

## Sweet Love 1171

### Chapter 1171: What a close pair of mother and son!

The man hissed, kicking as he shouted, “Bloody brat, let go! Let go!”

The rest of the men kicked and punched Mu Yichen; some even pulled at his hair.

Alas, no matter what they did, the boy refused to let go. He kept his teeth around the man’s hand with as much strength as he could muster in hopes of breaking the latter’s bones.

The man was in so much pain that his limbs flailed around as if he had been electrocuted.

In the warehouse, his continuous howls were like that of a pig being slaughtered.

At the side, his subordinates had started to panic. One of them picked up the whip and hit the boy across his back.

*SMACK!*

“Let go! D\*mn it! I told you to let go—”

The boy grunted as he broke into a cold sweat due to the immense pain he was feeling, but he was a tough nut to crack, nonetheless. Despite his body stiffening all over from pain, he still forced himself not to let go.

His eyes were as red as fresh blood. He glared fixedly at the men before him with eyes as sharp as swords—piercing and cold!

Blood began seeping out from the corner of his lips.

It seemed that he had succeeded in wounding the man’s hand.

With the sounds of the whip and the man’s angry and painful howls, the scene descended into complete chaos.

In the cell, Yun Shishi was gradually startled awake by the noise.

She opened her eyes slowly and looked in the direction of the sound, but her gaze was hazy, so everything was a blur to her.

She gritted her teeth and shook her head, forcing herself to be more awake. When her vision cleared, she was shocked to see a child hanging in the air with a few men around raining punches, kicks, and whips on him!

The woman furrowed her brows. When she could finally clearly see the boy’s beautiful facial features, which were stained with blood, she sat back up anxiously and rushed forward.

Only then, as she felt a sharp pain shooting through her wrists bound with iron chains, did she realize that she was still trapped in the cell.

“Little Yichen?!”

She recognized him at a glance. Seeing the scene unfold before her eyes, she glared intensely as she shouted in total panic, “Yichen! Yichen!”

Why was he here?!

Why was her son here?

She was so anxious that her eyes had become bloodshot as she struggled violently in the cage. She screamed at them madly, “Stop hitting him! Stop it! Stop hitting him! Stop—”

Mu Yichen was startled by her voice. He let go of his bite and turned around, only to see that his mother was now awake in her cell. Her hands were thrashing around wildly as her face was filled with concern and terror.

“Mommy—”

Just as he called out to her, the whip landed on his shoulder. A skin-ripping excruciating pain hit him and he grunted. Beads of cold sweat, which had slid down the corner of his eyes, made him terribly itchy.

The man, who had just been freed from his bite, lay on the ground while clutching his bleeding hand. His perfectly normal hand was now bitten into a mangled state, his skin and flesh minced together. His eyes widened in fury as he cursed aloud. He stood up, grabbed the whip from the man beside him, and began whipping the boy!

The boy grunted again, tolerating it with a constricted face.

As Yun Shishi bore witness to this, her heart felt as if it were being ripped into pieces and were now bleeding profusely.

Even though she was not the one being hit, each slash of the whip on Yichen’s body was even more painful to her than if they had landed on her!

“Stop hitting! Stop it! Hit me, instead, but don’t hit him! Stop it!”

“Oh, what a close pair of mother and son!”

The man let out a sinister laugh. His gaze fell on her, clearly harboring bad intentions.

He lit up a cigarette and held it with his mouth, tossing the whip to the ground.

*SMACK!*

The sound resounded throughout the entire warehouse.

It was loud and clear, making one’s hair stand on end.

## **Chapter 1172: Protectiveness over His Mother**

The boy saw the cold look on the man’s face and his eyelids twitched as he got an ominous premonition.

When the man began to walk toward his mother, the boy shouted in a fit of rage, "What are you doing?!"

"Since she asked for it, then I'll let her have a taste of the whip!"

"Stop it!" His face turned icy. "Just hit me; don't you dare touch my mommy!"

"What a close relationship between a mother and a son! Truly so close! He he! You bit me so severely; how should I get you to settle this?!"

