wanting to take the call that was on Dt's phone. Dt shrugged and placed the phone on the windowsill in front of Gun with a look of “whether you take the call or not has nothing to do with me.”

Gun had no choice but to hang up his own work-related call and pick up that mobile phone.

A bombardment of Chinese drifted through the phone line from the other side of the ocean. He listened, from initially with narrowed eyes to later, after completely losing his patience, with closed eyes, until at last, he hung up and tossed the phone onto the bed. “Next time, don't be a mouthpiece for someone else.”

Dt glanced at him from beneath the brim of his hat.

Gun wanted to carry on and dial another number, but suddenly, in a seldom-seen moment, the grown boy behind him spoke a sentence of his own accord. "That girl today, I've seen her before."

?

Gun looked at him, lifted his brows, and motioned for him to continue speaking.

"The ACM-ICPC [ACM International Collegiate Programming Contest]. She was representing one of the Chinese universities in the competition."

Only now did Gun remember that this younger cousin of his seemed to be in computer science. "What type of competition is this ACM?"

"An international collegiate programming contest. It's," Dt pondered briefly before carrying on, "the top computer programming competition amongst university students around the world."

"Oh? Really? You participated in it?"

Dt nodded. "My results were a little better than hers, but... she did pretty good, too."

Gun was somewhat surprised by this. After all, apart from Dt's goddess, appledog, this was the first member of the opposite gender whom this younger cousin of his actually commented as being "pretty good." Of course, Gun could also tell from these words that Dt had already deduced there was nothing between him and the little girl.

Feeling that there were no other matters here for him, Dt picked up his mobile phone from the bed. But then, he heard Gun ask, "You know that there's nothing between me and her? Why didn't you explain for me?"

"I'm guessing you didn't clarify because you didn't want her to be embarrassed in front of everybody." Contemplating seriously for a moment, Dt said, "If you

weren't going to explain, why should I explain? It has nothing to do with me.”

Gun tilted the corners of his lips upwards. He could not even be bothered to expose him.

Yeah, the whole world knows that, as long as it has nothing to do with your goddess, appledog, then it has nothing to do with you, Dt.

[1] 鼎足而立 “ding zu er li.” An idiom that literally translates as “standing as legs of a *ding*.” Like the legs of a *ding*, separate parties each hold their own position, each of them equal to the other.



A ding, which is  
a traditional  
Chinese vessel  
([image credit](#))

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

12 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 13

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 13

[July 27, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [47 Comments](#)



I was out of town on the weekend and then shortly after I was back, I got what I believed to be heat stroke but now figure to be probably a summer stomach bug. Hence, I've basically been offline and only came on to prep this post for its scheduled slot. I will get to comments soon, when my head is clear. I'll also do another round of edits later, so apologies if this post feels raw.

Well, opportunities can sometimes just drop in your lap if you put yourself in the right place at the right time.

#### Chapter 13 – Love Rival?

Blueberry and her husband stared stupidly at one another.

Her Highness had specifically come running over, holding up his Baidu Baike page, to ask them to tell her in detail about this man. Therefore, it was apparent the two did not know each other.

What kind of secret, then, would cause a man to give a girl a fruit candy to eat? ...

And it was... to comfort her?

Were it not for the facts that Tong Nian was already the age of majority, her intelligence was good, and furthermore, right at this moment, she was sitting in front of them, completely intact and unharmed, not looking at all like a weird old uncle guy had harassed her, Blueberry truly would have had an urge to report this to the police.

“You’re... not that acquainted with him, right?” Blueberry once again tried to confirm.

“No, not really acquainted. I’ve only seen him twice.” Tong Nian was still immersed in that story of “Gun already has a girl whom he has liked for ten years.” Picking up her computer, she said, “I’m leaving now. You guys continue.”

Uh...

Continue with watching anime?

Obviously, this piece of gossip of yours is much more enticing than anime, *ah, ah, ah, aaaah!!!!*

Blueberry’s husband silently grabbed onto Blueberry’s sleeve, a crying expression of “Wifey! You must question her until you get the gossip out for me” covering his face. Blueberry rubbed her hand across her own forehead, throwing him a gaze of “There’s nothing I can do for you.”

Tong Nian walked toward the door.

Blueberry’s husband was noiselessly beating his own chest and stamping his feet. All of a sudden, he stopped. Flipping his whole backpack upside down, he pulled out a brochure from the pile of odds and ends. Immediately, with arms respectfully raised high above his head, he presented the brochure to his esteemed wifey.

By now, Tong Nian had already taken the doorknob into her hand and opened the door...

“Oh!” Blueberry instantly grasped the key point of that brochure. “Little Squidie!”

Tong Nian jumped in surprise and turned around.

“Tomorrow, I think they have some sort of sponsor’s event going on!” She snatched the brochure over and waved it excitedly. “It’s going to be in the exhibition centre here. All the well-known eSports organizations and teams will be going. Do you want to go?”

Blueberry’s husband nodded his head like a pestle pounding garlic. “Yes, yes, yes! There’ll be K&K!”

“Really?” Tong Nian did not let herself believe it.

“Really, really!” Blueberry’s husband continued chiming in, “Even though I will be flying back tomorrow morning to go back to work, don’t worry! My Blueberry will keep you company and go with you for sure!”

As a result, that night, Tong Nian instantly respawned with full HP, completely revitalized. Turning her suitcase totally over so that its bottom faced the sky, she found a blue dress that looked cute but was also not overstated. She even faced the mirror and practiced her smiles for a long time.

They were going to meet again... So nervous... Breathe. Add oil[1]! [Do it!]

For a brief instant, she wanted to do a search on the name, appledog, but in the end, she still chose to be like an ostrich burying its head in the sand, running away and avoiding this.

The following day, when she and Blueberry arrived at the exhibition centre, there were already mountains and seas of people. The two rushed out from the bombardment of people surrounding them and haggled for a full twenty minutes with a scalper before they were able to get their hands on some tickets. After going inside, they began straightaway to search for where the pro gamers’ organizations were. Rising up on her tiptoes, Tong Nian searched all around for a

long time until finally, she saw that in the northeast corner, there was a sign with the words, “VIP lounge area” written on it.

Must be over there!

Elatedly, she dragged Blueberry by the arm, pushing aside the crowd and squeezing their way in that direction.

But in the end, though they squeezed and squeezed, they discovered that they were not able move forward in the slightest.

It turned out that the swarms of people were already beginning to retreat to two sides. There were security guards holding back all these gamers and gaming enthusiasts to make way for the special guests who had just now dared to step into the venue. Carefully, she made sure she did not fall while also continuously peeling her eyes to observe the clothing of the teams that were walking in.

It seemed... they were starting to come in now? Through the slivers of openings in the crowd, she saw outlines of figures walking by.

With all her might, she forced aside the throng, finally pressing her way up until she was by the security guards. Because there were simply too many people, beside her, there constantly were folks being bumped forward into the lane and then stuffed back into the hordes by the security guards... All of a sudden, someone let out a high-pitched squeal. “SP!!” Then, there was a massive force from behind her that shoved her and two other girls beside her out into the lane...

A pair of hands grabbed ahold of her arms and supported her.

She hurriedly steadied herself on her feet, and then, lifting her head, she found herself staring into a face that was smiling brightly. “You okay?”

So... pretty...

Eh? It was a blue and white team jersey? Not red and white? It wasn't someone from K&K? Just now, it seemed someone had shouted out “SP”?

Wait, this wasn't good. SP was his enemy.

Tong Nian hastily clutched her bag securely and took one step back. “I'm okay... Thank you.”

Nearby, the other girls who had been bumped out of the crowd had also been helped up by SP team members and returned to their original spots. The short-haired woman who had supported Tong Nian released her hold as well. Smiling with some of the people around her, she walked together with them into the VIP lounge area... As Tong Nian stared after that woman's backside, an unexplainable sense of admiration sprouted in her. It was a different feeling from what she had felt when she saw the K&K team captain the other day.

This woman carried with her an air, a presence. It was... the same air that Gun emitted, that bearing and look in the eyes that one could only possess after having once stood on the very pinnacle of achievement. Moreover, it was evident that the several people who were walking side by side with this short-haired woman all very much revered her.

Oh, if only I wasn't so slow and dense, that would be so nice...

If I could game really well, maybe I would have met him a long time ago.

While she was thinking this, she was pushed back behind the security line by the security guards.

Before her feet were even firmly under her, she saw the real K&K members striding in. Eh? Why were they all wearing black jerseys today? ... And Gun, the one walking at the very front of everyone, was the only one not wearing a jersey, dressed instead from head to toe in only black casualwear and with K&K's badge hanging from his neck. Wordlessly, he walked straight in her direction...

Tong Nian did not even have the chance to flash a smile at him.

Just like that, he walked directly... past her.

She was despairingly obstructed by the backsides of two burly security guards and could only watch as, one by one, the team members hurriedly strode past her. They had all recognized her, but as this was a public event, they did not dare open their mouths and call out in greeting. They all merely carried admiringly respectful expressions of "Sister-In-Law is so low-key, always appearing in the

most unexpected of places... such as last time's audience stands and this time's... horde of fans..."

And so things were until the last person disappeared from her line of sight and all the members of K&K had stepped inside.

There were still several other eSports organizations making their entrances. Her heart slowly, ever so slowly, sank.

Behind her, Blueberry, who had been jolted and crammed away a few steps, finally jammed her way over to her. Gasping, she patted her on the shoulder. "Why are there so many fans? I thought I accidentally walked into some celebrity's meet and greet event..."

She did not even get to finish her sentence.

They saw a boy jog out from the VIP entrance.

By now, all the teams had completed making their entrances, and only that boy was strolling back out alone. With all eyes watching him, he very deferentially headed over toward Tong Nian. "Sister-In-Law."

Instantaneously, quiet fell all around them.

He scratched rather sheepishly at the back of his head. "Leader told me to bring you in."

[1] 加油 "jia you." This is a very common Chinese phrase of encouragement and literally translates as "add oil." It probably most accurately translates as "keep going," but contains connotations of "be strong," "hang in there," "go for it," "give it your best shot" *etc.* Close English translations that honour the metaphor could be "put the pedal to the metal" or "go floor it." It is actually not uncommon to see Chinese netizens type out "add oil" in English, and hence, I decided to keep it that way, too.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

13 of 49 Chapters

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# Chapter 14

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 14

[July 30, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [42 Comments](#)



Oh, hahaha. Can you imagine the shock Blueberry got?

### Chapter 14 – Love Rival (つ\*`Д` )つ !

Blueberry’s eyes widened, first looking at Tong Nian, then looking at that young pup of a lad, then looking back at Tong Nian, then looking back at that young pup of a lad...

“It’s K&K’s demo,” someone near them whispered.

“I really like him. He’s a little male god.”

Buzzing of voices and murmurs. The boisterousness from a moment ago had all but vanished, and all that remained were these looks of envious speculation and jealousy coming from all directions. “He said ‘Leader.’ That can’t be referring to — ”

“Gun has a girlfriend?”

“Impossible! My male god stays away from the charms of women!!”

.....

“Go... in?” With a look of incredulity all over her face, Tong Nian quietly sought confirmation.

He wants me to go in?

Re—... really?

Pain suddenly came from her shoulder. Blueberry’s claws were fiercely pinching her. “Little Squidie, since when did you become someone’s wife?!!!! Someone’s wife? God, how come I was so slow in realizing this?!”

“I haven’t.” Those two words were simply too allusive ... Her ears instantly burned. In a low voice, she explained, “He was just randomly making things up...”

“Who just randomly makes things up like that?!!!! Your Highness!” Tightening the hold of her claws, Blueberry pulled on Tong Nian’s arm with all her might. “Three years! We’ve hung out together for three years! You went and found yourself a— ”

Uh... what did she find herself?

What was ‘Leader’?

Blueberry’s words choked in her throat, and eagerly, she looked toward that young pup of a lad: *What planet did your Leader come from?*

demo was completely overwhelmed by Blueberry, whose dress from head to toe was like that of a domineering woman, and was taken aback for a moment before he forced on an awkward smile. “Sister-In-Law, there are only another five minutes before the event starts.” Since there were fans present, the entire time, he maintained a very, very proper expression, but his tone became progressively lower as he said, “Leader’s mood today... isn’t all that good.” After stating this, he fixed his gaze anxiously on Tong Nian, waiting for her, this life-saving straw that they could cling onto, to go in with him and stand in front of

the muzzle of the gun for them.

Otherwise, who knew what other cruel ideas Leader would use to torture them?

Tong Nian felt as if her shoulder was going to snap soon from the grip on them...

She was nervous, but at the same time, intimidated by Blueberry's tyrannical might, she asked in a tiny voice, "Um, then, may I bring a friend in?"

"No problem." A happy grin immediately broke out across demo's face. "If it's Sister-In-Law's friend, then there's no problem at all."

He took a step back.

Motioning to Tong Nian to step out from behind the security guards, he flashed a perfunctory smile at Blueberry before immediately turning around to lead the way. Here, in this situation, with all eyes centered on them and, furthermore, standing within the human wall formed by the security guards, she and Blueberry, two singing divas who were normally accustomed to seeing such grand scenes, actually felt something akin to stage fright. After all, their gatherings were all ones of elation and people declaring their love for them.

But now...

They were practically the public enemy. It was as if they were treading on thin ice, *aaaah*.

However, these were merely Blueberry's feelings.

Tong Nian had already long since hugged her little backpack, and shuffling along, she drifted her way forward. Heartbeat, the eyes of the crowd, whatever—she had forgotten about all those things...

After they stepped inside, their view opened up. The very large lounge was seated full of people.

Very few women were in this VIP lounge area, in total just a few, so the appearance of two cutie-type girls stepping in through the doors truly did, for a moment, draw the gazes of everyone. Tong Nian secretly peered at her surroundings from the corner of her eye. Everywhere, there were boys, ranging in age from teens to early twenties and wearing all types and colours of team jerseys. In comparison, then, that man drinking water far off in the first row...

... was just toooooo manly.

All this while, Blueberry had been clutching tightly onto her arm until she saw Gun, and then she finally stutteringly asked, “W-w-w-wait. That guy, isn’t he my hubby’s God Gun?”

If she could get an autograph, it would definitely be one year of not having to do the laundry!

“Mm...” Tong Nian hugged her backpack to herself and answered in a small voice, “It’s him.”

“Little Squidie” — Blueberry abruptly halted her steps and, using her sincerest look, gazed intently at her—“no matter who your man is, you must have him help me get Gun’s autograph, help my hubby get Gun’s autograph. Please, please. Begging you. Okay? Okay?”

“.....” How was she going to explain this? ...

“Oh, that.” demo thought Tong Nian was hesitating over whether she should or not, and helpfully, he answered for her, “Don’t worry. Even though Leader never gives autographs... he will definitely give face to Sister-In-Law’s friend.” He laughed impishly.

!!!!

Blueberry blacked out for a moment. “What did he say...?”

“Just...” Tong Nian felt she was super blameless in all of this. “Ah, just that his leader is Gun.”

!!!!

“My hubby’s male god is your man?!” Blueberry was about to pass out.

“That...” Tong Nian felt she was going to be beaten to death, and hurriedly, she

begged in a low voice for mercy. “I swear, it’s not that I wasn’t going to tell you. I honestly... have only seen him two times. Today is the third...”

!!!!

“Two times and then he had you?!” Blueberry’s entire body seemed to heat up. She was alive again.

demo felt he had just heard an incredible secret.

If this was the third time and the last time was the second time, then that meant... it only took one meeting for Leader to snare Sister-In-Law??!! What kind of efficiency was that? The blood in his body also seemed to be boiling. Gossip flooded his brain. He could not wait to go back and share with everyone this secret about Leader and Sister-In-Law that really could not NOT be shared. Immediately, he gave a cough and said, “Well, Sister-In-Law, I’m going to go first now.” Once he said this, he dashed away.

The young pup of a lad ran speedily, and in just a short while, he had thrown himself into the group of K&K members...

... leaving behind Tong Nian and the already very-apparently-exhilarated-and-acting-rather-abnormally, domineering woman, Blueberry beside her...

Using her for once slightly clearer awareness to assess the current situation, she explained quietly, “His... temper isn’t very good. In just a sec, you absolutely must not ask any questions. I’ll... go back and explain everything to you, ‘kay?”

But, what am I going to explain? T.T

Forget it. I’ll think about the things that will happen when I go back when I actually do go back.

Blueberry instantly recovered her vigour. She nodded, then nodded again, but after thinking briefly, she felt something was wrong. “Hey, that’s not right. Little Squidie, are you not able to reign in your man? His temper isn’t very good, so you’re just going to keep letting him do it and spoiling him? That’s not right.

That's not good. Men are the type where the more you spoil them, the worse they get—”

“We'll talk about this when we get back, okay?” She was about to cry.

“Oh, oh. Don't worry.” Making a gesture like holding a zipper, Blueberry slid it across the front of her lips. “I guarantee I'll play dead all the way to the end and absolutely will not disturb you as you guys whisper sweet nothings to each other.”

.....

She had already chosen to give up explaining.

Slowly, she shuffled over there until she was in front of him, where she stopped. “You... were looking for me?”

Gun was holding a black insulated mug and had just poured a cup of water for himself. He saw her, then threw a glance at the unfamiliar woman behind her, a rather displeased look on his face.

“This is my friend,” Tong Nian explained in a soft voice. “She and I came together.”

“Sit,” he instructed simply, his voice incredibly hoarse.

“Oh, okay.” Tong Nian tugged on Blueberry's sleeve and circled around to the row behind him.

The latter had already long been influenced by what she had heard, having listened to her husband give numerous descriptions of God Gun, and knew that he was genuinely the proud and aloof type of person. Naturally, then, she did not take to heart that this man had spoken so little and followed Tong Nian to obediently take a seat.

“Have your friend sit in the row behind. You come over here,” Gun added flatly, his back toward them. His voice was already naturally low and throaty to begin with, having a slight husky quality to it. Now, though, he seemed to have a

cold, and hence, he sounded even more unapproachable.

Feeling caught in a tough spot, she looked at Blueberry.

Blueberry immediately smiled, her eyes brimming with a look of “Do as you wish, do as you wish. Please treat me like I’m just thin air.”

At last, her mind at ease, she tentatively circled her way back again. Glancing down at the seat beside Gun, she deliberated whether he had meant that she should sit close beside him... or with one seat between them...

Gun raised his brow, not knowing why she was still staring dazedly.

Straightaway, she halted her ponderings, and with a slight warmth flushing her cheeks, she sat down directly next to him.

Anyway... it was you who told me to sit...

She silently thought this.

He carried on drinking his water, feeling a bit of a headache.

From the instant they stepped in here, that group of punks had not quieted down, the entire time making a fuss and causing a ruckus, saying that they saw Sister-In-Law. They had even had an animated discussion, using different ways to criticize him for being hardhearted and cold, for not knowing how to tenderly treasure the “fragrant, jade-like beauty,” and for actually making the lady-boss of K&K stand there in the fan camp...

Throat hurt. He really could not be bothered with wasting time to talk such nonsense with them.

Based on his observations of the situation, this bunch would not be settling down within the next short while, so he simply sent demo out to tell her to come in and watch the competition together with them.

Sure enough, this was very effective. Immediately, there was no more ruckus.

But... he nevertheless needed to give the little lady a reasonable explanation.

“The members of my team like you very much,” he suddenly spoke.

“Mm?” I don’t really know them all that well?

“That’s why,” he began, trying as much as possible to wear a smile and make it seem as if he was speaking the truth, “they want to treat you to watch the competition for free.”

“Oh.” Undisguisable disappointment could be seen in her. “Thank you.”

He detected it. “What’s wrong? You don’t want to watch?”

“No.” She hastily shook her head. “I do.”

“Then wait ten minutes and walk into the arena with me.”

She nodded, then very obediently clasped her bag to herself, waiting quietly.

Waiting...

And in passing, sneaking a peek at him.

Huh? Playing with his mobile phone again?

Is it really all that fun? ...

He hasn’t noticed?

Let’s steal another look.

.....

With his left hand, the person beside her flipped through the new game he had just downloaded. His right hand, as before, held the paper cup, and he took sip after sip of water to soothe his throat. He knew all along that Tong Nian was watching him, and finally...

A little irritated with her glances, he resolutely lifted his eyes and directly seized her peeping gaze with them.

!!!!

I’ve been caught...

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

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## Chapter 15

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 15

[August 3, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [37 Comments](#)



She hears it from him, personally, about how believable (NOT!) the rumours of his romantic history are. However, it's not quite the "Please don't take it the wrong way. She's not the one I love..." you often read about or watch in dramas.

#### Chapter 15 – A Master In That Field?

"What are you wanting to do?" He was very clear on the answer, but still he asked.

Tong Nian grew panicked, her eyes flitting left and right. "I just want... to clarify the misunderstanding with everyone."

"Misunderstanding?"

"Just to explain that I'm actually not your girlfriend." She quietly reported her idea. "Letting them continue to be mistaken about us is really not good. Even though I..." She cut herself off, stuck for words.

"Even though you like me? But you don't want to cause me any troubles either?"

"....."

With his eyes, he motioned in the direction where everyone from K&K was. "Go ahead."

“Mm.”

It’s okay, Tong Nian. Add oil!

She took a deep breath and cheered herself on.

Gun suddenly added, “Clear up everything within one minute. Do not affect their competition mindset.”

“One minute?”

“What’s wrong? Can’t do it?”

“.....”

How was it possible to clarify everything in one minute? And on top of that, not let them even ask questions or think in the wrong direction at all...

“If you can’t do it, then wait until the competition has ended before you say anything.” Gun’s gaze moved back to the screen of his mobile phone to confirm the time. “Let’s go.”

Stating that, he tossed all the various odds and ends into the backpack by his feet, closed up the zipper, and stood.

Not only was his throat sore, his shoulders and neck did not feel right either, likely a result of pulling an all-nighter last night. Consequently, after he stood, he very naturally began to move his neck from side to side and knead his own shoulder. Then, he motioned with a tilt of his head at all the K&K members, who were looking at him. The meaning behind that: *we’re going into the arena.*

All the team members of K&K immediately pulled out their own mice and keyboards, but after seeing that Sister-In-Law and Sister-In-Law’s girlfriend were keeping close with Leader’s large strides, they wisely fell far back before entering the official competition site.

In that long corridor, he strode at the very front, and hugging her bag, she followed behind his every step.

Such a nice physique...

As she gazed up silently at his tall and slender back, she even felt that his

somewhat indolent way of walking was so very cool... All the while as she watched, she kept her head bowed and could not help clasping her backpack tightly against herself.

It felt like there was a current buzzing and zooming around inside her heart, and she was unable to hold back a silly grin.

So happy... She was actually going to go with him to watch the competition together...

This was an enclosed stadium.

The first ten rows in front of the competition stage were reserved for the staff and players from the various eSports organizations and clubs. K&K was the last to enter the arena, and the team members walked in, one at a time, entirely under the gazes of every person in the stadium as well as the members of the other eSports organizations. Tong Nian followed behind Gun, her ears completely filled with the electronic music that was being used as the pre-event warm-up. She cast a glance up onto the stage. Two computers sat up there, one on each the right and left sides, and the spaces in front of them were empty and unmanned.

Based on her experience from last time, in the next while, the matches would be taking place up there?

“Your Highness, Your Highness.” The person beside her who had been thin air for a long time already—Blueberry—finally opened her mouth to quietly remind her, “Remember to help me get an autograph, okay?” She was very astute and knew that, in a moment, Little Squidie would be sitting beside Gun again. Now was her prime time for whispering any private little messages to her, and if she did not say them now, it would be too late.

“Huh? No, I can’t.” Tong Nian instantly became tense. Acting like a thief, she whispered back, “I’m scared he’ll get mad and kick us out...”

“Huh? Are you a maso [masochist] or what?!” Blueberry was once again about

to faint. “What’s wrong with asking your man to give an autograph?!”

“He’s not... ah.” She really could not make herself say the words, “my man.” After being stuck for words for a long while, she secretly and very, very quietly explained the situation. “I like him. He... does not like me.”

“Wha?” Blueberry could not make herself believe this. 120 times I can’t believe that, *aaaah!!*

Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers was pursuing a man! This was simply... a picture that was not even conceivable.

From when she first met Little Squidie, she had only ever seen fans professing their love for her. In Tieba, male fans would even write love letters that were tens of thousands of words long and make videos... All the wooing methods that you might see, she had seen already, but this girl, who was always half a beat slow, had showed absolutely no reaction to them. Just now, she had even been musing over what sort of methods her hubby’s male god had used to win this girl’s heart in just a couple of times...

But! Turns! Out! SHE pursued him?!

AND, the key point was... what did she mean by “not like”?! She hadn’t caught him?

.....

Blueberry stared intently at her expression. The girl had a look of sincerity covering her face, and her ears glowed bright red. Indeed ... she did not seem to be lying...

Blueberry felt as if her brain was not usable and could not process. She needed to digest all this.

And in this way, she dazedly forgot about her mission of getting an autograph for her hubby. Without any prompting, she took a seat behind those two and began to silently ponder on whether those things Tong Nian had said were the truth...

If this was just a one-sided lovesickness, what was God Gun’s intention right now for doing this?

Playing hard to get[1]?

.....

Gun was sitting in a seat affixed with a slip of paper that said “K&K” on it. To his left was a one-person-wide aisle. On the other side of the aisle were the people belonging to SP eSports Club. As she sat directly beside him, Tong Nian discovered that, over on the SP side, there were all sorts of burning gazes looking in their direction. In particular... she even noticed that pretty woman with short hair who had kindly extended a hand earlier on to steady her.

When the other party’s eyes turned toward her, she smiled awkwardly in return at the pretty woman.

Unexpectedly, the man beside her tilted his head and also looked at her.

Huh?

She lifted her head. What was the matter?

“You know her?”

Her? Oh... “No.” She truthfully told him, “Just now, when we were outside, I was jostled past the human wall of security guards by all the people. She helped steady me.”

Was there some sort of problem?

Why did he seem... very displeased?

Oh, right. How could she have forgotten? SP and K&K were archrivals. Silently, she repented of her wrong.

That pair of extremely black eyes was watching the stage. After several seconds, he suddenly asked, “Do you know who she is?”

Huh? She shook her head. “No, I don’t know...”

“SP’s appledog. Ten years ago, the sniper on the CS [Counter-Strike] championship-winning roster and currently, the team captain of SP’s primary

squad.” But after he said this, he felt that he had just wasted his breath saying a bunch of useless words. The girl next to him did not know anything about pro gaming at all.

??!!

Oh God. appledog?!

She suddenly grew anxious.

This was the girl he had liked for ten years?

Ten years...

So... he was purposely letting her know...

To warn her that he already had someone he liked? ...

She lowered her eyes and inspected her own shoes, her heart all of a sudden feeling hollow. Her little feelings of jubilation and excitement had all vanished. She only felt now as if she was sitting on pins and needles and did not know how she should respond... Get up and quietly leave? He had already spoken so straightforwardly. But... the emcee was already beginning to speak. If she just up and left, would it bring about negative attention? ...

The more she thought, the more downcast she became. After struggling inside herself for a long time, she still made her decision. “Should I... leave while things still haven’t officially started?”

This question suddenly popped out from her.

Gun was somewhat baffled. “Leave?”

“Mm-hmm.” She continued staring fixedly at her own shoes. The entire view of her peripheral vision was filled with him. All him. Possibly... this would be the last time she could be so close to him. “If I sit here, I’m worried she might misunderstand.”

“Misunderstand?”

She’ll definitely misunderstand... Tong Nian became ever the more miserable.

He was increasingly unable to make heads and tails of this. “Misunderstand what?”

“Misunderstand and think that I’m your girlfriend. If she misunderstands, she’ll definitely get mad. Then you’ll have... a problem.”

Then, your purpose of establishing K&K to win her back will be even harder to fulfill...

.....

He finally understood.

He understood what connotation she was trying to express.

She thought there was some sort of relationship between him and appledog?  
Or maybe, she thought he was secretly in love with appledog?

What kind of joke was that?

For a moment, he was rather amused. Seriously, even if you’re lying down, you can still be struck by a stray bullet<sup>[2]</sup> [brought into trouble that should have nothing to do with you]. “Whether she gets mad or not has nothing to do with me. But—”

Huh?

Wait...

Nothing to do with him? He said “nothing to do with him”?

To prevent random people from hearing anything, Gun used a near-whisper by her ear to laughingly mock, “Little girl, the intelligence information you received is far off the mark. Didn’t you say you like me? How could you not even know that I’m single and, moreover, uninterested in women?”

“I...”

“Oh, right.” He added, “Not just women. I’m not really interested in men, either.”

.....

.....

And hence, the K&K members, who were all sitting in the third row, as well as the people present from the other teams all got a close-up view of a silent show of “flirtingly toying with someone and someone being flirtingly toyed with”: how, leaning his head in to whisper only a single sentence in his girlfriend’s ear, K&K’s big boss, Gun, successfully managed, in one second, to cause that ridiculously cutie of a girl to blush furiously from her cheeks to her ears. With both hands covering her mouth, she stared into his eyes for a full ten seconds before suddenly burying her face on her backpack...

This is...

... the guy who supposedly stays away from the female gender?

You’ve got to be kidding me!

This is obviously someone who’s a master in the field of flirting and hitting on girls, *aaaah...*

[1] 欲擒故纵 “yu qin gu zong.” This saying means, “in order to capture him later, first deliberately release him now.” This is describing a tactic where, in order to control the enemy, you first deliberately do something that seems contrary to your ultimate intention so as to cause your enemy to let down his guard. When used to describe a romantic situation, it means to pretend to be uninterested in order to attract the other party (i.e. playing hard to get).

[2] 躺着也中枪 “tang zhe ye zhong qiang.” Literally, this translates as “struck by a stray bullet, even when you are lying down.” This slang saying is usually expressed in an ironic, self-deprecating tone to describe a situation where, out of left field, trouble has fallen on you, despite the fact that you are completely innocent or uninvolved, like a person who was lying down trying to avoid danger but still happened to be hit by a bullet.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

15 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 16

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 16

[August 6, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [36 Comments](#)



Blueberry gives advice. And this time, his meaning could not be any plainer, right?

### Chapter 16 – A Master In That Field (〒\_〒) !

He had simply felt bored and had practiced on her his method of mocking and cutting down people that he used on the members of his own team.

Soon, the tournament had begun. All expression was absent again from Gun's face as he resumed his flat, indifferent look to begin observing SP's match in the eighth-finals.

.....

The entire venue had grown dim.

Behind her, someone stealthily poked her in the shoulder.

She turned her head back. Blueberry signaled at her with her eyes, then mouthed in silence, "Go to the washroom."

Glancing over at Gun, who was already intently watching the live play on the big screen, she noiselessly set her backpack onto her seat and, bending low at

the waist, snuck away into the washroom with Blueberry. But only one foot had managed to step inside before she was immediately seized back out by Blueberry and led to an arbitrary corner in the main lobby. “Little Squidie—”

“I’ll try my best to get you an autograph”—with a pitiful look on her face, she raised her hands in surrender—“okay?”

“We can first set aside that thing about getting an autograph.” Narrowing her eyes, Blueberry moved in close, that deep black, large pair of eyes filled only with Tong Nian’s reflection. “Clarify for me, what is going on between you and my man’s male god?”

“Just...”

.....

She used ten minutes to explain the things that had happened over the entirety of last week, and then, wordlessly dropping her head, she touched the tips of her index fingers together self-consciously. “It’s not that I didn’t want to tell you. It’s just that I felt that having my confession of feelings rejected is pretty embarrassing...”

A finger was stabbing her on the forehead before her sentence had even finished. “Your confession of feelings? Confessing is the biggest no-no when you’re pursuing a guy, don’t you know?! Who would have favourable feelings for a girl who professes her love after seeing you only two times? Huh? Has all your intelligence been eaten by a dog?”

“... I didn’t want to confess my feelings. But if I didn’t explain, he’d get the wrong idea and think that I like that girly man...”

“What a waste of your looks that have a score of ninety percent. To date, you’ve never even had a boyfriend with looks that score nine percent. And here you are talking about first love? And secret crush? And confessing feelings? With you being like this, how could you possibly capture my man’s male god?”

“.....”

Blueberry rubbed at her finger that was sore from all the poking. “The stupidest thing to do when you’re pursuing a guy is to rush over and declare, ‘I like you!’ when the other party hasn’t even discovered any good qualities about

you yet. Only an idiot would accept a flake like that, 'kay? You need to permeate into his life, show up by his side in various times and situations, and reveal all different sorts of special talents and qualities about you—your most beautiful qualities, your areas of expertise, and even moments where you are most popular with other men. You just cannot verbally admit that you like him. You need to keep him anxious, make him feel like there are a hundred claws grazing his heart, keep him always guessing with different speculations, make him obviously sense that you like him but yet just unable to get an actual answer. Got it?”

“... Mm.”

“Make him be the one who first opens his mouth to ask, first gives a hint, or first makes a confession, got it?”

“... Mm.”

.....

.....

After ten minutes of force-fed teaching, she noiselessly returned back to his side, all the while repeatedly mulling over Blueberry's words: “It would have been so easy for him to do so, but he still did not clarify the misunderstanding. That shows he's not turned off by this and maybe even feels affection for you.”

He... does?

Rather nervously, she peeked at him. How come I can't tell? ...

It was apparent Gun had left once midway through as well and grabbed his insulated mug from the lounge. He carried on pouring water from the mug into a paper cup and taking sip after sip to soothe his throat. He could sense that the little girl beside him was starting to restlessly steal glances at him again... Bringing the paper cup to his lips, he discovered that that small, faint gaze was once more furtively shifting away.

.....

The entire competition was very exciting and impressive.

When K&K won their quarterfinal match, the entire place exploded with a huge sound of applause.

The applause, the enthusiastic congratulations from the emcee, and the motions of those five boys when they stood and expressed their thanks were all unfamiliar scenes she had never before witnessed. Never before had she watched this sort of competition from up close. It seemed as if, all of a sudden, those things called “video games” had become so high-class and grand...

Unable to contain herself, with all the other audience members that filled the venue, she clapped until her palms were red.

The five people stepped down off the stage and walked by in front of Gun. The corner of Gun’s lips tilted upwards as each nodded to him when they strode past.

This was a completely unsurprising win. He did not intend on watching SP’s remaining quarterfinal match, and rising to his feet, he patted Tong Nian on the back, indicating that she could leave.

As a result, midway through this tournament, all the members of K&K left.

.....

As Tong Nian walked behind him, she would every so often feel Blueberry’s finger fiercely stabbing her lower back, then stabbing it again... At last, when she followed him into the VIP lounge, she managed to force out half a sentence from her lips: “Congrats... You guys won.”

Blueberry fainted. Where was the playing hard to get[1] they had discussed?!

Gun tossed the thermal mug into his backpack, pulled the zipper closed, and picked up the bag. After slinging it onto his shoulder, diagonally across his back, he turned and, towering over her, looked down at the top of her head.

Tong Nian instantly grew anxious.

“Weren’t you going to explain?” Because he had spoken too much already, his voice was even more hoarse and hence, seemed to give off an even greater oppressive feeling.

She paused blankly.

Oh! Right. Explain. She started back to awareness, asking softly, “It’s okay to do it now?”

The eavesdropping Blueberry...

Don’t explain, *aaaah!!* If you explain, you’ll have no chance with him!! Please feel free to misunderstand as you wish. This is the first sign of the earliest buds of a romance, *aaaah!!*

Gun discovered that the unfamiliar girl who had come with Tong Nian was within eavesdropping range, and coldly, he looked toward where the girl was. A cold shiver passed over the latter, and very wisely, without any prompting, she retreated—one step, two steps, three steps...

“It is entirely okay now.” Standing in front of Tong Nian, with two hands in his pants pockets, Gun bent at the waist so that his eyes were level with hers as he looked into them. “Give me a dry run of it first. How are you planning to explain?”

“D-dry r-run?” she stuttered.

“Let me have a listen to see if you can actually explain it well enough that it’s clear.” He was still staring eye-to-eye with her. “I don’t want to waste everyone’s time.”

“I... will say, ‘Han Shangyan and I...’”

Tong Nian had never before gazed into his eyes for so long. Right now, right this moment, right this instant, as she distinctly saw her own reflection in that pair of eyes, she utterly did not know even how to speak.

All that filled her ears were *thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump...*

Han Shangyan and I... what? ...

“Don’t know how to say it?”

*Thump, thump, thump...*

He had more to say, but then, he watched as the little girl’s complexion changed from white to a foolish-looking red, so red that it was even more severe than appledog of the past, who had been well-known for her blushing... He suddenly felt that he seemed to have crossed the line again? “The little girl just likes you. It’s not some terrible crime. Tone it down a bit. You’re going too far if you treat her like she’s one of the members of your team,” he admonished himself silently.

And so, this person, who had now gathered back a few pieces of his conscience, cleared his throat. “I’ll be frank. I have no plans to get a girlfriend.” He straightened back up and swept his eyes over to those grown boys behind him who were organizing and gathering their things to get ready to leave this place. “These boys, the youngest is only fifteen years old, but they have placed all of their future, all of their prospects into my hands alone. All they desire is that one day, the country’s flag will be draped over their shoulders, and they can bring back the World Championship title to prove to their parents that their career choice had not been wrong. So, I do not have time or energy to deal with any person who does not belong to K&K.”

When his words were finished, his gaze lowered again and fell on her. “Do you understand?”

.....

Tong Nian had not expected that what he spoke would be such serious words, and she nodded in spite of herself.

This was his world. A world strange and unfamiliar to her.

One that caused people to look up respectfully at it. And one that was worthy of being looked up to respectfully.

.....

Dt just so happened to be walking up behind him at this moment. Hearing such words, he, in a very rare instance, actually shifted his gaze to the side slightly to look at that poor, little girl whom Gun had fooled with this great, noble façade.

He could not stand watching this anymore.

Every time he rejected someone, Gun would use a different method. This time, however, was the worst and had stepped way over the line by actually using the team as an excuse.

Dt genuinely thought that the little lady could absolutely give the affections of her heart to another. Such an innocent, young girl who did not know how to scheme or make underhanded maneuvers. If she ended up being with Gun, it would ruin her... For this reason, he chose to remain silent. Turning around, he left.

And so, what about all that stuff about liking or not liking someone, getting an autograph or not? All completely inconsequential nothing.

With hearts and eyes filled with feelings of “we are so shallow and so childish in our antics,” Tong Nian and Blueberry watched as Gun led the members of K&K and departed. Nobody knew why Little Sister-In-Law was not going with Leader, and though they had speculations, no one really dared to ask. When they were leaving, they merely each nodded respectfully to Tong Nian with warm, smiling expressions of “Sister-In-Law, see you next time” written all over their faces...

[1]欲擒故纵. See footnote [1] in chapter 15.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

16 of 49 Chapters

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Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 17

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 17

[August 10, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [41 Comments](#)



She sees him again (yay!) but definitely not in a circumstance that she likes (sob).

#### Chapter 17 – Having a Blind, Matchmaking Date?

She was lovelorn...

For three entire days, Tong Nian did not step out from the doors of her house and remained within her own little bedroom, staring at her monitor and watching, one after another, videos of various matches of *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*. She began first with all the matches for K&K and SP's secondary rosters, and when she finally finished all of those, she went to watch the big, famous matches that could be found online. By the third day, which was already the eve of the new lunar year, she had even watched every interview of K&K's and read through all the available textual information about them...

Gun very rarely gave interviews. There were only two or three, few and far between, and in total, he spoke less than ten sentences.

And none of them were very proper or serious.

Truly, they were not very proper or serious. They felt entirely unlike the words

he had spoken the other day, as if those had been voiced by a completely different person, and they also did not sound at all like the image of him formed from his Baidu Baike profile page. It seemed his answers could always defuse the reporter's questions, and then he would toss back a jeer.

The most important thing was, she at last somewhat understood his background, how back then, Team Solo had dissolved, which had also resulted in Gun completely retiring from gaming at the height of his career. Leaving behind only a short row of words, he had disappeared for ten years.

As she stared at those words that he had left at the time of his retirement and departure, she even felt a sense of heartache.

How sad must he have been at the time when he retired and left.

Currently displayed on her laptop screen was a little screensaver, one she had made herself. On it was a cartoon image of a man alternating through various different facial expressions and speaking to a Loli girl, who was sitting astride a big cat. Every three seconds, the words the cartoon man was speaking would change. They were all things he had once said to her, and word for word, she had input them exactly as he had said them.

For fear that her parents would sneak a look, she had translated everything into Japanese.

