

Sweet Love 3111

Chapter 3111: Innocence 32

“Brother... Brother...”

I called out before another wave of pain hit me. I instantly sobered up a little, realizing all at once that it was Saturday and it was school break. However, Dongyu had gone to school for lessons.

High school workload was heavy. As the top student of the focus class, Dongyu would attend classes in school every Saturday and weekend morning. He was only in his second year of high school, but he was already working hard for the college entrance examination.

Every year, the college entrance examination was a reshuffling of fate. If the college entrance examination went well, then perhaps it meant that their future would be smooth sailing.

At least for high school students at that time, the college entrance examination carried great weight, and it was a word that bore hope and pain.

There was no one at home.

I clutched my stomach and sat up on the bed. My body shifted slightly in the process and I immediately realized that there were strange marks on the bedsheets.

I struggled to lift the blanket and move my legs, only to discover that the bedsheets were covered in a faint red color. It was extremely glaring!

Blood...?!

Why was there blood?!

I was terrified and had no idea what was going on with my body. I was fine the night before. Why was I bleeding when I woke up?

I couldn't figure out where the blood came from!

Clutching my stomach, I rushed into the bathroom. When I took off my pants, I saw blood on my underwear!

I widened my eyes as if I'd been struck by lightning. Suddenly, blood cancer, leukemia... All kinds of terrifying ideas flooded my mind!

Could I have... contracted some kind of terminal illness?!

The thought of that possibility made me drop heavily onto the toilet seat. I felt my blood rush into my head and I became dizzy.

What should I do?

What should I do?!

I was anxious and restless. The thought that I might have contracted some terminal illness made me feel suffocated.

I thought further... what would happen to Dongyu if I died from a terminal illness?!

At noon, Dongyu returned home from school. I was still hiding in the bathroom, clutching my stomach and crying. When I heard his footsteps, I stood up helplessly and opened the door.

He was just about to look for me as I emerged from the washroom. He was shocked when he saw my bloodshot eyes and tear-stained face. His gaze became suspicious.

“What’s wrong?”

“Brother—”

I clutched my stomach in pain and groaned a few times. Even though I couldn’t see my own face, I was sure it was extremely pale and twisted because I noticed he was getting scared too.

“What’s wrong?”

He approached me, only to see blood dripping from beneath me. His face was drained of all color!

“Hang in there, I’ll send you to the hospital immediately!”

He picked me up in his arms and rushed downstairs. He didn’t even have time to catch his breath. He ran to the side of the road and got into a taxi. He said to the driver, “Driver, hurry to the First People’s Hospital!”

The driver was scared out of his wits by Dongyu’s nervous expression. He thought I was about to die, so he stepped on the accelerator and sped towards the hospital. He even ran several red lights.

When we arrived at the hospital, Dongyu didn’t even bother to register. Carrying me, he dashed into the emergency room and nervously said to the doctor, “Doctor! Please save my sister! She... she’s lost a lot of blood... and she keeps screaming in pain...”

The doctor walked over anxiously. Seeing my pale face, he furrowed his eyebrows and saw that my pants were stained with blood. For a moment, his expression became complicated.

“How old is she?”

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“How old is she?”

I said, “Fourteen, year 2 in high school...”

“Where does it hurt?”

“My stomach hurts...”

I cried, “Doctor, am I dying? I’ve lost so much blood...”

The doctor frowned and asked Dongyu to place me on the examination bed. After ushering Dongyu out, he sat down and said meaningfully, "Young lady, did your mother not tell you about menarche?"

The doctor's facial muscles twitched again as he spoke calmly.

As it turned out, this was not a terminal illness. It was a process that all girls would experience when they reached puberty. It was commonly known as "the period".

The process would take place every month, and it was a necessary process for a girl to evolve into a woman.

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When the doctor finished explaining, he smiled and looked highly amused. "Terminal illness? Young lady, have you been watching too many television dramas?"

I was so embarrassed that my face turned red and I was at a loss.

However, Mom and I had never talked about this. Neither had she ever mentioned what sort of changes a girl's body would experience when she reached the age of puberty.

Mom seemed to care a lot about Dongyu, and she seemed to be a little cold towards me. Dad was a typical male chauvinist who wasn't good with words, and he was even less likely to give me too much care.