"Don't you dare touch her!" Mu Yichen's eyes shone brightly. The sharpness in them seemed capable of piercing the man through!

The man was stunned.

Even he was shocked at how deeply protective the boy was of his mother.

The child was only seven years old. Was he not afraid of pain?

Was he not afraid of death?

He was already in such a state, yet he was still trying to be strong?

Hearing his words, Yun Shishi felt as if her heart had been stabbed. She had not shown a hint of frailty on her face despite all the torture she had gone through. Now, she had a look of resignation in return for her child's safety. She begged for mercy, "Please stop hitting him! He's only a seven-year-old child. If you continue..."

She did not dare to imagine it.

How much exactly could a child tolerate?

As a mother and a child, they were connected by their hearts. She could feel the pain despite it being his body that had received a whipping.

She would rather bear everything on her son's behalf than watch him suffer with her two eyes!

The man flashed an eerie smile as he began to walk over to her.

The boy yelled angrily, "Do not touch my mommy! Stop it!"

The heavy shutters at the entrance were gradually opened.

The man was stunned. He turned around, only to see the scar-faced man entering the warehouse. He quickly hid the whip behind his back and welcomed him.

"Boss, why are you here? Weren't you having a good rest? Just leave us to keep watch tonight!"

The scar-faced man glanced at him coldly. "Where is he?"

"He... is over there!"

The scar-faced man trailed his gaze in the direction the man was pointing, only to find the boy hanging in the air with a body covered in blood.

It seemed as if he had been pulled out of a bloodbath. It was a horrendous sight.

The scar-faced man glanced at the boy and was instantly in fury. He stalked up to the man and slapped him, causing him to collapse to the floor.

“Who let you be so vicious with him?! Didn’t I forbid you all from torturing him? He is so small and you are so rough; what if he dies?!”

The man was so startled by his scolding that he trembled as he spoke. “Boss, I—”

“Do you know? If this child dies, the same will happen to you, and you’ll be dragging me with to the mud, too! Reckless dog, get lost!”

“...” Shocked at this knowledge, the man’s face turned extremely pale.

“How many times must I repeat myself? Get lost!”

“Boss—”

“Get lost!”

“Y-Yes. Yes...”

As the scar-faced man grunted, the other man ran out of the warehouse in fear.

The scar-faced man walked toward the boy as he swept his gaze across the rest of the men.

“You all, get out as well!”

“Yes, boss!”

This bunch of lackeys trembled in fear and left hurriedly.

The heavy shutters were shut again.

The boy opened his exhausted and bloodshot eyes to meet the gaze of the man standing before him.

His mother could not help panicking. “Please torture him no more; I am begging you!”

The scar-faced man ignored her words. Sizing up the boy who had been tortured relentlessly, he asked expressionlessly, “Boy, does it hurt?”

Mu Yichen grunted coldly, clearly not regarding him with any importance.

The scar-faced man smiled and continued. “Young chap, you sure have a backbone despite your young age!”

### **Chapter 1173: Mommy, I am sorry I was unable to protect you.**

The scar-faced man smiled and continued. “Young chap, you sure have a backbone despite your young age!”

In his heart, he admired this lad for not giving in despite all the suffering he had to endure.

“Behave, okay? Don’t move about!”

He warned him before releasing the chains binding the latter’s hands.

With his hands released, Mu Yichen collapsed to the floor, completely beaten. Forget about his strength to fight back, his hands were so numb that he could not feel or even lift them up.

Having been chained for such a long time, the skin on his wrists broke. They were badly mangled and mutilated.

The scar-faced man hefted him up and, opening the cell, threw him inside gently.

Yun Shishi was stunned. It seemed that this man was no longer making things difficult for them.

“You...”

“Shut up! Behave!”

The scar-faced man walked over and released the manacles from one of her hands.

The moment the manacles were removed, she hurriedly brought her son to her embrace.

She lowered her head to look at him. Her child was barely breathing, almost as if he were on the brink of death.

After four hours of being tortured, he no longer had the strength to even hug his mommy in his current state.

