

Sweet Love 4041

Chapter 4041: The Other Side 10

Upon hearing this, Lu Jinyu smirked, "Has Sister-in-law specially prepared lunch? I want some too. I'll go home with you!"

"A free meal? Forget it."

"What the hell!" Lu Jinyu muttered, "You have no spirit of sharing at all!"

"If you talk too much, you might find your annual leave gone."

"... I wouldn't dare." Lu Jinyu immediately stood up respectfully and said hurriedly, "Boss, do hurry home for your lunch! Drive safe!" With a wave of his hand, the man drifted away.

Mu Yazhe arrived home and parked his car in the garage. The moment he opened the door, he was greeted by a strong whiff of aroma.

Orléans wings? His nose was so sensitive that he could even tell what was cooking.

Yun Shishi was in the dining room setting the table. When she saw that he was home, she immediately came to him and happily wrapped her arms around his waist. Her tone was as gentle as it could be.

"You're home!" Her brisk tone sounded like she was in a good mood!

He ruffled her hair, and looked at her with great fondness. "You seem in such a good mood today. Is there something we're celebrating?"

"Of course there is!" With her arms still around him, she nuzzled him playfully before turning towards the kitchen and calling out, "Are you done, Youyou?"

"Yes, I'm done!"

Mu Yazhe looked in the direction of the voice and saw the boy emerging with a soup pot. When he saw that Youyou was wearing an apron, he was surprised for a moment. This was because Gong Fan was extremely bad at cooking. He did not know how to do housework either. However, he had inherited Mu Yazhe's outstanding talent in military affairs and business. Usually, when Shengyu encountered a tricky case, he was able to give advice.

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However, he knew nothing about housework. Only Youyou... Only Youyou's personality was skilled at housework.

Mu Yazhe shot Yun Shishi a dubious look, then shifted his gaze to the boy, who was carrying the soup pot to the table. Youyou looked up and smiled warmly at his father. "Daddy, time for lunch!"

"...?" The man's bewilderment grew as his eyes widened in disbelief.

"You know how to cook?" He looked at Yun Shishi again, but she was deliberately keeping him in suspense and saying nothing.

The boy laughed upon hearing this. "Mommy, didn't you tell Daddy about it?"

"No. Tell him yourself." With that, Yun Shishi sat down at the table and drooled at the spread the boy had prepared.

Frustrated, the boy scratched his brow and looked up at his father. Embarrassed, he cleared his throat in a tsundere manner. "Daddy doesn't seem to welcome me back?"

If Mu Yazhe hadn't caught on to what was happening by now, he wouldn't be Mu Yazhe!

"It's you..." The man was extremely surprised. "You're back?"

The boy nodded and said faintly, "You don't welcome me back, do you? Why do you look so indifferent?"

Mu Yazhe's posture stiffened for some reason. The disbelief and... excitement almost made him tremble.

"Come here..." He lowered himself slightly until he was eye level with the boy and gently opened his arms. "Come here."

Pursing his lips, Youyou began to walk towards his father. When he came up to Mu Yazhe, he clasped his hands awkwardly behind his back, his cheeks strangely flushed.

He seemed both shy and nervous.

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Mu Yazhe finally recognized him. The boy standing before him was not Gong Fan, but Youyou. The innocent, sweet, kind Youyou. So understanding, thoughtful, and gentle.

Mu Yazhe was choked by emotions.

"Youyou..." He called out the boy's name, except that there was too much hoarseness in his voice.

Even though it had been so long since he'd seen him, there was no unfamiliarity at all. It was as if the scene of the boy standing before him last happened only yesterday.

"Daddy..." He took a deep breath, opened his bright eyes again, and opened his arms shakily.

The man felt a sharp pain in his heart when he saw the boy's fingertips trembling with tension.

He took a slight step forward and drew the boy tightly into his arms. "You're back!" He sighed and looked a little bitter!

The boy was full of emotions upon hearing this. Tears were already rolling down from his eyes subconsciously. He could hear how much his father had missed him.

It had been so long. Over a year. While he had been asleep all that time, Daddy, just like Mommy, must have looked forward to his return!

Little Yichen walked out into the corridor and happened to see this. For some reason, he was deeply moved. He hid in a corner and watched surreptitiously, but soon, he was by Yun Shishi's side, his arm around her waist, watching this scene with her.

