

Chapter 441: The End Of The Main Story

Zhou Yao froze. He cursed softly inside his heart. Why would he meet Zhou Peng, his grandfather, here?

The Zhou family were soldiers for three generations. Zhou Peng was an old General in the army, and his son, Zhou Anbang left the army to head into politics. Not only was he the mayor of T City, he also had a position in the central government. When it came to Zhou Yao's generation, he also lived up to his family's expectations. He went to the battlefield when he was only 16 years old. He established the Flaming Forces Commando Unit when he was 20 years old, and he was a one star Major General.

The Zhou family was different from many elite families. They were a strong military family and had power to show for it.

Old Master Zhou Peng had retired a few years ago, but his temper has not changed at all. He was still stern as usual, and when talking about his grandson, he said that he must have sinned to have such a grandson like Zhou Yao. Before Zhou Yao turned 16 years old, he did not behave well, and Zhou Peng threw him into the army. Now that he was 25 years old, he did not obediently get married and start a family. There were rumours that he was "gay," and he was extremely worried for this grandson of his.

Zhou Peng was dressed in a traditional Chinese outfit today. He ran over hurriedly with a fierce aura. He did not say anything further, and he directly lifted the cane in his hand at Zhou Yao. "You are such a rebel!"

Zhou Yao was shocked, and he jumped all over the place. He was not afraid of anyone, but he had grown to fear Zhou Peng due to the numerous beatings that he's received since he was young. He ducked to one side while he shouted, "Old Man, if there is anything you want to say, just say it. Don't use your hands."

"Say something? What do I have to say?" Zhou Peng was extremely furious with his eyebrows arched high up. "How did I raise such a grandson? When you go out in the future, don't say that your surname is Zhou. I feel embarrassed for you. Where are your gentlemanly manners? You are bullying a girl just like that?"

Zhou Yao was not persuaded, and he snorted, "Old Man, open your eyes to have a look. What kind of girl is she considered to be?"

"You still dare to talk back!" Zhou Peng held the cane and took a deep breath. He calmed the anger in his chest as he said, "You wait for me!" Zhou Yao stood there obediently.

Zhou Peng stretched his hand out to touch his hair, confirming that his hairstyle was not messed up. He curled the corners of his lips and worked hard to place the most benevolent smile he could manage on his face. He turned around and looked at Leng Zhiyuan, who was seated on the floor. He laughed and said, "Granddaughter-in-law, its my first time meeting you. How are you doing?"

Granddaughter-in-law?

Zhou Yao and Leng Zhiyuan, "..."

"Granddaughter-in-law, this naughty fella Zhou Yao bullied you today. I already punished him on your behalf. You don't have to worry. In the future, grandpa has your back. He will never again dare to do as he pleases. Of course, don't look at how fierce Grandpa was being just now. Actually, grandpa is very kind. Grandpa likes children very much. After you get married, you should quickly give the Zhou family a big fat chap. Grandpa will personally raise him for you."

Leng Zhiyuan: "..."

At this moment: "Zhiyuan." Leng Zhiyuan's father, Leng Mu, ran over.

Leng Zhiyuan saw her father and felt wronged. "Dad..." She stretched both of her small hands out towards Leng Mu, wanting him to support her to stand back up. She still wanted to ask her father to help her kill that damned man.

Leng Mu also stretched his hand out, but Leng Zhiyuan saw Leng Mu's hands brush past her small hands with her own eyes, and he held...Zhou Peng's hands.

"In-law, in-law, it is really true that a thousand words cannot compare to meeting a person in the face once. I didn't expect to see you here. In-law looks even more powerful and stern in real life compared to videos. You really live up to the name of Senior General Zhou."

Zhou Peng laughed. "That's not true. In-law Leng is the real powerful one. Nobody hasn't heard the name Leng Mu. Even this daughter of yours, no matter how I look at her, she is so beautiful and so competent."

"Same for you. Master Zhou is also like his father. These two people are enemies who match each other. They would not know each other if they do not get into a fight."

"That's right, since these two youngsters have such fate, then I will invite in-law to drink together with me, and we can also discuss their marriage at the same time. I have the intention for them to get married quickly. In-law, you can state whatever dowry you would wish to receive. I can satisfy any condition."

After that, Leng Zhiyuan saw both of them walking away in the distance. She was at a loss for words. "..."

What the hell were they doing?

Zhou Yao placed both of his hands in his pockets. He glanced at Zhou Peng once. That old man had nothing to do, and had gone crazy thinking of having a great grandchild. He probably heard that his grandson bullying Leng Zhiyuan. He had long thanked the Gods at home this morning that his grandson was not "gay."

Zhou Yao rolled his eyes. He was at a loss. He strode forward with his long legs, and he stretched his hand out again. His tone was very firm as he said, "Get up!"

Leng Zhiyuan was angry when she saw him come over. "Get lost!"

In the next second, her entire body was lifted up, and he carried her over his shoulder as he walked away.

Leng Zhiyuan: "..."

Rascal! She wanted him dead!

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There was such a chaotic matter that occurred during the wedding. Little Qinwen was very calm. He stood at the side of the table and went on his tiptoes, wanting to eat the cherries placed on the plate.

But the table was too high. He was a little short. He stretched his small hands up with much effort, and he froze. He was not tall enough to reach it.

As he hung on the table, a cream white glitter train of a skirt landed by his side. There was a large cherry stuffed into his soft small hand.

Little Qinwen stood up straight. He lifted his small head up to have a look and quickly put a smile on his face. "Aunty Jian."

Jian Han was here.

Jian Han tied her silk like hair up into an updo today. There were two sparkling pearls on her snowy white earlobes. She looked at Little Qinwen with a gentle smile as she said, "Do you know me?"

Little Qinwen's perfect little face was immediately sour. He cast his small head down. He was very very upset. It really turned out to be true, Aunt Jian started to forget many things, and she also forgot many people.

At this moment, Little Qinwen's body was swept up into the air. He was already held up by someone. His small head was gently caressed. A warm and charming voice rang out in the air. "Little Qinwen, what's wrong?"

Little Qinwen saw that it was Zhou Dayuan and quickly stretched of his tender, white elbows as he hugged his neck. He felt wronged and said, "Uncle Zhou, Aunt Jian doesn't remember me anymore."

Zhou Dayuan did not have any hint of surprise on his handsome face. He kissed Little Qin Wen's face as he gently said, "It's fine. It is all good as long as you remember Aunt Jian."

Jian Han looked at the man beside her. He looked both handsome and unfamiliar. The dark blue shirt that he wore made him look warm like a piece of jade. He matched it with black trousers, and he looked clean and stern as he wore it, with his perfect body proportions.

He used one arm to carry Little Qinwen. When he spoke gently, he had a smile on his face. He was just like a touch of the wind in spring, and could blow into other's hearts.

Jian Han observed him secretly. The man looked over. He curled his lips as he smiled. Those warm, dark eyes were full of pampering and gentleness as his glow fixated on her face, as if he wanted to remember her face and deeply carve her into his heart.

Jian Han's small face turned red. She quickly looked elsewhere, and cast her gaze towards her feet.

She did not see her feet but her round belly instead. She was already seven months pregnant now, and she could not even remember who gave her this child.

As she was in the middle of her random imagination, she heard the small boy start talking again. “Uncle Zhou, Daddy and Mama said that I cannot address you the same anymore. Daddy and Mama address you as Younger Uncle, am I going to address you as Younger Grandpa?”

Zhou Dayuan nodded his head. “Yeah, based on formalities, it should be like that.”

“Okay then, younger grandpa, when would younger grandma give birth to the baby, I want a younger brother to play together with me, I am so bored everyday.”

“Your younger grandma will give birth in another four months now, but that is not your younger brother. His seniority is one generation above yours, but Little Qinwen does not need to be sad. I will secretly tell you a good piece of news; your Mama is pregnant now.”

“What?” Little Qin Wen was shocked, “How come I didn’t know of this?”

“Because I just found out when I took your Mama’s pulse just now. Your Daddy and Mama don’t know yet. Other than me, you’re the first one that knows about this.”

“Really? Then I have a younger brother to play with?”

“Yeah, it should be a younger brother. Your Mama has twins in her stomach. It is still too early now. I am afraid I have predicted incorrectly, but if my checkup was right, you’ll also have a younger sister; they are twins — brother and sister.”

“Wow, my Mama’s belly has two babies. Then Younger Grandpa, how many babies are inside younger Grandma’s stomach?”

Jian Han lifted her small head up. She saw the man’s warm gaze land on her round stomach as he said, “Your younger grandma’s stomach has only one, because Younger Grandpa is not as pro as your father.”

Little Qinwen’s large, grape-like eyes turned, and he cupped his hands over his small lips as he laughed sneakily. With a childish voice, he said, “Younger Grandpa, it’s fine. Younger Grandma’s stomach doesn’t have two babies, but you can make Younger Grandma have another one. You would have two babies like this.”

Jian Han saw the man’s gaze land on her small face again. He laughed, and his dark eyes were moist. He stared at her slowly, just as if he was talking to her. “There is no need for that; we are fine with just one.”

Jian Han’s heart was racing very quickly. This handsome man was always looking at her, and even when the small boy said, “Young grandma”, it was just as if they were talking about her.

Her earlobes were hot. She turned around and did not bother with him.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her slim, lithe figure. His smile was full of tenderness, and he said to Little QinWen, “It is your Daddy and Mama’s wedding night. Go and tell this good news to them quickly, and say that Younger Grandpa has ordered them. They definitely cannot sleep together when the twins are under three months old. Also, Younger Grandpa wishes them a happy new marriage.”

Little Qinwen did not understand any of this. He slid down happily from Zhou Dayuan’s body. “Okay, Younger Grandpa, I will go tell Daddy and Mama right now.”

Little Qinwen flew across the room.

There was a smile on the corners of Jian Han's lips. She still had yet to realize that this handsome and refined man was actually so bad. They could not sleep together because Ning Qing was pregnant, and he still wished them a happy new marriage. What would the newlyweds think when they heard his congratulations?

Jian Han was pondering, and there was a sudden warmth on her shoulder. She was taken into a mesmerizing embrace.

Zhou Dayuan hugged her.

Jian Han's small face was crimson red. She fumbled around not allowing him to hug her. "Who are you? Why are you touching me randomly?"

"Don't move." Zhou Dayuan used some force to take her into his embrace. "Have a look yourself; the wedding ceremony is starting now."

Jian Han stopped struggling. The wedding march started to play, and the red carpet that spanned a few miles were decorated with numerous rose petals. Ning Qing, who was dressed in a pure white wedding dress, held Lu Shaoming's hand as they slowly walked towards the altar.

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The pastor asked, "Do you, Lu Shaoming, take Ning Qing who is beside you right now to be your lawfully wedded wife, and no matter poverty or wealth, sickness or health, from now on, would you love her, cherish her, and be together with her till death do you part?"

Lu Shaoming said, "I do."

The pastor continued, "Do you, Ning Qing, take Lu Shaoming who is beside you right now to be your lawfully wedded husband, and no matter poverty or wealth, sickness or health, from now on, would you love him, cherish him, and be together with him till death do you part?"

Ning Qing said, "I do."

The pastor said, "Okay, I will announce in God's name now, you are officially a married couple. You may now kiss the bride."

Lu Shaoming turned around slowly, and he stretched his hand out to lift the veil on Ning Qing's face. Before everyone who was present, as the wind that was blowing through the fields of flowers, among these romantic dandelions, he kissed Ning Qing.

Ning Qing closed her eyes with a sweet smile on her face.

Chapter 442: Zhou Jian Story (1) This Is All The Love That She Gave To You

Ever since she came back from her parent's grave, Jian Han started to forget many things.

For example, she would forget that she had just watered the plants. She would forget that she did not take her keys that she left in the room. Slowly, there were many alien faces that appeared in front of her. Those who were called Ning Qing, Little Qinwen — she started to forget all of them.

She actually did not notice that she was starting to forget things and people at first. She only saw that the shocked expressions of the people around her turned more and more serious. She guessed that she'd probably fallen ill.

That night, in the condominium unit

Zhou Dayuan was preparing dinner in the kitchen. He called out to her, "Jian Han, grab your utensils and prepare to eat dinner."

"Oh, okay." She obediently took two sets of chopsticks and bowls, and she placed them on the table.

At this moment, Zhou Dayuan came out, and he had enoki mushroom chicken soup in his hands.

Jian Han went over to have a whiff, and had a smile on her face quickly as she said, "It smells so good."

Her small head was caressed. The man came over to kiss her small face as he said, "Does it smell good? If it smells good, have more."

"Okay." Jian Han nodded her head with force as she said, "Then I will go and take the utensils."

She walked quickly into the kitchen.

As she took the chopsticks and bowls in her hands, she realized that there were two pairs of utensils laid down on the dining table. She took them just now, and she froze on the spot, before looking at the man in a blur.

Zhou Dayuan did not have too many emotions on his face. His defined features were gentle under the light shining from above. He wore a thin dark blue sweater, matched together with black trousers. It made him look like a refined scholar. He stood by the side of the table. He moved his hands as he put the utensils away before walking into the kitchen. "Go and have your meal."

Jian Han was in a blur. She turned back and stepped into the kitchen to hug the man from behind.

The man stopped in his tracks. He held the utensils in one hand, and his other empty hand caressed her small soft hand, before he asked gently, "What's wrong?"

Jian Han placed her small head on his handsome back as she nudged him. She pouted her pink lips as she said, "Hubby, would I forget about you in the future too?"

The man froze for a moment. His deep, charming voice did not have any irregularities in it as he smiled and said, "It is also okay to forget. It is all okay as long as I remember you."

Jian Han closed her eyes. She felt a crack appear in her own heart, and this crack had gone to the depths of her inner heart.

“Hubby, you should bring me to the hospital tomorrow for a checkup.”

After a long silence, she heard his voice. “Okay.”

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In the hospital

The results of Jian Han’s medical checkups for different aspects of her health were released. The nurse handed the results over to Zhou Dayuan.

Zhou Dayuan looked at the report in the nurses hand for a moment, but he did not take it from her.

The nurse curled her lips up as she comforted him with a smile. “Doctor Zhou, you don’t have to be too nervous. Your wife’s health is in good condition, the baby is also very healthy. There are no problems.”

At this moment, Jian Han sat on the long bench of the hospital corridor. He leaned back on the wall. The woman heard what the nurse said and looked at him with her sparkling and moist almond shaped eyes. He stretched his hand out to caress her silk-like hair before he took the results into his hands.

He flipped through the report carefully. Jian Han’s health was in good condition, but his warm and handsome features had already turned cold bit by bit. The biggest problem was that there was no problem detected.

He took his phone out of his pocket and made a call.

The call was connected very quickly. It was Tang Fan’s voice. “Hello.”

Zhou Dayuan placed his left hand in his pocket. He fumbled around his pocket, wanting to find his cigarette and lighter. He liked to smoke whenever he was in an anxious mood.

But he did not find it, it was only then that he remembered that he had long quit smoking. Jian Han was pregnant right now; how could he be smoking?

“Hello.” He moved his thin lips. There was no emotion in his voice. He was already of this age. The thing he was most proud of was his self control. “Am I missing out on something that happen to Jian Han in the past?”

Tang Fan on the other end asked, “What happened to Jian Han?”

“She’s started to forget many things, and she’s also forgotten many people.”

Tang Fan was silent immediately. After a few seconds, he said, “Seven years ago, while she wasn’t with you, she battled a psychological illness.”

“What?” Zhou Dayuan originally leaned against the wall. He straightened his body up and frowned as Tang Fan spoke. “Seven years ago, she left you and went to Singapore. Her parents rushed over from X City to meet her in Singapore, but the high speed train derailed, and her parents directly went off a cliff. They were unable to find their remains in the end. After she went back to Singapore, she was not

behaving right. She locked herself in a small room. She would not see anyone. She did not see the sunshine, and she forgot many people and things. After that, she met hypnotist master Bill. She took two years of psychological therapy to recover from it.”

Zhou Dayuan listened on. His thin maroon lips were pursed in a cold thin line, he lifted his head, and forced his words out. “Seven years ago, why did she leave me to go to Singapore?”

He asked this question finally — the demon hidden inside his heart.

He always wanted to know the answer, but he wasn’t sure that the answer was something that he could take.

Tang Fan on the other end was laughing. His laugh was cold and...self mocking as he said, “Zhou Dayuan ah, Zhou Dayuan. Didn’t you think why Jian Han would leave you? You wouldn’t really believe that seven years ago, when Jian Han saw you go to prison, she chose to leave you? Did you know, during her parents funeral, her biological uncle actually gave her a tight slap. Her uncle said that she gave up on her own parents because of a man. She was unworthy of being the daughter of the Jian family!

“Who was this man who had her deep feeling and love? And who was it who caused her to be the sinner of the Jian family but did not know about it himself? Zhou Dayuan, do you know what I am the most jealous of you for? The thing I am most jealous of is that Jian Han has always protected this secret and did not let you know about it. That is all of the love that Jian Han gave you!”

Tang Fan ended the call in anger.

Zhou Dayuan heard the tone. He was unable to come back to his senses for a long time. Actually, other than Tang Fan’s chiding just now he did not divulge any worthy information, but who was he? He guessed some fragments of what had happened. He could use these tiny bits of information to investigate what had happened.

But, he did not dare.

He moved his left hand. He lowered his gaze to look. Jian Han stretched her two small hands out to hold onto his large hand. Her hand was soft and white, and that comfortable warmth was transferred to his cold palm, making him feel warm.

He slowly bent over as he looked at her lovingly. “Wifey, what is wrong?”

Jian Han stretched a small index finger. It slowly came to his tightly knitted brows. She smoothed out the three deep lines running across his forehead before she coyly said, “Hubby, in the future, don’t have a frown on your face. I don’t like to see you with a frown on your face.”

Zhou Dayuan felt his heart was like a calm lake that had a stone thrown into it, and it created multiple ripples. He nodded his head and said, “Yeah, I will listen to Wifey’s words. I won’t frown anymore.”

Jian Han curled the corners of her beautiful lips up and had a sweet smile on her face.

Zhou Dayuan stretched his hand out to touch her small face. His voice was soft and gentle as if he was afraid to wake a child in deep sleep. He said, “Wifey, kiss me.”

“Oh.”

At this moment, there were many passer-by's walking through the corridor, but no matter how many people were present, he didn't care. They did not have much ever since they were born, and now, with what they have lost, they only had each other.

Jian Han nodded her head in the corridor with numerous people walking around, and she kissed his face obediently.

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At night, in the condominium unit

Jian Han lay on the big soft bed. Her gentle and beautiful almond shaped face was pink, and her long lashes that resembled thin fans quietly dropped down. She had already fallen asleep.

Zhou Dayuan held her soft waist and allowed her to perch on his chest like a small kitten. There was an amber lamp in the quiet room, and he did not sleep for a long time.

His phone was vibrating, and he received a call.

He lowered his gaze and kissed the small woman's forehead. He stretched his hand out to take his phone and pressed the key to pick up the call.

"Hello." His deep, masculine, and mesmerizing voice rang out in the night, and it was extremely charming. It was Lu Shaoming's voice. "I have investigated the matters that you have asked me to check. Because too much time has passed, the mark that had been left over at that time has been fully erased, so I had to spend some effort and time."

Zhou Dayuan did not say a word. If it were easy to check, he wouldn't have asked Lu Shaoming to investigate.

"Dayuan, an accident happened with the surgery that you did seven years ago. You were locked in prison, so it was Zhou Dao and Kong Lan who made use of their connections to settle this matter. They saved you, but their condition to get you out of prison was that Jian Han had to leave you, and in the future, she could not appear before you.

"After you were locked in prison, Jian Han thought of a plan to save you. She contacted the judge in charge of your case. She wanted to beg for mercy. That judge had impure intentions and was interested in Jian Han. Jian Han probably was at a loss for what to do at that time. She did not have power or influence. She only had herself. So Jian Han went to that judge's home at night, but it just had to be such a coincidence, the judge's wife came back, and based on sources, when Jian Han came out, her face was red, and her hair was in a mess. It was obvious that she was beaten up.

"After she ran out, she went to look for Zhou Dao and Kong Lan immediately. At that time, you were already locked up for half a month. These two people did not intervene at all. They were probably waiting for Jian Han to look for them. After that, Jian Han came out and packed her luggage to fly to Singapore.

"Jian Han went to Singapore to honour her promise in order to save you and get you out of prison. She called her own parents to ask them to move to Singapore. Jian Han's parents took the high speed rail on

that very night to go to the airport, but they did not expect that the high speed train would end up in an accident.”

“Ever since she came back from her parents’ funeral, Jian Han had a psychological illness. She did not have any friends or relatives in Singapore. Everyone in the Jian family broke off all contact with her. She just stayed in a rental flat in that alien city, and she stayed there for two years.

“After that, Tang Fan appeared. Tang Fan was Jian Han’s high school classmate. He always had good feelings for her. Tang Fan was hypnotist master Bill’s student, and naturally, Jian Han started to accept hypnotist master Bill’s hypnosis therapy with Tang Fan’s help. After that, Jian Han started to recuperate slowly.

“Tang Fan and Jian Han were considered to be senior and junior. Tang Fan did not marry anyone because of her. They did not have a relationship with one another, but everyone in the hospital spread rumours of them being a couple. The moment the rumour started, it lasted for 5 years. After that, in England, Jian Han saw you again.”

Lu Shaoming did not say anymore. Zhou Dayuan was clear on what happened after that, and he did not need Lu Shaoming to elaborate.

Zhou Dayuan also did not say anything. His line of vision landed on the small woman’s face that was perched in his embrace.

At this moment, the phone on the other end was snatched away. Ning Qing’s chiding voice came over the other end as she sobbed as she breathed through her nose. “Woo woo, Zhou Dayuan, did you hear it or not? Older Sister Jian never betrayed you. She loves you... She loved you so much that she gave herself to another man to destroy her...

“Did you know how Zhou Dao and Kong Lan insulted Older Sister Jian? That day when Older Sister Jian went to look for them, they did not even open their doors. Older Sister Jian kneeled before the main doors of your home. The rain was pelting down from the sky, and every drop of rain was a teardrop from Older Sister Jian...”

Chapter 443: Zhou Jian Story (2) She Was Still Unable To Forget Him

“Zhou Dayuan, did you know that you were the reason that Older Sister Jian’s parents passed away? If Older Sister Jian did not ask her parents to go to Singapore, if Older Sister Jian didn’t rush them so much, and if Older Sister Jian loved you a little less, her parents would not have gotten into that accident... Woo woo...”

“Zhou Dayuan, although you are a doctor, you would never understand the pain a patient with mental illness would feel. You are also unable to imagine how Older Sister Jian went through those years in Singapore... Zhou Dayuan, what do you possess to make Older Sister Jian treat you like this? A romance in her schooling days ended the lives of her family members. She lost herself and her family members.

She was all by herself as she was surviving all these years. When she met you again, she was still unwilling to tell you the truth...

“Do you know why she was unwilling to say so? Do you know why she was willing to let you misunderstand her and not tell you the truth? Because they were your parents. She was unwilling to let you know that when you were in trouble, your parents gave up on you! Because they were her parents, she did not dare to open her eyes when there was sunlight because of the two lives lost. She was afraid that she was under your love spell, and she was afraid that her heart would beat for you again. She was afraid that she would start to hope for forgiveness and bliss, and she thought that she did not deserve it all.

“But Zhou Dayuan, she still chose to be together with you... Did you know how did the mermaid got her bliss? The mermaid chopped her most beautiful tail into two pieces, and she took every step towards her bliss while stepping on knife blades...

“Older Sister Jian treated you like this, and how did you treat Older Sister Jian in turn? There was a period of time in the past, you were angry at her, and how did you bully her? You are clear on what you did inside your heart... Older Sister Jian’s character is soft, so you treated her like a soft persimmon in your hands as you squished her. If it were any one of us instead, we would definitely give you a tight slap...

“Woo woo, Zhou Dayuan, do you say that you have saved the entire solar system in your previous life so you were able to meet Older Sister Jian? Actually, how are you matched? You cant even compare to Tang Fan... The time that Tang Fan accompanied Older Sister Jian for was not shorter compared to your time with her, and he only brought happiness to Older Sister Jian, and he did not bring her any sadness...

“Zhou Dayuan ah, Zhou Dayuan, love Older Sister Jian properly. She didn’t dare to tell you that she loved you, but her love for you has already exhausted everything of hers, and now she has given whatever she is left with all to you.”

Ning Qing hung up the call on her end, and Zhou Dayuan slowly put his phone away.

His gaze fell onto the small woman’s face. He stretched his finger to brush Jian Han. Was this the case? It turned out that you loved me this much.

He had always been looking for her throughout these years. He did not hate her for “dumping” him back then. Although he did not hate her, it did not mean that he did not mind. He only did not mention all what happened in the past, because the things that happened back then were a scar on his heart.

He was afraid that she would leave him once again. He did not feel safe and would be panicked and helpless.

So he could not take a single chance. His inner heart was frail as he treated Tang Fan as his enemy, but on the outside, he had to project the image as if he was mighty and nonchalant without a care. He was

crazy with jealousy, so that call made him angry and led him to do many... He did not even dare to think of those matters now.

Seven years ago...

How did things look like seven years ago?

He was in prison, and she was outside prison.

Did that judge have bad intentions towards her?

Was she beat up by someone else?

She knelt down during that rainy day for more than one hour?

He still remembered her youthful look at that time. She was a talented student at Oxford, with a gentle and beautiful appearance. The boys that were after her could all line up in a long line, and she was also arrogant as like a princess.

How could a princess do those things?

How could a princess turn into a pitiful orphan, and how did that lead her to get a psychological illness after that?

Those years, he always thought that she was living very well all by herself. How did she get through those times?

Ning Qing was right in what she said. Actually, what did he possess?

Did she love him?

She loved him!

But at the same time she loved him, she was in such pain.

Zhou Dayuan suddenly thought of the day in the graveyard that she did not allow him to touch her. She begged him to leave. She did not want to see him, and she looked at him with a hateful gaze.

That night, when he lay back on the sofa and closed his eyes, he was very very afraid. He did not know if she hated him or not.

But he knew now. It was not that she hated him. She did not dare to let him come near. She did not dare to let her own parents see her being happy. She had a debt, and she thought that she had sinned very much, and she probably only hated herself.

