

Sweet Love 1561

Chapter 1561: Do you not think that you are overdoing it? (2)

She felt sorry that, after their short reunion, she would be apart from them for another extended period.

While filming in this production team, she would be unable to return home for months.

The separation would be longer than reunion.

She might be able to return home intermittently, but this would just be for a short time, and she must return to the set quickly.

Moreover, the promotional tours of 'The Green Apple' required her to fly to various locations domestically for road shows; she, therefore, truly needed to treasure every second she could spare.

Inside the car, Mu Yazhe's face broke into a smile.

She's back!

He could not wait to give her a fierce hug.

He missed her so much!

His yearnings for her almost spiraled out of control.

As his hands were holding on to the steering wheel, her apologetic voice could be heard over the Bluetooth earpiece he had in one of his ears. "I'm only returning to get some warm clothes. I have to leave immediately after."

"Leave?"

The smile froze on his face. He suddenly looked unhappy as he cocked his brow. "Where are you going next?"

The word 'next' shook her slightly.

'Where are you going next?'

This question, which did not seem to be a question when it came from his mouth, stumped her actually.

Having not seen him for a week, she missed him very much, too.

Although it was only a week, it felt like a century to her.

Earlier in Paris, she could only communicate with him via text messages. This was because all calls were prohibited during the live recording.

Hence, she could only read off his words lifelessly from the screen and try to imagine his look while he was holding the phone on the other end.

He was suffering just like her.

He had not heard her voice for the past seven days.

Suppressing his longing for her, he held on until now.

The day before, when the woman informed him that she would be returning home today, he could feel his heart soaring for the first time in his life.

Even his assistant was surprised to see the change in him when he stepped into the office this morning.

Over the last few days, he wore only a sullen expression the entire time, from morning until night.

Repressed anger could be detected in his eyes, which stressed his staff tremendously. Those subordinates, who needed to visit his office, would look down and avoid his gaze as they tried their best not to antagonize him in any way.

However, this morning, they could tell that their boss was in a good mood!

Even though he tried hard to remain composed, inwardly, he was looking forward to her return!

Hence, once it reached afternoon, he arranged to finish his meeting early so he could rush home; alas, in the end, he had to hear her telling him that she must leave immediately after.

Where is she going next?

He could not help but be upset!

He stopped the car by roadside as his brows locked in a deep furrow.

The man resisted the strong urge to vent his frustration on her over the phone.

Is your work really that important?

Is it so important that you can ignore my feelings?

For the first time in his life, he really detested her job.

That day, just before she flew off to Paris for recording, she called him in the morning. While on the phone, she told him, with much apprehension, that she could not have telephone conversations during the taping overseas and could only communicate via text messages.

He was greatly displeased when he heard that.

“You are my woman, yet you’re running off to another country to take part in the filming of a love-themed reality show. Now, you’re telling me not to call you! Yun Shishi, don’t you think you are overdoing it?”

Taken aback, she maintained her silence for a long time.

She was clearly guilt-ridden. Finally, after a long pause, she muttered, “Sorry.”

This was the last thing the man wanted to hear from her; thus, he simply hung up the call.

She did not attempt to return the call after that.

Chapter 1562: Do you not think that you are overdoing it? (3)

He wanted to ignore her, but barely a night passed when he started missing her and could not resist sending her a text message.

She returned him an emoticon.

Messaging was boring and dry. Looking at the black-and-white text, he tried to imagine the expression on her face.

Now, she was finally back to the country, yet she had to leave again after picking up some clothes.

Where is she going next?

As an artist, life revolved around publicity and promotional events, and there was hardly time for family. Even though she might command a sizable fee, did he really care about that?

He allowed her to work and pursue her interest as a matter of respect, but that did not mean that he was not bothered.

In fact, he was very bothered by it!

He did not like that she was working when her time could be spent with him!

To be doing this just for a few millions of acting fees!

He could earn that much in a few minutes.

The man missed her all day and night, not just a mere few minutes.

Her hand held the phone tightly as she listened to the heavy breathing coming from the earpiece. She knew that he was trying hard not to lash out on her with his surmounting fury.

Just as she was feeling guilty, the man asked her dully, "Do you miss me?"

"I miss—"

"Don't go anywhere tonight and keep me company."

She knitted her brows and answered with some difficulty, "I received notice to proceed to the production set and only came out at this point because I requested leave; I can only pick up my clothes as I am not allowed to be gone for long!"

