



My Lady Is So Naughty

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Category: Romance, Martial

Description: Her expectations for her husband were really quite simple: Fear no challenge, be eager to learn, consider things from her perspective, and never give up.

What does that mean, exactly? It means: "Harder! Don't stop! Try a different position—once more!"

If you enjoy light-hearted, humorous reads, feel free to check it out.

Note: This is a playful, mildly risqué story. Feel free to joke around, but please avoid personal attacks.

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The moment Vienna Judd opened her eyes, her head spun violently. Two long legs swayed in and out of focus before her as her forehead repeatedly knocked against someone's back.

Her face pale with nausea, she patted the firm buttocks right in front of her and rasped, "Hey, big guy... put me down."

The person carrying her stiffened and ran even faster. Vienna rolled her eyes and couldn't suppress a dry heave. The man shuddered and hastily flung her off his shoulder.

"Gonna puke?"

Vienna nodded. The man's face darkened as he snapped, "Hold it in!"

She quickly nodded with exaggerated seriousness. "Don't worry."

Then, gripping his arm for support, she bent over and vomited violently, directly onto the man's legs.

"....."

"Oops, my bad." Vienna scratched the back of her head sheepishly, offering an apologetic grin. "But really, it's your fault for being so damn solid. Heh, you kinda jabbed my stomach."

The Judd family had dominated the martial world for decades, reigning as the

successive leaders of the martial alliance generation after generation. However, by this generation, the family had dwindled in numbers. The old alliance leader took several concubines, yet only managed to have one daughter, raised secluded in the inner chambers.

Rumors claimed this young lady of the Judd family was well-educated, gentle in temperament, skilled in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting, and blessed with breathtaking beauty. Vande Bustle cast a cold glance at Vienna, who sat primly by the tree trunk, her legs trembling like a sieve.

He always said he hated those martial world tabloids the most. See? Not a single word was true.

“Big brother, your hairstyle is really something.”

Vienna gazed delightedly at the man in black, her little heart brimming with joy. After being hit by a chalk piece from her professor and flung out of the 21st century, the first thing she saw upon opening her eyes was this handsome young man—naturally, she was over the moon.

“Shut up!”

A vein throbbed on Vande’s forehead. Vienna pouted and earnestly suggested, “If you really can’t hold it in, just take your pants off.” When Vande remained silent, she added shyly, “Actually, if it’s inconvenient for you, I can help you take them off.”

Vande felt his entire being unravel.

Had he not personally carried Vienna out from the Judd family young lady’s bed, he would never have believed that the famed beauty set to hold an open marriage contest in three months could be like this.

Seeing his agonized expression, Vienna was about to offer some comforting words when suddenly, a group of people rushed out from the woods, surrounding them in the blink of an eye.

The leader pointed at the man and shouted, “Vande! Surrender now!”

Vande instantly perked up, his headache vanished, his legs stopped shaking. He pulled Vienna into his arms and sneered coldly, “No need for words!”

With that, he clashed with the newcomers. Vienna, tossed around until dizzy, suddenly heard Vande whisper in her ear, “You’ve got fifteen minutes. Run if you want.”

Before she could react, Vande flung her out of the crowd with a swing of his arm, then drew a flexible sword from his waist and engaged in fierce combat.

Vande’s martial skills weren’t weak, but the sheer number of opponents overwhelmed him. Before long, he was at a disadvantage. By the time he finally took down the last one, his shoulders bore two bloody wounds.

Blood gushed out. Vande’s body weakened, and he began to collapse, only to be caught by a pair of hands. The two of them tumbled to the ground with a thud.

“You’re so heavy! You’re crushing me!”

Vande stared in shock at Vienna, who glared back at him, full of reproach.

“Why didn’t you run?”

Vienna grinned, laughing heartily. “Isn’t this the perfect moment for unwavering loyalty to win a beauty’s heart? So, are you moved?”

Vande rolled his eyes and said flatly,

“Idiot. Those people were here to rescue you.”

As the martial arts tabloids plastered headlines about the rescue of the Judd family’s young lady across the entire Centrum, Vienna was crouched by the riverbank, scrubbing clothes in her hands.

She glanced sideways at Vande behind her, unable to hide the misery on his face. Vande glared at her, and Vienna quickly ducked her head, continuing to scrub.

So this was the legendary kidnapped damsel, sold off and still helping the kidnappers count the money.

“The esteemed young lady of the Judd family doesn’t know a single martial art. Aren’t you afraid of being laughed at?”