He could only bury his face slightly in her embrace as he spoke in a faint voice. “Mommy...”

“Mommy is here; mommy is here...”

His eyelids drooped and he mumbled sadly, “Yichen didn’t manage to protect mommy. I’m sorry... so sorry, mommy...”

Hearing his words, she felt as if her heart had been punctured. Heartbroken, her trembling hands hugged him tighter as tears began to drip down the boy’s face.

The boy raised his gaze and tried to reach out to wipe his mother’s tears. He struggled for a while, but it proved to be futile as he could not exert even an ounce of strength.

He choked on his sobs weakly, as though something were stuck in his throat. “Mommy, please don’t cry, okay?”

Her tears continued to fall on his face. The misery he felt now was even more painful than if he had been whipped a hundred times.

His pleas only made her more heartbroken.

Why was he apologizing to her?

She should be the one feeling remorse.

She should be the one apologizing to him!

She had implicated him.

Her implication of this child caused him to go through such a grave ordeal.

Her heart hurt so much that it was almost in shreds. She hugged him tightly as her unabated tears fell from her eyes in devastation.

The boy raised his quivering right hand and hugged her waist, but he no longer had the strength to utter another word.

The scar-faced man locked the cell and stood by the door, watching the scene unfold in front of him. His face was one of nonchalance, but his heart undulated violently.

Anyone with a heart would be moved by what he saw.

He refused to be honest, but his heart was secretly aching because of this moving scene.

It was not because of anything else.

He was a father to a girl, too, so his heart undoubtedly hurt!

The woman lowered her head, only to see the scabbing wounds all over her son's body. This body was truly littered with cuts and bruises.

There was not an unharmed spot on his body.

Perhaps, because his body was covered in blood, she could not tell clearly the number of wounds on his body.

The boy's face had already been soaked in cold sweat, and his eyes were stained with blood and sweat. Ultimately, it was a horrendous sight.

Her lips trembled every time she saw a wound on his body. She felt that her heart being torn apart and she could barely breathe!

"Do you have any medicine there?"

She raised her head and looked at the scar-faced man. She relinquished her pride and asked piteously, "Can you please give me some? His wounds are deep; if they aren't treated in time, they can become inflamed!"

#### **Chapter 1174: Still has a shred of conscience...**

The scar-faced man turned and left without a word.

Filled with despair, she felt if she were living in an icehouse.

That was so, indeed.

After all, she was a criminal in their eyes. Why should they fulfill the requests of a prisoner?

Yun Shishi bit her lower lip harshly, but not long later, the scar-faced man returned and threw a bottle of medicine and a roll of gauze at her.

“That’s all you can have. Help him apply that!”

It did not matter how much there was; he just still had a shred of conscience in him. That was why he could not just sit by and look on without doing anything to help.

Her heart was full of turmoil.

Regardless of how the man had treated the two of them, as of right now, there was a slight change in how she viewed him.

If it had not been for him, who knew how those men would have tortured Little Yichen?

She remained quiet and just quickly took the bottle and attempted to apply its content to her son’s wounds.

Alas, her movements were clumsy as she only had one free hand.

The scar-faced man could not continue watching any longer. He opened the cell door and walked in, grabbing the bottle from her hand.

“I’ll do it!”

With that, he got to work.

Mingling in their line of work, it was natural for them to be hurt constantly. Thus, he was an expert at this.

In just a few moments, he had treated the wounds on the boy’s body.

Perhaps due to overfatigue, the boy had fallen into a deep sleep in her embrace.

She hugged him and caressed his face with an aching heart. She refused to move the slightest bit as she maintained her tight embrace around him.

She felt more at ease as she hugged him, and so did the boy.

Snuggling into his mother’s embrace was a huge relief!

What the woman did not know, though, was that it was his provocation that had incurred him so many injuries.

Initially, when he had regained his consciousness, the men were surrounding his unconscious mother. They were rubbing their fists and wiping their palms. Clearly, they were unable to settle the restlessness in their hearts and planned to conspire against her!

Mu Yichen had no idea what their intentions were, but he refused to see them touching his mother with their dirty hands!