Frustrated, he hung up the call without warning.

As she sat listening to the dull beeping sound coming from the earpiece, her eyes rimmed red and moistened.

When she got home, the two lads were watching TV in the hall. Both flung themselves into her arms the moment they saw her.

The two were at the age where they were growing by leaps and bounds, and she realized with a start that Youyou had grown taller again after missing him for a week.

When he stood next to his older brother, their difference in height was not that obvious now.

There was not much change in Little Yichen's height, but since his brother had been feeding him well over the last couple of days, his tender, pinkish face had grown plumper and cuter.

She kissed their faces affectionately and saw the TV playing when she looked up.

"Where's daddy?"

She surveyed her surroundings. "Isn't he at home?"

"Daddy isn't home yet!"

Her older son, who was still hugging her, refused to let go.

Having not seen her for a week, he climbed on her with his hands and feet and was unwilling to let go.

She carried him and smiled indulgently.

"Eh? You seem heavier now—and fatter, too."

She could not help teasing him.

The little lad blushed in embarrassment, asking anxiously, "Does that mean mommy can't carry me anymore?"

"Yes, having a little difficulty carrying you now!"

She nodded in fake seriousness, teasing him further, but that got him worried!

This can't do!

He did not want to grow up, or grow fat, when it meant that his mother could no longer carry him or that he would be unable to crawl in her loving embrace anymore.

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This thought frightened him so much that he quickly quipped, "I'll start reducing my weight from tomorrow onward, then!"

She flicked him on the forehead. "Silly! You're forbidden from losing weight. You are still growing and need to eat more so you can grow taller and stronger!"

With that, she kissed his round, little face.

His skin was so soft, just like tofu that would melt instantly in the mouth!

She carried him and could not bear to let go as well.

Chapter 1563: For a moment, she almost wants to give up.

His younger twin, standing at one side, sniggered. "Mommy, do you really believe this fellow's words? You may find him looking serious and sincere now as he tells you that, but once I am done preparing dinner, this little piggy will plunder the table!"

She gave a chuckle when she heard that.

The boy in her arms pouted in embarrassment, rebutting, "That's not true! Am I what you've made me out to be? I'm not a little piggy for sure!"

"Hmph! Piggy!"

Ignoring him, the younger boy walked up to his mother enthusiastically and lugged the luggage, which was next to her, into the cloakroom. "Mommy, let me unpack your luggage for you; leave it to me!"

Stunned momentarily, she quickly stopped him. "Youyou, I'm only back home to get a few outercoats!"

He froze and turned to look at her with some surprise.

"...Does that mean that you are leaving again tonight?"

"Yes..."

"Mommy, where are you going?" Little Yichen whined and grumbled when he heard that. "Aren't you going to stay home?"

"I have work tonight, so I need to return to the set. I took leave to return home this time." The guilt in her eyes was too much to bear.

Her younger son's heart twitched in pain for her.

They finally got to see their mother after waiting for so long, but it was a brief reunion before they must separate again for a long time.

He started to fret a little.

This house was spacious and so empty.

Every day, only he and his older brother were here, save for those few servants and nannies, who seemed foreign to him.

His mother had engaged a few nannies to look after them, but this was not how he wanted to be cared for.

He could take good care of himself.

He just wanted his mommy.

Without realizing it, he opened his mouth and almost blurted out, "Don't work anymore! Let me take care of you, all right?"

However, these words were caught in his throat, and he did not know how to get them out.

Taking a deep breath, he dropped his hands helplessly. After lugging the luggage into the cloakroom, he took out the clothes she had brought to Paris from it and replaced them with a few thick, cotton jackets.

When she carried her older son into the cloakroom, she saw her younger son packing a few emergency items into the luggage.

The boy knew that his mother had a weak constitution and would catch a cold easily during winter. As such, besides the warm clothes, he also packed some medication for her.

He was so attentive that he even put in a pair of knee guards for her.

He knew she was going to shoot a period drama.

As winter was approaching, he was worried that her knees might hurt in the cold weather.

This was a boy who looked after everything for his mother. He was really afraid that his stupid and careless mommy would be so focused on acting that she ignored her health!

Thus, he made sure that he had her well covered.

As he packed, he muttered, "Can you take leave from the set?"

"Why?"

"There's a meet-the-parents' session this school term. Can you attend it?"

Before she could open her mouth, he slapped his forehead out of the blue. "Oops! How can I forget; mommy can't attend this event."

