

## Sweet Love 1101

Chapter 1101: Who says that I am marrying her?

She looked wan without her makeup, albeit her features still looked pretty. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying excessively, and it made her look especially miserable.

The bar's loud music had mellowed into a soothing slow rock.

The man did not push her away, though his expression remained cold and remote. He bowed his head and coolly watched her in his arms before he uttered slowly, "Don't you find it disgusting to get so drunk?"

Stunned, she looked down resignedly. Her teary appearance looked sorrowful as she replied softly, "Yes, I also find myself ugly, but... Brother Mu, why are you ignoring me?"

He answered neutrally, "I've said before: until you acknowledge your fault—"

"My fault? What did I do wrong?" She broke down suddenly. "I'm just... just—"

"Enya, I know how you feel toward me, but I've already told you very clearly what's my stand on this matter! It's impossible between us."

"What do you mean by 'impossible'? Is it because of our blood relations? Is that so?"

She hugged him sadly. "I know that I'll be despised by society if I'm with you, but what can I do when I love you so much? Brother Mu, I love you more than anyone else!"

She suddenly thought of something as she looked up at him and said with a forced smile, "I'm not looking for status! I don't need you to marry me—just the right to stay by your side for my whole life and be your lover! I just want to be with you forever, even if it means I'll have no status or it can't be in the open..."

"Nonsense." His eyes turned sharp and chilly. "Why are you putting yourself down in this way? Don't you find it utterly disgraceful?!"

"I don't care!" she retorted, tears rolling down her face anew. She added hoarsely, "That's because I really, really love you!"

He pursed his lips coldly before spouting cruelly, "But I don't love you."

That statement struck her like lightning.

She could not reconcile with his words and asked, "Do you love Yun Shishi, then?"

She suddenly tugged at his sleeve and asked seriously, "Brother Mu, answer me: Do you love her?"

He turned his eyes away coldly and refused to look at her.

The love between his woman and him had nothing to do with a third party, so he did not see the need to answer this ridiculous question.

Alas, his avoidance was misconstrued by his niece as him not loving Yun Shishi that much.

"I don't believe that you really love her! To you, she's only a plaything, isn't she?" She was eager to confirm that and searched his face desperately for an answer.

He merely told her icily, "Enya, have you fooled around enough? Now, you go home; understand?"

"You haven't answered my question!" she persisted before breaking into a woeful laughter. "You don't love her! I know that! If not, why would you make plans to marry Sister Wanrou?"

Raising an eyebrow, he frigidly asked in return, "Who said that I'm marrying her?"

"..."

She was stunned.

Dumbstruck, she said, "I heard that you will hold a press conference to announce your wedding..."

"I'm going to announce my wedding." His aloof tone paused as it dipped lower. "But it's not with her!"

Now, she was thoroughly floored.

He said that he'll announce his wedding but not with Mu Wanrou!

Chapter 1102: No longer care about you...

He said that he'll be announcing his wedding but not with Mu Wanrou?!

Who could it be, then?

Could it actually be Yun Shishi?!

The moment she thought about this possibility, her heart chilled drastically!

Was it... that woman?!

Song Enya panicked at once and grabbed his sleeve in exasperation. "Brother Mu, are you actually going to announce your wedding with Yun Shishi?"

Mu Yazhe lowered his head to look at her abruptly.

She still had the same facial features as Jiang Yishan, but she was now a stranger to him.

"Do you know?" he asked in a deep voice.

His sudden words caused her to ask with bated breath, "Hm? What?"

"This face of yours makes me feel very disgusted."

"..."

These heartless and cruel words encased her heart fully in ice. Deeply hurt, she looked at him in disbelief. Fat drops of tears began rolling down her face.

“You... think that I am disgusting?”

She suddenly cried out desperately, “You called me disgusting just because of that woman?! Brother Mu, why are you so heartless? How could you be so cruel?!”

The man brushed away her hand and replied coldly, “She’s my future wife.”

Her expression froze.

“So please refrain from disrespecting her.”

His words were like a harsh slap to her face—one that was painful beyond belief.

Her dignity and her pitiful glimmer of hope were completely crushed under his feet.

She came from a well-to-do family, had fine features, and had no lack of suitors, yet this man right in front of her had rejected her continuously.

Why...

Why was he so cruel to her?

