

Sweet Love 4141

Chapter 4141: The Other Side 110

When she asked about Natalia, Hua Jin answered, "Yes. Natalia is taking a nap."

"Kids won't have any energy without a nap."

The boy looked at his mother then shifted his gaze to the actor and back again. Their expressions were so different that he could not tell what they were thinking.

The actor studied the boy, probing cautiously. "And you are..."

"Idiot, I'm Youyou." The boy rolled his eyes adorably. "Don't you recognize me?"

!!

The actor answered honestly. "Well... I wouldn't have known."

"Haha!" The boy looked in the direction of the bedroom and pursed his lips. "That guy must have made a mess of the kitchen, no?"

Everyone could tell that the clumsy guy he was talking about was "Gong Fan".

The actor heard this and immediately said, "I've tidied up the kitchen. But Natalia seems disappointed that there's no dessert after all."

"No worries!" The boy flexed his wrists and smiled at the actor. "I'll get the series of desserts ready in no time."

"You don't have to force yourself."

"Since I've promised, I have to deliver it! Besides, it doesn't matter. I'm not the clumsy one." As he spoke, the boy headed towards the kitchen.

Yun Shishi told her brother and the actor, "I'll give him a hand."

Gong Jie couldn't help teasing her. "Well, I get the feeling that you won't necessarily be of any help. In fact you might just be causing trouble."

She bridled at that. "You don't think I'm good enough?"

Gong Jie couldn't help chipping in. "Don't go adding to the mess, Sis. Everyone knows you cause more trouble in the kitchen than you can help."

Yun Shishi turned red with anger and embarrassment.

"Fine!" She had no choice but to settle herself on the sofa like an obedient child.

It was late afternoon when Youyou gently placed the last decorative flower on the cake in the kitchen. Thus, the series of desserts was successfully completed!

Coincidentally, Natalia had just woken up from her afternoon nap. As soon as she walked out the door, she smelled a sweet aroma. She followed the aroma to the dining room, where she found a series of desserts all laid out on the table.

Within this series, in sequence, were cookies, doughnuts, little cupcakes... They were all in the same shade of pink, exquisite and beautiful.

Natalia's eyes widened in surprise. She hadn't expected the series of desserts to be completed. This was probably considered a beautiful surprise.

"You're up?" A voice came from behind.

Puzzled, Natalia turned around to find Youyou standing behind her, hands clasped behind his back, smiling warmly.

"Do you like it?"

"You... made all these?"

The boy nodded. "Uh huh!"

"You are..." Natalia muttered suspiciously for a moment, then ventured a name. "Youyou?"

For some reason, the boy froze. Suddenly he asked, "Have you met him?"

"Him..." The so-called "him" referred to Gong Fan. Natalia understood and nodded. "The one this morning. It wasn't you. It was him, wasn't it?"

The boy nodded, and for some reason his expression changed.

"He... doesn't know how to make desserts."

"Ahhhhh..." Natalia was silent for another long moment, then her face broke into a satisfied smile. "I thought today's series of desserts must have been ruined. I didn't expect you to actually make it, Youyou. Thank you!"

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Still puzzled, Youyou suddenly asked, "How did you know about him?"

Natalya froze. Indeed, no one had mentioned Gong Fan to her. Not even Gong Jie or Hua Jin had mentioned to her that the boy had a split personality.

Natalia pursed her lips and immediately answered, "I can see that. You're just like me, aren't you?"

The boy narrowed his eyes slightly as he studied her, but he said nothing in the end. Instead, he skillfully hid his suspicions and changed the subject. "Do you like the series of desserts?" he asked, turning to face her.

Natalia sauntered over to the dessert stand and said enthusiastically, "May I eat it now?"

“This is my gift to you, it’s up to you to taste it.”

Gentlemen like Youyou were like noble young masters with a first-class etiquette education.

Natalia said sweetly, “Of course! I love desserts.” With that, she carefully picked up a donut and eagerly popped it into her mouth.

The boy simply stared at her in silence, his face giving nothing away. It was as if all he cared about was whether she liked his desserts.

“Is it yummy?”

“It’s yummy.”

“Is it as good as the one you had at the amusement park?”