As such, he anxiously shouted at them to stop until his voice had grown hoarse, yet it his screams seemed to have fallen on deaf ears as the men started touching her in an inappropriate manner.

Seeing this, the boy began to freak out. He had, thus, humiliated and provoked them—cursing at them with all the vulgarities he could think of.

He had a good upbringing since he was much younger, and he was taught to be a graceful and elegant gentleman.

That was his first time using such vile terms to curse at someone.

It was all so he could prevent those men from touch her with their dirty hands!

In the end, he had succeeded in infuriating them.

The men threw punches and kicks at him madly thereafter. They cuffed his hands and hung him up, hitting him with their whips and torturing him mercilessly.

There was even a sadistic person among them, piercing his fingers with a needle.

He endured all of it, though.

Even if it were the most painful thing in the world, enough to make him faint, he still would not beg them for mercy in the slightest bit.

It was because he was stubborn and strong-willed.

How could he put up with himself lowering his head toward these perverted men?

How could he tolerate himself begging them for mercy in a soft voice?

Secretly, he regretted not killing Mu Wanrou when he had the chance. It was because his heart had gone soft when he thought of their past relationship.

In all honesty, he had never felt a strong kinship with that woman.

Her treatment of him had not been that bad.

At least, she had never treated him coldly before.

## **Chapter 1175**

**: Mommy, I am feeling cold...**

To say that he did not hold any attachment to her would be a lie, except that it was difficult for him to accept the cold, hard fact at such a tender age.

He dared not believe that the normally gentle Mu Wanrou was actually among those who had thought up of this scheme.

More than that, she even poisoned Grandmaster Mu!



*Does she know how much grandpa has doted on her?*

She was the apple of his eyes—someone whom he held delicately in his heart.

*She actually still poisoned him... How ruthless could she be?!*

In his simple world, he was unable to imagine that a person could be so heartless!

What was more regretful to him was that he had acknowledged a ruthless imposter as his mother all these years.

At this moment, he could not forgive himself!

There was much guilt and shame toward his real mother, too.

The scar-faced brought in a bowl of congee and passed it to the two inside the cell.

“Feed him!” he barked, expressionless.

Yun Shishi looked at him warily and finally dropped her doubtful gaze at the bowl of congee.

The man seemed to guess what was on her mind and retorted coldly, “Don’t worry; there’s no poison in it.”

“Why?”

She furrowed her brows dubiously.

The kindness from this man had put her on guard, instead.

The man merely snorted without a word.

This bowl of congee was prepared by him earlier. Rather than keeping it for himself, he passed it to the mother.

He sat down heavily in the chair, lit a cigarette, and took a drag.

After a while, he said, “Feed him quickly. If not, it’s gonna turn cold!”

Pouting, the woman held up the bowl and took a mouthful.

Pausing for a good moment to see if she had developed any strange reaction, she only started feeding the boy once she was sure that there was none.

She held him up with some difficulty and fed him one mouthful. The boy was in a half-conscious state where he did not even have the strength to open his mouth.

In the end, his mother had to gulp in a mouthful of congee, slowly bring it to the side of his lips and push it in his mouth from hers.

*Gulp!*

A mouthful of lukewarm congee slid down his throat smoothly, which finally warmed him mildly.

“Mommy...” The boy moved his throat and cried out weakly.

“Eh! Mommy’s here. Little Yichen, let mommy feed you some congee, alright?”

He struggled to open his eyes. “Mommy, how are your wounds? Are you still in pain?”

He sounded anxious and vexed.

His mother shook her head as she tried to hold back her fear and sadness. “Yichen, good boy. Mommy isn’t in pain; I’m not in pain...”

“Mommy, I’m feeling cold...”

As his blood circulated, his body temperature dipped gradually.

She immediately hugged him closer.

“Are you still feeling cold?”

“Eh... a little cold...”

The boy shivered a little in her embrace.

The underground warehouse was submersed in cool, damp air by now.

As he had lost much blood as well, his peripherals started to turn cold and clammy.

His mother fidgeted anxiously, not knowing what to do next.

