

Sweet Love 4151

Chapter 4151: The Other Side 120

Little Yichen was truly perverse, pretending to be his very own sister?

Youyou was speechless. "If Yueyao finds out you're pretending to be her, she'll curse you for sure."

"As you've pointed out, she's our sister. How could she bear to curse her very own brother!"

The game started.

On the plane.

!!

The two men continued to talk to Little Yichen. It was obvious that they believed he was really a girl, and kept showering him with innuendos the whole way.

"How old are you, Little Big Sister?"

"I'm 18."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Why would I have a boyfriend at the tender age of 18! I'm into games and have no desire to be dating!"

Youyou remained stoic the entire time, listening to his brother's nonsense.

"Little Big Sister, where are you hopping off to later?"

"A military base, I think!"

"There are so many people at the military base. Little Big Sister, you have to protect me!"

Little Yichen grinned. "Sure! Give me the guns that you've found and I'll protect you!"

"Alright!"

"That's wonderful. There's a young miss leading us all the way to the top!"

The game was played by a two-man team on each side.

The two men were on the same team too, but Youyou could tell that they were obviously trying to pick up girls. They had been coaxing Little Yichen the whole time, and he could tell that they were confident in their own gaming skills.

"Little Big Sister, if you win this round, how about we add each other as friends?"

Little Yichen smiled. "Sure!"

"Ah, right... Who's your other teammate?"

The boy glanced at Youyou, then said, "This is my big sister."

“Big Sister?”

“Yes, her name’s Lisa!”

“It’s an English name. That’s very western!”

Little Yichen winked at Youyou. “Say something, Big Sister!”

Youyou ignored him.

The two men coaxed, “Little Big Sister, Little Big Sister, Lisa Little Big Sister, say something!”

Youyou managed to squeeze out a few words. “I don’t wish to talk.”

The boy explained, “It’s her first time. I pestered her to team up with me. It would have been boring to play alone.”

Youyou rolled his eyes again. This Little Yichen was quite good at bullshitting! He didn’t feel embarrassed making all these fantastical claims!?

Little Yichen marked the military base, then showed Youyou how to parachute. When they were close to it, the boy immediately said, “Jump!”

All four of them jumped.

Youyou’s jump was a delayed one, but he was as talented as Gong Fan in gaming and quickly figured out how the game worked. After landing, he had to start searching for equipment, which, in this case, was picking up guns.

There was a crowd at the military base. It was teeming with people.

There were a great many people who chose to be at the military base. The effect of this game was very realistic. After the boy landed, he immediately followed Little Yichen into a room. Upon entering the room, it became quiet and still. However, they could hear footsteps passing by outside the window.

Little Yichen looked nervous at once.

“I think I hear footsteps.”

“Someone’s there.”

“Someone?”

Little Yichen shushed him and listened intently. He immediately focused the view onto the window and said to Youyou, “I’ll keep watch while you search the house for guns.”

“Okay.” Fascinated by the novelty of the game, Youyou ran to the second floor and picked up something he didn’t recognize. He stared at it for a long time.

It was a box that seemed to contain some bottles. On it was a label that said, "First Aid Kit," but he didn't know what to make of the prop.

Youyou was about to ask when Little Yichen remarked curiously, "Did you pick up anything?"

"Uh huh, I did."

What's that?

"First aid kit."

"First..." The boy immediately glanced over in disbelief, his eyes widened. "Are you that lucky?"

In this game, the life-replenishing equipment, apart from the emergency pack, painkillers, drinks, the adrenaline available from an airdrop, also included this first aid kit. This prop could directly and fully restore a player's life points, while the rest could only partially restore it. Even the emergency pack could only replenish 70 percent of the player's life points.

However, first aid kits were seldom seen, one could say they were extremely rare.

"Are you that lucky?"

"Lucky?"

"Maybe it's beginner's luck!" Little Yichen spoke again. "There are several more rooms, and several more floors upstairs. Search them all. This house is quite large. There might be other treasures."