So much so that when I came out of the doctor's room and looked at Dongyu, who was pacing back and forth in front of the door, I didn't know what to say. This wasn't some terminal illness, but a normal bodily process.

On the way home, Dongyu seemed rather awkward as well. He looked at me and then at the bag I was carrying. In the bag were the Sofi sanitary napkins he had bought at the supermarket.

Dongyu chose and bought me the first pack of sanitary napkins in my life.

I had trailed behind him, blushing as I watched him pick through the tampons in front of the shelves. The sales assistant had recommended Sofi, and without thinking, he grabbed a couple of packets and paid for them.

That night, when my mother came home and learned about this, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. That was when she then taught me this knowledge.

The reason why my stomach had hurt so badly was probably because I had gobbled a few popsicles the night before. During a girl's period, she was not to eat anything cold. The first lesson was a harsh lesson.

...

In the first semester of my second year of high school, when the monthly exam was around the corner, bad news came from my hometown.

Grandma was seriously ill. The doctor issued a notice of critical illness and told my father that the old lady was nearing the end of her life.

After bringing Grandma home from the hospital, the old lady's last wish was to see Dongyu and me for the last time.

I vaguely remember there was heavy snowfall that night.

It had rained the day before and the puddles had turned icy in the cold air.

Father drove us all the way at sixty miles per hour. I sat in the back seat, tears streaming down my face.

Dongyu put his arm around my shoulders, his expression grave. He usually kept his emotions to himself, but when he found out that Grandma was seriously ill, he was also worried.

I saw that his eyes were bloodshot too.

Our family of four rushed back to our hometown. Dongyu and I dashed to the sickbed. Grandma saw us for the last time and smiled in relief, finally releasing her last breath that she had been holding back. Then she passed on.

When she closed her eyes, her old, withered hand did not let go of mine.

I could not accept it, so I broke down and cried.

Dongyu also knelt heavily beside her, his head lowered as tears fell from his eyes.

In my life, she once held the most important place. The moment she left this world, my heart stopped briefly.

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A suffocating pain engulfed me.

For the first time in my life, I realized, it was possible for my heart to hurt this much.

This kind of pain made it hard for one to breathe. It made me feel helpless and lost.

On the night of Grandma's death, the family was busy preparing for the funeral while Dongyu slept with me in the small room upstairs. I couldn't get a wink of sleep all night.

I couldn't stop crying as I hugged my grandmother's big fan.

I had memories of this big dandelion fan. When I was a kid, when the weather was hot, it was Grandma who stayed by my bed and fanned us tirelessly until we fell asleep.

When I went upstairs and saw it, my heart nearly broke.

Dongyu held me in his arms. He didn't know how to comfort me, given my devastated state. Even he himself was in a sombre mood because of my grandmother's death. It was as if he had been affected by my emotions, and tears fell from his eyes.

"Xiachun, stop crying, alright?"

He comforted me gently, holding me in his arms like he was coaxing a child.

I didn't know how to respond to him. Even though I didn't make a single sound, the tears never stopped. He must have felt his heart ache. Holding my face, he meticulously pecked away the tears at the corners of my eyes.

Because of the nature of these kisses, I was stunned. My initially steady heart started beating rapidly.

In the darkness, Dongyu didn't seem to notice anything unusual about me, but he sensed that I had stopped crying. He also knew that such comfort seemed to be able to temporarily calm my emotions. He cupped my face in his hands and gently kissed away my tears, just as he had done when I was young.

I cried a lot when I was young. This was how he comforted me. But little did I realize then, that as we grew up, the same interaction between a man and a woman would carry an amount of ambiguity.

My heart was pounding, but I was willing to let him comfort me like this. I subconsciously wrapped my arms around his waist.

He seemed to snap out of his daze the moment I hugged him. He looked up slightly and met my eyes.

I couldn't see the expression on his face, just as how he wouldn't have seen the hidden emotions in my eyes. He only smiled lightly and said, "Little fool, don't cry anymore. Grandma isn't here anymore, but I'm here with you."

"Can you stay by my side forever?"

"I promised Grandma to take good care of you."

"I..."

That wasn't the type of care I wanted!

This blockhead didn't seem to know what I really meant.

Later, I realized that perhaps Dongyu had already understood at that time. However, he deliberately avoided answering and avoided the important matters.

Just like when I was young, I stubbornly pursued the answer, but Dongyu knew long ago that some things, once made clear, would not be what he wanted to see ultimately.