"?"

He looked up and seemed to be stuck for words. Finally, he let out a sigh. "Mommy is a public figure now. Your endorsement posters are all over the streets, but I can tell no one. I can't tell anyone that the beautiful woman in those posters is my mommy..."

Her heart swelled in great pain when she heard that.

For a moment, she almost wanted to give up acting.

Chapter 1564: Qin Zhou's Establishment of Prestige (1)

He chased after the car for a while before his older twin took his hand and pulled him back home.

Their father did not return home straight away after leaving his office as the man was sulking.

Instead, he went to a café and ordered himself a cup of coffee. He left the place without drinking even a sip when it was served to him, though.

When he reached home, he turned on the lights, only to be greeted by a silent yet lifeless living room.

A touch of despondency and gloom flashed across his deep-set eyes as he leaned against the front door. He walked over to take a seat on the sofa, letting his body sink down it.

She was not home, and the two boys were likely already asleep.

The family seemed to be incomplete with her absence.

Time slowly ticked by, but the man sat unmoving on the sofa.

He constantly swiped at his phone's display screen. Be it a text message, a WeChat message, or even a phone call, no notification of such showed up.

How could that woman just neglect him like this?!

Was she angry that he hung up on her earlier?

Hence, because of that, she did not want to be bothered with him? Was that it?

In that case, why did she not think of the reason for him doing so?

As soon as she returned to the country, she busied herself with work again, but what about him?

Was she going to neglect him just like this?

His body sank deeper on the sofa. Upon further contemplation, he decided to give her a call.

Alas, no one picked up even after the phone rang a long time.

He phoned her again. This time, though, her phone had been switched off.

Uneasiness set in him right then.

Why was her phone turned off? Surely, she had not gotten herself in trouble?

At the thought of that, he shot right up from the sofa, picked up his car key from the coffee table, and was prepared to head straight out.

Before leaving, he went to the children's room to check on them. Only after feeling assured that they were in deep sleep did he leave the house.

...

At a hotel in Hengdian World Studios, the production team had booked three whole floors for the main cast and staff's accommodation.

Several nanny vans, parked in front of the hotel entrance, greeted Yun Shishi's sight as soon as she alighted from her car.

Qin Zhou led his artist to her room with her luggage in his hand. A foul moldy smell from within assaulted his nostrils the moment he pushed open the door and switched on the lights.

The room had a bedroom, a small study, and a bathroom for the artist to rest and review her script, and that was it.

It was just that... he recalled making a request to the production team previously for a bigger room with two beds if possible.

Mu Xi would be moving in the next day. His artist needed someone to take care of her during this long filming, after all.

However, there was only a 1.5-meter bed in this room.

The manager got furious right then.

What's going on?

He summoned someone over from the production team through a phone call and then started making an irate rant at the doorway. "What's this? Are they looking down on my artist just because she's just debuted recently? Is this why they gave her such a tiny room? This place reeks of mold, too. Look at the bed; there's a layer of dust on it! What the hell are they thinking?"

She gently tugged at the enraged man's sleeve.

He put a firm grip on her shoulder, though. "Don't stop me, Shishi! If I don't make things clear now, you'll surely get bullied by them when I'm too busy to come over in the future! They won't keep this in mind if I don't lash out at them now!"

Hearing that, the actress found no reason to stop him again.

Right then, a crew member rushed over, only to have the former glare at him and give him a good dressing down.

"Our budget... is a little tight!" the person squeaked timidly, his face ashen.

Chapter 1565: Qin Zhou's Establishment of Prestige (2)

Qin Zhou sneered at him. "Oh, so does having a tight budget give you the right to be preferential? Lin Zhi and Hua Jin are staying in five-star suites, so why is my artist staying in such a dingy room? What? Are they more privileged since they're popular? My charge deserves such a treatment; is that so? You come here and take a look at that layer of dust on the bed; will you be able to sleep there yourself?!"

With his sharp tongue, he lashed out at that person until the latter's face was flushed.

Yun Shishi held back her giggles from the side. Truth be told, the room was not as lousy as he made it seem to be; it was just considered shabbier compared to the main leads' rooms.

What her manager could not stand was that some of the production crew flattered the popular artists and bullied the less well-known.

This was the reason for his ire.

Not daring to offend the ace manager, that person fawned and offered his apologies to them for the poor treatment. Only after the latter brought the former to the reception and had her room be exchanged for a luxurious suite did this matter get dropped amicably.