"Oh." Youyou dutifully searched the rooms.

Every time he picked up something, he would read it aloud to Little Yichen. However, the more he read, the more Little Yichen wondered if the guy was cheating.

"Special Forces helmet..."

"Military body armor..."

"An 8x scope..."

"A 98K sniper rifle..."

"M16 or something. I think it's an automatic rifle. It's chambered for 5.56 rounds..."

Little Yichen's eyes widened as he listened.

"And a very large backpack..."

This was too much!

Did such heaven-defying luck exist?

The lousy backpack, helmet, and armor aside. Forget about the 98K sniper rifle even. This 8x scope and first aid kit were good equipment that he could not have found even if he sifted through the haystack.

Amazing.

Outside the house, a fierce crossfire was taking place. If they were to go out, they would probably become live targets immediately. Hence, Little Yichen decided to stay in the building.

Seeing that no one was coming in for the time being, the boy thumped upstairs and asked Youyou to share some of his weapons.

Youyou was not too familiar with the controls. Fortunately, there were not many people around at the moment, so Little Yichen taught him little by little. Although he was not skilled, he was very familiar with computers, so he quickly learned the controls.

Little Yichen had never used such good hand weapons. He took the 98K and positioned himself at the window of the building's top floor. Then he aimed the muzzle through the window .

Fortunately, they were in the Safe Zone.

Through the 8x scope, Little Yichen could see the men in the other areas fighting. He realized that the two men fighting the fiercest were the same men he'd struck up a conversation with while on the plane. They were not far from him.

The shooting stopped moments later.

Little Yichen saw the two men re-stocking their bags, so he told Youyou to follow him and they ran towards the two men.

When they were close, he hid behind a bunker and asked through the public channel, "Did you pick up a good gun, Little Big Brother?"

"Little Big Sister, it's great you're still alive!"

The two men returned fully loaded, dropping a load of good gear in front of him.

"Guns, 4x scope, eight emergency packs, and lots of bullets. You can have them all!"

"Wow! Are you really giving them all to me?" Little Yichen pretended to be overjoyed, and his voice became even more delicate.

Youyou shuddered at that. So mushy! Such a voice could only appeal to those otakus who had never even held a girl's hand in their life!

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But, apparently...

These two little big brothers obviously fell for it.

"Little Big Sister, your voice is so gentle!"

"Little Big Sister, come with us! We'll take you to chicken dinner, and we can play together in the next round!"

Little Yichen said sweetly, "Sure!" Then he winked triumphantly at Youyou. The satisfaction on his face was almost palpable!

Youyou twitched his lips coldly. "I want an emergency pack, too..." he said flatly.

"Wahhhhhh...!"

Although Youyou's voice was cold, he sounded like a young girl who had yet to fully develop. Coupled with his gentle manner of speech, he actually sounded like a little Lolita!

A man walked over and said quietly, "I just... found a first aid kit. Here! It's for you!" Then the man tossed a first aid kit in front of the boy.

Youyou picked it up as though it was a matter of course. Little Yichen was flabbergasted.

The four of them formed a makeshift team, found a car, and headed for another city.

Initially, Youyou was bored, but gradually he began to see the fun in the game. The fact that so many people played this game meant it probably held some sort of attraction. Such as... This game didn't have the random shooting common in other FPS games. Instead, it required meticulousness, sharp sight and hearing. Great powers of observation and hearing was the only way to last until the end of this game.

According to Little Yichen, Gong Fan, with his naked eyes, was as good as wearing a pair of 8x scope when playing this game. Initially, Youyou didn't understand what it meant to have natural vision as good as wearing an 8x scope.

Little Yichen explained that when Gong Fan stared at the screen, he was able to see a figure even smaller than a sesame seed on the distant mountaintop. He could blow that person's head off with any rifle without the need for a scope.