The scar-faced man sipped his lips, threw down his cigarette butt, and snuffed it out with his foot before walking

up to the two to toss them the jacket he was wearing.

The woman quickly fetched it and then covered her son with it.

It was a thick and long trench coat.

The boy’s face eased somewhat after she had covered him with the trench coat.

She then fed him the congee intermittently.

He finished the bowl of congee dutifully and managed to regain some color.

As for his mother, she continued hugging him closely in this manner.

## **Chapter 1176: The lead is lost again.**

Yun Tianyou’s men returned with a message. It seemed that the men he had sent to follow the lead ended up on a futile trip.

Before this, he had used his hacker skills to narrow down the search area by simulating the satellite map after triangulating the GPS signal from his brother.

Here, it was worth mentioning that the technology involved was this boy's innovative creation.

The smart watches that the boys got from their mother were developed by Lezhi.

Without talking much about the other functions, the watch's GPS locator was enough to be deemed as a breakthrough in science.

One could say that no matter how developed a satellite system was, there would always be a remote place that GPS could not cover in this vast world.

Even if the GPS did cover the whole area, the signal could also be weak. It would be nigh impossible to locate a place accurately with a weak GPS signal.

At most, it might lock the position within a few kilometers from the target.

As for the GPS smart chip installed by Yun Tianyou in the watch series, it could enhance the signal remotely and lock the target position accurately in the range of a few hundred meters.

A few hundred meters was a mind-boggling number.

Most likely, only Lezhi Holdings had this technology in the whole world.

Using remote access, the boy managed to expand Mu Yichen's weak GPS signal to lock his position within a few hundred meters, which he sent his men to follow up on.

They found the signal point in a remote, hilly road, but in the end, what they saw there was a blood-stained watch.

The men brought back the watch and passed it to him.

The boy could not help being taken aback after glancing at it.

This was his brother's watch.

The watch, now spoiled after seemingly having been rolled on by a car's tires, was stained with spine-chilling splotches of blood.

The boy held the watch brusquely in his palm.

Consternation arose in his heart.

He had a bad feeling now.

It appeared that the enemy was cautious to even rip off the watch on his brother.

There was the likelihood of them, after having realized what this smart watch's GPS function could do, throwing it away to prevent him from tracking it.

*That bunch of people is very alert, it seems!*

His last lead was gone just like that!

Gong Jie sat on the couch and watched the boy become pensive as the latter held the watch with knitted brows.

“Is the lead gone?”

“Yes!”

The boy put down the watch on the table and tried to calm himself down, replying leisurely, “But I’m certain that they are still alive!”

“Oh? Why are you so sure?”

“There should be a reason for them kidnapping my mother and brother, yet the masterminds haven’t shown themselves even now, and there’s no move from them still. Judging from their action of sending these pictures, they’re trying to scare us or just want to agitate daddy.”

“Do you have a guess on what they are after, then?”

The boy looked up and gave a slight squint. “I guess...” *They are trying to blackmail daddy!*

His daddy must be holding on to something terribly important.

The boy continued speaking expressionlessly. “Right now, we can only keep our cool to maintain an upper hand!”

The man marveled secretly.

He was surprised to find him so calm and composed.

He could tell that Youyou got upset and anxious the moment he saw those photos, but the latter quickly forced himself to calm down emotionally.

The fact that this boy, at such a young age, knew how to keep his cool to maintain a hold of the situation was not something he had expected.

## **Chapter 1177: Irreconcilable Feud**

Yun Tianyou contemplated for a while before picking up his phone finally.

He originally planned to rescue his mother and brother with his ability.

He was confident, to the point of conceit, that his capability would be sufficient for that!

However, after his rumination, he finally decided to collaborate with his father for reason, none other than, that he had lost all his leads.

He was in trouble now.

With that being the case, he could only find a solution from his father’s side!

He would not let go of any slight opportunity!

He dialed Mu Yazhe’s number.

The call quickly connected.

“Youyou!”

The man was rather surprised to receive his son’s call; at the same time, he was mildly relieved.