The father and son didn't seem to have much in the way of words or physical gestures as the boy did with Yun Shishi. They simply embraced each other, but for some reason it made Yun Shishi's heart ache. However, it was a heartwarming moment to witness the unbreakable father-and-son bond between Mu Yazhe and Youyou.

In fact, it was different from Yun Shishi.

Being a man, Mu Yazhe's emotional expression was not as rich as a woman's. Normally, he would not display or vocalize it much. Sometimes, when Yun Shishi missed Youyou so much that she could not sleep all night, he would even comfort her and make light of it.

But in fact... The man did not miss the boy any lesser.

Still holding the boy, he let out a long, deep sigh. "I've missed you, Youyou!"

Those words brought tears to the boy's eyes. Youyou back his tears, pursed his lips, and tightened his arms around his father's neck!

"Daddy, I've missed you too!" Embracing him and terribly moved, Youyou said, "I thought about you all the time!"

He'd been looking forward to this moment of reunion for so long, and now that he was actually seeing his father again, the boy felt as if his heart was full of hot lava that was spreading throughout his body.

As Yun Shishi watched this, she too, felt the warmth overflowing. She didn't dare, and couldn't bear to interrupt them. She watched as they embraced, so quietly, that even her breathing was light and shallow.

The man sat at the table with the boy in his arms. As he looked at the sumptuous spread, he felt a surge of many emotions.

"It seems a long time since I've had a meal cooked by Youyou!"

Youyou was surprised for a moment to hear this. "Doesn't 'he' know how to cook?"

They both knew full well who Youyou meant by "he".

"No! he doesn't know how to cook or do household chores."

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Little Yichen immediately said, "No! He can't cook or do housework." He paused, but then added, "But 'he' is a lot smarter than Youyou, and..."

Hearing this, Youyou raised his eyes and gave the boy a "friendly" look. Through that one look, Little Yichen seemed to be able to see hell.

He quickly said, "... emmmm, but Youyou is the most adorable!"

Youyou's expression faded as he blinked gently and snorted. "Good that you know."

Little Yichen smiled and immediately buried his face in his hands, thinking, is this really not Gong Fan, but the gentle and considerate Youyou? How could he have given the "friendly look" that only Gong Fan would display? How frightening!

Yun Shishi, too, was chilled by the sight. "That was a scary expression, now Little Yichen is even too frightened to swallow his chicken wings."

Feeling aggrieved, Little Yichen wrapped his hand around his rice bowl and dug into it.

Mu Yazhe, on the other hand, was curious. "Don't you... know what kind of personality he has?"

Youyou, however, did not seem to understand. Mu Yazhe did not know what to say either. It was hard to put into words.

Yun Shishi immediately explained on his behalf. "Your daddy is asking if you understand what 'he' is like normally and how 'he' acts?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't know. All I know is that he must be a very grim person. But because he was so gentle with Mummy, I reserved his right to exist."

Little Yichen shuddered again at these words. As it turned out, Youyou was the ultimate boss. As terrifying as Gong Fan was, the only thing that determined whether he existed or not was Youyou, who was now smiling like a little resplendent flower. He was the true demon king behind Gong Fan!

"I haven't cooked in a long time. I wonder if my cooking is still as good as it used to be."

Youyou asked his mother, "How's the food, Mommy?"

"It's delicious, don't you think?"

The boy licked his lips and seemed concerned as he said, "My taste buds seem to be inexplicably less sensitive than before."

"Oh... yesterday... 'he' had too much bitter melon, so you've momentarily lost some sense of taste."

Youyou asked with disgust, "Why was he eating bitter gourd?"

"Because we played some games and he lost." Little Yichen said smugly, "The loser had to eat all the gourds, so he took them all. When he was brushing his teeth at night, he said he couldn't even taste the toothpaste. That could be why!"

There was disgust in Youyou's expression. Unexpectedly, Gong Fan had such a childish side to him. Rather... unimaginable! He'd always thought of Gong Fan as the sort of child who was too cool and unsmiling to play with his brother.

Mu Yazhe commented, "It tastes a lot better than it used to."

"You must not have tasted the boy's cooking for too long," Yun Shishi replied.