Natalia declared, “This has to be the best dessert in the world I’ve ever tasted. There’s no other!” She also asked curiously, “Did you take baking lessons?”

“No. I read and try making them according to the instructions in the books.”

“That clever?!” Natalia blushed again. “If—if I ever want to eat these again, would you still be willing to make them for me?”

“Of course. I can make them any time you feel like having some.”

“Well, that’s settled then!” Natalia smiled and took a bite of her doughnut. She was intent on tasting all the desserts on the dessert rack.

The boy looked at her unobtrusively, his eyes on her face, without the slightest change in his demeanor.

...

After dinner, Youyou went home with Yun Shishi.

Gong Jie, on the other hand, had the evening ahead of him. After dinner, he gave Hua Jin a few careful instructions and left. Before he left, Natalia clung to him reluctantly, refusing to let go. Hua Jin stood watching. Naturally Gong Jie couldn’t bear to part with her, so he coaxed her gently and promised to return as soon as he could. Only then did Natalia let go and allowed him to leave.

Natalia remained at the window long after Gong Jie had left. In the cool moonlight, her profile was bathed in a silvery glow.

The actor finished his glass of champagne and finally stood up. He walked over to Natalia and suddenly reached out to gently shut the window.

Natalia looked up at him in surprise.

The actor said unhurriedly, “It’s getting chilly. The wind’s too strong. You don’t want to catch a cold.”

“Oh!” Natalia couldn’t hide the disappointment in her eyes. She turned and walked dejectedly back into the room.

The actor stared after her in silence, finally unable to contain his suspicions. He took a deep breath and spoke abruptly. "Who are you?"

He spoke so softly, so softly, that if a pin dropped, it would have drowned out his voice.

Natalia, however, heard him clearly. Her back stiffened. She came to herself slowly, her purple eyes glowing.

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"Who am I?"

Natalia obviously found his question amusing.

She turned gracefully to face him, the hem of her dress rustling as it swept around in a graceful arc. She smiled and clasped her hands behind her back, seemingly as obedient and cute as a doll. "I'm Natalia. You know my name."

The actor took a step closer to her. "Who are you?" he asked seriously again.

Natalia showed no reaction, and didn't seem to find his question odd. However she studied him with amusement and a smile.

She took a sudden step toward him. "You're funny."

The actor pursed his lips. Now, there were only the two of them. There was no one in sight, so the actor laid the cards on the table.

"It seems, you're not Natalia."

Natalia smiled but said nothing. "Oh? How so?"

"You're deliberately trying to imitate her, but you can't imitate her aura. Natalia is elegant, well-mannered when she insults, but she's reticent and shy of strangers and cautious. But you, everything about you is so different from her."

The actor had only spent a few days with Natalia, but she was a very simple person, like a piece of unpolished and unadorned jade. And her simplicity made her easy to understand. After spending only a few days together, Hua Jin naturally understood her habits and personality characteristics.

Furthermore...

He was a very sensitive man. Therefore, he could easily tell that the person before him was not Natalia.

"I've heard that Natalia has two personalities." The actor said solemnly, "One is named Natalia, but the other, so far, no one knows. So who are you, exactly?"

Natalia just smiled at him. Rather than giving him a direct answer, she said flatly, "Natalia does have a split personality. One is named Natalia."

She walked to the window, her footsteps inaudible. She didn't look at Hua Jin. She stared out at the mist and the moon through the window.

The pale moon was frost-like. There was an inexplicable coolness as the moonlight poured in through the window. She touched the window gently with both hands. Her eyes were downcast, and the moonlight bathed her face. There was something noble, but cold, about her.

"Natalia doesn't like to talk. She's timid and shy of strangers, but she paints well. She likes to sing, and she likes to hear people sing. She's insecure, trusting, and easily hurt."

After a pause, she elegantly painted the window with her fingertips. Her red lips were flirtatiously beautiful.

Like a vixen.

Or a sprite.

"Hence she gradually learned to protect herself. She stopped trusting people easily and had no friends. But then, she does have a friend and that's me."

"You're her friend?" The actor frowned suspiciously. "What... is your name? Don't tell me you're Natalia's alter ego?"