Vande leaned against a rock, bandaging his wounds while sneering. He had lost too much blood earlier, leaving a trail of dripping red all the way. Vienna’s skirt was stained with blood, and the garment she was washing was that ill-fated outer robe.

“What’s wrong with not knowing martial arts? Who even learns that stuff these days? Excavators are more useful than that. Besides, what I know, you probably don’t.”

Vande said coldly, “What could you possibly know? Embroidery?”

Vienna turned her head and shot him a look. “If you can do it, I’ll kneel to you. Hey, what’s wrong with you?”

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Before she could finish, Vande's head lolled to the side as he slipped into a dazed sleep. Vienna touched his forehead, it was burning hot. Likely an infection from his wounds, causing a fever.

Vienna panicked. A wound infection was serious, it could kill someone. She slapped Vande's face twice, but he only groaned weakly before falling silent, his cheeks growing redder and his body hotter.

Gritting her teeth, she hoisted Vande onto her back and hurried off in search of a doctor.

The body of the Judd family's young lady was even more delicate than his own. After walking for a while, she was already panting heavily. She stumbled several times along the way, her knees bleeding. Dragging herself along for half the night, she finally encountered a kind passerby who pointed her in the right direction, and by dawn, she found a physician.

By then, Vande was completely unconscious from the fever. Vienna forced medicine down his throat, but when she tried to rest, she found the hem of her clothes tightly gripped in Vande's hand. With no other choice, she had to squeeze onto the bed with him.

When she groggily awoke again, it was already noon.

Vienna slowly opened her eyes to see Vande also stirring, his bleary gaze meeting hers.

The sunlight was warm, the blankets cozy, a perfectly harmonious scene. But then Vande suddenly jolted upright, only to wince in pain and collapse back onto the bed with a thud.

“Are you okay?”

Vienna quickly sat up to steady him, but as she did, her bare shoulders clad only in a red undergarment were exposed, sending Vande into a complete meltdown.

“Where are your clothes?!”

Vienna blushed and lowered her head. “I took them off.”

Of course, she had. She had plenty of scrapes and bruises, how else was she supposed to bandage them, especially her knees? Besides, it wasn't just her. Vande's pants had reeked, so she'd long since tossed them.

“We're both adults. What's there to be shy about? Though it was my first time... and you're so heavy. You crushed me all night.”

Vienna fiddled with her fingers bashfully, while Vande toppled off the bed in shock. He huddled on the floor, clutching his bare legs, his face so red it looked like it might burst into flames. After a long pause, he pointed a trembling finger at Vienna and rasped: “You're dead, Vienna. I'm going to kill you.”

Vande had never had any physical contact with a woman in all his years. He had spent over a decade roaming the martial world, consumed by thoughts of settling the score with the Judd family. Never did he expect to encounter Vienna, and now, he was utterly bewildered.

“I never asked for your name?”

Vienna leaned against the bedside, exuding a girlish charm. She hadn't expected to be called Vienna in this world as well, such a coincidence, as if fate itself had ordained it.

"You don't need to know that." Vande tugged his robes on, only to freeze when Vienna let out a soft, coquettish hum. His legs nearly gave out beneath him.

"After all the effort I put in last night, how can you be so heartless? Scoundrels are everywhere, but this year seems especially full of them."

Vande's eyelid twitched. In a panic, he clapped a hand over her mouth and blurted, "Vande! My name is Vande!"

"Oh~" Vienna drew out the syllable, pulling his hand away with a bright smile.

"Mr. Vande."

Vande's face flushed crimson. He scrambled into the borrowed trousers from the clinic, stammering, "Sh-shut up."

By noon, Vande and Vienna had consulted the physician at the clinic again.

His fever had subsided, and he was no longer in serious danger, though his flesh wounds still needed careful tending and would take over a month to heal. The kindly old doctor prescribed two more medicines and insisted they stay another night.

"I know you're young, but you must take care of your health. Especially these days, you need to exercise restraint."

Vande stiffened, his handsome face burning red. Trembling, he shot Vienna a glance and opened his mouth to speak, only for the old doctor to suddenly pat his back,

grinning with deep wrinkles.

“No need to explain. I understand, I understand.”

With that, he stroked his beard and ambled out into the courtyard.

Vande was on the verge of exploding. Vienna quickly poured tea and brought it to his lips. He glared at her but took a sip—

Then paused.

“Did you drink this?”

The question came out of nowhere. Vienna nodded, and Vande’s expression immediately darkened before he clutched his chest in agony.