When the mouse touched the image, there would even be a voice that spoke, and that voice had been specially created based on his vocal tone and quality...

.....

She mechanically touched her mouse to that cartoon-drawn man, and a sentence rang out: "Little girl, the intelligence information you received is far off the mark. Didn't you say you like me? How could you not even know that I am single and, moreover, uninterested in women?" These words that suddenly popped out caused her to pause in surprise. At once, her face reddened... And then, she immediately also felt even more heartbroken.

Alright, sure. Even being lovelorn required an adjustment period to get over it...

Otherwise, she would seem too fickle in love.

Or so she comforted herself.

Behind her, the door was noiselessly pushed open, and her mother stepped in. After taking a look at the listless Tong Nian, she smilingly urged, “Get ready, get ready. We’re going out to eat.”

Despondently, Tong Nian turned around. “Is it okay if I eat in my room?”

“That won’t do. How can you have Lunar New Year’s Eve dinner<sup>[1]</sup> by yourself?” Her mother continued to coax her softly, “Come downstairs first to say hello. Your [paternal] aunt<sup>[2]</sup> and the others are all here.”

... Alright.

She moved her arms around a bit and stood, pushing open the door and following the stairs down.

Eh? So many people—

!!!!

Why did that man, the one who was dressed completely in black casualwear and sitting there at the end of the sofa, drinking tea with his head down ... look so much like him?! She must have gone silly...

Bowing her head glumly, she gave a fierce kick to the staircase bannister, turned, and... headed back upstairs.

“Nian Nian?” Downstairs, Auntie’s voice immediately rang out. “I was just asking why you’ve been holed up in your room this entire time. You’ve been studying until you’ve gone silly?” Auntie greeted her warmly. “Here, come over. Your [elder, female] cousin just got back. The two of you haven’t seen each other for a long time already, right? Two or three years? Why don’t you two have a

nice chat?”

.....

The thing she was most afraid of was running into this elder, female cousin of hers who was the elite and outstandingly talented career-type.

But, it was the Lunar New Year, and there was nothing that could be done about it. She was, after all, a relative.

Tong Nian could only reluctantly turn around once again. And then, she completely froze. By now, the man who had been drinking tea had lifted his head. It *was* him. From the expression in his eyes to his sitting posture to that sense of impatience that he emitted—all of it was him...

In this way, she stupidly stood there on the staircase, dressed in her lemon-yellow jogging suit.

All over her jogging suit, there were even little pictures of Winnie the Pooh...

Gun's brows lifted slightly, but then, pulling back his gaze, he carried on drinking his tea with lowered head, as if none of the people in this room had much to do with him.

She had no idea how she got downstairs, nor did she know how she ended up being surrounded by her auntie and mom as they prattled on and on, introducing her and her cousin's occupations and educational backgrounds and then presenting the both of them to a grandfatherly gentleman.

“Nineteen is a good age, nineteen is good. I have a grandson[\[3\]](#), and there is only a few years' age difference between the two of you. He also studied computers. In a little while, the two of you must get to know each other. You will certainly have lots of common things to talk about.” The elderly man listened to Tong Nian's mother give the introductions while he examined the dumbstruck Tong Nian with a warm expression. The more he looked her over, the more he felt that she would make a wonderful match with his youngest grandson, and he

could not refrain from turning his head to the side to ask Gun, “Where is Little Bai? What time will he be arriving at the restaurant?”

“Don’t know,” Gun answered, his voice so hoarse it sounded as if he should not be able to speak at all.

“Call him. The Lunar New Year’s Eve dinner is not something he should arrive late to.”

The grandfatherly man chuckled in a much more easygoing manner than him.

Very soon, with Tong Nian’s mom’s invitation, everyone rose and prepared to head to the restaurant that had been reserved for the Lunar New Year’s Eve dinner.

Tong Nian dazedly slipped on her coat, wrapped her scarf around herself, and followed her mom outside. With more than a dozen people and four vehicles, they had no choice but to split up into groups to be sent off. “Nian Nian.” Her mother offhandedly fastened her scarf tighter for her while lowering her voice to instruct, “I’m giving you a task. Your cousin and that big brother over there are having a blind, matchmaking date. You are all young people. You go sit in the same car as the two of them. Listen to what they talk about, and use your own discretion to help if you see any opportunity. Be good.”

Matchmaking date?

He was having a matchmaking date with her cousin?

Didn’t he say... he had no plans to get a girlfriend? ...

Lifting her head, Tong Nian saw that not far away, Gun had already opened the front door of a vehicle and, with his back to everyone, tossed the jacket he had been wearing onto the front passenger seat. “I don’t want to sit in his car...” Her nose tingled, and she bowed her head.

Idiot, who said he doesn’t intend on getting a girlfriend?

Clearly... he just doesn’t want to be around you, that’s all.

“Be good.” Mom thought it was because she felt awkward. “If you don’t go over there to them, are you going to call a taxi and just go yourself?”

“Mm.” Tightly, she gripped the bottom of the sleeves of her coat. “I’ll call a taxi and go there myself...”

“Why would you call a taxi?” Behind her, someone had already slipped an arm through hers. Then, with a lowered voice, her cousin implored to her, “This is my first time meeting him. Let’s go together. That way, if there are any awkward silences, we can still talk to each other.”

No... I’d rather die than do it...

She looked down, refusing for the life of her to shift even a single step.

But, it was only a short two or three minutes before everyone had already divided up and gotten into vehicles, leaving only her and Cousin standing downstairs of her home. The latter, of course, did not know about her internal struggle, and half pushing, half tugging, and with some convincing, Cousin brought her into Gun’s car.

One car, three people.

Cousin had originally wanted to sit in the front passenger seat. However, he had tossed his jacket there, and he did not show any intention of removing it, nor did he offer any polite invitation for Cousin to sit there. Of course, then, she had no choice but to rather displeasably sit with Tong Nian.

“I’ve had a few blind, matchmaking dates now, but this one takes the cake for lack of chivalry,” Cousin whispered in her ear.

... Wordlessly, she sat there and gave an arbitrary “mm” in response.

Her entire being felt as if it was hanging from a very fine, steel wire. She dared not move and only prayed silently with all her might, “Get there quickly, get off the car quickly, and finish eating quickly. Then I can go home...”

The car drove out from the community compound and headed directly onto a

main road.

Cousin was the first to break the quiet in the vehicle. “We’re all young people. Let me introduce myself first, then. I do marketing in a luxury goods company. How about you?”

“No real proper job.” With one hand, Gun held onto the steering wheel while the other pulled out his mobile phone.

After a short while, a navigation voice was heard coming from the phone. “At three hundred metres ahead, bear right...”

The atmosphere was rather weird. Cousin could perceive his aloofness, but still, she politely replied, “Then... you should at least have some sort of profession you’re in. I hear you’re starting your own business.”

“Profession?” He sounded rather impatient. “Does playing video games count?”

.....

Navigation voice: “Keep right for two hundred metres, then enter the frontage road...”

Navigation voice: “Warning, speed camera one hundred metres ahead...”

Navigation voice: “Warning...”

.....

Cousin was speechless. Leaning in close, she murmured by Tong Nian’s ear, “A second-gen rich kid[4] who doesn’t do any honest work himself.”

“No, that’s not it,” Tong Nian blurted, but straightaway, she dropped her voice again. “Gaming is a serious and proper profession.”

“Serious and proper profession?” Her cousin gawked at her like she was staring at a freak.

“Professional gamers can win championships. eSports is recognized as an

official sport by the country.” Tong Nian could not hold herself back from explaining for him. “And plus, if they win, their prize money is really big... The main thing, though, isn’t the prize money. It’s about the pride and honour. China is a world leader in a lot of the gaming events and has taken a lot of gold medals.”

Cousin looked as if she half-understood, but after some thinking, she still felt that it did not make sense. “Well, they can’t spend their whole lives playing video games, eh?”

.....

The car came to an abrupt halt.

They had arrived?

Tong Nian took a look out the window. Huh? Why were they stopped on the side of the road?

While she was still caught in a foggy state of confusion, the person sitting in the driver’s seat had already turned around and, for the first time, was looking directly at his blind date for the night—Tong Nian’s cousin. “There are some words that, if stated from the get-go, will make things easier. I don’t have any interest in you, nor will I ever have any interest in the future. Of course, you definitely are not interested in someone like me, either.” Bearing through the pain in his throat, he stated with a hoarse voice, “We are both adults. We’ll cooperate with our elders’ arrangement, we’ll have a dinner, and then it will be done. How about that?”

Cousin’s expression was frozen onto her face. She swore, absolutely never before had she seen a man like this one!

“Also,”—Gun’s gaze shifted slightly to land on Tong Nian—“you do not need to pretend that you don’t know me.”

[1]年夜饭 “nian ye fan.” This translates as “dinner on the eve of the Lunar

New Year.” It is also sometimes called 团圆饭 “tuan yuan fan” or “family reunion dinner” as it is often a dinner on Lunar New Year’s Eve in which the family gathers together to celebrate the upcoming New Year.

[2] 姑妈 “gu ma.” This is how you would address your father’s sister.

[3] 外孙 “wai sun.” A grandchild born of one’s daughter.

[4] 富二代 “fu er dai.” This literally means “second-generation rich.” This term is often used with disdain to describe a new generation of young people in China, wealthy due to the toils of their parents, who prospered as a result of the economic reforms in the late 70s and 80s. It contains connotations that these people behave poorly, flaunting their wealth.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

17 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 18

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 18

[August 13, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [40 Comments](#)



I'm going to be away for most of next week and will not be responding to comments until the weekend. Updates will be scheduled to be posted at their usual time, so you won't be missing anything.

Tong Nian is in another interesting situation, but finally, the one feeling most awkward is not her! One of my favourite parts: Dt vs. Gun! I think it's a rare moment in Gun's life, but he does not have the upper hand.

#### **Chapter 18 – Having a Blind, Matchmaking Date (☹x☹) !**

.....

Her charade had suddenly been bluntly exposed, and she did not know at all what she should say.

Her mouth opened slightly, and dazedly, foolishly, she stared at him.

In a single second, the atmosphere around seemed to drop to the freezing point.

Cousin looked disbelievingly at Tong Nian, then looked at her blind date whom she had only just met for the first time. What was going on? What kind of situation was this? The two of them knew each other?

But after tossing the pair of cousins into an awkward circumstance, this man, whose words had been blunt and had given no regard to anyone's feelings, carried on to turn around and release the foot brake. Turning the vehicle into the frontage road and driving on that roadway that was bathed in the light of a row of delicate streetlamps, he easily passed the few vehicles ahead of them and then accelerated towards their destination.

Cousin did not want to let him hear any more of her dialogue with Tong Nian. Grabbing Tong Nian's hand, she used only her eyes to ask her question: *What's going on?*

"We," Tong Nian stammered a bit, then quietly answered, "aren't that acquainted. We just know each other..."

Know each other? One had resided outside of the country for years and only just returned to China in December of last year. The other, due to fear of flying, had never gone abroad. Furthermore, there was a ten year age gap between them. How did they even meet?

Cousin swiftly made her assessment: *An online friend?*

Tong Nian hurriedly shook her head. "No, no. We just met each other by chance."

Cousin looked dubiously at her. She did not appear to be lying, but yet, no matter how you looked, you could tell she was still hiding something. Since young, this little girlie had always been relatively simple, and when she lied, any ordinary person could see through it... much less someone like her cousin, whose emotional intelligence tended to be comparatively higher.

When their vehicle arrived at the destination and she and Cousin stepped out of the car, the latter was immediately pulled away by Auntie to inquire how things had gone in this first interaction with him. Worried that Auntie and Cousin would interrogate her, Tong Nian made up the excuse that she was going to wait for her mom's vehicle to arrive and silently stood alone behind the glass door.

Through the glass, she watched as vehicles continually came to a stop.

Handing his keys to the valet, Gun stepped in through the huge revolving glass door to discover her there. “Still not heading in?”

Her hands were stuffed in her coat pockets, and she tried as much as possible to make herself feign that nothing at all was the matter. “I’m... waiting for my mom to come.”

In Gun’s eyes, the little girl was completely forcing on expressions of “I’m fine” and “I don’t care about you.”

He recalled in his mind that sentence he had said a moment ago in the car. Indeed, an ordinary person would interpret it as having crossed the line a little. “I am not interested in your cousin, so I am trying as much as possible to not allow her to develop any interest in me.”

“.....” And why is he telling me this? ...

“That’s why the things you said in the car were obviously just causing more trouble.” Gun drew on his patience to explain to her, “I don’t need approval or agreement from an outsider about my occupation, especially from someone I won’t really cross paths with in any way in the future. And even more so, I don’t need to explain myself. Understand?”

Even though he did not feel he needed to explain, this little girl could be considered one of the rare, few girls he had ever come in contact with in the many years of his life and could also be considered a friend, so he could not leave her feeling too chagrined. “As for why, in the car, I laid out in the open that we knew each other, it’s because it would otherwise be a lie that’s not sustainable. In just a while, my younger cousin is going to come. He’s going to recognize you and will definitely state the truth, so from the very beginning, there was no need for us to pretend that we are strangers to each other. Understand?”

His younger cousin?

She processed that for a moment. It wouldn’t be... that particularly tall boy who had worn the cap the whole time, would it?

“Feeling better about it now?” he asked in conclusion.

“... Feeling better...”

“Then let’s go?” He felt that this time, when he returned to Norway, he would most certainly be able to easily take on all the duties of a family nanny. In a few short days, his patience had practically grown geometrically.

With an “oh,” Tong Nian obediently followed him inside.

The two of them stepped into the private room that had been reserved ahead of time. Due to traffic congestion, only half of the people had arrived for now.

Auntie was still murmuring away with Cousin. Clearly, the former was simply too pleased with Gun’s family and educational background. However, it was also clear that the latter was too repulsed by his lack of a proper occupation and his arrogance and rudeness. Tong Nian’s foot had just stepped into the room before Auntie was pulling her over and, in a kindly, gentle voice, asking about what kind of person this man was since, after all, the two of them knew each other.

Remembering what Gun had said to her, Tong Nian did not know whether she should say good things or purposely speak ill about him. Unable to decide, she simply shook her head and said, “I honestly don’t know him all that well. We just met a week ago, and all I know is that he is really good at gaming.”

“What about his character? Is it true that he doesn’t bother to have a proper occupation? Or is he... just faking it?” Unresigned, her aunt persisted with her questions to get to the heart of the matter.

“... You can’t really consider him as not having a proper occupation, I guess...”

She was worried they would continue asking her, so pretending that she needed to make a phone call, she pulled out her mobile phone and hid herself away in the farthest corner.

As she sipped a drink, she tapped at the screen of her phone, randomly going from Changba[1] to YY[2], then to Bilibili, Weibo, etc., etc. So long as it was a site that she could pass some time in, she would make her rounds through it.

Her mom was the last to arrive and walked in together with her dad. Finally, she breathed out in relief. She was about to tell her mom to come sit beside her when, caught off guard, she soon noticed that young man behind her mom who was wearing a baseball cap and K&K's team uniform. Without any expression on his face, the young man quietly stepped inside and looked around left and right. Spotting Gun first, he nodded in what could be considered a greeting.

Then, he saw Tong Nian.

In a seldom-seen moment, a slight, peculiar expression actually showed on Dt's face. After recognizing Tong Nian, he turned once again to look puzzledly at Gun.

"Little Bai, you're here?" Smiling, the grandfatherly man hurriedly beckoned at Dt for him to go over. "Come, let Granddad have a look to see whether you have grown in these last few months."

... Still growing? Tong Nian could not help arching her head up to visually gauge Dt's height.

"If he grows any more... he'll hit the doorframe. And plus, it's not good to be taller than your big brother[3]..." she thought silently to herself.

While her attention slid away to muse on this, she suddenly felt her arm being nudged. Snapping her mind back, she realized that everyone's eyes were on her.

Huh?

Why are they looking at me?

"Come, Nian Nian. Come here. I'll introduce you to this grandson of mine." The elderly man was practically itching for them to immediately get to know one another, sit together for the dinner, and then in the end, after discovering that they were so, so right for each other, announce the following day that they intended on getting engaged. "Your parents have seen him twice before, when he was young."

Tong Nian was once again dazed and out of sorts as she stepped over.

While she walked, she thought, this time, she couldn't pretend that she did not know him...

Dt, on the other hand, very distinctly perceived what this grandfather of his was trying to do. His expression shifted once again, and somewhat disbelievingly, he stared at Gun, beginning a silent exchange of information with him through their gazes: *What is this?*

Gun had a look of “this matter doesn’t concern me” on his face: *It’s very obvious.*

Dt’s eyes moved to the side and slid over Tong Nian: *What kind of joke is this?*

Gun shrugged, the meaning of that very obvious: *It’s your own problem. Solve it yourself.*

Dt was in a very bad mood.

Gun had already turned his gaze away, and offhandedly picking up a magazine that had been tossed onto the sofa, he began leafing through it.

Dt shifted his gaze forward again. Tong Nian was already standing dutifully by his grandfather’s side, and the elderly man was holding her hand warmly. He used one-tenth of a second to make an assessment of the situation. Though he had previously hoped that the little lady would give the affections of her heart to another and not end up being ruined by Gun, who was so full of nonsense, it was also apparent that, when weighed against the little girl’s happiness, he even more so did not want to be dragged into this whole thing.

“Little Bai, this is Nian Nian, your Grandpa Tong’s granddaughter—his youngest granddaughter and also, in the family, the apple of everyone’s eye<sup>[4]</sup>.” Grandfather beamed as he looked at Dt.

Calmly, Dt made a decision. “Oh, I know her.”

“You know her?” Everyone was surprised by this.

Dt nodded slightly. “I think she... is my older brother’s girlfriend.”

In an instant, not a sound was heard in the room...

All around, it fell into a deathly stillness.

.....

.....

“Little Bai—” Gun threw down his magazine and swiftly stood up from the sofa.

“You don’t say anything!” Grandfather suddenly spoke and cast a surly glance at him. “Since young, you’ve never spoken many words of truth. I’m not listening to you. Little Bai, carry on.”

Dt understood when he should continue pressing the issue and when he should drop it, and hence, he did not embellish anything, merely giving an appropriate shake of his head. “I don’t really know anything concrete. The people in our club all call her Sister-In-Law.” This could not be considered a lie anyway.

Tong Nian...

... had completely frozen in shock already.

What was going on? ...

“Nian Nian, come here.” From behind her, her mom took her by the arm, enclosing her in an embrace as she asked softly, “Is it true?” Simply too scary. Why had a boyfriend suddenly popped out from nowhere? If he were to be paired with Tong Nian’s older cousin, then at least there was only a few years age difference and could be considered a suitable match. But if he and Tong Nian were together...

Tong Nian’s mom frowned, glancing quite displeasably at Gun: *too old*.

“No.” Tong Nian shook her head, then shook it some more. “Honest, it’s not that.”

“Then what is this about?” Mom felt even more that something was amiss. The look on her little daughter’s face was clearly indicating that something was the matter.

Tong Nian wanted to cry, but this was beyond tears. In a quiet voice, she told her mom, "I'm honestly not his girlfriend."

In the entire room, besides the four who belonged to a younger generation, the rest were all people who had lived the greater part of a lifetime already.

How could they not see that the little girl was embarrassed and discomfited?

And there was Dt's open, unperturbed expression as well as... Gun's obviously roiling emotions...

Her cousin and auntie suddenly understood.

Auntie was somewhat angry but was also somewhat frustratingly helpless to do anything. These kids were thin-skinned and refusing to tell the truth. What could she do about it? Auntie shook her head and, with some regret, looked over this future son-in-law whom she had spent a long time carefully selecting. Honestly, he was not bad at all. How was it that... he liked the very young Tong Nian? Didn't he feel that the age gap was a bit too much?

The room was filled with all sorts of different gazes brimming with different expressions, all sorts of instances of people biting their tongues to contain the words on their lips.

And all sorts of "you get it, I get it, we all get it..."

For the first time in his life, Gun tasted the feeling of frustration from falling into a spectacle of a situation. Somewhat awkwardly, he stood by his grandfather's side. Several times, he attempted to speak, but each time, the elderly man glared at him and caused him to swallow his words. Irate at this feeling of helplessness, he turned a dangerous glare on Dt: *You don't want to live, do you, punk?*

Beneath the brim of his ball cap, Dt's eyes contained a calmness that was beyond what any normal person would have. It completely carried a candidness in it that said, "Who told you to cross my bottom line and try and make me the

bad guy?”

It was evident the elderly man very much liked this little girl, who you could tell in a single glance was very simple. However, it was also evident that the elderly man wanted to match the little girl up with his favourite grandson [eldest grandson born of one's daughter(s)]. But... oh well. The matters of young people these days were not things you could predict.

The elderly man finally sighed, “Since Little Bai has already told the truth, you don't have to explain. Go pay your respects and greetings to your Uncle and Auntie Tong, and you can consider this your first time officially meeting them.”

Ah?!

Tong Nian gripped her mom's sleeve tightly and frantically shook her head. “Honest, no. Mom, you need to believe me. I swear, it's honestly not that...”

Her dearest mother, however, simply stroked her head, coaxing her in a soft voice and saying somewhat resignedly, “Don't interrupt when elders are speaking.”

Gosh, were it not for the fact that he was a member of the Han family, they would have turned their noses up at someone so old.

Mom and Dad exchanged a look, extremely disgruntled about this “boyfriend” who had suddenly come out of nowhere.

.....

With her eyes, Tong Nian appealed to Gun for help.

The latter swiftly considered possible solutions. He could not allow himself to consider other outside factors anymore. His elderly grandfather was already

more than ninety years old. If he truly were to defy and talk back to him, he could not even predict what might happen. And furthermore, it was the Lunar New Year's celebrations now... Wordlessly, he closed his eyes and made himself calm down. From a trust perspective, in his grandfather's eyes, the amount he had was absolutely in the negatives and was not even comparable to Dt.

The elders who were present at this moment all most certainly believed that he had tricked the little girl into being with him and then did not even want to take responsibility for it by admitting to it.

With the circumstances as they were, explaining was equivalent to making up excuses.

Unless Dt, that little punk, admitted that he was lying... But it was obvious that he would absolutely not retract any of what he had said.

.....

“Han Shangyan!” The elderly man was becoming increasingly displeased, even addressing him by his full, formal name.

He blew out a long breath. Putting his phone into the pocket of his pants, he walked forward, step by step, and moved toward Tong Nian.

When he so close he was only one step away from her, he slowly came to a stop.

And then, using a motion that was very pleasing to the eye, he extended his right hand. “Hello, Auntie, I am Han Shangyan. Nian Nian and I have only just been together for not very long. Without her consent, I did not dare pay a visit to you and Uncle. My apologies.”

karaoke machine. During singing, it will automatically record and add in built-in effects such as reverb and echo. It can then directly upload onto other social networking sites such as Weibo. See [changba.com](http://changba.com)

[2] YY is a voice and video service offered to users. While each user can have his own personal channel, it is designed for large-scale, real-time communication and is sometimes referred to as a virtual stadium. A single, virtual room can host tens of thousands of users at once, all listening and communicating in real-time. See [YY.com](http://YY.com)

[3] Throughout most of this, Gun is often referred to as Dt's 哥 "ge" which usually means "older brother" while Dt is called Gun's 弟弟 "di di," which usually means "younger brother. This is not because they are brothers by blood. Gun, as Dt's older, male cousin of a different surname, is Dt's 表哥 "biao ge" or "*biao-older brother.*" Similarly, Dt is Gun's younger, male cousin of a different surname, his 表弟 "biao di" or "*biao-younger brother.*" Hence, in the translation, you will see that Dt and Gun may be referred to as simply brothers, bro, *etc.*

[4]掌上明珠 "zhang shang ming zhu." Literally, this would translate as "a pearl in the palm" and is describing a very beloved, cherished person. It would be equivalent to describing a person as "the apple of one's eye."

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### **Additional Comments:**

To clarify, the Tong and Han families are only close family friends and are not related.

Dt's real name is 吴白 Wu Bai, and hence, his familiar name is Little Bai.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

18 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 19

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 19

[August 17, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [28 Comments](#)



When Leader eats candy, it's sob sob sob for the K&K boys. It's not hard to guess why Gun is grouchy this time, right?

### Chapter 19 – Countdown to the Breakup?

Of course, Tong Nian's mom was not very amiable to talk to.

At least, she did not shake his hand. She merely gave a "ha ha," then arbitrarily said that she had seen many photographs of Gun from when he was young, that she had met his parents before, and that who would have thought that in the blink of an eye, he was so grown up already.

Tong Nian's dad felt that his wife was out of line, and after everyone had taken a seat, he asked her in a low voice why she had not even given face to a junior of the younger generation. Disgruntled, Tong Nian's mom glanced over at Gun, who sat separated from them with Tong Nian in between. "Kids nowadays are

not like us in the past. Being 'friends' is not something that is secure and steady anymore. Who knows? Maybe by tomorrow, they'll break up."

Tong Nian's dad mulled over this for a moment, then wholeheartedly agreed.

Gun did not seem to mind at all that he had just received a veiled cold-shoulder treatment, and throughout the entire dinner, he performed very poorly.

For instance, never once did he pour a drink for Tong Nian, never once did he whisper sweet nothings in her ear to make her happy, never once did he take care of her and get her food from the dishes, never once... In the end, even Auntie was thinking it was lucky her daughter had not been matched with this man who behaved like he was a privileged young master. Otherwise, it would just end up that the girl's side would be the one on the short end of the stick.

The entire dinner was nearly over when Tong Nian at last furtively input a row of words into her mobile phone and held it over so it was in front of his eyes: *Why... did you need to say something untrue?*

Don't judge this line of words simply based on how short and simple it was. She had used a full ten minutes to type it and had tried all sorts of different wordings.

Despite knowing that what he had said was not true, she still held out a teeny bit of hope, even if the chance was one out of ten thousand... Could it be that he felt... she was more of a fit for him than Cousin?

When he got a clear view of the question, Gun felt a slight headache.

The answer to this question would be a little bothersome to explain and needed to begin from when Dt returned to China at twelve years old. Clearly, he

did not want to use any brainpower tonight and needed, in the fastest way possible, to provide a safe, harmless answer.

“My little brother has a girl whom he has liked for ten years.” Using the closest possible distance between the two of them and the safest volume of voice, he told her, “Before he came, he requested that I please help him get out of this blind date. But it was too thorny of a problem, and I had no choice but to use extreme measures. My apologies. After tonight, you can find any excuse you want to say you’ve broken up with me. Not considerate, not loving and gentle, nothing in common we can talk about, too old—all of these are fine. The reason for breaking up is up to you to decide as you please.”

“Oh...” Her eyes dimmed.

“I’m sorry.” For once, this particular sentence was actually spoken with sincerity.

“It’s no problem... It’s to help him,” she murmured softly.

Her eyes lightly flicked over for a glimpse of that grown boy who was eating his dinner. Presumably because he was eating with elders, he, for once, was not wearing his ball cap, having removed it and set it on his lap. Without saying a word, he kept his head down and ate.

A girl whom he has liked for ten years. That’s so nice. Ten years ago, I was only nine years old...

Eh? Wait, no. Ten years ago, wouldn’t he also have only been twelve years old?

!!!!

So young!

At night, when everyone was preparing to leave, his grandfather specifically told him to drive Tong Nian and her parents home.

The vehicle pulled up beside the building of their home, and the engine was turned off.

Tong Nian slowly unfastened her seat belt.

Her mom still wanted to stay in the vehicle to keep an eye on the two of them, but her dad had already nudged her first on the shoulder. The meaning of that was, “Hey you, the elder, no matter what, you’ve got to at least kind of show that you’re giving them a little bit of time to talk.”

And so, grudgingly and reluctantly, Tong Nian’s parents got out of the car.

Inside the vehicle, a song was playing on the radio. It was Pu Shu’s *The Ordinary Road*. He had turned the volume up very high, and the lyrics were circulating through the entire interior of the vehicle.



*“I once traversed the mountains and the great seas,  
And once passed through mountains and seas of people,  
I once possessed everything,  
But in a blink, they vanished like the dissipating mist and clouds.*

.....

*I once ruined all that I had,  
And wanted only to forever leave.  
I once fell into a boundless darkness,*

*And wanted to struggle, but yet was unable to free myself..."*

.....

"May I ask you a question?" Tong Nian asked softly, her eyes glancing toward her dad and mom, who were outside the car.

Gun's mind was somewhat preoccupied. It was not certain whether it was because he was paying attention to the lyrics or because the volume of the music truly was too loud, but he could only hear that she was speaking and could not clearly catch what exactly she was saying.

His gaze shifted back from the views outside the car window and landed on her. "Why aren't you heading back into your home?"

"I want to ask a question first." She raised her hand, reiterating her request.

Gun arched his brow and motioned for her to continue speaking.

"When... are we going to break up?"

There should at least be a timeframe, right?

Gun had not expected that this would be her question.

In the little girl's eyes, he saw many different emotions and states of mind: confusion and struggle, disappointment, fluster, speaking things that were contrary to her heart... But beneath all those different emotions, what could not be concealed was that tiny trace of hope that she very much wanted to repress...

Inside the vehicle, it was abnormally quiet.

.....

.....

One minute later, Tong Nian docilely stepped out of the car.

Immediately, her mom pulled the front of Tong Nian's coat, which had not completely done up, tightly closed and asked in a low voice, "What did you talk about? It took so long?"

"We didn't really talk about anything." Rubbing her cheeks with her hands, she mumbled quietly, "We just... said a few sentences."

\*

Gun parked his vehicle into the underground garage. Stepping out of the car, he walked into the elevator and pressed the button for the twentieth floor. Fifteen seconds later, the elevator arrived at the first floor. It just so happened that when the door opened, several K&K members walked in, carrying little box after little box of food for a late-night meal. Seeing Gun, the youngest of them, demo, first took a reflexive step backwards before following closely after the other two team members in front, who had instantly shut their mouths and slipped into the elevator with lowered heads.

Leader... is eating candy. T.T ... What should we do?

Captain, oh, Captain Dt, where are you? Grunt, oh, g *Shuai*, where are you? We can't handle Leader, ah, ah, ah, *AAAAH!*

The door slowly slid shut.

From behind them, two hands reached forward to simultaneously take hold of the shoulders belonging to demo and one of the other team members. "That's Lunar New Year's Eve dinner?"

"Yes... Leader." demo's voice was tight, and he dared not turn around. "We couldn't buy plane or train tickets, right? So we're just planning on going home on the second day of the new lunar year... remember? ..."

"When you guys are done eating, come to my room. I'll test your hand reaction

time.”

.....

After saying this, he thought for a moment, then asked, “Who else is here? Call them all over. Anyone who doesn’t pass will have to go running in the morning.”

.....

Everyone was on the verge of tears.

Who tests hand reaction time on Lunar New Year’s Eve?! And who has morning runs on Lunar New Year’s Day?!

Is he even going to let people just have a nice Lunar New Year celebration?!!!! There’s no way we can stay on this team anymore!!!!

Noticing there was no sound in response, Gun’s brows creased. In the mirror, his extremely black eyes swept a gaze over the several of them. “Didn’t hear what I said?”

\*

One hour ago, inside the vehicle.

The song was gradually approaching its end. Gun felt that the temperature inside the car was slightly too high. Shutting off the heat, he unconcernedly returned her question with his own. “When would you like to break up?”

Huh? Me?

“What’s the matter?” His tone was flat. “Don’t know?”

“I don’t know what would be a suitable time, either...”

Now? Now didn’t seem to be a suitable time, right? Tomorrow? That seemed a little too soon, too... A week later? Would one week make her seem a little too fickle when it came to relationships 0.0? A month later?

In her mind, she continually pushed the timeline back later and later...

“Let’s do this.” Gun interrupted her aimless time-wasting and pressed the unlock button on the centre console. With a click, the front doors of the car were unlocked. “When you think the time is right, let me know.”

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### Additional Comments:

Ah, it’s been so long since I’ve done translation of lyrics here. I translated the whole thing before I realized Youtube has several English subs of the lyrics. You can do a search on 平凡之路, sung by 朴树 if you are interested.

### 《平凡之路》*The Ordinary Road*

[0:12] 徘徊着的 在路上的

*Wandering on the road 你要走吗 via via*

*Are you leaving now? (via via) 易碎的 骄傲着*

*Fragile, proud 那也曾是我的模样*

*Were what I once was as well*

[0:34] 沸腾着的 不安着的

*Passionate, unsettled 你要去哪 via via*

*Where is it you are going? (via via) 谜一样的 沉默着的*

*Like a mystery, there in silence 故事你真的在听吗*

*Are you truly listening to my story?*

[0:56] 我曾经跨过山和大海

*I once traversed the mountains and the great seas,*

*也穿过人山人海*

*And once passed through mountains and seas of people, 我曾经拥有着  
一切*

*I once possessed everything, 转眼都飘散如烟*

*But in a blink, they vanished like the dissipating mist and clouds. 我曾经  
失落失望失掉所有方向*

*I once was dejected, disappointed, and lost of purpose and direction 直到*

看见平凡才是唯一的答案

*Until I saw that the ordinary road was the only answer*

[1:31] 当你仍然 还在幻想

*While you are still dreaming 你的明天 via via*

*About your tomorrow (via via) 她会好吗 还是更烂*

*And whether it will be good, or worse 对我而言是另一天*

*For me, it is only another day*

[1:53] 我曾经毁了我的一切

*I once ruined all that I had 只想永远地离开*

*And wanted only to forever leave. 我曾经堕入无边黑暗*

*I once fell into a boundless darkness 想挣扎无法自拔*

*And wanted to struggle, but yet was unable to free myself 我曾经像你像他像那野草野花*

*I once was like you, like him, like those wild grasses and flowers*

*绝望着 也渴望着 也哭也笑平凡着*

*Despairing, yet longing, and crying, and laughing, and being ordinary*

[3:03] 向前走 就这么走

*Keep moving forward, just like this 就算你被给过什么*

*Even if things have been thrown your way 向前走 就这么走*

*Keep moving forward, just like this 就算你被夺走什么*

*Even if things have been taken from you 向前走 就这么走*

*Keep moving forward, just like this 就算你会错过什么*

*Even if you may miss something 向前走 就这么走*

*Keep moving forward, just like this 就算你会*

*Even if you...*

[3:24] 我曾经跨过山和大海

*I once traversed the mountains and the great seas,*

*也穿过人山人海*

*And once passed through mountains and seas of people, 我曾经拥有着一切*

*I once possessed everything, 转眼都飘散如烟*

*But in a blink, they vanished like the dissipating mist and clouds. 我曾经失落失望失掉所有方向*

*I once was dejected, disappointed, and lost of purpose and direction 直到  
看见平凡才是唯一的答案*

*Until I saw that the ordinary road was the only answer*

[3:47] 我曾经毁了我的一切

*I once ruined all that I had 只想永远地离开*

*And wanted only to forever leave. 我曾经堕入无边黑暗*

*I once fell into a boundless darkness 想挣扎无法自拔*

*And wanted to struggle, but yet was unable to free myself... 我曾经像你  
像他像那野草野花*

*I once was like you, like him, like those wild grasses and flowers 绝望着 也  
渴望着 也哭也笑平凡着*

*Despairing, yet longing, and crying, and laughing; and being ordinary*

[4:10] 我曾经跨过山和大海

*I once traversed the mountains and the great seas,*

*也穿过人山人海*

*And once passed through mountains and seas of people, 我曾经问遍整  
个世界*

*I once asked the entire world 从来没得到答案*

*Yet I never got the answer 我不过像你像他像那野草野花*

*I am merely like you, like him, like those wild grasses and flowers 冥冥中  
这是我 唯一要走的路啊*

*Somewhere, it has been determined that this is the only road I am to take*

[4:34] 时间无言 如此这般

*Time slips by wordlessly in such a way 明天已在眼前*

*And tomorrow is before us now 风吹过的 路依然远*

*The wind blows by; the journey is still a long one 你的故事讲到了哪*

*Where are you in your story?*

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

19 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 20

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 20

[August 20, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [47 Comments](#)



Tong Nian is a little confused on her next steps and seeks advice. And he “shows up” in the most unexpected of places!

### Chapter 20 – Breakup Not On Schedule ◯▽◯!

The next day, Dt left the hotel where his grandfather was staying and returned to the club’s gaming house [\[1\]](#). There, he found a dozen or more boys, all of them dressed in the team’s short-sleeve uniforms, hopping and rubbing at their arms as they did some warm-up exercises on the spot where they stood. When demo caught sight of Dt, his eyes immediately reddened. “Captain!” Regardless of whether they were older or younger than him, all of them swarmed toward him, feeling as if they had finally found someone who could be their refuge.

Needless to say, the person inside the room at the very end of the corridor must have been in an extremely bad mood the previous night.

Wordlessly, Dt nodded.

Walking directly to the end of the corridor, he pushed open the door.

Inside, he discovered the floor of the room littered with a variety of chocolate wrappers, fruit candy wrappers... Anyway, it was simply all sorts of candy... No lights were on. Right at this moment, in his computer, Gun was absolutely dominating over his opponents and torturing them to death. Without even turning his head, he said, "You're back?"

Obviously, the only one who would dare push open his room door during this time was that same person who had had the audacity to sell him out.

Dt's eyes once again made a scan around the room, and then, without saying anything, he turned and left.

A candy was hurled out, whizzing straight past Dt's ear with a *whoosh* as it flew and smashed into the door directly across the hall. Outside the doorway, everyone who had followed along to eavesdrop shuddered, and instantly, the entire group jogged away to do their morning run. In contrast, the one who had nearly been smacked by the candy, Dt, showed no superfluous expressions. Even the look in his eyes had not shifted. Pulling Gun's door shut behind him, he simply pulled out his own room card and, with a swipe, opened that door across the hallway.

Catch up on some Z's.

The man inside the room sat on his chair, his body leaning backwards into the seatback. He once again flipped through the itinerary his assistant had brought him. The primary squad would be assembling on the fifth day of the new lunar year and heading to Sanya. One day after that, the entire K&K troop would also arrive in Sanya, and then he, Dt, and grunt would fly to the United States to participate in a *StarCraft II* offline tournament.

The arrangements were very apt.

After looking over that paper again and again for several times, he at last returned to that first question that had popped into his mind when he saw this

itinerary.

Should he tell the little girl that he would be out of country?

.....

In these past twenty-nine years, only two promises had ever been made from his lips. The first was, back then, to be Team Solo's investor, and the second was to allow her to decide when would be the time of their breakup.

He had given in, perhaps, because she had unconditionally believed his explanation.

That absolute load of crap of an explanation—that it was only because of Dt's request that he had told everyone she and he were a couple.

Apart from fatigue, due to a night without sleep, and bad mood, written on his gorgeous face were also some irritability and frustration over being unable to control the future. Since last night, he had felt a sense of foreboding, that this one instance of softheartedness and giving in would end up bringing him countless troubles.

And now... this was the first of those troubles.

\*

Like every year, during the first couple days of the new lunar year, her parents brought her around to pay New Year's greetings.

Every now and then, as she took advantage of the times when the adults were all exchanging pleasantries and chatting idly to sit down, she would over and over ponder on what Gun had said. By the evening of the Lunar New Year's second day, she finally could contain herself no longer and began a quiet discussion with Soy Milk, who had also been dragged out to pay New Year's greetings.

Soy Milk listened to her recount her story from beginning to end. It had even more exciting ups and downs than those blockbuster movies that had been released in celebration of the Lunar New Year!

*Terrified in Three Steps* and *The Taking of Yalong Bay at Night* [2], don't even bother fighting it out to compete. You totally don't even come close in being worth watching!

"It means he's interested in you, of course!" By the time Soy Milk listened to the point in the story describing the two's conversation the previous night, he finally could not restrain himself and shot up onto his feet, drawing the gazes of all the elders in the home... Straightaway, he shirked back again, sitting down and leaning in close to sigh in her ear, "Let me tell you, you really don't understand men. Really, you don't understand them. Oh, you. Let me, this man who has 'watched the many sailboats a-comin' and a-goin' [3]' [experienced many loves, but none of them was the real one], explain things to you."

"All you've had are secret crushes on seven girls, you know?" She could not help exposing the actual truth.

Where did he get his so-called "watched the many sailboats"?

"Seven! My blood and tear-stained history, eh! Each one, I used a different way to profess my love, and each one, I was rejected in a different way." Soy Milk looked at her with a pained expression. "Have you heard of the saying, 'prolonged illness makes a doctor of a patient'? I've had secret crushes for so long they've brought about this result."

Doubtful, she held on to her reservations.