Natalia looked back at him, but her eyes narrowed slightly.

Hua Jin's tone softened. He didn't mean it, but just that he found the Natalia before him looking somewhat wary and defensive.

He seemed to have read her wrong, he thought she was insecure. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you."

Natalia turned and casually countered, "Natalia's second personality is Natalisa. She's lively, cheerful, clingy, and loves dolls. She paints, too, but she also dances."

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She suddenly stood on her toes. Even though she wasn't wearing a dance dress or dancing shoes, the moment she stood on her toes, her instep immediately tensed and her body lifted like a swan.

She glanced at Hua Jin from the corner of her eye and twirled her steps slightly, her skirt fluttering like a butterfly's wings.

"She dances beautifully. She has a talent for it, I think. Even though there was no teacher to teach her, she was a good dancer. She liked to stand on the terrace of the hospital building in the dead of night, facing the wind, like a swan."

Natalia slowly stretched out her toes and stepped lightly on the floor. It was feather-like, as if her toes were brushing the surface of a river, yet not causing a ripple. Her steps were almost weightless, she was so graceful it was impossible to take one's eyes off her.

The actor frowned and said tentatively, "So, you're Natalisa, her second personality?"

Natalia turned and gave him a long, dark look. Suddenly she smiled. It was a smile that carried a hint of contempt. She asked casually, "Who told you she has a split personality?"

"..."

The actor was taken aback! He had no idea what she meant by that. Natalia didn't have a split personality?!

Well then... The girl before him... was she Natalia or Natalisa?

"Who ... exactly are you?"

The girl smiled. There was something sinister in her expression. "I am not Natalia. Neither am I Natalisa. I'm the Messenger."

"Messenger?" The actor was becoming increasingly confused.

What sort of term was "Messenger"? His displeasure deepened. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm in charge of managing this body." The girl looked down at her own hand, then lifted them gently and examined them with graceful movements.

She smiled. "I can see them, but they can't see me. I'm a messenger created by Professor Romanka. I'm responsible for maintaining the balance between personalities. If any of the personalities disobeys, I have the right to drive them into the Place of the Banished."

Hua Jin was visibly shocked. Not because of what she said, but because of the fleeting coldness in her eyes. It was hair-raising.

Did Gong Jie know about these things?

Well then... What about Alice? Did she know the truth about Natalia's situation? What had Romanka done to this girl? What Messenger?

The actor looked puzzled. "I don't understand what you're saying."

He wondered if he should call Alice later, to ask her exactly what "messenger" meant.

The girl obviously read his mind. She said, "You intend to call Alice?"

"..."

The actor became guarded. Was this girl a mind reader? How else could she have read his mind so easily?

He said, "Don't you... imagine things! Do you know anything about Alice?"

"I know Alice." The girl suddenly looked cold. "I'm warning you. Don't ruin my plan. Do you understand?"

"Ruin your plan?" The actor was alarmed and asked, "What plan?"

“Oh? Do you really want to know that badly?” The girl suddenly walked up to him with her hands behind her back, her expression as impassive as the pale moonlight. “You shouldn’t know so much! Otherwise, it becomes very dangerous.”

...

Very dangerous?!

“Very dangerous?” His expression stiffened.

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For some reason, he sensed so much in her expression that he took a step back. As he turned around, he heard a strange cry behind him.

“Ah... don’t come any closer...”

Startled, he spun around to find the girl on her knees, hands cupped over her ears.

“Don’t come any closer!” Her hysterical screams shocked Hua Jin so that he stood rooted to the ground.

“What’s the matter?” He immediately stepped forward and took her by the shoulders. He was so worried that he panicked. “What’s wrong?! What do you mean, don’t come any closer? Did you see something?”

She covered her ears tightly and shook violently. “Stop talking! Stop talking into my ears! Go away, go away! Evil person! Evil person!”

The actor was horrified. He couldn’t figure out what had happened to her, but he was worried that something had gone wrong and reassured her gently. “I’m here. I’m here. Don’t be afraid... look at me. Look at me...”

The girl’s head jerked up. Almost simultaneously, she raised her right hand.

Immediately... A pocket watch fell from her palm.

Click...