Although her new room could still not be considered luxurious, it was way better than that miserable room from before.

The artist dragged her luggage inside before she sat on the sofa and sighed.

As she got off the plane, she was forced to shuttle between the production team and home as soon without adjusting to the time difference first. Her body was about to cave in from her exhaustion.

Qin Zhou wandered about the room.

The man, as a result of his frequent international business trips, was very particular about hotel accommodations.

As his artist would be staying in this room for a while, he naturally had to inspect the room carefully before leaving.

Should there be any problems with the water and electricity—e.g., a short-circuit, it could potentially pose a danger to his artist.

Also, there were other things, such as the hot water supply, the door lock's security, hidden cameras stashed at corners, curtains at the balcony, et cetera, to check for.

A lot of attention was paid to a celebrity's place of lodging.

There was once a case of hidden cameras installed in every part of a female celeb's hotel room in Hong Kong. It was later found out that they were installed by that country's paparazzi.

This was why the man was particularly concerned about his artist's privacy.

After ensuring that there were no problems in her bedroom, he walked out and found her already asleep on the sofa.

The stumped and helpless manager then walked over and lightly patted her face. "Shishi?"

"Umph..."

A soft moan escaped from her, just like the purr of a lazy cat.

He sighed and pinched her cheek. "Go bathe before you sleep, or else you'll catch a cold!"

The tired woman knitted her brows before opening her eyes. Those bloodshot eyes directed on him gave the man quite a shock.

She was truly exhausted.

On top of not getting a good rest on the plane earlier, she was still suffering from a severe bout of jet lag.

Although he, too, shared the same working hours as her, their body constitutions were different ultimately. Moreover, the man usually worked out and had a strong physique as a corollary. His exhaustion did not cause a heavy toll on his body.

“Go take a bath and turn in for the night. You don’t have anything scheduled for tomorrow morning so you can sleep in a little longer.”

“How about tomorrow afternoon?”

“You’ll have to get your measurements taken for the movie’s custom-made costumes.”

Everyone else sans her had already done so. As she joined the team late, she would have to do it alone.

She nodded in reply. “Noted!”

After nagging at her for a bit more, her manager left the room.

She got to her feet and opened her handbag. Realizing that her phone’s battery had gone flat, she went to charge it before heading to the bathroom to take a shower. She realized, afterward, that she had received several missed calls.

They were all from Mu Yazhe.

Chapter 1566: The Meet-the-parents’ Session (1)

She returned the call after a moment of deliberation.

It took a while before the call connected.

Mu Yazhe’s sullen voice came through from the other end. “Why weren’t you answering the phone?”

“...My phone’s battery got drained...”

“Do you know how worried I was when I couldn’t reach you?!”

He nearly resorted to using the GPS tracker to locate her.

In the end, her phone had merely run out of battery.

It was just a false alarm!

It looked as if he had worried a lot for nothing!

He parked his car at the roadside, his heart finally settling as he gripped the phone tightly.

“I’m sorry for making you worry... I didn’t know that it’s drained!” weakly reasoned the woman. Her caution- and remorse-filled voice sounded just like that of an erring child.

He kept mum for a moment, unwilling to vent his anger on her and finally said, “It’s alright! I was just worried that you got yourself into some trouble.”

“Mm. In that case, I shall go to sleep now since I’m feeling tired!”

She was truly exhausted and, as such, was in a rush to head to bed.

Her words silenced him right away.

“Alright! Go rest, then.”

With that, he hung up on her before she could reply.

After muttering ‘good night’ into her phone, she put down the phone and, with heavy footsteps, dragged herself to her bed where she collapsed on top of.

Right after pulling the blanket over herself and as soon as her head hit the pillow, she dozed off.

On another end, Mu Yazhe sat in his car sulking for a long while before he finally stepped on the accelerator and drove back to Xiangti Walk.

...

Yun Shishi was again overwhelmed by work over the next few days.

Although the life of a celeb was glamorous on the surface, it was all blood, sweat, and tears underneath!

She got the rare chance to sleep until noon the next day before she got up to prepare her makeup for the day.

She did not actually have the habit of doing so, but now that she was in the production team, with members of the media occasionally dropping by, her manager ordered her to put on makeup regularly before leaving her room, or else she was not to take a step out.

The moment she finished her lunch, she was dragged by Qin Zhou to have her measurements taken for the custom-made clothes.