The boy being safe and sound was a blessing in this misfortune!

“Daddy, where are you? I’ll go and find you!”

“Let me send someone to pick you up.”

“Not necessary! Don’t worry; I’ll be fine.” He told his father.

After putting down the phone, Gong Jie, who was standing behind him, asked through narrowed eyes,

“Youyou, who is your father?”

The boy turned around with knitted brows, seemingly puzzled by his question. “Why?”

“I just want to have a better understanding.”

“Oh?”

Cocking his brow, he added at once and sans any intention to hide. “Mu Yazhe.”

The man’s face changed gradually as his lips turned into a slight sneer.

“Who is that?”

“Disheng Financial Group’s primary executive.”

His face sank the moment the boy finished his words.

His face was so unnerving that it was blood-curdling.

Peering at his odd expression, the boy asked quizzically, “Why? Do you know my daddy?”

“He he!”

Letting out a snigger, the man’s eyes glinted darkly and dangerously for a second.

*That man and I, do we know each other merely?*

The Gongs and the Mus had an irreconcilable feud, which ran deep.

They were like oil and water, which could not mix.

“Is Mu Sheng the master of that household?” asked the young man abruptly.

The boy hummed in agreement.

The man leaned against the couch lazily, his lips curling into a cool and loath-filled smile. “Why; hasn’t that old man die yet?”

“Not yet.”

“He sure is tough!”

The man let out a sudden, cold snort. “It’s a good thing that he’s alive.”

“What do you mean?”

The boy could discern a fleeting look of hatred in the man’s eyes.

“You seem to hate him very much.”

“Of course, why shouldn’t I hate him?”

The young man pursed his lips thinly. Aloof and proud, he continued terrifyingly. “There is an irreconcilable feud between me and him, so how can I forget his name?”

He had once sworn to make that old man’s life miserable one day!

He wanted him to go through a life that was worse than death!

The man fumed inside him, *If not for that old thing, how could mom die without due cause? It’s all because of him! It’s because of him that sister remains lost and unaccounted for!*

He hated that old man to the very marrow of his bones.

*To think that that fogey is still alive after all these years; he sure is tough!*

The boy asked, “What happened? What don’t you share?”

The man glanced at him and refused, “You don’t have to know what happened between me and him! That has nothing to do with you.”

“How can that be? This is between the Gongs and the Mus—of course, I’m involved!”

The man asked coldly, “Are you thinking of stopping me?”

“Why would I want to stop you?”

Youyou hooked his mouth into a smile and replied nonchalantly, “I have nothing to do with him.”

He hated Mu Sheng, too.

If not for his ignorance and folly, his mother and brother would not be suffering now!

### **Chapter 1178: You are not allowed to touch my daddy.**

He had done much evil at an old age!

“It has nothing to do with you!” The man paused and his brows furrowed deeper. “It’s just that I didn’t expect you to be related to Mu Yazhe in this way!”

“He’s my daddy.”

“Now, this has become troublesome.”

The man smiled casually, though his eyes gleamed sharply and ruthlessly. “Little Youyou, what to do? Our two families are in deep feud, and one day, I’m gonna trash the Mu family under my feet. They will pay their debt with their blood!”

His words were frosty.

Closing his eyes, he could almost return to that despondent scene in his youth.

He witnessed with his two eyes his mother dying in that fire. As the fire raged, he desperately tried to run into it but was stopped dead by others.

If not for the old man, this accident would not have happened, and his mother would not have been gone from him.

The matter was still a thorn in his flesh up to this day.

Nothing could wipe away their feud, just like the nightmarish scene that could not be erased from his memory after all these years!

Even Youyou’s heart was shaken by the coldness in his tone.

“I don’t care what you want to do to the Mu family, but there is something I must make clear here.”

Pausing, the boy squinted his eyes before he continued. “Mu Yazhe is my father; I won’t allow you to touch him!”

His words were firm and indisputable with a hint of threat!

The man was mildly stunned when he heard that.

The child crossed his arms and added expressionlessly. “You can do what you want to Mu Sheng; I have nothing to do with him, but as for my father, you can’t touch him!”

