

## Sweet Love 2731

### Chapter 2731: Priceless Relic

*Why is this place so big?*

*The palaces I see on TV can't even compare to this house!*

*So many bodyguards in suits and servants in cheongsam lining the courtyard, entrance, and even halls. I didn't know that the handsome uncle is a wealthy man.*

The moment he reached the dining room, the boy collapsed in a chair out of exhaustion. He was so tired that even his eyes lost their focus as he stared blankly at the antique wooden ceiling. He could not help but look soulless.

"Tired, aren't you? The guest room may be quite far from the dining room, but you can just take it as a morning exercise," jokingly said the maid.

"This place is really huge!" he exclaimed between pants. "Walking such a long way made me even hungrier."

"What do you want to eat? I can get the kitchen staff to prepare it for you."

"I like eating noodles." He told her carefully.

"I see. Are you okay with noodle soup?"

"Yes!"

She then headed for the kitchen.

Taking advantage of her absence, Baby Chu curiously surveyed his surroundings and studied the dining hall's furnishings.

The spacious dining hall had a modern Chinese-style decor; the table and chairs here were made of expensive, superior-quality red sandalwood. The average folk might not know this, but even a string of such beads cost significantly, yet this old money household had their furniture, cabinets, and even the folding screens made of such wood.

Red sandalwood, also known as Chinese rosewood, was better than its counterparts in terms of hardness, smoothness, and delicateness. In terms of medicinal value, it had a fragrance that could balance the surroundings' scent. This was why the boy felt refreshed when he smelled its faint scent upon stepping into the dining hall.

The ceiling, on the other hand, was made of Laos' black rosewood, which was priced at a staggering six figures per ton for the authentic ones. Of course, the pure ones were the best. In fact, this wood had another name but was later termed as such by national standards.

It was jaw-droppingly expensive, but the Gu family did not hesitate to mass-order the wood and build the ceiling with it. If one had to calculate its worth in terms of money, it would cost tens of millions to build a ceiling as large as this dining hall. It looked muted but luxurious at the same time.

The kid approached a shelf, where he found an exquisite vase. Due to surmounting curiosity, he failed to resist lifting it off the shelf and holding it in his arms. Right at that moment, the maid's gentle voice floated over. "Do you like eggs?"

"Ah!"

Startled, his hands shook and he very nearly dropped the vase on the ground. Good thing that he was quite agile and managed to catch it in the nick of time. The boy heaved in relief, then he turned around in apprehension.

"Big sister, this vase is really pretty. Is it very expensive?"

The maid was surprised to find the vase in his arms, but she nodded to his question anyway. "Yes, it is, but that's not a normal vase. It's a cultural relic, made of vitreous enamel using the cloisonné technique, from the Song and Ming dynasties."

"..."

His hands nearly trembled again.

*Cultural relic?*

He had seen documentaries about the Forbidden City's cultural relics, so he was fully aware of one thing: All relics were priceless!

"It must be worth a lot of money, then!" He carefully probed.

"Mhm. If we put it up for auction, the minimum bidding price will at least be a few million."

### **Chapter 2732: He can finally enjoy some peace and quiet.**

"Mhm. If we put it up for auction, the minimum bidding price will at least be a few million." The maid told him this with a smile.

"..."

Baby Chu inhaled sharply before fearfully putting back the vase to its original place.

*That was close! If I failed to catch it just then, would I have to compensate for it?*

*I saw on TV that such relics are carefully stored away in glass displays, though. At the very least, it shouldn't be placed in a random spot within a dining hall.*

*What if someone accidentally breaks it?*

He asked with some trepidation, "Since it's an antique vase, it shouldn't be placed just anywhere like this. Shouldn't one be particular about its display location?"

The maid, however, nonchalantly replied, "The old master instructed us to place it there."

"Why?" He could not help feeling more baffled than ever.

"Because he thinks this spot looks good."

"..."

*What sort of a reason is that!*

*The handsome uncle is so wealthy that he doesn't care where he places such relics? He won't even feel the pinch if they break?*

*I'm so jealous!*

*If I were as rich as him, I could afford to eat thirty steamed buns for breakfast and pig out on lunch meals without needing to worry about money!*

*Would that also mean I could eat all sorts of exotic delicacies?*

Forgive him for his naïve thoughts, but he truly felt blessed at the notion of having adequate clothes to wear and an endless supply of food to eat every day.