Several times, people suspected that he was cheating and they made a report. However, after the official investigations showing there was no cheating involved, there were people who remained unconvinced.

Once, he was matched with a professional player who specialized in this game's live broadcast. During live streaming, he had his head blown off by Gong Fan. After watching the replay and noting that Gong Fan didn't have a scope, he was convinced that Gong Fan had cheated using x-ray vision and automatic aiming. Hence, it caused a huge commotion.

However, in the end, the officials confirmed that Gong Fan did not cheat. They had furthermore analyzed the aiming trajectory, and concluded that the hit was performed using the naked eye with holographic sight.

The broadcaster had to eat his own words. His popularity also plummeted thereafter. After all, slandering other players by saying that they cheated was quite a shameful thing in the gaming world. There were many cheats in this game. However, not many players played like Gong Fan.

Gong Fan also knew little tricks to lower the recoil of the gun, which surprised Little Yichen! He did not expect Gong Fan, who never really had much to do with such games, to actually be such a formidable player. He also wondered with a sigh, why his eyesight was not as good as Gong Fan's, being born of the same mother.

Gong Jie said that Gong Fan had good dynamic vision. Once, when they were playing table tennis, he could actually see the trajectory of the table tennis ball so clearly at high speed, that he was able to predict it in advance. Gong Jie said that Gong Fan would make a very good tennis player for sure.

Little Yichen was beyond envious. After all, such an ability was not something that could be trained.

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The game progressed to the middle stage. The number of survivors on the map quickly dropped to 29, which meant there were 25 other players besides the four of them.

Since Youyou wasn't very familiar with the game, he didn't have to go out and kill anyone. One could say that he only needed to sit back and relax.

The other two little big brothers and Little Yichen went on a killing spree. With the three of them in a team, it could be said that they had a huge advantage in a competition where others were in pairs.

Youyou was in charge of searching the houses one by one under their cover. Gradually, all four of them became well-equipped.

On the emergency packs alone, they ended up with no less than 10 packs per person. They gathered so many of the other kits that it became impossible for them to even pick up bullets. Little Yichen told Youyou to keep 60 rounds for himself and give him the rest. As for his bag, he just had to keep it loaded with medicine. When it came to the final lap, it would be the grenades and first-aid kits that really mattered. One would get chicken dinner only if one stayed alive for the time being.

What surprised Little Yichen, though, was that not only did Youyou have lots of luck, but he also had the Circle of Destiny in him.

Circle of Destiny, as the name implied, referred to these things called the Safe Zone and Circle of Poison that featured in the game. In fact, rather than Circle of Poison, it was an electric field. Standing in this circle would cause a sustained loss of blood. Only by entering the Safe Zone could such damage be avoided.

The Safe Zone would slowly shrink. In other words, players would be forced to "hurt" each other, ultimately producing the final winner.

Youyou's face was particularly pale and he resembled European nobility. Almost every time the Safe Zone was refreshed, it would be under his feet. He had beginner's luck, but even so, this was too scary.

Little Yichen didn't believe in the supernatural, so he told Youyou to stand where he was and not move. Hence the latter hid beside the cabinet and lay there, not moving.

The Safe Zone refreshed twice, but still, it appeared under his feet both times. The Circle of Poison was already getting smaller. There weren't many players left on the field, perhaps a dozen or so. Little Yichen was staying alive for now. Youyou crouched in the corner.

Meanwhile, outside the door, the two little big brothers were completely immersed in their roles as escorts. They stood guard at the window and door and kept beeping. Eventually there were only four people left on the field.

Little Yichen looked at Youyou, who looked back at him, clearly not understanding what he meant.

“There are four people left.” Little Yichen whispered conspiratorially, “Should we take out the two little big brothers so we can have chicken dinner?”

Youyou twitched his lips. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. They’ve protected us all this way, after all. If it weren’t for them, we wouldn’t have had such a smooth fight. Are you trying to burn bridges now?”

Little Yichen felt guilty at that too.