As her costumes required more work, even when working at top speed, at least a fortnight was needed to complete them.

A dance lesson was scheduled after the taking of measurements.

There were a few dance scenes in the movie.

While she could dance quite well, her foundation still needed working on; therefore, the production team invited a dance expert to give her and Lin Zhi dance lessons.

She was too busy to even breath for the next few days.

Whenever she returned to the hotel, she would just take a shower fast and then dropped into bed to rest for the night.

The situation was so bad that she only remembered to reply to Youyou’s message when she woke up the next morning.

That day, Mu Yazhe woke up to find the boy lying beside him in the bed, smiling brightly with fawning eyes.

“Daddy, you’re awake!”

He eagerly blinked at him in greeting, those fluttering dark, lashes of his looking especially pretty.

The boy’s unusual behavior surprised his father.

“...”

“Did you have a good sleep last night?” asked the lad in concern as he continued buttering him up.

The latter looked him in the eyes and lightly spoke in his clear and husky voice. “One who is unaccountably solicitous is—”

“What are you saying?! I’m neither a traitor nor a thief, but I do have something I want to talk with you about!”

As the man returned late from an international conference the night before, the boy did not have a chance to talk to him about this matter. Hence, he got up before dawn and ran to his father’s bedroom to ambush him, lest he leave early for work.

Chapter 1567: The Meet-the-parents’ Session (2)

From his silent look, he seemed to have something important to say. His father cocked a brow at that.

“What is it?”

“Well, it’s like this...” The boy crawled under his blanket and smilingly lay on his chest. He then held his father’s face and gave him two pecks on both cheeks before smiling. “My dearest daddy, are you free today?”

“No.”

“Woo...” The boy frowned, feeling aggrieved. “Can’t you take leave?”

The man pondered on it for a moment. “Well, it’s possible, but it depends on the situation!”

“Oh.”

He could not resist pinching his son’s chubby cheek as he asked with a raised brow, “Stop beating around the bush and just tell it to me straight.”

“The school’s holding a meet-the-parents’ session this afternoon, but because mommy’s details weren’t registered upon my enrolment, my teacher couldn’t contact her. She reiterated several times that at least one of my parents must be present during the meeting.”

“...”

“Are you unable to make it?”

Feeling somewhat troubled, the boy added, "Actually, I think that it's only a formality; there's no need to attend it. It's just that mommy used to attend all my meet-the-teacher's sessions, but due to her current status, she can't show up there, so I can only ask daddy now. Will you go?"

"Alright. I'll go!" The man agreed to it right away. "What time does it start?"

He cheerfully replied at once, "2 PM!"

"Alright. I'll be there on time."

"Okay! I'll wait in school for you. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes."

"Mwah! Thanks, daddy!"

Only then was the boy satisfied. Feeling overjoyed, he kissed his father again.

"Well, if you're attending the session, can you promise me something?"

"What is it?"

With a grimace, he answered, "Keep a low profile."

The man was amused by his son's request.

"You want me to keep a low profile?"

"At least, don't act so ostentatiously by driving any of those expensive luxury cars there. I don't want my teachers to think that I'm some kind of rich kid."

His answer tickled the man pink. "Ain't it the truth, though?"

"Hmph! Even so, I don't want people gossiping about me. It's really annoying!"

His son then smiled. "Go back to sleep, daddy; I'll call you again later at 8 AM. I'll go make breakfast first!"

"Where's your brother?"

"He's out for his morning run."

These siblings always woke up early in the morning.

The older one was responsible for walking the dog, whereas the younger one was responsible for making breakfast.

Their jobs were divided distinctly.

By the time the man woke up, the little lads were already chauffeured to school.

It was Friday that day.

It had been seven days since his woman left for filming.

Seven more days.

In total, a fortnight seemed to have passed since he last saw her.

His chest felt half empty as a result of sleeping alone in the large bed every night.

He was not used to it.

Once a person got used to another person's warmth, he could no longer get used to sleeping alone!

He had never once felt that sleeping alone was such a lonely thing to do prior to meeting her, but now, each time he returned to a pitch-black room and an empty bed, he found this darkness to be absolutely oppressive.

Only out of sheer determination did he manage to hold back from calling her first, but alas, the woman did not even send him a text message.

Was she really so busy that she could not even spare some time to send him a message?

Chapter 1568: The Meet-the-parents' Session (3)

From the info provided by the production team to Min Yu, the woman was having dance lessons, and most of her days were spent in the training room.