He was equally overbearing in his attitude as he declared his stance openly to the man.

Although he might act tough and show despise to his father when he was with him, he would do whatever he could to protect the latter’s welfare and interests at all cost!

Gong Jie frowned. “Why?”

The boy smiled elegantly, like a proud gentleman, and answered at leisure, “There is no ‘why’. Simply put, a ‘no’ means a ‘no’.”

The man jumped up from his seat and walked to his front. Bending down, he locked his gaze peacefully with the boy’s beautiful eyes.

Both, big and small, stared at each other in silent confrontation.

Youyou smiled as he looked at the man with composure.

The man smiled. “Are you saying that you intend to protect him until the end?”

“That’s right!”

Mu Yazhe was his father and the man his mother loved. More than that, he was his family.

No matter what happened, he would stand on his father’s side. This stand of his would not change no matter what might come!

“What should be done, then?” The young chap seemed vexed, cocking a brow with a dazed look. “I won’t give in even on your account!”

The boy maintained his smile despite being startled by his words.

The man retorted coldly, “Little Youyou, it’s your business if you want to protect your father, but it’s up to me what I want to do. Keep out of my business!”

“Sure.”

“I want to see how far you’ll go to resist the Gong family for his sake.” The man smiled, though his narrowed eyes glistened exceptionally coldly.

“It’s not just for him!”

The boy mentioned nonchalantly.

This was for his mother, too.

“All right, then. We’ll watch and see!” With that, the man stood up and left.

Youyou narrowed his eyes as they followed the man’s disappearing back.

What grave enmity existed between the two families?

*It appears that there is a need to probe further!*

## **Chapter 1179: Daddy, are you a deity?**

This matter was indeed a little thorny!

That daddy of his was really worrisome!

...

At Disheng Financial Group’s CEO’s office.

Mu Yazhe stood by the window, looking far with a deep gaze. It was currently nighttime. The city was bright with neon lights and full of hustle and bustle.

The ashtray on his table was filled with cigarette buds.

His addiction to smoking was mild, yet today, he madly smoked a whole pack.



It was as if he could only calm down a little this way.

He was waiting.

He was patiently waiting.

The more he tried to agitate him and drive him crazy, the more he needed to remain composed.

He and his son were extremely alike in this aspect.

They knew deep down that the only way to deal with this situation was to remain cool.

Yun Tianyou was quick to arrive at his father's office.

He instructed Lisa to guard the door as he knocked on it and walked inside. He noticed his father standing by the window with an emotionless face.

Hearing a knock at the door, the man turned around. As he saw his son, his icy gaze gradually filled with warmth.

"Daddy!"

The boy smiled and greeted him obediently.

"Mm!" The man let out a sound of acknowledgment.

He walked over and carried tightly in his embrace.

"Good boy."

At least, he was fine.

He remained silent, only hugging his boy tighter.

The one in his embrace could feel how intense his hug was, though.

It was so strong that he hurt a little.

He, however, did not push him away this time. Instead, his one small hand circled around his shoulders as his other small hand stroked his hair comfortingly.

He understood what his father was emotionally going through.

He knew that even the strongest man would have a moment of frailty.

Even though his daddy did not display it, he was sensitive enough to pick on the man's restlessness and guilt.

The man's guilt was deep.

It was likely because he was blaming himself for being unable to protect his family despite being a man.

As he continued to hug him, the man spoke beside his head. "Youyou, I'm sorry."

"Huh?"

“Daddy failed to protect you all! I am sorry!”

He had always been a man with kingly arrogance. Uttering this apology was akin to him submitting. Therefore, he had never said these words before.

Now, his heart was violently overflowing with guilt. This was especially after seeing those brutal photographs of Yun Shishi and Little Yichen. One was of his woman and the other was his son!

It was because of him that they were going through such ordeal.

He had always prided himself for his ability to plan one step ahead and for being the one in control of the situation.

Now, his weak spot was being clutched fiercely by someone else.

It was as if he had been gripped by his throat tightly to the point of suffocation.