"Anyway, this is what it is. Him telling you to decide when to break up is actually the exact opposite of what he wants. Men all want face. Here you are pursuing him. Of course he doesn't want to set aside his pride to tell you, 'I don't want to break up,' right? So he's just using this roundabout way to hint it to you."

.....

She still was unwilling to completely believe Soy Milk.

When she returned home, she called Blueberry to consult this woman who had

also done the pursuing of her techie guy.

“Turning the act into reality! He wants to turn this act you guys are doing into reality.”

... The person on the other end of the line was even more stoked than she was...

Was it true?

Hugging a gigantic Winnie the Pooh, Tong Nian sat in front of her computer and fell into deep thought.

If... he really was just too embarrassed to say it and did actually want to try being together, then, should she still do the breakup?

She rested her chin on the bear's shoulder and pulled on its furry paw, feeling unsettled for a long time. Out of the blue, she remembered the song that he had diverted his attention away to listen to that night. The lyrics... were very similar to the rumours she had found online regarding his retirement from professional gaming ten years ago. As her thoughts turned to this, she tossed her bear aside and immediately did a search. Following along with the lyrics, she listened to the song several times.

Many images seemed to be hovering before her eyes, ready to vividly emerge: how, amid the enthusiastic applause of gamers and gaming enthusiasts, he had stood and addressed the crowd with his greetings; how, with his teammates, he had won championship after championship and taken spot after spot on world rankings...

Suddenly, overnight, Team Solo had disbanded while still at the peak of its career.

And this man, who had been called “the one who has reached the pinnacle of individual performance as a pro gamer,” one day, had simply disappeared and left China.

.....

She blinked her eyes. Her nose tingled. She felt somewhat down.

Unconsciously, her fingers slid back and forth over the keyboard.

She imagined that if she had known him ten years ago, she probably would not have even dared try to get close to him. He had been too dazzling.

.....

Eh, wait, no.

Ten years ago, she was only nine years old...

Primary school, third grade...

Still crying like a baby over her poor grades in her English class...

Third grade, huh? A picture of herself popped up in her mind: an enormous schoolbag on her back, crying as she folded her test paper into a tiny little square and hid it in a corner of her bag. And then, after she got home and her mom successfully found it and pulled it out, the first questions that came up had been “Why did you hide the test paper in your schoolbag? Isn’t that the easiest place to find it? ...”

Back then, she did not even know how to hide her test paper away.

And he was already a world champion.

Tong Nian felt rather stirred with emotion. Opening up Weibo, for the first time ever, she posted some words that had nothing to do with covers of Japanese songs.

*Ten years ago, what were you all doing? I’m suddenly feel really stirred*

*emotionally. While I was still so silly that I only knew to hide my test paper in my schoolbag, someone was already a world champion.*

Ten seconds later, thirty comments. Twenty seconds later, seventy comments...

She had nothing to do anyway, so one by one, she scrolled through them. The number of comments was increasingly rapidly since, after all, this was a rare, once-in-a-century moment where she was actually interacting with netizens... There were countless replies with all sorts of wonderful and wacky responses. Some fans even sniffed out the mood behind this Weibo post.

*Random person: ^ω^ Ten years ago, huh? Meow. I was doing make-up exams!*

*Random person: Fiercely making a mark here first. While I'm at it, I'll do a love profession. Your Highness, requesting to marry you!*

*Random person: Your Royal Highness! Who is "someone"?!!!!*

*Random person: Same as above poster! Who is "someone"? Who who who who whooooo?!*

*Random person: I was at the anime expo that took place before the Lunar New Year. Your Highness, Your Highness, I was the one who gave you that love letter, the one with the red envelope! Your Highness's legs are crazy amazing!*

*Random person: Previous poster, give me a break. Are Our Highness's legs the only things that are crazy amazing?*

*Random person: Dada's so cute. To actually hide a test paper in your schoolbag... Was it because you were trying to give a demonstration on how to be caught on the spot?*

.....

*Mobile phone user no. 30230333: I will be out of country the next few days. Mobile no. is 1840090 + your house number. Gn*

.....

*Random person: I've hidden mine before, too! In the corner of my*

*drawer! It turns out I'm not the dumbest one HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA...*

Random person: *Wait! What's up with the previous post????*

.....

Huh?

Huh?!

!!!!

Tong Nian suddenly stopped breathing, and both her hands pressed against her chest.

It was him, it was him!!!!

[1] Technically, the Chinese text described it as the club's 公寓, which should be translated as an apartment complex. However, as you read further, you will realize the set-up is describing the “gaming house” concept that has been very popular with many pro gaming teams, especially those based in Asia. A gaming house is a central place containing living quarters and training areas and allows gamers, as a team, to sleep, eat, and train together. It began in Korea, originally as a cost-saving measure for the often very young gamers to pursue competitive gaming. Nowadays, for some of the bigger, wealthier eSports organizations, pro gaming houses can be very elaborate and lavish. Note that while the gaming house model has been very popular, not all teams follow it, and some have actually moved to having simply a central training facility instead, which allows for separation of work/gaming from other areas of the team members' lives.

[2] 《三步腿软》*Terrified in Three Steps* and 《夜取亚龙湾》*The Taking of Yalong Bay at Night* are both fictional movies that the author made up, and their titles are a parody on the real movie titles, 《一步之遥》“One Step Away” (a literal translation of the title; the official English title is *Gone with the Bullets*) and 《智取威虎山》*The Taking of Tiger Mountain*, respectively. Both of these actual movies were released in December 2014, while this particular chapter of

the novel was released online less than a month later in early January 2015.

[3]千帆阅尽 “qian fan yue jin.” This literally means “to have gazed upon thousands of sailboats.” It is a saying that draws reference to the poem,《望江南》*To Gaze Upon Jiangnan*, written by Tang dynasty poet 温庭筠 Wen Tingyun. There is a line in the poem, “过尽千帆皆不是,” which means, “thousands of sails have passed, but none are the one.” The poem describes a woman who awakens and readies herself for the day. Alone, she ascends a pavilion that looks out upon the river and stands there, watching as sailboats come and go. But none of these boats carry the one whom her heart is waiting and longing for. After gazing for an entire day, against a backdrop of glowing rays from the setting sun and the steady flow of the river, yearning and disappointment settle in the woman’s heart. “To have gazed upon many sailboats” is therefore a metaphor to describe a person who has experienced many things, especially those of love, but they have never come to fruition and have brought only disappointment after disappointment until the heart is lonely and weary.

#### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

20 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 21

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 21

[August 24, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [27 Comments](#)



You guys all think too highly of Gun. Don't forget, he needed someone to help him turn his WeChat app to vibrate. The guy's not into social media. So the real reason why he left the message in Weibo was because...

Well, since technically, she's his "girlfriend," it's reasonable to expect that she can do certain things, right?

### Chapter 21 – Eared Socks?

In a dark room, Gun closed his eyes and handed his mobile phone to 97. "Delete it for me."

Huh? What was Leader up to, eh? He had just installed the Weibo app and now he wanted to uninstall it? 97 took the phone from him and, not daring to delay, deleted it straightaway under Gun's gaze.

And here he had thought Leader had finally been enlightened and was going to register for a personal Weibo account.

Who didn't have a personal Weibo account in this day and age? If news spread that Gun had registered a Weibo account, his followers, overnight, would definitely be equal in numbers to SP's Solo as well as Dt and grunt. Oh, no, wait. Back then, Gun's face had obviously been the fairest of them all while his personality had been the most difficult. Regardless of what day and age it was, this sort of cool, aloof guy was always the most attractive to girls, right? His follower count should definitely be even more...

Ah, no wonder.

By the time 97 handed the mobile phone back to Gun, he already understood Leader's intentions behind not opening an account of his own: he was scared Sister-In-Law would get jealous.

In the space of this one thought, 97 felt suddenly that the Great Demon Overlord before him was actually a little like a normal human being?

"On Weibo, do you all normally communicate through leaving comments?" He had not slept for two days, having grabbed two players on the team and played practice matches the entire time. Now, Gun truly was so tired he had a headache.

"Ah? I guess so." This question was a little weird, eh. When you chatted with people you knew, you normally used WeChat. Who would leave comments in Weibo? The ones who left comments were all fans and followers. "But PMing is relatively more convenient."

PMing? With difficulty, Gun forced his eyes open and flicked a gaze toward 97.

Instantly, the latter felt a chill down his neck.

Forget it. Couldn't be bothered to care. Once again closing his eyes in exhaustion, Gun fell into his "do not disturb" mode.

In K&K, there were a few rules and bans regarding Gun. For example, like right now, when he wanted to sleep, it was best to just instantaneously disappear and not say a single extra sentence of bullsh\*t.

97 at once clamped his mouth shut. Very lightly, he stepped out of the room and slowly, ever so slowly, closed the door.

Whew. Lately, the pressure in this room of Leader's was a little too suffocating, you know...

He stood in front of the door and, after patting himself on the chest to calm his nerves, immediately pulled out his mobile phone to browse his own Weibo. All of a sudden, his finger paused. Holy dang...

Leader specifically went and registered on Weibo just to... watch Sister-In-Law flaunt her lovey-dovey affections for him?!

\*

Breathe. Breathe. Deep breaths...

Tong Nian tried hard to pull back her awareness. The first things to do were to copy down that phone number, quickly follow his account in Weibo, and then delete that comment. Everything was done swiftly in one smooth go, but it was still discovered by sharp-eyed fans.

Random person: *Did I see wrong?! Her Highness followed an alt account!! A mobile phone user account that has no avatar!!*

Random person: *Where where?*

Random person: *On my knees to you... Requesting we mutually follow one another, AH!!*

Random person: *Sure enough, our Squidie Dada's taste is different from the ordinary person!*

Random person: *I'm going to register an alt account!!!! I want to be*

*followed by Her Highness!!!!*

.....

She was stupefied by the comments flooding the screen. Hurriedly, she went into his Weibo and took a look. Phew. Thank goodness. It was so barren there, not even a random blade of grass growing on that profile page. He wouldn't be hit on or bothered by people. Mm-hmm, mm-hmm. And so, she, the one who had not had a good sleep for two days, smugly hugged that phone number against herself and rolled around on the bed.

Who cared what sort of chaos had broken out on Weibo? Right now, all her heart and mind cared about was this one thing. Everything else was as substantial to her as floating clouds!

Under the glow of the bedside lamp, she raised her mobile phone high above her head and stared at that string of numbers...

It was eight o'clock right now. That wasn't considered late, right?

Deep breath.

Don't be scared.

Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.

She pressed the dial button, then gently brought the phone to her ear.

*Thump, thump, thump...* Her heartbeat.

*Brrrrt...brrrt... brrrt...* The phone's ringback tone.

*Thump, thump, thump...* Her heartbeat.

*Brrrrt...brrrt... brrrt...*

Suddenly, the call was answered—

And then, there no sound... no sound at all...

Dazedly, she held onto her phone and gave a tentative "Hello?" Still no sound...

She had copied the number down wrong? That couldn't be. She had checked it several times just now.

.....

A few seconds later, she sat up from the bed. Right as she was about to hang up the call, his voice was unexpectedly heard from within the phone, sounding only half-awake and... in a bad mood. "Tong Nian?"

"Mm, mm. It's me..." She instantly could hear that he had been sleeping. "I was just— "

What did she want to say? T.T Why had she forgotten all of it? She was so dumb she could cry...

"I'm going to the U.S. on February 24." Gun's voice was very, very, very low... as if he was going to fall into a deep slumber at any second. "Back March 19. EK306—"

"Oh, oh." She immediately committed this string of information to memory.

"If there's anything" —his voice was already rather indistinct, as if he was struggling at the edge of dreamland—"we'll talk about it when I'm back."

She gave a couple of "uh-huh, uh-huhs," wanting to tell him that she did not really have anything important. However, the person on the other end of the line had already fallen into a pure, peaceful quiet.

She softly said hello a couple of times again. Very thoughtfully, she did not continue to disturb him and hung up the call of her own accord.

Then, she stared vacantly at her mobile phone for a full two minutes.

He needed to go to the U.S., and for so long, too. For a competition? So exhausting. The Lunar New Year's celebrations weren't even over yet.

And so it was for nearly half a month.

There was no contact between the two of them. Every time Tong Nian pulled

out her phone, wanting to call him, she would remember that he needed to lead his team in training, needed to compete, needed to engage in social activities for networking, needed to... Anyway, he should not be readily disturbed. And then, she would wordlessly put her phone away again.

On the day of the Lantern Festival[1], she was clasping her mobile phone, staring undecidedly at his phone number while simultaneously pondering over whether she should make a phone call to him on this holiday. Her mom brought out a bowl of *yuanxiao*[2] [glutinous rice balls] with peanut-sesame filling from the kitchen and passed it into her hands. Probingly, her mom asked the question, “Have you and your boyfriend broken up?”



*Yuanxiao* ([image credit](#)). The filling in this particular picture looks to be black sesame filling.

“Huh?” She paused in blank surprise as she extended a hand to take the bowl.

“It’s hot. Mom will carry it over there for you.” Her dearest mother did not want her to burn her hand. Seeing her dull expression, Mom laughed, “It doesn’t matter. If you’ve broken up, then you’ve broken up. You’re still young. Freedom to love as you want, right? Mom won’t interfere.”

“We haven’t broken up,” she murmured lightly as she very displeasably followed behind her mom. “He’s just busy.”

“Oh, busy.” Her dearest mother beamed at her. Things were evident from the chat history in her phone. It had been nearly a full month where they had not even called each other. “Doesn’t matter, doesn’t matter.” After saying this, she set down the bowl that was filled with *yuanxiao* and, in passing, stroked Tong Nian’s hair. “How about this? If, in the future, you feel like you want to break up

but you're worried that the adults of the two families will overthink the situation, Mom will help you out and say it for you, okay?"

.....

"I don't want to break up..." Picking up a spoon, she poked at the *yuanxiao*.

All of a sudden, she remembered that there eventually would be a day when they would break up.

Somewhat gloomily, she continued stabbing at the *yuanxiao* until gradually, one became a squashed mess.

And then... she continued to stab at the next one...

Without warning, her hand halted. Wait! He specifically told me the flight number. Does that mean he wants me to go to the airport to meet his flight? Hmm, that doesn't seem very likely... But, as his girlfriend, it shouldn't be a problem to go meet him there, right?

No problem, right?

With those thoughts, she no longer was depressed. Merrily, she slurped down that bowl of *yuanxiao* that she had stabbed to a mush, then immediately wiped her mouth clean, tossed down her spoon, and bounced upstairs to choose her clothes.

Even though today was only the fifth of March and there was still another half a month...

Half a month later, she had finally settled on the outfit that she would be going out in. She was even for once wearing shoes with a slight heel, in hopes that she could measure up to even a little bit of his height. When she was sitting inside the taxi, the driver looked in the rearview mirror at this young girl and could not help asking cheerfully, "Going to the airport to pick up your boyfriend?" On such a chilly day, to be dressed so cutely and not care at all about temperature and warmth—it could only be for the boyfriend.

Especially since it was raining torrentially...

A little embarrassed, she gave an “mm” in answer before taking a moist towelette and, with all seriousness, wiping at the rain on her shoes.

Finding this little girlie to be adorable, the driver purposely drove faster for her. Due to traffic congestion, though, by the time she arrived at the airport, she was still late. The driver deliberately stopped on the cleanest stretch of ground. Repeatedly expressing her thanks, Tong Nian stepped out of the car, held down her little dress hat with her hand, and dashed to the main entrance. People were everywhere, especially at the arrivals door, where they were packed tightly together, and there was simply no place for her to get settled and wait...

She could only thicken her skin and, with all her might, continuously squeeze her way forward and then squeeze some more.

Then, holding onto the security rope, she steadied herself on her feet.

Nervously, her eyes watched the travellers that were coming out one after another.

He wasn't there.

That wasn't him.

That still wasn't him...

There were fewer and fewer people coming out. Gradually, she began to grow uneasy. It was clearly displayed on the monitors that the plane had just landed. She shouldn't have missed him, right? Wait... There! He was simply too eye-catching. She had instantly spotted him once he stepped out from the frosted glass doors. However, he was speaking with two unfamiliar men, who each wore a camera hanging from the neck. Following behind him was grunt, but neither of them looked in her direction. Just like that, in a spot three steps away, they walked straight past her...

“Han...” she called out, but all of a sudden feeling self-conscious, she very slowly lowered the volume of the remaining word. “Shangyan...” How come he yet again didn't see me? ...

In the instant when her eyes dimmed, a hand suddenly waved in front of them.

“It’s you.” The beautiful, short-haired woman smiled and asked her, “You came to wait for Gun?”

“... Mm.” It was her...

She was somewhat hesitant, not really bold enough to talk to appledog. After all, Gun had demonstrated all along that he was not very friendly towards her, causing Tong Nian to not know what to do, either.

“Dt.” appledog turned and addressed the young man who had walked out alongside her. “How about you bring her over? I’m going to go first.”

It was also only after appledog caught sight of her that Dt noticed Tong Nian crammed in the masses of people. Originally, he had still been considering whether he should say hello, but now, seeing as the woman before him had said this, he of course needed to treat her words as his task that he needed to complete. “Sure.”

“See you later.” Towing her suitcase with her, appledog waved at Tong Nian. After thinking for a moment, though, she moved over close to her and whispered, “Wishing you guys happiness. Going now.”

.....

“Thank you.” Tong Nian’s face became completely crimson.

And so, she watched as, side by side, the beautiful woman and a teenage boy strode outside.

Without saying any superfluous words, Dt pointed at the main doors of the airport, motioning to Tong Nian that she should go with him. Tong Nian immediately stepped out from the crowd and, following him, walked straight out of the airport. There, she saw that Gun had already sat into a private minivan.

This person whom she had not seen for one month was right now leaning his head back into the seat and resting. Perhaps because he was worried he would be disturbed, his jacket had been taken off and was being used to cover his face... With one leg crossed over the other, he was as comfortable as he could get and as relaxed as he could be.

“Your girlfriend’s here.” Dt suddenly spoke, breaking the silence within the vehicle.

.....

.....

He did not so much as stir. It was apparent he did not know Dt was talking to him.

Behind him, grunt bent his pointer finger and shoved up his glasses. With an evil grin, he chimed, “Oh, hey, Sister-In-Law.”

Only then did Gun move his arm, rather slowly pulling down the garment that was covering his face. Because he had been about to fall asleep, he really could not maintain any sort of pleasant face or friendly mood at this moment. In his blurred vision, he saw a girl dressed in a green, plaid suit dress, hugging her black wool coat against herself and even wearing a deep green, little dress hat...

Wasn’t she cold? He moved his arms to loosen them up, then took another glance at that hat. A green hat... What kind of taste was that?[\[3\]](#)

So, he set down that leg that had been crossed on top of the other one and sat up straight. Resting both his elbows on his knees, he looked down at her where she stood outside the van door. “Something the matter?”

grunt covered his forehead with his hand. What a waste of words. What else could it be?

“No... nothing. I just came to meet your flight.” Her head was down.

Sure enough, he was not happy about it.

Dt lowered his head to cast a look at Tong Nian’s calves, which were exposed to the biting wind, and fell deep into contemplation. If they didn’t let the little girl into the van, would it create a situation where tomorrow, she would have a cold, and then by the time she was old, she would be unable to walk due to aching joints? And plus, from the looks of it, “she” really seemed to like this little girl... As he thought of this point, he at last did the rare thing of opening his

mouth to say a sentence of casual chitchat. “Go ahead and get in the van first. You’ll end up dying from the cold first if you wait for him to tell you to get in.”

.....

She dared not move.

The weight of the threefold gaze coming from the driver plus grunt and Dt caused Gun to finally, from somewhere within his tiredness, find a sliver of the goodness of human nature. He looked down, and after three seconds of forcing his mind to clear even more, he raised his head again. “Get in the van.”

Only then did Tong Nian give an “mm” and obediently step into the vehicle.

Gun shifted inwards from the outside, freeing up a seat for her. And then, after she had sat down, his eyes slowly travelled down and landed on that bare pair of legs. “Not cold?”

“Not cold.” She shook her head, somewhat embarrassed that her little notion had been exposed. “Honest, I don’t feel cold.”

Didn’t feel cold, and yet her legs were so chilled they were pale?

Conjuring up in his mind how his legs had felt during a trip to Antarctica, Gun swept his eyes once again over those slender, snowy-white legs. “Where are those long socks of yours, with the ears?”

Huh? Socks with the ears?

Tong Nian paused blankly in surprise. Stammering somewhat, she asked in reply, “You... like me wearing those?”

.....

.....

.....

.....

“Pfffffft!” Grunt sprayed out a laugh.

That question was... just wicked!

[1] 元宵节 “Yuan Xiao Jie.” The Lantern Festival or Yuan Xiao Festival takes place on the fifteenth day of the first month in the lunar year, and marks the end of the Lunar New Year’s celebrations (also known as the Spring Festival) with the first full moon of the year. Traditionally, lanterns are lit and put up as decoration or carried around during the night. So, from a timeline perspective, the “matchmaking dinner” took place on Lunar New Year’s Eve, and this scene here is fifteen days later.

[2] 元宵. *Yuanxiao* are a “dumpling,” usually sweet, and are rolled (not wrapped) into a ball form with glutinous rice flour. A filling is first formed into a sphere and then dropped into glutinous rice flour, where it is shaken and rocked back and forth until it forms a ball covered in the flour. Fillings can include peanut, sesame, red bean paste, almond, *etc.* and are a traditional food of the Lantern Festival.

[3] In Chinese, the expression, “wearing a green hat” is used to describe a man whose wife has been unfaithful to him.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

21 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 22

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 22

[August 27, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [42 Comments](#)



Bahahahaha! Blueberry cracks me up! Ah, this was such a fun chapter to translate.

### Chapter 22 – Eared Socks (◦\_◦)!

.....

He could not even be bothered to say any more. Feeling around in his pocket, he pulled out three mobile phones.

One at a time, he powered them on.

Countless message alert tones began ringing out.

Amid the frenzied noise of text message and voicemail alerts, Tong Nian added in a small voice, “If you like it, I’ll wear it again next time. Is white okay?”

.....

grunt’s expression was already rather misshapen from laughing so hard, and he completely was not portraying the image that he, as a handsome young man, should have. Dt, on the other hand, voluntarily chose to shift back one seat, and then, after thinking briefly, he pulled out his earphones and plugged his ears with them.

Gun felt that the little girlie’s thought process was not even on the same

channel as his. However, due to the fact that Grunt and the driver were also inside the van, listening with their ears pricked up, he finally crooked his finger at her.

Huh? Tong Nian obediently leaned in closer.

His voice slid into her ear. “Do you know that words like those can cause people to take them the wrong way?”

“Wrong way?” She failed to comprehend.

“Don’t get it?”

She shook her head. Take what the wrong way?

Those types of socks, basically all the girls who hung out in anime expos liked to wear them. What could you take the wrong way?

Gun fell into silence.

After three seconds: “From now on, don’t discuss this type of thing with people, especially men.”

“Oh, okay.” She nodded.

Can’t discuss this? Why? And... especially not with men?

Who would discuss this with men, ah...? Wait!

!!!!

She finally understood. Her eyes wide, she stared incredulously at him.

Oh God, it couldn’t be...

.....

As a result, all of the various conversation topics she had planned out ahead of time were completely wrecked by this eared-socks incident. In the more than one hour that the van spent driving from the airport to the city centre, she did not dare take even a single glance at him. Her mind whirled crazily, like there

were ten thousand galloping horses inside, with all sorts of silent cries of “What should I do, what should I do...?”

While over here, the little girl’s mental whirring was like the crashing waves of the heavy sea, Gun clearly had already tossed this incident to the back of his mind. His consciousness had already speedily blocked out the existence of this little girl and was beginning to sort out those few matters of late that were relatively thornier to deal with. It was only after the vehicle had driven into the underground parking garage that he finally realized he had forgotten to tell the driver to first drop her off at her home.

There was no other option now but to go upstairs first. He had a very urgent overseas call he needed to make, and it could not be delayed.

Dt was surprised by this. He had not expected that Gun would truly take her here to the team gaming house, and for the few seconds when the vehicle drove into the garage, he even had some speculations. Could it be that Gun really did have feelings and notions about the little girl? Later, though, when they were all upstairs and Gun instructed someone to bring Tong Nian to the small conference room, he realized that he had read too much into it.

The Great Demon Overlord had a work call he needed to make and had no other choice.

.....

Tong Nian was tossed alone into the small conference room. Through the glass wall, she watched Gun, who was in the large conference room on the other side of the wall, and saw him remove his outer jacket. And there, in the middle of winter, he sat in only a short-sleeved shirt, facing his computer and carrying out his telephone meeting. She could not hear any sound, but just simply watching him in this way made her heart feel warm and cozy...

So nice. She had waited a month...

So nice to be able to see the real, live person.

Setting her backpack on the table, she leaned a cheek on top of it and wordlessly watched him.

The man in her vision did not look at all like he was in this meeting with any seriousness. His right arm rested on the table, propping up his head, while his left hand continuously spun his black mobile phone.

Hmm...

Should I...?

Should be no big deal, right? ...

He won't notice anyway...

Steathily, she slipped her mobile phone out from her pocket and, feeling guiltily nervous, opened up the camera app.

Just something to keep as a memento.

She raised her phone up in front of her eyes, making a pretense of texting but in reality, adjusting the camera lens.

If his face would just turn a bit more this way, that'd be so good.

Don't spin your phone. It's blocking your face, ah...

Eh? His face has turned this way?

*Click.* A successful snapshot!

So awesome! She chortled secretly as she tapped open the photo. But before she had the chance to have a good look at it, a WeChat message suddenly popped up.

Gn: *Delete it.*

Tong Nian gaped in astonishment.

With a *ding*, another WeChat message jumped out.

Gn: *Be good and listen.*

.....

He. Actually. Knows... that this WeChat account is mine...

He. Actually. Didn't... block it...

Separated from her by a layer of glass, Gun stood up in front of his computer, walked over to the glass wall, and knocked on it. Tong Nian at last started back to awareness, flusteredly deleting that photograph. Dragging her feet, she shuffled over, her entire brain filled with thoughts of "Oh Lord, he actually guessed that it was me... So that means he must have received all those ads I had sent him in the very beginning. So dumb of me..."

He made a motion with his hands, indicating that she should go over.

She was still struggling with herself in her brain that felt like a gob of glue... and didn't move.

He once again motioned to her.

She still had a look of "Oh Heaven, oh Earth!" over her entire face... and didn't move.

The glass wall was well soundproofed, and anything he spoke would not be audible to her. But he could not leave the room, either. He had no choice but to grab an arbitrary dry-erase marker from the tray ledge of a whiteboard, and on the glass, he wrote two words: *come here*.

And then, he tossed the marker onto the table, sat back down in his previous spot, and pressed the mute button on his phone.

One minute later, the door was gently pushed open.

With her head bowed low, Tong Nian stepped into the room.

The voices echoing out from the phone filled the entire room. "Over here in North American, it's like RAP has basically gotten rich overnight. They bought

three top-level players. They poached the solo mid players<sup>[1]</sup> from last year's champion and second-place teams over to them..." The person's words rattled out in a continuous flood as he spoke about business. "Six out of the ten top-ranked players by solo MMR [matchmaking rating] on the Americas division's leaderboard have been bought by them. That's just infuriating! That's purely the behavior of the new-rich! As well, Taiwan..."

Against this backdrop of sound, Gun extended his hand to her. Very clearly and simply, he said two words: "Mobile phone."

She obediently handed it over. "... It's deleted."

He had just taken it into his hand and still had not checked the photo album when he saw a WeChat message pop up.

Seeing the two words, "God Gun," he offhandedly tapped it open.

*Blueberry: Your Highness, Your Highness, I can't take it anymore. Have you and God Gun met up yet? Does he like your outfit today? Those long legs, oh yeah, loooooong legs. Did! He! Get! A! NOSEBLEED?!*

.....

A tinge of a smile seemed to touch Gun's face. He glanced down at those bare legs below her skirt, not saying anything.

Nervously, Tong Nian stood perfectly straight.

Who sent the WeChat message? Oh, please don't send some weird thing over...

Following closely was yet another message.

*Blueberry: Oh right, oh right. When you were eating earlier, I thought of something. That suit dress of yours doesn't show off your boobs! It doesn't highlight your shapely, voluptuous beauty! Our Highness is clearly a girlie with a Loli face and big boobs!!!! How can you not show off your superior assets?!!!!*

.....

Gun snorted out a laugh and set the mobile phone on the table.

Tong Nian grew even more apprehensive.

But still, he did not speak.

In the midst of the brief quietness, only the chatterbox inside the phone carried on with his grumbling. “Leader, should we buy a few players, too? What joke are they trying to make? We, K&K, are the true wealthy big shots, alright?!” The person in the phone seemed to realize that it had been a long time since Gun had spoken. “Leader? Leader? Leader? Eh? Leader got disconnected? How come there’s no sound? Leader? ...”

It was apparent those repeated cries calling out to him were being ignored.

His deep black eyes made a sweep towards her. “You talk to your friends often about us?”

Discomfited by her guilty conscience, she answered, “Not extremely often. Occasionally, I’ll say a little bit—just a teeny, tiny bit.”

“Oh? What do you talk about?”

“Just... I’ll have them tell me the things from your past, when you were a pro gamer.”

“Oh? Is that so?” The final tone of his words rose up slightly.

“Mm.” Guilty conscience.

“Just those?”

“Mm.” Continue with guilty conscience.

The person on the other end of the phone had already successively called out “Leader” more than a dozen times.

He finally turned off the speakerphone function. “You’re the host. Dial into the conference call number first and chair the meeting.”

“Oh, oh. I forgot about that.”

After saying this, Gun hung up this call. Opening up an email on his computer, he memorized that string of numbers that was a free, long distance calling number, dialed it, and switched straight into his English, phone-conference mode. “Hello everyone, this is Gn.”

“Hi Gn!” There was a woman’s voice, and it sounded very happy.

In his peripheral vision, he saw Tong Nian constantly flicking her eyes over to glance at that mobile phone on the table, yet not daring to so much as twitch. Remembering her cruddy excuse for a fib just now, he could not hold back the corner of his lips from turning upwards.

Nudging the mobile phone over, he watched her rather interestedly, waiting for her reaction that was about to follow.

Tong Nian had not detected that she was being amusedly observed. Breathing in relief, she happily took her mobile phone back.

Thank goodness, thank goodness.

Huh?

Blueberry?

She sent the WeChat messages?

What’s up?

.....

!!!!

Gun was very satisfied with what he saw. He continued to answer the people who were one by one giving their greetings to him and, in a hard-to-come-by moment, began to casually converse in somewhat of a good mood with someone about the damn stormy weather that had been going on right when the airplane landed.

[1] A player who plays solo mid is one who plays alone in the mid lane.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

22 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 23

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 23

[August 31, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [33 Comments](#)



The K&K boys are getting another scare. This time, it's coming from...

### Chapter 23 – Little Software Maestro?

The conference call came to an end.

As he had just finished a long-haul flight, Gun's back and waist felt somewhat tired and sore, and he did not have much of an appetite. However, after glancing beside him at the little girl, who had already sat in mortification for ten minutes, he decided to temporarily abandon the plan of going back to his room to sleep and punched the button for an internal line. "Anyone there?"

"Leader." Immediately, his assistant cried animatedly, "You're done your meeting?"

"Have 97 and the others come in, and also order me two takeout boxed dinners."

"No problem!"

Three minutes later, all the team members, each holding their half-eaten dinners, filed in.

When they saw Tong Nian, their eyes brightened, and they all wore excited expressions of “Sister-In-Law, we meet again.” Then, they instantly noticed the two words, “come here,” written on the glass and began to look at one another, silently exchanging meaningful glances.

This... is Leader’s new way of getting his romantic kicks?

How come we can’t imagine how they were playing?

.....

Gun was sitting in the single chair at the end of the conference table while Tong Nian sat by a window off to the very side and close beside him. By the time the seventeen or eighteen grown boys had all taken their seats, the table was completely covered with all sorts of boxed dinners, McDonald’s, KFC, *ma la tang*[\[1\]](#) [various ingredients inside a numbingly spicy broth]...

Two male assistants carried in an entire bin filled with beverages and set it on the table.

The atmosphere in the room instantly lit up.

This was the first time Leader had brought Sister-In-Law to have dinner with everyone in the club’s gaming house. It was completely different from last time, when they had met her halfway through the competition and then went to a restaurant. This place here was K&K, their lair.

Gun took in everyone’s fiendish expressions. With a smile that went only skin-deep, he pulled out a fistful of fruit candies from his pocket.

On the table, he set them down.

Instantaneously, there was no more noise whatsoever.

Tong Nian was still clutching her mobile phone with a death grip. Racing nonstop through her mind were the wordings of “looooong legs,” “nosebleed,” and “Loli face and big boobs,” and her fingers were white from her tight grip...

Honest. Never before had she made such a fool of herself...

And in front of him, too...

Someone rapped on the glass tabletop in front of her with a mobile phone, waking her from her thoughts.

Lifting her head, Tong Nian saw Gun, from within the pile of candy, find a green one, and bending his finger, he flicked it toward her. The fruit candy slid noiselessly across the surface of the table, slowly coming to a rest before her.

Gun raised his brows, motioning that she should have the candy.

“Mm...”

Tong Nian sluggishly set down her phone, picked up the candy obediently, unwrapped it, and put it in her mouth.

The entire group gawked, deeply stunned by this scene...

This... This... This...

This was Leader... being sweet to try to make Sister-In-Law happy?!

Detecting everybody's rather uncurbed onlooking, Gun ran his eyes over each person, finally landing his gaze on demo. “I remember, before I left, your results from the reaction time testing were third from the bottom of the pile.”

“That...” demo felt his good days had utterly come to an end. “Leader, I've actually been working on my reaction time this month...”

Aren't there two others who are second from the bottom and absolute bottom of the pile? Why do you have to choose me to be the one to get chewed out? ...

“Really?” Gun also chose a purple one for himself. Leisurely unwrapping it, he put it between his teeth, bit down, and held it there...

“Honest! Leader! I’ve used that software to test my reaction time now. 201!”

Everyone gave an inward wince and looked ruefully at demo.

And he had even dared announce the number. Captain’s test result was 106.

“Oh? Why do I recall that Dt’s is 106?” Sure enough, Gun pulled out Dt’s score.

“.....” demo banged his head against the table. “Leader, I’m in the wrong...”

Gun was not in a rush to say anything. Crushing the candy between his teeth, he relished in the taste.

Each person gripped his chopsticks, drinking straw, spoon, or fork and quietly waited to see who would be the next to fall into bad luck and have his name “specially” called out...

All of a sudden, in the spot closest to that Great Demon Overlord, a very well-behaved hand was raised.

“May I ask a question? Tong Nian asked in a small voice.

Gun’s gaze shifted to the side to look at her. “Say it.”

Tears sprung into everyone’s eyes.

Sister-In-Law was indeed their dearest Sister-In-Law... Instantly saved them in their time of need T.T...

“What’s a reaction time testing software?”

Feeling that explaining this would be too much trouble, Gun arbitrarily found someone from the circle of people. “97, explain.”

“Oh, oh, okay.” 97 straightened his glasses. “It’s actually just something we use to test the speed in which we can react. This specific software is extremely

simple, and we just play it for fun, Sister-In-Law. So you open up the software, and then when you hear a ding in your headset, you immediately click your mouse to test how fast you react.”

“Oh...” Tong Nian thought for a moment. “So then, 106, that’s in milliseconds?”

“That’s right, milliseconds.”

1 second = 1000 milliseconds.

201 wasn’t a bad result, ah... She was amazed by this speed.

And then, she recalled Dt’s speed and felt even more that it was inconceivable.

“So, why do you need to listen for a sound? Can’t you change the way you do it? When you guys game, it’s not like you control based on sound?” Over the Lunar New Year period, she had watched many gaming competition videos and knew that, for these types of competitions, there was one thing that was very important: hand-eye reaction speed.

Of course, knowing was one thing... When she actually played, she still sucked T.T...

“Ah...” 97 smiled wryly, “That’s why we normally just use it to fool around on. Don’t know who uploaded it onto a website. It’s just a little software that we all share to torture and compete with one another.”

And while they were at it, it was used by the Demon Overlord to torture everyone...

“Well, then... you can create a software program that only challenges hand-eye reaction speed. For instance, when the program starts up, the entire screen will be green, and then it will gradually change to blue...” She drew up the concept in her mind. “The rules will be, the instant the colour starts to change, you need to click the mouse. Isn’t that an even more direct way to do the testing?”

Everybody froze in terror.

Oh sh\*t...

Sister-In-Law, what... are you... trying to do...?

Make a tool for Leader to torture us? It sounds so sick and twisted, *AAAAH!!!!*

On the other hand, this attracted Gun's attention...

"It exists already." Dt, who was sitting in a corner, suddenly spoke up. "The Koreans frequently use it. It's a really small software program."

"Oh? There is one?" Gun questioned him in reply. "Why haven't you ever brought it out to show us?"

Bring it out to do what? Torment everyone? Dt did not reply. Calmly, he lowered his eyes and carried on eating his hamburger.

"Well," Tong Nian continued her mulling, "then we can make an enhanced version. Let's say, switching between one hundred different colours? Because the time required for one color change is just too short. You can't really test anything out of that."

Gun, in contrast to everyone else, felt this was all rather pleasurable. "One hundred? So you're continuously stimulating and challenging the brain?"

"You fix your eyes intently on the computer screen, and each time the colour changes, you quickly click the mouse. The reaction times are recorded, and an average is taken from the one hundred recorded times. Isn't that even more fun?" Tong Nian did not know whether he was interested or not.

"Not bad." Gun tapped his temple lightly with his finger. The more he thought about it, the more it amused him. "It can be given a try."

"Do you like it?" Immediately, she was thrilled. "Well then, when I go back tonight, I'll start writing it for you. It'll be done by tomorrow!"

.....

.....

NOOOOOO, DOOOOON'T!!!! Sister-In-Law!!!!

Everyone could already imagine this: in the future, when Gun wanted to torment someone, they, the bunch of pitiful, single dudes that they were, would have to sit in front of that brutal little program, staring round-eyed at it and trembling in fear while they incessantly tapped their mice.

And then, there would be all kinds of physical punishment, physical punishment, physical punishment...

“Oh right.” She asked quietly, “Do you need a top scores board? You could refresh it every day on the network. It would be really easy to look at it.”

“Oh?” Gun was increasingly finding this idea to be quite nice. From his chair, he rose and strolled leisurely over until he was beside Tong Nian. Bending at the waist, he set his elbow on her right shoulder. “So clever.”

He’s... praising me?

The warmth that was on her shoulder... instantly burned away all her thinking.

Her whole attention was focused on one point—that spot where his elbow and her shoulder were connected.

*Thump, thump, thump...*

So close...

*Thump, thump, thump...*

They were so close to one another...

His eyelashes were so long... So gorgeous...

“Anything else?” He lowered his voice and guided her. “Hmm?”

“.....” A rosy red tinge adorned her cheeks, and her eyes involuntarily looked down. Tugging continually at the candy wrapper in her hand, she said, “As long... as you have ideas, we can make a variety of versions. Change it up with some different things, so that all of you... won’t get bored and not have fun anymore ...”

Sister-In-Law!!!!

.....

.....

We don’t freakin’ have fun!!!! We are someone else’s idea of fun that he can toy with, AAAAH!!!!

Every person simultaneously looked toward Dt. Captain!! We’re going to die!!!!

[1] 麻辣烫 “ma la tang.” Literally, this means “numbingly spicy scalding-hot boil.” Its origins are in Sichuan as a hot pot in which various ingredients are cooked by scorching them in a boiling broth. The characteristic flavour and numbing sensation that one feels after consuming the broth is a result of the Sichuan chilies and Sichuan peppercorn that go into making it. *Ma la tang* has been modified nowadays to become a popular street food. Streetside carts or shops carry a large pot of the boiling broth, and customers can choose various ingredients, often skewered on sticks, to throw in. When it is served as a street food or takeout, the final product of both the broth and the chosen ingredients is dished out into a disposable bowl, which would likely be similar to what some of the K&K team members are having.



Left: Skewers of various ingredients that can

be added to the broth ([image credit](#)). Right:

Dished out *ma la tang* ([image credit](#))

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

23 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 24

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 24

[September 3, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [35 Comments](#)



Welcome to K&K's Lair...

### Chapter 24 – Little Software Maestro (‘ω’) !

As a result, everyone ate this dinner as if it was the Feast at Hong Gate<sup>[1]</sup> [a banquet that is a trap, where the aim is to murder the guest].