Initially, he felt a little guilty. After all, these two little big brothers were sincerely good to him. He could not bear to stab them in the back when they had been so kind.

A short while later, the two little big brothers came upstairs too.

“Little Big Sister, there’s no one else. It’s just the four of us! We agreed to take you to chicken dinner. How about we jump into the Circle of Poison so that you can have your chicken dinner?”

The young man clearly had a spirit of self-sacrifice. They had escorted Little Yichen and Youyou all the way. In the end, they had actually said that they would sacrifice themselves so that the twins could have their chicken dinner.

Little Yichen felt increasingly guilty.

“It’s alright, don’t bother.”

“You don’t have to jump into the Circle of Poison!”

However, the two little big brothers said on the public screen, “We promised to take you to chicken dinner!”

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However, the two little big brothers said on the public screen, “We promised to take you to chicken dinner!”

“Little Big Sister, I think you played well too. Why don’t we add each other as friends after the game ends and have chicken dinner together the next time?”

Most men would be very happy to meet female players in such games. They liked to see themselves as individual heroes, and hoped to act as the protectors or escorts for these female players. It was a mystifying sense of purpose. To them, taking a girl to chicken dinner was much more fulfilling than having chicken dinner themselves.

Little Yichen glanced at Youyou, hesitating. Should he tell them the truth? They would likely be very disappointed and aggrieved, right?!

Still, as Youyou had said, the winners had to be determined eventually. The worst that could happen was to reveal their identities and let the little big brothers decide!

So Little Yichen mustered his courage and said, "Actually... we're not girls..."

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There was a long dead silence, so dead that Little Yichen thought the game had jammed. The local server of this game had not been released yet, and the current server was unstable with frequent hiccups.

Little Yichen thought the server was seizing up, until he heard a voice on the other end saying incredulously, "What?"

"You're not girls? I thought you said you were girls?"

Only then did Little Yichen realize that the silence wasn't due to the game jamming, it was because the two little big brothers couldn't accept the fact and had gone silent!

Youyou buried his face in his hands, embarrassed.

Pretending to be a girl to play games was too pathetic. There was almost no good gaming experience, and there was no sense of mission to survive to the end. He only felt that he was stumbling along the way, lying low to get by.

Little Yichen explained awkwardly, "Actually... we're both boys."

"You guys are using a voice changer?!" The boy sounded angry all of a sudden.

A voice changer was a type of software. When the user launched the software and spoke through it, it would simulate the voices of other characters. Some male players cheated and bought this voice changer. Then, they pretended to be girls to cheat their way to chicken dinner. Players termed such people collectively as "shemales".

The boy hurried to explain. "It's not a voice changer! We're only eleven. Our voices haven't broke yet... so..."

Before he could finish, he heard a flurry of footsteps. Then the two male players came up to them, clutching their guns.

He heard an angry cry. "Liar!"

Then the boy saw an electric spark on the screen...

Tututututu...

The two male players raked them with AKM guns. Soon, an interface popped up on the screen.

“Keep up the good work, chicken dinner next time!”

The team came in second. Little Yichen was too stunned to respond for a long time.

The two little big brothers had turned on them. Hearing Little Yichen confess his identity as a boy, they shot him and Youyou dead.

“This...” Little Yichen was thoroughly dumbfounded. He had thought of countless endings, but he had never thought that it would end like this! “Hey!”

You can't do that!

Just because he had lied to them that they were girls, they had turned their backs on them? They had worked together and slain close to 100 players to come to the finals. Did they not have the slightest sense of brotherhood? They were comrades!

Youyou saw the look on Little Yichen's face, and was finally unable to take it all in. He burst out laughing. “Hahahaha! You've been shot to death! Hahaha!”

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Youyou laughed mercilessly, completely ignoring Yichen's extreme embarrassment.

“Laugh! You laugh. You have the nerve to laugh. We almost had chicken dinner!”