...

By the time Gu Jinglian woke up, it was already nine in the morning. Due to his biological clock, rain or shine, he would always wake up at this time.

When the butler brought him his attire of the day, he could not resist asking, "Where's the boy from last night?"

"That kid has woken up long ago and is currently having his breakfast in the dining hall."

He cocked a brow, only to knit it with the other a moment later when he heard the butler asking, "What should we do with him, sir?"

*Now that the little one has slept and eaten his fill, it's time for him to scoot off, of course.*

*I already made an exception for him by letting him stay for one night.*

Thus, he instructed, "Get someone to take him to the police station after he's done eating his breakfast."

"Aren't you going to meet him before he leaves? He's been clamoring to meet you."

"No, it's annoying."

"Okay, I understand." The butler gave a bow and retreated.

The man lazily put his hands behind his head, then he flipped off the bed and walked into the living room, where he sat on the sofa and sipped the tea the butler had earlier prepared for him. It was his habit to drink some warm, nourishing black tea in the morning to help soothe his stomach.

The thought that the child would be sent away later set him at ease, for he could finally enjoy some peace and quiet.

...

After breakfast, the butler told Baby Chu that he would be taking him to the police station, but upon hearing that, a look of reluctance and vexation crossed the latter's face. "Where's that handsome uncle? I'm looking for him!"

"The old master has matters to attend to after his breakfast, so he isn't free to take you to the police station in person. He has, thus, assigned me to take you there."

As he studied the butler's expression, his eyes grew dim and his face fell in utter disappointment. Despite his tender age, he was quite perceptive; he somehow understood the meaning behind the adult's words.

### **Chapter 2733: The Gu residence is akin to a tiger's den!**

His eyes could not help drooping from disappointment and resentment as he asked, "Does the handsome uncle hate me and find me annoying?"

"..." The butler was surprised and amused to hear this question, seeing how the child was far more perceptive than he had imagined.

All along, his master was never fond of children and had little patience for them. He liked cats, though, so he had a black kitty as a pet. In his spare time, he would take a stroll in the courtyard while carrying the cat in his arms. It was obvious that the mafia prince was rather aloof in character, so he was not a fan of children.

Of course, the butler could not possibly tell the boy this, lest the latter get hurt.

"He's just busy." He assured the child. "He's tied down with work, as always, so he can't take you to the police station himself."

"Oh... alright." The boy nodded and politely smiled. "I'll have to trouble you, then, grandpa."

"It's nothing. This is my duty."

The butler was truly fond of the child; it was for no other reason than him looking very much like his master when he was young. Baby Chu's eyes, in particular, resembled Gu Jinglian's to a close degree, though they were not exactly the same. The greatest difference was his master having a pair of extremely indifferent eyes as if they were foggy, while this boy's eyes were extremely clear, having ingenuity and agility unique to a child. One could tell that he was a bright and witty boy at first glance.

It was due to fate that they met.

The butler prepared a small bag which contained some snacks, sweets, and water for the boy, out of consideration that the kid might not be treated well at the police station; when the police officers got

busy with their work, they would not have the time to pay attention and take care of this lad. He was worried that the kiddo might get hungry there, so he specially prepared some food and drinks for him.

Baby Chu was shy to accept it at first, but the butler told him, "The old master prepared them for you."

"Eh? The handsome uncle prepared them for me?"

"Yes."

The boy was touched. "I didn't expect uncle to be such a kind man on top of being rich and handsome!"

Butler: "..."

*While I do admit that the old master is rich, young, and handsome, I can't agree with him being kind.*

*The boy is ultimately simple-minded and naïve, guileless to the workings of the world.*

*The Gu residence is no holy ground; many people deem it as a tiger's den.*

Anyway, the boy took the backpack and declared with a cheerful smile, "I-I'll just have to accept these, then!"

...

When the elderly butler sent the boy to the police station, he bumped into the deputy director, who was an old acquaintance of the Gus for many years. After learning about what happened to the boy, the deputy director agreed to help him find his way back home.

The thing was, even after checking through their records with the clues and the name the boy had provided, he had no way of reaching out to his mother. It was because her household information was unregistered on the Internet. The phone number he provided turned out to be invalid as well.

The boy stared blankly at the number as he wondered if he had gotten it wrong. *That's what I remember, though.*

The deputy director confirmed the number with him again before giving it another try, but once more, the call could not get through, the reason being that it was an invalid number.