There was absolutely no more of the enthusiastic display from the beginning, when they had first heard that Sister-In-Law had come... Having received the answer he wanted, with great satisfaction, Gun straightened back up and looked at everyone. “Don’t want to eat?” He raised his wrist to look at his watch. “Evening training is in ten minutes. If you don’t want to eat, go start preparing for it ahead of time.”

!!!!

Sh\*t! Hurry up and eat!

The future could be talked about in the future. Surviving this night and coming out alive was the real worry!

Therefore, by the time the takeout Gun ordered had arrived, only he and Tong Nian remained in the room.

An elderly cleaning lady came in and began to tidy up the takeout boxes and beverage bottles that were scattered over the table. As she walked by Tong Nian, she glanced her over curiously but then gave a friendly smile and nod. This girl here was the only young girl who had ever made an appearance in this place... Such an extremely rare sight...

Tong Nian returned her gaze and smiled a little sheepishly, thinking that this person was being disapproving of her because she was eating too slowly...

The boxed dinner was a simple, standard, business set meal: one type of meat, one type of vegetarian food, two green, leafy vegetables on top as garnish, and that was it. While Tong Nian scooped her food into her mouth and ate, she would constantly steal peeks at Gun.

He ate particularly fast, unlike the boys she knew around her, who would chat while they were eating.

Furthermore, he did not seem to care what sort of food he was eating and whether it suited his liking. The impression he gave people was that, to him, eating was merely a necessary procedure to fill the belly, and he would finish it rapidly so that he could hurry to do proper business.

If you were to compare, then that night, when they had the Lunar New Year's Eve dinner, his performance had actually been quite good.

He had even taken into account how fast all the elders were eating, occasionally taking a couple of bites, then stopping for a while.

"Doesn't taste good?" When Gun set down his chopsticks, he noticed that she had not taken more than a couple of bites.

“No.” She shook her head, not daring to tell him that she had always been a slowpoke whenever she ate. She could only put down her chopsticks and go along with his pace. “I’m not hungry.”

“Not hungry?” Lifting his wrist, he took a glance at his watch. It was seven o’clock already.

“... Nope, I’m not. I’m honestly not. Before I came, I ate a lot of cake, so I’m not hungry.” She began to ramble out some nonsense.

He did not question further.

From the seatback of his chair, he picked up his jacket, then motioned for her to leave the conference room with him.

Hurriedly, she grabbed her backpack and followed after him, walking out of the conference room and through a semi open-style computer room. Those boys who had greeted her and been joking around just earlier on were now, with their left hands each on a keyboard and right hands each on a mouse, all wearing black headsets and staring absorbedly at the computer screens in front of them.

“Come on, gather players, gather players!”

“Who’s going to play using Talisman King?”

“I will, I will.”

“Are you going to play mid or support?”

.....

“Kill! Kill like mad. Hoping to rush the tower in just a bit.”

“The other side still hasn’t selected their characters.”

“Holy sh\*t! How are you supposed to play against a Bat who has 2.7k MMR?”

“Holy sh\*t, the other side is really stacked.”

“Half an hour only, then we take ’em down in one rush and done.”

.....

Didn’t understand any of that at all.

It seemed as if everyone was no longer concerned with the world outside of

the game.

That was, of course, besides Dt's team, which was still sitting around a white, round table and holding a meeting. That team was K&K's best of the best, and they were about to head into the China division's 2015 qualifying tournament for *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*. Their team captain had just flown back from the United States tonight to rejoin the team, and they were now conducting their pre-battle meeting...

Curious, she cast a few extra glimpses in that direction, all of a sudden getting a bizarre feeling, as if she had stepped into another dimension.

Sensing that her footsteps had halted, Gun glanced at her and saw that those shining eyes were filled with curiosity, like a child. He suddenly had a feeling like he was looking at one of the little sisters or little female cousins in his family.

Extending a hand, he turned her head back to face the direction they were headed. "We're going."

"Huh?" She blurted, "So early?"

But once she finished saying this, she was embarrassed and mumbled in explanation, "We... can keep discussing stuff about that software program..." We can do whatever, and it'll be okay, so long as I can stay a bit longer. I haven't seen you for a month...

Dt's table of team members were all distracted, their ears pricked up, trying to listen in on the conversation here.

Gun flicked a look in that direction. Those several boys all instantly sat up straight and proper, pretending they had not heard.

Ever since he was little, he had been someone who did not like being

surrounded by girls. However, it was evident that all his past accomplishments had already decided for him that he would have an abundance of experience in being pursued and being the subject of all sorts of romantic gossip and rumours. Those girls had each had their own assets and advantages and also had their own methods and techniques. And, it was also evident that this kid in front of him right now had no technique whatsoever...

He could clearly see the hope written on her face.

It was hopeful expectation... that she could stay a little longer in this place.

“How long do you want to stay?” He finally relented slightly.

“An hour?” At once, she was happy. “8:00. 8:00 isn’t too late. When I arrive at home, it’ll still only be 8:30.”

“Okay, but I don’t have any time to keep you company,” he said.

“That’s alright,” she answered.

As long as I can stay by your side, then it’ll be good, she silently thought.

Gun contemplated for several seconds.

Settling her in the office area obviously would not work. She would only be subject to the scrutinizing eyes of those team members who would take turns to visit. It was better, and would save trouble, to just take her directly to the apartment wing where there would be no one before ten o’clock.

Such thoughts could be considered his unspoken consent. Bringing her along, he left the office area.

Tong Nian elatedly followed behind, continuing to peer this way and that and incessantly taking in this eSports club that belonged to him. After passing

through the training area, there were two conference rooms, a few offices, as well as a very large leisure and recreation area. And then, it was the trophy room.

On the other side of the glass door, a variety of medals and trophies could be seen.

Those words on Baidu Baike used to describe him were now truly all in full display before her eyes. Simply gazing upon those honours like this stirred up indescribable emotions and excitement in her.

Without even being aware of it, she had walked over into the other side of this tall building.

Such a very long corridor. It seemed they had walked from the office area into the apartment wing now? Secretly, she peeked at the row of doors on each side of the hallway until the man in front of her ceased his steps at the second last door on the left.

He pulled out a key card, unlocked the door with a swipe, and pushed it open. One smooth, continuous motion.

“This is the guest room.” He briefly described, “There are three computers. No password needed. Feel free to use them. In an hour, I’ll come get you.”

Huh?

Tong Nian halted in blank surprise. Staring at that dark room before her, she asked, “May I... stay with you?”

I don’t want... to play on the computer, ah T.T...

“I won’t bother you.” She continued to add, “Honest. I can just do anything. I can stay by your side and amuse myself on my phone. I don’t need a computer.” Upon saying this, she rather woundedly lifted her face to gaze at this man, who, with his back toward the light of the corridor, was watching her right then.

“Stay with me?”

Slightly amused, Gun confirmed with her in a low tone, “You’re saying... you want to go to my room?”

[1]鸿门宴 “Hongmen Yan.” The Feast at Hong Gate (also known as Hongmen Banquet or similar variations) is the historical banquet prepared by 项羽 Xiang Yu to, in name, entertain 刘邦 Liu Bang. In reality, though, the banquet was a scheme to kill Liu Bang.

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## Additional Comments

Just in case there are other people unfamiliar with gaming, like me (the gaming idiot), and previously had no concept in their minds of the gaming house.

Below are some pictures of the gaming house belonging to China’s professional eSports team, EDward Gaming (EDG). This is a very upscale gaming house, but it gives you an idea of how eat, sleep, and train are all under one roof. You can also check out this [video](#) that gives a tour through the house or google the gaming houses for the Chinese teams, Snake, Royal Club, Team DK (now disbanded), *etc.* to get more ideas on how swanky gaming houses can get. Of course, there are more down-to-earth versions, such as the one belonging to Qian Gu Reapers. And gaming houses aren’t limited to China. I just mentioned only Chinese teams because that’s the setting of the novel.



Top: Practice rooms. Bottom from left to right: Conference room, trophy wall, sleeping area (can be single rooms, double rooms, or four to a room). (Images are from [game.ettoday.net](http://game.ettoday.net) and [techweb.com.cn](http://techweb.com.cn))

### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

24 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 25

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 25

[September 7, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [42 Comments](#)



Halfway mark!

What could possibly cause God Gun to completely lose his sanity? (Also, if you guys have vivid imaginations, you might want to keep a box of tissue on hand for the very last part of this chapter. Nosebleed warning. )

### Chapter 25 – Gift?

Tong Nian paused blankly.

Go to his room?

His... room?

“My plan is to use ten minutes to take a shower, then, while I’m at it, sleep for fifty minutes.” His tone was relaxed. “Do you still want to go?”

Shower?!

Sleep?!

She hastily shook her head. “No, I won’t go.”

“You’re really not going?”

“Mm-hmm, mm-hmm. I’ll just stay here by myself and... play on the computer and wait for you...”

Once she said this, she immediately strode into the room and stretched out a hand to feel for the light switch. But after fumbling around, feeling out the wall for several rounds and still not finding it, a hand reached in and, with a click, flipped the switch above her head.

She tilted her head up.

Did even... the light switch have to be installed so high?

The person who had turned on the light for her left.

She heard a series of sounds: a key card being swiped, the door opening, and then, the door closing. Hugging her bag against herself, she stood in that empty guest room. Suddenly, from the bottommost part of her heart, something began to float and float, until up floated a slight feeling of regret for her choice...

And so, she truly did remain alone in that guest room that was decorated in a clean-cut style, staring at three computers for an entire hour. Almost exactly when the clock at the bottom of the computer screen jumped to 8:10 p.m., the door was pushed open. That man, who had changed into a track jacket and had an expression of “I’m not awake yet; I’m not too happy” inscribed across his face, languidly strolled in.

Tong Nian had originally been propping her chin up on her hand, and when she saw him enter, she instantly sprang gleefully to her feet. “I finished it!”

With difficulty, those eyes managed to focus and give a questioning look at her from high above.

“But, it’s not a hundred different ones. I made one first that layers ten different colours. Come test it out and see how it is!”

“Oh? That fast?” He was surprised. Lazily pulling out a chair, he sat down. Tong Nian at once clicked open for him the little program she had just made and, as if presenting a treasure, explained, “Just now, I took a look at that small software program Little Bai had mentioned, and I basically modeled it after that...”

He clicked it open but did not begin playing, only glancing at it.

And immediately, he found it very entertaining.

A little window first popped up with a top scores board. There was only one score on it: *Little Squidie, 1009.*

1.009 seconds?

That really was the worst score he had ever seen.

“Do... you like it?” Uneasily, Tong Nian asked this in a small voice.

She was not aware that the results of her trial play were being evaluated by him and only anxiously stared at him, trying to determine whether he liked this little software program.

Do you like it?

This really was a unique way of asking. Gun took a look at her. It seemed, besides that mother of his at home, whom he could not really manage, no one had ever asked him this question before.

The corners of his lips tilted up slightly.

Clicking on the mouse to close the top scores board, he started a new game.

Ten data samples, an average score of 102.

.....

Tong Nian gaped at this score. 0.102 seconds... What kind of speed was that?

...

Not noticing the gaze of the person behind him, Gun opened up the game again and tried it one more time. This time it was 101. The next several times that followed all maintained this level of performance. A hint of pleasure flashed across his gorgeous face. Standing, he walked over to a small refrigerator, pulled out two bottles of cold beer, opened them, and took a swig from one.

Then, observing that look on her face of not having drunk any water this entire time, he asked offhandedly, “Thirsty?”

Alcohol?

Tong Nian stared blankly. She had never drunk that before...

Nothing really... would happen, right?

She bowed her head, silently cheering herself on for three seconds before raising it again. “I’ll drink it...” After stating this, she stepped over, picked up between her two hands the other bottle of beer that Gun had opened, and took a large gulp.

So bitter...

Gun was taken aback but did not try to stop her.

His original intention had been to have her drink some of the orange juice or mineral water that was in the refrigerator, but seeing that the kid was so unhesitant, there was no need to say any useless drivel. This place normally kept more beer than any other beverage anyway, and everyone was used to using that to moisten the throat and relax.

Just a beer with a few percent ABV<sup>[1]</sup>.

Thinking this, in a few gulps, he finished off his and, in passing, set the bottle down on the windowsill. Seeing him completely down his beer in two or three swigs, Tong Nian was worried that he would spurn her for being useless. In a burst of drummed up courage, she continuously gulped mouthful after mouthful of beer, truly just guzzling it all straight down. It feels a little...

Hot.

She deliberately set her bottle down beside his empty one and arranged them into a pair.

And then, she let out a silly giggle.

Whew, whew. So hot, so hot. With all her might, she fanned herself with her hand.

Why is it so hot?

Helplessly, she looked around at her surroundings, then looked at him...

“Hot?” Perceiving her unusual behaviour, Gun walked up beside the wall and adjusted the control panel for the heating.

The temperature was dropped from 24°C to 20°C.

That should be about right. He brought his hand down. From behind, a small pair of hands unexpectedly circled around his lower back and embraced him... His entire back stiffened. Slowly, he turned his head around and saw the little girl, whose cheeks were already flushed a deep crimson colour, gazing straight up at him.

Drunk?

“Do... you like it?” In a soft voice, she asked him this, her face pressed against his back. “Do you like it? The thing I made?”

She really was drunk?

Using the fastest speed possible, he pulled her hands off and spun around. “What did you say?”

“I worked on it for an hour, and you’re not even going to say one sentence, that you like it?” Discovering that he was pushing her away, she felt rather wounded. “It was raining so heavily, and I still went to the airport to meet you... But you just made me stay all alone in the guest room... I wrote a program, and you won’t even say that you like it...”

She really was drunk...

He drew that conclusion.

If the person in front of him was a K&K member, he would have long ago grabbed her by the collar and tossed her out. Why even wait for her mad, drunken antics? But what if she was a little girl? And on top of that, a little girl who did not even know what she was doing ...

He admitted that he had no experience in this.

In that space while he was thinking, Tong Nian once again stretched out her arms to enfold them around him...

Beyond laughter or tears, Gun grasped ahold of her hands.

In her palms, there was softness and warmth as well as persistence and love. The attachment and unwillingness to part from him, both physically and mentally, that she was conveying... in this moment, caused a man's indecent desires to bud in him.

.....

Gun lightly exhaled a breath. Keep your head.

Breathing, normal.

Heart rate, also very normal.

Very good. It's just a little girl. Getting those types of ideas is dirty and despicable.

"You really don't... like it?" Tong Nian could feel the scorching heat of his palm, and her awareness was becoming fuzzier and fuzzier. "That's the first time I've worked so hard on something. Can't you just say you like it?"

"... I like it." Once again, he blew out a breath.

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled.

"Really." He was very obliging.

Dealing with a drunkard was not difficult.

The difficult part was what came next: how was he going to get her home safely, and furthermore, escape unscathed from that place where the elders of her family resided? ...

Using only a few seconds, Gun was able to imagine the consequences that

would follow. He was considering the severity of this situation and possible solutions for it, but the little girl in front of him did not notice in the least.

Instantly, simply because of his “I like it,” a silly little grin very cutely, very giddily climbed onto her face.

And as she grinned and grinned, she could not refrain from trying to slide herself into his arms again...

Gun inhaled deeply, putting up a strong resistance.

In his palms, that tiny pair of hands was twisting and moving about, struggling to break free and wanting to do things that were even more shocking and outrageous... Trying to move closer to him, closer to him. Embrace him. Inhale his scent. Encircle his waist...

Sh\*t.

He was going to go insane.

The best plan was to find a safe, reliable woman to watch her for him first, and then he could think about other things. It didn't matter who it was. At any rate, he could not stay here alone with her. Thinking this, he released his hold on her hands. But before he could even pull away, she had thrown herself at him and, fulfilling her wish, wrapped her arms around his waist.

Sh\*t!

He truly did go insane!

Especially since the little girl was rubbing her cheek against his chest.

His jacket was almost pulled open...

And the most crucial point was, in order to save trouble, he basically had not put on any unnecessary garments underneath his track jacket...

Wait, no...

It already was pulled open...

He tried hard to not allow himself to touch her in the slightest. With both his arms raised high, he skirted himself away from her diminutive and soft body as well as all those curves belonging specifically to the female gender that were

trying to snug themselves up against him...

The goddamn most frustrating part was, outside the door, the sounds of footsteps and laughter arose, closing in on them one step at a time.

Nearer and nearer.

Nearer and nearer...

“Tong Nian,” —he rapidly made a decision— “I’ll tell you a secret...”

This had to be resolved as soon as possible. In particular, he could not continue to let her wiggle up against his chest with all her might...

Sweetly, she gave an “mm,” all the while continuing to clasp her arms around him and breathe in deeply.

The fresh scent from just getting out of the shower. So clean, so refreshing, and so manly. Actually, he’s not the least bit old. Just now, when he was testing out the program, he was soooooo hot...

.....

.....

He fell into utter despair.

The brief moment of quiet in the room served to clearly highlight 97 and grunt’s conversation on the other side of the door as well as the knocking on the door that soon followed. He could not allow her to hold him like this anymore, and at last, pulling her away from him once more, he bent his tall figure over to look her in the eye. “I brought a gift back for you, from the U.S.”

To ensure that she would believe him, he leaned in close and, beside her cheek, deliberately lowered his voice until it was slightly husky and seductive. “You will like it for sure.”

Vacantly, she stared at him, staring and staring until she felt she did not have the boldness to stare anymore...

The sky and the ground seemed to be spinning...

Her entire gaze was filled with all those things that were now exposed beneath the neckline of that track jacket...

The hollow of his neck...

Collarbones...

Chest...

Abs...

And beneath those abs, his belt that had not been done up...

.....

.....

.....

.....

[1] Alcohol by volume, ABV, is expressed as a percentage. For beer, it can range between 2-12%, with some low-alcohol beers less than 2%. Generally, most beers fall between 4-6%.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

25 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 26

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 26

[September 10, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [34 Comments](#)



Is it possible for Tong Nian to do even more in her drunken state? And what happens when she sobers up?

### Chapter 26 – Gift (• . •) !

The sound of door knocking.

And still, the sound of door knocking.

Gun continued to utter softly, “I’ll bring you to see your gift?”

“Hmm...” Her entire body felt as if it was ablaze. She was uncertain whether or not it was because she was feeling too shy, but her hands gripped his track jacket tightly and she dared not move in the slightest.

Besides hugging him... was there... something else she wanted to do? ...

Her head started to spin again.

Gun had already picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. He pulled two key cards directly out of the pocket of his jeans. After quickly identifying each of them, he strode up to a side door that was locked, swiped a card, stepped in,

and pushed the door closed behind him.

In an instant, they had walked into darkness.

There was no light whatsoever. It was his bedroom.

The kid on his shoulder slid back down to the ground. Swiftly, like an octopus, she slipped her arms around his waist.

Gun blew out a light breath. He felt her hairs slide into his clothing... His throat felt somewhat dry. Luckily, this little octopus, for the moment, was not rubbing and shifting herself around and bumping into places that she should not bump.

Next door, someone had already stepped inside.

The guest room had an audio monitoring system installed. When he was sleeping earlier on, he had purposely turned it on in case the little girl needed something or there was something wrong while she was alone in the other room and could not find him... Now...

As it turned out, it had not been switched off yet, so anything that was said in the room next door could clearly be heard in here.

“Where’s Leader? Didn’t he call and tell us to come here to give a report on our thoughts?” 97 asked in a puzzled tone.

“Who knows? Maybe he’s having a three hundred-round ‘tussle’ somewhere?” grunt replied with suggestive undertones.

With a “pffft,” 97 sprayed, “ True. It has been a whole month where they haven’t seen each other.”

“It’s that age where men are like wolves and tigers, you know. An old dude whose nearly thirty.”

.....

The back and forth jokes and mocking of those two grown boys echoed in that empty room. He could not stand listening to them any longer. Extending an arm,

he found the power switch for the monitor and—

Right when his fingers contacted the switch, he felt something warm brush over his collarbone...

“Gift, gift.” Her voice was pouty and came from a spot by his collarbone.

Then that meant...

The thing that was right there against his skin was...

“I’ll go get your gift for you.” His voice was somewhat edgy. “Let go first.”

The kid did not stir, only rubbing her face against his skin to express her refusal.

“Let go.” To his surprise, he very sensitively detected the scent from her body, one that smelled the same as fruit candies. Intensely sweet.

Sh\*t!

He shut his eyes.

He was so vexed he wanted to take this clinging kid who was pressed to his body and toss her outside, yet he could not make himself actually do it.

“Tong Nian.” He lowered his head, and there was an obvious sense that he was beginning to waver... “Be good. Let go.”

In the darkness, he wanted to pull away those arms that encircled his waist. But then, he sensed that warmth that had been on his collarbone slide down to his chest...

His arms stiffened slightly.

“Gift, gift.” Hazily, she continued her mumbling.

His heart was beating stifflingly, getting slower and slower.

Finally, after a long period of silence, he brought his head down close to her face.

“Are you enjoying ‘eating your tofu<sup>[1]</sup>’ [taking advantage of someone, in a physical, intimate manner]?” His voice was muted and deep...

She buried her face against his chest, her heart feeling as if it was burning with

restlessness.

She only held him tighter, and tighter some more.

“What gift...” —his voice became even lower, almost a near-whisper— “do you want?”

“I want...” Fuzzily, she thought, “Weren’t you the one who said you had a gift for me?”

“Hmm? What do you want?”

“I want...”

Want...

... And just like that, that little face moved and pressed itself up to his.

Burning hot was her face as well as those soft lips, which slid shyly, tenderly from his ear. With no experience in this and, in addition, in this state of drunkenness, she muddledly could not really find the place she was searching for.

He detected her anxious frustration and turned his face to accommodate and oblige this impatient little girl’s actions.

.....

Sh\*t!

He abruptly started back to his senses. Twisting his head away, he rammed it hard against the wall.

After the dull thud sounded out, his head at last seemed a little clearer. The next second, he picked the little lady up and threw her directly onto the bed. Swiftly yanking up the zipper of his track jacket, he turned his back to her and did up his belt.

Then, he strode with large steps over to his luggage, pulled out a black, wooden box from inside, turned around, and tossed the box onto the bed as well.

Tong Nian was seeing stars from being thrown, and while she was still wobbly and befuddled, a wooden box thumped into her stomach.

Sitting up on the bed, Tong Nian picked up the box and inspected it for three seconds. Her lips pouted out in disappointment, and falling back down onto his bed with a plop, she completely passed out...

As a result, when she awoke the next day and sat up in her own bed, dressed in her Winnie the Pooh pajamas that she normally wore at home, she even had a mistaken moment that it was all a figment of her imagination. A dream? Why did I have such a... sensual dream?

Cover my face, cover my face...

Sooooo embarrassing...

How come I was the one forcing myself onto him? ...

She threw her hands over her face, which, along with her ears, was scarlet for a full ten minutes. When she rolled out of bed to put on her slippers, she at last noticed that, on the table, there was a black, wooden box...

Oh God!!!!

Yesterday couldn't have been real, right?!

Seized with utter panic, she circled about.

To her left, the clothing and bag that she had worn to the airport were tossed on the sofa. To her right, her mobile phone held down a note:

*Hey dearie, you must give me a call when you wake up!!*

*—Blueberry*

She yanked out that note and picked up her mobile phone. Her fingers were trembling, and she had to try several times before she correctly pressed the button to pull up the call history. In it, she discovered that the last phone call made the previous night had been one from herself to Blueberry. Dial.

Three seconds later, the call was picked up. Before she even emitted a sound,

the other party was already about to faint from exhilaration. “Holy crap! I knew you’d sleep all the way to the afternoon! Let me tell you, let me tell you, my hubby’s gone crazy already. Last night, he saw his male god and even shook his hand and took a picture with him, *AAAAAAH!!!!* And it’s all thanks to you! He told me to tell you that you **MUST** be good to his idol and absolutely mustn’t be a player or cheat on him!!”

.....

“Let me tell you, let me tell you. Absolutely make sure the account you give jibes with mine. Just say that you accidentally drank too much while you were with us!! My hubby and I brought you home, got it?! Oh, and while I’m at it, Your Highness, you’re a disgrace. Just 330 mL and then you were so drunk you passed out?! And, while I’m at it again... before you passed out, did you do anything?” Blueberry’s voice suddenly dropped, and hints of mirth were heard in it. “Give me an honest account.”

.....

She did not utter a single word.

Dazedly, she hung up the phone.

Oh no.

Did I really...

... paw him? ...

Not only did I force my hugs on him... I even kissed him on his face...

She threw herself onto the bed, feeling as if all of her was tumbling into a deep, deep, deep ravine. She remembered everything too clearly. Didn’t people say that when you were drunk, your consciousness became fuzzy? But she even remembered that, at the very end, he had chucked her onto the bed in disgust... And the gift box he had tossed over. And how he had slammed the door and stormed away. Oh God... How could I have been like that, *aaaaah?* ...

Tong Nian clutched her blanket tightly, so upset that tears were rolling down ceaselessly.

It's all your fault. You just had to try to prove yourself. You just had to go drink alcohol.

You've completely disgraced yourself...

There's no chance with him now...

He must hate you!

The more she thought, the more distraught she became. Lying on her stomach on the bed, she cried for a full twenty minutes before finally, still choked with sobs, she felt for her mobile phone. With swollen eyes, she found his phone number... After hesitating for a long time, she was still unable to muster her courage to press "dial," so she had no choice but to find her way over to WeChat, where she opened up a window labeled with the name, "Gn." Slowly, she typed in a single line of words:

*I'm sorry about yesterday. Truly, I'm so sorry. I won't be pestering you anymore...*

Send.

A dozen or so seconds later, it was still quiet.

Biting down on her lip, she added another line:

*Let's break up. I'm sorry. So sorry.*

Still, it was quiet.

There was no response whatsoever.

Flinging her phone away, she ran into the bathroom and, turning on the hot water, splashed her face.

The more she thought about it, the more she sobbed, and the more she sobbed, the more mortified she felt at herself. By the time she emerged from the bathroom again, there was finally a reply in the WeChat on her phone.

*Gn: You've thought it through?*

Or what? Still keep hounding him?

Last night, she had already... And she had been thrown in disgust onto the bed.

With reddened eyes, she forced herself to let go of any hopes that she might have.

To Gn: *Mm.*

Gn: *OK.*

[1] 吃豆腐 “chi dou fu.” This is a slang. It literally translates as “eating tofu” and is used to describe a situation where a person is taking physical liberties on someone else, *i.e.* sexual harassment, but the tone of the saying is rather light and not really serious.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

26 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 27

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 27

[September 14, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [44 Comments](#)



And out of nowhere, he drops in.

### Chapter 27 – Starting All Over Again?

Gun leaned back in his chair, his legs kicked up on the edge of the desk and his face surly as he leafed through page after page of their reports... The office was crammed full with several dozen people in it, some standing, some crouching, some leaning against the wall, and all waiting for their leader's instructions.

With a loud rustle, the stack of papers was tossed onto the bed. "First thing tomorrow, we're flying to Guangzhou."

.....

Long live Leader!

This group, which had managed to dodge a bullet, did not delay for even half a second, and all of them immediately jumped up, wedging themselves against one another to try to get out of this office first.

The one who managed to be the first to slip out, 97, grabbed grunt by the arm. "Eh? Eh? Leader has an injury on his head."

grunt gave a wicked smirk. “Didn’t we all hear it last night? He was exerting himself too hard. Smacked into it.”

Everyone...

Only demo did not understand, and tugging on Dt’s arm, he asked, “Huh, what was that? Captain? What did Leader smack into?”

Dt’s eyes glanced calmly at him, and he gave a factual answer. “The wall.”

“He hit the wall?” demo seemed to feel an unexplainable pain in his forehead as well, and he gave it a rub. “What for?”

“To feel good,” grunt snickered, and then, with quick steps, he darted out of there...

The man still in the office grabbed the folder that was on the desk and, with a *whoosh*, hurled it out the room.

Several seconds passed.

Folder in hand, Dt strolled back in leisurely and tossed it onto the sofa for him. “I forgot to tell you just now. You didn’t answer your phone yesterday, so Auntie called me. She wants you to bring that antique necklace that you helped her bid on back to Granddad. The money for it will be transferred into your account next month.”

.....

Gun did not say a single word. With the back of his hand facing outward, he gave a wave.

Dt turned around and left.

\*

Lovelorn again...

When Tong Nian, her eyes swollen, came down from upstairs, her dearest mother covertly pulled her over to the side. “Nian Nian?”

“Mm?” She lifted her head forlornly.

“Why were you crying just now? You guys broke up?” Her dearest mother made a reasonable conjecture.

“Mm... Broke up.” As she mumbled this reply, her nose began to tingle and two teardrops tumbled down.

A warm embrace encircled her protectively. Stirred by this demonstration of familial love, Tong Nian fell into another state of extreme misery, so she did not notice her dearest mother, beaming in delight, give a wink and raise her brows at her dearest father, who coincidentally was walking by and saw this scene. The message: *See? I told you so. They really did break up.*

Her parents exchanged expressions of relief.

This week was the first of the start of a new school term.

Gathering her things, she returned to school. An hour in the administrative building got all of the registration procedures for starting a new term out of the way. When she stepped out, she happened to bump into the teacher in the university who was in charge of the ACM-ICPC, and seeing her, he immediately beckoned to her. “Last night, I called you several times, but your phone was shut off every time. I was afraid you’d forgotten about today’s exam.”

Exam? She was bewildered.

*Aaaah!*

She’d forgotten!

It was the school-wide recruitment examination to select the university’s ACM-

ICPC team.

Each year, the university would send one team to participate in this particular competition, and the team would consist of three people who would collaborate together. Although it was called an international collegiate programming contest, the contestants did not necessarily major in computer science. For example, she, herself, did not. Nor did they even necessarily belong to the Faculty of Electronic and Electrical Engineering, such as one of her teammates from the previous year's contest, who had been from the Faculty of Naval Architecture and Ocean Engineering.

As a result, the team was formed after a tryout in the form of a standardized examination, and there were no limitations on a candidate's field of study.

The monitors of the examination were the teacher who led the team and also all the former key team members who had once participated in an ACM-ICPC.

But she had actually... forgotten all about this...

Still holding her student identity card, which had just been revalidated a moment ago, she followed the teacher into a lecture theatre in Teaching Building No. 1. The examination had already begun. Most of the candidates were first or second year students, and as they stared at the three problems on the examination paper, they basically all had the same expression on their faces: stumped.

Hence, some of the boys who were unable to answer the problems simply sprawled themselves on their desks, playing with their pencils while also studying these senior schoolmates of theirs who had competed last year and the year before. Then, gradually, the attention of all these exam candidates converged to rest on the one and only girl present—Tong Nian. This was especially so since this female, senior schoolmate also looked as if she had just cried through the entire night and was especially dejected.

With her chin propped on her hand, she sat behind the podium, her eyes watching the students below...

Her entire mind, however, was still filled with what had happened last night and the dialogue with him this morning.

“Tong Nian?” Beside her, there was a voice, gently calling her. “Would you be able to step out for a bit?”

She turned around. It was her team captain, Zheng Hui. “Captain? Is there something the matter?”

The grown boy cast a glance at her swollen eyes, frowning slightly as he nodded. “Mm. There’s something.”

She replied with an “oh, okay,” stood up from her chair, and followed him outside. Zheng Hui walked out of the lecture theatre, and then shoving his hands into his pants pockets, he lowered his head to talk to her. “What... did you do over the winter break?”

“Huh? Winter break?” She paused vacantly. What really could she have done? She had spent it all waiting for him to come back from the United States. “Oh, I just ate and drank a lot.”

“That day... I passed by the community compound where your home is.” Beneath the boy’s black-framed glasses, those eyes gazed straight at her. “I had actually originally wanted to go see you...”

“Huh? Which day?” she asked.

The person across from her cleared his throat. “It should have been February 14... or maybe the fifteenth.”

“Oh.” She earnestly searched through her mind. “So before the Spring Festival<sup>[1]</sup> [Lunar New Year period]? Good thing you didn’t go looking for me. At the time, I was in another city participating in an anime expo.” And with him... At that time, I was still with him...

Her gaze was drifting and drifting around, and her eyes could not help reddening.

The boy in front of her was truly taken aback, and he swallowed all the things he had wanted to say. But thinking about it, he found he was not willing to give up. Graduation was approaching quickly... When he truly left the school, there would be even less excuses for him to interact with her. He needed to seize this opportunity!

Unspeaking, she stood at the entrance of the teaching building and stared out at the students who were coming and going on their bicycles or on foot, as well as the occasional car that would drive by. This boy, the team captain who had led a team to take second runner-up in the ACM-ICPC world finals and also the idol of all the computer science students in the university, was standing before her, unable to form what he really wanted to say into words.

What was he doing right now?

Would he... be forced to go on a blind date with some person again? ...

Thinking this, her eyes grew even more red.

Her nose was tingling, and lowering her head, she forcefully pressed her fingers to it. Don't you cry, Tong Nian.

In her blurry gaze, even the red ground looked somewhat as if it was swaying. She could only look down and dig in her bag with all her might for some tissue. Where'd it go? Hurry up and appear, hurry up and appear...

A pair of black skate shoes was drawing nearer and nearer... until it stopped in front of her.

?

Unconsciously, she lifted her head.

In that instant, it was as if the entire sky had lit up brilliantly.

And so, in this way, she suddenly seemed to tumble into that pair of slightly

narrowed, extremely displeased, extremely irritated, extremely impatient, and also extremely... gorgeous eyes. Especially after he saw her tears, he seemed even more cross. He swept a look over that boy standing beside her, whose hands were behind his back and even seemed to be grasping something, before bringing his gaze back to her. “What are you crying about?”

.....

Was she dreaming?

She answered densely, “I’m not... crying about anything...”

He grew even more riled. Pulling off one side of his earbuds, he glanced at that boy who was half a head shorter than him. “You messed with her?”

“N-no,” the boy stammered. Who was this? One of her relatives? Or her older brother? Or... Question marks filled the boy’s mind, and he was somewhat flustered. “You’re mistaken—”

A cold indifferent glance. Simply too penetrating.

The boy almost bit his own tongue. “I’m, I’m her schoolmate. We were in a programming contest together.”

With his height advantage, Gun could clearly see that the thing the boy was holding in his hand was a very small gift box. Unexpectedly, his lips curved up. “Oh? ACM?” Wasn’t that the programming contest or whatever that Dt once mentioned?

“Yes, yes, the ACM-ICPC.” Confidence immediately flooded the boy, and he was about to officially introduce himself.

“Were you competing against that guy?” Gun lifted his chin slightly to point at a person who was standing by the car parked at the teaching building’s entrance. At the base of those steps not far away, Dt stood, exceedingly bored, for all the girls who were coming and going to peek at...

.....

That was—

“The world champion from two years ago? ...”

The boy could not believe his own eyes. Th-that year, that year, the team captain for the championship-winning team had indeed looked like an ethnic Chinese. He had been with two blonde-haired boys. But, the entire time, he had spoken English, and he was of Norwegian nationality...

Champion? For the first time, Gun felt that Little Bai was quite commendable.

“Lost to him? No big deal.” With a half-smile, he gave a firm pat on the boy’s shoulder. “Kids need to know how to be good losers.”

The boy stood unmoving, dumbstruck. That pat left him feeling like a leaf in the wind: in a state of chaos.

Paying no more attention to this miscellaneous person, he bent at the waist and asked the girl before him who was still staring foolishly at him, “Do you still have classes?”

“No...” With a blank look, she shook her head.

There was something going *thump, thump*, pounding away with all its might. It was in her chest.

“Since you have no classes, then come out and hang out with us.” As he spoke, he slid his hands into his pants pocket and began to indolently amble away from the teaching building. “You’ll be back before nine.” Moving opposite to the flow of the crowd, he brushed his way through the students who were streaming into the building, about to head to class.

So tall was his build. So eye-catching.

Tong Nian remained stupefied in that same spot until he halted and looked back at her.

Immediately, she snapped awake and slowly, ever so slowly, followed after him

with a blush colouring her cheeks.

[1] 春节 “chun jie.” In China, the Lunar New Year period is also called the Spring Festival and lasts from the first to the fifteenth day of the new lunar year

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

27 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 28

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 28

[September 17, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [39 Comments](#)

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Belated happy Mid-Autumn Festival to everyone!

Gun has a childish, I'm-need-to-get-even side beneath his cold exterior. So, is this the true reason why he came back?

### Chapter 28 – Starting All Over Again ((•'◡'•) !

In the end, when they were on the road, he did not show any of that demeanour he had displayed at her school and merely drove quietly the entire time.

Sitting in the front passenger seat, Tong Nian snuck frequent glimpses at him.

So... where were they going?

But that friend in the backseat, Little Bai, was practically like a unit installed specifically to create tension and caused her to not even dare ask anything. Plus... Little Bai was once an ACM-ICPC world champion? She... had absolutely no recollection of this...

T.T What is it I even do every day? Ugh...

Before the car was about to pull into a gas station, Dt's mobile phone vibrated. "I have a call. Just let me off on the side of the road." Raising his phone in his

hand, he got out of the car first. The car came to a stop, waiting in line.

Only now did Tong Nian steal a peek at his forehead.

Gun detected it. “What are you doing?”

“Right there,”—Tong Nian pointed at the bruise on his forehead—“how is it?”

“.....”

“Does it hurt?” In a very small voice, she continued to offer her concern.

“.....”

With a self-mocking grin, he turned so he was looking at her.

Huh?

All of a sudden, there was a blur in front of her eyes. “Ow!”

Tong Nian abruptly covered her forehead with her hand. That hurt so bad!

Why’d he flick me in the forehead? ...

“Does it hurt?” he even deliberately asked.

She was grimacing from the pain, and tears spun in her eyes, bullied to the point where she was tongue-tied and unable to produce any words for the moment.

At last satisfied, he gave her an offhanded pat on the head. “Just teasing you. What’s there to cry about?”

.....

Consequently, after Dt stepped back into the car at the exit of the gas station, he discovered that the forehead of the little girl sitting in the front seat was red, and so were her eyes. Somewhat perplexedly, he glanced at that man who had resumed driving nonchalantly.

A new way of getting their kicks? Dt mused puzzledly on this.

The vehicle left the gas station and sped along the entire way. When it turned into a frontage road and entered a residential community, Tong Nian finally could not contain herself and asked in a quiet voice, “Where are we going?”

“My home.” He turned his steering wheel and rapidly circled through a roundabout.

Stepping down on the accelerator, he flew down the road and headed directly to a villa district in the northernmost part of the community.

Ah? She looked around.

His home?

The car had soon driven into the parking garage. It was the first to open his door, and hopping out, he headed straight into the elevator.

Gun at last explained, “The elder of my family wants to see you. Help me out and stay to have a meal with us.”

“Oh.” She nodded, feeling slightly downcast.

So this was to cover up for the lie.

He undid his seatbelt.

“It’s actually no big deal. He’s considered an elder whom you know, right, Tong Nian?” she silently comforted herself. Still, she could not help feeling disappointed, and hence, she remembered only to unfasten her seatbelt but forgot to actually step out of the vehicle.

Seeing that she had not moved and that her entire face was covered with feelings of “so dejected” and “so that’s what this is,” Gun crooked his finger at her.

Huh? She leaned in toward him.

His lips tilted into a slight smile. “Just this one time. It won’t happen again. You got to touch, and you got to kiss. Just a suitable bit of compensation now?”

.....

She instantly bristled and with a *whoosh*, sat up straight.

Stay calm, stay calm...

It's just a little thing, just a little thing... Don't blush. Tong Nian, don't blush, *aaaah...*

But she could not help it. It was as if his one sentence had once again thrown her back to that night...

Arms wrapped in an embrace...

Skin that was burning hot...

Legs pressed tightly against one another...

And also... her lips as they slid over his collarbone... and chin... and earlobe... and face... and nose...

Her brain was buzzing. She clutched her bag tightly, her entire mind filled with —

“What gift do you want?”

“I want...”

“Hmm? What do you want?”

“I want...”

.....

She did not know when he stepped out of the car. Only when a knock sounded out on the window beside her did she finally snap out of her daze. Seeing, through the car window, his hand motion that indicated she should get out of the vehicle, she immediately flushed and opened the door.

She dared not even lift her head as she followed after him.

Step into the elevator. Step out of the elevator. Open the door. Change into slippers.

The elderly man sitting on the living room sofa, a thick, hardcover book on his knees, noticed the two of them walk in one after the other. At once, he removed

his reading glasses and smiled, “Nian Nian, come, come.”

Her brain was still in the same state as a glob of glue. Obediently, she walked over.

“And here Han Shangyan was saying that you weren’t free, but look, aren’t you here now? You’ve finished attending classes today?”