A few people were throwing curious glances in their direction from the side.

Mu Yazhe turned his head around slowly, sweeping his icy gaze across.

The crowd shrank back in fear, afraid to give them another glance.

He looked back at her and said nonchalantly, “I came here to bring you home; if you don’t want to listen to me, I’ll no longer care about you.”

With that, he turned around and headed for the exit.

She rushed after him and hugged his back. Her voice was helpless and in despair. “Please... don’t ignore me... Brother Mu, please don’t stop caring about me! I’m scared... I’m so scared...”

He replied, “Then go home!”

His tone clearly did not tolerate any differing opinion. He was evidently impatient.

She bit her lip, unabated tears streaming down her face as she choked on her sobs. “Okay, I’ll listen to you... I’ll go home—go home now...”

He drove her all the way to the Song family’s residence.

Stopping the car at the entrance, she still did not make any move to get off.

Mu Yazhe gripped the steering wheel, his cold eyes landing on her.

Sensing his piercing gaze, Song Enya quivered. She raised her head and matched his icy stare.

“Brother Mu...”

“Get out,” ordered the man.

“Can you not be so fierce with me?! You used to be so gentle with me...” she cried indignantly.

Her tears were useless against him, alas!

If this were before, he could be soft-hearted; now, he was no longer moved by them.

It was hopeless the moment his heart turned stone-cold.

Her fists balled up tightly as she sucked in a cold breath of air. “Brother Mu, let’s go back to how we were before, okay? You are my uncle, and I am your... niece...”

### **Chapter 1103: I just want to hug you.**

Mu Yazhe raised his wrist to look at the time, his face clearly short of patience.

She said immediately, “I’ll apologize to Yun Shishi tomorrow! I’ll apologize sincerely because I know that I was wrong... I only have one request: Let’s go back to how we were; is that okay? What I said today, please forget about it. Let bygones be bygones, and let’s not mention them again! Is that okay? Let’s start over.”

The man furrowed his brows; his face showed no ripples of change, but he also did not refuse her.

Song Enya was delighted, knowing that he had agreed!

Thus, she willingly opened the car door and got off. Just as she closed the door, he stepped on the gas pedal, and the car was gone like dust!

He left so determinedly!

Her heart began to ache. As she returned home, she buried her head into the couch and cried out in pain.

He was such a proud man. She had never been able to think of anyone who could clinch a special spot in his heart.

What right did Yun Shishi have to get his heart while she could not?!

She did not understand. She really did not understand. She was unwilling to understand.

She was in too deep and way beyond hope!

...

When he returned home, Yun Shishi was still sleeping soundly and quietly. The covers had been kicked to the side.

His face was filled with helplessness. Finally, he understood whom Little Yichen had inherited his cover-kicking habit!

He walked slowly over to the side of the bed and sat down. He raised his hand and pinched her cheek uncontrollably. The sleeping woman remained unconscious, but she could still acutely sense someone rubbing her face; thus, she waved her hand unhappily, only for it to be caught by Mu Yazhe.

He bent his head gently, giving her fingertips a few light pecks before covering her with the blanket again and heading out.

The man stood in the backyard.

The beautiful morning glow was shining down at dawn. He lit up a cigarette and gave it a huge puff. The thin wisps of smoke dissipated in the morning breeze.

Yun Shishi was woken up by her manager's phone call.

"You have an interview tomorrow with Basha Magazine. Before the interview, we need to get a group shot. That's why we are meeting at the company before noon. Don't be late!"

She had a face full of resentment.

She walked to the window and looked out, only to see the man in the backyard. She did not know when he returned home. At the moment, he was holding his phone in his hand, seemingly on a phone call.

"You're back!" she greeted.

The man turned around with his eyebrows furrowed.

He had always been very observant about minor details. That comment of hers meant she knew that he had gone out in the middle of the night.

Yun Shishi walked into the backyard and hugged him from the back. She smilingly asked, "Standing here by yourself in a daze?"

She did not mention anything about him leaving in the wee hours, seemingly having no intention to question him about it.

He was stunned and then asked, "Why are you awake so early?"

"I was awoken by Qin Zhou's call." She rubbed her eyes resentfully. "He called to inform me about an interview I have tomorrow and asked me not to be late."

"Go back to sleep."

"No," she said coquettishly. "I want to hug you."