So after she came back from the graveyard, she started to forget many things, many people, and the psychological illness that she battled with a few years ago came back.

Zhou Dayuan lay down. He buried his head in the woman's tender neck as he sniffed the scent of her fragrance. His large hand weaved into her small hand as he interlocked his fingers with hers.

Jian Han, why do people in love have to be in such pain. What made us turn into the way we are right now? I am in love but unable to get what I want. You cannot profess your love.

It's all alright. You will not be lost this time around, not with me around.

I will be there for everything.

Early the next morning.

Zhou Dayuan prepared breakfast in the kitchen. He ascended the stairs and prepared to call Jian Han.

He was halfway up the stairs, and the door of the bedroom was open. Jian Han took her bag as she walked out.

Zhou Dayuan saw her, and there was a smile on his handsome face immediately. "Wi..."

He had yet to say the word, "Wifey", but Jian Han shouted out loud. "Ah, who are you? Why are you appearing in my house?"

Zhou Dayuan's entire body trembled. His dark, moist eyes were fixed on Jian Han's face.

Jian Han was extremely shocked. She looked at her watch when she woke up, and it was already half past seven. She was going to be late for work, and she didn't expect that she would see this stranger when she opened the door.

She placed her bag in front of her and looked at the man with a wary gaze.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her carefully. Her eyes looked very foreign. Today, she had finally forgotten him.

Zhou Dayuan did not have much of an expression on his face. He turned around, and went down the stairs. He walked into the dining room and gently said, "Come over and have breakfast."

Jian Han looked at his back profile and was extremely puzzled inside her heart. Who was this person? Could... Was he...her roommate?

"I am not eating; I am going to be late for work. You can eat..." Jian Han said while she ran in the direction of the door. She suddenly thought of something as she stretched her small head out. "Oi, what is your name?"

Zhou Dayuan watched her dash off in a hurry and knew that she's also forgotten that she's pregnant. He welcomed her beautiful and clear almond shaped eyes. He was patient as he answered, "Zhou Dayuan."

"Oh, Zhou Dayuan." Jian Han chewed on this name and ran out of the condominium unit in a rush.

As she walked out of the condominium and headed towards the main street, Jian Han froze on the spot. She turned her small head as she looked at her surroundings carefully. Where did she want to go?

She forgot where she was going and forgot what she was going to do.

At this moment, a silver coloured Porsche cruised onto the main streets. Zhou Dayuan looked forward through the window. He saw that small woman at the first glance. On this winter day, she wore a short white cotton coat, matched together with a pair of black tight pants. There was a dark blue sling bag on her shoulders. She had a tall figure. Her simple clothing accentuated her long, slim thighs, and she looked clean and beautiful.

Two and a half months, and she did not have a bump yet.

He was not worried that the pants that she wore were too tight. All of the clothes in the closet had been prepared by him personally, and it was loose at the waist.

It was only when he looked at her behaviour right now, his heart was still beating harshly. She was at such a loss. She froze on the spot, and she lowered her small head with black hair as she looked at her feet. At this moment, she looked like a small girl who was dumped onto the streets and did not know where to go.

Zhou Dayuan turned the steering wheel, and he slowly stopped the car in front of her.

He lowered the car windows, and he looked at her. "Get on board."

She heard someone talking. Jian Han lifted her head up. She saw Zhou Dayuan, and her eyes were full of doubt and blankness as she said, "Who are you? Are you talking to me?"

Zhou Dayuan's entire heart sank. Ten minutes ago, she still asked his name inside the condominium unit, and now, she had forgotten him already.

Zhou Dayuan was silent for two seconds before he said, "Aren't you on your way to work? I will bring you there."

The moment she heard the word "work," Jian Han hit her own head immediately. That was right; she was going to work. How did she manage to forget that?

She did not even hesitate. As she went forward, she stretched her hand out to open the back door. She sat inside as she said, "Sir, thank you."

Zhou Dayuan did not say a single word. He stepped on the accelerator, and the Porsche cruised on the road smoothly.

Jian Han sat out back. She leaned against the window and suddenly heard her stomach grumbling. It turned out that she was hungry now.

She touched her belly. She thought that she should eat something. Her bright almond-shaped eyes searched around, and she realized that there was a thermos container beside her.

Her eyes immediately brightened.

At this moment, a warm and charming voice rang out in her ears, and it brought along happiness with it. "Do you want to eat?"

"Yeah." She nodded her head.

"Eat then."

"Really? Thank you for this." Jian Han took the thermos. She opened it. There was a sandwich inside. It contained eggs and thinly sliced beef. There was a bag of warm milk, and two pieces of sushi, together with some cherry tomatoes with a half of a red grapefruit.

It was a wide spread.

Jian Han took the sandwich and took a small bite. It was the taste that she liked, and everything was what she loved to eat...

Zhou Dayuan looked through the rear view mirror at her. The small woman ate very elegantly. She would not make a sound. Her small, fair hand held the sandwich as she took small bites. There was a little sauce on her fingers. She stretched her small pink tongue out and licked it bit by bit, like a small kitten.

Zhou Dayuan's handsome face was full of love. He moved his Adam's apple as he said, "Eating food from a stranger; you are not afraid that I would drug your food?"

Jian Han froze in an instant. She lifted her gaze and she could see half of the man's face in her line of vision. She did not take a good look just now, but he was really handsome. His features were defined and smooth. His tall nose was like the peak of a mountain.

He was dressed in a high collar black sweater today. He had a red coat on the outside. The simple pairing of these two colours accentuated the warm and elegant aura that he had on his body.

Jian Han felt that she was mesmerized with him. At this moment, the man's gaze came over from the rear view mirror. He was not hurried or slow. He curled his lips up, as he lazily said, "Don't you know anything about a man drugging a woman? This car, it is the favourite of men, and you are so beautiful."

When he said the word "beautiful," he scanned her figure at the same time.

Jian Han felt all of the blood in her body surge in that instant. "You, you, what do you want to do? I, I, I..."

She stuttered with the word "I" and did not know what else to say.

"Eat your food then. I am just joking with you." The man was in a good mood, and he lifted his eyebrows up as he broke out into laughter.

Jian Han heaved a sigh of relief. After joking around for so long, he was just fooling around with her.

But, wasn't his joke a little too inappropriate? She felt her tiny face burn up entirely.

Chapter 444: Zhou Jian Story (3) Jian Han, Don't Leave, I Am Begging You.

They did not say anything more. They reached their destination in silence.

Zhou Dayuan turned the engine off and pulled his keys out. He got out of the car and routed around the car to walk to the back door before using his hands to open the car door.

Jian Han walked out.

She lifted her head in a blur as she looked in front of her. It was bright and shining in front of her, and it was a large hall in the middle of the city.

She had a look, and she did not have any memories of this place in her mind. She did not know where she was.

At this moment, there was a warmth in her palm. It turned out that her small hand was held, and Zhou Dayuan held her hand as they walked.

She lowered her gaze down to look at their hands that were held together. His large hand was very beautiful. It was long and white, and it did not resemble a man's hand. His clean black sweater sleeves covered his wrists and exposed his luxurious watch a little, and he looked like a wealthy person.

Jian Han felt her ears turned hot.

The door of the large hall was pushed open, and Jian Han walked in.

This was a place with cream white pastel decorations. There was a luxurious crystal chandelier on the ceiling. There were many green plants in sight, and there was a premium lamb-wool carpet below her feet.

There was a heater in the hall, and the ambience was warm and comfortable.

She had a look, at the reception. There were some sparkling words in gold — Jian's Psychological Clinic

Jian Han did not regain her senses, and she was brought into an office. There was an office desk made out of agarwood, a genuine leather chair, and a sofa, and there was a mustard-yellow wool carpet...

...

There was a relaxation room further inside. The relaxation room was brightly lit, and there was a rocking chair made out of rattan together with a round beige bed.

She was looking on, and she was suddenly hugged from behind. A deep, gentle voice rang out in her ears. "Do you like it?"

"Huh?" She did not understand.

"In the future, don't go to the hospital to work. I opened a psychological clinic for you."

This was like someone who studied design. She had her own work studio, and a person that learned dance, she had her own stage. The thing that Jian Han had now, was a clinic that belonged to her.

"This would cost a lot, right?" Jian Han's eyes were sparkling as she looked at every decoration, and she coyly asked her question.

"Yeah..." the man said nonchalantly. "It did cost quite a bit of money, but we do not care that much. Your husband has money. Didn't we agree to this? In the future, I will be in charge of earning money. Half would be used to raise our son, and the other half would be for you to spend."

There was a beautiful smile on Jian Han's lips, and she suddenly felt that her heart was so so sweet.

But...

She turned around and brought both of her small hands to push the man's chest. She used an alien and fearful gaze to look at Zhou Dayuan. "Who are you? Why did you have to hug me? Pervert!"

She lifted her right leg up and bent her kneecap, kicking the zipper of his pants directly.

Zhou Dayuan ducked away quickly. "Wifey, listen to me speak..."

Jian Han did not let go of him. She took a pillow by her side casually as she threw it in his direction. "Who is your wife? You are down with paranoia right? Say it! You are such a dumb fool. Look at you trying to hug me again, rascal!"

Zhou Dayuan who coaxed his wife for the entire journey: "..."

Forget it, she lost her memory now. In order not to provoke her, he ran off.

Zhou Dayuan, who was warm and confident, lifted his long legs to run out of the doors of the clinic. The small woman behind him did not chase after him.

He stood up straight. The corners of his lips that were curled up were flattened down. He lifted his eyes to look at the sun in the sky. The days seemed to be the same, but she was already unable to understand his romantic words.

He placed one hand in his red coat and used another hand to hold his car keys before he descended the steps, one by one.

One month passed, and Jian Han's condition did not show any sign of improvement. She kept forgetting things and people repeatedly. It was good that her personality was soft and calm. Other than this clinic, she did not go out anywhere else, but whenever she went out the door, Zhou Dayuan would appear by her side.

There was a night, Zhou Dayuan was reading medical documents in the study, and he suddenly heard a scream. "Ah!" He quickly stood up and pushed open the bedroom door.

He could no longer sleep together with her anymore, and he slept in the guest room.

He switched the lights in the bedroom. He saw that small woman rolling on the bed non stop. Her small face that was red that was moisturized by him turned white immediately. Her face was covered in tears. She was muttering something non stop. "Dad, Mum, I really miss both of you too much. Woo woo... I don't want... Dad, Mum, don't push me away. I am very very sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. I would not dare to do so in the future... I am your daughter; don't chase me away..."

"Jian Han." Zhou Dayuan quickly ran over to the side of the bed. He kneeled on the bed with one knee and stretched out his hand to pat her small face lightly. "Jian Han, wake up for a moment. Wake up. This is only a dream. Your parents loved you. They would not chase you away."

The small woman on the bed was shivering from head to toe. Her black silk-like hair was stuck on her face because of her tears and sweat. She painfully muttered, "Dad, Mum, I am sorry. I am really sorry. I love both of you... Woo woo. I do not dare anymore. I wouldn't dare to love him anymore. I have forgotten him now, okay? Dad, Mum. Woo woo..."

Zhou Dayuan heard her words as he felt a knife stabbed into his heart. He was stabbed deeply, and his entire heart was in utter pain.

Loving him had already turned into an obstacle that she could not overcome.

Zhou Dayuan sat on the bed. He stretched his hand to hug the small woman. He did not know what to say. Every word he said now was so weak and frail, and he could only coax her gently, using all of the strength in his body. "Jian Han, could you not be like this? It is all my fault. Don't punish yourself like that. Really, don't be like that..."

After he hugged her, Jian Han was provoked. "Don't, don't. Get lost!" She used her hands and legs to batter him. As she escaped his embrace, she was crying. She was crying non stop. She was crying so painfully, the quiet room was filled with her sobbing. It was like blood dripping out of her heart, and every drop was so painful.

"Don't come close to me, don't... Dad, Mum, I don't want him anymore. I do not dare to want him anymore; forgive me..."

As she spoke, her small gentle hand touched her abdomen that had a small bump already. "Dad, mum, are you going to blame me for having his child? Woo woo, this child should not have come. I wasn't the one being selfish... Dad, mum, I don't want the child now. I am begging you to bring me along with you..."

Jian Han kneaded her hand into small fists and started to hit her own abdomen.

Zhou Dayuan's warm gaze contracted violently. A long, thin needle came towards the top of his head. "Jian Han!" he shrieked as he flew over.

He held her small fist in his palm. He used his elbow to press her small shivering body into his embrace as he said, "Jian Han, don't... Don't be like this. I am begging you now..."

He kissed half of her small face that she buried in the pillow messily. He was in a panic, in pain. Everyone that had a lover in their life, they would experience the bitterness of being in love in the end.

"Jian Han, I am begging you not to harm our son. He is innocent... He is already more than three months now. He is formed already. You are his mother; how could you not want him?"

Jian Han was struggling. He did not know where she got the energy to push him away. She used both her hands and feet as she wanted to come down from the bed. "Dad, Mum, where are you going. Wahh wah. I don't want anything anymore. I am begging you to bring me away..."

Zhou Dayuan was pushed away. His back crashed into the headboard, and he looked at the woman that was on the brink of going mad, then he looked at her abdomen that was already showing, and he suddenly felt hot liquid stream out of his eyes.

He believed in it. It turned out that being in love with one another could be so difficult.

He shed tears and stretched his hands out to open the drawer beside the bed. There was a small first aid box in the drawer. He opened it and took out a needle from inside.

He did not have any other choice.

She was a three months-pregnant woman. How could he use needles on her?

But what else could he do if he did not use needles? Could he bear to look at her bring his three month old son away?

He closed his eyes as he took the small woman over. He allowed her to perch on his thighs, and he used his thumb on his left hand to press the meridian point on her back. He was swift and cruel as he stabbed it in.

“Ah!” The woman screamed out loud. She opened her mouth as she bit him harshly.

Time seemed to freeze. The room was so quiet. All they could hear was the winter wind blowing from the window. The woman who was so emotional previously bit his thigh and did not move at all.

Zhou Dayuan took out the needle and threw it onto the floor. The part that she bit was already bleeding with fresh blood. It was probably very painful, but this did not match up to the amount of pain that his heart was feeling at this moment.

He stretched both of his hands out, and it was only then that he realized that he was shaking. His hands shook as he tidied the messy strands of hair stuck on her small face. He lifted her body to take her in his embrace. “Jian Han, did the needle hurt? Sorry, I am really sorry.... I also do not know what else to do. Why don't you come and teach me what to do?”

“Woosh.” The woman vomited in his embrace.

There was the taste of iron in her mouth. She vomited violently, as if she were going to vomit all of the bile that was left in her gut.

Zhou Dayuan patted her back while feeling flustered. Every pain that she showed right now was just like a whip that hit his soul, and he was in even more pain compared to her.

The woman stopped vomiting after a while. Because there was nothing left to vomit, as she retched, her face was covered in tears. Zhou Dayuan pulled her into his embrace. She felt that she came from the sea, and her nightgown was already damp.

He picked her up horizontally and took her to the bathroom. He filled the bathtub with some warm water. He held her in his embrace as he helped her to shampoo her hair.

Her soft, tiny body lay in his embrace, just as if he were carrying a small girl. She was so soft that she felt boneless. She closed her eyes, and her energy was all depleted as she did not have any more strength to open her eyes. She pouted her pink lips and coyly said, “I want to sleep... I want to sleep...”

She did not allow him to wash her hair. She did not let him touch her, and she was so exhausted that she only thought of sleeping.

Zhou Dayuan lowered his gaze as he looked at her pouty and coy look. At this moment, she seemed to be acting cute towards him, and it made his heart feel soft and tender.

“Wifey, be good. You've sweat a lot. If you do not bathe, you will catch a cold... If you want to sleep, then sleep. I will carry you... I will be gentler in my actions. It will be done in a moment...”

He held a bunch of her silk-like hair. His fingers weaved in and froze. He retracted his fingers. There was a large bunch of her dark hair in his fingers.

She started to lose her hair.

He froze as he did not know how to react. He suddenly felt something slip in his embrace. He lowered his gaze down to have a look, the woman used her left hand to protect her abdomen, and her right hand weakly hung in the air.

Zhou Dayuan felt that he was unable to breathe anymore.

After a long moment, it was only then when he dared to stretch his hand out, and he slowly held his finger below her nostrils...

She was breathing.

She was breathing!

Zhou Dayuan seemed like a fish that almost drowned in water. He suddenly went back into the ocean. His chest was panting, and he hugged the woman's small head as he buried his head in her neck. He cried while he said, "Jian Han, don't leave. I am begging you..."

This was this man's most humble and sincere way of begging her.

Don't leave...

Chapter 445: Zhou Jian Story (4) The Baby's Movement

Jian Han's condition got worse and worse. She slept on the bed everyday and did not open her eyes anymore. She did not have the strength to open her eyes, and she did not want to open her eyes.

Zhou Dayuan would stay by her side every day and not go anywhere else. She started to not be able to eat her meals. Zhou Dayuan would create a variety of dishes for her as he prepared her meals. He'd personally feed her spoonful by spoonful. The woman was obedient. She would eat when he fed her, but she would vomit all of it up when she barely swallowed it.

Master Bill came over a few times to visit her. He would shake his head. With Jian Han's condition right now, she was not suitable to undergo hypnosis treatment. Firstly, he was afraid that she would harm the child, and secondly, he was afraid that she would harm herself.

Master Bill said that Jian Han actually did not let go of her troubles these past few years. All of the worries inside her heart erupted together at this moment. He could only save people who had the will to live on. Jian Han did not have the will to live on, and even the Gods couldn't save her.

Jian Han did not like to bask in the sunshine. She could be said to hate it. Every time Zhou Dayuan drew the curtains open, she would wake up before she struggled anxiously in the bed. After that, for these

two months, they spent half of winter in darkness. This bedroom did not get any ventilation or sunlight. It was so quiet that it could make anyone suffocate.

As the duo welcomed the two hardest months in their lives, the baby in Jian Han's stomach turned six months old officially.

Jian Han was unable to keep her meals down. Zhou Dayuan would give her a vitamin solution every day. Every time he injected the needle, he would do it personally. He knew the fear, but this young fella was extra resilient. He was growing healthily when his mother was on the brink of death. This little fella was very healthy.

There was a night when Jian Han opened her eyes in a blur. Her head was in extreme pain, and her entire body felt uncomfortable. She stretched her small hand to touch the side of her bed. There was no one around.

She struggled as she sat up and kicked off the blankets to get out of bed. She did not put her slippers on, and stepped on the soft and firm carpet barefooted. She wanted to look for Zhou Dayuan.

As she took a few steps, she heard a soft sound come from inside the washroom, and she walked over to take a look.

The door of the washroom was open, and Zhou Dayuan was standing before the sink to wash clothes.

The man was dressed in a thin green sweater. He matched it with a pair of dark coloured trousers. He was always like that. His clean and simple pairing made him look fashionable and handsome.

There was a small pink bucket on the side of the sink. He took her undergarments in his hand as he washed them. The bubbles seeped out from the gaps of his hands. There was a dim amber light in the washroom, and it made his quiet figure look so lonely and long.

Jian Han looked at him and felt that her face was wet. She stretched her hand out to touch her face, and her face was covered in tears.

She had been crying for some time now.

At this moment, Zhou Dayuan looked over. The man froze completely when he saw her out of bed. He threw the clothes in his hands as he washed his hands simply. He lifted his long legs and strode over. "Why did you get out of bed. Aren't you cold being barefooted? What are you going to do if you get a cold?"

He picked her up and started to bring her to the large bed.

Jian Han lay back down on the bed. He stretched his hand out to cover her up with the blanket. His eyebrows were tightly knitted. His gentle voice chided her a little as he said, "Just call out for me if you

want to do anything. I was washing the clothes just now. I will go downstairs later to cook for you. We will try to eat a little. You will..."

His voice came to a complete stop because a soft, warm finger came to his tightly knitted eyebrows. Her warm voice rang out in his ears. "Hubby, don't frown."

Zhou Dayuan froze entirely before his dark gaze fell onto her small face.

What did she call him?

Hubby?

Zhou Dayuan was unable to express the feeling that he felt inside his heart. Should he be happy? No, he was not happy at all. Her condition right now was going from bad to worse. How could she remember him now?

Her health that took a good turn was probably similar to...a momentary recovery before death...

Jian Han slowly stretched out her two small hands. She touched his handsome face before she lifted her eyebrows up. Her eyes were full of pain as she said, "Hubby, why did you lose weight? You didn't even shave your moustache."

He still looked like what she remembered him to look like, but he's really lost so much weight. All of his features were sunken, and his smooth jaw was covered with stubble, as if he had not shaved for a long time.

Zhou Dayuan stretched his hand to caress her small face. His fingers lovingly brushed against her supple skin. He came to her forehead, and he kissed her slowly. "Wifey..."

"Yeah." She curled her lips up into a smile and acknowledged him. She put both arms around his neck as she hugged him tight.

Zhou Dayuan kissed her forehead all the way to her face. He had not kissed her for a long time now. He did not dare to do so. He was afraid that she would not like it. He controlled himself for a long time, and at this moment, he still could not control himself.

He searched for her soft and fragrant red lips as he kissed her gently.

Jian Han fluttered her thin fan-like lashes. She gently closed her eyes as she reacted to him in an inexperienced way.

At this moment, the sunset glow from the ceiling light spewed onto both of their bodies. They did not say anything at all while they hugged each other tight and kissed. Jian Han opened her mouth and allowed him to barge in gently, and they stuck to each other.

They did not know how long they kissed for. Zhou Dayuan let go of her. He buried his head in her tender neck, with one of his muscular arms curled around her shoulders as he pressed her in his embrace. The strength that he used was so great, it was as if he wanted to press her into his bones.

"Wifey, don't leave me, okay?..." He nudged her tender skin with his nose. He looked just like a pitiful little beast who was acting cute by its master's legs. "Wifey, I don't know what I am supposed to say."

Actually, I do not have the right to say anything... With regards to the matter regarding Dad and Mum, I am very sorry. I thought of compensating you. I can give one life up in exchange for two lives, but I treasure my life... I have a wife now. I have a son already. I struggled so much to have a family. I obviously can stretch my hands out to touch bliss. I really treasure my own life very much...

“Wifey, I also treasure your life and our son’s life. Our family of three are all connected by blood, we cannot do without a single member... I know that I am really very selfish. The matter regarding Dad and Mum, other than being sorry, I do not know what else I can do...”

Jian Han buried her small face in his neck. There were beads of hot tears quickly trickling down her face. It became icy cold as it trickled down her tender back. She choked up softly as she said, “Hubby, I am sorry. I am in so much pain...right now...”

“Yeah, I know. I know...”

How would he not know how much pain she was feeling right now? She would scream and cry while she called out for her parents in her dreams. She asked her parents not to push her away, and she asked her parents to bring her away...

She was in such pain living on earth, and she wanted to be free.

Her stomach got bigger during the past two months. Her sharp, round, six-month-pregnant stomach was large, but her entire body was slim and did not have any fat except for the belly of hers.

She was 90 pounds before she got pregnant, and when he carried her this morning to weigh her, she was still 90 pounds.

At that moment, she stood barefoot on the carpet as she looked at him. She was dressed in a white nightgown. The nightgown was loose and large as it hung on her body. She was so slim and frail that a gust of wind could sweep her away, and even her slim and thin elbows were full of blue and black needle marks.

“Wifey, can you forgive me for being selfish this once? You want to break free, but I cannot allow you to break free. I know the matter involving Dad and Mum has already torn your heart apart, but now I have torn the other part of your heart. You are in very much pain... But, since things are like this, can I beg you to persevere for me? I am begging you to hold on further... Without you, without our son, how am I going to continue living in the future?”

Jian Han’s small, frail shoulders were shaking. She sobbed as she said, “Hubby, sorry. I am so sorry...I am really in such misery. I am in so much pain. I feel that I am unable to hold on for much longer.”

“Wifey.” Zhou Dayuan kissed her small face entirely as his tears dripped onto her face. It combined with hers and flowed like a small stream. In the quiet night, their sadness was enough to flow like a river. “Wifey, can you persevere a little more for me and our son? Our son is very healthy. He is six months old already. He has a heartbeat now. Touch him. He kicks you everyday.”

Zhou Dayuan held her small hand as he placed it on her belly.

This was the first time Jian Han touched her bump seriously. His fingers weaved with hers as they interlocked fingers with each other, and he brought her to gently touch her stomach.

Her soft and gentle little hand was covering the middle of her belly. Ding, ding. Her palm felt a vibration. The baby was moving, and the baby was really kicking her.

Her tears fell down immediately.

Zhou Dayuan bent his body down to kiss her tears. He kissed her as he muttered, "Did you feel it, Wifey? Our son wants to be born. He wants to come onto this world to see... I also want to see him. Wifey, I am already 34 years old this year. Give birth to a son for me, okay?"

"These two months have been hard on you and me. When I see you being unable to keep your meals down every day, I am also unable to eat... You are not sleeping well, so I sit and look after you... There are some times when I would feel so much pain that I felt I was going to die in the next second. Rather than letting you be in such pain, why don't I accompany you and die together to forget it all? But, our son is innocent. Our son is also Dad and Mum's grandson, right? Dad and Mum would not bear to..."

Jian Han choked up as she sobbed. She was in such a mess as she did not know what to say.

She was guilty. She should have gone to pay her debts towards her parents, but she did not bear to do so. If she left, what was her husband whom she left behind going to do?

What was the baby in her belly going to do?

Zhou Dayuan used both of his hands to cup her small face. Her face now was extremely tiny, and it looked pitiful. It was not enough to fill his palm anymore. "Wifey, don't cry anymore, okay? I will treat it as if you have promised me already. I will go make a bowl of noodles for you. Try hard and take two more bites, okay?"

Jian Han looked at his gentle eyes. His clear and transparent tears dripped onto her face. This was her first time seeing him cry, and it made her heart shatter.

"Okay." She nodded her head.

The fragrant, delicious came very quickly. Jian Han sat on the bed, and Zhou Dayuan placed a soft pillow behind her back.

He used chopsticks to pick two noodles. Because it was hot, he cast his gaze down to blow the steam before going close to her lips.

Jian Han took it into her mouth, and she chewed slowly.

"Does it taste good?" the man asked.

Jian Han curled the corners of his lips up. She had a gentle smile as she said, "Yeah, it tastes good."