“Who’s been cooking all this time?” Youyou suddenly asked.

Yun Shishi and the boy looked at each other awkwardly. “Nanny.”

Youyou was speechless. He thought that his mommy would definitely cook for him.

Unexpectedly, she was still this lazy.

Little Yichen grumbled, “Mommy’s not a good cook. She’s the sort who can turn noodles into a mushy paste.”

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After Youyou’s return, their home finally got back some of its energy. This vitality was difficult to describe in words. At least Yun Shishi came to an end of a long bout of insomnia, and she could finally sleep peacefully at night.

At night, the boy was reading. He had a habit of reading, which Gong Fan never had.

Little Yichen sneaked into the room and saw that he was engrossed in his book. He didn’t have the heart to disturb him. Instead, he moved a chair next to him and watched him quietly, his chin resting on his hand.

Out of the corner of his eye, Youyou saw him come in. He thought the boy was here to disturb his reading and pester him to play. However he was surprised to find him sitting quietly by his side without making any such request.

He put the book aside and looked at the boy in surprise. “What do you want?”

Little Yichen looked at him lazily with his chin still on his hand. “You know what I envy most about you?” he said with jealousy.

“Mmmm?”

The boy answered truthfully. “No matter which personality, Gong Fan or you, you excel at learning. Why don’t I have a talent for learning?”

Youyou smiled at that. “No matter which personality, we have clever brains. I quite envy you too, actually.”

“Oh?” When Little Yichen heard that Youyou was actually envious of him, he asked eagerly, “What do you envy about me?”

“I envy you for your stupidity.”

Little Yichen looked bewildered.

Huh?

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Stupidity?

The boy said matter-of-factly, "You know how it is! Fools are blessed in a certain way. Those who are usually a little dumber don't think too much, and they don't worry too much. You see, the smarter they are, the more worries they have. It's the fools who are happy every day. I wonder what they're so happy about."

Little Yichen said nothing. He thought Youyou was going to compliment him. But he had instead shot him in the knee.

So angry.

Little Yichen crossed his arms sulkily and glared at his brother. "I'm your brother. How is it that you have the heart to bully me?"

The boy raised his eyebrows but said nothing more. A sudden thought struck him, and he asked suspiciously, "Do you know the girl who shares my desk?"

"Eh? Do you mean Qing'er?"

Youyou racked his brain, trying to recall her name, but he couldn't. "Seems like it."

After his return, he went back to school without delay. He was now in the fourth grade. When he went to school today, for some reason, the girl sharing his desk seemed to treat him in a special way.

"She seemed afraid of me at first, but... I saw there was something special in the way she looked at me. I can't describe it. It feels strange."

"Well, Qing'er likes you." Little Yichen smiled. "In the past, when you weren't around, Gong Fan was famous as the Ice Prince in school."

"Prince?" Youyou chuckled at that.

Were young girls these days so chuunibyou that they used the word "prince" to describe a boy?

Youyou was curious. "What was Gong Fan like in school?"

"He... wasn't very talkative. He's cold to everyone but scores excellent grades. He's the kind of guy who can easily top the class."

Little Yichen paused and continued, "These days, there are a few reasons why a girl might like a boy: good looks, good grades, good family background."

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Youyou looked stunned. Are girls so precocious these days? Starting to fall in love at this age?

"And... what about you?"

Little Yichen was surprised to hear that. "Are you concerned about me, Youyou? I'm so touched."

The boy replied, "... Well, just take it as that!"

Little Yichen grew rather puffed up. "I get along with the boys at school."

"You have many brothers."

"Uh huh."

"Why?" Youyou arched an eyebrow. "Why aren't you popular with the girls?"

"I don't usually like hanging out with girls." He added, "Girls don't know how to play soccer or basketball, they can't swing a tennis racket, it's hard to find something common."

"I see..." Youyou picked up his book again and went back to reading quietly.

Little Yichen yawned several times and rubbed his eyes. He was sleepy, so he got up and went back to his room to rest.

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Little Yichen and Youyou went to the same school. They were in the same class and sat in the same row, one behind the other. However, their grades were a world of difference.