The boy raised a brow and asked in a low voice, “Why are you apologizing?”

Although his voice was tender and affectionate, it was extremely steady and calm.

Mu Yazhe was struck dumb.

The little lad continued to ask seriously. “Daddy, are you a deity?”

His father furrowed his brows, clearly unsure of where he was going with this question.

He raised his head and stared at him earnestly, his lips curving into a distinct arc. “Are you a deity?”

“...”

“No, you are not.”

He paused before he continued sternly. “If you were one and you could foresee every future event, as well as stop dangerous situations from cropping up, that would be a different story! If you had such abilities but didn’t prevent this from happening, then that would just mean that mommy’s place in your heart was insignificant!”

### **Chapter 1180: You are in no position to blame yourself.**

“If that were so, I’d never forgive you even if you were to apologize a thousand or even ten thousand times!”

Mu Yazhe was taken aback. He had never expected such words to leave his son’s mouth.

In his eyes, Youyou had reached a stage of maturity where he was steady, wise, and far-sighted.

Still, he did not think that the boy had already reached such a high level of maturity.

He was blanked out but could still hear a chuckle from him.

“You are not a deity, though.”

“...”

“You can’t tell the future and predict all these to happen! You couldn’t have saved mommy and older brother from the deep waters and scorching fire the moment they happened. You couldn’t, and neither could I! What right, then, do I have to accuse and blame you for this? You are in no position to blame yourself, either!”

He paused for a moment before continuing with darkened eyes. “That’s why there’s no need to apologize!”

The man smiled in relief, uncontrollably giving his cheek a pinch.

His son grabbed his hand all of a sudden, a glint of quick wit flashing across his beautiful eyes.

“Still, daddy, there’s something I wanna ask you about.”

“Yes?”

“Do you have any suspects?”

Mu Yazhe squinted his eyes.

“Do you have any suspect on who has had mommy and brother kidnapped? In your heart, you likely have a few in mind, haven’t you?”

“Yes, I do.” He admitted this after a moment’s silence.

“Can you guess what their motive is for doing this?”

He leveled his gaze on Youyou. Carrying him, he walked slowly toward the window.

Disheng Tower was a majestic skyscraper.

The CEO’s office was on its top floor. Standing in front of the office’s French window and looking through it, one could not help but feel a sense of superiority and arrogance!

He felt just like an ancient emperor standing atop the highest city’s gate tower and looking down at the masses from above!

It also let one have a taste of exactly how lonely it was at the top.

He squinted his eyes and revealed slowly, “What they want is the Mu empire that I have in my hands!”

“I’ve guessed as much, too.”

Youyou smiled. “Daddy, you have the most shares in the Mu Group. Naturally, some people can’t sit still anymore, afraid that they’ll never get their hands on those if they don’t take action now! They must’ve been eyeing your shares for a long time, and that’s their reason for doing this.”

The man smiled in gratification. “You are so smart!”

It was no wonder that he was his son!

Unfortunately, the boy failed to smile back.

It was exactly as he suspected. The ones behind this had seized his mother and older brother as bargaining chips for his daddy's shares in the Mu Group!

The Mu Group's shares!

How enticing were they!

Whoever could get their hands on his father's shares would have control over this organization and would be this whole Mu empire's owner. Meaning, that person would become shockingly powerful!

Internally, the Mu family was complex and tricky. Members of it constantly rose and fell, and the infighting was endless. They fought and schemed against one another incessantly. It was just like in ancient times, where brothers from royal families fought and killed one another to get hold of the imperial power.

Some relationships weaken in the face of gaining personal benefits.

Selfishness was a bad trait that many people had.

Moreover, being born into a wealthy and powerful family meant that one was constantly compelled by circumstances.

You suddenly turned his gaze on to his father's face before he calmly asked, "If that's so, what will you do if that person threatens you to hand over your shares in the Mu Group?"

This question was extremely sharp.

He went straight to the point by asking this bluntly, not allowing him to avoid it in any way.

He desperately wanted to know his daddy's answer.

He had no doubts regarding his mother's importance in this man's heart.