She swallowed it down.

Two seconds later, she lifted her eyebrows up. Her small white hand touched her own chest. This was a premonition of her wanting to vomit.

She bent her waist wanting to vomit, but at this moment, her soft little body was taken into the man's embrace. Her red lips were blocked, and he kissed her.

Jian Han used both of her small hands to hold onto the material of his sweater on his chest. He kissed her, and that clean, mesmerizing aura came over. As the discomfort in her chest subsided, she closed her eyes as she allowed him to kiss her for a moment.

“Are you feeling a little better?” he asked.

“Yeah.” She nodded her head.

After that, he did not use the chopsticks to feed her anymore. He bit some noodles in his mouth before feeding it into her mouth, and he waited until she swallowed it and didn't want to vomit anymore before leaving.

Jian Han lazily lay back on the headboard of the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not open her eyes. She was in a blurry state as she allowed him to kiss her while he fed her. When she opened her eyes again, it was already the next morning.

Chapter 446: Zhou Jian Story (5) You Are My Wife

Jian Han's condition started to improve. She started to be able to eat her meals. She would not vomit anymore, and she started to come down from her bed. She drew the curtains open to bask in that eye-straining sunshine.

In a half month's time, her body started to recuperate very well. The young fella had recovered once again in her belly, but she was unable to recover her memories. She still forgot many things and many people.

There was a day, Zhou Dayuan came to the psychological clinic after he was done with his meetings. Jian Han was in the office attending to her patient. He sat on the sofa outside to wait for her.

He felt sleepy and closed his eyes before he fell asleep.

The beautiful Xiao Li who worked in the reception noticed that he fell asleep. She took a blanket over, and gently put it over him.

Xiao Li bent her waist down and went close to his face.

She recognized him. Zhou Dayuan, the genius in the medical world. He'd been back in the country since moving from England a year ago. It was probably more convenient for him to take care of that woman in the office. He rarely did operations anymore, and he would only appear for complicated, high-profile cases, and he would personally perform the surgery.

He looked really handsome. His features were slimmer compared to two months ago, but it made his defined features look more outstanding. His brows touched his hairline. His nose was tall like a mountain. His thin, maroon lips had a good looking arc to them, and it looked extremely sexy on the man.

He was probably exhausted. He was tired out from this period of time. He had dark bags below his eyes. When he slept, he was unlike other men who snored. His breathing was light, and his long, curly lashes were like brushes, looking refined and posh.

He was dressed in a thin dark blue coat today. The coat had three buttons, and it exposed the white shirt that he wore underneath. He matched it with a pair of black trousers. As he slept, his long legs were crossed over one another. From the side, his trousers had a cold and slim cut. He had a pair of handmade black leather shoes on his feet together with a pair of black cotton socks.

This was a man who had good taste in life. He was just like a premium piece of jade. He was handsome and warm; that made women mesmerized with his glow.

Xiao Li felt her heartbeat accelerate as she placed the blanket over his broad shoulders.

She wanted to retract her hand, but the man was awoken and shocked. "Wife..." He stretched his hand out to hold her wrist.

Xiao Li froze and looked at Zhou Dayuan in a daze as she stuttered, "Zhou... Doctor Zhou..."

Zhou Dayuan noticed that he recognized the wrong person. He let go of Xiao Li's hands quickly and moved his thin lips, with his voice being deep and charming but yet warm as he said, "Sorry, I thought you were my wife."

Xiao Li straightened her body up and took two steps back. "No, its fine."

Her face was already very red.

Her hand that was held by him still had his body heat on it. It was clean and warm. He did not have any calluses on his hand. It was the standard hand of a good doctor. His fingers were long and beautiful.

The man stood up and placed his left hand in his pockets. He had a glance at the office before he turned back and had a look at Xiao Li. "Is Doctor Jian still in the office?"

"Yeah, yeah." Xiao Li nodded her head quickly. The young lady in her 20s had just graduated from university. She looked pretty and had a sweet voice. "This is the last patient. He might be a little problematic. Doctor Jian will spend more time with him."

Zhou Dayuan nodded his head as he listened. He suddenly thought of something as he said, "Does Doctor Jian remember every patient that she has?"

Actually, when he opened this psychological clinic for her, he did not expect her to perform well. To be honest, in the field of medicine, he was not too interested in her skills, and he only wanted her to be happy.

The biggest hope in his life, his only hope, was that she would give him a home, and he would earn money to support the family. For the rest of his life, he would accompany her to do all of the things that she found happiness in.

But he suddenly thought of a problem just now. Those patients under her care would not get well with one visit; they needed repeated therapy sessions. Recovery was a long process, and there was a problem. Jian Han forgot people and things now. Could she still remember every patient of hers?

Xiao Li nodded her head. "She does. Doctor Jian remembers every patient that she treats. When the patient visits for the second time, Doctor Jian doesn't need to go through the documents to know their medical history."

Zhou Dayuan was taken aback. After he digested his shock, he curled the corners of his lips slowly and he had a big discovery.

"Give me a patient record log," he said to Xiao Li.

Xiao Li froze before she nodded her head hurriedly. She ran to the reception desk and took out a patient record log and a pen and handed it over to him. "Doctor Zhou, this is for you."

Zhou Dayuan used his right hand to hold the pen, and he started to write.

Xiao Li looked at the man's words. His words were just like his being. His words were strong and a little cursive, and it looked very good.

Xiao Li took another peek at his right hand. The way he held the pen was really proper. His bones were defined and pure, and his hand was made to hold pens.

There was a wedding ring on the ring finger of his right hand. It was a classic design, with a small sparkling diamond embedded in the middle. It was luxurious but low key at the same time.

Xiao Li's face was crimson red. All she could hear ringing in her ears was his voice saying, "Wifey." She really could not imagine what a man like him would do to pamper his wife.

His wife must be so blissful.

The last patient left, and Jian Han started to organize her documents. Knock knock. The sound of someone knocking on the door rang out in the air. Her assistant Xiao Ping took a patient record log as she handed it over. "Doctor Jian, I am afraid that you are unable to leave work now. There is one more patient. His situation is...urgent. Doctor Jian should have a look at him."

"Sure." Jian Han took the patient record log and had a look. She pointed at the beautiful cursive words as she softly read out, "My wife is missing. I would treat every woman as my wife."

Jian Han could not help but be taken aback. She found it funny in her heart. What kind of weird sickness was this? It was still her first time coming across such an illness.

But she could understand. Some men would lose their wives in an accident. They would have a long period of time that they would be unable to accept the fact, and they would start to look for the shadow of their beloved wives in other women.

Jian Han thought inside her heart. This was also such a loving man.

As she pondered, the door of her office was pushed open. A clear and crisp scent wafted in. She lifted her gaze to have a look; this man was so handsome.

Zhou Dayuan walked over.

He walked over to the sofa in the office as he sat down. He crossed his right leg over his left as he sat elegantly. He turned his gaze to look at Jian Han. He had a smile on his face as he asked, "Doctor Jian, can we start now?"

"Oh, sure." Jian Han waved her hand to ask Xiao Ping to leave.

The door of the office was closed, and Jian Han placed both of her small hands together on the table. She had a gentle and harmless smile as she said, "Sir, how can I address you?"

Zhou Dayuan looked at her. His voice was clear and warm as he spat out a few words. "Zhou Dayuan; you will remember it this time, right?"

Jian Han froze. She did not understand what he meant at the end. She had a laugh as she said, "Mr. Zhou? Okay then, relax. Let's start chatting."

"Okay..." Zhou Dayuan lifted his eyebrows up. He leaned his body lazily on the sofa. With one of his long muscular arms placed on the back of the sofa, he squinted his eyes as he looked at her. "Sure."

Jian Han was a psychologist. She was well versed with body language and expressions of others. This man, he opened his left shoulder up and placed it on the sofa as he faced her direction. His actions were very...mocking.

Was he a good man who was deeply in love?

No!

Jian Han erased the first impression that she had of him.

"Mr. Zhou, let us talk about your wife first. What kind of person is your wife? She..."

"My wife is you." Zhou Dayuan interrupted her.

Jian Han froze in a second: "..."

She was his wife?

He must be dreaming.

He must be really sick.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her dazed expression. Over this period of half a month's time, her health took a good turn. Her almond-shaped face that was small and pitiful was already pinkish and supple. After he took care of her, her eyes were beautiful, and she looked so pure.

This was his first time seeing her work. He did not know why, but he only felt like laughing. How proficient was she? She wanted to chat with him?

Look, just one sentence from him was able to make her freeze.

Tiny thing.

Zhou Dayuan felt that there was something wrong with his body. He scanned her body. Her beautiful, lithe figure was below her white coat. All men were bad. They would have a reaction when they saw women in this type of clothing. He closed his eyes as he swallowed his saliva. Ever since she was pregnant, he has not done it.

It was too hard to get through the days.

He counted that she was almost seven months pregnant. If he did not want it now, then he would not be able to do anymore. The last three months of pregnancy also did not allow him to do such things.

Jian Han did not know what the man was thinking. She only felt her small face turn a little hot. She coughed lightly and continued to smile and say, "Mr. Zhou, you must be joking. My name is Jian Han. I am not your wife. Of course, you could tell me all about your beautiful first times that you had together with your wife. For example..."

She had yet to finish speaking. The man stood up from the sofa. He walked towards her. Because of their height difference, Jian Han, who was seated, unintentionally scanned the zipper of his trousers. His waist was tight, and the cut of the trousers accentuated his perfect figure. Every step he took, the area of the zipper of the trousers would have creases, and it looked especially mesmerizing.

Jian Han channelled her gaze elsewhere. She was done for. She did not know where else to look.

As she was in a daze, a long, white palm came onto her desk. He placed another hand on the back of her chair. His deep and charming voice rang out above her head, and he smiled and said, "Do you want to know about our first time?"

Jian Han swore that her first time must have been pure, but his first time...

He did not wait for her to speak. The tall, long-legged man pressed over. "The first time we held hands was in the library. The first time we kissed was when we were on the way to head back to the dorm from the library. I pressed you against the tree. As for our first time..."

"Enough, don't say anymore." Jian Han felt her ears burn. She stretched her hand to push him away. She took her pen as she wrote, "You have to take medication for your illness. I will write a prescription for you on the patient record log."

She just wrote a few words. Her small hand was held, and her entire being was held up from the office chair as he headed out of the door.

Jian Han was shocked. "You, what are you doing? Let go!"

The man in front did not turn his head back. There was satisfaction in his voice as it expressed the joyous feeling that he had at the moment. "Didn't you say that I had to take medication? You are my medication. I will go back and take...you."

Jian Han: "..."

"Mr. Zhou, I will say it another time! Please let go of me now. What you are doing right now is harassment. It has seriously threatened my personal safety. I can totally call the cops to catch..."

She had yet to say the word “you” and crashed into the man’s embrace in a bang. This was the reason was that he had stopped in his tracks suddenly, and she was unable to duck in time.

Her small jaw was lifted up by his two fingers. “Doctor Jian, I said you are my wife, but you didn’t believe me. Do you dare to go home with me to have a look to see whether you are actually my wife or not? Don’t you want to cure me? Let’s talk honestly; do you dare or not?”

Chapter 447: Zhou Jian Story (6) Zhou Dayuan, She Said His Name

Jian Han’s gentle little face turned away to fan away the steam. She did not know if her jaw was electrocuted by his brushing, or was it his gentle expression on his face when he said the word “Wifey?”

She stretched her small hand out to pat his large hand away. She lifted her head up bravely as she glared at him. “I dare. Why would I not dare!?”

...

Jian Han followed Zhou Dayuan out of the lift, and she walked towards the door of the condominium unit.

She stood up straight. He held the keys with two fingers. He was opening the door, and Jian Han took a small step back. She suddenly changed her mind, and she did not want to go home with him.

She turned around to run.

But she was unable to run away as a large hand came around her round belly. Her entire body was hugged by him from behind. A voice rang out in her ears clearly. “You want to run away? You are already at the door right now, and you think I would let you run away?”

Jian Han let out a scream. She did not shriek, but she curled the corners of her lips up into a smile as she sounded a little coy. “Oi, patient Zhou Dayuan, you are attempting to kidnap a doctor right now. It is against the law to do that.”

Zhou Dayuan half pushed and hugged her into the condominium unit. He opened his mouth as he bit her small snow-white earlobe. “Am I kidnapping? Listen to your shouts... Little kitten, you are in the heat right now.”

Jian Han’s entire face was crimson red. He...he, he. What did he say?

Was he not ashamed?

She was about to struggle out of his embrace. Bad person — she did not want to play with him anymore.

But the bad person behind her let go of her first. He took a step forward and took a pair of pink slippers from the shoe rack before he kneeled down slowly, "Come and change into your shoes."

Jian Han lowered her gaze to look at the man who was kneeling down, and she froze in an instant.

At this moment, her right foot was wrapped in his palm. She wore a pair of flat white exercise shoes. He was experienced as he undid her shoelaces. He removed her shoes before finally placing her small feet into a fluffy warm slipper gently.

He helped her change into slippers, and he changed his shoes himself. He stretched his arm out to cup her small shoulders as he brought her into the living room.

The bright ceiling lights in the living room were switched on by him. He gently said, "If you want to go watch TV, go and watch for a while. If you don't want to, eat some fruit. I will go make dinner. Don't run away. If there's anything, just call me."

He kissed her forehead before walking towards the kitchen.

Jian Han froze on the spot for a moment. She was in a blur as she looked around the condominium unit. It looked very alien, but there was a very familiar feeling inside her heart at the same time.

She cast her gaze down to look at the slippers that she had on her feet. She had a scene play out in her mind. The lights in the living room were not switched on, and there was a yellow lamp in the entrance of the house that was on. The rays of the light illuminated his body as he bent down and helped her to change out of her shoes.

There was some movement in the kitchen. She walked over and sneakily stretched her small head out to look at him. He lifted his hands to undo the dark blue coat he was wearing in the living room just now, so he was dressed in a thin white shirt. His figure was tall and lengthy as he stood at the side of the sink, and he was washing some vegetables.

Jian Han did not know what her heart was feeling right now. She felt her heart was very very painful, and she felt bad for him.

At this moment, Zhou Dayuan looked over. He curled up the corners of his lips. "What are you frozen there for? Looking at me? If you are looking at me, come over."

He waved his hand over at her.

"Oh." Jian Han nodded her head and lifted her heels to head towards him.

As she reached his side, he stretched his long arm out and directly held her in front of him. He used both of his hands over her two sides to wash the vegetables, and he lazily nudged his firm jaw on her small shoulders. His voice was really gentle, charming and soothing. "Tell me, what is my name?"

Jian Han looked at him pluck the vegetables as he washed them, and she answered naturally. "Patient Zhou Dayuan."

Zhou Dayuan broke out into laughter, and he went near to her exquisite face as he kissed her with strength. "Wifey is amazing!"

After he kissed her, Jian Han quickly used her elbow to push his sculpted waist. "What are you doing? Why do you keep touching me here and there?" she said with a displeased tone.

After she spoke, a painful grunt came from behind her.

Jian Han was shocked. She turned her body around to look at him. "Oi, Zhou Dayuan, I didn't use any strength just now. Did you get injured?"

She touched his waist with both small hands.

There was merry laughter ringing out from above her head. "We are even now."

"What?" Jian Han lifted her head, and her almond shaped eyes were full of confusion.

Zhou Dayuan squinted his eyes. There was pamper and teasing on his face. "I touch you here and there, and you are also touching me here and there. Aren't we even now?"

Jian Han looked at her hands that were still on his waist: "...". She quickly kneaded her hands into a small fist and hit him. "Oi, Zhou Dayuan, you are going back on your word."

This man was totally a cunning fox.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her small face. Because she was angry, her exquisite cheeks were puffed up, her large eyes that were clearly defined were both complaining and coy as she looked at him, and she looked vibrant.

"Okay, I went back on my word, but you also hit me already, so you should not be angry anymore." He turned her small body again, and he hugged her as he continued to wash the vegetables.

Jian Han was still huffing and muttering with anger. This man would tease her when he pleased, and he totally treated her like a small child.

He was totally insulting her intelligence.

She fluttered her long, thin, fan-like eyelashes as she wanted to speak. At this moment, there was a mangosteen in the man's right hand. His thin lips unintentionally brushed against her tender neck as he asked, "Do you want to eat it?"

Jian Han shrunk her shoulders without noticing. He stopped washing the vegetables. He circled both of his hands around her shoulders and came near. The healthy masculine scent on his body wafted and invaded all of her senses, and her thighs went soft.

She snuck a peek at the mangosteen. This seemed to be something that she liked to eat.

"Yeah." She nodded her head a little shyly.

After that, the man's clean hands efficiently peeled the purple outer peel of the mangosteen and exposed the fresh and tantalizing white meat inside. He used two fingers to pinch a piece of the fruit as he placed it by her lips.

"Eat it then."

"Oh, thank you." She opened her mouth to eat it.

“Does it taste good?” he asked.

“Yeah, it tastes good.” She probably liked to eat mangosteens. The sweetness of the mangosteen was mixed together with sourness. It was refreshing and cooling, and it was very appropriate for the taste she had as a pregnant woman.

She ate a piece, and her mouth began to water.

“Do you still want more?”

“Yeah!” She nodded her head forcefully. Her beautiful almond-shaped eyes pinned the mangosteens in his hands firmly, and she waited for him to feed her.

The man behind her did not do so for a long time. He placed himself on her small, snow-white earlobes as he spoke softly. His voice was a little hoarse as he said, “My fingers are dirty now. Lick them clean first.”

Jian Han’s small face was crimson red. All of the blood flowing in her body was going in the opposite direction. He...

He really looked like a refined gentleman on the outside, and she really did not expect that he was so...shameless on the inside.

“I am not eating more. Let go.” She used strength as she struggled to get out of his embrace. She glared at him fiercely and covered her small face as she ran out.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her shy and beautiful back profile. He curled the corners of his lips up slowly and laughed out casually as he said, “The mangosteens and other fruits are all in the living room. Eat them by yourself.”

Jian Han looked at the fruit platter placed on the coffee table in the living room. This man was doing it on purpose!

...

Jian Han ate a single mangosteen, then stopped eating. After she got pregnant, her appetite did not grow. This type of cold fruit, she was fine eating one to fulfil her cravings, and she would be satisfied enough.

Actually her character was very obedient.

She sat in the living room to watch TV for a while. When she was deeply engrossed, the part of the sofa by her side sunk in. Zhou Dayuan came, and he held an exquisite blue and white porcelain bowl in his hands. The bowl was filled with soup.

“Watch TV a while later; drink some soup first.”

Jian Han cast her gaze downwards to have a look. She lifted her eyebrows up and said, “There is meat. I don’t want to drink it.”

After she got pregnant, she did not like to look at meat at all, and don’t even mention eating it!

At this moment, the remote control in her hands was snatched away. She was watching an exciting scene on the screen as the TV screen buzzed and turned dark. He switched the TV off.

He curled one of his long arms over the small bump on her stomach, and he easily carried her to sit on his thighs. "Be good. Drink a little meat soup. You cannot be too picky with food. You must get a balanced diet. If you don't eat, our son will go hungry."

Jian Han's anger inside her heart erupted in a moment. Couldn't she just watch TV in peace?

Her two slim beautiful legs were swinging in mid air unhappily. She took her small fist up as she hit his handsome shoulders. Her small, cherry-like lips were pouted obviously, and she looked at him while she coyly complained, "I won't eat. I won't eat. I just want to watch TV... You are not even treating me well. I don't want to like you anymore..."

He pampered her completely during this period of time. She was not wronged for even a single bit, and now, as she complained and went on and on, her beautiful and gentle almond-shaped face was stained with two trails of pearls.

She also did not really want to cry, but she just started to tear up.

Zhou Dayuan was clearly at a loss. He placed the blue and white porcelain bowl on the coffee table in front of him. He hugged her as he kissed and coaxed her. "Wifey, don't cry anymore, okay? The moment you cry, Hubby's heart hurts so much... I asked you to drink soup because it was for the good of you and the baby in your stomach. Hubby brewed this meat soup personally, and he put some broad peas inside... Just have a few mouthfuls of soup. You don't have to eat the meat. Be good, Wifey..."

He stretched his thumb out to wipe the tears on her face. He bent down to kiss her small face meticulously.

The woman was really coy. Her two small white hands were tugging the material of his sweater in front of his chest. Her body was weak and frail. She sat in his embrace and really seemed like a small girl. She was still fumbling around feeling unhappy. Her slim and beautiful thighs were covered by a pair of dark grey tights. Every time she moved, she kicked his expensive trousers, and she left creases behind on his trousers.

The bright light shone on them as they hugged each other tight. Her beautiful moist eyes had tears in them. She looked like a coy daughter. He was in extreme pain and hugged her in his embrace as he coaxed her. He hated that he could not give all of his gentleness all to her.

Jian Han slowly stopped crying. She was nested in his embrace, half because she became obedient after he comforted her, and half because her body was exhausted.

Her head was in a blur. She stretched both of her hands out as she hugged the man's neck. "Zhou Dayuan..." She muttered his name lovingly and softly.

"Yeah, I am here." Zhou Dayuan used his left arm to support her small body, and he allowed her curl up in his embrace comfortably. He held the soup bowl in his right hand and blew the hot steam on it before bringing it close to her lips. "Be good. Have two mouthfuls."

She was still pouting her lips. Her eyes were already so exhausted that she was unable to open them. Her psychological illness this time had exhausted half of her body, and even her mind was partly unclear and only slightly lucid.

There were some times when she could not tell where she was.

“Oh.” She answered him obediently and opened her small mouth to take a small sip at the side of the bowl.

It did not taste good, so she lifted her eyebrows up into a frown.

Zhou Dayuan kissed her elegant nose. It was probably because she was pregnant now; the sweet creamy smell that she had on her body had gotten heavier. He loved to have a whiff of it, and he was obsessed with the scent on her body.

“Wifey, take two more mouthfuls. Take two more mouthfuls for our son.” He coaxed her gently.

The woman was obedient. She nested in his embrace quietly. She opened her mouth and drank soup from his hands. She was not stubborn this time, and she drank the remaining of the soup in the bowl.

Chapter 448: Zhou Jian Story (7) What’s Wrong? You Are Unhappy To See Me

Zhou Dayuan was joyous. He noticed that she was drowsy and about to fall asleep. He shook her lightly while he said, “Wifey, sleep a while later. I will feed you some rice.”

The woman found his neck and buried herself in it. She kissed him softly as she said, “Hubby, I am already full. Can I not eat dinner tonight?”

Zhou Dayuan felt his heart was tender, soft, yet painful. The part that was kissed by her made him feel as if he’d been electrocuted, and the electricity was travelling to all parts of his body.

It was not that he did not have desires. Actually, he had the desire. This feeling was hard to describe. Men are different from women. The way men express their love more boldly and directly — he wanted her.

But he could not. He knew how exhausted she was right now.

“Wifey, be good. I will feed you some rice. A few bites would be good also. You are too skinny right now. You need to grow a little more plump.”

She did not look like a pregnant woman at all. Other than her little stomach, she did not get fat at all. Her appetite was so small; how was she going to share that tiny bit of soup with her son?

He felt very bad for her.

“Hubby, I don’t want anything. I really don’t want to eat anything...” Jian Han hugged his neck, and froze for a moment before she laughed and softly said, “Hubby, do you think, can I really...give birth to the baby...safely? I know as a doctor, my body...”

Giving birth was like a trip to hell and back. With the condition her body was in right now, could she come back safely?

“Shh, don’t say it!” Zhou Dayuan turned sideways and searched for her soft red lips as he kissed her gently. “Don’t say inauspicious things. You are a doctor. Do you think I am not one? Hand the matters regarding the birth over to me. You will be fine. Our family of three will be together with one another forever.”

“Okay.” Jian Han nodded her head. She closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Zhou Dayuan carried her up to let her sit up for a while, then he stood up and carried her downstairs.

He pushed the bedroom door open and placed her on the large, soft bed. He stretched his hand to pull the covers over her, and he saw sparkling tears on her face slowly flow down.

...

The days passed calmly and quietly. Jian Han felt safe. She sat in the psychological clinic everyday. She listened to the patients talk about their lives. She helped them to treat their illnesses, and she was very satisfied. Of course, the most satisfying thing in her life was that she would see that patient Zhou Dayuan every afternoon. The days did not change his warm and gentle appearance.

There was a day when she was about to get off work in the afternoon, but Zhou Dayuan did not come.

He would normally come at this time, but he did not come today.

Jian Han did not get off work. She sat in the office to wait for him, and she waited for half an hour. She felt bored, so she stood up as she wanted to go for a walk outside.

She opened the door of the office and saw her assistant Xiao Ping together with a few nurses. Even Xiao Li from the reception was gathered together with them in a group. They were grouped together with one another as they looked at the LCD television in the main lobby.

Jian Han followed their gazes over to have a look. There was an extremely familiar person that appeared on the LCD screen.

Zhou Dayuan.

He was very different from usual. It was different from his casual style. He was dressed very formally — a white shirt with a red coloured tie, a dark blue striped business vest on the outside, a black premium suit on the outside. As he walked into the bright and sparkling high level meeting, he pinched a folder between two fingers, and there were a group of immaculately dressed talents following behind him.

He walked forward, and there were people that seemed to be from the government who walked over and shook his hand. They chatted with each other softly, and there was a light smile on his handsome face.

There were some journalists that reported, "As everyone has seen, this is the official opening of the Zhou Jian Medical Charity Trust Fund. After today, the Zhou Jian medical organization, the Zhou Jian medical building, and the Zhou Jian Hope Primary School will be opened in succession all over the country. In one year's time, the Zhou Jian medical chain will be covering the entire country."

As she spoke, the journalist's camera pointed towards the man who was under the spotlight as they took pictures of him from all angles. In the end, the camera landed on his warm, handsome face as the journalist introduced him. "Zhou Dayuan. He is 34 years old this year, and he was born on Wall Street in America. He studied at Oxford University, and he is the youngest double PhD holder in the medical sphere. He is in charge of two medical research institutes. He is known as a genius in the medical world. These few years, his medical team has found new key improvements in diabetes and heart disease medication, and it has shocked and wowed the entire medical community."

"It was around half a year ago when he slowly let go of the tasks in the operating theatre and slowly transitioned into the back office. Zhou Dayuan will follow his Zhou Jian Medical Charity throughout the entire country, and Doctor Zhou has turned into the number one person in charge of charity in the medicine in the country."