“Mm-hmm. All finished.”

“What’s wrong here? It’s all red.” The elderly man saw the red mark on her forehead.

“... It’s nothing.” She touched that spot on herself.

“I will be leaving to go back home next week. I am guessing it won’t be very likely that I’ll make such a long trip, flying back and forth, to come to China again.” Grandfather smilingly patted her head and asked, “I heard your parents mention you’ve had a fear of flying since you were young? Is that still the case?”

Fear of flying? Gun tossed a dubious glance at her.

“Ah... Mm-hmm. I’m a little scared of flying.” She thickened her skin and forced herself to say this.

In fact, it was not any fear of flying. Her parents merely did not want her to step out of their zone of influence and control, for fear that she would not know how to take care of herself. Therefore, they had simply told friends and relatives that she was scared of flying, and this averted many people’s ideas of taking her out of country for leisure travel.

With a single glance, Gun could see that she was fibbing. However, he had no interest in exposing her.

“Oh... Then that will be a bit troublesome.” Grandfather’s brows creased in a slight frown. “The wedding will need to be held here in China, then?”

Marriage?! She stammered over this. How was she going to make something

up for this...?

“We never said anything about getting married,” Gun nonchalantly stepped in and answered.

These words had just left his lips before a hardcover book was flying past Tong Nian’s eyes with a *whoosh* and heading toward him.

Gun raised a hand and blocked it, narrowly avoiding having it crash into his face.

“Told you to find someone whose age was suitable, but you just had to go con a little girl into being with you instead. Alright, you’ve conned her, but now you won’t get married. What is it you want to do, then?!” Grandfather was so enraged he began to pound his cane against the floor. “Pick up that book for me!”

He shrugged. Moving around the arm that had been struck, he determined that there should be no broken bones... Very quickly, he bent down, picked up the book, and brought it back over, setting it down.

Tong Nian was stunned by this display.

“You, stand still!” Grandfather shouted at the man who was about to leave. “Where are you going?”

“Upstairs for a meeting. I’m flying to Guangzhou tomorrow. For dinner, just have the two of them keep you company and eat with you.” Saying this, he gave a wave of his hand, his back to the two people who were sitting there in the living room.

“You get back here right now!”

This sentence echoed out hollowly. There was no response.

The man had already gone upstairs...

Livid, Grandfather banged the tip of his cane against the floor. “Video games

again! Video games! From since he was a teenager, all he knows is video games!” The elderly man coughed a couple of times. Then, taking Tong Nian by the hand, he pulled her down to take a seat. “Nian Nian, I’m sorry. This truly is so unfair to you. This grandson of mine is so disappointing. All he knows is video games... He isn’t young anymore,” —he heaved a sigh— “yet he still doesn’t think to do any decent, proper work.”

He’s really quite... good.

She silently thought this. After holding herself back for a while, however, she still could not refrain from defending him. “I haven’t been unfairly treated. I quite like that he games.”

The elderly man paused in surprise, then sighed. Sure enough, she was conned purely by that brat’s looks.

“It’s true.” Tong Nian found that Grandfather did not believe her, so with earnestness, she explained, “Even though I’m not good at playing video games, I know that for him, he is not just playing. It’s a sport, an official sport recognized by the country. Ten years ago, when he first started out, it was a very difficult and challenging environment. There were no coaches, no eSports organizations, no highly-experienced, senior players. But their team was still able to break out and cause the entire gaming world to know that there was a team from China called Team Solo, that there was a person from China named Gun. That’s so amazing...” Softly, she said, “In particular, when I read his final declaration when he retired, my heart especially ached, and I could especially understand his passion and love for eSports.”

“Final declaration when he retired?” Clearly, the elderly man did not know what this was.

Final declaration when he retired from professional play.

Those words he had left behind back when he, at the peak of his career, had disappeared overnight.

Words once used by many fans as their signature line.

To date, it was still recorded down in hundreds of forums, personal homepages, and official websites:

“In these past two years and three months, I have won, and I have lost; I have laughed, and I have cried; I have been called into question; I have been the subject of rumours; I have been criticized; and I have been falsely accused. Never have I defended myself. There is no need to defend myself. Tonight, the glorious banquet has at last come to its end. Achievements and fame are but follies in my eyes.”

She recited this.

Word for word, she recited all of it.

These were words the elderly man had never before heard.

But it was evident that he was not truly against eSports, for, after all, in the family, his two grandsons whom he was most pleased with had both entered this profession. As a result, he had more or less been subject to some brainwashing on it. It was simply that, he surmised that when the future in-laws learned that this eldest grandson's heart truly was set only on video games, there would be... some mutters of discontent and criticism.

However, from the looks of things, the little lady genuinely worshiped and, furthermore, understood him.

The elderly man's mind was slightly set to rest.

She kept him company in this way and chatted with him for an hour. The elderly man was clearly showing signs of fatigue.

Taking hold of him, she supported the elder into his bedroom on the second level, then retreated back out the room door, gently blowing out a breath.

When she turned around, though, she saw Gun, who at some unknown time had appeared at the top of the staircase, one hand in his pants pocket and the

other holding a black glass. From high above, he stared down at her while drinking the water in his glass.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

28 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 29

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 29

[September 21, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [90 Comments](#)



Thank you to everyone for the birthday well wishes, and to Bongsd and Peanuts for the lovely banner. ♡

The date stamp on this post technically is one day past my birthday, but here where I am, I still have a few hours left of celebrating. So, after the comment that this romance has only been giving breadcrumbs to the readers, today, you're going to get an entire cake. Trust me. You have my permission to squeal or giggle with me because... finally! ;) (Actually, I didn't plan it this way, but it sure was nice to post this chapter on my bday.)

### Chapter 29 – Han Shangyan?

“Come up with me.” There was something peculiar about his voice.

She could not say what exactly was the feeling she got from it. It felt cold, yet at the same time warm. It seemed to sound edgy, yet also seemed brimming with emotion.

Puzzled, she answered with an “oh” and ran up the stairs.

She did not know whether or not it was because of his tall height and long legs

but the stair steps from the second level to the third were obviously quite a bit taller than the ones leading from the first level to the second and were quite strenuous for her to take... Holding the handrail, she climbed up. When she reached that top level, her view opened up.

There was no layout to be spoken of at all.

Unlike the second level, which had individual bedrooms and a small living room, the third level had an open concept: a gigantic king-size bed, a black bookcase, several black computers that were all connected, a deep blue sofa, and a shaggy rug in the same color scheme...

All the window curtains were drawn shut...

Besides dark blue, there was only black. This was... his room.

She was constantly looking around, her eyes taking in all sorts of bizarre objects, and many of them, she did not even know what they were. It felt as if she had stepped into another dimension.

No lights were turned on... There was only the light emitted from those several computers.

One could not even differentiate whether it was day or night.

Arbitrarily setting his glass down on the computer desk, with his hand, he turned the swivel chair around toward himself so that its back was to the glow of the computers. Taking a seat in it, he faced her, then beckoned to her with his hand.

One hour ago, he had sat right in this place, listening in the audio monitoring system as this kid delivered that long string of words.

That era... the one that had once embodied his youth and his passions, that he had invested one hundred percent of his sentiment and love into—never had anyone dared mention it in front of him before. None of those so-called official sites or personal websites were sanctioned, nor had he ever visited them. The

past was the past. It did not matter who still remembered the name, Gun.

When his own individual heroism had transformed to become the club's glory and honour...

He had, in fact, already ceased being the him of the past.

However, who would have known—even he, himself, had not known—that those sentiments that were still coursing in his blood would be drawn up again because of those words she had spoken? This was... the first time in all these years that he had used an entire sixty minutes to recall the details of his past.

The little girl in front of him dawdled her way over. All those little thoughts, little hesitations she carried as well as the uncertainty and undisguisable happiness she was feeling—his eyes took them all in. She came to a halt in a spot one step away from him.

For the first time, his eyes looked at her in seriousness, like he was treating her as a peer. “Aside from knowing that my name is Han Shangyan, what else do you know?”

She was taken aback. What else did she know?

Actually, it was all just little bits and pieces.

The information on him was simply too sparse...

In reality, once she knew his real name and nationality, there were always ways to find out more, but all this time, she had dared not do so. Last time, he had already been very displeased that she had peeked at his identity card in the Internet café, so she very clearly knew where to draw the line and had only searched online for information regarding “Gun.”

“Nothing...” she truthfully confessed. “I’ve only looked at your interviews that were made public and competition videos.”

He fell silent for three seconds.

Then, he opened his mouth and spoke again.

“Han Shangyan. Born February 14, 1986 in Norway. In 2004, my nationality was changed to Chinese. Former professional gamer. All my rankings and achievements can be found online. Retired from professional play in 2005. Studied a few years in a university. Major was in industrial design. After graduating, I founded K&K eSports Club in the United States. I am its number one investor and also one of the owners of the organization. In 2013, after K&K China was established, I changed to permanently reside in China.”

Such a detailed introduction of him. Even Baidu Baike would not have this information.

And in this way, one sentence at a time, they were spoken from his mouth—to tell her.

It was as if he was saying, “Welcome to my world, Tong Nian.”

After saying all this, he unhurriedly unwrapped a candy, popped it in his mouth, and with words that were somewhat indistinct, summarized, “This can be considered my official self-introduction to you. Don’t view me as some hero written about on the Internet. I’m not, understand?”

“Mm-hmm.” She nodded.

“You’re a hundred times better than what’s written on the Internet,” she thought.

This was the first time he had ever had such patience to say so much to someone of the opposite gender.

But clearly, he was starting to lose that patience.

Especially since, up to this point, the kid still did not understand what he was trying to say, even though she... really was listening focusedly...

“Nor am I some perfect, noble gentleman. I’m not the least bit chivalrous, I don’t like being romantic, and I don’t even have time to go out on dates. My entire life is K&K, it’s all the members of my team. Very monotonous, no pastimes, no time for taking trips, no vacation time. Even more so, I dislike social niceties and interactions. I don’t even have rest days, holidays, or yearly vacation leave.”

“Poor him...” she thought.

And then, all around, it grew quiet.

It seemed he had finished saying all that he wanted to say.

She was still caught in a stupor.

“So, I’ll give you another chance. Do you still want to break up?”

O.O?

Huh?!

Her eyes widened.

She utterly did not know even how to speak.

*Thump, thump, thump...*

*Thump, thump, thump...*

Her heart was beating faster and faster. All of her was caught in this huge, wonderful surprise, and she was frozen in astonishment.

“So do you want to? Or not?” He once again opened his mouth to ask.

“.....”

“Haven’t thought of how to answer?”

“.....”

“Still need to think it over some more?”

She wrung her fingers furiously behind her back, so hard it was painful.

“I don’t want to...” Worried that he had not heard, she repeated the sentence again in a small voice. “I don’t want to.”

This was the first time since she was a child that she had spent so much time and effort to learn about and understand a person, to try to catch up to his footsteps, even if all she received in exchange was a single glance back at her.

She did not want to break up with him...

Nor did she want to never be able to see him again after today.

Gun carried on with eating his candy, not saying any more.

That entire space once again fell into a bizarre quiet.

She seemed to be waiting for a final answer, her two hands joined tightly behind her back, twisting until they hurt. And it remained as such until she felt a warmth along the bridge of her nose. He had stretched out a hand and brushed a finger down her nose. “Then let’s not break up.”

.....

So that meant...

They really didn’t need to break up anymore?

Somewhat uncertainly, she tilted her face upwards, trying to get a clear view of his eyes.

Unfortunately, he had already swiveled the chair around. Facing the computers, he opened his inbox and pulled up an email, reading the telephone number on the screen as he dialled into the phone conference.

Following a series of greetings, he tossed out a sentence. “You guys continue. I’m listening.”

Everyone threw back several replies of “okay” and then began discussions on the expected situation for competition registration amongst the four major

servers around the world. “The American eSports alliance that previously had focused on *StarCraft II* has announced that it will be transitioning its focus to *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber...*”

He turned back again and continued to look at her, seeming as if he wanted to carry on with the topic from earlier on.

However, he did not say anything.

Tong Nian was blushing from his gaze, and softly, she mumbled, “Um, well... you have your meeting. I’m going downstairs...”

Extending his arm, he drew her toward himself. While she was overwhelmed and flustered, he pulled her down so that she was seated on his right leg.

In that moment, when his hand cupped the back of her head, he could even feel that there was a slight tremble in her body.

“Should I... give you some alcohol to drink?” His voice was like a phantom, pressing itself close against her ear.

The little girl did not move, her entire body rigid.

It was still the scent of fruit candy on her body. It should be a type of perfume. Such a saccharinely sweet smell. Somewhere deep within him, the memories of that night were slowly roused, those...

Feelings of rashness, desire...

Feelings of wanting to do what had never been tried before...

The room was dim.

The background noise coming from the phone was very exhilarated, the people inside speaking about the upcoming global qualifying tournament.

He, on the other hand, had closed his eyes. The tip of his nose slid down from her forehead, wordlessly, noiselessly grazing over the bridge of her nose and tracing a path downwards the entire way until he found that spot...

“Tong Nian.” His voice was husky.

She gave a tiny “mm” in answer.

“Do you want... to kiss?”

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

29 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 30

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 30

[September 24, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [54 Comments](#)



How does Tong Nian respond to his invitation from last chapter? LOL, Gun sure isn't bashful in front of people, is he? This chapter is short, but it should be so, so satisfying. ;) Enjoy.

#### Chapter 30 – Han Shangyan ( ̄ 3)(ε ̄ ) !

Silence.

With the tip of his nose, he nuzzled her lips. “Don't want to?”

She clutched her skirt, her eyes tightly shut and so anxious she did not even dare breathe.

He chuckled, calmly, soundlessly allowing the tip of his nose to continue gliding down, following that sweet smell to brush over her tiny chin and then her neck.

Sliding further downwards, it was her slender neck. And then...

Her petite, beautifully-curved...

... collarbone.

At last, he lowered his lips onto that spot. Searing hot was her skin. So soft. Slowly, he caressed it... Then slowly, he moved up until he was directly beneath her long hair, behind her ear. "Mmm..." he murmured gently. "It smells the nicest here..."

The little girl in his embrace was soft and supple, and like a doll, he held her in his arms.

Not even a single movement did she dare make.

Not even a single sound did she dare emit...

"The negotiations between the two major gaming alliances were successful, and they've merged now. But poor EFK. It dissolved immediately, simply because it was unable to negotiate a cooperation agreement..." Inside the phone, Navi's voice sounded rather peculiar, as if he had detected something.

"The strong will prey on the weak. It's survival of the fittest. There's nothing deserving of pity." Gun did not care at all about any of this, and in English, he responded to the phone conference discussion.

"Leader... I understand Chinese, you know, *aaaaah...*" In the phone, the head of the Taiwan branch of the organization who had called in was breaking down, and his tone carried sobs. "But Leader, trust me. I didn't hear anything. Ah, ah, breaking up! Connection's cutting off!"

*Beep, beep, beep...* One person had left the call.

Those people in the European and Americas regions who had been fully immersed in the discussion were all somewhat perplexed and asked in English, who had gotten disconnected? Who had withdrawn from the call? Wasn't that person worried that Leader would straight up tell him to fly over to see him for physical punishment? ...

In the end, even Navi could hold himself back no longer, and speaking in Chinese, he griped, “Goddammit, Han Shangyan, don’t forget that I understand Chinese, too! Show some restraint!”

He gave a snort of laughter. Releasing Tong Nian, he stretched his arms and, in an indolent tone, said in English, “Sorry, everyone, the problem’s on me. My girlfriend is having a little outburst here. I’ll soothe her first. We’ll continue the meeting in half an hour.”

The entire group was stunned. But before they had a chance to congratulate their big boss on the happy news that he had a girlfriend, the phone was hung up.

Quiet was once again restored in the room.

Tong Nian was utterly dazed, unable to believe that he had... not muted the phone...

She was still in his arms as they spun what seemed to be a half-circle around. Then, she felt his arms loosen their hold on her and heard the sound of typing on the keyboard.

Huh?

No more... kissing?

Peeking open her eyes secretly, she saw his face, which was so near as he looked over her and stared at the computer screen. He looked quite proper and serious as he...? She turned her head and found that, sure enough, row upon row of English words was appearing on the screen.

Responding to emails?

“Let me reply to an email first,” he told her.

.....

.....

Done.

He typed “Gn,” then clicked “send.”

Gun brought his gaze back onto her face again. Seeing her lashes quivering slightly, he suddenly was amused and touched them with his fingertip. “Your lashes are pretty long, hmm?”

... Following along her eyelashes, his fingers grazed down until they touched her face. “What were we talking about earlier?”

When were we actually talking?...

We were just “doing” ...

Tong Nian’s face was bright red. Shifting her body slightly, she rubbed against his thigh. She did not even know what she might have already inadvertently touched. “We weren’t... talking about anything.”

“Oh?” His laughter was suppressed in his throat. “But I now remember. So what should we do about it?”

... His joke had come from such a close distance that when he spoke, even his breath fell upon her face. They had returned to that topic once more. She even lowered her eyes again in waiting—waiting for him to pull her into his embrace and press his kiss onto her. One second, two seconds... Little after little, time elapsed. No sort of movement at all?

Were they... not going to kiss anymore?

Furtively, she lifted her eyes and glanced at him.

In that dim room, only those eyes shone brilliantly, and they were looking at her. Yes, they truly were looking only at her, as if they were gazing upon something fresh and new, something that had suddenly appeared in his life—so uncertain, so unfamiliar, and so unaccustomed to it.

Was he regretting his decision?

The feelings of weeping from yesterday were still present. It was as if, with a single sentence from him that he suddenly wanted to take back what he had said, she would never again be able to see him. She was uncertain, insecure. Everything seemed to have suddenly fallen into her lap...

She gripped the hem of his short-sleeved shirt.

Drawing upon all of her greatest courage, she brought her face up close to his. In that instant when she made contact, he suddenly moved away and evaded her. Tong Nian froze. Her eyes immediately reddened, as if she had confirmed the suspicion she feared most. He really *did* regret his decision?

Don't cry. Don't cry. Go back. Tears, go back... His face all of a sudden leaned in close to hers. And then, he kissed her.

She was shocked. Her eyes fluttered as they blinked and blinked some more. Then, slowly, docilely, she closed them.

.....

He was inhaling the breath that the little lady exhaled. He felt her trembling slightly against his body. With all her might, she was gripping his clothes. Everything was so very real. The stimulation on his senses of touch and smell, the feel of her beneath his palm—all so very real...

Previously, she had still been so unfamiliar to him, to the point that, after knowing the kid's name, how old she was, and what school she was in, he had not really concerned himself with her. "Being together" with her was only because that night, he had gone too far, so he wanted to try to take responsibility, to see whether he really was suited to have a girlfriend... But when her lips were right here, against his, and her little tongue was submissively allowing him to probe and taste...

That strange, unfamiliar sensation made him unable to stop...

So... what was love? ...

Was it this?

He wanted to make all of her become all of his, to use all possible ways to do so...

He shut his eyes, and at the same time, released his hold on her.

The little girl was gasping heavily. As she leaned against his shoulder, the breaths that she blew out all permeated into his skin. Moist. Hot. Lowering his head, he brushed a kiss onto her ear with his lips and squeezed her in a firm hug. “Go out first...”

Her breathing ragged, Tong Nian looked at him with unfocused eyes...

She felt a pat on her back.

Only then did she start back to awareness. With ears that were glowing scarlet, not daring to say anything at all, she darted downstairs. The stair steps were just too tall, however, so she could not run fast. Stumbling, she arrived at the second level, where she immediately leaned herself against the wall and covered her face with her hands.

Oh God...

Oh God...

Her lips were still numb.

Tong Nian could not help biting down on her lip, trying to repress that feeling, but instead, she at once tasted the sweetness of candy.

With a whoosh, her entire body seemed to burn up.

And so, when Dt strolled upstairs to tell everyone it was time for dinner, he saw Tong Nian, standing in the spot where the stairs turned a corner and, with all her might, stomping her feet and covering her face with her hands. The instant she raised her head and saw him, though, it was as if she had seen a ghost. Crying “Ah!” she immediately darted off to the first level again, tripping

and running her way there. Bemused by what might be the reason for this, Dt tilted his head up to glance at the third floor.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

30 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 31

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 31

[September 28, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [40 Comments](#)



Tong Nian demonstrates her “cultured” talents. Poor girl. And Gun certainly milks his boyfriend rights.

### Chapter 31 – Singing Diva?

Dinner was finished before Gun finally came down from upstairs to see Tong Nian sitting by Grandfather’s side, holding a knife, and paring an apple. Have you ever seen a live version of the first time someone learns how to pare an apple? It would be just like this now: skin with apple flesh still attached to it; the knife constantly moving to, time after time, start a new cut; and a very ugly-looking end result.

Utterly bored, Dt watched the *Huangmei* opera [\[1\]](#) film that was on the television to pass the time.

Since the elderly one came to visit, this entire house seemed to have reverted back to that era of smoke and flames of the Republican period [\[2\]](#), and every day, the television would rotate through all kinds of Chinese opera. He got headaches from listening to them.

Gun walked over and sat down in a brash, nonchalant manner. Propping one leg on the other knee, he motioned for her to hand him the fruit knife.

Then, picking up a new apple, he briskly pared a single, long spiral of peel off of it, sliced it into eight wedges, and cut out the core, not once touching the flesh of the apple with his fingers during the entire process. Just like that, he tossed the wedges onto a plate and pushed it over to that pair of one elderly, one young.

So attractive...

Swiftly, Tong Nian grabbed a toothpick, stabbed it into a wedge, and held it up to the elderly man.

“You didn’t even wash your hands. Eat it yourself.” The elderly man looked at him disdainfully.

Without saying a word, he truly did pick up a wedge with his fingers and toss it into his mouth.

Tong Nian followed suit and began to eat one as well with a manner of “I don’t mind. I absolutely, firmly do not mind.”

While she was eating away, she heard Grandfather ask, “Nian Nian, that day I heard your parents mention that you like to sing, and you are very famous online with a lot of fans?”

Self-consciously, she glanced at Gun. “Not really a lot...”

“Look at your wife.” Grandfather once again glanced scornfully at Gun. “Her interest is so cultured and cultivates the mind. All you know how to do is play video games.” Rolling his eyes, Gun carried on with eating his apple. It was apparent the elderly man had already chosen to selectively ignore that his favourite grandson [eldest grandson born of a daughter] was also a gamer and, furthermore, a professional gamer who had many times been ranked as number one in the world.

Grandfather smilingly turned his eyes back to Tong Nian. “What do you sing?”

“I sing... mainly songs from anime as well as a variety of Japanese songs.”

“Oh, Japanese songs. Those aren’t nice to listen to,” Grandfather sighed. “Do you know *Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy*[\[3\]](#)?”

“.....” She shook her head sheepishly.

“Your [paternal] grandpa used to love listening to *The Legend of the Red Lantern*[\[4\]](#). Have you heard it before?”

“I have! I’ve heard it many times.” Phew. Good thing she had. Finally, she had found a common topic to talk about with him. “When Grandpa was still alive, he would always play it in our home. Back then, our home was just like this. Every day, as long as you were awake, there’d be opera playing.”

Grandfather was even happier with this, feeling that Han Shangyan had not really done any good things in his life, and the only thing he could bring out to flaunt in front of people was that he had found himself such a lovely, well-behaved little wife. And so, the old man laughingly waved his hand and instructed, “Sing a little segment for Grandfather right now.”

.....

.....

Gun and Dt simultaneously lifted their heads.

Together, they turned their gazes to this cutie little girl who had just dug a pit for herself...

红灯记5(Model operas: The Legend of Red Lantern) ➔



\* \* \* \* \*

For the entire half hour drive back to her home, Tong Nian, in a state where she did not even dare speak half a word, hugged her bag to herself and bit down tightly on her lower lip. Who could understand what it felt like for this “healing-type girl[5]” [sweet girl whose presence comforts and “heals” the heart], who, for the first-ever time singing in front of the person she liked, had had to sing scenes from *The Legend of the Red Lantern*? ... Especially since, midway through her singing, Dt had simply broken out in laughter and left the room, and Gun had shown all sorts of rich and colourful expressions on his face as well.

Hence, the direct result of this was, from when she finished singing to the present—this present moment where they were about to arrive at the front door of her home—she still was in a state where she did not dare say a single word to him.

Turning the steering wheel, Gun drove into her community compound. In a

parking spot fifty metres from her building, he parked the vehicle.

could be guaranteed that they would not have any spectators looking on, nor would the circumstance arise where her parents would happen outside and see them, yet he could still watch her safely step into the stairwell. It was a good spot.

the engine.

tary silence.

back next weekend.” Though he was not used to reporting his schedule to anyone, for simple tasks such as this, if he could do it, then he

he answered briefly.

t tell you the flight number. You don't need to come meet my flight.”

he carried on with nodding her head.

But she simply would not look at him, still submerged, instead, in her *The Legend of the Red Lantern* incident as her agonized heart silently dripped blood... She felt her wrist being taken into a grasp that pulled her over. The centre console armrest lay between them, so he had not yanked forcefully, only enough to convey that he wanted her to move close to him.

Huh? She saw him adjust his seat to slide it backwards.

This particular parking spot was on the very periphery of the compound, and he had parked so that the front of the car was facing inward. Therefore, only the back of the vehicle had a view of the headlights that were driving by in the distance.

Her head bowed, she crawled lightly over the armrest and, with his arm holding her waist, sat herself at an angle on his lap. One-tenth of a second later, her lip was already caught between his teeth, but she was still pondering whether Blueberry and her husband would also so frequently... kiss...

Of course, her pondering ceased within a few seconds.

Waves of tingling numbness travelled down her back. Her knees were tensed tightly, and her leg was pressed against the car door as she shifted slightly a

couple of times. As it turned out, his palm happened to be resting on her leg, and rather displeasedly, he left her lips for the moment. “It’s cold out. Why are you wearing a skirt?”

“It’s not cold...” she murmured in a low voice.

“Not cold?” He pushed open the car door. A biting wind rushed in.

She gave an abrupt shiver.

With a bang, the car door was shut.

Phew. Warm again.

“Still not cold?”

“Cold...” She was honest this time.

Needless to say, he could see straight through the girly thinking she had tried to keep concealed in her heart, and with no mercy, he exposed it. “Clothes are meant to keep out the cold. If you want other results, it’d be better just to not wear anything.”

Ah?! Colour rushed into her cheeks.

She squirmed bashfully...

Gun always spoke bluntly and to the point. He never felt that words like these needed to beat around the bush, especially when they were spoken to the one who had already been conferred the title of “girlfriend.” Of course, they did not delve deeper in discussion on this topic because, when he began his second round of “reasonable demands a boyfriend could make,” he discovered that... skirts were actually pretty nice.

However, this particular skirt-length was still a bit dangerous.

Consequently, the original plan to watch her walk into the building stairwell was changed to become him personally accompanying her into the stairwell. Standing in that spot where the dark of the night intersected with the glow of

the lights, he watched her repeatedly turn her head back at every step to bid farewell to him.

That sense of belonging from being needed, being desired, as well as being entrusted by someone—it had only once existed for him between the teammates of that squad from his distant past. The more intense these feelings were, the more painful the feeling of loss that followed was. He had no profound experience in regards to love and romance, but he had amply experienced the connections and relationships that occur between people...

Turning around, he stepped out of that brightly-lit place and into the cloak of night.

From behind him, a petite pair of arms suddenly stretched out and circled around his waist. “Did I give you a scare?” There was a smile in the little girl’s voice, and she secretly felt a teeny bit of delight. She had stealthily, one step at a time, slipped back. Fortunately, he had not discovered her. “Come back soon.”

He looked down at her tiny hands. Without any lust in his action, he caressed them a couple times as his way of answering her.

“I... will miss you,” she told him softly.

[1] 黄梅戏. *Huangmei* opera originated in approximately the 18th century as “tea-picking songs.” It is sometimes referred to as a “folk opera” as it combines folks songs with narration and dance, with plain language and a natural and simple style.

[2] 民国 “Minguo.” The Republic of China (1912-1949), sometimes referred to as the Minguo period, in Mainland China is an era after the fall of the Qing dynasty but prior to the establishment of the People’s Republic of China (PRC). It was a period in China showing the Western influence but also still containing many traditional aspects.

[3] 《智取威虎山》 *Taking of Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is a Peking opera. It is one of the original eight 样板戏 model operas, which were officially formed

during the Cultural Revolution and to inspire the people, contained themes of heroes and models who rose up from the commoner ranks (peasant, soldier, worker, etc.). The story of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, set in 1946, is based on the true story of a soldier, Yang Zirong, who went undercover, infiltrating and successfully taking down a gang of bandits. It was adapted to screen in 1970 and then again, recently, in 2014 in Tsui Hark's *The Taking of Tiger Mountain*.



1970 Poster for *Taking of Tiger Mountain by Strategy* ([image credit](#))

[4]《红灯记》 *The Legend of the Red Lantern* (or sometimes in English, simply *The Red Lantern*) is one of the eight model operas (see footnote [3]) of the Chinese Cultural Revolution created in the 1960s. The story is set in the anti-Japanese war period in which an orphan girl learns that her parents were communist party members who sacrificed their lives for the revolutionary cause and social change. She, too, goes to give her life to the revolutionary work.



*The Legend of the Red  
Lantern* ([image credit](#))

[5]治愈系妹子. The concept of 治愈系, which literally means “healing type” was actually introduced in Japan and describes something (e.g. story, anime, person, etc.) that makes people feel warm, relaxed, happy, *etc.* It has an ability to warm, comfort, and “heal” the heart and mind, by making you feel better mentally and emotionally, especially when you are sad or discouraged. A 治愈系妹子 “healing type girl” is one whose presence or beauty has the ability to comfort and warm the heart. Adjectives for such a girl often include cute, gentle, pure, innocent, sweet, *etc.*

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

31 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 32

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 32

[October 1, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [46 Comments](#)



Yup, they're apart, but they're officially in a relationship and are sharing it in their own unique ways. ♡

#### Chapter 32 – Singing Diva ◡ω◡ !

The next afternoon, one of the four great cutie-girls of the Japanese cover-singing circle and singer who had a crazy-large number of diehard fanboys and fangirls—Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers—unexpectedly released a new song. Seeing the song title, her entire fan base exploded into pandemonium.

*Ren'ai Circulation [Love Circulation]!!!!*



Three years ago, during *Dada's* interview when she had turned sweet sixteen and her fans had cried out over and over to her to sing a cover of this song, she had personally answered, "I've never been in love so no feelings for this song, never been in love so no feelings for this song. Only after I'm in love will I cover it, only after I'm in love will I cover it, *aaaaaaah!*"

Within ten seconds of this release, her Weibo was overtaken by frenzied fans...

*[Goodbye] Completely unprepared for this. My little cutie-girl has been married off just like that.*

*[Goodbye][Goodbye][Goodbye][Goodbye] Nothing worth living for anymore.*

*[Goodbye] Those of us in Shanghai, see you all on Jin Mao Tower*[\[1\]](#).

*[Goodbye] Those in Taipei, let's just head directly to TAIPEI 101*[\[2\]](#).  
*Remember to do the countdown together before we all jump off.*

*Which guy did it?! Show yourself! I'm going to beat the hell out of you!!!! Frick!! I'll wait—wait for you guys to break up!!!!*

*[Goodbye] The goddess I loved since primary school is now in love.*

*Soap] FRACK FRICK FRICKIN' F\*CK.*

*tonight, we've all lost our love...*

*Furious] Little Squidie is mine mine mine MIIIIINE!!!!*

*Cries] Hey, that guy, you must have saved the entire Milky Way galaxy  
your previous life...*

*Goodbye] Hey, guy, show yourself. I promise I won't bite you to death!*

....

Waiting at the airport for their flight, 97 held his mobile phone and  
out in guffaws. All the team members in the waiting lounge had been  
leaning back, every one half-dead from exhaustion, and using various positions  
to lie in his chair. Now, though, hearing this sound, they immediately sniffed out  
that there was something peculiar, and all of them leapt up and flocked around  
97. "What's going on, what's going on?"

"Leader's being bashed really badly on Little Sister-In-Law's Weibo." 97 was  
grinning widely, rejoicing in his leader's misfortune.

"The name of the song is pretty good, eh? What does it mean?" demo was  
bewildered.

Taking the mobile phone, grunt ran a quick glance over it, then tossed it back.  
"PDA [public display of affection]. Didn't Leader head home last night? I'm  
guessing he got to third base yesterday and got to 'experience' the 'true  
essence' of love, eh?"

Light bulbs went off in everyone's heads.

Dang it! Jeaalooooos!!!!

The bunch of poor, single dudes wallowed in their states of dying anguish...

With a cup of coffee in hand, Gun, his head lowered and playing Texas Hold'em on his phone, was walking in their direction. The burning gazes of the group that were filled with reverence caused him to detect that their eyes were on him. When he raised his lids, they all immediately returned to their own respective spots.

What the heck was going on?

His gaze roved once around the entire group and then locked on demo. "Say it."

"Ah?" An expression of dismay covered demo's face. Dammit, how come I get picked every time? I came to K&K to win gold medals. Don't tell me I'm going to die young first before I've taken a single gold medal, am I? "Just... Little Sister-In-Law just did a little PDA, and we were all just happy and having some fun about it."

Oh sh\*t—

Everyone bowed their heads reverently... and offered up a moment of silence in tribute to little demo.

\*

Today she did not need to go to the university.

However, she realized after the fact that she had disappeared yesterday while she was supposed to be monitoring an exam. Feeling ashamed, she called her teacher, but to her surprise, her teacher replied directly, "I heard that your brother or maybe your uncle from your family came to find you? Said there was

something urgent and picked you up to take you away? No worries. You've already been working so hard, and you still helped me out with setting the exam questions."

She felt terribly abashed and apologized repeatedly.

After this call came to an end, she held her mobile phone between her little paws and, lowering her head, sent off a WeChat text message to him: *Meow. Have you arrived yet?*

Gn: Yes.

Her: *\*raises paw\* May I put in the request to video chat with you tonight?*

Gn: .....

Her: *poking fingers together Just... to watch and look at you for a little bit, please?*

Gn: .....

Her: *Video calling in WeChat will do, as long as you have good reception... If your reception is poor, how about QQ[3]? Do you have QQ?*

Gn: *We'll talk about it at night.*

Her: *Mm~ I'll wait for you.*

Tong Nian was practically in max-HP mode. She passed the entire daytime immersed in her feelings of bashfulness from her first-ever public display of affection. It was past ten o'clock at night when she finally logged into Weibo using her alternate account to read the comments that had been left under her official, main account. She felt as if every part of her was submerged in a honey jar, sweetness infusing her. How she wished she could tell everyone how wonderful he was, how great he was! He... Anyhow, he's the most unequalled, awesome, and handsome man in the whole, wide world! Covering my face with my hands!!

Completely disregarding that great, monstrous army of commenters that was online or the thousands of people who were occupying the top level of Jin Mao Tower, she pulled out her pen and, sprawling on her desk, began to quietly write in her journal. Sketching all sorts of little chibi characters, she wrote down, sentence after sentence, what the two of them had said or done together. When... she had drawn a cartoon car with two little chibi people inside, caught in each other's embrace, she at last thumped her head against the desk.

Too...

She could not refrain from leaping up and stamping her feet. Plopping down in her seat once again, she offhandedly refreshed the Weibo page of her alternate account.

To her surprise, the people she was following with this alternate account had all flooded the screen with posts.

These people were all ones she had followed in order to help her understand Gun's professional and social circle and setting: various famous professional gamers, various eSports magazines, official Weibos accounts of various video games, *etc.* There were more than one hundred different accounts that she followed...

And they were all... spamming the screen?

97: *@Gun, Leader said he was opening a Weibo account...*

grunt: *@Gun, once one of the first-generation Bonjwas<sup>[4]</sup> of CS. K&K Global's boss makes his appearance.*

demo: *@Gun, Leader, welcoming you on bended knees.*

Dt: *@Gun*

Solo: *@Gun, welcome back.*

appledog: *@Gun, awesome! Con Man is back!*

inin: *@Gun, = = the Great Demon Overlord. Me scared...*

.....

In the very beginning, it was all K&K people, but gradually, everyone within the eSports circle started to notice. All the god-status figures of the various events and video games, including CS [*Counter-Strike*], *StarCraft*, WoW [*World of Warcraft*], *CrossFire*, *Need for Speed*, DotA [*Defense of the Ancients*], *FIFA*, *Hearthstone: Heroes of Warcraft*, LOL [*League of Legends*], etc., etc., were all fired up and began forwarding the post.

The guy was an ancient legend in the professional gaming circle, you know?!! Many of the current pro gaming gods were all God Gun's diehard fans, you know?!!!!

The official eSports Weibo account.

The official Weibo accounts of all the various major video games.

The official Weibo accounts of all the various competitions and tournaments.

.....

The entire eSports circle was boiling over in excitement.

This was too exhilarating.

It had been ten years, oh, ten years. This man who had forged a new way to open up the world of professional gaming was finally willing to publicly announce his return.

While many people knew that he was the boss of K&K, this was different. So long as he did not openly and publicly declare his identity, everyone would voluntarily remain quiet, silently watching and standing guard over this former "God Gun." Now, though, he was willing to have a personal Weibo account and make it publicly known on the Internet. This was super exciting, you know?! They had to support him, 'kay?! How many people were there for whom he was the one who awakened them to gaming? How many people were there for whom he

was their beacon of guiding light? How many people were there for whom he was their idol in their youth?!

Tong Nian was completely stunned by what she saw.

Here, as she stared at her computer screen, it was as if she was watching a wild party that was taking place in another world.

Although Baidu Baike had written things out clearly and she had also read through all those online interviews and forum posts, the feeling right now was totally different. Right at this second, she finally became aware of... what sort of person this man—the one whom she had fallen in love with at first sight—really was.

What was his purpose for opening a Weibo account?

As promotion and publicity for the club? To attract and recruit people onto the team?

Speculating, she clicked on @Gun.

His entire Weibo homepage popped up. There was only one post.

Gun: *[Link]*

She clicked on the *[Link]*. It was K&K's official website.

Indeed, for promotion purposes. But this was being a little too flippant about his work. Shouldn't he at least say a few words of something?

Nevertheless, within a few short hours, his number of followers had already broken one million...

That was just too... formidable...

Wordlessly, she glanced at her follower count for her main, official Weibo account... one tenth of his.

Huh?

Wait...

0.0?

Why were there more than 30000 comments under her latest post where she

had released her song? ... Same thing for forwards... Was Sina [service provider for Sina Weibo] acting up and just going crazy?!

Disbelievingly, she clicked on the post. At once, the comment area beneath it scrolled open.

Random person: *Part of the group checking out the sights.*

Random person: *Gathering around to check out God Gun's one and only follow.*

Random person: *Male god's only follow.*

Random person: *Part of the group checking out the sights.*

Random person: *Male god's only follow.*

Random person: *Male god's only follow.*

Random person: *[Brokenhearted] Don't want to say anything. I hope that you will treat my man well.*

Random person: *Gathering around to check out K&K's lady-boss*

Fan: *WTF?! What the heck is going on???????? Has my dada been hacked???? @SinaCustomerService*

[1] 金茂大厦 “Jin Mao Da Xia.” Jin Mao Tower is one of the three super skyscrapers in Shanghai's Pudong area. Excluding the Oriental Pearl (which is an observation tower and technically not a skyscraper building), Jin Mao is currently the third tallest building in Shanghai, standing at 88 stories tall (93 including the spire), but at the time of the writing of this story, it was the second tallest skyscraper in Shanghai as the Shanghai Tower had not yet completed building. According to [this site](#), Jin Mao Tower is the sixteenth tallest building in the world.



An older photo of Jin Mao Tower, which, up until 2007, was the tallest building in Shanghai.

([image credit](#))

[2] 101大厦, or officially 台北101, TAIPEI 101 is located in Taipei, Taiwan and stands 101 stories tall. According to [this site](#), TAIPEI 101 is the sixth tallest building in the world.

[3] Tencent QQ, otherwise known as QQ, is an instant messaging service in China with features such as text messaging, file transfers, voice and video chats. Each account is identified by a unique string of numbers, so and therefore, QQ users refer to their accounts by their numbers.

[4] Bonjwa, originally a Korean word, is a title give to a player who undisputably dominates the scene of a game for an era, to the point of being in a class of his own and influencing the evolution of the game itself.

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### **Additional Comments:**

Clicking on the “CC” in Youtube will pull up the lyric translations for *Ren'ai Circulation*.