Some things, when ambiguous, would be less painful, and help avoid cruel choices.

He constructed an utopian world for us, hoping that the conflicted feelings could coexist.

That night, he held me in his arms and stayed with me all night, until my emotions calmed down.

After the funeral, to thank the relatives who had helped at the funeral, Dad booked a private room at the hotel and treated his relatives and friends to a meal.

At such occasions, Dongyu was, inevitably, always the center of attention.

One of my mother's colleagues said half-jokingly, "Dongyu is tall and handsome. My Tingting likes him a lot. She's talks about him incessantly! Dongyu, how about being our son-in-law in the future?"

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“Mom!” The girl sitting by the side blushed and looked around shyly. In the end, her gaze fell on Dongyu. She pouted, but her eyes could not hide her admiration.

Actually, such jokes were extremely common.

But I didn’t like it much, to the extent that I didn’t look happy the whole time.

I realized, with great unease, that Dongyu and I were destined not to be tied together.

Just like what he had said back then, our close yet distant relationship would never change for the rest of our lives. Between us, there would definitely be a third party some day. When I thought about how this third party would want to fully occupy the crook of his arm, his embrace, his love, and that his attention would eventually no longer be focused on solely me, and I would no longer be his only one, it made me sink into unprecedented panic.

What disturbed me the most, was how much I resisted this possibility and detested the idea of a third party.

I knew these thoughts were absurd. Nothing will come to fruition between Dongyu and I. This forbidden love was not meant to be, right from the onset. It was destined to never be perfected.

However, I still harbored a pitiful and humble hope that I could break this wall. But every time I looked into my parents’ eyes, I couldn’t suppress the guilt in my heart. I thought that I was hopeless, but even so, I couldn’t escape from this torture. Thus, for a long time, I fell into this strange cycle. I was troubled day and night, but I was unable to resolve it.

I thought that I had long been diagnosed with an illness that had no cure. Besides Dongyu, no one could cure me.

I had once tried to let others enter my world, but I sadly realized that it was secured by a shackle that no one could break.

From the beginning of my life, Dongyu was my only belief. The world could be barren for all I cared, I only wanted him by my side.

I realized that I couldn’t control my feelings for him anymore!

...

When I was in my second year, it was also the 50th anniversary of the number 2 key high school. There was going to be an art performance and the class had to come up with a program. I was forced to sign up, probably because the music teacher knew that I could play the piano quite well. Hence she had strongly recommended me for a piano recital.

I had no idea what came over me, but I agreed.

Probably it was because the teacher mentioned that if I participated in the talent show, I’d get extra credits.

At that time, credits were also an important contributor to the overall grades.

Following registration, I now had another excuse to cling to Dongyu every night.

He was a little surprised to learn that I was taking part in a talent show at the school's anniversary.

Dongyu started learning how to play the piano from a young age. As his practice partner, I watched him from the side and would occasionally pester him to teach me how to play the piano.

Although my technique wasn't all that professional, Dongyu admitted that I had good talent in music.

I had always found it hard to maintain my enthusiasm for too long, in anything I did. When it came to the piano, however, I did manage to sustain my interest, not because of my love for the piano itself. It was also because of some other reason that my interest in playing the piano actually lasted for a long time.

That month, practicing on the piano was especially unforgettable. Dongyu had chosen a song for me. I was not particularly obsessed with elegant music that was too rich in artistic vibes. Therefore, he had chosen a nice but simple song called "Jiangnan" by Lin Junjie.

At that time, Lin Junjie's songs were very popular. "Jiangnan" was a song that everyone knew.

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With less than two weeks before the school anniversary, I actually started to get nervous.

I heard that the school celebration would be held in the school's newly built auditorium.

I had a deep impression of this auditorium. Occasionally, when I went to do rostered cleaning during the week, I would be amazed by the magnificent hall!

The auditorium was large enough to hold thousands of people. It was said that the whole school would be present during the school celebration.

I couldn't help but start to get nervous, so much so that when I thought about the approaching school celebration, I would stumble and hit the wrong keys.

A week before the school anniversary.

One night, I was awakened by Dongyu's urgent voice.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that he was fully dressed and squatting by the bed. Under the moonlight, his eyes were as beautiful and bright as obsidian.

"What's the matter?"