She felt extremely calm just from hugging him.

He did not say anything else, either.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly said, "I'm going overseas tomorrow; I will be back in about half a month."

"You're going overseas again?" she subconsciously asked begrudgingly.

“My second uncle called to look for me.” He turned around and rubbed her nose. “Be good; I’ll try to be back as soon as I can.”

“Okay.” She smiled.

## **Chapter 1104: ‘The Lucky Couple’**

The next day, Yun Shishi was at Huanyu Tower. She had an important interview coming up.

In the resting room, she was looking through the script for ‘The Love Diary’ while Ding Ning was styling her hair. The stylist would look at the artiste’s peaceful complexion in the mirror from time to time. She could not help teasing, “Shishi, when is ‘The Love Diary’ going to start its shoot?”

After leaving the production team of ‘The Green Apple’, the artiste had appointed Ding Ning as her personal stylist.

She was a topnotch stylist, but the fashion world had many factions, and there was constant scheming and fighting against one another while crowding out other individuals. For one to be able to associate with a big celebrity, he or she must have connections.

While she definitely had the skills, as she had won many awards from cosmetic competitions, she did not have the necessary connections. Personally, she did not have many hidden intentions, either; thus, she was crowded out until she had no options left but to rush from one filming set to another.

When Yun Shishi appointed her as a personal stylist and gave her a high paycheck, she was overjoyed and sincerely grateful.

Becoming this artiste’s stylist was probably one of the luckiest things that had happened to her since the start of her career!

Yun Shishi glanced at her and replied, “Next month. The actual dates are still being discussed.”

Mu Xi, who was browsing the net through her phone, spoke with a huge grin, “I heard that Gu Xingze’s group had already thought of a CP name for Shishi and him! Once we begin shooting ‘The Love Diary’, our Shishi will surely be featured on the news!”

“What’s the name?”

The assistant replied with bright eyes, “The lucky couple!”

“‘The lucky couple’?” the stylist asked. “The ‘xing’ in the superstar’s name, and the ‘yun’ in our artiste’s name become ‘xing yun’ couple; hence, the ‘lucky<sup>1</sup> couple’! What a great CP!”

“Ha ha ha! I actually really like ‘The Love Diary’, too; I think that it’s really interesting! The production team for this show is one of the best in the country. They have such a huge reputation!” the assistant said dreamily as she held her face. “Ahh! I envy Shishi for being able to pretend to be a couple with the superstar! If it were me, I’d wake up laughing from my dreams.”

“If it’s you, the superstar would wake up crying from his dreams.” The stylist could not help but ridicule her.

The other pretended to be angry at her. “Hey, Ding Ning, you’re not allowed to talk about me like that!”

She suddenly began to yearn. “Wouldn’t it be great if something real were to come out of this fake relationship between Shishi and Xingze? As a result, wouldn’t our Shishi be the wife of a superstar?”

Mu Xi was stunned. The image of Mu Yazhe’s cold face floated into her mind furiously. She chided the stylist at once, “Don’t say such nonsense.”

Ding Ning got serious immediately. “I’m sorry; I’m sorry. I was just kidding! Shishi, please don’t take it to heart.”

Yun Shishi replied softly, “It’s okay; it’s just a joke. There’s no harm done.”

A knock was suddenly heard on the door.

*Knock, knock, knock—*

Ding Ning and Mu Xi exchanged glances. “Who is it?”

“It can’t be someone coming to hurry us, right? I’m not done with the makeup yet!” The stylist was anxious.

“How could that be possible? It’s not even time for the interview yet,” the assistant replied. She walked toward the door and opened it, only to see Song Enya standing outside.

She did not recognize who the woman was, so she asked suspiciously, “Who are you looking for?”

“I’m looking for Yun Shishi!” replied Song Enya with a cold look. It seemed that she had not come with good intentions.

Hearing her crafty and unruly voice, Yun Shishi was startled. She raised her head and looked at the doorway.

Her assistant was shocked by the visitor’s cold expression and fierce gaze.

Song Enya ignored the assistant. Pushing her aside, she walked into the room.

“Hello, are you a reporter? It isn’t even the time for interview yet.”

### **Chapter 1105: I am not accepting your apology.**

She shook off the assistant’s hands when the latter rushed forward to stop her and proceeded to the actress with a condescending look.