Just a couple notes about Weibo.

Emojis in Weibo, many of which are animated, each have a name associated

with them. When typing up a new post or comment in Weibo, after you have selected the emoji to use, it shows up in your typing as [name\_of\_emoji], and only after you have posted does the actual emoji appear. Sometimes, depending on your mobile device or the version of the app you're using, the emojis don't show up and you only see the square brackets with the name inside. Below are screencaps of the [Furious] and [Cries] emojis. (Can't figure out how to show you guys the animated versions. Sorry.) So, the Weibo comments after Tong Nian's post where she released her song were filled with a bunch of crying, furious, and waving goodbye emojis (and a random one of a bar of soap).



This should be pretty intuitive for those who use Twitter or other social media, but just in case, putting the @ in front of a Weibo user's username tags them and it will show up in their notifications that someone has tagged them in a comment or a post.

### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

32 of 49 Chapters

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Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 33

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 33

[October 5, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [63 Comments](#)



What an “interesting” way of bonding? Now you can see, in comparison to other females, Gun had treated Tong Nian extremely kindly when they first met. And that last position... I’m cringing in embarrassment for God Gun.

### Chapter 33 – Travelling with the Team

She bowed her head and threw her face into her hands, covering it. Frantically and with all her might, she tried to restrain that feeling of happiness that was billowing up in her.

And so, this carried on until, behind her, her dearest mother pushed open the door. “Would you like to have a late night snack?”

She shook her head forcefully. Her entire being felt giddy, and returning her mom’s gaze, she mumbled, “Not hungry, not hungry, not hungry, not hungry...”

Her dearest mother looked at her suspiciously.

Before she could ask any questions, however, Tong Nian had jumped up and was pushing her out the bedroom. “I need to help someone out with a big school assignment. Good night, good night.” She shut the door. But, still not assured, she turned the lock a couple of circles until the door was secured. Hugging her phone to herself, she hopped onto her bed.

Oh gosh, this won't do. Still so fired up. What should I do, what should I do?

Holding her mobile phone high, she stared foolishly for a long time at the comments on her and his Weibos.

.....

Eh? 22:23?

Wait, no! Where was the video call they had agreed to?!

She snatched up her phone.

WeChat message sent at lightning speed.

Her: *doki doki*

Gn: .....

Her: *poking fingers together Ready to video call yet?*

Gn: .....

Her: *looking at you with puppy dog eyes*

Gn: *Do you know how to talk normally?*

Her: *Hmm. Well then, Han Shangyan, can we officially begin using video calling to bond emotionally?*

Gn: .....

Her: *looking at you very normally*

Gn: *QQ. Yours.*

Her: *678709XX.*

Gn: *Wait.*

Immediately, she rolled off the bed. Her room, her room! She needed to tidy her room. Oh, and change her clothes, change her clothes... Not enough time, not enough time! She simply grabbed a pink dress from her wardrobe, threw it

over herself, and then raced back to her computer.

Inside her QQ, a friend request was already waiting. She opened it up:

*Gn has requested to add you as a contact.*

Approved. Added.

Not bothering with even a single useless word, he sent a video chat invitation straight over to her.

Feeling a little shy, she smoothed her hair with both her hands.

Accept.

The video call began. On the other end, it was surprisingly dark.

This angle felt as if... his computer was on the bed?

Soon, the image on the screen brightened. All she could see was his jean-clothed legs walking toward her. A hand picked up the computer and set it on a table. The next second, Gun, completely bare from waist up, was leaning himself on his two hands that were resting on the table and looking at the image of her, which was frozen in shock in the camera lens. "Can you see?"

"I-I can see."

And... very clearly, too...

His upper body unclothed, the ends of his hairs still dripping water, his belt once again not done up...

Cover my face!! Why doesn't he ever do up his belt?!!!!

"Angle okay?"

"Uh-huh." Why was he asking about angle?

And then, as if nothing was going on, he... walked away?

Huh?

He wouldn't be thinking that having the video call was... purely to satisfy her viewing desires, would he? Even though there was technically nothing wrong with this, how come it felt... kind of weird? Inside the picture on her screen, his back was to her as he pulled out a long-sleeved shirt from his wide-open suitcase

and pulled it on.

His movements as he put on his clothes were also so... enticing...

She gnawed on her lip.

They fell completely into a Han Shangyan-style of video calling.

That was, he did his own thing, minimizing the video chat window, muting the speakers, and not concerning himself remotely with what she was doing on the other end of the video call. And she, well-behaved and quiet, merely rested her chin on her hand and watched him.

Simply observing him in this way, more than twenty minutes slipped by.

And still she did not find it boring at all.

During that entire period, he had merely gotten dressed, talked on the phone, turned on another computer, and typed. Hearing the sound of the game he was playing coming from the computer behind him, he had even detected that the volume of his video game was too loud and had completely muted it.

Playing games? So nice

If she could just keep watching him like this, it would be nice.

Who cared if there was sound or not?

She began to muse that in another half an hour, she needed to turn her computer monitor around to face the bed. That way, she could watch him game while she went to sleep.

All of a sudden, the he inside the monitor's picture raised his eyes irately and looked at something off the screen. Shoving aside his mouse, he got up and disappeared out of the picture.

He went out?

Uh... Would he be coming back? Should she wait?

At a bit of a loss, she crestfallenly picked up her phone, planning to use WeChat to ask him when he would be returning. In the image on the screen, without any warning, a woman appeared, smiling and sitting... on his bed?!

“Han Shangyan?” she called out to him incredulously.

No one responded.

The two clearly were talking, but she could not hear what they were saying.

Wait, no! The volume had long been muted!!

Grabbing her phone at the speed of light, she called him. In the picture, she watched him pull out his mobile phone and take a glance before tossing it back into his pants pocket. Then, with quick strides, he walked over toward her, stretched out a hand—

The picture abruptly went black.

\*

Out in the hallway, fourteen boys from both the primary and secondary squads, key players and subs alike, were casually approaching, studying the numbers on the doors and looking for Leader’s room.

“What was the number?” demo was earnestly searching for the room number.

“1708,” 97 answered. “Our results today weren’t very good. Wonder how Leader’s going to flip out on us.”

“It’d be so good if Sister-In-Law was here...” demo sighed, murmuring under his breath.

“Even if she was here, it wouldn’t necessarily be good. What if, by chance, it happened to be those certain days of the month where they weren’t able to ‘enrich’ their husband and wife relationship? The ones who’d end up suffering would still be us.” Sliding his gaze over the room number, grunt discovered they

were already at 1705. “Eh? We’re nearly there?”

demo’s brain was filled with question marks. “Huh? Wha? What are the ‘certain days of the month where they aren’t able to enrich their husband and wife relationship’?”

Everyone...

Suddenly, the door of room 1708 was flung open. Several of the people who had been walking at the front of the group were startled and jumped back several steps.

Accompanied by an extremely high-pitched shriek, they saw a large, white bundle of something being thrown out the door. Everyone retreated another two steps. A certain beautiful, female commentator who was very popular of late was, right then, very flusteredly crawling out from the white quilt. Holding down her skirt, with the stares of everybody fixed on her and her eyes reddened, she darted in the direction of the other end of the hallway...

Looks were exchanged between everyone in the group.

Why was it, every time there was a competition, the ones who got harassed were always Leader and Captain? ...

grunt was more than glad to watch the excitement and gave demo a swift kick in his rear end. So, the latter was forced to cringingly lead the way and probe, “L-L-Leader, did you get sexually harassed again?”

Everyone...

demo, the day you learn to watch what you say is the day pigs will fly<sup>[1]</sup>.

\*

Tong Nian felt unsettled, and incessantly, she dialed his number. It seemed as if he was never going to pick up.

Unexpectedly, she received a WeChat message that came from Gn.

Her heart was pounding madly. Feeling somewhat wounded, somewhat apprehensive, she did not dare read to find out what had happened. But still, unable to restrain herself, she tapped it open.

??

Gn: *Identity card #.*

Her: *310110XXXX032070XX*

??

One minute later.

Gn: *Dear Miss Tong, your scheduled flight number is CA51XX, the departure time...*

Her: *0.0*

Gn: *If you have nothing to do this weekend, come here.*

Her: *0.0 That woman just now...*

Gn: *A nutcase I ran into.*

Her: *Oh. 0.0*

Gn: *Video call.*

Her: *Oh. 0.0*

.....

Very soon, he had sent her a video chat invitation, and dazedly, she accepted it.

As before, the volume was muted. The room that only a few minutes ago had been empty was now crammed full with people, all K&K members. She reckoned that the video call window on his end had been minimized, and no one had noticed that Gun had started a video call.

.....

Early Saturday morning, she dashed to the airport with luggage in hand, along the way making a phone call to Blueberry to collude their stories to say that she was going away for a commercial singing performance. On the other end of the line, Blueberry exploded as she informed her, “Did you know we’re all going crazy? My hubby’s gone crazy, too. He spent the whole night scrolling through forums and showing me all sorts of buzz and gossip from the fans...”

Who cared about gossip and stuff? Her whole brain was stuffed full with thoughts of “I’m going to Guangzhou, I’m going to Guangzhou!”

After the plane had landed and the taxi had raced to his hotel, it was lunchtime. Gun had told her on the phone to wait in the downstairs main lobby, and very shortly, he was turning the corner and stepping out of the elevator corridor. Following behind him in a group were his team members, all with large duffel bags slung across their backs. Something subtle flashed across everyone’s faces in that instant when they saw Tong Nian.

Because... Everybody turned and looked back.

Close behind the K&K members were several male and female eSports commentators.

The expression on the face of one, in particular, darkened slightly when she saw Gun in the main lobby. Still, the woman calmly looked in that direction, glancing at the young girl not far from him who wore a cute pair of shorts and had a small suitcase beside her...

At that same moment, the little girl also turned and noticed her.

Their two gazes locked.

Gun was about to tell Su Cheng, who was standing behind him, that he would likely need to go alone to take the kid to have lunch. He had just turned his head,

however, and had not even had the time to explain when he discovered the kid suddenly throwing herself onto him.

In that moment when her arms hooked around his neck, he reflexively extended his own arms to hug her legs.

The direct result of this particular position was that both his hands were resting on her...

Consequently, every single person waiting in the hotel lobby to head out—all the players of the seven different teams, the other members of those teams who were not pro gamers, as well as the tournament’s commentators, judges, etc., etc., etc.—got to be onlookers and saw...

... how, completely out in the view of the public, K&K’s big boss held his little girlfriend like a koala bear against his chest.

Held her against his chest...

That position... Really. Was. So. Sinful...

[1] 母猪也能上树. A literal translation of this slang saying is “a sow will be able to climb a tree.” It has the same connotation as “pig can fly,” that there is no chance of that happening.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

33 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 34

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 34

[October 8, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [39 Comments](#)



Tong Nian learns more about Gun but this time, not from the web. Her reaction...?

### Chapter 34 – Travelling with the Team ( ͡ε(# ͡ ) !

Oh gawd T.T ...

It was just that, when she saw that nutcase woman, in a moment of rashness, she had wanted to spring up onto him and throw her arms around him. She had not expected that her jump would land too high and more so, had not expected that he would react so swiftly and forcefully, holding her up so that her legs were off the ground.

Out of reflex, her long, slender legs had clamped tight around his waist...

.....

Gun had not expected this.

Wholly, genuinely had not expected this.

Her entire body, including that obvious softness in her chest area, was pressed up against him, and her arms were wrapped tightly around his neck. This was a scene he had never imagined in his lifetime. Behind closed doors, no matter how cozy and intimate they were, it was still something that was only between the two of them. This sort of “pose” that they were displaying out in public, however, gave off a sense of flippancy.

“Oh no. I didn’t do it on purpose. I jumped a little too high...” she murmured, her palms breaking out in a sweat.

Gun drew in a deep breath, forcing himself to not pay attention to that obvious part of her that was rising up and down with each of her breaths. “Get down now!” Although he was berating her in a low tone, he did not dare loosen his hold. With truly no experience in this, he was worried that he would drop and hurt her.

.....

The person clinging onto him made a tiny sound in answer and noiselessly slid down from him.

He moved his arms about to loosen them. Then waving a hotel employee over, he stated a room number and instructed the other party to bring the luggage up to his room.

Since Leader was so unperturbed, all the K&K members, of course, instantaneously recovered their composure as well. Wearing looks of “our leader is just so friggin’ I-don’t-give-a-damn-about-anyone-else type of cool,” they continued walking out with their own luggage on their backs.

.....

Tong Nian followed after Gun, but before she had taken two steps, she saw the person in front of her halt his footsteps.

Oh no, she was going to be scolded...

“Your shoelace.” His voice was very detached.

Huh?

She lowered her gaze.

Eh? It was undone.

She wanted to bend over at the waist but her arm was grabbed.

Huh?

Gun’s eyes swept over her shorts. With that sort of length, too much was shown even when standing completely upright, let alone when bending at the waist. “Come with me.” Saying this, he hauled her into the stairwell beside the elevators. He had originally intended on telling her to tie her own shoe but unexpectedly discovered that this place was where hotel staff chatted and gossiped.

Seeing two guests suddenly walk in, everyone stopped talking.

His face was dark with a scowl. After taking in their surroundings, he wordlessly set one foot on the third step of the stairs and motioned for her to extend her leg over.

Tong Nian gave an “oh” in reply and dazedly raised her leg. Couldn’t reach it...

So, she ran up two steps and stretched out her foot.

With her hand on the wall, in that instant when his hand grasped her ankle, a tingling, numbing sensation shot up from the top of her foot and jolted her until she felt lightheaded.

A very small, light pink Nike platform sneaker was set diagonally across his thigh. Gun lowered his head, his fingers feeling rather unaccustomed as they wrapped the white shoelace around them. Very skillfully, he tied the lace so that the knot was hidden within the shoe. This was purely his own personal habit.

Her fingers nervously gripped the wall. Casting her eyes down, she docilely pulled her foot back. “Thank you...”

Gun rolled his eyes. “You’re welcome.”

“Just now, I didn’t mean to do that...” She quietly explained, “I was just feeling a little bit jealous, and then I wanted to hold you. And then...”

“Jealous about what?”

“Huh? Oh, just about that—”

It had been two days since they saw each other, but the kid was still the same. At the drop of a hat, her brain would not be able to keep up with her desire to speak, and she would get stuck for words. And while he was at it, she still would not listen and loved to wear those miniskirts and shorts that left her long legs bare and showing...

But for some reason, seeing her like this made him suddenly feel much more at ease and relaxed.

From physically to mentally, he felt very relaxed.

Unconsciously, the desire to tease her rose up in him, and moving in close beside her face, he gave a light laugh. “Tell me. That nutcase’s face isn’t as Loli as yours, legs aren’t as long as yours, chest isn’t as big as yours, and brain isn’t as smart as yours. What exactly is there that’s worth you getting jealous over?”

Huh?

!!!!

Those hotel staff, who were being treated as if they were thin air, could not hear what Gun was saying. They only saw the little girlie leap up and then trip. Right as it looked as if she was going to fall...

The handsome hunk promptly stretched out his hand and grabbed her by her backpack...

He’s got her in his arms, in his arms!

Kiss, come on, kiss...

The wolf’s blood in everyone seemed to be boiling in excitement. Who would have thought? The handsome hunk was so calm and cool, pushing open the door and... going... out...

On the K&K bus, the entire group, with their own eyes, saw Leader bring Sister-In-Law onto the bus. And then, one of them noticed that the shoelaces on each of Little Sister-In-Law's feet were tied differently. It was very evident that her left foot was tied with a bow, like young girls tend to do, while her right was tied in the style that Leader normally used... Hence, the whole way, these hot-blooded, twentyish-year old grown boys were all whispering amongst one another and discussing one question: what exactly did Leader do just now?

For this Guangzhou district competition, K&K was the main, highlight participant while its longtime rival, SP, was merely a spectator.

As a result, regarding that match yesterday in which the most powerful opponent had been absent from the gaming battlefield, the outcome—a draw—had been far outside of everyone's expectations. Once they were in the team lounge, Gun handed Tong Nian a staff badge, patted her on her back, and told her to go have fun as she pleased for a little while. He needed to hold a meeting to rally the team members prior to battle. Obediently, she took it from him and lowered her head to look at the name badge: *K&K eSports Club, Tong Nian*.

Somewhat overcome with emotion at this, she pulled out its blue string and hung it around her neck, all the while continually looking down at the name badge in front of her chest as she walked out. This was... a K&K name badge that belonged to her.

This eSports organization was no longer unfamiliar to her.

Here, there were many of the finest professional gamers. Worldwide, it had more than ten different branches and possessed the title of champion in all the various events.

During that period when he was in the United States, she had followed gaming forums and news of the tournament. Little Bai had been the one who took the championship title in the finals of that competition. Reportedly, the day of the finals match, there had been more than twenty thousand live spectators, and the number of people watching online had exceeded sixty million.

Despite not really understanding, she had still conscientiously watched all the videos from that competition.

.....

“Hey.” A pair of hands waved in front of her face. Grinning, appledog looked down at her name badge. “Eh? It doesn’t say what your title is.”

There was a blank look on Tong Nian’s face, and then she smiled and also lowered her head to look at her own badge. “What title?”

appledog raised the name badge around her own neck for her to see.

*Organization: SP*

*Title: TotSC Team Captain*[\[1\]](#)

*Name: appledog*

Oh, right. She had not even noticed that the spot beside “Title” was empty.

“It should say ‘family’ there.” appledog put on a pretense of seriousness. “Go back and tell Han Shangyan, if he doesn’t fill it in with ‘family,’ you won’t travel with the team next time.” Hearing her say the words, “travel with the team,” Tong Nian immediately felt shyly embarrassed.

Every time Tong Nian saw her, this woman always seemed to be trying to help her. Naturally, then, Tong Nian felt a sense of closeness toward her. The two chatted and laughed for a long while. She felt that the people of SP did not seem like what was written on the Internet, that they were hostile toward K&K. Toward the end of their conversation, appledog rather helpfully recounted for her many, many things of his past.

.....

“Hmm, what else is there? ... He has a lot of fans. We don’t even know how many girls he’s given a tongue-lashing to for chasing after him to his competitions and not going to class. Oh, right. Also, in the past, we had a cat, and he was the one who took care of it. Later, when the cat died, he could not even stand it when people mentioned it. That’s why Solo and I were guessing that he must have a particularly strong ‘first love complex’[\[2\]](#).”

Huh?

All of a sudden, appledog lifted her wrist and glanced at her watch. “The competition is going to begin. Let’s go in.”

Tong Nian nodded, following her to the players’ lounge area. Just as they were about to step in through the main doors, the woman turned sideways toward her and, with one arm, gave her a firm embrace. “Back at the time, he did not have the support of his family. He drifted alone around the country for the sole purpose of winning gold medals in China. He didn’t have a girlfriend, didn’t have family. He only wanted to win. To keep winning. To win, as a Chinese national, and bring home the Grand Slam. I was worried that no one would be able to stand his terrible temper and his stubborn passion for eSports. Thank you. It’s so good now. Everything is going to get better and better.”

Tong Nian was somewhat dumbstruck.

When they parted and she returned back to his side to take a seat, her mind was still on those last words.

Slowly, she began to relate to some of the sadness as well as powerlessness.

So... this was the reason why his grandfather would spurn him every time? He was so successful in his career, had taken so many championship titles, had endured so many hardships, but the people in his family still did not understand and appreciate him?

Gun could perceive that her mood was very downcast and surmised that his overly harsh behavior this morning when they first met up had brought this about. Although he felt that he had not done anything wrong, it was also clear that the little girl’s actions had not been very wrong, either. It was merely a difference in viewpoints.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” In a hard-to-come-by moment, he actually opened his mouth and spoke to try to lighten the atmosphere.

“Huh?” She looked slowly toward him.

.....

That look in her eyes...

Just too weird.

Clearing his throat, he explained in a low voice, "I have no objections to any type of intimacy that is done behind closed doors. However, out in public, we should exercise appropriate restraint. Being overly showy and flaunting is not good. People will just treat it as if they're watching a big joke. They'll also think that you, as the girl, have no self-respect and dignity and that you are very frivolous."

"Oh..." She nodded docilely. *It doesn't matter. I will always stand by you.*

He was creeped out by her stares. "I'm a man. I won't lose out on anything. In the end, the one who stands to lose is you."

"Mm-hmm..." She continued nodding obediently. *It doesn't matter. You have me now.*

He discovered that she was not even really listening. That lone bit of patience he had had was about to be exhausted—

Out of the blue, her little hand slowly extended toward him and very resolutely covered the back of his, holding it tightly. *I will absolutely never leave you.*

He sunk into utter despair, telling himself incessantly, "Do not get angry. Stay calm."

Stay calm.

Frick! What the heck was going on? He'd just let the kid go out to play for twenty minutes. How come she was like this after she got back?

[1] Actually, the original text was “MS Team Captain,” where MS stands for “Mi Shi.” The Chinese name for *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* is 《密室风暴》 which in pinyin is “Mi Shi Feng Bu,” so appledog is the captain of SP’s *Tempest* team. I used TotSC to make it make sense in the context of the English translation of the title

[2]初恋情结 “chu lian qing jie.” A term used to describe those who cannot really get over or let go of their first love. That first love holds a very special place in the heart and one that may be reflected on often. “First love is the deepest.” Now, just to remind you all, Tong Nian is Gun’s first love.

#### Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

34 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 35

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 35

[October 12, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [38 Comments](#)



He doesn't yet know how much she eats, but he does know what will cause her to react the way he wants. ;) You guys also get a little peek at Gun's feelings... ♡

#### Chapter 35 – Miss You?

Today was the qualifying match for K&K's secondary *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* roster.

Yesterday, the primary squad's match had ended in a surprising draw, and they had qualified for the second round based on points. This had left Gun feeling very peeved. When the competition began, Gun pulled his mind back into focus and fixed his eyes raptly on the situation on the battlefield.

Tong Nian was also striving hard to learn how to watch these games. There was a light tap on her shoulder.

She turned around. The woman she had seen following him earlier on in the hotel was bent over at the waist, and she whispered, "The boxed lunches have arrived. Come eat with us." Tong Nian was taken aback and glanced toward Gun. The woman smiled lightly and explained, "It was Leader who said to order one for you."

Oh.

Submissively, she stood, and not daring to disturb him, she crouched over at the waist and slipped out of the lounge area.

The members of K&K's primary squad as well as its few subs were each, with lowered heads, cupping a paper takeout box in one hand and wolfing down the food in it. This particular venue was relatively small and did not specially provide a meeting room for them. Therefore, everyone simply sat on a chair and held onto his own food as he ate. The woman looked around, then asked for the duffel bag of one of the players and brought it over. "Sit on here to eat and use a chair as a table. Let me get you a poster to spread on top of the chair."

She opened the lunch box. The food inside looked pretty good.

The woman also brought her a canned beverage, opened it, and set it beside the boxed lunch.

In that short period of time, several of the team members around her had already finished eating. All of them smiled at her but did not really dare say much to this little sister-in-law with whom they were not very acquainted. After yanking out some napkins and arbitrarily wiping their mouths, they each grabbed the drink they wanted from K&K's own box of beverages and then, one after another, left the room to enter the main venue and watch the competition.

As a result, eventually, only she was left sitting there alone, eating and eating, eating and eating...

So much food. Could she leave leftovers if she couldn't finish it all? ...

Last time, she'd had leftovers remaining...

Would she be shunned for being wasteful? T.T ...

While her mind was stuck in this dilemma, someone came and sat down in the seat beside her. Raising her head, Tong Nian saw Gun holding a paper takeout box in his left hand and opening it. He glanced inside, then turned his eyes to her box. "Is there enough to eat?"

"Yes..."

It was obvious that the quantity of the food items was so small you could not

even bear to look at them. If it were him, he could finish it all in a few mouthfuls. Gun frowned. He did not like wasting food, and each time, the number of boxed meals was ordered according to the number of people there were. Hence, there simply were no extra boxes of lunch he could pull food out of to add to her meal. Without further thought, he took all the food items in his own boxed lunch and swept them into hers.

Tong Nian was dumbfounded. “You’re not going to eat your entree and sides? Just rice?”

Since when were men so dainty and weak? They ate until they were full, and that was enough.

“The food isn’t to my liking.” He randomly made up some nonsense of an excuse. With the chopsticks he was holding, he rapped the edge of her takeout box. “Try to finish everything. Don’t leave any leftovers.”

“Oh, okay...” She carried on, head bowed and eating, with tears spinning in her eyes.

Gun bent his head down. Swiftly and efficiently, he devoured all his plain, white rice until the box was clean, then closed it up and tossed the box into the trash bag that was in a corner. The entire process did not exceed five minutes before he was returning to the VIP viewing area.

Alone, Tong Nian huffed and puffed away, eating from the beginning of the competition until its second round. Finally, when the entire troop came back to gather their things, she wearily closed up the top of her takeout box...

So full she was going to burst...

The secondary squad lost its match and took seventh in the group standings, advancing into the next round as the second-last-place team.

The performance of these two consecutive days had been a huge surprise to everyone.

The entire trip back, the atmosphere inside the bus was heavy, and it remained as such when they were back in the hotel. He had reserved a room for her, but she did not go there. Hanging out on the sofa in the bedroom section of his suite, she played on her computer while listening to him as he exploded at everyone in the living room. Her own mood was gloomy as well. Dinner was ordered from the hotel restaurant and delivered directly up to the room. Everybody made do and ate there, then continued with the meeting.

This meeting carried on until nine o'clock. During a brief break, he stepped from the living room into the bedroom, where he saw her, hugging her computer, her legs curled up under her as she dozed off on the sofa. She appeared to be in a half-awake, half-asleep state. As her little head nodded back and forth, she would frequently startle awake, but without even opening her eyes, she would adjust her position, tilt her head to the side, and continue sleeping.

While he gazed upon her, his thoughts wandered somewhat.

How did grunt and the others normally even manage to interact with their girlfriends? With this sort of lifestyle—high intensity training, competitions—the time allocated to a girl, to connect and be with her, was practically nothing.

So, Tong Nian, what do you think you can get from being with me?

Whether it had been that time picking him up at the airport or coming here to travel with the team in competition, they had eaten meals from takeout boxes. There was no recreational time, and an otherwise perfectly fine weekend was spent like this. Was it not frustrating? This was what was normal for him. There would be one day when a player would retire from professional gaming, but for him, unless he retired completely from this profession, there was no opportunity for him to relax and take things easy.

He walked over, bent down, and took away the computer she had been holding in her arms.

This action caused her to start awake, and hazily, she asked, "Done your meeting?"

"No," he answered softly. "I'll carry you over to the bed to lie down."

With an “oh,” she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Those little arms softly encircled their way around and caused him to quiet down inside. The action of picking her up that he had said he would do did not happen. Instead, he went along with her motions and, closing his eyes, rested his forehead against hers. Rest for just a while.

There was no door on the entryway between the bedroom and living room of this hotel suite, so it was impossible for them to do anything. Simply leaning against her and resting with his eyes closed was already very contenting.

Something brushed up close to his lips.

He knew what it was. He had just not expected that it would come in this moment.

Searing hot.

Her palm pressed itself to his nape. She took his lower lip between her teeth, then arched her head up to him. After struggling for one tenth of a second, he silently returned the kiss she was asking for.

The angle was not comfortable. He decided to simply lower himself into a half-kneel.

If a man did not even know what he wanted, then all this would purely be something that was insincere and superficial. From the first time they kissed, it had been very clear to him—it could not be any clearer to him—that he wanted her.

It does not matter that our social circles are different, nor do we need to have common interests to talk about. What I do, you do not need to work so hard to try to understand. Neither do you need my approval for what you do.

You need only to be clear about one thing, and that will be enough.

How much you want me is how much I want you.

Apart from you, no one else will do.

Inside the living room, someone had turned on the television, hopping between all sorts of different programs. These professional gaming players who had been high-strung for an entire day were now chortling and making fun of things, from this face on the TV to that line in the script, seeming utterly as if they were beholding another world's bizarre scenes. At this moment, they were all just big kids, boys, ranging in age from their teens to early twenties, who were youthful and ardent and liked to bust out swear words.

Of course, they clearly knew...

A light had not even been turned on in the bedroom, yet no one dared take a step in that direction.

.....

“What are you doing?” he chuckled, pulling back out her little hand that had reached into his clothes.

She was in a daze, her breath coming out in light gasps...

She had not known at all where her hand had extended to.

“This thing, how do you do it up?” His hand that was on her back touched *that*.

Pretty troublesome.

Oh gawd...

Tong Nian perceived that something had come undone.

I didn't hear that...

I didn't hear anything!

I don't know...

I don't know anything!

He patted her on the back, but she did not so much as budge. With no other alternative, he could only rely on himself. From his back pants pocket, he pulled out his mobile phone, and in that pitch-dark room, the phone's light illuminated her fair back.

His throat felt a little dry, and he was somewhat unwilling to shift his gaze away. Shutting his eyes, he made himself calm down for a moment. Only then did he put his mobile phone between his teeth and, under the glow of the screen's light, help her fasten those little hooks using the fastest speed possible.

Then he tugged her outer garment back down.

Even when this series of actions was completed, she still stubbornly hung onto him.

"I'm going out now." His voice huskily told her this.

She did not utter a sound.

"Tong Nian?"

She still provided no response.

Shy?

Alright, then...

But he still needed to go back out. There were still many matters that had not yet been taken care of. He invested too much of his energy into the China branch, and only that stretch of time in the middle of the night could be left for the other major regions. Navi and the people in the Taiwan branch of the club were already complaining.

However, it was apparent the little girl did not want to let go anymore.

After a long moment of pondering, he at last took action.

Disregarding whether she was still hanging from him, his hands took ahold of his own waist, and neatly and decisively, he undid his belt buckle. Huh? She gaped in shock and, in a stunned state, withdrew backwards. She watched as he pulled off his belt, tossed it onto the ground, and... then lifted up the hem of his shirt.

??!!

She quickly grabbed his shirt. “Out-outside, there are a lot of people...”

“It’s okay. I’ll have them leave.”

“.....”

“You’ll sleep here tonight?”

“.....”

“That’s not okay?” Obvious desire could already be heard in his voice.

“... Your work is important...”

Her fingers were twisting tight into his shirt.

Oh, please, don’t...

Still not mentally prepared yet, *aaaah*—

At last, she heard what she most wanted to hear—his concession.

“Okay.” With a low chuckle, he touched his forehead against the little tip of her nose. “So, I’m going out now?”

“Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.” She hurriedly nodded. “Don’t mind me. Honest. I can just amuse myself, and when I’m tired, I’ll go back and sleep.”

“Very good.

“Motive accomplished,” he thought.

.....

.....

Several minutes later, those poor devils—the ones who had been jokingly dissing at the TV while, at the same time, praying that the certain someone indulging in pleasure with his beautiful maiden in the bedroom would not emerge again—saw their leader suddenly appear. It was completely too late for them to turn off the television.

Gun arched his brow. “You’re all watching quite happily?”

“No, no. We’re just having an intermission, right?” 97 speedily began to search for the remote control. Frick! Where did it go? Hey bros, all of you get up, man! Let’s all look for it! Are you all waiting to die? The group sprung to their feet, and everyone was bounding up and down, searching frenetically.

“We just watched for twenty minutes,” demo mumbled.

“Twenty minutes? You’re complaining that’s not enough?” Walking into the bathroom, he turned on the faucet and swiftly splashed a palmful of cold water on his face before adding, “Times fifty. That’s your training duration every day for all of next week.”

Everyone...

Leader T.T ... We were wrong!

We shouldn’t have spoiled the atmosphere by watching that “ripping apart the Japanese devils with bare hands[1]” drama while you were being lovey-dovey and snuggling with Sister-In-Law...

[1]手撕鬼子 “shou si gui zi.” Literally, “ripping apart the devil with bare hands.” This is referring to the 2011 drama《抗日奇侠》“Kang Ri Qi Xia,” which translates roughly as “The Amazing Anti-Japanese Knights.” It is set in the Second Sino-Japanese War. In this period in China’s history when anti-Japanese sentiments were very strong, Japanese were often referred to as 日本鬼子 or “Japanese devils.” In this drama, one particular scene caused a stir in Chinese social media. A Chinese soldier, with his bare hands, ripped a Japanese man in half. Due to this scene, the drama has been called “Ripping Apart the Japanese Devils With Bare Hands” by Chinese netizens.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

35 of 49 Chapters

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Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 36

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 36

[October 15, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [61 Comments](#)



Though he didn't directly grant her birthday wish, in his mind, he is already thinking about how he can fulfill it... ♡

#### Chapter 36 – Miss You o(\* ̄▽ ̄\*)o !

Almost one in the morning.

She finally left his room and returned to her own.

Actually, it was on the same floor as his and was also an executive suite with separate living area and bedroom. All alone, she washed up and, in her pajamas, slipped under the covers, feeling that the room was extremely cold and cheerless. Tossing and turning until past three o'clock but still unable to fall asleep, she piteously pulled out her mobile phone and sent him a WeChat message.

Her: *Meow.*

Gun: .....

Her: *I miss you.*

Gun: *Come over if you want.*

Really?!

So awesome!

Hopping out of bed, she picked up her room key card and raced out, not even bringing her phone along. By the time she dashed up to his doorway, she discovered that the door was already open. The room inside, however, was dark, without any lights turned on. Somewhat uncertain, she moved in closer and peeked inside. Only the dim moonlight glowed in the living room. A tall figure stepped out, tossed his mobile phone onto the sofa, and happened to see her.

Within the darkness, he gestured to her to come.

Happily, she ran in, and when she saw him stretch out his open arms as if indicating she should do something, she immediately understood. With a *whoosh*, she leapt up onto him.

A pair of strong arms held her up, supported her.

In the lobby during the daytime, the position had left people feeling awkward and embarrassed, but now in this moment, this same sort of embrace... Self-consciously, she hugged his neck and breathed lightly, feeling her earlobe being nibbled on.

“Be good. You take the lead.”

His voice was intentionally lowered, guiding her subtly.

.....

Wordlessly, she closed her eyes.

Amid the deafening sound of her beating heart, she slowly began to search, trailing across his face, then chin, before moving back up slightly higher.

Finally, she brushed against it.

With her enfolded in his arms, Gun intermittently responded to these kisses of

hers, which could not be considered very skillful, while, in passing, walking to the door and shutting it with his foot. Then, in the black of the night, he pressed her up tightly against the wall...

Before the sky lightened, he set her down on the bed. Stretching his somewhat sore arms, he lay down as well and leaned against the headboard.

Wanting to be close and cuddly with him, the kid crawled up and snuggled herself tight against him. "You're not sleepy?"

Unconcernedly, he answered, "Once it's past three, I won't be able to fall asleep and need to make up my sleep during the day."

Such a strange habit.

He offhandedly opened up his Texas Hold'Em and started a game. "Your birthday was on the twentieth?"

Not understanding the intention behind his question, she merely looked at him.

"Still haven't eaten enough tofu? Why do you keep looking at me?" he asked indolently.

It was obvious you were the one who was doing all the eating...

She mumbled in a small voice, "That was the day we broke up... so I wasn't really in the mood and didn't celebrate it."

"Oh, broke up." The computer dealt out the cards. He glanced at his hand. Not bad. He probably was going to win. "Do you have any birthday wishes?"

"Huh?" She was surprised. "It has passed already, but I can still ask for something?"

"Yes, anything you want." In the darkness, he let out a rather wickedly evocative laugh. "Even for the person and his body."

Why was he always being naughty and suggestive? ...

Blushing, she contemplated for a lengthy while. On hands and knees, she crawled over onto his lap, sprawling herself on him to speak softly into his ear. “I want... to never break up. Is that okay?” In just this short period when he had come here to Guangzhou, she had missed him to the point that her heart ached. The thought of the two words, “break up,” would cause her to feel as if piece after her piece of her heart was sinking downwards. Simply thinking about it brought her pain.

Gun had thought she would ask him to take some time off to spend with her. He completely did not expect that it would be such an answer.

The balcony door was wide open to air out the smells of cigarette smoke, food, and other various odours. Noticing that her hands felt chilled, he pulled the track jacket he had tossed on the bedside table over and with it, covered up her pajamas, which had come undone. He did not provide any answer.

Those feelings of not wanting to part from someone, he had also experienced before. It was as if you wanted to freeze all time and halt everything in this second. There was no past, and the future was unseen. To forever remain here, in the present, when the relationship and all feelings were the most firm and stable, in this period where they were most healthily dependent on one another.

In the deep hours of such a night, only two people were in this room that had a breeze wafting through it.

And unexplainably, there was a sense of closeness from being dependent upon one another.

Tong Nian waited and waited until gradually, she became a little fearful.

Why wasn't he saying anything?

After a long silence, he hesitated. “It's a little too fast.”

Huh?

0.0?

What was too fast?

“You’re very anxious?” He began to raise the bets in his game, and several players around the table chose to fold.

Huh?

Anxious about what?

“It’s only the” —he glanced at the date on his mobile phone—“third day since our relationship was made official?”

Huh? From Saturday to Monday? That seemed right...

“Mm-hmm...”

“We’ll discuss that later.” He pondered. It seemed nineteen years old was not within China’s legal age of marriage<sup>[1]</sup>. Just three day and then he was paying a visit to her home to request that the little girl change her nationality and marry him? There was a one hundred percent chance her parents would hack him to death. “Think of another wish.”

At minimum... how long should he wait?

The concept of this particular duration gave Gun a slight headache. Deciding to just call an “all-in,” he tossed all the chips he had into the pot.

He lost...

Tong Nian clung to his arm in a daze, her brain all the while unable to process, and that teeny bit of mood she had worked herself up to was also cancelled out by bewilderment. She did not know at all that her first ever “marriage proposal (?)” had, just like that, been postponed for later discussion...

\*

The following morning.

The K&K team members were having breakfast buffet on the tenth floor. Dt returned with only a glass of orange juice and a plate of vegetable salad. The group occupied an entire table, and right then, 97 was spreading jam on his slice of bread while sighing, “Given how fit Leader is physically, I’m guessing he was like a machine gun.” His last two words, “machine gun” were said in English.

Some instantly understood, others still stared blankly.

What’d that mean?

grunt wore a wicked smirk. “Do you know what game Leader used to play? For the rest, go ask Captain.”

“CS...” The few young boys who had not comprehended turned and looked together at Dt. “What is ‘machine gun’?” they asked, repeating those English words. “Captain?”

Void of any expression on his face, Dt cast a glance at them and stated the Chinese term for machine gun. “The type of gun that can fire a hundred bullets in succession without needing to reload.”

97 grinningly added, “In CS, this weapon has the longest continuous attack. It’s not like other guns that will be out of ammo after ten or twenty rounds, and then you have to stop and reload before you can continue again.”

Oh... a little popular science lesson.

Those several young boys carried on, burying their heads and eating their breakfast.

They ate and ate and ate and ate... Suddenly, one by one, their heads snapped back up. I get it!

[\[1\]](#) Legal age of marriage in China is 22 for men and 20 for women.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

36 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 37

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 37

[October 19, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [25 Comments](#)



This is my last post before I fly to China for vacation. However, I have already translated the next chapters, and updates have already been scheduled to post at their usual, regular posting times for the next 3.5 weeks. That means you WILL still be getting your Tong Nian and Gun fix. (Just please be forgiving of grammar, *etc.* mistakes. Editing 8 separate posts means I went a little cross-eyed after a while. I'll do another proofread when I return.) The only difference is, I will not be around to answer comments during this period. Please comment away as usual. I promise to definitely read through every single one when I return, but likely, due to backlog, I won't be answering each one individually like I usually do. If you have a comment or question that you specifically want me to return when I get back, put an @hoju in it, and I'll make sure to reply. In the meantime, be nice to Peanuts, who'll be helping me keep an eye out to make sure everything posts at the correct time. Cheers and see you all in three and a bit weeks.

The Little Software Maestro shows her talents again, to the great dismay of our K&K boys. And you have to admit, the way Tong Nian explains things, it's very easy for misunderstandings to arise.

### Chapter 37 – Tempest of the Sealed Chamber?

She jumped out of bed and, barefoot, walked out the bedroom. The living room was empty. Bags of snack foods littered the entire tabletop. Computers and discarded papers were strewn all about. Still, no one could be found. The balcony door, however, was open.

Stepping outside, she saw him lying on the low lounge chair, his arms folded across his chest and his jacket covering him.

Sleeping?

Slowly, she treaded over, then crouched down and gazed happily upon him. She looked and looked, and then, she climbed up... He had slept for only ten minutes, and now, still in a half-asleep, half-awake state, he felt something soft snug itself on top of him. Too lazy to even open his eyes, he flipped over and reversed their positions. "Don't do this type of thing in the morning."