It wasn't that Little Yichen didn't do well in his studies. Rather, he didn't enjoy learning. Hence Yun Shishi didn't keep a tight rein on him in that regard. For her, at their age, it ought to be a time of least childhood stress. It wouldn't be too late for them to turn to their studies when they came to junior high. They ought to have a good time in elementary school.

Furthermore, boys were full of energy during elementary school. She didn't want to raise her two children to be nerds who knew nothing else apart from their studies.

However Youyou was different. He did like reading. Although Gong Fan was not as interested in books as Youyou, he enjoyed reading a broad range of reference books and foreign books. He also liked reading novels, reasoning, and mysteries. They were his favorites.

Little Yichen, on the other hand, was playful. He excelled at football, basketball, and particularly, tennis.

In these areas, Yun Shishi was more indulgent. She even learned how to play tennis. When she had free time, she would have a game with Little Yichen. Eventually, she found herself in an embarrassing position that she, as an adult, could not play as well as Little Yichen.

Both Little Yichen and Youyou were quite popular at school.

Children these days should not be underestimated, they are all very precocious. The girls enjoy watching idol dramas and read romance novels. They also have fuzzy romantic fantasies.

There were also two young couples in Youyou's class.

However, Youyou didn't much like hanging out with girls.

On this particular day in class, Youyou got into class and was about to place his school bag in the belly of his desk when he noticed something inside. On closer inspection, it was a box of Godiva chocolates.

This brand of chocolate was rather classy, and wasn't cheaply priced. There were only a few pieces in a box but it cost a few hundred yuan.

The school he attended was the most well-known elite school in the capital. Most of the children who studied here were children of wealthy families. They had daily pocket money equivalent to an ordinary worker's monthly salary. It was only natural that they could afford such expensive chocolates.

Youyou stared blankly at the chocolate, wondering who had sneaked it into the belly of his desk.

His desk mate, Qing'er, returned to her seat. She blushed when she saw the boy holding the box of chocolate in his hand, but said nothing. She sat upright in her seat and held up a book to hide her flushed face.

Youyou glanced in her direction and noticed that she was holding her book upside down, looking guilty. At once, he understood.

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From the looks of it, this box of chocolates was from Qing'er.

Except that... He didn't like chocolate.

Little Yichen, smelling the chocolate from behind Youyou, poked his head around. He moved closer to his brother, surprised to see the box of chocolates in his hand.

'Wow, chocolate! Where did that come from?'

The boy answered truthfully. "I don't know. I'm not sure whom it's from."

"You don't know who gave it to you?"

"Uh huh. I found it in the belly of my desk when I came in this morning."

"Oh?" Little Yichen smiled. "May I have some?" he asked tentatively.

Youyou smiled and said, "What if it was wrongly delivered and wasn't meant for me?"

"Uh..." Little Yichen immediately said, "That's impossible. If it was in your desk, it was meant for you." Without waiting for an explanation, he picked up a piece of chocolate and stuffed it into his mouth.

The rich chocolate melted in his mouth and stained his white teeth. Little Yichen cried out that it was delicious. His exclamations attracted the others.

As soon as they heard that there was something delicious to eat, the other kids who had arrived early in class gathered around. They chattered in delight when they saw Youyou with the box of chocolates.

Some had only seen this brand of chocolate but have never tried it. Some, however, ate it regularly.

One of the children said with a flushed face, "This chocolate is delicious. My mother bought a box of it previously, and I ate the entire box in one evening!"

"Really?!"

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"It's delicious."

"I want some, too, Youyou. May I have some?"

"I want some too."

Youyou was generous. He placed the box on the table and smiled. "Be my guest if you'd like some."

Soon, the box of chocolates was emptied.

Now, there was something not right with Qing'er's expression. She glanced unhappily around at her classmates whose mouths were stuffed full of chocolate. She asked Youyou, "Aren't you going to have some, Youyou?" She seemed a little annoyed as she said to the others, "You've all eaten the chocolate. What's Youyou going to eat?"

Little Yichen, however, didn't understand. In line with his low EQ, he snorted and commented, "It's not as if you gave them to him. What are you getting so worked up for?"

Upon hearing this, Qing'er became even more embarrassed. She muttered, "How is this getting worked up? I just feel aggrieved for Youyou because he hasn't had a single piece!"

A few of the kids exchanged looks and giggled.