I rubbed my eyes and mumbled, "Why aren't you asleep? It's late."

"Come, I'll take you somewhere."

"Where?"

He flicked his fingers against my forehead and said, "Stop asking. Get dressed!"

He was being so mysterious it made me nervous. I hurriedly put on my clothes. He held my hand and we tiptoed out of the door.

We got out of the house. It was pitch black and there were no stars in the sky.

He pushed his bike over and I hopped on. Then he cycled me all the way to number 1 key high school.

When the bicycle came to a stop in front of a tall gate, I was surprised. "Why did you bring me here?"

"Do you remember? I've told you before that there's a beautiful grand piano in our school's music room."

I was stunned and finally understood his intention.

"Haven't you always wanted to play on a grand piano? Usually, students are not allowed to touch this piano unless it's a performance. It's not convenient with a teacher around during the day. So I've brought you here to practice at night."

He turned around and asked, "Are you sleepy?"

"No!"

I shook my head. "But the school's music room is usually locked," I remarked worriedly.

A smug smile involuntarily appeared on Dongyu's face, revealing his snow-white teeth.

"It was my turn for rostered duty today."

I was still confused and didn't react.

He whispered into my ear, "There's a window, and I left it unlocked. I'll climb through it later and open the door for you."

Suddenly, I got excited!

What a smart guy!

However, I was still a little worried. "Are there no teachers on duty in school? If they hear the piano, won't we be discovered right away?"

"I've asked around. Usually, the teacher on duty who is in charge of patrolling the building has already returned to the dormitory to rest at this time. It's already so late, and only the security guards are guarding the door. However, the security room and music room are very far apart, so they won't be alerted."

As Dongyu spoke, he led me through the back door of the school.

Being a sufferer of night blindness, my night vision was poor. Dongyu took my hand and we groped our way through the darkness as we walked towards the music building. I turned and looked around. All the lights of the school had been turned off. I couldn't see my fingers if I stretched out my hand. The empty hallway, the dark doors and windows, was a stark contrast to the lively scene in the day.

I was a little afraid of the dark. I felt that such an environment was too scary. I thought of something terrifying and shivered involuntarily, inching myself closer to Dongyu.

A person's imagination was the most terrifying thing, and I often read horror magazines at the magazine stands down the street.

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I often read horror magazines at the magazine stands down the street. Now that the content of the ghost stories had entered my mind, I became even more nervous.

He noticed my rapid breathing and couldn't help but laugh.

"Are you that afraid of the dark?"

"Dongyu, do you believe that there are ghosts in this world?"

Just as I finished asking, I was frightened once again by my own imagination. It was as though a ghastly white face flashed in front of me. I was so scared that I didn't dare mention the word again!

Dongyu laughed. "If I told you that I believe there are ghosts in this world, would you be even more afraid?!"

When I heard that, I almost screamed, "Don't scare me!"

"Clearly, you're scaring yourself!"

As he spoke, he rubbed my head. "Alright, stop scaring yourself. If there really is a ghost... I'll definitely leave you behind and run away first."

I panicked even more now. I wanted to cry but the tears wouldn't come. "Stop talking about this topic! Stop! Stop!"

He laughed in amusement and dropped the topic.

We came to the level where the music room was located. Dongyu approached the window and carefully opened it. He drew the curtains aside and looked in. Moonlight streamed into the music room. It was beautiful.

He looked around cautiously with a vigilant expression. I leaned on his side warily and stared at the corner of the corridor, as though anticipating that something would suddenly appear in the next second!

I curled up even more and carefully tugged on his sleeve. "Brother, are you sure it's okay?"

"Uh huh! The teacher on duty should have returned to the dormitory to rest. There's no one in the music building."

He lowered his voice, then shot me a look and said, "Wait for me outside the door, okay? I'll go in and open the door for you."

"No..."

I grabbed tightly onto his sleeve. "Are you going to leave me alone outside the door?"

"...I didn't expect you to be so timid. Why? Are you afraid that something will suddenly appear and eat you up?"

"Ahhh!"

I screamed in fright, and Dongyu hurriedly covered my lips with his fingers. "Idiot! Are you trying to alert the security guards?"

"Don't scare me then!"

He was half-amused as he said, "Don't be afraid, okay? Wait for me for a while. I'll be quick."

"Well... alright then!"

I gave in grudgingly and nodded. "Just be careful."