Jian Han looked at the person in a blur. He...

Was this still him?

He was a doctor?

Wasn't he her patient, Zhou Dayuan?

As Jian Han was in a blur, she heard the sound of chit chatting in her ears. "Wow, is that Doctor Zhou? I always knew that he was Doctor Zhou, but I didn't know that he was that legendary Dr. Zhou."

"That's right, I also did not know that Doctor Zhou was actually the founder of the Zhou Jian Charity Trust Fund, the largest magnate of medical services in the country. I didn't think that such a mighty and powerful person would actually appear by our sides. I don't even dare to believe it."

"That's right." There was a nurse that placed both of her small hands in front of her chest. Her eyes were filled with love as she said, "I didn't think that he would be that Dr. Zhou in the medical world. He looks so handsome. His aura is also extremely warm. Forget about those long legged oppas. Young handsome guys — those people are really weak in comparison with Dr. Zhou."

"Oy, did you hear about it? Actually, Dr Zhou is the only son of the king of wineries, Zhou Heng. After Zhou Heng passed away, other than the Zhou family winery that was handed over to Ning Qing to manage, all of the assets in Zhou Corporation were handed over to Dr. Zhou. He is so wealthy right now."

Everyone was chatting with one another excitedly. At this moment, Jian Han's assistant, Xiao Ping, saw that Xiao Li in charge of the reception did not say a single word throughout. She only knew how to look at the man on the LCD screen as she looked on in a daze.

Xiao Ping pushed Xiao Li for a moment and joked, "Xiao Li, how come you are in a daze as you look at Dr. Zhou? Don't have those thoughts. Zhou Jian Charity Trust Fund, you would know by looking at the name

itself. Others might not know, but we know after these months, Dr. Zhou is so loving and caring towards our Dr Jian. He treats her so precious in his hands, afraid that anyone would harm her.”

“That’s right.” The nurses were mesmerized with him once again. “How is it possible to have such a perfect person on earth? He looks so warm and gentle and is so loyal in his life. Dr Jian must be so blissful.”

Xiao Li’s young and beautiful tiny face was crimson red. She turned around to come to the reception counter. She pretended to organize her documents as she said, “Don’t speak nonsense. I don’t have that intention... Furthermore, he is such a perfect man. Even if I admire and have some feelings for him. It is totally normal.”

“Admiration is admiration, but you better not cross the line. Dr. Zhou has a wife. He always wears his wedding ring.”

Xiao Li laughed and joked, “So what if he has a wife? He could get divorced. How many men on this earth do not like to have something fresh and new? Doctor Jian is pregnant now. This would be the easiest time to get into an affair. The richer and more powerful a man is, the more likely it is that he would look for younger and prettier girls.”

Jian Han did not know what Xiao Li continued to say, because she drooped her small head and shut the door of the office. She did not want to go out for a walk right now.

She only wanted to be alone.

...

Jian Han stayed in the office for another half an hour. She removed her shoes, and she curled her entire body up onto the sofa. There was a packet of cucumber flavoured chips on the coffee table, and she opened it to have a taste.

At this moment, there was the sound of steady footsteps outside the door. Although the footsteps were soft, her hearing was sharp; she heard it from the moment he walked in.

Zhou Dayuan was here.

The corners of her beautiful lips were curled up in an arc, and she moved her body to step onto the floor.

“Dr. Zhou.” Xiao Li was speaking, and her voice was passionate and sweet.

“Yeah.” That man was warm as he answered her.

The arc on the corners of Jian Han’s lips disappeared. Her figure was curled up lazily, and she did not want to move anymore. She used her small white fingers to pinch the chips, and she put it in her mouth to chew.

The door of the office was pushed open. A cool, clean, crisp air came in. She saw his sparkling black leather shoes by the side of the door in her peripheral vision. Above were his black trousers. It was cold outside. He wore a black coat. There was a heater in the office. As he came in, he lifted his hand to remove the coat that he was wearing.

Her assistant, Xiao Ping, was standing by his side. She stretched her hand out to receive the coat. "Dr. Zhou, let me have it."

Zhou Dayuan did not look at Xiao Ping. His gentle gaze fixed on the small woman curled up on the sofa as she ate her chips. "There is no need for that. You can leave now."

He said it plainly and he threw his coat on the other end of the sofa.

Xiao Ping's excited gaze fell on the man's handsome back profile, but she knew Dr. Zhou wanted to spend some time alone with his wife, so she retreated out of the room.

The door of the office was closed.

Zhou Dayuan had a glance at the chips on the coffee table, and he turned his gaze sideways to look at the meal tray on the book shelf. He would prepare afternoon tea for her everyday, but the bread and milk on the meal tray was not touched at all.

"Why are you eating chips? Chips do not have any nutrition in them. Don't have too much of them, we will go home after this. Leave some room for dinner."

Hearing him speak, Jian Han lifted her head to look at him. He stood tall and mighty by her side. He lifted his long, beautiful right hand and undid the buttons of his suit. As he removed his suit, it exposed his dark-blue striped business vest. He had a sculptured figure. His legs were long and straight. He looked like a model who walked for fashion week just by standing there.

His white shirt wrapped around his wrist. There was a diamond button on the wrist, and it was shimmering brightly under the light.

He was a clean and exquisite man from head to toe.

She drooped her small head down.

Zhou Dayuan noticed that she was being moody without saying a single word. He lifted his heels to walk over, bent down in front of her, and stretched his hand out to caress her silk-like hair. He gently asked, "What's wrong? You are not happy to see me here?"

"No." She answered softly as she stretched her hand out to take more chips while she chewed the chips.

But she was unable to reach for more.

She lifted her head to look. The bag of chips on the coffee table was moved away from her. With her slim arms, she was unable to reach for them.

Forget it, she would not eat them then.

She could not taste much flavour in them anyway.

She moved and used both of her slim arms to hug herself tight. She placed her small jaw onto her knees, and she was in a quiet daze.

Zhou Dayuan's warm, dark eyes were almost on the brink of tears as he looked at her. Seven years ago, when he was in prison, she hid in her rental flat as she cried for him. When she went to that judge's

home, during the time she kneeled before the doors of his house on that rainy day, during the time she used her hand to dig the mud that was stained with her parent's blood on that cliff, during the time she had a psychological illness during that two to three years, was she also like that — quiet and helpless?

Chapter 449: Zhou Jian Story (8) Why Do You Say It As If I Have Stolen It

Zhou Dayuan did not know how he was supposed to love her right now.

Because he felt that no matter how much he loved her, it was still not enough.

Zhou Dayuan went closer to her. His right hand weaved through her silky hair. During this period of time, she was able to eat again. Her hair did not fall out as much, but her thick and luscious dark hair had been reduced by quite a lot. His palm was empty as he held her hair, just like her frail and slim body.

He nudged his nose on her small elegant nose. He nudged her gently. "Babe, what is wrong, exactly? Tell me. My heart really hurts so much seeing you like this. I am almost unable to catch my breath with the amount of pain."

Jian Han lifted her small head up and looked at his handsome face that was magnified a few times in front of her now. She slowly stretched her small hand out and caressed his side profile.

In a blur, she asked, "Are you a doctor? Today, I happened to see you on TV."

Zhou Dayuan held her small hand and placed his side profile in the centre of her small, soft palm. He nudged her mesmerizingly. "Yeah, I am a doctor." He smiled warmly as he said, "I seem to be really proficient."

Jian Han broke out into laughter with his last line, and she curled the corners of her lips as she said, "Then why are you here to seek medical advice?"

"This dilemma; I am here to look for my wife."

"But your wife is not here."

Zhou Dayuan looked at her beautiful almond-shaped eyes. He brought his thumb to her red lips. He brushed her lightly, with his gaze shining bright. "You said that my wife is not here. It doesn't mean that she is not here. You are my wife."

Jian Han could not hear what he was saying clearly. Her focus was all on his thumb. He touched her lips, then he came closer, inch by inch, wanting to kiss her.

As he was about to kiss her, Jian Han stretched her small hands out to quickly push him away. "Don't do that!"

The sofa was broad and soft. She lay down and rolled into the sofa.

Not allowing him to kiss her.

Zhou Dayuan heartily laughed out loud with his deep voice, and his laughter was full of pamper and love.

Jian Han felt her small face was burning more and more. She used her small hand to touch, and felt a patient medical record log, and she coughed to clear her throat before pretending to be serious as she looked at it.

She merely took a few glances, and the man came. He sat beside her, and curled up his right arm over her waist. His long white hand naturally covered over the bump on her small stomach, and it went back and forth as he brushed her.

Jian Han used her elbow to push him. "You cannot look. These are the patients' medical records. They are to be kept confidential."

Zhou Dayuan scanned the documents briefly and said, "This patient was involved in a car accident a few years ago. His thighs would hurt every night, and he also lost his abilities as a man. This has led him to engage in domestic abuse... He came to look for you to take a look at his psychological illness. Why doesn't he go to the hospital to check his body first?"

"He went to have a look already, but the doctor said there were no problems, and he had to treat his psychological illness first."

Zhou Dayuan laughed softly. His handsome back was lazily leaned back on the sofa. His left shoulder was nested behind his own head. He lifted his eyelids as he looked at her gently. "What illness are you examining him for? You don't even know whether it's his body or mind that is ill. Let him go to another hospital to take a look, and look at his thighs before looking at his manly abilities. Only after that's failed should he come to you."

Jian Han understood what he was trying to bring across. Her eyes lit up, and she turned her head to look at him. "Are you trying to say that all of these symptoms appeared because of his thighs? He has a cure?"

Zhou Dayuan pinned her small shoulders as he used some force and allowed her to perch on his chest softly. He lowered his gaze to kiss her hair. He squinted his eyes as he snorted and casually said, "Yeah."

"That's great news..." Jian Han broke out into a bright smile like a flower in full bloom. Her small white hand was placed on his chest as she lifted her body up slightly using his chest as support. She looked at his warm and handsome face as she said, "This patient, he went to many big hospitals. The quacks there all said that he needed to see a psychologist. Haha. Since you said that there was a cure for him, and you seem to be really proficient, why not? Why don't you take a look at him then."

Her eyebrows were arched, and she looked at him trying to gain his favour. Zhou Dayuan stretched his hand to pinch her small face. Little babe. Did she know how busy he was recently? Those professors and rich elites all spent a huge sum and invited him over. He did not have any time at all, and now, he needed to help her with her patients in this clinic of hers?

"Aren't you even better than me?" Zhou Dayuan squinted his eyes lazily. His tone was together with a touch of teasing and pamper as he joked with her. "You are my doctor. The first day when you examined me, how did you say it? You said, Mr. Zhou, relax, we can start chatting first..."

“Ah, don’t say it!” Jian Han stretched her small hand out quickly to block his mouth. He was not allowed to say it. He was not allowed to say it! At that time, she still did not know that he was such a pro, and thinking about it now, she was totally showing off her mediocre skills in front of a master. It was so embarrassing to think of it now.

Zhou Dayuan stopped talking, and he stared at her as he looked at her pink lips that were pouted up because she was acting coy.

His gaze suddenly changed. It became hot and bright. He stared at her lips, and that gaze went up to look at her large, innocent eyes.

Jian Han took her small hand back just as if she’d been electrocuted, and her almond-shaped eyes looked elsewhere awkwardly.

At this moment, he hugged her a little tighter before softly saying, “That patient’s thighs are actually easy to cure. There is a tuina method. You try it on my thighs. I will teach you.”

“Can I do it?” Jian Han was curious, and she fluttered her long, thin, fan-like eyelashes as she looked at him doubtfully.

“Of course you can.” His voice had already become hoarse.

Jian Han sat upright. She knelt down on the soft sofa and used both of her hands to touch his left thigh as she kneaded it lightly. “Is it like that?”

Zhou Dayuan had a frown on his face. He stretched his tongue out to lick his dry lips and use his gaze to look at her greedily. She cast her small head downwards, and he could only see the gentle and beautiful lines on her face. She was pregnant, and her skin had seemed to have gotten even more supple. With the lights illuminating her, she had a white and mesmerizing glow.

“Yeah, go a little more upwards,” he grunted.

Jian Han followed his instructions as she kneaded towards the top. When she went further upwards, she realized that something was amiss. The black luxurious trousers wrapped on his tight waist, and there was a spot that was upright around the zipper of the pants with a large radius, and it was very obvious.

Jian Han felt all of the blood in her body rush towards her brain with a bang. She took her hand back quickly and looked at him with disbelief and silliness in her expression. “You, you...”

Was there someone else on this earth who could be more shameless than him?

Zhou Dayuan could not take the pure expression in her eyes at that moment. His warm eyes turned red, and he lifted his strong eyebrows up. His eyes had the careless vibe of a mature man in them as he said, “Am I the silly one, or are you the silly one instead? Would I allow you to knead another man’s thighs? Don’t even think of it even when I am dead.”

Jian Han did not know what to say at all. Her entire being was very lost. Her small face could not stop radiating heat. She was very hot.

“Come over.” He leaned back on the sofa lazily as he stretched his right hand towards her.

Jian Han did not move, and she did not dare move.

He stretched his long arm over but held her small hand. He used a little bit of strength, and her entire being was perched on his chest.

He protected her, and did not allow her to crash into him, but her small face still crashed into the diamond encrusted brooch on his business vest as usual. The man was cold and harsh had a mesmerizing scent, and it made her tremble.

“Don’t do it, you have a wife?” She pushed him away.

Zhou Dayuan swallowed his saliva. He lightly touched her small face with his right hand. It was really smooth. “Not bad. You still know what I want to do.”

Jian Han tried to come up, but she was unable to do so. His right hand weaved through the back of her head as he pressed her forcefully, and he kissed her directly.

Jian Han was panting. She used her small hand that she placed on his chest as she scratched him recklessly. She only scratched a button, and she was on the brink of tears as she choked up, but he took the opportunity to come in with his tongue.

Her entire face was steamed red, and even her elegant nose bridge had a few beads of sweat, like the dew on the petals of the rose.

Her small hand that she actually wanted to push him away with curled up slowly. She held him tight. There was a feeling inside her heart that was about to explode. She bit him lightly as she responded to him shyly while still taking the initiative.

Both of them flipped their bodies around. He did not dare to press her and only dared to use his palms to hold her in mid air. “Jian Han, tell me; who am I?”

Jian Han closed her eyes in a blur. She tried hard to bury her small face into the sofa as she did not dare to look at him. Some strands of her dark silky hair were stuck on her small face. Her top was half open, and it stuck onto her collarbones. She bit her lower lip as she answered, “Patient Zhou Dayuan.”

“Not a patient, “Zhou Dayuan bent his body down to kiss her. “I am a man. I am your man, Zhou Dayuan. Be good. Say it once for me to hear.”

Jian Han did not stop shaking her head as she said, “No, you have a wife. We cannot be doing this...”

“How many times have I said it? How come you didn’t remember it till now? You are my wife.” He used some strength in his hands on her body. “Be good. Say it once for me to hear. If you don’t say it, you will be uncomfortable. If you say it, I will let you be comfortable.”

Jian Han used both of her hands to hug his neck. She was very uncomfortable like a small kitten as she clung onto his body. “Woo... Man. Man. Zhou Dayuan..”

After her words, her red lips were kissed deeply by him.

She was in a blur as she pushed him. “You, you don’t hurt my baby...”

Her small face was held in his palm. "How come you are saying it as if I am stealing something? Wifey, Wifey, your baby is the seed that I have given you. Could I hurt him then?"

...

After half an hour, Jian Han nested herself on the sofa and fell asleep. There was a warm blanket covering her body. Her entire small figure was tucked inside, and only her small face was left outside.

Zhou Dayuan opened a crack of the window and let the scent in the office dissipate. He lay by the side of the window as he lit a cigarette, and he took two puffs.

Knock knock knock. The sound of someone knocking on the door rang out in the air. The door of the office was pushed open directly. Xiao Li rushed in with her eyes full of moisture. "Dr. Zhou..."

"Xiao Li." Her assistant Xiao Ping pulled Xiao Li from behind, but she was unable to hold her back. She was extremely sorry as she looked at the man beside the window, "Dr. Zhou, I tried to stop her, but..."

Zhou Dayuan took a puff of smoke, and he lifted his head up to slowly blow it out. He squinted his eyes as he looked at Xiao Ping. "You go."

"Yes, sir." Xiao Ping closed the door behind her.

Xiao Li took two steps forward, and she was very emotional. The makeup on her small beautiful face was all smeared. She was a beauty who was stained with tears, and she looked pitiful. "Dr. Zhou, why did you have to terminate..."

She had yet to say the word "me," and saw an expression that the man had in his eyes as he looked at her. His gaze could not be considered to be very sharp. The man was originally considered to be warm like a piece of jade, but his gaze was definitely icy cold. It was so cold that it pierced through her bones and made her tremble from the chill.

"If there is anything that you want to say, say it softly. If you are too emotional, go out then." The man lifted his thin lips. His low and charming voice did not have any touch of warmth in it at all.

Xiao Li looked in the direction that his gaze was cast in, and it was only then that she saw Jian Han who was lying down on the sofa. She had a blanket covered over her, and she could not see her clearly, but that small face seemed as if she'd been soaked in honey, blushing yet coy and attractive.

There was Jian Han's coat, sweater, safety shorts...all placed on the other end of the sofa/ The woman's clothes were beside the man's black coat, business vest...

Chapter 450: Zhou Jian Story (9) Stretched Both Of Her Hands To Hold Him Tight

Xiao Li was shocked as she looked at the man slowly. The lights in the room were all dimmed to the darkest. This window was far off, and it made the room seem darker. The man was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers as he stood by the side of the window. The cold wind blew in from outside, and it made his shirt puffy as it blew.

He did not feel cold at all. He placed his left hand in his pocket and used two fingers on his right hand to pinch a cigarette as he leaned on the window. Three buttons were undone lazily on his shirt, exposing his healthy skin tone. He had a frown on his face as he smoked, and he lifted his head to spit the smoke out. As he lifted his head, the man's exquisite and sexy Adam's apple and collarbones were extremely defined. He had a deep line on his forehead, and she did not know if it was because he was still not satisfied.

Xiao Li froze on the spot at that moment. She never thought that she would be able to see the man behaving like this. He was lazy as he looked rogue and masculine.

Her small face was red and white. Her face was pale because she was crying earlier, and her face was red because she looked at him behaving like this, and she was smitten with him.

The man smoked after doing the deed. His posture was as strong as alcohol, and it made her face and ears turn red.

As she was in a daze, the man's gaze came over casually. "I dismissed you, you are here to ask me the reason why? What is there to ask? I have given two months pay to you. You can pursue your interests."

He was probably afraid that he would wake that woman, so he lowered his volume to some extent. No matter how cold his words were, as he spoke, they were still extremely warm and charming. Xiao Li listened on and felt her legs crumble. She gritted her teeth as she asked, "But Dr. Zhou, you still have to give me a reason for terminating me."

Zhou Dayuan took a puff of smoke. He lowered his gaze to spit it out. He slowly put on a smile on his lips. His dark, sparkling eyes were pinned on her face as he said, "Then why don't you give me a reason for not terminating you."

Xiao Li felt her face burn. He had long seen through her plans.

She was not firm in her work. He dismissed her. She was unwilling to be dismissed, and it was still because she had intentions that she should not have had for him.

"Dr. Zhou, if you are dismissing me because I like you, isn't that being too overboard? The girls that have feelings for you can queue up all the way to the Yellow River in the River South. Do you have to get rid of all of them also?"

Zhou Dayuan was silent for a few seconds. He took two final puffs of the cigarette before he moved his long legs. He bent his waist down to stub the cigarette in the ashtray on the table. "At least I can guarantee that those people would not appear before my wife, and she would not be affected by them. As for whether I am going overboard or not, you are bossing me right now. Who is the boss then? Get out, and close the door behind you. Thank you."

Xiao Li looked at the man's handsome back profile. She didn't think that this man who was warm on the outside was so cruel in his bones.

He had already walked to the woman's side. He slowly bent his body down. Xiao Li did not know what he was looking at. Throughout these years, couples who were married for half a year, their feelings would be long faded, but it was only him that did not get enough of his woman.

Xiao Li took a deep breath. She turned around to leave. She felt that she had given up now.

There was a type of couple on earth; you could tell at first glance that they had deep feelings for one another.

...

Jian Han had always been taken care of exquisitely. When she was eight months pregnant, the man taking care of her could not stand it anymore, and he had a bout of high fever.

Zhou Dayuan was not a person who would fall sick frequently, but once he fell ill, it was akin to a mountain collapsing. He lay on the bed, and his entire body was hot. He was unable to sweat, as if he had been sapped all of his energy.

Jian Han did not go to the clinic. She stood at the side of the bed. As she stretched her small hand out to touch his forehead, she had a frown on her face, and she looked both flustered and shocked. "Yeah, it is so hot, this won't do. I will take you to the hospital."

She came to hug him.

Zhou Dayuan forced himself to open his eyes. His throat was so dry that it hurt. He pinned her slim wrist as he weakly said, "Wifey, be good. You are not allowed to go out of the house. Otherwise, I would not be able to look for you... I don't have to go to the hospital. I took medication and will be fine after I sleep for a while..."

Without him, the moment she went out of the door, she would get lost.

Jian Han noticed that he was very uncomfortable. She also felt bad. "Okay, I won't get out of the house..." She spoke softly. She bent her body down and perched her small head on his chest. She looked very very obedient.

Zhou Dayuan kissed her forehead. When he woke up this morning. He realized that her body was not behaving correctly. He did not think that he would get a high fever so quickly, and he actually wanted to call Ning Qing. Jian Han needed a person to take care of her, but his eyelids were too heavy, and he was in a daze as he wanted to sleep.

"Wifey, be good, Don't move about recklessly... I will recover very quickly... After I am well, I will wake up to make a meal for you... Now you just accompany me here..." he muttered softly as he kissed her and hugged her tight.

Jian Han really stopped moving. She shut her eyes as she accompanied him to sleep, until she heard his even breathing, and she sat upright.

The man's body was too hot. She went into the washroom, took a warm towel, and she put it on his head.

After sitting for awhile, Jian Han still stood up, and she took her bag as she went out the doors of the condominium unit.

...

As she walked on the main streets, Jian Han found a large scale supermarket. She picked a few fruits and vegetables, and she prepared to steam a pear with rock sugar for him in the afternoon, then she would make some plain porridge for him.

Although he would get better after taking medication, his strength would not recuperate so quickly. How could he not have any food?

Although her culinary skills were not too good, she still could manage some simple dishes.

She went to the cashier to pay, then she took the groceries bags out of the door of the supermarket.

She wanted to go back to the condominium unit, but she took two steps and froze. She stood at her original spot as she looked around her surroundings in a blur. She suddenly forgot where she was supposed to go.

She tried to cross the traffic lights in the front. Jian Han did not see any familiar buildings. There was a girl on the line at the side of the road. She went forward and asked, "Can I know..."

The girl paused in her conversation as she looked at her. "Older Sister, what is wrong? Did you get lost?"

Jian Han was at a loss; did she lose her way?

Where did she want to go?

She could not even say the name of the condominium.

"Older Sister, you look so pale. Are you feeling uncomfortable? Your belly seems to be at eight months already. Why did you not come out with your family? Where is your phone? You can make a call."

That's right. She reminded Jian Han that she could make a call with her phone.

She went to look for her phone in her bag happily, but she could not find her phone, because she did not bring her phone out.

"Older Sister, did you not bring your phone with you? What about this: tell me the number, and I will help you make the call."

"Okay." Jian Han thought that this plan worked. She did not have her phone but she could remember the number. She opened her mouth, but she was unable to say a single word because she was unable to remember anything.

Jian Han froze entirely. She stood in her original spot. As she turned around, she could see cars and people come and go in her line of vision. The city was busy, but why did her heart feel so empty?

As if many years ago, she'd gone to an alien city all alone. She stood in the corner of a city to look at the night scene. She wanted to look for a familiar face in the vast sea of people. She wanted to leap into his embrace to complain about her misgivings and act coy. She wanted to tell him. She missed him so much.

Time was like sand that weaved through her fingers. The moment she blinked her eyes, she came back to her original spot. She threw her heart away and threw him away.

The bags in her hands fell onto the ground with a bang. She bent over and used both of her small hands to cup her face as she sobbed painfully. "Woo woo..."

Where was she supposed to go?

The man who belonged to her?

Why did they all disappear?

She wanted to go home. She was really afraid.

She was really so so afraid.

The girl who was making a call was also shocked. She bent over as she quickly comforted her. "Older Sister, what is wrong? If there is anything wrong, you can just say it. Let me see if I am able to help you."

Jian Han did not bother with her. She only focused on her sobbing. These few years, throughout everything that happened, through the times that seemed like a blur, she had long been used to her tears accompanying her.

A voice rang out behind her, "Jian Han?"

Jian Han froze and stopped crying before she turned her head back slowly.

It was Tang Fan.

"Tang Fan." She stood up slowly.

Tang Fan quickly went forward. "Jian Han, why are you here? Are you crying? What happened? Did Zhou Dayuan bully you?"

Jian Han stretched her hand out to wipe her tears dry. There was a questioning look in her eyes as she said, "Zhou Dayuan? Are you referring to that patient Zhou Dayuan?"

Tang Fan heard what she said and understood. She had yet to recuperate and had forgotten Zhou Dayuan.

"Jian Han, then what are you doing now? Why are you crying?"

"Because, it seems like I have...lost someone. I...forgot how to go home."

Tang Fan had a self mocking smile on his lips. Although she forgot Zhou Dayuan, Zhou Dayuan lived in her heart all the time, and he had never faded at all.

"Okay." Tang Fan nodded his head and said with a smile. "Jian Han, since you have forgotten so many people, why do you still remember me?"

He heard that she did not remember Ning Qing and Lu Shaoming, but she just remembered him.

There was a gentle smile on Jian Han's almond-shaped face. With a serious tone, she said, "Tang Fan, I have always remembered all of the good things that you did for me. If I did not meet you in my life, I do

not know what kind of mess my life would be right now. Thank you, Tang Fan. I need to thank you for your companionship throughout these years. Although I am unable to repay your contributions and feelings, I sincerely wish that you would be happy. Tang Fan, let it go. Go and search for your own bliss.”