0.0

"Why?" And on top of that, it had something to do with morning versus night?

Gun rested his chin on her shoulder and offhandedly answered, "There will be a reaction."

.....

.....

A single sentence successfully caused the kid to struggle out from beneath him and sprint away.

Succeeding in his plot, Gun maintained this prone position and within seconds, was asleep once more.

Before he had fallen into a sound slumber, though, the kid jogged back again with light feet and poked him in his back. Groggily, he made a noise in response and heard her ask whether she could take one of his articles of clothing away with her. He could not be bothered to think at this moment and gave an arbitrary reply. It seemed he said something to her along the lines of "Go find one in the suitcase yourself..."

On Monday, the competitions here had come to an end. That evening, they would be flying direct to Sanya to participate in a commercial event. The flight he had reserved for her took off roughly half an hour before theirs, so it worked out perfectly that they could go to the airport together.

Coincidentally, their two departure gates were adjacent to one another.

As a result, prior to boarding the plane, the K&K crew were able to amply satisfy their curiosity regarding what it looked like and how Leader actually dated someone and behaved in his romantic (?) relationship.

Gun was feeling somewhat fatigued and mentally drained. Throwing his jacket over his head, he openly and unconcernedly lay down on the chairs to catch up on some shut-eye. Since leaving the room this morning, Tong Nian had been holding her computer and engrossed with working on something. It was not known what she was working on, but it was apparent that she had reached the point of neglecting everything else, sleep and food included, and was completely ignoring the fact that her departure gate had long started to check boarding passes.

“Done!” She patted her keyboard cheerily.

The person beside her did not even twitch.

Quietly, she lifted up the jacket that was covering his face and slipped under it...

Everyone...

Dang! Why cover everything up?!

Just a normal dating relationship! Not even letting us watch! So not cool!

Gun yanked down his jacket and sat up straight, wearing a look that absolutely declared he had just been woken up. Her cheeks glowing rosily, Tong Nian held up her little pink computer and leaned in to let him see. "It's this software program."

"How do you use it?" He cast his eyes down at the screen.

Everybody's ears pricked up.

"There's fifty-two cards in total." Softly, she explained, "When the first deal is done, after you subtract the two cards in your hand, there are still another fifty cards. So, the next round, the probability of each card is..."

Everyone was baffled. What was Little Sister-In-Law talking about?

Only Gun, Dt, and 97 could understand what she was saying. This was a calculation of odds for various hands and the probability of a winning hand. But after five minutes, 97 was already starting to get lost with what he was hearing.

"When the opponent bets all-in at the flop, you continue to call bets..." At this point, Dt did not understand what he was hearing anymore. He did not play Texas Hold'em.

"The method the program uses to calculate... And you also need to include your own probability of a straight or a flush..." At this point, it was also completely over 97's head.

In the end, there was only the little girlie talking absorbedly while Gun listened with increasing interest.

The end of the entire explanation was reached.

Tong Nian did not know at all that behind her, as she solemnly explained everything, everybody was already looking worshipfully at her backside, eyes filled with cries of "Holy crap! What in the world is Sister-In-Law talking about?!"

"Since when did you learn this game?" Gun asked quizzically.

Red flushed Tong Nian's cheeks as she shook her head. "I don't know how to actually play, and I don't play very well, even now. This is purely a theoretical calculation... It's just, um, the second time we met, you were playing this, so that made me curious. When I went back, I bought a few books: *No Limit Hold'em*:

*Theory and Practice, The Laws Governing Poker Hands, and Those Years of Poker and Me—*”

In reality, all I did is write a little probability calculation software program, hoping that it would make you happy. Covering my face shyly...

“Do you like it?” Her index fingers poking together against her chin, she put on a cute look that requested praise.

Gun raised his brows, then, in the nature of a reward, patted her little cheek.

Immediately, she began wagging her tail!

Even though the brains of true professional players of this game already possessed a probability calculator that had come about from years of accumulated practice and experience and was far more practical than these software programs, still... He threw a glance at the group behind him. To occasionally have everyone participate in some competitions or something during some spare time was not a bad idea. “We’ve gotten a little sick of rock-climbing lately. We’ll arrange to hold a few Texas Hold’em tournaments amongst ourselves.” With his arm resting on the seatback, he turned and instructed the several team captains and team leads, “If we can play well, K&K can also invest some money to organize an annual professional tournament.”

Everyone: What in the world is going on?!

He glanced at Tong Nian. “Right here, a little software program was just written, so that’s perfect. We can train and improve all of you in your ability to calculate probabilities.”

Everyone: ... What in the world are probabilities? Never learned that in high school...

All of them abruptly twisted their heads around. Captain!!

Dt was silent.

This group really was not suitable for using their brains in such a way. Moreover, many amongst this bunch had entered the gaming circle direct from high school. If he truly were to make them try to understand probability... the person who would end up suffering was himself.

Hence, Dt finally took some action. Tilting his chin, he pointed with it at the departure gate. "Flight's about to take off."

Huh?

Tong Nian turned around.

The monitor was displaying that... there were only another five minutes?! In a flurry, she jammed her computer into her backpack, leapt to her feet, and began to dash toward the departure gate. But after taking only a few steps, she swiftly doubled back.

Gun was still mulling over the idea of investing in a league tournament when he saw her run back and stand bashfully in front of him.

Right this moment, all the particulars in his mind about video games unexpectedly dispersed.

"I'm going back now..." she quietly reported.

He gave a faint sound in response.

Stretching out his arm, he touched her face, then slid his hand down to her tiny chin, giving it a little squeeze between his fingers.

"You still haven't said... that you like it," she reminded him in a small voice.

"Like it?" He purposely pretended that he did not understand. "Like what? Last night? Or this morning?"

.....

She stood there self-consciously, both her hands clutching her backpack straps.

“Go now. Hurry.” Releasing his hold, he smiled and patted her head.

If she did not leave now, they were going to start announcing her name through the entire place.

He watched the kid reluctantly, with a backwards glance every three steps, hand over her boarding pass and step past the glass wall. Then, it was the long boarding corridor, where her diminutive figure gradually disappeared from view. Five minutes later, her plane started to move... Behind him, a long line was beginning to form at their departure gate. Amid the *beep beep* sounds of boarding passes being scanned, each team member picked up his own backpack and waited for Leader and Captain to go first.

Pulling back his gaze, Gun grabbed his jacket from the seat and, without saying a word, led everyone to board their flight.

\*

That night, Tong Nian headed directly back to her school and had dinner with Soy Milk.

Once she returned to her double dormitory room, she tossed her suitcase into a corner and flopped herself onto her bed.

As she rolled back and forth on it, her mind was filled completely with him, only him. She spent a long time in this way, missing him to the point that it was as if her soul had drifted off somewhere along the outer edges of heaven. Then, once again springing to her feet, from her suitcase, she pulled out a black, long-sleeved shirt with a silver K&K logo on it—his team shirt.

She rubbed her face against it. The soft texture of pure cotton, as well as his

scent.

For some reason, she suddenly remembered the scene she saw in the webcam that day... She wondered whether, when he arrived in Sanya, would...

Somewhat worried, she sent him a WeChat message.

Her: *At night... be very careful. Don't let people \*that\* you again.*

He did not reply.

Behind her, her dormmate, Du Yaya, who had just finished a shower, was looking at her while rubbing at her hair with a towel. "You're back?" Tong Nian gave an "mm." Her dormmate instantly detected that something was not right, and round-eyed, she pointed at the garment in Tong Nian's hands. "Wait! That's a man's!"

"....." Embarrassed, Tong Nian folded it and placed it back into the suitcase, mumbling in a low voice, "It's my boyfriend's."

Earthshaking, thunderclap type of shock.

Yaya gripped her towel in a state of numb astonishment... How did this kid, who forever had been the type who just didn't "get it," all of a sudden have a boyfriend? Hey, something wasn't right. Wait! What was that behind her little neck— Holy crap! Who did it?!

"Come here, come here." Yaya grabbed her by the arm and carefully inspected it. Immediately, her mind began filling in ten thousand words worth of details... How could this person, whom she had seen midway through the winter break and absolutely had not had a boyfriend then, all of a sudden be like this?

Yaya, this girl who loved *StarCraft* and all other similar games and who had never shown any interest in romance, went completely berserk.

She could not figure it out. Why was Yaya staring at her back?

Tong Nian even reached a hand to touch that spot. "What's up?"

Coughing, Yaya skirted the issue and said instead, "Come, come, give your big sister a report. Your boyfriend... how old is he?"

Tong Nian thought for a moment. "Twenty-nine. Nearly thirty."

Holy crap!! "Where'd you guys meet?"

"A cybercafé."

The gathering place of unemployed bums. The expression on Yaya's face slowly began to change. "How long have you known each other? ..."

Tong Nian had never felt before that Yaya was as nosy as she was now, but Tong Nian's heart was also bursting with the desire to share her happiness. Like a good girl, she came clean. "Around the Lunar New Year, I saw him, but we didn't get acquainted. Later, I ran into him again when I was out of town, and that's when we really met... And then, somehow, in some kinda muddled, unclear way, we ended up being together. Oh, that's not right, either. It wasn't unclear. It was after I got drunk and a little incident happened that we ended up together. I just got back from Guangzhou. I was with him there." Blushing, Tong Nian reached out and hugged Yaya around the neck. "Yaya, I especially, especially, especially like him. Honest..."

While Tong Nian shook and rocked her, Yaya's heart felt as if it was about to shatter. "How long have you two been together? ..."

"Three days. Today is the third day. After twelve o'clock, it'll be four days."

Three days and she was already like this? ...

After getting drunk...

And immediately going to Guangzhou and staying together in the same room...

"What does he do?" Yaya shut her eyes in agony. "Anything will be fine. Just don't tell me he plays video games..." They met in an Internet café. Oh man, do NOT be one of those men who don't have a real job and only know to waste their life away by playing video games all the time...

“Exactly! He plays video games!” Releasing her embrace on Yaya, she stuck out her tongue impishly and made a face. “He games better than you.”

Saying that, she cheerily grabbed some clothes and slipped into the bathroom to take a shower.

Roiling in a mental state of turmoil, Yaya remained standing in that same spot, envisioning a thirty-year old, middle-aged man sitting in a cybercafé, a cigarette between his fingers and his teeth yellowed as he smirkingly pulled Tong Nian into his arms... Oh man, the sky was falling! Back then, the two of them had gone through all their studies together, from undergraduate to now, although technically, she had been part of the ordinary class in Computer Science while Tong Nian had been in Electronic and Electrical Engineering’s gifted juvenile class.

But Tong Nian had been the one who had singlehandedly rescued so many of her big assignments and allowed this homebody-couch-potato girl who was addicted to gaming to successfully get into postgraduate studies by recommendation and without even needing to take the exam...

No way, no way!

She could not just stand by and watch as some old uncle dude from a cybercafé took advantage of her.

Thirty seconds later, Yaya made a decision. Although she did not really like that so-called ACM team captain, he was still better than some old uncle dude. In any case, at least he was a physically and mentally healthy, young scholar. Tomorrow! She would arrange a date for the two of them for tomorrow. As for that old dude, just judging from Tong Nian’s face that was glowing with bliss, she could tell that Tong Nian had fallen hard for the guy and playing hardball would not work on her... She needed to use strategy, to use a normal type of romantic relationship to divert Tong Nian’s attention. Then, while she was at it, she would feel out all the details about the man’s background—and then break them up!

After decisively drawing up her battle plans, Yaya immediately left.

When Tong Nian finished showering and discovered that Yaya was gone, she was somewhat puzzled.

Gn: *Worried that I'm going to cheat on you?*

Her: *... No, not at all. poking fingers together ...*

Gn: *Nine o'clock tonight, Tempest of the Sealed Chamber, District 13. Your ID is "Lolicat." Password is "hanshangyan."*

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

37 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 38

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 38

[October 22, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [16 Comments](#)



If you were Yaya and were told the same thing, what would you think? LOL. The poor girl got the shock of her life.

#### Chapter 38 – Tempest of the Sealed Chamber (“□”)

Tong Nian stared at that password, and after piecing it together more than ten times and confirming that it indeed was his name written out in pinyin, she excitedly hugged her phone to herself. She did not know how she should reply to this WeChat message, but yet, she really wanted to reply with something. Until

Gn: *Starting training now. Don't reply.*

Oh, right. This time of night was K&K's training time.

Like a good girl, she put away her phone.

Yaya soon returned to see Tong Nian fiddling with her computer and

downloading the new shooter game, *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*. Shooter game?! Yaya nearly fainted. Why was this kid, who did not even know how to play *Lianliankan*, suddenly starting to play shooter games? Needless to say, it definitely had something to do with that middle-aged uncle dude. Her heart and mind ached with grief and bitterness, but still, she maintained her calm as she walked over. “Let’s go have ice cream?”

Required download time was seven to eight hours. Obviously, she wouldn’t have enough time, right?

A speed-up plug-in?

Yes, a speed-up plug-in.

Tong Nian was completely immersed in her own world, trying various methods to increase the download speed, and did not even know that the person behind her was inviting her to go out. Even when Yaya had brought her coat and hat over to her, pulled her up from the chair, and, after helping her put everything on, dragged her out of the dormitory, her mind was still in a fog. “Where are we going?”

“To have ice cream.”

“Huh?” Who ate ice cream in March?

Muddledly, she followed her out and was led to a shopping centre not far away, into a little shop that sold handmade ice cream.

Out of the two or three people in the shop, there was one person she knew: the captain of her ACM-ICPC team. “What a coincidence.”

The boy hurriedly stood up from his chair. “Yeah, such a coincidence. What do you guys want to eat?”

Yaya’s gaze scanned around. “I’m easy. Oh, right. Tong Nian, my mouse is broken. I’m going upstairs to buy one.”

Tong Nian gave an “oh, okay” in response.

It was only after Yaya had left that she realized something was not right. Their dormitory room had lots of mice, won from the various little competitions she had participated in or randomly given to her by the Students’ Union and

teachers in Administration. There were so many that they would not even be able to use them all.

Why did she need to buy a new one?

However, she quickly gave up on pondering on this bizarre question and turned her mind to repeatedly muse over whether those several speed-up plug-ins would be able to finish downloading the game on time. So, for this entire hour of ice cream-eating, the boy in front of her tried to find a variety of topics to chat with her about, but she still ended up bringing the conversation over to the question of increasing download speeds...

By the time Yaya returned with a mouse in hand, she saw that those two were enthusiastically discussing away. Standing outside the glass door, she could not hold back a gratified smile. The lad was actually not bad. From the looks of it, he had a chance.

When they returned to their dormitory room, Yaya began to carry out another strategy—fish for information to assess the situation. “Oh right, why did you suddenly want to play *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*?”

Tong Nian delightedly discovered that the download had completed! So awesome! There were still another twenty minutes to register an account and read the walkthrough<sup>[1]</sup>. “My boyfriend plays this game.” She was so elated it was as if she had found a gold bar on the ground. “He said he’d play with me.”

... Sure enough.

Yaya put on a nonchalant look. “Since I’ve gotten bored of all the other games these days anyway and I heard this one is a huge hit, I’ll play with you.”

“Really?!” This was great! Someone there to help her out. In any case, Yaya definitely would not get annoyed with her for being a drag on her!

“Of course really. Back then, you were the one who helped me out on so many big assignments. Don’t worry. Inside the game, you can entrust your body and

mind to me.” Yaya heaved a long sigh. “I don’t have the heart to see you getting killed, you know. Who knows whether your boyfriend really is an expert in gaming?”

0.0? “It’s true. He honestly plays really well.” She immediately set Gun’s reputation straight for him.

Yaya broke out in a grin. “How well?”

How well? She remembered what grunt had said in his comment the day she posted her Weibo. “Bonjwa level.”

Sh\*t...

Yaya nearly flew into a rampage.

Hey, uncle dude, you sure have the nerve to ridiculously exaggerate. In the entire gaming circle, the number of people who can actually be called a Bonjwa does not exceed twenty, you know?! “Um... Tong Nian, ‘Bonjwa level’ is usually used to refer to certain pro gamers. They have to lead the tide of the entire video game, influence and change the destiny of eSports and games, and leave behind countless game strategies before they can be called that...”

“Mm-hmm. I know. He’s always been really amazing.” The sense of pride that surged upwards in her heart from hearing her roommate say this gave her a great feeling of satisfaction, so satisfied that she knew only to smile, and that smile was especially dazzling.

Sh\*t...

No, not that uncle dude of yours. That dude is just full of it and making things up!

Yaya tried hard to maintain her cool. “Every single Bonjwa has gone down into eSports history. Take, for example, Korea’s *StarCraft* scene and, beginning with BoxeR, its seven or eight Bonjwas. Over a period of a dozen or so years, only seven or eight of these influencers of an era were produced.”

“Oh.” She was listening carefully, remembering each word. “What about CS?”

“CS... that game is a little farther back in time. It could be considered the first eSports game that became crazily popular on a worldwide level. Back at that

time, Europe was quite strong, but we had a good team as well. It was awesome, an especially awesome team. Most importantly, their contribution was not just to the individual game of CS but that, within the country, they raised the atmosphere of eSports as a whole to a new level. They can be considered the people at the forefront who paved the way for eSports.”

“Team... Solo?” The more Tong Nian listened, the more excited she became, and she even did not quite dare confirm whether the team Yaya was describing was in fact Team Solo.

The comments she had read online were quite consistent with what Yaya was saying, but to hear these words spoken from her good friend’s lips still gave her a feeling that it was all a little unreal.

“That’s right!” Yaya was also rather excited. “Many people on that team were my idols when I was young! Gun, Solo, appledog, All, Xiao Mi...” The always imposing and in control Yaya could not really restrain herself and felt that she was too stirred up right now. Pressing a hand against her chest, she blew out a long breath. “Some time in my lifetime, I must see them. Absolutely must! They were the team that ignited the gaming dream within me!”

0.0...

Feeling slightly bashful, but also slightly proud, Tong Nian told her, “My boyfriend is Gun.”

?

??

??!!

Sh\*t!

Yaya truly went crazy now...

Hey, uncle dude! If you’re going to make up a load of crap, at least choose someone who’s easy to pass yourself off as, ’kay?! You know, if you’re going to

con a little girl who doesn't even game, just randomly saying that you play really well and that you're a pro gamer will already be really swanky. Don't go trying to pass yourself off as this person who deserves the true credits for forging the way for the sport, 'kay?! You're pretending to be him just so that you can take his Baidu Baike page to flaunt around and get some kicks, right?

Yaya jumped to her feet, then immediately sat back down.

Calm down, calm down. This kid has always been slow. Aside from school and studying, she's slow in everything else. Can't blame her.

No! Just can't friggin' hold it in! Why would the big boss of K&K show up in a little streetside cybercafé?! Why would that ridiculously cool and haughty, ridiculously bad-tempered man recklessly go and, in just three days, completely have his raunchy way with this innocent little girl?

She beat her own chest and stamped her feet in anguish. But seeing the contented look on Tong Nian's face, she silently swallowed the mouthful of blood that had surged up into her throat.

The moment of truth will come tonight! Imposter!

Yaya updated her *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* at light speed.

Seeing Tong Nian's ID, she once again vomited a mouthful of blood. Uncle dude, you are just too sleazy. Come on. Lolicat?

No problem. Once we're in the game, we'll find out anyway.

When this particular game was on its global exhibition tour, the IDs had already been internally registered and given to all the professional gamers. You want to pass yourself off as Gun? You go and get yourself his ID, eh? Try and get it!

Yaya, who had been logging into the game while all the while continuing with her silent dissing, was sitting side by side with Tong Nian. She could already imagine how, after that middle-aged uncle dude logged into the game, he would

use the excuse of “It’s not very appropriate for me to use my main, official account since I’m a Bonjwa-status player.”

Logging in.

Connecting.

Waiting for chat room to set up.

Tong Nian soon received an invitation, and after accepting it, she entered that little chat room. Quickly, she did as Yaya had taught her and sent off an invitation as well to the person beside her. Yaya’s mind was clouded by rage, and sitting on her chair, she glared at her screen for a long time but still did not see an invitation icon in the upper right corner. “Yaya.” Tong Nian nudged her arm. “I sent an invitation to you.”

Oh, invitation.

Alright, I’m coming.

Yaya breathed and breathed and breathed some more, making herself keep her mind clear so that she could successfully complete her difficult mission—to, without showing any hints of what she intended to do, unmask this old dude’s façade.

The picture on the screen changed.

Inside the chat room, the right side of the screen showed five users online.

Yaya glanced at the list.

?

?!

.....

Gun, grunt, 97, demo... Gun, grunt, 97, demo... Gun, grunt, 97, demo...

.....

A ferocious heartbeat pounded against her chest. Was this... a dream...?

*Lolicat: My roomie wants to play. Is that ok?*

*grunt: No problem. demo, you’ve been liberated.*

Demo: *OK! Waves to Sister-In-Law. demo is a round ball that rolls away.*  
*rumble rumble*

System: *demo is now offline.*

97: *Let's just use voice chat. Sister-In-Law, I'm opening up the team channel. Later on, when the game starts, it'll be inconvenient to type.*

Tong Nian understood his meaning and took down the little white headset that had been hanging on her monitor, slipping it on. In passing, she threw a puzzled look at Yaya. Why was she just sitting blankly? ... Hadn't she been looking forward to this just a moment ago? And she had even been praising Team Solo the whole time. How come, now that she actually saw them, she wasn't saying anything?

Lolicat: "I read the strategy guide and walkthrough just now. I don't really know how to play, so, you guys, please don't get frustrated with me. But my roomie plays really well. Honest. Don't judge based on the fact that she's a girl. She's played video games since she was in middle school. She's way better than me, 100 times better."

Yaya... On my knees, begging you to stop praising me. Compared to pro players... and especially compared with the top eSports organization that K&K is, I'm the uncontested, suckiest gamer in all of history... *aaaah... aaaah...*

grunt could not stifle himself and with a "pffft," burst out laughing. "No worries, Sister-In-Law. Good or not, this is just completely casual. Casual. Completely for fun."

97 chimed in, "Yup. Sister-In-Law, don't worry. Leader is with us. Definitely, absolutely, not a single female living creature has harassed him."

Yaya at last heard her own voice ask, "... You guys... are... all... K&K...?"

grunt yawned. "For now we are. Who knows? Maybe if SP pays more next year, we'll jump ship and go there."

97 chuckled awkwardly. “Hi, Sister-In-Law’s classmate... Ah, Leader, Sister-In-Law is online now and brought a classmate along, too.”

He’s here? Tong Nian instantly broke into a smile.

Leader?! It really is Gun? Yaya thought she was going to faint...

Her mouse in her hand, Tong Nian held her breath and waited for his voice to speak. They had only been apart for half a day, but still, her heart and mind were filled only with him: how his finger had slid down her nose and, with a smile, he had said, “Then let’s not break up”; how, in the lobby of the hotel, he had held her up securely but had also somewhat crossly said, “Get down now”; the side view of his face when, after climbing up a few steps and setting her foot on his lap, he had lowered his head to tie her shoelace; and how, in the darkness, he had leaned his forehead against hers, wanting to have just a moment of rest...

And also...

How, that night, he had pressed her seamlessly against the wall, his voice suppressed into the deepest part of his throat as it said, “Continue?”

.....

Inside the headset, she seemed to hear that Gun was eating candy. Muffledly, he tossed out a sentence. “Who told you to turn on your mics?”

Familiar, husky, manly, not very patient—his tone of voice.

And it took over the entire team channel.

[\[1\]](#) Strategy guide on the story of a video game and how to play it, so named as it walks you through the game and the story while you follow along.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

38 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

## Chapter 39

### Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 39

[October 26, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [26 Comments](#)



Tong Nian is going to game with Gun. How do you think things will go for our gaming idiot?

#### Chapter 39 – Bonjwa?

His tone sounded extremely displeased.

97's voice began to stammer. "Sister-In-Law... said she was going to introduce me a girlfriend. That's why we turned on the mics, so we could chat first—"

Before he had finished, the channel went completely silent.

?

Tong Nian was a little dazed. I said I was going to introduce a girlfriend to him?

Of course, her mind that had drifted away was quickly yanked back. The system was already beginning to assign the players on the opposing team. In the little chat room, the people who had been assigned by the system into the room

were all in the same state as Yaya...

ImAGodYouKnow: *Oh my mommy...*

BrainDeadNumero7: *Oh my dearest mommy...*

KillLalala: *... K&K?? All the gods have descended down to the mortal world?????*

DieLalala: *Gun???????*

TheLittleMatchstickThatSellsGirls[\[1\]](#): *God Gun, please accept all the MMR I have accumulated for you over this last decade as well as my groveling bow on bended knees!!!!*

.....

While the feelings of the crowd were pumping excitedly, the two were actually busily having a private chat.

Lolicat: *What type of gun should I select 0.0?*

Gun: *Whatever.*

Lolicat: *What will match and work well with you?*

Gun: .....

Lolicat: *0.0?*

Gun: *Dagger.*

Lolicat: *Oh, oh! OK!*

.....

Yay, so awesome! Turned out the weapon most suitable for her was a dagger. Elatedly, she bought a dagger. Over in the all-chat, their opponents were still spamming the screen. Sitting beside her, Yaya finally recovered a tiny portion of her senses and tugged on her arm. "Gun really is your boyfriend?"

Tong Nian nodded and beamed at her. "I didn't lie to you. He's great at playing

video games.”

.....

Could “great” even be used to describe Gun?

That word, when used on him, was ridiculously pathetic, you know?!

Yaya’s tears were threatening to stream down her face. Back in the days of Team Solo, the captain, Solo, and the top sniper, appledog, had been together. In game, they had stood shoulder to shoulder, a match made by Heaven itself. Everyone had contrived that the ultimate reason for the dissolution of the team was because no woman could meet Gun’s standards, and he had eyes only for the gaming goddess, appledog... Now, however, from the looks of it, that was all a load of crap. God Gun did not care at all whether his girlfriend was a gaming master or not...

Let’s not even mention being a master...

She knew very well from experience what Tong Nian’s gaming skill level was—Yaya pulled herself back together and focused. Her hands trembling slightly, she slid her eyes over the weapons that everyone had chosen. Though she could not see their other secondary items, she still had a general idea what role and strategy each was taking—besides Tong Nian. Yaya was baffled. “All you bought is a dagger?”

Tong Nian nodded in dead earnest. “Mm-hmm. I asked specifically. He said just buy this one.”

What... way of playing was this?

There was no time to dwell on this though. The system had begun the countdown to game-start and had automatically loaded the London city map.

The image on the screen switched.

Very soon, a picture appeared before Tong Nian’s eyes of post-war London, utterly destroyed, with ruins of buildings everywhere. As she gazed upon the

several people inside the scene, she suddenly felt as if her blood was roiling. It's time to game! Clench fists! Must focus and play well!

*97: Sister-In-Law's classmate, come. I'll take you along.*

*grunt: 97, you take southeast, I'll take northwest. Sweep it clean. Don't make trouble for me.*

*97: Screw you, punk. It's YOU who shouldn't make trouble for ME. You've never been higher than me on the leaderboard, yet still so cocky.*

*grunt: Whooooo. With a girl around, you're acting tough now, you, the forever little bachelor.*

.....

Yaya had a feeling like she was utterly going to faint.

This sort of situation, where she was on the same team as professional gamers and watching them as they took jabs at one another, was like... she had abruptly joined a professional gaming team and a professional eSports organization, that she was suddenly one step closer to that world. As a longtime gaming fan, she soon slipped into form, forcing herself to remove herself from those feelings of exhilaration and try her best to keep up with 97.

They had all left already?

Tong Nian tilted her head to the side to glance at the scene in Yaya's screen. She had already run to the roof of a building?

*Lolicat: Where are we going?*

*Gun: Open a separate voice chat.*

*Lolicat: Oh, oh, ok.*

She accepted Gun's invitation for a private voice chat.

In her headset, she heard the sound of typing, or that was what it seemed? He was using more than one computer? Working?

Lightly, Tong Nian asked, "Can you hear me?"

He gave a faint answer, then told her, "Follow my instructions. Move and control your character."

Tong Nian immediately straightened her sitting position. "Mm."

"See those ruins of that church on your left?"

"Yup, see it."

"Walk over. Let me know when you get there."

"Mm."

She was still not very proficient with using the keyboard to control her character to walk, so she used her mouse instead. Hop after hop, she moved the character over and soon arrived at that place. "Alright."

From within the headset, he seemed to hear that she was using her mouse. "Still don't know how to use the keyboard?"

"... I'm still not very good at it... Seems the mouse is easier, right?" Why did she have to use the keyboard?

In the headset, after a long moment of silence, he realized that his task was actually onerous and extremely challenging. Of course, what was being challenged was his patience... "In front of you, there's a flight of twenty-nine stairs. *W* is to move forward, space bar is to jump. Pressing both will let you jump forward. One step at a time, jump up the stairs."

0.0? This was different from what she had played last time, ah...

So...

Even when the game had come to an end...

Those opponents did not even get to see what corner the true God Gun was in and what he was doing.

On the southeast side, 97, with Yaya in tow, had encountered three enemies and a fight to the death had broken out. On the northwest side, grunt had easily finished off two opposing players, like he was cutting two blades of grass. Gun's character, having nothing to do, sat on the steps with sniper rifle in hand, constantly adjusting his visual field and angle to see if there were unnecessary persons nearby while, at the same time, directing the kid beside him in learning...

... how to hop up a set of stairs...

[1] 卖女孩的小火柴. In Guo Jingming's novel, 《梦里花落知多少》*Never-Flowers in Never-Dream*, there is a woman whose name in Chinese translates literally as "Little Matchstick." She traffics women and girls and would often say she was "the little matchstick that sells girls." That saying is actually a play on the title《卖火柴的小女孩》, which literally translates as "The Little Girl who Sells Matches" and is the Chinese title of Hans Christian Andersen's *Little Match Girl*. The saying more often now is used in a joking context.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

39 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey, Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 40

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 40

[October 29, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [25 Comments](#)



The past is coming back to “haunt” Tong Nian...

### Chapter 40 – Bonjwa Σ(°△°|| !

Within twenty minutes, the match had come to an end.

Inside the small chat room, the gamers that had been ruthlessly defeated were still boiling with exhilaration and spamming the chat screen...

*ImAGodYouKnow: Begging not to be kicked out...*

*BrainDeadNumero7: Begging for another match...*

*KillLalala: ... Is God Gun really online? Or just AFK [away from keyboard]? Why didn't I see him just now?*

*DieLalala: Gun??????? Begging for another match!!!!*

*TheLittleMatchstickThatSellsGirls: I think God Gun was AFK...*

*KillLalala: Still happy, even if he was AFK. Just being able to run into g Shuai and 97 is RP[1] [good karma] erupting off the charts, you know!*

BrainDeadNumero7: *Ya... Being beaten and battered to the point it feels awesome is also a form of blessing...*

.....

Tong Nian was gnawing on her fingernails, deep in pondering. Why had they won just like that? Oh, and while she was at it, she continued to be stuck on the question of why you had to use your keyboard to move your character around... Although, she had already learned how to use the keyboard to move forward, backward, left, and right as well as jump, throw objects, do front flips, do back flips...

“Yaya.” She addressed the person beside her.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh?” With Yaya’s state of euphoria, the only thing she was missing was a giant tail behind her that she could wag to and fro.

“Why do you need to use the keyboard to move in this game?” She did not really dare ask Gun. “Before, when I played *God* with... with my cousin, we used the mouse to move around. Isn’t that really convenient?”

She had finally gotten accustomed to how to move around, how to use a skill... and had thought that she was at least practiced in the trade now.

Who would have thought that once she switched over to *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*, everything would be completely different?

And she did not dare ask Gun, either...

He would certainly then ask her what she had played initially and with whom.

And then, that would let the cat out of the bag, right? Getting the wrong guy and chasing after grunt to game with him was just too humiliating!

Plus, she felt a strange sense of guilt, as if she had been unfaithful to him behind his back T.T...

With an “uh,” Yaya contemplated over how she could clearly explain to a gaming idiot the answer to this question. “Usually, DotA-like games, ones like *League of Legends*, *Heroes of the Storm*, *God*, etc., all use the mouse to move the character around, but for *Sealed Chamber*, you generally use the keyboard to move.”

She was bewildered. “But you can move with the mouse, too.”

“Yes, you can, but those who really play all use the keyboard. Only noobs and people who are just wasting away their time will use the mouse. *Sealed Chamber* is a simulation game, with all sorts of little, detailed actions like jumps, front flips, etc. and they are all controlled with the keyboard. A mouse is simply not able to handle so many actions.”

Tong Nian 0.0...

“And when you go over to the *StarCraft*, *Warcraft* type games, the way the mouse is used is different again...”

Tong Nian carried on with 0.0...

Yaya silently put away her desire to lecture. “One sentence summary: they are just different types of video games.”

“Ooooh.” Tong Nian nodded with great seriousness. “Well, if one moment you’re playing DotA, another moment you’re playing *StarCraft*, and then another moment you’re playing *Sealed Chamber*, won’t you get mixed up?”

Yaya...

How can someone who has gamed for ten-plus years get mixed up?

The ones who get mixed up are the types like you, those little girlies who can’t even differentiate between the different types of games... I guess...

Soon, the second match began.

On Gun's end, he seemed to have started a telephone conference and reminded her to turn off her voice chat.

He typed out a string of words on the computer to her, instructing her to begin practicing how to switch from gun to dagger, then dagger back to gun; how to load, aim, and fire; how to throw grenades...

Her head spun from reading this, and quietly, she sent off a message in a private chat window to him.

Lolicat: *raising hand May I first ask a question?*

Gun: *Go ahead.*

Lolicat: *Will you look down on me if I learn really slow?"*

Gun: *No.*

She was feeling a little touched, and there was a tingly feeling in the bottom of her heart. She had never discovered before that he could be so patient. But very shortly, Gun followed up with another statement.

Gun: *I never held out any hope that you would be able to learn this.*

Lolicat: *... Then... why are you taking it so seriously to teach me?*

Gun: *To pass the time.*

.....

In her vision, Yaya and 97 were already working very well together. Despite not really understanding what she was seeing, from watching them do all sorts of running, climbing up stairs, somersaulting, and, every so often, shooting and other stuff like that, she felt enflamed with excitement... Yet as she watched, she began to feel a little deflated. The motivation she had felt while happily jumping up stair steps just a moment ago had completely disappeared. Propping up her chin, she simply stared at the computer screen, waiting for his conference call to end.

After some time, Gun seemed to also notice that there was no activity from her whatsoever.

Gun: *Why aren't you moving?*

Lolicat: *Waiting for you...*

Gun: *Don't like gunplay? You like adding HP?*

??

That was not possible!!

She stared foolishly at the computer.

He could not possibly know. Back then, it had been grunt whom she had played with. Besides, the entire time, she had used someone else's ID. Stay calm, stay calm. He must have just asked that arbitrarily. Just like Yaya said, video games only have those few types. He just asked that arbitrarily...

So, she made the decision to play dumb.

Lolicat: *Huh? ... What do you mean by adding HP 0.0?*

Gun was silent.

After several seconds, he tossed over a line of words:

*(>^ω^<) Meow. This is Little Squidie. Thanks, everyone, for watching out for me.*

.....

.....

.....

.....

She banged her head fiercely on her desk.

Even the emoticon was exactly the same...

Yaya jumped in alarm. "What's going on? Got chewed out by God Gun? Get used to it and you'll be fine. Just get used to it, and you'll be just fine. Supposedly, back in the day, out of the teammates who played with him... aside from his team captain, Solo, there was not a single one who didn't get chewed out."

"I didn't get chewed out..."

After a lengthy while, she glumly lifted her head back up from the desk. grunt must have found out about her Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers account, linked it up with everything that happened later... and then told him...

And so, she once again made a decision, this time, to not play dumb and voluntarily admit her mistake.

Lolicat: *I only played three times... with grunt. I thought he was you...*

Gun did not reply.

Lolicat: *I was wrong...*

Gun still did not reply.

Lolicat: *The first time playing with him, he hacked me to death... The second time, he told me to hide in the brush... The third time, I helped him add HP... But no inappropriate words were said! Never! I swear!*

Lolicat: *Don't be mad...*

Still no reply...

\*

Gun had long since brought his laptop back into his hotel suite and left grunt and 97 in the training room. Just now, he had stepped out momentarily to grab a bottle of mineral water from the refrigerator. He had not expected that when he returned, he would see so many messages from her... How slow was the kid? Hadn't she noticed that the ID, "Lolicat," had been chosen based on that character she liked, that Loli who rode around on a big cat?

Standing in front of the desk, he set his bottle of water down beside his hand and, with his fingers on the keyboard, sent over an invitation for a one-on-one voice call.

When he discovered that the kid had not even figured out that it was he, using

grunt's account, who had led her around and gamed with her back then, he immediately felt that this very simple matter had become much more fun and interesting.

Hence—

Call connected.

His first sentences were “What was that? You’ve gamed with grunt before, too?”

“Don’t read too much into that. Please, please don’t be mad. It was honestly nothing.”

He grinned, deliberately not answering her as he offhandedly loosened the tie around his neck. Things had been too rushed when he hurried back, having a meeting as well as watching her game, and only now did he realize that he was being constrained by his clothing. Very uncomfortable.

“I was wrong...” she mumbled softly.

“It’s okay to make a mistake.” He guided her in a low voice, “Knowing how to make amends for your mistake is the important thing.”

.....

After a lengthy silence...

“Say it.” She quietly conceded, “As long as... I can do it, I will.”

\*

In the blink of an eye, Saturday arrived.

For five entire nights, Tong Nian spent the deepest hours of those nights tossing and turning, unable to sleep because... he would be returning on Saturday...

In a large-scale gaming and anime expo, as she sat at the special guest booth in the northeast corner with a pen clutched in hand and her head down, working away, her mind was still filled with thoughts of “he’s coming back, he’s coming back...”

Every part of her was so excited it was as if she was going to soar off into the air...

However, once she remembered what she had promised him that night, her face immediately reddened, and she became a little nervous about his return.

The end of that long queue of people waiting for autographs could not even be seen. The event host was very puzzled as to why so many people had all of a sudden showed up this time. Later, she discovered that... half the people were holding stuff like K&K jerseys or K&K brochures to stand in line. Unable to resist, she asked in a low tone, “You’re standing in the wrong line, eh? ... The one giving autographs belongs to the cover singing circle...”

“Not wrong, not wrong.” A young boy laughed and scratched his own head. “I want to ask K&K’s lady-boss for an autograph...”

The girl who was representing the event organizer went 0.0...

While she did not really know much about the gaming circle, she had heard that recently, the hottest gossip seemed to be that this extremely famous Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers *Dada* had found herself a man who was even more famous... As for exactly how famous, she genuinely did not know anything about those people who played video games. But from continually reading through the gossip on the forums and all sorts of news, this seemed to be especially exhilarating, in a blood-roiling kind of way?

He had taken a world title before? And not just once? And also won some sort of individual MVP award? And was the big boss of a top eSports club?

.....

Too incredible.

The girl turned around to do a head count, all the while considering whether she should stop the queue at a certain number of people so that anyone who came after would be turned away from getting an autograph. Otherwise... she reckoned that by the time the expo concluded, this oh-so-crazily popular special guest's hand would end up snapping from all the signing...

Tong Nian was still head down and plugging away. On the table as well as all around her chair, various cute, little gifts were piled up.

Sign, sign, sign, sign, sign, sign...

All of a sudden, a huge bouquet of flowers was set down in front of her.

Confused, she lifted her head. Didn't know him.

"My goddess..." The boy coughed, then undid his coat to reveal the front chest area of his button-up shirt. "Would it be okay to sign here?"

"Ah?" She gaped at him.

So many people were watching...

"I've been listening to your songs since middle school through to now. I'm definitely your hardcore fan..." The boy used all sorts of ways to beg. Not knowing how to refuse, in the end, she could only stand up and wordlessly and rapidly sign her name on his chest.

Then, hurriedly taking her seat again, she continued to bury her head and sign, sign, sign, sign, sign...

Hand out a CD, take a CD, hand out a CD, take a CD—

A man had stretched out a hand.

The fingers were slender and the outline of their bone structure clearly defined as they casually rested on the edge of the table.

?

Out of reflex, she lifted her head and—

From the hands to the arms to the waist and up, there was a black, cotton, long-sleeved T-shirt... He was emitting a rather languorous, apathetic air with his very large duffel bag slung cross-body on his back and his jacket lying on top of that bag. He leaned in close, his right hand in his pants pocket and the other arm resting on top of the table, and using a voice that was a near whisper, said, “Little girl, you’re quite popular. Didn’t you say you like me? How could you so easily agree to sign someone’s chest, then?”