“Was it good?”

“Not bad.”

“Feeling dizzy now?”

“A little. Why?”

Tears welling in his eyes, Vande patted the back of her hand and rasped after a long moment,

“Don’t talk. I’m exhausted.”

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By the time Vienna woke again, the sky was pitch black.

She tried to raise a hand to rub her head, but her wrists were bound tightly, leaving no room to move. Vande was tied beside her, eyes shut, his cheeks bruised.

“Care for another cup of knockout drug?”

Vienna grimaced. “We’re both working toward the same socialist rural revitalization. Why torment your people?”

Vande snorted coldly and finally opened his eyes. With a sudden jerk, he broke free of the ropes behind him and scooped Vienna up.

“Enough sleeping. Let’s go.”

His steps were unsteady, as if his injuries had worsened. Comfortable in his arms, Vienna suddenly realized they had long since left the clinic, they were now on a boat.

“Can you swim?”

“I—”

Before she could answer, she was set down and shielded behind him. Peering past Vande’s figure, she faintly made out several figures emerging around them. A young man in white led the group, his eyes curved in a smile.

“Why leave in such a hurry? Stay and share a drink, allow me to fulfill my duties as

host.”

The man looked vaguely familiar. After a moment’s thought, Vienna remembered she had seen him before, he was the passerby who had given her directions earlier.

So it turned out he was in cahoots with the physician all along, waiting to ambush her from the start.

“I am Sam Muller, under the alliance leader’s orders to escort Miss Judd back to Brunel. After you.”

Vienna’s mind went blank for a second. “What did you say your name was?”

Seeing Sam’s puzzled expression, Vienna couldn’t help covering her eyes before continuing.

“Never mind, don’t pay me any attention. I just remembered I have a younger sister nicknamed Meme, and your handsome looks would pair perfectly with her.”

When Vande carried her into the river, Vienna was in the middle of a pointless argument with Sam. The sudden plunge into the water nearly sent her sinking to the bottom.

Clutching onto Vande like a flailing octopus, she was swept downstream in a chaotic tumble. He shielded her with his arms, and it wasn’t until much later that they finally reached calmer waters and dragged themselves ashore.

“They’ll definitely send people after us. Before they arrive, we need to find a place to hide. Can you walk?”

Vienna nodded and helped Vande up, noticing fresh blood seeping from his wounds.

“Hey, Vande,” she said hesitantly, lowering her voice, “you wouldn’t happen to be the legendary... weakling, would you?”

Vande stiffened, his voice tight with irritation. “Shut up!”

Even if he only half-understood, he knew she was mocking his martial arts skills. Ridiculous! If he ranked third in skill, the old alliance leader Judd would only be second at best.

He had just been careless this time, that was all.

A gust of night wind swept past, and Vienna shivered, pressing closer to Vande. “I’m cold,” she murmured shyly.

Vande replied flatly, “What a coincidence. So am I.”

She poked him with a finger, her cheeks flushed. “A great scientist once said that friction generates heat. Vande, why don’t we... rub together a little?”

Without another word, Vande yanked off his outer robe and threw it over her head. When he turned away, the tips of his ears were red enough to bleed.

“Sh-shut up.”

Vienna grinned, then suddenly sneezed, she had forgotten his clothes were just as soaked as hers.

Damn it. Now she was even colder.

Voices echoed in the distance, accompanied by flickering torchlight.

Vande immediately pushed Vienna down, rolling with her into a nearby thicket of reeds. The search party shouted as they combed the area, but eventually gave up and moved on.

“This isn’t the Judd family’s doing,” Vande muttered. “Vienna, I didn’t realize you were so popular. Some shady sect must be after you, too.”

Vienna hummed in agreement. “First, take your hand off me.”

Vande gave her a light pat. “You’re heavy, yet there’s not an ounce of softness on your back. Too bony.”

The moment he said it, he noticed Vienna staring at him with watery eyes, face-to-face.

He froze, his own face flushing. “N-no, what I meant was—”

Vienna cut him off indignantly. “Oh, your chest is soft. How impressive.”

“.....”

“Oof.”

A woman’s voice suddenly rang out, neither too close nor too far, right behind them.

By the time Vande turned, it was too late—a spiked fishing net descended over them, trapping both him and Vienna.

A bright-eyed young woman stepped into view, her smile radiant as she gave Vande a kick and gathered the net.

“I knew such a lovely night wouldn’t be complete without a pair of shameless lovers. Look at that, caught in one go. I’m almost excited.”