“What do you mean, ‘we’?” Youyou stifled a laugh and put on a serious expression. “We didn't seem to have contributed much from the beginning to the end of the game.”

“What do you mean we didn't contribute much? We cheered them on and even helped them search for emergency kits! You found three first aid kits and gave all three to them. I felt guilty too. I knew I shouldn't have lied to them that I was a girl, so I confessed. They didn't have to be so heartless, did they? They even turned hostile and shot me to death!”

Youyou could bear it no longer. “If Yueyao finds out some day that you'd swindled people using her name, you'd be in deep trouble.”

!!

Little Yichen was not impressed. “That's a matter for when she grows up!”

They suddenly heard footsteps outside.

“Big Brother...”

Speak of the devil.

Youyou left the computer desk and walked to the door and opened it. There, in a little dress, stood Yueyao, looking up at him with a smile.

“Time to eat! Mommy said to come and get you.”

“Good girl, Yueyao!” Youyou picked her up and held her in his arms like a ball of sticky rice. He couldn’t bear to let her go.

Yueyao was over three years old now. Her facial features had developed gradually over time. Miraculously, perhaps because of her daddy’s strong genes, Yueyao really looked like Mu Yazhe.

Old folks generally believe that boys look more like their mothers, and girls resemble their fathers. However, the twins both resembled Mu Yazhe more closely.

Initially, he was quite sure that Yueyao would look like Yun Shishi when she grew up! When she was little, she looked very much like Yun Shishi. However, as she grew older, except for her eyes and skin, the rest of her slowly began to take after Mu Yazhe!

Yueyao had pale skin, even paler than Yun Shishi’s. It was not an exaggeration to describe her as milky white. Very few Asians had snow-white skin, and she was one. Curled lashes. She had them, too. At first glance, she looked like a doll.

Yun Shishi, in particular, loved dressing her up in little dresses and princess frocks, it was such a delight.

Every girl has a princess dream. Even after they grow up, this dream lives on in them.

Except that some people are lucky enough to live that dream.

Like Yun Shishi. She poured all her princess dreams into Yueyao. From the princess room to the princess dresses, Yun Shishi wanted to hold Yueyao at the center of her heart. However, she was also the one who was the strictest with the child. After all, if she weren’t strict, everything at home would revolve around Yueyao.

Too many people were spoiling the girl. Mu Yazhe, Gong Jie, Hua Jin, Youyou, and Little Yichen. Who could bear to not spoil her? This was especially true of Mu Yazhe. He was such a slave to his daughter, doting on the girl in a way that she had never seen him dote on anyone else! He could never bear to lose his temper at Yueyao.

Most impressionable was that one time he got up in the morning and was preparing to leave for work. He stood in front of the mirror, straightening his hair. Normally, no one was allowed to touch a strand of his hair, even Yun Shishi had limited special rights.

Every morning before going to the office, he would deal with his hair meticulously, styling it with mousse.

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Every morning before going to the office, Mu Yazhe would deal with his hair meticulously, styling it with mousse.

Yueyao suddenly woke up and started asking for her daddy. He walked over to her and picked her up. The little princess thought his hair looked good, even before it was set. She reached out with her little hands, but of course the man wouldn't allow it and gave them a tiny pat. With this, the rebel in her was aroused.

The more Daddy wouldn't let her touch it, the more she wanted to touch it. Her little hands flailed around and messed up his hair. Yun Shishi had walked over to see her husband carrying the girl and looking completely helpless, but he couldn't bear to snap at her.

That day, someone went to work with messed up hair! It was said that Lu Jinyu and Jiang Shen had secretly laughed at him behind his back. Their boss had never been seen in the office with messy hair.

Alas, the mousse in his hair had already set. Unless he washed it out, he really could not restyle it. When asked about the messy hair, the man even gloated over his little princess' "masterpiece" and said that Yueyao had personally styled his hair.

!!

Lu Jinyu and Jiang Shen were amused when they heard that. They laughed at him for being such a clown.