"That's right, Youyou. Aren't you going to have some?"

"Exactly. Youyou's too generous, giving away all the chocolate and not saving a piece for himself."

The boy gave them a bland smile. "I don't like chocolate. Go ahead as long as you guys think it's good."

Little did he know how dazzling his smile was. The good-looking boy was particularly charming when he smiled. His smile was not as bright as Little Yichen's, but his lips would part slightly to show his white teeth. His delicate eyebrows would relax, and his eyes would curve like crescent moons, making him especially dashing. Although he was young, he had a gentle temperament.

Even Qing'er couldn't help but stare blankly at his exquisite side profile for a long time.

"You're smiling again, Youyou!"

"Youyou looks really good when he smiles!"

The children looked as if they had discovered a new continent. They pointed at the boy and shouted.

Youyou, however was taken aback by their attention.

Little Yichen saw his stunned expression and immediately explained, "You never used to smile, so of course they're making a fuss."

Gong Fan didn't smile much. No matter whom he was with, his expression would be cold and flat.

As he spoke, he put his arm around Youyou's shoulders and bragged, "My brother looks good when he smiles. Don't crowd around here. It's almost time for the morning reading!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a group of girls pushed past Little Yichen excitedly and started talking at once.

"Youyou, why don't you smile again!"

"You have a particularly charming smile."

"Smile again!"

Qing'er felt uncomfortable.

In fact, Youyou had guessed that she was the one who had given him the box of Godiva chocolates. She had saved up some pocket money and bought a gift box. She had been the first to arrive at the class and had secretly stuffed the box into the belly of his desk. Eventually, Youyou came and opened the box. She watched surreptitiously, but caught no glimpse of any change in his expression.

She thought he didn't like it.

As a result, the children surrounded him, clamored for the chocolates and soon emptied the box. She couldn't help sulking. This box of chocolates was her gift to Youyou, but he didn't like it. Even if it rotted in his hands, it would have been better than being eaten by all these other people!

Qing'er was rather upset. Youyou observed her expression, but said nothing.

During the morning reading, Qing'er was still sulking when she suddenly received a neatly folded note from Youyou.

She was rather surprised and pleasantly so. She took the note and saw a line of neat handwriting on it: Thanks for the chocolate.

Qing'er looked up in surprise and saw the boy looking sideways at her. She raised her eyebrows and blinked.

This meant he knew the box of chocolates was from her. For some reason, Qing'er felt aggrieved and wrote a reply to him: The chocolates were for you, but you didn't eat a single piece. I'm so angry.

This was followed by an angry emoticon drawn at the end.

The note came back a moment later, it said: I don't like chocolate, but isn't it nice to share something delicious?

A little face with a warm expression was also drawn at the end.

Qing'er finally mustered her courage and replied: May I talk to you?

Youyou read this and was surprised. Had she not spoken to him, even after having shared the same desk for so long? It was no wonder that Qing'er felt a little jealous when she saw him smiling at the other students. It appeared that Gong Fan usually didn't talk to her.

In fact, that was true.

Qing'er had once mustered the courage to talk to Gong Fan, but he had stopped her with his frosty glare. She almost cried because she was frightened.

Soon Youyou's reply came back to her: Sure. ^^

When Qing'er saw this, she smiled knowingly and carefully placed the note in her pencil case, as if it was some sort of treasure! It was the note the boy had written to her, the first time they communicated through a note. Besides, she could finally talk to the boy she liked. In the future, they could very well become good friends, right?

Qing'er liked Youyou, not in the superficial sense, but she idolized him in a way, and had some admiration for him!

The boy had good grades and good looks. His teachers doted on him, and his classmates liked him. However, Gong Fan had a cold personality. Apart from Little Yichen, everyone else seemed to ignore him.

However, the other children felt that this personality was very cool, especially when during class, Gong Fan could casually answer the questions that stumped many other students. Their admiration for him was beyond words. Gong Fan's status in the class was obvious.

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However, one day, Gong Fan's frosty edge seemed to have melted. When Youyou returned and went back to school, he no longer had a frosty personality.

Gradually, some of the children gathered their courage to speak to him, even though they were on tenterhooks when they did so, afraid that Youyou would reject them or treat them coldly, or pretend not to see or hear them. In the end, the gentle Youyou smiled back at each of them.