Suddenly, it became extremely quiet. Only the sound of the watch hand’s movement could be heard.

Click...

Click...

Clear and rhythmic.

Reflexively, the actor turned his attention to the pocket watch dangling gently before his eyes. His vision seemed completely zoomed into the watch, gradually blurring.

He tried, with difficulty, to steady his own state of mind, to look away, but his gaze was firmly fixed on the pocket watch. There was no room to flinch. This pocket watch seemed to have magical powers!

Yet what little consciousness remained seemed to be reminding him... This appeared to be... hypnosis?!

He had initially thought that such hypnosis happened only in movies and novels. He did not expect it to happen in real life!

'What's your name?' the girl asked.

Hua Jin appeared to be in a daze as he answered, "Rong Jin..."

"What's my name?"

"Messenger."

"Wrong..." The girl's voice grew soft as a feather. "My name is Natalia. There is no 'Messenger', let alone 'Natalisa'. Now, I will snap my fingers. When you hear this sound, you will forget everything you heard before. Everything you should or shouldn't have heard, you will forget them. You just... had a long dream. You will wake up to reality and everything I've said will no longer exist."

The actor's eyes gradually went blank. Reflected in his eyes was the ever-present oscillating pocket watch.

The girl studied his expression, then suddenly put her pocket watch away. She reached out and snapped her fingers.

Click.

Hua Jin's eyelids suddenly fell close as he lost all support and collapsed to the floor, unconscious. The girl crouched beside him and just stared at him in silence.

After a long wait, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and laboriously dragged him to the couch and helped him onto it.

She took a deep breath, stood up abruptly and went downstairs.

Downstairs, the nanny was cleaning.

"Auntie." She called out softly.

She caught the nanny's attention. The woman looked up and saw it was the girl. "What can I do for you, Young Miss?" she asked curiously.

"I think he fell asleep on the couch. I'm afraid he may catch a cold."

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"Oh my, how did that happen?" The nanny immediately put aside her work and hurried upstairs. She sighed when she saw the actor collapsed on the sofa, looking as if he was sleeping.

“He must have been exhausted! How did he end up falling asleep on the sofa?!”

The nanny muttered under her breath as she stepped forward and gently nudged Hua Jin’s shoulder.

“Young Master, Young Master?”

The actor did not respond. Suspicious, the nanny shook him a little harder. The actor jerked awake. He opened his eyes and felt a terrible headache coming on. His mind felt as if it had been whitewashed. For a moment, he could not react to where he was.

Natalia saw the confusion in his eyes and was assured... her hypnosis worked. She breathed an inward sigh of relief.

Hypnosis is all about cooperation. If a person is extremely resistant and repulsed before being hypnotized, especially when he is vigilant just prior to that, as if he has a vague idea of what will happen next, the hypnosis can easily fail.

Unexpectedly, it worked. She took a deep breath and immediately smiled. She pretended to be worried. “Uncle, are you tired? Why did you fall asleep on the sofa?”

Hua Jin looked puzzled as well. He couldn’t think how he could have fallen asleep on the sofa just like that. The last thing he remembered was still Gong Jie’s departure. How did he end up lying here? He had no idea at all what had happened in between.

“Why am I here?” he asked, feeling confused.

“You said you were tired and wanted to sit down. I didn’t think you’d just lean back and fall asleep.” Natalia paused, then explained, “I didn’t want to wake you. But it was getting cooler and I was worried you’d catch a cold. So I just thought I’d wake you so that you can go back to your room to sleep.”

The actor was baffled. Why did he seem to be missing a block of memory? He didn’t seem to recall at all what had happened before this.

“Maybe you’re sleepy and tired?!” Natalia said, “If you’re tired, go back to your room and sleep! It’s late. You should retire for the night.”

She yawned as she said this. “I feel sleepy too. I’m going back to my room to rest. Good night.”

The actor nodded, still in a daze. His mind was blank. He didn’t like this feeling. It was as if he had lost his memory. In that instant, he seemed to understand Youyou’s remark about the memory gaps that would form whenever the other personality took over. How painful it must be. It was like a memory loss.

The actor knocked his head gently and thought hard for a moment. He could not remember what had happened, so he stood up and grabbed his coat.