Dongyu held onto the edge of the window and sprang onto the windowsill. From there, he nimbly jumped into the music room.

I walked uneasily to the door, my heart racing from nervousness. Not long after, the classroom door opened from the inside. Just as it opened a crack, I hurriedly squeezed in. It was only when I saw his sunny smile that my heart gradually calmed down.

Dongyu shut the door and turned around. I hugged his shoulders in excitement and exclaimed, "Brother you're awesome!"

"Shh!"

Afraid that I'd make too much noise, he flicked my forehead with his finger. "Lower your voice!"

"Oh, it hurts..."

I pressed a hand to my forehead and glared at him coyly.

He exchanged a look with me, then moved to draw all the curtains in the music room shut before turning on a lamp.

The mellow light fell on a beautiful and elegant Yamaha grand piano.

"Wow... what a beautiful piano!"

I covered my mouth and exclaimed in admiration. I sized up the piano in awe.

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I covered my mouth and exclaimed in admiration. I walked around the piano, examining it in amazement. This piano satisfied every romantic fantasy I had about music in my teenage years.

Since I was little, I loved sitting next to Dongyu whenever he practiced on the piano. I'd become besotted with watching him play a monotonous piece of music over and over again.

But I had never thought it monotonous to watch him practice.

I loved how his hands interacted with the piano keys. His fingers were long and slender, and his fingertips were like porcelain. They complemented the black and white keys and were absolutely beautiful.

Every afternoon, the sunlight would stream through the window and fall on his handsome side profile. It was quiet and perfect..

I wasn't born to love the piano. My obsession and love for it stemmed from my infatuation with him.

He watched me pace around the piano, hands in his trouser pockets, a little exasperated. I looked up to meet his eyes, only to see his lips curve to form a warm, loving smile.

"Brother! How much does this piano cost?"

It was probably because I was stroking the piano's frame like a devout believer praying, and he found the longing expression on my face too amusing. He chuckled, then frowned and replied, "Very expensive."

That got me even more curious and I persisted. "How expensive is it?"

"Mmm..."

Dongyu thought for a moment and said, "About 200,000."

I was completely stunned!

200,000 yuan!

It was an astronomical figure!

He was tickled when he saw my eyes widen in disbelief. "This is a Yamaha piano. It's a concert model."

"Then it must sound great!"

"When will the school's joint performance be held?"

"In a week."

Dongyu frowned. "Time is of the essence. Are you already familiar with the tune?"

"Yes, but there are some places where the fingering technique needs to be consolidated."

I was no more than an amateur when it came to piano-playing. It wasn't as though I had learned it since I was a child. When we were little, I'd sit next to Dongyu and practice with him when he was playing.

I loved it when he taught me hand in hand, that gentle look in his eyes would cause me to be completely immersed in the moment.

"Which are the segments where you have problems with the fingering technique?"

He sat on the piano stool and patted the space next to him. "Come over and sit beside me."

"Uh huh."

I walked over and sat down. He said, "Play it for me first."

"Okay."

I lowered my head and played seriously. From time to time, he would ask me to stop, lowering his head, and adjusting my hands in the correct way. But before I knew it, my mind was no longer on the piano. Instead, I kept staring at his side profile, lost in thought.

I couldn't help recalling asking Han Xiao once, how it felt to like someone.

She said that it would cause one's heart to pound and be filled with joy.

And when there would be physical contact, one's breath will become hot and it would be difficult to sit still. Those were the signs.

I knew I liked him, to the point that it was out of my own control.

This was especially so when I would just look at him quietly like this, it was as though ten thousand years could pass in a single glance. Time seemed to stand still.

He looked up at me and was halfway through his sentence when he noticed me staring at the side of his face. For a moment, he looked startled. "What's the matter?"

"It's... It's nothing!"

I looked away, feeling a little embarrassed!

Dongyu smirked. "Mmm, keep going then..."

When he drew my hand towards the piano keys, I could clearly feel how cold his fingertips were. But for some reason, I felt them burning my skin. I was so nervous that I held my breath. Suddenly, I held his hand tightly and refused to let go!

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I had used so much force that his expression froze. He could clearly feel my trembling fingertips and was shocked.

His palms were also sweating, and his knuckles had turned white.

I hesitated again and again before suddenly staring at him. I mustered up my courage and begged, "Brother... let's be together always, okay?"