A heavy silence fell.

Vande suddenly let out a soft grunt. Vienna carefully bandaged his wound, her heart aching. “You’re bleeding. It’s all my fault for not being gentle enough. Did I hurt you?”

Vande looked utterly drained. He rolled his eyes at her and decisively shut his mouth.

“Can you two stop being so clingy?”

A girl barged in from outside and slammed a bundle of dry rations onto the table with a thud.

Vienna quickly grabbed it and stuffed it into Vande’s mouth. Before he could even process why she was being so kind, he heard her ask urgently, “Well? Did you drug it?”

Vande’s face turned green.

Trembling, he shoved the entire piece of dry ration into his mouth bit by bit, then let out a belch before replying,

“No.”

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Ever since being brought back by this girl in a fishing net, Vienna and Vande had been staying at her place. Though remote, it was indeed a good hideout to evade pursuers.

The girl's name was Nina Lee. She had lived alone with her father since childhood, but not long ago, her father passed away, leaving her to tend to this small house by herself.

Though her temper was a bit fiery, she was genuinely a good girl.

Vienna immediately questioned the above narration: "Who'd believe that? Do you believe it?"

Vande shook his head. "Look at the calluses on her hands, clearly a martial arts expert."

"Exactly! And who calls themselves a 'good girl' anyway?"

Nina spun around and slammed the table, veins bulging on her forehead. "Can you keep it down?! I can hear you!"

Vienna hastily nodded and shrank behind Vande like a timid wife.

They didn't probe too deeply into Nina's background. Since she showed no hostile intent, Vande saw no reason to confront her. His injuries needed rest, so he and Vienna settled in, occasionally venturing down the mountain to gather news.

This respite lasted over a month.

At the foot of the mountain lay a small village. Vande often went down to trade for rice and grain. On this sunny day, Vienna tagged along, chasing after him as they descended.

Since arriving in this world, Vienna had been constantly on the move. Only during this month in the mountains did she begin to grasp the outside world.

“When are you planning to send me back to the Judd Manor?”

Vande stiffened, his expression turning odd. “You want to go home?”

Vienna giggled, feigning shyness. “No way. How could I think of home when I’m with you?”

This was the truth: Vienna had no desire to return to the so-called Judd Manor. The real Judd family patriarch was there. Going back would be suicide.

Having figured this out, she clung even tighter to Vande, whining, “Mr. Vande, how could you bear to part with me? I gave you my first time, you know. Say something!”

Vande’s face flushed crimson. “Shut up! Shut up!”

“You’re not seriously waiting for my, I mean, my dad to accept your challenge before sending me back, are you?”

When Vande didn’t respond, Vienna panicked.

Right. Vande’s reason for kidnapping her was simple, he was a martial arts fanatic!

What did that mean? Obsessed with fighting for a hundred years!

Vande had long wanted to challenge the old Judd Alliance Leader. But Vienna's father was too busy focusing on his second child to entertain the young hero's challenges, always responding: "Kid, we're not doing this!"

Enraged, Vande thought, Fine, if that's how it is! And so, he kidnapped the man's precious daughter.

"Really willing to let me go?"

Vande remained silent. Vienna, furious, flung his hand away and turned her head aside.

After taking two steps, Vande suddenly poked her waist, his ears turning red as he offered his hand again.

"Well... this matter isn't entirely non-negotiable. We could... think about it some more."

Vienna stared at him, her face instantly flushing crimson. She lowered her head and took Vande's hand, acting all bashful.

"Well, well."

Nina suddenly appeared from behind, giving the two red-faced lovebirds a deadpan stare.

"Get out of the way! Lovebirds!"

As evening fell, a few small lamps lit up in the village, their glow stretching into the

distance, creating a quaint and charming scene.

For some reason, Vande seemed distracted. Vienna was just thinking of spending more time with him when he suddenly patted her shoulder and told her to go back first with Nina.

Before Vienna could even voice her thoughts, Vande had already walked far ahead, disappearing around a corner.

“What are you staring at? Let’s go.”

Over the past month, Vienna and Nina had grown quite close. Frowning, Vienna asked, “Do you think Vande went to meet a lover in secret?”

Nina shot her a look as if she were an idiot. “In the mind of a martial arts fanatic, anyone who can’t fight is just a pile of crap. Got it?”

Vienna grimaced. “Then what about me?”

Nina held up two fingers and replied flatly, “At most, two piles.”