Half-jokingly, the man replied, "That's my only daughter, what can I do?"

"If you have another one, then she won't be the only one." Jiang Shen said jokingly as well.

Lu Jinyu bumped his shoulder. "Are you stupid? Boss has only one daughter. It's impossible for him to have another."

"Why not?"

"You've forgotten?" Lu Jinyu was incredulous. "Boss underwent a vasectomy."

"Ah, I remember now." Only then did Jiang Shen recall that after Yueyao was born, Mu Yazhe had undergone a vasectomy.

Having had a pair of sons and a daughter, things were perfect. He had nothing to regret!

Youyou carried Yueyao and teased her while saying meaningfully, "Yueyao, don't play with that brother of yours in the future. He even scams his own sister. Hmph! Let's ignore him!"

With that, the boy walked away with Yueyao in his arms.

Left alone in the room, Little Yichen gaped at his brother as he walked off with Yueyao.

"I did not!" Muttering under his breath, he ran after them.

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Youyou thoroughly enjoyed his time with Yueyao. The girl liked to pester him into playing games with her. However, she was only three after all, so of course the games they played were childish games.

Youyou was long past his fun-loving years. He was much more precocious than most children, so he wasn't interested in most of the games she liked to play. However, as long as it was something Yueyao enjoyed playing, he was willing to be patient and focus on playing with her.

Yueyao liked to play with dolls. Because of that, Mu Yazhe had a doll house specially decked out. It was a tiny room, and all the closets and furnishings were tailored to Yueyao's height. The closets were all filled with doll clothes and toys used in playing house. Yueyao liked to dress the dolls. She would often drag Youyou into this room, and there, she would change each doll into a new set of clothes. After this, Youyou would change the hairstyle of each doll to match the change of clothes. The siblings would also study how to braid the dolls' hair.

The boy took the exercise as an opportunity to practice. When Yueyao grew up, this hair braiding skills would come in handy! Therefore sometimes, Youyou took this game even more seriously than Yueyao.

If it had been Little Yichen, he probably wouldn't have understood what it was about these dolls that kept the girl sitting there all afternoon.

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If it were Gong Fan, he wouldn't be so interested in dolls, but he would be willing enough if Yueyao were to pester him to play with her. For some reason, it gave any family member a great sense of accomplishment to have Yueyao clinging to them. It was a great honor for that person to be liked by Yueyao!

One time, Yueyao had pestered Gong Jie for a hug. It was no exaggeration to say that Gong Jie had bragged about this for half a year.

"Yueyao likes to be carried by me!"

"My niece loves to pester me!"

It was as if this gave him his greatest sense of accomplishment. And for that, it made Mu Yazhe lament in silence. It was only because he had not been there that day. If he had been, Gong Jie would never even have stood a chance.

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Gong Jie, however, was unconvinced. He felt that he was every bit as charming as Mu Yazhe. A daddy and an uncle, tit for tat.

Gong Fan liked Yueyao very much. This fondness was probably second only to his feelings for Yun Shishi. With Yueyao, even when the little lass was noisy, he would feel very much at peace and in total bliss. The best thing in the world to him was laughing while Yueyao created a din.

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Little Yichen came into the living room and saw her sitting in Youyou's arms, munching on a pizza.

Yun Shishi was the one who'd made the pizza. She hadn't been busy lately, so she'd begun to work on her baking. Sad to say... She really had no talent for it at all.

With the help of many friends, she finally bought several recipe books. Then she spent another fortune on super-expensive smart ovens – the sort of oven that would make baking foolproof for even an idiot. As for the books, they marked the proportion of each ingredient needed down to grams.

Yun Shishi followed the recipe book strictly and learned to cook step by step. She'd even used a test tube to measure the amount of sugar and added auxiliary tools to finally produce a few products successfully.

This pizza was one of her successes.

It wasn't as good as Youyou's, but it was comparable to the pizzas one could get at a restaurant.