Yun Shishi lifted her head and met the intruder’s gaze fearlessly with a raised brow despite her wariness to the latter.

With a cold, measuring look, Song Enya kept her silence for a long while.

Since she refused to speak, the artiste took the lead to question her. "What brings you here?"

She understood what the woman wanted right away when she saw the latter throw her staff a side-eye. "Ding Ning, Mu Xi, you may leave first."

"Shishi, who is she? Is it all right to leave her here?" asked her assistant worriedly.

"It's fine," she reassured.

Only then did the assistant leave the room uneasily with the stylist in tow; the two closed the door behind them.

Once only the two of them were left in the waiting room, the actress's mouth curled at the corner. "Speak; what do you want from me?"

"He he! As you wish!" Like a lofty philanthropist, Song Enya's red lips parted slightly. "I'm here to apologize to you!"

There was no ounce of remorse on her face despite it being an apology. Rather, her face was filled with contempt, disdain, and even... disgust.

If she had not previously promised Brother Mu, she would never bow down to this woman in apology.

It was only after a great psychological struggle that she decided to come.

The artiste looked at her with a raised brow.

*Apologize?*

She would actually apologize to her?

Was the sun rising from the west?

"I shouldn't have... I shouldn't have hit you that day! I shouldn't have acted unreasonable, too. I'm in the wrong; I'm sorry!" With gritted teeth, Song Enya gave a symbolic nod.

She felt greatly humiliated for apologizing to this woman, though. She clenched her fists tightly and sank her nails into her flesh, which resulted in her feeling an unbearable pain.

"That's all?"

Yun Shishi was originally looking forward to her apology, but its lack of sincerity disappointed her a tad.

It was no wonder, though. She, as a well-respected young missy, had always been spoiled, haughty, unreasonable, and supercilious.

Bowing down to others was something worse than death.

Saying that aloud was no easy feat for her.

*He he.*

"I'm not accepting it." She stated her stand at once.



The woman's brows furrowed as she glared at her.

"What?!"

She already put down her pride to apologize to her, but the latter actually refused to accept it?!

"Who are you not to accept my apology?!" she sternly challenged, feeling utterly humiliated. If not for her qualms, she would have given her face a tight slap.

'Who are you not to accept my apology?'

*Hah! What a lofty and righteous retort!*

*Need I accept her apology?*

There was not even a bit of respect for her in it. The words sounded lofty and insincere.

How could she accept such an apology?

Yun Shishi stated, "It's your business to apologize, and it's mine to accept it."

"B\*tc—" The woman subconsciously scolded but hurriedly settled with glaring at her when Mu Yazhe's cold eyes flashed in the latter's mind. Her fierce eyes revealed her desire to cut out the artiste's flesh!

"Since you're done apologizing, can you get lost now?" The artiste gave her visitor a faint smile while mercilessly driving her off.

The woman laughed in rage; her red lips parted to reveal two rows of pearlescent teeth. "How dare you tell me to get lost?!"

### **Chapter 1106: I am very busy.**

Yun Shishi gave an innocent shrug as she raised a brow. "Why not? Miss Song, I'm very busy, and I have an interview coming up. If you need to look for me, how about you schedule an appointment with my assistant?"

"You—"

Out of habit, Song Enya raised her hand aloft to slap that disgusting face of hers!

She had been spoiled rotten. Even at home, she would vent her anger and frustrations on the servants if things did not go her way.

The artiste gave her a side-eye. "What? Where are you going to hit me this time? This place has surveillance cameras; surely, it won't be nice to hear news of the mayor's gentle and virtuous daughter resorting to slapping people just because of a little disagreement?"

Biting her red lip in exasperation, the other woman reined in anger and withdrew her hand before she turned to leave.

Mu Xi and Ding Ning were chatting away outside when she opened the door and stormed out. Both were startled by her enraged expression.

“What’s there to see?!”

She glared at the assistant.

Mu Xi only felt that this woman was quite unreasonable. Without thinking much of it, she retorted, “What the h\*ll does it have to do with you whether I look or not? Why should you care?”

“B\*tch, you still dared to talk back?!” A tight slap landed on her face.

The woman vented her humiliation with this slap.

It was so forceful that it left the assistant dazed!

Bewildered, the assistant flew into a rage as she stormed forward to confront the woman.