Vienna was left speechless. Suddenly, Nina scooped her up and dashed off in the direction Vande had gone. The wind forced Vienna to clamp her mouth shut, and by the time they stopped, they were tucked away in a narrow alley.

“What are you—”

Before Vienna could finish, Nina covered her mouth and pointed behind them. Turning her head, Vienna saw Vande standing in the darkness with another person, speaking in hushed tones at a moderate distance.

After a while, Vande turned and left, leaving the other person alone in the alley.

“Who’s that? Let me see.” Vienna strained to peek forward when suddenly, she was shoved from behind and stumbled out into the open.

She whipped her head around to glare at Nina, but the girl just grinned at her before turning tail and running off. As she fled, she even mouthed a phrase: “All scoundrels and their mistresses must be punished, no matter how far they flee.”

Vienna’s heart nearly shattered. Trembling, she looked toward the figure approaching from the darkness. The person bent down slightly, revealing a familiar yet strikingly handsome face.

“What a coincidence, Miss Judd.”

Vienna blinked, then covered her face dramatically. “Don’t even try. Even if you have my body, you’ll never have my heart.”

Sam: “...”

The moonlight was exquisite. Vienna lay sprawled across the desk, motionless, while Sam sat leisurely nearby, his white robes fluttering gracefully in the breeze.

“Are bandits these days all so outrageously talented?”

Sam turned his head, slightly puzzled. Vienna stared at his breathtakingly handsome face, wishing she could gouge out her own eyes in frustration.

“With looks like that, you could easily coast by on your appearance, yet you insist on relying on your skills, relentlessly kidnapping people, so dedicated to your craft.”

Ignoring her sarcasm, Sam calmly poured himself a cup of tea.

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll scream for help?”

Sam offered a sincere suggestion: “You really shouldn’t. Once people see our faces, they might not know who to rescue.”

Vienna choked back a mouthful of blood, her fingers digging into the desk as if she could tear it apart.

They were both handsome young men, how could the difference between them be so vast?!

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Why couldn't he be more like Mr. Vande, blushing and turning away with a sharp "Shut up!"? Mr. Vande was just better in every way!

As she stewed in her thoughts, Vienna suddenly leapt up from the desk, her eyes wide as she stared at Sam, her hand trembling as she pointed at him.

"Why haven't you set sail yet?"

"What?"

"Aren't you supposed to escort me back to Brunel?"

Sam paused, then said, "There's no rush. We can wait a little longer."

Wait, my a*s! Vienna exploded.

"The Judd family didn't send you to fetch me at all, you're here for Vande, aren't you?! That's why Mr. Vande had injuries on his face when I woke up! He didn't drink the sedative, yet we were tied up together, that was your doing! And when you gave me directions, you didn't attack me then, only drugged me at the clinic! You've known him all along! The one you're chasing isn't me, it's him!"

Sam regarded her noncommittally. After a moment, he shrugged and said coolly, "So what? Martial artists always seek worthy opponents. It's only natural."

Natural, my foot! Was it really necessary to chase him to the ends of the earth?! Vienna had already forgotten that Vande had kidnapped her just to challenge the Judd

family's alliance leader. Right now, only one thought consumed her mind:

Do you know what the plural of "handsome man" is?

It's "gay"!

Meeting a handsome guy who doesn't like you isn't scary. What's scary is when he likes your boyfriend instead!

He was trying to steal her man right under her nose! Vienna slumped to the ground, utterly drained.

Tears welled in her eyes as she glared at Sam. After a long silence, she finally spoke.

"Sam, just you wait. I'll haunt you even as a ghost."

Sam: "..."

Not long after, Vande arrived in a hurry.

Beads of sweat dotted his forehead as he rushed to Vienna, pulling her into his arms. "Are you hurt?" he asked urgently.

Vienna pointed at her chest, then at Sam, looking utterly devastated. Clutching Vande's collar, she whimpered, "Do you like me? Do you?"

She nuzzled against him as she spoke, causing Vande to freeze instantly. His face flushed as he backed away, murmuring, "I.. I guess so."

Vienna burst into loud, wailing sobs. Poking Vande's chest, she cried mournfully,

"But I like you!"

With that, she turned and fled, vanishing in a flash across the deck, her movements swift and light, eerily reminiscent of the Judd family's "Flying Shadow" technique.

A heavy silence fell.

Vande turned to Sam, who immediately raised his hands in surrender.

"I didn't do anything to her, I swear. I'm not blind."

Vande: "...So, are we still fighting?"

Sam shook his head with a pained expression. "Not in the right state of mind. Next time."