The nanny saw that he wasn’t quite his usual self and asked anxiously, “What’s wrong?”

“Feeling unwell.” The actor said weakly, “I’m tired. I wish to get an early night.”

“Alright... Young Master, rest early! Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.” The actor headed for his bedroom.

The nanny stared after him hesitantly.

Earlier on...

She was standing at the top of the stairs, and heard vaguely the sound of something heavy falling. She had wanted to come up and look, but eventually didn't. She had no idea what had happened. But she just felt...

It was strange, although she couldn't put a finger on it.

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Gong Fan had been acting really strange recently.

It was hard to pinpoint the strangeness, but he was sleeping longer and the time that he was physically awake was getting shorter. It was as if he was on the verge of disappearing.

Youyou found that odd. He had made no effort to suppress him. However, the timing of Gong Fan's manifestation was becoming increasingly unpredictable. The boy did not know what had happened to make him like this.

"Gong Fan hasn't been online for a long time." Little Yichen lamented to Youyou as he sprawled on the bed, propping his chin up with his hands. "So much so that I no longer have anyone to play games with."

The boy had recently become obsessed with a game similar to one of those FPS shooting games. The boy had forgotten exactly what the name was, but the game seemed to be set on a deserted island. A hundred players would parachute onto that island. There were all kinds of transportation and firearms and explosives on the island. The player who survived to the end would receive supreme glory.

Gong Fan had been the first to play this game. Later on, Little Yichen followed suit and began to partner up with Gong Jie. After a while, Gong Jie found the boy clumsy. Despite the boy's excellent marksmanship in real life, he was a total fraud when playing the game.

This game was not something that could be played well simply by having a high level of marksmanship. The most important thing was to have dynamic vision, insight, and even sharp hearing.

The opponent could be hiding in a corner or on the roof, or behind the sofa... The one who discovered the enemy first had a chance of winning.

Gong Jie didn't want to play with the boy, so he made the excuse that he only wanted to play four-by-four, and he'd play if the boy could make up a team of four.

The boy pestered his father and Gong Fan to join the game. Gong Fan didn't play much, and Gong Jie couldn't play online all the time because of work. Hence, when Gong Fan was around, Little Yichen would partner up with him. When Gong Fan was not around, he would pester Mu Yazhe to play with him.

Gong Fan played this game surprisingly well. Most importantly, he was patient and calm. When he was calm, he could hunt down his opponents with grace and composure. Little Yichen enjoyed playing with him.

Gong Fan had astonishing insight. Once he discovered the enemy, he would accurately report their location to Little Yichen. Therefore, as long as Gong Fan was around, Little Yichen would not hesitate to abandon Mu Yazhe and Gong Jie and cling to his brother.

However, Gong Fan had been “offline” for a while, hence Little Yichen grumbled a little. Not being able to play games was a small matter, but Little Yichen was also vaguely worried that Gong Fan was in some sort of trouble.

Youyou saw that Little Yichen was lying in bed, bored out of his mind, staring at the screen of his phone with his lips pursed. On the screen was a chart of the results. He had just lost the game and was feeling disappointed. Overall he was just in a foul mood.

Youyou was speechless. “I see you’ve been addicted to games lately. Mommy says she’s going to consider disconnecting you if you keep this up.”

“It’s impossible to disconnect. Unless, of course, she cuts off the entire family’s access.”

“It may be impossible to cut off the Internet, but not impossible to confiscate a cell phone.”

Little Yichen glanced at him, opened and shut his mouth several times, then fell silent.

Youyou snorted. Obviously the boy had questions. “You seem to have something to say.”

“Youyou, do you think... Gong Fan...”

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He lay on the bed propping up his head with his hand, and said in distress, “I haven’t seen Gong Fan in a long time. Is he sick?”

“... If he’s sick, then I would be too.”

“Well then...” Unable to think of any other reason, Little Yichen sighed. “I’m just worried.”

“Are you really worried, or are you just bored with no one to play games with?”

The boy looked aggrieved. “Am I that kind of person?! I’m sincerely worried, okay? You’re my brother, and he’s my brother too. Isn’t it natural for a brother to worry about his brother?!”