The stylist pulled her back and whispered, “Forget it; don’t stir up trouble! What if she’s someone we can’t afford to offend?”

She only gave her a glare as she held her stinging face.

Song Enya shook off her hand and left.

At the back, Mu Xi cursed, “Ridiculous. Who is she?! She’s mentally ill.”

“All right, all right. Let’s go in!”

The makeup artiste pushed her into the room while she fumed in indignation. “Slapping people for no reason; what a crazy woman!”

Startled, Yun Shishi looked at her. “What happened?”

“That fierce woman gave me a slap,” the latter piteously wailed.

The former sipped her lips in anger and promptly apologized, “I’m sorry; it’s because of me that you suffered such an injustice!”

“Nah... It’s fine! Why are you apologizing to me when you’re not the one who slapped me?” With a wave of her hand, the assistant asked again, “Who is that woman? She’s really willful.”

“Song Enya.”

“Song Enya? Who is she?”

The artiste replied, “She’s the mayor’s daughter; her father is Song Zhengguo.”

This answered frightened the assistant.

*No wonder she’s so overbearing; turns out she has a bit of a background.*

She was still wondering how she could come and go here at Huanyu Tower so freely.

Just the thought of how her earlier dispute with the mayor's daughter had nearly turned into a catfight, fear belatedly arose in her.

It was not that she bullied the weak and fear the strong, but this was a realistic society. Certain figures could not be offended; if not, the consequences would be dire!

Being a mere tiny ant, she naturally could not afford to offend anyone.

The stylist commented, "To think that you nearly quarreled with her."

"Ding Ning, thank you! If not for you, I'd have likely fought with her." She patted her chest in relief.

...

With the rise of popularity, Yun Shishi's net worth also spiked.

In the past, when she stepped out of home, she needed not disguise herself. Now, she had to be fully armed with a cap, a pair of sunglasses, and a whistle. These were the basic requirements.

### **Chapter 1107: The Sudden Incident**

Even so, she would still be the center of attention if she appeared in a crowded place.

It was so serious that she could no longer bring the two little lads out for a meal at restaurants.

She even started paying attention to paparazzi in disguise when she left home to prevent them from tailing her and snapping pictures of her.

Despite her vigilance, they still managed to capture candid shots of her and Xiao Xue when they were out together.

These days, her best friend was too happy to fall asleep because of a matter; Gu Xingze had followed her!

She mentioned to her before about being an avid fan since the superstar's debut and how she would jump for joy if he followed her back one day.

It was just a passing remark, but Yun Shishi took it to heart and made a request to him about this matter after a particular show.

He then followed her best friend.

She did not realize it at first as her Weibo account had always been empty with few followers; many were even dead followers whom she did not know when they had come about.

Hence, even if there were new followers, she would not deliberately look at it.

She only used Weibo for looking at trending topics and visiting her best friend's page.

Only after she had amassed a thousand of followers overnight did she realize it.

Someone left a comment on her post. [Wow! Gu Xingze actually followed you; the superstar actually followed you?! Gosh! How are you related to him?]

This was when she checked her followers list, scrolled to the bottom, and found his name in it!

The superstar's ID was his English name.

Rubbing her eyes repeatedly, she refused to believe it at first and thought that she was dreaming, but when she clicked on the name and it led her to his real Weibo account, she held onto her face ecstatically and danced in excitement.

"Shishi, I love you so much!" Once they met, she pounced on her best friend and kissed her madly in the face.

The latter could not push her away.

In her excitement, this woman could not sleep for several nights. She only held her phone to look at the superstar's account and liked his posts while giggling foolishly away.

She could not believe that he really followed her. She would even laugh herself awake in her dreams.

The artiste was suddenly a little afraid of her.

She wondered if Xiao Xue would strangle her to death if she learned that she was about to do a reality show with him in 'The Love Diary'.

"Here; this is for you—a gift in return!" She handed her a box of exquisite chocolate.

Unfortunately, the artiste did not like chocolate, so she gave it to her assistant.

On this day that her program would end, Yun Shishi rushed to the radio station for an exclusive interview and sang a solo version of the 'You are my love song' music at the end.

Just like that, her days passed by in a haze.

Until...

An assassination attempt alarmed her!

Li Hanlin called her in the afternoon to enquire for her whereabouts.

At that time, she had just ended a program and was on her way home.