Vienna had only run a few steps when she spotted Nina waving at her from a distance.

In a flash, she darted forward and grabbed Nina's sleeve, fuming, "You're the one who bumped into me!"

Nina was stunned. After a long pause, she replied, "Are you okay?"

Vienna sniffled for a while before finally stopping her tears.

Having run so far, she was exhausted. Leaning against Nina, she touched her own face and looked up, asking, "Am I really that ugly?"

Nina hesitated for a moment. "You're... passable."

"Really?"

Nina consoled her, "Well, it depends on who you compare yourself to. If you're up

against a pile of shit, then yeah, you're definitely prettier."

Vienna opened her mouth, wishing she could bite her to death.

"Alright, alright, I'll make it up to you. Come on, I'll take you somewhere nice."

"Where?"

Nina grinned and said, "The Judd residence."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Vienna felt a sharp pain at the back of her neck. Dizziness overwhelmed her, and before she lost consciousness, she thought—if anything happened to her after returning to the Judd residence, she'd make sure to send this little brat a gift once she got back to her own world.

Yes, that iPhone is filled with love. Even if it killed her, she'd find a way to smack it right into her face. But as it turned out, Vienna was overthinking things.

Nina delivered her safely to the Judd residence, only to find that the legendary Old Master Judd wasn't even home. Instead, he had left a letter behind, stating he had gone out again to respond to national policies.

"Is he even my real father? His daughter was just kidnapped!"

"Of course he is," Nina replied. "He specifically sent me to protect you. See how well I've taken care of you? Not only did I return you unharmed, but I also thoughtfully arranged a matchmaking event for you, right on schedule."

"This Judd, my father must be blind."

Nina answered honestly.

“Absolutely. Otherwise, I’d already be your stepmother by now. Do you think I have nothing better to do than watch you and all these other men and women, dogs and bitches, go at it?”

Vienna: “...”

The sun was warm as Nina, following the decree of her idol—Vienna’s father—prepared a grand matchmaking event for his precious daughter.

Vienna sat on the high platform, watching Nina munch on melon seeds while pointing out the crowd of young heroes below.

“That one’s not bad.”

“Too tall.”

“How about this one?”

“Too rich.”

“What about that one?”

“Too handsome.”

Nina narrowed her eyes at Vienna and asked with a cold smile, “Then what kind of man do you even want?”

Vienna counted on her fingers, listing the criteria based on Vande’s standards.

“Good looks, skilled at kidnapping, good at cursing, and never speaks honestly.” She lowered her voice shyly and added, “And preferably... someone who’d force himself on me later.”

Nina summed it up: “So, a scumbag?”

“Stop spitting facts.”

The more Vienna talked, the more excited she became, while Nina rolled her eyes and clicked her tongue in annoyance.

She went out to toss the melon seed shells, but suddenly backed up when she reached the corner. Vande peeked out from outside, his face cold as he said, “Don’t move. This is a robbery.”

Nina shrugged, then slapped herself. “Got it, boss. No need for you to lift a finger.” With that, she flopped to the ground, pretending to be dead.

“What are you doing here? Where’s your high-value face?” Vienna pouted, trying hard not to grin like an idiot.

“Do you know martial arts?”

Seeing Vande’s serious expression, Vienna felt a little uneasy. She hesitated before saying, “What if I told you it’s a secret technique—jumping exercises. Would you believe me?”

Vande glared at her. “Cut the nonsense. Let’s spar.”

With that, he hoisted her over his shoulder, his face flushed red as he leaped away in a flash, disappearing in an instant.

Sparring is fine, but don’t end up sparring in bed.

Nina got up from the ground and spat out the melon seed shells.

“Ugh, shameless lovebirds.”

While the Centrum Gazette reported for the second time on the rescue of the Judd family’s young lady, Vienna was busy “sparring” with Vande. He clung desperately to his last piece of underwear, his face so red it looked like it might bleed.

“Look at you, not even knowing the basic principles of life. A person should be fearless in the face of challenges, diligent in learning, empathetic, and never admit defeat. Got it?”

Vande frowned. “What does that mean?”

Vienna grinned. “Don’t get it, huh? It means, put in more effort, don’t stop, switch positions, and go again.”

Vande turned crimson from head to toe.

Vienna continued, “Before, your legs would shake when you got angry. Could it be... kidney deficiency? Don’t tell me you’re...” incapable?

Vande exploded.

“VIENNA!!! I’LL FIGHT YOU TO THE DEATH!”

The End