What could Tang Fan say? Actually, he was good towards her and never asked her to repay him. She remembered it, and she left a place for him inside her heart. He was already satisfied.

He went forward and stretched his arms out to lightly take her into his embrace. He emotionally said, “Jian Han, I know that you do not need me to be good towards you now, then I would not be good towards you. I really want to be good towards you sincerely. You are too kind and too naïve. You took responsibility for everything that happened in the past on your back and interpreted it as your own mistake. I am... Your parents also... Actually, both your parents and I love you. The motive of us loving you is to make sure that you are blissful. Since only Zhou Dayuan can give you the bliss that you need now, why do you still have to stress yourself?

“Jian Han, I will let go of you slowly, and search for my own happiness, then you have to do the same. Let it go, then. Your bliss is already here. The thing that you need to do right now is to stretch both of your hands right now to hold him tight.”

Jian Han was in a daze. “Is my bliss here?”

“Yeah, it is here!” Tang Fan let go of her.

At this moment, there was a hurried and anxious growl that rang out in her ears. “Jian Han!”

Jian Han turned to face the origin of the sound.

Zhou Dayuan came, he was in such a hurry to come, he dashed across the road, while he was still dressed in a light grey v-neck sweater matched together with a pair of black trousers. He had a pair of dark blue cloth slippers on his feet. He held his phone in his hands as he ran over in a hurry.

He stood in front of her and panted. She did not know if the red in his eyes was due to his fever or his hurriedness. The shirt on his chest fluttered as the wind blew over. His sickness made him seem even more frail than usual. He looked at her, and he had a serious expression on his face.

Chapter 451: Zhou Jian Story (10) It Was All Full Of The Love You Had For Me

“Jian Han,” He stretched his left hand out to hold her small hand. He tried hard to control his temper and not yell at her. He also ignored the hand that Tang Fan placed around her waist. He pulled her over and allowed her to come into his embrace. He closed his eyes and kissed her forehead. “Where did you go. Did you know that I couldn’t find you anymore? Do you know that? Don’t do this again, okay? I would not be able to take it again.”

He really couldn’t take it. He almost went crazy just now.

He opened his eyes in the condominium unit and did not see her around anywhere. He went downstairs to look for her, and he still did not see her. After that, he rushed out of the house to chase after her.

He went along the streets to look for her among multiple alley ways. He spent almost an hour looking for her. There were so many people on the streets. When he first started, no one looked like her, and slowly, he started to think that every person looked like her.

He almost went crazy. What was he going to do if he couldn't find her?

He would not be able to continue living on.

He would die.

Jian Han smelled the familiar clean scent on his body. She stretched her small hand out slowly to tug the material of his sweater on his waist. This was great. This felt really nice.

Since the moment she saw him at the first glance just now, she felt her heart was full. The man whom she longed for and loved deeply, the man whom she wanted so badly had finally arrived.

"Sorry, I won't dare to do it another time..." She admitted to her mistake while being in his embrace. "I went to the supermarket to buy some things. I wanted to go home and make some delicious things for you to eat, but after I exited the doors of the supermarket, I didn't know how to find the road back home. I even cried for such a long time... Am I very foolish?"

She lifted her small head up and looked at him with her large, innocent, pure eyes

All of Zhou Dayuan's frustrations and chaotic feelings were all calmed down the moment he heard her speak and saw the wronged expression in her eyes. His heart felt a feather brush across it, and it was extremely gentle and soft as it did so.

He stretched out his thumb to help her wipe the glistening tears left on her face. He placed his right hand over her large belly before he smiled and said to her, "Wifey is not foolish. You are not foolish at all, but in my opinion, my wife and my son are way more important compared to delicious food, so in the future, don't run off. Don't leave me."

"Okay!" Jian Han nodded her head forcefully.

Zhou Dayuan stretched his hand out to take the bags that she held in her hands. He cupped her small shoulders with his other hand. He looked at Tang Fan, and his gaze was sincere as he said, "Thank you."

All of his feelings were concluded in these two words.

Tang Fan understood. He placed both of his hands in his pockets and had a smile on his face while he nodded his head. "If you really want to thank me, then treat Jian Han better in the future. This woman, she loved you for many years in a place without you."

It was not the best, but it had to be even better than the best. No matter who would be lucky to meet such a girl like Jian Han in life, Zhou Dayuan, he really saved the entire milky way in his past life.

"I will." Zhou Dayuan cupped Jian Han as they turned around to leave.

Both of them went far away. Tang Fan heard the sound of them chatting with one another. The woman lifted her small head up to ask him, "Where are we going right now?"

She always forgot things and people non stop. She just said she wanted to go home, and now, she already forgotten where she was going to go.

The man was extremely patient. His low tone was mixed together with satisfaction and happiness as he said, "Going back home. Didn't you say that you are going to prepare something delicious for me? I am really hungry right now."

"Really? Then I will cook for you when we get home."

"Okay, Wifey is the best."....

Tang Fan stood up straight. There was a smile on the corners of his lips. He turned around and took large strides forward.

...

After they went home, Zhou Dayuan ended up cooking. After they ate lunch, the two nested on the bed. The sunlight was bright and piercing on the spring day. He drew the curtains in the bedroom and left a thin light muslin. The bright rays of sunshine spewed from outside of the window onto the large bed. Jian Han perched herself on Zhou Dayuan's body, and she went to take the thermometer.

"37 degrees. You do not have a fever anymore." Jian Han's eyes were happy and joyous.

"Yeah," Zhou Dayuan took a blanket and covered it over her stomach. He lay his handsome back on the headboard of the bed as he held her with a squint to his eyes. "I said it before. I would get better very soon after I had medication. I need to take care of you. I won't collapse."

Jian Han curled the corners of her lips up. She touched his handsome face with her small hand as she gently kissed his handsome looking lower jaw.

Noting that she was taking the lead, Zhou Dayuan flipped his body over and wanted to get on her.

"Oi!" Jian Han blocked his mouth quickly and gurgled in laughter while she pretended to be displeased. "Don't mess around.."

Zhou Dayuan looked at the sweet and happy expression on her face. His dark eyes were full of love and pamper. He did move around further, and that was because he thought of a very serious problem. "Jian Han, do you know who I am?"

Jian Han blinked with her long fan like eyelashes, and she shook her head in a blur.

Zhou Dayuan's gaze slowly turned dark. When he had found out in the beginning that she could remember every one of her patients, he thought of making use of this plan to have a relationship with her, but now, he realized that it did not work.

The words Zhou Dayuan were really just a name on a medical record log to her. She could treat his illness, she addressed him as Zhou Dayuan, but the moment she had feelings for him, she would forget his name.

He did not know how long she would stay in this condition. Maybe it would last for an entire lifetime. Actually, if it was, a lifetime so be it. He did not mind, but the things that occurred today gave him a

warning in advance. The moment he did not keep an eye on her, she would run out of the house, and after she ran out, she would not remember him. She would forget his name, his look, his contact number...

It was too dangerous this way. He faced the possibility of losing her at any moment.

Zhou Dayuan touched her small clean face. He bent over to peck her red lips. "Jian Han, I am your man. My name is Zhou Dayuan. Do you remember?"

Jian Han's soft and gentle small body moved around for a bit. She was both embarrassed and uneasy at she pushed him, and she resisted him coyly. "You are not."

"Why am I not? I really am." Zhou Dayuan turned her small face over and forced her to look at him. "I am your man. I am the man you love. You belong to me, so I can do those things to you..." He stretched his index finger out slowly to poke her small heart. "This place is full of the love you have for me. Your heart is beating for me!"

Jian Han was in a daze. Her small pinkish face was also pale. She started to be emotional. She used both her hands and feet to push him away, with her gaze full of fear. "You get lost. You go away. I don't want to listen..."

She curled herself up as she cowered in a small corner beside the bed. Because she was both angry and afraid, she pulled the blanket to cover her small face up.

Zhou Dayuan's gaze was very gentle. With her behaving like this, how could he go and force her?

The stem of her illness was here. She took responsibility for her parents' deaths. She was unable to accept the love that she had for him, so now, how could he force her to remember that he was her man?

But if she did not force him, what else could he do? He was afraid that he would lose her again.

Zhou Dayuan hugged her from behind. The small woman was still struggling. She pouted her pink lips as she snorted out calling him "bad person." He laughed. He stretched his hand out to pull the blanket on her small face down as he said, "Don't you feel stuffy with the blanket covering your face? Okay, I will stop speaking. Everything is good as long as you are happy."

It was only then that Jian Han stopped making a fuss. She turned her body around and perched herself on his chest obediently. She was drowsy, so she closed her eyes to sleep.

The thing that she did not know, the man lay on the headboard of the bed silently and did not move for a long time. He hugged her and kissed her hair again and again while he murmured her name.

How was he going to be cruel?

...

Something happened the next day.

Jian Han woke up the next morning to realize that she could not see Zhou Dayuan anywhere. There was one additional person in the condominium unit; it was her assistant, Xiao Ping.

Xiao Ping brought her to the psychological clinic and prepared lunch for her, and she brought her back to the condominium unit again. Xiao Ping did all of the things that Zhou Dayuan once did.

All of this shouldn't have made any difference to Jian Han, who had forgotten everything and everyone else. She never truly put any effort to remember Zhou Dayuan, but...she started to feel that her heart was empty.

She started to daydream. She did not care about the patients that she had in the clinic. She curled up on the sofa all alone, and the moment she started to daydream, it would last for the entire day.

She stopped smiling. Her small pink face started to sink in, and even her almond-shaped eyes lost their vigour.

She stopped talking. Whenever Xiao Ping spoke to her, she seemed like she didn't hear it, and her frail and body had a nine month old bump, and she looked as if she was going to fall over when the wind blew over.

The nights were the hardest to get over. She did not like to sleep in her bedroom anymore. She would walk to the guest room beside her bedroom before lying down on the large bed. She would bury her small face in the pillow and deeply to sniff it. A few days ago, she would still smell that clean and crisp mesmerizing scent, and after that, there was no trace of that scent anymore.

Her entire being felt as if it'd been dug empty — both lost and soulless.

She fell asleep in a blur that day and suddenly heard the rumbling of thunder coming from outside the window. She woke up shocked from her dreams as she leaped up from the bed.

There was lighting outside the window. The piercing white light illuminated her deathly pale face. There was a drizzle outside the window. In the dark room, as she curled herself up slowly, she buried her small face into her kneecaps, and hot tears trickled down from her eyes.

After she sobbed for a while, she lifted her blankets up, and she put on her slippers to get out of bed.

She opened the main doors of the condominium unit, and she walked out.

It was around 1am at that time. It was raining , and there was almost no one on the streets anymore. The road lamp shone a faint yellow glow onto the streets. She wore her white nightgown as she walked all alone.

There was an Aunty who took an umbrella in her hands as she ran over. "Young lady, it is raining right now. Why are you here drenched in the rain? Go home quickly. Your stomach is already so big right now. You are ruining yourself."

Jian Han did not seem to be listening to her, and she walked on in a daze.

The aunty sighed as she walked away.

After she walked the span of an entire street, she did not know what tripped her. She sprained her right ankle. It was impossible for her to continue walking. She sat by the flower pond beside the road, and she slowly stretched her small hands out to cup her face as she silently sobbed.

At this moment, there was an umbrella over her head, and there was someone who came to face her.

She withdrew her small hand, and there was a pair of black trousers in her line of vision. As she went further up, it was a clean white shirt, and as she went even further up, it was that handsome and familiar face that was still somewhat alien.

He came.

Zhou Dayuan.

Jian Han sobbed softly. Her entire body was drenched. Her silky hair was stuck on the side of her cheeks. On her neck, her small shoulders were frail and trembling as she stared at him with reddened eyes.

Zhou Dayuan looked at this woman from his vantage point. She was absolutely pitiful beyond description, and he heard the sound of his heart bleeding.

“Who am I?” He persisted as he looked at her.

Jian Han choked up as she was unwilling to answer.

Zhou Dayuan was silent for a few moments before he turned around to leave.

But he was unable to leave because his trousers were tugged by a gentle little hand. She cried out loudly as she said, “Woo woo...my... My man... Zhou Dayuan...”

The umbrella in Zhou Dayuan’s hands fell onto the floor. He turned around as he knelt down in front of her. He knelt on the floor with one knee, and he stretched his shaking hands to cup her small face. “I am sorry... I am sorry...”

Chapter 452: Zhou Jian Ending – Zhou Dayuan, I Love You

Jian Han lifted a tender fist and hit him on the shoulder, pushing him hard. “Wuu...” She didn’t speak; she just kept crying.

Zhou Dayuan allowed her to hit him, and he covered her trembling red lips. In a trance, he did not know whether it was his tears or her tears. They mixed with rain and dripped onto the ground.

“Honey, I’m sorry. I had no choice. Can you teach me how to do it? I admit that I had forced you into a corner deliberately and made you sad intentionally, but when you were in pain, my heart ached as well. Honey, forgive me. Can you forgive me?”

Jian Han cried in his arms as he held her tight. She had cried too hard and that had led to her temporary lack of oxygen. She fainted immediately.

...

When she opened her eyes again, she was already in the bedroom. She saw a magnified handsome face in front of her eyes. The man smiled at her and said, “Honey, you’re awake. You were caught in the rain just now. In order not to catch a cold, let’s take a hot bath. I’ll carry you there.”

He lifted the blankets off her and lifted her.

It was already summer now. She didn't feel too cold after getting caught in the rain. Jian Han looked down at herself in his arms. Her clothes were gone.

As soon as he got home, he helped her take off her damp clothes and wrapped her in the blankets.

Jian Han closed her eyes tight and buried herself in his arms.

Bathing in a bathtub wasn't suitable for pregnant women at her stage, so Zhou Dayuan carried her under the showerhead. The water had been adjusted to a very comfortable temperature. He first took a little warm water to drench her skin. "Is it hot? Do you want to wash while I carry you?"

Jian Han's pale little face turned red quickly, Zhou Dayuan didn't know if it was from the hot steam or shyness. She struggled to get down from his arms. She turned her back and stood under the showerhead to wash.

Her little hand cupped some water, and she washed her face. Then, she heard a sound behind her. A metal belt fell to the ground. She heard the sound of expensive cloth slipping to the ground. He also took off his watch.

A long arm stretched out and took the shampoo from the shower rack. He whispered in her ear, "Close your eyes. I'll wash your hair first. Just a quick shower. You can't wash for too long."

Jian Han's long, cattail-like eyelashes fluttered, and she pushed his hand away as he tried to touch her.

"What's wrong, Honey?" He hugged her behind him. "Did you forget who I am? I'm your man. It's normal to help you shower. I haven't done that thing with you yet."

With a snap, she turned around and slapped him.

Zhou Dayuan was stunned from the slap.

Jian Han slowly retreated to the corner of the wall and looked at him quietly amidst the hot steamy mist formed by the warm water rushing from the showerhead.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her apricot eyes, they had lost the dull and blank look from half a year ago. Her apricot eyes were gentle and beautiful. Her clear eyes reflected his present appearance and were full of him.

He was stunned, and there was a huge joyful surprise in his chest that felt as if it was about to explode. He stared at her with a dark and burning gaze, and he dared not blink.

He feared that it would be another dream.

Suddenly, the woman jumped over. He reached for her, held her in his arms, and rested his back on the cool white tiles. She kissed him on the cheek she had just slapped.

She was kissing him.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her. She did not close her eyes. She looked at him gently and quietly. At this moment, he felt that the years they had missed were nothing. At least in their eyes, they were the best form of life to each other.

He turned around, grabbed her waist, pushed her against the wall, and planted lingering kisses on her little face.

Jian Han touched his face too. She felt the heat beneath her fingertips. The tears in his eyes rushed through her fingertips.

“Thank you, Honey.”

He was thanking her for not leaving him.

...

Half a month later, Jian Han could no longer go to the psychiatric clinic. In addition to her physical condition, her lower limbs were too swollen. She was waiting for the due date in her apartment. She was carried up and down by the man and occasionally sat in a wheelchair when she went out.

She was very quiet. She had not spoken a word since that rainy night, but Zhou Dayuan was satisfied. Every day in the bedroom, he watched her half lying in a rattan chair. Her entire body would be bathed in the warm sunshine. She would look down and touch her big belly with two soft, fair hands and a light and happy smile would linger on her soft little face.

Sometimes, he would kiss her. She would avoid him, her black head buried in his arms, her small face blushing as she hid from him. Her long, fan-like eyelashes trembled so much as she dared not look at him.

He loved that version of her so much.

Nine and a half months later, Zhou Dayuan carried her into a luxury business car, which began a long journey.

The back seat was spacious, with a wide sofa. Jian Han curled up in the soft sofa and buried her head in his lap. At first, she was quiet and slept well. After waking up, she looked through the window. When the familiar road came into sight, she was startled and panicked.

Struggling to get up from his leg, she shook her head at him. No. No!

Zhou Dayuan took her into his embrace and let her lie in his warm, powerful arms. He gently planted kisses on her cheek and her hair. He murmured, “Be good, Honey. Relax; don’t be afraid! Uncle is not going to make it. We’ll send him off one last time.”

Jian Han gave up struggling and slowly closed her eyes.

...

In City X, when Zhou Dayuan wheeled her through the door. The three big rooms were all covered with a white cloth.

Her uncle's children saw her sitting in a wheelchair, and they came forward one after another with tears in their eyes as they spoke in a low voices. "Ah Han, you're here. Your uncle can't make it. He wouldn't shut his eyes, and he keeps calling your name."

Jian Han's face was pale, and her two little hands clutched the soft blanket over her legs.

Then, she felt a warmth on her shoulder. Zhou Dayuan put his right hand on her shoulder. He bent over and kissed her intimately. "Don't be afraid."

He wheeled her into the room.

Her uncle in the room was lying in bed. As a person who was about to die, his face was yellow, and his eyes were cloudy and scattered, but he refused to close them.

Her uncle's daughter came forward and whispered in the old man's ear. "Dad, Ah Han is here."

Her uncle froze, and his eyes that had lost focus slowly swiveled over.

Jian Han was wheeled to the bedside. She saw her uncle stretching out his hand to her.

The tears came so unexpectedly that Jian Han did not even notice that she was crying. She trembled all over and wanted to stretch out her little hand, but it hung in the air. She was afraid and confused.

At this time, a big clean, warm hand stretched out from behind, covered her small hand, and brought her hand to hold her uncle's old hand.

Her uncle's purple lips moved as he spoke.

Jian Han slowly bent down, leaned over, and put her ear to her uncle's mouth.

Her uncle's eyes were filled with tears. "Ah Han, these days... I always see... Your parents... They cried in front of me. Saying that I'm... Wrong..."

Her uncle closed his eyes.

Her uncle's children were crying as the funeral horn sounded outside. Jian Han's palm felt empty as her uncle's hand slipped from her palm.

Her shoulders shook as she covered her face tightly with her little hands, tears streaming down her face.

Zhou Dayuan wheeled her out. Just as they were about to get in the car: "Ah Han..." Her aunt in a white cloth called out as she hurried out of the house.

Her aunt came forward and gently embraced the tearful Jian Han. Her aunt was saying, "Good child, you are your parents' only daughter. They love you. At that time, we did not understand. To be honest, everything's alright as long as you are happy."

All parents under the sky feel the same; it would be alright as long as she was happy.

Her aunt released her, and Jian Han was carried into the back seat. The man did not get in the car immediately. Jian Han looked sideways and saw him standing beside the car and talking to her aunt in a low voice.

Jian Han couldn't hear what they were saying. However, she caught the last sentence. Her aunt said, "Dayuan, her uncle and I shall hand Ah Han over to you. She's a poor child; treat her well."

...

The car started again, and Jian Han continued to curl up on the sofa. The tears on her face were gently wiped away by the man's fingertips. He did not speak; he just looked at her.

Jian Han shut her eyes and moved her pink lips because she had not spoken for too long. Her voice was hoarse when she spoke. "Have...you been here?"

If not familiar with each other, how could her aunt call him "Dayuan?"

Zhou Dayuan's eyes shone like the stars hanging on the edge of the sky. She was willing to speak at last.

"Yes, whenever I'm free, I come often. You are pregnant. All the filial piety you should exhibit should be handed over to me."

Such a simple answer, but Jian Han knew that it had not been easy for him. Since she had been ill, he had always been taking care of her. He was also busy with medical charity matters. Where does he get the time to do all this?

Besides, her uncle and aunt used to...hate her...so much. How can they have treated him well?

How much time and effort had it taken him to get their approval?

Jian Han didn't want to ask. All the hardships and pains she had suffered in her life had brought peace and quiet in his arms at the moment. She just wanted to hold on to every second.

"Honey..." she called him.

She finally figured out that her parents died for her happiness. The best way for her to repay her parents was to be happy forever and ever.

The man's big hand that was caressing her beautiful hair froze. Then, he smiled slowly, "Yes..." He replied with, "Honey..."

...

Back in T City, Jian Han's stomach hurt. Her amniotic fluid had burst. At nine and a half months pregnant, she was giving birth prematurely.

As she was sent to the hospital, Zhou Dayuan wanted to help her give birth through a cesarean section, but Jian Han, even though her little face was already scrunched in pain, insisted on having a natural birth. She wanted to have the baby by herself.

Unable to win her over, he wore a white coat, and they went into the delivery room together.

Eight hours later, after suffering from night till dawn, Jian Han gave birth to a baby boy. 2.8 Kilograms. Although he was small, his loud cries of "Waa" at birth echoed throughout the corridor. The boy was in good health.

When Zhou Dayuan took the baby from the nurse, the tears in his eyes fell again. He held his son in his arms and brought him to Jian Han, who was weak all over. He kissed her gently on the forehead. "Honey, thank you for the son that you've given me."

Jian Han smiled and went to sleep.

...

She had slept for four days. When she opened her eyes, she was lying in the hospital bed. She glanced sideways. A small pram was beside her. The little fellow was sleeping in the pram. Zhou Dayuan was sitting beside her. The man was obviously very sleepy and was sleeping with his eyes closed.

Jian Han sat up slowly. She reached out and touched her son's tiny face. Then, she looked at the man. His head was against the wall. Jian Han realized that a single white hair grew among his short hair.

Chapter 453: Small Short Story

Her heart was extremely painful. She took light steps over and used two fingers to pluck that strand of white hair out.

The moment she did so, the man woke up.

Zhou Dayuan saw that she had sat up. He was immediately displeased while he said, "Wifey, how come you are sitting up right now? Lay back down, quickly. When did you wake up? Why didn't you call me?"

He helped her to lay back down.

Jian Han hid that strand of white hair secretly before she used both of her small hands to hug his neck. She lifted her body up and kissed his handsome side profile. "Zhou Dayuan, I love you."

She told him like that.

Zhou Dayuan's eyes lit up. There was a tender and loving smile on the corners of his lips as he said, "I know...Wifey. I love you too."

As both of them were being sweet with one another, there was ear deafening cry that rang out in the air at that moment. "Wa wa..." The little fella was awake.

Zhou Dayuan carried the small fella in his arms before placed him by Jian Han's side. He bent over and placed one hand on Jian Han's side before using another hand to wipe the tears on the small fella's face. "Son, don't cry. Mummy is here. Are you hungry now?"

The little fella was very upset. He bent his body as he nudged his way into his mother's embrace.

Jian Han's small, gentle face was tinted with a little pink. She lifted the blankets as she secretly tugged her shirt down underneath the blankets, and she allowed the little fella to drink milk.

Zhou Dayuan looked at her knitted eyebrows due to the pain she was experiencing. He bent his body down to kiss her small face. The family of three were all nested on a single bed. Gently and softly, he said to her, "Wifey, does it hurt or not?"

"Oh, it doesn't hurt..."

"Wifey, what name should we give our son?"

Jian Han fluttered her long, thin fan-like lashes, and she coyly discussed it with him. "Is the name Little Stone okay?"

This small fella went through many obstacles with his mother, and he was just as healthy and strong like a small stone.

Zhou Dayuan raised his eyebrows up as he laughed softly. "It can only be a nickname."

Jian Han burst out into laughter as she listened to him obediently. "Oh, okay. His formal name should be given by his father, you."

Zhou Dayuan's warm and gentle gaze was all apparent. He kissed her small face while he brought his left hand under the blankets. "Is there a lack of milk? I will go home to brew some soup for you later, and I will help you to massage it right now."

Jian Han buried her small face into his embrace. Little Stone really did not drink much milk, and he was Doctor Zhou; his massage techniques could allow his son to have more milk and make her comfortable at the same time.

Jian Han's long lashes were fluttering multiple times. Her slim left shoulder cupped Little Stone as she used her right hand to firmly tug his sweater when he came to kiss her. She was in her confinement period, and he naturally knew how to control his strength as he kissed her, but Jian Han still wanted to duck away. Little Stone was born already. He could definitely hear the sound of his parents kissing, and it made her face blush.

At this moment, the sound of a group of footsteps rang out in the air. "Where is Older Sister Jian? Which room is Older Sister Jian staying in?"

Zhou Dayuan quickly let go of Jian Han. He stood up straight from the bed. It was just in time. The door of the ward was pushed open, and a group of people streamed in together with raucous laughter.

Ning Qing was already pregnant for three months now. Her bump was larger than others, as she had twins, and she was already showing now.

"Older Sister Jian, Older Sister Jian, you gave birth already? Wow, it's a fat fella; what is his name?"

"....Little Stone."

"Little Stone? This nickname was given too carelessly. How can the grandson of our Zhou family have such a name?" Yue Wanqing was displeased as she spoke.

Little Qinwen squeezed his way through the crowd, and he snuck his small head out, "Where is little younger brother? I want to see little younger brother."

Zhou Dayuan pushed Lu Shaoming who was standing beside him, "Your son is calling my son little younger brother. What do you think about it?"

Lu Shaoming slanted his gaze over as he was unwilling and unhappy before he said, "Lu Qinwen, that is your oldest uncle."

...

Little story.

Lu Qinwen was 10 years old today. As the eldest son of the Lu family, he was very bored because there were no other kids to play around with him.

Oh, he did have one friend, and that was Zhou Pingan who was one and a half years younger than him, and his nickname was Little Stone.

Zhou Pingan looked very beautiful. His character resembled his parents. He liked to be quiet, and there were some times when he could play in the living room all by himself for hours on end. When asked what he was playing with, of course he had to inherit his parent's talent. He used syringes to poke his little panda, little kitten, and little toys all in the butt.