He wanted to head down to the school, instead.

Even though he had restrained the tension in his voice, she could still perceive an unusual hint of tremble from it.

She immediately ordered the driver to turn around and drive to the school.

Hearing the tension and anxiety in her voice, the driver sped all the way to the school.

Once she was there, she found a police cordon placed some dozens of meters away from the school gate and three police cars parked nearby. A steady stream of police cars was even driving over.

## Chapter 1108: Brush with Death

Dressed in full gear and armed with guns, the police maintained the orderliness at the school gate.

The clamoring crowd at the school gate were all parents who had received the news.

The police constantly led the students and teachers out of the school. The faces of these people were strained in agitation and tension.

Rather than agitation, fear was more appropriate for the given situation.

It was fear, indeed. Little children flew into the arms of their parents, who had been waiting outside for a long time, and wailed in fright.

Some, however, were a little dazed and unaware of the situation. They only regarded the surrounding police cars with a look of panic.

Yun Shishi was a little astonished. Not knowing what was going on, she grabbed the arm of a parent to ask.

With a child in his arms, he frantically answered, "There's a shooting incident this afternoon. My child called to say that the school ended early, only for me to find out what happened when I arrived!"

He hurriedly left the place after that.

Shooting incident?!

Shocked, she proceeded to the school gate.

Her arm was suddenly grabbed.

Turning around, she realized that the person was Li Hanlin, whose tall build made him extremely conspicuous in the crowd. He carried her son in his arms with a blanket tightly wrapped around him.

"Principal?!"

"Follow me!"

He walked her to a bulletproof car.

The man only settled once they got in the car. She immediately took her son from him. Wrapped in the blanket, Yun Tianyou had a deathly pallor and his entire lips were pale. It was clear that he had suffered from a great shock from how he shuddered quietly.

She gave him a tight hug at once. "Youyou, don't be scared... Mommy is here now; mommy will protect you..."

"M-Mommy..."

His hands suddenly tightened around her waist as he burrowed his little face in her chest. His shivering did not stop, though.

The agent recounted the entire incident to her.

It happened in the afternoon.

Music lesson was the boy's first class in the afternoon. Seeing that the music teacher was still not there after he took out his textbook, he rested his head on the table as he felt very sleepy. He did not sleep well during his afternoon nap.

In the exact moment that he lowered his head—and it was really just a split-second apart—a deadly sniper bullet pierced through the window, roared past his hair, and pierced through his deskmate's temple in a flash.

Blood spurted out on his face at once!

The boy, who was startled by the sudden loud sound, felt his face stained with a warm liquid and wiped it off with his hand. He went pale with fright when his fingertips touched the sticky blood.

His deskmate was a smart-witted, little girl who usually carried a gentle smile on her face.

He turned his head sharply, only to find a bloody hole in the poor girl's face. She was innocent to all this when it happened.

Before she could moan in pain, she collapsed on the desk. The poor girl died with a smile on her face while waiting for class to start!

A life ended in a moment's notice before him!

What worried him further was that the bullet would have shot through his head if he did not rest his head on the desk from sleepiness.

His subconscious reaction was: Someone was out to assassinate him!

### **Chapter 1109: Premeditated Assassination**

The police speculated that the murderer was a serial killer who had violent tendencies and would exhibit extreme antisocial behaviors when provoked by outside factors or when the person became mentally unbalanced.

Was that really the case, though?

The boy did not think so.

Prior to the assassination, the murderer hacked the school's security system and destroyed the surveillance cameras. Even those at the streets hundreds of meters away from the campus were cut off.

It was a premeditated assassination.

The shooting location was probably the abandoned building facing the classroom.

Located a hundred meters away from school, it was a perfect location to lay in ambush.

He was entirely in a state of hysteria.

This assassination attempt came so suddenly that it caught him off guard.

The murderer must have been a trained assassin. After the failed assassination, the person retreated without leaving a trace behind.

Just as he speculated, it was almost a successful assassination.

He was only milliseconds away from death.

Naturally, Li Hanlin did not tell his mother about his suspicions and only told her that it was a campus shooting incident.

Feeling heartbreak for her son, she hugged him closely to her. The child was still so young; he must be frightened after having experienced such a horrible incident.

Only under her constant soft soothing did he gradually have a control over his fear.

The car drove home.