“I thought you’re so afraid of him that you’d rather not see him.”

“Oooh...” The boy grinned guiltily. “Actually, it’s not so bad! At first, I wasn’t quite used to his personality. I thought he was rather cold. But after I got to know him, I do feel that he only appears cold. In other words, he just puts up an aloof front to protect himself. I get the feeling that he must be an insecure person who doesn’t let just anyone walk into his heart.”

The boy rubbed his head. "Well, stop imagining things and focus on your game!"

Little Yichen rested his head on his brother's chest, and he looked up at him innocently with big, liquid eyes.

"Do you want to play?"

"..."

Youyou shot him a frosty look. "To put it bluntly, you just want me to play games with you!"

Little Yichen winked obsequiously. "Let's play together! This game is so fun that even Gong Fan is a little addicted to it! Daddy has been playing it whenever he's free recently."

"What sort of game?"

"Chicken Dinner."

"Chicken..."

Youyou thought he had misheard. "Chicken what?"

"Chicken Dinner."

"..."

The boy thought for a moment. An image formed in his mind immediately, of a yellow man on a field, catching and eating chickens. It sounded like a childish game.

"That sounds so boring."

"Actually, Chicken Dinner is just a nickname. The game's real name is PUBG."

"PUBG?"

"Uh Huh. Come on! I have an account. I'll let you use it."

The boy was unmoved and muttered, "I don't know how to play this game."

"If you don't know how, I can teach you! It's really easy and quick to pick up. It's just that it's a little difficult to get to the top placing. Anyway, once you start playing, don't think about eating chicken. Just think about how to maneuver."

Without further ado, Little Yichen dragged the boy to his study and pushed him to sit in front of the computer.

The twins each had their own separate study. Initially, there had been only two, one reserved for Mu Yazhe and one shared by the twins. In fact, it should have been fine for the twins to share the study. Youyou used it more often, and little Yichen didn't use it much except for doing his homework.

Later on, Little Yichen began to play games, so he clamored for a private study as well. Coincidentally, there was an empty room on the second floor. After decking it out, it became his personal study.

Compared to Youyou's study, Little Yichen's had been furnished later, so it was full of the latest technology. It was all decked out with smart systems, smart curtains, smart doors and windows, smart stereo, smart bookcase...

As soon as Little Yichen opened the door, he instructed the system, "Draw the curtains close."

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As soon as Little Yichen opened the door, he instructed the system, "Draw the curtains close."

After a brief second, the curtains responded and slowly drew themselves closed.

"Turn on the light."

The light came on with a snap. Then three supercomputers came into sight.

The reason they were called supercomputers was because of all the gaming-related equipment, such as the keyboard, the mouse, the stereo... earphones... were of the best configurations in the market currently. Apparently, the boy had outfitted the study out of his own New Year's money savings account.

And it was also said... The boy's New Year's money savings account was worth at least nine figures. Installing these equipment was really nothing.

Intrigued, Youyou sat down in the computer chair. It had a massage function and was also designed to ergonomic standards in case prolonged gaming caused problems with the cervical and lumbar vertebrae. When he sat down, it wrapped snugly around him. It was indeed very comfortable.

The boy frowned. "Where's the display?"

"Wait a minute." Little Yichen pressed some kind of button, and a moment later the display rack slowly lowered from overhead.

On a display rack, there were a total of three display screens. The middle one was a curved screen. For the sake of gaming, the boy had installed the best configuration available.

He proceeded to log into the game account for his brother. Youyou watched in a daze.

"This is a European server, but there are many Chinese players on it." The boy explained the rules of the game to Youyou. "Do you know anything about mercenaries?"

"I do."

"A hundred players participate in each game, in the role of mercenaries. They parachute onto any spot on the island, look for weapons, vehicles, and supplies with their bare hands, and fight in a variety of terrain. To win, strategy is as important as marksmanship. Every competition segment in the game takes place randomly at a given Safe Zone, and the weapons and props obtained in each area appear randomly. If you can survive till the end, you win."

“Which means...” Youyou groaned, “The other ninety-nine players are losers.”

“You could say so!”

“Then why is this game called ‘Chicken Dinner’?”