Oh, he was once stabbed in the butt by this Zhou Pingan before.

That was a night that he did not want to remember. His Daddy and Mama went to attend a banquet. He did not know why, but his stomach did not feel too well. Auntie Yang made a call to get a doctor over. He had yet to wait for the doctor to arrive. Zhou Pingan came over. That small fella climbed onto his bed in an instant and stabbed him with a needle.

He cried out immediately. He cried out due to the pain. This was the first time that Zhou Pingan changed his target from his soft toys to a real human, and Lu Qinwen was his first experimental target.

It was fine to be a target. His stomach really did not continue hurting anymore. He was really cured by Zhou Pingan, and at that time, Zhou Pingan was only eight and a half years old.

He suddenly thought of Little Uncle... Oh, no, that was not right. Little Younger Grandpa did say that he only wanted one child in the past. He was lucky. He had to be thankful that he only wanted one child. If not, his butt would definitely be the target of many more needles.

Zhou Pingan's parents had a good relationship, and these past few years, even his Mama Ning Qing was jealous of them.

There was once when they went to the Zhou family as guests. Oh, he forgot to mention, the Zhou family moved out of the condominium and moved into a manor. There was retro styled door engraved with floors, neatly manicured green grass, a small bridge over flowing water, and a European style garden. It was beautiful looking like a place where angels resided.

At that time, they walked inside. Zhou Pingan and his parents were playing on the lawn as a happy family of three. Zhou Pingan's father was perched on the lawn. Zhou Pingan's mother rode on his back

together with Zhou Pingan. That was a bright and beautiful day. It was a good day with bright sunshine. Zhou Pingan's mother was laughing so happily. Little Stone, Daddy is bringing us to ride a horse right now...

Zhou Pingan's father was very busy with his work. When he came home, there were many times when he would answer a call at home and have a frown on his face. At this moment, Zhou Pingan's mother would walk over and stretch her fingers out to help him smooth his forehead. Every time she did this, Zhou Pingan's father would laugh, and his laugh was just like the breeze in spring during March.

In his life, Zhou Pingan's mother would be very blissful and happy. Her voice was coy due to her being pampered. Her expressions were glowing and radiant after getting moisturized.

How did he pamper her?

There was a time, for example, the light in the kitchen of the manor was spoilt. Zhou Pingan's mother called Zhou Pingan's father, and at that moment, Zhou Pingan's father was participating in a charity meeting, but he did not even take ten minutes to rush back home, and he rolled his sleeves up as he stood on the chair to change the light bulbs personally.

Zhou Pingan's mother held a lantern in her hands as she stood at the side of the chair, and the couple conversed with one another.

Zhou Pingan's father cracked a joke. He had said, "In a restaurant, Xiao Zhi said that Chinese men were the most useless. Most of them were afraid of their wives, and he would do an experiment right now. Those that were afraid of their wives would need to stand to the left.

"After that, everyone stood to the left, and it was only Xiao Zhi who was standing at his original spot.

"Everyone complimented Xiao Zhou for being brave, but Xiao Zhi said at that moment, My wife said, I cannot stand in a spot that has many people around."

Zhou Pingan's mother heard this joke and her eyebrows were all curved up as she laughed. She asked, "Are you scared of your wife then?"

Zhou Pingan's father was done changing the lightbulb. As he came back down, he hugged Zhou Pingan's mother in an instant as he kissed her face. "I am afraid, I am a classic example of a man henpecked by his wife."

Zhou Pingan's mother was immediately displeased as she said, "I will order you right now; you are not allowed to kiss me."

Zhou Pingan's father quickly turned her around as he said, "Wifey, it is only this that I cannot listen to your commands."

The couple ended up in a bundle.

Zhou Pingan's father was also happy in his life, except for the time when Zhou Pingan's mother fell ill.

Actually, she also was not seriously ill. It was a normal cold and fever, but Zhou Pingan's father would push away all of his work as he stayed by the side of the bed all the time. Zhou Pingan's mother did not

want to eat her meals. He would also not eat. When Zhou Pingan's mother wanted to eat, he would make a variety of dishes. After Zhou Pingan's mother recovered, he would also be alive once again.

There was also something else that he had to mention. That had to be the matter regarding seniority.

Zhou Pingan's father drank tea with his father frequently. Whenever both of them had a difference in opinion, Zhou Pingan's father would always laugh and say, "Shaoming, you keep calling me Dayuan time and time again. This is really something unmannerly to do."

His Daddy would also laugh as he said, "I address you as Dayuan. It is you. Youngest Uncle is also you. It is merely how I address you formally. When did you become so obsessed with formality?"

"Oh, is that right? Then my older sister's name is Yue Wanqing. You call her Mother-in-law, and Yue Wanqing is also her... My older sister, not only did she address you by your full name, you are the only one who is not being formal!"

Every time they spoke about this, his Daddy would push a tea cup over as he said, "Youngest Uncle, I will invite you to enjoy some tea."

Zhou Dayuan's father would say, "Sure, Shaoming is so obedient."

...

After talking about the Zhou family, he had to talk about the Lu family, his own family.

There was an additional little younger brother and little younger sister, and their entire family became noisy and boisterous in an instant.

Mama was in her confinement period. Daddy did not bother about both Grandmas' objections, and he persisted on taking care of the kids all by himself.

The day Mama was done with her confinement period, he did not know what Daddy and Mama were doing inside the room. They did not leave the room for two whole hours, and things were great then. The moment both grandmas came over to have a look, his younger brother had soiled his diaper, and his younger sister was rolling on the carpet as her cries reverberated throughout the entire villa.

And it was that exact night, his paternal grandmother took away his younger sister, his maternal grandma took away his younger brother, and he continued to be together with Daddy.

His younger brother was the second child in the family. He did not know who he inherited his character from. When he was 5 years old, he used one leg to step on the coffee table in the living room and bit a blade of grass in his lips as he told him, "Oldest Brother, what you are doing when you are so young right now? What are you learning? Why are you earning money? Don't you think it's so boring? We need to be strong and mighty with our bodies and practice martial arts and defeat anyone on this earth, and when we become undefeatable, you come with me to study martial arts then!"

It was probably because Lu Qinwen used a foolish gaze to look at him, his second younger brother waved his small hands as he said, "Sure, then I will hand dad and mum over to you. I will also hand the Lu Corporation over to you. I am all free and easy and have the freedom to go anywhere I please..."

After that, Second Younger Brother fulfilled his dream to be the pride of the Eastern region. He went all by himself to the Shaolin Temple and practiced his martial arts skills there.

A beautiful dream was always perfect, but reality was always cruel. One month after he left, he was dragged back home by his Daddy and Mama by the ears. The reason being that Second Younger Brother flirted with the beautiful young nuns in the monastery next door.

As for his younger sister, she was really a beauty who could wow the entire country. She had all of the positive traits of both Daddy and Mama, and she was the most perfect work of God.

There was once when his maternal grandmother said emotionally that his younger sister really was as beautiful as Aunt Yin Shuiling back in the day.

In his life, his Daddy and Mama was also very loving.

How were they loving?

Mama was past 30 years old. She was at the age when a woman would be mature. Mama was doing better and better with her career in Zhou Corporation Yi Fan Red Wine, and sometimes she would work overtime and had to go on business dinners.

Every night, when Daddy would be alone in the room, he would always secretly make a phone call. His excuse would forever be their son, younger son, younger daughter was throwing a tantrum... There were 365 days in a year. He did not repeat his reasons even once, and even when Lu Qinwen heard it, he would be embarrassed to listen to them.

At that moment, Mama would always rush back home. She would not get to see her son or daughter at all, and she would be dominated by Daddy.

Actually, how could Mama not know that these were all lies? But the couple had telepathy. They promised one another: when I needed you, you would accompany me by my side.

This love; it did not exist in the past and would not come again in the future because it was one in the entire nation!

Chapter 454: If Heaven Had Feelings, It Too Would Age (Yin Family's Story)

Yin Shuiling was eight years old. She was the single socialite of the Yin family and a known beauty in T City.

She was born a beauty, with smooth fair skin, delicate willow eyebrows, a dainty nose, cherry-like mouth, and a slender and delicate silhouette. Her beauty was beyond description.

Her most beautiful feature was a pair of natural monolid eyes. The ends of her eyes curved up like in a portrait. With her bright eyes and gleaming teeth, her eyes were bright and flowing.

Although she was only eight years old, she already had some bright and lovely charm.

And because she was only eight years old, her amazing facial features had not yet blossomed. Everyone in T City was waiting for her to blossom.

Yin Shuiling was strict with herself when she was young. She learned ladies' etiquette and went to kindergarten to learn piano, dance, and painting. Her skills were top-notch in everything, which amazed her teachers.

She had entered an aristocratic kindergarten, where most of the kids were either from rich or noble families. When school was over, all the luxury cars would stop outside to pick up their children. At that time, there would always be a beautiful scene that attracted everyone's attention. She would be wearing an elegant white mesh skirt with a pink cardigan on the outside, and her long black hair would neatly hang over her shoulders. With a princess lace covering her forehead, a driver would pick up her small schoolbag as she slowly got in the car.

The dignitaries in the other private cars would always ask, "Son, what's the name of that little girl?"

The son answered, "That's Yin Shuiling, the most beautiful girl in our school. She's like a fairy, Dad. You have to work hard to make money in the future to allow me to take Yin Shuiling as my wife."

At that time, the Yin family was not really upscale in T City, but the reputation of the Yin family, because of Yin Shuiling, became well known throughout T City.

At that time, there was a joke among the commoners that giving birth to a son was not as good as giving birth to a daughter, and that they should give birth to a daughter as exquisite as Yin Shuiling.

Yin Shuiling was satisfied with herself and her family. Her parents spoiled her; she was the apple of their eyes. To her, her parents had never quarreled and were very loving.

But this warm and harmonious image was broken one day when she went down the stairs and Dad led a big boy in.

The boy wore a white t-shirt and blue jeans, and carried a schoolbag in his hand. His clothes seemed to have been washed many times as they were very faded, but they were very clean.

Until many years later, Yin Shuiling could still remember when she saw him for the first time. The 18-year-old boy was still very thin, but he was very tall. He was more than 1.7 meters tall. He was handsome. His slightly long and soft fringe covered one of his narrow dark eyes. His eyebrows were sharp, and his nose was tall and straight. He was the most beautiful boy Yin Shuiling had ever seen. As if he had just walked out from a comic book.

While she was stunned, her father Yin De looked at her, smiled, and said, "Shuiling, this is Yin Muchen. Because something happened in his family, he has to stay at our house during this period. Muchen is ten years older than you. You'll call him 'Older Brother' in the future. You two need to get along well."

Staying at her house?

Yin Shuiling was not a stingy girl. She nodded quickly. "Okay, Dad. Hello, Older Brother."

Yin Muchen raised his head and looked at the girl without any expression.

He had treated Yin Shuiling coldly. No one had treated her so coldly since birth. Usually, those boys, whether 20 or 2 years old, would glance at her more than once.

She pouted her little pink lips.

Yin De quickly opened his mouth and said, "Shuiling, Muchen has just arrived and is not used to the surroundings. You'll get closer naturally after some time. I've asked the servant to clean up the room for Muchen. It's next to your room. Now take Muchen up to his room.

Yin Shuiling was generous and did not argue with him about that. The visitor was a guest. She flashed a sweet smile as she said, "Older Brother, come with me."

Yin Muchen, carrying his schoolbag, followed her upstairs.

...

Yin Shuiling pushed open the door and went in. The room had been tidied and was very clean. "Older Brother, you'll live here in the future. I'm next door. If you need anything, you can call me."

Yin Muchen went forward and put his schoolbag on the bedside table. He didn't look up. His soft fringe covered his eyes. His handsome side face was very indifferent. "Thank you."

Thank you?

Yin Shuiling felt that it was very rare. So he also knew how to be polite.

But he had only looked at her straight on once since arriving here.

Didn't they say that you always have to look people in the eyes when thanking them? She thinks that he was only thanking her on the surface, when in fact, he wasn't thanking her in his heart.

"Older Brother, you're welcome." She gave a good-tempered reply.

The boy put down his bag and went into the bathroom.

Seeing him go, Yin Shuiling quietly stepped forward. She stood by the bedside and looked at the schoolbag he had been carrying. It looked old, but he had been carrying it as if there were treasures in it.

Yin Shuiling was curious.

The bedside table was taller than her, so she stood on her tiptoes. Today, she was wearing a pastel yellow dress, exposing half of her smooth, fair legs. Even a random posture and figure of the girl who had learned dancing since childhood was graceful and delicate.

It was bad to look in someone else's schoolbag, so she held her breath and peeked secretly.

She unzipped a corner of the schoolbag. She saw it. She saw it. It looked like a...small airplane.

Right then, there was a roar behind her. "What are you doing?"

Yin Shuiling was really shocked. Instinctively, she took a step backward. She stretched out her fair little hand to pat her chest. "Older Brother, you scared me..."

Yin Muchen came to place his schoolbag on the bed and then blocked it with his body. He looked directly at Yin Shuiling. His beautiful silhouette was tight. "Who allowed you to look at my things?"

Yin Shuiling was also angry. This older brother's temper was so bad. She had just looked at it and didn't take it. Besides, this was her home. What's wrong with her looking at his things?

Yin Shuiling wanted to speak but she bumped into his gaze, and she was instantly stunned.

He had a pair of clear glazed ink-black eyes. Those ink-black pupils and clear whites of his eyes were extremely pure. His eyes were like a deep pool of silence, deep and mature beyond age.

Yin Shuiling had seen the eyes of many 18-year-old boys. Most of them were energetic, but his were so quiet that her heart ached for him.

Yin Shuiling forgot to speak in that instant.

Then, Yin Muchen looked at the door and said, "Please leave."

Yin Shuiling looked back. She also felt wronged. Her pink, cherry-like lips pouted slightly. The voice of the 8-year-old girl was soft and sweet as she said. "Older Brother, don't be angry. Okay, I admit I was wrong. I was only curious just now. There are many toys in my room. I can share them with you."

Before she could finish speaking, her tender and slender arm was clasped by a big hand, and she was dragged out the door.

"Older Brother..."

With a bang, the door of the room was closed.

...

Yin Shuiling looked at the closed door. She stamped her feet in anger. Glittering beads were swirling in her eyes. She hummed three times.

Bad Older Brother, bad Older Brother. Only knowing how to act cool.

She hadn't meant it.

Nobody had ever treated her like that.

If her older brother doesn't like her, she would also stop playing with him.

She turned and left.

When she came to the study, Yin Shuiling stopped walking. She heard her parents talking inside, and there was a very fierce quarrel.

"Who's that boy? What do you mean by bringing a boy in without my consent? Yin Muchen, Yin Muchen? He has your surname? Yin De, don't tell me that boy is your illegitimate son?"

"Honey, why are you talking like that? I swear to God that the boy is not related to me at all. If you don't believe me, we'll go to the hospital to have a DNA test tomorrow. Honey, I have been entrusted by a friend. Something has happened in this child's home. He can't use his old name anymore. He can only

take my surname temporarily, so he's called Yin Muchen. Honey, Muchen's just going to stay here for a while, until..."

"Don't tell me that. Is our family a charity? After he leaves, is it possible for any random stranger and beggar to stay here in the future?"

"You! Shi Xiaoqing, let me tell you: don't mess with me here! This family still has to listen to me. Muchen is definitely staying here! "...

It was Yin Shuiling's first time seeing her parents quarrel. She bit her lower lip with her pearly white teeth as tears whirled in her eyes.

She doesn't want her parents to quarrel.

It was all because of that older brother. As soon as that older brother arrived, her parents had begun to quarrel.

Does Dad want only that older brother, not her and her mother?

Yin Shuiling clenched her fists tight and hummed. She was going to drive the older brother out.

...

The next morning, Yin Shuiling sat at the table for breakfast.

Breakfast was very abundant. There were fruits, eggs, delicate snacks, porridge. A servant took a napkin and wrapped it around her neck. "Young missus, drink some milk first."

Yin Shuiling took a sip of milk and looked across at Yin De. "Dad, where's Mom? Why isn't Mom coming for breakfast?"

Yin De's face was a little stiff. "Oh, your mother is not feeling well today, so she won't come down for breakfast. Let the servant bring it up later."

Yin Shuiling stopped talking. She knew that her mother hadn't come downstairs because she was angry.

At that moment, there were footsteps on the stairs. Yin De quickly flashed a kind smile. "Muchen, you're up. Come and have breakfast."

Yin Shuiling looked up and saw that Yin Muchen was wearing a white checkered shirt with jeans today. The clothes were still old, but they were clean and refreshing on his body.

"Muchen, I've already asked the servant to prepare clothes for you. They're all in your wardrobe. Why are you still wearing old clothes?"

Yin Shuiling's tender and delicate face was immediately filled with negative emotions, and her monolid eyes were slightly raised, giving out a bright and beautiful charm as she asked, "Dad, how can you treat him so well? He is not my biological older brother."

Yin De's face changed. "Shuiling, you..."

"Am I wrong? I also saw you putting a pile of money in his room. And Dad, you still asked him to have breakfast with us, but we are not a family. Why can he stay at my house?"

Yin De was so furious. He wanted to speak, but Yin Muchen just walked past through the living room and left the door of the villa without turning his head. His handsome young features were as calm as water. Only his body, which was gradually moving away, was straight and uptight.

Chapter 455: Older Brother, You Are So Amazing

After watching Yin Muchen leave, Yin De slammed the chopsticks in his hands onto the table loudly as he shouted, “Shuiling!”

“Waahhh!” Yin Shuiling started to sob immediately. “Woo woo, Daddy doesn’t love Shuiling anymore. Daddy only likes Older Brother now. I hate Daddy.”

Yin Shuiling sobbed as she ran upstairs into her own room.

Yin De saw his precious daughter cry. He felt extremely bad, and he went upstairs quickly. He stretched his hand out to knock on the door, and he coaxed her gently. “Shuiling, good baby, it is all Daddy’s fault. Daddy will apologize to you right now. Shuiling, Daddy loves you...”

Yin Shuiling perched on her big soft pink bed as she cried for a long time. Yin De knocked on the door for half an hour. He noticed that she was not opening the door and could only go to the office first.

Yin Shuiling was really furious. She jumped down from the bed, grabbed her cute limited edition Hello Kitty bag, and left.

Yin Shuiling walked on the main streets all by herself as everyone turned around to look at her.

She wore a green tank top dress today. She had a white lacy shirt underneath. Her dark, luscious long hair was messy as it lay on her shoulders. Her small, exquisite face had a few drops of glistening tears on it. She was bullied by her father. She still pouted her small cherry like lips. Her pathetic and wronged behaviour was even more pitiful than a little kitten.

The rays of sunshine shone down on her entire body. Her long, curly eyelashes were like a butterfly’s wings as they fluttered.

She was just like an exquisite porcelain doll.

She walked down a few streets. She did not know where she was going, but it was at this moment that she saw a familiar figure — Yin Muchen.

She stopped in her tracks.

Yin Muchen was in a supermarket playing with a game console. She did not know what he was playing. As a good obedient child, she had never seen anyone else play games, but after a moment, she saw that there was a bunch of coins that fell out of the hole of the game machine in a flash.

That skinny tall boy slowly bent over. He cast his head downwards as he stretched his hand out to take the coins one by one into his palm.

After he was done grabbing all of them, he walked to a bun stall located nearby, gave the lady boss two coins, and bought two buns.

After that, Yin Shuiling saw him sitting on the long bench by the roadside. He crossed both of his legs as he ate the buns quietly.

A light breeze came over at this moment. It blew his soft fringe on his forehead. The noise on the street did not have anything to do with him. His handsome, beautiful features were quiet. The sunshine shone down on his back profile and stretched his skinny figure even longer.

Yin Shuiling did not know whether he was hungry or not, because he ate the buns elegantly and refined. It was obvious that the clothes that he wore on his body were old, but he was very well educated.

Yin Shuiling felt her heart go soft. Her father gave him so much money; why did he not take it?

She went to the bun stall to have a glance at the buns in the steamer. The buns had a black exterior. They were small and skinny, making anyone who had a look at them not have any appetite.

She had a few chefs at home, and they would make crystal buns by hand.

She walked to the game machine again. She had a coin in her bag. She took it out of her bag as she threw it in. She followed the instructions on the screen as she played it once. One minute passed, and the screen showed the words, "Game over."

Yin Shuiling looked at the hole on the bottom. Why didn't money fall out?

She did not know how that older brother played with this machine.

Yin Shuiling turned her head back, and Yin Muchen had already stood up to leave.

Her heart tightened up. Her small hands firmly held the strap of her bag as she quickly trailed after him.

In the crowd, a sweet, young voice rang out. "Uncle, Aunt, let me pass..."

The people who were squeezed with one another lowered their gaze down to look. The small, exquisite, beautiful girl had a small pink backpack, and she lifted her bright attractive gaze to look at them. "Aunt, my older brother is on stage. Can you let me go forward?"

There were too many people below the stage, and she was unable to squeeze her way over.

...

The people who were addressed as "Aunties" by her all were surprised with a glow in their eyes. "Wow, whose daughter is this? She looks so beautiful...Ay, can the people in front give some space and let this small girl go over?"

The people in front all turned their heads back. Yin Shuiling stood upright and formally as she bent her waist down sweetly. "Uncles, Aunties, can you let me pass through?"

The people all liked beautiful things, and they were very curious, especially towards a girl who looked so exquisite and obedient like Yin Shuiling. "Sure..." The crowd made a path, and Yin Shuiling headed to the front of the stage without any obstacles.

As she stood before the stage, it was only then that she knew that it was a competition. The emcee took the mic and said, "Everyone, the mathematics competition is starting now. The screen will show numerous mathematical operations and numbers. Our competitors will go through each stage. The difficulty will get more intense as we progress, and the prize money will increase with the difficulty given. The top prize this time is a thousand dollars."

"Okay, okay." The people gathered below the stage applauded as they cheered for their own children. "Xiao You, good luck!...."

"Xiao Chao, all the best!...."

Yin Shuiling looked at the row of competitors. Yin Muchen stood right in the back. He was always the most quiet one, but at the same time, he was also the most eye catching one, because he was way too handsome.

Yin Shuiling's small, supple face let out a smile. Although her voice was childish, it was coy and clear as it covered all over the other voices. "Older Brother, do your best! Older Brother, do your best! Older Brother, good luck!"

She had to repeat important things three times.

Yin Muchen lifted his head up to look in her direction.

She succeeded in attracting his attention. Yin Shuiling stretched her small hand out immediately as she waved at him. "Older Brother, Older Brother..."

Yin Muchen's clear and dark eyes stopped on her figure for two seconds before he coldly left, as if she were a stranger.

Yin Shuiling's small face that was blooming like a flower withered immediately. Her older brother did not bother about her.

Hmph!

Yin Shuiling pouted her tiny pink lips as she stomped her feet.

But when she thought about it for a moment, it was her who made a mistake at the dining table during breakfast today. It was also normal for her older brother not to care about her now.

Okay then, Yin Shuiling decided to forgive him this time.

When the competition started officially, Yin Shuiling looked at the numbers rolling on the screen $3526+2156+1023+...$ She felt like fainting already.

School had yet to teach her numerical operations, and even if she used all of her ten fingers, it was still not enough for her to calculate.

Furthermore, the people in front had all failed. They left with a sullen expression on their faces, and this time, it was Yin Muchen's turn.

Yin Muchen stood on the stage. The youth looked slim and handsome. Yin Shuiling realized that there was a hole in his jeans, but this did not affect his beauty at all. It was just as if that the jeans were designed to be fashionable. He stood there calmly and confidently. His voice was clear and confident as he said, "I will choose the most advanced level."

The people below the stage took a breath in. The emcee laughed and said, "Young chap, although passing the most advanced stage will get you the grand prize of a thousand dollars, this stage is not easy to get through."

Yin Muchen nodded his head. "I will pick this stage."

"Okay, let the screen start rolling," the emcee said.

1526*2364/6210-8150....

Yin Shuiling felt her head go faint. The people beside her all let out a sigh and said, "Even if calculators were allowed in this round, five seconds is not enough for that."

The emcee placed both of his hands on his waist. He squinted his eyes as he laughed at Yin Muchen. Young chap, the grand prize could not be taken away by anyone, haha.

"The answer is 2130.445," Yin Muchen answered.

With his words, the entire crowd became silent. The answer on the screen came to a stop — 2130.445. His answer was correct!

The crowd was shocked. Yin Muchen turned around confidently and walked onto the organizer's stage. "Where is my prize? Thank you," he said politely to the staff member who was in charge of giving out the prize money.

The staff member who was in a daze handed ten 100 dollar bills over to Yin Muchen, and his jaw dropped to the ground as he did so.

Genius!

This youth was definitely a genius when it came to numbers!

Yin Muchen got off the stage.

Yin Shuiling regained her senses]from shock. "Older Brother, Older Brother, wait for me!" She turned around quickly and made her way through the crowd.

Yin Muchen was walking in front, and she chased him from behind. The youth's strides were very large, and she needed to run with her small slim legs and her slim elbows to keep up with her.

They had a ten year age gap. They had a wide age gap. She tried hard to lift her small head up to look at her older brother's handsome face, and her gaze was full of admiration as she said, "Older Brother, Older Brother, you are so amazing. Why are you so amazing? Do your parents know that you are so amazing?"

Yin Muchen did not have a reaction, and he walked on without bothering about her.

Yin Shuiling was as happy as a little bird. She ran happily behind him. She squinted her eyes as she looked at her older brother. The more she looked at him, the more handsome he looked.

Actually, Yin Shuiling was a lonely child. She was an only child at home. She was only six years old when she first attended an elite school to accept her education. She would not play with those boys, but the girls did not play with her, maybe because of their jealousy. All of her time would be spent on dancing and drawing. She was as innocent like plain water.

She suddenly met this older brother right now. He knew how to play a game machine and was both smart and handsome. She was very curious about him, and she also admired him.

The small and big figure walked on like this. He was walking as she ran. Suddenly, Yin Shuiling saw a furry Hello Kitty doll placed on a luxurious window display of a shop. It was the same design with the one on her small backpack.

She immediately stretched her small gentle hand to tug her older brother's hand as she acted cute. "Older Brother, I like that one. Can you buy that for me?"