His expression froze, and a hint of surprise flashed across his eyes. His eyes met mine for a brief moment before he quickly looked away. He lowered his head and didn't say a word.

His silence was like a thorn that pierced my heart. I felt a little suffocated. "Brother... I hate it when you're with other girls... I've imagined you dating other girls, hugging, dating, kissing... I can't accept it.

It's like the end of the world! We'll be together forever, and no one will leave. Just like we promised when we were young, can we be together?! A hundred years, we'll be together forever!"

My tone conveyed a humble plea, both frantic and helpless.

I was full of hope that he would pull me into his arms and promise me, "Okay, okay... We will be together forever."

But he didn't.

He only reached out with a trembling hand and pried my fingers off one by one. When he looked up at me, his face was pale and carried a look of resignation.

"Be a good girl, stop fooling around, okay?"

"I'm not fooling around! I'm being very serious. Can't you tell? Can't you tell?!"

I leaned up to him in all earnestness and said frantically, "I want to be with you all the time, Brother. Didn't we promise each other?"

"Xiachun, we are siblings. One day, a girl I love will come along. She will become my wife and spend the rest of my life with me. The one who will be together with me forever... it's going to be that girl, not you. Do you understand?"

"I don't understand!" My face instantly heated up as I questioned him, "Why?! Why can't it be me?!"

His words, to me, were extremely cruel. My heart felt as though it was being stabbed, and suddenly, my vision blurred.

I clenched my fists tightly. Despair seemed to drown me as I asked, "Then what was it that you promised me in the past? Was it a lie? We clearly agreed..."

He turned his face away with a complicated expression. He lowered his head and stared straight at the black and white piano keys. He tried to look calm and said, "I promised you that I would be with you forever and never leave you, but not in this way. Do you understand?"

The air went dead silent.

I saw his brow furrow, his face stormy with a complicated expression. He seemed to be deliberately avoiding me.

In a moment of feeling lost, I subconsciously reached out and grabbed his wrist tightly. He turned his head in surprise, I lost control of myself and leaned closer to him. Then I circled my arms around his shoulders and clumsily kissed him.

When I was young, I loved to watch romantic and sweet idol dramas. Every time there was a kissing scene, I would watch with my heart racing, when the male and female leads sealed their lips together.

I copied what I saw on TV and held his face in my hands. I gently closed my eyes and traced his thin lips with my lips.

He was stunned. I could feel his entire body stiffen. He did not move as half of my body leaned up against him. Through the thin material of his clothes, I could even clearly feel the heat of his chest and the pounding of his heart.

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There was an odd fragrance on his body. It was not the smell of perfume but the light fragrance of detergent.

The moment I pressed my lips against his, my mind went blank. All I knew was to cling onto his shoulders and deepen my kiss, taking in his warm breath with longing.

Initially, I had expected him to struggle and resist, then push me away violently to break out of this situation.

But he didn't.

I saw his blank eyes, and the many complicated emotions that flashed across them. Then, he subconsciously closed his eyes, his shoulders trembling.

I grew even more nervous. My eyelashes fluttered, and the corners of my eyes stung as if tears were falling.

Perhaps because he felt my despair, he couldn't help but stretch out his arms and try to embrace me.

I craved him.

What about him? Did he desire me as much?

But the next moment, he froze violently and pushed me away with all his strength. Caught off-guard, I fell sideways onto the piano.

My elbow hit the black and white piano keys, producing an extremely discordant chord that was ear-piercing and heavy.

I looked up to see him suddenly turn his back on me. His face was pale in the moonlight, and he felt absurd and shaken.

I'd never seen him this way. Feeling helpless and embarrassed, I stood up and grimaced. With trembling lips, I said, "Brother... you... why did you push me away?"

He wiped his lips absentmindedly. There was still some residual warmth from my initial kiss on it.

Dongyu abruptly turned around and questioned me, "Ridiculous! Yin Xiachun, do you know what you're doing?!"

"How is this ridiculous? Tell me, why is it ridiculous?"

I felt a lump in my throat as I stood up from the piano stool and walked behind him. I reached out and carefully tugged at the corner of his shirt, just like how I did whenever I did something wrong as a child, guiltily asking for his forgiveness.

“Brother, can’t I kiss you?”

“You can’t!”