## **Chapter 2734: DNA Matching**

The deputy director was also momentarily confused. With much patience, he repeatedly questioned the boy if he had remembered the number correctly.

"I..." The boy scratched his head and, for a moment, started to doubt himself, too.

He knew his mother's number by heart and could even recite it in reverse. However, he hardly called her. The boy was usually at home watching TV, and there was no urgent need for him to seek her. His mother had asked him to memorize the number for emergency's sake, but as days passed, his memory

of the number had faded somewhat, so he had some difficulty when he recited the number. He was surprised to learn that it was a futile call.

The deputy director tried finding some leads from the household registry, but the search turned out to be in vain, too.

This was nothing unusual. Strictly speaking, Chu He was a missing person. After missing for four years, she could apply for a household account, but what was really disturbing was that she had no memory of her identity. She had tried searching for it; unfortunately, there was nothing about her on the Internet.

When the woman first knew that she had lost her memory, she tried finding some information via the police network, be it through DNA matching or face matching; she even attempted to search for herself in the identification database. All efforts yielded no past information, alas.

There were only a few special scenarios when no information could be found:

First, the woman might be a returning Chinese citizen. Without a national citizenship, it was simply difficult to find any information on her in the country's database.

Second, she could be an illegal immigrant, though this would be unlikely in this instance.

Third, she might hold a special identity, such as belonging to a special force within the military establishment. It would be difficult to locate such person's information in the general database. These special forces, such as secret agents or undercover enlisted officers, would usually have their separate database, and one would need to be discharged from service or affiliations before their identity could be stored in the national identity database.

However, the boy made no mention about his mother's missing past.

More importantly, he knew nothing about her history.

All he knew was that he had no father.

The deputy director searched in vain for half a day, and when he realized that he could not find any leads, he proposed for a DNA comparison. However, this technical test would require a blood sample.

When the butler informed the kid about this, the latter's face sank instantly.

"Need to draw blood?" Baby Chu's mind instantly conjured up the figure of a doctor in a white coat approaching him with a huge syringe in hand. This immediately sent him crying. "That must hurt!"

The old man tried to cajole the child. "It won't be painful; it's just a needle prick."

The boy shook his head vehemently. "No way, no way! Don't lie to me; injection also hurts! When something so sharp punctures the skin, it'll feel painful!"

"But this is the only way we can find your mother! You're unable to provide any details about her, aren't you? How about your father?"

Baby Chu dropped his head in disappointment at the mention of his father; his lips then pouted forlornly.

“I don’t have a father...”

The butler quickly moved to coax and comfort the child when he saw the latter on the verge of crying; only at his consolation did the boy manage to hold back the tears, which had very nearly rolled down his small face just moments ago.

The boy eventually compromised, and the deputy director had someone take the child to a hospital for a blood sample extraction.

The elderly housekeeper was actually rather good with children.

One must know that he raised Gu Jinglian himself. When the mafia head got sick at three years of age, he threw a tantrum, for he had to go to the hospital for an injection. It was him who managed to coax and calm the young master then. Hence, this senior servant was rather experienced in dealing with such matters.

### **Chapter 2735: Are you suspecting that he is my son?**

He had his ways with kids.

After managing to trick the boy into going to a hospital to have his blood drawn and sending the sample to the information bank for comparison, the deputy director told the butler that the process required at least two days. Therefore, Baby Chu was once more brought back to the Gu residence.

Gu Jinglian was at a casino under his jurisdiction doing accounts when he received a call from the butler saying that it was a futile search; the boy had failed to provide any useful information and, hence, was taken back home with him.

“What?” He was displeased to hear that. “Why didn’t you just leave him there?”

“The police are short-handed at the moment, so they definitely won’t be able to take good care of him. Besides, the little lad is looking for you. He seems to be pretty attached to you, so—”

He pulled his lips back into a sneer. “How come I didn’t know that you’re such a softie?”

The elderly man laughed awkwardly in response, but the mafioso could not be bothered either way. “Go get him settled first; don’t let him make a mess.”

“Yes, sir.” A sudden thought hit his mind at that moment as he glanced at the kiddo, who was currently fiddling with his fingers. After much deliberation, he carefully probed. “Say, the two of you look very much alike; do you want to consider... getting a paternity test done?”

“Are you suspecting that he’s my son?”