Yueyao was a fussy eater, like Mu Yazhe, but she loved this pizza, which gave Yun Shishi a great sense of accomplishment.

"Where's Daddy?" Little Yichen sat down in his seat and looked around. "Why isn't Daddy back yet?"

"He's working late today, he has a meeting, so we'll eat without him."

"He won't be coming home to eat?"

"Uh huh. I expect they have a scheduled dinner."

It was rare for Mu Yazhe to attend work dinners, unless it was an important one that he could not turn down. Only then would he occasionally not come home for dinner.

It had to be said, Yun Shishi was married to a husband who truly loved her. Many people in the entertainment industry were jealous of her. Most female celebrities were married into wealthy families. Superficially, their lives seemed glamorous, but in reality, they had many problems and difficulties beneath that facade.

Everyone was waiting for a scandal on Yun Shishi's marriage into this wealthy family. The paparazzi were rubbing their palms, determined to capture the misfortunes of her marriage. As soon as there was the slightest sign of anything happening, these paparazzi would be mobilized.

One time, a reporter had caught him walking into a mall with a woman on his arm. He then made a big deal out of the fact that the man was having an affair and Yun Shishi had a love rival.

Eventually, fans zoomed in on the photograph and realized that the woman in the photo was Yun Shishi herself. The picture of the affectionate couple made many people envious. This piece of news also became a joke at the time.

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The piece of news became the biggest joke of the day.

Some people laughed at the paparazzi for using such underhanded means to discredit her marriage to Mu Yazhe in order to create sensational news. Some envied Yun Shishi for her love-filled marriage.

Among all the female celebrities in the circle, Yun Shishi was not the only one who had successfully married into a wealthy family. However, not many were as lucky as her. In fact, none were.

Most female celebrities, especially those in the entertainment industry, dreamed of marrying into a wealthy family. However, all the young masters of wealthy families knew in their hearts that such celebrities now were different from those in the past. Without some means, they would not have been able to survive in the entertainment industry. Therefore, they also knew what the celebrities were capable of.

Hence, most female celebrities who married into wealthy families were unhappy, even if their husband was extremely rich. It was already extremely difficult for them to marry into a wealthy family and just maintain their position. This was not to mention the women that the man may have outside of marriage. Some men would even brazenly bring other mistresses into the household, and several women would serve the one man.

As a wife, one could only swallow the bitter pill. Because the man controlled the family's finances. After marriage, many female celebrities would go into retirement or semi-retirement. The most pitiful thing was marrying a rich second-generation heir and looking forward to enjoying life.

In the end, the woman may realize, after being married for three years, that her husband was actually a pseudo-rich on the verge of bankruptcy. She would have been made a laughing stock.

This particular female celebrity wanted a divorce. After the divorce, she wanted to make a comeback and restart her career in acting. However, the management company warned her that she may look too materialistic. After all, when she announced her retirement after getting married, she had declared that she had found love. If news of this divorce went out, it would make her a laughing stock for marrying into money, for now that her husband was bankrupt, she was bent on leaving him. This image was not flattering.

Hence, the public relations company designed an image for her, taking the angle that in order to pay off her husband's debts, she had returned to acting, to support her family.

In short, there were countless types of people in the entertainment industry, but most of them were not doing well. As a result of not having a good life themselves, so many people hoped that Yun Shishi would also live a terrible life. It was as if they would find solace through her misfortune. After all, so many people have ended up miserable marrying into rich families, why should she have found happiness and bliss?! There were even female celebrities who hired private investigators to spy on how Yun Shishi's marriage to Mu Yazhe was going.

However, the facts were also clearly seen. Mu Yazhe's career had advanced rapidly since he got married, the Shengyu Group had already replaced the Mu family's former status in the capital and jumped to the top of the hierarchy of wealthy families. After getting married, he paid great attention to and focused on his family. If a case came up that was not too tricky, he would usually hand it over to Lu Jinyu and Jiang Shen to follow up.