This encouraged the children in the class. They all went forward to talk to him, with the exception of Qing'er who didn't dare to do so. There was once in the past, she had mustered the courage to say something to Gong Fan, but Gong Fan didn't even look at her. She became rather disappointed, and thought that Gong Fan hated her.

This time round, she was encouraged when he replied to her note. When class ended, she sat in her seat, undecided.

The children in the class had all gone to play along the corridor. The playground was just downstairs. Some of the children took advantage of the break after class to play games at the playground. There were only a few people left in the classroom.

Youyou sat at his desk, reading a mystery novel. Qing'er looked at it, but the title on the cover was in English. She had studied English for three years, but still found it difficult to understand.

The boy looked charming when he read. His head was lowered, the morning light seemed to glaze his face with a silvery radiance. He seemed engrossed, his pale and jade-like fingers pinched the page and turned it from time to time.

Qing'er looked around and finally found the courage to speak. "Youyou... what is that book you're reading?"

Her voice seemed to interrupt his thoughts. He snapped back to his senses and said faintly, "Murder on the Orient Express."

"Wow, that title sounds so scary!"

"It's a mystery novel. I've read the translation before, but this is the original and I intend to reread it."

After a pause, the boy explained, "I love reading mystery novels."

"Mystery novels?"

Qing'er thought for a moment and immediately thought of something. "Mystery, such as 'Detective Conan'?"

"Uh huh."

"I've read 'Detective Conan' too. It's very good. In that case, we all like the same things! I like mystery novels too!" Qing'er made an effort to close the distance between them.

The boy could see that Qing'er was trying to find common ground, but he said nothing. Instead, he turned his attention back to the novel and continued reading.

Seeing that he was so focused on his novel, the girl could not bear to disturb him. However, he saw that there was no one in the classroom, and knew that if she missed this opportunity, she wouldn't know when the next opportunity would come along.

She finally gathered her courage again and asked, "Can... can we be friends?"

The boy frowned upon hearing this. He gave a resigned smile and said, "Aren't we already friends?"

His smile caused Qing'er's heart to skip a beat and she almost lost her mind. She lowered her head shyly and asked sheepishly, "Are we considered friends like this?"

"Yes, it counts." Youyou smiled again. "All my classmates are my friends, aren't they?"

Qing'er's expression stiffened at that. She was a little dazed and stared at Youyou for a moment. On the other hand, she felt a little disappointed.

Her disappointment was so obvious that the boy had to ask, "What's the matter? That look."

"The sort of friends I meant, isn't this sort!"

Qing'er's expression stiffened at that. She was a little dazed and stared at Youyou for a moment. On the other hand, she felt a little disappointed.

Her disappointment was so obvious that the boy had to ask, "What's the matter? That look."

"The sort of friends I meant, isn't this sort!"

"Mmm? What sort then?"

"I hope... my friendship with Youyou will be special. I mean..." She couldn't put the feelings into words.

Qing'er felt rather clumsy trying to explain. The truth was, she wanted to be Youyou's most special friend, the best and the closest, so that they could share each other's secrets. It would be a friendship that was better than any other child's in the class. She would be his one and only good friend! A dear friend.

Except that Qing'er could not bring herself to say it. However, she secretly blamed herself for being greedy. She was already extremely lucky to be able to talk to the boy. Why should she be so demanding? Ultimately, she was able to talk to Youyou now.

"Then... from now on, we're good friends, right?"

The boy grunted an "uh huh", then looked back down at his novel.

Having received this response, Qing'er didn't have the heart to interrupt him further, for fear of annoying him. Quietly, she leaned across the table and, when the boy wasn't looking, surreptitiously took out the note with the boy's handwriting and read it several times.

The more she looked at it, the more she liked it. Youyou's handwriting was so beautiful. He must have been practicing his penmanship since he was a child?

As a child, she'd had the habit of practicing her writing, but she'd never been able to keep it up. Even so, she'd practiced for a long time, yet now she still couldn't write as beautifully as the boy.

In the car after school, Little Yichen noticed Youyou staring silently out the window and nudged his arm gently. "Have you finished your homework?"

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Youyou glanced at him. It was only a glance, but he knew what Little Yichen was up to.

"You wish to copy?"

