

Chapter 210: I'm Here

Xu Youyou's expression was dull, and she did not react.

Xu Jialu's phoenix-like eyes looked at Mo Shenbai skeptically as he asked, "Can you do it or not?"

Mo Shenbai's deep eyes were filled with heartache. After a moment of silence, he lowered his head and whispered into Xu Youyou's ears.

Xu Youyou suddenly trembled. Then, it seemed like her senses and soul gradually returned to her. Soon after, she let Wang Xiaohui go. Her lips and teeth were stained with blood; they were a stark contrast to her extremely pale face. She turned to look at Xu Jialu calmly and called out with a bloody mouth, "Brother..."

Xu Jialu was relieved when he saw that she finally returned to her senses. He held her hand and said, "I'm here. Brother is here..."

"Grandma... is gone..." Xu Youyou's eyes were red as she stared at Xu Jialu. Then, she lowered her head.

Xu Jialu's eyes turned red as well as tears glimmered in his eyes. Although he seemed callous and was not very close to his grandmother, she was his biological grandmother after all. How could he not be saddened by the passing of a family member?

Xu Youyou furrowed her brows. An expression of grief and also confusion could be seen as she muttered, "Grandma is gone..."

It was as though Xu Youyou could not understand or accept her grandmother's sudden departure. She had just seen her grandmother yesterday. They were chatting and laughing, and she had even promised to bring Mo Shenbai to visit. She even bought her grandmother the peach pastry that she liked.

Xu Jialu's tears could not help but fall when he saw the state Xu Youyou was in. Not wanting to be seen by others, he quickly turned to the side and wiped his tears away. "Youyou..."

Xu Youyou did not seem to hear Xu Jialu. She got off Wang Xiaohui's body and rose to her feet. Her head was lowered as she walked out of the room while muttering to herself, "Grandma is gone, grandma is gone... I won't see her again. I can't talk to her, I can't hug her, I can't feel her warmth anymore..."

Mo Shenbai and Xu Jialu rose to their feet. They exchanged a look and saw similar worried expressions on each other's faces.

Xu Youyou was raised by Old Madam Xu so her bond with Old Madam Xu was very deep. Now that Old Madam Xu had left, how could Xu Youyou withstand such a blow?

After leaving the security room, Xu Youyou walked out of the hospital into the scorching heat. Despite the scorching sun, she felt cold. It was as though there were countless icicles piercing her body and her heart.

"Grandma..."

Xu Youyou stopped walking. She felt like she could not breathe. She raised her hand and pressed it against her heart. A pained expression appeared on her face as she pursed her blood-stained mouth. Her voice was broken and like the winter chill when she called out for her grandmother.

The moving and colorful scene before her was reduced to only black and white. After a moment, the white disappeared, leaving only darkness.

The leaves returned to the earth, the birds returned to the forest, the fish returned to the sea, and Xu Youyou returned to the darkness.

At this time, Mo Shenbai who was walking over saw Xu Youyou's slender body tilting to the side lifelessly and falling to the ground. She was like a butterfly that was blown down to the mud by a storm.

"Youyou!"

For the first time, a horrified expression appeared on the face of Mo Shenbai who had always been calm and collected. His dark eyes shone with despair and fear. He felt like his heart had shattered and his soul was being torn apart.

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Xu Youyou did not know how long she was unconscious. When she opened her eyes, her expression was dull. She felt strange and cold as she looked around.

A sound came from the door.

When she turned her head, she saw Mo Shenbai walking in with a glass of water.

Seeing that she had woken up, Mo Shenbai's tense expression eased slightly and showed a hint of relief. "You're awake."

Xu Youyou looked at him quietly with her big and watery eyes. Her expression remained dull.

Mo Shenbai walked to the side of the bed and helped her to sit up before he took a seat and said, "Drink some water."

Xu Youyou blinked a few times before she obediently drank half a glass of water.

"Are you hungry? What do you want to eat?" Mo Shenbai asked as he gently wiped the droplets of water on the corners of her lips.

Xu Youyou lowered her gaze and did not speak.

Based on his previous experience, Mo Shenbai roughly guessed that she did not like to speak when she was sad. It was as though she had sealed herself up. He was very worried, but he did not dare to rush her. He said gently, "Grandma's body has been transported back. The funeral is being held at home so it'll be convenient for relatives and friends to come over and pay their respects."

Mo Shenbai was also very worried that if Xu Youyou did not see her grandmother, she would collapse again.

Xu Youyou's eyelashes quivered slightly, but she still did not say anything.

Mo Shenbai took a deep breath before he asked patiently, "Do you want to go down and see Grandma?"

Xu Youyou did not react for a moment. Then, she turned to look at him wordlessly.

Although she did not say anything, Mo Shenbai seemed to understand her. He turned around and brought out a black dress from the wardrobe for her before helping her to change. Then, he found a black hair tie for her. He was not used to tying her hair so he clumsily tied a low ponytail for her, trying to keep every strand of hair in place. Then, he held her hand and went downstairs.

When Xu Youyou came downstairs, she saw her grandmother lying peacefully in the coffin, which was placed in the hall. Her grandmother looked as though she was sleeping.

Xu Jianshu and Cheng Ying were dressed in mourning clothes as they kneeled in front of a brazier to burn offerings for Old Madam Xu.

Xu Jialu wore a black shirt, which he hardly wore, and kneeled next to his parents. His head was lowered, and he was silent.

Mo Shenbai led the wooden Xu Youyou deeper into the room that had been converted into a mourning hall. When she saw her grandmother's photo, she thought her grandmother looked kind and loving. It was obvious that her grandmother was very easy-going.

When Cheng Ying saw that Xu Youyou had woken up, she quickly rose to her feet and asked worriedly, "Youyou, are you okay? Do you feel unwell?"

Xu Jianshu stood up as well. "You've been unconscious for a day and a night, and you haven't eaten anything. Why don't I get Aunt Pei to make something for you?"

Xu Youyou lowered her gaze and did not say anything.

Xu Jianshu was worried and anxious. "Youyou, say something. If you're feeling sad, you can tell Daddy."

Xu Jianshu reached out to hug Xu Youyou. However, Xu Youyou did not grow up by his side so there was still a gap between them. Even hugging did not feel natural like it would to most fathers and daughters.

In order to ease the awkwardness, Mo Shenbai said, "I'll get the kitchen to make porridge for her. She hasn't eaten for a while so it's good to eat something light like porridge."

Xu Jianshu nodded. "Okay."

Mo Shenbai looked down at the silent young woman and said in a low voice, "Go kowtow to Grandma and burn some offerings..."

Then, he bent down and arranged the futon for her to kneel on.

Xu Youyou did not kneel on the futon, choosing to kneel on the cold floor as she kowtowed thrice to the coffin with a solemn expression. Then, she picked up a stack of paper offerings before she put them into the brazier.

The dancing flames were reflected onto her face, but the warm color could not dispel the coldness.

Xu Jialu saw his sister's sad face and felt a dull pain in his heart. No matter how hard he tried, it seemed like he could not protect her from being hurt or sad.

After the kitchen prepared some appetizers and porridge and brought it into the hall, Mo Shenbai led Xu Youyou to the round table. He asked her to sit down before he placed a spoon in her hand. He said, "Be good and eat something. Don't let Grandma worry about you."

Xu Youyou looked at him.

Mo Shenbai nodded slowly as though he was encouraging her.

Xu Youyou lowered her head and slowly ate the porridge. That was the only thing she ate.

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In front of a French window outside the makeshift mourning hall.

Xu Jialu held a cigarette between his fingers. His eyes were filled with pain as he said, "She used to be like this as well."