Following the arrival of his daughter, this high-spirited man seemed to have softened. In the past, when he appeared in public, he was always unsmiling and aloof. However, after Yueyao's arrival, for some reason, his personality seemed to have become gentler. He was even willing to appear on camera.

Occasionally, the media would muster up the courage to ask about the little princess' recent situation. He was also happy to share and tell them about some of his post-marriage bliss. Especially when it came to being a newbie dad, Mu Yazhe had many words of wisdom to share, since he was a very hands-on father.

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Especially when it came to being a newbie dad, he was very hands-on and did everything, from making the baby's feed to changing diapers. He worked hard to serve this little princess!

The media reporter didn't believe him. What sort of joke was this? How could a billionaire man not hire a nanny and instead change the baby's diapers himself?! Didn't he mind getting his hands dirty?

He countered matter-of-factly, "What's there to mind? It's my own daughter." He said this with a hint of displeasure. As if that question had been a blasphemy to his daughter.

The married Mu Yazhe, even though they were past the stage of newlyweds, was slowly approaching the style of an old cadre.

During the day, he went to work on time as he had to get off work at 4pm. When he took a break for a vacation, he would travel with his wife and children. He even attended parent-teacher conferences personally.

!!

The entire entertainment industry was dumbfounded! What kind of man was Mu Yazhe? It would have been fine if he had been like this for a year or two after marriage. But to think that there was not the slightest bit of scandalous news after such a long time. Furthermore the only bit of scandal he generated was actually with his own wife! Was that infuriating or what?!

Everyone was waiting to see Yun Shishi fall apart. Instead, they were being slapped in the face. It was infuriating.

What was the saying... Comparisons are odious...

All these women were married to young masters of wealthy families, but why was she so lucky? Why was this couple so happy and respectful towards each other, while the others were living in dire straits?

They were indignant. And being indignant, someone had hired an army of trolls to discredit her. Eventually, it didn't take long for Mu Yazhe to perform a few public relations maneuvers and destroy that female celebrity.

Complete destruction. There weren't many harsh words, but it was thorough. This was a warning to others, so that no one dared to follow the same act again.

...

"It's rare that Daddy doesn't come home for dinner!" Little Yichen pinched his drumstick curiously and asked, "Has something gone wrong?"

"I don't know, you know, I don't know much about your daddy's work." Yun Shishi beamed at him. "What do you think? Are the chicken legs any better today than they were last time?"

The boy said, "Well... it..."

"You're not allowed to make comparison with Youyou's!" Yun Shishi cut him off quickly.

Youyou stifled a laugh.

Little Yichen contemplated for a bit, and before he knew it, he was smacking his lips. "Well, well, well..."

Yun Shishi cleared her throat. "You're not allowed to smack your lips while eating."

Little Yichen smiled, showing his white teeth. "Because Mommy makes delicious food!"

"Is it better than last time?"

"Uh huh!"

That went well. The woman was content!

Anyway, as long as Little Yichen liked it.

Youyou added, "Mommy's skills are improving!"

Little Yichen lowered his voice and spoke into his brother's ear. "You don't know how expensive Mommy's recipe books are. One time, she tried to secretly sign up for a cooking class. After all this, if she can't cook a decent meal..."

Yun Shishi overheard the boy with her sharp ears. "What did you say?!"

"I said ... I said ..." Little Yichen immediately replied, "I just said that Youyou must have inherited Mommy's talent for cooking. It's just that Mommy didn't show it before!"

"Really?" She cast a skeptical glance at the boy.

Little Yichen looked at Youyou as well. Youyou returned his look and raised his eyebrows. Little Yichen looked up with eyes as innocent as a deer's.

"Little Yichen just said that if Mommy cooked for him every day, he would be so happy that he wouldn't know what to do."

Having heard Youyou's words, Yun Shishi put her mind at rest. The boy discreetly wiped away his sweat.