Little Yichen was suddenly distressed and felt embarrassed. "What do you mean by 'copy'? It's just a reference."

"What's there to reference from an answer?"

"Youyou, don't be so cruel! Let me have a look and understand your train of thought when answering the question."

"You dozed off in class and obviously don't know how to answer the questions. And now you're getting serious."

Youyou paused and gave him a disgusted look. "But you're clearly using your seriousness in the wrong place."

"..." Little Yichen pursed his lips in grievance and began to play the sympathy card.

"Big Brother loves you."

"..."

"Big Brother dotes on you."

"..."

"You're my favorite little brother..." Pouting, Little Yichen leaned towards the boy and made a move to kiss him.

Disgusted, Youyou extended his hand and pushed his face away. "Stay away. I'm allergic to idiots."

Little Yichen froze at the response. "Gong Fan?" he blurted.

The Youyou looking back at him had no gentleness in his eyes. Little Yichen was no stranger to the coldness and indifference in that face.

"What?"

Little Yichen opened his mouth to cry out, but upon seeing Gong Fan's extremely cold gaze, he swallowed his cry.

"It's you..." He pursed his lips and fell silent.

Gong Fan looked out the window and then glanced at Little Yichen, puzzled. "Where are we?"

"In the car."

"What car?"

The boy gulped and explained, "Um... in the car on the way home."

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"In the car?" Gong Fan frowned but didn't say anything.

The boy explained, "We're on the way home. School's just ended for the day."

"Oh." When Gong Fan heard this, he stopped talking and closed his eyes to rest.

Not daring to speak, Little Yichen huddled in a corner, shivering. How could this guy switch personalities so easily? Good heavens. It seemed that he wouldn't be able to badmouth Gong Fan in front of Youyou, because if Gong Fan were to hear it, he might not be able to bear the consequences.

Fortunately.

Little Yichen was glad he wasn't bad-mouthing Gong Fan just then.

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The swapping of personalities was an extremely quick process. Perhaps in the blink of an eye, Gong Fan would replace Youyou's personality and occupy this body. Within a very short time frame, the personality might swap again.

When Yun Shishi got home and saw Youyou, she greeted him warmly, only to discover that the child in her arms had changed. He was not Youyou, but had become Gong Fan.

The woman was surprised, but she did not show it. She was worried that her reaction would be so abrupt that Gong Fan would misunderstand and think that she did not welcome his personality.

Gong Fan was an extremely sensitive personality. Perhaps it was because of his inferiority complex, uneasiness, and an unstable life that resulted in his depressed state of mind. He'd always believed he was persona non grata. And so, upon Youyou's return, his level of sensitivity had escalated.

In fact, before Yun Shishi went to bed that night, she told the two children a bedtime story as usual. Before she left, she leaned over to give him a goodnight kiss. Gong Fan wrapped himself in the blanket and finally asked uneasily, "Mommy, will you not love me anymore?"

She was not surprised by his question, but she was surprised by the depth of his emotion, the sense of loss that she detected in him.

.....

Youyou was back. From now on, he would never be the most special one. He would have to share her love with Yueyao and Little Yichen, but at the same time, he would have to share it with Youyou.

He felt that it was unfair, but there was nothing he could do about it. In fact, he felt that the boy was being charitable by retaining his personality. On the one hand, he rejected this charity. On the other, he yearned for the charity.

That time, in his sleep, he had awakened Youyou's personality. He had even used his mind to induce it to kill him.

But just as he was about to suffocate, tears began to flow. He began to feel uneasy, reluctant, unwilling to let go. He missed the warmth of his mother and the Mu family. Even if he had to struggle at death's door and beg for mercy, he wanted a place in this body. He didn't need too much warmth. Even a goodnight kiss made him yearn for this world.

Finally, he compromised. He gave in to his own greed. For once, he aside his arrogance and revealed a humility he had never shown before.

"Let me stay, please?"

Youyou's heart ached when he heard the plea, and he embraced him. At this point, the two personalities merged and coexisted.

Youyou knew that keeping Gong Fan's personality would be an overload on his mental strength. His body would be overwhelmed for sure.

Such a burden should have been eliminated in one fell swoop when Gong Fan revealed his weak side. But he couldn't bring himself to do it.