“Winner winner chicken dinner. Ever heard of it?”

“I have. It’s a quote from Vegas casinos.”

Once upon a time, every casino in Las Vegas offered a meal containing three pieces of chicken, potatoes and vegetables worth \$1.79. At the time, the standard reward for winning a bet was \$2.00, so if you won once, you had enough money to buy a chicken dinner.

“If you get first place in this game, that’s the sentence. Translated, it means good luck. Chicken dinner tonight! So that’s how the nickname came about.”

“Oh.”

“But not every player is so lucky to get a chicken dinner.”

Youyou asked, “Is Gong Fan good at this game?”

“Super awesome!” Little Yichen looked incredulous. “Every time I get a chicken dinner, it’s only because he plays on my behalf.”

“I remember, he wasn’t as sharp a shooter as you are.”

“This game isn’t just about excellent marksmanship. You have to have good insight. At the same time, you have to have sharp eyesight and hearing. Also, the most important thing is to remain calm. Even if you hear footsteps right outside the door, you have to be calm and not be impulsive. I’m just too impulsive every time. I always end up getting shot at.”

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As he listened, Youyou recalled the few words Gong Fan had left on the notepad earlier.

“I don’t want to play games with Little Yichen anymore.”

“He’s always holding me back.”

“How could he be so stupid?”

“Besides, this game is so boring. It’s a waste of time.”

...

Youyou wondered what Little Yichen would think if he knew what Gong Fan had said about him.

“Do you ever feel that you’re playing badly?”

Little Yichen turned red, but did not meet his gaze. Instead, he walked awkwardly to the side and whispered, "I think... I'm quite skilled! This game isn't simple to begin with. It's already impressive that I can play like this. If I play alone, I can make it to the finals!"

"..."

Wow, was that something to advertise?

Youyou was beginning to wonder what the attraction was about this game that even his brother, who was very picky with his games, had fallen prey to it. It was said that Uncle and Daddy were also almost addicted.

He logged into the game interface and was matched to an opponent. Immediately after, the screen loaded into the Quality Plaza.

The boy realized that his character was a girl dressed in white top and a skirt, donning a pair of sunglasses. He was immediately reminded of Lisa and thought about how she could look very much like this when she grew up.

It was noisy in Quality Plaza, because the mic had connected the public channels. The noise was outrageous.

Just as Youyou found the switch to turn off the microphone, he heard a voice speaking into his ear. "Are you a little big sister?"

Startled, Youyou realized that a rough-looking man with a voice that sounded a little weak, was standing before him, as if he could see through the screen and see those curious, assessing eyes.

The boy was about to turn off the voice messaging function when, on the other side, Little Yichen put his hands over his earpiece and spoke into the microphone in a rustling voice. "How old are you, Little Big Brother?"

"Wahhhhhh...!" The man immediately turned his attention to Little Yichen's image.

Youyou switched his view, too, to see that Little Yichen had actually taken on a female character. He was overcome by a sense of contempt.

"You're male. Why are all your account names female?"

Little Yichen covered the microphone and lamented, "Because all the male characters in here are all unshaven, ugly and rough." Then he spoke into the microphone again. "Will you take me to chicken dinner, little big brother?"

A cold sweat broke out across Youyou's forehead.

Little Yichen's voice hadn't broke yet. Until it did, his voice was basically no different from a girl's. Even more so through the microphone rendering.

The male player on the other end very soon fell for it.

"Wow! It's really a girl!"

However, his teammate came to him and reminded him, "Don't fall for it. There are many players pretending to be girls nowadays. They even have a voice-changing software."

Little Yichen immediately said in a sweet voice, "I'm not pretending! If I say I'm a girl, I'm a girl. There's no need to be suspicious."

Youyou despised him even more now. Only a fool would believe that! Would any female claim to be a girl? Youyou thought no one would believe Little Yichen.

However, he had clearly overestimated the IQ of this otaku gamer.

"Sounds like a girl. And a very gentle one..."

"Girl, you have a beautiful voice! What's your name?"

The boy suppressed a smile and replied, "Yueyao..."

"Pfft..." Youyou lost his composure and nearly spat.

Little Yichen was truly perverse!