“...”

The young man pressed his lips into a hard line before asking icily, “Given my style of doing things, do you really think I’m the type of person to spread my seeds everywhere?”

“No, that’s not what I mean! Don’t think too much of my words. I just—”

With a snort, he coolly ended the call and continued going through the accounts.

Casinos' accounts were huge, for they easily dealt with hundreds of millions at any one time. Generally speaking, he did all the accounting himself; this was to prevent others from cooking the books.

The Gus had four large casinos under their name, so accounting was an extremely complicated process. Only a capable man like him could accomplish the feat of going through them all within a day. By the time he was done with the accounts, it would already be eight in the evening.

After having his dinner, he returned to the Gu residence and found a certain lad in pajamas lying in bed, happily reading a fairytale's comic version, when he opened the door to his room. He certainly did not expect to see this sight, and his expression turned frigid right away.

The noise jolted Baby Chu back to reality. When he noticed the adult at the door, he hopped off the bed and ran to him while smiling cheerfully. "Uncle, you're back!"

Gu Jinglian's face darkened. "Why are you here in my room?"

"Butler Fu brought me here when I asked him where your room is," replied the guileless kid.

Upon hearing that, he gnashed his teeth in anger. "That old man—"

"Please don't scold him! I just wanna sleep with you!" The boy even knew how to intercede on others' behalf.

As he suppressed the urge to kick the boy out, he pointed at the door and said, "Go back to your room."

He grew up sleeping alone from the tender age of three. He had gotten used to it, and this habit had stayed with him through the years, never once making any exceptions—not even for the women he bedded. Besides, his obsessive-compulsive disorder was so ridiculously serious that he detested having unnecessary physical contact with anyone. To him, women were nothing but tools for his biological needs.

"I don't have my own room..." mumbled the little boy forlornly, which earned him a glare from the man.

"Your room is wherever you slept last night!"

### **Chapter 2736: Baby Chu cries out of indignation.**

"But it's so lonely to sleep alone... Besides, I'm scared to sleep on my own in such a huge bedroom. The house seems so creepy and scary that a ghost might pop out any time..."

The lad had once watched a domestic horror film which featured an aged mansion; the memory of it gave him the creeps.

Unfortunately for him, the man's expression only turned cooler as he parted his lips to issue a warning. "There's a limit to my patience, you brat—"



Before he could finish speaking, the boy grabbed his hands and smilingly pulled him to the sofa, where he was pushed to take a seat. In his confusion, the boy fawningly went behind him and started kneading his shoulders with his small hands.

“You must be tired, uncle; I’ll give you a shoulder massage!”

“...”

*This brat is quite the bootlicker.*

“Are you trying to sweeten me up?” He cocked a brow as he glanced sideways.

*Pity that I won’t fall for it!*

“No, I just think that you must be exhausted after a hard day’s work, so I wanna massage your shoulders to help you relax.”

“...”

His lips twitched hard at that.

The boy poured lots of effort into massaging the man’s shoulders, doing his best despite his puny strength. Before long, he had worked up a sweat and his back was drenched.

The mafioso did not bother to stop him, though, and simply listened to his rambling as he did his thing. “Your house is really big, uncle.”

When the man did not respond, he continued yakking. “The bedrooms here are as big as our entire house. Even the bathtub is so spacious that we can rear plenty of goldfish inside!”

“So?”

“It’s not good to stay in too big of a house,” reasoned the boy with justification. “One won’t feel secure staying in such a huge house. Plus, it feels like an eerie, haunted house.”

“...”

Noticing the indifference on the adult’s face, the boy, like a loyal dog wagging its tail, waddled his way to the front and supported his head in his arms on the man’s lap while looking irresistibly innocent.

“Darkness and ghosts are the two things I’m most afraid of. If mommy were around, she’d sleep with me no matter how later she came home from work, so can you sleep with me tonight, uncle? I’ll read you bedtime stories and coax you to sleep.”

There. He had finally revealed his motive.

It turned out that the five-year-old was scheming enough to know how to go about pleasing someone just to get what he wanted.

Alas, Gu Jinglian retorted with a smirk, “I’m not a scaredy-cat like you.”

“That’s fine. You must be lonely sleeping alone, too. I can accompany you and read interesting stories to you. What do you want to hear? I know all the stories out there!”

*I don't have the habit of listening to bedtime stories!*

He, thus, coldly barked, "Just go back to your room!"