How busy she was, indeed!

He sighed inwardly as a wry laughter escaped his mouth. His mood plummeted a little.

He indignantly felt the need to neglect that woman who had no sense of priority so that she could have a taste of how it felt to be neglected!

The meet-the-parents' session was set to start at 2 PM.

Calculating the time he had before then, he arranged all his works for the day to be settled before noon.

For meetings, those that could be brought forward would be pushed to an earlier slot, whereas those that could not would be moved to the following day.

With his son's words in mind, he summoned his assistant to find him a car which was less flashy.

His subordinate furrowed his brows in bafflement. "Boss, I don't get what you mean. What do you intend to do?"

He shot him a look. "I'm asking you to get me something lowkey."

"...Lowkey?"

"Something like the Volkswagen Phaeton."

Volkswagen Phaeton...

Such an understated car?!

The assistant probed him. "Boss, why are you changing car?"

He answered, "I want to keep a low profile."

Min Yu's jaw went slack in astonishment at his reply, though he went ahead and acted according to his boss' order without further ado.

At the end of a morning meeting, the man returned to his office and realized that he had received two missed calls. He picked up the phone from his desk, swiped the screen, and realized that both calls belonged to the same unfamiliar number.

He returned the call as he sat before his desk.

A gentle and polite voice belonging to a woman came through when the call connected. "May I ask if you are Youyou's father?"

He tensed for a bit and questioned back at once, "And you are?"

The woman politely replied, "My surname is Yuan, and I'm the boy's form teacher. I'm sorry to disturb you, but may I ask if it's convenient for you to make a trip to the school now?"

He took a gander at his watch with a frown.

It was only past 10 AM at the moment.

He could not help but be skeptical. "Isn't the meet-the-parents' session scheduled at 2 PM?"

"This has nothing to do with the session! Erm... Is it convenient for you to come over now? Something happened to your son, so I need you to come over to settle it!"

The teacher was being very polite.

She could feel the man's oppressive aura through the phone so she did not dare speak out, lest she incur the man's anger.

He looked at the time again. Since his son's teacher called regarding an urgent matter for him to settle, he naturally could not put it aside.

Even though he still had an upcoming video conference right after this, it had to be postponed!

He answered in the affirmative. "Alright. I'll make my way there now."

"That's great! I'll be waiting for you at the teacher's lounge, then."

He ended the call, then stood up to pick up his coat from the clothes stand, and put it on. He bumped right into his assistant when he opened the door. The latter was holding several documents and proposals, which had been sorted out for the meeting that would be starting in a while.

He was surprised to see his superior all dressed up. "Boss, aren't you feeling hot in such thick clothes? The heater has been switched on in the conference room."

The man swiftly said, "I'm leaving. Postpone the meeting; we'll proceed with it once I get back!"

“This... The directors are already waiting for you in the conference room! Do you have an emergency?”

Chapter 1569: The Meet-the-parents' Session (4)

“If there is, you can leave it for me to handle!” said Min Yu eagerly.

The man merely glanced at his subordinate coldly. “You want to attend my son’s parent’s call-up in my stead?”

“... I wouldn’t dare to,” responded his secretary at once.

He let out a cold snort. “What are you waiting for, then? Postpone my meeting right now.”

The assistant dashed off to do his bidding at once.

Heck!

So it’s little master’s parent’s call-up to school?

He mistakenly thought that Little Yichen had caused trouble in school again!

Truth be told, when there were parent call-ups or meet-the-parents’ sessions at the older boy’s school, his father would not attend them normally.

The latter was always absent from his older son’s meet-the-parents’ sessions.

Therefore, in some ways, one could say that the younger boy’s meet-the-parents’ session was a first for the man in this life!

When the man arrived at school, the doors were shut tightly. It was currently the fourth period.

He parked the car in the parking lot and entered the school. As he rushed to the admin office, he could hear the clamor inside just by standing near the door.

Amid the noise, one middle-aged lady’s voice was ear-piercingly sharp.

“Where is Yun Tianyou’s parent?! Is he still not here? Didn’t he say that he’ll be here soon? This kid’s parent has no sense of responsibility at all! His kid has been bullying his fellow students in school, messing things up, yet as a parent, he still isn’t present to settle the matter. So infuriating!”

A gentle voice attempting to pacify her could be heard. “Madam Lin, please calm down!”