Yin Muchen stopped in his tracks. He lowered his gaze to look at the tiny face that was pink and powdery. He finally opened his mouth to say, "You are out all by yourself? Do your parents know about it?"

Yin Shuiling spat her pink tongue out as she created a small lie. "They know... Older Brother, I want that one. I really want that very much. I love Hello Kitty the most. Older Brother has money. Older Brother, please buy that for me."

Yin Muchen looked at the price tag placed on the window display, 860.

He had a thousand dollars in his pocket. It was what he won from the competition just now.

He did not move.

Yin Shuiling tugged his large hand as she brought him into the luxurious shop directly. "Older Brother, buy it for me."

A salesperson walked over and helpfully asked, "What do both of you want to buy?"

Yin Muchen looked at the tiny girl whose height was around his waist. Her bright and sparkling eyes had an eye-catching glow in them due to her excitement. Her palm was very soft. It was her small hand. The small hand of an eight year old girl was very soft and felt boneless while being smooth as silk.

His dark and quiet eyes had a touch of gentleness, like a precious flower raised in the warmth. His eyes did not know the bitterness and sadness of humans, and they probably existed on earth as an angel.

He pointed at the Hello Kitty doll and took out nine hundred-dollar bills from the thousand dollars. He said, "That one then."

Chapter 456: Older Brother, Smile

Yin Shuiling followed Yin Muchen with her beloved Hello Kitty doll in her arms. The hair on the doll was so soft. She absolutely loved to touch it with her fair little hand.

After a long walk, the two of them came upon a large lawn in the park. Yin Muchen sat down. He leaned back and lay down on the lawn. He looked at the sky lazily with his arms behind his head.

Yin Shuiling saw her older brother lying on the lawn. She touched the grass with her little hand. Ah, it was so prickly. It was not as soft as a mowed lawn at her villa.

And she saw a lot of people walking on the lawn. Would it be dirty?

Even though she thought so, Yin Shuiling still lay down beside Yin Muchen. If her older brother could lie on it, she could too.

“Older Brother...” The girl called him tenderly as her soft and fragrant little body moved toward him. An enlarged Hello Kitty appeared in front of his eyes.

When the Hello Kitty doll was taken away, the girl’s delicate little face that looked as if it had been carved from tender jade appeared. “Older Brother, what are you looking at? At the blue sky, the white clouds and the birds?”

The sunlight was a bit dazzling, so Yin Muchen half-squinted his narrow eyes. Half of the girl’s body was lying on his chest now, and the dazzling sunlight was blocked by her small head. The distance between the two was only a few millimeters. He looked at the girl from a close distance. The girl’s skin was as good and fair as milk, and it was crystal clear.

“Mmm.” He answered by humming.

He wasn’t really looking at the blue sky, white clouds and birds, because he did not have that leisure. He did not know what he was looking at, and she wouldn’t understand even if he told her.

What can she understand?

“Older Brother, shouldn’t you be happy to see the birds in the blue sky and white clouds? Why are you not happy at all?”

Does she know what it means to be unhappy?

Yin Muchen looked at her quietly. “I am not unhappy,” he said half bored and half perfunctorily.

“Older Brother is lying. You are clearly unhappy. How about this: Older brother, I’ll dance for you. Shall I amuse you?”

Yin Muchen did not answer, but Yin Shuiling scrambled up from his body. She put down her small bag and doll, twisted her small arms and buttocks around, and danced to two little tigers.

Two tigers, two tigers

Run so fast, run so fast

One has no ears

One has no tail

So strange! So strange!

The girl's voice was childish and sweet, and her slim figure was extremely soft when dancing. His eyes turned away to avoid looking at the childish thing, but she jumped wherever he looked.

Finally, she threw herself into his arms. She smiled brightly and asked him, "Older Brother, did I dance well?"

He turned his face and looked at the big tree in the distance. "Yes, it was good."

The big tree changed into her little face. She blinked her big eyes and went close to his face. The little fingers of her left hand and right hand came to his mouth. "If Older Brother thinks it's good, then smile."

She pushed his mouth into a smiling crescent.

He couldn't avoid her little face no matter what. Yin Muchen had no choice but to look at her. She had sweat a little. That little bit of her pink face was like a rose that had been steamed. Glittering sweat adorned her face. Her eyes were shining brightly, like the stars blinking at him in the sky.

Yin Muchen felt as if a feather had brushed across his heart, ticklish and soft.

This kind of feeling could not be placed. It might be because he had seen a rich socialite like her doing all she could just to make him happy, or perhaps in the darkest and most confusing stage of his life, he had met a little girl, or perhaps it was just a liking for simple and beautiful things.

She was really simple and beautiful.

Yin Muchen slowly drew up his lips and smiled. Earnestly, he said, "Yes, you dance very well. I'm very happy now."

"Really? Great." Yin Shuiling was proud and happy.

Then she put her little hand over her little belly. "Older Brother, I'm hungry. It's noon now. We should eat."

Yin Muchen raised his eyebrows and felt a little helpless. He stuffed the remaining \$140 from his trouser pocket into her little hand and pointed not far away. "There's a KFC there. Go buy it yourself."

"Yes, Older Brother, you wait for me here." Yin Shuiling ran away with the money.

15 minutes later, Yin Shuiling came back with a bag in her hand.

Her older brother was sleeping with his eyes closed. Yin Shuiling squatted beside him. She took out all the delicacies in the bag and placed them on the lawn.

Her little fair and tender hand went to push her older brother's chest. "Older Brother, time to eat."

Yin Muchen opened his eyes and glanced sideways. A teriyaki roasted drumstick rice box, egg drop and vegetable soup, two red bean pies, and ice cream.

It was quite simple.

“Older brother, this is the change. Here you are.” She put the tightly held coins in his trousers pocket.

Yin Muchen felt that it was strange. To tell the truth, when he gave her money, he had been worried that it wasn’t enough for her. She was a rich socialite. She had no concepts about money and led a delicate and luxurious life. He hadn’t expected her to order such a simple lunch.

“Don’t you still have money? Why don’t you spend it all?” he asked her.

Yin Shuiling took the ice cream in her hand and licked it with her little pink tongue. “It’s enough for me to have just ice cream and a red bean pie. Both the rice and soup are for older brother. Eat up, Older Brother,” she said sweetly.

Yin Shuiling really had no concept of money. Her parents would always swipe their cards to buy anything she liked when they went shopping. So when she saw the Hello Kitty doll just now, she wanted it.

But just now, when her older brother had given her money to buy KFC, she saw that her older brother’s pockets were empty and he had neither card or money. She thought that maybe her Hello Kitty doll had been too expensive and that she could not spend all her older brother’s money.

She hadn’t eaten this ice cream cone that had only cost a few dollars. Besides Haagen-Dazs, she had also tasted a sundae.

Actually, she didn’t really care. If she had money, she would spend it. If she had no money, she would spend it more carefully. This ice cream cone was quite delicious as well.

Of course, she wouldn’t tell her older brother that.

But it doesn’t mean that Yin Muchen hadn’t understood her thinking if she didn’t tell him. The 18-year-old boy’s thoughts were delicate and sensitive. He sat up and looked at the girl eating the ice cream cone. She was eating it delicately. She licked a little cream with her pink tongue as her long and full eyelashes drooped down beautifully and contentedly. She was born a little princess.

Being with him would only cause her grievances.

He pushed the rice over. “I’m not hungry; you eat it.”

“No, I ordered this rice for Older Brother. There are drumsticks in it. Mother said that boys should eat more meat and girls should eat fruits and vegetables. I don’t like meat, but older brother should eat it,” Yin Shuiling said.

Yin Muchen was quiet for a few seconds, then picked up the rice.

Instead of eating, he scooped up a small mouthful of gravy rice with a small spoon and brought it to her mouth. “Won’t you be hungry if you don’t eat? You eat first, and I’ll eat later.”

“Ok.” Yin Shuiling nodded obediently and ate from the small spoon he was feeding her with. “Older Brother, there’s ketchup in the bag. I want to eat it.”

Yin Muchen held the rice in one hand and rummaged through the bag with the other. There were really several packages of ketchup in the bag. He asked, "You didn't buy French fries but they gave you ketchup?"

"Yes, I asked for it from that big brother. He gave me several packets."

Yin Muchen was expressionless. He opened the ketchup and squeezed it onto the rice. He fed her spoonful by spoonful.

Yin Shuiling stopped eating after several mouthfuls. She had a small appetite. "Older Brother, you eat it." She continued to eat the cone with her head down.

Yin Muchen did not speak. He looked down and ate most of the rice quietly and gracefully.

They had been sun tanning on the lawn until the afternoon, then Yin Muchen got up and left. Yin Shuiling quickly chased after him.

They came to a private inn and Yin Muchen got a room.

The middle-aged boss behind the counter looked at Yin Shuiling with bright eyes. He touched his chin and laughed. "Boy, bringing such a little girl to stay in the same room? Take it easy. Don't cause me any trouble."

Yin Shuiling saw that this uncle was not a good man. She hid behind Yin Muchen, her fair hands gripping onto his trousers as she asked, "Older Brother, when are we going home?"

Yin Muchen rolled his ink-black eyes at the owner and took the room card. He held Yin Shuiling's little hand and walked forward.

When he reached the corner, Yin Muchen released her and squatted down. "I'm going to sleep here tonight. You're almost done playing. Go home."

"No." Yin Shuiling went up and held Yin Muchen's neck with two small hands. "Older Brother, why are you sleeping here? Let's go home together."

Yin Muchen took her little hand off himself and looked serious. "This is not where you should stay, nor am I your older brother. Don't follow me; go home."

After that, Yin Muchen got up and left.

"Older Brother, Older Brother, don't leave me behind. I want to be with you!" Yin Shuiling followed him closely. She would not go home without her older brother. She would follow him.

This girl was really clingy. Yin Muchen couldn't shake her off. He opened the door and looked back, only to see the little girl behind him looking ahead with a stunned look.

In front of him, there was a man with a big stomach and a very young girl in his arms. The environment was dirty. The two people hadn't entered the room. They were pressed against the wall.

Yin Shuiling did not know what the two people were doing. She was about to look carefully when her eyes were covered by a hand and she was brought into the room.

Yin Shuiling looked around the room. It looked old and shabby and smelled bad. "Older Brother, are we really going to sleep here tonight?"

"It's not we, it's me. What's your parents' phone number? I'll call them."

Yin Shuiling shook her head. "I don't know. Older Brother, if you want to sleep here, I'll sleep with you."

Yin Muchen had no choice. "You can do whatever you want." He went into the bathroom.

He came out a few minutes late. He had taken a bath. His hair was wet and he had not changed his clothes. He was still wearing the white shirt and jeans from this morning, but after washing away the dust of the day, he looked very tall and handsome covered in cold droplets.

He took out a blanket and a thin quilt from the cabinet, spread it out under the bed, lay down, covered himself with the blankets, and went to sleep.

Only when Yin Shuiling saw that her brother was really sleeping, did she realized that she was going to sleep here tonight. The light in the room was dim, and the windows seemed to be broken. It was frightening, but the most uncomfortable thing was that she was sticky. She had sweat at noon.

She had to take a bath before going to bed. The fragrance of the bath would make her fall asleep.

She jumped out of bed and walked lightly to the bathroom.

As soon as Yin Muchen closed his eyes, he heard a scream coming from the bathroom.

Chapter 457: Shuiling, Hug Me Tight.

Yin Muchen sat up quickly, and he lifted the blankets up before he dashed into the washroom.

There was the sound of the girl sobbing inside the washroom. "Wa wa wa"

"What's wrong?" He pulled the frosted glass door as he asked, feeling panicked.

He only saw the girl standing underneath the shower head. Hot water was spewing out of the shower head. It was steamy and hot. He cast his gaze downwards and looked at the gentle and slim figure. She was afraid as she curled herself up in a corner. She was only eight years old. She had yet to grow, but her skin was fair and smooth, and it was so eye-catching. Anyone who saw her would feel out of breath.

Yin Muchen stretched his hand out to hold the towel. He bent over and wrapped the towel around the girl's body. He carried her over to face him as he said, "What's wrong? Say something! Did you get scalded?"

Yin Shuiling stretched her fair slim arms out of the towel as she hugged Yin Muchen's neck tight. She pouted her small cherry like lips as she sobbed. "Older Brother, there is a mouse."

She saw a mouse just now, and the mouse ran past her feet.

She was afraid.

Yin Muchen heaved a sigh of relief. He slowly stretched his hand out and patted her back for a few moments. "The mouse is gone. Everything is fine. Don't cry anymore. Take your shower quickly; don't catch a cold."

Yin Shuiling felt comforted. She stopped sobbing, but she still felt very wronged. "Older Brother, can you help me bathe then? Mummy is the one who helps me to bathe at home."

She was still young in age. No matter whether she was in or out of her home, there would always be someone around to serve her. She had almost slipped in the bathroom just now. When she shampooed her hair, the bubbles went into her eyes. It was so painful.

Yin Muchen let go of her and looked at her tiny face. The steam warmed her pink and supple little face, and she had a healthy red blush on her face. Her skin was so supple and moist. Her lips were so tiny. Her think, pink lips — they were so juicy, and even more attractive than a cherry.

Yin Muchen's gaze became a little unnatural. She did not know anything at all, but he was 18 years old already. The things that he should know, he knew all about them.

He shut his eyes and took the towel covering her body off. "I will help you to shampoo your hair. After we wash your hair, you use some shower gel to clean your body and use water to wash it off. I will stand beside you to wait for you."

Yin Shuiling pondered for a moment. She felt that Older Brother's proposal was fine. "Okay then."

Yin Muchen washed her hair for her. Her hair was silky, and no matter who looked at her, it was obvious that she was someone who was raised preciously.

Her hair was very long. It was around the dimples on her back, and he accidentally touched her dimples of her back when he went along with the flow of water. His fingers felt as if they were electrocuted, and he withdrew them in a hurry.

"I am done. You should wash up by yourself." He stood up and opened the glass door.

"Older Brother." Yin Shuiling looked at him. "Older Brother, your face is red now; why are you blushing?"

Yin Muchen was really blushing. The youth's fair, handsome face looked unnatural, and even his earlobes were red.

"I... I am not blushing, I just feel hot," he replied calmly.

Was that right?

Yin Shuiling did not believe it completely. Her teacher told her that when someone blushed, it could be because of embarrassment or shyness. Which feeling did Older Brother feel then?

Her small head couldn't come up with an answer, so she went to shower.

...

After taking her bath, Yin Shuiling sat on the bed. She took the dry towel in her hands and handed it over to Yin Muchen. "Older Brother, there is no hairdryer here. Can you help me dry my hair?"

Could he say no?

Yin Muchen could also tell now: this small girl was not being coy, but she was being sticky with him.

He sat on the bed. The girl turned around to hug her favourite Hello Kitty doll, and he helped her to dry her hair.

"Little kitty, we are going to sleep now. You will sleep with me tonight." The girl used her small hand to poke kitty's small face, and she spoke to it softly.

Yin Muchen felt that she was being very childish, but he could not blame her for being childish. She was still at the age to do so.

He used the towel to dry her hair gently. His gaze fell on her back profile. She was way too young. She was merely a tiny bundle before his eyes. She removed her vest, and she wore a lace shirt with pink cotton shorts. Her slim legs were curled up to a side femininely. Her small feet were pink and sparkling, with her toenails bright like a seashell.

Yin Muchen cast his gaze elsewhere. He used his left hand to take the blanket over as he covered her small thighs with it.

"Your hair is almost dry now. Go and sleep quickly." He got up from the bed.

Yin Shuiling saw her older brother walk to his own sleeping mat, and he lay down to sleep.

Yin Shuiling lay down on the side of the bed. She hugged Kitty in her embrace. She looked at Older Brother's handsome and beautiful face as she asked, "Older Brother, why are you not sleeping together with me?"

Yin Muchen did not open his eyes. "Because, I am not your biological older brother."

"Then, if you are my biological older brother, could you sleep together with me?"

The girl's gentle and coy voice could not stop penetrating his ears. He decided to turn around and left her with the view of his back.

She did not understand this problem right now, but she would probably understand it better when she got older.

Yin Muchen wanted to sleep, but at this moment, there was a rustling sound that came from his back. The corner of his blanket by his side was lifted up as a tiny, soft, and fragrant figure pushed her way inside.

He opened his eyes in the darkness. "Yin Shuiling, are you not going to sleep?"

Yin Shuiling tugged on his shirt with both small hands. "Older Brother, I am afraid to sleep by myself. There is something at the window..."

Yin Muchen looked towards the direction of the window. There was someone who hung their clothes near the window, and that piece of clothing was flowing with the wind. In the girl's eyes, it probably resembled a ghost.

The anger in his heart dissipated a bit, and he got more frustrated instead. "That is a piece of clothing... Forget it. You close your eyes and sleep then."

"Oh." Yin Shuiling used her small body as she went closer to her older brother. She placed herself directly on her older brother's back. Her small head coyly nudged her older brother's handsome back as she said, "Older Brother, why don't you go home with me? Is it because what I said this morning? Older Brother, I am sorry. I will apologize to you. Wahh. In the beginning I thought you were going to snatch my father's love away from me, so I despised you at that time."

Yin Muchen did not say anything, and he closed his eyes to sleep.

"Older Brother, can you go home with me tomorrow? I like you very very much now. I want to play together with you. In the future, I will treat you very very well."

Older Brother still did not say anything. Yin Shuiling had a pout on her exquisite face as she said, "Older Brother, I will not bother you anymore. Good night."

She closed her eyes as she fell asleep.

...

When Yin Shuiling opened her eyes again, it was already morning. The rays of sunshine were already streaming through the windows.

She sat up and kneaded her hands into small fists as she went to rub her eyes in a blurry state. "Older Brother, Older Brother. Wake up." She called out for the boy beside her.

But when she turned to her side to have a look, Yin Muchen was no longer around.

Yin Shuiling was utterly shocked. She jumped up from the bed. She was barefooted as she went to look for her older brother. There was no one in the bathroom. Older brother had left.

"Woo woo..." Yin Shuiling started to sob, and the tears in her eyes streamed down her face. "Older Brother, Older Brother, where are you? Older Brother, you have left me all alone. Older Brother doesn't want me anymore..."

She ran to the side of the door, and she opened the door of the room to run outside.

"Woo woo, Older Brother..."

At this moment, two men that walked past her in the corridor. They saw Yin Shuiling, and immediately stopped in their tracks.

The girl was barefoot, and they saw her fair small feet as she stepped on the carpet. The carpet was very dirty, but her small feet were like sheep's fat. They were glowing with a regal aura. She was in a hurry as

she ran. She was just dressed in shorts and lace trimmed shirt. Although her body had yet to mature, her long, dark hair covered her small, exquisite face, and the moment she started to sob, she sounded just like a small lamb, and it made the men tighten their abdomen as they heard her voice.

The two men licked their lips and looked at each other. "Where did this premium product come from? I have lived for such a long period of time and have yet to come across such a person like that. Listen to that voice, she will be amazing once she grows older; she would cost the man his life."

"That's right, look at that small face. I don't know how many men would fight for her when she grows older. If she does not have a powerful man with high status to take care of her, she would not be able to escape from being kept as a mistress. Why don't we..."

The two men laughed sinisterly.

Yin Shuiling sobbed as she cried wanting to look for her "Older Brother." At this moment, someone rushed over in a hurry and covered over her small mouth.

She was totally alarmed. Another person came forward to hold onto her small feet, and she was immediately lifted up into the air.

"Older Brother." The man who grabbed her feet was excited as his gaze turned sinister. "Have a look at her skin. It's so smooth to touch. I almost did not get ahold of her."

"Okay, stop with the unnecessary talk. Bring her away first. Don't play with her so much that she dies. I want to raise her up and treat her as a money tree."

Yin Shuiling was utterly shocked as she widened her eyes. The eight year old girl had no strength to struggle at all, and she could not even hear the sound of her own heartbeat anymore.

At this moment: "Stop right there! Who are the both of you" A familiar voice sounded out in the air.

The two men saw that their good plan was ruined, but they were still unwilling to let go of Yin Shuiling. They lifted Yin Shuiling up as they started to run even more quickly.

Yin Muchen quickly rushed over. "Stop right there; let go of my younger sister!" The youth's features were tight, and his dark eyes were clear and stern.

Yin Shuiling also started to struggle. She opened her mouth, and she bit the person's hand harshly.

The man was in pain. "Ah!" he screamed as he let go of Yin Shuiling.

"Older Brother, what's wrong?"

Yin Shuiling took the chance to dash away. "Older Brother, Older Brother..."

Yin Muchen bent over, and he opened his arms wide to firmly hold onto Yin Shuiling.

"Woo woo. Older Brother, where did you go? I thought that you didn't want me anymore... Just now, there were some bad people that caught me, and they made me feel so so painful..."

Yin Muchen had yet to have any time to comfort her, because the two men rushed over with a fierce vibe in their eyes.

“Shuiling, hug me tight. Let us run away quickly.” With one battling two, and he was only so young, he definitely could not beat the two people, so he carried Yin Shuiling as he dashed off in a flash.

Yin Shuiling used both of her slim arms to firmly hug her older brother’s neck. She buried her small head in her older brother’s embrace. The scent on her older brother’s body was so pleasant to the nose. It was clean and refreshing. It was the exact same scent that she had smelled last night. She was not afraid at all. She knew that her older brother would definitely protect her.

After they ran to the foot of the lift, there were many people around. The two men saw the situation and cursed softly. They could only give up, and they turned around to leave.

Yin Muchen leaned on the wall to catch his breath. He had run too fast. His heartbeat also accelerated. While he panted, he brought his hand to Yin Shuiling’s hair as he comforted her. “Everything is fine now. Those people have already run away.”

Yin Shuiling was not afraid at all, she blinked her thick eyelashes as she used her own sleeve to wipe her older brother’s sweat, “Older Brother is so brave, thank you Older Brother, for protecting Shui Ling.”

Yin Muchen looked at this happy smiling face in front of him. He put a smile on his face. He thought inside his heart, after he got older, and after the day that he had enough power to protect her came, they would not need to run away anymore.

...

After some time, and after they have confirmed that they were safe, Yin Muchen carried Yin Shuiling as they went back to the room to change their clothes.

Chapter 458: Older Brother, I’ll Protect You In The Future

In the room

Yin Shuiling put on her clothes and sat beside the bed. Yin Muchen squatted on the ground, holding her little feet in one hand and wiping the dust off her soles with a clean towel in the other.

“Older Brother, why did those two bad guys catch me just now?” Yin Shuiling asked.

Yin Muchen’s long finger that was holding the towel paused. He had heard the two men’s foul words just now. There were many perverts in this world.

“Because they were going to sell you,” Yin Muchen replied.

“Sell me? What are they going to sell me for? I’m so young!” Yin Shuiling asked.

What are they going to sell her for?

Yin Muchen looked at the little snow-white fet in his hand. Her ankles were slender, her skin like silk, and all five of her nails were covered with a healthy pink tinge.

Her little feet were already so delicate, so her entire person would naturally be even better.

The girl was just eight years old but so bewitching.

He put the round-headed crystal shoes on her little feet, then got up and said, "Sell you for money so don't wander around in the future. Let's go back."

"Go back? Older Brother, are you going home with me?" Yin Shuiling asked excitedly.

"Yes." Yin Muchen scoffed at himself, one side of his lips lifting. Where else could he go if he doesn't return to the Yin family home?

When they went out, Yin Shuiling's fair and dainty hand held her older brother's big hand, and she asked, "Brother, I didn't see you when I woke up. It scared me to tears. Where did you go?"

Yin Muchen's face was indifferent, and he answered casually. "I went out for a walk."

For a walk?

Yin Shuiling was unhappy. Why hadn't her older brother woken her up?

Then, Yin Shuiling noticed a bag lying on the corridor with her sharp eyes. Suddenly, she remembered that when her brother appeared, he had carried that exact bag in his hand. She quickly went forward and stooped to pick it up. "What is this, Older Brother?"

"Nothing..." Behind her came the boy's frustrated voice.

Yin Shuiling looked inside the bag. Inside was an old and trusted brand's breakfast fried rice dumplings and a bag of warm soybean milk.

Unfortunately, the soybean milk had spilled out when it fell on the ground, so it could not be drunk anymore.

"Older Brother, is this for me?" Yin Shuiling flashed a sweet and dainty smile and looked up at him, her upturned face full of hope.

She had eaten this fragrant fried rice dumpling before. She had been tired of the house chef's cooking, so her mother had bought it for her. She remembered that the old shop was far away from here and that it was very expensive.

There was no walk. Her older brother had gone to buy the fragrant fried rice dumplings for her to eat.

Yin Muchen looked at the girl's clear and shining eyes, sparkling with nothing but hope and joy. The eight-year-old girl was so pure that she was like a piece of white paper.

"Yes." He nodded.

Yin Shuiling's little face blossomed into a smile, as pretty as a flower. "Thank you, Older Brother."

She went to the garbage can and threw away the broken soybean milk and bags. The wrapping paper of the fried rice dumplings was stained with a little dust. She gently brushed the dust away with her fair

and dainty hands, then opened her cherry mouth and took a small bite. "Older Brother, it's delicious," she said with satisfaction.

Yin Muchen's heart was very soft and gentle. The girl was born exquisite and noble. Even if she had just picked it up from the ground, he would feel that it was delicious just by watching her eat.

He stepped forward and stretched out his hand to brush a grain of rice from the corner of her mouth.

"Older Brother, it's too much. I can't finish eating all this. Shall we eat together?" Yin Shuiling held up the fragrant fried rice dumpling with both hands and handed it to Yin Muchen.

Yin Muchen bent down and took a bite from her little hand.

"Older brother, is it delicious?" Yin Shuiling asked.

"Yes, it's delicious," Yin Muchen answered.

He took her soft little hand and brought her down the stairs.

...

When they returned to the Yin family house, Yin Shuiling was following behind Yin Muchen happily. The servant opened the door. She went into the living room and wanted to talk to her older brother.

But the atmosphere was not right. She looked up and saw her father and mother sitting on the sofa. Her mother was crying. Her father had his arm around her mother as he spoke softly to her.

"Mom," Yin Shuiling cried out.

Shi Xiaoqing suddenly raised her eyes when she heard her. When she saw her baby daughter standing in front of her unscathed, she rushed forward and held Yin Shuiling tight in her arms. "Shuiling, where did you go all day yesterday? Mom thought you were missing. You are Mom's life."