His callousness ultimately frightened the child, who stiffened in shock. The latter felt utterly aggrieved at the notion of sleeping alone in the dark and huge yet eerie room.

The boy pouted his small lips as his handsome and adorable face crumpled into a frown as if he was on the verge of crying.

Before the man could do anything, he heard a wail. The little lad had closed his eyes and burst into tears with fat droplets of them rolling down his cheeks.

### **Chapter 2737: You are a big nuisance.**

The man felt like he was in a terrible fix. He was already feeling irritable enough after going through the accounts, and now, his head pounded even harder when he heard the boy's outburst.

Baby Chu, who was merely pretending to throw a tantrum, became completely frightened out of his wits when he noticed the uncle's grim look through his tears. He started bawling raucously for real as he collapsed on the ground and rubbed his watery eyes with his meaty hands.

His cries, which sounded shrill and deafening in spite of him having a childish voice, seemed capable of shaking the world. Even the godfather himself was intimidated by them as he stared dumbly at the blubbering boy.

"Uwah... uwah... Uncle is a heartless meanie... uwah... A bully... Uncle bullied me..."

The kid, one by one, listed the adult's 'crimes' while sobbing miserably!

"STOP CRYING!" barked Gu Jinglian while shooting the kiddo a ferocious glare. It backfired, though, for it frightened the latter even more and made him burst into yet another hysterical wail, which effectively cut off any other words the man had to say.

"WAH—"

His head was splitting, but he was utterly helpless against the boy. He resorted to threatening him this time. "Keep crying, and I'll toss you into the pond to feed the fishes!"

"Wah... Uncle is going to toss me into the pond to feed the fishes... wah..."

As if he had committed some unforgivable sins against him, the boy cried harder than ever, which triggered the man's desire to strangle him to death once and for all.

He had little patience for children, much less the ability to deal with them. Just hearing Baby Chu's wails was enough to put him in a foul mood, but the fiercer he was toward the boy, the harder the latter cried. Tears just would not stop flowing from his red, swollen eyes as if he had turned on the waterworks.

*Are there taps in his eyes?*

*Just where are all those tears coming from? There's no end to them!*

Having completely lost all of his patience by now, the man rose to his feet to leave.

*Since this brat insists on sleeping in this room, he can have it to himself. I'll leave and sleep in another room, instead!*

*In any case, I don't have the patience to coax him.*

However, the moment he stood up, Baby Chu, while sobbing, immediately moved to hug his legs and refused to let him go.

"P-Please don't abandon me, uncle... Please don't abandon me..."

The man remained aloof. "This is a warning: Let go."

"Uncle... other than mommy, you're the nicest person in this world to me. Do you also not want me..."

He was taken aback by the boy's tearful, heartfelt declaration, and for a moment, he did not know how to respond to it.

"I've never had a father since birth, but you care and take care of me like one, so I swear to repay your kindness when I grow up. I'll take care of you and send you off on your last journey when you grow old!"

*Take care of me and send me off on my last journey when I grow old?*

*Is this brat cursing me?*

"Do you not want me because I'm too troublesome..."

He answered bluntly, "That's right."

"..." That silenced the boy right away as he stared at him with his doe eyes.

"You're a big nuisance."

Baby Chu's eyes turned watery once more. "Really? Am I really a nuisance..."

"Yes."

"Woo..."

The boy's heart shattered into pieces when he heard those hurtful words, and his raging howls instantly became sobs of misery.

### **Chapter 2738: Unbearable**

Feelings of indignation had now turned to sorrow.

An irritated Gu Jinglian removed himself from the boy's hold and left the room while slamming the door behind him.

Surprisingly, the kiddo did not chase after him and, instead, broke down even harder as he collapsed on the ground in despair. It was as if the whole world had abandoned him.

Much to his dislike, the mafia prince ended up sleeping in a guest room, which was way smaller compared to the master bedroom. Perhaps, it was due to his personality that he disliked narrow spaces. Like his raging ambitions, he preferred larger rooms.

While feeling thoroughly antagonized, he stepped into the shower stall and took a cold shower. After he was done washing up, he lay in bed, but somehow, he just could not fall asleep.

The boy's sobs kept echoing on his mind; they practically haunted him.