.....

She opened her mouth slightly, dazed with shock.

Didn’t he say he wouldn’t be back until the evening? ...

In a single second, silence fell over all the staff in front of the autographing table as well as that long line that stretched behind him with no end in sight.

What the heck?! ... What was this...?

[1] 人品爆表 “ren pin bao biao.” This is a Chinese online saying and literally means “moral character has erupted until off the chart.” The first two characters, 人品 mean “moral character” and in pinyin, are written as “ren pin.” As a result, they are sometimes abbreviated as RP by Chinese netizens. With the belief that good moral character will eventually bring good to you (i.e. you reap what you sow) when netizens say their RP has erupted, they are saying something extremely lucky has happened to them because their good moral character has “erupted” to bring good karma upon them. The presence of these K&K players is beyond “extremely lucky,” to the point it’s as if their RP erupted

off the charts.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

40 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 41

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 41

[November 2, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [19 Comments](#)



So Gun is back, but several things are bothering him. And that leads to... We also find out what Tong Nian has to do to make amends for her “wrong.”

### Chapter 41 – I Like You?

“How... did you get in here?” she uttered woodenly, not quite daring to believe this was true.

If he wanted to get in, it was very simple, wasn't it?

Most of the video game developers in this gaming and anime expo were well acquainted with him. He had only needed to go with them, and with just two or three sentences from them, the staff members of the expo had let him through. And if he wanted to cut in line, it didn't seem like it would be a difficult either, eh? Of course straight out telling this to the kid would be no fun.

He directly ignored this question, his fingers brushing over the back of her hand as he said, “You carry on. I'll just walk around.”

A wave of tingling ran over the back of her hand, and she nearly lost her hold on her pen.

He straightened, acting as if nothing had happened.

And walked away...

Behind him, the marketing directors of several different video games followed close and then came up beside him to discuss future commercial endorsement events as well as some marketing campaigns where they needed the support of K&K eSports Club... Within the line, several young girls pulled out their mobile phones to try to surreptitiously take a photograph, but they were all stopped by staff members. The signing events of this *dada* always prohibited the taking and distribution of unauthorized photographs, so the staff members naturally assumed that photos of this *dada's* "loved one" (?) must not be allowed as well.

And over at the autographing table, she was still sitting there in a daze...

"Your Highness." Beside her, the little leader of her fan club was so excited her face was flushed, so excited she was tugging on Tong Nian's sleeve and crying, "Your Highness, so handsome! Your man is soooooo handsome!"

"Mm-hmm..." she agreed shamelessly.

Honestly, so handsome.

And then, she dropped her head back down and began to crazily sign, sign, sign, sign, sign, sign...

Hurry and finish autographing, hurry and finish autographing.

.....

On the other side of the exhibition hall, many gamers had already realized that K&K eSports Club's boss had made an appearance at the expo. He, after all, normally very rarely even showed his presence with the rest of the team at any of the commercial events, and hence, everyone was now looking on enthusiastically. However, any requests for photographs with him were turned down, so people could only pull out their phones and secretly snap a few.

In the end, he grew bored of the aimless wandering. Sitting down in the

*Tempest of the Sealed Chamber* work area, he played on his mobile phone with lowered head while, at the same time, listening to the various marketing directors of other video games blabber on about their future plans.

“Oh!” Something suddenly flashed across the mind of the director for *Tempest of the Sealed Chamber*. “I was saying, how come I kept having this feeling that your girlfriend looked really familiar? I think someone recommended her to be one of the official cosplay models.”

Gun’s finger paused. “What is that?”

“Just, we will be producing official cosplays of the game characters, you know, for promotional purposes.” The marketing director pulled out his mobile phone and flipped through some of the audition photos to show him. “Like these—” Video game cosplays such as this all took the direction of flaunting long legs and big breasts, especially shooter games, where the cosplays of female game characters were practically synonymous with the word, sexy.

That person was flipping and flipping through when he discovered—

Uh-oh...

The person hastily put away his phone.

Gun’s face was extremely surly, and he did not bother to provide a response. He did not want even to give a single word of opinion. What the heck was all this? Normally, he did not pay attention to things like these, so now that he actually took a look, why were they all so revealing? He frowned. He did not know when the kid had gotten hooked on this whole thing of dressing up as a character, but once he mentally associated it with those socks as well as tops with the big bows that she liked to wear...

“I’m good now!” Gasping for breath, the kid hugged her bag as she ran over. “Do you still have things you need to discuss?”

He picked up his duffel bag and threw it on his shoulder, across his back. “Let’s go.”

“Oh, okay.” She obediently followed after him.

And while she was at it, peeped furtively at him.

What was the matter?

As a result, all those fans who had not so long ago managed to successfully get the autograph of the oh-oh-so-popular Fish Playing in Sealed Chambers now all watched helplessly as their *dada*, with her head down, followed after that ridiculously super hot guy in front of her, half-jogging to keep up with his pace. Eh? *Dada* is reaching out *her* hand to take his! Grab it! Come on, grab it! She couldn't grab it?

Dammit! Why is he treating our *dada* like that?!

Eh? He's stopping, he's stopping. Woohoo! He's grabbed her wrist now!

Eh? ...

*Dada* is too short...

She normally doesn't seem so short...

Why does it feel like she's being picked up and hauled away? ...

After Tong Nian was hauled (?) into the car and sitting in the front passenger seat, she still rubbed at her own wrist. The main reason for this was that she had been wearing something on it, so when it pressed into her wrist, it had been very painful. She stole a few glances at Gun, but there was not much expression on his face.

He tossed his car keys somewhere beside him. Unlock ignition. Start engine.

Release hand brake.

And, with a stomp on the accelerator, out of there.

This quiet was maintained until the two had returned to K&K China's head office. Stepping through the door, she followed him all the way, passing through

the meeting and training areas and heading straight into the living quarters, to the first room at the very end of the hall... His room? With her eyes going blink-blink and her ears burning hot, she rather slowly walked in after him...

The first time she came in here, the lights had been off, and moreover...

The two of them had been “cuddling” up against the wall, although, in the end, she had been thrown onto the bed and then very quickly passed out in sleep.

She did not know at all what his apartment in K&K actually looked like.

Her eyes swept a circle around the room.

The main colour scheme was still dark blue and black, but this room was much simpler than the bedroom in his home. Against one wall was a single-size bed with lots of clothing tossed messily on it, while beside the wall that was directly across were four computers lined up in a row. There was no rug, no decorations. There were, however, many game consoles, controllers, and magazines.

Arbitrarily tossing his duffel bag into a corner, Gun pulled the swivel chair over, sat down, and patted his leg at her.

Tong Nian nibbled on her lip as she set her backpack in front of the monitors on the computer desk and walked over to him. Right when she was in a position where she was about to sit, he set his hands on her shoulders and firmly pressed down.

.....

She wriggled slightly, trying to find a comfortable angle.

But this type of movement—

Gun’s eyes narrowed slightly. Something instinctive was being revived in him. The desire to get close to her, to be intimate with her was awakening. His hands tightened around her waist, and his face moved in closer. “Go ahead, say it.”

.....

Did she really have to say it?

“I’ll keep count for you,” he added.

The kid on his lap continued to squirm, trying to ease her anxiousness. He

leaned back, his entire body relaxing into the chair as he lay against it, also pulling her waist toward him and into his embrace. Close the eyes for a rest.

Warmth of breath very soon appeared in that spot at his collarbone...

“I...”

“Mm.”

“... like you.” Her face burned up.

“Keep going.” His hand slipped down her back, and with one arm, he lifted her body a little higher.

“I like you, Han Shangyan...”

Tong Nian’s body felt a little hot, a little restless, and also a little weak. “I like you...”

“Mm.” Applying a slight force to his legs, he slid the chair backwards and, reaching behind, drew the curtains shut with a *swoosh*.

The room fell dim.

These last several days, his mood had been quite edgy, and he was on the threshold of erupting.

The laidback air and teasing he had shown at the exhibition hall when he saw her had been a mask, merely a superficial display.

Lifting her up into his arms and striding over to the bed, he bent over, set her down, and then chucked into a corner the few articles of clothing that previously had been randomly thrown on the mattress. “Carry on.” When Tong Nian lay down, she sank into the bed slightly. Anxiously, she stiffened her back, having long forgotten that she still had another ninety-seven times of repeating... “I like you.”

“What are you nervous about?” His hand slid underneath her back, pulled out a black, short-sleeved shirt, and tossed it to the foot of the bed.

Okay, all tidy now.

A single-size bed. Very cramped.

He took her into his arms beneath himself and lowered himself on top of her. Cramped was actually quite nice.

Underneath him, the kid's entire body was stiff, and she wore the expression of someone heroically going to her death but standing firm for the cause... He could not hold back a low laugh. "What are you thinking? I was just tired from sitting, so I'm lying down for a bit."

That's not true. Your hands are obviously being improper...

He chuckled, leaning his head into the curve of her neck. In this way, treating her like a pillow, he lay there. Quiet. Motionless.

Jumpily, she waited for a long time. Waiting and waiting. And then, she detected that the sound of his breathing had become slow and soft.

Asleep?

.....

No way 0.0? She wanted to have a look at him, but his face was on her shoulder and not visible.

"Not asleep." His voice was rather deep.

"Are you... unhappy about something?" she asked gently.

He did not answer.

Reaching her hand out, she stroked his cheek. "Han Shangyan?"

Still, he did not utter a sound.

She rolled over, not perceiving at all where she had placed her leg. "And here you just said you hadn't fallen asleep..."

Her voice cut off abruptly.

He had suddenly slipped his hand inside.

.....

In Sanya, he had gotten into a huge quarrel with those friends from the past. Yes, with this return, he had wanted to find everyone from their former team, had wanted to give them a reliable and secure future. If, back then, on that day when the team disbanded, he had not acted impulsively on his emotions and left China, even with only him alone, he still could have slowly led and brought forth a new team...

To continuously compete. To achieve glory and honour. To allow all the names of his fellow teammates to be inscribed onto the trophy.

Having his own name go down in history or whatever, that was something he did not care at all about. Whether anyone in the world remembered the name, Gun, did not matter. It was not that he had not known how much hopeful expectation had been held in the hearts of those kids, whom back then he had given tongue-lashings to every day. He had known, and that was why every day, he had berated, berated, and berated, wishing that every person could be better than him...

But—

He bit down. The kid let out a slight whimper.

If SP could not take good care of them, why couldn't that responsibility be given to K&K?

Unable to hold back. Desiring. Wanting...

He grabbed those two slender wrists and held them down above her head, gripping them tightly. Every part of him was still and quiet as he gazed down at her. Her top had long since been pulled open by him and now lay disheveled. The sights that could be seen, all of them... He tried hard to calm his breathing—

Suddenly, releasing his hold, he rolled off of her and threw himself heavily onto the wooden floor.

Face up, he lay staring at the giant K&K logo on the ceiling, his bare back directly against the cold floor. For half a minute, he breathed heavily, and then

he jumped to his feet, not daring to even look at the scene upon his bed.

Grabbing his own top, he flung open the door and left.

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

41 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 42

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 42

[November 5, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [24 Comments](#)



How I really wish I could read all your comments live for this chapter.

There is one thing that Tong Nian should always stay away from...

### Chapter 42 – I Like You ε(┏┛┛┏)3 !

Before the door slammed shut, the only thing the person on the bed did was play dead.

0.0...

She gasped incessantly for air, her mind filled only with blank whiteness, blank whiteness... white blankness.

With a *bam*, the room was thrown back into silence.

At last, she slowly reached her hand down, noiselessly tugging on the bed sheet beneath her, and rolling her body, she wrapped her entire self into the sheet. Where was it, where was it? Oh, right, hanging on her arms... The bed sheet covered her face. Deep breaths, deep breaths. But her fingers still felt weak, with no strength in them.

When she was completely dressed again, she finally poked her head out from the sheet—

Eh? He really did leave?

He wouldn't be mad, would he? Just now, she had kicked him a few times, and her knee seemed to have, um... Would that hurt?

That part seemed to be very fragile... right?

Tong Nian exhaled a lengthy breath. With a sense of defeat, she sat on the bed, wavering on what to do.

T.T What should she do? ...

She had said she would stay with him forever...

She touched her hand to her chest, wanting to curb her heart that was beating overly rapidly. An image suddenly popped into her mind. He had actually used his teeth! She threw herself down onto the pillow, her entire body like a boiled shrimp, emitting heat from inside to out...

\*

Gun strode out of the room, still holding his t-shirt as remorse came over him.

You are such a f\*\*\*ing good-for-nothing, Han Shangyan!

Irrately, he stormed away while pulling on his shirt. After taking a dozen or so steps, he could not hold himself back and gave a fierce kick at the wall.

The several young, grinning team members who were coming toward him and about to call out in greeting each froze in shock, not daring at all to move. Pretend to be dead, pretend to be air, pretend to be anything! Even pretending to be that wall that was kicked is fine. Just do not let Leader notice us...

Gun did not even remotely glance at these few kids and brushed right past them. Without saying a word, he left the K&K headquarters.

He went into the underground parking garage and then drove the car out, heading straight to the shopping mall in the city centre.

Striding to the first basement level, he began to look at display counter after display counter and buy item after item—profiteroles, macarons, puddings, strawberry cake. In the end, when he had a stack of itemized bills and had brought them over to pay with his credit card, even the girl at the cash register thought that this super hot guy was going to hold a party for preschoolers and kindergarteners in his home.

According to the pitiful, little experience he had in raising pets, when you made a cat mad, buying its favourite food of fish guts for it was a good plan. He truly did not have much for experience in sweet-talking and coaxing girls, but it seemed, before, whenever Solo had money, he had liked to buy all sorts of weird but expensive snacks for appledog... So when he put these two pieces of experience together, he had made this decision.

It required some effort to get the things into his car and even more effort to get them upstairs to the gaming house.

This was mainly because it was hard to get a good handle on balancing everything, for fear that the cakes and goodies inside the boxes would flip over.

Half an hour later, he was once again standing in front of the door to his room in the living quarters area. Suddenly, he thought of a question. What if the kid had run off? What should he do then? Go to her school to look for her? That would be a little simpler. If she had run back home, though... He recalled the actions he had once taken to deliberately cause her parents to loathe him. It seemed a little like... his hands were bound and there was nothing he could do?

To think, *he* would actually be in a situation where he was powerless, with nothing he could do.

When this idea, which was one that was rare to him, popped up in his mind, a self-mocking smile appeared on his lips.

Pulling out his key card, he swiped the door open.

The instant he pushed open his room door, he saw the kid toying around on his computer with her chin resting idly on one palm. The clothes that had been tossed at the foot of the bed were now all folded into a pile.

Very good. From the looks of it... she was in a very good state.

He gave a brief glance at the computer screen, but noticing it was only a webpage, he did not look closer.

“You’re back?” She turned her head, smiling adorably and very bashfully.

Very good. From the looks of it, her mood was pretty good, too.

On the sill of the hung window, he set down that pile of boxes made up of different shades of pinks, reds, soft greens... as well as various other colours that, with one glance, you could tell were ones that young girls would like. Wordlessly, he walked over, bent at the waist, and, slipping one arm around her back and the other under her legs, lifted her up.

And then, he switched their positions so that he was sitting on the chair.

The moment she was placed onto his lap, her arms immediately snaked around his neck...

“I’m not in a very good mood. In Sanya, I got in an argument with some friends from the past, and we nearly came to blows.”

“Mm...” Feeling that this position was not very convenient, she adjusted herself to sit straddled across his thighs.

His brows creased together. This type of position... “At the expo, I heard someone say you wanted to be a video game cosplay model, and I wasn’t too cool about that, either.” After all, those cosplay costumes were just too revealing, and her figure was too good. It simply was not appropriate for her to be that kind of spokesperson.

“Oh...” Her eyes twinkled. “You’re jealous.”

.....

He felt something wasn’t quite right.

This feeling...

Swiftly, he searched around the room for something that could confirm his suspicion. And then, he successfully found, in the wastebasket, two cans—beer. That little body had already seamlessly snuggled itself tight up against him. He wanted to move back to evade her, but there was no room to move...

Stay calm, Han Shangyan.

Stay calm.

Very good. Stay away from her chest. As much as possible, stay away from it.

Soft and inexperienced were her lips as well as those small hands that were lightly caressing his neck and collarbones while she, in passing, murmured, “I... don’t really know how. I searched up a bit on the Internet...”

Gun used a few seconds to completely, clearly understand the meaning behind those words. Once more, he swept his eyes over the computer screen.

Sh\*t!

He closed his eyes.

The next second, he felt a warmth press against his tightly shut eyelids.

A peck was placed on each the left and right sides. Then, it was the bridge of his nose...

He stayed completely motionless, trying as best as he could to not allow himself to feel too much. He could not even dodge too much. The kid’s heart was too much like glass, too sensitive... But this time, he absolutely could not let himself do something rash and improper. At least, he needed to wait until things were truly official and blessed, or maybe... they would just altogether get engaged. Then, afterwards, they could talk about that.

“Han Shangyan, is it your, your first time?”

... He truly did not want to talk to her.

But considering that she was someone who would clearly remember things that had happened, even after she sobered up, it was better if he answered.

So, he had no choice but to give a very low “mm-hmm.”

Because of this one word, a silly giggle came from her. *Muah!* She kissed him on his lips. “Mine.”

.....

Done with her silly grinning, she quickly began to follow the strategy guide, trying to strip him of his top.

Gun inhaled deeply. With his elbows, he held his shirt down, not letting her take it off. The result, however, was that the hem was pulled up, and her little hand moved in directly to begin feeling, kneading, fondling. “Does that feel good?”

Sh\*t.

He was going to go berserk.

Couldn't throw her. If he threw her, she would cry again. He needed to hurry and think up a plan, one that could pull away her attention. He opened his eyes, intending to swiftly seek out a way to counter this, make a decision, and then escape from this predicament. He had not expected, though, that the moment his eyes opened, he would see her, head lowered in a well-behaved manner, intently untying the bow that was at the chest of her blouse. Next, she began undoing the buttons.

Practically simultaneously, he seized her hands and, in a raspy voice, stopped her. “Alright, stop playing around now.”

In that instant that he grabbed her hands, the tips of his fingers also touched that part that should not be touched. He held his silence and suppressed himself, forcing himself to not look at this enchanting trap that Tong Nian had set. Yet, the latter was still somewhat bemused as hazily she contemplated, was the problem because the sequence of actions had been wrong?

Oh, right. Some of the strategy guides online didn't involve taking off the clothes...

She nodded, her face completely crimson. Once again, she encircled her arms around his waist and, with slight apprehension, consulted him, “Is doing *that* kind of like... spraining an ankle? Or maybe as painful as breaking a bone?”

.....

This question that was spoken aloud wafted lightly into air.

.....

The scent of her body was too seductive. He wanted to bury his face deep into the long hair at the back of her slight neck, that place that was most fragrant, most soft and that most caused a person to want to leave something behind there. Thinking this, he truly did draw himself close to that place that belonged to him.

And, in passing, he also reminded himself silently, “Stop right here. It can only go as far as this...”

The pounding of his heart was becoming increasingly intense and heavy, so stiflingly forceful it was somewhat painful.

“Han Shangyan,”—she raised her head, his kisses tickling her slightly—“I like you.”

I like you so much I wish that there were twenty-five hours in a day to be with you.

To stay close to you. To be able to see you when you’re angry, see you when you smile, see you when you lose your temper, see you when you’re intently at work...

Inhaling her scent—this scent that belonged to him—he answered her in a voice so soft it was practically inaudible. “I heard you.”

I am yours. Sooner or later, I will be. Do not feel anxious and the need to rush... You’re still young.

These words, however, were curbed and kept in his heart. He could not say them out. Such words were ones he would never in his lifetime be able to say aloud.

But, he had already thought them many times. Those several nights in Sanya,

late in the night. Some moments when he had been watching the kids doing their training. Some moments when he had been bored while participating in those commercial events. And even when he had been having breakfast; or on the road, rushing to the airport; or at the exhibition centre, standing far off and watching her for half an hour as she signed away, occasionally rotating her wrist before continuing to bury her head in her tiring work of autographing...

“Oh, right...” The kid’s hands were still, with all seriousness, following the strategy guide, feeling about inside his clothes. Rather shyly, and very considerately, she asked, “Do you need to take a look at the strategy guide first?”

.....

.....

.....

.....

“... No need.”

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

42 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 43

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 43

[November 9, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [37 Comments](#)



Like this Gun? He needs to look good to reverse some bad impressions he's left, you know. He's not called Con Man without reason.

### Chapter 43 – The Great Con Artist?

He felt there was a need to pass on a piece of common knowledge to the kid: most men figured this sort of thing out without any teaching.

Especially adult men.

The tip of his tongue drew a circle as it traveled over her ear. He bit down. The little cartilage was very soft and slid back and forth between his teeth.

A current shot through her entire body until the very tips of her toes were tingly.

“This is by instinct, understand?” His voice was like a knife on sandpaper.

Blunt. Time after time, rubbing across it.

Rubbing across...

Her legs squeezed his hips as she repeatedly adjusted the position where she was sitting. Move close. Pull away. She could not say whether she felt good or not. That feeling where her bones seemed so limp they could snap off...

Ah! ... Oh gosh, sat on *that* spot (◉◉)...

She was stupefied...

Instantly, his muscles completely tensed. His chin hooked onto the back of her shoulder, and scooping her under her legs, he lifted up her entire body.

.....

Alcohol made her anxious and impatient, and when she was impatient, she wanted everything. However, she was not truly clear on what exactly she had requested and gotten.

Those physical acts between two people that occurred in moments of intense love and tenderness as they pleased one another were not merely the simple pictures that were described in written language...

She was picked up and flung onto the bed...

“Go to sleep now.”

(◉◉)...

“I’m not mad and won’t break up, understand? Now sleep!”

The quilt enclosed her from head to foot. Even her face was covered.

She continued to (◉◉)...

And so, the K&K members who had gone to Sanya to participate in the commercial event and only now just arrived back saw their leader storm out

from the dormitory in a frenzied rage, fiercely slamming the door shut. Everyone was 0.0... Seeing Leader with his shirt covered in all sorts of wrinkles and even the waistband of his jeans loosened...

Gosh, even the love-filled bang bang bang from Sister-In-Law could not soothe the defeat that Leader had felt in Sanya?

\*

When she awoke again, the sky was already completely dark.

On the bed, Tong Nian felt all around, trying to find her mobile phone to check the time and, while she was at it, recall why she was sleeping here. And then... She sat up in alarm. The quilt was still draped over her, but she wanted to escape from there.

Alas, just as this idea arose in her mind, she saw that, right there in the darkness, he was leaning back in the chair beside the bed and resting.

.....

She did not dare make a peep.

Speedily, she fastened up the buttons of her blouse and tied the bow.

Then, she crawled down lightly, searching for the longest time in bare feet for her shoes.

“You’re awake?” Without even opening his eyes, he tossed out this sentence.

“Mm...” She dared not speak even one extraneous word.

Too scary...

Just...

Even without doing it, it was already so scary...

Too scary...

Gun let out a long breath. "Your mother called forty-seven times."

"Huh?" Her brain had not caught up to speed.

"I didn't pick up." He would be hacked to death if he had answered.

"Oh..." She nodded woodenly.

"But you picked up."

"Wha—?"

Gun handed her phone to her, meaning she should try to recall what she had said that had led to the forty-seven missed calls immediately following. After being in a drunken state, she normally was still able to remember things, but if that drunken state was followed by a deep sleep... She thought for a long time until finally, she recovered a tiny bit of her awareness. It seemed... "I said I was sleeping here at your place..."

The word choice... was very chaste...

He knew it—

Gun lifted his chin to motion in the direction of the bathroom. "Go wash your face. I'll take you home."

Tong Nian gave an "oh, okay," then got off the bed, put on some slippers, and obediently slipped into the bathroom. Flipping on the light, Gun turned in a circle where he stood and selected a few relatively more proper-looking pieces of clothing—a casual button-up shirt, a blazer, trousers...

Swiftly, he began to change from bottom up.

When Tong Nian stepped back out, she saw him, his back to her, looking out the window as he slipped on a shirt. The buttons had not been done up yet... Eh? He had already changed into a whole new set of clothes?

Turning his head, he glanced at the kid.

Wearing a flat expression on his face, he began to fasten up his buttons one by one.

Tong Nian gnawed on her lip.

So his habit was to button from the bottom up... Wouldn't he button them to the wrong hole?

Um... well, probably not.

When he had fastened up to the second one from the top, he stopped and did not button the top one.

Then, it was the cuffs...

Her cheeks flushed a little from watching. Lowering her head, she found her shoes at the foot of the bed, slipped them on, and pulled her backpack onto her back. Red-faced, she stood in one spot with her eyes cast downward, but still, she could not help peeping at him... This was the first time she had seen him wearing a button-up shirt.

Black. So handsome.

He picked up his jacket, grabbed his car keys and mobile phone, and walked over to her. Tossing her hair slightly with his hand, he asked, "Isn't this a necklace? Why are you wearing it on your arm?" Since bringing her back here, all sorts of chaos had ensued, so he had not noticed this thing circling her wrist.

Huh? Allowing her thoughts to follow his words, she remembered the necklace she had wrapped around her wrist. "This? It's too long and doesn't look good worn around the neck. Wrapped around the wrist, though, it's quite nice. Exactly four times around." This was the very first gift he had given her.

In order to wear it for him to see, she had purposely gone home before the anime expo to retrieve it.

He gave an "oh" and asked, "Do you like it?"

"Mm-hmm, mm-hmm." Even though it was a little long...

Gun had originally forgotten about it, but seeing this necklace caused him to finally remember the huge loss he had suffered this year.

Basically, an antique necklace once worn by who-knows-who had resulted in the evaporation of his last two years' worth of savings, all of it transferred into Auntie's [\[1\]](#) [stepmom's] bank account. In the first place, these last two years,

K&K China was just getting its foot off the ground and was still losing money. Fortunately, globally, K&K was making a profit; otherwise, he really would have had to pawn even his pants...

It was this necklace that had caused him to taste again that feeling he had once experienced back when he had been making his own way, drifting around in China, and the relationship with his family had been severed. That feeling of...

... having to tighten his belt in order to get through the days.

But from the look on the kid's face, she was not lying. He supposed that girls just naturally liked these sparkly types of things?

He did not concern himself anymore with this necklace. Bringing her out of the K&K headquarters, he drove directly to her home.

Along the way, he had Tong Nian make a phone call to her parents to say that he would be going back with her to explain everything. Tong Nian did as he instructed. After hanging up the phone, she felt a little apprehensive...

It seemed Dad and Mom were both very displeased. Was he... really so bad?

Why did they keep asking questions on the phone along the lines of, hadn't they already broken up? Why had they not broken up yet? ...

Soon, they arrived at their destination.

Park the car. Grab the car keys. Get out of the car.

The two of them walked the entire way until they arrived at the front door of her home. Gun took out his mobile phone and set it to silent. Then, in that empty corridor, he told her, "Later on, no matter what I say, it is all true, got it?"

She was bewildered.

Mulling over the fact that her fibbing skills truly were sorely lacking, he rubbed her hair and instructed, “Don’t say anything. Don’t disagree with what I say. You can only nod.”

She gave an “oh, okay,” his words making her more and more nervous.

Pulling out her keys, she opened the door.

Inside the living room, her dad and mom both stood. Mom very quickly strode over and pulled Tong Nian, who had not even had the chance to change into slippers, over to her, questioning in low tones, “You make people worry too much. Didn’t you say you guys had broken up already? How come all of a sudden...”

Dad gave a cough. “Nian Nian, go upstairs.”

Huh?

No...

She lowered her head, unwilling to budge.

What if, when I go upstairs, you guys give him a hard time?

In his own home, he’s already always alienated (?), not really welcome, and always picked on (?). He doesn’t even have any friends (?). If even our family bullies (?) him...

In a small voice, she countered, “Whatever you guys talk about, I’ll just listen and won’t say anything.”

This was her matter, after all, so when her parents saw in her expression that she was insistent on listening to everything, they silently conceded.

“Little Han.” Dad’s tone could still be considered amiable. “You don’t have to change shoes. Just come straight over and have a seat. Let’s have a good talk.”

Stuffing his car keys into his pants pocket, he walked over with a solemn look. “My sincere apologies, Uncle, Auntie. I had better be the one to speak first. The two of you, please, have a seat.”

That was actually fine that he was speaking first.

Her parents exchanged a look. They would have to go through this step of the

procedure anyway.

They would feel out the situation first, then see what both their stances were. In any case, they had not been together for long yet. The things that they each did, their lives and social circles, as well as their ages were all vastly different, so their relationship would not last long anyway. Still, it was best if they, the parents, expressed their position on this tonight, that they did not support—adamantly did not support—them being together. They had just met not long ago but were already sleeping together... This eldest son of the Han family really was too frivolous and irresponsible.

He watched the two elders take their seats first before he followed suit and sat down on the sofa.

The place he was sitting was just right so that he could look directly at them.

Silence. After a dozen or so seconds of silence, he folded his hands together and set them on his lap. His entire sitting posture emitted a sense of heaviness, that when you looked at him, he appeared to have matters troubling his heart and many things he wanted to say.

This particular state caused the atmosphere of the living room to freeze over in tension.

“The relationship between Nian Nian and me may be a little different from what the two of you are thinking.” His voice was steady and calm. “It was around... two years ago. I had just returned to China to found K&K eSports Club, and I saw her at an exposition. It was just a single encounter with her, and then I never forgot her.”

Tong Nian...

Didn't we meet right before the Spring Festival? And I was the one who pursued you...

“Alas, in the vast sea of people, it would be difficult to ever see her again.” A

wry smile appeared at the corner of his lips. “Fortunately, this year, when I led my team to Hangzhou for a competition, she happened to be participating in an anime expo, and I really did get a chance to meet her. To be honest, at the time, I was truly very excited and overcome with emotion. You may be thinking that I’m exaggerating a bit with what I’m saying. How could a man who’s nearly thirty behave like a young, immature boy? But please, trust me. It’s true.”

Tong Nian...

I was the one who was all excited. You didn’t even pay attention to me...

“Nian Nian, she... in the beginning, was not really able to accept that I’m ten years older than her. That’s why the whole situation at the Lunar New Year’s Eve dinner occurred. In regards to keeping all this secret from you, I’ve felt very guilty this whole time. At the time... Nian Nian did not really want to acknowledge my existence, so I also didn’t dare come pay a visit to you here at your home.”

When he finished speaking, the room fell into an even deeper silence.

Tong Nian (◉◉)...

Her parents were rather quiet. All along, they had heard that the eldest son of the Han family was unwilling to get married, and they had thought that he had been spoiled by his family, to the point that pursuing only fun and pleasure had become part of his nature. Who would have thought... he had never been in a love relationship before? This was actually quite surprising.

Mom stroked Tong Nian’s hair.

Actually, thinking about it again, aside from being a little old, there were not any major issues with this child of the Han family.

His voice became even lower, and his manner became increasingly more sincere. “In the past, truly, the only thing that was important in my eyes was career. No successful career, no marriage for me. But since I met Nian Nian, nothing matters anymore.”

She continued to (◉◉)...

“This time, when I brought the team to Guangzhou for a tournament, she suddenly said again that she wanted to break up. I basically broke down at that and deliberately rushed back. And that’s why... there was today’s incident. The reason I brought her back to the club was to tell her, if she really cannot accept how busy I am, I’m willing to transfer out all my shares in the club and completely change professions. For her, I am willing to give up the K&K that I founded with my own hands.”

She was completely (◉◉)... What was he saying? ...

At these words, he at last had the courage (?) to raise those deep black eyes to look at her parents. “She’s still young. To her, I may be just a romance, but to me, she is already a part of my life. So, I brought her back today and took the liberty to pay you this visit and say all these words, merely because I want a chance. If she wants to break up, I will not say a single thing and will immediately disappear. If she can accept me again, then, Uncle, Auntie, please rest assured and place her care into my hands. I will use a lifetime to shoulder the responsibility of caring for her.”

[\[1\]](#) Gun addresses his stepmom as 阿姨 “Auntie.”

Completed:

1 of 1 Prologue

43 of 49 Chapters

0 of 1 Epilogue

Categories: [Stewed Squid with Honey](#) | Tags: [C-novel](#), [蜜汁炖鱿鱼](#), [Mo Bao Fei Bao](#), [Stewed Squid with Honey](#), [Translation](#) | [Permalink](#).

# Chapter 44

## Stewed Squid with Honey (蜜汁炖鱿鱼) — Chapter 44

[November 12, 2016](#) by [hoju](#) [27 Comments](#)



Technically, I'm back, but it's been less than 24 hours since I got home. I'm still jet-lagged and probably swimming in a mountain of 3 weeks worth of laundry, so this update was still auto-posted. You'll probably see me popping up a few days later.

All things can be fake with Gun, but there is one thing that's true...♥

### Chapter 44 – The Great Con Artist ( ͡( ͡ ) ) !

All that was to be said had been said.

He stood, his manner sincere and earnest and his expression solemn and respectful as he looked at Tong Nian's parents.

He seemed as if he was waiting for the final verdict to be passed on him.

Tong Nian's mom could not refrain from glancing at the still utterly dumbstruck Tong Nian.

"This child of the Han family truly is someone who is devoted to his love," she sighed silently.

Tong Nian's dad gave a cough. "Even though I don't really understand how video games can be made into an occupation... I have heard that you're doing quite well in it? It's still an emerging industry. The time and energy you need to invest into it will need to be a little bit more." As a man himself, Tong Nian's father felt that, while he had been moved that this person was willing to give up a career for his daughter, without a career, how could a man even talk about being able to provide security or having self-confidence?

This boy did in fact have a charisma about him.

Of course, this was from a man's viewpoint. Tong Nian's dad coughed again. "But, I would like to ask, where primarily are your future plans to develop your business? I heard your company's head office is in the United States?"

"China." Gun's answer came quickly and without hesitation. "Please be assured of that. I will always be based here in the country."

That was good, then.

A look passed between Tong Nian's parents.

Tong Nian's mother heaved a slow sigh. "Nian Nian's still young. The two of you just date first. And don't talk about stuff like 'together for a lifetime.' When kids are in a relationship, they shouldn't have so much pressure on them. In regards to the future... do as you two see fit. Freedom to love as you choose, right?"

Tong Nian (◕◕)... What just happened? ...

The atmosphere in the living room lightened up.

She still sat there stupidly, remembering only that Gun had told her not to

she speak and only allowed her to nod. Hence, while her dearest father was learning about the gaming industry from him and her dearest mother had risen to pour some tea, she could only sit on the sofa, her big eyes blinking and blinking...

Ten minutes later, the meaning of her parent's suggestion was that the two of them could go upstairs and have a discussion alone.

The rest, they would not interfere with.

Tong Nian nodded, still not saying anything. Woodenly, she led him upstairs.

Gun followed behind her, walking one step at a time up the stairs, and after waiting for her to push open that white door, he stepped inside the room with her. The first thing he did once he had closed the door behind him was to unbutton the collar of his shirt.

His blazer came off. Then, his eyes circled the room.

He could not help arching his brow.

Just like those boxes that held the goodies he had bought this morning, the furniture items and decorations in the room were all in those colours that young girls tended to prefer. If you stayed for long in this sort of place... wouldn't your eyes hurt?

"Your parents... do they especially dote on you?" he asked offhandedly.

"Mm-hmm." She felt a little embarrassed... and moved the huge dolls that were on the sofa all onto the bed. "My mom was thirty-six before she got pregnant with me, and apparently, the birth was particularly difficult..."

This was the first time they had ever talked about this kind of topic?

Gun was silent.

He was now nothing at all like the person who, earlier on downstairs, had spoken with confidence and conviction.

She was a little hesitant. "May I ask questions now?"

“Go ahead, say them.” He tossed his blazer onto the sofa and sat down.

“You really saw me two years ago?”

“No, that was made up.”

“Then... in Guangzhou...”

“That was made up.”

“Then...” —Tong Nian pressed her lips together briefly— “during the Lunar New Year’s Eve dinner, you said it was because of Little Bai that you wanted me to go along with everything and act as your girlfriend...”

“Also made up.” To her, he was completely honest. “The situation that night was special.”

If he had not admitted that they were together, based on Little Bai’s words, it could very well have evolved into a piece of gossip where a grown man had toyed with a young girl’s feelings and moreover, had left her after he had finished dallying with her but was not even willing to admit to it...

Tong Nian was mystified. What kind of situation had it been?

Shrugging, Gun gave up trying to explain.

“Then...” She seemed to have no questions left to ask.

Her eyes drifted and drifted around, and her mind was in an utter mess.

Why did it feel like... everything was fake? ...

Seeing that the kid’s eyes were beginning to float away evasively, he assessed that she was already starting to read too much into things. Wordlessly, he beckoned to her with a wave. Tong Nian dragged her feet over... In fact, she only had one key thing, one sentence she wanted to ask: just now, out of all those words he had spoken, was the very last sentence—the one about shouldering responsibility—true? All the other stuff, she didn’t care about at all...

Grasping ahold of her, he tugged. Forcefully.

He wrapped the person who had fallen against his chest into his embrace, his hands folded together behind her back, holding her tight.

It doesn't matter how much of a celebrity halo there seems to be about me—that's not what's real.

Besides you, this man named Han Shangyan has nothing. He's empty-handed and alone.

That is the truth.

She could feel his breath at her collarbone.

A little tickly.

Based on her gut feeling, Tong Nian kept having a sense that today, from the anime expo to the club gaming house to now, there was something about his mood that was... not quite right. Her ability to discern in this regard had never been strong or sensitive, and consequently, during high school and university, she had always been the target of alienation by her classmates...

As she thought of this, she crouched down and docilely laid her head on his lap. Turning her head so she looked up into his eyes, she told him, "Han Shangyan... I'm not very good with words. I used to always somehow offend my friends and classmates..."

He gazed directly at her, indicating that she should carry on with what she was saying.

"It wouldn't be because of me that you're unhappy, would it?"

What kind of crazy nonsense was she thinking?

He chuckled.

Phew. That was good. If he could laugh, then things were okay.

“If you really aren’t happy about it, I won’t hold autograph signing events anymore.”

Autograph signing? He had completely forgotten about that whole thing.

“I know that some of the comments on Weibo... Those homebody-type guys really cross the line with some of the things they say...” Things like “hawt, loooooong legs” “ride the squidie” and so on... Every time she saw one, she would blacklist that person, but it was still quite possible he had seen some.

Oh?

He had actually never looked at any of the comments on her Weibo. Were they really over the line?

With the thing that Weibo was, he had only used it once, then logged off straightaway and never logged on since.

Now that they had mentioned it, he did find it rather weird. With that sort of thing, the people on there were all people that you didn’t know. What was even the point of browsing around and refreshing away on it every day? You would post a message, but those other people didn’t know you and you didn’t know those people who left comments. What was there to talk about?

And plus, there were a lot who would post ads in the comments?

And there were a lot of comments like “Lonely young woman sleepless late into the night. Click here and let’s chat” ...

Such a foul atmosphere on there.

However, although he had a bit (?) of a machismo attitude, fortunately, he was someone who respected each person’s little uncommon hobbies. Since she was a singing diva (?), she had to use Weibo to release her songs or other stuff(?), so he was fine with it.

“With comments, you can’t decline them?” He thought of this so offhandedly asked the question.

“You can disable them.” Finally hearing his feedback, she immediately began to wag her tail. “I’ll disable them.”

Disabling them was a pretty good idea.

He could be considered to have accepted this proposal.

Gun cast a glance at the Winnie the Pooh clock on the wall and felt that it was about time. It was his first time here, and it would be inappropriate if he stayed too long in her bedroom. He still needed to consider proper etiquette.

“You need to go now?” She murmured the question.

He turned his gaze back.

Those little lips were red, pouting slightly and looking a little... disappointed.

Seeing into her little thoughts, he asked in a low voice, “Can’t bear to see me go?”

She gave a practically inaudible “mm.”

“What should we do then?” He pinched her chin between his fingers, lifted it, leaned in close... and gently took those little lips between his teeth. “Let’s do this. When I get back, I’ll give you a video call.”

Her entire body had heated up from his biting as she continued to “mm” in answer.

“But I need to shower first. What should we do?” He caressed his tongue over her lips. “Would you like to watch me shower?”

“.....”

“I could wear some necessary items if... you really want to watch.”

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1 of 1 Prologue

44 of 49 Chapters

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