As soon as she carried him to the bedroom and placed him on his bed, he hurriedly jumped off it to walk to the window. Darkness fell over the bedroom when he locked the windows and closed the curtains.

He then walked to the door and locked it from the inside. His hand froze in that instant. Perhaps he was too keyed up earlier, so when he finally relaxed now, his entire body slid down against the door. He lay feebly on the floor as he breathed unevenly.

Hugging him heartbreakingly, she gently comforted, "Youyou, don't be scared; it's fine now. Don't be scared! Mommy is here with you!"

He burrowed his little face in her embrace. Although expressionless, his eyes glinted murderously in her blind spot.

While other children would be wailing in fright after such a horrible near-death experience, not one tear fell from his eyes. He only grabbed his mother's sleeves and hugged her tightly with his little hands. Somewhere deep in his eyes, though, was filled with lingering trepidation! Fear and fury consumed him even more!

Not knowing who the mastermind behind the assassination was, he was afraid that the next target would be his mother!

It was entirely sheer luck that he was still alive despite his close brush with death!

If this were to happen again, he was worried that his mother would meet a mishap!

He was more worried about her safety than his own.

His pearlescent teeth left a deep mark on his lower lip as he bit hard on it.

He kept his silence for the entire day.

She felt as if a knife were twisting in her heart while she stayed close to his side for the whole day.

It was late at night.

The mother-son pair quietly fell asleep with the boy in her arms.

Slowly opening his eyes in the darkness, he turned his head to look at her quietly sleeping face. He held her face as he gave her a light peck between the brows before he proceeded to break free from her embrace carefully.

He left the bedroom for the study and phoned his agent after locking the door.

The moment the call connected, he heard the man's worried voice. "Sir?"

### **Chapter 1110: Armed Forces**

"Agent Li, send me a troop of mercenaries right now. They are to be stationed around the villa and mustn't let anyone come near it!"

"Understood!" replied the man.

"How many people can we deploy right now?"

"From the division, we can deploy two troops comprising over ten individuals."

The boy frowned. "It's not enough. I'm worried that the opponent won't give me a chance to breathe since they failed to get rid of me earlier!"

"It will require a day for the troops from the headquarters to arrive at the capital."

Only then did the boy's heart settle for a bit.

"Are you done with the investigation?"

"No. It doesn't seem like a simple assassination; the assassin is highly skilled and not a trace is left behind."

"Any suspects?"

"No..."

He cursed, "D\*mn!"

They were being very passive in the current situation.

The enemies were hidden while they were in the open.

Every minute was dangerous and possibly fatal!



“I suspect that the opponent’s targets are mommy and me! I may have narrowly escaped calamity, but such luck won’t last long!” He calmly analyzed the situation.

After a moment of silent pondering, his subordinate suddenly asked, “Sir, have you considered joining Hurricane Group?”

His eyes darkened and turned cold as he leaned back slightly in the chair.

The trust he had for his subordinate increased with each passing day as they got closer.

After Hurricane Group shed off their mysterious veil, this agent gradually learned that they had some relations with his boss!

It all started with a piece of design done by the boy.

From a young age, he rarely had the chance to step into the outside world. Due to his frail body, most of his childhood was spent in the hospital.

He had always been fond of fiddling with toys since he was a child.

He was unlike the other children, though. While others liked to play with toys and throw them aside after they got sick of them, he liked fiddling with sophisticated toys and studying their configuration. He gradually learned how to take the toys apart. No matter how sophisticated it was, he could carefully disassemble each part and assemble all in the end.

Besides toys, he was especially fond of studying computers, machineries, and some other finely structured things.

At the age of five, he drew a design for a toy missile car and put it up for auction online. It attracted the attention of many toy manufacturers who were keen to work with him.

A mysterious organization contacted him one day and expressed their desire to buyout that piece of design. He was offered an astronomical fee—a nine-figure check!

He remained bewildered until he learned that this mysterious organization was Hurricane Group; being a force to be reckoned with, the organization was said to own half of the world’s firearms market and was closely linked to governments, mafias, and terrorist groups.

Hurricane Group. A name that could shake the world. Every move it made could implicate the existence of global forces.

Not only that, once a war was mobilized, the parties involved would have to order several billion-yuan worth of firearms from this group’s arsenal.

It could be said that this firearm group was so powerful that everyone feared them.