It had never occurred to him that he would ever come across a child who was not only unafraid of him but also enjoyed his company, for he did not think that he would hit it off with children; after all, most of them preferred adults with affable dispositions, and the term 'genial' could never be used on him.

No matter how fierce he was toward the kid, be it sending murderous glares or yelling at him, the latter remained unafraid of him, yet the boy actually felt sad over his hurtful remarks.

*Why did that kid rely on me for no rhyme or reason?*

He closed his eyes, only for Baby Chu's pitiful face to appear in his mind, which got him jerking his eyelids open again. He could seemingly hear the boy's voice. 'Uncle, I'm scared...

'I'm scared...

'Other than mommy, you're the nicest person to me in this world...

'Do you also not want me...'

*That kid is rather sentimental.*

*Is he still crying?*

*Surely, he isn't still wide awake and crying in misery because of what I said?*

Another image surfaced on his mind right at that moment: A shivering Baby Chu hidden under the blankets, not daring to even breathe loudly because he was afraid of the darkness.

Children tended to be afraid of darkness and supernatural existence, and the five-year-old was not immune to them.

He did say some hurtful stuff to the boy earlier; it was only natural for a child to be sensitive. Besides, no matter how the boy liked sticking to his side, it was only for the time being. A grown man like him had no need to be so calculative with a child.

The man felt immensely conflicted about the situation at hand.

...

Half an hour later, the man, in his pajamas, reappeared at the entrance of his master bedroom while having this feeling that he must be possessed.

He pushed open the door, thinking that he would see the scene he had imagined—the annoying brat tossing and turning under the blankets out of fear...

Contrary to expectations, he heard the boy's innocent laughter, instead.

"Hahahaha! That's so funny! Tell me more! More!"

He looked inside, only to see Butler Fu sitting on the bed with a book, titled 'Ten Thousand Jokes', in his hands while the boy cracked up in tears as he lay under the blankets. Those tears, though, did not flow out of misery but rather of amusement and delight from hearing some jokes.

Gu Jinglian: "..."

*What the hell!*

*Before I left, this imp was wailing badly while sitting on the ground, and now, he's laughing so happily as if he didn't cry at all!*

### **Chapter 2739: He needs to be punished!**

*Children sure are fickle-minded. Their mood changes as fast as the weather in June.*

Hearing a noise coming from the doorway, Butler Fu looked up to see his old master standing there. He immediately rose to his feet and greeted him with a smile. "Why aren't you asleep yet, sir?"

*Why aren't I asleep yet?*

*Isn't it all because I'm worried that this brat can't fall asleep out of fear?*

Upon sensing his presence, Baby Chu glanced at the doorway, then sullenly wrapped his arms in front of his chest, and turned his face to the side in a fit of pique.

"Hmph!"

He seemed to be mad at the adult and, thus, snorted dismissively at his presence.

*He's angry with me?*

The ball of fury that the mafia head had finally suppressed after some effort came springing up!

*He's got some nerve to get mad at me!*

The boy asked angrily, "Why are you here?"

"..."

"You got the cheek to look for me!" He fumed. "Are you here to ask for my forgiveness? Hmph! You're a baddie! I won't forgive a big baddie like you!"

Gu Jinglian's face contorted with rage as he glared at the boy furiously. Before he could give his two cents' worth, though, the boy pulled an ugly face at him. "Go away, you meanie! I don't wanna see you!"

"..."

One could imagine just how dark and gloomy the man was looking right now.

He even had the impulse to kick the child out of the house.

Hearing that, Butler Fu immediately told the child, "Baby, you can't say that of your uncle. He's here to see you because he cares and is worried about you."

"I don't want his concern!" said the boy stubbornly. "He's a baddie! Why would he care about me when he hates me?"

"A good boy like you shouldn't bear grudges. He must be worried that you can't fall asleep, so he came to accompany you."

The butler continued to play mediator between the two, much to his old master's annoyance.

"Do you have a death wish, old man?"

"Sir..." He then walked over to the young man's side and whispered to him, "I found the little guy crying badly when I entered the room. It wasn't easy for me to get him to stop crying by telling jokes. If you shout at him again, he's bound to cry until morning."

"..." That did not appease the man, though. "He needs to be punished!"

"Don't you know how capable a child is at crying? The entire house will be in upheaval if he dissolves into tears again!"

Gu Jinglian glared at the elderly butler murderously. "Are you blaming me now? Is it my fault for making him cry?"