“Mr. Wu, how can you ask me to calm down? How can I be cool about this? If your kid was beaten up like this, would you still be so level-headed? Look at my son’s forehead; it’s all bruised and bleeding! We don’t even know if it will leave a scar! Isn’t this too much? He’s only seven, yet he’s already being a school tyrant. If he is acting like this now, how will he be in the future? Yun Tianyou looks refined and polite, yet he is actually capable of such deeds! When he grows up, I bet he’ll become one of the dregs of society!”

That teacher's voice was laced with a slight authority in response. "You're going overboard with your words! We can't base the happenings of the entire situation just on Lin Feng's words alone! We haven't heard Youyou's side yet. When his parent arrives, we can listen to his explanation of what occurred then!"

However, the woman refused to listen to whatever the teacher had to say as she continued speaking unreasonably. "What's there to explain? Hitting someone is wrong no matter what angle one looks at! I won't argue with children as they are still young and not sensible enough, but once his parent is here, I want him to give me a proper explanation! If not, I'll never let this matter rest!"

Just as she finished her words, a resounding smack on the desk in the office could be heard. It was imposing and filled with anger.

"Madam Lin, please be quiet. Others are still having lessons. Please don't affect the kids in other sections! We'll help you handle this matter fair and square!"

"Hah! I'm glad that you all are aware of that! A school is a place for education. Please don't have a bunch of rotten apples creating such a foul atmosphere here! My child came to this school to study—not to be bullied without reason!"

Mu Yazhe stood outside the door. After listening for a while, he roughly gathered his thoughts.

It seemed that his son had caused some trouble in school.

Chapter 1570: The Meet-the-parents' Session (5)

Based on what that woman had said, the kid likely got into a fight with a classmate. Therefore, during the call earlier, the teacher had him head down to school ahead of time to settle this matter.

Why would his boy get into trouble for no reason?

The boy was an introvert and never liked to get into conflict with others. Why would he suddenly hurt his peer out of the blue?

As he thought about this, the man knocked on the door.

"Please come in!"

The man pushed open the door and walked in, only to see the admin department filled to the brim with people.

Among the group was a middle-aged woman hugging a boy, who had a plaster on his forehead. The kid's eyes were swollen and red as if he had just cried. He was nestled in the woman's embrace with a face full of indignance.

His son was sitting next to a teacher in a white blouse with a name tag on her neck. Compared to the hard-pressed look of the teacher, the lad seemed calm and composed—indifferent even in the face of this situation.

From the start, he had remained quiet and acted as if nothing was wrong. Amid this farce, he refused to speak a word. No matter how the middle-aged woman swore as she talked in front of all the teachers in the office, he was completely unconcerned, or perhaps he felt that communicating with someone as unrefined as the woman would be pointless.

If he opened his mouth, this woman might just explode in anger.

He sat there idly despite the difficult situation he was placed in.

On his well-ironed school uniform was a few dark shoe prints, messy traces of someone who had been in a fight.

Just as his father stepped into the room, the crowd's curious glances fell onto him.

When he walked in and stood by the door, his intimidating height of 1.88 meters made this big office suddenly seem so small.

His extraordinary aura extended to almost every corner of the room.

Men or women, they were all distracted for a moment by the sight of him.

Before the man entered the room, Lin Feng's mom bore many different imaginations on how Youyou's parent would look like, but she had never thought that he would be so young and shockingly gorgeous!

So young!

So handsome!

If not for his face, which was almost an eighty-percent match of his son's, she would be unable to believe that this twenty-something man could be the boy's father.

"Are you... Yun Tianyou's dad?"

She sized him up casually.

The man did not even spare her a glance. It was as if he had not heard her speak at all. He walked over to his son's side and stooped in front of him to meet his eyes.

The boy looked back at him. There was finally a change in his initially indifferent expression; now, there was a helpless and guilty look on it.

"Daddy, you came?"

His father made a noise of acknowledgment before examining him. "Are you hurt?"

His mellow and rich voice was like vintage wine, which had been stored for many years. Just listening to him speak was enough to make one swoon.

The boy shook his head as his lips curved into a smile. "Nope!"

"Hmph! Of course, he isn't! The one who got hurt is my son!"

Madam Lin interrupted them with a snide remark.

Alas, the man continued to ignore her as he brought his son in his embrace and sat down beside the teacher.

At a loss on what to do, the form teacher stood up.

“Are you Youyou’s father? Nice to meet you!”