Dongyu lost control of himself and shook off my hand. He walked to the window and said in a low voice, “And I can’t as well...”

“Why not!?”

I started crying and said aggrievedly, “I like you. You like me. Isn’t that enough?!”

The last words came out in a hoarse whisper, my voice was almost broken.

He suddenly turned around and walked up to me. He gripped my shoulders tightly. His eyes were bloodshot and he looked like he was going crazy. “You’re my sister and I’m your brother. Do you really not understand?! It’s impossible between us! Do you really not understand?”

“Why?”

I didn’t understand and persisted, “I can’t do without you.”

“The same blood flows in our bodies. We are brother and sister. If we are really together, it is lust! Do you understand?”

He kept his eyes on me as if to wake me.

Suddenly I started to laugh, my heart shattered. Suddenly I reached out and grabbed his wrist, placing mine on his. “Is that the reason?” I questioned him.

“...”

I stared at him with tears in my eyes and almost pleaded, “If that’s the reason, then I’ll cut it open with a knife and cleanse the blood in my body. Is that enough...?”

“Shut up!”

Dongyu was shocked and put his hand over my lips tightly. “Are you threatening me?”

I saw the heartache on his face that he couldn’t hide, and I collapsed. I threw myself into his arms and cried helplessly.

I would never dare threaten him.

Those were merely my truest thought.

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“But I don’t want you to be with another girl! My heart will ache, I’ll feel jealous. Brother, I like you, I can’t help it. Wouldn’t it be good if I could control it? But I like you, and I can’t control it at all...”

His body stiffened, and his energy seemed to be depleted. His arms fell weakly to his sides. He raised his head and wanted to hug me, but he didn’t dare to touch me.

When I saw his helpless expression, my heart also ached. Tears slid down my cheeks, and seeped through the corners of my lips. I could taste the bitterness. “When I was young, I was so glad that you were my brother. I had the best brother in the world. But now, I don’t want you to be my brother at all...”

“Stop crying, okay?”

Dongyu held my face and gently wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes. The heartache in his eyes was something that even he didn’t realize.

As I cried, his eyes turned bloodshot too. He had never been good with expressing emotions. No matter how happy or sad he was, he always looked calm and collected.

He wanted to hold me, but he didn’t dare reach out to touch me. He wanted to take my hand, but he couldn’t muster the courage.

He had once said that no matter what difficulties one faced, one has to courageously press forward.

But when I embraced him with burning passion and told him I liked him, he couldn’t muster the courage to reciprocate.

Perhaps he understood, more deeply than I did, that some things are ultimately futile, regardless of courage.

It wasn’t as if one could pluck the moon from the sky, simply by having courage.

Hence, some things are destined to be unattainable.

Some types of love are destined to bear no fruit.

That night, on the way home as I sat in the backseat of the bicycle, instead of wrapping my arms around his waist the way I used to, I gently tugged on the corner of his shirt.

The evening breeze had grown stronger, and I had trouble keeping my eyes open.

I repeatedly weighed Dongyu’s words, but I didn’t want to take any of them to heart.

In those few days, Dongyu seemed to have become indifferent towards me. Never in my life up till then had he been so cold towards me.

Even when he picked me up after school, he didn’t act as close as he used to.

He stopped playing the piano with me. In the end, I did not even manage to master a particular complicated segment in “Jiangnan”.

I had no choice but to change the recital piece through my teacher, to a song I was more confident of: The Autumn Whisper.

My spirits were low, and I didn’t know what I had done wrong.

Unconsciously, in the midst of my apprehension, the school celebration event crept up on me.

The night before, I was so nervous that I tossed and turned. I couldn't sleep. There was anticipation, nervousness, and most of all, anxiety over the school anniversary event.

The school's anniversary celebration was on the weekend. On this day, number 2 key high school was open to the public. Even students from other schools could enter the school for a visit.

Su Qi said that he'd bring his gang to support me. I was happy to hear that and asked if Dongyu was coming.

He said that Dongyu would not be coming because he was busy.

When I heard that, my mood darkened again.

Many days had passed, but he was still avoiding me. Was he planning to avoid me forever?

I was a little afraid that the distance between us would gradually grow, I wondered if he knew that in this world, he was the closest person to me.

I could lose the world, but not him.

Even if things went back to what it was and nothing more.

I had a feeling that ever since that night, there was suddenly a barrier between us that was hard to cross.