"Mom." Yin Shuiling patted her mother on the back with her little hand. "Mom, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Yesterday, I was with my older brother..."

Before she could finish speaking, Shi Xiaoqing got up quickly and with a smack, she reached out and slapped Yin Muchen.

Yin Shuiling was shocked and stunned.

She had never seen her mother so fierce. Her mother had always been gentle and kind, but now she seemed like a vicious person.

"What do you want to do, Yin Muchen? Did you abduct Shuiling yesterday? Why didn't you tell us that you were with Shuiling; why didn't you bring her home? Do you know that all the bodyguards and policemen are out looking for Shuiling?" Shi Xiaoqing raged.

Yin Muchen's face turned sideways from the force of the slap. His fair right cheek turned red instantly. Shi Xiaoqing had long nails, and she had deliberately scratched him with her nails when slapping him, leaving five scarlet bloodstains.

Yin Muchen's soft bangs covered his eyes. He hung his head so that they could not see his face, but he stood straight and his thin but handsome back would not yield to anyone.

He was silent but stubborn.

Yin De quickly went forward to coax her. "Xiaoqing, what are you doing? You..."

Shi Xiaoqing pushed Yin De aside and pointed her finger contemptuously at Yin Muchen. "Do you still want to protect him now? You don't want your baby daughter?"

Yin De was silent at once. He looked at the teenager and sighed. It was obvious that he had complaints about Yin Muchen's failure to bring Yin Shuiling back too.

His precious daughter was his life — the life of the Yin family.

"Yin Muchen, tell me what you have in mind. My Shuiling is of noble birth, she shouldn't even have a tiny bruise. What is your identity? Do you deserve to be with Shuiling? You..."

"Waaa..." With a loud cry, Yin Shuiling came forward and pushed Shi Xiaoqing away with two small hands, then stood in front of Yin Muchen. "Mom, what are you doing? You can't hit Older Brother. You can't bully him! Waa, my brother bought me a Hello Kitty doll and breakfast. In the morning, two bad uncles wanted to catch me, but Older Brother protected me. Older Brother is very kind to me."

Shi Xiaoqing was pushed away by her daughter, and her face turned black. But after hearing those words, she was also stunned. Has she wronged Yin Muchen?

At this time, Yin De went forward to smooth things out. "Muchen, your aunt has blamed you wrongly. She was very worried about Shuiling...and your safety. Let's just forget about this matter and get along well in the future."

Yin Muchen did not listen. He turned around and went upstairs to his room.

When he was closing the door, he heard Shi Xiaoqing's sharp voice. "What is he so arrogant? One has to bow their heads under the roof of others. Doesn't he understand that? Wasn't it just a slap? What's the big deal? If he has the ability, don't come back to the Yin family house. Doesn't he just want to leech at my house."

Yin De coaxed her. "Keep your voice down. Keep your voice down..."

Yin Muchen closed the door.

...

In the room, Yin Muchen sat by the bed with burning pain on his face, but he did not care. His handsome features were calm and quiet. He reached out and opened his schoolbag.

The bag contained a remote-controlled aircraft that could no longer fly.

He carefully embraced the plane and touched it with his long fingers, reminiscing.

Knock Knock...

At this time, a knock on the door sounded. There was a soft, sweet voice. "Older Brother, it's me. Open the door, please?"

Yin Muchen's finger paused, he did not reply.

The knocks on the door continued. The girl outside the door had probably burst into anxious tears, but she dared not cry out loud. "Older Brother, why don't you open the door for me? Do you not like me anymore? sobs..."

Yin Muchen put the plane back in his schoolbag. He got up and went to open the door.

The little girl outside the door was crying. Her eyes and the tips of her nose red. She had a medicine tray in her hands. When she saw him open the door, she stopped her tears. In her teary state, she cried and laughed as she sweetly called him "Older Brother."

Yin Muchen let her in.

He sat back on the bed. The little girl put the tray on the chair. "Older Brother, your face is bleeding. I'll apply some ointment for you."

She stood beside him, pinched a cotton ball in her small hand, and wiped the bloodstains on his face.

Tears fell from her eyes as she wiped the blood away. She bit her lower lip and cried in his ear. "Older Brother, it hurts a lot, doesn't it? Sorry; I apologize for my mother."

The girl's soft sobbing rang out by his ear, and his quiet, ink-black eyes rested on her tender and dainty little face. "I didn't even cry. What are you crying for?" he asked softly.

Yin Shuiling put down the cotton ball. She held Yin Muchen's handsome face in her two soft hands and came forward. She gently blew on the wounds for him. "I see my older brother hurting, so I'm hurting too. I want to cry when it hurts. Older Brother, stop hurting. Shuiling will blow on your booboo for you."

She blew air on his wounds childishly.

Yin Muchen's cold, indifferent, ink-black eyes became warmer. His long fingers went to her cheeks and wiped her tears away. She was the first person in the world whose heart ached for him beside his parents.

"Older brother, have you ever been beaten before?"

Yin Muchen shook his head. "No."

Yin Shuiling climbed up onto his lap with both hands and feet. She stretched out two slender arms and wrapped them around his neck. "Older Brother, I will protect you in the future. No one would dare to hit you again."

The girl's voice was tender and pleasant. How could she protect him now? And when does he need a little girl to protect him?

But he quietly lifted his lips. His heart was already warmed.

Until many years later, when he stood at the peak of power, he still remembered her sentence clearly. It was precisely because of this sentence that he had held back many times when he wanted to strangle her. He just threw her onto the big bed and bullied her severely.

In fact, he had no regrets in his life, only this one: when he was 18 years old, he had met this little girl named Yin Shuiling.

From then on, there would be no more catastrophes.

...

In addition to living in the Yin family house, Yin Muchen did not accept any gifts from the Yin family. He still wore his old clothes and made money himself. In fact, it was easy for him to earn money to support himself. He still went to his old school.

But he began to smoke and drink, mixing with bad friends. The 18-year-old Yin Muchen had begun to rebel.

And Yin Shuiling had become his little tail. Every day after school, she would go to his school gate to wait for him. When asked, she would tell others in a clear, loud, and proud voice that Yin Muchen was her older brother!

So the news spread through the entire T City, the fairy Yin Shuiling suddenly has a brother called Yin Muchen.

Chapter 459: You Are Not Allowed To Bully My Older Brother; I Will Bite You

There was one day after school was dismissed, she waited by the main doors of the school as usual. She was dressed in a thin, pink, handwoven sweater. The sleeves of the sweater were puffy, and she matched it with a white small skirt with multiple folds, and it ended above her kneecaps.

Her long, neat hair fell on her shoulders. She did not plait it today, and only had a pink headband that matched the colour of her sweater. She looked beautiful and attractive.

Huge groups of classmates left the school as they were dismissed. Everyone looked at her as they said, "Wow, who is this young girl? She looks so beautiful."

"You must be a frog in the well. It is really better to see her in person compared to a thousand praises heard about her. She looks so beautiful, even though she is so young. What would she look like when she gets older?"

Yin Shuiling did not worry about others gazes. She went on her tiptoes, and she snuck her small head out to look towards the inside of the school.

There was no sight of Yin Muchen.

Why did Older Brother not come out yet?

He would normally be out by this time.

Yin Shuiling waited for a while more, until all of the students left, and Older Brother still did not come out yet.

She bit her lip, and she took a few steps with her slim legs towards her brother's classroom.

She stood at the side of the door and looked inside the classroom. The curtains were all drawn in the classroom. Yin Muchen was together with a group of boys as they gathered around a computer.

"Older Brother," she called out to him.

Her voice obviously shocked the boys. Two boys quickly used their bodies to block the computer screen, not allowing her to see what was on the screen.

As Yin Shuiling was feeling suspicious, Yin Muchen walked over. The youth's fair, handsome skin was a little redder than usual as he touched her small head. "Shuiling, I still have a little homework that I have yet to complete. You stand here to wait for me for a moment; don't run elsewhere."

Doing homework?

She nodded her head. "Okay, Older Brother, you have to complete your homework diligently. I will wait for you."

Yin Muchen closed half-closed the classroom door. Because he was afraid she would run off somewhere, he left half of the door to see her figure whenever he pleased.

He walked back into the classroom again. Those few boys were very excited, and they moved the mouse as they continued to look at the video.

There were some Japanese films playing on the screen. They were boys around 18 or 19 years old. They were in the prime of their youth, and they were hot blooded as they looked on.

Yin Muchen sat on a seat. He held a cigarette between his fingers. He pulled out his lighter and lit it, and he took two puffs as he lifted his eyebrows up. His clear, dark, marble-like, eyes glanced at the screen. He cursed as he looked down at the reaction that his lower body had. His handsome figure leaned on the back of the chair, as he looked lazy and decadent.

At this moment, there was a blonde haired boy beside him who patted his shoulder. The boy laughed and asked, "Ay, Yin Muchen, did you ever peek in a girls' shower?"

Yin Muchen squinted his eyes as he spat a mouthful of smoke out. This question...

He had never been in a relationship before. He's also never thought of doing such boring things, only... He could not help but think of the time in the small hotel two months ago. The small eight year old girl and all of her white smooth skin, and also when she elegantly crossed her slim legs on the bed...

The blonde boy placed his hand on his shoulder as he said, "Yin Muchen, your younger sister Yin Shuiling is the recognized little princess of T City. She is really so beautiful."

Yin Muchen lifted his gaze to look over. The small girl stood obediently at the gap of the door. She had always been very obedient throughout these two months. She would do whatever he asked her to. She would stick to him and smile at him.

At this moment, it was sunset. She turned her face sideways as she looked at something near her feet. The golden rays of sunshine spewed onto her small face, and she looked refreshing and so attractive that others couldn't look her in the eye.

His gaze landed on the dimples on her back. His two long fingers that he used to hold his cigarette were moving about. He had unintentionally touched it when he helped her to shampoo her hair that day. There was a small dip between the two bones, and it was so smooth.

Yin Muchen felt that all of his blood flowing through his body was rushing towards his brain.

At this moment, the sound of laughter rang out in his ears. "Yin Muchen, how is it? Have you ever tried it out with her?"

Yin Muchen stopped smoking. Just as a bucket of ice water had fallen down from the top of his head all the way to the bottom of his feet, all of the blood that rushed towards his brain turned cold, and he was drenched in sweat.

He looked at the blonde guy and asked, "What did you say?"

"Aiyo, Yin Muchen, why are you pretending right now? You are merely staying over at the Yin family's home. You really treat Yin Shuiling as your biological sister? I don't believe that you don't have any feelings for such a beautiful girl. What is wrong with being eight years old? You have already won big. All the men in T City want to have such easy access to her, but they can't..."

He had yet to finish his words, and Yin Muchen stood up. He kicked and overturned the tables and chairs, and he harshly punched the blonde boy. "Dare to say that one more fucking time?"

The video was quickly switched off. The boys in the classroom all came around to pull them apart. "What's wrong? Why are you two fighting right now?"

Yin Muchen lifted the collar of the blonde haired guy, and he pushed him onto the wall. "If you have the guts to say those words one more time, if you have the guts to insult her again, then say it one more time!"

The blonde haired guy did not bow down to pressure. He broke out into loud laughter as he said, "Yin Muchen, you are anxious. You are anxious right now! You are behaving suspiciously! Yin Muchen, to be honest, you are just the son of a thief. Even the blood flowing in your veins is dirty. A thief would want to steal expensive things, and the more dirty your blood is, the more you would crave for innocent and beautiful things. Now, this noble, innocent, and beautiful thing is in front of you. I don't believe that you would not go to take it. I will open my eyes to look on and see how long you can control yourself."

Yin Muchen was really angry. The two boys battled with one another, and the classroom was in total chaos.

Yin Shuiling did not know what was going on, but she would never allow anyone to bully her older brother. She lifted her slim legs up as she quickly ran forward. She lifted her legs up to kick the blonde haired boy. "You get lost. You get lost. You are not allowed to hit my older brother! You are not allowed to hit my older brother..."

She bent over and tugged the elbow of the blonde haired guy with her small white hands as she opened her mouth to bite him without any hesitation.

The blonde haired guy screamed out in pain and lifted his hand to swat Yin Shuiling away.

Yin Shuiling retreated. She almost fell down on the floor. Yin Muchen saw what was going on and let go of the blonde haired guy immediately. "Shuiling!" He ran over to protect Yin Shuiling in his embrace.

Yin Shuiling was afraid that she would fall down. She used both of her elbows to hold onto Yin Muchen's neck as she nudged herself onto her body. "Older Brother, are you okay? You don't have to be worried. I would not allow anyone to bully you. If he dares to hit you, I will go and hit him. Hmph!"

Yin Muchen's dark eyes were full of gentleness. At this moment, this tiny, soft, fragrant bundle in his embrace made him not want to let go.

The blonde haired guy was pulled back by the crowd. He held the elbow that was bleeding because of Yin Shuiling's bite, and he looked at the pair of siblings that were hugging each other tight. He laughed coldly and said, "Heh, Yin Shuiling, although you are only 8 years old right now, I will still need to remind you that this person is the son of a thief. You better not trust the wrong person. Also, Yin Shuiling, you better not get close to any man on this earth, because you would harm all of them!"

"Bad person, I don't want to listen to you speak! You are not allowed to say bad things about my older brother! You are a thief! My older brother isn't one. My older brother has me right now. He doesn't need to go and steal!" Yin Shuiling pouted her exquisite pink cheeks as she glared at the blonde guy.

The blonde guy laughed out loud. "Such a great sentence about having you, and your older brother doesn't need to go and steal anymore. Yin Shuiling, your older brother stole you."

Yin Shuiling wanted to continue talking, but at this moment, Yin Muchen stood up, and held her small hand. "Shuiling, let's go."

Yin Muchen held her hands as they left.

Yin Shuiling was not satisfied. She followed her older brother, and she turned her head to make faces at the blonde guy as she walked on. Hmph, bad person!

...

Both of them walked onto the main streets. Yin Shuiling's small hand was still held in Yin Muchen's palm. She lifted her small head up to look at her older brother's handsome side profile. "Older Brother, in the future, could you not play with these people anymore? You are smoking cigarettes, drinking alcohol, skipping classes, and it is all because of the bad influence that these people have. They even fought with you. I don't want you to play with them anymore."

Yin Muchen curled the corners of his lips up. He broke out into laughter as he said, "Shuiling, how we change has nothing to do with other people. We only change to become the people that we want to be."

Yin Shuiling did not understand what her older brother was saying, but the smile on the corners of her brother's lips was very light, as if...he were mocking himself, and she felt bad as she looked at him.

She stopped in her tracks and acted coy and cute. "Older Brother, my legs are sore. Can you carry me back home?"

Yin Muchen also stopped in his tracks. "Okay, Older Brother will carry you on my back." He bent his body down.

"I don't want to." Yin Shuiling shook her small head. She used her small hand to tug on her own skirt that had multiple folds. She was shy and did not dare to look at him at all. "My skirt is so short..."

Her teacher in kindergarten and mother had told her: she's a girl and could not allow anyone to look at her small butt.

If her older brother piggybacked her, she would expose herself then.

Yin Muchen was at the age to understand what she was trying to say in a moment. "I will carry you then."

He bent over and prepared himself to carry her horizontally.

But Yin Shuiling used both of her small hands to hold his neck as she jumped on his body.

Yin Muchen froze. The scenes that had played out on the screen floated into his mind. His breathing became hurried, and his hands were all over the place as he did not know where to place his hands as he carried her. "Shuiling..."

"Okay, Older Brother, we can go home now." Yin Shuiling blinked with her large, innocent eyes. She had a sweet smile on her face as she said, "Mummy carried me like this when I was younger."

Her eyes were totally innocent and had nothing else. Yin Muchen's Adam's apple bobbed for a moment. He used his mind power to forget those dirty scenes in his mind. He was engaging in blasphemy towards her right now.

She was still so young.

He used one large hand to hold onto her soft waist that was extremely tiny, then he used another hand to tug the skirt into his palm before he lifted her up. He lifted his long legs, as he carried her in his arms as he walked.

"Older Brother, why did they say that you are the son of a thief?"

Yin Muchen's clean, dark eyes had complex emotions in them. They had a touch of hurt. He pursed his thin lips and did not say a single word.

"Older Brother, are you unhappy again? It's fine. They said that you are the son of a thief, but I believe that you are not one."

Yin Muchen looked at the tiny face before him. “You really believe that?” he asked her seriously.

Yin Shuiling nodded her head forcefully. “Yeah, I believe that!”

Yin Muchen’s handsome face had a smile appear on it slowly. “I also believe that.”

Both of them looked at one another as they broke out into a smile. Yin Shuiling took a bag of QQ sweets from the pocket of her pink sweater. She opened the packet of sweets, took a QQ sweet, and placed it to the side of Yin Muchen’s lips. “Older Brother, this is for you to eat. It tastes very good.”

Yin Muchen shook his head as he broke out into laughter. “I don’t want to eat it; you have it then.”

It was a snack that a small girl would eat.

“Oh, okay then. I will eat it by myself.” Yin Shuiling squeezed the QQ sweet past her small lips, and she chewed on the sweet elegantly.

Chapter 460: I Like My Older Brother Too

After they had walked quite a long way, Yin Muchen felt something smooth and soft on his neck. He looked sideways and saw that the girl in his arms had fallen asleep.

Because he was carrying her vertically, once she fell asleep, her entire body started slipping down. In her sleep, she also felt it. Her small hands held him tightly and buried her small head deep in his neck.

Yin Muchen was uncomfortable. She buried herself in his neck, causing her warm breath to heat up his skin. Even if he didn’t smell it, he knew that her breath was sweet and fragrant. Her little face was still rubbing against his neck, smooth as silk.

His skin prickled with goosebumps.

“Shuiling...” He opened his mouth to call her and realized that his voice was hoarse. He wanted to carry her horizontally.

But he had just moved a little. “Mmm, Older Brother...” The little girl buried in his neck felt uneasy. She didn’t want to leave him. She subconsciously hooked him in with two thin legs. Her little head moved, and the cherry mouth slid all the way from his neck to his ear.

Yin Muchen’s handsome face was red. At the age of 18, he was young but developed. He had not liked any girls but had received many love letters from girls, including some school beauties.

But he had never fallen in love with anyone, and in respect to that aspect, he hadn’t thought about it.

So what was the situation with him now?

His body was reacting too strongly. For the first time in his life, he felt...panic and shame, because of nothing else but the 8-year-old girl in his arms — his sister.

How could he treat her like that?

The yellow-haired boy's words echoed in his ears. The feeling of a basin of cold water dousing him from head to toe in the classroom just now came again. His bright red face turned pale quickly.

He was not like that.

It was probably because he had watched the film, and she had asked him to carry her.

Yin Muchen affirmed in his heart that, yes, it must be so.

Although they weren't related by blood, he had really regarded her as his sister. She was a little angel he had met in this dark and confusing time. She had smiled at him and given him warmth. She was willing to call him "Older Brother", so from then on, he would protect her like his own sister.

...

It was the weekend. Yin Shuiling doesn't need to go to school. She went out with Yin Muchen early in the morning.

Shi Xiaoqing was very opposed to her baby daughter hanging out with this poor boy, Yin Muchen, but her daughter likes him and sticks to him. As her mother, she had no choice but to open one eye and close one eye.

After all, this daughter was her life. She was reluctant to hit and scold her; she could only allow her to do as she wished.

Yin Shuiling came to an old residential district with Yin Muchen. It was very dilapidated. Most of the households had moved away, leaving behind only those who had financial difficulties and could not afford to buy a house.

Knock Knock.

Yin Muchen came to a door, reached out, and knocked on the door.

The door opened very quickly. It was a middle-aged man in his 50s.

When the man saw Yin Muchen, he closed the door. "Why are you here again, Muchen? How many times have I said that I don't know much about your father."

Yin Muchen quickly pushed against the door. "Uncle, please don't close the door. I just want to say a few words to you. You are my dad's good friend. My dad is an accountant. They all said that my dad stole millions in public funds and jumped to his death when his deeds were revealed, but Uncle, I do not believe that. I do not believe that my dad is such a person."

The man sighed. "Muchen, it's true that your father misappropriated public funds. The police announced that the case was solved. Although I'm good friends with your father, I'm just a driver. I don't know the situation."

“Uncle, I know you don’t know. I’m not putting you on the spot, but I want to ask you to help me. Do you have the contact information of the boss of my father’s company? I want to check the account my father handled,” Yin Muchen replied.

The man shook his head. “Muchen, because your father had moved public funds, the company could not operate. The company has already gone bankrupt. What accounts could there be? And I heard that the boss went abroad. Muchen, you are still a child. Don’t worry about these things anymore. I’ve heard that you have been taken away by a wealthy family. You live a safe and peaceful life then. You living well will be the greatest comfort to your father.”

The man was about to close the door after speaking.

“Uncle, I’ll ask you one last question. Do you know...where my mother went?” Yin Muchen asked.

When the man heard this, he was furious. “Don’t mention your mother anymore! When your father was in deep water, your mother ran faster than a rabbit. She didn’t even want her son. And you still care about her? When your dad got married, I disapproved of this marriage. Your mom was born so beautiful that any man would take a second look at her. How could she live contentedly with your dad? I saw her get in a limousine when your dad was in trouble. She had run away with a rich man long ago!”

The man closed the door with a bang after he finished.

...

Yin Shuiling looked at her brother in front of her. His head hung down, and she wondered what he was thinking about, but his hands on his side had been balled into fists.

Yin Shuiling was frightened. She rushed forward and tugged her brother’s clothes. “Older Brother, Older Brother, what’s wrong? Can’t Older Brother find your parents?”

She could only understand half of what the middle-aged man had said.

Yin Muchen slowly turned back, He squatted down, reached out, and touched Yin Shuiling’s beautiful little face. He smiled quietly, with sarcasm and desolation in his laugh. “Shuiling, they all said my father was a thief. My mother ran away with other men. They don’t want me anymore. I am an orphan.”

Yin Shuiling’s small, fair, and tender hands crept up to his handsome face when she heard that. She muttered, “Older Brother, you are not an orphan. They don’t want you. I want you. I want Older Brother!”

Yin Muchen grasped her soft little hand and held it tight in his palm. The girl’s face was innocent and pure, and her big eyes were full of heartache for him.

“Shuiling, even if people all over the world say so, I don’t believe it. My father would not embezzle public funds. He is not a thief. My mother is not vain and superficial. She would not run off with other men. My parents have a good relationship. My father leaves work on time every night. There is a roast chicken stall outside his company. My father would buy roast chicken every day. But he couldn’t bear to eat it. Whenever he’d come home, he would say that he had already eaten it. He wanted me to eat it with my mother, but my mother would say that she doesn’t like meat and left it for my father to eat.

“Yes, my mother is very beautiful, and a college student. We lived in a bad environment. Those men would always peep at my mother... My mother would stay at home all day and knit for me until my father comes home from work.”

“Our family lived happily. I don’t know why it suddenly became like this.”

Yin Muchen felt something wet on his face as tears plopped down. The tears in his eyes plummeted to the ground like beads from a broken thread.

He had cried.

The 18-year-old boy had gone through such an incident. He had become an orphan overnight. He did not know what to do. He was confused, and he could not find his direction.

He doesn’t like smoking, drinking, skipping classes and watching adult movies. He just felt that life was boring and his heart was flustered with boredom.

He curled himself up with his arms around his knees and cried bitterly.

Yin Shuiling’s nose soured. This was her first time seeing her older brother cry. She felt devastated when her older brother was crying.

She went forward, put out her tender arms, and hugged her older brother’s head, and glittering mist came out of her eyes. She pouted her little mouth and cried, “Older Brother, don’t...be sad, *sobs*. Older brother, you still have Shuiling. Shuiling likes you. Shuiling will always be with you. Wuu...”

At this time, passers-by walked pass, and everyone looked sideways. In that dark corner, the dirt was filthy. Even the white ash on the wall had fallen off a layer and was full of holes, but the two children who had not grown up wept together, crying so sadly...and warmly.

Yin Muchen had cried enough. He reached out and wiped away his tears. He looked up. The little girl was out of breath from crying. When she saw him look up, she helped him wipe his tears with a little tender hand. “Wuu, Older Brother...”

Yin Muchen’s heart melted. He put his hand around her waist and let her sit on his lap. He coaxed her softly. “Alright, Shuiling, let’s not cry anymore. Older Brother won’t cry in the future. This is the last time.”

He had cried because he had been sad and depressed for too long.

Maybe he wouldn’t cry without this little girl beside him.

After all, it has been this way for half a year, and he had not shed a single tear.

Once the wound in his heart was comforted and revealed by others, the opening of the wound would grow wider and wider.

But he wouldn’t cry anymore.

A man should not shed tears, only blood.

He did not believe that his parents would do that. There must be some secret he did not know. With his current ability, he wouldn't be able to touch that world at all. What he needed to do most was to make himself stronger.

Only when he had become stronger could he protect the people he loves.

...

Yin Muchen changed. He no longer rebelled. He accepted all the gifts from the Yin family.

Every day, he wore famous branded clothes and went to school in a private car. He transferred to an aristocratic school and soon made his mark in the school.

This teenager was born with some gifts. He had a handsome and extraordinary appearance and a talent with numbers. Even though he was indifferent to everyone, his name swept throughout the entire campus.

People had joked that the Yin family was full of talented people. The Yin family's young lady, Yin Shuiling, had the hearts of all the men in T City, while this Yin Muchen had captured the hearts of all the ladies.

While Yin Shuiling felt happy for her brother, she also had numerous troubles, because she had received many love letters, flowers, and chocolates for her brother.

That day, she was standing at the school gate while waiting for her brother as before, when suddenly, two beautiful girls came running over.

"Hi, Yin Shuiling, are you Yin Muchen's sister? This is the scarf I knitted for your brother. Please pass it to him," the girl said.

Yin Shuiling looked at the scarf. Instead of reaching for it, she knitted her eyebrows and childishly said, "My brother has a scarf. He doesn't need you to give him one."

The girl looked shy. "Sister Shuiling, this scarf is different from others. I like your brother."

At Yin Shuiling's age, she didn't know what "like" meant. She just felt that the beautiful elder sister and the scarf were very annoying. She puffed her exquisite cheeks. "I like my older brother too. It's enough for me to like my older brother alone. He doesn't need you guys," she said in a crisp voice.