"I wouldn't dare to! I'm not blaming you in any way, sir!" The butler proceeded to say patiently, "It's just that there's no need for you to quibble with a child. Besides, it's only natural for children to be crybabies. This boy here isn't only adorable and kind but also sensible and not mischievous at all. He's quite pitiful, too; he doesn't have a father despite his young age. We'll just be taking care of him for two more days. Once there's news from the police's side, he'll be sent home. A wise man like you shouldn't stoop to his level."

His expression remained tight.

"Why don't you try pacifying him?" The butler added. "I can tell that the boy is rather fond of you."

The mafioso sucked in a deep breath and, with patience from God knew where, took the elderly man's advice to drop his anger.

Thus, he walked over, sat at the bedside, and coolly looked at the boy.

"It's my bad, so don't be angry anymore, okay?"

It was rare to see him exercising such patience, which was unlike his usual self, just to give in to a child.

### **Chapter 2740: Scared out of His Wits**

The man was never patient in the first place and the boy was the final straw.

The child, however, did not appreciate his gesture at all. Looking up at the man with his proud but adorable little face, he commented offhandedly, “Your apology isn’t sincere at all!”

*Boom—*

Gu Jinglian’s patience finally reached its end.

He clenched his fist so tightly that the knuckles made a loud clicking sound.

When Butler Fu saw the man fiercely clenching his fist and the situation about to turn bad, he promptly rushed over to stop the adult. “Master, calm down!”

Baby Chu was also shocked by the man’s appalling face of anger. Gulping down a glob of saliva at the other party’s terrifying expression, he kept quiet thereafter for fear of getting his neck wrangled by the incensed man!

“Don’t get violent; we can always reason things out!” advised the little fellow in all seriousness.

The man hissed. “Do you believe I’ll break your neck?”

The boy was absolutely shocked and terrified this time as his jaw dropped and, with a pale face, covered his throat with his hands protectively.

*How vicious!*

To the little boy, the baddie looked like he would snap off his neck any time!

“It’s against the law to kill someone!”

“Over here, my words are law!” Gu Jinglian retorted coldly. “Kid, if you don’t know any better, I’ll really throw you to the dogs!”

“Wuuu...” Baby Chu looked ready to cry again.

Butler Fu quickly stepped in to console the kid with much trepidation. “Boy, don’t cry! Master is merely scaring you with his threat!”

“Shut up!” The mafia head lambasted his butler angrily; to which, the latter gave him a much aggrieved look.

The man glared icily at the little lad, who also stared back at him. After a long time, The child took another gulp, licked his dry lips, and tried playing truce with a trembling voice. “Uncle, don’t be angry. How about I forgive you? Let’s make up, alright? I won’t be mad anymore and you don’t throw me to feed the dogs...”

The adult furrowed his brows, but upon seeing the little one's sincere attitude, his gloomy face softened slightly finally.

"We'll come to an agreement here. You'll behave yourself and not cry, yes?"

"Mhm-mhm..." Baby Chu immediately nodded his head earnestly, his pair of innocent eyes staring at the man.

The man then went to set further rules with him. "You have to sleep by yourself, be quiet and don't give any trouble. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes... I understand..." The little lad was afraid that he would be fed to the dogs, so he agreed to the conditions in a hurry.

"Go back to your room now!" The mafia head gave another command.

Without further ado, the boy flipped himself down from the bed and, not even bothering to put on his shoes, ran out barefoot.

"I'll send him back to the guest room to rest," quipped Butler Fu. He took his master's silence as a sign of approval.

The old man quickly gave chase to the boy, closing the door as he exited the room.

Once the little one was gone, the room went quiet at once.

Gu Jinglian felt an instant relief as he went to lie down on the bed. He finally had his peace.

However, little did he know that the boy was truly scared out of his wits; the latter immediately went to hide under the blanket once he got back to the guest room.

He really believed that, if he were to misbehave, the baddie would break his neck and feed him to the dogs.

He was so terrified that he continued to shake from fear as he hid under the blanket in his room. His tears and mucus from his crying soaked through the pillow, and no comfort could settle his nerves, no matter how much the old man tried to cheer him up.

The few words from the mafia boss had left an indelible mark on his young mind.

It was not until dawn that the little fella, with his tears still swimming in his eyes, finally dozed off.

The old butler guarded the bedside until the little one fell asleep before he shook his head and silently left the room with a sigh.